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Femdom The Game

~A BDSM Trilogy~

Includes:-

- ~ The Game*
- ~ High Stakes*
- ~ The Ultimate Forfeit*



Femdom :

The Game : A BDSM Trilogy

~ By Sabrina Jen Mountford

Also by the same author:-

The Clinical Trial (With The Receptionist [Now Re-released on Kindle!])

The Tormentress and the Boss

Slavery: Part 1 : Captured!

Slavery: Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.

The Male Bridesmaid

The Hypnotist

A Sissy Story : WPC Domination

A Sissy Story : Feminized For Her 'How he became a lesbian'

Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

Samantha's Tale : The Deal (Prequel to 'The Tormentress & The Boss')

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

The Harem Slave

Femdom : The Dressmaker

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

Femdom: The Beautician Trap

Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission

Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning (The BDSM Studies)

Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity (The BDSM Studies)

Femdom : The Game

Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes

Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit

Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill : A Gender Bender Story

Femdom : The Game : A BDSM Trilogy

**Slavery 1 & 2 are available together and separately*

Coming soon:-

Femdom : The Vacation : A BDSM Holiday

Planned Titles:-

A Study in Feminization (BDSM Studies)

The Clinical Trial : Phase 2

Forced Fem : His first 'Girls Day Out' (Based on Fact.)

Femdom : Utopia – The Female Dominated Society

Compilations by the same author:-

Feminization Stories First Collection: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid

Feminization Stories Second Collection: Feminized For Her, Crossdressing: Schoolgirl Domination

Slavery: Part 1 & 2 : Captured & Operated on!

Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself & Tickled into Submission

(For non-Kindle owners) Paperbacks by the same author:-

Feminization Tales: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid

*If you read all my stories and want to read more similarly femdom themed stories, I highly recommend '**Aimee Allison**' and '**Sandy Thomas**' both of whom write excellent femdom with forced feminization and chastity.*

*If you want to transform your relationship with your partner into a female led one, as I enjoy with my boyfriend – I suggest ‘**How To Set Up An FLR**’ by ‘[Georgia Ivey Green](#)’ she offers a very sensible and interesting no nonsense guide to improving your relationship and morphing it into a female led one – which of course is how it should be ;-)*

Sabrina Jen Mountfords Authors Blog and profile:

http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountford/blog

http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountford

Forward:-

What follows is an original work of erotic, femdom fantasy fiction involving female domination, forced feminization, BDSM, orgasm denial, male and female chastity, bondage, predicament bondage, dental torture, psychodrama and more. All of the characters and events within are entirely fictional and any resemblance to real life persons or places is coincidental. These works are femdom fantasy fiction, they are not intended to be remotely realistic and I do not condone or encourage any of the acts described in this story being attempted in real life. This material is suitable for over 18's only. All characters should be assumed to be over 18 and consenting.

This 61,000 word femdom novel consists of Femdom : The Game, High Stakes and The Ultimate Forfeit. It is heavy with male and female BDSM and fetish torture with predicament bondage and slavery thrown in for good measure. It has a strong element of ‘bi’ in it. If you like your femdom to portray a little over-the-knee spanking or the male being coerced into trying on a CB3000 for a night, then this femdom probably isn't for you. This femdom is for not for the prudish or those expecting realism.

Incidentally if you'd like to be locked into a chastity device and live in the North London area the professional dominatrix ‘Rebecca Winter; will be more than willing to accommodate you and perhaps

administer you some corporal punishment, while she's at it. If you're up for it and want to experience real female domination, please see <http://www.rebeccawinter.com> and don't forget to tell her you discovered her through 'Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit' the scenes in this story are in no way reflective of a session with Rebecca Winter. Her promotion here is purely a 'favour for a friend' and nothing more. If you want to watch some hot femdom action in film, then I suggest visiting <http://www.femdomfilms.eu/> Enjoy the story.

~ Sabrina



FEMDOM:



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The Game



Femdom : The Game

Prologue

Jessie and Marcy were sitting at home, in their living room. They'd both recently discovered the joy of Kindle Erotica. Jessie lying back on the sofa, holding his Kindle in one hand. Marcy, on the reclining armchair, with her Kindle resting on her knee, propped up by her outstretched hand. They were an open minded couple and were aware of each other's sexual interests. Jessie was reading, 'The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress' by Sabrina Jen Mountford, he'd just finished the dream sequence where Gary, fully attired as a bridesmaid and locked in a cruel chastity belt, is taken into the bridal suite with his sister-in-law Sarah and her husband. It was a steamy, racy scene, that left Jessie quivering with arousal and desperate to masturbate. He was about to get up and 'nip' to the bathroom, when he noticed Marcy, with one hand down the front of her skirt, looking quite flush.

"What'cha reading hon?"

She looked distracted, almost vacant. She sighed and looked at him. "Oh nothing."

"Got an itch down there have you? What are you reading?"

"Hmmp! It's called 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity' by Sabrina Jen Mountford, it's getting me...You know!"

He raised an eyebrow. "Hah! it sounds hot! I didn't think you'd read these sort of books though! I thought you were the dominant one in this relationship?"

"I am, I just, I suppose I'm a bit like the main character, she's a switch, she likes to be on both sides of the relationship."

Jessie pondered this for a moment, then chuckled softly. “I suppose I’m a bit like that too, the trouble is it doesn’t work does it? If we’re kind of taking it in turns to be the dominant, and the submissive – then it’s kind of not going to really work is it? I mean, if we took it in turns we’d always be aware that we’d be changing roles in the future so it would *Sigh* You know what I mean?”

“Well, I don’t know why it matters, it’s not like we’re ‘living the lifestyle’ anyway is it?”

“Well, no, we’re not... But then could we? Would you be interested in ‘living the lifestyle’ as you put it?”

“In what role Jessie? Are you asking me to be your submissive little slave girl or your strict dominatrix owner?”

“Well, if it came to it – which would you choose?”

She lowered her kindle now and looked wistfully up, as if in thought. “I don’t know to be honest. Hmmmm, well... I think both could be fun. What about you? I know what you like reading! Would you like me to lock you into a chastity belt, then feminize you, before sending you off to Samantha Fisher’s Maid’s Academy for some hypnosis and maid training? Don’t looked shocked, I know you look at what I’m reading when I’m out.”

He’d gasped, she’d clearly been reading his Kindle Library quite a bit, the fact was he’d only had a glimpsed at her collection. Then the penny dropped. “Wait a second, you’re reading a ‘Sabrina Jen Mountford’ too?”

“Yup, I saw you’ve got quite a few of hers, Orgasm Denial is a bit different, it has quite a bit of *ahem* lesbian domination in it.”

Jessie grinned. “I didn’t know you were that way inclined!”

“I’m not really, but, I don’t know, the taboo of it, the fact that it is a bit ‘icky’ it all makes it more, somehow...”

“Hmmm, I know what you mean, I’m not gay, but I do find her forced bi scenes quite... Erm, erotic?”

Marcy giggled. “You want to suck cock Jess, is that it? I bet you’d like me to pop you into one of those chastity belts, put you in my bra, panties, suspenders and stockings? Perhaps a dress? Then handcuff your wrists behind your back and ankles together, kneel you down and force you give a fella head, make you suck his cock until he squirts your mouth full of cum?”

“Marcy!”

“Hehe, just teasing... Mind you – do I see a small tent growing?”

Jessie looked down at his crotch, he had to admit he was aroused by the suggestion, as much as he didn’t ‘want’ to admit it. He decided to change the subject. “Hah! You can talk, I saw you playing with yourself reading the lesbian one!”

Marcy shrugged. “Well, I –“

“You’d like to all tied up and forced to service a dominant woman orally? I’d actually like to see that.”

Marcy smirked. “I bet you would! I have to say I’d quite like to watch you being forced to suck cock – not because I’d find it arousing, but simply because I’d find it funny. You’d have to swallow of course! All those times you moaned at me when I’ve gone down on you and all that cum you made me swallow – it’d be nice pay back. Yes, I’d like to see you feminized and forced to guzzle your master’s cum, you’d have to swallow, you’d be his bitch. Hah! I’d love to see that.”

Jessie was finding the conversation more and more arousing, but wishing he wasn’t. “Can we change the subject please?”

“Sure, do you remember Grace from College?”

“Got a younger sister, Karen? Yeah I remember her – what of it?”

“Well, she’s just joined facebook and got in touch, I thought it’d be nice to see her again. I said we could meet up.”

“Oh, well that’d be nice, is she seeing anyone? We could do a ‘couples night’ ?”

“Yes she is, a James, I’ll ask her if she’d like to do a couples night if you like.”

The Night Out

It was the weekend by the time they’d managed to organize a night out together. When it was time to meet, it turned out that James couldn’t come. Grace was sitting in the bar, at the bar, sipping a glass of white wine and nibbling from a bowl of peanuts. She was slim, beautiful with long brown hair, wearing a feminine beige trouser suit with a short white blouse under her open jacket, showing a little ‘belly’.

Marcy approached smiling. “Grace!”

She returned the smile. “Hey, Marcy! Great to see you again!”

“A pity James couldn’t make it.”

“Oh she’s super busy tonight, cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing...”

Marcy screwed her face up, “She?”

“Erm, I meant he.”

“And he does all the household chores?”

“Yes, he’s sweet like that.”

All this was ringing a subtle alarm bell in the back of Jessie’s mind. He’d heard what was said and he was sub-consciously piecing together and analysing it, and the plot of the book he’d just finished reading. It could be him, ‘just being silly’ of course, Alison and Gary in ‘The Male Bridesmaid’ were pretty extreme fetishists by part 2 after all, but something, something made him wonder – was Grace leading James in a relationship like Alison and Gary’s in ‘The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress’? Was it a biographical account with names changed? Had this ‘Miss Mountford’ heard their tale or a similar one and transcribed it into a novel? If so, there was the question of whether Samantha Burns, or Fisher or whatever she called herself was real? Anita Grey? Despite him finding the stories about these almost sociopathic dominatrix’s arousing, the thought that they might be real people sent a quiver of fear down his spine. He made a mental note to look up ‘Fisher Creative’ on the net when he got home. “Hey Grace, want another drink?”

“Sure why not – shall we take a table instead of propping up the bar?”

So Marcy and Grace retreated to a table and Jessie ordered a round of drinks and carried them over on a tray. When Jessie sat down the girls were already talking and laughing. As he sat, Alison looked him in the eye. “How come you pair didn’t get married anyway?”

Marcy shrugged. “I’m only staying with him until I can find a better catch.”

She was smiling, clearly joking. He shrugged. “To be honest Grace, we just never got around to it – didn’t your sister get married?”

“A few months ago, she’s really happy. It’s a pity we’d been out of contact at the time, I would have invited you to ours, and maybe blagged you an invite to hers too!”

Marcy sipped her drink. “We’ve been travelling a lot over the last few years, with work and what not – I guess that’s partly why we didn’t get married. It’s difficult when you’re in Berlin for a month, then Frankfurt, then Copenhagen.”

“True, hmmm, what do you guys want to do tonight?”

Jessie chugged his lager back. “We could go see a film? There’s a new-“

Grace rolled her eyes at him petulantly. “Pffft! Boring! That’s not very sociable is it?!”

He shrugged. “Well what did you have in mind?”

“We should go to ‘The Club’ have a dance, meet some people, it’ll be fun.”

Marcy chuckled softly. “Grace, you know I was never into night clubs!”

“Ahhh, but this one is different! It’s a fetish club.”

Jessie and Marcy’s jaws dropped. Marcy broke the silence. “A fetish club? You mean all latex and whips and handcuffs and stuff?”

“Yep, you don’t have to be in fetish wear to get in though.”

“I didn’t realise you were in to that sort of –“

“I wasn’t, James really got me interested, it’s a great place, they play good music and everyone is really friendly.”

Jessie of course was working his brain in over-time now, he was starting to feel mildly disconcerted at the events that were unfolding.

At the same time he was intrigued. “Alright, I always say I’ll try anything once.”

Grace raised an eyebrow, “Does that include being stripped naked, then ‘spit-roasted’ on stage by two latex clad, strap-on wearing dominatrixes in front of a huge crowd?”

Marcy gasped. “Grace!”

“Pfft, don’t be so prudish! I was only joking, although looking at how red he’s gone, I wonder whether he would like that?”

Jessie leaned forwards. “Does that sort of stuff really happen in these places?”

Grace winked. “There’s one way to find out isn’t there?”

The Club

When they got to the club they found that in fact the majority of the patrons weren’t leather and PVC clad, overtly fetish people. Three in five were generally fairly vanilla dressed, middle-class looking people, the rest were in fetish gear. The Club itself was a good way out of the town centre, in a quiet street full of what looked like office buildings. Access was through a single door with a simple brass plaque on the side, which read only, ‘The Club ~ By invitation only.’

A smartly dressed doorman had nodded to them as they’d approached and greeted Grace by name. Marcy and Jessie had felt a little unsettled as they’d walked down the red carpeted steps into the club itself, but they’d been somewhat relieved once they got there. The music was at a nice volume, the venue was in a good state of repair and it was a genuinely unthreatening atmosphere.

As they followed Grace to the bar, a girl with long, red dyed hair, wearing a form-fitted, tight, sleeveless black PVC body suit with buckles up the front approached smiling. She had a nose piercing

and a lip piercing and sported a look of 'mischievous' attitude, she was holding a glass of red wine and eyeing Jessie and Marcy up. "Hmmm, Grace, are these your new submissive slaves?"

Grace stopped and turned to face her chuckling. "No, she's Marcy, a friend from college, who I haven't see-"

"Oh, not into the lifestyle? Fetish virgins?"

Grace pondered for a moment, raising an eyebrow. "Y'know Matilda, I'm not sure, I think they're 'fetish virgins' but you never know, Marcy always was a dark horse..."

Matilda eyed them both up and down, sipping her drink again. Eventually she lowered her glass. "Hmmm, we could put them to the test? How would you like to be part of the show?"

Jessie and Marcy both went bright red at this. Already out of their comfort zone they were having their minds twisted inside out and upside down. They were frozen to the spot, too stunned to speak. Grace smirked at this. "Actually, I think Jessie here, wants to be spit-roasted on stage by two domme's with strap-on's."

"Grace!"

Jessie was bright red now.

Matilda looked up at him, smiling sweetly. She reached up with her PVC gloved hand and gently grabbed his chin, pulling his face to look at her, forcing him to look her straight into her bright, piercing blue eyes. "That can be arranged sweetie... I'd love to take you, on stage, in front of everyone, I'm sure I could find a partner, so we could spit-roast you? Would you like that?"

Jessie was burning up with embarrassment, almost shaking with fear - he was so far out of his comfort zone. He gestured towards Marcy.

“Actually, I think Marcy would enjoy it more, she’s got a thing for lesbian domination, why don’t you spit-roast her?”

Matilda turned to Marcy with a wicked, cheeky grin. “Is that so? I’d be happy to oblige Marcy. We could get you stripped naked, and restrained nice and securely... Then it would be too late to change your mind, you’d just have to accept your fate, it would be a great show.”

Grace rolled her eyes. “Matilda! Stop teasing my friends!”

She turned to her with a shrug. “I’m not teasing, I think you’re right, I think, they both have submissive tendencies and I’m serious, we have an empty stage tonight but a lot of people in. It would make good entertainment, breaking a ‘fetish virgin’ in... Don’t you think?”

Grace chuckled to herself before answering. “I suppose it would, but which one? The thing is, I suspect they’d both enjoy it, but neither would admit to wanting it.”

Matilda paused, as if deep in thought, then announced all three of them. “How about a dare? Or something like that?”

Grace smirked. “What do you mean?”

“Hmmm, well here’s my dare, for you, Jessie, Marcy. We get you both up on stage, restrained, and gagged. Then we roll a dice for you both, we play fifty, fifty, if it lands on an odd number, we take you Jessie, backstage, we strip you, and bring you back out, all nice and restrained, helpless to resist, then spit-roast you on stage in front of everyone. I’m sure I can find another domme to take the opposite hole... Hehe! Marcy, you would be released so you could watch the show. If it lands on an even number – well, it’d be vice-versa, Marcy would be going backstage to be prepared and Jessie, you’d be able to take your place in the crowd ready to enjoy the show. How about it, are you game?”

Jessie was aroused at the thought, but terrified at the same time he raised an eyebrow at Matilda. “You’re actually serious aren’t you?”

She shrugged. “Of course! It’s nothing unusual for what goes on here, it’s perfectly safe everything we use has been medically sterilized – it’s just a bit of fun, a chance to do something exciting, to have an adventure.”

Jessie looked in the eye, she had a paradoxical look, one of caring menace somehow. He found her incredibly attractive, but the thought of being on stage in front of what was becoming a packed out fetish club... It was frightening. He laughed, feigning bravery. “I’d be game but Marcy would never dare agree to that.”

Matilda quickly turned to Marcy. “Is that so? “

Marcy glared at Jessie. “If you’re so brave why don’t you forget the dice roll and just volunteer yourself?”

Before Jessie could answer Matilda cut in. “But then that wouldn’t be much of a game would it? How about this – seeing as he’s so willing, and accusing you of being ‘chicken’ let’s say a one to four, he gets to be the star of the show, a five or six you do?”

Marcy smiled wickedly at this. “You’re saying you’re totally okay with this Jess?”

He shrugged, “Erm, yeah, I have no problem with it!”

“In that case you won’t mind if we say one to five, you get pegged on stage, on a six and ONLY a six, I do?”

Jessie was looking a little put by now. “That’s not very fair!”

Matilda raised an eyebrow. “You said you were fine with it, this way it wouldn’t be a foregone conclusion?”

He trembled softly. "I... I don't know..."

Matilda quickly swung her PVC gloved hand into his crotch, grabbing his balls firmly but gently. As she did, he tried to back away. "Ah, ah... Keep still or I'll rip them off. I'll tell you what, if you end up being our star, I'll take you up the bottom with MY strap-on, and I promise I'll be gentle, plenty of lube? We don't want to rip you apart do we?"

She was smiling wickedly, threatening, but enticing. He thought about it, he really didn't want to, but he sort of did. He'd never get the chance again likely, he'd never done anything like this before... He sagged. "Alright let's do it, a one to five you do me, a six you do Marcy."

Marcy smirked at him. "You'd better start trying to relax those sphincter muscles ready Jess!"

He shrugged. "I'm feeling lucky tonight, the games not over until the dice has rolled."

Matilda grinned letting go of his balls and giving them a little pat. "Good, now my little slaves, I'll leave you to enjoy your evening and to sweat about the fate which will be awaiting you, one of you anyway... *Sigh* Probably YOU Jessie, but you never know? We'll get you both secure for the dice roll in one hour."

As she sauntered off looking pleased with herself Grace grinned. "I can't believe you're going through with this! You have to let me buy you a drink for being so brave!"

Jessie laughed nervously. "Well I wouldn't call Marcy brave!"

Marcy shrugged. "I'm in the game aren't I? I only pressed you to have better odds as you seem so keen on the idea! I didn't want you to be disappointed did I? Anyway I'm quite looking forward to

watching Matilda and someone else spit roast you on stage, it should be hilarious!”

Jessie chuckled softly. “Well it’s not a done deal is it? The outcome’s not certain until the die has been cast is it? Might be you up there?”

He tried to make it sound like he was confident, the trouble was he was secretly panicking a little, aware that there was every chance the die wouldn’t come up a six and he’d be humiliatingly taken on stage... He almost thought about trying to run away, sneak away without being seen... But something stopped him, was it a fascination with experiencing such a surreal thing? Was it a deep, attraction, for and submissiveness towards the beautiful but devious Matilda? He didn’t know, but every nerve in his body was tingling at the thought.

The Die is Cast

For next hour Grace, Marcy and Jessie sat at the table, drinking, chatting, laughing, doing all the normal stuff people did when sitting in a club. Jessie decided he liked Grace, she was beautiful, funny, and so laid back. She told them all about her female led relationship with James and how it had, over time gotten to the stage where James had effectively become her twenty four seven, live-in, chaste sissy maid and sex slave. Of course this was ringing serious bells in Jessie’s mind, given his recent reading. He had to keep telling himself ‘not’ to ask her if she’d cuckolded him.

Of course while they were chatting and drinking the club started filling up. The music got livelier, after half an hour people were dancing and there were more and more people in fetish wear at the club. It was starting to get a real ‘party’ atmosphere, which of course helped Jessie forget about the fate that awaited him.

During a lull in the conversation, Grace leaned over the table. “Are you ready Jessie?”

“Ready for wha- Oh... “

“Shouldn’t be long now, it’s nearly eleven o’clock!”

“Is it too late to back out?”

Marcy dug her elbow in his ribs. “Don’t be a spoil sport; I’ve been looking forward to watching you get spit roasted on stage. That was going to be the highlight of the night!”

“Hmmp! It might be you!”

“Hah! Not much chance.”

It almost didn’t seem real, it seemed so unreal when he’d agreed to it, he’d almost figured it would never happen. Now, seeing Matilda take the stage and saunter up to the microphone at the front, he started to tremble with anxiety. The music died down and she tapped the mic. “Ladies and gentlemen, dominants and submissives, masters and slaves, I have an announcement to make. Tonight, as a special treat we’re laying on a surprise show for you, an adlibbed show! Tonight ladies and gentlemen, we’re going to be breaking in a fetish virgin, on stage, just for your entertainment! To make it even more interesting, we don’t know which one it will be. We have two candidates for breaking, and only one slot on stage, the lucky winner will be decided by a dice roll!”

She then walked up to the edge of the side of the stage and held out two pairs of handcuffs towards where Grace, Marcy and Jessie were sitting. “Gracie, if you could cuff the candidates for me please.”

Grace stood and smiled as she took the few short steps to the stage and grabbed the cuffs. “With pleasure.”

Marcy was shaking softly now, all eyes were on them, as Grace approached brandishing the shiny pair of handcuffs. They looked

like high security cuffs, the spot where the secret escape lever would normally sit was ominously plain looking. Grace clicked one pair onto the table and held the other pair up. “Well? Who’s going first?”

Marcy pointed to Jessie. “Him, he’s got more reason to be worried!”

Grace smiled at him. “Okay sweetie, wrists out, hold your wrists out for me. Good boy, don’t worry we’ll look after you.”

He reluctantly held out his shaking hands, then felt her soft hands firmly pushing the cuffs closed, the ratchet clicking and clicking until they were so tight they were nearly cutting his circulation off, they were certainly so tight he couldn’t rotate his wrists in the cuffs. She smiled as the last ratchet clicked. “There, you’re ready. Marcy? Your turn now, wrists out.”

She was shaking with fear, everyone was watching. “Do I have to? I mean it’s pretty much definite it’s going to be Jessie on stage?”

Grace shrugged. “Well, I think it’s only fair, besides we need you to be secure just in case it IS a six? We don’t want you running away on us do we? Hold your wrists out.”

Shaking she lowered her wrists and held them out to Grace who picked up the set of cuffs on the table and pressed them firmly onto her wrists, as tight as they’d go. “There, good girl... That’s not so bad is it?”

While this had been going on Matilda had wheeled out a wheelchair onto the stage from the back room, then vanished again to wheel out another. She was now back at the mic. “Well? Lead them on stage! Give them a big hand everyone!”

Grace grabbed the chains of the two pairs of cuffs and started gently tugging, leading them off their seats and towards the small set of steps up onto the stage. “Come on slaves!”

Trembling with fear Marcy and Jessie followed, and the room erupted into a loud, resonating cheer. Matilda gestured towards the two wheelchairs. "Please, have a seat while we get you secured."

Jessie sat first, he could feel himself growing in the crotch, it felt surreal, like some weird dream. He almost couldn't accept this was really happening. As he sat, Matilda clicked her way around the back of the chair and passed a strap around his waist, fastening the buckle tight so he was pressed down and back into the seat, the buckle was well out of his reach at the back. As she moved around to the front to strap his feet to the foot-rests Grace was strapping Marcy firmly into her chair. Before long Marcy and Jessie were inescapably strapped down into their wheelchairs, and another girl in a black leather dress, with a tightly laced leather corset was approaching with two ball gags. Matilda took one and Grace took the other. Matilda offered up the gag to Jessie's mouth and smiled. "Well? Open wide."

He obeyed almost without thinking. As he felt her hands gently but firmly pulling the strap tighter, tighter, he panicked and started and started muffled cries to be released. She'd already fastened the buckle by this stage, so she leaned into his face and held a finger to her lips, just touching the silver lip ring through her bottom lip. "Shhhh, keep still..."

Meanwhile Marcy was opening her mouth for Grace to insert her gag, and she felt her friend of old pulling the straps in and tightening the buckle. She wasn't afraid; she was almost chuckling to herself at the fate Jessie had resigned himself to. They were both securely fastened into the wheelchairs now, their hands cuffed firmly together and gagged. The crowd was cheering and clapping. Matilda stepped behind Jessie's chair and grabbed the handles, before looking at Grace. "Shall we?"

Matilda and Grace pushed the chairs up to the very front of the stage. Jessie of course was getting more and more nervous now, but he was securely bound and was helpless to escape. With them

in place for everyone to see, Grace stepped to one side and Matilda took the mic. “Now, ladies and gentleman, we have our candidates all bound and secure! It’s time to see who is going to be the star of the show.”

She picked up the mic and carried it from the stand, before draping herself over Jessie’s shoulder, wrapping her arms around his neck. He could feel her breath on him as she spoke, he could smell the PVC. “Will it be Jessie? Who gets to be spit-roasted on stage by my good self and another dominant?”

She rose and patted him on the head, then moved to Marcy, gently stroking her hair. “Or the lovely Marcy? The die will decide!”

She returned to the mic stand. “The rules as agreed on, are that we will decide who gets to perform on the roll, of one die. There will be no ‘best of three’ no changing of minds, no room for negotiation. As soon as the die has been rolled and it has chosen tonight’s performer, the other candidate will be released, and the performer will be wheeled back stage so we can get them ready. The number that decides will be the side facing upwards, the opposite side to the one that is flat against the floor. Here, I have my decision dice, one white, one black... I think we shall use the white die to signify our ‘fetish virgin’s’ innocence. Now to make it fair, I will roll the die to decide.”

At the front of the stage there was a small baize lined box, clearly Matilda used dice fairly often in her shows. She took a dice cup and began shaking the die up and down with her hand over the opening. The room went silent. As she shook she spoke into the mic. “As Jessie is so keen to perform tonight, Jessie will be performing on a one, two, three, four or five! Only a roll of six will secure Marcy the spot in tonight’s show.”

All eyes were on the green baize lined box. The die was rattling against the sides of the cup, her PVC gloved hand covering the end. She was certainly giving the die a thorough shake; there was no

attempt to influence the outcome of the roll. With a final flourish she released her hand and flicked the cup at the box. The die tumbled out and bashed against one side, then another, spinning and bouncing as it went. As the die slowed, it landed on a point, supported by the side of the box. The four was showing, then it edged forwards a little and dropped, leaving the six face up.

The crowd gasped and immediately started clapping.

Marcy had been watching the die spin and bounce and as it had slowed had started panicking, a look of horror growing on her face. As it had fallen she'd been shouting muffled into her gag that she'd changed her mind, but nobody heard over the cheering.

Matilda took the mic again. "Well, well, who'd have thought that? It's Marcy! Give her a big hand everyone!"

As the cheering grew louder, Matilda gestured to Grace. "Take her back stage, let's get her ready."

Marcy was strapped firmly into the chair, her gag in, muffling her cries, her face in a look of utter panic. She felt herself being wheeled back, the crowd growing smaller, and Jessie, who was now being released by Matilda growing smaller. She felt herself being pulled through the curtains backstage, and she started sobbing softly.

Jessie meanwhile was in shock, he was stunned. He'd more or less resigned himself to his fate, he should have been laughing at the thought of Marcy enduring this very public humiliation, but he was too shocked to even think about it. Matilda had unbuckled his gag and was now gently removing it. She looked him in the eye, smiling sympathetically. "I'm sorry Jessie; I know how much you were looking forward to being my bitch... But the rules are the rules! Maybe next time?"

He didn't know what to say, she unfastened his cuffs, and released the strap holding him in the chair. As he stood he looked at Matilda, almost bewildered. "Where's Marc-"

"Shhhh, don't worry, she'll be fine, they're just stripping her and securing her in the right position. Here, go straight to the bar, I'll wave you a free drink for being such a good sport."

She helped him up out of the wheelchair smiling, and patted him on the bum as he walked towards the steps down, off the stage. He headed straight for the bar and sure enough, after asking for a small beer on the house, Matilda waved and gave a thumbs up, before strolling towards the back stage area.

He took his beer and returned to their table in complete shock. He'd been convinced it was going to be him, now, he was a little worried about Marcy. She'd never been pegged before, she'd never had any form of 'anal sex' before and she'd never had a lesbian experience before either, now she was going to be getting to experience both, in front of a huge crowd. He wished it was him now, not because he wasn't scared, but more because he was worried she'd struggle to cope with the humiliation. He thought about heading back-stage to try and secure her release, but something about the whole situation told him it was futile. As he sat sipping his beer he tried to convince himself that she'd be fine and it was just a bit of fun, a bit of embarrassment. It took some time, but eventually he was sitting back feeling relaxed, almost looking forward to the 'show'.

Backstage

When Marcy saw the curtains fall back together in front of her she sagged. She was still sobbing as she rounded the corner and was wheeled into a room full of bondage equipment, corporal punishment implements and fetish clothes. It was an impressive collection; there was something for every occasion including dungeon furniture, largely on wheels. She was wheeled backwards into the centre of the room.

As that point she learned that it had actually been Grace wheeling her, because she saw her step out in front of the wheelchair and walk over to a rack of fetish clothes. From the rack, Grace pulled a little latex black mini-dress, with a lace up bodice and a black latex sleeveless body suit, which fastened with a zipper. The body suit was made all the more sinister by the obvious fact that it had the bottom cut out, yes it might offer some dignity, but it was clearly designed to give good access as well. Grace held them out for her. “These look about your size, I think seeing as you’re being a good sport we’ll let you wear a costume for your performance, which do you prefer?”

Marcy could feel some drool running down her cheek now, escaping around the ball gag. She looked from one outfit to the other, it was true she’d prefer to wear ‘something’ but both were things she’d never even consider wearing normally. She imagined herself in the mini-dress, her mistress lifting up the hem and sliding the strap-on in, it made her shudder with submissive fear. Then she pictured herself taking to the stage with the body-hugging sleeveless cat suit on, it would probably have been the better of the two, except the bottom being cut out, left her feeling it would make her feel very vulnerable. She was about to start gesturing towards the dress, but Grace didn’t give her quite enough time. “Can’t decide? Oh well, I’ll choose for you, I think we’ll have you in... The cat-suit, nothing’s quite so good at helping you to feel vulnerable and submissive as having your bottom exposed is there hmmm?”

She replaced the dress on the rack and hung the other garment up near to the chair. At that point Matilda appeared, she grabbed an industrial winch controller that was attached to the wall and pushed a button, lowering a steel wire loop down to the wheelchair. As the steel loop lowered itself so it was right in front of her face Marcy started sobbing and panting into her gag. Matilda stepped forwards and leaned in to her. “Try to keep calm, be nice and obedient for me and this’ll all be over soon. Try to relax, try to enjoy it.”

As she spoke she snapped a padlock through the steel loop and through the chain on Marcy's handcuffs. Then she returned to the control while Grace ducked behind the chair and unfastened the strap holding her down, then undid the straps holding her legs so that her feet stayed on the foot rests. As Matilda started raising the steel loop on the electric winch, Grace whispered into Marcy's ear. "Come on Marcy, up you get."

She stood and felt her cuffed hands being raised higher and higher, until she could only stand on tip-toe. Grace pulled the chair clear and Matilda joined her in stripping Marcy of her clothes. She could feel her heart racing as she looked down to watch Grace unbutton her blouse, revealing her satin embroidered bra, and Matilda unzipped the little zip at the back of the waistband to pull her trousers down.

These feminine hands working their way over her body, removing her clothes where possible, had her in a state of anxiety and arousal. Once she'd stepped out of her trousers and panties, Matilda reached up to unfasten one cuff. She thought about trying to escape, but her other hand was soundly cuffed up in the air. Matilda noticed her eager glances towards the curtain leading to the stage. "Not thinking of escaping are we? I could 'crop' your disobedience out of you if needs be? Do I need to give you a good cropping?"

She was smiling in a friendly way as she threatened her. Marcy could see canes, crops, tawse's, whips, and things she couldn't even identify, she knew Matilda meant business so she shook her head. "Good girl, pull your arm out, good, now pop it back in the cuff for me. That's a good girl."

She felt the cuff snap back on, then the other hand was undone. After pulling her arm out of the blouse, bra and jacket she was cuffed back to the steel loop. Standing in the middle of the room, naked, with Grace, Matilda and the girl in the leather corset smirking at her had her shaking. Grace slowly unbuckled her gag. As she did Matilda got right in her face. "You're shaking! Are you cold?"

She shook her head. Matilda stepped closer, so close she could see her bright blue eyes, her crimson lips, with the little lip ring in the bottom. "Have you ever been naked in front of a woman before?"

She shook her head, as she did Matilda placed her hands on her breasts and started caressing them softly, playing idly with her nipples. "You're an attractive slave Marcy, you have nice breasts."

She didn't know what to say, as she stood there, gobsmacked, Matilda looked her in the eye and grinned. She had a twinkle in her eye, she felt so vulnerable, hoisted up by her cuffs, naked in front of these three women. Then Matilda tried the lean, the tilt of her head. She was attractive too, there was something incredibly sexy about her, her looks, her attitude, everything. Matilda leaned forwards again, and in a breath, Marcy and Matilda were french kissing, as they did Matilda's arms wrapped around Marcy and pulled her in to her, so she could feel her naked body against the PVC and the buckles. She could feel Matilda's tongue probing her mouth sliding in and out of her cheeks and over her tongue, she tasted sweet and feminine. It felt so wrong, but at the same time so right. Then she felt Matilda's hand drop to her crotch and start gently massaging her labia and probing her vagina, then having a little swirl around her clitoris, making her legs give way. Still stroking her clitoris playfully Matilda stopped kissing and pulled her mouth away. "My, my, slave, we are wet down here aren't we? I think your costume is going to need a wash after tonight!"

She stepped back and Grace stepped in with the black latex catsuit. "Okay sweetie, pop your legs in, step in."

She was holding the garment out, Marcy was running on auto-pilot now, her head all over the place. She stepped in with one leg, then the other, then Grace was pulling it up. It was skin tight, gripping her and pulling her in at every point. It felt like she was having a giant condom put onto her, it even had the same smell of latex. As it was over her hips, Matilda and Grace unfastened the cuffs and gently but

firmly fed her arm through the arm holes, while the girl in the leather corset zipped her up. Before she could think about what was happening, Matilda and Grace were gently guiding her arms behind her and handcuffed her right wrist to her left upper arm and her left wrist to her right upper arm.

It was a very uncomfortable position to be in. She wriggled slightly jangling her chains.

Her arms were immobile, she felt helpless. The cool breeze, teasing her buttocks, the sensation of nakedness that was localised on her bottom made her feel even more vulnerable. She couldn't even lower hand to defend her bottom, she felt at the mercy of anyone who wanted to take her.

As was wrapping her head around these sensations, the girl in the leather corset fetched a trolley on big castors; it had a padded table with straps attached at the top and at the legs. Grace and Matilda led her up to it and Matilda gestured to where to stand. "Okay slave, step up, put your right foot there next to that ankle strap, good, other one there."

As she stepped up the girl in the leather corset kneeled down to strap her ankles tightly to the device, preventing her stepping down.

Matilda gently pulled on her back, trying to guide her onto the table. "Now lean forwards, good girl, rest your body on the padded bit. Good, now we'll strap you in."

As she rested her body she felt straps being fed over her shoulders, chest and belly and being fastened. The reality of what all this was leading to was sinking in now, she panicked. "Stop, stop! I've changed my mind! I don't want to do this!"

Matilda stepped to the front and pinched her lips shut firmly between her fingers. "Sorry dear, we explained the rules, no backing out? Now for that disobedience I think you deserve six strokes of the

crop. Any complaints and I will double it. You're ready now, so as soon as I've administered your punishment, it will time for you to be my bitch, time for me to take you, to penetrate you, to peg you. Accept this and try to relax, try to enjoy it – you no longer have any say in your fate Marcy, only how you react to it. Now, you will keep still and count my strokes, thanking me between them. If you fail to thank, or fail to count – then the strokes will be repeated until you do.”

Marcy was a quivering mess as Grace handed Matilda a riding crop while smirking. Her legs were strapped in, her arms were immobile and she was firmly strapped down, she thought about pleading for mercy but decided it would be futile. She felt the crop gently riding over her bare bottom, then there was a swish and a crack and Marcy squealed, wriggling frantically in her bonds. Grace leaned in so she was inches from her face. “Marcy, you forgot to thank and count! Thank and count!”

Swish! Crack!

“Aaargh! One! Thank you!”

Matilda tutted, “That’s ‘thank you mistress’ slave!”

“Thankyou mistress I mean!”

“Good girl, I’ll let you off this once, forget again and it’s double strokes.”

The crop rose and fell, Marcy punctuating the strokes with a loud squeal and a stammered, panting, count followed by a ‘thank you mistress!’

As she finished Matilda stepped forwards and gently stroked her hair. “There, there, that’s a good girl... Do you like oysters by the way? I’ve got a special treat for you. To make your spit roasting more realistic, we’re going to use special ‘ejaculating’ strap-on’s on

you, at both ends with blended fresh oysters. You'll be amazed how realistic the experience is."

Marcy wriggled again, trying and failing to get up. "Stop! I don't want it!"

Matilda shook her head. "Shhh, there, there, it doesn't matter what you want, you're my slave until you've completed your dare, so if I decide you're having blended oysters, then I'm afraid you are." She looked up to Grace. "Hmmm, I just need another dominant to take the end? You up for it Grace?"

Grace shrugged. "Why not!"

Marcy gasped. "Grace!"

"Shhh, don't be such a baby, enjoy the experience."

As she was speaking Grace pulled her trousers off and started strapping on a large, black strap-on. Matilda was doing the same. The blended oysters were already loaded. The girl in the leather corset headed for the curtain. "I'll just go and announce you!"

The Show

Jessie, was sitting quietly sipping his beer, wondering what Marcy was going through.

The other girl, the one who'd brought the gags stepped out on to the stage. The music faded out, the lights dimmed and a spotlight trained on the mic at the centre of the stage. The girl tapped the mic, then smiled. "Ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've been waiting for has arrived! It's with great pleasure... I present... Slave Marcy!"

As she spoke the spotlight swept away from her up to the curtain and she picked up the mic stand and carried it to the back of the

stage. Soft blue light started to fall over the stage and the Marilyn Manson version of 'Sweet Dreams are made of this' began playing through the speakers.

All eyes were on the curtain, the whole room was waiting. When it got to halfway through the first verse, Marcy burst through the curtain she was clearly strapped to a trolley on wheels. Matilda was on her right and Grace on her left. Grace had left her jacket and trousers backstage, she was just wearing her white blouse and a huge, black strap-on which appeared to have a bag attached. Matilda had the same strap-on, but she wore hers over her PVC cat-suit. They wheeled Marcy right up to the edge of the stage, so she was almost leaning over it. To Marcy she was facing a sea of faces, bobbing softly to the music, but focusing on her. The time for protesting was past; she stared stone-faced at the crowd. As she did Grace and Matilda took turns to play with her hair and kiss her. After a few more lines of the song she was pulled back and her exposed bottom was wheeled to the edge of the stage. As it was Grace and Matilda were caressing her bottom, then she felt a squirt of cold, jelly like substance on her bottom and then a finger gently probing her.

Jessie of course had stood up and joined the crowd at the front of the stage. He couldn't believe this was happening, there was his girlfriend strapped down on stage, with Matilda gently probing her anus, spreading lubricant about, in front of a massive crowd. Then she took what looked like a bottle of lubricant and carefully inserted the nozzle into Marcy's anus and squeezed, pulling the bottle out of her anus as she squeezed. Clearly Marcy's rectum had been filled with lubricant, meaning as she was penetrated it would push up into her large intestine and back out of the anus, helping to lubricate.

When Marcy felt herself fill up with lubricant she whimpered softly, far too faintly for anyone to hear – then she was being spun around again, so she was side on to the crowd. She saw Grace approaching, with the strap-on dangling in front of her. Whether it was intentional or not, some blended oysters were dripping from the

front of the dildo, it looked frighteningly realistic. Grace leaned in and caressed her neck gently. "Open wide slave."

She shook her head, closing her lips tightly. Grace sighed deeply, then gripped a fistful of hair and pulled her head up and back. "I said open bitch!" She couldn't hold her head down, so she clenched her lips. Grace used her spare hand to reach down and pinch her nose shut, preventing her breathing. At first she tried to hold her breath, the trouble was she held it so long, then when she had to exhale she ended up opening really wide and Grace, seeing this, took the opportunity to slide her dildo in. Marcy's brain was turning to mush. All she could see were Grace's straps and buckles and the lace of her white satin panties poking out in places. Grace had grabbed her head and was now sliding her dildo in and out while holding her head firmly.

Once she was away, Matilda took her position, her dildo also dripping blended oysters. She gently pressed the dildo onto Marcy's anus, making her wriggle and squirm in her bonds. Of course she was helpless to escape and she soon felt the huge dildo sliding into her rectum, stretching her anal sphincter to its very limit. She was trying to scream but Grace's dildo was filling her mouth. Then she had two dominant ladies pumping dildo's into her at either end, in time to the music. Jessie was finding this so erotic; part of him was really envious of Marcy, despite his fear. As they pumped, she was scrunching her eyes up, her rectum was being stretched and stretched, oozing lube and blended oyster out. She was helpless, helpless to do anything but lie there, accepting this treatment. It felt humiliating, almost degrading, and also taboo and lesbian. Despite her uncomfortable state, she was feeling more and more aroused. The crowd cheered, Matilda pegged, and Grace did something to her strap-on, making it forcefully squirt blended oysters into the back of Marcy's throat with every pelvic thrust, making her gag. As she did Grace screamed down to Marcy. "Swallow it bitch! Swallow!"

Almost whimpering, Marcy started sobbing softly, as the squirting strap-on force fed her, ramming the blended oysters down her throat.

Marcy was so aroused, and so focused on what Grace and Matilda were doing to her, she didn't notice the girl in the leather corset approach with a vibrator. As she was being spit-roasted, the third girl kneeled down and started manipulating her crotch with the vibrator. Marcy started groaning and moaning. Every nerve in her body was tingling, her mind was in another place. As they pumped and pumped, filling her from both ends with blended oysters, she came, her whole body going into spasm. Waves and waves of pleasure washed through her body and she felt her whole groin area pulsating and pulsating. As she came Grace pulled out of her mouth and sprayed blended oysters in her face and hair to the crowds cheers.

As the orgasm subsided she started panting softly, sagging onto the padded table. She felt amazing, she felt more aroused than she'd ever felt in her whole life, her orgasm just wouldn't stop. Normally a good one would last for a few minutes, but this going on, and on. Her bottom was sore from the caning, her anus was sore from the stretching and her mouth and face smelled fishy and oily and had that lingering taste that only oysters can give – yet she felt happy, she was in ecstasy.

The girl with the vibrator stood and retrieved her mic stand, bringing it back to the front. The music died down a little now as she spoke. "Ladies and gentlemen, please put your hands together for Matilda, our lovely friend Grace and tonight's star of the show, 'Slave Marcy!'"

Everyone was on their feet cheering, showing their appreciation. Grace and Matilda took a bow, then wheeled Marcy back through the curtain to backstage.

The Aftermath

As Marcy was wheeled away she was still riding the wave of pleasure brought by the orgasm. Once she was back in the room

with the dungeon equipment, Matilda leaned down to her. “Are you okay slave? Did you enjoy that?”

Before she could think about it, Marcy was nodding and gasping. “Yes mistress.”

Matilda chuckled. “Hmmm, I could take YOU home with me tonight, have you ever serviced a woman orally?”

Marcy shook her head, on the one hand the thought was disgusting, but then it couldn't be more disgusting than being force-fed blended oysters down a urethral tube in a strap-on dildo. Matilda stroked her hair. “Hmmm, maybe not tonight, it's getting late and you need to get cleaned up – would you like a shower? There's a shower back there and a toilet, take as long as you need.”

As she spoke Grace was unfastening the straps holding her down. She was stiff and felt wobbly on her feet as she eventually climbed off the apparatus. Grace held her gently. “Are you okay Marcy?”

“Yes, yes, that was amazing I can't believe how-”

“Shhhh, I'm glad you enjoyed it – I told you we'd look after you. Why don't you use the toilet and have a shower, there are towels on the rack next to it. Once you're done Matilda will organize a drink on the house for you for being such a great sport.”

She thanked her and hobbled off to the shower room. It was modern and clean and comfortably appointed. As she walked she realized how dramatically she'd been filled up at the other end by Matilda. She was dripping oyster and lube on the floor out of her receding anal sphincter. Her tummy was cramping slightly, when she got in and threw the bolt she sat down in relief and heard a splurge as she relaxed her anal sphincter allowing the contents of her rectum to fall into the toilet. It was a torrent, she tried pushing afterwards, creating a slow squirt of material, it took some time, sitting and pushing trying to clear as much out as she could. While doing this she

noticed a stack of disposable douche's in bags on the shelf. Desperate to clean herself out she filled the small sink and took a douche, filling it, then inserting the nozzle up her bottom forcefully, and squirting it down the toilet after a couple of minutes. After ten minutes of this she felt cleaner inside, she felt better. Her rectum still felt stretched and uncomfortable and she still felt like she needed the toilet. Even though she knew she didn't – but she felt better. She turned on the hot taps and waited for a minute before fighting her way out of her 'costume' and stepping into the piping hot shower and washing herself thoroughly.

Jessie was back at his table, sporting the erection of his life. He had to say Marcy's show had given him masturbatory material that would last a long, long time. Grace was the first to emerge from backstage and make her way over. She'd since replaced her trousers and shoes and lost the strap-on, but she'd left her jacket off, carrying it casually over her shoulder. She took a seat next to Jessie, hanging her jacket on the one adjacent. "Did you enjoy the show Jessie?"

He chuckled. "I did, it was amazing, I hope she's alright though – where is Marcy?"

"Alright? Oh she's fine, she absolutely loved it. I think she'd go again happily. She's having a shower now, she'll be out shortly."

"Where's Matilda?"

"She'll be out in a minute - Ah here she is."

Matilda was approaching, having removed her strap-on. She was carrying a tray with several large exotic looking cocktails in fancy glasses on it. She clicked it down on the table with a smile. "Jessie, please help yourself. I'll just go and see how Marcy is getting on."

Matilda then strolled off towards the back stage area with a spring in her step.

Marcy had her eyes closed, her face turned up to the shower, trying to wash icky goo of blended oysters off her face and out of her hair. There was shampoo and shower gel and she'd washed herself thoroughly twice, for some reason she still felt like she smelled fishy though. Eventually she gave up and wiped the water from her eyes, guessing that the fishiness was down to her force-feeding, which had left a lingering aftertaste and an oily sensation in her mouth, throat and nostrils.

As she pulled her head out of the shower she opened her eyes and gasped, Matilda was standing outside the shower, eyeing her up and down. She instinctively put one hand over her breasts and one over her groin, then turned and switched the taps off. She opened the cubicle door. "Matilda! How did –"

"I have a key that undoes the bolt from the other side. You shouldn't cover yourself up Marcy, you have a beautiful body."

"I-"

"Shhh, here's a towel."

Marcy took it and allowed Matilda to wrap it around her shoulders, as she did though she began rubbing her as well, helping to dry her off, but also having a good feel of Marcy's contours. Once she was dry Matilda opened the door and gestured for her to go first. "Go on, get dressed, there's a hair dryer in the other room."

The next time Jessie saw Marcy she was fully dressed and hair was dried. She was looking very presentable, having had Matilda brush her hair for her. She took a seat, Matilda who had been following sat at the same table. Jessie was smirking. "How do you feel Marcy?"

"Exhilarated, a bit tired, I'm okay though."

"I couldn't believe it was you!"

Matilda raised an eyebrow and dropped a hand on Jessie's thigh. "There's always next time sweetie, maybe we'll play a different game next time?"

Grace gestured to the cocktails. "Marcy, help yourself to a cocktail on the house. The customers love seeing these shows, they're great for business, the least Matilda can do is offer you a cocktail to take the taste away."

Marcy chuckled, her mouth did still feel oily and taste fishy. She grabbed a large luminous green glass and began sipping it. "Well, yes, I could do with it."

Jessie raised an eyebrow. "What was that stuff you were-"

Matilda smirked. "Why semen of course! We had a few customers cum into a bowl to fill it up, then- "

Grace cut in. "Don't be mean! It's just blended oysters Jessie."

Jessie chuckled. "Good, Marcy doesn't like the taste of semen!"

Matilda raised an eyebrow. "Do you?"

"No! Hmmpf, I've never actually tried it."

"Hah! That's something we can do something about isn't it? Maybe next time we're playing a game we can arrange it?"

Jessie grimaced. "Urgh! No thanks!"

"You seem to expect Marcy to have a dose of 'semen' why not you?"

"That's different! She's -"

"Pffft! Rubbish, I think next time we play a game it'll be fetish make-over, and giving head on stage, what do you think Marcy?"

“Suits me! Same as last time, a six it’s me? A one to five it’s Jess?”

“We’ll see...”

Another night, another game

The rest of the night they chatted, they drank; they had a genuinely nice time, though Matilda continued to make comments that left both Jessie and Marcy feeling aroused. Grace too seemed to be ‘well in’ at the club and she joined in with the suggestive comments. Despite her initial fear and continuing discomfort from being so brutally pegged, Marcy walked away feeling genuinely happy.

Throughout the rest of the week Jessie and Marcy couldn’t stop thinking about the club, Matilda and their rather abrupt introduction to the world of fetish. They continued reading their books, Jessie continuing to fantasize about being forced into being a chaste, sissy-maid for a dominant woman and Marcy fantasizing about lesbian domination, in particular about being dominated by the beautiful ‘Matilda’.

When Jessie got back from work Marcy met him at the door. “Hey, Grace facebook messaged me. She asked if we want to go to the club tonight. Shall we go?”

It was clear from her body language and demeanour that she was really keen to go and Jessie, despite the fear and anxiety he’d experienced wanted to play another game. As much as he’d enjoyed watching Marcy being abused on stage last week, he’d longed for it to be him up there. He almost jumped as he blurted out. “Sure, why not?”

It was strange they hadn’t talked about the events of last time they’d been, it had been a bit of an ‘elephant in the room’ a bit awkward, but they’d both been thinking about it. They met in a the same bar as the last time and had a few quiet drinks with Grace, although the

experience of giving fellatio to Grace's strap-on had a subtle effect on their conversations, Marcy felt submissive towards her somehow. They asked about James again of course – at which Grace told them that it was probably best to refer to him as 'Jenny' as that was the feminine name she'd given him. As the previous week 'Jenny' was too busy doing chores to come out and socialize, as the conversation drew on it soon became clear that Jenny only actually came out when Matilda had specifically asked for her to feature in a show, as it happened at the moment, Matilda was more keen on 'breaking in' her two new honorary club members, Jessie and Marcy.

When they arrived back at the club with Grace, they were waved in with seemingly more enthusiasm by the smartly dressed doorman. Again, they'd arrived a little earlier than the crowds. Grace asked them to sit down and went to the bar. She sat, placing the tray in the centre of the table, with wine and beer on it. "These are on me, I'm afraid your credit earned last week has run out."

Matilda who was at the far side of the club noticed them at that point and sauntered over immediately. She was wearing a black PVC mini-dress tonight, with her hair in long pig tails. She didn't ask for permission, she simply grabbed a chair and slid into position at their table. "Well, well, if it isn't my favourite little subbies, I've had a lot of positive comments about Marcy's performance last week, I think you two are going to be very good for business, so good in fact I'd like you to become complimentary members."

Jessie laughed. "Hah! That's very kind, complimentary members, no strings attached?"

Matilda shrugged. "I never said no strings attached, there could be strings or even ropes, chains if you're lucky! I know you like my little games and the only proviso is that you play more games for me, and my customers."

Marcy was bright red now, the intense arousal of the previous week having faded into memory, she was thinking about the abject

humiliation of being degraded in the way she was, in front of so many people.

“I don’t know...”

Grace smirked, “Oh come on Marcy, you loved it last week! Everyone could tell, tell me you didn’t love it!”

“I – well, erm, I suppose I...”

“You do know Matilda charges one thousand two hundred pounds per annum for membership here?”

Jessie almost fell off his chair, he gasped. “How much!?”

Matilda wrapped an arm around his shoulder. “Well it’s free to you sweetie, you just have to agree to play my games. Hmmm, would you like to play a game tonight?”

Marcy glared at her. “No, I’m not in the mood!”

“But, maybe tonight Jessie will be lucky and get to be the star – don’t you want pay-back?”

“What did you have in mind?”

“Oh I have managed to secure the services of a dominant male, who is willing, no, more than willing to receive oral service and perhaps even penetrate tonight’s lucky winner.”

Jessie shuddered, feeling a little disgusted. “Urgh! No thanks, I’m not doing it!”

This seemed to perk Marcy’s interest now she raised an eyebrow. “No, it sounds fun. What’s the matter Jessie? Are you chicken?”

“No!”

“Chicken!”

Jessie did not like being called chicken; he frowned at her then turned to Matilda. “What was the game going to be?”

“Oh, I thought something different tonight? How about a hmmm, corporal punishment endurance contest?”

Marcy now looked a little apprehensive. “Why can’t we just do one to five it’s Jessie, and I perform on a six again?”

Matilda rolled her eyes playfully. “Pfft, that would be boring! How about it? Marcy, I think Jessie is challenging you, I think you can win.”

“How were you –“

“Oh I have a great game for this; we get you both secured, then bring out five implements on stage. We roll my decision dice for each of you one after the other; the white dice chooses the implement, the black dice the number of strokes. We decide your punishment for the round separately, so one of you might have an easy round, the other might have a painful round.”

Jessie felt like he had the upper hand now. “Hah! Sounds fun, Marcy has no pain threshold, let’s do it!”

Marcy, actually did consider herself to have a strong pain threshold, and she was growing determined to get Jessie into the situation she was in the previous week. He was starting to annoy her and she saw this as a great opportunity to get him back. “Alright, I’m up for it. I hope you like the taste of semen Jess!”

Matilda grinned. “Great! It’s settled! I’ll make the arrangements. Grace would you like to administer the corporal punishment?”

“Hmmm, I’d love to; you know how much I love your games Mattie.”

Matilda stood. “I’ll have you both on stage in an hour.”

Game Number Two

Marcy, Jessie and Grace chatted, and drank and ignored the fact they were going to be competing in a corporal punishment endurance contest in an hour’s time. The music got louder and livelier, the club filled up.

When more or less an hour had passed Matilda appeared from the behind the curtain and approached the mic. She took it up and the music become quieter while a spotlight focused on her. “Ladies and gentlemen, subs and doms, slaves and masters, I hope you can remember last week’s show, when we broke slave Marcy in? Well, tonight I have another special treat for you all. Tonight, its slave Marcy’s turn to get some pay-back, provided she can win the game. Who will endure the most? Who will get to be Master Brian’s bitch? You’re about to find out. Gracie, bring them on stage!”

The spotlight fell onto Grace who stood immediately and smiled wickedly at them. “Come on slaves, it’s time for the game.”

She gestured for them to go first and gingerly Jessie and Marcy started making their way to front of the crowd, to the steps which led up on to the stage. As she was doing this, the girl from the previous week in the leather corset, who Grace had mentioned was called Lucy and was now wearing a red PVC cat-suit and pushing out a padded trolley on castors, just like the one Marcy had been taken on the week before. She left it onstage and went back to fetch a second.

Grace led Marcy and Jessie to centre stage and gestured to the tables. “Come on slaves, hop up so we can get you strapped down.”

Nervously, but determinedly Jessie and Marcy stepped on and positioned themselves on the tables. Again, their right wrists were cuffed behind their back to the left elbow's and vice versa, while Grace and Matilda were tightening the straps, Lucy ducked behind the curtain to return with a large wooden board of five hooks with a number over each hook. The numbers started at two and ended on six. On the number two was hung a paddle, number three, a tawse, number four a cat o' nine tails, number five a slender rattan cane and number six a neatly coiled up bullwhip.

There was no escaping now. Grace and Lucy wheeled them up to the front of the stage so they could see Matilda's green blazed dice-rolling box. Matilda pulled her decision dice and rolling cup out then addressed the mic. The crowd had gone quiet, the music had stopped. The spotlight was on Matilda, Jessie and Marcy were shaking with fear, strapped down and bound inescapably just behind her. "Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for the game to begin! The first one to call 'uncle' gets to be Brian's bitch tonight. They can stop the punishment by calling 'uncle' at any time... Now slaves, who would like to go first?"

Jessie got in first. "Me!"

Matilda patted him on the head gently. "Good, good what a good slave you are. Let's see what you get, white chooses the implement; black the number of strokes, a one is no implement, a simple bare bottom spanking."

She dropped her dice in the cup and began shaking vigorously while Jessie looked on. In a flourish she removed her hand and flicked the cup at the box. The two dice tumbled around and settled on... Double five! Jessie groaned audibly. Matilda shrugged and gestured to Grace. "Five strokes of the cane please Gracie."

"With pleasure."

Grace had dressed in a fairly vanilla way again this night, wearing a blue satin knee length figure hugging dress. She clicked across the stage in her heels taking the cane off the hook and lining herself up behind Jessie. He was bound in such a way as he couldn't see her, his only perception that she was there, was when he felt her hands reach around and start undoing his belt. As he did, he squeaked in surprise. Matilda heard and lowered her face to his. "Jessie, Jessie, we don't want to spoil your best trousers! All strokes will be to the bare bottom, I suggest you try to bite down, Grace is VERY good with the cane."

He whimpered as he felt his trousers pulled down with his boxers to his ankles and he started trembling again. He felt the cane sliding over his bottom as Grace lined up her shot. "Ready slave?"

Before he could answer he heard the 'Swish' and yelped in pain as it landed with a 'Crack!'.

"Aaargh!"

Matilda tutted softly and leaned down to him. "You forgot to count and thank slave, so that one doesn't count – start again Grace."

Swish, Crack!

"Aargh! One, thank you!"

Matilda sighed. "Thank you mistress! We'll try again shall we?"

Swish, Crack!

"Aargh! One, thank you mistress!"

Matilda patted him on the head again. "There's a good slave, one down, five to go."

Grace swung back and forth, landing stroke after stroke dead on the previous one causing a deep red line on Jessie's buttocks, making him whimper in agony and try to wriggle around to avoid it landing dead on. After three strokes Grace paused and stepped to the front, leaning down to him. "Now, now slave, keep still for me – you're spoiling my aim. If you wriggle around again it won't count, in fact, any more wriggling and we'll start again from zero, are we clear?"

Jessie had tears in his eyes as he nodded, panting and gasping. "Yes mistress!"

She ruffled his hair gently. "Good slave."

The caning continued, Jessie forcing himself to remain perfectly still accepting the full brutal compact of every precisely delivered stroke. At the end Matilda took the mic. "Round one, and slave Jessie has passed! Give him a big hand everyone!"

The crowd were cheering and clapping for a moment as Matilda picked up her dice and began shaking them violently in the cup again. "Are you ready slave Marcy? It's your turn now."

She flicked the cup with a flourish and removed her hand, the dice rolled, tumbled and bounced off each other, landing snake eyes.

Matilda chuckled. "Oh, looks like you get off lightly, one spank please Grace."

Marcy felt Grace immediately behind her, hitching her dress up and tucking it up so it stayed out of the way, then pulling her tights and panties down leaving her bottom exposed. For a moment she felt Grace's soft palm and fingers stroking her pert bottom, getting its measure, then, the smack!

She squeaked and remembered, quickly blurting out. "One! Thank you mistress!"

Jessie was still recovering from his initial ordeal as he watched Matilda pick up the dice again and begin shaking vigorously. “Slave Marcy has passed round one! Let’s show her our appreciation! Your turn slave Jessie, let’s see what you get?” The crowd were clapping and cheering. Jessie was still reeling from his brutal caning, and feeling somewhat miffed that Marcy had had such a light punishment. He wriggled uncomfortably in his bonds as he watched Matilda shaking the cup vigorously. She smiled warmly at him. “Good luck slave!”

With that, she pulled her hand away with a flourish and snapped the cup towards the box. The dice flirited out and bashed against the side of the box. Jessie’s face fell and he started sobbing and struggling as he realised it’d landed on a double six. The crowd erupted into cheers of course. It was nearly enough, he thought about shouting ‘uncle’ but when he glanced across at Marcy smirking at him, and remembered the forfeit, he decided to grin and bear it. Matilda leaned in to him, “HmMMM, you’re racking up quite a score today Jessie. The bull whip comes very, VERY keen by the way. I’d offer you something to bite down on, but then you wouldn’t be able to count and thank would you?”

As she was speaking, Grace had carefully pulled the whip down and uncoiled it. She tried a couple of ‘test’ cracks across the stage away from the slaves. Satisfied she had a feel for it, she slid the rope through her fingers, “Are you ready slave? Bite down.”

Crack!

“Aaargh! One... Thank... You...Mistress...”

His bottom was on fire, it felt like a red hot iron bar had been touched on his buttock. The stinging remained after the whip. His buttock felt a touch wet too – had she drawn blood?

Crack!

“Aaargh! Two... Thank you Mistress.”

He was panting now, trying to wriggle to get comfy, to escape the cruel whip. Of course he was utterly helpless to defend himself. He was sure she'd drawn blood. He didn't think he could take any more, he cried out, “Uncle!”

Matilda chuckled and leaned down to him. “But Jessie! You've missed your chance! By not shouting out before the punishment started you've accepted this punishment! You'll get a chance to shout 'uncle' before your next punishment; maybe you'll get something a little lighter next time?”

She looked up to Grace. “Continue!”

The whip cracked, and cracked, Jessie squealing like a pig on every strike and whimpering his way through the thanking and counting. Blood was running down his buttocks and trickling down his thighs by the time she'd administered all six strokes and he felt totally defeated. He watched through tear filled eyes as Matilda scooped up the dice and began shaking anew. She spoke into the mic as she shook. “Slave Jessie has passed round two! Give him a big hand folks!”

The crowd cheered even louder. Marcy was watching the dice. Matilda flashed her a cheeky grin. “Ready Slave Marcy? Let's see what you get.”

She gave the dice cup a last shake then flicked it at the box with a flourish.

The dice bounced off each other, tumbled rolled, then landed, the white on a two, the black on a three. Jessie groaned audibly, it was better, but it was still far less severe than his posterior ruining punishments. Matilda gestured towards Grace. “Three strokes of the paddle! Are you ready Slave Marcy?”

Marcy was chuckling to herself, she was quite enjoying the fact that she was getting a much lighter punishment than Jessie. “Yes Mistress!”

Grace took the paddle down and lined herself up, the strokes fell fast and hard, but the paddle spread the impact over the whole buttock, lessening the severity of the strikes. Marcy squeaked, grunted, and counted and thanked.

Matilda took the mic. “Show her your appreciation everyone! Slave Marcy is through round two! Who will get to be Master Brian’s bitch?”

The cheering erupted louder than ever. Matilda grinned at Jessie as she started shaking the dice. “Ready for round three slave Jessie?”

He whimpered softly, his posterior was almost numb, he didn’t think he could take any more, he was worried he been done some permanent damage. He was hoping, almost praying, that he got a lenient, less severe punishment.

When Matilda flicked the cup at the dice-rolling box Jessie held his breath. He whimpered and started sobbing when they settled on a five and a six. Matilda chuckled and gestured to Grace, “Six strokes of the cane please!”

Jessie bit his lip. He was desperate to call ‘uncle’ but he couldn’t bear giving Marcy the satisfaction, he thought about the forfeit for losing. Quaking with fear he watched Grace pull down the cane. “Ready slave?”

“His eyes were full of tears, his posterior felt battered, he answered weakly. “Yes mistress.”

“Good slave, bite down.”

Swish, crack!

“Aaaargh! One... Mistress!”

As soon as the first blow landed he regretted not caving in. It burned, it left a lingering dull ache and he knew he had four more to endure. The remaining strokes fell like hammer blows, each swish causing Jessie to tense up and grip his teeth together. Each crack followed by a scream of agony. As the fifth stroke fell, Jessie was red face and full-blown crying, crying like a baby. Matilda took the mic again. “Well folks. Jessie is through round three! Let’s hear it for him!”

The crowd cheered and Jessie turned his head to Marcy, she had to get something severe this time. Matilda was rolling the dice in the cup, shaking it up and down. Marcy’s eyes were on the rolling box. The tension in the room was immense, everyone was holding their breath. Matilda flicked the dice from the cup into the box and watched them tumble around. Jessie groaned and Marcy chuckled when they landed on a one and a four. Matilda raised an eyebrow. “Lucky again! One stroke of the tawse please Grace.”

Grace smirking, pulled the tawse off its hook and lined it up carefully. She threw her arm right back, making the tawse flex back, then she swung swift and hard, creating a resounding ‘smack’ as it landed on Marcy’s bare bottom. She squeaked and jumped as it struck. “One, thank you mistress.”

Matilda was back on the mic while Grace returned the implement to the rack. “Slave Marcy is through round three! Let’s see what Slave Jessie gets!”

The crowd cheered for Marcy, then the cheering died down, all eyes were on Matilda busily shaking the dice cup up and down, she flicked the dice at the box. Jessie was more or less resigned to give up at this stage. If only, if only he could get a spank or a paddle, he could perhaps hold on. The dice landed on four and a five. Matilda gestured to Grace. “Four strokes of the cane please Gracie!”

“UNCLE! UNCLE!”

The room went quiet, Grace paused, instead of reaching for the cane she began clapping and the crowd joined in for a moment. Matilda smiled at Marcy. “Well Slave Marcy, this is your chance to win! If you can get through this round, Slave Jessie will be Master Brian’s bitch for the night. Shall we see what you get?”

She shook the dice cup and flicked it at the box. Jessie was hoping, praying for a double six, even that might not be enough. He deflated when it landed on a one and a three. Matilda chuckled. “Three spanks please Grace!”

Marcy chortled softly and offered Jessie a sadistic grin. Grace took her place behind Marcy and placed her palm on Marcy’s bare bottom. Marcy was in hysterics internally, as Grace’s hand landed on her bottom she squeaked, then counted politely, and thanked Grace in a genuinely sincere voice.

As the last spank landed, Matilda took the mic. “Well, we have a winner! Release slave Marcy Grace, it’s time to take slave Jessie back stage and turn a him, into a her, to become slave Jessica!”

Marcy was grinning like a cheshire cat as Grace pulled her panties back up and lowered her hem. Once Grace had released her bonds she blew a kiss at Jessie, still strapped to his bench. “Have fun Jess!”

Lucy, Matilda and Grace wheeled Jessie’s table away from the edge of the stage. His heart rate was spiralling, he could see the crowd growing smaller, then the curtain fell in front of him. He was terrified, he couldn’t believe what was happening to him.

Marcy got herself a drink and took a seat at a table, getting ready to enjoy the show. Her bottom tingled as she sat down, it was sore, but

she wondered how sore Jessie's would be after the brutal punishment he'd endured.

A Fetish Make-over

Back stage Jessie was quivering with fear. He saw Matilda approach him, and fasten a handcuff on a chain to each of his wrists. When she snapped them shut she leaned down to his face, close enough that he could smell her perfume and feel her breath on his face as she spoke. "Slave Jessie, I know you're nervous, but try not to be. I'm going to give you some Amyl Nitrite inhalant before Master Brian penetrates you, to help your anal sphincter relax and make it less painful. I want you to be good for us though, Master Brian likes his submissive slaves to be as feminine as possible. As far as I'm concerned, you've consented to this treatment, you agreed to the conditions of the game and you lost the game. If you are disobedient or make life difficult for us – you will be punished severely – are we clear?"

Jessie was shaking with fear barely able to speak.

She leaned in closer. "I said, ARE WE CLEAR?!"

"Yes, yes mistress!"

She patted him on the head. "Good girl, now we're going to undress you, shower you and remove all your body hair. Make it easy for us – or be prepared to be punished."

He saw Lucy approached and felt her unfasten his straps and joining cuffs. As she helped him off the bench he saw Grace activating the winch, lifting his hands up into the air on the two cuffs Matilda had just attached. The winch itself was sitting in a rail. As he studied it, he felt Matilda grab his belt and begin unfastening it. Lucy joined in, unbuttoning his shirt. Soon, they'd removed everything they could remove while his hands were still cuffed to the ceiling separately on the winch cables. Lucy un-cuffed one hand and gently guided his

arm out of the shirt. Then she re-cuffed that hand and did the other. Now completely naked, with his hands handcuffed to the ceiling at head height Matilda reached down and grabbed his balls, starting to pull them, using them to lead him along the length of the rail. “This way slave.”

He had to move, she was pulling firmly and if he didn't get going she would have pulled his balls off. Thankfully as he moved the chains slid down the rail. Realising this he looked at where the rail went – it went through a door. When they got there, Matilda opened the door to reveal a shower room. The rail in the ceiling led straight into the shower. Matilda opened the door to the shower cubicle with her spare hand, then looked him in the eye, smiling sweetly. “Well slave? Hop in.”

He stepped into the shower tray. Lucy had followed them in. She looked at him and smiled, brandishing a white spray can. “Keep still for my slave, I need to cover your entire body.”

He didn't know what to do, part of him told him he should resist, but a bigger part of him told him it was futile. All he could imagine resisting doing, was making his captors lives difficult. So he stood still while Lucy sprayed pink goo onto him, which worked into a sticky foam and felt warm as it adhered to his skin. As she'd done his arms, pits and upper body she kneeled down. “Spread your legs for me slave.” He shuffled his feet apart and felt her spray the foam so it went deep in between his buttocks, then she sprayed his crotch thoroughly and his legs. As she stood Matilda spoke. “Well Slave Jessica, we'll just give that a minute to work – then we'll get you showered off.”

He was helpless, he stood submissively allowing the hair remover to do its job. Standing there, these two dominant women watching, smirking at him, had him quivering with submissive anticipation. Eventually Matilda pointed to the shower head. “Okay Lucy, she should be ready now – spray her off.”

Lucy grinned, grabbed the shower head and started spraying on full power. She didn't wait for the water to get to a nice temperature, so Jessie found himself instinctively shying away. Lucy glared at him. "Keep still slave!"

He held fast, locking his feet still allowing her to finish. When she was done he was shivering and his teeth were chattering. Matilda held the door. "Step out of the shower now slave Jessica, we need to dry you."

As he stepped out he saw his body hair in the shower tray, breaking up and swirling down the plug hole – whatever they'd used was seriously strong stuff. It'd left his skin soft and smooth, it had effectively removed every single hair from his neck down.

Stepping out and standing there while Lucy and Matilda towelled him off was a comfort from the icy water of the shower, but at the same time he was conscious and fearful of the fact that this was a step closer to his fate. Once he was dry, Lucy smacked him on the bum. "Okay out you go Jessica."

He followed the rail on the ceiling, his chains sliding along it, while Lucy and Matilda jostled him forwards. When he was back in the centre of the main room, the room where Marcy had been prepared the week before, Grace was waiting with a small trolley. His hands were hoisted up higher and Grace wheeled the trolley towards him. "Slave Jessica! All pretty girls have to have nice breasts, so that's what I'm going to give you. Keep still for me, I want them to be symmetrical. We're making you a nice thirty six D cup."

Jessie was helpless to escape, he watched Grace squirt a clear gel onto his chest in two spots. "What's that?"

"Surgical glue, I'm going to use it to fix the breast forms to you. Don't worry it will wear off eventually."

Before he could complain, she'd grabbed the two breast forms of the trolley and was pressing them against his chest hard. After a moment she looked at him, smiled and pulled her hands away, leaving the breasts dangling. "There, all done!"

As this had been happening Matilda had walked over to the side to get a small metal ring with a padlock and spikes internally. She was holding it out menacingly as she approached. Jessie quivered as he saw it. "What's that!?"

She shrugged. "Oh, just an erection preventer of sorts. We call it a Kali's Teeth bracelet in the business. I'm going to lock it onto your penis, and it will keep you from getting erections, so erections can't spoil the look of your dress."

He looked down, his erection was almost vertical it was so strong, but as he watched it he saw Lucy's red PVC clad arm reach around and press a bag of frozen peas on it. "There, we'll just keep this on for a minute, get you nice and shrivelled hmmm?"

He was shaking with anticipation now. He could feel the pull of the breast forms pulling on his chest slightly. When Lucy eventually pulled the frozen peas away, Matilda quickly reached down and snapped the KTB onto his penis and snapped the padlock on. As she did she held a tiny key on a necklace around her neck up to him. "Don't worry, Jessica, I have the key right here, we just need you in that to keep your erection from spoiling the look of your dress don't we?"

As this was happening Grace had reached down and fastened a suspender belt around his waist. Lucy was holding out some pink satin panties. "Okay sweetie, step in."

He couldn't believe he was going through with this, he hesitated, making Matilda glare at him. "Jessica!"

Fearful of her punishment he lifted his legs one after another and she pulled them, tucking his balls and KTB into the front of them. As she was doing this Grace had removed a corset from the trolley and was passing it around him. He then felt her pulling the cords tighter, tighter, taking his breath away, compressing his intestines and pushing them up into his chest making it harder to breath. It was a long length corset which compressed his breast forms slightly, negating the need for a bra. It also had the effect of holding his back fairly straight.

As he was being tightened up Matilda had grabbed some black silk stockings and gestured for him to lift his now baby-smooth legs. Once the stockings were clipped onto the suspender belt Lucy arrived with a black PVC mini-dress and Grace pulled out a pair of five inch heels with a locking ankle strap. He was put into these items of clothing and the three tormentors stepped back to admire him.

Grace rubbed her chin thoughtfully. “Not bad, she has quite soft feminine features.”

Lucy shook her head. “We still need to do quite a bit of work on her I think.”

Matilda nodded. Then she walked to the trolley, pulled of a stainless steel collar with D-rings at the front and rear and proceeded to lock it around Jessie’s neck. Once she’d locked it on to him, she attached a leash off the trolley to the D-ring on the front. Then she flashed him a sadistic smile over her shoulder. “Come on slave Jessica, it’s time for your make-over, we don’t want to keep Master Brian waiting.”

She gave a little tug and he was being led awkwardly, wobbling in the locking high heels, his cuff chains gliding along the ceiling rail into another room in the opposite corner than the shower room. This room was made out like a dressing room with a barber shop chair and a large mirror with rows of lights surrounding it and a dressing

table. Jessie was led to the chair, then Matilda used a switch to lower the chains a little. “Okay, sit down slave.”

The situation was really getting the better of him now, he could feel himself trying to grow in the KTB, every surge of arousal sending crippling pain pulsating through his groin. The female attire and bondage had him constantly trying to get aroused. He didn't comply, so he found himself gently but firmly guided into the barbershop chair, then a little chain from the back was padlocked onto the back of his collar forcing him to remain seated. One by one his hands were guided to the arms and re-cuffed to the arms of the chair rather than the ceiling chains. Lucy pulled a cape around his neck and press-studded it together at the back. He was now sitting, staring at himself, feeling terrified and seriously uncomfortable. He looked pleadingly at Matilda, “Wait! I've changed my mind I don't want to do this!”

“Sorry slave Jessica, you agreed to the rules of the game, so now you have to do the forfeit.”

“I'll pay money to let me go! How much would you like?”

“Pfff! I don't need money! Anyway – if I let you back out now the whole club would be disappointed, not to mention Master Brian. Now any more complaints and I'll dream up the cruellest most severe punishment you can imagine. If you just relax, and try and enjoy it – it will be over in no time.”

As she spoke Grace leaned down and started applying foundation liberally. Then Lucy joined in and Matilda. They all worked quickly and in unison, softening his features, adding volume to his eyelashes and decorating his eyes and lips with eyes shadow and lipstick. Matilda topped the look off by affixing a long pink wig to his head, which was styled into a cute, feminine bob. As she was doing it Lucy painted his fingernails, one hand at a time and Grace appeared pushed a trolley over with something that looked a little like a gun on

it. She leaned in to Jessie's ear. "You're nearly ready to perform now Jessica, I'm just going to pierce your ears."

"I don't want my ears piercing!"

Matilda tutted. "I want your ears piercing, all the prettiest, sexiest girls have pierced ears – so that's what you're getting."

Before he could complain he felt the gun grip one ear, then a searing pain as it pierced one, leaving a neat stud in. Then they did the other. He was quivering and shaking, quaking with anxiety as the three looked on approvingly. He felt like he was going to start sobbing but Matilda pointed to his eyes and glared at him. "Do NOT, start blubbing, your make-up will run and we'll have to start again. As you've been a good girl for us, I'm going to let you inhale some Amyl Nitrite just before Master Brian penetrates you. It's an aphrodisiac, so it should make the experience more enjoyable, it relaxes your anal sphincter muscles too, so it will definitely make it less painful."

She turned to Lucy. "Okay, go and announce her, and fetch Master Brian, Grace and I will get her secured to a pegging bench."

The mention of 'pegging bench' made Jessie squirm and fight back another spurt of arousal. The fact was, now fully feminized, knowing he was about to be taken by a dominant man, after having performed fellatio on his master – meant his arousal was immense. He was experiencing cycles of growing arousal, punishing pain and managing to fend off the arousal, then it starting again. As Lucy darted off, Grace handed Matilda a little atomizer. Matilda leaned into Jessie. "We'll just finish you off with a touch of nice feminine perfume shall we?"

He quivered as he felt her spraying around his neck liberally, the distinctly girly eau de toilette. It was nearly time...

Master Brian's Bitch

Marcy was sitting drinking her drink, watching the stage when Lucy appeared. She went straight to the mic, the music softened, the lights lowered and a single spot-light focused on Lucy. “Ladies and gentlemen, first of all, may I introduce – our good friend Master Brian!”

The crowd cheered as Master Brian took the stage. He was toned, but not body builder material. Marcy had almost been expecting a giant black, body builder type. As it was she thought he actually looked quite attractive. He was smooth chested and olive skinned with his hair cropped short, and just a hint of stubble. He was wearing long leather trousers but no top. Lucy waited for him to take his place and the cheering to die down. Then she turned back to the mic. “Now, let’s put our hands together for tonight’s real star of the show, ‘Slave Jessica!’”

As she spoke the spotlight shifted to the curtain. Tainted love started playing loudly and Grace and Matilda burst through wheeling Jessie on the pegging bench. They wheeled him right to the front, so he could see the sea of faces, bobbing up and down to the music, transfixed on him. He was bound as they’d been before. Wrist cuffed to elbow, strapped down.

Marcy of course was laughing her socks off at this, at the same time she was finding it surprisingly arousing. She thought they’d done an amazing job on Jessie, he actually looked like he could pass. As the music built up Master Brian moved around the stage, and Grace and Matilda span Jessie so he was side on. He Master Brian it turned out was wearing crotch-less leather chaps, he placed his groin right in Jessie’s face. Jessie was shaking of course, every nerve in his body telling him this was wrong, it almost didn’t feel real. When Master Brian removed the press-stud on cover that was over his crotch Jessie was presented with a male cock, centimetres from his face. It smelled subtly of male sex. He was really erect, Jessie felt his hands reach down and gently stroke his wig. “They’ve done a nice job on you bitch, you look very pretty, now open wide.”

Jessie thought about refusing, but he was helplessly restrained, unable to move let alone escape. He saw Matilda in the distance glaring at him threateningly. He started sobbing softly, then slowly, slowly opened his mouth. Master Brian slowly slid his erect penis into Jessie's mouth while whispering to him and tickling the back of his neck. "There, that wasn't so bad was it? Good girl... Now suck, and lick, see if you can bring me off."

The sensation of having a man's penis in his mouth was almost making Jessie gag and wretch. All he could see was the base of Master Brian's shaft, surrounded by a forest of neatly trimmed pubic hair. He didn't want to do it, but at the same time, the extreme feminization make-over was kind of helping. He decided he couldn't get out of this, and the only way he could get through was to try and feel female, he tried to convince himself he was a girl and this was right and natural. Doing this of course felt so, so submissive, so intensely submissive, but it also helped. He started sucking, and caressing Master Brian's penis with his tongue, taking it deep into his throat. The crowd were cheering of course and were all transfixed on this sissy slave giving head on stage. Master Brian quivered with enjoyment as he felt Jessie's tongue probing, sliding and swirling around his member, then his ruby red lips sliding back and forth over his shaft. "HMMMM, that's good slave, keep going."

Jessie felt like he was in another dimension now, he could taste male sweat, almost taste lame semen, all mingled in with his own waxy lipstick which was rubbing off onto Master Brian's cock helping to lubricate it. Telling himself he was a girl did help, but he realised he wanted this to be over, and there was no way Master Brian was going to relent until he came so Jessie started sucking and licking more enthusiastically taking the shaft all the way into the back of this throat, making sure to caress every millimetre of the member on the way in. Master Brian sighed with pleasure and gripped his head, now doing pelvic thrusts, shoving his glans deep into the back of Jessie's throat. Then he came.

When he did he forced his cock as far back as it would go, blocking Jessie's mouth, forcing him to breathe through his nose which was buried in Master Brian's pubic hair. He felt the cock pulsating in his mouth first of all, then the first splash of semen hit the back of his throat making him gag slightly, then it was in full orgasm, pumping and pumping, forcing fresh semen down Jessie's throat. Before he could finish Master Brian pulled out and started spraying semen into Jessie's eyes and face and nostrils to an eruption of applause. Master Brian was smiling and holding his hands up to the crowd. Semen was dripping off Jessie's face, his nostrils, his mouth, everything tasted and smelled of male sex – there was no escape.

The virility of Master Brian was impressive, straight after finishing up at the face end he strode casually around to the rear and lift the hem of Jessie's dress and pull his panties down. Jessie felt male hands grab his hips firmly, making him whimper. Matilda, cracked the top off a little glass phial and held it under his nose. "Now slave Jessica, inhale this quickly! It will make you enjoy this experience more and it will relax your anal sphincter muscles, making it less painful. It's Amyl Nitrite, it's perfectly safe, there... Good girl."

Jessie was in a complete state emotionally and mentally. He breathed the stuff in, barely taking note of what it was. As he did he felt Master Brian's cock teasing his anus. Then he felt a squirt of cold gel, a lubricant?

Marcy of course was watching with morbid fascination, she was quivering with excitement as she watched Jessie squirm and wriggle, helpless to escape the attentions of Master Brian.

Jessie's cock was straining in the KTB, it strained even worse when Master Brian's cock slid into his anus and gently stroked his prostate. The music was still playing, he could feel his sphincter relaxing, feel the shaft sliding in and out, stretching his anal sphincter. It was so uncomfortable, it was arousing, so, so arousing, he'd never felt so aroused in his life – except it couldn't physically manifest due to the KTB. The crowd were cheering, as Master Brian

pumped and pumped like a porn star, Jessie grimacing with every thrust. Eventually Brian came again, but kept going, pumping Jessie's anus full of more and more semen, filling him up to the brim.

Eventually his erection subsided and he pulled out, faced the crowd, his cock still dripping cum, and held his hands up taking a bow and grinning. Matilda was on the mic again. "Everyone, please put your hands together for 'Master Brian' and Slave Jessica!"

Jessie was panting, exhilarated, feeling humiliated, degraded, almost violated, but also strangely happy. Partly happy that it was all over, but partly happy to endure such an intense, intense experience. He'd given up struggling against his bonds, as Brian left the stage Grace and Matilda grabbed the trolley and wheeled him back.

Once in the back room they began loosening his bonds. Matilda smiled at him. "Are you okay Jessica?"

He sighed deeply. "Yeah... Urgh! I..."

"There's a toilet in the shower room, why you go and clean yourself up and clean yourself out? There are some disposable douches too."

As he was freed he stood, wobbling on the heels and ambled towards the shower room. Feeling strangely elated, but so desperate and frustrated. He looked and felt a state, his panties were around his ankles, he felt full of cum at both ends. His face was now plastered in not just make-up but dried on cum.

He took a seat on the toilet and pushed, wincing as he felt Master Brian's cum ooze out of his back passage. Then he used the douche, again, and again. He wanted to feel clean inside, but nothing he could do seemed to be capable of achieving this. While he was doing this he felt his little trapped penis, confined in the ring of spikes which was Matilda's Kali's Teeth Bracelet. He tried working it this way and that, then applying some soap for lubrication, nothing

could get it off. He was mainly annoyed about this because he felt desperate to masturbate, desperate to bring himself off while imagining a repeat of the ordeal he's just been through. In the end he had to give up and wash his face. Thoroughly, afterwards he smelled better, but the lingering taste of Brian's semen simply would not go.

When he left the shower room Grace and Matilda were waiting for him. Matilda spoke first. "My, my, what a super sissy slave you've been tonight slave Jessica, I have instructed the bar man to serve you with whatever you want free of charge."

"Good, I need something strong to mask the taste... Erm, where are my clothes they weren't in the-"

"Pffft! You look so pretty as a sissy slave, I've decided you can stay in character for the rest of the night. If you're a good girl, I may, MAY allow you to get changed before returning home tonight."

This was too much he groaned audibly. Matilda smirked at this. "Tsk! That's no way to show your appreciation slave! Where's your curtsy? Where's your 'thank you mistress'?"

He could see no choice but to appease her. She had his clothes and the keys to his heels and chastity device, the KTB. He curtsied low, lifting and flourishing the hem of his PVC dress in as submissive and feminine a way as he could muster and uttered. "Thank you mistress."

"That's better, now be a good girl and go get yourself a drink, I bet Marcy is dying to ask how it was."

After Show Drinks

As it was Marcy was desperate to speak to him. She watched in awe as he approached the bar, the skirt of his dress flapping about showing flashes of suspenders and panties. When he approached,

with a huge luminous looking cocktail she grinned at him. “Did you enjoy that Jessie?”

He scowled at her, “No not really.”

She raised an eyebrow. “But...”

“Matilda has locked me into a chastity device called a Kali’s Teeth Bracelet and won’t give me my clothes back. She says if I want to be allowed to change back at the end of the night – I have to be a ‘good girl’ for her.”

Marcy laughed out loud. “Oh Jessie that is priceless, that is so cute. I like you like this, maybe we should live the lifestyle and keep you like this all the time?”

“I want to come!”

“Poor baby, well you’ll have to be a good girl then won’t you? Be nice and obedient to your mistresses. How did you find the taste of semen by the way?”

“Horrible! It tastes slimy and salty and urgh! The smell, it doesn’t go away!”

“Perhaps Matilda should lend you some more perfume? You do smell a bit semeny.”

“Marcy!”

Marcy giggled. “Jessica!”

Grace appeared now, with her own drink, a simple glass of white wine. She took a seat opposite them. “Marcy, did you enjoy the show?”

“I did actually, I know it was a serious shock to the system, but I’m really glad you introduced us to the club.”

Jessie scowled. “Hmmp! I’m not sure I am.”

Grace looked at him sternly. “Silence slave! Slaves will speak when spoken to! If you can’t behave yourself then perhaps we should keep you here overnight in one of Matilda’s cells?”

The thought was both enticing and terrifying, he thought about complaining but he felt outnumbered and vulnerable.

Marcy smirked at him and turned to Grace. “That might not be such a bad idea, I haven’t had the apartment to myself for ages and I think she’d have a lovely time.”

“Marcy!”

“Shhh, don’t be such a baby, think of it as an adventure.”

Grace smiled. “Hmmm, okay I’ll tell Matilda we have a guest. Don’t worry Jessica, if you’re a good girl for us, we’ll look after you.”

Grace turned to Marcy. “Actually, I think it’s time you met my James, or Jenny. How about we leave Jessica in Matilda’s care for this evening, and I take you back to mine? I’m sure we could have some fun.”

Marcy smiled. “You know... That doesn’t sound like such a bad idea.”

At that point Matilda returned. She slid into a seat alongside Grace. “My, my, I’ve just been speaking to Brian and he’s very fond of you, he says you can be his bitch any time.”

“Hmmp! When are you-“

“Shhhh, that’s not being a good girl is it? I’ll release you when I’m good and ready thank you very much – for now consider yourself mine. If you’re a good girl I may release you at the end of the evening.”

Grace sipped her drink and clicked it down on the table. “Actually Mattie, Marcy says you can keep Jessica overnight. I want to take her back to mine to have some fun with Slave Jenny.”

Matilda grinned. “Oooh, that’s delicious! I love it!”

Jessie grimaced in fear, but Matilda reached up and grabbed his chin. “Don’t worry sweetie, I’ll look after you, we have some fun games we can play just you and me tonight....”

Jessie quivered. The make-up felt thick and heavy on his face, he could feel his member trying and failing to grow in the KTB, made all the worse watching the key bounce around suggestively on its necklace between Matilda’s breasts. She was so attractive, as was Grace. Part of him was worried about what Marcy would get up to with Grace and this ‘James’ or ‘Jenny’ or whatever you might decide to call her. He imagined somehow the best Jenny could hope for was to watch Marcy and Grace, probably while trapped in a chastity device and possibly in bondage.

It was frightening, in the space of two weeks they seemed to have suddenly gone from living a fairly vanilla lifestyle, only fantasizing about fetish and bdsm and such things - to recreating Sabrina Jen Mountford’s ‘The Male Bridesmaid’ or worse...

He turned to Matilda. “If Marcy wants me to, I’ll be your prisoner tonight.”

Matilda chuckled. “Who said you have a choice? I’m going to have a lot of fun with you tonight Jessica.”

~fin

[To be continued in Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes]

~by *Sabrina*



FEMDOM:



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The Game 2

High Stakes



Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes

Jessie, having being feminized and used as Master Brian's slave and cum slut ended 'The Game' sitting in the club being teased by Matilda, Grace and Marcy. Eventually Marcy offered to let Jessie, or slave Jessica spend the night in Matilda's care while she would go with Grace to meet Grace's live-in, chaste, sissy slave – Jenny.

Into the Dark

Jessie was now being led through the club, Matilda gripping his upper arm hard, guiding him forcibly towards the back of the club. He'd opened his mouth to speak on occasion, but every time he did, Matilda had cut him off with a 'Silence Slave!' and gripped him even more firmly.

Eventually they were stepping down a steep stair case which carried on for several feet. As they descended it got darker and darker. At the bottom of the stairs was a heavy set, heavily sound proofed door. Matilda pushed it open and stepped through, dragging Jessie along with her.

On the other side of the door was a small ante-chamber, with medieval looking stone walls. On the floor there was a heavy steel collar with spikes on, with manacles chained to it. Matilda released his arm and reach down to scoop them up with a clatter of steel and jangle of chains.

Silently she reached up and unlocked his slim comfortable collar, dropping it to the floor and replacing it with the heavy, unlined steel collar, snapping a padlock on. He opened his mouth go complain, but she pinched his lips shut and smiled. "You're in the dungeon now slave; all the niceties are out of the window from now on.

Expect discomfort. Any complaints or attempts to escape will result in severe punishment.”

She picked up the manacles. “Give me your hands slave... Good girl.”

As he held up his wrists shaking, she placed one heavy steel loop around one, then the other. This ensemble was almost medieval. No consideration had been made for the wearer and no concession towards comfort had been made either. The cuffs were tight, heavy and chafed at the slightest movement, as did the collar.

Jessie was quivering with anticipation and fear. “Wha... What are you going to-“

“Shhh, I’ve noticed you seem to have trouble walking in high heels Jessica, so I’m going to train you up a little bit, strengthen up those calves. Now, walk this way.”

The next heavy, sound proofed door opened into another stone walled dungeon. It was a large room, with medieval torture devices in the corners. As she led him forwards he approached a dangling chain attached to an electronic winch in the ceiling. She attached the chain with a padlock to both of his manacles, and then stepped over to an industrial switch on the wall at the side of the room. As she held the button down, Jessie felt his wrists raised and raised, until they were uncomfortably high over his head. She smiled at him and produced a small key. “Now slave Jessica, I’m going to unlock your heels, keep still for me.”

She bent down and he sighed with relief as she unfastened the padlock and carefully removed the ankle straps allowing him to step out of the shoes and flatten his feet. She looked up and smiled at him as the second foot, still in its stocking flattened on the cold stone floor. “Better? Don’t get too used to it, we’re going to train those calves up to be nice and strong – help your heel walking.”

“What are you going to-“

“Shhhh, you’ll see.”

As she rose she returned to the wall and pressed another button causing a thin wire, almost like cheese wire to unwind, lowering a little noose in front of Jessie. When it was at groin height Matilda stopped and approached. Jessie of course was fascinated and morbidly curious as to what this was for. He didn’t have to wait long to find out, she immediately lifted the front of his dress, and passed the loop around his scrotum, pulling it tight.

“Wha-“

“Shhh, keep still. You’re going to have to stand on your toes for me now.”

Before he could complain further she was pressing the control panel on the wall and the loop was being pulled up, tightening and pulling his scrotum up, up past the Kali’s Teeth Bracelet, forcing him to stand on his toes to avoid having his balls sliced off by the thin wire. His heels ended up a good five centimetres off the floor. Matilda smiled at him. “There, that’s much better isn’t it? I’m just going to attach a pressure switch your heels now, which short this switch out if pressed. If you drop your heels to the floor you will winch your testicle noose up – so don’t drop your heels.”

As she finished speaking she pulled two pressure switches off the shelf and strode over. He was helpless to resist, as she approached, she peeled the paper off the sticky pads on the bottom and kneeled down, trailing the thin wire to the control panel across the floor. Jessie looked down whimpering. “Please! I can’t stand like this for-“

“Shhh, I think you can, I’m willing to bet your balls you can. Keep still.”

He felt the stick pads, which he could tell were very sticky, pressed onto his heels. He could feel the adhesive work its way right through the stockings, gluing the stockings and pressure switches firmly in place. After a few moments Matilda gave them a little wiggle, confirming they couldn't roll around to the side and allow some relief. Satisfied she stood. "There, you're all, ready. Now slave Jessica, I want you to test them by placing a heel on the floor."

"I don't want to-"

"If you don't I will press the switch on the wall, then ask you again. This process will continue until either you test the setup, or your balls get removed – clear?"

"You wouldn't da-"

"Wouldn't dare? Have you seen the sound-proofing down here, why don't you try me?"

Reluctantly he dropped his left heel and felt his noose pull his testicles up a fraction.

"And the other foot."

"Please! Hasn't this gone far enough?!"

"You're mine for tonight, I want to train you to walk in heels better, this is a great way to strengthen up your calves. Last chance – test it now or I press."

He dropped the other heel and had to stand even higher to remain comfortable, arching his feet, teetering on his toes.

Matilda smiled approvingly. "There, that's good, you're all setup now. I'm going back up to the club – I'll send Lucy down later to check on you – she may have a surprise for you. Oh, I hope you're not afraid of the dark."

She flashed a cheeky smile and strode out, her heels clicking on the stone floor. The door slammed shut with a thud, then the light went out, plunging him into utter darkness. There wasn't a hint of light anywhere.

The sudden darkness unbalanced him and he wavered slightly, fighting to keep his heels from dropping. His manacles had been risen so high there was little blood flow to his hands and he couldn't reach the chains, he had to gain his balance by using his wrists in the cruel manacles, which chafed and cut into his skin as they took his weight. He could feel the little loop of wire around his scrotum, the pressure pads on his heels; he couldn't let them drop. Already his back was aching, his calves were burning - yet he'd only been here for a couple of minutes. He winced and groaned in discomfort. He tried lifting one leg and flattening a foot in the air, then the other. It helped in ways giving each foot a short rest, but it meant they tired more quickly as they were taking all his weight when they were being stood on.

After several minutes of experimentation he resorted to alternating between standing on left, both, right, both to avoid cramping and offer little rests where possible. Of course being left in the pitch black, in this predicament meant he was incredibly aroused and pressing hard on the spikes of the Kali's Teeth Bracelet. The thought crossed his mind that it could be a trick, could the wire be not strong enough to cut his balls off? He tried bending his knees, and putting some pressure on the wire, pulling down on the loop with his balls. It didn't give. He decided it would be too dangerous to make this setup real, but that it was better to try and stand on his toes. After all – how did they know how strong to make the wire so it would snap before doing real damage?

A Taxi Home

The club was still busy when Matilda emerged from the dungeon. Lucy approached her. "Mattie, Marcy has decided to go home with

Grace, I think she's spending the night there."

Matilda chuckled softly. "Hmmm, she'll have fun! Lucy, things will quieten down in about an hour's time and I want an early night. If you can help out for the next hour you can play with slave Jessica until tomorrow."

Lucy smiled wickedly. "Hmmm, sounds fun. I can't wait."

Grace at that point was sitting in the back of a black cab with Marcy waiting to arrive at Grace's apartment. The image of Jessie playing bitch to master Brian was fresh in her head, along with the knowledge that he was still at the club, at the mercy of the deliciously sadistic and playful Matilda. She chuckled to herself, wondering what intense experience Jessie was enjoying at this point, then she looked up to Grace. "I still can't believe you're into all this! Well, WE are now too... However did-

"Oh it was Jen- James as he was at the time really. He lit a spark in me I'd never known was there. Do you know where he got it from? The dentist! He told me about an experience where he'd gone to the dentist after a long absence and instead of the usual bearded old man wielding the drill he'd been treated by a beautiful young girl, fresh out of dentist school or wherever they learn to drill and fill. He was always a bit nervous about the dentist, and he'd not been for a while. He'd sat down in the chair and suddenly her saying 'I'll just pop you back' and reclining the chair into a position where his head was lower than his feet, the bright light right in his face and her latex gloved hands wielding sharp steel instruments coming to view... It gave him a new sensation. Firmly, but gently ordering him to open-wide then slowly working around his teeth poking and scraping, her eyes just peeping over the surgical mask... When she sighed and told him he'd not been looking after his teeth, and that she was going to have a to remove one of his wisdom teeth, perform a 'couple of' fillings and give him a 'deep clean' it switched a switch. She'd booked him three appointments, and he was very nervous, but excited too. He'd masturbated several times at the thought of

receiving this treatment at her hands. When she did the filling she didn't give him enough anaesthetic at the start either, the drill whirring in her delicate hands, her eyes inches from his face, peering casually in as she worked. The icing on the cake was because he was squirming so much in the chair she told him she couldn't work like this and fitted him with a mouth-prop, making him feel even more defenceless."

Marcy listened in awe, the way she described made it sound somehow erotic, but to many it would've been painful and terrifying and nothing more. Grace chuckled. "The trouble was for the next few years he'd stayed with her and ended up purposefully not looking after his teeth! Luckily she only removed the one tooth, but that was the most intense experience according to James. Her breast pressing against the top of his head, one latex gloved hand holding his head down onto the headrest, the other latex gloved hand holding steel pliers, tugging and twisting, the bloody, gore covered tooth eventually crunching out... He'd still masturbate about it now if I ever unlocked him."

"Unlocked him?"

"The chastity device? Didn't I say? I keep him in permanent chastity now. I used to keep him locked for weeks, then months, but eventually I realised it was bad practice, every time he had release he went on a testosterone downer and became miserable and disobedient. We talked about it for a long time before we made the decision, and I haven't fitted him with a permanent device, I keep one key, on a chain around my neck – for emergencies? But he hasn't been out in over twelve months now."

"A year! Is that healthy?"

"I don't know, I used to milk his prostate once every three months, but now I only bother every six. I suppose there's a risk he could lose erectile function, but to be honest I prefer receiving oral anyway so I'm not sure it matters. He consents to it so..."

Marcy pondered for a moment. “You mentioned a ‘deep clean’, what’s that? I’ve never heard of it.”

“Ahhh, you never want to. If your hygienist threatens you with one, beg them not to, and promise you’ll brush and floss three times a day. James said it was more uncomfortable than having a wisdom tooth out, he said he could only describe it as dental torture extreme. It involves cleaning below the gum line, he said given a choice he’d rather lose a tooth than go through it again – though again, it was such an intense experience I think he’d masturbate over it if I unlocked him and reminded him.”

“Hmmpf! He sounds like a real masochist!”

“That would be a simplistic way of putting it. It’s really more about submission, about revoking control. The application of pain, emphasizes the lack of control, that’s what it’s all about. Put him in bondage, he’s out of control, but start torturing him while he’s in bondage and can’t escape or defend himself – that brings his lack of control to the front of his mind.”

The taxi pulled up, the driver slid back the glass screen and Grace paid. She then stood and walked towards the white, glass covered apartment block. “Come on, I’m on the fourth floor.”

“Penthouse eh? You’re doing well!”

“It’s alright.”

The apartments were arranged so the four on the ground floor opened out onto the large paved area setting the block back from the road. The fourth floor was occupied by one large penthouse apartment with three hundred and sixty degree balconies. The atrium was very well appointed and meticulously maintained. As Marcy waited next to Grace in the lift she wondered whether she owned it or rented?

She didn't ask – it didn't seem polite. When the door eventually slid open Grace gestured for Marcy to go first. The first thing she heard as she entered was a whirring noise and a regular 'clop, clopping' she looked at Grace. "What's that?"

"Ahhh, that'll be Jenny, I've been training her to be more confident in heels while I was out. Come see."

Marcy followed Grace into the large open plan living dining area. There half way along the wall was a treadmill, a running machine. It had perspex or polycarbonate sheets at the sides, to prevent the user stepping off sideways and another at the front for the same purpose. Almost jogging along on the treadmill was Jenny – or James as he was really. Wearing a pair of black patent leather mary jane's with a five inch heel, and pink stockings, with electric pink suspender belt, panties and corset. His arms were secured behind his back, left wrist cuffed to right upper-arm and vice versa, and he had a ball-gag in his mouth. The most interesting touch was a thin chain, padlocked onto the front of the treadmill, and the other end seemingly suspended at his groin height. His long pink wig, styled into a bob, completed the look.

Marcy pointed to the chain, "What's that?"

Grace chuckled. "Ahhh, that is his incentive! Come and look."

She followed Grace to the machine, again feeling that strange sensation of being down the rabbit hole, of everything not seeming real. When they were close enough she could see around the front. The chain was attached to a thin wire loop, like a noose which would tighten if pulled, it looped around James' exposed balls. His chastity tube was clearly visible beneath his electric pink panties and suspender belt, but his balls were outside the panties being pulled by the wire loop. He was sweating and panting, working really hard to keep up the quite fast pace he was walking, almost jogging at.

Grace grabbed the chain and jangled it. "You see, this is locked on to his balls, and the D-ring on the running machine. I fasten him to it, set the speed and he walks! If he doesn't keep up the pace, he will be thrown backwards off the machine, but his balls will stay here. The poly carb on the sides and front means he can't cheat and step off for a rest. Pretty neat huh?"

Marcy looked at him, she eyed him head to foot. He was vulnerable, only his ability to keep going on the machine was saving him, he was totally reliant upon Grace to release him. It was intoxicating to watch, the power the sense of control. He was helpless, helpless to jog along in the high heels or he would lose his balls. She looked at Grace. "Yes, very neat, it's actually making me feel quite..."

Grace looked at her, making eye-contact. "Hot? Aroused?"

Marcy gasped, Grace was beautiful, she was so young and so... She was looking at Marcy in way which said... Grace leaned closer. "I think Jenny has been a good girl managing to keep her balls for so long on the treadmill. How about we reward her with a little treat?"

Marcy shuddered. "I... I don't kn-"

"Shhh, relax."

Marcy felt Grace reach out and wrap her arms around her, pulling her closer until two dresses were rubbing against each other. Grace's face was centimetres from Marcy's, maintaining eye contact. Grace leaned in and carefully kissed Marcy on the lips, sucking and pulling her top lip as she pulled away.

It was like a surge of electricity through Marcy, she squirmed internally, everything she'd ever known was screaming at her to stop. But when Grace planted her lips on hers again, this time closing her eyes she felt helpless to resist and reciprocated. Their tongues began probing each other's mouths, gliding over each other and exploring cheeks and teeth and mixing saliva. In seconds they

were passionately, enthusiastically French kissing, right in front of the helpless slave Jenny, who grimaced as his member tried to grow in its little prison. The distraction made him slip back a little on the machine and he had to scurry to avoid losing his balls. He couldn't watch, it was so arousing watching his partner and mistress with... He shut his eyes and quickened his pace a little, trying to get himself more of a cushion in case he accidentally dropped back again.

Grace pulled away with a sigh and noticed James's closed eyes. She glared at him. "Hmmp! I did NOT give you permission to close your eyes slave!"

She gently stroked Marcy's cheek. "Sorry Marcy, this won't take a tick."

She fetched something from a white metal box under the nearby coffee table. Marcy watched, puzzled, reeling from the lesbian experience she'd had and struggling to keep her thoughts coherent. "What are you-"

"Oh, I have the perfect thing for slave Jenny. I haven't shown him before. They use these when they're doing laser eye-surgery, they're called ocular speculum's, they keep the patients eyes from closing. Open your eyes slave Jenny."

He shook his head. She spoke again, more sternly. "Open or I turn you up to sprint speed – can you sprint in a five inch heel?"

He still relented, so she pressed a button on the treadmill making it go one notch faster, and forcing him to quicken his pace. "I wasn't joking slave, that's speed twelve, shall we take you up to twenty? No? Then OPEN!"

Relenting he opened his eyes and she carefully popped one steel speculum in, then the other. They hooked under his eyelids and she ratcheted them fully and uncomfortably open. "There, I'll just pop some drops in to keep your eyes from drying out. Keep still for me."

From the box she took a dropper and in one moment James's vision was filled with her hand carefully approaching with the dropper, then one eye went blurry, then the second, making his vision go translucent and blurry. She put the dropper down and turned to Marcy. "Now, that's taken care of – where were we?"

Marcy was shaking visibly, looking at Grace with a mixture, of fear and longing. She was finding this situation so arousing, yet so troubling. She quivered as she spoke. "Grace, I-"

"Shhhh, don't think with your head, feel, come. Come to me."

Shaking she stepped forwards and they began embracing again, Marcy felt the shapely contours of Grace's exquisite body through her soft, blue satin dress. As she did Grace leaned in and kissed again, as they kissed, Marcy felt Grace hands exploring her body, moaning softly, almost blissfully. Then she felt Grace fumble with the fastener of her halter-neck dress at the back of her neck. She didn't resist, she allowed Grace to start pulling the dress down and at the same time she found Grace's zipper at the back of her blue satin dress and started unzipping her.

The thrill of this lesbian encounter had Marcy shaking with fear, revulsion and desire all at the same time. As James watched, the two beautiful women peeled dresses off each other allowing them to slide off their arms onto the floor. Marcy was left standing in her tights, her heels and her cream, embroidered, lacy bra and panties, Grace in her black stockings and suspender belt and black lacy, satin bra and panties.

James couldn't see clearly, the drops in his eyes causing blurriness as well as preventing dry-eye, but the light was good and he could see the shapes, of flesh, cream and black undulating together as Grace and Marcy explored each other's bodies with soft sighs of bliss and moans of pleasure.

He was growing so hard in his chastity device now it felt like he was going to start bleeding at any point, as his member strained against its uncomfortable cage. Spots of pre-cum dripped onto the treadmill and his high heeled feet as he struggled to keep up the pace, and keep his balls attached.

Grace and Marcy were embracing hard now, their near naked bodies pressed firmly together, their eyes closed, their mouths locked together as their tongues explored deeply, the recesses of the other's mouth. Dainty feminine hands were running through both heads of silky hair.

Marcy was in another world now, an alien world, she savoured the taste of Grace's saliva and while enthusiastically kissing her constantly, she didn't want it to end, she wanted more.

They shuffled, still embracing to the cream leather sofa directly in view of the treadmill, as they lowered themselves down Grace initiated the next step reaching down to Marcy's cream satin panties and gently but firmly caressing her crotch, as Marcy reciprocated, Grace slid her fingers slowly over the line of her tights and down the front of Marcy's panties, she giggled. "HmMMM, you're so wet!"

She began rubbing gently, and Marcy quivered, moaning with pleasure, almost going into spasm. Pausing, Grace pulled Marcy's tights down, then her panties and Marcy did the same to Grace. Grace stroked Marcy's hair and looked at her lovingly. "Marcy, it's time for you to kiss me somewhere else."

Marcy reacted with a look of confusion, then followed Grace's smiling eyes downwards. "I – I can't, I-"

"Trust me, kneel on the floor between my legs slave."

Grace lay back on the sofa, spreading her legs exposing her neatly shaved pussy. She pointed to a spot between her legs and spoke kindly. "Kneel slave, it's time."

The memory of being on stage surged back into Marcy's head and she found herself unable to resist, slowly lowering herself onto her knees, her manicured hands resting on Grace's knees. "Now kiss me slave."

Marcy drew her face closer, she could smell Grace's sex, a tangy, almost bitter smell, slightly ever so slightly 'fishy'. She could see Grace's labia, almost pulsating in front of her. She felt Grace reach down with her hands and gently but firmly pull her head into her crotch. "Shhhh, relax, use your tongue slave."

She couldn't bring herself to resist, and her face was buried in Grace's moist, warm crotch, her nose tickling Grace's clitoris and her tongue exploring her vagina and labia. Grace released her and lay back as Marcy began enthusiastically open mouth kissing her genitalia. It was bliss, Marcy was good, very good. Grace quivered with delight and arousal as Marcy attacked her with more enthusiasm. She chuckled softly to herself as she opened her eyes to see a long thin line between the polycarbonate sheet, where slave Jenny was literally dribbling pre-cum, almost to the mat of the treadmill.

She had to close her eyes again, as Marcy started swirling and swirling her tongue around Grace's clitoris, and exploring her body with her hands. She began alternating, fast, slow, a swirl, a probe, a gentle stroke up the insides of the labia. She had Grace squirming with delight and arousal arching her back, then she came, shuddering as the orgasm hit her with waves and waves of pleasure, causing her to moan softly and pant. It didn't stop Marcy though even as she felt Grace's juices pour into her mouth and trickle down her throat she continued, making Grace sigh with utter bliss.

She didn't come again, instead she gently pushed Marcy back and smiled down at her. "Thank you slave, it's a good job leather is wipe clean isn't it? Come, sit where I was sitting, I have a treat for you."

She shakily rose, taking Grace's place as Grace climbed to her feet wobbling as she did. She expected Grace to take her place, but instead she went to the large sideboard, opened a drawer and brandished a large, pink strap-on dildo with leather harnesses and steel buckles to hold it in place.

Marcy shuddered with fear, it looked big. "Grace, I-"

"Trust me? I promise I won't hurt you slave."

Marcy melted. "I trust you."

She watched shaking as Grace fastened the straps tightly, her plastic artificial member complete with plastic pretend testicles hanging from her hips. Grace approached and lifted Marcy's feet onto the sofa, raising her knees into the missionary position. Then she took her position and slowly, gently introduced her fake member to Marcy's crotch. Her panties and tights were at her ankles, she was dripping with juices, so much so, no lubrication was needed. Grace slowly fed the member in and leaned forwards so their faces were inches apart, then she began rocking her hips. Marcy would never have believed it, but she was having the most amazing sex she'd ever had. She'd never been attracted to women before, the thought would have sickened her less than a month ago, but looking into Grace's caring, eyes, full of tenderness, watching her beautiful silky brown hair wash over her shoulders, as she rocked back and forth – she almost never wanted a man again. As Grace picked up pace, Marcy began to quiver and her eyes fluttered close, she began panting shallowly and Grace's hand reached down to her crotch, frantically rubbing her clitoris as she probed deeper and deeper with the strap-on. Marcy came, so powerfully she felt like she'd received an electric shock, her whole body going into spasm as the waves and waves of pleasure washed through her. Then Grace slowed and embraced her with the dildo still inside Marcy, their bra's pressing against each other they kissed and kissed and caressed each other's bodies and stroked each other's hair.

James started squeaking loudly at this point. When Grace looked up sweat was pouring off his forehead, his wig had started getting damp where it hit his skin and his steps looked laboured and painful.

She gave Marcy one last kiss, then got up, trotted over to the machine and set the speed down to a slow walk. He was still grunting at her pleadingly so she stopped the machine altogether and unlocked the chain from the machine. She kept it attached to his balls though and used it like a lead to drag him off the machine and to the sofa. “Come on Marcy, I think we need a shower after that.”

Marcy sighed and rose, giggling cheekily at the predicament of slave Jenny. As they headed for the bathroom, Slave Jenny in tow, Marcy giggled again. “And he really likes this treatment?”

“Oh yes, this is just the sort of thing he used to fantasize about. Trust me he’s as happy as can be right now.”

It didn’t make sense to Marcy, she couldn’t really understand how James could feel so happy being treated like this – but she didn’t care. She felt an attraction for Grace like she’d never felt, she thought she was falling in love with her. In the shower slave Jenny watched on as Grace and Marcy showered together, lathering each other’s bodies and hair up and hugging and kissing and splashing around playfully with each other. Afterwards Grace locked slave Jenny into his cage for the night, discreetly hidden in a walk-in wardrobe. Then she offered Marcy a choice of nightie to borrow, she selected a royal blue ankle length, in satin with white lace around the trim, and Grace took her red knee length in satin with black lace. They slid into Grace’s burgundy satin sheets together and caressed each other, kissing and cuddling, then drifting off into a happy, blissful slumber.

Slave Jessica’s Night of Hell

Jessie had been fighting to stay on his toes for some time. He was sure she wouldn't really set him up so lowering his heels would rip his balls off, but he wasn't quite sure enough to put it to the test. His calves were burning, his wrists were chafed from the cruel manacles, even his neck was feeling sore from the hard steel, spiked collar Matilda had fitted him with.

He'd long lost track of time, he was in a state where his every moment was a pure endurance of pain and effort to minimize the pain. Then there was a clunk. How long had passed? Who had entered? It was pitch black still – how could they see? The voice echoed out from the darkness, it was NOT Matilda. "Hello slave Jessica... Are you afraid of the dark?"

"Who's there!"

"I'll ask the questions slave! Are you afraid of the dark?"

"No!"

"Good, let's see if we can't do something about that then?"

Jessie shook, wondering what was going to happen, then he felt soft, slender, gloved hands on his shoulders, without warning they pressed down hard and he had to double his effort not to drop his heels. His arches were burning now and he whimpered and grunted as he resisted as hard as possible. She whispered in his ear, "Down! Be a good girl and drop your heels for me."

"No!"

She pressed harder. "I said DROP!"

He resisted harder as she threw more and more weight onto his shoulders, trying to force him down. Then she jumped onto his back wrapping arms around his shoulders and swathing him in satin and

lace. He held it, then grunted and struggled, then dropped his heels...

Nothing happened...

He sighed, his balls were not being pulled up to the ceiling by the thin wire. His hidden tormentor chuckled softly. "I unplugged your pressure pads just a minute ago slave Jessica, wasn't that exciting?"

"No!"

"Oh it was, if I ask you to agree with me, you WILL agree with me."

"How can you-"

"See you? I'm wearing night vision goggles they work off infra-red. I think it's time to throw some light on your situation."

He heard heels clicking away from him. Instead of the electric light coming on he heard the striking of a match and the chamber lit up with a soft warm glow. He span around to look at his new captor, who was removing a futuristic set of goggles as he turned. It was Lucy, the girl from the club who had helped prepare him for master Brian. She'd changed clothes though. She was now in a purple satin dress with black lace and black satin gloves. Her neck was decorated with a silver necklace in the shape of a bat and she was holding a silver candelabra with five candles in it.

He chuckled softly. "So what? You look like a freaking vampire."

She opened her mouth slightly to smile showing two pointed fangs where the canines would be. "Maybe I am?"

"Maybe you're into cosplay and have a vampire fetish?"

She shrugged smiling. "Believe what you like, it makes no odds to me. I've been given you for the night, I suggest you don't contradict

me or anger me in anyway. Thus far I have been playing with you, be clear slave, I am here to torture you. I like torturing people, it's my favourite activity. Any disobedience and the level of torture you endure will increase."

She started clicking over to a table full of implements he'd not noticed previously, then, she slowly lowered the candelabra to the table. "Torture by candlelight – how exquisite, wouldn't you agree?"

His first reaction was to complain, but she had that glint her eye, that look of mischievousness. He paused then nodded. She chuckled, smiling and stepped closer to him grasping and lifting his chin with her satin gloved hand. "Good, you're getting it I think... Now what to do with you? How shall I torture you? I like to keep a memento of my torture sessions, a good memento will help us both remember the lovely time we had together, the intimate knowledge we gained of each other. A tooth? A fingernail? These are things I can remove without really doing you any discernible long-term harm, as long as I leave the nail bed intact a nail will regrow. If I remove the right tooth, it will not affect your chewing and if the appearance displeases you – you could always have an implant. Have you ever had a tooth out without anaesthesia slave?"

Jessie was trembling softly now, his heart was beating faster and his chest felt tight. He felt real fear now, his predicament bondage, meant he didn't feel he could defend himself. What she was describing sounded too extreme to be real, did this sort of thing really happen? It raised a subtle, deep doubt that she was a dedicated cosplay enthusiast, he shrugged the feeling off. There were no such thing as vampires.

"No, I don't bel-"

"Oh I might, I might not, I haven't decided yet. A fingernail makes a great memento too! I have the surgical tools to perform either procedure on you. If I remove a fingernail there's wonderful scope for me to poke and prod the tender quick afterwards, maybe a splash

of acetic acid? Or salt? That produces long lasting, severe pain. Of course if I remove a tooth, well, swirling around the empty socket, tickling the nerve with a dental hook – now that is an exquisite form of torture. Nothing creates spasms of pain quite so delightful as a dental hook swirled in a freshly emptied tooth socket.”

“Please-“

“Shhh, you’re in no position to bargain are you? I’ll tell you what, seeing as you and Marcy love games so much – how about we play a game? I love games... “

She strode away for a moment, retrieving a small, metal, digital safe with a keypad. She then removed from the folds of her dress a small key, the key to Jessie’s Kali’s Teeth Bracelet he could only assume. She placed it in the safe and closed the door. She then adjusted the chains lowering his hands so they were level with his shoulders. He felt a rush of blood as he lowered them and a strange sensation of pins and needles. She held the box up to him, so he could see the keypad and she could not.

“Now slave, you will key in a combination to lock the safe – I suggest your date of birth. I am giving you this box as a present, it can be considered your box from this point onwards, you will take it home with you once your ordeal is over. The key to your chastity device is inside. We’re going to play finders keepers. You will lock your box. If I can open the box, by interrogating you, and torturing you, then I will keep the key to your device until next time. If you can withstand being tortured by me until daybreak, then you win the game, I free you and send you on your way. You will be able to remove your device when you get home. If I win, and I can get the code out of you, then you will take an empty box home with you and I will wear your key around my neck until next time we meet.”

Jessie shuddered, he paused, he didn’t want to play this game. He did in ways, but he was afraid, was she serious? Would she really remove a tooth!? Or a nail!? He shook his mentally she was just

playing with him, it was a bit of psychodrama surely? “Can I set some hard limits?”

She shrugged. “I suppose, but then where would be the fun in that? Would you be in control? Would you be enjoying the most intense experience possible? I don’t think you would. How about this, I promise I won’t endanger your life and I promise I will do no permanent damage to you? Isn’t that enough? Imagine how it will feel, knowing you are totally at my mercy, and your only escape route will be to give me your code, which will mean you leave here as my property, and you stay chaste, erection and orgasm free until such time as you can ‘win’ your key back? I promise you it will be an intense, intense experience. You get one life Jessica, you should live it. What do you say? Will you play? Will you be my victim?”

He did imagine it. He was almost quivering with arousal at the thought, so much so that his member was pressing hard on the walls of its spiked prison. She was beautiful, mysterious and somehow sinister, she had a paradoxical caring and sadistic demeanour. If she was into cosplay she was very good at it. She appeared very realistic.

“I- I’ll play.”

There, he’d said it, he’d relinquished control. As he said it he tapped in his six figure birthdate into the panel. It beeped and locked. Lucy lowered the box and smiled. She placed it on the side and gripped his chin in her satin glove, then held him firmly while she kissed him suddenly, her tongue forcibly exploring his mouth. He couldn’t help but run his tongue over her teeth. The fangs were firm and felt real, they were sharp and felt fixed like the rest of her teeth. They had to be fake, it had to be good cosplay. Eventually she pulled away, and gazed directly into his eyes, smiling. “Good, we’re going to have a wonderful time together, we’re going to get to know each other really well slave.”

She carefully removed the loop of cheese-wire which formed an upwards noose around his testicles, lifting the hem of the PVC dress to do so, then unlocked the padlock holding his manacles up and grabbed the chain joining them to his collar, while scooping up the candelabra in the other hand. "This way slave."

Shaking with fear, Jessie padded after her, allowing her to lead him submissively by the heavy chain. She took him through another sound-proofed door at the far side of the room, the candles casting eerie shadows about the dim dungeon as they flickered.

The room beyond was tiled medical white, in the shadows Jessie caught glimpses of the edges of stainless steel trolleys, surgical tools. He soon realised he was being led towards a dentist's chair in the centre of the room. He gasped, "Stop, I don't want-"

"Shhh, the rules are that you have to obey me in every way, or you have to give me the code and forfeit your erections and orgasms for an undetermined length of time. Do you want to give me your code?"

She was smiling warmly at him now, almost cheekily – she wouldn't really pull a tooth? He decided she had to be bluffing, so he shook his head. She smiled, and gestured towards the chair. "No? Then take a seat please."

Jessie's head was a mess, he slid into the dentist's chair, feeling his PVC dress rub against the upholstery of the chair. He swung his feet up onto the foot-rest part of the chair and dropped his head onto the headrest. As he did Lucy walked behind him and he heard a snap as she padlocked the back of his collar onto the chair by a D-ring at the back. She chuckled as he jumped at this. "We don't want you running away on me do we? Now grip the arm-rests please."

He obeyed and she padlocked the chains near the manacles onto a ring on the arm rests. From below the foot-rest section of the chair she pulled a strap and passed it over his knees, tightening it until it

nearly cut his circulation off. Then she pulled a second strap up with leather ankle-cuffs on it. She attached them, then strapped his ankles firmly down, completely immobilizing him. As she fastened the last buckle she looked at him, her face warm and friendly in the soft candle light. "There, this is just to stop you squirming around too much while I work. Do you like having dental surgery?"

He was shaking visibly now, almost softly rattling his chains. He shook his head. Lucy chuckled. "I wonder how you'll find anaesthetic-free tooth extraction?"

As she rose and walked behind the chair out of view he whimpered. From behind him a blue plastic bib appeared and he felt it being tied tightly above his collar, around his neck. Lucy's voice teasing him from out of view. "I'll just pop this bib onto you, we don't want you getting blood and gore all over your pretty dress do we?"

Jessie's head was being turned inside out, turned to mush. He was internally terrified, constantly screaming at himself in his head that she had to be bluffing, she couldn't really remove a tooth.

He felt his bottom and legs being raised up as his shoulders and head tilted backwards, as the chair moved into position she spoke again. "I'll just pop you back and we'll see what we've got hmmm?"

The chair stopped moving at a point where his head was more or less the lowest point, he felt immobile, helpless, totally at her mercy. When her face came back into view after a short wait she was wearing a surgical mask, he eyes just peeping over the top. He felt the lace and satin of her dress caress his head softly as she drew her stool closer. Her now latex gloved hand reached up and switched a light on, shining a bright, bright light right in his face.

"Open wide for me."

Gingerly, still desperately trying to convince himself this was a bluff Jessie opened his mouth. Instead of what he'd expected, an

instrument or two gliding into view – he felt a steel contraption dropped abruptly into his open mouth, and she began clicking the ratchet immediately, in seconds he felt his jaw being forced gently but firmly further open than it would normally go.

“There, I’ve fitted you with a whitehead gag. It’s a kind of mouth spreader that locks into place. I don’t want you accidentally biting my fingers while I operate on you do I? I used to be a dental nurse you know, a long time ago. Of course I could never be bothered to become a qualified dentist, but that’s the beauty of fetish dentistry – anyone can have a go. Hmmm, saliva is pooling at the back of your throat, I don’t want you swallowing all the blood and gore that comes when I rip your tooth out – so I’m going to drop a suction tube in. Try to relax.”

The light dazzled him, he felt a hooked tube dropped over his chin, and into his mouth, and his saliva was being slowly steadily drained. When Lucy’s face reappeared she was pressing her breasts against his head, peeping over her mask and peering into his mouth, while wielding a pair of surgical pliers. Making sure he could see the pliers directly in his view she looked him in the eye and paused. “Unless of course you’d like to give me the code? I’ll hand you over to Mattie as soon as you’ve lost of course, you don’t have to experience this if you are too chicken?”

She raised an eyebrow testingly as she finished. He shook his head, this was all psychodrama, it had to be. It was scary, it was frighteningly realistic, but she couldn’t be serious!

She smiled, though he could only tell by the faint wrinkles at the side of her eyes as she peeped over the mask. “Good, we’ll make a start then shall we?”

He watched with dread as the pliers in her delicate latex covered hand loomed into view. They latched firmly onto one of his incisors, the front, middle top teeth. She began gently tugging and wiggling, almost testing it to see if it would work free, she spoke warmly,

almost kindly as she worked. “The incisors are good ones to remove, they are there more for aesthetic reasons than anything, you do most of your chewing with the back teeth. Of course you’ll have a different look with a gap in your front teeth, maybe I should remove both to even you out? I could remove the corresponding ones from the bottom row too – that would make force-feeding you easier. During the struggle of suffrage, many suffragettes had their front teeth broken so a feed-tube could more easily be passed down into their stomachs. Hmmph! This one’s a little tough! Let’s try the other.”

Shaking with fear, tears rolling down his cheeks, screaming at himself that this was a bluff he watched her release one tooth, then firmly grip the other. Pressing her breasts against his head, gripping his head firmly she tugged, and pulled, making his head bounce off the head-rest slightly. He felt the lace of her dress tickle his forehead, he saw the look of concentration and effort in his eyes, he was beginning to think she was serious, deadly serious. As she eased off and removed the pliers he instinctively tried to close his mouth but it was fixed firmly open. She saw his attempt to bite and raised an eyebrow. “Code time?”

When he shook his head she shrugged. “I there are lots of teeth in your mouth, so there’s lots of time yet. Perhaps we’ll try one from the back?”

Without pause she was straight back in, gripping, tugging and almost yanking on a molar making him groan with discomfort, he could smell her perfume, hear her soft grunts of exertion as she tried to pull and tug on his tooth. She was wrenching his head this way, then that, his face was right in hers, breasts pressing against his head and eyes looking more and more frustrated. Eventually she sighed and shrugged. “Hmmm, that one appears to be stuck, perhaps if I remove one either side it will make it easier?”

He whimpered as she dived in, going straight for the next tooth in the row. Was she really trying? Or was she simply creating the

illusion? He resorted to repeating a mantra of 'she's bluffing, she's bluffing' over and over in his head. She gave up and tried another tooth, and another, tooth after tooth, everyone she declared too stuck to remove. Eventually she put the pliers down on the white tray on an arm which she'd pulled over his chest. "Bad news I'm afraid, they are all too stuck... I do have a little good news for you though."

He looked at her curiously, and gave a muffled 'eh?' through his mouth spreader.

"I've spotted an area of decay which could do with filling, so you're going to get some free dental work done! The bad news is I will have to give you just a little anaesthetic, last time I drilled 'dry' my patient squirmed around so hard they broke the drill bit off and left it embedded in the tooth! Don't worry, I'll give just enough to take the edge off."

He was sweating now, did he need a filling? Was she serious? Could an ex-dental nurse safely 'do' a filling? Before he could consider these things her masked face appeared again, her hand brandishing a syringe and squirting liquid into the air, so it splattered noisily onto his plastic bib. "I'm ready to numb you up now, unless you want to give me the code to your box?"

In truth despite the discomfort he'd been finding this experience surreally erotic and his member was almost bursting out of the cruel device, it felt like it was burning. Being fully feminized, then being forced into a bisexual sex show, then being forced to stand on toes for he didn't know how long... Only to find himself at the mercy of this wickedly sadistic and inventive woman... He'd never felt more desperate to cum in his life, he had to hold out. He shook his head.

She shrugged and leaned forward with the syringe. "Fair enough, I'll begin." He was helpless to escape, totally immobile, mouth forcibly open, he saw the syringe reach into his mouth, then felt the sharp scratch and watched her carefully push the plunger down with her

thumb, she was really doing it, she was going to give him a filling. He started shaking with panic again. She pulled the syringe out and dropped it onto the tray. “There, we shan’t wait for it to take effect, I think we’ll get stuck straight in.”

Without warning her hand dipped and pulled out a dentist’s drill on a line. The archetypal whirring noise echoed around the white tiled room and he started shaking physically. Tears started rolling down his cheeks, he was screaming at himself mentally, ‘she’s bluffing, she’s bluffing’ over and over, barely convincing himself. Then the drill was in, he could feel it straight away, true to her word she was drilling his tooth! Water and bits of tooth were spraying out of his mouth and landing on his face while Lucy drilled and drilled, sending shockwaves of pain through his whole body, making him squeal in a high pitch. When she eventually pulled away and put the drill down, Jessie was panting hard.

She smiled down at him. “There, we’ll just fill that up now.”

Still panting, almost sobbing he watched her doing something with her hands out of view, then she was leaning over, working in his mouth again, applying pressure, and pushing his head back and forth. Then she took her hands away and they reappeared brandishing another steel contraption. “Right, we’ll just clamp it to make sure the filling goes all the way down.”

She slid the device in and started turning a little screw on the side making it tighten and tighten on to the tooth. She waited, then removed it, then added something then introduced a UV gun. It beeped then she removed it. “There, you’re all done, I’m a little bored of dentistry now though... I think we need to move onto a more severe torture don’t you?”

Lucilla Queen of the Night

Jessie watched her pull her mask off and latex gloves, only to replace them with her long satin-like ones. He garbled through his

gag, 'aren't you going to remove this thing?' obviously referring to the mouth-spreader. She chuckled. "No, I don't think so. We'll leave that there in case I decide to do anything else to you. Perhaps bisect your tongue? Lots of body modification fetishists have that done – would you like a forked tongue?"

He shook his head. She shrugged, smiling, "Well, we'll see. If I don't bisect your tongue I might still decide to force feed you something... Interesting – hmmm? I think Jessica, for the next part of your interrogation, I want to make you more compliant. I want to make it more difficult for you to resist me. In the old days I would have given you a dose of rohypnol. But now I have a better method."

He felt his collar being unfastened, then removed. He was still in a vulnerable position, unable to lift his shoulders purely because he was in such a supine position. She leaned into his ear. "Do you understand the anatomy of a vampire's bite?"

He chuckled. "Yeah right, I love the costume bu-"

"The teeth don't actually syringe out the blood, they simply puncture the blood vessel and inject an anti-coagulant. The way the mechanism works is the two inject the anti-coagulant, then the leading fang partially blocks the blood vessel, and the vampire or vampiress simply laps at the wound, creating negative pressure and drinking the victim's blood – would you like a demonstration?"

He tried to shake his head, but without warning she grabbed his head and yanked it to one side. He felt two sharp stabs on his neck, he felt her mouth wrap around the apparent wound he heard her lapping, and lapping. He couldn't move, he was helpless to resist, forced to lie submissively while she apparently drank his life-blood. When she pulled away her teeth and mouth looked covered in bright, fresh blood. She licked her lips. "I'm going to force-feed you a little of my blood now, this will you more submissive to me, more obedient."

While one hand held his forehead down onto the head rest, her other hand was suddenly over his face pouring a few drops of red ichor into his mouth from a tiny vial, while she chuckled. “There, that’s done I think, how about we start work on those fingernails?”

He shook his head, grunting a ‘no’. She shrugged. “So you’ll give me your code?”

He couldn’t think straight at all now, his brain felt frazzled, he felt like a character in a bizarre film that you would dismiss for being silly and unrealistic. She had to be kidding, she wouldn’t start ripping nails off? He shook his head. She smiled. “Good, let’s see if we can’t get one or two of those nails off shall we? You’re right handed yes? Shall I start on the left hand or the right hand?”

Start! Start on the left hand or right hand!? While he closed his eyes and whimpered he felt her wrap the steel collar back around his neck and lock it to the head-rest. Before he could complain she’d wheeled her stool around to where his left hand was restrained and edged the white tray of tools out of the way.

She chuckled softly, “Hmmm, this gives me another idea for a game, a game within a game if you like. I think it’s time to break out the dungeon dice. Now keep still.”

She slid over and leaned around to her drawers and pulled a fine tip, black marker pen out and gripping his fingers one by one she scrawled something on each finger on each hand, just above the nail. He tried a garbled, “What are you doing?”

To which she laughed softly, “Oh, I’m just writing numbers on your fingers for the next game. You can stop the game at any time by giving me your code of course.”

From the folds of her dress she accessed a hidden pocket and pulled out a selection of dice, instead of six sided they were every

colour and of various different denominations. She dropped them onto the white tray, then paused. “Hmmm, I’d better make it so you can see. Wait a second.”

She popped around, removed the suction tube from his mouth and raised the chair back to he was upright, his mouth still propped and his head still firmly locked to the head rest.

He watched her sort the dice out eventually selecting a ten sided dice and a four sided dice and shoving them to one side. “Hmmm, we’d better immobilize your fingers better too.” As she rummaged in a drawer under the counter he saw his fingers, starting from his left little finger they were numbered zero to nine, ending on the little finger of his right hand. The implications of what the game might be made him shake with fear again, but then it couldn’t be real? She’d never really take a nail off?

She span from the drawer and grabbed his left hand, then firmly slid a rigid, hard leather glove onto it, which was fingerless, leaving just enough finger to display the nail and the number of that finger. She then applied an identical glove to the opposite hand. Finally she fixed two hard laminated boards to the arm rests and fixed the gloves to them so his hands were splayed out, held firmly onto the laminated boards.

She pointed to the dice. “Now slave Jessica, let me explain the rules of the game to you. I will roll both dice on the tray for you to see. The ten sided dice selects which finger is going to be tortured, the four sided selects the torture. A one is a nail removal I’m afraid. Don’t fret, they do grow back – it usually takes nine months to grow back fully, but you’ll have a serviceable nail in four or five months I think. A two is a sprinkling of salt and a rub, a three is a dab of vinegar, a four is aggravation with a sterile needle. Obviously each finger is safe until we’ve removed the nail, if day breaks, the game ends, if all your fingernails are removed – the game ends. Either of these outcomes will mean you walk away with your box, key to your

device intact. My task, is to get your code before you run out of fingernails or time. Shall we begin?"

Of course she didn't wait for a response she wheeled back on her chair and fumbled in the cupboard for a moment. When she returned she carried a tray bearing a sterile syringe in a plastic wrapper, a roll of sterile gauze and a salt shaker and a little dish which she proceeded to fill with vinegar from a vinegar bottle.

These prepared she picked up the dice and started shaking them smiling at him. His heart was racing his whole body felt electric, he'd never felt so terrified in his life – but neither had he felt so alive! He could feel the adrenaline, like a strong drug, coursing through his veins. She released the dice, they rolled, they tumbled, a zero and a four... Safe.

He breathed a sigh of relief. She raised an eyebrow smiling, "Lucky that time... Let's try again..."

She scooped the dice in her satin gloved hand and shook. Then she flicked them onto the tray. A one and a one!

Jessie gasped, almost sobbing and started struggling in his bonds.

She reached into the tray of surgical instruments on the white tray, her hand returned holding a freer elevator, a steel instrument for lifting nails.

The gloves were holding his finger in an iron grip. She slid the freer elevator firmly under the nail of his left ring finger, finger number one. He could feel it, cold, hard and sharp against his nail and finger, trying to separate it. She looked up. "Code time?"

Jessie shook his head, telling himself over and over that it was a bluff, that she'd never go through with it.

She sighed deeply, and pressed the freer elevator a little harder. “Your nail will grow back eventually, it will be painful though, it will take several months to grow back fully! Are you sure you want to go through this? Why don’t you give me the code?”

He shook his head, he had her, she looked nervous. She was running out of ideas! Eventually she shrugged and smiled. “Oh well, looks like I get my memento after all.”

He looked at her in panic, the freer elevator pressed harder and harder making him scream, he could feel the steel instrument between the nail bed and the nail. As she lifted, wrenching the nail up off the bed, he squirmed and writhed, straining in his bonds. Then she reached to the tray and grabbed a hemostatic clamp, a locking scissor-like clamp. She fixed it firmly onto the risen nail and started working it back and forth, gently tugging, then pulling hard and working it around to a chorus of Jessie’s screams. Finally she held the nail up in the clamp. “There, one down, nine to go?”

He was panting hard, his finger was throbbing, it was throbbing hard, it felt like it was almost pulsating, and he was reeling with shock that she’d actually gone ahead with it. Dropping the nail into a specimen dish on the tray she placed the instruments back and scooped up the dice. “Ready to roll again?”

He thought about shouting out his code again, after all – his chances of losing a nail were lower now, she’d already removed one, it had to be nearly day-break, if he could just hold out a little longer. He nodded. She shook, then rolled.

She sighed disappointedly. “Oh dear, a four and a two – no torture. Again?”

“Hmmp! A seven and a two! I am beginning to dislike this game... Again?”

Jessie was chuckling as she made the next roll, his chuckling stopped abruptly as the dice halted on a one for the ten sided, and a three for the four sided. She smiled at him. “Ahhh, that’s better isn’t it – a little dab of vinegar. Would you like to give me the code?”

His nail bed was throbbing, his gums were still a little numb, he’d lost the nail – how bad could a dab of vinegar be? He shook his head. Lucy took the forceps, picked up a roll of gauze and started dabbing it enthusiastically, deeply into the vinegar, when she lifted it out, it was dripping with vinegar. “You may want to bite down for this Jessica, this will come keen.”

He watched as she carefully, gently started dabbing his exposed nail bed with the gauze. It was instant, he felt a shockwave surge through his body, making him scream and strain in his bonds, as she dabbed and dabbed, squeezing the vinegar out of the gauze and into the nerve rich wound. When she stopped and smiled at him, he was red faced and crying, a muffled cry, made all the worse by the cruel mouth spreader.

“Next roll?”

Before he could gather his senses, the dice were tumbling again. A five and a three. She groaned, she picked them up and rolled again, a zero and a two, clearly getting frustrated she grabbed them and rolled again, throwing them a little harder at the tray. They bounced around and settled he chuckled – a one and a one. She’d already removed that one. She didn’t seem put off by this, instead she giggled and leaned towards him. “I don’t know why you’re so happy, if I’ve already removed the fingernail rolled, then it’s ‘Lucy’s choice’. That means I get to pick which nail to remove.”

Jessie started straining in his bonds, a look of horror on his face as she gently pressed a finger onto one of his fingers and started singing as she moved from finger to finger. “Eeny, meeny, miny, mo – which nail I rip, I don’t know. Make it painful, make it slow, eeny,

meeny, miny, mo – the one, I choose, is, you.” She looked up at him, her finger resting on his left middle finger. “Code time Jessica?”

The pain and fear were messing with his ability to think now. He hurt everywhere, his mouth, his device, his fingers, his legs and arms, he was a bundle of ‘sore’ he should have given up the code, but when it was on the tip of his lips he thought about the cruel device he was locked into. It didn’t just prevent masturbation, it punished even the slightest tiny amount of arousal, brutally. It had to be near day break now! He shook his head.

“Oh goodie, another memento for me! Bite down.”

He bit down hard, clenching his eyes hard shut and panting hard in anticipation. He felt the elevator pressing between finger and nail, then the shove and he screamed as she levered and levered upwards. She then grabbed the nail and removed it with one solid yank. Then she popped it next to the other in the specimen tray. “Two down eight to go! I’m quite impressed slave!”

He was feeling faint now, like he could lose consciousness at any time. His fingertips were throbbing so hard he could barely tell two fingernails had been ripped. She was shaking the dice and eventually tossed them onto the tray. A nine and a four, she rolled again, a zero and a two, again, a three and a three, again, a two and a four!

He whimpered and started blurting out numbers, then stopped after the second digit. She sighed disappointed. “Jessica, Jessica, if you want to stop the torture, and be handed over to Mattie, you have to give me the full code, that’s just two digits. Are you going to give me the rest?”

He shook his head vigorously, panting hard in anticipation of what was coming. He watched with dread as she sighed and unwrapped the sterile syringe. Gripping it between fingers and thumb she

hovered over the already throbbing nail bed. She looked up. “Code time?”

He shook his head, she stabbed, swirling the syringe around and pressing hard right into the nerves. The scream was deafening, every muscle and tendon in his body tense up and Lucy grinned with delight. When she eased off Jessie didn't stop shaking, his face was going white, his blood vessels becoming more prominent. She hovered again, “That was just me being gentle, shall we go again or-“

“Stop! No! I'll give you the code! It's-“

He reeled off the numbers as quick as he could. She placed her instruments of torture down and picked up his box, punching his numbers in. The box beeped and swung open. She giggled and took the key, threading it onto a necklace she had ready. “My, my didn't we do well, you held out longer than I expected, but you lost – so now you are mine.”

As she hung the necklace around her neck she smiled at him. “I'll just dress those wounds for you and you can do one last thing for me before I hand you over.”

He felt faint, dizzy, weak, he felt her remove the gloves, then apply something cool and soothing to his throbbing fingers and wrap them in bandage. Once done she taped them together with surgical tape to immobilize them and help avoid accidentally catching them on things. Finally, she walked around to the back of the chair. “Now for that last thing I'm going to do to you, I just need to pop you back again.”

He felt the chair taking him back, until his face was right in the bright light. Then the chair lowered and lowered, so she'd pushed the stool out of the way and stood looming over him, a tower of purple satin and black lace. Her dress was brushing against the top of his head, his head was lower than her groin. He had to start swallowing to

prevent saliva pooling. Suddenly he knew what was coming. She leaned over him. “You’re going to service me orally now slave Jessica. I like you in this position, not only helpless and vulnerable, but you have to swallow everything I give you too! If you do not seem to be pleasing me enthusiastically we will begin rolling the dungeon dice for fingernail torture again, are we clear?”

He nodded.

“Good girl.”

He watched, quivering with submissive fear as she lifted the hem of her long dress and dropped her black lace panties, leaving stockings and suspenders in place. She stepped forwards and draped the raised hem of her dress over his body, pressing her neatly shaved pussy onto his mouth. He was having to constantly swallow, his mouth was still being forced wide open by the mouth spreader. Everything was dark, all he could feel was the rustle of satin and lace over his head and torso. He felt her hands rest on his breast forms pressing them harder into his chest and her labia gently falling into his mouth.

Fearful of the dungeon dice and her nail pulling he began frantically licking and lapping, only pausing to swallow. Lucy clearly approved as she sighed and leaned forwards draping her whole body on his, forcing him to change angle. He could feel her breasts pressing against him, but his mouth was still forced wide open and he was in total darkness under the dress. As he licked and lapped, juices started running into his throat, bitter and slightly fishy. He swallowed and swallowed, licking and licking. As he worked he felt Lucy above, lift the hem of his PVC mini-dress and started playing idly with his chastity device, the Kali’s teeth bracelet. Doing so clearly turned her on as her juices ran faster and freer, her whole crotch getting hot and moist. Jessie of course was in agony, the new torment of having her gently caress his punishing device in her soft hands. He wanted to get erect, but the pain just escalated and escalated. Still licking and swallowing, taking down juices and pubes alike he felt her delicate

hand gently feed his imprisoned member into her mouth and she began swirling her tongue around his glans and sliding her lips over the shaft. He moaned in pain as the arousal made him grow harder into the spikes. As she did this she came, with a great moan of pure satisfaction and bliss. As she came he felt her melt on top of him, all the tension gone. Removing his imprisoned cock from her mouth she whispered to him. "Keep going slave..."

His mouth, his nostrils, his stomach full of female sex he lapped and licked and caressed with his tongue, so frustrated, so denied. Then Lucy got up grabbed a tissue, gave herself a quick wipe and popped it in the bin, then pulled her panties up. She leaned in. "Thank you slave, that was amazing... I'll leave you in Matilda's care now. Until next time! Oh and thanks for the key!"

As she finished she brandished the little key at him and winked. Then she blew the candles out, plunging him into pitch black and was gone.

Jessie was left in pitch black, the mouth spreader still in, still restrained, his fingers throbbing, his face smeared in pussy juice. He whimpered softly and swallowed again, his uncomfortable position forcing a swallow every time some saliva built up.

Enter Matilda

How long had he waited? He didn't know, when Matilda did arrive she turned the lights on in the clinic room dazzling him. She was smoking a cigarette in an old-fashioned cigarette holder. She looked rested and well presented. Her hair was out of pigtails and back straightened. She was wearing her black PVC cat suit again.

She sat on the dentist's stool and crossed her legs, taking a deep drag on the cigarette while making eye contact with Jessie and pondering. Eventually she blew some smoke and leaned down to him. "Have you had a good time?"

He immediately grew a look of bafflement, he genuinely didn't know. His fingers were throbbing, he was sore everywhere, but it was so intense! Every aspect, it had been the most intense night he'd ever experienced, he was terrified of receiving more punishment, but at the same time he knew he'd lie awake masturbating about this night the first night he could get out of this infernal device!

Short on an answer she smiled. "Hmmm, well, let me put it to you this way slave – have you had an intense experience?" As she finished she drew her cigarette to her lips and dragged. He nodded vigorously of course.

She smiled, then frowned. "Hmmm, I seem to have forgotten an ash tray, oh well, you know what they say – improvise. Keep still slave."

Without warning she extended her cigarette over his propped mouth and tapped the holder so the ash landed at the back of his throat making him cough a little and his throat sting.

"Marcy has had quite an intense time too you know. She went back with Grace, I don't need to tell you, Grace finds your partner very attractive, I wouldn't be surprised if they hadn't had sex last night. Lesbian sex of course – probably with sissy slave Jenny watching while restrained or something. How do you feel about that?"

He shrugged, what Marcy had been up to was at the very back of his mind at the moment.

Matilda pondered for a moment, then pointed her cigarette at him. "Hmmm, I think you, YOU, had a more intense experience last night. That's what I'm peddling really. It's the same for my professional domme work, my night club, everything... I can't charge twelve hundred pounds a year for membership because of the furniture and fixtures and my choice of DJ. It's because I give people things they can't get anywhere else, I give them extreme, visceral experiences, which they take with them wherever they go in life."

As she halted she looked at her cigarette end and tapped some more ash into Jessie's waiting mouth, making him grimace and cough.

"Don't you think the memory of tonight will stay with you for a long, long time?"

He nodded, unable to speak from the mouth spreader.

"Hmmm, me too, though Marcy I don't think has had as extreme an experience. I'm really glad Grace brought you to me. Most of my friends are dominant and some of the extreme things I'd like to try are such that I don't think I could try them on simple clients, I think I need a person I can trust to try these things on."

Jessie gave her a look of questioning.

"What sort of things? Oh, all sorts of things, I'm fascinated by all areas of fetish, domination, submission, bdsm... Let me give you an example, I have a great idea for temporarily installing a slave, you perhaps? Temporarily installing you in either the men's or the women's toilets, to be a human toilet. We'd have to instruct the customers not to *ahem* defecate in your mouth – there are serious health risks to that. But imagine yourself, restrained, installed in the toilets, forced to accept anyone's urine or semen – some may choose to masturbate into your mouth too. I have some interesting designs for how we can set this up. There's more we can do – so much more. If you were under my care for a long enough period, we could have an amazing amount of fun."

Jessie, still encumbered by the mouth spreader garbled out 'what about Marcy' to which Matilda smiled. "Oh, she'd be just as much fun if not more. I think we should have another game, I think we should play a game based not so much on luck. We should put the dice away for the decision as to who will pay the forfeit and let you compete, free from the whims of chance – what do you think?"

Jessie was gesturing and garbling now that he wanted to get up.

Matilda smiled and tapped the ash into his mouth one last time before dropping the extinguished cigarette on the side. She then wheeled closer, released the gag and removed it, and raised the chair up to the sitting position.

Jessie tested his jaw a couple of times, struggling to unfreeze it. As he became vertical he spoke, “Matil- Mistress, Lucy isn’t a vampire?”

Matilda shook her head laughing. “No, she likes cosplay and psychodrama, and she finds it all the more juicy if she can blur the lines of reality and make people consider for a moment she might be. Don’t tell her I told you though, she’ll be much happier if she thinks you-“

“And the filling?”

“Oh she did that to you too? No, she didn’t give you a filling, she’s just very good at faking it, and she doesn’t really pull teeth... Hmmm, I tell a lie, once she did. She went through testing them and found one loose; it came out easily with a good tug. When the guy had it checked by his dentist he said it had come out cleanly so I guess she does pull teeth – but not unless they are ready to come almost of their own accord. The guy was okay.”

“And my fingernails? I can’t see how-“

“Ahhh, that... Yes, I’m afraid she has removed some of your fingernails, hmmm, two? Don’t worry though they will grow back eventually, it takes a while. I hope you don’t feel too inconvenienced, I hear it’s excruciatingly painful – but then you’ve had an incredibly intense experience through it? And they will grow back?”

He shuddered. “I don’t want any more nails taking off!”

Matilda shrugged. “Well, I’ll have a word with Lucy, I’m sure there are many, many other deliciously deviant things she can do to you. Come on, let me get you up. We’ll get you sorted out and get your vanilla clothes back. It’s a pity though – you make a great sissy.”

He chuckled and offered a weak smile. It felt almost like being high on drugs, he felt like he was floating as she released his restraints. Matilda then led him back through the dungeon and up the stairs. The club was empty, and quiet. She took him to the shower room and began helping him out of his sissy attire. As she finished she offered him a plastic ziplock bag. “Here, put this on your hand, it’s best if you keep your hand dressing dry until the new nail has started growing. I’ll help you with the make-up removal afterwards.”

The shower felt good, despite the throbbing. His mind was alive with thoughts of the night and the possibilities of what other extreme experiences might be befall him if he continued to spend time in the company of Matilda and Lucy.

Afterwards, as promised, Matilda helped to de-feminize him. Removing the breast-forms was difficult and took some special solvent and a lot of pulling and prying. When they did come, they left a red raw patch of skin that would be hard to explain, but as long as he wore clothes nobody would know. He’d have to say he injured the nails working or something.

Finally back in his vanilla, male clothes, Jessie said goodbye to Matilda, after asking of Lucy – only to be told she’d gone to bed, but had left a message for her to thank him and tell him she’d enjoyed torturing him.

The Ultimate Game

When Jessie finally got back to the apartment, Marcy still wasn’t back. He unlocked the door, walked in and made some fresh coffee. He felt relaxed, almost as if he was high. When the door

eventually clanged open he heard not one, but two sets of heels clicking in.

Marcy and Grace were walking hand in hand through the apartment. Unbeknownst to Jessie, overnight he'd become part of a love triangle, a ménage a trois. Marcy, hadn't fallen out of love with him, but had fallen in love with Grace. When they walked into the living room Jessie was lying back on the sofa, chilling with a piping hot cup of coffee, watching the news.

He gulped when he saw Grace. "Marcy, what is Gra-"

"Shhh, Jessie, I hope you're not going to be awkward about this, but ahem, last night I-"

"Matilda told me."

"Are you okay with it?"

Jessie, now faced with these two beautiful women felt his member begin to grow in its spiky prison. He grunted softly in discomfort and tried to mentally throw cold water over his loins. It was hard, they were both achingly beautiful, and he was locked in his arousal punishing chastity device. "I... I don't know, It's just-"

Grace stepped forwards, she was wearing a very short, strapless satin dress with sequins on the breasts and high heeled ankle boots. She leaned in to Jessie. "Don't worry Jessie, Marcy isn't leaving you, think of it as more, I'm joining you."

She was so close her could smell her perfume, feel her breath on his face. As she looked into his eyes he melted, having to work hard to fight back the torturous arousal that was sure to follow. "But what about Ja-"

Grace shrugged. "Well, Marcy and I were talking and we kind of thought we could flit between both my place and hers, it'd give you a

chance to do all the chores without us in your way right? We could get you a nice maids uniform to work in, you could really live the lifestyle.”

Jessie grunted. “Hmmpf! I already feel like I AM ‘living the lifestyle’ as you put it!”

Grace frowned. “Oh, how so?”

Jessie sighed, his member still trying to swell uncomfortable in the Kali’s Teeth Bracelet. “Well, back at the club Lucy played a game with me. She gave me an empty digital combination box and popped the key to the device in it. The basic premise was that she had to try and torture the code out of me, if she could, she gets to keep the key, if she failed, I’d have left with the box containing the key and I’d have been able to unlock myself by now.”

Grace chuckled and pointed at his bandaged fingers. “Let me guess, you were doing great until she started ripping out your fingernails, and jabbing the quicks with a needle? Don’t worry, you did quite well to hang in that long, a lot cave in during the dental bit.”

“She does this a lot?”

“Not a lot, but it’s her favourite scenario, you’re quite lucky to have experienced it really. Hmmm, you’re still in the KTB then I take it?”

“Yes! How long is she likely to keep me in it?”

Grace shrugged and smiled sympathetically. “Oh, I don’t know... It depends, no doubt she’ll give you a means of winning your way out in a week or two, no doubt with a game. Until then just accept erections and orgasms are off the menu. Don’t try to take it off either, it’s impossible to remove and if you try too hard you can damage yourself.”

He groaned and deflated. “But it’s so-“

“Yes, yes, I’m sure it’s terrible not being able to play with yourself, but you are in for an intense experience. All that testosterone building, all that sexual tension, the frustration, the denial... While Marcy and I perhaps allow you watch us make love? Maybe even let you join in? You could still give oral sex, and you can still be pegged – should be fun.”

“Hmmp! Well I don’t know, I just want out.”

“Lucy won your key, she won’t let you out. You are in there until you win your way out.”

Jessie pondered for a minute. “Matilda did mention something, she suggested a game a high stakes game between myself and Marcy. I’ve gotten the raw end of the games so far I think Marcy should experience the submissive lifestyle instead.”

“Well, that’s possible I suppose, hmhhh... Here’s a proposal, how about we approach Matilda and Lucy with this. We do a test, to see which of you needs more submissive training. The test is simple, we prepare you both in chastity gear and alluring fetish attire, then we fit you both with a collar and lead you around the club during the next ‘swingers night’ the one who services the most patrons of the club wins, the one who fails to service as many patrons loses, if either of you refuse to give oral or receive a pegging or administration of corporal punishment from any, ANY patron for any reason – you forfeit the game. For the winner, immediate freedom, for the loser... The loser will remain in chastity for twelve months, acting as a chaste fetish maid and sex slave for Matilda, Lucy, me and the winner of the contest, for twelve months. They will be obedient, and submissive and serve each of us on different days of the week, be it Marcy or you Jessie. How does that sound?”

“Hah! After what I’ve been through there’s no way Marcy could-“

“Are you sure? Marcy has had a pretty extraordinary time too last night? Besides, part of the contest is not just enduring, but also alluring... Do you think you can compete with Marcy on that?”

“Hah! Any day, she just wouldn't be up for it! She wouldn't dare agree.”

Marcy standing back was frowning at this. “Are you calling me chicken Jess?”

“If it comes to it – yes! You'd never dare play this game!”

“And if I did, you'd agree to it? I quite like the thought of keeping you chaste for twelve months, having you serving and servicing us all.”

“As if you'd play, sure I'd do it.”

Marcy grinned wickedly, “Alright, you're on – let's play this game for the ultimate forfeit. Twelve months in strict chastity, playing fetish maid and sex slave to Matilda, Lucy, Grace and whichever of us wins.”

Grace smiled. “Great! We just need to make the arrangements, I'm sure Lucy will agree. May the best submissive win!”

Marcy chuckled and stepped forwards to Jessie. “Jess, can I see the device Lucy has you locked in?”

Jessie rolled his eyes, unbuckled his belt and lowered his trousers, revealing his crippled member, straining against the spikes, clearly unable to become erect.

“I thought it was to stop erections spoiling the feminine look of the front of my dress! I didn't realise I was going to be in it long term.”

“To be fair Jess, you are a habitual masturbator. It'll do you good to spend a period in chastity. Besides, I like it, I think it's hot. It's

making me feel...”

Grace raised an eyebrow. “Hmmm, want to go again?”

Marcy and Grace turned so they were side-on to Jessie. Grace pointed to the sofa. “Sit, enjoy the show. If you move from that spot – there’ll be severe punishment.”

Jessie gulped and watched Grace and Marcy embrace each other, their breasts pressing gently on each other’s. Then they kissed, it was a deep, eyes closed, passionate open mouthed kiss. He could tell their tongues were probing and exploring each other’s mouths. They embraced more tightly, rubbing their crotches together and sighing as they took short breaths before continuing to kiss. He followed the line of the two slim, but curvaceous bodies, encased in shiny satin sliding against each other, down the two pairs of high heels alongside each other on the floor. He groaned his member was straining. Grace opened her eyes at this and smirked, breaking the kiss. “Jessie, I think we should allow you to join in... If you refuse I’ll tell Lucy to keep you locked for good.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“Lead us into the bedroom, strip. I want you in your chastity device and ONLY your chastity device.”

Shaking Jessie stood and led the way into their large bedroom. As Grace clicked the door shut she smiled at him. “Now strip slave!”

Under the watchful eye of his two female, satin clad dominants he began shakily removing his clothes. Once he was done Grace pointed to an open area of floor space in the centre of the room. “Now lie on your back slave.”

He obeyed, gaining a new, down to earth perspective of these towers of satin and femininity. Grace pointed at him and said sharply. “Now STAY!”

Then they were at it again, caressing each other, holding each other tightly and kissing passionately. Slender feminine hands reached around and began unfastening dresses. They dropped to the floor and Grace and Marcy continued their passionate embrace, exploring the depths of each other's mouths, breasts pressing together and hands ruffling and playing with each other's hair.

It was a sight to behold, his beautiful girlfriend, and the even more beautiful Grace, clad now in only underwear, enjoying such a passionate embrace while he lay submissively on the floor. After a few moments Grace broke off and pulled Marcy's tights down. She stepped out and they started fondling and kissing each other again. Observing this from the floor was Jessie, his member almost bursting out of the KTB making him wince and try not to think arousing thoughts.

Eventually Grace broke off and gestured towards Jessie's mouth. "Marcy, have a seat. Lean forwards, support yourself on your knees."

As Marcy took position Jessie saw her pussy glide into his view and slowly lower into position over his nose and mouth. Grace, meanwhile lay on her back and positioned her crotch beneath Marcy's waiting mouth. Smiling to herself and closing her eyes in blissful anticipation Grace called out. "Okay slaves, begin!"

Jessie began frantically licking and sucking on Marcy's genitalia, as he did she trembled and lowered herself down onto his face almost smothering him. His nose tickled her clitoris and her pubic hair brushed against his cheeks. As he explored her vagina with his tongue Marcy sighed and relaxed further, her crotch was growing warm and moist, juices running into Jessie's mouth while his member swelled against the spikes of its cruel prison.

At the other end Marcy was lovingly, gently caressing Grace's pussy with her tongue and lips, probing, swirling, lapping, alternating fast

and slow. She was very thorough, exploring every nook and cranny and passionately stimulating every part with her tongue.

Grace sighed in utter bliss and lay back enjoying the sensations, not just the physical sensations, but the sense of power and control she felt she was wielding. The three-way orgasmic hierarchy continued for some time, eventually Marcy came, quickly followed by Grace, while Jessie remained frustrated and denied.

The oral servicing continued for a while until Grace sighed. "Enough! We should arrange the next game."

The Game is Afoot

Over the following week, Grace spent most of her time living with Marcy and Jessie, returning to her own place just to check on slave Jenny. She'd go out to work, return and spend the evening in Marcy and Jessie's company. It was a strange week for Jessie, it felt like having two girlfriends in ways, yet Lucy's device locked onto him meant he could never act on it. They all shared the king size bed in the main bedroom of the apartment, sometimes Marcy would sleep in the middle, sometimes Grace, of course the worst case of tease and denial was when Marcy and Grace would sandwich Jessie in the middle, wrapping themselves over him, their sexy nightwear gliding and sliding over his flesh, their hands alternately dropping to his groin to fondle his penis and device with a giggle.

It was torture, but it was a pleasant torture and it sent him to new levels of submissiveness.

At the end of the week of tease and denial the three went to the club again to discuss the next game. When they entered Matilda and Lucy were sitting at a table in a near empty club, sipping glasses of chilled white wine.

Grace approached first, Matilda looked up. "Grace! You're early tonight! What brings y-"

“We need to discuss Jessie’s chastity device.”

Lucy rolled her eyes. “Pffft! He lost fair and square, I like him in it, I think slave Jessica should wear it always. Can we feminize him again tonight, he was deliciously good fun to torture.”

Grace smiled. “Actually he said Matilda had suggested a new game? With higher stakes? I have a proposal.”

Matilda raised an eyebrow and quietly sipped her drink. “I’m listening.”

“Well, here’s the game, we play it next ‘swingers night’ at the club. We outfit both Marcy and Jessie with chastity devices and fetish attire, we then escort them both around the club on a lead, offering them to any and all patrons to either give oral, receive anal or to receive corporal punishment. We keep a score-card, whoever services the most patrons wins, refusing to receive any punishment or service any patron or receive any anal – will forfeit the game. The winner, the one who services most patrons or doesn’t refuse anyone, is freed immediately, the loser commits to remain in chastity for twelve months acting as a shared fetish maid and sex slave for Matilda, Lucy, myself and the winner. What do you think?”

Matilda smiled. “I like it... Lucy?”

“Hmmm, yes, Jessie was an exquisite victim, I’d love the chance to use and abuse him some more. I’m sure Marcy would be fun to play with too – I’d go with it.”

Jessie’s eyes lit up. “So if I win, you’ll remove the Kali’s Teeth Bracelet?”

Lucy smiled warmly. “If you win – yes. After all I’d have Marcy to play with wouldn’t I?”

Matilda tilted her glass at Marcy. “And you consent to this? There’ll be no backing out if you lose.”

Marcy smiled. “Yes, I won’t lose though.”

Matilda shrugged. “We’re all set then. It’s ‘swingers night’ next Friday. I think we ought to get Marcy in chastity tonight though, it’ll help motivate her when the night of the game comes.”

Grace chuckled softly. “Hmmm, I can have some fun with her in the mean-time too.”

Marcy shuddered at this. “Do I have to?”

Lucy shrugged. “It will give you a better chance of winning, you’ll be better motivated and submissive I think. Besides, Jessie has been in chastity for a week I think it’s only fair you join him for the next week.”

Matilda smiled. “I think it’s settled, take her back-stage and get her fitted Luce.”

Marcy’s Fitting

When they got back stage Marcy was trembling with anticipation. She’s left Jessie sitting and chatting with Matilda and Grace. In ways she was afraid, but in other ways she was intrigued. Having seen Jessie forced to please her and Grace sexually while remaining totally denied and frustrated himself she’d wondered what it might feel like.

How would it feel to be providing sexual pleasure for a partner, while having your own arousal punished by a device. Of course that couldn’t work for her, there was no way a KTB would work on a female, she wondered whether the device described in the novella she’d recently read could work. Her nipples did become slightly erect, she did experience a rush of blood to her breasts as well as

her groin when she became aroused. Having said that she would never wish herself into a device as cruel as the device described in 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity' it sounded horrible.

Lucy had elected not to go with the gothic vampire look tonight. She was wearing a short red PVC dress with matching red heels and she was wearing her hair down tonight. She had led Marcy by the hand back-stage and now let go of her hand leaving her in the centre of the room. "Okay slave, strip. I need everything off, including underwear."

Marcy, despite her recent experiences was still a little apprehensive, she slowly started removing her clothes. Soon she stood naked next to a little pile of neatly folded dress and female lingerie. Lucy now approached wielding a tailors tape measure. "Keep still while I measure you up."

Lucy slowly began measuring. The tape seemed to venture into every available space of Marcy's body. Standing naked, feet apart, hands on her head while this beautiful girl kneeled and measured all her intimate parts was an incredible turn on. Eventually, after having done the crotch area, legs and the chest and neck she stood and smiled. "There, all done. Wait here and I'll go and get you some parts."

She stood, shaking, while Lucy busied herself collected pieces of polished steel lined with neoprene. Eventually she had her arms full of steel plate, chains and padlocks. She kneeled to begin the fitting, starting by wrapping the lined, tightly fitting waistband. "Breath in."

Marcy took a gasp of breath and felt the hard steel pull her in tighter. As she exhaled she felt restricted and tight. The crotch plate was hanging behind on two thick chains, but before she could contemplated it Lucy grabbed it and pulled it up, pressing it hard into her crotch, forcing her labia through the slit in it. There was a snap as another lock was applied.

Lucy smiled up at her, still kneeling. “Leg loops now, these prevent you opening your legs, so there’s no chance of sneaking something behind the crotch plate.”

Marcy watched quivering as Lucy attached the steel loops and chained them together. It was a little like wearing a department slip, she’d have to wear dresses and skirts and she’d only be able to take baby steps. It was occurring to her, that male chastity seemed a lot simpler than female. A spiked tube and a padlock and you were good.

As she jangled the leg loop chains, testing them, Lucy stood up. She then reached into the pile of parts to produce two polished steel domes joined with a hinge. “Bra time! Bow your head.”

She obeyed and felt the heavy chain passed over her head. The cups pressed firmly onto her breasts and were fastened at the back with a lock, then chains joined the bra to the belt.

Lucy stood back eyeing Marcy from head to foot. She smiled approval. “There, you’re all done. Just the front-shield to go, I want you to have a last look at your labia, it might be the last time you see it for twelve months.”

The gravity of what she was agreeing to now dawned on Marcy, she almost tried to back out, but every game had been played by the rules, if she won she’d be fine and she could enjoy spending time with Grace while watching Jessie descend into servitude. She would NOT lose. She looked down at her labia and watched Lucy carefully lock the plate full of little holes over the slit, and lock it. She experimentally tried to touch herself, but there was chance of stimulation. The whole setup was making her feel aroused now. She felt the arousal build she started to feel pain in her nipples. When she grimaced Lucy giggled softly and stepped closer, right into her face. She planted a kiss on Marcy’s lips. “That’s the punishment arousal chastity bra you’re experiencing. Try not to think arousing

thoughts. The design was copied from a novella called 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity'."

Marcy chuckled to herself as the pain subsided. "Hah! I've read that! At least this thing hasn't got the arouser 'thingie' in the front shield!"

Lucy offered her a wicked grin. "Who said it didn't? Why don't you get dressed slave? Then take a walk? We really should be joining the others."

Marcy shuddered and started gathering her clothes. As she moved she felt her clitoris stimulated by soft spinning brushes, making her knees tremble and her legs go weak. Her nipples started burning again.

Lucy of course was watching with interest and giggling intermittently. "Marcy, Marcy, I think you've just found a new incentive to win this game. If you don't, you're in that device for twelve months!"

Marcy gasped, frowning, "But what about"

"Pfff! When you're on your period you'll have to be restrained so you can be cleaned up by whoever is your owner at the time. Where there's a problem there's a solution. Now come on, let's get back to the club."

When Marcy came out from behind the curtain, almost hobbling and Lucy following with a sadistic grin Jessie, lowered his drink and leaned to Matilda. "What's wrong with Mar-

"Oh she's just getting used to her arousal punishing chastity ensemble. It's fairest I think seeing as you are in a KTB. I think the contest is going to be really interesting, I have to say, I'm not sure who I would bet on..."

The rest of the night was an uncomfortable one for both Jessie and Marcy. For agreeing to be such good sports and being brave enough to go head to head on 'swingers night' Matilda agreed neither of them should perform this night and they both received several drinks on the house.

There were other performers of course, but their enjoyment was checked by their respective arousal punishing chastity devices. Lucy, Matilda and Grace revelled in the predicament Jessie and Marcy had agreed to put themselves into, it was going to be a long week for everyone, as they waited for swingers night to come, so Jessie and Marcy could compete for 'The Ultimate Forfeit'

~fin [To be continued in Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit]

By Sabrina



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FEMDOM :
THE GAME **3**
The Ultimate Forfeit



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Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit

Jessie, having being feminized and used as Master Brian's slave and cum slut ended 'The Game' sitting in the club being teased by Matilda, Grace and Marcy. Eventually Marcy offered to let Jessie, or slave Jessica spend the night in Matilda's care while she would go with Grace to meet Grace's live-in, chaste, sissy slave – Jenny.

In part 2 Jessie spent a night in Matilda's Dungeon being playfully tortured by Lucy, while Marcy found herself having a lesbian encounter with Grace back at Grace's apartment, while sissy slave Jenny was forced to watch, squirming in his chastity device and clicking along as fast as he could on a treadmill in high heels, trying to keep the wire hooked around his balls to the treadmill from slicing his testicles off. Jessie and Marcy, having both had their lives turned upside down agree to a final game, a game for the ultimate forfeit. After a week in chastity, for both of them, the first for Marcy, the second for Jessie, they will compete at the next swingers night at the club. Trying to service as many patrons of the club as possible by either servicing them orally or receiving a pegging or corporal punishment. The forfeit for losing? A year as a sissy maid and sex slave to be shared amongst the dominant women.

Marcy's first night in chastity

When Marcy and Jessie left the club, Grace came with them. Claiming Jenny would have to manage without her for a night. The sensation in both Marcy and Jessie was strange, being locked inescapably into arousal punishing chastity devices left them feeling strangely detached from reality, the severe pain that any slightly arousing thoughts caused in either of them, meant they were desperately trying to consider themselves almost asexual.

Throughout the entire taxi ride home, the beautiful Grace sitting between them, they felt that sense of submissiveness, of being owned. In many respects Marcy felt like she'd got a more raw deal out of this situation. The chastity bra and leg loops, plus the full steel belt felt very constrictive, like being in constant bondage even as she moved around. Of course moving around was not desirable as every time she shuffled about the 'arouser' built into the belt would gently stimulate her, not enough to cause pleasure, just enough to cause frustration, to allow arousal to start to build, then the bra would punish her and she would ride the roller-coaster of arousal back down as the pain subsided.

When they got back to the apartment, they didn't stop for supper, or a late drink. Grace wanted to go straight to bed.

Having locked up, Grace dominantly strode into the bedroom first and began peeling off her figure hugging satin dress. As she did, she glanced over her shoulder at Jessie and Marcy with a cheeky smirk. "I'm taking the middle tonight, I'm going to enjoy having not one, not two, but three chaste submissive slaves this week!"

Marcy and Jessie began getting undressed too. Grace finished first and as she did, she slid open the wardrobe. There hanging up at the end, were selection of long luxurious, ankle length nightie's trimmed with lace and cut for a feminine figure. She pulled the first three off the rack, a royal blue with white lace trim, a deep purple with black lace trim and an emerald green with a voile sleeve and v-neck. She lay on the bed. "There that's tonight's nightwear sorted."

Marcy picked up the blue one and slid it over her head, then looked at Grace. "You pulled too many out – you pulled out three."

"Three is just the right amount, there's three of us after all isn't there?"

Jessie groaned, his member fighting at its spiked prison just at the thought of wearing one of these sexy feminine garments. "I'm not

wearing a nightie!”

Grace looked sternly at him. “You ARE slave! If you’re going to spend twelve months in chastity, being a sissy maid and chaste sex slave you’ll need some practise – so I will accommodate you. Pick one, NOW!”

She was glaring at him, hands shaking, he found himself complying almost without thinking, reaching for the emerald one. Grace smiled. “There, that’s better. That’s being a good girl isn’t it?”

At this point Marcy was climbing into bed. As Jessie climbed in too Grace pulled the purple nightie over her head and slid in between them. Wrapping her arms around Jessie and Marcy and smiling. “My two lovely slaves, the next year is going to be such fun whoever wins! I think I will allow Jenny to revert to James and allow him to explore his dominant side too, so whoever loses will find themselves serving even more dominants! Isn’t that nice?”

Before Marcy or Jessie could answer she chuckled. “You can both kiss me good night before we sleep I think. On the lips of course.”

As she spoke she pulled Marcy towards her and started kissing her passionately on the lips, feeling the steel domes of the chastity bra under the nightie pressing on her breasts. Marcy reciprocated and kissed her back, ignoring the painful sensations in her nipples caused by the chastity bra. After a few moments Grace pulled away and turned to Jessie. “Slave Jessica, what are you waiting for?”

“My turn!”

“Oh dear slave Jessica, I don’t want you to kiss me on the mouth ‘lips’ those are exclusively for slave Marcy. If I tell you to kiss me, you will kiss me on the other lips. I suggest you begin quickly before I decide to punish you.”

She then lay back and pulled Marcy to her, exploring Marcy's mouth with her tongue and mixing and merging saliva with her, while gently holding her against her. Jessie was shaking now, he positioned himself between Grace's slim, petit legs and pulled the hem of her nightie up. She shook softly as he removed her panties and moved his face so it was right between her thighs. His member was almost going blue it was pressing so hard on the spikes, he could feel it going numb. The smell of her sex, the sight of her glorious pussy filling his vision, it was an exquisite torture and it sent him spiralling into a new level of submissiveness. He leaned in, the smell got stronger. As he ran his tongue up the inside of Grace's labia she shivered with enjoyment. She tasted subtly bitter, an unpleasant, lingering smell. He continued anyway, melting with submission trying desperately and succeeding to focus solely on her sexual pleasure, with no thought for his own. As he caressed her genitals with his tongue and lips, her hand dropped down and pressed his head into her crotch, forcing his nose right onto her clitoris and his mouth into her vagina. He could hardly breathe; his sense of smell was overloaded with female sex, his mouth slowly filling with pussy juice. As he started servicing her more enthusiastically she grabbed a fistful of his hair and pulled his face harder into her crotch, while still passionately kissing Marcy. In a few moments she trembled softly, then arched her back, breaking away from Marcy and giving a great moan of pleasure. She released Jessie who pulled away gasping for breath, then began kissing Marcy again as she felt the orgasm slowly subside.

Grace pulled away and gave Marcy a last peck on the lips, whispering 'night, night sweetie.' then drifted off into a blissful orgasm induced sleep, her breathing slow and relaxed. Jessie awkwardly took his position back at Grace's side after pulling her nightie down and the covers up. He cock had gone completely numb, desperately trying to grow, but put in its place by the cruel KTB every time. It was going to be a tough week, a very tough week, but he was NOT going to lose the game.

Marcy was asleep before Jessie, females being less at the mercy of their sexual hormones and orgasms. Every minute she spent with Grace, left her feeling more attracted to her, more in love with her. She'd never considered a relationship with another girl before in her life, but with Grace it seemed so natural, she felt at this point that if she had to lose Jessie or Grace, she would lose Jessie. She had gone in a matter of weeks from being a definite heterosexual, to a curious bisexual, to almost homosexual. Was she supposed to be a lesbian? Had she always been a lesbian but simply hadn't realised it, being moulded into a heterosexual woman by social and cultural pressures?

It was a difficult question to answer, she'd always enjoyed girls company more than men, and could remember admiring other girls bodies, even at school. Had it been envy? Or something else? She mulled over these questions as she slowly, gently drifted off to sleep.

The Week of Preparation

Throughout the week Jessie found himself playing the bottom rung of the hierarchy. Grace removed all his male underwear and on the second day was demanding he go to work in borrowed panties, bra and stockings. Luckily she didn't enforce breast-forms, but even so, at the office, having the discomfort of the KTB constantly present, and the humiliation of knowing that under his suit he was wearing panties and a bra and either stockings or suspenders, he felt very humbled.

On the third day he'd had a terrible morning, constantly fighting his urges, which were growing stronger by the hour as his testosterone built up to uncontrollable levels. He'd found the only defence was to work harder, to throw himself so hard into his work that he didn't have time to consider his predicament and he forget about his hidden lingerie.

He was at the photocopier now, in the print room, printing off a lengthy, confidential document when a colleague, Kim, a petit young

girl of partially oriental descent approached him from behind. “Hey Jess.”

“Kim, everything alright?”

She stepped behind him, reached up and started rubbing his shoulders. “I’m fine, but you look so tense, your shoulders are all knotted up! Is everything okay? You’ve been looking really wired for the last fortnight!”

It was true, the events at the club and his cruel KTB were having a visible effect. He was about to answer when she chuckled. “Hah! I thought so!”

He turned to look at her. “What?”

“Jessie, why are you wearing a bra?”

He went bright red and shuddered, stammering. “I... I’m not!”

“Yes you are! I saw you adjusting your bra strap while you were at your desk, and I’ve just felt it. You’re wearing a bra!”

“I... I’m no-“

In a swift, fluid motion she slid a hand into his jacket onto his breast. “You are! I can feel the cup under your shirt and vest!”

Jessie stood there gawping, speechless. She tilted her head to one side looking quizzically at him. “Are you a closet transvestite Jess?”

He shuddered, taken completely off guard. His eyes tracked over her, from her smart, strappy high heel shoes, up the black nylon clad legs, to the short black skirt and the white cotton blouse. When he was looking her in the face he noticed her twirling her pencil, looking thoughtful. She was wearing square rimmed glasses and had her

hair was tied neatly back; it gave her the look of a psychiatrist examining her patient.

“Erm, I’m not-“

“If you’re not a closet transvestite, why are you wearing a bra? Are you wearing panties too?”

He was crimson in the face now and shaking at the confidence of this onslaught. She was at least five years younger than him, a junior, he could... “I’m not and if you don’t shu-“

“You’ll get me sacked? Right... You ARE wearing a bra, I can’t help but think if you’re wearing a bra you MUST be wearing panties too – I don’t think you’re going to be in continuous employment Jess, not if I out you as a closet sissy right now. Now, you either come with me right now, and do exactly as I say, or I’m shouting you out as a sissy in the main office. Got it?”

He quivered softly, considering his options, while this diminutive girl stood waiting patiently, twiddling her pencil. He sighed. “What do you want me to do?”

“You’re going to walk to the file room at the end of the corridor, I’m going to follow. If you pause, or try to go anywhere else – I’m outing you – got it? Good, then let’s go.”

Jessie set out, his thoughts racing. What was she going to do to him? Why did she want him there? As he walked back into the main office, carrying his papers he could sense Kim following him smugly at a short distance. He felt like the condemned man again, being led to his cell or a torture chamber, humiliatingly by this beautiful but young office junior. She still didn’t speak as she followed him down the corridor and into the file room. As she crossed the threshold she clicked the door shut, then inserted a key into the lock and locked it.

He heard the tumblers of the lock roll and turned just in time to see her pull the key from the lock. "I didn't know this room locked!"

"Silly, it's only locked at night. It's part of my job to lock up before I go home."

"What are you going to do to me?"

"Who said I was going to do anything to you? I want to see your lingerie."

"I'm not—"

"Jess, I thought we'd been through this? I saw you adjusting your bra strap, I've felt the strap, I've felt the empty cup under your shirt and vest! Now strip! I want to see it!"

"Kim!"

"Strip sissy, or I call the whole office in here."

Jessie was still bright red, his knees were trembling as he stood before this diminutive girl twiddling her pencil and watching him like a beautiful female prison officer watching her captive strip for a shower. He clearly had no choice. Slowly he pulled his jacket off and draped it over a filing cabinet, then his shirt, and finally, under Kim's watchful eye, his vest. Her eyes lit up at the pink, satin underwired bra with slightly padded cups he was wearing.

She chuckled. "Hah! Very nice Jessie, I have one just like that – but without so much overt feminine trimming on it. The little bow in the centre and the lace is a nice touch. Keep stripping, I want to see your panties."

Jessie groaned audibly, feeling defeated. "Kim, hasn't this gone far enough!?"

“Nope!”

Click!

She'd quickly held her camera phone up and snapped him. Then offered him a friendly smile.

He glared at her. “Kim! You delete that right now, or I'm smashing your phone up for you!”

“I wouldn't do that Jessica, my phone is set to send all pictures to my PC by Bluetooth and they automatically get uploaded to the cloud. If you don't want your colleagues seeing you in a sexy, feminine bra, you do as I say. Did I mention it was time to take your trousers off?”

He whimpered softly as he unbuckled his belt, there was no escape. When his trousers slid to the floor and he stood up she flicked her phone out again.

Click!

“There, that'll be a nice one for your blackmail portfolio won't it?”

“Kim!”

“Now, I want you to tell me why you're wearing women's underwear Jess, are you a sissy? Hmmm, what's that?”

She was looking at the visible bulge of the KTB, peeping out from the tight, silky and lacy panties – which struggled, well failed to contain his male genitalia.

“Erm, it's erm...”

“Truth Jess, or I share your photos!”

“It's um, it's a chastity device.”

“A chasta-what?”

“It erm, it’s locked on and-“

“Let me get this straight, Marcy is worried about you sleeping around so she’s got a device locked on to you which stops you having sex?”

“Actually, Marcy isn’t the one who put it on me, and she doesn’t have a key, it doesn’t just stop me having sex, it stops me masturbating, I can’t even have an erection in it.”

“Wow... Pull your panties down, I want to see it properly... Hmmph! NOW Jess!”

Reluctantly he pulled his skimpy panties clear leaving his throbbing, forcibly flaccid member on show. Kim kneeled down in front of him, peering at the encased member. “Hmmm, interesting, I need to get a better look – keep still Jess.”

He shook as her petit hands gently reached up and started pulling at his testicles and penis, making him swell in the tube. “Hmmph! I can’t get it off!”

Jessie looked down, wincing in pain at the arousal punishment he was receiving from the KTB. “No, you’re not supposed to. I don’t want it off, if you get it off I won’t be able to get it back on.”

She looked up smirking. “You want to stay in this, unable to get erect, arousal punished every time? Who put you in it?”

“Lucy, I-“

“From the club?”

Jessie glared at her. “YOU go to the club?”

She shrugged. “Sure, I haven’t been for a few weeks though, my friends said there’ve been some amazing shows on lately... Why did Lucy lock this onto you?”

“I lost a game.”

Kim smiled, then giggled softly, before grabbing it and playing with it a little. “And you can’t get hard at all in this? Keep still, I want to try something.”

Jessie groaned, but felt helpless to resist. Kim stood up on her knees and placed his glans in her mouth, sucking and licking, swirling her tongue around his flaccid penis, while gently massaging his scrotum and balls. Of course his member immediately began to try to get hard, but the spikes bit hard into his member causing him squeak in pain. “Aaargh! Kim! Stop it!”

“Pffft, I’ve seen how you look at me, you’ve waited a long time to have your cock in my mouth – enjoy it! I want to see if I can bring you off in this thing.”

“Kim!”

“Shhhh, keep still, or I out you as a chastity device wearing sissy!”

He stood still while she wrapped her lips around his glans again and began sliding her lips over his member, gently cupping, then grasping his balls with one hand, while intermittently masturbating him with her other hand. Her tongue was soft and wet, slipping and sliding over his glans as she gently sucked and massaged his balls, giving the device a little shake here and there. She was trying desperately, desperately to bring him off. His member was trying harder than ever to get hard, it pressed so hard onto the spikes it went numb and started to go blue.

Of course while this was going on, Kim was moaning softly between breaths and looking up cheekily to Jessie, while he groaned and

whimpered, suffering at the teeth of the device.

Eventually she gave up and pulled away, looking at his tortured member, almost popping out of the steel tube. “Hehe! This is amazing, I love it.”

She stood up and looked him in the eye. “Well Jess, seeing as I’ve given you a nice bit of ‘oral’ to help you through the afternoon – how about you reciprocate?”

Jessie sighed deeply. “Kim, I don’t want to-“

“Tough! You either try as hard to bring ME off as I did you – or everyone knows you’re hiding panties, bra and chastity device under your suit.”

She backed up, hitched her skirt up to reveal black stockings and suspenders. She then pulled her black, satin panties down and propped her bottom onto the edge of a desk, then pushed her knees apart. “Well Jess, get licking!”

“Kim!”

“Do it, or prepare to be publicly humiliated. Simple choice, private humiliation servicing me, or public humiliation, and probably losing your job.”

Jessie deflated. She had him at her mercy. Slowly he approached, in some respects it wasn’t as humiliating as his experience at the club, but the fact that he was at work and she was a fairly lowly office junior made it almost on a par.

As he took position he heard her stifle a chuckle. Humiliatingly, he had to kneel to be at the right height. As he slid his face in between her thighs he felt the lace trim of her stockings brush his cheeks, she was neatly shaven, her clitoris peeping out of her perfectly symmetrical pussy. Thinking to himself, ‘*best get it over with.*’ He

gently probed her with his tongue, sliding it up and down the inside and outside of her labia, swirling it around the clitoris, then probing her vagina deeply, making her moan with pleasure and her eyes flutter slightly.

She leaned back on her arms, pushing her genitals out and widening her hips giving him better access. His member was straining hard against the KTB, he could feel it going numb it was pressing so relentlessly. As he continued working away he felt her lift her feet up and cross them behind his back, her legs resting on his shoulders. He felt claustrophobic, his face encased in her thighs. It somehow seemed to intensify the smell of her sex and as he lapped at her vagina he could feel pussy juice running onto his tongue and sliding down his throat. By this stage she was panting softly and arching her back slightly, feeling she was getting close Jessie began licking and lapping more enthusiastically. When she came her whole body shook and she moaned loudly, before relaxing and giggling.

“Hmmm, that was very good Jess, I think I’ll have you do that again...”

With pussy juice and pubic hairs in his mouth Jessie felt used. He wanted to wash his mouth out. “Urgh! I need a drink of water!”

Kim smiling grabbed a fistful of hair and pulled his head so his face looked up to her. “Sorry sissy boy, but NO! You do NOT need a drink of water, I want you to spend the rest of the afternoon working, and savouring the taste and the smell of my sex. If I catch you trying to sneak a drink – you go public. Clear?”

“Kim! Please!”

“Shhh, I’ve always wanted my own little sissy sex slave, now I’ve got you, I may as well use you as much as possible? Come on, you’d better get back to work. Don’t forget what I said about drinks, the next time you are permitted to get a drink is when you get home tonight. Any more complaints or pleading and I will out you. Now get back to work.”

He stood and got dressed while she pulled her panties up and straightened her skirt out. When she unlocked the door and beckoned him through she gave him a playful pat on the bottom as he passed her and whispered. "Thank you slave."

The rest of the afternoon was a nightmare for Jessie. His member was desperately trying to grow into the spikes, making it painful to walk, to sit still, to do anything. The taste of Kim's sex lingered and lingered in his mouth and his nostrils. He could feel her pussy juice drying on his chin leaving a thin dry film – but he didn't dare to remove it for fear of reprisals. Occasionally he felt a pubic hair in his mouth and had to either discreetly pick it out and deposit it in the bin or swallow it.

Kim meanwhile was having a lovely afternoon, riding the waves of pleasure from her orally induced orgasm. As she worked she kept getting distracted, thinking about the fun things she could do with slave Jessie.

Return Home

When Jessie got home Grace and Marcy were already back. He saw both coats on the coat hooks. The first thing to do was to say hello to Marcy and Grace, but when he approached the closed door of the bedroom he could hear giggling, and soft moans. He placed a hand on the knob and prepared to turn it – then thought better of it. Feeling glum he went back to the kitchen and made himself a hot coffee, before collapsing in front of the television to watch the news. Of course the fact that his girlfriend appeared to be busy giving sexual pleasure to Grace, from the confines of her own chastity ensemble, on top of his ordeal with the mischievous young Kim at work, meant he was desperately trying to take his mind of arousing thoughts.

When Grace and Marcy emerged from the bedroom, Marcy looked kind of tense, but Grace floated in smiling and looking relaxed. She

smirked at Jessie. “Ahhh, you’re back! You’d better start cooking dinner, any complaints and you’ll be punished.”

Jessie sighed and climbed off the sofa. As he headed for the kitchen area he noticed Marcy and Grace snuggling up together on the sofa. The next twelve months would be sheer hell if he couldn’t win. It’d been fun at the club, and he still wanted to play the game, simply to teach Marcy a lesson – as she’d definitely had the lighter end of the deal at this stage. He did not, NOT want to lose though. The thought of having Marcy, in her chastity gear for a year, having to not only do all the chores, but service him orally and receive anal sex whenever he demanded it with no sexual pleasure of her own, instead her arousal at providing her body for his amusement, causing punishment – that was something worth playing for.

Swingers Night

Throughout the week Jessie found himself trying to avoid Kim at the office, somehow she managed to catch him alone though, and having seen his desperate attempts to avoid her, demanded he meet her at lunchtime for her daily orgasm every day, or he would go public. He thought about trying to access her files and delete the photos, but he was still in lingerie and chastity so she could still easily out him. He saw no choice but to grin and bear it, providing oral service to Kim became part of his daily routine.

At home Grace was seemingly spending more and more time with Marcy. She would call at her place to check on slave Jenny of course, but for most of the time he found himself serving both Grace and Marcy, both domestically and orally.

For Marcy’s part, she found Grace manoeuvring her gently into a position of being head slave with Jessie beneath her. It was a pleasant place to be, though she desperately, desperately wanted to orgasm. The arouser kept her edging towards an orgasm, but the chastity bra constantly put her back down again. Being in the

ensemble while being forced to service Grace both manually and orally made her feel more and more submissive to her.

When the night of the game came, the following 'swingers night' Jessie and Marcy were both desperate to win, utterly determined not to spend twelve months as the chaste sissy maid and sex slave of the other, and the three devious mistresses Grace, Matilda and Lucy. Of course Jessie had the added incentive of wanting to escape from his predicament to prevent being used as a chaste, sissy sex-slave by Kim as well.

When they got to the club it was still early. Lucy greeted them at the door. "Ahhhh, you're both here, I was beginning to wonder if you'd both bottled out. I'm so glad you both came." She was wearing a classy, little black dress with a string of pearls around her neck and long satin gloves. After gesturing into the club she followed them in.

The main club was empty, except for Grace, Matilda, and James, who was out of his device and sissy clothes. He smirked at the surprised look on Grace and Jessie's faces. Grace smiled at them. "You've not met James. I decided seeing as after tonight I'm going to have a new maid and sex slave, I'd give James a break from his servitude and perhaps allow him to explore his dominant side? Should make it more fun!"

Jessie and Marcy were looking nervous now. Matilda, sitting back in her chair wearing a black satin jumpsuit gestured towards two empty chairs. "Please, have a seat. The least I can do for your participation in this game is to offer you both a drink, perhaps give you some 'Dutch courage' I suspect it's going to be a hard fought contest tonight.

Jessie laughed out loud as he took his seat. "I'm going to win, there's no way Marcy can beat me tonight, no way in a million years."

Marcy glared at him. “Hmmp! We’ll see!”

Matilda waved to the bar and a tray of cocktails was prepared and carried over. When it clicked down on the table, she gestured towards the tray. “Please, help yourselves, you’ll have to drink up though – it’s nearly time to get you both ready. In order for the contest to be as fair as possible I’ve decided to try to make you look as similar as possible. When you are being led around the club and being offered to people we will change your handlers hopefully so people can’t easily discern who is who – should make it fairer I think.”

Jessie grinned at Lucy. “Have you got the key to the KTB ready? You’re going to need it.”

She pulled her necklace from below the neckline of her dress, his key was dangling teasingly on the chain. “Here it is, all ready – you just have to make sure you win.”

As Jessie and Marcy took their drinks Matilda chuckled. “My, my, I don’t think I can remember the club hosting such a fun and competitive game... You know, I really wouldn’t know who to put my money on. I have to say, an extra week in chastity, and given experiences so far – I would say Jessie has the advantage. He did take rather more severe corporal punishment than Marcy.”

Grace smirked. “Really? I’ll give you twenty pounds says Marcy wins and Jessie gets to be slave.”

Matilda raised an eyebrow. “Oh? Know something I don’t?”

She shrugged. “Maybe, maybe not... For a reason that is secret to me, I think Marcy will win this.”

Matilda laughed. “Hah! I can spare twenty pounds, and it will make it more interesting – you’re on. Lucy?”

Grace and Matilda handed Lucy a crisp twenty pound note each.

As she slid the money into her purse she looked up smiling. “May the best submissive win!”

Preparation

Lucy, Matilda and Grace had led Marcy and Jessie to the now dreaded backstage area. In the order of fairness Jessie had been outfitted with breast forms as before, and then a chastity bra on top so he matched Marcy. Then it was time to get dressed. Matilda, Grace and Lucy gently coaxed Jessie and Marcy into black silk stockings and suspenders, and matching tight fitting black, PVC mini dresses with integral corsets which laced at the back. They were both put into the uncomfortable locking high heel shoes and ushered to the make-over area.

The predicament they were finding themselves in, along with the knowledge of the ordeal they were about to face had both Jessie and Marcy wincing at their punishing chastity devices, now constantly inflicting pain upon them, trying to keep their arousal at bay.

The need for restraints at this stage was non-existent, with Jessie and Marcy sitting submissively, compliantly in the chairs in front of the large mirrors while Matilda, Lucy and Grace worked on them. Heavy, quite daring make-up was used to hide Jessie’s masculine features, along with eyebrow plucking and eyelash curling. Marcy was then made-up in an identical style, when they were done, the look was finished by neatly clipping Marcy’s hair out of the way and placing a bright ‘sissy pink’ wig on each of them. During the make-over Matilda slipped away and returned just as the pair were finished, bearing two pastel pink leather collars with a locking buckle at the back and a little chain lead attached. She smiled at them. “It’s time.”

Grace took one collar and carefully fitted it to Marcy while Lucy took the other carefully fitted it to Jessie. Gently but firmly both slaves

were pulled to their feet with their respective leads. Matilda grabbed two sets of shackles and handcuffs off the side. “One more thing I think – keep still so I can fit your restraints, we don’t want the loser running off on us do we?”

She kneeled down and fitted the chains to both Marcy and Jessie then stood smirking at them, further encumbered, collared and their chains jangling as they moved about. As Matilda strode confidently towards the curtain Jessie turned to Marcy. “You can’t win you know, you may as well accept it now – it’s your turn to play slave.”

Marcy smirked. “Oh? Hoping I’d bottle out before we got started? What’s the matter Jess? Are you worried?”

“No!”

They were stopped by the music going low and the lights dimming. They heard Matilda’s voice boom over the loudspeaker system. “Ladies and gentlemen, dominants and submissives, welcome to swingers night!”

There was an eruption of applause and cheering. Which Matilda waited to subside before continuing. “Tonight masters and mistresses, I have a special, special treat for you. Your two favourite slaves of recent weeks, slave Jessica and slave Marcy are back! For some interactive entertainment! For tonight, and tonight only they will be available for you to use and abuse as you see fit! Give them a round of applause everyone!”

At that point Grace and Lucy strode forwards tugging on the chain leashes, pulling Marcy and Jessie forwards. As they were pulled through the curtain the gravity of what they were undertaking seemed to over-take the sense of surreal reality that they’d been caught up in. Nothing had seemed real. Now they were being led out on stage, in order to serve and service any stranger who wanted to use them, it suddenly started to seem a bad idea. Marcy turned to Jessie, shaking. “Jess, do you really want to do this?”

He looked at her in her fetish dress, with her pink wig, her worried face framed by the pink hair and the pink collar. He thought about the males and females that would be queuing up to administer corporal punishment, receive oral service or to penetrate them anally. He shook his head. “No!”

Lucy chuckled and turned to them. “Dear me slaves, you’ve forgotten the rules of the game! The rules of all our games! Once the game has started there’s no backing out – you have consented.”

Marcy looked pleadingly at Jessie. “Look, why don’t you just refuse the person that wants to use you?”

He glared at her, “No! You refuse the first person that wants to use YOU!”

Grace turned to them smirking. “You’re both being very silly, it’s only twelve months of slavery – it should be fun. Besides, I want you to both play the game properly – otherwise the CCTV footage of your previous times on stage – well, they might mysteriously end up shared all over the internet – I wonder what they’ll think at work of your antics?”

Marcy and Jessie looked at each other in horror. As they looked on though, Lucy tugged sharply on Jessie’s collar, while Grace pulled on Marcy’s collar – separating them. One was taken down the left of the stage and one the right. The Club had been filled with all sorts of dungeon furniture. As soon as Marcy was off the stage a young, partially oriental looking girl made a bee-line for her. When she approached Grace smiled at her. “Kim, good to see you again! What would you like to do to slave Marcy?”

Kim smirked, studying Marcy from head to foot, the music was pumping now, the lights were flashing and the club was heaving. Kim was wearing a red and black leather bodice with a red pvc skirt. She grabbed Marcy’s lead, causing Marcy to whimper softly. “I think

I'll start the night by giving her a good spanking, I'm sure she's been a naughty girl."

Grace chuckled. "She certainly has, I don't think you should show any mercy."

And so Kim took her seat and gently pulled Marcy onto her knee and hitched her dress up. It was an uncomfortable position for Marcy, she could feel the shackles cutting into her, she could feel her confining chastity ensemble. When she was in position she was humiliatingly balanced on Kim's knee looking down at her slim legs, ending in bright red mary jane pumps with a five inch heel. She felt Kim's hand gently caress her pert, bare bottom for a moment, then Kim chuckled, raised her hand and gave her a penetrating, stinging smack.

Marcy yelped and wriggled on her knee. Kim tutted softly. "Dear, dear, slave Marcy – haven't you been taught to count and thank? You should count and thank every stroke!"

Marcy blurted out. "One, thank you mistress!"

"Oh it's too late for that now, you missed your chance I'll have to start again."

"How many are you giving me?"

"Oh, I don't know, I think I'll just keep spanking until I'm bored or my hand hurts too much. Keep still slave, and don't forget to count and thank."

The spanking began in earnest, Marcy punctuating each smack with a count and a 'thank you mistress'. Grace seemed to be finding this situation quite amusing, as she stood there, watching as Kim's hand rose and fell. Occasionally Grace and Kim would share a knowing smile, almost like a smirk of hidden collusion.

While Marcy was receiving a spanking from Jessie's work colleague, Master Brian had approached, Lucy with another male friend. They were both wearing fairly vanilla, smart casual clothes. Lucy chuckled as she saw him approach. "Master Brian, back for more? How would you like to use slave Jessica?"

He smirked at Lucy, then Jessie. "Well, she gives excellent head and has a cute little sissy pussy, how about my good friend and I spit-roast her?"

Jessie groaned audibly. Lucy pulled out Jessie's score card. "Excellent choice, you'll score well for this Jessica, unless you want to refuse?"

He didn't know what Marcy was undergoing at this point, it could have been worse or not so bad. The club was too crowded to see her. "I'll do it."

Lucy smirked. "Good girl, let's get you on the pegging bench then!"

And so Jessie, in his female attire, his member bursting out of the KTB, causing severe pain was man-handled onto a pegging bench. Master Brian approached his face and dropped his trousers. Then offered up his penis for Jessie to suck. The smell of male sweat and dried cum filled his nostrils. He almost gagged. Master Brian leaned lower to him. "What's the matter bitch? Open up and start sucking!"

Trembling, Jessie opened his mouth and felt Master Brian gently feed his throbbing member onto his tongue, Master Brian's glans sliding against the roof of his mouth. Helpless to resist he accepted his fate and started gently sucking on Master Brian's cock, swirling his tongue around and sliding his lips over the sides of the shaft. As he did this he felt the hem of his dress being lifted and a cold, jelly like substance being smeared on his bottom. He tried to shut his mind off from what was happening, he tried to focus on Master Brian's pleasure as he felt a cock slide firmly but gently into his anus,

pushing open the anal sphincter and giving him a sensation of fullness.

Now Master Brian and his unnamed friend were working their hips back and forth sliding their cocks into both ends of Jessie, while Lucy held the lead and looked on.

Jessie's head was a mess, he could feel himself being penetrated at both ends, his vision filled with Master Brian's crotch, his shaft sliding away, his neatly cropped pubic hair sliding towards, then away from his eyes. He felt the glans momentarily touch the back of his throat almost making him gag while he was being pumped and pumped at the other end. Eventually Master Brian came, pulling Jessie's face onto his cock hard and holding it there while seemingly gallons and gallons of cum was pumped forcibly down Jessie's throat. At the same time the friend came with a groan, pumping his anus full of semen. As Master Brian slowed down he shouted down at Jessie. "Swallow it bitch! Then clean my cock off with your tongue!"

Jessie had no choice but to obey.

While this was transpiring Kim had finished administering Marcy's spanking. A queue of patrons was waiting patiently for a turn at using slave Marcy. Some were women, some wielding strap-on's, some were men. After Kim finished another woman stepped forwards but Kim stopped her. "You'll have to wait your turn I'm not finished with slave Marcy yet."

She pulled Marcy off her knee then pulled her head into hers with the lead. "Now that you've been punished, you're going to service me orally, let's see if you can bring me off as well as your sissy boyfriend Jess."

Marcy gasped. "Wha... How did-"

"Shhhh, I know all about Jessie's situation, I've been using him this week to provide my daily orgasm. He's very good. So good in fact, I

really want to make sure you win – so I can keep using and abusing him every day at work. So do a good job on me, show me some appreciation and I'll make sure YOU win this game.”

Marcy smiled at her. She was young attractive, given her burgeoning lesbian tendencies she didn't feel too put out to service her anyway and the fact that a patron was determined to ensure she won could only work in her favour. “No problem, mistress!”

Kim eased back on the chair, lowered her trousers and panties and pulled Marcy's face down with the lead. She was very slim and her skin had a slightly olive hue to it. Marcy slid her face between Kim's thighs and slowly extended her tongue towards her labia. As she began working her tongue in and out, up and down, in swirling patterns tickling her clitoris, Kim sighed. “HmMMM, don't be TOO good I might decide I want you for my personal slave instead of Jess.”

Marcy chuckled, her mouth was soon getting smeared with juices, administering a spanking had made Kim very aroused and she was positively moist in her crotch. Marcy didn't mind though, she had an ally in this game and she'd do her best to get Kim on side. Eventually Kim moaned and arched her back, thrusting her genitalia into Marcy's face and panting softly. Marcy kept going as Kim's orgasm subsided, making her moan and sigh with pleasure. Eventually Kim gently reached down and pushed her face away from her crotch. “Thank you slave...”

As Marcy pulled away breathing a sigh of relief she felt her leash tugged on sharply. The puller was an older woman in her fifties. “Alright slave, it's my turn now, I'm going to peg you.”

As she started hauling Marcy over to a waiting pegging bench a young man stepped in, opening his fly as he approached. “How about she gives me head at the same time?”

The older woman smiled. “Be my guest, I’m holding her leash though!”

Marcy felt herself helped onto the bench and without warning the hem of her dress was hitched up. Simultaneously the male patrons cock was offered up to her face, and she felt a glob of cold jelly land on her anal sphincter. She opened her mouth submissively to accept the male organ and as she started sliding her lips over the shaft she felt a finger probe her anus, lubricating the sphincter, then the strap on was slowly, slowly fed in. It was a large one, she felt her sphincter being stretched almost to ripping point. The sensation made her groan and pause but the male patron grabbed her ears and started rocking his hips back and forth kissing the back of her throat with his cock, making her gag.

While Marcy was experiencing this ordeal, Kim had sorted herself out and was searching gleefully around the club for slave Jessica.

When she found Jessie he was on his knees servicing a female dominant orally. There was nobody queuing at this stage, Lucy had handed over the leash to Matilda who was watching him slide his tongue in, around and all over his customers pussy. As the patron orgasmed, got up and walked away Matilda made a mark on Jessie’s scorecard then looked to Kim. “Ahhh, another customer! What would you like to do to slave Jessica?”

Kim smirked. “Oh, all sorts of things, everything, I want to make her beg for mercy.”

Jessie recognised the voice, he turned around in horror. “You!”

She leaned forwards placing her hands on her knees. “Yes, little old me! I like taking advantage of your Jess, or should I call you slave Jessica? Perhaps I should just call you my bitch and have done with it? I want to do everything to you, I want you to experience exquisite torture, I want you to feel that you are my property to do with as I wish. If you refuse me, you’ll lose the game. If you lose the game I

kind of suspect you'll be in chastity and lingerie for the next year. Of course that will mean you being my bitch at work, I'll send you fetch my lunch, do my photocopying, give me my daily orgasm, perhaps have you under my desk giving my feet a rub? You'll have to do anything I say or your fetish lifestyle will be available for all to see, those pictures of you in your panties and bra look great, I've already made your blackmail webpage! I just need to make it public."

Jessie looked gobsmacked. "How did –"

"Oh I'm very good friends with Grace, have been for a long time. She told me all about your recent experiences. You can't blame me for wanting to take advantage! To be honest Jess, I know how you like to be controlled by dominant women. I know I'm just an office junior and I'm a lot younger than you – but that makes it all the more tantalizing doesn't it? That you're at MY mercy? It's a real table turner isn't it? Now bend over, I want to start by giving you a judicial caning. If you beg for mercy or ask me to stop, you lose the game. You lose the game, sure you'll be the property of your mistresses by night, but you'll be my bitch by day..."

She turned to Matilda. "I think I'd like to give her a nice judicial caning to start with, can I have her in the stocks please?"

Matilda smiled. "With pleasure! Come on slave!"

Jessie felt himself tugged along on the leash by Matilda to be secured in a waiting set of stocks. Kim began rummaging through the selection of implements that had been put out. As Matilda opened Jessie's shackles to place his hand in the stocks, she smiled at him. "Are you having a good time?"

Jessie tried to force a weak smile. "It's certainly an experience."

Matilda smiled warmly at him. "I love giving people new experiences, you're doing really well. I really think you have a

chance of winning this game, now come on, pop your head and wrists in the stocks for me... Good girl."

As he lay his head on the stock he felt Matilda gently close it down on his neck and wrists. He was being held in an uncomfortable position now, his back arched, his knees forced to bend a little. Before he could reposition himself to a more comfortable way of standing he felt Kim grab the hem of his dress and hitch it up without warning. He remembered the caning from the previous game, where he'd ended up servicing Master Brian on stage, it was very, VERY painful. The question was what did she mean by 'judicial' would there be a difference? In some respects he wasn't that worried, the pain in his flaccid member, which had been trying so hard to burst out of the Kali's Teeth Bracelet, was so severe he couldn't imagine any torture or punishment trumping it.

When the first stroke fell, Kim threw all her weight into the stroke and followed through as hard as she could. There was no warm up, no teasing, just a brutal, vicious, penetrating stroke made Jessie scream in agony. Kim's face appeared from behind the stock. "Well slave? Where's your count and thank?"

"Urngh! One, thank you mistress."

Kim gently stroked his hair, her petit hands offering a gentle touch. "There, good girl... Ready again?"

The hand was removed, Kim vanished behind the stock. Jessie was still reeling from the previous hit, the patrons of the club were starting to crowd around now. When Kim threw all her weight into the next strike Jessie strained in the stocks, clenching his teeth and whimpering. "Two, thank you mistress!"

The crowd cheered and the next stroke fell. While Jessie was undergoing this humiliating and painful treatment, Marcy was elsewhere, now being held by Lucy, servicing a male patron of the

club orally, having warm, salty, sticky semen pumped down her throat.

As Kim rained blows down on Jessie, to the cheers of the crowd, Grace appeared. Jessie could only detect her presence from her distinctive laugh from behind him, followed by her finger prodding his bare bottom. "Careful Kim, you've broken the skin quite badly here. There'll be nothing left for anyone else if you carry on like this!"

He then heard Kim's voice, beginning with a sigh. "I am so enjoying this, I'm so glad you told me about slave Marcy and Slave Jessica, and the game. Here, you give him a few strokes, while I start attaching my strap on."

"Sure, it'd be my pleasure."

Grace took over the caning and Jessie found himself receiving more punishing blows, though Grace was a little more merciful than Kim. As she was caning he heard Grace pause and gasp. "Oh, my god..."

The cane didn't fall. Jessie was getting curious now, and slightly panic struck. He then heard Grace speak again. "I can't believe it! That is SO big, where on earth did you get that? Can you get it in? Will something THAT big fit inside her?"

The next voice was Kim's. "I don't know, if I apply enough lube and enough pressure it should go in... It might rip him apart a little though... I'd better start lubing up."

He felt a slender finger gently smearing lube over his anus, then probing deeply into his sphincter with the lube, giving his tortured prostrate a little rub while it was there. While he quivered with fear and arousal Grace's face appeared again, Matilda was still looking on with amusement. Grace smiled at him. "Slave Jessica, Kim is going to penetrate you with a strap-on now, and it's *ahem* big, very big. I don't think you can take it without being ripped apart are you

sure you don't want to refuse and hand victory to Marcy? This might cause you a minor injury."

He glared at her. "No! I'm going to win this game, whatever it takes!"

Grace smiled. "If you're sure..."

As she spoke he felt something large pressing and pressing on his sphincter trying to enter his rectum. Kim had wrapped her fingers around his hips and was pulling hard, trying to force her huge, monstrous strap on in. Jessie groaned and writhed in the stock, then the huge plastic member slid slowly until Kim's hips kissed Jessie's bare buttocks. He felt so full, he felt like his intestines were being compressed. Instinctively he tried wriggling around, trying to escape from the monster, but Kim's fingers clenched his hips and pulled him harder onto the massive artificial cock.

He heard her chuckle softly. "Oh, a drop of blood! Sorry Jess, it looks like I've given you an anal fissure! Deep breath now, try to relax, this will hurt less if you relax."

Jessie felt her pull away, the giant strap on sliding tightly out, then she pulled his hips and slid it back in. He felt like he was being stretched almost ripped apart. Matilda leaned in to him now. "Try and relax slave Jessica, the more you relax and accept it the less it will hurt and damage you."

He whimpered as Kim penetrated him again and again. Grace leaned in. "You can tell her to stop at any time, but of course you'll lose the game – do you want to stop?"

"Gngh! No! I can Urgh! Take it!"

Kim chuckled behind him. "Can you? Take it then bitch!"

She started ramming the strap on harder and harder, brutally penetrating Jessie, but he held out. When she finally withdrew he felt his rectum had stayed open and like he'd never be able to close it again. The patrons of the club crowding around and watching were cheering loudly again. Kim popped out from behind the stock. "I'm impressed bitch, you can take an awful lot of cock can't you? You must really love cock in that little sissy pussy of yours... However I'm afraid it's time to draw this game to a close. I'm going to keep you in the stocks for this one, when you're ready to give up, just shout."

Jessie had tears in his eyes, his make-up was starting to run and he was feeling very worse for wear. He looked at her almost pleadingly. "What are you going to do?"

As she spoke she'd retrieved a pair of nitrile gloves from her bag and a tube of 'Deep Heat'. "I'm give your balls a massage bitch, with 'Deep Heat'. If you've ever wondered what it feels like to have your testicles burned off – then you won't have to wonder for long."

Her voice was soft, caring, almost sympathetic. She vanished behind the stock, with the tube and he quickly felt her gloved hands gently massaging his balls. This was bad enough that it made his member swell against its spiked prison, but as she worked, the heat started to build.

When she took her hands away, the heat was still building. His wrists were in the stock, he tried crossing his legs, anything to lessen the pain but it felt like his balls had been dipped in acid or set alight. At first he hoped it might subside, but the burning sensation got worse and worse and soon he was screaming. "Stop! Stop! Let me out! Aaaargh! I need to wash it off!"

Matilda leaned in. "Are you refusing this treatment slave Jessica? Are you forfeiting the game?"

He paused, he whimpered, he so, so wanted to win but the pain was killing him. In a gasp he blurted out. "Yes, yes! Marcy wins!"

Matilda patted him on the head. "Good girl. Grace, go and free Marcy. Kim, help me get him out of the stocks and backstage."

Kim chuckled. "With pleasure, so glad to secure the services of my future office bitch! Especially in such a fun way!"

They freed him, and helped him limping off to the backstage shower room to wash off the deep heat. As he disappeared Lucy removed two crisp twenty pound notes and handed them both to Grace, who accepted them smugly.

The Debrief

Kim had left, with a grin on her face, Jessie had used the shower room and washed off the deep heat. He was now standing in the backstage area, in his femme fetish attire, holding an ice-pack on his balls. Grace and Lucy were helping Marcy out of her now cum and pussy juice stained PVC dress. Finally Lucy produced the keys to her chastity ensemble. As Lucy began undoing the locks and peeling the steel components away, Marcy breathed a sigh of relief. She looked up at Jessie chuckling. "Well played Jessie, better luck next time?"

He glared back. "Hmmp! It was Kim from work! She had it in for me!"

"I know, tough luck eh? I'm going for a shower now."

She made her way into the shower room to clean herself thoroughly, inside and out. Once the door clicked shut Matilda smiled at Jessie. "Well, it seems you're committed to a year of slavery Jessica. I wonder who should take you home first?"

Grace smiled. “Well, I’d like to spend some time alone with Marcy this week, why don’t one of you have her first?”

Lucy shook her head. “I don’t want her this week.”

Matilda smiled and stepped closer looking Jessie square in the eye. “Good, then I shall have her for the first week.”

Jessie opened his mouth. “What about Mar-“

“Pffft! Marcy’s had you for ages! I think it’s someone else’s turn, Marcy is at the back of the queue – besides I think she’ll be busy enough with Grace and perhaps James this week?”

The gravity of the situation settled heavier on Jessie, he was going to spend a year locked in chastity, unable to become aroused without pain, unable to orgasm and forced to act as a domestic servant and sex slave to four beautiful women, it was terrifying, but also intriguing. His two weeks in chastity thus far, his cock firmly under lock and key, with Lucy his former key holder – had made him feel incredibly submissive to all of his owners and despite his own frustration he found himself desiring nothing more than giving them their sexual gratification.

As they spoke Marcy emerged, with a towel wrapped around her body and a smaller one wrapping up her hair. Grace gathered up the clothes she’d arrived in and brought them over, helping her into them.

Matilda explained that Marcy was at the back of the queue for having possession of Slave Jessica, as she’d already had her for a long time. Marcy and Grace left the back-stage area to meet James and left. Then Lucy gave her goodbye’s and sauntered off, the key to Jessie’s Kali’s Teeth Bracelet still dangling between her breasts as she left.

A Week As The Property of Matilda

Matilda smiled at Jessie, standing vulnerable in the middle of the backstage area, with tears in his eyes. “Slave Jessica, don’t cry! You should be pleased. You’re in for the most intense, intense experience. You’re going to be not the property of one, but four dominant mistresses – isn’t that exciting?”

Jessie whimpering reached under his dress to touch his now sensitive, tortured member, constantly growing against the spikes and constantly being forced back by the severe pain his arousal caused. “I’m fed up! I want to be able to become erect, I want to come!”

Matilda smiled warmly. “Shhhh, now you know that’s not going to happen for a long time – push the thought to the back of your mind, accept it. If you’re a good girl for me, I may decide to milk you. You need to focus on your owners pleasure, try to disassociate yourself with sexual pleasure, concentrate on your servitude, transfer your sexual pleasure to your owners, you’ll get used to it... And if you don’t it’s tough luck – because you consented to a year in slavery if you lost, and you lost. Now before we go home, you’re going to clean the Club top to bottom. I want the glasses collected and cleaned, the tables wiped, the floors mopped the carpets vacuumed, the toilets cleaned and everything that should be away, put away. The more instruction I have to give you while you perform this task – the more punishment I WILL give you after performing this task – now hop to it.”

His mouth still full of the taste of strangers semen and pussy juice Jessie began the arduous task of making the Club good. Matilda watched at first, then began her own task of cashing up the till and doing some paperwork in a little office just backstage. She finished first and watched Jessie perform the final aspects of the work. By the time he was finished he was sweating and tired. The positive point was the hard work had taken his mind of his predicament and his throbbing member had fallen flaccid, stopping it’s constant

assault on the KTB and giving him at least a short respite from arousal punishment.

As he finished wiping the tables off she approached, smiling. “Ahh, slave Jessica, it’s time I took you home now isn’t it?”

He slopped the cloth onto the side of the bucket and looked up. “Good, I’m so tired... Where are my clothes?”

Matilda offered him a bemused look. “You’re clothes? Why, you’re wearing them silly!”

“I can’t go out like this!”

Matilda smiled and leaned right into his face. “Yes you can, and you will, because I say so. Anyway, don’t be such a baby, it’s the middle of the night, there’ll hardly be a soul around to see you anyway so... Come, we’re done here – you can drive me home.”

With that she turned on her heel and Jessie was forced to click along after her, stumbling in his locking high heels. “Wait! I can’t drive in these heels! Can’t you unlock them!?”

“Can’t drive in high heels? Well we’ll simply have to train you come along slave.”

As she spoke she grabbed his leash and gave him a tug, chuckling as she pulled him.

It felt humiliating being dragged along on the chain leash, his pink leather collar still around his neck, his shackles still around wrists and ankles. His eyes fell on the luscious, long straight, red hair of Matilda, falling over her shoulders like a waterfall, as he followed her, his heels clicking on the hard floor. She was exquisitely beautiful, and she had a mind and personality that seemed exotic and intriguing in equal measure.

He had to wait sheepishly while she set the alarm and locked up. Then they were on the move again. She eventually led him to shiny, new looking, Bentley Flying Spur. It was four door saloon, in gleaming black with tinted windows and a light tan, leather interior. He gasped at her. "This is yours!?"

She nodded, and gestured towards the rear passenger door. "It is, you didn't expect me to driving around in an old banger? Come on slave, open your mistress's door for her."

He opened the rear door and headed around to the driver's side. Despite his predicament and frustrated sexuality he was excited, pleased at being allowed to steer this beautiful car around. His normal drive was about the same value as a set of brake-pads would be on this monster. When he slid into the driver's seat he was overcome with a waft of the smell of leather and wood, with a subtle hint of feminine perfume. He pulled the door closed with a solid 'clunk'. Matilda sat back on the rear bench, looking smug and bemused as he started the engine. He was about to turn around to ask for directions when she leaned forwards and said. "Home." Causing the voice activated sat-nav to start plotting a route. He was about to turn around anyway, when she stopped him. "Slave, eyes front. I want you concentrating on the road, not on me. Keep to the speed limit, drive carefully. If you put my motor car at risk through recklessness there will be severe punishment. The alternative to taking on chauffeur duties is to ride in the boot bound and gagged. You'll find there's no central mirror, the small screen above the sat-nav will show the rear-view camera as soon as you put it into gear. We don't want you distracted by catching a glimpse of me do we?"

He moved the car into gear and sure enough a brightly lit, rear-view appeared on the second screen over the sat-nav, negating the need for a rear-view mirror. Slowly, he pulled away, conscious of the long wheelbase of the car and desperately fighting the urge to look over his shoulder at his beautiful captor. It was a strange sensation, driving a car more expensive than a house through the night, his

beautiful, dominant owner sitting quietly in the back, him not permitted to look at her.

“Matilda-“

“Mistress Matilda Slave!”

“Mistress Matilda, can-“

“I don’t wish to speak to you now. You will drive me home in silence. Any more words out of you before I give you permission to speak will result in severe punishment. Do you understand?”

He sighed. “Yes Mistress Matilda.”

“Good girl.”

The lights of the town turned into less brightly lit urban areas, eventually main roads, then a side-road turned him off and he was driving through a network of narrow lanes. Wherever Matilda lived it was a forty minute drive from the city centre. Driving the Bentley for those forty minutes had Jessie in a web of paradoxes again, it was a fantastic car to drive, despite having to learn to drive in heels as he drove, and just knowing Matilda was sitting in the back watching him, him unable to look back at her for fear of reprisals, was an amazing feeling. However his femme, fetish attire and the KTB constantly biting into his member, humbling him further and further was torture.

The sat-nav eventually took him down a long, narrow single-track lane to a pair of large stone gateposts with electric gates. A stone engraving on the side of one gatepost proclaimed the residence to be ‘Belgrave Towers’ and the gates swung open automatically as if set to open for this car. Once he was through the gates, he was driving down a long, tree-lined gravel drive. Was Matilda asleep? He thought about glancing back, but they hadn’t stopped so it seemed safer to assume she was awake and watching him.

The car crunched up the gravel drive, until eventually the house loomed into view. It was suitably gothic looking, it suited Matilda very well with its gothic stone architecture and twin towers at the front of the house.

Jessie pulled the car up outside the front door, at the bottom of a set of solid stone steps adorned with wrought iron railings. It was a serene, quiet environment in the car. After the car stopped there was silence, he was about to turn the ignition off, when Matilda spoke suddenly. "And what do you think you're doing slave? You should help your mistress out of the car before putting it away in the garage at the rear of the house. You'll use the maid's entrance, you are forbidden from using the front door."

He sighed, climbed out and walked around to her door. After opening it he reached out and offered her his hand. She placed her petit hand in his and allowed him to help her up. Afterwards he sat back in the car and drove it around to the rear of the house to park in the large, detached quadruple garage which backed onto the paddock.

It didn't take long to find the servants entrance. Clearly this had been a small manor house and many of the original features were still in place. He could hear movement upstairs so he clicked across the encaustic tiled floor and started making his way up the great, carved oak staircase.

When he got to the first floor he could hear shuffling behind one of the great oak doors. Slowly he pushed the door open with a creak. Matilda was already ready for bed she was sitting at her dressing table in a jet black satin nightie with white lace trim, brushing her hair and looking in the mirror. Jessie entered. "Matilda, erm, mistress Matilda, may I shower before bed and brush my teeth and stuff? I still have the taste of-"

"Pffft! You will not shower, you will not brush your teeth and you will not sleep in a bed – these are privileges which need to be earned

slave.”

“Then-“

“Look in the corner, that’s your cage. Step in, attach the brown wire to your KTB with the padlock, then attach the red wire ending in a bare wire loop around your scrotum with the other padlock.”

“What do they-“

“Do? They’re your alarm clock. The door to your cage is on a timer, but I need to ensure you wake up in time to make me breakfast and to help me get ready for the day don’t I?”

“I’m going to be electric-shocked into waking up through the balls?”

“Very good, you are perceptive slave – now hop into your cage before I decide to give you a ‘goodnight spanking’.”

Jessie edged over to the cage, it was an ornate golden birdcage which hung from the ceiling. It was adorned with sculpted metal flowers and feminine wire loops. As he stepped in it started swinging gently making struggle to keep his balance. Matilda looked up and smiled. “Good girl, now pull the cage door to.”

Jessie reached out and pulled the cage door shut. There was sprung catch which took a little pressure to close.

“Now attach your electrodes slave.”

Jessie fumbled his hands shaking fixing the wires to his device and scrotum. Thankfully there was a little slack in the wires, they didn’t force him to stand on tip toe, though in truth, this was partly down to the locking heels. Matilda finished brushing her hair and walked over inspecting him. “Hands up, I want to check you’ve fitted your electrodes properly.”

He held his hands up and she reached her slim hands through the bars of the cage and gently manipulated his scrotum and penis, checking that he was properly attached. Satisfied she looked up. “Good girl, perfect – night, night!”

He watched her turn her back onto him, her long, flowing, black satin nightie almost gliding over the floor. Then she slid under the covers and reached over to turn the lights off via a switch at the side of the bed.

Jessie was plunged into darkness. He was left in the gently swinging cage, which moved around if he shifted his weight. It was a narrow cage, leaving little room to manoeuvre. As the seconds ticked by it occurred to Jessie that it was going to be a long and uncomfortable night. Having his toes crushed together and into the toe of the locking mary jane didn't help matters. He made several attempts to slide his foot out of the cruel shoe, but the padlocked ankle strap was too tightly fitted, forcing him to submissively rest back on his heels and accept the feminine, uncomfortable footwear. He tried several positions, none were comfortable, eventually Matilda scolded him. “Keep still slave! Stop swinging your cage! If you continue to fidget I will get up and start administering punishment!”

He ended up standing stock still in the cage, submissively accepting the heels, the captivity, the electrodes on his genitals and the sleep deprivation.

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

Jessie was sleeping peacefully, slumped up against the side of the cage. He woken by a pulsing jolt of electricity through his genitals that had him jumping up and down and clawing at them. As he yelped and whimpered, tears in his eyes grasping at the electrodes Matilda yawned, opened her eyes and sat up in bed. She raised an eyebrow at him, then slowly reached over and flicked a switch at the side of the bed, stopping the shocks.

He looked at her in bewilderment. She shrugged and smiled. “I didn’t tell you, the shocks are your alarm clock, YOU are mine.”

She pressed another button and the gate to the cage swung open. She then grabbed a little set of keys off her bedside table and threw them towards Jessie, who was still panting and recovering from the uncomfortable night and the rude awakening. “Catch!”

He reached out and caught them, then proceeded to unlock the electrodes, while Matilda looked on smirking. As he finally stepped out of the cage she sat up in bed. “Now slave, you will fetch my newspaper and breakfast in bed. Muesli, a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice and nice piping hot, pot of tea. Hop to it slave.”

Jessie clicked away, again, feeling that sense of surreal existence, like he was in a dream. He found the kitchen, found the things, and carefully prepared a tray for his current dominant owner. When he made it back up the stairs she was shaking her head in disappointment. “I’m afraid that was very slow slave Jessica. You can massage my feet for me while I eat and read.”

And so Jessie slid under the covers and spent the next half an hour, massaging Matilda’s feet while she enjoyed a leisurely breakfast with a long lie in and a deep foot rub. When she eventually finished she put the tray to one side and threw the covers back. “That’s enough Jessica, you will dress me now.”

As she stood Jessie found himself pulling her soft, silky nightie off, revealing her milky pale skin and it’s sharp contrast to her fiery crimson hair. She was wearing only a pair of black panties underneath. At Matilda’s instruction, he collected her a pair of nylon tights, a black PVC miniskirt and a black bra. It was warm in the house and so rather than wear a top she simply decorated herself with some long beads from the dressing table.

Afterwards she studied Jessie, looking him up and down. “Hmmm, as you’ve been a good girl for me so far Jessica, I’m going to permit you to shower. Wait here while I get your keys.”

He stood still while she fetched another set of keys and carefully unlocked the heels and the shackles and began unlacing his corset. When he was naked except the collar, the leash and the KTB, she pulled his sissy pink wig off, then grabbed his leash and dragged him into the en-suite.

She unlocked the leather collar and gestured into the shower. It was a large, luxurious bathroom and the shower was soon spraying piping hot water. It felt great to feel the high pressure, pleasantly hot water cascading over his body. He opened his mouth and washed some water around his gums too, hoping to reduce the taste of stale semen and pussy juice. It felt strange though, showering away while Matilda sat watching patiently. He didn’t want to get out, it felt so good. The heat and the water made him go flaccid and the pain in his cock subsided, it was a great feeling. Of course Matilda’s patience didn’t last long. Eventually she glared at him. “You may not continue showering slave, you have a great deal of work to do today. If you do not get out within a count of three, I will lock you in and turn off the hot water supply, while ensuring the cold water supply remains on full power.”

He looked at the shower door and sure enough there was a bolt on the outside and an ominous set of taps outside the shower. He decided he couldn’t put off the inevitable anymore and that she wasn’t calling his bluff so he turned off the water and stepped out, to have Matilda hand him a fluffy white towel. “Dry yourself slave, then come with me. I will show you the maid’s quarters and your uniform.”

After quickly drying himself he allowed Matilda to refit his pink leather collar, then lead him naked through the house. Luckily it was not cold, however he still quivered and trembled as she led him by the leash through the house, simply through fear and anxiety. She led

him up to the third floor of the house, where in a little room with a simply wardrobe dressing table and pink satin covered singly bed, there was a black satin maid's dress laid out with a white cotton apron and a little maid's cap.

“Here, while you are on maid duty you will always wear this. If I am using you as a chauffeur you will wear a different uniform. I have provided you with a normal pair of high heel shoes, if I catch you out of your heels, when you are supposed to be in them – you'll be straight back into locking heels. Now get dressed and sit at the dressing table so we can do your make-up and wig.”

Jessie, still shaking with fear began dressing. Beneath the dress there were breast forms which attached like a bra, and bra, panties, suspender belt and stockings. Every garment he put on made his member grow into the cruel spikes even more. When he finished he was almost whimpering. He sat at the table, and Matilda smiled at him. “Don't worry Jessica, as soon as we're done you can get on with your work and that will take your mind off that nasty arousal won't it? Pay attention, I'll show you how to make yourself up once, and once only. You'll do this every day when you get back from work, as you only have a couple of hours before you leave for work to do your chores, I will allow you to forego the make-up until your return.”

As he sat she began applying foundation, explaining everything she was doing as she did it. After the foundation, blusher, lipstick, mascara, eyeliner and eye-shadow was applied. She did it in a subtle way though, leaving him at the end looking demure, sensible but utterly female.

She finished it by placing a black bob wig on his head with the little white cotton cap.

“Now Jessica, here is your list of chores, you will strive to get them all done for eleven thirty, at eleven thirty you will prepare lunch for me.”

Jessie stood, groaning as he did from the pain in his cock from the KTB. “Yes Mistress Matilda.”

“Good girl, hop to it.”

He left, holding her list in his hand. It was essentially a top to bottom cleaning of the house, toilets, bathrooms, kitchen, bedrooms of which there were eight, reception rooms, then the annex and finally washing Matilda’s selection of cars.

A Piano Lesson

Jessie had been working hard. As promised throwing himself into the chores had lessened the torture his Kali’s Teeth Bracelet enclosed penis had to endure. He’d washed the cars, that had been strangely terrifying, being outside in the fresh air while en-femme. Thankfully, Matilda’s impressive house seemed to be in the middle of a large plot of open ground with no visible neighbours or public walkways. When he was back in the house, having mopped, cleaned toilets, and vacuumed, he was going through the reception rooms dusting when he heard the sound of the piano. He’d noticed a grand piano sitting on the landing of the first storey. He’d never thought for a moment that Matilda could play. As it was she was playing a slow, almost mournful rendition of Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata. He lost himself in the music, dusting and detaching himself from his predicament. All thoughts of Grace and Marcy and Kim, were lost. When he’d finished he moved up the stairs. When he got there though he found himself captivated. Matilda was exquisitely beautiful, she sat in her bra, and beads playing softly and with real expression. As he approached she moved on to the second movement. It was a light, bouncier tune with a happy tone to it. When she saw him she looked up and smiled, talking as she played. “You like? You may stand and admire my playing for a while slave, you’ve worked hard.”

She played and played, then to Jessie's surprise, moved onto the third and final movement, a fierce, incredibly fast piece that came across as a furious storm of piano playing. His eyes couldn't track her fingers. They were clambering over the keyboard so fast his eyes simply couldn't track them. When she threw her shoulders forward and slammed the keys down for the strong chords that interrupted the solo, the whole world seemed to shake with passion and ferocity. It was an awe inspiring performance, it left Jessie as breathless as Matilda, who when she finished, sat up panting softly.

He shook his head. "That... That was amazing..."

She shrugged. "I've been playing since I was three. Do you play?"

"I... I play a..."

Matilda smiled devilishly and stood, gesturing to the now empty piano stool. "Sit."

"I-"

"I said sit slave."

Jessie sat down, at the keyboard, Matilda stepped behind him so he could feel her breasts gently pressing against the back of his head, her petit hands gently resting on his shoulders. "Hmmm, I suspect this piece is a little advanced for you."

She leaned forwards, presenting her beautiful breasts right into his face and folded up the large, piece of sheet music that was spread across the music stand. She unfolded a new piece.

"Here, this is a piano solo by Mozart, I believe it's considered a level five piece. Play this for me."

Jessie's eyes lit up, he knew it! It was a popular piece and he could play it almost by memory. Slowly he lowered his hands and rested

his fingers on the keys of the piano. As he did Matilda sighed and walked to a chaise long and reclined on it. “Play slave... I love closing my eyes and listening to the piano, it’s a beautiful instrument – don’t you agree?”

Without speaking he relaxed his shoulders and started to play. It wasn’t an easy piece, particularly as two fingers were still sore from having the fingernails ripped off, but it was one he’d practiced. Matilda lay back, eyes closed breathing deeply. As he played he started to realize he was somewhat out of practise. The first part he knew so well he could get through it, but by the time he was half way down the first page he was forced to follow the music and he couldn’t keep up with the tempo.

Matilda, who had appeared relaxed and happy screwed her eyes up, then opened them, grabbed a slender cane from a stand in the corner and stormed over. Jessie kept playing, trying to improve, he heard a swish, then yelped as Matilda’s cane snapped onto the back of his hands. She glared at him. “Play properly! You are butchering this piece!”

He whimpered and looked up at her. “I’m doing my best!”

She smiled warmly, leaning in to him. “You’re best is not good enough, while you are in my care I will endeavour to improve you. Your atrocious piano playing is one of the many areas in which I can improve you. You should be pleased, I am going to give you some piano lessons, and you will improve, because if you do not, I will punish you severely. Now play again. Slow down the tempo, watch your hand positions, follow the music and try to relax. If you make a mistake or play badly – I will cane the back of your hands. Begin.”

Matilda watched interestedly, her cane raised as Jessie began to play. He slowed the tempo down, but tried to play it accurately and with feeling, following the music. Matilda looked on, watching his fingers intently, then he moved into the first interlude and she frowned and snapped her cane down hard on the backs of his

hands, painting red stripes on them, making him cry out in pain.
“Concentrate! Now start again!”

“Bu-“

“I said START AGAIN! And this time CONCENTRATE!”

He began again, his hands were stinging and shaking, but the cane hovering over the keyboard kept him focused, he began to lose himself in the music. He relaxed a little and his playing improved, the connection between the notes on the page and his playing became more fused and less conscious. He got further than he'd got last time, then he stumbled, and missed a note, and tried to recover, and CRACK!

He yelped as the cane landed on the back of his hands. Matilda then grabbed his chin, pulled his face towards her and leaned in so she was right in his face. “Are you not listening slave? I said CONCENTRATE! Now start again! If you mess up again, I will break those useless fingers of yours!”

He thought about complaining, but she seemed genuinely pissed off at him and not in the mood for debate. So instead, his throbbing hands took to the keyboard again, this time he played even better, so much so she actually put the cane down and retreated to the chaise, when she got there she hitched her skirt up and lowered her tights and lay back, gently rubbing her crotch. Jessie saw what she was doing out of the corner of his eye, and the distraction caused him to lose rhythm. She stopped and opened her eyes, glaring. Rising she stormed over and grabbed the lid over the piano keys and slammed it down onto his hands with a bang. He screamed in agony, and holding down the lid onto his hands she slid her bottom onto the lid so her whole weight was pressing down onto it. His hands were still very sore where Lucy had pulled two finger nails off, now they felt brutally battered. She slid across so she was in front of him. Her tights were still down, and her skirt was still hitched up.

His hands were trapped firmly under the lid, her beautiful pussy was right in front of him. Her weight on the lid was effectively holding him in place. She reached forwards and grabbed his chin, smiling warmly at him. “Jessica, I was going to have a nice orgasm while you played to me... But your ability to concentrate has failed you yet again. So you will service me orally in this position instead. The sooner you bring me off with your tongue, the sooner I release your hands. Do not try to free your hands before you have finished, or I will punish you. Begin.”

Jessie’s hands were in severe pain now, the lid of the piano pressing down hard with Matilda’s weight on it. Somehow though, the fact that it was Matilda’s weight crushing his hands made it seem so very erotic, he leaned down and slid his face between her thighs. It was an awkward angle, the piano seemed to force her to sit fairly upright, she tried to roll her hips forwards to offer him her pussy. Eventually he managed to squirm his neck around to get access, so his hands crushed, his member going numb in its KTB he began to service her, to a chorus of blissful sighs. He sucked gently on her clitoris, then licked and stroked with his tongue, then explored her labia and inside and out and probed her vagina. Despite the pain, despite the discomfort he was in submissive heaven. She was so beautiful, so dominant, everything she did and said made him feel more and more her property. When she eventually orgasmed she arched her back forcing the lid down even harder onto his throbbing hands.

“HmMMM, good, very good slave Jessica. Good girl... Now you will prepare lunch.”

Matilda’s First Installation

The rest of the afternoon passed swiftly, he prepared lunch and dinner for Matilda and continued working as her domestic slave, despite his tortured, battered hands. When it was time to go back to the club she presented him with a feminine chauffeurs uniform and allowed him to drive her Flying Spur to the club with Matilda in the

back, again, Jessie not permitted to look at or speak to his mistress for the duration of the journey.

When they got to the club Lucy was already there. Matilda, leading Jessie on the leash again approached her smiling. "Is it ready?"

Lucy smirked. "We've been working on it all day."

Jessie looked bemused. "Working on what?"

Matilda strode towards the bar giving him a little tug on his leash. "This... Remember I told you I had some fun idea of how we could install you in the club? Well Lucy has been setting up the first installation, and we're more or less ready to install you."

"Install me?"

"Yes Slave Jessica, follow me."

Matilda led Jessie around to the back of the bar. When there Matilda smiled at him. "Well slave? Strip! I need you naked so we can install you!"

Curious as to what he was going to undergo, and a little anxious Jessie slowly removed the uniform and his lingerie so he was naked except the KTB. While he was doing this Lucy had appeared with a trolley of items unseen, and snapped on a pair of latex gloves.

Jessie frowned at her. "What are you goi-"

Matilda held a finger up to her lips. "Shhhh slave, it will be a surprise, turn around, place your hands on the table and arch your back. I need to present your bottom for me."

He obeyed, and felt a squirt of cold, jelly-like lube on his anus. Lucy's voice was the next he heard. "Deep breath for me slave, try to relax. You will feel some pressure."

Sure enough he felt something large and dildo shaped gently but firmly inserted into his rectum. As it was in Matilda started attaching a harness around his hips keeping whatever it was in place. Strangely there were two long wires dangling between his legs also, which terminated in spade connectors.

“Wha-“

“Shhhh, it’s a surprise Jessica! Now step up onto this step and insert your balls and KTB through the little hole please, wrists in the upper restraints.”

He obeyed Matilda’s instructions, feeding his genitals through the bar, which seemed to leave them on display behind the bar with the many optics. He fed his wrists into the restraints and Matilda tightened one up, then the other, as Lucy secured his ankles so he was held fast against the barrier between the back room and the bar.

As he tested his restraints Matilda gathered up a ball gag and offered it up to his mouth. “Open wide slave, I’m just going to gag you – then I’ll explain what this installation does.”

He was securely restrained, starting to feel really anxious. Part of him was screaming at him to resist, but another part knew it was hopeless. He opened his mouth and felt Matilda gently insert the ball, before securing it in place with the straps. Secured spread-eagled to this board, gagged, and with his testicles on display behind the bar left him feeling very vulnerable. The feeling was exaggerated when someone in the bar area closed a little stock around and his balls and KTB, meaning he couldn’t withdraw them if he wanted to. He then felt his testicles submerged in a liquid.

Happy that he was secure Matilda began. “Now slave, tonight I am offering a special cocktail. It’s called a ‘Sissy Slave Slammer’. The device with the wires, which you have inserted up your anus, is a modified Bailey Ejaculator. Normally used on Goats, but re-

calibrated for humans. The trigger has been moved to the bar area, so it's remote – it means the bar staff can stimulate an ejaculation with the press of a button from the bar area. It rests against your prostate and shocks it into ejaculation at the press of a button. You will feel some discomfort when this happens – but try to relax, to serve as many 'Sissy Slave Slammers' as possible I've set the Bailey to just give you enough electricity for a few millilitres of semen per button press, so we shouldn't run out. The liquid your testicles are suspended in is going to be carefully temperature controlled, to aid sperm production and hopefully keep our 'semen dispenser' operating for longer. I will be back to release you at the end of the night."

With that Matilda and Lucy left, leaving Jessie alone backstage, secured face up against the barrier between the backroom and the bar. Lucy had connected the spade connectors, so he was all setup. It seemed that every time somebody ordered a 'Sissy Slave Slammer' he would be forced, through electric shock to the prostate to ejaculate without any sexual pleasure, while wearing the KTB. He tried his bonds again, but he was secure, helpless. He was helpless to do anything except stand there and accept this humiliating and painful treatment.

As he mused over his situation he felt a tingling, then jolt as he was forced to ejaculate the first cocktail of the night. He groaned in discomfort as he felt a dribble of semen escape his tortured member. Then it came again and he grunted and started panting as another trickle of semen escaped to be caught in a glass. Clearly it was going to be a long night.

As he stood there, the music got louder and louder and he could hear the hustle and bustle of the club filling up. The Sissy Slave Slammer was proving a popular drink and some people were ordering whole rounds of the cocktail, meaning he would receive several shocks in a row.

The novelty of being installed a semen dispenser in the bar soon wore off as the constant stream of customers ordering Sissy Slave Slammers continued to approach the bar. The ejaculation didn't feel like an orgasm either, it felt more like a ruined orgasm, it had a double edged effect too, both making his member throb and grow into the spikes of the KTB, at the same time giving him a more and more severe testosterone downer upsetting the pleasure aspect of being so submissive and tormented.

Unseen to Jessie, the other side of the bar Matilda and Lucy were encouraging customers to try the drink. James, Grace and Marcy all came by the club, and at Matilda's insistence tried the ghoulish beverage, watching Jessie quiver in discomfort as the shock forced yet more ejaculations. By the end of the night Jessie felt like he'd been drained dry, his cock felt sore, his balls felt shrivelled, he felt humiliated used and abused.

When he was finally released he was tired, from standing in the uncomfortable position and having had so much ejaculate extracted from him. As he drove the Bentley back to Matilda's house he had to occasionally fight the urge to drop off. Luckily Matilda was pleased with him and allowed him to sleep in the maid's quarters that night rather than the birdcage in Matilda's room.

Kim's Office Bitch

The next day Jessie had to get up early to see to Matilda before getting ready for work himself. He'd slept like a log, despite his predicament and the wild images that had been running through his head. Being Matilda's live in slave, both domestic and permanent had left him with a surreal feeling of acceptance, acceptance of the superiority of women. It almost seemed natural turning up at the office, in his suit with bra, panties and the KTB on underneath.

When he got into work, Kim was already there. As he walked through the main office she beckoned him over with gesture and look which suggested ignoring her would be a mistake.

He groaned to himself and approached her desk. “Kim, can we please drop this!”

She smirked. “No, don’t be silly! I’ve been looking forward to having my own ‘office bitch’. Now from tomorrow I want you in at ten past, not half past. You will clean and tidy my desk and make me a nice hot, fresh cup of coffee for when I arrive at half past. You will then start the day by taking my shoes off for me and giving my feet a massage before seeing to your own work.”

“Kim!”

“Shhhh, I know you’re still in lingerie and chastity, want everyone to know? Didn’t think so – so down you get and start rubbing. I’ll see you by the photocopier at lunchtime for my daily orgasm. I have a surprise for you too!”

Jessie muttered under his breath and kneeled down on the floor underneath her desk as she smiled on smugly. He slipped her strappy high heels off and started caressing her black nylon clad feet in his hands. Her feet were petit and soft, and the tights were silky and smooth. As he rubbed his thumbs into her soles he mused at how his life had changed. Part of him felt totally humiliated being at the mercy of the office Junior ‘Kim’ but she was so beautiful and dominant, he enjoyed taking on this submissive role. As he was rubbing he sensed a co-worker watching, probably in amazement. He couldn’t look at them, but Kim addressed them. “I got cramp in my feet, Jess is just helping me out.”

He rubbed on, enjoying the feeling of powerlessness and submissiveness. Eventually she shook him off and slipped her feet back into her shoes. “You can bring me a cup of coffee at ten thirty bitch. Now get to work.”

His mind awash with images of the club, Matilda, Marcy and Grace, Lucy and now even Kim – he went back to work. Concentrating

while his diminutive, petit tormentor smirked at him from afar was torture. Just thinking about what was coming at lunch time made him grow in the KTB an grimace with pain as the spikes dug into his penis.

He brought her drink at the allotted time and she also phones his extension to send him to do her photocopying and run more errands for her. At lunchtime he met her at the photocopier as usual, and as usual he went to the filing room to service her orally with the door locked. This day however after he'd brought her off with his tongue she smiled at him. "Oh, I nearly forgot your surprise bitch! Pull your trousers down and place your hands on the table."

"What are you going to do?"

Kim pulled from her bag a neatly wrapped up strap on with a harness and held it out for him to see. "To celebrate your new role as my office bitch, I'm going to fuck your brains out. I'm going to fuck you so hard you squeal like a pig on its honey moon bitch. Any complaints about this, or showing of a lack of appreciation – and I will out you. As I penetrate you, I want you to thank me, and tell me how good it makes you feel, how pleased you are that you got to be my bitch. Or its photo sharing time."

Helpless to argue he found himself presenting his bottom to her. She'd simply hitched her skirt up and attached the strap on. He couldn't see her once in position, but he felt the now familiar squirt of lube, then her hands gently clasping his hips as she forcefully penetrated him. He could feel the strap on sliding in and out, rubbing against the sides of his anal sphincter, pressing the bottom of his large intestine up and down. He felt degraded, humiliated, reduced to being the office juniors bitch, having to take whatever she chose to do to him. It was both terrifying and intoxicating at the same time.

As she pumped and pumped away with her plastic cock he could smell her perfume, feel the lace trim on her stockings gently kiss his

upper thighs as she brutally pegged him. As she pegged him she whispered to him. “Well bitch? Don’t you have anything to say to me?”

He remembered what she said before. He didn’t want to say it, but he couldn’t give her a reason to out him. “Thank you mistress Kim, it feels amazing being pegged by such a beautiful young mistress, I wish you could take me every day. I love being your office bitch, it’s the best feeling ever.”

As he spoke she grabbed his hips and pulled his ass right onto her crotch, forcing her plastic member all the way up into his ass, so he could feel her plastic testicles pressing against the gap between the two sides of his upper thighs. She then leaned forwards and started rubbing his shoulders. “You’ve been a good girl for me bitch, maybe I’ll start penetrating you more often? Now get yourself sorted out – it’s raining and I don’t have any lunch, so you’re going to run down to the sandwich shop on Main Street and buy me some. Hurry up, there’s not much lunch-time left.”

Of course Jessie had to obey and the days at work became and more tiring, not just having to do his own work, but having to run around doing parts of Kim’s as well. He never had time for lunch or breaks, every spare minute ending up being allocated to waiting on Kim.

The time at home serving Matilda followed a similar pattern, with Kim working him extra hard at the office and Matilda working him incredibly hard at the house, he went into a coma-like sleep every night. As well as performing all domestic duties at Matilda’s country house, he received nightly piano lessons, under constant threat of having the backs of his hands caned. If he’d had time, he would have worried about Marcy and Grace and where their relationship had gone in his absence, as it was he was so focused on his own situation he barely thought about Marcy.

At the end of the week, Matilda was taking him back to the club. Matilda had hinted that she had a new installation planned for him. This time she had him dress in a PVC dress with a lace-up corset and the locking high heels. When he got back to the club, Matilda handed him over to Lucy. Being led by the hand through the club by Lucy he soon guessed where she was taking him.

A New Installation

Jessie whimpered softly to Lucy. “You’re taking me to the ladies toilets.”

Lucy, looked over her shoulder smirking. “Very perceptive slave Jessica, I am indeed.”

“What are you going to do to me?”

“Oh, we’ve got a new installation for you. I won’t say any more – it’s supposed to be a surprise.”

Lucy was back in her gothic dress, the same she worn the night she’d ripped two of Jessie’s fingernails off. When he got into the ladies toilets he gasped at what he saw. An extra cubicle had been installed. Instead of a toilet though, it had the dentist chair from the dungeon complete with restraints. Curiously the chair was facing away from the entrance to the booth.

As they approached Lucy gestured to the chair with an open hand. “Take a seat slave.”

Jessie paused, a sudden pang of fear striking him. Lucy noticed and glared at him sternly. “I said take a seat slave, you will sit down now or be punished.”

Defeated he slid into the dentist’s chair, quaking with fear. Lucy chuckled. “Try to relax, I’m not going to perform any more dentistry on you, this is for something else. Let’s just get your secured.”

He sat submissively while she fastened the restraints tighter, tighter, until he was completely immobile.

“There, that’s a good girl isn’t it? Now I’ll just pop you back.”

He was securely restrained to the chair, his head strapped to the headrest by the neck, his legs and body strapped down and his wrists firmly locked onto the arm rests. He felt himself moving backwards into the supine position, his head at the lowest point, legs raised lying almost horizontal. Once there Lucy adjusted the back rest and the overall height as if she was trying to get it to a perfect position. The light above the stall was shining brightly down now, right in his face. Lucy reappeared, her purple satin and black lace brushing against his head. She leaned down so her face appeared upside down to him. “Now slave Jessica. Just to explain. What we’ve created here is an oral service booth. You’re going to be boxed in so just your head and shoulders are on show – then I’m going to blindfold you, because some of the ladies don’t like slaves seeing their genitals, they like their privacy. Then, for the rest of the night, any ladies who feel inclined to have an orgasm have simply to enter the cubicle, lock the door, and place their pussy on your mouth. If you sense a pussy on your mouth you will service it enthusiastically. I am going to attach an electrode to your scrotum and one to your KTB, then I will connect them to an ‘encourager button’ within reach, so if you aren’t servicing with sufficient enthusiasm your customers can shock you into trying harder.”

She leaned away then reappeared and his vision was filled with the image of a smiling Lucy slowly moving a thick leather blindfold that consisted of two leather discs, towards his face. The discs filled his eyes sockets and when she fastened the buckled tightly, the blindfold effectively blocked out all light. He whimpered as he felt the electrodes attached to his genitals then he felt himself being enclosed, so that just his shoulders and head were exposed.

Now in total blackness, having to continually swallow as saliva pooled in the back of his throat he heard Lucy again. “There, you’re all ready, I think I’ll test the installation before opening time though – hmmm?”

Still in complete darkness he heard the rustle of material and Lucy’s thighs slid around the sides of his head. The smell of her sex was overpowering, she slowly, slowly lowered her pussy onto his mouth. “Well slave? Get going!”

As she spoke he heard her click the button on the side of the cubicle which activated the ‘encourager’ making him jump, pressing his mouth into her pussy as his genitals were shocked. Fearful of another shock he began licking furiously, exploring every nook and cranny of her vagina with his tongue, siding up and down the inside and outside of her labia and swirling his tongue around her clitoris. As he worked she began sliding her crotch back and forth and he began lapping faster and faster until she moaned softly, then her crotch was absent from his face she’d come, and he could hear her wiping herself with a tissue.

Jessie of course was still in utter darkness, a little fearful of being so at the mercy of the female patrons of the club who wished to be serviced orally. The near silence of Lucy wiping herself was eventually broken by her voice penetrating from the darkness. “Very good slave, I’m sure the ladies of the club will be very pleased with this installation.”

Then she was gone. He heard the cubicle door bang shut and he was left in complete darkness, the blindfold not allowing the tiniest slither of light in, the restraints preventing even subtle movements, let alone offering any hope of escape. Due to his supine position he found himself having to swallow and swallow as saliva pooled at the back of his throat and mixed with Lucy’s stale pussy juice. It was frightening, but so exciting, so submissive, to be treated like a piece of meat, like a piece of furniture... As he mulled this over he heard

the cubicle door creak open and felt a waft of air as another lady entered. Was it Lucy again? Matilda? Or someone else?

The patron didn't speak she simply exposed her crotch, then planted it on Jessie's mouth, then pressed the 'encourager' making him start lapping furiously at the unseen, unknown, unnamed pussy. She eventually started panting softly, came... Then got up, wiped herself and left without a word, without so much as a, 'thank you slave'.

Jessie felt like he should feel fear or revulsion at this situation, but he didn't. He savoured the submissive reality, he mused at how this was the sort of thing many submissive slaves would fantasize about but never expect to truly experience, yet here he was experiencing this ultimate form of humiliation and submission. As he thought about this the door opened again, a lady in a long lacy skirt draped her skirt on his neck, dropped her panties and slid her crotch onto his face, making it difficult to breath. He began caressing her genitals rapidly with his tongue, hoping to avoid use of the 'encourager', he wondered who she was? Young? Old? Beautiful? Not so beautiful? It was agonizing in ways, having to service so many women so anonymously, but the not knowing fuelled his deep, deep feelings of submission. As the night wore on the toilets got busier and busier and he could hear real hustle and bustle building up. There had to be a queue, at one point there was a steady stream of unseen customers, entering silently, placing their pussy on his mouth, then wiping and leaving. At one stage he thought he tasted Grace, and another Marcy, but he couldn't be sure, so he didn't dare speak. The odd customer would give his forehead a gentle pat and utter a 'thank you slave' but most entered, used him and then left without a word. Every customer, every press of the 'encourager' would send him spiralling into the circle of arousal and punishment by the KTB.

As the crowds died down he found his tongue feeling sore and his face smeared in dried on pussy juice. He stank of female sex, it filled his nostrils and screamed his submissive state to him with every passing second. He'd be panting, recovering, whimpering

softly, when suddenly he'd find another planted firmly on his face and the 'encourager' button would be pressed.

As the crowds thinned out even further he finished servicing his customer. She sighed and got up then he felt her stroking his forehead lovingly. When he heard the voice he knew who it was, it was Kim. "Oh Jess, I'm so glad I made sure you lose the game! You're such a good little pussy licker! I've had five goes on your tonight you know. I wish you were a permanent feature in the club, but then, I like you as my office bitch too. I couldn't give up my lunchtime orgasm could I?"

She patted him on the head again, giggled and left.

There were long gaps between customers now, how much time had passed? He didn't know, how many ladies had he serviced? He couldn't count. How many had been in and out several times like 'Kim', he didn't dare guess.

After a long, long gap his final customer entered, and planted her pussy on his mouth before tapping the 'encourager' he lapped furiously, sucking gently on the clitoris and sliding up and down the unseen labia. He knew it was familiar, when she stopped and pulled the blindfold off his suspicions were confirmed. The smiling face of Matilda greeted him. "Hello slave Jessica, are you alright?"

He chortled softly. "I'm still alive, I... Urgh!"

"Shhhh, you've done well. All the ladies have told me this is a wonderful installation. I think I will install you like this on more nights, it's proven more fun and more popular than the 'Sissy Slave Slammer' definitely. Do you know at one stage there was a queue of thirteen ladies, all taking it in turns, then going straight to the back of the queue to wait for another turn? You've been a real hit."

"Hah! Thanks, I think, urgh, I've never been so-"

“I know, intense experiences remember? Come on, it’s time to get you out. It’s hand-over day today.”

Uninstalling Jessie from the booth took some time. When he climbed unsteadily to his feet he was aching and shaking, desperately fending off muscle cramps. The long period blindfolded had left bright lights hurting his eyes. At various points in the ordeal he’d felt his member torturing itself on the spikes of the KTB, desperately growing into it, before being spiked back to a flaccid state. He felt electric, like he was so full of tension and sexual energy.

When he got back to the foyer of the club everyone had left except Marcy and Grace. Marcy and Grace were standing holding hands, looking like a fairly blatant lesbian couple. Grace greeted Jessie’s approach with a smile. “Ahhh, slave Jessica! Our turn this week. Come this way.”

Matilda smiled at Jessie as he was led away by Grace and Marcy. “Thank you slave Jessica, I’ll look forward to hosting you again soon.”

A Week Under The Supervision of Grace

As Jessie clicked along in the locking heels, wobbling from time to time, Grace cast a glance at him over her shoulder. “Hmmmph, I can see you need some practise in ‘heel walking’ I think I’ll have you on the treadmill when we get back.”

Marcy giggled at this without even looking back, it was surreal, his long term partner was more or less ignoring him, he felt like he was being cuckolded to a beautiful girl, nothing could have felt more humiliating, yet it also made him feel so deliciously submissive.

When they got to the car he groaned. It was a late, 2005 model Ford Thunderbird, left-hand drive American import.

He knew they were only a two seater, they were a big, American car – but only a two seater. He looked at Grace. “Hmmp, if I’m supposed to chauffeur you both, where are you going to sit?”

Grace grinned wickedly and flicked the boot open. “Who said anything about chauffeuring? Slaves don’t deserve a seat, slaves ride in the boot Slave Jessica.”

He was stunned, he stood stock still, Grace lost her patience and pointed into the empty boot. “Get in the boot slave! Ha! Perhaps I should call it the ‘trunk’? Get in the trunk NOW!”

Gingerly he clambered up over the boot-lid and curled up, lying as flat as he could. It was a big boot, but it was still cramped there would be no room to manoeuvre, or roll over, he would effectively be held in position while they were in transit. The last thing he saw as the boot lid closed was Grace smiling at him in her little satin dress pulling the lid down – then he was plunged into darkness.

He shuffled around a little, there was no room to move at all. He heard and felt the, ‘thunk’, ‘thunk’ of the passenger doors closing along with the subtle weight shift on the chassis as Grace and Marcy took their seats. The engine roared into life and he was being spirited through the night, confined in the darkness of the boot of the car. He felt the car turn this way, then that, throwing his weight left and right. Every time the car accelerated he was thrown to the back and when it braked he felt himself move towards the bulkhead.

Over the engine he could just make out the high pitched, but soft murmur of Grace and Marcy chatting as their drove. The whole sensation was turning his brain to mush. He’d been in the KTB for less than a month still, yet he was so frustrated and full of sexual tension. The slightest thing would turn him on incredibly, yet the things he was experiencing were on the extreme side of arousing. He found himself constantly trying to think less arousing thoughts, and to forget his predicament, but knowing that he was doing this to alleviate the problems of being trapped helplessly in the KTB had

him spiralling in and out of arousal – how could he possibly last twelve months?

When the car eventually pulled up there was a short wait. He couldn't tell if it was his imagination or not, but he thought he could hear kissing through the bulkhead. Were Grace and Marcy kissing? He thought he heard the odd soft moan of pleasure too, were they fondling each other? Running their hands over each other's petit female bodies, while he was locked in the 'trunk'?

Eventually he was jarred by the repeating 'thunk' of car doors and he was greeted by the sight of Grace carefully opening the boot lid. She smiled in at him. "Well slave, time to get out. You walk in front."

He clambered out and waited for Grace to close the boot and lock the car. Then he was walking, at Grace's instruction not permitted to turn and look at his female owners. He almost thought of them as his female, lesbian owners, his relationship with Marcy seemed like an age ago, almost another reality which he couldn't perceive being in.

When they eventually got to the apartment James was sitting cross-legged on the sofa, playing on a games console. Grace greeted him. "Hi honey, we're home."

"Did you bring sissy slave?"

Marcy spoke this time, she now sounded like she had a real familiarity with James – had they been enjoying a 'ménage a trois' while he'd been Matilda's property? He couldn't tell. "Yep, we're going to have a shower, then we're going to bed."

James chuckled. "Well, I'll join you in a minute, I could do with using slave Jessica first though."

Grace spoke now as she entered the bedroom with Marcy in tow. "Be our guest – she's all yours."

Jessie was shaking now. The memory of not just servicing the men in the club on swingers night, but the whole scene he'd performed in with Master Brian only a few weeks ago – it all came flooding back.

James beckoned with his finger, without even looking. "Alright bitch, get over here."

With great trepidation, Jessie stepped forwards, his knees knocking, his heels wobbling on the uncomfortable heels. As he approached James lowered his legs and started pulling his jeans down, then his white cotton boxer shorts. "I hear you give excellent head bitch, so let's see if it's true."

Jessie thought about complaining, or refusing, but it seemed futile. Submissively he kneeled between James's legs which were spread out now and he was lying back on the sofa, his genitals dangling over the edge of the seat. James looked down. "Well? What are you waiting for bitch?"

Slowly, Jessie opened his mouth and accepted the large, sweaty cock into his mouth. It tasted salty and of male sex. He could almost sense it throbbing with arousal slightly, as he closed his lips around it and started sliding back and forth. It was repulsive, but so arousing, particularly as he could feel himself still trapped in the KTB, his member almost going numb with denied arousal. James grabbed his ears and started gently setting the rhythm by rocking his head back and forth. Jessie submissively tried to follow the rhythm set. As he did James sighed blissfully. "Hmmm, that's a good girl... Now play my balls as you suck!"

Obediently Jessie sucked, and caressed James's member with his lips and tongue, gently playing his balls at the same time, stroking them and caressing them. It didn't take long before James grunted and grabbed Jessie's head, pulling him bard onto his cock while he pumped what seemed like gallons and gallons of semen down his throat. "Hmmm, that was great. You're a good girl. But now it's time to lock you down for the night."

Standing, and pulling his jeans up he grabbed Jessie, who was still gagging on the cum and dragged him off to a cupboard. He opened the door and thrust Jessie in, then locked the door behind him. As the lights went dark he heard James open the door to the bedroom, which gave a short burst of girlish giggling, then it was gone as the door was shut.

He couldn't take it, he was so aroused, so frustrated! He had to cum. He reached down to feel the device, and tried sliding it off, he tried pressing, pulling, twisting, shaking. Nothing would make it move a millimetre, it seemed to be securely fastened with no way out. Whimpering he fumbled at the lock, trying to prise open the little lock, but again it was solid. As a final last ditch attempt he tried having a little shake, and thinking arousing thoughts, the effect was instant. He was growing instantly and effortlessly, but as he grew, he fouled on the spikes and was sent whimpering back into a state of frustration. Desperate he tried shoving his thumb up his bottom, but he couldn't reach his prostate, so he tried a finger – that didn't work either. In the end he curled up in a ball and cried himself to sleep, desperately frustrated and denied, the taste of James's cum still lingering.

Day Three Of My New Life...

Jessie was rudely awakened by having the cupboard door yanked open by a smiling James. "Wake up bitch, I want to try that sweet little sissy pussy of yours out."

Jessie was totally defeated, his constant denial despite the onslaught of arousing stimuli humbled him and broke his desire to rebel. He climbed out of the cupboard and allowed James to grab him and bend him over the backrest of the sofa. As he rested prone on the backrest he felt James hitch the skirt of the PVC mini dress up. "Hmmm, you have a cute little sissy pussy bitch."

Jessie waited, offering no retort. He felt a glob of cold jelly on his anus, then felt a cock being slowly inserted. James's hands reached around his and grabbed his hips, then he started ramming his member in and out, panting faster, harder, rocking his hips, culminating in a great thrust which lifted Jessie's feet off the floor as his anus was pumped full of cum. James patted him on the bottom and pulled his cock out. "Good girl, now make us all some breakfast."

"But, can't I-"

"No, you can poo out my cum after breakfast if you're a good girl and ONLY if you're a good girl."

Jessie sighed and went to the kitchen area to begin making breakfast. As he did Grace and Marcy emerged from the bedroom, holding hands again. Grace, Marcy and James all sat around the kitchen table, while Jessie served tea, cereal, toast and fruit juice. When they'd finished, Marcy and James left to wait in the car, Grace having explained they were going out for the day.

She was wearing a pink satin mini dress with sequins highlighting her pert breasts, she was carrying her keys in one hand and a cream coat in the other, looking ready to leave. Jessie looked at her as he finished washing the dishes from breakfast. "What about me? Aren't I coming?"

She chuckled softly. "No silly, I promised you I'd help teach you to walk in heels better didn't I? I think you should have a shower first though, you smell of pussy juice and cum. Go on, go get clean, I'll lay your clothes out on the bed for you. Here are the keys to your heels."

He took the keys and clicked into the shower room. When he got there he sat down on the toilet wearily and pushed out James's cum, of which there was a considerable amount. It felt strange and submissive to be pooping out a man's semen from his bottom,

especially while helplessly locked in the KTB, unable to feel aroused without severe pain. As he sat on the toilet he unlocked the heels, then he climbed to his feet and fought his way out of the pussy juice and semen stained mini-dress. He flicked the hot water onto full power and waited a moment for it to heat up, then stepped in. It felt good. It felt so good, the sensation of the piping hot water washing through his hair and over his face. He put his face directly in the stream and opened his mouth, allowing the shower to wash his mouth out. He used globs and globs of shower gel and washed himself thoroughly twice, savouring the feel of the piping hot water. Once he felt clean, he climbed out of the shower feeling a little tired but refreshed. He dried himself thoroughly and wrapped the towel around his waist. When he exited the shower room and went to the bedroom Grace was waiting for him. She smirked at the towel around his waist. "Hmmm, a skirt suits you! Perhaps we should start sending you to the office in one?"

"Hmmp! Very funny!"

"You don't have a say slave Jessica, if I decide to send you to work in nylons, a blouse and a feminine suit with a skirt – and you don't like it, it's hard luck. Clear?"

Jessie's member was fighting the spikes again at this threat, pushing him deeper into submission. He bowed his head, "Yes Miss, sorry miss."

"Good girl, now get dressed."

He looked at the bed, there were girly, pink panties, a bra, some black stockings and a red corset trimmed with black. Part of him wanted to refuse, but the denial and testosterone build up had nulled his resistance, making him carefully dress in the feminine garments while Grace looked on. Once he was in the corset, Grace stepped up and began lacing him tighter, and tighter, making it hard to breath. Finally she fetched the locking shoes from the bathroom. "Now, pop these on again and I'll get you set up."

He obeyed without question.

“This way slave Jessica.”

Grace led him from the bedroom through to the main open plan area with the treadmill in it. “Now slave, hands behind your back, grab your opposite elbows.”

As he followed the instruction he felt his left wrist cuffed to his right elbow and vice versa, totally immobilizing his arms. “Good girl, now step onto the treadmill.”

“Please!”

“I need to teach you to walk in heels better slave, step onto the treadmill.” He stepped up, wobbling a little, finding the support from the locking ankle strap was the only thing keeping him from toppling. Grace carefully attached the wire loop around his testicles, which she pulled clear of the panties. Then he watched her carefully lock the other end of the wire to the treadmill. There were Perspex sheets preventing the person on the treadmill stepping to the side, or interfering with the controls. The only way he could go was backwards, but with his arms so immobilized if he went backwards, his balls would be ripped off by the wire looped around his testicles and attached to the treadmill. Grace smiled at him and walked around to the controls. “Now, I think you can see how this works. I’m going to set you a nice speed, nothing too taxing, then set it running. You want to keep those balls attached – you make sure you keep up.”

She pressed a couple of buttons on the control panel which beeped. As the second beep rang out the treadmill started moving and he had to start striding forwards, or he’d be thrown back. Grace watched for a moment, then pressed the speed increase button a few times to a series of beeps. He struggled to keep up. She’d selected a speed between a fast walk and a jog and he whimpered

helplessly as he quickened his pace. “How long are you going out for?”

Grace shrugged. “Oh, I don’t know, until we’re bored? An hour? A few hours? I don’t think it’ll be an overnight stay... Hmm, that’s better, swing your hips, transfer your weight smoothly. Only drop your weight on the heel when it’s straight... Good. I’ll leave you to it then! Have a nice day Jessica!”

He looked at her, standing there in her pink dress with the sequins on the breast, coat over one arm, keys in her hand. She looked so pretty and innocent, but she had him exactly where she wanted him. He felt helpless to resist her. Before she went she paused, turned, then stepped closer to the treadmill. “Are you enjoying your forfeit slave Jessica?”

He was struggling to keep up, as he spoke he sounded a little out of breath. “It’s certainly an intense experience!”

“Yes... Don’t you find it deliciously humiliating that you’ve basically had your girlfriend stolen by a girl? I’ve converted Marcy you know? She isn’t interested in cock anymore, she’s the perfect girlfriend. I’m so glad I was able to take her from you, much like I’ve taken your whole vanilla life away from you! Of course the real beauty is that you are so pathetic, this is exactly what you wanted, I could tell. That first night when you were watching Marcy on stage being spit roasted? I knew you really wanted it to be you, you’ve been just itching to submit haven’t you?”

He was clicking along on the treadmill puffing slightly. “I... I ... Yes.”

She giggled. “I love this setup, I can adjust the speed, set a timer, and you’re just helpless to try to keep up with whatever I set. Would you like to see how fast this treadmill can go?”

Jessie shook his head violently. “No!”

Grace stepped around to the controls again, and placed her fingers on the buttons, smirking. “Let’s go up a speed or two, get those legs working hmm?”

He whimpered as behind the Perspex sheet, she tapped the buttons to a chorus of beeps making it go faster, causing him to have to almost run along on the equipment. He looked down, there was nowhere to step, the Perspex effectively kept his feet on the belt, prevent stepping forwards or sideways – the controls were protected by more perspex, all he could do was sprint in the locking heels, desperately trying to keep up.

Grace stood at the controls watching, smirking, then she pressed the buttons slowing him back down to a quick walk. “It can go much faster you know, I could leave you sprinting at full speed if I chose to. That’s the thing though, BDSM, fetish, female domination or femdom, call it what you like – what it’s really about is control. At the moment I’m completely in control of this equipment and you are helpless, perfectly helpless, completely at my mercy... How about you beg me not to leave you running at sprint speed?”

“Grace!”

“Shhh, perhaps I SHOULD pop you up to sprint speed? You’re under my control now Jessica, the more convincingly you beg me, the more chance you have of keeping your balls... By the way – if you DO come off, there’s some gauze on the side there in a sterile wrapper, if you come off, grab it, and press it hard where your scrotum was attached, maybe ring an ambulance?”

“Grace!”

“Not begging? Let’s pop you up a speed...”

She tapped the control panel to a ‘beep’ and the treadmill started moving faster. She looked up expectantly. “Still not begging?”

There was another press, another beep and the speed went up a notch. Clicking along as fast as he could Jessie wilted, he was defeated. "Please, please Grace don't increase the speed any further. You're beautiful, you're intelligent, your kind, I'm really happy for you to have my Marcy and for me to be your sissy maid and sex slave, just please, please don't increase the speed!"

She smiled, playfully dancing her fingers around the controls. "Hmmm, quite convincing... Shall I pop you up a couple of settings for that bit of rebellion you just showed? Hmmm, no, you're being a good girl – we'll leave you where you are."

Jessie yelped. "Wait! You just turned it up two settings! Aren't you going to turn it back down?"

"Silly billy, of course not! You were supposed to start begging and pleading with me immediately. Maybe you'll be more submissive and willing next time? Have a nice day."

With that she span on her heel leaving the controls, and leaving Jessie clicking along at a speed that would barely have been comfortable in trainers, let alone locking high heels. He heard the door lock and panicked, he looked around the treadmill, the Perspex meant it was impossible to step off sideways or forwards, the wire looked thin enough to cut, but thick enough to be strong. It was firmly attached to the handle of the mill. Even if he could free his hands the Perspex between the belt and the controls meant he wouldn't be able to access them, so he focused on trying to conserve energy and walk fast enough to keep his balls.

As time wore on he got more and more tired, his calves started cramping. He tried to swing his hips in a feminine gait as Grace had instructed, the shoes forced him bum out. He had to keep changing his gait to avoid cramping and lessen the tiredness. Before long he was desperate, desperate to step off, and stop the torturous exercise regime, but helpless to do so. Instead he was forced to submissively

click along, at the mercy of the now dreaded treadmill and the castrator wire which Grace had attached to his balls and the handle.

When Grace, Marcy and James returned they were all smiling and laughing. Jessie looked at Grace pleadingly, panting hard. "Grace! Please! Can you turn the treadmill off!?"

She smirked at him and approached the control panel. "And why would I want to do that? You're doing so well! It's been more than a couple of hours and you still have your balls attached. No, I think we'll all have some fun while you work out, if you ask me again to switch it off before I'm ready, I'll will come and up the speed by five notches - every occasion you ask me, do you fancy sprinting in heels? Didn't think so, no I will let you off when I'm good and ready and not before."

He whimpered, still clicking along as Grace turned her back on him. Marcy and James had already taken a seat in plain view in the lounge area. They were snuggled up together in front of the television and Marcy soon joined them. At first they were simply sitting, watching the television, but the programme ended, they chatted, Jessie couldn't tell what about, but whatever it was led to the three fondling and caressing each other, taking it in turns to kiss each other. While Marcy was leaning over enthusiastically kissing James Grace looked up to see Jessie holding his eyes tightly closed. She sprang to her feet and darted over.

"Slave Jessica, why do you think the treadmill faces the lounge area? You're supposed to be watching! Now keep still while I fit your ocular speculums."

"My wha-"

"Shhh, I'll turn the speed down so I can get you fitted."

There were a few beeps then Grace was in Jessie's face with stainless steel implements. "Open your eyes slave."

He was going to resist, but she pressed the speed increase button on the treadmill, as the speed jolted up a notch he opened his eyes and she popped a steel implement in holding his eye-lid open.

“There, one down, one to go.”

Not wanting the speed upped again he allowed her to fit the second into his other eye, forcing both of his eyes open. “There, that’s a good girl, we’ll just pop some drops in to keep them from drying up. Tilt your head back a little.”

He obeyed, still clicking along and his vision went blurry first in one eye, then the other.

Grace returned to James and Marcy and while Jessie was forced to watch began engaging in a three way orgy, swapping partners and sharing partners alternately. As they caressed each other they began to strip until all Jessie could see was a blurry mass of naked bodies writhing together. His member was straining hard in the KTB, he almost lost his footing on several occasions and had to scramble to catch up or lose his balls.

Little did he know the treadmill would become a regular feature of his time as Grace and Marcy’s property.

All Good Things Must Come To An End

Throughout the rest of the twelve months Jessie found himself being passed around between Matilda, Grace and Lucy. Grace and Marcy had become effectively a fully-fledged lesbian couple and he found his only sexual contact in their company tended to be with James, who seemed to take great pleasure in using and dominating him. Of course this didn’t stop Grace from taking great amusement in fastening him to the treadmill again and again, eventually he did become very proficient at walking in heels.

Matilda when she had him, continued to use him for her domestic duties and chauffeur, and as a sex slave, but in return she continued to coach him on his piano playing in her own unique style and he improved immensely. He found every week with Matilda would be punctuated with being installed in the club for the use of the patrons, though after several experiments it became clear to Matilda that the most popular use of slave Jessica was for him to be installed in the 'oral service' booth and for the later part of the year he found himself spending every Friday and Saturday night blindfolded in the 'oral service' booth, servicing patron after patron, regardless of who had taken ownership of him for that week.

When it was Lucy's turn she would have him in a maid's uniform, performing all her domestic duties, and then when the cleaning was done she'd playfully torture him before bed. Lucy's favourite torment would be to have him service her orally while she serviced him orally in the KTB, which was obviously both very arousing and very painful.

During the course of the ultimate forfeit Grace never made good on her threat to send him to work in feminine clothes. She came up with a convoluted story about how it was a fun dare to do for a charity telethon that for six months he was going to wear female clothes to work, but on thinking about how Kim was using and abusing him as her office bitch she decided it could jeopardize what was another delicious torment.

The first six months had been hell at work with Kim abusing her power over him at every opportunity. He'd eventually had to give up eating lunch at work and having breaks at work, finding himself running around after Kim and of course giving her, her daily orgasm. Wearing lingerie under his suit, his member straining in the KTB every time Kim called him her bitch, and ordered him around, in some ways made him more submissive to Kim, than his evening and weekend owners.

Matilda was very focused on her business, and her piano practice. Grace and Marcy seemed to have effectively fallen in love and pretty

much ignored Jessie only occasionally having sexual contact with James. Lucy he could tell just saw him as a play thing, almost like a piece of furniture which was there for her amusement. Kim, Kim of all people, was the one who seemed to be the most passionate about dominating him and the one who he felt most submissive towards.

The KTB came to feel like a part of him, almost a part of his identity. Every time he changed owners, every day he spent denied, frustrated and dominated by his beautiful tormentors – not to mention James, drove him deeper and deeper into submission.

At the end of the twelve months, Jessie was back in the club, it was the start of the night, and Jessie, Matilda, Grace, Marcy and Lucy of course were all sitting around a table in the empty club before opening time.

Matilda had ordered over a tray of drinks, she spoke when they clicked down on the table. “Well, slave Jessica. Tonight is the night. I told you I’d give you an intense experience. Hasn’t the last twelve months been intense?” Jessie chuckled. “Yes, that’s one way of putting it. I don’t think I could imagine a more intense experience.”

Grace spoke now. “On a serious note, Jessie, I am sorry I took Marcy off you, I didn’t intend to. You can’t help who you fall in love with though.”

Marcy reached over and shook his knee. “I know we’ve not spent much time together over this last year, but it’s been about dominating you and training you as a submissive and I don’t think I’d be as good as Grace, Matilda and Lucy at that. I still care about you Jess, but I really want to be with Grace.”

Jessie sighed. “I know. To be honest, seeing you so happy... I don’t know it’s made me wonder whether you were a lesbian all along, I’ve never seen you so happy as you are with Grace.”

Lucy piped up now. “The thing is slave Jessica, we now need to come to a decision. You’ve completed your forfeit, technically I should unlock that KTB and you should go back to your vanilla life, except your vanilla life is gone now. Marcy is with Grace, we all know you are being dominated at the office in the day by Kim and we know she’s got blackmail photos of you. Have you enjoyed your year as a slave? If we offered to keep you as a slave, would you choose that? Or would you choose freedom?”

Jessie sat silently, thinking about the experience of the past year. At times it had been hard, but being denied for so long had twisted his perception. Things couldn’t go back to how they’d been. Was it Stockholm Syndrome? He questioned this, but he didn’t know, he just knew he loved his status as a submissive slave to these beautiful sexy, sensual women, he even enjoyed playing office bitch to his junior Kim.

He sighed. “I... I want it to continue. I want to continue to be owned and used and abused.”

Matilda smiled. “Good, I thought you would. In that case you will be. Except you won’t be owned by any of us. Grace and Marcy are going to re-feminized and dominate James, they only need one slave and he was there first. Despite his enjoyment of exploring his dominant side he misses being submissive. Lucy and I want to take on a fresh challenge. I think we’ve done all we can with you – so we’ve decided to sell you.”

Jessie gasped. “Sell me!?”

“Yup, I knew you’d want this – I could tell. So I’ve organised an auction tonight. We’re going to auction you off to the highest bidder and you will continue your submissive training with them whoever they may be.”

“Is it legal!?”

“Of course not, it will be completely consensual – of course we have enough images of you from the past year that someone could put a very good blackmail webpage together of you, if you seemed to be rebelling and needed some extra discipline?”

The auction went ahead. Slave Jessica stood on stage in the little PVC mini-dress and locking heels he'd now become accustomed to as the patrons of the club filed past, poking, prodding and inspecting him. Notably absent was Kim. She'd been a regular at the club in recent times, and he'd genuinely expected her to be here to watch his further humiliation. He was almost disappointed that she wasn't.

When the inspections had finished, Matilda took her podium with a little gable and started the proceedings. “Tonight ladies and gentlemen, we have one lot. The item on offer is very carefully trained chaste sissy maid and sex slave; Slave Jessica! She commands a salary of forty five thousand which can be paid directly into his owner's bank account if they choose to continue to send her to work. She is excellent at both male and female oral service, accepting punishments and is more than willing to be pegged by males or females. She has now been orgasm free for nearly thirteen months and her new owner may well choose to continue the chastity regime indefinitely. She is capable of performing all domestic duties and is generally very willing and very submissive. She should make the perfect addition to any stable of slaves, with either a dominant male or female owner. Shall I start the bidding at one hundred?”

Jessie watched hands raise around the room as Matilda called out the successful bids. They were enthusiastic, he could see males and females bidding and looking desperately keen to purchase him. The worrying thing was an unassuming looking man, stocky and bald, in a sheepskin jacket near the back. Whenever someone bit he would immediately outbid them, he appeared determined to purchase Jessie. It was too late though, he'd consented to being sold and being a chaste sissy maid and sex slave and he had no say over who his owner would be – it felt deliciously submissive.

Gradually as the bids got higher and higher bidders dropped off. The bald man in the sheepskin coat at the back was there every time. Eventually the other bidders noticed his determination and dropped off. Sure enough he won the auction, and approached Matilda giving her a check for the winning bid to be shared between Lucy, Marcy, Grace and Matilda. The leather pink collar was returned to Jessie's neck and he found himself being led out of the club on a chain leash. In the car park he was bundled into an unassuming car, sitting in the back. The man, his new owner; jumped into the driver's seat and pulled away. He had to ask. "Why have you bought me?"

The man chuckled softly, in a deep, gruff voice. "I haven't! Well, I 'ave, I've bought you for a client. She's away on holiday and knew about the auction, so she told me her maximum bid and asked me to buy you for her. She's flying back as we speak actually, so you'll get to meet your new owner tonight. Quiet now, you'll meet your new owner soon enough."

Jessie sat submissively in the back, watching the city fly past the window. Who could it be? Knew about the auction? That seemed odd – though Matilda may have told her associates about her plan to auction him off, knowing that he'd agree to it. He'd gone from a dull, meaningless life of work, sleep holiday to an exciting world of fetish and domination. He decided he didn't care who his owner was, he was going to be the best slave he could be, whoever they were.

The car eventually pulled up at a small house. The driver got out, and opened Jessie's door for him, gesturing for him to enter the house first. He was gently ushered into a modern, living room with black leather sofas and lots of chrome and glass. "Sit!"

He obeyed, sitting on the sofa, watching the entrance door. There was a long wait, doors creaked in the house, he heard a car pull up. A door slammed... He kept his eyes fixed on the door, nobody

entered. Without warning he felt two petit hands clasp over his eyes, and two pert, firm breasts press into the back of his head.

“Guess who?”

Her voice was whispered, it sounded familiar but...

The hands pulled away and he turned. It was Kim. She looked to the bald man, “Thank you Simon, please leave us.”

Jessie opened his mouth in astonishment. “Kim, I-“

“Shhhh, you’re my slave now, so you will only speak when I give you permission. I know I’m a lot younger than you, and your junior at work, but you are mine now. You are my property, to do with as I see fit.”

He looked at her properly, she was wearing a body hugging, Chinese dress in deep red, with a gold pattern on it and a mandarin collar, her hair was tied neatly up, she looked immaculate. “Kim I-“

“Shhhh, look me in the eyes, that’s it. Study my face, from now on you will bow your head in your owners presence, you may not look me in the eye – if you do, you will be punished. Now listen to me slave, I will tell you how this is going to work. I have asked Lucy to place your key in a safety deposit box in a secret location – I don’t anticipate needing it. Of course I may decide to sell you at some point, so I can’t destroy it. I do not have any plans to permit you an orgasm in the foreseeable future though. On Monday you will go to the wages office and give them your new bank details for your wages to be paid into, which of course are mine. You will continue to be my office bitch during the day, and you will continue giving me my daily lunch-time orgasm. During the evenings you will cook and clean for me, wearing a sexy little maid’s uniform I’ve got for you. Then you will service me orally again before bed. If I’m not happy with any aspect of your work, I will punish you severely. If I simply feel like punishing you on a whim, I will do so and you will not

complain. If I decide to rent you out to my male or female friends from the club you will not complain and you will treat them as your temporary owner when you are in their care. If you wish to speak you will raise your hand and if I'm interested in what you have to say I will say 'speak' that is your cue, and only cue that I am giving you permission to speak. Now, it's been a long day, I will show you to your cage."

She giggled cheekily and walked around the front of the sofa towards the hall. He stood and followed admiring her as he went. She was so beautiful, so young and so frighteningly dominant. He felt so alive, he decided he couldn't have chosen a better owner if he'd tried, she was cruel, strict, but every word she uttered, made him more her property.

She led him up the stairs, and into her bedroom. Next to the wall in the bedroom was a coffin, on a stand. She stepped closer and carefully opened the lid. "Well slave? Hop in."

"A coff-"

"I didn't give you permission to speak slave, now get in. I lied when I said cage."

He clambered up and slid his feet down into the narrow foot section of the coffin. The silk lining rustled around his shoulders and legs. As she pulled the lid down he noticed it had been modified to have various grills around it meaning it wasn't air tight. It closed with a soft thud and he was in darkness. He heard the lock snap shut and he tried the lid, only to find it locked securely down. The KTB was cutting in again now, so painful, yet so pleasurable at the same time. He was very confined, there was nowhere to wriggle or move to, all he could do was lie still and hope sleep would over-come him...

I Dreamed A Dream Of Time Gone By...

Jessie gasped and sat bolt upright in bed. He looked down at Marcy sleeping peacefully. He laughed, “Just a dream!”

Marcy snorted, rolled over, then lifted her head up on her elbow and yawned. “What’s just a dream?”

“I had the weirdest, most vivid dream... It was so real... We’d ended up meeting an old friend of yours, a ‘Grace’ and she took us to this fetish club and we both ended up being in sex shows and we had a sort of bet, and I lost and had to spend a year being a chaste sissy maid and sex slave to you and these other girls...”

Marcy smirked, grabbed the covers and whipped them down to reveal Jessie wearing a pair of ivory satin panties with lace trim and a little ribbon bow and the KTB hanging out of it. “Silly! That wasn’t a dream!”

His penis started hurting now as it swelled in the KTB. Matilda entered, followed by Grace and Lucy. They were all standing around the bed smirking and laughing at him, he started to cry softly, the pain in the KTB growing stronger and stronger...

Darkness.

Everything was pitch black, he couldn’t move. Suddenly a hatch in the coffin level with his eyes slid open revealing the oriental eyes of his young and beautiful owner Kim. “Wake up slave, it’s time for my morning orgasm!”

His member started to strain in the KTB again, he grimaced and grunted with pain, then smiled to himself, he didn’t deserve any sexual satisfaction, his sole purpose in life was to pleasure his beautiful young owner. He licked his lips as he heard her unlocking the coffin, he was looking forward to lovingly, submissively servicing his young mistress – with no sexual pleasure or satisfaction of his own...

~fin

Sabrina.

Did you enjoy the story? If you didn't, and have some constructive criticism please email it to me at sjm.author@yahoo.com – I'm always trying to improve my works and do try to take on board honest, constructive criticism. If you DID enjoy it – why not write me a nice review?

If you're writing a review, you should start with a brief plot summary in your own words – what happens as you interpreted it? Obviously avoid major spoilers, then tell the reader what you liked about the story, and what you didn't like about it.

Due to complaints about the excess of 'free sample' chapters I included in one of my works, from this point onwards I will not generally include any free sample chapters. If you're interested in my other works, please see the free samples on the amazon store.

Further Information:-

To learn more about chastity belts and to read more free chastity belt fiction, please visit the web's best chastity belt resource:-

*Altar Boy's Chastity Site : - <http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/>
(The Bonus Stories included here were originally submitted to Altar Boys site and are present there still.)*

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.

For the world's best quality, highest security, chastity tubes, please see Mistress Lori's Chastity site: - <http://www.chastitytube.com/>

For the world's finest Florentine design full chastity belts, to suit all tastes, please visit <http://www.neosteel.com/>

For the world's most visually attractive chastity belts, which are comfortable and secure, please visit <http://www.latowski.de/>

If you enjoy this story, look out for my other work.

The Clinical Trial & Other Collected works of Male Chastity and Forced Femme Fiction.

Marcus is a down on his luck student looking to make some easy cash and set about finding some guilt-free student sex. When he signs up for a clinical trial he gets more than he bargained for and ends up enslaved and forced to live as a live in sissy maid. Only his surprising saviour can find a way of releasing him from the captivity of his cruel female tormentresses.

Contains chastity, forced femme, forced bi, forced bestiality, forced oral, genital shaving, forced ejaculation and forced castration and sex-change operation.

The Hypnotist : Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.

Denise and Alex had a great relationship, now it's becoming stale though and Denise wants to liven it up by engaging in some kinky fun... With her as the dominant of course. Alex isn't interested. Denise gives up the ghost and books Alex a course of 'smoking cessation' sessions with a renowned hypnotist. He's been trying to quit for years so is happy to give it a go. However his memory of the sessions is very hazy, and he finds himself more and more interested in Denise's fetishes... Whenever he starts to suspect there's

more to Dr Eve's hypnosis sessions than 'smoking cessation' he finds he forgets what he's thinking about...

Contains chastity, forced femme, pegging, forced oral, sensual mind control and brain washing.

The Tormentress and the Boss.

Kevin starts a new job, finding himself surrounded by beautiful women. His troubles really start when he's caught with his trousers down – instead of the sack he gets a chastity belt. Alicia meanwhile finds a dark side of her personality awakened. Alicia and Kevin's strange relationship develops, while neither of them knows the sinister truth about Fisher Creative and its owner, Samantha Fisher.

Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 1 : Captured!

Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.

(Available in one package also, in this story, the protagonist is captured by a group of dominant women who sell and market BDSM equipment. He is mercilessly used to demonstrate the goods, and by the end of part two has been surgically altered to be fully feminized, but with a cruel twist.. Will he find happiness in his captivity?

The Male Bridesmaid: Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.

Gary is addicted to Kindle Erotica, and has some fairly extreme sexual fantasies. His girlfriend Alison doesn't approve, and decides to give him, 'aversion therapy' whereby she will dish out his fantasies to him in such doses

that she forces him to dislike them. The trouble is, Alison starts getting a taste for keeping him locked up in his chastity device and wearing ladies clothing... By the time Alison and her twisted sister, bully Gary into being a bridesmaid she doesn't want to stop... All the while Gary is helpless to obey the whims of his female tormentors, because he's wearing a clever, remote controlled electric shock device in on his cock. When Alison decides to force him to orgasm against his will, she chooses to force-feed him his own semen to further his aversion therapy. When it comes to the crunch and he's offered a choice – which life will he choose?

A Sissy Story : WPC Domination : Male Chastity, Slavery, BDSM, Forced Feminization and Female Domination

Craig is caught speeding by two female police officers, when he pleads with them not to issue him with a fixed penalty he gets more than he bargained for. Handcuffed and bundled into the back of a police car he endures humiliation and pain as he is feminized, chastised and judicially caned. The torment doesn't end there though, with the sensual Anita returning from 'Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.' And Dr Eve returning from 'The Hypnotist' his punishment contains dental torture, force-feeding and eventual castration... Of course not all might be as it seems? How far did the punishment really go? How much of his ordeal was real?

A Sissy Story : Feminized For Her 'How he became a lesbian' : Male Chastity, Forced Feminization, Female Domination & Forced Transgender

During a powercut, Peter ends up being talked into going for a drink at a gay night club. It's the last place he expects to find love, but when he meets Connie he feels a strong attraction. As he gets to know her, he realizes they are soul

mates and perfect for one another, in all but one aspect... He is a man and she is a lesbian. They enjoy each others company so much they meet the next day anyway as friends, but as time goes on Connie begins to wish Peter was a girl. He has quite feminine features, so that night after a few glasses of wine Connie talks him into participating in an experiment, which involves being fully feminized - and locked into a Kali's Teeth Bracelet chastity device. He agrees because he finds her so attractive... Connie becomes convinced she can turn Peter in the girlfriend she's always dreamed of. She takes his hand and leads him slowly into the world of femininity, but is clear from the start that one day she expects him to have his testicles 'whipped off' and full gender reassignment. He can't resist her, always putting off the thought of being castrated as something that might not happen. In the end Connie's patience with her 'project' is running out and he has to make a choice - lose Connie, or lose his testicles...

Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

A story about a boy, caught spying on the girls changing room. The girls capture him, bust his balls, spank him, lock him into a chastity device and dress him up as a girl. Humiliatingly he is then forced to attend the girls school and receives further punishments from the strict teachers including a public caning at assembly.

Just when he's starting to get used to his situation, a final twist changes his fate forever. Will the magic work? If it doesn't, will Alice keep her end of the bargain and allow him to return to his life as a boy?

Samantha's Tale : The Deal (Prequel to 'The Tormentress & The Boss')

Samantha is down on her luck, she's lost her job and is going to lose her flat. A mysterious offer from the seemingly rich and

powerful 'Serena Carlotti' is her last hope. Serena draws Samantha Burns into the world of domination, fetish and BDSM. She thinks she's going to teach Samantha how to be a dominatrix, but Samantha is a natural... Soon Samantha is booked up and living a life of riches, so many men fall under her spell and are desperate to be dominated by her. Eventually Donald Fisher of 'Fisher Creative' a wealthy man who has inherited a fortune and a huge country house enters the equation. Fascinated with the idea of female domination he books a session with Samantha who visits him and delivers a most exciting session which involves not just Donald but his vanilla maid, Marian. At the end of the session, despite the fear and anticipation, and the pain... He wants more... How far will he go in submitting to the whims of the ultimate dominatrix Samantha Burns? Locked into a cruel chastity device, hypnotised, feminized... The more he's subjected to, the more he wants... In the end when he's given a choice, submit completely or go free... What will he choose? Will he be able to resist the thought of being locked into Samantha's 'emasculator device' again?

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

Edward Mason is a down on his luck student, looking to earn some cash to fund his studies. When he answers an enigmatic advertisement asking for sperm donors and offering to pay well for them - he is naturally intrigued. Anita Grey, (Anita from: 'WPC Domination', 'Slavery 1 : Captured!', 'Slavery 2 : Operated on!' and 'Samantha's Tale : The Deal') gives Edward an incredibly intimate and invasive physical examination, probing every orifice mercilessly and thoroughly. Edward of course finds this experience very arousing and he finds Anita very attractive.

When he's accepted onto the program, initially reluctant he agrees to join on the promise of a date with Anita. She pierces his genitals and fits him with a chastity device and proceeds to show him the time of his life. At the end of a fantastic date, she

encourages Edward into a sexy feminine nightie and whilst keeping him in denial makes good use of him.

Now deeply in love with one another, Anita feminizes Edward more and more, and falls more and more in love with him. Eventually, when the study comes to an end Anita has made a decision, she wants to Edward to become a full-time permanent, 'she' so they can live happily ever after. As the mysterious Serena Carlotti suggests, things don't always turn out how we expect them to.

The consequences lead Anita to honing her surgical skills to perfection and creating the ultimate feminization surgery...

The Harem Slave

Roy and Henry are backpacking, on their gap year from university. When they are offered a chance to visit a previously unknown tiny country run by a Sultan, a last stop before they turn around had head for home, it's too tempting an offer to pass up. Little do they know, they will find themselves being offered for sale at the slave market, and after an invasive poking and prodding from the achingly beautiful princess Hadjina, they are taken away to become the princess's new eunuchs. Their story twists and turns as they end up in chastity, feminized and being domestic servants for the ladies of the harem. Their life becomes a long, unending bout of tease and denial as they squirm and squirm in their devices.

Of course it can end at any time, because the princess promises them, if their situation becomes too much, just let her know and she will arrange the surgery for them to become eunuch's after all.

The tease and denial culminates in a scene where the hapless Harem Slaves are forced to watch the Sultan 'visit' princess Hadjina while she lies back, playing idly with their cruel chastity

devices... Who will break first? Will either of them manage to leave Rijkistan without becoming eunuchs?

Femdom : The Dressmaker

Shaun is a fairly lazy about nineteen year old. His older sister works at a bridal couture shop. When he remarks about her job being a skive Caroline suggests he should try it... Except she's not sure how he'd look in a dress. Feeling defiant Shaun ends up making a bet, he bets she can't get him a job there and she bets he can't hack it.

As it turns out, Francesca, the boss has been getting grief from the job centre about discriminating against males in her employment policy. Not one to be defeated, she takes Caroline's suggestion about hiring her brother as a challenge and an opportunity... How far will her efforts to 'feminize' Shaun go? How will Shaun find his new life, blackmailed into Satin and Lace and working in the dress shop, trying on for customers and acting as Fran's manequin.

In the end, thanks to a little help from Dr Eve Wilshaw [Of 'The Hypnotist'] Shaun ends up not just accepting his new female status... He embraces it...

When Fran supplies him with a new experimental drug to make his breasts grow the results are quite surprising...

This is an adult themed forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

Femdom: The Ex's Revenge is a sequel to 'The Tormentress & the Boss'. In Femdom : The Ex's Revenge, Angelo is a male chauvinist pig... He's lazy, overbearing and ignorant. When he dumps his girlfriend Melissa because she refuses to wear high heels and have breast implants he doesn't realize the repercussions his actions will have. Melissa goes to work at 'Fisher Creative' and her new

employer 'Samantha Fisher' upon hearing about Angelo agrees to help her reap a terrible revenge.

Angelo is employed, hypnotized, feminized, chastised and forced to service several of these dominant women who are all out to teach him the power of femininity. He ends up with polypropylene breast implants and locked into a steel pair of high heel shoes - meaning the shoe is now definitely on the other foot. When he ends up in a special chastity belt which gives his owners the ability to 'push button' castrate him at any time his obedience is assured...

Eventually Melissa's revenge is complete and Angelo is completely tamed... When it comes to it, what fate will Melissa choose for poor Angelo? And how will he adapt to his new life?

This is a very adult, femdom themed, forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

Alison and Gary's relationship fluctuates and changes after Sarah's Wedding, and Gary's ordeal as Sarah's Bridesmaid. This story picks up where 'The Male Bridesmaid' left off and involves more female domination and orgasm denial, with more punishments, maid training an element of cuckolding.

Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning (The BDSM Studies)

When Professor Jacqueline Reed is reading an article about corporal punishment and the effects it's abolition may have had on academic results she questions her own thoughts on it's use. A Samantha Fisher, of Fisher creative happens to have been peeping over her shoulder and suggests she run a study.

With a morbid fascination, all stemming from her childhood and both

a fear and curiosity surrounding the headmistresses cane - she decides maybe a study is in order? Samantha Fisher promises to get the study through ethics, and the beautiful young Professor is well and truly down the rabbit hole. A visit to a professional dominatrix to receive some tuition results in her receiving more than tuition and she's left with a lasting memory that will shape her destiny forever.

As a natural switch, both beautifully submissive and deliciously dominant, her students volunteering for the study are in for an unforgettable experience. The professor attaches probes and sensors to monitor their response to corporal punishment and humiliates them mercilessly in front of each other. Of course enjoying every minute of it...

As the study progresses, the professor makes a startling discovery about corporal punishment and the study comes to a surprising conclusion...

Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity (The BDSM Studies)

The beautiful switch, Professor Jacqueline Reed, BsC, MsC, PhD is back in action. The doctor of psychology, after another interesting conversation with the enigmatic Samantha Fisher of 'Fisher Creative' decides to pay another visit to the professional dominatrix Mariella Jane Hall. Her intention, to learn more about chastity and orgasm denial, leads to her being quickly enslaved by the dominatrix, who locks her into an interesting chastity ensemble, which both arouses and punishes arousal. Over the course of several days the professor is forced to do uniformed domestic service, and give her beautiful new owner personal services too, all while in strict denial and being forced to desperately suppress her own arousal.

When Mariella asks her repeatedly if she wishes to become her property permanently, her permanent, frustrated and denied, chaste sex slave - Jacqueline is so, so tempted... She almost agrees.

Eventually Mariella releases Jacqueline from her chastity devices

and service, and Jacqueline, the natural switch, decides she has to experience the other side of this relationship, and who better to dominate than her favorite two 'test subjects' Simon and Celeste? Whom she'd spent the previous two semesters caning and forcing to orgasm?

Throughout the submission and the dominance, Jacqueline finds herself learning more about herself and learning more about her sexual preferences, having always considered herself 'straight', after being submissive to Mariella and dominating Celeste, she finds herself feeling more that she is a lesbian, and possibly always has been.

This BDSM novelette features themes of:-

*Femdom
Female Domination of Males and Female Domination of Females
Bondage
Corporal Punishment
Orgasm Denial
Chastity
Forced Bi
Slavery*

Femdom : The Game

Jessie and Marcy have a shared interest. They both love their Kindle. They both have a fondness for a certain fetish and femdom author and tease each other about living 'the lifestyle'.

When an old friend suggests meeting up for a drink with Marcy, Jessie and Marcy don't realize how much their lives will change. Grace and Matilda draw them into the world of 'The Club' where games are played and forfeit's are paid.

Neither wants to admit how much they enjoy losing the game, and neither would dream of how quickly they get drawn into a sinister

world of BDSM, female domination, forced feminization, bondage, corporal punishment and forced bi.

Warning this 18,000 word novella is not suitable for under 18's, it contains very adult themes of:-

*Femdom
Female Domination of Males and Female Domination of Females
Bondage
Corporal Punishment
Orgasm Denial
Chastity
Forced Bi
Slavery
Participation in a live sex show*

FAQ

Q: How can I be kept up to date with your new releases?

A: Email me at sjm.author@yahoo.com asking to be added to my contacts list. When I release a new story I send a quick email out.

Q: Are you going to be releasing more paperbacks?

A: No, maybe, don't know... The createspace content filter is a lot stricter than Amazon's so I will only ever be able to release the tamer stories. [I have since released '17 Shades of Depravity' a compilation of most of my 2012 and early 2013 stories, and I've released Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning and My Tickle Torture Duology as well!

Q: Do you create your own book covers?

A: No, they are done for me. (I changed cover monkey Femdom : The Game, I prefer the new look – what do you think?)

Q: What happened to the Caliph? (The Harem Slave)

A: I decided he was a Sultan, big deal.

Q: Why did there turn out to be two Harem Slaves?

A: I decided it would be more interesting to write a shared experience.

Q: Are you a professional domme?

A: No, I have some experience with kink, with current and former partners, but no I am NOT a pro dome.

Q: Will you lock me up and force me to wear ladies clothes?

A: No, that is for your partner to do.

Q: Please?

A: No, you could try Perry's tactic as read in 'The Beautician Trap', but I can't be held responsible for the outcome.

Q: How can I get my girlfriend to lock me up and force me into lingerie?

A: I don't know, it might not be possible. Some people will never be receptive to the idea of kink. You should probably broach the subject carefully, and honestly. Some people say writing down a list of kinky fantasies and then swapping them is a good idea. Sarah Jameson is the best person to help you with this.

Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?

A: Sometimes, not all the time... Kink, is a bit of fun – that's all. We play, we call it 'playing' and we have fun. I have made him go to work wearing ladies underwear on occasion, but in reality 'made' isn't true. If he didn't want to, I couldn't really make him – he's stronger than me and I don't think blackmail would work. I don't actually get that much out of knowing he's fidgeting around in my knickers, trying to adjust his bra straps and suspender belt under his work clothes – he gets a lot out of it, but it's important that he feels I've forced him to do it. Sexuality is a complicated thing.

Q: Sounds like your boyfriend is really into his kink, are you? Or do you just do it for him?

A: He's more into it than me. I do like the sense of being in control, and anything which puts me in control and makes him vulnerable turns me on. It's just a bit of fun though really.

Q: Aren't your stories morally reprehensible?

A: No, they're just stories, not to be taken seriously – they're literally 'just a bit of fun'.

Q: Couldn't your stories encourage people to do criminal or dangerous things?

A: I hope not! If some girl decides to handcuff her boyfriend to the bed, then castrate him because she read something similar in one of my stories – that's her problem not mine. I don't actually get turned on at the thought of men being castrated in the slightest, but I know my boyfriend does, and I like to think I understand him – so I can write that scenario. Whenever I ever feel inclined to castrate a man it tends to be because he's being egocentric, insensitive and thinking with his testosterone rather than his brain – as so many men do.

Q: So do you hate men?

A: No, I like most men, most of the time.

Q: Are any of the characters in your stories or events real or based on real?

A: Nope, sorry hun, they're all products of my twisted imagination.

Q: So there's no Samantha Burns/Fisher?

A: Nope... There might be some ultra-dominant woman, with a huge stately home full of dungeons and torture equipment, who is capturing, castrating and selling men... But if there is I don't know about her personally, and I doubt there is...

Q: A lot of your stories seem to involve castration, does your boyfriend want to be castrated? Does he want gender reassignment? Do you want him to be your girlfriend?

A: Sexuality is complicated. He fantasizes about castration and being reassigned a woman, but he doesn't really want to be... The reality here should be kept very separate from the fantasy. Having your testicles removed will have a serious effect on your physiology and sexuality. The desire to be castrated will probably vanish the minute your balls have been snipped off, but it's too late then – you might as well take HRT and have breast enhancements – once it's done it's done and once it's done I don't think you can experience anything like a 'normal' orgasm again.

Q: So even if I really fantasize about it all the time, I shouldn't get castrated?

A: No, unless you feel you should always have been a woman and want gender reassignment for a deeper meaning than sexual fantasy – it would probably only make you depressed.

Q: How many of these stories are you going to write?

A: I don't know... I have a bubbling cauldron of ideas in my head, as long as I still have some ideas I'll write more. I might even try to work these short stories into a long novel and put it out as a physical book using create space or something...

Q: I love reading your material, but there isn't enough! Who else can I read for similar stories?

A: My first recommendation is to read all of 'Anne Michelle', 'Grounded in heels', 'The Writers Secret' and 'Humiliation at the office' are all excellent stories. If you've read all mine and all of Anne Michelle's and still want more – then read Sara Desmarais, I suggest you start with 'A change in our marriage' it's really excellent. Also I highly recommend both 'Aimee Allison' and 'Sandy Thomas' they've both written some excellent femdom.

Q: What do you think of 'Fifty Shades'?

A: Haven't read it, so don't know... It's about a female submissive, I'm dominant... So unless the story, characters and plot are fantastic in the absence of any sexual content – I probably wouldn't get much from it.

Q: Is Sabrina Jen Mountford your real name?

A: No it's a pen name.

Q: Can you tell me more about you? Where you live, how old you are, what your real name is?

A: No, I don't want stalking. If you want to get to know me better – read more of my stories. Though in reality all that will really teach you is what a twisted imagination I have.