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**FORCED FEMINIZATION : A STUDY
IN SISSIFICATION (JACQUELINE'S
SUBMISSION TO SLAVERY)**

Forced Feminization : A Study in Sissification

Prologue

It was a Saturday, Celeste and Simon had been busy cleaning the Professor's apartment all. Jacqueline had been out for the day, doing some shopping, just enjoying some 'me time' around town. It was nice having live-in chaste slaves, to do her domestic chores and perform personal services for her, but at the same time it felt a little stifling at times, it was nice to have her own space every now and then.

When the door swung open Celeste and Simon dropped what they were doing and rushed to the hallway, standing to attention and looking at the floor. The Professor was wearing a figure hugging floral print dress with a pair of strappy beige heels. Celeste and Simon were dressed in fairly vanilla clothes, jeans and T-shirts, but obviously with their chastity devices underneath. Her heels clicked on the hard floor as she approached. For a moment, she stood still eyeing them from head to foot. "Have you been good little slaves? Let's see, I will inspect the apartment and if you've both done a good job, then I may permit one of you your first orgasm since you began your slavery."

Simon and Celeste quivered with excitement at this. Since they'd agreed to be Professor Jacqueline's chaste slaves a few weeks ago there had been no mention of either of them getting any release before now and any mention of release from Celeste or Simon had simply resulted in punishment, a severe, judicial caning or an over-knee spanking, depending on the Professor's whim at the time.

The Professor clicked past her 'little test subjects' to inspect the apartment. "Keep still, keep your heads bowed or I will punish you."

They stood, eyes down, while they heard the strict Professor clicking around the apartment. There was a sound of a finger running over a surface, some cupboards opening and closing. On the one hand they were both terrified, she was obviously doing a very thorough inspection. On the other hand, they'd cleaned the place immaculately.

Eventually the Professor clicked back over. "Good, you've been good little

slaves. Now, Celeste, here are my keys. You will go to my car and bring all the shopping bags up. Simon, follow me, it's time for me to interview you."

Celeste took the keys, curtsied and trotted off to get the bags. Simon followed the Professor to her desk by the large glass windows which opened on to the balcony. Jacqueline sat at her side of the desk and pulled out a large pad of paper and a pen, then placed her square rimmed glasses on. She spoke as she looked down and began writing. "Sit down Simon, I'm going to ask you some questions about your brief spell as my slave."

He scraped the chair as he sat, fighting the arousal which would punish him if it got out of hand. It felt so submissive having to constantly fight back the urge to become aroused, being caned by the Professor and forcefully made to orgasm had made her seem so dominant and powerful – now, in this situation, she seemed like a goddess.

Eventually she looked up. "Now Simon, on a scale of one to ten, how much would you say you enjoyed being 'my property', with one being not very much, and ten being very much indeed."

He looked pensive, did she want an honest response? Would he be penalised for saying less than ten? He decided to be honest, she appeared to be getting to the nitty, gritty of the study. "Erm, a seven mistress."

"Just a seven? Don't you like being treated as my property, having to obey my every command, or face punishment?"

"I do, it's just... It's been weeks now! I'm so desperate, I'm bursting to come!"

She smiled warmly at him. "Simon, Simon, that would do you no good at all would it? It would spoil my experiment! Keeping you chaste and orgasm free keeps you nice and submissive. That testosterone build up causes chemical reactions in your body – what we call the feed or breed mechanism, so that you are constantly seeking sexual release, as I hold your key you seek it by trying to please me! If I allowed you a release it would spoil all our hard work and you'd be all naughty and rebellious again wouldn't you?"

"How long are you planning on keeping us in chastity?"

“Oh I don’t know, a few months, a few years, forever? Maybe I’ll leave you your key in my last will and testament?”

His face dropped making her chuckle. “Silly Simon, I told you – one of you is going to get an orgasm today! I told you I’m feeling generous!”

“Can it be me please mistress Jacqueline?”

“Hmmm, we’ll see, I’ve devised an interesting way of deciding who will receive the orgasm. Of course – whoever gets it will be having a variety of probes attached to measure their arousal response. Now can we get back to the questions?”

He sat submissively answering her questions about how well he was sleeping, how stressed he felt, how his academic work was going. Jacqueline noted it all down in her book. Eventually the door opened and Celeste entered bearing unmarked paper bags.

Jacqueline looked up. “Ahhh, Celeste, I was beginning to think you’d gotten lost. Please, unpack the bags, I think it’s time I showed you both your treat.”

Simon raised an eyebrow. “Treat?”

“Yes, I have a lovely surprise for you both. As you’ve both been working so hard being such good little slaves, I’ve got you both some more appropriate attire for your maid duties.”

Simon started to look pale. “You don’t mean –“

“Shhh, you’ll look great in your uniform, Celeste or I can help you with your make-up.”

“I don’t want to cross dress!”

“Not my problem Simone, I’m finding your behaviour modification from being in chastity for so long quite interesting. I’ve been logging all sorts of things during your time as my slave. It definitely makes you more obedient and submissive. It’s surprising how powerful chastity is, have you noticed how sometimes I wear a key on a chain around my neck? And sometimes I don’t?

You may not have noticed consciously but sub-consciously you have, your performance is substantially better when I have a key on show, it seems to subtly, subconsciously reinforce your sense of being 'owned'. I want to see what the effect on your behaviour is of humbling you further, making you feel even more vulnerable and forcing you to fight back arousal even more diligently. I've decided to do this by dressing you in female attire every day. Don't worry it will be fair, Celeste has one too, except of course – she doesn't require breast forms. Of course while you are at lectures, you may wear only female underwear, while you are in the apartment you are banned from male attire."

"Hmmpf! I Don't see it as that fair! She's hardly compromised by dressing as a maid is she?"

Jacqueline pondered for a moment, twiddling her pencil, then adjusting her glasses. "Actually I think she is. Wearing a maid's uniform is a very submissive act for either gender. It makes a bold statement that you are there simply to serve and nothing more, I realise you feel it's a greater inconvenience for you as you aren't used to female clothes, and this is true. The thing is even without the maid's uniform we wouldn't be doing a perfect controlled experiment, after all you have testicles and Celeste doesn't. You maybe don't realise it but when you were a foetus in your mother's womb, and the Y chromosome signalled for your gonads to develop into testicles and descend – they undergo massive changes, not just in physical location and shape, but in function. It's quite an interesting topic actually, you still have something like a menstrual cycle, whereby spermatocytes develop into spermatozoa over the course of sixty four days, and it happens in four waves, so every sixteen days you have new sperm passing into your epididymis. The interesting this is if we sterilized you by giving you a vasectomy, severing and tying off the vas deferens which join your testicles to your prostate gland, sperm would build up and build up with nowhere to go, until your immune system started recognizing it as a pathogen and attacking it. I wonder if the same biological system would occur if we left you in chastity indefinitely? I'm not convinced it would personally – I've noticed you often leak pre-cum, particularly when aroused. It wouldn't even be fair to castrate you, by surgically removing your testicles, as then, your hormone levels would be zero, asexual, neither male nor female. Of course your sex-drive would go completely too I think, there would be no need to keep you in the device."

He was squirming a little in the chair. Jacqueline raised an eyebrow. “Are you alright Simone?”

“Urgh! Yes, I’m just... It’s just all this talk of surgical procedures and castrating it’s-“

“Ahhh, arousing you? Interesting that isn’t it? Castration fetish is surprisingly common amongst males. There’s never even mention of oophorectomy fetish, which would be the female equivalent. Perhaps it’s because the female reproductive system is always hidden away inside the abdomen? Maybe it’s because women know their ovaries will stop releasing eggs eventually anyway as the menopause – and that’s quite a scary thing to have on the horizon? Personally I just think it’s down to the powerful nature of testosterone. Did you know women also produce testosterone and men produce oestrogen and progesterone just in different ratio’s?”

“I didn’t but-“

“I’m sorry, I digress. Now go and put your uniform on please Simone.”

Simon approached the clothes which Celeste had been busy unpacking. Panties, bras, black satin maid’s dresses with a white apron and cap. There was also what looked like a special bra, it attached like a bra but instead of empty cups it had two realistic flesh coloured silicone breasts complete with feminine and large areola. Celeste was giggling at him cheekily. “Come on Simone, I think we should get dressed!”

He flashed a look over to Jacqueline, sitting quietly behind her desk, smiling at them. She pointed at the uniform with her pencil. “Come on Simone, strip and get dressed – or there won’t be time to administer the controlled orgasm I have on offer this afternoon!”

Before he could react, Celeste had grabbed his belt and unfastened it, dragging his trousers down to reveal the shiny steel chastity belt underneath.

Feeling the fight drained out of him Simon allowed her to help him out of his clothes while giggling cheekily. She undressed herself too, until they were both naked, except for their chastity devices. The devices themselves were looking a little soiled, dried on pre-cum was formed around the holes in the front of

Simon's belt. The perforations on the front of Celeste's front shield, guarding her clitoris and labia from probing fingers had flakes of vaginal discharge around them. Clearly despite Simon's unfair disadvantage of testosterone super-factories; testicles; Celeste had clearly been experiencing extreme arousal as well.

Simon copied Celeste under the watchful eye of the professor. First of all he pulled the lacy satin panties up over his chastity belt as Celeste did, then he attached a dainty, delicate suspender belt around his hips. The belts were both black satin with black lace and little pink bows on the front. He shuddered as he clipped it in place around his hips. Next of all, copying Celeste he slid his legs into the silky smooth black stockings and attached them to the suspenders. As Celeste fitted herself with the black, lacy satin bra he fumbled with the set of breast forms he'd been allocated. They were the sort that weren't glued, but were attached to the chest in the same way a bra would be. They were soft and heavy. He felt the weight on his chest immediately as he clipped them into place. Just as he was finishing Celeste, held out the bra for him, allowing him to slide his arms in, then she fastened it snugly at the back. The stockings, the suspenders and the breasts, coupled with his genitals being hidden away in the confines of the belt made him feel almost all woman, a wave of feminine submissiveness washed through him making him shudder. Celeste then stepped into her dress and pulled it up over her shoulders, "Fasten me in Simone!"

His fingers shaking he began at the bottom, pulling the soft but strong material tightly, forcing her to breath in slightly to accommodate it. The material was quite stiff around the buttons and the back of the garment was adorned with lots of small, tightly packed buttons which only just fit through the eyelets if given a hard shove. They fastened all the way up to the collar, and she felt herself being choked, just ever so slightly as he pulled the material together to do the last few buttons. She tried to reach around to her own buttons, but the material was strong and the garment was very tight and form-fitting, the arms were cut in such a way that she couldn't reach behind her at all. Celeste giggled at this. "Hehe! It looks like once we're in, we're in until someone lets us out! That's delicious! Come on Simone your turn!"

He looked at what was obviously his identical but differently sized copy of the garment. It looked like a prison cell from where he was standing a sinister prison cell of forced feminization. "I don't want to wear it."

Celeste groaned. “Simone, stop being such a baby! What’s the matter? Are you scared of a little dress?”

“Bu-“

“Shhh, come on, let go of your silly preconceptions about what men and women should and shouldn’t wear – let’s get you in.”

As she finished speaking she held out the dress invitingly. He stepped in, shaking softly. He fed his arms into the arm holes and felt Celeste slowly draw the soft feminine material over his arms. Then she was around his back, buttoning away. As she got to his waist-line he felt the garment pulling in, getting tighter. “Breathe in Simone! Deep breath!”

He breathed in and felt her pull his waist in tighter, tighter, then button it in place. It fit like a glove, and like Celeste, he realised once all the buttons were done there was no way of reaching the buttons himself, he was in the dress until someone agreed to unbutton him.

Jacqueline was beaming at this from behind her desk. “Good, good, now you’re both ready – it’s time to decide who is getting that one-off orgasm. Brings the stocks and trolley out of the corner, as soon as we’ve got a winner, we’ll get them secured.”

Celeste and Simon looked at each other with suspicion and competitive determination. They’d been chaste for a long time now, both were desperate for release. They wheeled the trolley with implements and probes and medical supplies over and moved the stocks near to the desk. Jacqueline gestured towards the two seats opposite her desk.

“We can do your make-up later Simone, after-all it might run a bit if you win. Here’s what we’re going to do to decide who is getting the orgasm. We are going to have an auction, instead of money though, you will bid with strokes of the cane. I am setting no limits. Payment will be made in one caning session with the winner securely fastened in, all probes attached for measuring your arousal response, and then it will be followed by the orgasm, which I will administer to the winner. Any questions?”

They looked blankly at her, almost quivering with fear and anticipation, trying to

formulate a bidding strategy that might get them the orgasm with the minimum of strokes of the cane as payment. Jacqueline had become a skilled and brutally efficient administrator of corporal punishment. She'd been administering to both of them during their slavery in lots of three to a dozen strokes at a time. They both knew to win this auction they would have to bid higher. At the end of the caning, they would probably be bleeding, scarred and unable to sit down – unless they could somehow win the auction without having to bid high.

Jacqueline smiled. “Good, shall we start the bidding at three strokes then?”

Simon nodded.

“Six?”

Celeste nodded.

Simon turned to Celeste, “You might as well give up, I’m winning this no matter what! I’d take a thousand strokes if need be.”

She giggled. “Hah! I’d take two thousand, so YOU might as well give up.”

Jacqueline interrupted. “Shall we say a dozen then?”

Simon nodded.

“Two dozen?”

Celeste wavered, suddenly looking fearful, then she nodded quickly forcing herself past the fear.

“Three dozen?”

Simon, seeing Celeste struggling at two nodded quickly with determination.

“Four dozen?”

Celeste looked at Simon he was looking determined, and ready to immediately bid up again. She smiled at him, then nodded.

“Good, five dozen?”

Simon nodded almost aggressively.

“Six dozen?”

Celeste smiled and nodded.

“Seven dozen? That’s eighty four strokes.”

Simon started as if to nod, but reality hit him, eighty four strokes! Would Celeste go higher? It was getting ridiculous now, he faltered, weighing up Celeste, he almost didn’t want to win at this point, eighty four strokes! He gritted his teeth and nodded.

“Eight dozen? That’s ninety six strokes.”

Celeste noticed Simon waver, she’d lost track of what they were bidding with this point. She just wanted an orgasm, and wanted to win and she could see victory in sight. She nodded smugly.

“Nine dozen? That’s a hundred and eight strokes.”

Simon shook his head in refusal. At which Celeste glared at him. The sudden change had brought home to her what she was playing with. She whimpered. Jacqueline raised an eyebrow. “How about eight and a half dozen? That’s just a hundred and two strokes.”

Celeste looked at Simon pleadingly, suddenly desperate NOT to win, willing him to bid in and take the orgasm.

Simon shook his head.

At this Celeste gasped and blurted out. “Stop! I’ve changed my mind, I’m retracting my last bid!”

Jacqueline leaned forward smiling warmly. “It’s too late for that! Once you’ve bid, you may not retract it. So at eight dozen, ninety six strokes of the cane going once... Going twice... Sold! To the young lady in the maid’s uniform!”

As she spoke Celeste burst into tears sobbing and shaking with fear and regret. Simon was chuckling at her predicament. He'd almost fallen into the trap himself, the trap of forgetting what the payment was. He was frustrated and denied, constantly fighting back the arousal, but he was glad Celeste had won.

Jacqueline rose and walked to the stocks. "Okay, be a good girl and pop your head and wrists in the stocks please. If you pause or try to delay, I will double your bid."

This got Celeste going, she scurried up to the stocks and placed her neck and wrists in the hole as the professor slowly closed the stocks.

They locked with a click and Celeste was completely secure.

Celeste tested her bonds, pulling and tugging on her arms, but she was securely fastened. Jacqueline retrieved some latex gloves from the trolley. "Good, now we've got you secure, we'll just you probed up, then we'll make sure my implement and the target area are thoroughly sterilised – then we'll set to work. I hope I have enough energy to administer your orgasm afterwards, I didn't anticipate you bidding up to nearly a hundred strokes! Don't worry though, if we break skin I can suture your bottom up and move to a different area."

Celeste was helpless at this stage, she could hear the professor talking behind her, then she felt the snap of latex once, then twice as the professor gloved up. Next she felt the hem of her dress lifted up, exposing her bottom and being clipped out of the way. The professor then slowly pulled her panties down exposing her bare bottom and her crotch.

"Right, we'll just lower this front-shield so we can get you probed up ready."

Simon watched the professor take a little key on a chain around her neck and unlock the front shield allowing it to swing upside down beneath Celeste's crotch.

"Now keep still Celeste, I'm going to start applying your probes and sensors. I have an interesting addition this time, I want to measure internal uterine temperature during caning and orgasm, so I'm going to insert a small probe through your cervix. You'll feel something cold now while I insert my

speculum. Arch your back for me, present your bottom.”

Sure enough Celeste felt the cold of surgical steel slide into her vagina then an uncomfortable sensation of being stretched and stretched as it was opened giving the professor the best access to the vaginal cavity.

“I’m inserting the probe now, keep still – you’ll feel some pressure.”

Celeste whimpered as she felt the pressing and pressing in her cervix, at the same time as the uncomfortable stretch. Eventually the probe slid in and hung there.

“Good, now I want to insert a couple of extra temperature sensors and blood flow monitors into your vaginal cavity. I’ll also be fitting you with a tampon so I can weigh the moisture you produce during caning and orgasm. Next I’ll be clipping some extra sensors onto your clitoris and labia.”

Celeste whimpered. She felt the speculum withdrawn, more probes and wires inserted and a tampon gently slid in. She was already very aroused and the tampon began absorbing juices the second it was put in place. Then little clips were fastened uncomfortably to the labia in various places and finally a temperature sensor and blood flow monitor were clipped onto her clitoris making her yelp with discomfort.

“There, you’re all probed up now. I’ll just get you connected to the laptop so we can get you cleaned up properly and start your caning.”

Celeste of course was helpless to do anything, not even to look at her tormentor – the professor as the various probes and sensors were plugged into the control box and the laptop. Then she felt the professor gently cleaning her bottom with alcohol wipes, sterilizing the area. It felt humiliating, it helped to build her fear. The clinical nature of the predicament made her even more aroused. Once her bottom was thoroughly cleaned the professor clicked around the stocks to the lean in and speak to Celeste. “Now, you’re all ready. Are you going to be a good girl and keep nice and quiet, except for the count and thank? If you can’t I will gag you and get sissy slave Simone to count for me, are we clear? Are you ready?”

Celeste nodded, shaking with fear.

Jacqueline smiled warmly. “Good, so I’ll begin.”

She retreated behind the stocks and selected a slender flexible cane from the trolley and thoroughly wiped it over with sterilizing wipes. She tried a few experimentally swishes through the air, each one made Celeste shudder and squirm in the stocks. It felt strange, and incredibly humiliating being all on show with a myriad of wires dangling from her crotch to the professors laptop. She felt like a guinea pig in some twisted experiment, undergoing a brutal punishment for an almost whimsical reason. To satisfy the curiosity of the scientist who had posed the question, like a piece of meat, there to be used, tested, monitored – experimented on.

Swish!

Crack”

“Aaargh! One... Thank you mistress!”

Jacqueline sighed. “Only one stroke, ninety five to go and already you’re wailing like a little girl. Stop being so pathetic! If you cry out in pain again, I will gag you and allow sissy slave Simone to take over the count.”

Simon was actually finding this all quite amusing, except for the fact that seeing Celeste in this incredibly compromising position had him growing more and more aroused, making him have to fight back the arousal to avoid the growing pain in his penis.

Swish!

Crack!

“Nnngh! Two, thank you mistress!”

The cane rose and fall, swishing and cracking at a regular rhythm. The professor was deadly accurate laying each stroke precisely on top of the previous one. Celeste started out biting her tongue quite well, displaying only a pained grunt for the sharp, searing pain that coursed through her body after each stroke, as she broke into double figures though she started crying and sobbing, struggling in

her bonds, trying to get free of the stocks. The professor paused. “Keep still slave! You will not be released until you have received your full quota of strokes, and your orgasm.”

“I don’t want it! I’ve changed my mind!”

“Too late for that Celeste, you WILL receive your full punishment and your orgasm – whether you like it or not. Now keep still or I will penalize you with additional strokes.”

This calmed her down she stopped struggling and stood humbled, vulnerable and submissive waiting for the next stroke. When it came she screamed in agony, arching her back and fighting the constrictive stock.

The professor sighed. “You are so pathetic slave, screaming like a little girl and we’re barely into double figures – I’m afraid I will have to gag you, I cannot stand any more of your screaming.”

Celeste whimpered softly as she heard the professor’s heels click away on the hard wooden floor. Then they clicked closer and closer, until the professor was around the front again. “Open!”

Celeste opened her mouth to accept the bright red ball-gag and felt the professor buckle it securely to her head. The taste of rubber filled her mouth and the smell of leather invaded her nostrils. The gag fastened tightly around her head, with a central triangle of straps that went around her nose holding it securely in place. Breathing was hard, speaking would be impossible. The only sound she could possibly make would be a muffled grunt of discomfort. Once secure she watched the professor click away in her heels, out of view behind the stock, then there came another swish and a crack. Each crack was now punctuated by Simon counting out the numbers, and Celeste squirming around helplessly in the stock. Each time the professor placed a hand firmly on the small of her back to steady her. “Keep still slave.”

Then the brutal caning would continue. As she passed the thirty strokes mark, the cane broke and Celeste saw the professor drop it onto the trolley in front of her. It was snapped and covered in blood. Her bottom felt in part completely numb, devoid of feeling, and partly on fire, as if she was sitting on hot coals. At that point she’d have given anything, anything to stop this onslaught, but she

was helpless, the gag meaning she couldn't even protest or plead for this torture to end.

She began tensing up, clenching her buttocks firmly together, the muscle density slightly negating the ferocity of the professor's blows. After a few more strokes the professor sighed in disappointment. "Celeste, you're tensing your buttocks up. Relax your buttocks, allow my blows to penetrate deeply."

Celeste shake shook her head and tensed her buttocks up as hard as she could for the next blow which came swiftly and stung maddeningly. The professor withdrew the cane and placed it on the trolley, then clicked around to the front. Leaning into Celeste, she smiled warmly. "Now that's not following instructions is it? I would have thought you'd be clear by now, being obedient is mandatory – for your rebellion, you are going to be punished. Have you ever heard of figging? It's a practice which is rumoured to originate from Victorian times, originally from horse dealers. When a horse dealer was selling an old nag, he would insert a 'fig' into anal sphincter of the horse, making it seem fidgety, frisky and alert, from the stinging juices of the fig into the blood vessels of the horses anus – allowing it to seem younger. The Victorians they say, took to using this technique to enhance corporal punishment, by inserting a carefully carved ginger plug into the anus of the victim – the victim is placed in a delicious predicament. Relax the sphincter and accept the full force of the blow without tensing up? Or clench and squeeze more of the stinging juices into the anus, creating an uncomfortable, lasting, burning sensation? I'm going to carve you a ginger plug and insert it into your rectum. Try to relax, it won't take a minute, you'll feel some discomfort as I insert it – to make it easy on yourself, try to relax your anal sphincter."

She then stood and clicked to the kitchen area. She retrieved a hand of ginger from the fridge and a chopping board, then began carefully carving the ginger into a large butt plug shape. It was big for a butt plug, and the ginger was almost dripping it was so moist. The professor carried it over, then gently probed Celeste's rectum with a single digit, making her moan uncomfortably into the gag. She then withdrew her finger and slowly fed the ginger plug in while Celeste squirmed around whimpering with discomfort. Eventually the large flat part of the plug to stop it going all the way in kissed her butt cheeks. As it did she could already feel the burning sensation building and building.

The professor smiled to herself and leaned to the front of the stocks again.

“There, I’ve just popped that in – we’re ready to start again. Try to relax slave.”

Celeste concentrated on allowing her anal sphincter to relax, it was difficult, but it helped. If she lost concentration and tensed it would squeeze ginger into her anus creating a brutal burning sensation and making her whimper and relax. She listened to the professor’s heels clicking on the hard wooden floor as she took her place behind her again. Then the swish and the crack resumed. It was horrible paradox to be in, a terrible dilemma, clench and get the tensed buttock muscles to offer some padding, but with the deep, burning sensation from the ginger? Or relax and be safe from the ginger but suffer a deeply penetrating blow that struck almost down to the bone?

As the cane rose and fell, Celeste whimpered and tried to organize her thoughts, she was in severe pain but also extreme arousal at the same time, her head was spinning, she couldn’t consciously think about whether to clench or relax – she just found herself reacting. After a few more strokes the professor placed the next, now bloody cane back on the trolley. Celeste’s entire back end was on fire. There were still over twenty strokes to go. Jacqueline leaned forwards. “Celeste, I’m afraid you’re bleeding a little too much, I’m just going to pop you a few sutures in, then we’ll start a new line. Keep still, try to relax.”

The professor changed her gloves for a clean pair and began carefully cleaning up the brutally punished, almost destroyed buttocks. Then she took a pair of forceps and little curved needle with surgical thread and started suturing the wrecked skin and flesh back together. Her sutures were neat and well made, it would show only small scar when it healed. Despite feeling so numb her posterior almost on fire, she felt every time the needle was pressed through her skin, every time the professor drew a length of material through and the pulling together of the wound. It wasn’t just painful, it felt beautifully humiliating, the professor carefully stitching her ruined bottom back together. Eventually she stopped and placed the sutures on the trolley. “There, all done! Let’s get back to the caning hmmm?”

Celeste heard the swish of the cane again, and was immediately back in the dilemma of clench or relax. Despite the pain, the debilitating pain she felt in a kind of submissive heaven, so under control, so helpless, helpless to simply accept the brutal punishment she’d bid for an orgasm, without even the capacity to protest.

Eventually the rise and fall stopped and Simon almost chuckled. “Ninety six!”

Celeste was panting into her gag, tears streaming down her face, she was sobbing slightly feeling defeated. Her posterior felt almost like it had been ripped open with the brutal caning, the figging and the sutures. The sense of relief was massive. She closed her eyes and sighed into her gag. Without any pause or respite though the professor was whispering into her ear. “Well done Celeste, you’ve made your payment, it’s time for your orgasm now.”

Celeste, being so brutally caned and incredibly sore shook her head, and tried to mumble through the gag – couldn’t she have a break, but the professor ignored her and took position behind her, placing her left hand on the small of Celeste’s back, she reached through her legs and gently placed her latex gloved hand on Celeste’s clitoris. Celeste groaned and squeezed her thighs together. Jacqueline took her hand spanked Celeste on her already sore buttocks. “Keep your legs apart! It’s time for your orgasm! If you resist again, I will start caning you again, now be a good girl.”

Celeste whimpered and tried to hold her legs apart, allowing the professor to reach through and gently begin stimulating her clitoris, then sliding up and down, in and out the labia, then probing her vagina gently and swirling around the clitoris, her gloved finger now covered in juices. The sensation of being masturbated in the stock by the professor was made worse by the array of wires and probes. They jangled and clattered together as the professors hand stroked and swirled, working back and forth, up and down, in and out. Celeste was having trouble breathing, drool was now running from her mouth at either side of the gag. Her muscles were cramping and aching from being fixed in this position for so long and from straining against the stocks as she was caned. The ginger butt plug was still in place too, its potency somewhat lessened now, but still that deep sensation of heat remained.

She was uncomfortable, but helpless to do anything about it, she genuinely didn’t want an orgasm at this point, she simply wanted to rest, but she was completely at the professors mercy, the professor had taken control of her body and had decided she WOULD orgasm, whether she wanted to or not.

It didn’t take long, and when she came it was explosive, making her arch her back and almost cry out into the gag, screwing her eyes up hard. Then she sagged, riding the waves of pleasure, as they washed through her body in a

rhythm, she found herself involuntarily squeezing the ginger plug, then releasing, then squeezing in rhythm as her body pulsed with pleasure, each pulse wringing out more ginger juice into her anus and both burning and arousing her in equal measure. She thought it wasn't going to stop, she ended up limp and quivering in the stocks while Simon and the professor watched. Eventually the professor chuckled. "Hmmm, you like?" To which Celeste nodded earnestly.

Celeste, forced her eyes open to watch the professor tap a few keys on the laptop, then she felt the tampon being removed and weighed on a little set of USB micro-scales. Having taken all the readings and logged the results Jacqueline walked to the front and leaned into Celeste. "There, we're all done. I'll just remove your probes and get you fastened back into your belt for you."

Jacqueline returned to her rear, gently pulled the probes and sensors off, and clicked the front shield back in position, then she turned to Simon. "Simone, get her out, get her cleaned up, then get this mess cleaned up – I'm going out for a drink. If it's not cleared up when I get back you will BOTH be punished."

He watched her walk towards the front door to the flat, with a spring in her steps, as her heels clicking on the hard stone floor faded away he began unfastening Celeste from the stocks, having seen her orgasm, pulsing with pleasure, now he felt jealous. The pain in his groin from his glans pressing on the concealed spikes of the belt had him clawing at the stainless steel front of the belt. Yes, her bottom had been brutally caned, but she'd had an orgasm and it looked amazing. When he finally released her she seemed to be floating on air, a little sleepy almost, almost light headed.

"Hmmp! I hope you enjoyed that!"

She sighed and reached behind her to remove her ginger plug. "I did Simone, you do look nice in girls clothes by the way, argh! My backside is on fire!"

"I'm not surprised! Nearly a hundred strokes of the cane!? What were you thinking?!"

"Hmmp, well I blame you – you should have done the gentlemanly thing and not bid against me!"

"It's your stupid fault for bidding eight dozen strokes!"

“Urgh! It hurt, yes it hurt – but I’d bid them all over again just to keep you from getting one. I know how much more difficult you find the denial than me, and now she’s got you feminized too – I bet your little man is squirming around in there, desperately trying to break free! I’d like to keep you chaste forever, I find it delicious.”

“Come on, pull yourself together – we’d better get this mess cleared up.”

Celeste nodded and sighed and together they began cleaning the professor’s equipment and tidying it all away.

Lectures

The rest of the day passed without incident. It was hard work looking after the professor and her place – Jacqueline was a perfectionist. That night Jacqueline locked them into their cell which she’d converted from a walk-in wardrobe, early and enjoyed a quiet evening in front of the television with a glass of wine, while Simon spent the night squirming in his device and clawing at his chastity belt, frustrated and denied and Celeste spent the night trying to find a way of resting that wouldn’t put any pressure on her tortured posterior.

In the morning Jacqueline, allowed them to get back into their vanilla clothes, but insisted that they both wore the feminine underwear she’d provided, in Simon’s case, despite his protests, including the breast forms. Now they were walking through the university campus to their first lecture. Throughout the walk, Celeste smirked at Simon from time to time. They were crossing the grassed area en-route to the main building and Celeste looked at Simon. “How’s it hanging squirmy?”

He glared at her and gave her a quick playful pat on the bottom, which made her yelp with pain. “Hmmpf, it’s alright for you, you got an orgasm!”

“Yeah but at what price? I’m not going to be able to sit down for a month!”

“And what about the breasts? If anyone sees me... I have to take them off!”

Celeste looked sternly at him. “Now, now Simone; you know what the professor told me, I am to supervise you and ensure you are wearing your breast

forms at all times. If you take them off and she discovers you have – we BOTH get punished. Try leaning forwards and concealing them with your jacket more.”

He groaned and tried following her advice, it seemed to help but he still felt very conscientious, vulnerable and silly.

When they eventually got to the lecture theatre it had a dozen or so students sitting at the desks, waiting. Simon and Celeste took seats near the edge, hoping to stay out of the way. When Celeste tried to sit down though she grimaced with pain, screwing her eyes up, she couldn't sit down. Simon chuckled at her. “Can't sit down?”

“Hmmp! It's not funny!”

At that point an aging, white haired professor entered the room and addressed the students. “Alright everyone, settle down, take your seats please!”

Simon sat smugly while Celeste tried ever so gently to lower herself into her seat. It hurt too much, she had to raise herself back up and stand by the desk. The professor glared at her. “Well? What's the matter girl? TAKE YOUR SEAT!”

She shook her head. “I can't sit down professor I've erm, injured my...”

He raised an eyebrow at her suspiciously. “Too much corporal punishment eh?”

To this the rest of the group laughed and Celeste went bright, bright red.

“No, I just-“

“I don't want to hear it, stand if you must but be quiet we're running late.”

He started the lecture, and Celeste and Simon made notes. It was hard concentrating, in Simon's case while so frustrated and denied and in Celeste's case in so much pain and having to stand.

At the end of the difficult lecture Celeste and Simon were making their way out when the professor stepped in their way, barring their exit. “Celeste, how

exactly have you injured yourself that you can't sit down?"

She went bright red again, unable to make eye-contact. Hoping to save further embarrassment Simon blurted out. "Erm, we're into a bit of kink and I erm, caned her a bit too hard."

The professor raised an eyebrow, while Celeste shot him a glance of complete daggers. He was struggling to conceal his breast forms under his jacket. The professor sighed. "What you do in your private lives is none of my business, but you mustn't let it interfere with your studies! Being caned so hard you can't sit down is NOT going to make it easier to concentrate. Simon, you can go, Celeste I want someone to have a look at your bottom."

She went a shade of crimson now and stammered. "S,sir, It'll be fine, it just needs--"

"Shhh, I can understand you don't want me to look at it. I'll take you to Doctor Lowe, she should be out of lectures now. If you genuinely can't sit down then it really needs medical attention, and it'll be less embarrassing having it looked at on campus than going to Accident and Emergency."

"Bu--"

"No buts! Of you go Simon, Celeste will catch up with you later."

So concealing his breast forms as best he could Simon ambled out. Celeste however was essentially frog-marched through the building to an office on the fourth floor. The senior professor rapped on the door. "Dr. Lowe?"

"Come in."

The voice was soft and welcoming. When Celeste walked into the office a petit, mid-thirties Oriental woman greeted her. She was sitting at her desk with an open sandwich box of salad and a glass of fresh orange juice. "Professor Leyland, what can I do for you?"

He avoided eye-contact and gently urged Celeste forward. "Ahem, thanks Emily, it seems one of my students, Celeste here has allowed her bedroom antics to get a little out of hand, so that she can't sit down. I wonder if you could just

have a look at her for me? I'm sorry for interrupting your lunch."

The Doctor chuckled. "It's fine, I'm nearly finished anyway, leave her with me, I'll take a look."

The professor shuffled backwards awkwardly, leaving Celeste alone with this female doctor. Celeste waited a moment for the professor to be on his way, then edged towards the door. "It's okay actually, it'll be—"

"Shhh, come on, don't be embarrassed – if you can't sit down, I really think I should take a look."

"Erm, I can!"

"Fine, just take a seat then."

The doctor was gesturing towards a hard wooden chair next to her desk. Celeste looked at it and shuddered with fear. "I really ought to be—"

"SIT!"

Celeste visibly shook. "Fine!"

She stepped to the chair and lowered herself onto it, desperately trying to avoid the searing pain which she knew would come and as she placed her bottom on the hard seat. The doctor looked on bemused, chuckling softly as Celeste winced when her bottom barely touched the hard seat. "Alright enough, I'm taking a look. Stand up, rest your elbows on the desk, keep your legs straight."

"Bu—"

"Now!"

Celeste stood, and followed Doctor Emily Lowe's instructions. The doctor was wearing a smart grey, pinstripe suit with a knee length skirt and a cream satin blouse. She grabbed a box of gloves from the shelf and snapped one latex glove onto each hand. Celeste, rested submissively on the desk, not sure quite what to do. She heard the clicking of the doctors heels on the hard floor as she took a position behind her, then felt her skirt being lifted, the hem being tucked into the

waistband. Then the latex gloved hands grabbed her panties and gently pulled them down. As they came clear of her bottom the doctor gasped.

“Who did this to you?”

Celeste quivered. “Erm, Simon, I erm, wanted him to?”

“I don’t believe you, this cannot, CANNOT be nice- Hmmm, what’s this metal... Eh?”

The doctor was clearly referring to the steel chastity belt. Celeste was going beetroot red now, bursting with embarrassment, but helpless to do anything about it. There seemed no option but to be honest. “It’s erm, it’s an *ahem* chastity belt...”

“A chastity belt? Are you worried about being raped? Or did Simon lock this onto you?”

“I erm, I want to wear it. I like being in chastity.”

The doctor was shaking her head. “Your bottom is a real mess, you know, it’s- Hey! You’ve already been sutured! Who did these sutures?”

This was a difficult one to explain she thought fast then almost gasped.

“A & E ! I erm, went to the Accident and Emergency and they-“

“Well, they’re very neat sutures, but the tissue has been too severely damaged I think, as you’ve moved around you’ve pulled them out a bit. There’s a lot of dried blood too. I think I’d better clean this mess up and re-do your sutures.”

“It’s erm, okay, I don’t wan-“

“They need doing, hold still while I get a sutures pack out.”

Celeste sighed deflated. The doctor clearly kept some medical supplies in her office. The University was attached to a teaching hospital so it made sense. Celeste had never seen Doctor Emily Lowe before, she had to be a member of the medical school faculty.

After retrieving several unseen items from a draw she put a plastic apron on and pulled her swivel chair so she was sitting behind Celeste's bare, brutally caned bottom. Celeste heard the ripping open of packets. "Celeste, I'm just going to inject the area with some local anaesthetic, you'll feel a sharp scratch."

She glanced over her shoulder and saw the doctor holding a syringe up, tapping it, then squirting it in the air to clear any air bubbles. Then it was out of view, she felt a prick, then gradually her bottom started to feel numb. "There, we'll just let that numb up for a moment, then we'll get this cleaned up, sutured and dressed. You really should NOT be taking your fetishes to this extreme! It's dangerous, you could get an infection."

After a few moments she felt, through a film of numbness, the doctor wiping her bottom and cleaning the whole area up. Then she felt pulling and tugging as the doctor re-sutured the wound. Finally she dressed the wounded area with some gauze and surgical tape.

"There, all done."

As the doctor spoke she gave Celeste a gentle pat on the bottom. Celeste stood and pulled her panties up, then adjusted her skirt. "Thank you. Erm, could we erm-"

"Don't worry, your secret is safe with me. I won't tell a soul."

Celeste was still bright red she smiled at the doctor who was removing her gloves and disposable apron. "Thank you, bye!"

The doctor watched her go. Something didn't sit right, something was going on – but what? She waited a moment, then left her office, subtly following Celeste at a distance. She had the afternoon off, she'd planned to do some shopping, but this was too intriguing to ignore. Celeste of course was none the wiser, she was actually somewhat relieved to have had some anaesthetic it made moving around a little more bearable. She met up with Simon, went to a lecture – then headed back to the professor's apartment. All the while, Dr. Lowe was following, getting more and more intrigued. She wondered where she was being led as she followed Celeste around, Jacqueline's apartment was not near the halls of residence or the usual small terraced houses that students tended to rent – it was

a nicer part of town.

Having seen which floor the lift stopped on by the LED display, she darted up the stairs and got there just in time to see Jacqueline's door click shut. She strode over to the door and retrieved her stethoscope from her bag, placing the ear pieces in and placing the listening part on the door...

"Ahhh, you're back my little slaves... Have you recovered from your punishment?"

"Not yet, mistress, I'm still very sore. The sutures came out too, I got taken to a Doctor Emily Lowe to get looked at. She cleaned, re-sutured and dressed my-"

"What did you tell her?"

"Erm, that it was Simon that did it, that it was my kin-"

"Good, you will not mention me at all... "

It went muffled for a moment, the doctor manoeuvred her stethoscope around to get a better listen.

She heard the professor giving orders and started to draw a conclusion. She knocked on the door, tucking her stethoscope away. Jacqueline opened the door to her.

"Yes?"

"I know what you're doing! I've seen Celeste's bottom and I know exactly what you are up to!"

Jacqueline shook with sudden fear, the reality of what she'd been doing with Simon and Celeste suddenly became apparent. Things had started small, but escalated. "W...What are you going to do? It's none of your business what I -"

"You are clearly engaging in a fetish relationship with two students of the university! I know you, I know you're a lecturer and it is wholly inappropriate! Especially seeing the damage you've done to that poor girl's bottom!"

“But she’s consenting! She’s a consenting ad-“

“She looks eighteen! What do you think her parents will think of this episode? What do you think the Chancellor will say?”

Jacqueline, the confident, dominant woman was almost reduced to tears. She knew this woman at her door was right. She’d taken it too far... She’d been enjoying herself so much though! The sense of power, of control, of having them utterly at her mercy... It was an intoxicating feeling. “Please, please can’t we jus-“

“No, I take it YOU are the one who has locked Celeste in a chastity belt?”

Jacqueline looked sheepish now, unable to make eye-contact. “Erm, yes...”

“Unlock her at once! Is HE in one too? Unlock him.”

As she spoke she stepped over the threshold and clicked the door shut.

As Jacqueline scampered away to get the key Celeste appeared and gasped. “Dr. Lowe! We don’t mind being Jacqueline’s slaves, we –“

“What you want is irrelevant! Can you imagine what your parents would think? Can you imagine the effect on the reputation of the University when this gets out? And it will! These things have a habit of being discovered. You are ALL going to be in so much trouble! Particularly YOU, Professor Reed!”

“Bu-“

“No buts! This stops here and NOW!”

Jacqueline appeared with the key and handed it to Celeste who took it and walked to the bedroom, grabbing Simon’s hand on the way.

“How did you think you could get away with this Reed? You must have realised you cannot go exploring fetish relationships with your students!”

“They consen-“

“You’ve got no idea have you? You’ve gone mad! This is going to destroy your career you know? Your days as a lecturer, as a researcher – you can consider them over. When this goes public you are not going to be able to get a job on a supermarket check-out let alone a high-flying career! I hope you’re proud of yourself.”

At that moment Celeste and Simon appeared looking sheepish. They’d removed their chastity devices, and Simon was back in his male attire. Emily smiled at them. “I have two spare bedrooms at my place, you can stay at my house tonight. As for YOU Professor Reed, I suggest you don’t bother coming into the University tomorrow, I will be explaining your little game to the Chancellor and the University Governing Body, you can expect a disciplinary hearing over this, and you might as well accept you’ve flushed your career down the pan! I knew you were playing a dangerous game when I read that last study you published on ‘Caning’. Good night, soon to be ‘ex-‘ Professor.”

With that she ushered Celeste and Simon out and stepped out herself slamming the door after her.

Aftermath

Jacqueline stood silently in shock. Tears were streaming down her face, it was over. She’d let it get out of hand, what had started as a little consensual fun had been stretched and expanded and taken to a level which she’d never envisaged. That was it, her job, her career her life as a respected researcher and lecturer – it was all over. She thought about what to do, fight the university? After all they were consenting? But the thought of it going public and the effect on... She sighed, her life was over.

She slowly clicked down the hallway and collapsed on her sofa, tears streaming down her cheeks. She felt numb, emotionally drained, like her spirit had been killed. She shouldn’t have let it go so far! She should have... She wanted to run away, to hide somewhere, to forget...

Then it came to her...

Mariella Jane Hall, she’d asked her if she wanted to be her permanent slave girl. She’d experienced the nth degree of domination, or she felt she had... What would it feel like to give yourself completely to someone? To place your fate,

one hundred per cent into someone else's hands? Her life was over, she could never go back after this...

She ran to the phone and picked it up. She fumbled in her purse for the crumpled note with Mariella's number on it. Her fingers shaking she punched in the number on the keypad quickly, as if trying to finish it before she could change her mind.

"Mistress Hall speaking."

"Mariealla, it's Jacqueline."

"Oh, the good professor, so lovely to hear from you, a strange time to be calling though surely? What can I do for you at this peculiar hour?"

"That offer? About me being your permanent live-in slave, does it still stand?"

Mariella chuckled softly on the other side of the phone, "I suppose so, though bear in mind I may decide to keep your permanently chaste, I may decide to sell you on.... If you want to become my property, you will become just that – my property for me to use or dispose of at my will. Is that what you want?"

Jacqueline didn't even take a breath, the thought of escaping into a life of permanent slavery was too appealing. "Yes!"

"Okay, when do you-"

"Now!"

"Right now!? Goodness me Professor – so sudden! I wonder what's inspired this? Hmmm, I shan't ask, I'm just pleased to take ownership of you. I can't wait to get you all nice and snug in your chastity device again, and servicing my pussy, you were so good last you served me... Hmmm, here's the deal, I'll give you an address, you will report there tonight for slave conditioning. I will ring them up so they're expecting you. I want you back in chastity professor, so I forbid you play with yourself from this moment onwards! No last 'orgasms' before your denial starts! No touching yourself! Are we clear?"

"Yes mistress Hall."

“Good, here’s the address then...”

The Fisher Academy

When Jacqueline got to her car it was raining, the sky was getting darker and darker. She was following her sat-nav to the address Mariella had given her, it had taken her away from the main roads, out into the countryside, up and down twisty lanes, past fields and into a dark forest. Eventually she pulled onto a long gravel drive between two large stone gateposts. The car crunched up the drive, through the rain and the darkness a great stone, stately home loomed closer and closer. When Jacqueline eventually stopped the car next to a stone staircase which led up to the main door, the door swung open flooding light down the steps. The door was under the cover of a grand porch. Jacqueline stepped out of her car and locked the door. She listened to the crunching of the gravel under her feet and the pattering of rain on the ground as she approached the stone steps. There at the top of the stone steps stood none other than Samantha Fisher.

“Samantha!”

“Professor... “

“I-“

“Shhh, what’s done is done, you took things too far and you didn’t cover your tracks well enough. For what it’s worth, I think this IS your best escape.”

Jacqueline climbed the steps and entered the house, Samantha closed the door after her with a thunk. The house was grand, and grand on a grand scale. Samantha was dressed in a smart, business like way. As Jacqueline clicked after her, they traversed the corridor, then entered a large oak panelled drawing room with red chesterfield sofa’s next to a roaring fire.

“Samantha, what is this place?”

“This place? This is my house, it’s also where I oversee the training of slaves. Usually male, chaste sissy slaves.”

Sitting on one of the sofa’s was a dark haired slim woman in a grey suite with

nylons and beige strappy high heels. She was relaxing, holding a glass of wine.

“Jacqueline, this is Dr. Eve Wilshaw. She’s going to be re-programming your mind, as part of your conditioning.”

Eve smiled and raised her glass. “Hello.”

Jacqueline shuddered, “Is that really neces-“

“We don’t want you changing your mind do we? If you’re giving yourself to mistress Mariella, to consider it a true gift you should relinquish your ability to rebel or to desire freedom from slavery. Once you are her property, the only way of being no-longer her property will be if she sells you. It’s late though, perhaps I should show you your room for the night?”

Jacqueline looked longingly at the glass of red wine in Eve’s hands, so much so that Samantha noticed and laughed. “Silly slave, alcohol is not for slaves, you may be permitted to drink water, if you are a good slave. Now come.”

Eve smiled at her and sipped her wine as Jacqueline followed Samantha down the corridor again, her head swimming. They walked past the grand staircase to smaller one, hidden behind a discreet door. This narrow, spiral staircase was not plastered, it was bare brick with electric cables holding flickering lights clipped to it. As they descended the temperature dropped by several degrees. At the bottom of the stairs was a steel door, which Samantha unlocked and stepped through. The room was essentially a stone cellar, or dungeon. In the centre was a barred off area, like a cage with a single door in it. The floor of the cage was covered in a thin layer of straw and had nothing else except a water feeder, exactly like the ones people clipped to hamster cages fixed to the side, with the tube protruding inwards so the occupant could reach it with their mouth, and a steel bucket in the corner.

Samantha turned to the professor. “Well? Strip!”

Jacqueline shook and glared at the cage a look of fear in her eyes. “Can’t we ju-“

“You’ve chosen a life of slavery Professor. It would not be helpful to conditioning you to your new life, putting you up in a grand, soft, four poster bed with an en-suite bathroom and Jacuzzi would it? Now STRIP!”

Jacqueline reached up and unfastened her dress, and slipped her shoes off, then pulled the dress down revealing her lacy black bra and panties and black nylons.

Samantha smiled. “Underwear too, take off everything.”

Jacqueline, now having lost all sense of reality began obeying Samantha, pulling her tights off and then unclipping her bra and removing her panties. She was beautiful naked, her body was more or less completely smooth, with a flawless complexion and totally hairless. The only exception being a neat triangle of pubic hair just above the hood which covered her clitoris. Samantha pointed at her crotch. “Slaves are not permitted hair below the neck, use the wash basin in the corner with the permanent hair removal gel.”

Jacqueline looked at her pleadingly. “Bu-“

“Now slave! If you do not stop hesitating at every command I shall put you into uncomfortable predicament bondage for the night, possibly involving electricity applied to the clitoris.”

Jacqueline shuddered, then walked to the small washstand in the corner, her bare feet slapping on the cold stone floor. She took some of the cream and smeared it over her crotch. At Samantha’s instruction she rinsed it off, leaving her totally hairless below the neck.

When she looked up to Samantha to indicate she’d finished Samantha scolded her. “You do NOT look your mistresses in the eye! You will look down at the floor in the presence of your superiors – now come here and hold out your hands.”

Jacqueline, keeping her eyes lowered held out her wrists and felt the cold steel of handcuffs being pressed firmly onto them. Samantha pulled the cuffs as tight as she could, almost cutting off the blood supply to Jacqueline’s hands. She couldn’t even rotate her wrists they were so tight. Once in place Samantha gestured towards the open door to the cage. “Well slave? I believe you are ready now. In you go, tomorrow we will have you upstairs for your hypnosis, contract of slavery, your tattooing and your branding.”

Jacqueline whimpered. “Branding?”

Samantha smiled as she pushed the cage door shut. “Yes, that’s what your owner has requested. So we are going to brand you as her property. By the way your owner has requested we do NOT permit you to play with yourself, so you will be monitored in your cage all night. If look carefully at the floor of the cage, you’ll notice a fine mesh, if you are seen reaching for your groin area, I am sure you will find the punishment quite shocking. So no, I repeat NO touching! Good night slave.”

As she spoke the padlock was snapped shut, leaving Jacqueline, naked except for her pair of handcuffs, locked in the cell. She watched Samantha click away, pick up her discarded clothes and shoes and exit the dungeon. There was a dim light flickering which stayed on. She sighed to herself, ‘ *That’s another fine mess you got yourself into Jackie...*’

She looked around the cell properly now. It was about eight feet square. There WAS a fine mesh on the floor, she thought piling the thin layer of straw up might offer some protection, or upturning the bucket and standing on it? She couldn’t be sure though. She didn’t really understand electricity or how this system would work. She didn’t really believe they would monitor all night, it seemed ridiculous! Still, there were definitely cameras, so she would wait a while.

After a few moments of stepping on the straw, pacing about the cell it stuck her that the main torture here was going to be boredom and discomfort. She figured she might be able to brush all the straw into one area to make something reasonable to lie on, but she was naked and it was cool in the dungeon. She approached the water feeding bottle, it was a pet feeder with a ball bearing in the end of the tube which only allowed water to flow in dribbles when she suckled on the tube, pressing the ball with her tongue. It felt degrading, humiliating to be drinking out of what for all intent purposes was a hamster bottle. Getting an actual drink was hard work, but the effort was a break from the boredom.

She imagined by this time it must be quite late, she’d not been to the toilet for some time. She glanced at the bucket in the corner, then turned her head away and screwed her face up. She could see the cameras, they WERE watching. She couldn’t pee in a bucket while... It was bad enough being naked except for her handcuffs. She decided to try and hold it. After pacing about a little more Jacqueline decided she had to try to sleep. She began by brushing as much straw

together as she could. It wasn't much, but she managed to gather up a slim, narrow bed of straw a few millimetres thick. Lying on it was not comfortable. It felt itchy and scratchy and trying to sleep with no pillow and wearing tightly fitted handcuffs seemed impossible. If she lay on her front she'd be lying on her hands and her cuffs would dig into her. If she lay on her back she'd have to allow her cuffed wrists to fall upwards, her elbows resting on the floor. If she allowed them to fall downwards she'd appear to be fondling her crotch and she'd risk punishment, and the cuffs meant she couldn't sleep with her arms by her side as she would normally do.

It seemed she had subtly been placed in a position where there was only one way to lie, flat on her back, her hands together on her chest, almost as if in prayer. She lay like this for a while, then tried lying on her side, that was worse if anything. What was even worse was a growing sense of arousal and a growing desire to pee. She kept alternating from position to position, as her bladder grew more and more uncomfortable. Eventually she sighed and walked over to the bucket. It was empty, she looked at the camera's she didn't want to go, but it seemed she had to.

Carefully, clasping her cuffed hands together she squatted over the bucket, gently resting her pert bottom on the rim of the bucket. When she opened her urethral sphincters the sound was clattery and splattery, urine splashing and echoing into the metal container. She shuddered at herself, it felt so, so degrading. There was of course nothing to wipe up the dribbles with either. She returned to the bed of straw and lay back, her head swimming madly with thoughts about Simon, Celeste, her now lost career and her life as Mariella's slave. Her thoughts fell on the fact that she was going to be hypnotised, tattooed and branded the next day, but she tried to cast these thoughts aside. Eventually she managed to drift off into an uneasy sleep. She woke in a little later, and the submissive nature of her predicament occurred to her, she looked down to her crotch, she longed to touch, she felt moist, she felt like a little stroke of the labia and a swirl around the clitoris would be all it would take. Were the camera's watching? She lowered her cuffed hands to her crotch and reached for her clitoris, when the loudspeaker started echoing deafeningly through the chamber. "Attention Slave! Keep your hands away from your crotch, or shocking will commence! This is your LAST Warning!"

Jacqueline sighed and pulled her hands back up. She was so desperate to have a play, she felt so aroused, yet she didn't dare. Eventually she drifted back off to

sleep.

It's A New Dawn, It's A New Day, It's a New Life.... For Me...

When Jacqueline awoke Samantha was standing outside the cage.

“Ahhhh, you're awake slave... Now where shall we start, what order would you like today's conditioning events to take place in? Would you like to be branded, tattooed or hypnotised first?”

Jacqueline fought her way of the hard floor and scratchy straw awkwardly. It was disorientating, for a moment she didn't know where she was or what was happening. The sensation of her wrists being cuffed tightly together and her being totally naked shocked her into reality. “I... I don't kn-“

“Then we shall begin I think by tattooing you. Follow me slave.”

Samantha unlocked the cage and Jacqueline had to scramble to get to her feet properly. Her bare feet slapped onto the hard stone floor as she followed Samantha's clicking heels.

She followed her through the large, grand house, the previous day's events playing themselves over and over in her head. Part of her thought she should leave, try to escape, try to rebuild her life – had she really done anything that wrong? The trouble was she knew, in her heart of hearts society would not be so forgiving, at the same time she felt a burning desire to submit. She was uncomfortable with the idea of being tattooed, particularly in that she clearly would not have a say in what the tattoo was, she was afraid of being branded, it sounded painful, humiliating and.. Submissive.

As she followed Samantha through the halls of the grand house this time up the main stone staircase to the first floor, Samantha spoke over her shoulder. “Good news by the way slave, your owner has asked us to pierce your clitoris, it's a deliciously painful piercing, but it can make stimulation very satisfying. We're going to pierce you at the same time as you are tattooed.”

Jacqueline shuddered, she'd never even had her ears pierced, now Samantha was talking about piercing her clitoris! It sounded extreme. “Samantha I-“

“Mistress Samantha you mean.”

“Mistress Samantha, I’ve changed my mind, I want to-“

“To what? To go back and face the music? No you don’t. The choice has been made, we are going to shape you, mould you into the perfect slave for your owner. All your worries will fade away into the mist of time. You have effectively destroyed your life, you’re just lucky that you have this magic door into a new life, a life of submission and servitude.”

Jacqueline sighed. “Yes Mistress.”

She was eventually led into a clinic, everything was brilliant white and sterile looking. In the centre was a gynaecology chair. A lady in a light turquoise suit with a white coat over the top, with blonde hair was sitting on a stool setting up the equipment. Samantha ushered Jacqueline forwards. “Well slave, hop up onto the table for Anita.”

Anita patted the seat part of the chair with her latex gloved hand. “Hop up, I won’t bite.”

As Jacqueline climbed into the chair Samantha stepped close to Anita. “And how is Alex doing?”

Anita grinned cheekily. “The Transgender Pill worked perfectly, I told you how effective it was in the short run, in only twelve hours turning him into a biological female? Well in the long run it seems to work even better, Alex seems to have embraced her femininity perfectly, she’d even in a heterosexual relationship and enjoying penetrative sex now – we couldn’t have hoped for a better outcome.”

Jacqueline was in the chair now, as Anita spoke she lifted Jacqueline’s ankle into one leg rest and started fastening the strap and Samantha began fastening the other. Jacqueline gasped. “Transformed a male into a biological fe-“

Anita shrugged. “Yes, it’s a wonderful drug. Now I think I’ll start with your clit piercing.” As she spoke she lifted Jacqueline’s cuffed hands and clipped them behind her head to the head-rest. She then pressed a button which started the leg rests moving further and further apart giving her better and better access to the

professor's crotch.

Jacqueline felt her legs pulled apart. She was helpless to resist and felt so vulnerable. When they stopped Anita wheeled her stool so she was in between her legs, and hefted a piercing gun in her latex gloved hands. She smiled at Jacqueline. "I'm going to pierce your clitoris now slave, then I'm going to crimp the ring together making it permanent. You will feel discomfort. Please try to bite down."

Jacqueline started shaking softly as she watched in horror. Anita's latex gloved hand manoeuvred the gun into place, while the fingers of her other latex gloved hand gently grasped her clitoris and pulled the hood back. It looked fiddly and it felt strange, the sensation of having her clitoris manipulated like this, while she was helpless to resist, only able to watch as Anita edged the gun closer, closer. She could see Anita, moving her clitoris into the striking point on the gun. Still pinching the hood and holding it back she smiled at the professor who was now visibly shaking. "Ready professor?"

Jacqueline shook her head violently. Anita shrugged. "Tough..." Then she pulled the trigger to a loud 'click' and Jacqueline screamed in agony.

Anita patted her on the thigh. "There, all done, that wasn't so bad was it? I'm going to crimp the ring now so it's permanent, keep still."

She grabbed a strange tool off the side and crimped the ring, sealing it together perfectly, while Jacqueline panted and whimpered waiting for the burning sensation, right on her clitoris to subside. She noticed at the point the ring in her clitoris had three letters on a little plate displayed, 'MJH'.

Unfortunately for the professor there was no respite. Without any pause Samantha helped Anita to secure a padded board over Jacqueline's tummy rigidly to the chair. As they finished Anita tapped a button and the whole chair pivoted placing Jacqueline in a variation of the lithotomy position, her bottom exposed and up while her tummy rested on the board that Anita and Samantha had just secured. Finally the seat, which she'd been resting on was folded upwards giving unprecedented access to her pert bottom.

Anita took up her tattooing gun. "I'm going inscribe you as Mariella's property now slave and mark you with your owners contact details so that if you're found

you can be returned to your owner.”

Without warning Jacqueline felt a hand on her right buttock manipulating the skin, stretching it back and forth then the buzzing of the gun kicked in and she felt Anita tattooing her buttock. It was painful, and it was permanent, she was being permanently marked as somebody’s property. The pain, the buzzing, they continued for a while as she felt the little needle piercing and piercing, moving over her buttock while she was helpless to resist. Finally it stopped there was a click and Samantha showed her an image on her iPhone of Jacqueline’s buttock to her. It read ‘Slave ‘J’ Property of Mistress Mariella Jane Hall. If lost please contact...’, followed by an email address and a mobile telephone number. It felt so degrading to be marked like this. As she whimpered, looking at the image of her tattooed buttock she felt Anita dressing the tattoo. Then she was flipped back upright and released.

The sense of being owned, having her owners ring permanently pierced through her clitoris and having contact details of her owner tattooed onto her buttock, was profound. Samantha grabbed her cuffs and gave her a little tug. “Come on slave, we’ll do your contract now, then it’ll just be your branding and your brain-washing. Then you’ll be all done and ready to send to your owner.”

Jacqueline followed submissively. She was taken down the corridor to Samantha’s office where a large wad of A4 say, covered in pages and pages of tiny print. A girl with large breasts sat tapping at a keyboard in the corner. Samantha addressed her. “Angela, is the contract complete?”

She looked up, avoiding eye contact. “Yes mistress.”

“Good, good girl... Now Professor, if you could just sign the back page and date it. Then from that moment onwards you shall be known as ‘Slave J’ and only ‘Slave J’.

Jacqueline leaned in and took the pen in her shaking hand. It signed over all of her worldly goods to Mariella, along with all her future earnings and it gave declared Mariella to have the right to make all decisions about her welfare including what medical treatments she received. The contract essentially stripped her of all rights to control her own destiny.

As she stood Samantha smiled. “Good girl, Angela, can you duplicate this, file

one and secure the other in the packing crate.”

Angela took it. “Yes mistress.”

“Do you have a spare lead too? I wish to show Slave J the purpose of her clitoris piercing now.”

“Yes mistress.”

Angela pulled open draw and grabbed a short chain lead with a small padlock. She passed it to Samantha. “Thank you. Now keep still Slave J, I want to attach the lead to your tethering ring.”

Jacqueline watched, quivering with fear as Samantha padlocked the end of the chain onto her clitoris ring. Samantha smiled at her and gave the chain a little tug making Jacqueline yelp and jump slightly. “Come along slave, it’s time to get you branded!”

So they were off again, Jacqueline now being led humiliatingly by the clitoris through the grand house. If she slowed her pace, Samantha would jangle the chain or offer a little tug, pulling her by her clitoris and making her screw her eyes up and whimper in pain.

It was a surreal, surreal sensation, being led through the house by her clitoris on a chain. It felt so submissive, she felt so helpless. She reached down with her cuffs and held the chain to make it less uncomfortable but Samantha stopped and turned to her. “Did I give you permission to touch your leash Slave J?”

“No mistress.”

“No I didn’t, I can see that we’re going to have to collar you early. Slave, I had hoped to leave your collaring until last, for the symbolic significance of it. Follow me, and NO touching your leash!”

Samantha strode back towards the office, giving the clitoris chain a little tug to get her going, to a chorus of whimpers. When Samantha had led her back to the office on the chain she padlocked her end of the chain to a small D-ring set into the wall, effectively forcing Jacqueline to stand still, unable to move or sit down for fear of ripping her clitoris ring out excruciatingly.

Angela looked up bemused. Samantha smiled. “Don’t worry, I’ve decided to collar her now. Get back to work.”

Angela carried on typing, while Samantha retrieved box from on top of her own desk. She opened it and produced a simple polished, stainless collar hinged at the back with a D-ring and integrated padlock at the front. Samantha opened the collar up, and approached Slave J smiling. “You’re very lucky slave, your owner has ordered you a Heaven’s Hell Collar, they really are exquisite. Now, let’s just pop this on you.”

Jacqueline quivered as Samantha lifted the collar over her head, resting the hinge on the nape of her neck, then slowly closed the collar around her neck. It was a beautiful steel collar, flawless, except for a small inscription that read, ‘Slave J – Property of Mariella Jane Hall’. Jacqueline sighed as Samantha snapped the lock shut. Samantha then pulled out a small length of chain, less than three inches long. She padlocked one end to the D-ring on the collar, then grasped Jacqueline’s cuffed wrists up and padlocked the chain of the cuffs to the other end of the three inch chain, forcing Jacqueline to hold her hands up high and preventing her from touching herself or attempting to interfere with her leash.

Samantha smiled. “There, we’re all done. It’s time to take you off to be branded now, then it’ll be the hypnosis, then we’ll pack you up and ship you off to your owner.”

She undid the leash from the wall, and started clicking towards the door, giving the chain a gentle tug to get Jacqueline moving, she yelped at the pull on her clitoris ring and hurried along, whimpering at her helpless state, being led humiliatingly by the clitoris, naked through this stately home helpless to do anything about it.

Again Jacqueline found herself in a paradox, it seemed like a strange dream, part of her was terrified, terrified of being enslaved, physically and mentally by her new owner. Then part of her was in ecstasy, it sent waves of submissive pleasure through her, knowing that she was going to be an owned slave, her sole purpose in life being to exist for the pleasure of her owner.

Eventually Samantha led her out to a small courtyard at the rear of the house. It was a pleasant day, and she smiled at feeling of the stone flags under her bare

feet. Anita was standing next to a wooden contraption, she was stirring the coals in a brazier which had two or three branding irons sticking out of the top. The coals were glowing red and the contact points of the branding irons were all glowing bright orange.

Anita looked up. “Ahhh, Slave J, is she ready?”

Samantha smiled. “We’ll just get her secured, I think she’s a bit of a squealer though – so for our benefit I suggest we gag her.”

Anita approached with a ball gag and offered it up to Jacqueline’s mouth. She opened her mouth and accepted it willingly, submissively. She felt Anita pulling the straps tighter, tighter, then buckling it on. It was a large gag, it filled her mouth totally and stretched her jaw uncomfortably. Within seconds of having it fitted she felt drool running down her chin from the corners of her mouth. Samantha gestured towards the wooden contraption, it looked like a medieval spanking bench, two vertical wooden posts in the ground with a horizontal post fixed over the top. Ominously, it had little length of chain at either end of the horizontal post. “This way slave, move your crotch up to this end, good, now lean forwards.”

Jacqueline felt the little chain on the post padlocked to her clitoris ring, then she was gently pulled forwards and the D-ring on her collar was padlocked to the other side of the post. It put her in a vulnerable position, unsupported, but securely restrained. Samantha stepped around to her head end and leaned down so her face was inches away. “There, you’re nice and secured now. We haven’t secured you tightly though, I suggest you try to remain perfectly still as brand you – otherwise you could end up ripping your clitoris ring out – and that would be excruciatingly painful and might cause permanent damage. Are you ready slave?”

Jacqueline was shaking all over, cold sweat was running down her cheeks. Samantha sighed and stroked her forehead gently a few times, “There, there slave, we’re nearly done! Just a little more discomfort and you’ll be all done.”

Jacqueline could hear Anita stirring the coals, she shuffled about awkwardly, as she did she felt the tethering ring in her clitoris being pulled painfully forcing her to try to remain still.

She rested her tummy on the horizontal post, drooling and sobbing slightly, helpless to move or offer any resistance. Samantha stroked her forehead gently, “Shhhh, we’ll just get that branding iron nice and hot, then it’ll be time. Try to stay still for your branding, we wouldn’t want that clitoris ring ripped out would we.?”

Anita looked up. “I think it’s just about ready, hold still slave. Keep perfectly still.”

Jacqueline nodded, sobbing and tensing up trying to stay still. She jumped with she heard a fizz when Anita, dipped the branding iron just into an unseen water vessel for a split second. She could feel the heat approaching her posterior. “Brace yourself Slave J.”

Jacqueline braced herself against the post. When the red hot iron was pressed hard onto her un-tattooed buttock she screamed and started panting and sobbing with equal ferocity. She wanted to shy away, or wriggle and squirm away from the searing, burning pain in her buttock which perpetuated as Anita pressed each side of the iron into her flesh and held it firmly.

Just when she thought the pain would never end Anita pulled the branding iron off, she heard a ‘click’ and Samantha was holding her iPhone. Jacqueline was still panting, waiting hoping for the pain to subside as she saw, burned prominently onto her left buttock, ‘MJH’.

Samantha reached down and unlocked her collar from the front of the horizontal bar, then unlocked the other end from her clitoris ring, leaving the leash attached. Anita smiled. “You take her to Eve, I’ll tidy up here.”

Jacqueline, her hands in the cuffs, chained up to the collar was jolted forward by Samantha’s sharp tugging on the leash attached to her clitoris ring. “Come along slave.”

Tattooed on one buttock, branded on the other, collared and being led naked around by her pierced clitoris – Jacqueline’s head was spinning. She was led back through the house. She was led to what appeared to be a psychiatrist’s office. It was full of wooden panelling and bookshelves, covered in old leather-bound books, a skeleton hung in one corner. There was a leather couch next to the window. Dr. Eve was sitting behind her desk when they entered. “Ahhh,

you're here. Please, lie on the couch Slave J."

Samantha led her across the room by tugging gently on her clitoris ring. She allowed her lie on the couch, resting her cuffed wrists on her body. The leash resting between her legs on the black leather couch.

Dr. Eve, wheeled across the room on her stool until she was sitting quietly behind Jacqueline's head. "Now Slave J, I'm going to put you in a trance. I don't need gold fob watches or anything silly like that, I just need you to embrace what I say. Try to follow my instructions."

Jacqueline sighed, still gagged uncomfortably and nodded.

"Good, now look up as high as you can... Further, further, now we're going to count back from ten, ten, you're starting to feel tired, your eyelids are feeling heavy. Nine, you are so tired your eyelids are feeling heavier and heavier, almost forcing themselves shut. Breath in deep, hold exhale... Seven you are feeling so, so sleepy, your eyes are slowly starting to close. You feel so relaxed, your toes, are relaxed, your ankles are relaxed, your legs are relaxed, your hands are relaxed, your spine is relaxed, your head is relaxed, every part of you is so relaxed."

As this was happening Jacqueline was trying to embrace the words, follow the instructions, it was working. She COULD feel her eyelids getting heavy, she felt herself slipping, slipping slowly towards trance. As Eve told her that her spine was relaxed she felt a tingling wave of relaxation wash through her, helping her forget her sore bottom and the fact that she'd been permanently marked.

"Six, your eyes are closing, your breathing is getting deeper, as you go deeper, deeper."

"Five you're even deeper, you feel paralysed, your muscles are completely loose and limp, loose and limp."

"Four, your mind is unravelling, giving up control, and inviting me in, to programme you, to alter the way you think."

"Three, you are giving me full permission to re-program the way you think, to control your thought processes, to wire your brain so you know what's real and

not real, you want me to program your mind. To take control, to dictate to you how to think. You are now helpless to stop me.”

“Two I am right inside your mind, able to program your thinking at will, you are mine to program, your mind is completely at my mercy. You will embrace everything I tell you, hanging on my every word, helpless to resist.”

“One, you are under, from this point you will remember nothing in your conscious mind, you fully understand and accept that I am going to re-write how you think, you are helpless to resist. You are not afraid, you can’t wait for me alter, to modify, to program the way you think.”

“Zero.”

Jacqueline had been following Dr. Eve’s instructions and it had worked, she’d felt so relaxed, despite being a little afraid of being ‘re-programmed’ as the Doctor put it, she felt good. Her conscious mind was helpless to intervene, taking everything in, but knowing it wouldn’t remember. Her subconscious mind was laid open, wide open for the hypnotist to change how she thought, she was paralysed both physically and mentally, until Eve decided to release her from the deep, deep trance, having finished programming her.

“Your name is ‘Slave J’ no other name means anything to you, you have never before been known by any other name and will never be known by any other name again. You are the property of Mistress Mariella Hall, she is your mistress, and you are her slave. Your only desire is to do everything within your power to make your mistress happy. You enjoy pleasing your mistress, your whole life exists only to please Mariella. You cannot stop thinking about pleasing your mistress, when she is not there you cannot wait for her to return. You crave the slightest contact with your mistress, be it a pat on the head, a kiss, or receiving corporal punishment from her. You crave your mistress’s pussy, you want nothing more than to service her orally with no thought for pleasuring yourself. You are disgusted by pleasuring yourself, your pussy belongs to your mistress and it is her and only her who has permission to touch it. You feel revulsion at the thought of touching your own crotch, your own genitals. Your pussy does not belong to you, it belongs to your mistress and it is her and only her who may touch it.”

The programming went on, and on, and on. Jacqueline soaked up the

programming like a sponge. She'd allowed the Doctor into her head and now she was helpless, helpless by to accept whatever programming the Doctor decided to give her. The program was simple, it was reinforcing a genuine sense of ownership to Mariella Jane Hall. She was also fitted with a strange mental chastity belt, that meant no matter how much she craved an orgasm she would not be able to touch herself. Her pussy was her mistresses and she did not deserve to play with it, or even touch it. By the time Eve was finished she felt that legally, physically and spiritually she belonged to her mistress, Mariella Jane Hall.

Eventually Eve snapped her fingers. "Wake!"

Jacqueline opened her eyes slowly and mumbled into her gag. "Nngh! Mmmmm, hmmm!"

Eve chuckled, Jacqueline sounded genuinely worried. "Shhhh, we're going to send you to your owner now. Up you get."

She stood and Eve took the leash attached to her clitoris ring and gave it a little tug making her yelp and dart forwards. Again, she was being led, naked, collared, cuffed, tattooed and branded through the grand house. Eve led her by the clitoris to the entrance hall. On the floor there was a wooden crate, a little larger than a coffin with various straps inside it. She gasped at it.

Samantha, who was standing there smiling laughed softly. "Yes, I'm afraid Mariella is too busy to pick you up – so we're sending you on an overnight carrier, this is your packing crate, in you get."

Eve's programme had worked wonders. Despite the fear and the discomfort Jacqueline climbed into the crate and allow Anita and Samantha to fasten the straps holding her in. Soon she was held rigidly on the floor of the crate. The leash was detached from her clitoris ring and wrapped up. Samantha happy that she was secure leaned over. "Before we nail the lid down, I have one more treat for you, think of it as a parting gift Slave J. Or think of it as your in transport entertainment. This, Slave J, is a special TENS unit, I'm going to strap the control box to your leg, then I'm going to fix one electrode to your big toe, the other one is going to be joined to your clit ring, then I'll set it to random intensity shocks, at random intervals, nail your lid down and call in the carrier. Good bye Slave J, it's been fun preparing you."

Slave J felt the electrics being fitted then whimpered in her bonds as the lid was lowered into place, submerging her in total darkness. Then the banging started. The lid was being nailed down, leaving her in total darkness restrained firmly and then the first shock came in making her groan into the tightly fitted gag and strain against her bonds, then it released.

Everything was still for a while – how long? She didn't know. Everything was still, then she was on the move, she heard an engine and figured she must be in a van. Her muscles cramped, the shocker went off periodically. She was awake for a while, then she slept for a while. Being in permanent darkness, restrained, shocked, knowing she was branded and tattooed permanently as the property of her owner, it was deliciously submissive. Keeping track of time was impossible. She felt herself being man-handled out of the vehicle, then left somewhere, then man-handled back into a vehicle. It felt strange to be treated so blatantly as an object, so non-human, so much like a commodity that could be traded. At the same time she was excited, excited to get into the possession of her owner.

She slept she woke, she found her bladder feeling full, and helpless to escape she had to open her bladder making the box smell of pee. She began to feel thirsty. How long had she been in the box? Where had she been? In truth she was shipped on an overnight carrier. She was awoken by being manhandled out of the van and rocked about as she was carried. Her heart leapt when she heard Mariella's voice. *"Just leave it here in the hall thanks, where do I sign?... Okay, I'm going to sign it 'contents not-checked' you don't want to hang around while I unpack do you? Thanks, bye."*

Slavery

When the cover was prised up with a crow bar and lifted clear, showing Slave J her beautiful owner, her heart melted. She was stiff, dehydrated, and dried drool was irritating her cheeks and chin. Her jaw ached from the gag and it had left her with a lingering taste of rubber and a dry mouth. But seeing Mariella looking down at her made it all worth it.

"Hello Slave J, I can see Samantha has done an excellent job on you. You look perfect. I've been so looking forward to unpacking you."

She leaned in and began unfastening straps and then helped Jacqueline up and unfastened her gag, by undoing the buckles at the back. “There, that’s better. Now, you may not speak, unless I ask you to. You will obey all instructions without question. If you speak without permission, you will be punished and gagged for until such time as I deem you deserve another chance, do you understand? Just nod.”

Jacqueline, exercised her aching jaw and nodded.

“Good, now come on up you get. Stand still I want to attach your leash.”

Slave J stood, working her shoulders, within the confines of the cuffs attached to her collar, trying to relieve the stiffness from the full day in the packing crate. As she stood she watched Mariella collect the leash from the box and carefully padlock the end to the ring which pierced her clitoris. As she did she grabbed the clit ring and manipulated it in her fingers, directing the initials so she could read them, ‘MJH’. Slave J squirmed slightly with discomfort at the manipulation of her clit ring, which she couldn’t reach herself, in the cuffs attached to the collar. Mariella studied it for a time and smiled up at her. “Cute, I love it, I love it! I’m going to enjoy leading you around by your clitoris every day, perhaps I’ll take you for ‘walkies’ around the grounds? Turn around Slave J, I want to inspect your branding and tattoo.”

Obediently Slave J rotated, feeling the weight of the leash tugging on her clitoris, showing her naked buttocks to her owner. Mariella studied the beautifully formed, burned on brand ‘MJH’ on the left buttock and the neatly inscribed tattoo with ‘Slave J’, ‘Property of Mistress Mariealla Jane Hall’ and contact details on it. “Beautiful, I feel like I really possess you, I really own you now. You are mine, in body and in soul, completely, do with as I please. Though I doubt I can sell you having branded you so permanently as my property – I don’t mind though. I asked for it, because I remembered what a good little slave girl you were and I never want to sell you. Now Slave J, I wish to make use of you.”

Mariella stood and took the leash, walking towards the stairs she gave a gentle tug making Slave J’s knees buckle slightly and forcing her to scurry along to catch up. She led her through the house, up the stairs to the bedroom. Pulling Slave J along by her clit every few steps. When they got there Mariella hitched her skirt up and pulled down her panties and lay back on the bed, holding onto

Slave J's leash.

"Well Slave? Service me!"

Slave J knelt down and manoeuvred herself between her mistress's legs, pressing her lips onto her owners pussy and beginning to lick, and probe with her tongue, sliding it up and down the inside and outside of the labia, then swirling around her clitoris, then sucking gently on the labia lips, one after another, before gently wrapping her lips around her owners clitoris and sucking gently, then beginning with the tongue again.

Mariella sighed with pleasure, it was ecstasy, she was on cloud nine, moaning softly with pleasure. Her property continued to service her enthusiastically, swirling, probing, then sucking, drinking up her juices, and burying her face in her owners crotch, probing her vagina deeply with her tongue while stimulating her clitoris with her nose. Mariella quivered softly and came almost violently, arching her back and groaning almost as if in a mixture of discomfort and bliss.

She sighed, "Hmmm, keep going slave.... Hmmmm, that's so good.... I'm so glad I managed to take ownership of you, to make you my property – I think you are going to be my prized possession. You know everything you did, at least after that first meeting of hours, everything you did from that point was orchestrated by me? The only surprise was it took Dr. Emily Lowe so long to discover you and threaten you with exposure... I guess she must have not believed me, but when she saw Celeste's wounds it confirmed it... How do I know all this? Oh, I have my contacts, various contacts at the university. I'm sorry Slave J, but I just had to HAVE you. You were such a good little slave girl, I couldn't rest until I'd made you mine... And now you are, your will is bent completely to serving my desires, and you are helpless to resist."

Slave J pulled her lips away from Mariella's crotch, fresh pussy juice running down her chin. "I know, I think I knew you were behind it, but I didn't mind. Ever since that first time you made me orgasm against my will in the stocks, I wanted to be yours... I wanted to be yours... Forever...."

Of course elsewhere at this time Simon and Celeste were contemplating the effects of their time with Professor Reed. They'd spent the night at the Doctor's house, they'd been found rooms in the halls of residence and they'd received counselling over the trauma they'd undergone at the Professor's hand. The

University kept the incident quiet and Professor Jacqueline Reed PhD was more or less forgotten about, at least by most. Probably by all, except for Simon and Celeste of course, who throughout their lives, both vanilla and fetish, always remembered and fondly missed the sting of the good Professor's cane and humiliation of having her force them to orgasm, while attached to her computer for monitoring.

Jacqueline's results and notes, on her experiments on Simon and Celeste mysteriously vanished, hardly anybody even suspected they existed at the University.

The former Angelo of course, Samantha's Fisher's PA, saw them again, when Samantha entered her office with a collection of notes and computer print outs and dumped them on Angela's desk, with nothing but a non-explanatory, 'Write these notes up for me Angela, then file this information away with the rest of my research material.'

~fin

~by *Sabrina*

If you really enjoyed it and want to be super nice to me, leave me a nice review

My sincere thanks, to everyone who takes the time review my stories.

Sabrina. Xx.

Due to complaints about the excess of 'free sample' chapters I included in one of my works, from this point onwards I will only ever include two sample chapters. If sample chapters offend you, please feel free to skip them. All that remains after them is a brief catalogue of my stories, which is not completely comprehensive and a short frequently asked questions section. The free samples in this book equate to a total of 5,500 words ONLY!

Free Trial Chapter from 'Femdom : The Ex's Revenge'

The Medical (Chapter 4)

Angelo eventually got to the room he'd been sent to. He knocked on the door and heard a soft, feminine voice call out, "Come in..."

He entered and was almost dazzled by the glaring white of the furniture, the floor, the walls, the ceiling... Anita was wearing a smart, sexy, beige ladies suit, with a beige four inch heel. Her dark hair was tied neatly back and she was reading a copy of his forms at her desk when he entered. As the door clicked shut behind him she looked up and flashed him a friendly smile, though it had a somehow subtly predatory tone to it.

"Mr Detori? Can I call you Angelo? Please step behind the screen, strip and get into your gown so I can get started on you."

He quivered, "Is that really necessary?"

She stepped closer, her heels clicking the floor, smiling warmly at him, "Of course! Miss Fisher insists on a very thorough medical examination for all her employees, we have to make sure you're healthy hmmm? And don't be shy, I've seen everything before – now pop behind the screen and get ready for your exam."

This of course was all very unorthodox, he'd been for medicals before – but they usually consisted of a hair sample and a blood test, pretty much the basic requirement to check someone wasn't a drug user. He thought about refusing and walking out there and then... There was something about this whole scenario made him feel very uneasy... But then he remembered the massive salary... And the beautiful woman he'd be 'personal assistant' to... It was too good an opportunity to miss, he could put up with a little indignity.

He shuffled nervously behind the screen in the corner and stripped, as he stripped he heard her voice from the other side of the screen, almost making him fall over, "Remove your underwear too – I need to examine your genitals."

By the time he was naked he was shaking all over, he was sporting the erection of his life and couldn't think straight. There were no gowns visible, so he pulled open the only drawer he had access to. There, staring up at him from the drawer

was a patients gown, the type which tied at the back, or front... But rather than the institutional sky blue or white with a pattern which they usually were... It was hot pink and not a canvass material as usual but a soft, silky, satin like material. He heard her voice again, “Open at the front please Angelo...”

He pulled the gown over his shoulders and set his spine tingling again and his knees knocking. He looked down and saw a tiny droplet of pre-cum oozing out of the end of his member. He couldn't let it stain the gown or she'd see and he'd be even more embarrassed so he wiped it off with a discreet part of his boxer shorts before tying up the front. The gown was obviously designed in a feminine cut, fitting awkwardly and his erection forming a little tent at the front. Shaking with fear he stepped out from the behind the screen, she smirked at him, “Good... Now come here, stand still, hands on your head.”

He could barely walk, this morning life had been normal, good even, now he felt like he was in another dimension. When he was in position she kneeled down, snapped a pair of latex gloves on and slipped a hand into his gown, then gently cupped his testicles in her hand, “Cough please...”

“Cough!”

“Again please...”

“COUGH!”

“Tell me when this hurts...”

Gently at first she started squeezing his balls, then harder, and harder, looking up to see his expression eventually he squeaked, “Now!” and grimaced, while pushing his knees together. Gently she released and used both hands to push his knees apart, “Keep your knees apart for me, so I have better access and we'll try again... Try to allow me to squeeze as hard as you can bear please.”

He allowed her to part his knees then felt her hand cupping his balls again, then the squeezing... Gentle at first... Then building... Then he had to fight the urge to close his knees, panting and wincing as she squeezed harder and harder... Soon he had tears in his eyes, and he cried out, “Stop! STOP! Aaargh!”

She released him and smiled up at him, “Good... Now – please have a seat.”

He looked at where she was looking. She clearly meant the large, pink upholstered gynaecology chair in the centre of the large room.

Limping slightly he ambled over, and climbed into the seat, “Bu-“

“ Shhh... Just relax... There’s a few more things I want to do to you... You can put your feet in the stirrups ready, and I’ll fasten you in – we don’t want you running away on me do we?”

He complied and lifted his feet into the stirrups, then felt her strap each ankle firmly into the stirrup. She looked at him, “Hmmm, you’re so tense! Try not to be nervous...”

He tried to relax, as she began gathering formidable looking instruments and placing them in order on a tray next to him. He was soon shaking from head to foot.

“Are you cold? Would you like me to turn the thermostat up?”

“N..No... I’m ju-“

“Please, just try and relax...A few more tests and we’ll have you on your way – now be good and relax.”

He couldn’t stop shaking, she paused and sighed deeply, “Hmmp, this isn’t working is it? I think I’m going to have to give you something to help you relax... Wait here, try to stay calm.”

He watched in terror as she pulled a syringe and a small bottle from a cupboard on the wall, along with a tourniquet. He looked at her terrified as she approached, “W... What’s that?”

“Oh, just a little something to help you relax... A mild sedative.”

“I... I don’t want it!”

“Shhh, don’t be such a baby, it’ll just make you feel a little drowsy, a teensy bit more compliant and it’ll mean you suffer a little amnesia...”

“I don’t want it!”

“I’m afraid you don’t get a say, from this point onwards if you consider Samantha your employer, you should consider me your doctor and I’m prescribing you this sedative... Now hold out your arm for me.”

“Please...”

“ Shhh, don’t be such a baby... Like I said, it will just make you... More obedient, a little woozy and a little bit forgetful – I promise it won’t hurt... Now hold your arm out for your injection.”

He allowed her to wrap the tourniquet around the top of his bicep, then watched her hold the bottle up and draw several milligrams of drug into the syringe, before spraying the liquid high in the air to clear the air bubble.

Approaching menacingly she smiled at him, “You can look away if you like...”

He complied, tilting his head the other way, then felt a sharp scratch on his arm.

“Keep still... Try to relax...”

As she plunged the syringe in he felt his head start spinning, he was almost paralysed... It seemed remarkably strong for a ‘mild sedative’ even thinking proved incredibly difficult.

As she pulled the syringe out and placed it on the tray she smiled at him, he was soon helpless, weak as a kitten and unable to form coherent thoughts even. Helplessly he watched Anita pick up the telephone, still wearing her latex gloves and press a number...

“Melissa, I’ve got Angelo sedated... Would you like to come in and see him before I start work on him?... Good...”

She put the phone down and in a few moments footsteps could be heard in the corridor, then the door swung open. His old girlfriend, whom he’d dumped came striding in. He struggled to even speak he felt so groggy, “Mel... Urngh... Wha... are you do... Here?!”

She strode up, her heels clicking on the hard floor. She was wearing a very

feminine ladies business suit and looked more beautiful than ever. When she was close enough she looked at Anita, “And he won’t remember any of this?”

“No, this drug produces incredibly strong and long lasting amnesia...”

She leaned in to his face, “We’re going to teach you a lesson Angelo... You are going to be transformed, against your will into a slutty, bimbo... You’re going to be in chastity, so no orgasms, you’re going to be fitted with permanent high heels... Seeing as you’re so fond of them... You’re going to develop female breasts, large female breasts.... And you’re going to be forced to serve me... You are going to become my little slave... How does that make you feel?”

He struggled, but he was so weak and disorientated he couldn’t even lift his arms to release the straps on his legs.

“Me-“

“ Shhhh, we are going to give you Polypropylene breast implants... These, once implanted into you will continue to grow and grow... Resulting in huge, almost cartoonish looking breasts if left unchecked... Except you won’t remember this conversation, and you won’t know why you are suddenly growing big, female breasts...”

As she spoke Anita undid the top tassles on the gown exposing his breasts, he looked in a panic as Anita approached, scalpel in hand, “Try to bite down Angelo – this will sting a little.” He tried to resist, but his arms felt weak and Melissa had stepped over and was now gripping his wrists tightly. He felt Anita make a small incision in one breast, then the next... Then she inserted something under his skin and sutured up the tiny incisions and did something with a small heat gun. Eventually she leaned back smiling, “There... You’re all done... I’ve hidden the wound so you won’t be able to tell there’s been any incision, you’ll find yourself an A cup by the end of the fortnight, soon you’ll be a double D...”

A tear grew in one eye then ran down a cheek. Melissa leaned in again, “Now we’re going to take a cast of your feet – so we can make your metal, permanent high heel shoes as formfitting as possible. Try to relax... You’re going to be wearing them twenty four, seven, for a long time – so we need them to be comfortable... Hopefully they’ll be ready for you tomorrow morning – I’m taking your casts to the metal worker this afternoon.”

He couldn't see what Anita was doing, but something was being applied to his feet, one then the other. Melissa beamed in his face, "We're going to make you very feminine Angelo, and very submissive... You are going to end up as my personal, feminized, chastity slave... And the best thing is you are going to be willing and happy to undergo every treatment we decided to give you... We're even going to tattoo make-up on to you eventually, so you don't have to worry about doing your make-up in the morning."

Anita was now approaching again with her latex gloved hand holding a new syringe, "There, that wasn't so bad was it? We're all done for now – I'm just going to give you something to make you drop off... Of course you won't remember any of this. Oh, and I'm sure I'll be having you back for some of my famous medical torture sessions soon enough..."

Angelo was whimpering as Anita slid the needle into his arm and started pushing the plunger, "Shhh, try to relax, I'm going to keep you under for the rest of the day and part of tomorrow... You'll come around tomorrow – just after lunch, remembering nothing..."

~ To read more – please read;-

'Femdom: The Ex's Revenge' by Sabrina Jen Mountford

Free Sample chapter of ‘The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress’

I Dreamed a Dream

Gary groaned and shook his head, he was at the wedding reception still. He was leaning on a table, feeling a little worse for wear. He could feel the silky lining of his dress rubbing against his skin, his long hair extensions falling over his bare shoulders, and his dainty, silver tiara woven expertly into his hair on the top of his head.

As he came around, he panicked, where was Sarah? She'd had him on a two metre leash! He looked around hurriedly, only to see the shiny silk and delicate embroidery of her dress just behind him, he breathed a sigh of relief. She was talking to somebody, she was saying... Goodbye? Was this ordeal finally over?

He had to jump to his feet as Sarah, in her brilliant white dress stood and swept away. Running after in the heels proved difficult, his ankle kept trying to twist over to one side as he hurriedly along, dodging between tables and chairs. Robin was waiting for Sarah near the door and as she approached they turned to the door, barely giving Gary time to catch up. He looked around in panic, where was Alison? Sarah still had the remote, he was still on a 2 metre leash! If he strayed away his genitals would be shocked he pleaded to Sarah, "Wait! You can't go! Give me the remote befo-"

Sarah turned to him with a cheeky smile, "Well, I don't think Alison would like me to do that, do you? She wouldn't be pleased if you weren't supervised would she? You know how seriously she takes your discipline... Now be a good bridesmaid and help me get my train into the limousine."

Robin was already climbing into the back of the big black limo. He had no choice, he gathered up her train, still casting his eyes about desperately for Alison. She was nowhere to be seen. The next thing he knew, they were all in the back of the car, Sarah and Robin facing forwards, and Gary sitting opposite facing them. The doors slammed shut and the driver set off for the hotel. He could feel the soft leather of the seat on his small of his back which was bare. The dress was constricting and slightly uncomfortable. He looked down at his beautifully manicured hands, holding his bouquet, as he looked up again, Robin

and Sarah were leaning in to each other. He was fondling her breasts, and kissing her. Her hand had fallen to his crotch and she was moaning softly as she kissed him over and over again, exploring every reach of his mouth with her tongue.

The car wound through the narrow lanes away from the reception, Gary sat, facing his sister-in-law and her new husband. He could see the remote shocker, bracelet, he could see the key to his cruel chastity belt resting serenely on her perfect white dress, just between her breasts... Occasionally Robin's exploring hands would brush his key this way, or that.

It was torture, seeing them all over each other, forced to sit submissively opposite them, his member constantly trying to get aroused, but fouling on the spikes in the belt... He whimpered softly in pain and reached for his crotch, of course the belt kept everything so densely packed away behind its smooth feminine front - he was helpless to do anything to reduce the pain. One hand reached up to his breast forms, feeling one, then the other - they felt so real, he squirmed a little in his dress and felt a tear welling up as he watched the happy couple fondle each other more and more enthusiastically. At that point he decided unequivocally the fun was over, he'd had enough. He wanted out of the dress, out of the devious chastity belt he'd been locked into, which efficiently forbade any arousal, and out of his lingerie, breast forms and make-up... But there was no escape, he was in the back of the limousine, forced to watch his sister-in-law and her husband passionately kissing and groping each other while the limousine carved its way through narrow country lanes, miles from anywhere...

If he did order the driver to stop and get out - where would he go? What would he do? He'd be in the middle of nowhere, on a cold night, fully feminized and locked in the belt still.... He sighed, he knew Sarah, she was fiercely loyal to her sister and there was no way she'd agree to give the key to his chastity belt to him. She had it dangling provocatively between her breasts, purposefully visible over her wedding dress, and that was where it would stay. Even if he decided to try to over-power her, he didn't think he'd be able to over-power her and Robin - he was helpless... At her mercy...

Resigning himself to trying to not think about the feast of passion he was observing he sat submissively, trying to think of other things. The rustle of her dress as she undulated on the seat, caressing Robin, the feel of his own dress, the

sensation of confinement, the fear of getting aroused, only to be punished by the belt... He couldn't wait for the car journey to end.

Of course end it did at the hotel where Robin and Sarah were spending the first night of their married life together. He had a room booked with Alison too. As soon as the car pulled up Sarah pulled away from Robin with a sigh and look at Gary mischievously, "Well bridesmaid Gary, aren't you going to help me with my train?"

Robin chuckled at this allowed him to scoop up the long flowing, embroidered silk of the train and carry it out of the car. The red carpet had been laid out for them and Robin and Sarah walked arm in arm, happily in to the hotel, with Gary following submissively behind, holding his bouquet and Sarah's long beautiful train.

They eventually passed through the bar area to the rooms, and Gary saw Alison sitting at a small, round table with a black guy whom he didn't recognize. Sarah slowed down as she approached her sister, "Hi Alison, are you having a good time?"

Alison smiled wickedly back, "I am actually, Sarah, I didn't know you knew Jason! We used to share an office together at Brookers."

Gary squirmed in his chastity belt, his lingerie tickling his hips and squeezing his waist in. His wife, looked like she was with her date. Jason nodded towards Gary, "Total respect man, there's no way you'd catch me doing what you've done for Sarah today, you must be amazing friends. Sarah smirked, "Isn't she the sweetest? We're going to bed now sis, gotta go consummate our marriage and all that."

It was said with a tongue in cheek wink. Alison held her hand out and sighed, "You'd better give me the remote then."

Sarah shrugged at this, "I don't see why... It's still MY wedding day so he's still MY bridesmaid, you look like you won't be short of company tonight..."

Gary shuddered, he whimpered softly under his breath. Jason, formed a puzzled look on his face and looked at Alison, "Is this cool? I mean, she, erm, he's your husband right?"

Alison shrugged, “Meh! He’s really understanding, to be honest Jason we have a really special relationship and he’s happy for me to sleep with whomever I want, whenever I want... Anyway, I was enjoying catching up, Gary’s going to be busy it seems so why don’t we just stay for a few drinks, see what happens?”

Jason cast Gary a suspicious, almost disgusted look, then looked back at his wife Alison, “Sure, I’m up for that... Night Sarah, thanks for the invite... Night, erm, Robin, Gary...”

Sarah smirked and winked, “Night, night Al, Jason... Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

Then she was off, Gary struggling to keep up and stay in range of the remote. As she struggled along in his heels, his dress flowing about his ankles he heard Alison and Jason laughing. A glance over his shoulder confirmed his suspicions. Jason had edged around the table and had one arm around his wife, and one on the table playing with her hand...

They were being very flirtatious, it looked like things were heading in one direction tonight... And he was helpless to stop it. His wife was going to sleep with an old colleague from work, while he - fully feminized and locked into a fiendish chastity belt which ruthlessly punished arousal, he would watch his sister-in-law and her husband making passionate love.

Sarah was pulling away, he felt the train grow taught and skipped to catch up, a little rush down the corridor and they were at the bridal suite.

After entering the generous bridal suite Sarah clicked the door locked, “Bridesmaid, why don’t you undress my groom for me first?”

Gary gasped and opened his mouth to protest, but Sarah held up the bracelet remote and pressed one of the gems sending a sharp, stinging electric shock to his balls and penis, making his knees buckle.

“Aaargh!”

“Now, now, be a good bridesmaid and do as you’re told, that was a level one, any more disobedience and I’ll give you a level three. Undress Robin.”

Shaking with anxiety he took Robins jacket and hung it over a chair in the room. Robin was smirking sadistically at Gary as he untied Robins tie and unbuttoned Robin’s shirt. He took the garments and hung them on the chair and turned his attention to Robin’s trousers. He had to kneel down in his dress to help him out of his shoes and he stayed down to undo the belt and trousers.

Robin was smirking at Gary, looking down at him as Gary pulled his trousers down then gripped his boxer shorts. Robin dropped a hand to gently caress Gary’s now long, feminine hair, “You know, they’ve done an amazing job on you Gary... You look like such a sexy girl, I could suspend my disbelief and imagine I was taking two pretty girls in my hotel room tonight.”

At that Sarah strode up and gripped Robin’s chin, pulling his face towards hers, “Now, now, I’ll decide whether you get two girls tonight... You’ll have to be a good boy for me if you want that.”

She turned her attention to Gary, “And YOU, my little bridesmaid are taking too long undressing my groom – remove his boxer shorts now so you can start to undress me.”

Gary hurriedly pulled Robins boxer shorts down, as he did Robin’s raging erection almost flirted up into his face, it had a tiny glob of pre-cum on the end and was literally centimetres from his face. He could smell male sweat and semen, it should have disgusted him, but somehow, his feminized, chastised state he found it desirable. In constantly trying to evade arousal by shutting himself off, he almost felt like he had no testicles, and no testosterone rushing about his veins, like he really was a girl. Robin was athletic and muscular, and Gary quivered at the thought of him, he was despite himself finding Robin attractive.

Robin stepped out and climbed onto the bed Sarah gestured to him, “Come on bridesmaid, undo my dress.”

His hands shaking, he fought his way awkwardly to his feet and started unfastening the bodice, then pulling it apart and helping her to slip it off her

shoulders. As it fell she glanced over her shoulders, “Now my panties bridesmaid!”

He knelt and slowly pulled her lacy, silk panties down. They had a hint of vaginal discharge on the crotch area and smelled of female sweat. As they slid down they revealed Sarah’s perfect, round, pert bottom. She stepped out and turned to him, her pussy moist, almost dripping. “Well? Give them to me.”

He handed them over and she smiled wickedly at him, “Now, be a good bridesmaid and stand by the bed, holding your bouquet.”

He followed her orders, conscious of the remote shocking bracelet on her wrist. Once there she whispered to him, “Keep still now, hands on your bouquet.”

As she spoke she raised her panties and pulled them down onto his head. She adjusted them so that he could see through the leg holes, and the slightly vaginal discharge stained crotch was right on his nose. As she put it in place she whispered softly, “Good girl, now keep it there... Stand close to the bed, so I can feel your chastity belt through your dress.”

He followed her order again as Sarah positioned herself for the missionary position and beckoned Robin over, “Come to me.”

She was lying there in her wedding lingerie, including a corset and suspender belt with white silk stockings. He desperately tried to shut himself off from the image he was seeing. The tiniest sensation of his glans gently kissing the internal spikes on the belt would send him into a raging erection. She was beautiful, as beautiful as his wife Alison. As Robin walked up the bed on his knees, and slid himself into position, Sarah reached out for Gary’s crotch. He felt her hand pressing between his thighs, causing the lined dress to rub against him and his suspenders to tickle him.

Robin was in position now and he slowly, gently entered Sarah, working his hips in a circular motion, and Sarah matching him, while fondling Gary’s chastity belt. His chastity belt key bounced around her breasts on its chain teasingly. She looked at Gary, “I wonder if... Alison and... Jason are having a good time? What do you think Gary?”

He went bright red, he tried to think himself almost asexual, he tried to shut the

arousing words and thoughts out. It was impossible, he could feel Sarah's, his sister-in-law's hand gently caressing his chastity belt. He could see her savouring his predicament, the key dangling on her breasts arousing her even further. Seeing her making passionate love while he was forced to stand and observe, with Sarah feeling his device and talking about Jason and his wife...

He could almost imagine them, was Alison in the same position now? In his hotel room? Making love to Jason!? Sarah saw his look of helplessness and grinned, her speech broken up by the passionate sex she was having with her husband Robin. "She's probably... Having the best... Sex... After all... She... Can't... Have... Sex... With... You... How,.. Else,.. Can she... Be satisfied... I bet... He's.... Bringing... Her... To... Multiple... Orgasms...."

Sarah moaned and sighed as she had an orgasm and Robin came at the same time with a grimace and a shudder. Sarah, panting and sighing smiled at Robin, then at Gary. "Oh Gary, I've so enjoyed having you today, as my chastised, sissy bridesmaid... I don't want to give you back! I wonder if Alison would let me keep you? We could get you a nice maids outfit and perhaps a cage to sleep in? You could do all the chores in the house, then perhaps watch us making love every night, while completely denied yourself – would you like that?"

He shuddered, in ways it was torture, fending off arousal, and the severe pain that came with it was almost impossible. Yet at the same time, being so denied and frustrated, so servile... It felt so deliciously submissive and it sent waves of a deep inner pleasure through him.

Before he could answer Robin leaned in towards Sarah, "Sarah, this whole thing is making me so horny, I think I could come again – will you give me a blow job?"

Sarah chuckled, "No, I most certainly will not! I hate giving you head after sex – your cock tastes of my sex – urgh!"

"I could give it a wipe?"

"Hah! I've got a better idea, how about I let my bridesmaid give you head instead?"

Robin looked at Gary, standing there demurely in his dress, his make-up perfect,

his wife's panties still pulled over his head. "I... I don't know I'm not..."

Sarah shrugged, "He's only an X chromosome away from being female anyway, he has breasts and no male genitals that he has access to, you may as well consider him female. Refer to him as a she if it helps."

Robin cast a critical eye over Gary again, it was true, Gary was indistinguishable from a beautiful girl, he tried not to think about the fact that deep down, under the layers of feminization he was male.

"Hmmm, she is very pretty."

Gary started to back away, but Sarah, his key dangling oh so teasingly between her breasts held up the remote shocking bracelet, "Oh no you don't, you be a good girl and show Robin what good head you can give – or I fry your balls off."

Robin's member was standing to attention now, he'd repositioned himself sitting on the edge of the bed. "Kneel..."

Gary felt defeated, quivering with anxiety he kneeled down between Robin's legs. That huge, throbbing member right in his face, Robin gently placed a hand around his neck and spoke softly, "You're such a pretty girl, you've been such a great bridesmaid, come on... Show me what you can do."

Gary was shaking, he felt his head being gently pulled in. Robin whispered to him, "Now open wide."

He obeyed, still trying to force himself not to become aroused, he could almost feel the sharp spikes tickling the end of his glans now. Slowly, slowly, Robin fed his member into Gary's mouth. The lipstick and Sarah's fresh sex juices, mingled with a thin coating of semen acted as lubricant and it slid in easily. Robin grabbed the back of Gary's head and started rocking his hips, pushing pubic hairs up Gary's nose and tickling the back of his throat with his glans, almost making him gag. It was humiliating, it was terrible, but at the same time so arousing. As Gary felt himself getting turned on by this, almost homoerotic experience, he felt himself growing in his tube. He panicked and tried to disassociate himself from what was happening, he tried to become asexual and unfeeling, as the member slid in and out over his lips.

Sarah kneeled next to him, “Good girl, you’re doing well! Now use your tongue, try to bring him off. Tease him with it, then a swirl, then lick his glans.”

Gary felt compelled to obey and he started working his tongue all over Robin’s penis as Robin, gripping Gary’s head firmly slid his member in and out, his testicles banging gently onto Gary’s chin with every stroke.

It wasn’t long before a fountain of cum erupted from Robin’s penis, firing right down the back of Gary’s throat making him gag a little, cough and try to pull away. Robin held him tightly though, “Swallow! Swallow!”

He had to obey, as swallowed he felt the warm, salty goo trickle down his throat, it reminded him of warm oysters. He could smell female sex and semen and the taste filled his mouth. Robin pulled his penis out, it was still rock hard, “Clean it up, wipe it clean with your tongue.”

Sarah was giggling now, “My, my, who would’ve thought my little bridesmaid could give such good head?”

Gary was now licking clean Robin’s still throbbing cock. Robin was smiling with pleasure, “Sarah, I can’t believe it but I think I could go one more time! Can I give it to you up the rear?”

Sarah glared at him, “”Hmmpf! No! If you want to play ‘pot brown’ you can do it with her!”

She was pointing at Gary, he opened his mouth to protest, but she held up the bracelet. Robin pulled him firmly up and gestured towards the end of the bed, “Come on, bend over!”

Before he knew it Gary was being man-handled onto the end of the bed, Robin pushing his shoulders forwards, so he was face down on the bed. He was whimpering, almost crying, “Robin, I don’t want to!”

He felt Robin hitching his dress up and pulling his panties down. Sarah was lying on the bed on her front so her face was right up to him, “Shhhh, you’ve being such a good little bridesmaid today – I think it’s only fair, especially as Al is probably enjoying rampaging penetrative sex with Jason in your room – it’s only fair you get your share of penetrative sex isn’t it? And with that nasty

chastity belt on, this is the only way isn't it?"

His key was dangling provocatively from her neck, she was smiling sadistically, he felt Robin's hands grip his hips and started to sob softly, then he felt Robin's penis pressing, pressing onto his anus, gently probing his sphincter open. He whimpered softly as he felt it slide in... Then his penis was suddenly on fire and he screamed...

~ To read more – please read;-

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For real world practical advice on the male chastity lifestyle, please visit Sarah Jameson's <http://www.malechastityblog.com/> site. Her e-books on male chastity are fantastic, no nonsense resources and well worth buying if you are interested in pursuing this lifestyle.

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