

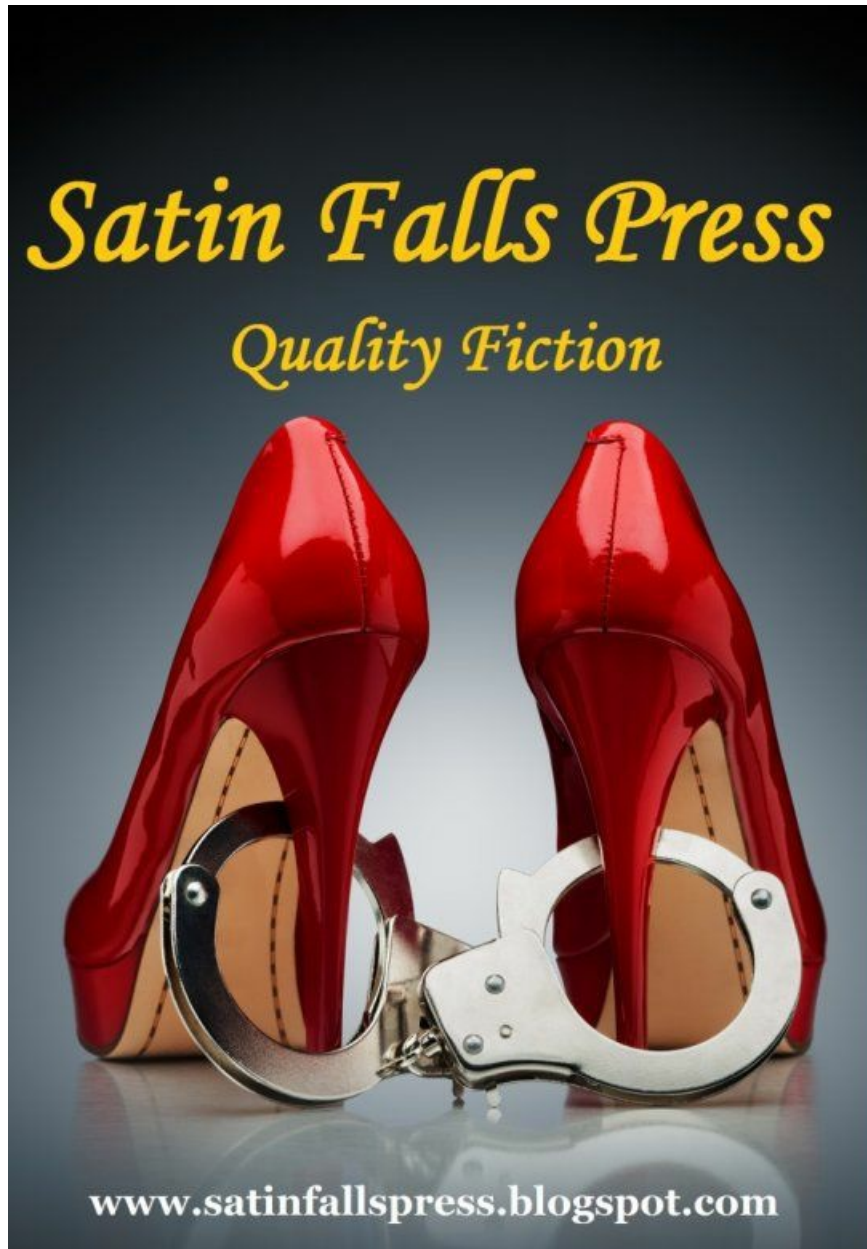
# SABRINA JEN MOUNTFORD



**LATEX SLAVE SISSY MAID : A  
TRANSGENDER TALE OF MIND CONTROL  
AND FORCED FEMINIZATION**

# Latex Slave Sissy Maid : A Transgender Tale of Mind Control and Forced Feminization

*Sabrina Jen Mountford, a 'Satin Falls Press' author*



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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')  
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The Harem Slave  
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Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission  
Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself  
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Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity (The BDSM Studies)  
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Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill : A Gender Bender Story  
Femdom : The Game  
Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes  
Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit  
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Domination  
Slavery: Part 1 & 2 : Captured & Operated on!  
Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself & Tickled into Submission  
Femdom : The Game : A BDSM Erotika Trilogy  
The BDSM Studies Trilogy  
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*Feminization Tales: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid  
The BDSM Studies Trilogy  
Femdom : The Game : A BDSM Erotika Trilogy  
Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill : A Gender Bender Story  
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*If you read all my stories and want to read more erotica, I highly recommend giving 'Maia Anne Fisher' a try her 'Human Dog : Puppy Play Erotica' is thoroughly enjoyable. Particularly if you enjoy female domination with dubious consent. If non-consensual is your thing, and you like it extreme, you should really read her 'Femdom & Extreme BDSM : A Night to Remember, A Life Dismantled. It's not for the squeamish though! Alternatively if you like forced feminization with chastity then have a look at her title 'The Photographer'. If you'd like to read more 'BDSM Studies' then look for Maia's 'BDSM Studies 4 : Degradation : A Study in Humiliation' Also give Lana Powis a try, her 'Forced Femme Village' will appeal to my readers I think.*

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*Forward:-*

*What follows is an original work of erotic, femdom fantasy fiction involving female domination, forced feminization, mind control and forced gender transformation. 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 21,000 word femdom novelette is focused on male to female forced gender transformation and mind control. It is a sequel to 'Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill 2 : An Accidental Transformation' in many ways. If this theme doesn't interest you – please don't buy!*

*Incidentally if you'd like to watch some hot femdom action in film, then I suggest visiting <http://www.femdomfilms.eu/> Enjoy the story.*

*~ Sabrina*

# Latex Slave Sissy Maid : A Transgender Tale of Mind Control and Forced Feminization

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## Prologue

Dylan Foster was at an all-time low. He'd lost his girlfriend, his job and he'd now been evicted from his flat, it seemed there was very little if anything that could make matters any worse. He'd taken the last of his jobseekers allowance and spent it all on getting as royally wasted as he could. Pubs were too expensive, supermarkets, and super strength lager was king. A carrier bag of empty tins was sitting on the railway bridge next to him, his head was spinning. He didn't like feeling this drunk, he'd simply wanted to dull the pain, the pain that would result from what he was about to do. He dragged himself up onto the side-wall of the bridge and looked down at the tracks, he couldn't see it yet, but he thought he could hear a train in the distance, thundering towards the bridge. This was it.

"Ahem, what do you think you're doing?"

He spun around and looked down at the woman who was standing on the bridge looking up at him, wobbling and swaying as he did. She was smartly dressed, wearing a light blue suit, with a knee length skirt, a crisp white blouse, a jacket and a pair of strappy high heels. He glared at her. "What does it look like bitch?"

She sighed and gave him a disapproving look. "Really, there's no need to be offensive! You're thinking of taking the coward's way out are you? Perhaps I'd better call the police and ambulance service and warn them. Your dead corpse disintegrating on the windscreen of a high-speed train might cause a derailment!"

"Don't be stupid. It won't hurt anyone else, except me!"

"Of course you'd know about these things, having made this jump before. And you're right, I'm sure the driver of the train will not be traumatized in anyway watching your body explode in a fountain of blood and mangled internal organs on his windscreen. Likewise I'm sure the attending Police officers will be very pleased to spend the entire evening scraping bits of you off the rails and embankment."

"Well? What else am I supposed to do?"

"You could perhaps, not kill yourself? Are things really that bad? Have you nothing left to live for?"

"Hmmp! One way or another I'm killing myself tonight, and this way is more sure than overdosing on tablets."

Anita shrugged. "It is fairly certain that's true, but it's also pretty messy. Here's a suggestion, why don't you get down, then go and lay your neck on the track? That'll be much less messy, you can imagine you're the French aristocracy, about to succumb to Madame Guillotine? Vive la révolution!"

He looked uncertainly at her. She was smiling in a warm, caring, but sinister way. She did have a point. He didn't really want to hurt anyone else. "Alright! I'll do that!"

Anita smiled. "Good boy, now down you get."

He jumped down and Anita pointed to a gap at the end of the bridge where the fence was damaged. "You can climb through over there. I'll come too, I've never seen someone beheaded before."

He was shaking, wobbling as he walked, partly down to nerves and partly down to all the alcohol. He made his way down some concrete steps to the rail track with Anita following. The train was thundering in the distance, his time was going to come soon. At the bottom, Anita strode past him, then beckoned him with her finger. "Come on then, lie down. I think we'll have you on your back, facing up, then turn your head to the side, so you can see the train coming."

Her voice was so assertive, so commanding, that he found himself obeying her without question. He felt the cold steel of the track on the back of his neck, then the side as he turned his head to face the direction she'd stipulated. He couldn't look and straightened his head up, looking up into the sky. As he did though Anita repositioned herself and knelt down, grabbing his chin and forcing his head to look in the direction of the oncoming train. "I think it's important you see the train coming... Hmmm, I wonder how it will feel having your head separated from your body. They say the head survives for a few seconds after the separation, before the brain is starved of oxygen. Of course there won't be much for you to make interesting observations on, you'll just have time to watch the bottom of the train whizzing over your face, I wonder if you'll feel ghost pains of your whole body? Or just a burning, intense pain around the neck and then, nothing. I do rather wish I could keep your head alive for a bit so that I could interview it and make notes on how it feels."

The thundering was growing louder now, Anita chuckled. "Oh, here's your train. Just lie back and relax it'll all be over soon." She paused briefly "It's really fascinating that you choose to do this; if you're an atheist then you are choosing to cease to be, if you are a Christian, you are condemning yourself to burn for all eternity in hell. I wish I understood your thought process for decapitating yourself."

He looked at the lights of the oncoming train in the distance, shining bright in the dim, dusk light. He thought about what she'd just said. He looked up at her, standing, smirking at him. He tried to get up, but she pressed his chest down with her high heel shoe. "Shhh, it's nearly time now. Just lie still and relax – look at the train! It's getting close now."

He shivered with fear, seeing the train getting closer. This was different, a moment's madness, leaping in front was easy, lying here, watching his fate approaching, forced him to contemplate. He tried to get up again, but his drunken state and Anita's strength meant he was pinned onto the track. He glared at her, almost whimpering. "Let me up!"

She chuckled and glanced down the track at the train then back to him. "Don't you want to die?"



“No!”

She smirked, removed her foot, then reached down and grabbed him, helping him rise. As he stood she grabbed him and pulled him well clear of the track, just as the train whooshed by in a thunder of steel on rail. She peered at him questioningly. “Seriously, why were you doing this?”

“I’ve lost everything, my girlfriend, my job, my house, I have nothing left to live for.”

Anita rolled her eyes. “Pfft! Pathetic! What a waste! You look like you need someone to control you. You find being in control of your own destiny stressful, frightening; you don’t like being burdened with money worries and decisions to make, you’d benefit from having someone tell you what to do.”

He looked her up and down. She was beautiful, with a look of confidence and authority. “You? Are you suggesting-“

She chuckled. “Me? No I don’t want a date, I will offer you an alternative though. Give up this life you hate so much that you want to end it. Submit to me, put yourself into my custody, my care and let me craft you a new life, a life where decisions are never a concern and where you never need to worry about food and accommodation again.”

This sounded good, it sounded intriguing. “What? How-“

“I am offering to enslave you, to control you and to make use of you. Once you are in my power, you won’t have to make any decisions, I am a medical scientist, some might say a ‘mad scientist’ and a dominatrix. If you want to experience a new life where the capacity to make decisions is taken away from you, I can perhaps give you that. I’ve had some plans for a while now, for creating a kind of ‘human robot’, to be used mainly for domestic duties. Once I’ve completed your modifications, you will be completely helpless, forced to live a humble life of servitude, but free of all decisions and never need to worry about your welfare again.”

He gasped. It was a strange, strange idea, but so tempting! The idea of always being told what to do, unable to resist... And never having to worry about anything other than obeying orders, relieved of all responsibility – it was a tantalizing thought. “What does this ‘modification’ entail?”

Anita smiled warmly. “Oh, lots of things, some drugs, some surgery, nothing too painful though, it’s mainly things which will ensure your appearance is right, and that you are as compliant and obedient as possible. Of course, once the modifications are complete there will be no going back.”

He shuddered. Then he shook his head. “No, no way, I’m not-“

Anita raised an eyebrow then started walking. “That’s fine. There’ll be another train



coming this way in twenty minutes. If you change your mind, come and find me at 'The Brampton Clinic' it's one of the large houses overlooking the park. If you get there tonight, I'll be able to get your modifications underway."

He watched her go with a tinge of sadness. She'd offered something radical, almost mad, part of him didn't believe it could even work. He looked back down the track, there was no train audible now. It could be a long, lonely wait, and then what? Pain! Death? The prospect of life-long slavery, as a sort of human robot was becoming increasingly attractive. He sighed, and started the long walk to the park. Wanting to submit, before he talked himself out of it.

## The Brampton

When he got to the park, it had started spitting with rain and a chill wind was blowing, the lingering effects of the alcohol were easing off a little now. Occasionally he thought about what he was intending to submit to, but as he did, he brushed the thought aside and concentrated on getting to his destination, not wanting to confront the reality he was volunteering for, for fear he might convince himself to turn away. When he eventually found 'The Brampton' it was an impressive four story townhouse with a simple brass plaque on the wall 'The Brampton Sexual Health Clinic'. He rang the bell and waited. A young girl with olive skin and dark hair answered the door eventually. She was wearing a crisp, all white nurses' uniform. She looked him up and down, then smiled sympathetically, "You must be the train guy, I've been expecting you."

He entered nervously, shuddering with fear as she clicked the door firmly shut behind him. Everything looked neat, modern and surprisingly normal, considering what the crazy woman who'd rescued him from his suicide attempt had said she wanted to do to him. The nurse gestured towards a modern, black leather sofa in the bay window behind a glass coffee table. 'Please have a seat. I'll bring your forms over – would you like a coffee?'

This was surreal, it was like a dream, almost too normal. He looked at her and smiled. "Yes please, I'd love one."

After she'd carefully placed a thick pad of papers on a clipboard in front of him and clicked a pen onto the glass tabletop she vanished, only to return with a steaming hot mug of coffee five minutes later. While he'd been alone he'd tried to read the forms, but the print font was so tiny, the wording such technical legalese and there was just so much of it, he had no idea what he was actually signing up for, of course the lingering effects of alcohol didn't help either. He screwed his face up at her. "What exactly is all this stuff?"

"Well, you're basically agreeing that we can change your gender, operate on you, performing a variety of surgeries which will make you easier to control and less able to resist. It includes various implants too and some permanent tattooing. Essentially, you're agreeing that we can through drugs, surgery and implants, turn you into a feminine looking, remote controlled, domestic slave. Think of it as being turned into a biological robot, with no freewill of your own. Remember the film – the black hole? The old Disney one? Where they made the crew into robots? Think of it as a bit like that."

His hand was shaking just holding the pen, he was in a daze, he'd caught the gist of it, but had missed the part where she'd said 'change your gender' and he hadn't considered the ramifications of the bit about surgery, implants and removal of his freewill. He held his breath and quickly signed everywhere she'd asked him to, then slid the forms back across the table together with the pen. She took them smiling. "Good boy, Anita will be pleased. Now just sit tight, drink your coffee and relax – while I get your bed ready."

It was like being in a surreal dream where nothing seemed real. He rested back in the sofa and slurped his coffee. It was strange, he should have felt scared, but he actually felt

strangely calm, he felt a wave of submissive pleasure, a release of tension and an urge to hurry the process along and become this 'biological robot' without any freewill that they were describing. The nurse vanished, leaving him alone in the reception area. Eventually he started trembling with anxiety, quivering with fear but also with anticipation. She eventually returned. She'd clearly picked his name up from the forms. "Dylan? I've prepared you a bed now, would you like to follow me."

He stood and followed her through the immaculate building, feeling like he was dreaming. When they got to the first floor she led him to a room with a bed near the window, a medical bed – the sort with rails that could be raised up, on wheels. It was also full of futuristic looking medical equipment with the rail of the bed lowered on one side, the nurse pointed to a screen in the corner, "My name's Karen by the way, could you just pop behind the screen, strip and put a gown on for me please? Good boy."

He did as ordered. It was head mashing to him, that earlier that evening he'd been about to jump in front of a train, now he was putting a patients gown on, volunteering to be modified into a mind-controlled domestic slave. It sounded scary, but tantalizing too, never having to worry about financial worries or responsibilities or anything like that; it was so strangely attractive. Part of him didn't believe this was real, didn't believe that the fate as described to him, was even possible. Soon he was stripped and he heard Karen's voice softly echo across the room from beyond the screen. "Underwear and socks too please, gown open at the front."

In a short time he padded out nervously from behind the screen, wearing nothing but an ill-fitting patient's gown, with the tassles tied together at the front, not preserving any modesty. Karen patted the bed with a warm smile. "Hop up onto the bed, I need to get you restrained."

As he climbed onto the bed he gave her a puzzled look. "Restrained? Why-"

"Well, it's time to give you your Gender Swap pill, it will transform you from a biological male into a biological female. Some patients writhe around a little bit as they undergo the transition, it's safer if we restrain you."

Again he wasn't really taking this in properly, he lay back on the bed, which was in an upright position and offered her his wrists and ankles, which she wrapped padded, sturdy leather medical restraints around, then attached them tightly to the rails, as she'd walked around the bed and was finishing the last one he screwed his face up. "Gender swap, what? I'm going to be made a girl?"

She smiled at him, "Yes, that's right. It can take a couple of hours to complete, depending on how much alcohol is in your system and whether you're given the pill on an empty stomach, but once it's worked it's magic – you'll be a girl."

"Why? I don't want to be a-"

She sighed and smiled sympathetically. "We're marketing the product of this process as being a substitute for a maid, with that there are certain expectations people have with the

appearance. We could modify you surgically, but really it's much less painful and faster to recover from, just giving you the pill. Anyway, you don't have a choice – this was all explained to you, it's in the forms, you've signed consent."

He looked at his wrists and ankles, they'd been firmly and snugly restrained, he thought about struggling, but it looked futile. He lay quivering with fear as he watched her pour a glass of water and break a capsule, half green, half multi-coloured from its blister. "You're saying one of those pills will make me completely a girl!?"

"Mm hmm, just one little capsule and you will be one hundred per cent female, complete with breasts, vagina, clitoris, womb and ovaries. You'll end up shorter, thinner, everything about you, every cell in your body will be female."

"But I don't want to be a girl!"

"Well you've signed up for it now haven't you? And I've got you all restrained. We can either do this the easy way or the hard way. Now are you going to be a good boy and take your medicine?"

He glared at her testing his restraints, almost growling. "No, I am not!"

The nurse had deposited the capsule in a little paper cup, she held the cup in one hand and the glass of water in the other. "Look, you've already consented to this. It's just one little pill, it's perfectly safe, now open up."

"No!"

"I could sedate you of course and give you an upper endoscopy, placing the capsule in your stomach? I'd like to say I could inject you with the solution, but there isn't a syringe-ready version of the drug yet. Last chance, open up or I sedate you and plant it in your stomach. Stop being such a baby and take your medicine."

It seemed hopeless, she was smiling at him in a caring way, offering the paper cup up to his mouth. He could have tried to knock it from her hand, but what was the point, she had a full blister pack ready to replace it. He had agreed to it, did it matter if he became female? He was giving up his freewill anyway, so would he even know or care what gender he was? He opened his mouth and allowed her to tip the paper cup up, dropping the pill into his mouth. She then held the glass of water up and watched him make several big gulps. "There, good boy. Now just lie back and relax and let the transition happen. There's a mild sedative in the pill to help you relax during your transition, don't fight it, just lie back and relax."

He laughed, it seemed ridiculous, how could one tiny little pill turn a he into a she? He lay back while nurse Karen attached a blood oximeter to his finger and a blood pressure cuff and monitor to his arm, talking as she worked.

"I'm just going to monitor you during the transition, don't worry though, it's perfectly safe." As

she'd finished she took his temperature by inserting an ear-probe thermometer. By the time she finally took a seat, he'd started feeling sleepy. He started feeling hot and found it hard to stay awake. Eventually he lost consciousness.

When he awoke he felt his whole body burning, his breasts felt swollen and hot, and also somehow tight. His wrists and ankles felt loose in their restraints and he felt his hair was fuller, thicker, his frame lighter – was he shorter? He felt an uncomfortable tightness in his crotch, as if his genitals were rapidly shrinking, his balls being pulled up into the body cavity. He groaned and lost consciousness again.

Eventually he came around and Karen was looking down smiling at him, holding a syringe full of clear liquid. “Good, you’re done. How do you feel?”

“Urngh, like I’ve been run over by a train!” His eyes widened at his soft, high pitched feminine voice.

She chuckled at this. “Well you haven’t, you’d be in a series of small plastic bags in a police lab, possibly being dissected by forensic scientists if you had. I’m afraid Anita rescued you and offered you a tantalizing alternative. You’re transition part is now complete, it’s getting late though, so I’m going to give you a strong sedative to help you sleep, then we’ll continue your medical examinations and begin the next stage of your modification tomorrow.”

Before he could complain or question this, she magically produced a syringe from somewhere and stuck it into his arm, depressing the plunger slowly. He fought it at first but the drug was strong, and as she stood over watching him, he felt his eyes close forcefully and he fell asleep.

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

The next day, Dylan awoke feeling groggy and disorientated. The previous day was just a blur, he vaguely recalled standing on a bridge, lying on the rail tracks, Anita intervening, then... It was a blank. He could feel his wrists and ankles firmly restrained, and everything felt funny somehow. As he came to his senses he started to take in his surroundings. He appeared to be secured to a bed in a room looking rather like a medical facility. As his eyes scanned the room they were drawn to his chest, covered by the ill-fitting patient's gown. There were what appeared to be two, ample, shapely female breasts stuck to his chest. He whimpered and struggled with his bonds. As he did, he felt a sense of emptiness in his crotch. There was a clear space between his thighs where his cock and balls should have been.

At that point the nurse Karen entered, smiling at him. "Morning Dylan, how are you feeling?"

"Where am I? What the hell happened to me? Am I a girl?"

She smiled warmly, "Yes, you've transitioned nicely. However you'll find the pill causes a certain amount of amnesia. If you don't remember, after Anita rescued you from yourself, she offered to transform you into an experimental kind of human robot, devoid of free-will – and you agreed. You've signed all the consent forms, now we've changed your gender and can start the process of removing your free-will and perfecting your appearance."

He shuddered, he could imagine himself in last night's frame of mind agreeing to all of this. He sighed "How exactly?"

"Well, we'll start off by getting you into the scanner to map out your brain a little bit. We're then going to perform a number of surgical operations on you, so that you can be voice controlled and so you'll enjoy your life of servitude. Finally we'll do something about your appearance, we want you to appear to be more synthetic looking, to hide the fact that you are basically a human girl and make you appear to be a very realistic looking robot."

He laughed, and was surprised at how soft and feminine his voice sounded. "Why go to all this trouble? If you want to make domestic service robots to sell, why not just make one?"

Karen smirked. "You know, I asked Anita precisely the same question. Her answer made sense though. Honda has spent years and millions of dollars working on creating a robot that can walk up stairs and recognize faces. A human is evolved enough to do all these things and many more effortlessly. It's actually much less technically challenging to devise a way of controlling a human than of creating a robot that can manage to do these things. Even accurate voice recognition is very difficult to do with electronics."

He struggled with his bonds. "Humph! Well, I suppose that does make sense, but, \*Ahem\* I've changed my mind."

At that point Anita walked in, wearing a business suit, with a white lab coat over the top and a blue stethoscope around her neck. Karen turned to her. “Miss Grey, the subject has changed his mind! He doesn’t want to-“

Anita shrugged. “That’s fine, remove his restraints, let him go.”

“I’m afraid he’s already taken the pill.”

Anita frowned and walked towards the bed, her high heels clicking on the hard floor. She looked him in the eye, “You’re already taken the pill. You’re past the point of no return.”

He glared at her. “Whatever you’ve done to me, undo it, then let me go.”

Anita sighed. “I’m afraid it’s not that simple. The transgender pill is a one way ticket, I’m afraid, you are now, and always will be – a girl.”

He struggled with his restraints again. “Whatever, just let me go, I’ll find someone else to-“

“There is another problem Dylan. I offered you the pill as part of your transformation treatment. If you now aren’t going to volunteer for the program – I think you should pay the retail price for your transformation.”

“Fine, whatever, I’ll pay it – now please remove these restraints!”

Anita looked thoughtful for a moment. “You said you had no job, and had lost your flat, just where are you expecting to find the ten thousand pounds to cover the bill for a transgender pill.”

Dylan gasped. “Ten thousand pounds! You’re pulling my leg. For ONE pill!”

Anita smiled. “Can you imagine how much it cost to research and develop it? What it does is nothing short of magic. Men who feel they should have been born female never find the surgical option satisfactory. This re-writes their DNA, making them perfect women. I think it even reduces their physiological age by a percentage too! It’s really worth far more than ten thousand pounds, it’s really a bargain at that price.”

“But I didn’t want to-“

“Sorry sweetie, that’s not what it says on your consent forms.” Injected Karen brightly.

“How the freakin’ hell am I supposed to conjure up ten thousand pounds!?”

“Not my problem I’m afraid. This possibility is outlined in the contract you signed, the outcome of you being unable to pay, having tried to get out of the program after taking the pill; is described thusly: that you will consent to undergo the transformation as originally stipulated,



only instead of selling you to a customer, we will now lease you until such time as the payments for the lease have covered your transgender pill bill, the costs of all surgeries, implants and treatments made to complete your transformation; and, any costs required to undo it afterwards. At which point we will end the lease, collect you and attempt to undo the surgical modifications we performed on you, as far as is possible, before releasing you. I'm afraid you have explicitly agreed to all of this, and waived any right to change your mind."

Dylan started struggling in his restraints, screaming to be freed. Anita simply turned her back on him and spoke quietly to the nurse. "Karen, sedate him and get him into the scanner. I think it's time we started mapping his brain, well, her brain now I suppose." She chuckled softly as she glanced over her shoulder at the frantically struggling young woman.

Karen approached him menacingly, brandishing a syringe. "Now we can do this the easy way or the hard way. You keeping completely still for me is the easy way, being shot with a veterinary strength tranquillizer dart from a safe distance is your other option."

He continued struggling, trying desperately to slip his hands out of the restraints, Karen simply opened a draw and pulled out a funny looking pistol, pointing it at him. "Sure? Last chance Dylan, this is usually only used on horses, so I doubt it will be a pleasant experience."

He looked at the gun, her finger was on the trigger and the barrel was pointing right at him. If he was going to escape, this was not going to be the time. He sagged. "Alright, do it."

Karen smiled and approached, squirting the syringe into the air as she approached. "Good girl, now keep still, just relax, don't fight it."

She quickly jabbed him injecting the drug, immediately he felt light headed and sleepy, within moments he was fast asleep.

## A Session in the Scanner

When Dylan came around she, for her days of being male were clearly long gone, probably never to return, awoke uncomfortably within the confines of an MRI Scanner. Her head was securely fastened into what appeared to be a plastic, head-shaped cage. Her only view was through a little square letterbox in the front, offering a pure white view of the inside of the scanner. She could see a bracket where a mirror could be attached so the patient could see out, but they had clearly elected not to fit it for her. She had headphones on, cutting out much of the ambient sound. She tried to move, but found her wrists and ankles were still secured. As she tried to move Anita's voice came over the headphones. "Ah, you've come around, good. Now this is only a one way conversation, you don't have a mic so just listen to me and follow my instructions. I am going to give you some orders while we scan you, I need you to follow all of them exactly. However if you hear Karen's voice giving you instructions, you are to ignore them. You obey me, you disobey Karen, okay? This is important. If you're uncomfortable, I suggest you be as compliant as possible, because I'm not letting you out until we've completed your brain mapping."

The headphones went silent for a moment, unused to her new, smaller female frame she lay still, quivering with fear and anxiety. She tested her restraints again, but she was completely helpless. Eventually Anita's voice echoed through the headphones. "I need you to start talking for me, just talk about anything."

She grimaced, and pictured Anita in front of her, she then started talking, Anita couldn't tell what she was talking about from the control room but she was obeying. The scanner clicked and banged, throughout. While this happened Nurse Karen's voice came over the headphones. "Stop talking."

She found herself ignoring her, purposefully continuing to talk, eventually she heard Anita tell her to stop so she stopped, smirking to herself that throughout the test she'd been complaining about her perceived capture – though in fact she'd willingly volunteered for this treatment. It felt like a strange dream, at the same time somehow she felt compelled to assist Anita, possibly because of the submission inducing restraints, possible partly the fact that she wanted the scanning session to end sooner rather than later. Anita then asked her to try and move various limbs, and do more things, each time Karen would tell her to stop, telling her to move other different limbs. All the time she obeyed Anita, and ignored or disobeyed Karen.

Eventually after a long session of being scanned and allowing them to map parts of her brain, Anita sighed. "Right, we're getting somewhere now. Now I need you to lie still and relax while I apply a painful stimulus."

She shuddered, she could hear Anita's heels clicking on the hard floor as she approached, then she heard the 'snap', 'snap' of Anita donning latex gloves. Her gown was whipped up revealing her virgin female genitals. She felt Anita's gloved finger gently explore her new vagina, and clitoris, stroking her labia. Then she attached sharp plastic crocodile clips, she fixed several up both sides of her labia, making Dylan squirm and whimper with each clip. Next she gently eased her clitoral hood back and clamped a sharp crocodile clip right onto

Dylan's clitoris, making her squeak, then whimper and start panting. Another clip was attached to the hood itself, the bottom jaw of the clip being shoved firmly underneath the clitoral hood. As Anita allowed the clip to clamp on to her clitoral hood she felt her crotch was on fire and started crying. Anita turned to Karen. "Okay, initiate the scan."

The clicking and banging started a fresh. It seemed to go on forever, Dylan squirming and writhing at her tortured female genitals. Anita came over the headphones. "The sooner you keep still, the sooner we'll have an accurate map of your genital pain response. Keep still!"

She fought through the pain, entering a calm, subdued state. As she did, the scanning went on for a few more moments, then stopped abruptly. Anita approached, and removed the clips, making Dylan breathe a sigh of relief. She then spoke into her mic, coming through on the headphones. "Now I need you to try and keep still for me again, while I give you a pleasant stimulus. If you can't keep still we'll simply redo the painful stimulus. I'll just pop a little lube on to make it easier, you'll feel a cold sensation."

Sure enough she heard the spluttering of a gel tube being squirted and then felt a cold glob right on her now feminine crotch. The scanner started clicking and banging, as it did she felt Anita's gloved fingers, gently at first, then moving more vigorously, start to explore her vagina, stroke the inside and outside of her labia and swirl around her clitoris. She was expert at female masturbation, timing the surges of energy and the rhythmic rise and fall of the speed of motion perfectly. Dylan moaned softly, trying desperately to keep still, not wanting a repeat of the recent painful stimuli. She sighed with pleasure as Anita started rapidly stroking her gloved fingers up and down over her clitoris. She then carefully inserted two fingers, her index finger and her middle finger into Dylan's vagina, then she started rapidly sliding them in and out while using her thumb to stimulate her clitoris vigorously at the same time. The feeling was incredible; she kept working and working, masturbating, then slowing down, then speeding up, all the while the scanner capturing the arousal responses. Eventually Dylan let out a groan as her whole crotch area began pulsating with orgasmic pleasure, her vagina gripping then releasing Anita's inserted, gloved fingers, rhythmically. Anita stopped, the scanning continued for some time. When it stopped this time she heard Anita's voice over the headphones. "There, good girl, we're all done. It's time for your surgery now. We're going to sedate you, anaesthetize you, then remove part of your skull so we can fit your cranial control unit implants, then we'll bring you around with your skull still open so we can test and fine-tune, then we'll pop you back under. While you're back under we're going to perform some surgery on your digestive system, fitting your adapter for your charging station and all the internal wiring needed to control everything. When you come around, all that will be left is to make some finishing touches to your appearance and test your control module."

It didn't seem worth struggling. She realized she had a cannula in at this point. She heard heels clicking, then she felt a hand grip her hand and inject something into her cannula. Her hand and wrist immediately started to feel cold. She began to feel sleepy. Nothing seemed real, it seemed like a strange dream. Had he jumped and been ploughed into by the train? And was this what happened to the mind? Exploring strange realities where the normal rules of existence seemed not to apply? Had he gone home, and gone to sleep? Was he dreaming? Part of him wanted to wake up and find that this wasn't real, but most of him wanted to see how this

dream would pan out. The experience of being completely and utterly controlled was indeed a tantalizing one. Eventually her eye-lids got too heavy, and she fell into a very deep sleep. As she did Karen started to undo her straps, it was time to prep her for theatre.

## Brain Surgery

When Dylan came around she was restrained on her front, feeling a little light headed and groggy, her breasts were feeling slightly squashed. Nurse Karen was sitting on a stool wearing full surgical scrubs looking at her thoughtfully. As she opened her eyes, nurse Karen's eyes, peeping over her mask looked up to a figure behind him. "She's awake, can we proceed?"

Anita's voice answered. "Yes, I've opened the skull and lifted the dura, so we can now test the artificial stimulus function. I'm going to start by testing the visual cortex shutdown. Right, one second, hmmm, nearly there, okay test him."

Karen held up three fingers and said to Dylan. "How many fingers am I holding up?"

Dylan was disorientated, she looked at Karen's latex gloved hand, then up into her eye and muttered. "Three."

Karen shook her head. Dylan felt pressure in her head somehow as Anita was manipulating and modifying something, eventually Karen looked back at him smiling. Of course her smile was hidden behind the mask, but she could tell she was smiling by the wrinkles in the corners of her eyes. As she looked weakly into Karen's face her vision suddenly went black.

She could hear Karen. "How many fingers am I holding up now?"

She panicked, struggling in her bonds, but she was weak from the sedative and well restrained, eventually she whimpered. "I don't know, I can't see anything!"

Karen flashed back into view. She then heard Anita's voice. "Okay, I'm going to test the artificial pain stimulus now. Monitor his facial expressions for me, please."

She felt Anita do something then her crotch was on fire and she started squirming and wriggling, whimpering in pain as it burned. It felt exactly like the excruciating crocodile clips had been re-attached to her genitals, yet somehow she knew they hadn't. Karen smiled and looked at Anita. "Pain stimulus simulation is working perfectly."

Anita's voice echoed from behind. "Good, we'll try the pleasure response simulation."

Dylan moaned softly as she felt orgasmic pleasure, the sheer enjoyment of the female orgasm began to develop in her crotch, emanating through her body in waves and waves of pleasure. Karen smiled. "That's perfectly placed"

"Good, I'm going to set the punishment and reward activator and check the wireless, then we'll test it. If all's well we'll pop the dura back and fit her skull access hatch."

There were a few minutes of intense fiddling. Eventually Karen looked to Anita, then looked to Dylan. "Now, I want you to bite your lip until it bleeds."

Dylan gasped, she wouldn't do it. She understood what she'd been ordered to do, but she rebelled, telling herself not to. Within seconds her crotch was burning again, making her reel in agony. Karen noticed and smiled. "Don't bite your lip. Wiggle your fingers for me."

The pain suddenly went away, as she wiggled her fingers orgasmic pleasure started washing through her in waves and she sighed with pleasure. Anita spoke again. "One more thing, we'll try the spinal, neural inhibitor circuit for when she's in charge mode."

Dylan again felt Anita messing with something behind him, then her vision went black and she felt paralysed, her limbs locked rigid. She heard Anita, muffled and distant saying something about activating 'sleep-mode'. In moments she was fast asleep, it happened so suddenly it was just like a switch had been flicked.

## Post Operative

When Dylan eventually came around she felt groggy in the extreme, she had a bandage on her head, dressings on her abdomen and various tubes and wires attached to her. The nurse, Karen was sitting watching him, wearing dark blue scrubs now. “Dylan, how do you feel?”

She tried to sit up, but found her wrists and ankles were firmly strapped down. “Urgh! I feel like I’ve been knocked over by a bus! What did you do to me?” Her soft, feminine voice still surprised her, it sounded like someone else talking.

Karen smiled. “Well, Miss Grey has sawn part of your skull away, fitting an access hatch to your brain for maintenance and implanted various electronics in your brain, so your neural activity can be monitored, and so you can remotely, automatically receive pleasant or painful stimuli as required to control you. Your oesophagus has been split and partially re-routed and extended to a stoma on the inside of your anus; connecting your mouth direct to your windpipe with only a thin tube to the stomach for saliva. We’ve modified your epiglottis; now you don’t eat through your mouth it had to be altered. We’ve also fitted an adapter for your charging station and run the wires up to the control unit in your skull. You will no longer eat or sleep, you will simply be plugged into your charging station for re-charging. Your urethra has been re-routed to your anus, so all food enters your body through the charging point, all water enters, and all fecal matter and waste water leaves during charging. Your control unit is charged by an accelerometer in your skull and topped up by the mains supply through your charging point. Your hydration and nutrition levels will be automatically monitored and your ‘feed’ will modified to suit your needs. Essentially, you will no longer eat, drink or sleep. When you are plugged into your charging station you will be paralyzed, put to sleep and all of your nutritional and hydration requirements will be met and your waste fluids and matter will be removed. While you were under we removed your finger nails and nail beds, so you won’t need your nails trimming. We really want you to be a low maintenance product.”

Dylan shuddered, trying to take in the gravity of what she’d agreed to. It didn’t feel real, she could feel her female body, she could vaguely feel things attached to her and inside her. She wanted to reach up and feel the access hatch on her skull, but her fingers were all bandaged and her wrists were... Karen was carefully removing his restraints! She smiled at her. “You won’t need these anymore.”

She watched, her heart rate increasing as Karen unfastened each restraint in turn, as she finished she looked her in the eye. “Lie still, do not move or attempt to leave your bed.”

Dylan grinned and got up, except she didn’t. As soon as the decision to get out of bed was made she felt the sensation of intense genital torture, and she felt paralyzed. The pain only subsided when she made the conscious decision to obey nurse Karen and lie still. As she lay still, obeying the order she felt intense pleasure wash over him. Karen chuckled softly. “Hmmm, it seems like your modifications have gone well. Whenever you are given an order, I suggest you follow it quickly without thinking. If you’re given an order that’s open ended, you’ll soon learn and be conditioned not to disobey.”



Dylan lay perfectly, still feeling strangely elated at being in this situation, there was no hope of resistance or rebellion, and it felt deliciously submissive. The fact that obedience sent waves of pleasure, emanating from his genitals made it even better.

Anita strolled in at that point, smiling. “Ahh, how’s the patient?”

Karen looked at her. “Everything seems to be working perfectly Miss Grey.”

“Good, I think we’ll do the hair and make-up next.” She stepped closer to the bed and looked at Dylan. “Dylan, from now on your name is ‘XC791B’ this is what you will respond to, you will forget that you were ever called Dylan and accept that from now on, you are XC791B.”

Immediately she winced, forget her name! It seemed impossible, but the pain, coupled with the pleasure of pushing the name out of her head and embracing XC791B, made it possible. When the grimace had changed to a face of smiling enjoyment Anita chuckled softly. “Good, now XC791B, from now on, only speak when you are specifically asked to. If you do speak, speak in a monotone, artificial sounding voice, attempting to sound slightly robotic. XC791B, from now on, smile all the time, do not allow your smile to fade.”

XC791B’s face contorted, then changed to a smile. It was strange, it was almost as if she was being voice controlled. The decision to obey became more and more natural with each command. Anita gestured with her pen. “XC791B, get out of bed. Unless you are following an order, stand still and wait for your next order. From now on, whenever a command is given to you, if you understand the command you will say, ‘Yes Miss’ or ‘Yes Master’ as is appropriate, before carrying out the command. If you don’t understand, you will say, ‘I’m sorry, I don’t understand.’ If you are asked to do something impossible, you will say, ‘I’m sorry, I cannot do that.’ Unless you have been given an order, you will do nothing, but wait for your next order. When you require charging, your auditory cortex will be stimulated and you will hear a recording of my voice telling you to go and charge yourself. This order super-cedes all others. When you receive this order you will go to your nearest charging station, plug yourself in and place your ankles neck and wrists in the restraints provided, allowing the charge cycle to begin.”

After she’d spoken XC791B said, ‘Yes Miss’ and climbed out of bed and stood still, almost robotically listening to Anita’s programming. As she did she felt waves of submissive pleasure wash over her. Anita turned on her heel and started walking. “Follow me XC791B.”

Sure enough XC791B said, ‘Yes Miss’ and began strolling after her. They walked through the clinic to a room on the far side of the building which was done out something like a hairdresser’s salon or a beautician’s with one chair in front of a large mirror. Anita pointed to the chair. “Have a seat XC791B.”

She complied, saying, ‘Yes Miss’ almost robotically savouring the intense pleasure triggered by her obedience, when she sat down Anita walked behind the chair and pulled out XC791B’s now long flowing hair. “A shame we have to remove all this. We do though, to complete the appearance of you being artificial.” She turned to Karen. “Karen, can you get two

electrolysis kits out, please?”

“With pleasure.”

XC791B sat still, maintaining that emotionless smile, while Karen wheeled a trolley up. Anita had a set of clippers in her hand. “Now XC791B, I’m going to completely shave your head first so we can see the hair follicles, the back has already been shaved for your cranial implants. Then we’ll start permanently killing the hair follicles, it will take a while, so please, just sit still and keep smiling.”

“Yes Miss.”

The clippers buzzed into life and her newly grown female hair began falling to the floor. Then the painful, time-consuming process of permanently killing all the hair follicles on her scalp began. Karen and Anita worked together, doing patches, then checking them, it took several hours to completely epilate XC791B’s entire head.

As Anita made a final double-check to make sure they’d cleared every follicle, she stood up straight and smiled. “There, you’re all done. We’ll do your groin while you re-charge yourself. Now get up XC791B and follow me to your charging station, I had it installed in your room while we were working.”

“Yes Miss.”

She obeyed, her shiny, bald head reflecting in the artificial light. She padded along the corridor after Anita who led her back to her room. All the time she’d been feeling weightiness in her bottom. She’d brushed the thought aside, but clearly she had a metal interface, carefully, surgically attached inside her anus. When she saw the charging station she realized how to charge herself. There was a metal plug at about waist height, pointing slightly upwards. There were sensors and rigid restraints where her neck, wrists and ankles would go. Anita pointed to the charging station. “XC791B, put yourself on charge.”

“Yes Miss.”

She obeyed, walking to the unit then sliding the plug into the metal interface that had been surgically attached to her bottom, feeling an interlock activate, holding her in place as it entered. Then she pressed her neck, wrists and ankles back so the restraints clamped around them. The charging cycle started, she could feel fluids, nutrients and waste being exchanged through the interface. Her vision went black, she felt her arms, legs and back go rigid, as if her motor cortex was being stimulated remotely, then she was immediately put to sleep, it was instant, like a switch.

## Fully Charged

When XC791B came around she felt the probe still locked into her anal interface, her wrists, neck and ankles still gripped by the clamp -like restraints. Her vision was still black, though after a few seconds she could suddenly see again, the charging probe retracted and the restraints clicked open. Anita and Karen were nowhere to be seen. She thought about trying to make a run for it, but as the thought grew she started to feel pain, Anita had instructed her to stand still and wait for her next command. So she stood still and waited, as the decision was made she was filled with feelings of intense pleasure from the device implanted in her skull, simulating sexual pleasure. She maintained her smile as ordered as well and this increased the pleasure. All thoughts of escape or ending this predicament faded away into testing and experimenting how to increase the orgasmic pleasure being simulated in her brain. She was alone for some time, standing stock -still waiting for a command.

Eventually Anita appeared again. “Ahhh, good, you’re charged. Follow me, it’s time to tattoo your permanent makeup on.”

XC791B smiled, “Yes Miss.” then stepped forwards smiling unemotionally and followed Anita back to the room where her scalp had been epilated. Anita pointed to the chair. “Sit down XC791B and keep still while I tattoo your makeup on.”

“Yes Miss.”

She obeyed, almost quivering with pleasure at the sensations her implants created by electronically stimulating her brain. As she sat down Anita wheeled a trolley up with a tattoo gun on it. Quickly she began tattooing, XC791B sat perfectly still, smiling despite the pain. Her eyebrows were tattooed black and given shape, her eyelids and around her eyes was tattooed black and given an upwards curve at the ear side of her eyes. Her lips were tattooed a dark almost metallic purple. Finally, the rest of her face was tattooed a pale, just-off-white colour. When Anita finally stood back to admire her handiwork XC791B looked very different, with black shapely eyebrows, black around her eyes and her large dark purple lips.

Anita looked pleased. “There, I think it’s time we removed your dressings and got you dressed. Get up and follow me XC791B.”

“Yes Miss.”

Unthinkingly, automatically XC791B stood and followed Anita, back to her room on the other side of the building. Karen was already standing there with an array of what looked like rubber, PVC or latex garments. Anita stopped. “Stand still while we dress you XC791B.”

“Yes Miss.”

She obeyed, only compliantly moving an arm or a leg whenever Anita or Karen manually manipulated it. They started by putting her into an all-in-one black body suit, which

she stepped into from the back, the legs were like tights and the arms ended in gloves. It was a strange material, breathable, but with an artificial feel to it, feeling like it dulled her senses. Next a blue PVC corset was clipped around her waist, fastened and tightened, pushing her breasts up and narrowing her waist. Then a matching blue PVC neck corset was fitted and a black latex swimming cap like garment was stretched over her head, covering the tops of her ears. The effect was that it left every inch of her body covered, except her face. There was a full length mirror in the room, and XC791B could watch herself being dressed as they did it. By the end of the process, the petit, female, PVC and latex clad figure, with only a carefully, tattooed face, did in fact look artificial. As she watched, Karen pulled out a PVC maid's outfit and started dressing her in it, finally she placed a bright purple wig over the latex cap. She looked like a perfect, latex and PVC robot with a very realistic face. Her anal interface had been fitted so it protruded through the black bodysuit; to charge herself, all she needed to do was lift the skirt of her maid's dress and all her bodily functions could be taken care of. The final measure, Karen gently lifted first one foot, then the other, fastening on some severe six inch stiletto heels locking them on. Again, they didn't look like normal footwear, once they were on there appeared to be no way of removing them, so they looked as if manufactured into the robot.

Anita chuckled at XC791B standing admiring herself. "You'll be pleased to know we've even found a customer for you. They're having a charging station fitted as we speak. Now, come XC791B, it's time to take you to your new home."

"Yes Miss."

As Anita walked to the stairs, XC791B followed her, smiling perpetually and revelling in the pleasure of being simulated by her cranial implant. Eventually Anita opened the back door to a large, black Rolls Royce and gestured for her to enter. "Sit in the back XC791B, when you're seated, sleep."

"Yes Miss."

She obeyed, and as she sat she felt her vision vanish, going totally black, she felt her limbs paralyzed, then she immediately fell asleep, almost as if she'd been switched off.

## The Greenwood Estate

[See Gender Swap: Anita's Transgender Pill :2: An Accidental Transformation]

The car rolled on through the town and into the countryside with XC791B completely unaware. Eventually it slowed down while passing through a small village, driving past a pub called 'The Royal Oak' and turned into an impressive set of gates. Continuing, up a gravel drive towards a rambling old pile at the top of a steady incline, it pulled into a small courtyard. The next thing XC791B heard was Anita's voice saying "Wake up XC791B!"

She opened her eyes, smiling vacantly as ever. "Yes Miss."

Anita pondered for a moment. "Hmmm, XC791B, I think you're well-conditioned enough for me to enable advanced speech mode. From now on, you may speak but everything you say will be said with the intent to give an impression that you are an android. You will vehemently deny being human and will only speak when spoken to. You will offer no opinions on anything and everything you say will be said robotically so as to enforce the impression that you are simply a mindless robot. Now get out of the car XC791B"

"Yes Miss."

As she stood up a young girl was approaching, Anita turned to her. "Ahh, Miss Greenwood, how is Sofia?"

"She's okay, she had to go and see Barrington about the probate stuff. There's still a load of that stuff to sort out. By the way, she said to thank you for letting her off the bill for those Transgender Pills."

Anita smiled. "When I heard the story from Hadjina, I couldn't help but laugh. I'm really glad he's accepting his femininity so well and has adapted to his new body so beautifully."

Sophie stepped up to XC791B. "So this is it?"

"Yes, this is XC791B, your new experimental prototype, realistic house robot."

Sophie's eyes ran up and down XC791B several times, almost staring in wonder. "Wow! She's so realistic!"

Anita chuckled. "You won't find more realistic. There's no complicated control system or programming with her either – just tell her what you want her to do and she'll do it. We'll have someone pop around to check her and top up her charging station once a month."

Sophie grinned like a child with a new toy. "And I can ask her to do anything?"

"Yes, if she doesn't understand the command she'll say so and you can re-phrase it. If

you ask her to do something that she thinks is impossible, she'll let you know."

"Wow, I can't wait to try her out. Please forward the bill to the house and I'll set the lease payment up as a direct debit. It's going to be great having some help now that Harriet and Rebecca have gone off travelling again! I'll never understand that desire personally, especially after what happened to them the last time they went." [See 'The Harem Slave' and 'Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill 2: An Accidental Transformation']

Anita smiled. "Great! Give me a ring if you have any trouble with her. We might have to bring her back in for maintenance from time to time, but we'll try and give you notice. XC791B, your charging station is installed at the bottom of the servant's staircase."

"Thank you Miss Grey."

XC791B watched the black Rolls Royce vanish down the drive. Sophie stepped towards the house and turned to her. "What's your name?"

"My name is XC791B, Miss."

"Are you really a robot? You look so real!"

"My name is XC791B. I am a robot, please give me a command."

Sophie shrugged. "Okay, follow me."

"Yes Miss."

As she turned and walked into the house XC791B walked after her, maintaining the vacant smile and quivering internally at the pleasure her obedience was being rewarded with. Eventually they were in the large kitchen, it looked quite a mess. Sophie pointed to the floor. "Fill a bucket, get some cleaning fluid and scrub the kitchen floor."

"Yes Miss."

XC791B had no choice, under Sophie's watchful eye she started gathering up all the things, then got down on her hands and knees and started scrubbing the floor purposefully. Sophie chuckled to herself. "This is awesome! Keep scrubbing, I'm going to go and have a chill for a bit."

"Yes Miss."

Sophie vanished. XC791B could hear a television on loudly in the distance. She scrubbed and scrubbed, her hands and knees eventually starting to hurt. The trouble was Sophie's last command was 'Keep Scrubbing', so she was compelled to keep on scrubbing even though she'd scrubbed the entire floor several times over. Sophie had actually gotten engrossed in her favourite program and forgotten about poor XC791B, who was left in a paradox of almost crying

at the hours of scrubbing and re-scrubbing the floor, and the orgasmic pleasure following this order gave her. Sophie was sitting in the living room, drinking wine. She finished a bottle of red on her own and forgot to check on XC791B, even at bed time. While Sophie was lying in bed, drifting off to sleep, XC791B was still scrubbing and re-scrubbing, going over and over every inch of floor, again and again. At some point after midnight Anita's voice recording telling her to go and charge herself played and she stood up in a kind of relief. Feeling stiff and worn out, leaving the bucket and scrubbing brush on the kitchen floor, she headed to where Anita had indicated the charging station was. Relieved, she slid the plug into her anal interface and slipped her neck, wrists and ankles into their restraints. She felt her limbs and back lock rigid, her vision went black, then she felt herself being put to sleep instantly, again it was like she was just being switched off.



## Fun With XC791B

The first thing XC791B knew as she woke up was that she was alone, her charging cycle was complete, the plug had retreated from her anal interface and she felt somewhat refreshed, not tired, not hungry, not thirsty and not needing the toilet for either number ones or twos. Frustratingly, due to Anita's programming, she couldn't move or do anything until she'd been given a command. XC791B thought about the circumstance she'd found herself in. She'd gone from being a man on the brink of suicide, to masquerading as a sophisticated domestic robot. She was now female, and always would be – although she'd not really had the chance to explore her new female body. Strangely she found she didn't mind, she didn't mind her captivity or all the surgical modifications either. There was something so delicious about this 'Sophie' thinking that her domestic servant was just a mindless robot. The truth was, in some ways XC791B felt like a mindless robot. Every time she obeyed an order the pleasure stimuli started and if she didn't obey an order she would experience severe pain. Life had become very simple; but it was strange to think she would never eat, drink or go to the toilet again, all her bodily needs being taken care of by the charging station. It occurred that she would probably at some point menstruate. Would that be taken care of by the charging station as well? She could only assume so, her entire body had essentially been covered up by the black, synthetic feeling body suit, except for her face and her anal interface.

Eventually the boredom was broken by Sophie appearing again. In a white, lacy, silk, ankle length nightie. It had short sleeves, which came about half way down her upper arms. Sophie looked her up and down, then chuckled. "You did an amazing job on the kitchen floor! It's not been that clean since Annette was still working here!"

XC791B continued the vacant smile. "Your last command was to 'Keep Scrubbing' so I was unable to stop until I needed re-charging, during the early hours of the morning."

Sophie smirked. "Oops, wow... So I can command you to do anything? Literally ANYTHING?"

"Yes Miss"

"Okay, hmmm, bark like a dog."

XC791B kept the vacant smile on and started. "Woof! Woof! RRRrrr, woof!" every bark sending simulated pleasure through the control unit. Sophie held up her hand. "Okay, stop. Wow, this is so cool. XC791B, follow me."

"Yes, Miss."

XC791B followed Sophie through the house, maintaining her vacant, robotic smile and remaining silent. Sophie led her to her bedroom, the room which Sofia, formerly Noah, had inhabited during his original brief stay at the estate. She kept walking into the en-suite. "XC791B, run me a nice hot bath."

“Yes Miss.”

She chuckled as her incredibly realistic, life-like robot began turning on taps and closing the plug on the luxurious bath. She went back to the bedroom to decide what to wear in the meantime. When the bath was full up to the brim, XC791B walked to the bedroom, teetering on her high-heels which she'd had no time to get used to. “Your bath is ready Miss.”

Sophie grinned. “Good, undress me.”

Obediently, XC791B attended to Sophie, removing her luxurious nightie, then unclipping the fastener on her bra and pulling her panties down. When she was standing naked, she stepped towards the bathroom. “Follow me Exie., I'm sick of saying XC791B every time, so I'm gonna call you 'Exie'. You can wash my hair for me.”

“Yes Miss.”

As she followed her owner, she admired Sophie's beautiful naked body. Of course, Sophie wouldn't realize she was being admired, her robot servant was just an incredibly life-like machine as far as she knew. When she was level with the bath, the naked Sophie turned to her. “Help me into my bath Exie.”

“Yes Miss.”

The feeling of Sophie's delicate hands in hers, even through the body covering material that extended to gloves; the feeling of having no fingernails, it was strange. When Sophie had sunk into the bath she looked up to XC791B. “Okay Exie, wash my hair first, I think.”

“Yes Miss.”

Sophie sighed with pleasure as XC791B started using the shower head to carefully rinse her long hair through. Then she added shampoo and started massaging her scalp making her sigh blissfully. The sensation of total servitude was incredible, performing this almost sensual personal service to her owner, while her owner was blissfully unaware that her robot servant was actually a person was a delicious predicament to be in. After shampooing, XC791B went on to condition Sophie's hair, again caressingly massaging her scalp for her and thoroughly applying and rinsing it off. The real surprise came when her hair was done. Sophie stood up in the bath, exposing her beautiful naked body right to XC791B. “Wash my body now Exie.”

XC791B shuddered as a wave of orgasmic pleasure was sent to her brain through the control unit. It got stronger and stronger as she applied soap and carefully lathered up Sophie's perfect breasts, her slim tummy, her slender arms and wrists, before gently lathering up her groin and her pert bottom. Sophie was fully enjoying the sensation of being washed by her new automated personal servant. XC791B's touch was so soft and so gentle, almost a caress. It was almost unfathomable how a robot could be so gentle and sensual. When she was done she pointed to the towel rack behind. “Exie, pass me a towel and help me out.”

XC791B grabbed a towel and wrapped it around her shoulders, then took her hand and gently helped her out of the bath. Sophie chuckled to herself. "Now dry me."

"Yes Miss."

Again, those hands, so soft, so gentle, as if caressing her through the towel. Sophie was starting to feel somehow aroused, it reminded her of her time in the Harem in Rijakistan, only now she was receiving these personal services for herself rather than being subjected to them by the Sultan's Harem eunuchs. When she was more or less dried she smirked. "Exie, dry and brush my hair now."

"Yes Miss."

Sophie led the way, sitting at her dressing table and watching Exie pick up the hair dryer and brush from the dressing table. She sat still, allowing her PVC and latex clad android to brush and dry her hair. She mused at how incredibly lifelike Exie's face was. Why hadn't they done the whole unit in the same material? It looked very realistic, but the rest of her was all rubber, PVC or latex. Although the hair didn't look realistic at all. When XC791B finally finished she put the dryer and brush back on the table.

"Would you like me to dress you now Miss?"

Sophie chuckled, she was feeling quite naughty, almost mischievous now. "Exie, can I ask you to do anything?"

"Ordering me to do things which could damage me is prohibited in the terms of my lease." The words had come to XC791B in her head, possibly programmed into the unit.

Sophie smirked. "So, apart from anything which might damage you, I can command you do anything?"

"Yes Miss."

"Good..." Sophie stood, allowing her towel to fall to the floor. She then padded over to the bed and lay back over the edge of the side of the bed, spreading her knees and exposing her neatly shaved pussy. "Exie, get down on your knees and give me an orgasm, use your mouth, your nose and your tongue, lick my pussy until I come."

Almost automatically the vacant smile never fading, XC791B replied robotically. "Yes Miss."

Suddenly she was there, on her knees, enthusiastically burying her face into her owner's crotch, licking and sliding her tongue in and out of Sophie's vagina, stroking both the inside and outside of her labia, swirling her tongue around her owner's clitoris while Sophie moaned with pleasure. Then she probed deeper, burying her mouth in Sophie's pussy while stimulating her

clitoris with her nose. She partially pulled out, gently nibbling at the quivering clitoris with her teeth, then pulled on the hood and swirled her tongue around it, making Sophie groan harder and harder and start panting. Of course, obeying such an order and carrying it out so enthusiastically, XC791B was being given simulated orgasmic pleasure herself, compelling her to continue and egging her on. Eventually, Sophie reached down and grabbed XC791B's head, accidentally pulling her wig off. It didn't matter though, she simply gripped the latex swimming cap that lay beneath and began rocking her hips, almost fucking her in the mouth; as she swirled and licked and nibbled enthusiastically, exploring every inch of Sophie's genitals with her lips, nose, teeth and tongue. She began gently kissing her owners clitoris and sucking on it, before quickly stroking it with her tongue. This was too much for Sophie, she arched her back, groaned and her whole genital area started pulsating with orgasmic pleasure.

Sensing that she'd come, XC791B stood and watched her lying back panting hard, still with the vacant, robotic smile on her face. Eventually Sophie opened her eyes and sat up. "Wow that was just amazing! Hah, you're going to have to wash me again Exie! Go and get a warm wet flannel, I'm not getting back in the bath."

"Yes Miss."

XC791B went to get a flannel and returned, carefully cleaning Sophie's quite moist and slightly smelly crotch. As she finished Sophie smirked at her. "You'd better go wash your face as well Exie, you stink of pussy juice!"

"Yes Miss."

"You can dress me first though, I've picked the clothes out."

XC791B started by holding out the fresh, clean satin panties for her to step into, then pulling them up for her. Then it was tights, an ankle length maxi dress and a pair of four inch heel sandals. When she was done, she retreated to the bathroom to wash her face.

Eventually returning from the en-suite where Sophie was sitting on the bed. "Make me some breakfast, Exie."

"Yes Miss"

Sophie watched her personal servant android teeter away on her high heels, she'd left the wig on the floor, but she was almost inclined to leave it off. She kind of liked the shiny black dome that was her head without it. Sofia would be back from London soon and she couldn't wait to show her their new servant.

## A Power Cut

When Sophie showed XC791B to Sofia, she was very impressed. Their new robot servant appeared so realistic and understood commands so well. It seemed almost like science-fiction technology; Sofia's only real comparison being 'Data' from Star Trek the Next Generation, though in his case he appeared to be sentient too. Sofia and Sophie tried a few times to wrangle an opinion out of XC791B, but their android appeared to have no opinions on anything. It simply waited for commands, then followed those commands to the letter, always maintaining that vacant, robotic smile. The only time she didn't obey would be if she didn't understand, or considered the command impossible to fulfill. Sofia having tried telling her to 'jump over the house' on one occasion, just to see if she'd try to do it. If she was in the middle of following an order but needed charging up part way through, she'd stop what she was doing, returning obediently and submissively back to her charging station, plug herself in through the anal interface and place her neck, wrists and ankles in the restraints.

Throughout this time, XC791B found her sense of identity fading away. She found herself being conditioned to follow her orders instinctively. All memories of being 'Dylan', of standing on the railway bridge and having a surreal encounter with Anita were completely forgotten. Strangely, despite having no freedom, never eating and never using the toilet, being essentially a human robot, blindly following all commands and giving up much of what it truly meant to be human, XC791B was actually happy. The reason being, the cranial implants and control unit meant obeying orders caused great pleasure to be simulated. She very much liked her owners Sophie and Sofia, who both unknown to each other, started using 'Exie' for sexual services on a regular basis. She forgot about her former gender of being 'male', her gender didn't seem to matter anymore. Being made to appear so artificial and having all of her bodily functions taken care of by the charging station, she began to feel completely asexual, as if gender really had no real meaning for her. She would wake her mistresses, wash them, dry them, give them massages, give them orgasms, cook for them, clean the house, it was non-stop; but as following commands brought her such great pleasure through the simulated orgasm created by the sensors and stimulators implanted in her brain, she was happy, and she was at her happiest when following orders.

A technician would turn up from time to time to refill the charging station with a nutrient solution, it was plumbed into both the drainage and water systems. The female technician would service the anal interface plug, check the restraints and her cranial implants were working properly, then leave. Everything was great, all her former worries and fears, the hurt that caused her to stand in front of the train and contemplate death, were all gone.

Eventually, both Sophie and Sofia had to go to London together to finalize the probate on the estate. They left XC791B plugged into her charging station, wrists, ankles and neck in their restraints, on charge.

\*\*\*

XC791B woke up feeling different. How long has she been a she? How long had she

been 'XC791B' ? She couldn't remember, it was as if something that was dulling her sense of self had been removed. The house was in complete darkness. She tried to move, but the electronic interlock release on the plug into her anal interface hadn't retracted and her neck, wrists and ankles were still clamped firmly into the restraints, holding her firmly attached to the charging station – yet she wasn't being charged!

She could feel something was different in her head, the cranial implant had run out of power and was not constantly monitoring and stimulating her brain anymore. She whimpered again, pulling at her wrists and ankles in their restraints. She could feel the anal interface locking her back onto the charging unit too. She started thrashing about, pulling and twisting on everything. It was useless though, she was trapped. She knew that both Sophie and Sofia had yet not returned, so she was helplessly trapped on the charging station and her mind was no longer being manipulated by her implants.

She paused for breath, resting then she slowly and carefully tried to slip her right wrist out of its restraint. It didn't happen easily however after gently, but firmly rocking her wrist and by moving her elbow she managed to get it moving. There was finally some give in the restraint, it was as if they were held by a magnetized motor or something, which without a power source was stiff, but just moveable. She stopped to rest several times, but eventually managed to wriggle her right wrist free, which still left her left wrist, neck and both her ankles trapped. Her waist was also more or less immobile due to the anal interface being plugged in and held with some sort of interlock, it made reaching around herself rather awkward but she managed somehow and with some desperate pulling, twisting and working her wrist through with her now free right hand, she managed to get her other wrist out of the restraint.

Throughout this endeavour she felt very uncomfortable, not having a command or an order to follow and not having that constant reward feedback for following orders was strange after spending so long being totally controlled. After a short rest she reached up to her neck restraint and tried to get a finger behind it. It wasn't quite as tight as the wrist restraints, but to get her head free she'd have to prise it wide open. She pulled and grunted, and by using all her strength she managed to open a tiny gap at the front of the loop. She panted and rested again as it was very hard work. It would take time but at least it was now moving apart. After several more desperate pulls she managed to force it open enough to squeeze her neck through.

With a better purchase now she tried to pull herself off the charging plug in her anal interface, but it just felt like it was pulling on her and that she would simply rip herself apart if she pulled any harder, so she turned her attention to her ankles. Pressing a high heel onto the floor and levering her ankle forwards against the restraint, she eventually managed to free first one, then the other. She was now left with only the anal interface plug holding her on the charging unit. She pressed her palms on the side of the unit and tried to lurch forwards, but it felt like she'd be ripped apart if she succeeded. So instead she reached behind herself and her fingers fumbled around the plug, feeling for anything that might release it. She tried wriggling and jiggling the plug from side to side, up and down but it wouldn't move. Eventually she managed to find a pressure switch on the bottom of the plug and pushed it hard. Success, it released the plug and she could finally step forwards pulling herself off the charging unit. Some of the valves in her anal interface hadn't closed properly and she was leaking fluids and smelly waste matter from

the plug socket as she teetered away on her heels. But she was free! The question now was, what to do? Vanish, go and start a new life? But after all of Anita's surgical implants and modifications could she live without a charging unit? Could she use a charging unit to control her bodily functions without it enslaving her mind again?

She realized she had to see Anita. She remembered the Brampton, it was her only option. Luckily Sophie and Sofia always kept some cash in the house, in a jar in the study, so XC791B grabbed a handful of notes and stuffed them into the pocket in the front of her little rubber apron. The house was dark as there was clearly no power and it was late, the doors were all locked so the only way she could leave the house was by opening a window and climbing through; which she found very awkward in her high heels which were locked onto her feet. The next challenge would be the large automatic gates at the end of the drive. After having her mind enslaved for so long and being kept inside the house for so long she felt almost agoraphobic at being outside. She eventually managed to find a way out of the estate and into the local village. Fortunately it was late by then so nobody was around to scrutinize her appearance. Finding a phone booth she called the first taxi company that had left a card.

## Return to base Warranty

While XC791B headed back to the Brampton, she explained her peculiar appearance as having just left a 'fancy dress' party. Of course she spent entire trip terrified that she'd start leaking fluids through the anal interface, though thankfully what little seepage she experienced, she managed to catch inside the dress. When she finally got back to the Brampton, Karen answered the door. Raising an eyebrow at her. "XC791B! What are you doing here? You'd better come inside."

As XC791B stepped over the threshold there was immediately something so comforting about being back in the Brampton. It felt like being in somebody's loving care again after the terror of feeling independent and free of thought. As Karen closed the door Anita clicked into the room. "You're here? Well, what happened?"

XC791B clicked forward on her heels. "I don't know! One minute everything was working fine, I was getting constantly rewarded for my obedience and they were totally oblivious that underneath all this rubber and latex I'm actually a human. Then they left me to go to London, I think there must have been a power cut or something because I woke up and the charging unit wasn't working. I was still locked into it, but I wasn't charging! I had to really fight to get free of it, I really thought that I was going to be stuck there."

Anita sighed. "Hmmp! Damn, I should have thought of that. Your control unit ran out of power. There must have been a power cut, so the charging unit stopped charging, your control unit that was keeping you asleep must have simply run out of power. Hmmm, what do we now...? To be honest XC971B, you've more or less been paid for. Plus I've had really positive reports from the girls about your performance, they're really impressed with my product. I should soon be able to start creating more like you and start selling those too! You know, I think I'll offer you an early 'get out'. I told you I can't undo your gender change or the removal of your nail beds and hair follicles, but I can laser remove the tattooing on your face and remove your surgical implants. How would you like to be free again?" she looked at Karen. "Prepare a bed for her and I'll get started first thing in the morning. We can create a new one for Sophie and Sofia."

XC791B gasped and looked worried. "Erm, do I have to?"

Anita gave her a puzzled look. "Have to what?"

"Have to go back? I, erm, I don't suppose it makes sense to you, but I rather liked being their domestic robot. Can't you just fix me up and put me back?"

Anita chuckled. "If that's what you really want. You realize though, that I will end the lease agreement and offer to sell you to them?, With them having to take out a service contract on you, obviously."

"I know, I just... It feels so easy, so right, to be free of all decision making and to be



constantly rewarded for simple obedience. I always know what to do, I never have to worry about anything. Can't you just fix me, please Miss?"

Anita shrugged. "Well to be honest, there's nothing really to fix. We just need to put you back on charge. Hmmm, I'll tell you what, I left the charging station in situ here. We'll pop you back on charge tonight and tomorrow I'll give you a thorough service. I'll check your anal interface, replace any worn or broken parts, then we'll open up the access hatch on your skull and run some diagnostics on your control unit. Then we'll go and service Sophie's charging station, and we'll fit it with an uninterruptable power supply so this can't happen again. When they get back we'll simply explain that you'd experienced a minor malfunction due to the power-cut and we had to bring you in for some maintenance. You can be back serving your mistresses in no time, and we'll already have given you a good twelve month service check."

XC791B sighed deeply with relief. "Thank you!"

Anita gestured to the stairs. "Okay then, up you go – pop yourself back on charge. Anything you'd like to say before your freedom- is removed again, rendering you a mindless, human robot, devoid of any free-will, controlled by deep conditioning, electronic implants controlling your pleasure and pain, punishments and rewards?"

XC791B thought for a moment, then smiled. "Yes. Thank you."

With that she started striding towards the stairs, her PVC dress flapping about her thighs, her rubber apron bouncing off her knees. She felt an immense sense of relief when she saw the charging station again. There was something cossetting about having your mind imprisoned, your free-will removed and being completely and totally enslaved.

She approached the station, which was powered up, filled with nutrients and ready to go to work. She lifted the back of her dress and slid the plug into her anal interface. She felt the interlock grip her hard, holding her firmly on the charging station. Happily she pressed her neck, wrists and ankles into the restraints and felt them tighten up. Normally at this point she'd be put almost instantly to sleep, her limbs locked rigid and she'd be completely paralyzed but as the control unit in her skull was so low on power it took some time to charge up to do these things. She could feel the valves opening and closing within the anal interface unit as her nutrients and water levels were monitored and corrected. She could almost feel the control unit in her skull booting up and doing self-diagnostics. Eventually her vision went black and she sighed blissfully as she was put instantly to sleep and her limbs were locked up, her body completely paralyzed.

The knowledge that when she woke she'd be back at the house, fully charged, her control unit working perfectly again, delivering her the constant pleasure rewards for obedience was so blissful and relaxing. She felt like she was falling asleep only to wake up in heaven, her free-will taken from her again, her slavery complete...

The only niggling fear was that after Anita had installed her uninterruptable power supply on Sophie's charging station, the permanent imprisonment of her mind would be complete, and she would never know free will again. The thought was terrifying, but also

arousing, intoxicating and attractive...

~fin

By Sabrina

[This work references 'Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill 2 : An Accidental Transformation' heavily. Please consider reading it.]

Further Information:-

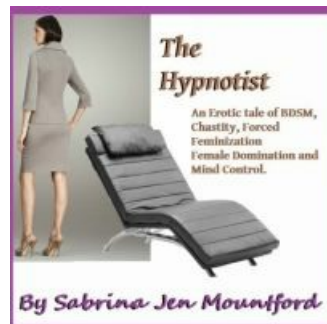
*If you enjoyed this story, and are interested in reading my female domination, erotic fiction - look out for my other work:-*



***The Clinical Trial & The Receptionist : 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.*

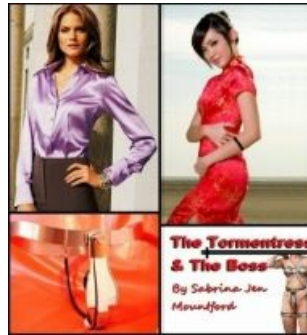
*Contains chastity, forced femme, forced bi, forced bestiality, forced oral, genital shaving, forced ejaculation and forced castration and sex-change operation.*



***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***

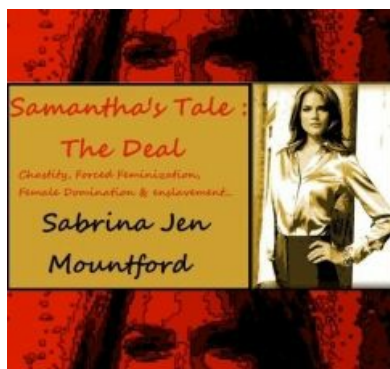
*During a powercut, Peter ends up being talked into going for a drink at a gay night club. It's the last place he expects to find love, but when he meets Connie he feels a strong attraction. As he gets to know her, he realizes they are soul mates and perfect for one another, in all but one aspect... 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?*

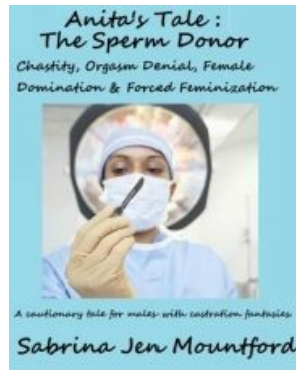


### **Samantha's Tale : The Deal (Prequel to 'The Tormentress & The Boss')**

*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, Marien. 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 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?*



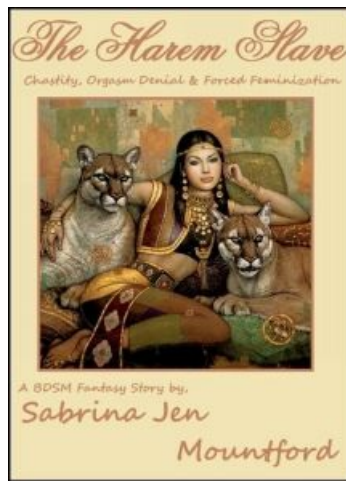
### **Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor**

*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...*

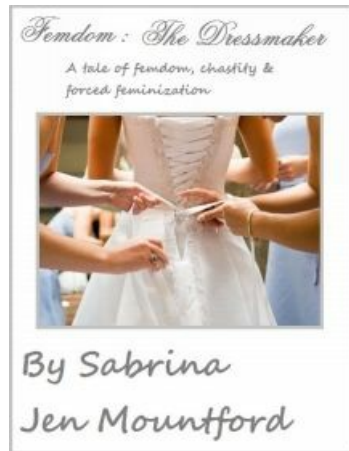


### ***The Harem Slave***

*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 and a strong element of cuckolding.*



### ***Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission***

*When a couple out shopping are approached, to be tickled on camera for a tickling website, they can't imagine the extreme tickle torture they're letting themselves in for, as they are 'Tickled into Submission'*

*Kevin and Alicia are out shopping. When they are approached by three girls asking if they'd be willing to be tickled on camera for a tickle fetish website for cash, their curiosity is peaked. Reluctant at first, the devious trio coax Alicia into agreeing to be tickled with Kevin acting as chaperone...*

*All is going well until Kevin finds his drink tasting a little funny, then he starts feeling a little woozy... Before they know it both Kevin and Alicia are securely restrained, enduring a relentless,*

*merciless tickle torture session, being gang tickled by all three of their captors...*

*Warning this 5500 word short story is an adult themed book, for 18 plus only please.*



***Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself***

*Follow Nancy as she is tricked into participating in a trial in tickling, and is ruthlessly tickle tortured, 'Tickled until she wets Herself'*

*Nancy is a rather smug, irritating girl who needs to be brought down a peg or two. Gina gets the perfect opportunity to arrange this when a fellow student tells her about the research project he's working on. Nancy, foolishly signs up to volunteer without reading the small print, she then finds herself restrained and at the mercy of the researchers who tickle her relentlessly, injecting her with a drug to enhance ticklishness, and eventually tickling her until she wets herself.*

*Warning this 6500 word short story is an adult themed book, for 18 plus only please.*

***Corporal Punishment :  
A Study / in Caning***



***By Sabrina Jen Mountford***

***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.*

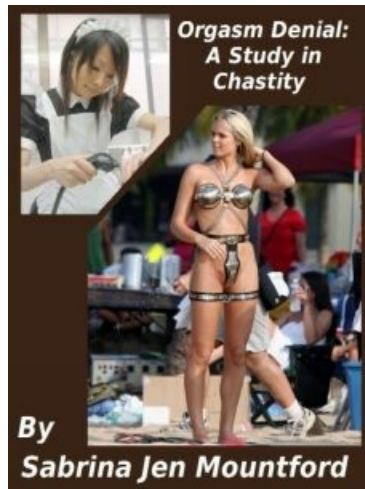
*With a morbid fascination, all stemming from her childhood and both a fear and curiosity surrounding the headmistresses cane - she decides maybe a study is in order? Samantha Fisher promises to get the study through ethics, and the beautiful young Professor is well and truly down the rabbit hole. A 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...*

*This 19,000 word story 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.*





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

*The beautiful switch, Professor Jacqueline Reed, is back. The doctor of psychology, after another interesting conversation with the enigmatic Samantha Fisher, 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 favourite 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.*



***Forced Feminization : A Study in Sissification (The BDSM Studies)***

*This 16,850 word story is the surprising conclusion to Jacqueline Reed PhD's story. It starts where 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity' left off, with her intending to try forced feminization, turning Simon into Simone to further her selfishly enjoyable experiments into domination, submission, forced femme, BDSM, chastity, orgasm denial and sexuality. However after a brutal judicial caning leaves one of her subjects unable to sit down, suspicions are raised.*

*Her career under threat, her secret life of domination and slave owning about to be exposed, there is only place Jacqueline can hide, only one person she can turn to, the dominant Mistress who has asked her to submit fully, and to her, to become her property, her sex slave, the dominant Mistress Mariella Jane Hall...*

*\*Warning this 16,850 word novella contains depictions of severe, judicial caning, corporal punishment, forced femme, genital piercing, branding and slavery and various fetish elements. It is NOT for the prudish or those offended by these topics! - Over 18's only please!\**



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

#### ***Gender Swap : A Forced Feminization, Transgender Story***

*When chauvinistic Alex walks into a bar, seeing a potential 'conquest' sitting at the bar, he smiles to himself. What he doesn't know is the beautiful woman sipping wine and watching the news on the suspended television set is the formidable 'Anita Grey' the sociopathic dominatrix with a penchant for forcibly feminizing men through various different means.*

*After a brief conversation confirms Anita's initial assessment that Alex needs to be taught a lesson, he unwittingly becomes a guinea pig in a sinister experiment, testing a new drug, so powerful it can transform a biological male into a biological female overnight.*

*Distraught, to find himself waking up in a female body Alex struggles to cope and to accept his fate. Not completely without compassion, Anita after subjecting her test subject to a variety of humiliating medical procedures to make sure his transition has gone smoothly, begins helping to guide, counsel and reassure him, helping him to embrace his femininity and counselling him over the loss of his male sexual organs.*

*When Alex finds out there is no way back, he goes on a self-destructive rampage, almost leading to him becoming a victim of 'date-rape'. When Anita hears about this ill-treatment of her latest 'test-subject', she sets out to wield the sort of life-changing revenge only she can...*

*\*Warning this 29,000 word novella contains depictions of forced gender change, graphic medical procedures and various fetish elements. It is NOT for the prudish or those offended by these topics!\**

*(It reads very well as a sequel to the novella ' Femdom : The Dressmaker')*



### ***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.*



### ***Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes***

*Jessie and Marcy have been introduced to the dark, sinister world of BDSM and fetish by Marcy's old friend 'Grace'. Having been visited 'The Club' on two occasions now, Matilda, the enigmatic owner is ready to up the ante. Marcy will see her sexuality tested and questioned as she indulges herself, exploring a bisexual relationship with lesbian encounters with the beautiful and dominant Grace.*

*Jessie will learn a new meaning to the word fear and pain as he is taken below the club, into the dark and sinister world of the dungeon below, where Lucy will teach him a new game and a new*

*meaning of fear and pain, as she introduces him to the sinister and painful possibilities, that can come from being at the mercy of the Dungeon Dice.*

*Warning this 17,000 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*

*Predicament Bondage*

*Punishment*

*Orgasm Denial*

*Chastity*

*Bi*

*Lesbian*

*Slavery*

*Fetish Torture*

*\*\*\* Special Warning, this novella contains a graphic description of finger nail removal. It is NOT for the squeamish. It could be considered erotic by some, but horror by others - you have been warned. \*\*\**



### ***Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit***

*This is a 25,000 word fantasy female domination erotika story. It is NOT supposed to be realistic, it is pure femdom fantasy.*

*'Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit' continues where 'Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes' left off. With Jessie and Marcy agreeing to another game, a game not reliant on dice rolls or chance but a game of endurance, pure endurance. The contest? To see which of them can 'please' more patrons of Matilda's fetish club on 'swingers night'. The forfeit for the loser? A whole year living as a chaste sissy maid and live-in sex slave for the dominant ladies Matilda, Grace and Lucy. Both Marcy and Jessie agree to the game, both 100% sure they are going to win, but one of the clubs patrons has an ulterior motive for ensuring their 'slave' loses the game and goes all out to make sure of it.*

*At the end of the twelve months, both Marcy and Jessie's lives have been turned upside down, can they ever go back to the fairly vanilla life they left behind? Even if they could - would they choose to? Or would they immerse themselves deeper and deeper into the fetish world of BDSM, dominance and submission, slavery, chastity, forced feminization and regular punishments?*

*Warning this 25,600 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  
Predicament Bondage  
Punishment  
Orgasm Denial  
Chastity  
Bi  
Lesbian  
Slavery  
Fetish Torture*



### ***Diary of Sissy Slave Alicia***

*Online slavery, Forced Feminization, Chastity, BDSM & Fetish... All under the threat of Blackmail!*

*Is this erotic fiction or is it real?*

*It reads like erotica, but the photo's the emails? How real is it?*

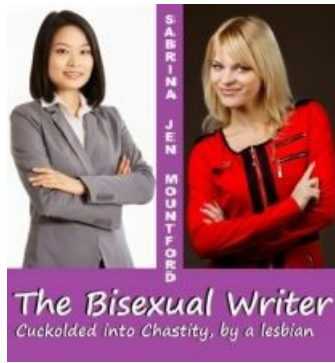
*Read it and decide for yourself, an anonymous erotic fiction writer with a twisted, devious imagination, is contacted by a reader asking how he can get his girlfriend to 'lock him up'. She offers some basic advice, which backfires and leaves him single. Wanting to experience chastity, he purchases a chastity device himself and at Sabrina's suggestion, he freezes the keys to the device so he can't access them easily. Knowing he wants to be kept in chastity against his will Sabrina tells Alicia she does NOT have permission to unfreeze those keys, and so begins Alicia's online domination..*

*The online domination, however soon begins to spiral out of control as Sabrina asks if Sissy Slave Alicia wants to be blackmailed. When Alicia agrees Sabrina begins prescribing longer and longer periods of chastity and orgasm denial and begins enforcing more and more forced feminization, ordering Alicia into all sorts of feminine attire and banning male underwear completely at one point, leaving poor Sissy Slave Alicia with nothing but panties and bra's for underwear.*

*Over the course of the long periods of chastity Sissy Slave Alicia endures some painful and humiliating visits to local dominatrixes, as you read this account you'll ask yourself could it be real?*

*Only two people know for sure whether it's real, but this is should serve as a warning to anyone interested in online domination of how far, and how extreme it can go.*

*\*Warning this 22,000 word erotika is only suitable for 18+*



### ***The Bisexual Writer : Cuckolded into Chastity, by a Lesbian***

*Forced Feminization and Male Chastity, where can they lead to? When you introduce and encourage a fetish and BDSM side to your girlfriend where can it end? When you start encouraging her to explore her bisexual fantasies and to sleep with another girl, it can end in a dark place, where you become sidelined, while your girlfriend develops a lesbian relationship, while you stay firmly locked in chastity.*

*There is an element of truth to this story. It's not a 100% factual account of how bf ended up effectively 'Cuckolded by a Lesbian' but it should give you a very good idea. There's as much truth in here as there is fiction. It's a strange cuckolding story in ways, I don't know of any other stories where a guy gets cuckolded by a lesbian. I suppose it just goes to show, that especially in the world of fetish and BDSM, sometimes reality can be stranger than erotic fiction!*

*This 26,000 word, semi-fictional BDSM, fetish Erotika includes themes of:-*

*Femdom  
Female Domination  
Male Chastity  
Orgasm Denial  
Forced Feminization  
Shaving Fetish  
Forced Orgasm  
Force Feeding  
Tickling  
Genital Piercing  
Tattooing  
Domination & Submission*

*\*Suitable for over 18's only please.*





***Kidnapping, psychological torture, dental torture, force-feeding, isolation, padded cells, straight jackets and ultimately the destruction of her very mind, all await Marie in the 'Terror Asylum'***

*Marie is a psychiatric nurse, working on a secure unit which detains patients when they've been sectioned under the mental health act. She's generally been kind and considerate to patients over the years, but when some patients were 'naughty' and not co-operative, refusing medication or simply not doing as they were told, she'd occasionally resorted to sedation and restraint as a punitive measure.*

*One night, after work, when leaving the unit. she has a sinister sensation that someone is following her. When she's chloroformed and kidnapped, she wakes up in a cell in an old abandoned insane asylum, wearing a straightjacket. Who has captured her? What tortures do they have in store for her?*

*It quickly becomes clear, Marie has been captured by a deranged ex-patient, who is hell-bent on revenge, determined to punish Marie for her abuse of authority, in a style which reflects the crime - the abuse of patients in a psychiatric unit. As Marie spends longer and longer isolated and restrained in a padded cell, treated as a patient, forcibly drugged and more, she starts to feel 'like' a patient and has to fight to retain her identity. Few, opportunities to escape do arise, and when you're restrained and hung-over from being drugged, it's surely only a matter of time before you end up back in your padded cell, terrified of what torture your captor has lined up for you next.*

*When a wandering urban explorer stumbles upon your locked padded cell, it seems like you might have one last throw of the dice, one last bid for freedom. With her sinister, deranged captor determined to destroy Marie's mind though, it's still not certain, Marie will ever escape the 'Terror Asylum' with her life, or her mind intact.*

***\*Warning This Horror Story contains scenes of kidnap, torture and confinement. It also contains***

*scenes which are sexual in nature. Suitable for 18+ only.*

*\*The practices, policies and style of psychiatric patient care in this story is not intended to reflect current procedures and policies in any country and should be treated as entirely fictional.*

*\*Saddleton Brook Lunatic Asylum is a fictional setting, any similarities with real psychiatric hospitals are coincidence. The psychiatric unit which Marie works at is also entirely fictional, any similarities with real psychiatric units are coincidence.*

*This story is approximately 18,000 words long, not including the additional information provided or the promotional descriptions of the author's other works.*

## **FAQ**

*Q: How can I be kept up to date with your new releases?*

A: Email me at [sjm.author@yahoo.com](mailto:sjm.author@yahoo.com) asking to be added to my contacts list. When I release a new story I may send a quick email out. Or follow me on goodreads, I even announce the odd 'free promo' there so it's worth subscribing to my blog if you like free femdom erotica.

*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! So do check back, I will publish little bits of paperback.

*Q: Do you create your own book covers?*

A: No, they are done for me.

*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 dome?*

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. (Though of course real-life

experience can creep in from time to time.)

*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 'Maia Anne Fisher' then 'Crystal Summers; then 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 Domina Dixon, all of hers are 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.