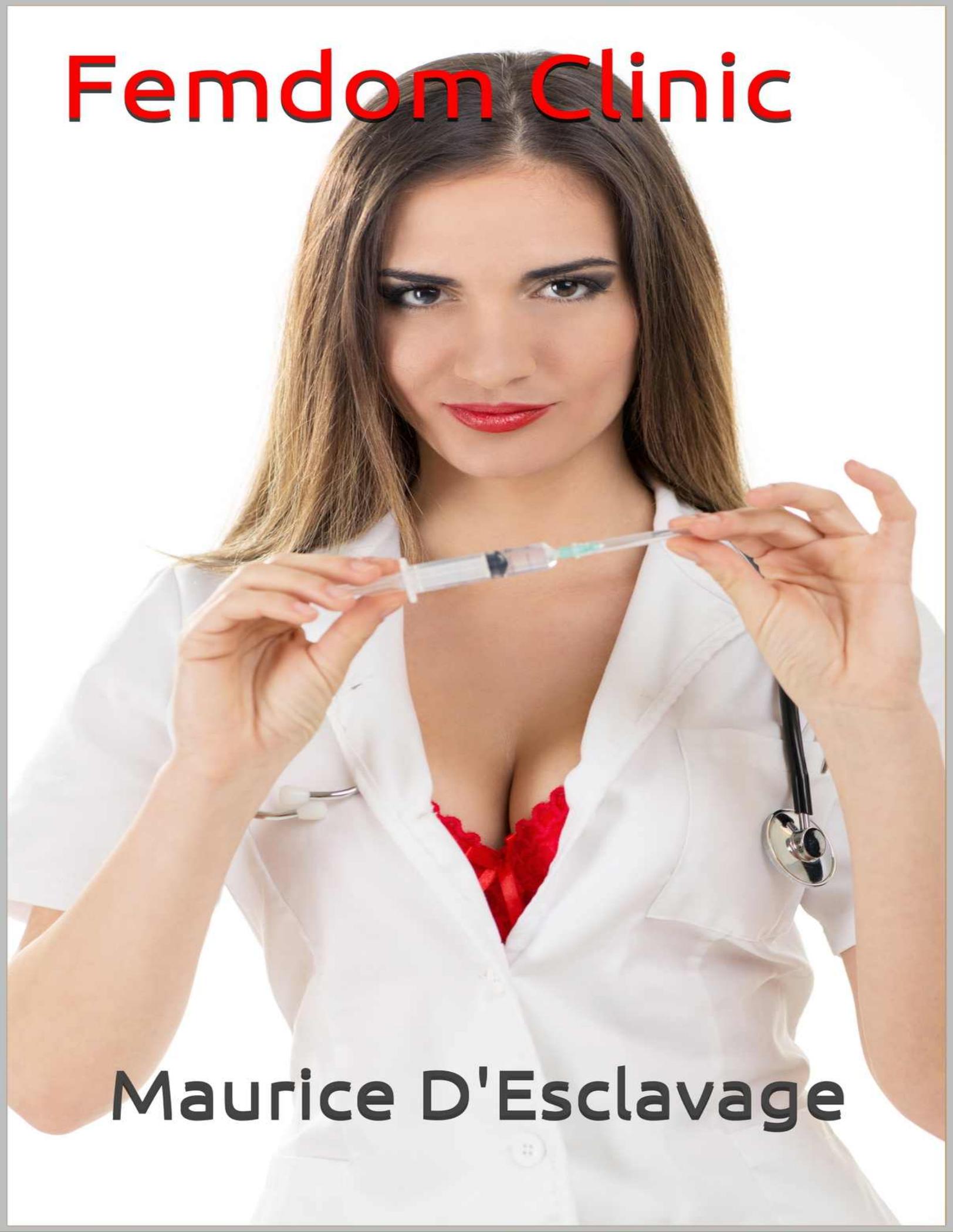


Femdom Clinic

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a white lab coat over a red lace-trimmed top, is holding a syringe horizontally in front of her. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. A stethoscope is visible around her neck. The background is plain white.

Maurice D'Esclavage

Femdom Clinic

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Chapter One

Doctor Stevens turned to his patient, Mike Conway.

“We’ll need to do some tests,” he said.

“I’m too young to have kidney stones, aren’t I?” Mike asked.

“It’s not simply a matter of age,” said Dr. Stevens. “There are a number of factors that could influence these things, like diet or genetics. At this point, we don’t know if you have kidney stones, that’s just one possible explanation. We’ll do some detailed medical imaging to see if we can identify the cause of your abdominal pain. I’ll give you a referral to a radiology service here in town. Do you have a preferred clinic?”

“No, no. I’ve never used one. Whoever is the fastest,” said Mike.

“I’ll refer you to the Spencer Clinic. They’re new, and they usually book patients in promptly. You can expect a call from them to set up an appointment.”

“Thanks, Doctor. I’ll wait to hear from them,” said Mike.

Two weeks later, Mike turned up for an ultrasound appointment at the Spencer Clinic at 8:00 am in the morning. The appointment was early because not drinking or eating anything for ten hours was a requirement of the test. The Spencer Clinic was in a new building, beside a pond in an industrial park. Everything seemed bright and new in the reception area. The reception desk was fully staffed by three women, one of whom took his information. Mike admired her as she logged his data into the computer. She was a mature blond with a strong jaw line and lipstick that was a brighter red usual. Her hair was tied back in a ponytail and, like the others, she wore a full-length lab coat. Her name tag said ‘Melissa’.

She gave him a questionnaire on a clipboard to fill out, and told him to take a seat in the waiting room. Mike worked his way through a bunch of

personal questions about height, weight, allergies and so on. Under the first sheet he found another page on blue paper, which asked a bunch of questions about sex and personal relationships. They seemed more extensive than necessary for an ultrasound. For example, how often he had sex, and the date and time of his last orgasm. It even asked how often he masturbated. Mike was single and most of his sex life consisted of masturbation. Answering these questions was embarrassing. He took the clipboard back to Melissa at the front desk.

“Do you really need to know all this?” he asked, waving the blue paper.

“Mr. Conway,” she said. “A detailed history is invaluable in informing our testing procedures. Yes, of course you need to answer all the questions on the form as fully and completely as possible.” Her tone of voice reminded him of the time Principal Skinner caught him wearing an unsanctioned hat in the hallways of his middle school. Rebuffed, he sat back down and finished the questionnaire.

Soon enough, Melissa called his name, collected the clipboard and led him into a maze of corridors beyond the waiting room. She knocked on a door and a feminine voice responded, “Come in!”

“Mr. Conway,” said Melissa. A tall woman with long, dark hair stood in the darkened room.

“Hello, I’m Regina Spencer. I’ll be doing your ultrasound today,” she said. She held out a hand, which he shook.

“Is this your clinic?” asked Mike.

“Yes, it is,” she said. “You can hang your coat and other things over here.” She pointed out several hooks fastened to the wall.

“I surprised to see you doing the tests yourself,” said Mike, taking off his coat.

“These small business start-ups take a while to get off the ground. We all pull our weight,” she said. “I’ll be back in a minute. Take off every

thing except your socks and then get up on the table. You can cover yourself with this sheet.” She handed him a folded sheet.

Ms. Spencer left the room. Mike took off his clothes and laid down on an examination bench covered with a piece of paper. The room was strange, darkened, filled with strange equipment and video monitors and overly warm. He spread the sheet over himself and lay back. It seemed like ten or fifteen minutes before Ms. Spencer came back.

“All ready?” she asked. Mike responded with a ‘yes’. She pulled on some rubber gloves, then took out a bottle of something.

“Let’s pull this down,” she said, pulling the sheet down to his waist. “This is some lubricant. I’ve heated it so it won’t be a such a shock putting it on.”

She poured a pool of warm jelly onto his stomach and began spreading it around his abdomen. She leaned over closely as she did it. He noticed her pale skin, full, red lips and dark eyes as she leaned over him. Ms. Spencer began to massage the lube into his skin while she spoke.

“I’ll just be doing a few simple readings today. Your doctor has ordered a general examination of your entire mid-section. I’ll be using a few different wavelengths and you may hear different noises and feel different vibrations when I switch from one to the other. Just relax and try not to move around during the exam.”

Ms. Spencer pressed a control somewhere and the padded leather table he was on rose in the air, until his body was within comfortable reach. As she talked, she rubbed the lube over his entire chest from his pubic hair to his nipples. She seemed to slip once and swiped a blob of goo over his right nipple.

“Oops,” she said, and tried to scoop most of it up with a finger. His nipple was flicked back and forth as she poked at it. She deposited the results back in the center of his abdomen.

“Okay, here we go,” she said. “Just lay back and relax.” Taking up a wand with a blunt end, she sat back on her stool in front of a video monitor and started running the tip of the wand over his skin. The monitor was turned away from Mike, so he couldn’t see the pictures she was recording. Regina Spencer slid the wand over his body, pausing once in a while to press a button. When she did, Mike could hear the click as a picture was saved.

Mike moved when instructed, laying alternately on his side or his back, while being massaged with the wand. Once in a while, Ms. Spencer would spread some more warm lube on him.

“That’s the first series done,” said Ms. Spencer. “You did well Mike. We’ll get set up for a second series. You can take a break for a few minutes.”

She turned to an intercom on the desk.

“Melissa, can you come in here for a moment,” she said.

In due course, Melissa came into the ultrasound room.

“I’m getting set for a stage two. I could use a hand with the stirrups,” said Ms. Spencer. “You know how they tend to stick.”

“Right,” said Melissa. The two of them pulled a up what looked like a gynecological stirrup from its folded-down position at the side of the table. It did seem a little stiff. With a half-turn rotation, the device snapped into its new spot above the table with an audible click.

“I can get the other one,” said Melissa.

“Good, thanks,” said Ms. Spencer. She began to ready a new wand. This one looked like it had a giant marshmallow head on one end.

“What’s going on?” asked Mike.

“We’re going to examine your prostate next,” said Ms. Spencer. “Have you had a prostate exam before?”

“Yes, in the doctor’s office,” said Mike.

“In that case you know that the probe may cause a little discomfort,” said Ms. Spencer, “but it shouldn’t be anything you can’t handle. If you need me to stop for a minute, just raise your hand. Melissa, can you assist by operating the interior probe?”

“Certainly,” said Melissa. “Should we use the restraints?”

“I think that would be best,” said Ms. Spencer. “Michael,” she began, as she lifted one of his legs up and placed it in the stirrup, “it’s very important that you don’t move during the test. I’m going to strap your legs into place to help you keep still.”

She took a nylon strap attached to the stirrup and, lifting his leg up into the stirrup, fastened it around his ankle, tying his leg into place. Melissa lifted his other leg and bound it to a stirrup as well.

“Whew, we always keep these rooms so warm,” said Melissa. She took off her lab coat and hung it up. She was wearing a pink sleeveless top underneath. Mike could see her biceps flex as she adjusted her ponytail.

“Yes, we should get on with the exam,” said Ms. Spencer. She unbuttoned her own lab coat. Underneath, she wore a red camisole top with a very low neck line, and a dark skirt. As she leaned over Mike with the dispenser of heated lube, he found himself ogling a pair of large breasts that were now half-revealed. He lurched as she plastered a handful of hot lube right on to his testicles.

“We’ll be doing a testicle exam as well,” she said, as she slathered the lubricant all around his groin area and down into his ass crack. “Is that too hot?”

It was too hot at first, but it was cooling off now, so Mike just said, “No, Miss.” He gasped as she slipped a finger into his anus and wiggled it around. He distracted himself by staring at her breasts.

Ms. Spencer made sure the warm goo was spread everywhere, then exchanged her rubber gloves for a new pair and picked up the new wand.

“Applying external probe,” she said to Melissa. She pressed a button, and the new wand started humming loudly. She pressed it to Mike’s perineum, the spot between the anus and the testicles. Mike felt that it was vibrating fiercely. Ms. Spencer started sliding it around, up into his testicles and up and down the crease between his thighs and groin.

“Ready internal probe,” she said. Melissa held up a new device in the air. It had the shape of a long, bent stick with a small, oval bulb at the end.

“Ready,” Melissa said.

“Proceed,” said Ms. Spencer. She centered the vibrating wand on Mike’s perineum again. Mike was horrified to discover he was getting hard. His penis rose up into the air as the vibrations stimulated his body. The view of Ms. Spencer’s ample cleavage wasn’t helping.

“Don’t worry,” said Ms. Spencer, in response to his panicked look. She pressed a gloved hand down on his penis momentarily. When she let go, it sprang back up. “This happens all the time. It’s a perfectly normal reaction.”

Mike gasped as the internal probe was pushed into his bottom by Melissa. The generous amount of lubricant Ms. Spencer had shoved into his bottom-hole meant it met little resistance going in. He was startled to discover that this probe was vibrating as well.

“I’ll tell you where to move so we can get some good readings,” said Ms. Spencer, looking at the monitor. She began to issue some instructions and Melissa slid the invading probe around in response. “Deeper. Right. Left. Back. Deeper again.”

Mike felt a strange tingling start to build. Melissa pulled up on the wand, rubbing it firmly against his prostate. Suddenly, sperm started flowing out of his semi-erect penis onto his belly. It just emerged, there was no sensation of orgasm.

“Eww,” said Melissa. “Look, Regina. He’s coming.”

“Mr. Conway! I expected you to have better self-control!” Ms. Spencer snapped. She put down the vibrating wand and stood up. “Clean that mess up!” She threw a towel down onto his chest and left the room.

Melissa withdrew her probe and handed Mike another towel.

“Here, you’ll probably need more than one to get rid of all that lube,” she said. “Wipe up that disgusting spew first.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t do it on purpose,” said Mike.

“You’ve ruined our chance to do your last test,” said Melissa. “Your balls have to be full to get a good reading during the testicle exam.” She started cleaning equipment while Mike tried to swab all the lube and semen off his body.

Once Mike had cleaned up as best he could, Melissa dropped the soiled towels in a laundry hamper and went to fetch Ms. Spencer. Mike sat alone in the dimly-lit room, reflecting on the fact that he was still strapped to exam table. The two ladies returned after a couple of minutes. Ms. Spencer held his questionnaire in her hand, blue sheet on top.

“Michael, we will have to delay the last test for a week,” said Ms. Spencer. “I need you to go an entire week without masturbating.”

“I can do that,” said Mike.

“According to your chart, you would have a difficult time doing that,” said Ms. Spencer. “I’m going to prescribe a chastity device for you to wear, to prevent any accidents.”

“A chastity device? That can’t be normal medical procedure!” Mike said.

“On the contrary, there are a number of medical conditions where this is necessary. You’ll find the device is covered by your health care plan,” said Ms. Spencer. “Melissa will prep you for the device. Melissa, all this hair

has to go, it will make installing the device difficult.” She waved a hand at Mike’s pubic bush.

“Wait! I don’t want it!” exclaimed Mike.

“Is this your signature?” asked Ms. Spencer, pointing at a scrawl on the bottom of Mike’s questionnaire.

“Yes,” said Mike.

“Then if you read the fine print on this form before you signed it, you’ve already consented to have us do whatever is necessary to maintain your continued good health.” She left the room.

“Just relax,” said Melissa, “it takes some time to do a good job of shaving you.” She started bring instruments out of the cupboards and putting them on a rolling tray. Scissors, clippers, razors and shaving cream were laid out. Melissa flexed her arms, and rolled her shoulders.

“Why do you have to shave me?” he asked.

“It’s necessary to get a good fit. Let’s get started,” she said. “We better strap you in for this.” Melissa bound his thighs to the stirrups with an additional strap just above each knee. Then she began to adjust the controls for the examination table. To Mike’s surprise, the table exhibited quite the wide range of movement. It was segmented into three parts, each of which could be raised or lowered. There was a tilt function as well. He found himself with his hips raised high in the air, and his head lowered down until it was below the rest of his body.

Melissa started with the scissors, pulling on handfuls of his pubic hair and shearing them off. Next, she took the clippers to him, and started to buzz everything down to a short stubble. Mike yelped as the clipper head nipped his balls.

“Sorry,” said Melissa. “I need to get in close for this.” She straddled his head and pulled back on his ball sack to apply the clippers to the stretched skin. She was wearing a short skirt, and the extreme tilt of the

table meant she could stand above his head as she worked. Mike found himself staring up at her tan, lace panties. His cock rose to full attention.

“Don’t move,” warned Melissa. Her fingers flicked his erection from side to side as she wielded the clippers across his testicles, pulling and stretching the skin to expose new areas for shaving. Sometimes she accidentally left some slack, and the blades nicked his skin. When that happened, he shouted into the cave of her skirt. Melissa was a blond who looked like she had Nordic ancestors. He public hair was darker than her ponytail, Mike noticed. It escaped from her panties and even grew a little way down her thighs. It seemed unfair that she should get to keep her pubic hair while he had to give up his own.

Melissa went to stand between his legs. She shook up the can of shaving cream and started to spray foam in his crotch. She massaged it widely around, even up the crack of his ass. Wiping her hands on a towel, she picked up a razor.

“Now you really want to keep still,” she said. “We don’t want any accidents.” She began to scrape the blade across his skin near his testicles. Mike did his best to keep still. He was flushed and jittery from hanging practically upside down. Melissa moved around, removing his pubic hair with strokes of the razor, and wiping the blade periodically on a towel. She pulled his ass cheeks apart and shaved the area around his asshole.

Ms. Spencer came back into the exam room. She was holding a small metal cock cage and little brass padlock, which she held up for Melissa to view.

“Here’s the chastity device. How’s the shaving going?” she asked.

“Almost done. He looks like he takes a medium,” said Melissa. She straddled his head again as she worked on denuding his groin. She was removing all the hair for about six inches above his penis. Mike groaned as he stared at the view of her luscious thighs and tightly stretched panties.

“I got a size small. In my experience tight restriction means less chance of any stimulation,” said Ms. Spencer.

“All done,” said Melissa. She took a towel and rubbed it all over Mike’s crotch and ass, cleaning up the excess shaving cream. It also bounced Mike’s cock around. As she raised him up using the chair controls, he looked down to see his erection sticking up in the air, with pre-cum drooling from the tip. His hairless crotch looked strange and he could feel a breeze around his private parts he hadn’t noticed before.

“I see we’ll need the ice pack,” said Ms. Spencer. She bent to get a package of blue gel from the small bar fridge in the room. Coming over to Mike, she pushed the large rectangle of frozen gel down onto his cock, pinning it back against his stomach. It was freezing cold. After a minute, she lifted it up, flipped his softening cock down towards his legs, and put the freezer pack on top of it again.

“Just a few minutes and you’ll be able to go home, Michael. Stop by the front desk to get your appointment time for next week. Until then, no masturbating and no sex. I’ll give you my phone number, you can call me if the chastity device gives you any trouble. You can wash yourself through the holes in the cage. Some people use a small brush to get a better clean.”

When she pulled off the freezer pack, Mike’s crotch was completely chilled and his cock had shrunk down to a fraction of its former size. Ms. Spencer pulled his testicles, one at a time, through the base ring, then forced his cock through the small opening. The metal cage followed, and she stuffed his penis into the tight steel tube. One final step, locking the tube to the base ring with the brass padlock, and he was locked for the foreseeable future.

Melissa untied his legs from the stirrups. She helped him get up from the exam table.

“I’ll have the keys for your chastity cage,” said Ms. Spencer, dangling a pair of small keys. She handed Mike a card. “Here’s my cell phone number. You can call me in case of emergency.”

“Take all the time you need getting dressed,” said Melissa. She picked up her lab coat and the two ladies left the exam room, leaving Mike standing there, naked, except for a shiny, new chastity cage.

Chapter Two

Mike was angry as he left the clinic, but he made sure to stop at the desk to get his appointment time for the following week. The sooner he could get rid of this ridiculous contraption the better.

He spent an uncomfortable night, tossing and turning, his sleep interrupted whenever he accidentally rolled over on his stomach and re-discovered the hunk of metal attached to his privates. In the morning, he awoke early and lay in bed trying to snooze. He kept thinking about the two ladies, Melissa and Ms. Spencer, which caused him a stinging discomfort as his cock tried to erect and was pinched by the cage. Finally admitting he was not falling back asleep, he got up to get ready for work. He took a shower, washing around and through the chastity cage as well as he could.

Mike worked for the city as an urban planner and today was an important day. He was often called upon to present at City Council meetings and at the meeting today he was outlining the plans for a new subdivision. He put on his best dress shirts and a pair of grey flannel pants. The presence of the chastity device gave him a bigger bulge than usual in the front. He couldn't think of any way to change that, other than resolving to hold his briefcase in front of himself as much as possible.

At City Hall, Mike lined up with the other people going into Council Chambers. Looking ahead, he cursed silently to himself. A set of metal detectors had been set up outside Council Chambers recently, in response to the growing amount of hate and intolerance directed at City Council. Everyone attending the meeting had to pass through the metal detector to get into the roped-off area around the entry doors. Security had also been enhanced during the last year, and City Hall now boasted a security office staffed by four armed security guards. Two of them were supervising the metal detector.

Mike had to go to the meeting, so there was no backing out possible. When he got to the checkpoint, he slid his briefcase across a table for inspection, and stepped through the metal detector. As he feared, the raucous alarm went off, making him wince. A guard named Lorna approached him with a wand.

“Lorna, can I tell you something please?” Mike motioned for her to step close. He mumbled at her, and she leaned in to hear him better.

“What?”

“I’m wearing a metal chastity device,” Mike whispered.

“Really?” Lorna said, looking him up and down. “I’ll have to confirm that. Come with me.”

“Charlie, can you handle things here for minute?” Lorna asked the other security guard.

Getting a positive response, she led the way back through the metal detector and into a small meeting room off the side of the atrium. Mike followed. Lorna was a big woman in a couple of ways. She was tall, about an inch taller than Mike, and stocky and had a very large butt. Mike marvelled at its size as he followed her. She had long dark hair and slightly brown skin. He guessed she might have some Latin ancestry.

They went in to the small meeting room and Mike closed the door behind them.

“Arms out,” said Lorna, closing the gap between them. She gave him a quick pat down, hesitating for a moment at his crotch, then reaching in to grab his cock cage.

“Huh,” she said. “Is this some stunt to make us look bad?” Mike had been critical of the need for so much security in the past, arguing that it hurt citizen relations. He and the security guards were not on the best of terms.

“No, I wouldn’t do that,” said Mike.

“So, you’re just a pervert?” asked Lorna.

“No! I’m wearing this for medical reasons!”

“Uh huh. Drop the pants,” ordered Lorna.

Mike felt himself blushing. He turned away to undo his belt buckle, and turned back, lowering his pants to his knees. The chastity tube stuck out proudly, in all its glory. His cheeks got even redder.

“I suppose you shave for medical reasons too,” Lorna said.

“They said it would make the cage easier to put on at the clinic,” Mike said.

“This could all be a distraction to smuggle something into chambers,” said Lorna. She pulled a pair of rubber gloves out of a pocket. “I have to check that you’re not carrying any weapons.”

“I don’t have any lube on me. I wasn’t expecting to be checking perverts today,” she continued. “If you want to get this wet before it goes up your ass, you can suck on my finger.” She held up a rubber-clad index finger.

“No? Bend over this table then.” Lorna gestured at a meeting room table.

“Wait, I, I’ll suck it,” Mike pleaded.

Lorna came near and he let her push the finger in his open mouth. Mike closed his lips on it and sucked. Lorna moved the finger around.

“That’s it, lick it,” she said, probing his mouth. “Get it nice and wet.”

“Alright, that’s good enough. Bend over,” she commanded. Mike rested his chest and hands on the table. Lorna spread his cheeks with both hands, then probed at his anal ring with the saliva-coated finger. It forced its way in, causing groans from Mike. Once it was in, Lorna started bending it back and forth.

“Nothing seems to be hidden up here,” she announced. She started thrusting the finger deep into him, pulling back and ramming it in again.

“Is this how you get off, now that your dick is locked up?” she asked, jamming her finger deep once again.

“No! I told you, I’m wearing this for medical reasons. You can ask my clinic,” Mike shouted.

Lorna pulled her finger out.

“Get dressed,” she said, peeling off the rubber gloves.

She stood and watched as Mike pulled up his pants and arranged his clothes.

“Let’s go,” she said, and they left the meeting room to head back to Council Chambers. Mike walked stiff-legged, the result of a sore buttock and a partial erection. Somehow, the encounter had turned him on, and his expanded cock meat was being crimped by the chastity tube. Lorna unclipped a rope to let him go around the metal detector. He didn’t meet her eyes as he brushed past her, collected his briefcase, and went into the Council meeting.

Chapter Three

Mike returned to the Spencer clinic the next week. Fortunately, Council meetings only happened once a week, so he had not been forced to deal with the metal detector again. He was looking forward getting rid of the chastity tube and finishing the required tests.

Derek, one of Mike's friends, had dragged him to a strip club last night. He left early, claiming he was tired. In reality, the pain of trying to get constant erections made him want to leave. Also, the fact he had been chaste for an entire week, something that had not happened for a long time, caused an increase in the amount of pre-cum that leaked out of him, making a wet spot on the front of his jeans that he was keen to hide.

This appointment was after work. When Mike walked into clinic, the waiting room was empty and only Melissa sat at the front desk.

"Hello, Mike," she said. "Let me check your health care card, please."

"Aren't you normally closed this time of day?" Mike handed his card over.

"We offer some extended hours for clients who have to work during the day," she said. Melissa typed a note into the computer and handed his card back. "I'll take you to the exam room."

He followed her down the hall to the ultrasound room. Ms. Spencer was waiting there, and the room was warm and had the lights turned down low, as it usually did.

"Welcome back, Mike. I'm sure you'll be happy to get this last test over with," Ms. Spencer said.

"Yeah, I'll be glad when this is finished," said Mike.

“Go ahead and strip down, then you can get on the table,” said Ms. Spencer. “Melissa will get a couple of items we need.” Melissa left the exam room.

Mike took off his clothes. This time there was no sheet offered for a covering. Ms. Spencer was wearing her lab coat open, and she had on a grey top with spaghetti straps that showed a lot of her cleavage. It seemed that was all it took for his cock cage to start leaking fluid. He brushed the pre-cum off on his thigh as he was getting on the table.

“Now, where did I put that key?” Ms. Spencer looked in a couple of drawers. She stood awhile thinking. Then she started searching through the items on a shelf.

“Ah, here it is.” She turned, holding a small set of keys in her hand. “Let’s take that chastity cage off.”

The small padlock was unlocked, and Ms. Spencer pulled the chastity tube off of Mike’s penis. His cock responded by springing up into a full erection.

“Oh dear, we’ll never get the base ring off with your penis in that condition,” said Ms. Spencer. “Try to get rid of that erection.”

Melissa came back into the room with an armful of electrical equipment and pulling what looked like a small battery charger on wheels behind her. She glanced at Mike’s engorged cock.

“Don’t be embarrassed,” she said, “that’s normal for a young man, after being locked up for a week.”

“Melissa, can you remove that cock ring, please?” asked Ms. Spencer.

“Hmm. I’ll see what I can do,” said Melissa. Dropping her load of equipment on the counter, she sat down on a stool beside the exam table, took up Mike’s cock like a joystick, and started to maneuver it back and forth.

“This will be tight,” she said. Pushing the cock ring away from Mike’s body as far as it would go, she grasped his cock at the base and started pulling it back through the ring. She pulled on his love pole, bent it and squeezed it, forcing it into contortions he didn’t think were possible. It popped out of the ring. Then she pushed his testicles through, one at a time, leaving his cock and balls completely free of restraints for the first time in a week. It made his dong stiffer than ever.

Ms. Spencer rolled a tray of instruments over next to the exam table. Melissa rolled her stool over to the opposite side of the table, and Ms. Spencer took a seat on a second stool and pulled on a pair of rubber gloves. She picked up one of the items from the instrument tray.

“Have you seen one of these before, Michael?” she asked, holding up a shiny silver bar with a slight bend to it.

“No, Ms. Spencer,” said Mike.

“This is a urethral sound,” she said. “In order to prepare your penis for the sensor we need to use, I’m going to loosen your urethral canal a bit by using this first. It will feel strange, but shouldn’t be overly painful. Please lay back and try to relax.” She adjusted the table so that Mike’s upper body was raised up and he was looking down at his hips and groin. He gripped the sides of the table as Ms. Spencer took out the squeeze bottle of heated lubricant. She rubbed a liberal amount on the metal bar and then squeezed a blob out onto the tip of his penis. His dick jerked in response. Using one end of the metal bar, Ms. Spencer spread the lube around the head of his penis. Then she started teasing his pee hole with the tip of the metal sound.

“We’ll take it slow and easy,” said Ms. Spencer. “Let me know if you’re in any distress.”

Melissa leaned in for a closer look. Mike could swear he saw her lick her lips, which as usual were coated with bright red lipstick. Ms. Spencer clenched a hand around his stiff rod and began to ease the sound into Mike’s urethra. She slowly lowered it in about an inch, drawing a moaning sound from Mike. She paused there, rubbing her hand up and down his erection.

“It’s good that you’re stiff. You need to be hard to take the sounds and the electrode.” She kept stroking him. Soon he had a feeling that he might be building towards an orgasm. Ms. Spencer paused, and rotating the sound back and forth, pushed it in another inch. Then she pulled it in and out a few times, using the two inches of urethra that had been stretched so far to shag his penis.

The feeling was uncomfortable and invasive. Mike lay back, looking at the ceiling, while she managed to gradually penetrate the sound the entire length of his penis. When she clenched her fist around his shaft, they could both feel the hard metal rod inside. She gently rubbed his cock, making him strain to avoid more painful stretching of his dickhole.

“Good job, Mike. You took it all. Let’s try the next size up.” Mike groaned as she withdrew the invader skewering his cock. He saw her pick up a larger sound from the tray and turned his head to one side. She applied some lube, and gave his cock a few quick strokes, before trying to penetrate him with this new invader.

Once again, she managed to gradually force the metal rod into his pee hole, stopping just short of pain as it stretched his piss channel to its limits, shoving it in inch by inch until she could gently plunge his entire dick with her rod. Mike moaned and tossed his head from side to side, as the sensations were barely tolerable. Ms. Spencer took her hands off his dick, leaving it pointing upwards with an inch of metal sound sticking out of the end.

“Very good, Michael. You’re doing very well. I think we can start the testing now. The electrical fields we need to generate, to get a good reading, are sometimes hard to handle. Melissa will put on some restraints to help you avoid touching the instruments. Just let us know if you need us to stop for any reason during the test.”

Melissa held a pair of leather wrist cuffs connected by a length of chain. She put a cuff on Mike’s wrist, then guided the chain under the table. She attached the second cuff to his wrist on the other side. Ms. Spencer picked up a stiff, black, rubbery electrode, with wires coming out of one end. It was narrow, about the thickness of an electrical cord. After

giving Mike's cock some firm squeezing and twisting around the metal sound, she pulled it slowly out. Then she eased the electrode into his penis in its place.

Wheeling the power unit next to the exam table, Ms. Spencer attached leads to the two wires on the end of the electrode sticking out of Mike's penis.

"This next piece can be uncomfortable," said Ms. Spencer, holding up two pieces of plexiglass, connected by bolts at the four corners. "We use it to flatten your testicles as much as possible, to get a better contact for the electrical pulses. I'll ask you to take as much flattening as you can, so we can get a successful test. Melissa, can you put the ball press on please."

Melissa took Mike's balls in her hand. "They're very full," she said, rolling them around with her thumb. "We should be able to get a good reading."

"This is crazy," said Mike. "Nobody designs a test like this!"

"You should ask me about mammograms," said Ms. Spencer.

"Same thing, but with breasts," added Melissa.

Melissa connected two electrical pads to leads coming from the power unit and laid them on one of the plexiglass panels. She positioned Mike's ball on top of the pads, then laid a second plexiglass plate on top of them, guiding the bolts through the holes in the panel. She started screwing large wingnuts onto each of the bolts. Soon the ball spreader was putting pressure on Mike's ball sack, as he was squeezed between the plexiglass sheets. There was almost an inch of separation still, and he only felt a mild strain.

"We need to get down to less than half an inch of separation, to get a good transmission rate," said Ms. Spencer.

"Okay, Michael, I know you can do this for me. Just take a little at a time, adjust to it, and let us know when we can take the next step," Ms.

Spencer said, leaning over him, displaying her fulsome cleavage. “Can you do this?”

“Yes, Ms. Spencer,” he replied. His aching cock strained around the rubber-coated electrode.

“Let me know when you need a pause,” said Melissa. “I’ll count the number of turns.”

She started twisting the wingnuts. “One,” she began. After taking one turn on each corner she announced, “two.” Mike gasped as number two put a tight squeeze on his left testicle. After all four bolts received a second turn, he asked her to stop. He took some deep breaths to try and adjust to the pressure. His flattened testicles were starting to fill in all the space between the plexiglass plates.

“We need more than that to get under half an inch,” said Ms. Spencer. “A quarter inch is better. I don’t want to redo this test next week.”

“Can I try some more?” asked Melissa. Mike nodded.

“Three, three, three, three,” the tightening of the bolts went on. Mike moaned and gritted his teeth. “Four, four, four, four.” Melissa continued to clamp down on Mike’s nuts.

“Ahhhhh! That’s all! No more,” pleaded Mike. His balls ached, and he laid back to try and get used to the strong cramp in his ballsack. His testicles looked impressively flattened through the plexiglass.

“Let’s give that a try,” said Ms. Spencer. “Clear!”

Melissa stepped back and a surge of electricity zapped Mike’s balls and flowed up his urethra.

“Gaaah!” yelled Mike.

“I’ll turn it down a bit,” said Ms. Spencer.

The next surge of electricity was more bearable. The shocks came in a series of off and on pulses. They were still strong enough to make Mike grunt or groan with each one. His compressed balls and plugged penis twitched in response to each of the prickling waves of electricity. Ms. Spencer increased the frequency of shocks a bit. Mike began to move his hips from side to side to try and get some relief. She upped the frequency again. Suddenly Mike moaned loudly, and thrusting his hips into the air, started to orgasm around the electrode stuck in his cock. Ms. Spencer killed the power and the ladies watched Mike hump the air while sperm pumped out of his cock around the black invader.

“I think we got what we needed,” said Ms. Spencer. “Melissa, you can remove the equipment while I check on the results.” She left the exam room. Melissa disconnected the electrodes, released the pressure on the ball spreader, and finally, pulled the rubberized electrode out of Mike’s dick. This brought a groan of relief.

“God, I can’t believe it made me orgasm. Doesn’t that ruin the test?”

“We got the readings we needed before that happened. Don’t worry, it’s a common side effect. Some people are more sensitive to electricity than others,” said Melissa.

“Why couldn’t we just use the ultrasound?” said Mike.

“This gives much better results. Here, I’ll clean you up,” she said, rubbing Mike down with a towel.

“If you take these off, I can do it myself,” said Mike, holding up the wrist restraints.

Ms. Spencer came back to the exam room carrying a file folder.

“Your prostate exam and testicular exam were completely negative,” she said, consulting the folder. “You can tell your doctor that when you see him. We’re sending him the results of your internal scans for his detailed analysis. You need to make an appointment with your doctor to go over the results.” She looked down at the folder again. “One more thing, we need

to do a follow-up test in one month. Now that we've established a baseline, it will be easy to catch any changes that might be of concern by running the tests again."

Ms. Spencer picked up the chastity tube from the counter. "I think it's best if you wear the chastity cage until then. That way you'll be in the best condition for the tests."

"What? No way!" said Mike.

"Come now, Michael. Surely you're not such a sex addict you can't go a single month without sex?"

"A month is too long! You said a week is plenty," Mike countered.

"A week is sufficient, but a month is better," said Ms. Spencer. "I've made my decision. The matter is not up for discussion. Melissa, please affix the cock cage. I'll take the keys."

Mike protested and threatened while Melissa forced his cock back into the tiny metal cage. Once the lock snapped shut, she handed the keys to Ms. Spencer, who left the exam room. Melissa unfastened the wrist restraints and told Mike he could leave. Mike dressed as quickly as possible and rushed out into the clinic, calling for Ms. Spencer. He came back to the exam room to find Melissa cleaning the equipment.

"Where is she?"

"I imagine Ms. Spencer left already, I think she has a dinner date this evening," said Melissa.

"Where?" asked Mike.

"I don't know, and it's a good thing too," she said. "You don't want to bother her and her date in a restaurant. Look, if you're really that upset about it, go to a locksmith and get the device removed. You'll have to find another clinic for your follow-up appointment, though."

Mike left the clinic frustrated. He decided to sleep on it before deciding what to do.

Chapter Four

Mike weighed the pros and cons of going to a locksmith and asking him to remove his chastity cage in the morning. He didn't really want the embarrassment. Would it really be so hard to go a month in chastity? He could probably do it without too much problem. The one thing that bothered him was the security check at City Hall. Today was the weekly meeting of City Council. He hoped Lorna would let him through now that she knew his situation. Surely, she didn't need to search him every time. He resolved to go and see her before the meeting started.

Mike stopped by the security office when he got to City Hall and asked for Lorna. She was in the back room and came to the counter to see him.

"Miss, um, Mendez," he said, reading her name tag. "Can I talk to you in private for a minute?"

"What do you want, Mr. Conway?" she asked.

"It's about the, er, metal detector," he said in a low voice.

"Freddie, I'll be back in a little while," Lorna called out to one of the other guards. She came through a gate in the counter and headed for the door. "Come on," she said to Mike.

She led him back to the same meeting room they had used before.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I still have the same problem setting off the metal detector. I was wondering if we could come to some arrangement for today's meeting."

"You want me to risk my job to so you can have your little perversion?"

"No, of course I don't want you to risk your job," said Mike. "But you know I'm not a threat to security, I just have a medical issue."

“Sissies like you make me sick,” said Lorna. “I kept your secret, you know. I haven’t told anybody about your deviant dick games. Now I’m thinking I need a little compensation for keeping this quiet. You can come by my house today after work.” She took out a notepad and wrote her address on it. “Six o’clock. Don’t be late.”

Mike took the paper from her.

“Are you going to the meeting today?” she asked.

“Yes, I need to be there,” said Mike.

“You’ll need to drop your pants.” She pulled out a rubber glove and a small container of lubricant.

“This really isn’t necessary. You know me,” said Mike.

“You’re really trying to get me to not do my job. Have you got a hidden camera somewhere?” asked Lorna.

“No,” said Mike.

“Then bend over,” she said.

Mike undid his belt and pulled his underwear and pants down to his knees. He bent over the table.

“Anyone could just walk in here,” he complained. Lorna greased his hole, then plunged a finger deep into his ass. She pulled back and plunged it as deep as she could half a dozen times, making him groan and exclaim.

“You’re cleared to go,” she said. “I’ll let you into the Council Chambers and you can wait until the meeting starts.” She pulled off the rubber glove and threw it in a nearby wastebasket.

It was early, and people had not started arriving for the Council meeting yet. Lorna led him through the metal detector, which was turned off, and unlocked the Council Chamber door to let him in.

“Later,” she said, as he went into the Chamber.

Mike had plenty of time to think about what kind of compensation Lorna might want while waiting for people to arrive for the meeting.

That evening, Mike arrived at Lorna’s house just before six. He had come straight from work, just stopping to grab a fast-food supper on the way. The address she gave him was half a duplex in one of the city’s older neighbourhoods.

Lorna opened the door when he knocked. She was wearing a short top with spaghetti straps that showed off an impressive pair of breasts, easily a D-cup, and a flash of navel. Over top of that she had an unbuttoned flannel shirt. Some multicolored leggings completed the outfit.

“Come in, Mike,” she said.

Mike followed her down a hallway, admiring her big bottom in the tight leggings. She was also wearing a pair of high heels, which accentuated her legs. He never knew she had such curves. Her work uniform was shapeless and baggy compared to her after-work attire.

Lorna Mendez sat in a big, leather easy chair in her living room.

“Why don’t you sit there?” she said to Mike, pointing at a matching leather footstool in front of the chair.

Mike hesitated, then perched on the stool.

“Look, Lorna, I appreciate you not saying anything. I’m just wearing this device on a temporary basis for a couple of weeks. Surely, we can work something out so I can attend the Council meetings without going through the metal detector,” said Mike.

“You tried to get the city to hire less security guards. You could have cost me my job,” said Lorna.

“That was nothing personal. I just thought there were better things the city could spend their money on. Some of those things create jobs too,” said

Mike.

“Now it turns out you’re just a perverted sissy cuck. How fun,” said Lorna.

“No, I told you, this is a medical issue,” protested Mike.

“Who’s your keyholder?” barked Lorna.

“Ms. Spencer, at the Spencer Clinic,” said Mike.

“Will she be upset if you see other women?” asked Lorna.

“No, nothing like that. She’s a medical imaging technician,” replied Mike.

“You’d better give me her number. I should call her and confirm that.”

Mike dug out Ms. Spencer’s business card and gave it to Lorna.

“There’s something you should know about me. I live a female dominant lifestyle. Do you know what that is?” asked Lorna.

Mike shook his head. Lorna stretched out her legs and put them on the footstool beside Mike, ankles crossed.

“It means I like to dominate boys who can’t control themselves and need direction,” she said. “That’s why I think the two of us will get along.”

Mike looked at the feet beside him on the stool. They were pretty, with long, shapely toes. The heels were just some straps attached to a leather platform, so he could see the bright red nail polish, the tan skin, and trace the pattern of her veins. However, he was also getting a whiff of some pungent foot odour. He stood up abruptly.

“I think I’ll just get the chastity tube removed,” he said. “This whole thing is getting out of hand.”

“There’s something you should see before you go,” said Lorna. She took out her phone, flicked through it, then turned on her T.V. with a remote. Making a brushing gesture on the phone, she said, “Have a look at this.”

Mike turned to the T.V. screen. He saw a picture of himself in the meeting room at work, grasping his pants, which were down at mid-thigh. The chastity tube was clearly visible. She must have snapped it with her phone after “searching” him.

“You can take the cage off, but I’ve got proof it was there,” Lorna said. “I’m not going to post this picture on the internet today. Today is also not the day I send it to your boss and co-workers. I’m sure you’ll want to show me how thankful you are.”

“Thank you,” said Mike.

“Just do a few things to demonstrate your gratitude and I’ll make sure this picture never sees the light of day.”

“What kind of things?” asked Mike.

“I’d like you to kneel down and kiss my feet.” A finger ending in a well-manicured, bright red fingernail pointed down at her toes.

Mike stood in the centre of the room, frozen with indecision. He looked from the tawdry picture on the screen to Lorna, sitting imperiously on her chair. He looked down at her feet, arched on the leather platform of her high heels, which were held on by straps just above the toes and on either side of the ankle. Her ruby-painted toes were completely exposed.

Slowly, he walked across the room and sank down to his knees in front of her. He bent forward and pressed his lips to her toes. His nose crinkled. A thick aroma came from her foot, that reminded him of blue cheese.

“Sorry about the smell,” said Lorna. “I didn’t have time for a shower after work today. Those boots we wear can really make your feet sweat.”

She extended her other foot towards him, and he took it in his hands and kissed it as well.

“You can clean my feet with your tongue. They’ll smell much better after that,” said Lorna.

“Gross. No way,” said Mike.

“It’s your choice. I can send that picture out first thing tomorrow to the City Hall email list. Oh, and look! I just uploaded another picture of you kissing my feet to Google Docs.” She turned her phone around so Mike could see a shot of himself kissing her toes on the screen.

“What will it be, Mike?” asked Lorna.

“I’ll clean your feet,” he said.

“Good choice. You should take your clothes off before you start. I like my subbies to be naked when they’re worshipping my feet,” Lorna said.

Mike took off his clothes and folded them neatly in a pile on a living room couch. Then he knelt down again in front of Lorna. He reached for one of her feet.

“Not so fast! I want to hear you beg for the privilege of worshipping my feet,” said Lorna.

“Please, Lorna, may I worship your feet?” said Mike.

“You can beg better than that. Call me Mistress Lorna,” she said.

“Please, please, Mistress Lorna, may I have the honour of worshipping your wonderful feet?”

“Yes, you may, since you asked so nicely,” she said.

Mike removed the shoe from one of Lorna’s feet.

“Smell it first,” said Lorna, raising her foot to Mike’s nose. “Deep breaths so I can hear you inhaling.”

Mike took a deep breath as instructed. He grimaced and turned his head aside.

“Again!” said Lorna.

He repeated the loud sniffing several times under her instructions. The pungent odour still made him wince. Lorna rubbed her damp foot on his face as he smelled it.

“Now the other foot,” she ordered.

Her toes clasped at his nose as he inhaled the smell of her other foot several times.

“Now kiss them all over,” said Lorna.

The foot worship went on for some time. Mike followed Lorna’s instructions, and they progressed from kissing, to licking, to sucking every toe individually, to her plunging her entire foot in and out of his mouth as he lay on the floor. When she felt her feet were clean and refreshed, she had him put her shoes back on.

“That was nice, Mike. You may thank me for letting you worship my feet,” said Lorna.

“Thank you for the chance to worship your beautiful feet,” said Mike.

“You can get dressed and go home now,” said Lorna. “Come back next week on the night before the Council Meeting. Same time, six o’clock.”

“Yes, Mistress Lorna,” Mike said. He hurried to get dressed. He wanted to leave as quickly as possible, before she thought up some other debauchery. He was feeling dirty and used.

Lorna came up behind him and wrapped her arms around his body before he got his pants on. She seized his cock and balls in one hand and

ran a finger over the tip of his cock cage with the other hand. It came away wet with the fluid that was leaking out of him. A large patch of it coated his thighs, where it had been collecting while he venerated her feet.

“It looks like someone enjoys foot worship,” said Lorna. “Clean my finger.” She lifted the finger to his lips. Her embrace was crushing. He was surprised how strong she was. Mike licked the dick drool off her finger. He cheeks flushed a deep, hot red. She let him go, and he finished getting dressed. As he dressed, Lorna told him she would help him by-pass security each week.

“You come to my house the night before there’s a Council Meeting scheduled,” she said, “and I’ll make sure you’re not a security threat for the next day.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said. Mike rushed down the hall, followed by Lorna.

“Goodbye, Mike. See you next week,” she said, at the door.

“Goodbye,” he mumbled, and walked quickly to his car. He just wanted to go home and brush his teeth.

Chapter Five

Mike fought with himself over whether to return to Lorna's the next week. He reproached himself for being weak and not wanting to face his problems. On the other hand, he kept thinking about the forced foot worship session. Two weeks in, he was getting very sexually frustrated, and he found himself trying to get erect whenever he thought about it. Several times, the attempted erection was so strong, his cock bulged out of every little gap in the cage, making it look like a smoked ham in its netting.

The day of the planned visit, his cock was leaking into his underwear all day while he was at work. By quitting time, he knew he was going to go to Lorna's house that evening.

Lorna greeted him at the door wearing a very revealing outfit. It consisted of a pair of pink short shorts made of soft cloth, and a grey crop top with thin straps that revealed her cleavage and midriff.

He followed the statuesque dominant into the living room, watching the swaying of her impressive rear end.

"You can plan to spend the night," Lorna announced, sitting in her leather recliner. "I'm going to help you with your metal detector problem. I'll check you over here before each Council meeting and if you spend the time between then and the meeting with me, I can let you into the secure area the next day."

Michael was still standing. Lorna was staring at him expectantly, so he said, "Thank you."

"Thank you what?" she said.

"Thank you, Mistress," he said, remembering her rule.

"Alright then, we might as well start the inspection. Take off your clothes," Lorna said.

Michael took off his dress shirt and khakis. Lorna stood and took each item of clothing from him as he removed it, giving it a perfunctory inspection and tossing it on a nearby chair. He started to remove his briefs.

“Wait!” said Lorna. “What’s this?” She pointed to a wet spot on the front of his underwear.

“It’s some pre-cum,” admitted Michael.

“Have you been dripping while thinking of visiting me?” Lorna asked, running her hands over his skin.

“Yes, Mistress,” Michael admitted.

“How sweet,” she said. “Okay, get them off.”

Michael removed his briefs and socks. He stood naked in the centre of the room while Lorna walked around him. She poked, stroked, and commented on his various body parts. She took extra time to admire his chastity cage, and yank on it several times harshly.

“I’ll go get my anal probe,” she said. “You can assume the anal search position and wait.” She instructed him on the proper position for awaiting an anal probe, getting him to stand beside a couch, and bend over the arm, putting his face on one of the cushions. He lay there waiting for her to return. It wasn’t long before she came back. She was wearing a black dildo over her shorts, held on with a leather harness. It jutted out and bounced obscenely as she walked up and down in front of him.

“Now’s the time to tell me if anything is hidden up your butt hole,” she said. “This thing would push it so far up your bowels they might rupture.”

“I’m not hiding anything, Mistress,” said Michael.

“We’ll see,” she said. Lorna took some lubricant out of a drawer, and greased up the big silicone cock. It had lifelike veins on the shaft and a

realistic head. She took up a position behind him, squeezing an ass cheek in each hand.

“Have you ever been ass-fucked before?” she asked.

“No, Mistress. Can’t you just use a finger?” he pleaded.

“This makes it fun for me. I think I should get some reward for doing you a favour and setting up private home searches for you,” said Lorna. She took up a position behind Michael and pushed down on his back with one hand. “I love breaking in anal virgins.”

Mistress Lorna grasped an ass cheek in each hand, pulling them apart and exposing Michael’s puckered virgin butt hole. She pressed the head of the big dick against it. Michael could feel the pressure building as she tried to force the silicone dong into his tightly clenched opening.

“Loosen up!” she said, smacking an ass cheek with one hand. The slap made him jump, but he was too nervous to stop clenching his anus tightly shut. Guiding the cock with her hand, Lorna forced it into his bottom. There was a pain in his resistant anus as it was forcibly pried open.

“Aaaah!” Michael called out as the rampant invader pushed into him. Once the head popped into his ass, the pain lessened to discomfort as inch after inch of the unnatural intruder plowed into his behind. He felt Lorna’s muscular thighs touch his ass.

“It’s all the way in, slut,” said Lorna. “How does it feel to be fucked by your Mistress?” She thrust her groin at him in a series of short digs, while holding on to his thighs.

“Unnnh.” This was all Mike could manage at the moment, as he tried to get used to having her girl cock expanding his bowels.

Slowly, she pulled the big dick out of him almost to the tip, then pushed it back in until she was flattening his cheeks.

“Feel the power of your Mistress, slut,” she said. Lorna started to thrust in and out with long, full strokes, hitting his ass with her pubis and hips each time she pumped into him. Michael grunted and gasped as each penetration invaded his insides. He could feel the bumpy veins along the shaft of the cock as the fake penis impaled his anus. The harness slapped into his balls as Lorna rammed the dick home. His cock cage banged against the couch arm with each lunge.

“Oh, yeah,” she crooned. “Give me that boy-pussy!” Lorna started to move faster, finding a rhythm that gave her pleasure. She started slapping his ass at the top of each stroke and banged into Michael even harder with each thrust. Finally, after a frenzy of fast pounding into his bottom hole, she orgasmed, and stopped the painful, plunging assault. Lorna stayed pressed against his butt, slowly grinding her girl-cock in circles, movement that he could feel deep within his bottom.

“Good boy,” she said, stroking his back and sides. Now that the throbbing and scraping had stopped, Michael actually started to enjoy the silicone stick stirring his rear passage. His cock, missing in action so far, thickened as much as it could in its cage.

“It’s time to worship your Mistress,” Lorna said. She pulled slowly out of his butt and stepped back.

“Kneel,” she said, pointing to the floor. Michael got up from the couch and dropped to his knees in front of Lorna. He watched as she removed the strap-on and turned around so he faced her bottom from a mere foot away. Lorna’s rear was truly a wonder. It was what Michael had heard referred to as a “bubble butt”. It seemed to balloon out in a way that was out of proportion to her body. It strained the tiny pair of shorts she was wearing to the maximum. They seemed on the verge of losing the battle to contain her ass at any moment.

“The reason I like submissive little sissies like you, Mikey, is that you’ll do things for me a real man won’t do,” said Lorna. “I like having my bottom worshipped, and I like making boys like you slaves to my asshole.” She slowly peeled her shorts and underwear down over her bottom cheeks, revealing her naked butt in all its glory. She stepped out of her shorts and

reached back to give her ass cheeks a shake. The two white globes bounced and wobbled in front of Michael's eyes.

“Do you like my ass, Michael?” Lorna asked.

“Yes,” said Michael, mesmerised by the satiny skin inches away.

Lorna spun around and slapped Michael across the face. His head rocked to the side and he could feel his cheek getting red. “Yes, what?” she demanded.

“Yes, I like your ass, Mistress Lorna,” he said.

“That's good, because you'll spend a lot of time worshipping my ass from now on,” she said. She turned around so he was staring at her rear end again. “Go ahead, kiss it,” she ordered.

Michael leaned forward and kissed one of her bottom cheeks.

“Kiss it all over,” she said. He started to kiss the soft skin and springy flesh in multiple places. He put his hands on her thighs to help hold his face to her ass as he showed his reverence.

“Use your tongue,” she instructed. Mike switched to open-mouth kisses, caressing her butt with strokes of his tongue.

“Now get in there and kiss my asshole,” she said. Michael faltered and leaned back. “I wrote an email with your pictures attached,” said Lorna. “It's going to be automatically mailed to the City Hall employee list tonight unless I stop it. I'm only stopping it if I'm happy with the way you worship my anal rose right now, so get your face in my ass!”

Michael leaned forward again and stuck his nose into Mistress Lorna's butt crack. There was a funky, earthy smell. He probed with his tongue, running it up the crack. His face was enveloped in her spongy ass cheeks, which he tried spreading with his hands. He caught a glimpse of her puckered, brown, rear hole and hesitantly stroked it with his tongue. He was rewarded with a bitter, acrid flavour.

“That’s it, slave! Lick my asshole!” Lorna encouraged him. Michael started to slurp his tongue over her bottom opening. The taste became more bearable the more he licked. He could feel her anus flex and pulse under his ministrations.

Mistress Lorna reached a hand back and pushed his head deep into her ass.

“Stick your tongue in there, you little ass-slut! Shove it in deep!” With his face buried in her fleshy globes, Michael was having a hard time breathing. He did his best to poke his tongue into her sphincter, discovering new, bitter flavours as her butt hole opened to his pressure.

“Oh, yeah,” she said, shoving her hefty booty back onto his face. When she released her hand for a minute, Michael leaned back, gasping for breath.

“Come with me,” Lorna said. She led him to the bedroom and told him to lie down on the bed. She climbed on top of him, straddling his neck so her found himself gazing at her pussy. Her labia were glistening with fluid signs of excitement. Her vagina was mostly shaved, except for a dark ‘V’ at the top.

“I’m going to ride your face now,” she said. “Stick out your tongue.”

Michael did, and she dropped her pussy on top of it. He started licking away at her love juices as she rubbed her cunny up and down on his face. Lorna controlled the pace, moving from slit to clit when she wanted. Michael just tried to please whatever bit presented itself. As the pace picked up, this was increasingly difficult. The pressure she exerted increased, and as her natural lubricants spread, she started to rub off over his entire face, using his chin and nose as stimulating nodules while she ground her snatch into him.

She came with a pulse of warm, slimy smegma into his mouth, pressing him down into the comforter and letting out a satisfied growl. When she lifted herself off of Michael, his entire face was drenched in her slimy goo.

“That was fun,” she said. Lorna took hold of his caged penis. “It looks like you enjoyed it too.” His cock was straining to erect against the tiny cage. She poked at one of the bulging bits of flesh between the metal bars. Then she pulled on his trapped dick, making him groan.

“Too bad you can’t come,” she said. “I called the clinic. Ms. Spencer told me how important it is for your tests that you don’t orgasm. I told her I’d make sure there were no cummies for Michael.” She ran fingers over the pee-hole in the end of the steel prison, catching a blob of pre-cum oozing out of Michael’s dick.

“Your dicklet is making a mess,” she said. “Clean this up.” She brought her fingers to his lips and Michael licked off the offending slime.

“We can’t have you drooling gunk all over the place,” said Lorna. “You can wear my dirty panties.” She went back to retrieve her panties from the living room, and then held them out to Michael. “Put these on.”

Michael stood and pulled the panties up his legs. They were black with small white polka dots and a lacey elastic band. He pulled them up the rest of the way, covering his chastity cage, which made an obscene bulge.

Lorna got Michael to massage her feet while she watched some television. She wore some leggings and a pair of fresh panties, while he was dressed only in her polka dot underwear. When it came time for bed, he found out she slept in the nude. She made him crawl under the covers and press his face into her ass. He fell asleep that way, breathing in the smell of her bottom, his face compressed by her generous rump.

Chapter Six

The next morning, Mistress Lorna insisted on a little ass worship from Michael to start the day, but told him they didn't have time for anything else. She took him into the shower, where he soaped and rinsed her while his cock strained against his cage. After she got out, she gave him five minutes to wash himself. She ordered him to wear her dirty polka dot panties to work, confiscating his male underwear.

"A cock-caged pantywaist like you shouldn't wear men's underwear," Lorna said. "You need to have some nice sissy panties on all the time. I like the way your ass looks in these," she added, grabbing one of his ass cheeks and giving it a squeeze.

True to her word, she let him into the restricted area around the Council Chambers that morning. The work day was just ending when he got a text from Lorna, telling him to meet her in an office supply closet. Michael was in the supply closet, trying to decide which supplies he should take as an excuse, when Lorna arrived in her security guard uniform.

"Take off my shoes," she commanded Michael. He knelt down and untied the laces from her black leather steel-toed boots, then pulled them off her feet. Lorna undid her gun belt and handed it to Michael, who put it on a box. He watched as she lowered her uniform pants, then slid down a pair of red, gauzy panties and held them up in front of him.

"These are for you," she said. He stared at the flimsy underwear.

"What do you say?" she barked.

"Thank you, Mistress," Michael replied.

"Go on, smell them," she said. While Michael sniffed her gamey underwear, Lorna pulled up her pants and reclaimed her gun belt. Apparently, she was going commando.

“You can put my boots back on,” she said. Putting the panties down, Michael knelt and eased her boots on, tying the laces on each one.

“This is also for you,” she said. Lorna had placed a fleshy contraption on the box of photocopy paper next to her used panties. Michael’s eyes examined the new item, a pinkish silicone egg with a thin stem on a wide base. He concluded it was a butt plug, he had seen them online.

“I don’t think that would be good for my, um, anal health,” said Michael.

“I’ll decide what’s good for you,” said Lorna. “Put that butt plug in right now and wear it until bedtime tonight. When you get home, I want you to spend half an hour sniffing my panties, then send me a 500-word email describing what you like about them. You’ll wear those panties to work tomorrow. Now drop your pants!”

Lorna encouraged him to wet the butt plug by sucking on it and coating it with saliva. Then she told him to stick it in. Michael bent over the boxes of copy paper and tried to push the plug in. It was too hard. It started to hurt when he pushed the wide part of the anal invader into his tight hole. He only succeeded in pushing in the tip.

“Oh, for pity’s sake,” said Lorna. “Get up.” She sat down on the boxes. “Lie over my lap,” she said. Michael, his pants around his ankles, shuffled over and descended onto her lap. He reached out with his arms to balance against a shelf. Lorna pulled him in close with one hand and took the butt plug with the other.

“You and your boy-pussy are going to need lots of training,” she said. She poked the silicone bulb at the center of his asshole. With a firm, steady pressure, she drove it into him. Michael yelled as the widest part split him open. The pain lessened once it was in, and his sore hole closed around the narrow stem.

Lorna slapped his bottom, and told Michael to stand up. He stood and wobbled a bit, trying to get used to the obscene intruder in his butthole.

“Meet me here tomorrow at the same time. Make sure you bring the butt plug,” Lorna said. She opened the door and walked out. Michael, whose pants were still down, hopped to the door to close it again, as the plastic invader jabbed at his insides. Moving cautiously, he got dressed and pocketed Lorna’s red panties.

He spent an uncomfortable evening, trying to adjust to having a filled bottom while composing a long email about Lorna’s panties. She had left a stained patch on the front side and some brown tracks on the rear. These provided some robust odours for his sniffing session. He went to bed early, to get some relief from the plug. He was relieved that it came out a lot easier than it went in.

The work week was similar each day. He met Lorna in the supply closet and she gave him her used panties. They were smelly and damp from Lorna fingering herself during the day, while she thought about dominating Michael. He was sure she made an extra effort not to wipe well, as the brown stains were always generous. Every day she watched him stick in the butt plug for her, so he could wear it home. Each night he would compose an email praising her smelly panties and thanking her for her gift. Lorna also told him how to clean her used panties, which she said needed to have the ‘goodness’ sucked out of them before he hand-washed them and returned them to her.

Michael didn’t think he could keep this up. He determined that he would get himself out of it as soon as the clinic removed his chastity cage. Once the cage was gone, he would take his chances over any pictures Lorna wanted to post or email. He’d say they were just a few sex games and she was an ex-lover posting revenge porn.

He had one more session with Lorna before his clinic appointment. The night before the weekly meeting, he went to her home after work. She still supervised him putting in his butt plug, in the storage room, before they left. She wanted to have sex with him, she said, and had him lie naked on her bed while she changed into some loungewear and put on her strap-on over top. With Michael on his back, she pulled out his butt plug and, standing at the end of the bed, quickly replaced it with her counterfeit penis. She pumped him enthusiastically, ordering him to warn her if he was

going to come. His caged dick bounced around and Michael had to let her know a couple of times he was near an orgasm. After a long time in chastity, his cock was trying hard, and failing, to burst out of the inflexible metal cage. Each time he told her, she stopped moving until the urge passed.

Lorna had Mike worship her ass and pussy to her satisfaction and let him sleep in the bed afterwards, with the day's used panties over his face. Mike lay there, smelling her juices, dreaming about reclaiming his freedom after the fast-approaching clinic appointment.

Chapter Seven

Michael was glad the day of his appointment for medical imaging at the Spencer Clinic had finally arrived. He wore pair of men's briefs to work that day, since the appointment was after work hours and he would not have time to go home and change. He decided to leave the butt plug at home as well. The constant discomfort of wearing a stainless steel chastity cage was about to end. When he sat down to urinate that morning, he contemplated that he barely remembered what it was like standing up to pee. After he arrived at work, he sent a text message to Lorna that he would be unable to meet her, citing his medical appointment as the reason.

The lunch hour had just started when his phone chimed. He picked it up to read an angry message from Lorna, threatening to send out compromising photos of him right away, unless he joined her in the supply closet immediately. Michael thought about making the break now. He felt he could stand to shrug off any sex pictures as playing games, if he wasn't perpetually locked into a chastity tube. He was sure people could tell he was wearing it, through his pants, if they knew to look for it. The fiendish device was coming off later today, but he needed to be sure it was gone. What if Ms. Spencer got ill and missed the appointment? What if she couldn't find the key? His cock twitched in its confinement as he considered these horrible possibilities. He decided to humour Lorna one last time.

He was waiting in the cramped supply room, sitting on the stack of photocopy paper boxes, when Lorna came in.

“Do you think you can blow me off with a text message?” she began.

“I was just letting you know about my appointment,” said Michael. “I can't wear a butt plug to the clinic.”

“You seem to have forgotten. I decide what you wear. If there's a problem with my instructions, you come and talk to me. Don't ignore them

and send a text message.”

“Sorry,” said Michael.

“You’ve even forgotten how to address your Mistress!” said Lorna.

“I’m sorry, Mistress Lorna,” he hastily amended.

“That’s it! You need to be taught a lesson,” she said. Lorna pulled a 36-inch metal ruler off a shelf. “Pull down your pants!”

Michael lowered his pants to his knees, revealing his men’s briefs.

“What’s this?” asked Lorna, poking his balls through the briefs with the end of the ruler. “Where are your panties?”

“I, I left them at home,” said Michael.

“I was going to give you ten, but now you’re getting thirty,” said Lorna. “Take off those briefs. Slutty little sissies like you don’t get to wear men’s underwear.” Michael took off the offending garment.

“Now, bend over those boxes!” Lorna ordered.

Michael lay across the stacks of boxed paper, grasping the far edge of the pile.

Mistress Lorna hit him with the metal ruler. It was quite flexible and had a whippy action she appreciated, as it bit into his bottom and left a red stripe.

“Yow!” Michael called out in surprise. The ruler had a vicious sting.

“Keep the noise down. I suppose it’s too much to ask for you to take your punishment like a man,” said Lorna. “Wait a minute.”

There was a lot of rustling behind Michael. Looking behind him, it looked like Lorna was taking off her pants. After a few minutes, she pulled his head back by the hair.

“Open your mouth,” she said. Michael did, and she stuffed a pair of gamey panties in his mouth. “See if you can keep quiet,” Lorna said.

Taking up her position behind him again, she laid a second stripe across his buttocks. This time, his reaction was reduced to a loud grunt into the panties. She started a regular rhythm, pausing long enough between strikes to let him recover a bit from the previous stroke. He jumped and kicked when she laid the ruler into the crease between his buttocks and thighs. The first full stroke across his thighs made him jump and groan madly, and drew the first tear from his eye. After that, it seemed, the floodgates were opened and each succeeding stroke brought fresh tears. There were only a few to go at that point, three more across the meat of his bottom, and she stopped. Michael was left crying as he lay across the boxes.

Lorna pulled the panties from his mouth. “You’ll wear these to your appointment,” she said.

“The doctor will see them,” Michael spluttered.

“I don’t care what your doctor thinks, that’s not my problem. Do you understand?”

“Y-yes, Mistress Lorna,” said Michael.

Lorna checked that her uniform shirt was tucked in properly and her gun belt was adjusted to her liking.

“I expect the regular email tonight telling me how much you like today’s panties. While you’re typing it, you’d better be wearing your butt plug,” she said. “I’ll get rid of these,” she said, picking up Michael’s briefs. She turned and left the supply closet.

Michael hurried to get dressed, in case somebody came in. He pulled on the soggy panties, wondering how he would hide them from Ms. Spencer. They were silky and purple, with matching lace trim around the legs and waist. Probably if he took off his pants and lingerie together at the same time, nobody would notice.

Sitting was a challenge, he discovered, when he got back to his office. He spent the next hour operating his computer from a standing position. When a co-worker came in for a discussion, he pretended that he needed a file from the cabinet across the room, then spent the rest of their chat leaning against the edge of his desk. Near the end of the work day, he recovered enough to sit gingerly in his chair.

As soon as work ended, Michael left for his appointment. The tender state of his bottom led him to believe the signs of his spanking would be there for Ms. Spencer to see, when she did his tests. However, he wasn't going to re-schedule. This chastity thing had been going on long enough. When he got to the clinic for his end-of-day appointment, the parking lot was almost unoccupied. Walking in, he saw Melissa was alone at the reception desk, and the waiting room was empty.

"Ah, there you are, Michael," said Melissa. "You can come straight in." Her blond hair was tied back in its usual ponytail and her lab coat was open to reveal a low-cut blouse, dark skirt and stockings. As usual, her lipstick was bright red.

She let him into the ultrasound room, and told him to get undressed and get under the sheet on the table.

"Ms. Spencer will be here in a few minutes," said Melissa. She left the room. Michael quickly undressed, hiding the panties inside his khakis. He put his clothes on a chair and got up on the examination table. It was covered with a paper sheet under the cloth one. He lay there waiting, his chastity tube making a bulge in the cotton.

Ms. Spencer came in, followed by Melissa. She wore her lab coat as well, hers was completely buttoned.

"Good evening, Michael," she said. "How are you today?"

"Fine, Ms. Spencer," he said.

"Did you have any orgasms in the last month? Wet dreams or anything like that?"

“No, Ms. Spencer,” he said.

“How have you been dealing with the need to maintain a period of chastity?” she asked.

“Not very well,” Michael answered.

“Really? I had a call from one of your friends, called Lorna. She said the chastity treatment was doing wonders for your personal demeanor.”

“It looks like it’s bringing out his feminine side,” said Melissa. She was hanging Michael’s clothes up on the row of coat hooks, and she held up the mauve, lacy panties for Ms. Spencer to see.

“Your lingerie is very pretty, Michael,” said Ms. Spencer. “Let’s remove that chastity tube. Sheet down!” she ordered.

Michael lowered the sheet covering his nude body down to his thighs. Ms. Spencer pulled a small key on a rubber band off of her wrist and used it to unlock the padlock on his chastity tube.

“Take it off,” she said. Michael fumbled around, trying to manage the unfamiliar task of removing his chastity tube. He managed to get the cage part off and his cock sprang to attention.

“Give it to me,” said Ms. Spencer. He handed her the cage.

“It will be a lot easier to take off the rest if you can keep yourself from masturbating for at least a minute,” she told him in a stern voice.

“I’m not, it just...” Michael managed to pull his testicles out of the chastity tube ring. Then he started tugging the ring up his engorged penis.

“For Pete’s sake, stop that!” Ms. Spencer said. “Hands down!” Michael lay back with the ring stuck halfway up his penis, which was stiff, throbbing and enjoying its first freedom in a month.

“Melissa, please remove the device for Michael. He can’t seem to stop himself from wanking.”

“I wasn’t wanking,” protested Michael.

“We all have eyes, Michael. We can see what happened. You need to admit you have a problem before you can cure it,” said Ms. Spencer. She pulled on a pair of latex gloves.

“Now that he’s got a stiffy, some lube might help,” said Melissa. She also put on gloves. She scooped up a blob of heated lubricant for the ultrasound and rubbed it all over his cock. Then she slid off the chastity ring. His rampant dick was straining to reach the ceiling. Melissa pulled up the sheet and covered it.

“Please lie back and we’ll start the ultrasound,” said Ms. Spencer. She took a seat at the machine. The sheet covering his groin was tented over his erect pole. She started to rub warm lube over his chest and stomach with one gloved hand.

“We’ll check the lymph nodes today as well,” she said, spreading some of the hot goo over his nipple and spreading it in his armpit.

Michael was blushing, as his rigid dick continued to make an obscene bulge in the cotton sheet. The test commenced, with Ms. Spencer telling him to assume various positions, while she slid the sensor over his body. For fifteen minutes, he maintained a raging hard on while the probe explored his body.

“Here are some towels. Please wipe off the lubricant and then we can check your testicles. We’ll give you a few minutes,” said Ms. Spencer. She and Melissa left the room. Michael wiped off the lube as best he could, dropping the towels in a hamper. He lay back down on the table and pulled the sheet over himself. His cock finally drooped again. He was not looking forward to the painful testicle test, but consoled himself that everything would be over soon.

The ladies came back into the room carrying the testicle testing equipment. The electric transformer and leads, the plexiglass ball-flattening plates, and the urethral probe.

“Restraints!” said Ms. Spencer. “We can’t have the subject jumping around.”

Melissa began to adjust the exam table, pulling out the stirrups and locking them in place. She pulled the sheet off of Michael, and strapped him into the leg supports. He started to grow another erection and cursed the sensitivity of his cock, after a month of being locked up.

“Arms too”, she said, freeing some wrist cuffs from under the table. Once he was strapped securely to the table, she started adjusting the height and tilt each section. Michael found himself lying head down, staring up at his elevated feet and genitals. A drop of pre-cum formed at the tip of his penis, threatening to drip down onto his face.

“Somebody’s been a bad boy,” said Melissa, running a finger along one of the red stripes on Michael’s bottom.

“What happened to your bottom?” asked Ms. Spencer, taking a look at Michael’s well-beaten rear end.

“I, uh, got a spanking,” said Michael.

“Did you consent to getting a spanking?” she said.

“Yes, I did.”

“That’s fine. It shouldn’t affect our test.” Ms. Spencer started to unbutton her lab coat.

“It gets hot during these long tests,” she said to Melissa, referring to the overheated exam room. Once her lab coat was open, Michael was able to appreciate her ample cleavage displayed flagrantly by an extremely low-cut blouse.

Ms. Spencer leaned in, urethral probe in hand. Her D-cup breasts threatened to fall out of her flimsy top, which didn’t seem remotely up to the task of restraining them. She squeezed Michael’s dick forcibly, causing it to stiffen up.

“Let’s get this seated,” she said. She teased the pee hole in Mike’s cock with circular motions, then started plunging the rubbery rod back and forth into his dick to the depth of about an inch. Michael found the invasion painful at first, then uncomfortably invasive, as a body opening that was never meant to have anything put into it was stretched and strained beyond its natural capacity. Ms. Spencer kept thrusting the probe deeper and deeper, causing aches and contusions deep inside his most private and personal core.

Michael was calling out as the diabolical device went in. She would pause after he made a cry, but seemed to redouble her efforts when she resumed a moment later. Once the probe was in all the way, she kept pulling it back and trying a new position. Finally satisfied, she sat back.

“Melissa, the compression plates please,” she said. Melissa pulled his testicles away from his body, then started stuffing them into the opening between two plexiglass plates connected by bolts. Once they were in the middle of the plates, she started tightening wing-nuts on the contraption, which squeezed the plexiglass panes together, pinching the enclosed balls. The pressure was just short of painful, but Michael remembered it could get much worse. Looking closely, a fine wire mesh could be seen on the interior of each transparent plate.

“I’ll check the read-outs,” said Ms. Spencer. They attached wires to copper leads on both the ball-clamping squares and the urethral sound. Michael bucked as a mild surge of electricity shot through his testicles and penis.

“Very faint,” said Ms. Spencer, looking at her screen. “Increase the compression.”

Melissa began tightening the wingnuts on the ball-flattening clamp. His testicles and ball sack spread out under the plexiglass like peanut butter under a knife. Deep aching pains shot up from his groin.

“No, no, stop!” yelled Michael. “It hurts!”

“I’ll try it now,” said Ms. Spencer. This time the wave of electricity caused a wave of pain from Michael’s tormented balls.

“Aaagh!” he cried.

“Still too faint. More compression,” said Ms. Spencer.

Melissa tightened the bolts again. Michael started yelling loudly.

“Oh God! Stop! I can’t take it! Please stop!” The pain got worse, much worse, causing him to thrash in his restraints.

“Half a turn less, Melissa,” said Ms. Spencer. The pain lessened somewhat, but was still an intense, stabbing throb.

“If we can’t get a good reading with compression, we’ll up the voltage,” she said. “Melissa, get a bite block for Michael.”

Melissa leaned over him holding a blue plastic block with a hole in the centre. He smelled her perfume, which reminded him of violets.

“Bite down on this,” she said. “It will help with the pain.” She inserted the device when he opened his lips. It had a concave groove around the edges for him to close his mouth over. He bit into the firm, but slightly springy, block to try and distract himself. Melissa fastened a velcro strap from the bite block behind his head.

Ms. Spencer had been adjusting the electrical transformer. Now she picked up the control box again.

“Let’s try it now,” she said. She turned a knob forcefully clockwise. A searing, crackling bolt of electrical power surged through Michaels genitals, intensifying the testicle pain and searing him with a scarlet incandescence.

Michael’s muffled scream was accompanied by his enthusiastic bucking on the exam table. He was sure that his privates were being burned, while the deep pain of crushed, shocked testicles threatened to make him throw up.

“Again!” said Ms. Spencer. Both women leaned in to watch avidly as Michael squirmed and twisted on the exam table.

Melissa wet a cloth at the small sink and wiped the sweat from Michael’s forehead. “There, there,” she said.

“Clear!” said Ms. Spencer. Melissa stepped back, and Michael felt another burst of burning voltage stabbing both his cock and balls.

Several more times they shocked him. Michael lost track. The ladies seemed to monitor his reactions closely, forgetting about the screen. He was crying when Ms. Spencer declared the ordeal was over.

“Those readings are good enough. Take off the equipment. We’ll give you some time to recover, Michael.” She left the exam room. Melissa unscrewed the ball-crushing clamp and pulled out the urethral electrode. She too left the dimly-lit room. Michael lay in his head down, feet up position on the exam table, breathing through the hole in the bite block. He strained against the bonds holding him down, wishing he could massage his sore testicles. Michael comforted himself with the thought that the tests were almost over. They had to let him go soon.

The ladies came back, laughing over some private joke.

“Alright, Michael, we’ll just do the internal probe and we’re done for today,” said Ms. Spencer. She pulled out the vibrating wand with the mushroom head and plugged it in. Melissa pulled on a fresh pair of latex gloves. She plugged in the anal probe, a bent rod with a vibrating oval head, then scooped up a blob of warm lubricating gel and slapped it onto Michael’s ass. She worked it over his groin and anus with one hand. One finger was shoved up his bottom, and twisted around, to grease his rear entrance for her probe.

Ms. Spencer also put on new gloves. She watched as Melissa slid the narrow probe into Michael’s ass. She gripped his penis in one hand and nodded at Melissa. Michael felt the vibrator in his butt start to buzz. Ms. Spencer’s bigger vibrator started up, and she began sliding it around his lubricated crotch. She yanked his cock this way and that as she moved

around it, probing around his testicles, down to his anus, over to his thighs and across his pubic mound. His member got stiff and swollen as she treated it like the joystick in some video game.

Melissa's probe slid in and out, pressed up and down, and finally centered its buzzing head on Michael's prostate gland.

"Oh, he's cumming," said Ms. Spencer. She stroked her firm grip one final time down his shaft and let go. Her vibrating probe was jammed up under his testicles. Untouched, Michael's cock kept bouncing and spurting a huge load of sperm into the air. His balls still ached, so it was painful to orgasm. He groaned and grunted as a month's worth of pent-up spunk was wrenched out of his throbbing nuts. The warm jizz was landing on his face. He tried to turn his head, but only succeeded in getting some up his nose. A blob made it through the hole in the bite block and dripped onto his tongue. He started coughing.

"Disgusting," said Melissa. "Absolutely no control."

"Let's wrap this up," said Ms. Spencer. "We're out of towels."

"I'll go and get some," said Melissa. She pulled the anal probe out of Michael's bottom and dropped it in the sink. Then she left to hunt for towels. Ms. Spencer turned off the vibrating probe and began washing both probes in the sink. Michael lay with his face covered in his own cum, ignored for the moment.

When Melissa came back, she started to wipe down Michael's privates with a towel. Only after a thorough wiping of his privates did she turn her attentions to his head. She unfastened the bite block, then took a towel to his jizz-covered face. She gave it a gentle swipe, which seemed to Michael like it just spread the cock-spew around.

Ms. Spencer turned towards him from the counter, holding out the chastity cage. "You demonstrated today why you should continue to wear this. Your unhealthy obsession with masturbation and your inability to control yourself during a simple medical exam, demonstrated why you need someone to help you master your perverted and detrimental urges. Luckily,

your friend Lorna has offered to help. She volunteered to take over as keyholder for your chastity cage.”

“She’s not my friend! You can’t put that on me,” said Michael.

“It’s for your own good, Michael,” said Ms. Spencer. “I think your health would be at risk if your penis were not confined. If you think I’m wrong, please take it up with Lorna.”

“No, no,” Michael yelled as the ladies tried to get his chastity cage back on. They had to resort to using the ice pack, but ultimately his cock was locked once again.

“You’ll notice this is a new padlock, Michael,” said Ms. Spencer. “The keys have already been sent to Lorna. She’s committed to helping you control your urges. I think you’re very lucky to have such a concerned and dedicated friend.”

Melissa leveled the exam table and undid his restraints. Michael stood up.

“You’re both crazy,” he yelled.

“We don’t tolerate abuse here, Michael,” said Ms. Spencer. “You need to leave immediately.”

“Don’t worry, I’m leaving,” said Michael, pulling on his clothes. “I’m never coming back!”

Once he had stormed out of the clinic and was sitting in his car, he slumped down, resting his head on the steering wheel. His hopes for freedom had been dashed. He would need to find some other way out of this mess. He wondered how much worse Mistress Lorna’s demands would become, now that she had the key to his chastity cage. The cruel cage pinched his member, which was still over-stimulated from the recent attention.

His phone beeped. Checking it, Michael saw it was a message from Mistress Lorna, reminding him she was expecting his email praising her panties. For now, he had no choice. He would be spending the rest of evening riding her butt plug and composing a lengthy email of thanks and admiration for her mauve panties.