



Orgasm Denial: A Study in Chastity



By

Sabrina Jen Mountford

Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity

Prologue

Jacqueline Reed was back in the University café, sipping her coffee, reading the newspaper. It had been an interesting two semesters. After the startling results from the study into caning, she'd expected to have a paper published and have made a real name for herself in the academic world of psychology. As it happened nobody had accepted the results, doubts were raised over the validity of the study and demands for a larger study with a more controlled application of CP and a clear correlation between performance and the amount of 'CP' subjects received.

Of course, trying to acquire the funding for a trial like this, and getting enough volunteers to meet the criteria proved difficult. It was a pity really; she'd enjoyed painting stripes on Celeste and Simon's bottoms. Celeste and Simon too, had enjoyed the CP. Jacqueline's tutorials had been the highlight of their week, and not for Jacqueline's sternly given advice on note-taking or her challenging 'tests', but for post-tutorial correction. Being locked into the pillory, then having electrodes attached to their genitals before being mercilessly caned and forced to orgasm had been a surreal phantasm of forbidden pleasure – that stayed with them for many hours afterwards, every time.

Simon entered the Café, he saw Jacqueline and after quickly buying a coffee and a doughnut walked over to her.

“Morning Miss.”

“Good Morning Simon, how are you?”

“May I sit down please miss?”

She gestured towards the empty chair at the opposite side of the table. He took the seat, scraping the chair quietly in as he took his place at her table. The fact that she'd been mercilessly caning him all semester, administering punishment after punishment, while monitoring and comparing his arousal response to being caned to that of being forced to orgasm... It gave him a deep, deep submission to

her. She was so beautiful, she was amazing, although he knew she was over ten years older than him, he honestly thought she was the most attractive woman he'd ever met. He sipped his coffee quietly, then looked up. "Miss, erm, You're not going to be tutoring us this semester are you?"

She smiled and shook her head. "No, I'm afraid not. I'm sure your new tutor will be fine though."

He looked awkward, embarrassed almost at this point. "Miss, I erm, I wanted to know if erm, if I could erm, still see you for correction."

She smiled warmly at him, at this mention of the brutal canings she'd been administering, leaning forwards. "You like me punishing you so much? Dear me, Simon... The study is over, I wrote my paper, it's finished, I don't think it would be appropriate for one of your tutors, a lecturer in fact, I'm going to be lecturing this semester! I don't think it would be perceived as appropriate for me to be administering your corporal punishment – much as I enjoy correcting you."

He sighed. "No, I suppose not miss."

"I thought you and Celeste were *ahem* couldn't you get Celeste to correct you?"

"I erm, it well, erm it wouldn't be the same. We take it in turns and it's kind of fun and enjoyable, but it's not erm, well... It feels different, I understand though. I wouldn't want you to put your career at risk for me."

"Oh Simon, that's very sweet of you to say. I'll tell you what, seeing as you've enjoyed being my 'test subject' so much over the last two semesters, how about I contact you if I'm doing any more interesting studies?"

He smiled at her. "Thanks miss, I'd like that. I've got to go; I have a lecture at ten."

He gulped his coffee down and darted off.

Jacqueline then heard a familiar voice from over her shoulder. It was unmistakably the confident voice of the enigmatic Samantha Fisher. "Well,

well, more interesting studies? I read your work on the benefits of administering CP as a means of improving performance. I found it very interesting.”

Jacqueline span in her seat to see Samantha sitting behind her, “Ahhh, Miss Fisher... What did you think of my research?”

“Like I said, interesting. I’m not sure I was entirely surprised by the conclusion. In my experience, most people have a burning desire to be under others control, to be submissive, and accepting corporal punishment is a clear way of doing so. Particularly men, most men I believe want to submit, to be dominated. I found it interesting that your results with a female subject mirrored the male’s results. I tend to find males respond better to domination.”

Jacqueline went a little red, her experience of the last two semesters not being the source of embarrassment, but the very candid way Samantha talked about it. She smiled. “You seem to be very knowledgeable about these topics Miss Fisher.”

“Oh I am, I’ve been doing my own ‘studies’ as you call them into domination and submission for some time. All unofficial of course. I’m writing a book about the topic at the moment as it happens, a blueprint for a more peaceful, harmonious future.”

“You think a more corporal punishment can bring about world peace?”

“Not strictly speaking, there are many forms of domination like I said. Pain, accepting pain being administered to you by another is simply one way. It’s nothing to do with the pain, it’s all about relinquishing control.”

The academic in her was now interested, she leaned closer. “So what other ways are there exactly?”

“Oh, lots of ways. Bondage is a good example. Allowing a person to restrain you, in such a way that it is inescapable, that’s always a good one. Then there’s the humiliation side of things, forced feminization – men are very susceptible to being coerced into ladies lingerie and clothes. It’s silly really, they’re only an X Y Chromosome away from being female anyway, all of the cultural and social rules about appearance and the difference between male and female attire are artificial, created by society. If you think about it, at certain points in history,

trousers weren't even invented for example, and there were times when it was normal for both men and women to wear make-up. Regardless of how silly it seems, gently persuading a reluctant male into female attire makes him feel deliciously vulnerable."

Jacqueline chuckled softly at this. "It's funny you should mention it, but when I saw Mariella Jane Hall she had a male submissive in lingerie. He was wearing something else too though, a little plastic thing on his bits."

"See through? With a padlock on it?"

"That's right!"

"Ahhhh, sounds like a chastity device, hardly surprising."

"Hmmm, Mistress Hall called it that too."

"They are a very useful tool for dominating submissive slaves. You lock into onto their sensitive parts so it cannot be removed. Then they are totally reliant on the key holder for sexual pleasure – that's powerful."

"It is?"

"Women tend to be different, not always, but we tend to be able to go for long periods without orgasms. Men on the other hand find this very hard to do, particularly young men. Women produce a small amount of Testosterone, in their adrenal glands, but those little sphere's, dangling underneath a man's penis – they are testosterone super factories, churning it out at an amazing rate, even in older men. The systems that control hormone release are complex of course, but the effects are powerful. Testosterone builds up all the time a male isn't having orgasms, as it increases, it increases his desire to orgasm. The evolutionary purpose of this is quite simple, in our primate relatives, it's clearly visible as the 'feed or breed' mechanism. It ensures the male balances his time efficiently between spreading his genes for the survival of his species and seeking food – for his own survival."

The professor was shaking her head, trying to take this in. It sounded sort of plausible, but was the science sound? Samantha continued.

“Anyway, there’s become a flaw in humans, the way it’s supposed to work, is males are supposed to have to seek ‘permission’ from the female or something, to impress her, and to compete with other males for females. That’s why in most species, it tends to be the males with the brighter plumage or the most striking physical attributes, they are supposed to compete for females, because they are essentially competing for orgasms. The way they compete is two-fold, firstly, they need to compete against other males for the females, secondly they need to please, or impress a female for permission to mate, or orgasm if you like. Now the trouble with human males, is, as a side-effect of their excellent manual dexterity, fine motor-control and self-awareness, capability of independent thought – they have found a means of bypassing the physiological, biological system which is supposed to manage and control their behaviour. The way they do that is by stimulating themselves to orgasm, or masturbating. I don’t know if it’s unique in human males, but I know human males are the most prolific masturbators. Most young men will masturbate two or three times a day. Now can you imagine what happens when you prevent a man from masturbating? I’ll tell you what happens, their testosterone levels remain high and they get stuck in ‘breed’ mode, where they naturally do the things which are likely to lead to an orgasm, because they are desperate. Now if you, YOU specifically can grant that orgasm, because you hold the key to his chastity device, he will be bound by biological and chemical processes to try to please you. Eventually, after long enough in strict chastity, he’ll do anything to get you to grant an orgasm.”

The professor assembled the information in her head in a way that made sense. It seemed absurd, but what the enigmatic Samantha Fisher was saying made a certain amount of sense. Of course the professor had spent a long time studying psychology – but the parts about hormones and biochemical processes controlling behaviour, it reminded her of ‘A level’ biology and rang true to what she remembered.

“Hmmm, you’re making me think of interesting studies to conduct!”

“Good, I liked your study in corporal punishment, I think you should do a study which looks at and tests the use of orgasm denial to control and modify behaviour. A word though, you can enhance the testosterone build-up in males by raising their arousal levels, you should incorporate that into the study.”

“How do you know all this?”

“I was interested, I spent a long time studying it, I’ve done experiments of my own. You should perhaps pay Mistress Hall another visit, she might be able to offer you some advice.”

“Hmmm, perhaps I’ll do that... Though I’m not sure I can see how all this relates to your ‘blueprint for a brighter future’ or whatever.”

“Ahhh, well think about it. Look at primate behaviour! The females tend to share care of the young, and resources and generally don’t compete, they are much more likely to collaborate. Males on the other hand are programmed to compete, to try to influence events by force. I’m quite convinced most of our wars and a great deal of suffering in the world, has come about because of male dominance. If women were in charge – the world would be a more peaceful place, I’m sure. Especially if it was mandatory, that all males had a female owner, who kept them in strict chastity indefinitely, except for when the need to procreate arises.”

Jacqueline chuckled to herself. “That’s quite a radical future you’re suggesting – I don’t see how it could ever come about.”

Samantha shrugged. “Unfortunately I can’t either, but I suppose we can always hope can’t we? It’s been great catching up, see Mistress Hall again, propose a study into chastity – I’ll make sure it passes ethics.”

Jacqueline shrugged, “Alright, I will.”

Return to Mariella Jane Hall

It had been with some excitement, and some trepidation that Professor Jacqueline had contacted Mistress Hall again. The memory of being in the pillory, inescapably restrained, gagged, caned until she was in tears and squeaking for mercy through her gag, then having nipple clamps and weights attached to her breasts and being forced to allow the dominant Mariella to bring her to orgasm – under threat of receiving a hundred strokes of the cane. She’d never had what she could describe as a lesbian experience before that day, and it felt so wrong, all the time, she’d felt Mariella’s hand stroking, rubbing her labia and clitoris, and gently probing her vagina, she been feeling almost violated, it felt so wrong, so taboo... But the fear of another hundred strokes, on her already red raw and sore, bare bottom, it had been an exquisitely submissive pleasure

and possibly the most powerful orgasm she'd ever experienced.

Now she was at the dominatrix's impressive house, having rung the bell, waiting for the door to open. She was dressed in one of her work outfits, the slim black skirt with the belt and the creamy beige top. When the door opened Mariella Jane Hall was wearing a pair of smart beige trousers and a light cream blouse, with some beige, strappy high heel shoes. She looked professional and immaculately presented.

"Ahhh, Professor Reed, so good to see you again. Won't you come in?"

"Thanks."

She followed the dominatrix into her house, as they walked Mariella spoke over her shoulder. "Would you like a cup of tea? Or should we get you straight into the pillory and start administering your punishment?"

Jacqueline quivered with excitement at the thought, part of her in sudden fear, but at the same time excited. It was a beautiful paradox of contradiction, a terrible fear and a burning desire at the same time. "I... I... Could I have a cup of tea please?"

Mariella nodded and led the way into her large modern kitchen gesturing towards the stools at the breakfast bar, "Please, have a seat – what exactly can I do for you today Professor? You were a little vague on the phone."

"I um, I want to propose another study, I want to conduct a study on the use of chastity for behaviour modification and performance enhancement."

Mariella chuckled as she filled the kettle and flicked the switch on. "Orgasm denial... How fascinating, I take it my good friend Samantha put you up to it?"

"Yes, how did you..."

"Oh a shared colleague, a retired professional dominatrix, Serena Carlotti, she mentioned something about it..."

Mariella popped teabags into the tea pot and smiled, "Hmmm, its Friday today isn't it? I think I should give you a good practical lesson in chastity and orgasm

denial.”

“How do you mean?”

“You’ll see, you wait here while I go and get you something, we’ll get you sorted out, while the tea brews.”

Before Jacqueline could respond Mariella swept away down the corridor. She wasn’t gone for long, when she returned she was carrying a large, clanging box of metal parts. She dropped them onto the kitchen table, then turned to the professor, “Okay, stand up, strip...”

“Bu...”

“No butts, you want to learn about orgasm denial and chastity – this is the best way for you to understand it. Strip!”

Jacqueline was shaking again, the commanding voice of Mariella Jane Hall had a profound effect on her. Normally, anyone else, she would have refused outright, but there was something about the dominant Mistress, maybe their past experience together? Submitting to Mariella had made Jacqueline almost feel a sense of being ‘owned’ a duty to be obedient, she slowly slipped her high heels off and unfastened her belt.

“Down to underwear?”

“Everything, I want you naked slave.”

She shuddered, but the act of submitting, of continuing to obey sent a wave of submissive pleasure through her. She removed her top, and nylons, then her skirt. As she pulled her knickers down she almost whispered under her breath. “Yes mistress.”

Her hands were shaking as she tried to reach behind to unclip her cream, satin, embroidered bra. Mariella stepped up and helped. Thankfully it was warm in the kitchen and private, even so Jacqueline found herself quivering with anxiety.

Mariella reached into her box and pulled out a note-book and a tailors measuring tape.

“There, that’s a good little slave, now I’m going to measure you up, and assemble a form fitting chastity belt and chastity bra for you. As I measure you up, I want you to think about something. Did I ask you this last time you paid me a visit? Do you want a safe-word?”

Jacqueline stood shivering with vulnerability, almost visibly shaking, “A safe wor-“

“Bear in mind Professor, when I lock you into your chastity devices and become your key holder, our session will become indefinitely long. I can send you away in chastity, keeping you nice and snugly locked up for as long as I see fit.”

“I want a safe word!”

“But then, are you really being dominated then? If at any time you can force me to release you? Will it feel real? Or will it feel like you are in control? Submission is about relinquishing control, as long as you have a safe word, then really... It is you who are in control.”

Jacqueline thought about it, goose-bumps were growing on her skin, not from cold but from nervousness. While she was thinking about it she felt the tape being passed all around her naked crotch, her waist, her breasts...

She imagined how she would feel and realised Mariella was right. Twelve months ago it wouldn’t have bothered her, being without orgasms. But conducting the study with Simon and Celeste, it had sent her into a state of almost permanent arousal, and she’d often found herself having some quiet time alone, reaching for her crotch. Her voice shaking she looked at Mariella, “I... I don’t want a safe word, I want to be completely under your control.”

Mariella smiled warmly, “Good, good girl... In that case I have a special surprise for you. I’ve taken the measurements I need and I have the right parts to fit you out. Stand with your feet a little apart, hands in the air and close your eyes.”

Jacqueline followed the instruction, and soon felt cold steel being wrapped around her waist, then the cold steel front plate being pulled up against her crotch, squeezing her labia and clitoris through a slit. “Keep still now...”

Now she felt a cold steel cups being gently offered up to her breasts, then the steel strap was on, the chain halter-neck having been passed over her neck.

“Keep your eyes shut, we’re nearly done.”

She felt chains being attached holding the bra to the belt, then steel thigh loops being attached to the top of her thighs, and chained together, and to the chastity belt.

“You can open your eyes now.”

Jacqueline lowered her arms and looked down her polished steel ensemble and gasped. Her legs were locked together by steel thigh loops, so wearing jeans or trousers would be out of the question, the bra and belt were very form fitted and it was impossible to slide a finger behind any of it.

“Why the bra too?”

“Oh, when a female slave is really aroused, she can sometimes get a great deal of pleasure from playing with her sensitive nipples. I am simply preventing that from happening. Now look at your crotch, can you see your labia lips poking through the slit? Have a look – I’m about to lock your front shield in place, it will be the last time you see them in some time.”

She looked down, she was almost dripping juices she was so aroused. Watching Mariella offer up the solid with holes drilled in front plate and lock it in place only exacerbated the arousal. As the final lock snapped into place, Mariella hung the keys on a necklace around her neck, so they dangled provocatively between her breasts, while Jacqueline watched shaking. As she tucked the keys into her blouse she smiled, “Good... You’re mine now... You look aroused at this circumstance – why don’t you see if you can pleasure yourself? You can lie on the couch there.”

Jacqueline normally wouldn’t consider this in front of another person, but the whole situation had turned her world upside down and inside out – she was so aroused, it felt like she could come with the slightest stimulation. Carefully she lay on the cream leather sofa in the kitchen and began exploring her chastity ensemble. It was very well fitted, wherever she tried to slide a finger, there

simply wasn't room. If she'd been able to open her legs it might have offered some give, but the thigh loops and chain prevent any opening at all. She eventually found the front shield, the gap between the front shield and her labia was tiny, she tried rubbing the front shield itself, but no stimulation got through at all.

Starting to feel frustrated and desperate she tried for the bra, but it was locked tightly on and didn't offer a hairs breadth to get in. Almost in tears with arousal and frustration she looked pleadingly at Mariella. "It's no use, I can't get any sensation anywhere!"

"Of course not! You're not supposed to! Well, I say not supposed to, you see what I've locked you into is an arousal punishing chastity bra, it has little spikes closing around your nipples. When you become aroused your nipples will become hard and erect, causing them to foul on the spikes, causing great pain. Now I've also locked you into a special arousal belt, you haven't felt it yet, because the 'arouser' is locked off. You want some arousal? Come and stand in front of me, and I'll lock the 'arouser' on for you... I warn you though you will experience severe discomfort."

Jacqueline climbed to her feet shakily and approached, she could then feel the spikes in the bra just starting to bite, making her grasp the bra, clawing at it. "Aaaargh! Get it off!"

"Shhhh, calm down, let the arousal fade – there... I'm not taking it off – I'm going to leave you in it. Any complaints and I will have you back in the pillory for a hundred strokes of the cane – clear? Good. Now I'm going to lock the arouser-"

"I don't want it!"

"Shhh, it doesn't matter what you want, I want to lock your 'arouser' on so that's how it's going to be. Any more complaints and I'll cane your bottom so hard you can't sit down for a month."

Jacqueline felt defeated she stood and waited, "Yes Mistress."

Mariella reached down to the belt with a tiny, tiny, intricate key and clicked a tiny lock on the belt. The effect was immediate. She felt something soft gently

brush over her clitoris and labia. It was as if there was a soft rotary brush, on a low friction spinner or something, hidden inside the belt. Every tiny movement sent the spinner whirring around brushing her labia and clitoris. It was so arousing, but it was a gentle stimulus and it would clearly never be enough for her to orgasm. “Try walking around slave.”

Jacqueline tried a short stroll, as she did the spinner brushed and brushed her labia and clitoris making her quiver with arousal. She could feel her nipples becoming erect and had to immediately try to keep still and think un-arousing thoughts. It was impossible of course, in this situation she was so aroused, trying not to be aroused to evade the oncoming pain would be clearly impossible. Soon she was clawing at her steel bra cups, whimpering softly.

Of course Mariella Jane Hall was finding this very amusing indeed. Chuckling softly, as Jacqueline clawed and grasped at her steel cups, while trying to avoid moving and triggering more arousal. Jacqueline felt defeated, and almost whimpered. “Please, please get it off!”

“No... Quiet your mind, try to relax, try to picture yourself, as a robot-like, unemotional, almost asexual individual and stand still... There, good girl.”

“When are you letting me out mistress?”

“Oh, I don’t know, I think it suits you! Maybe I should keep you in it forever?”

Jacqueline gasped softly, “But, but, my perio-“

“Your menstrual cycle isn’t my concern. Hygiene will be difficult, but not impossible, you’ll have to buy pads instead of tampons and wear them outside the belt, make sure you keep yourself clean, we don’t want you getting poorly do we? I suggest using the shower head to give yourself a good, thorough cleaning.”

“But, the thigh loops! I won’t be able to wear-“

“Not my problem, you should have no problems in dresses and skirts, consider jeans and trousers off the menu for now.”

“I need to know when you’re letting me out!”

“Well, let’s say I’m giving you today’s session as treat, a personal favour, but as I’ve decided to do this, you’re going to have to earn your way out. Maybe it’ll take weeks? Maybe months? Maybe years? I’ve decided you’re staying belted and bra’d until you’ve learned humility and subservience, until you’ve sufficiently served and obeyed me, to deserve to be released. Until that time I want you to consider yourself - my property. Do you understand?”

Jacqueline was swimming in waves of submissiveness. The sense of being denied was strong, the feeling of being owned, of being the property of Mistress Hall had a profound effect on her. She sighed deeply, “Yes Mistress.”

Mariella smiled, “Good, here’s how it’s going to work. I think I shall stay in Manchester for a while; it’s a city I’ve never explored. You have an apartment correct? Well, consider it mine until I decide you have earned your release – I shall allow you to stay with me of course, provided you are good, and nice and obedient. For now, I think you should get your uniform on and start work - you have a lot to do.”

“Uniform? Work? What do you mea-“

“We’re staying here tonight, so you’re going to clean the house top to bottom, then cook me some dinner, then we’ll have to deal with slave Sally I’m afraid before we settle in for the night. Any complaints, or slacking and I will have you back in my pillory for a hundred strokes? Are we clear?”

Jacqueline felt like she’d switched lives with someone at this point, her third floor office, her apartment, her lectures it all seemed a universe away. She nodded feeling a wave of submissive pleasure flow through her because of her acceptance, “Yes Mistress.”

“Good girl, then run along and get into your uniform.”

Maid to Work

By the time Jacqueline had climbed the stairs, her legs were shaking.

Every step had sent the tiny soft brush spinning rapidly, teasing her and arousing her. As she became aroused the cruel chastity bra bit into her expanding nipples,

sending sharp pains through her breasts and making her whimper. Of course the thigh loops meant climbing the stairs required a little more care than it usually did. When she entered the neatly presented room and looked at her so-called 'uniform' she gasped. It was a satin, heavily woven, thickly lined maids dress, with a thin trim of white around the short sleeves and a little white collar. The skirt of the dress had a steel band sewn into the waistband and a steel plastic coated cord attached. The zipper had an open padlock and there were eyelets at the neck-line.

Clearly the design was such that once the wearer was locked in to the dress it would be impossible to remove without the padlock being unlocked. Next to the dress were, a simple practical apron, with frills around the edge and a stainless steel collar, which had leather wrist cuffs and ankle cuffs attached on a long length of chain. Finally there was a small maids cap.

The sight of this attire, the knowledge that it was laid out for her, that she was fated to wear it, that her owner had ordered to put it on, and that she had to obey – it was too much. Without even having to move she began to feel aroused and was soon sobbing and grasping at her steel cups, hoping for the arousal to fade. Her nipples were aching, but nothing she could do offered any relief. She clawed, and clawed at them, until she heard a voice echo from downstairs, "Slave girl! The quicker you get dressed and begin work, the quicker it will take your mind off it."

Her movements were laboured and slow, constantly battling the severe pain in her trapped nipples. She stepped into the dress first, putting one leg on either side of the steel loop and pulled it up over her shoulders. It was an excellent fit, almost form fitted. The lining was soft and silky and as she pulled the zipper up she realised how tight it was, she had to breathe in deeply to get the zipper past her waist. When she breathed out she felt like she was wearing a tightly laced corset, holding her in and making breathing difficult. When it reached the eyelets at the top she knew what she had to do. Slowly, she picked up the padlock and slipped it in the eyelets and pressed it closed with a snap.

The snap of the lock, the beautiful, but uncomfortable dress, now locked onto her... It had her fighting back the arousal again. The dress being removed from the bed, a set of silky black stockings and five inch heels with locking ankle straps were revealed. She donned the stockings next, finding they had an attachment to fit to the chastity belt. Then she slipped her feet into the locking

heels and pulled the ankle straps tight, one after the other. The padlocks locked on with a snap, making her quiver with fear and excitement. She didn't normally wear a high heel, usually a four inch was as high as she could tolerate for any length of time, but here, now, her mind being scrambled with frustration and submissiveness she found herself locking herself into five inch heels, with no hope of removing them until Mistress Mariella decided to unlock them.

The shoes arched her feet uncomfortably and compressed her toes almost painfully, almost as soon as she'd snapped the locks on she started to regret it. She wiggled them and tried to adjust them to make them more comfortable, but they were firmly in an uncomfortable position and there was nothing she could do about it now.

Next she locked her steel collar on, and wrist cuffs and ankle cuffs. The final touch was to fix the little maids cap into her hair and tie her apron on. The cuffs attached to the collar by a chain, restricting movement, not enough to make working impossible, but enough to make it difficult. Slowly, wobbling in her locking high-heels and quivering from the arouser, stimulating her sexual organs she made her way back down the stairs. It was difficult in the high-heels, she had to hold on tight to the handrail and in doing so her spare hand couldn't stray more six or seven inches from the handrail.

She reached the bottom and clicked her heels through the house to find Mariella sitting in the kitchen, reading the newspaper. She looked up as Jacqueline shakily clicked onto the kitchen floor tiles. "Ahhh, you're here. I was beginning to think you'd gotten lost. I hope the tea isn't stewed... Hmmph! Seeing as you've taken so long, I think it's only right that I should begin by taking you over my knee."

Jacqueline shuddered and shook her head, sending the arouser spinning frantically, working her to an aroused state and causing her to bend forwards and grimace as her nipples screamed at her, as they expanded into the spiked traps in the steel cups.

Mariella span on her chair and pressed her knees together. "Come on professor, over my knee."

Jacqueline, her chains jangling, positioned herself over Mariella's knee, feeling the arouser spin furiously and her nipples stinging. Mariella's hand carefully

lifted the hem of the dress and tucked it into the waist strap of the apron, revealing her pert bare bottom. The belt had a plastic coated steel cord passing tightly between her butt cheeks, clearly when she pooped she would have to try to hold the cable out of the way. Of course there was also a second similar cable holding the dress on. Mariella's hand caressed her bare bottom first, playfully, stroking it... Then the smack.

Jacqueline squeaked with pain and pleasure as her bottom felt the sting of Mariella hand, her groin felt the spinning arouser, teasing her, stimulating her, and the spikes in the bra piercing her nipples painfully.

Mariella was gripping her forcefully, her wrists were firmly held, her head was pressed forwards by Mariella's elbow pushing into the nape of her neck. The strokes came fast and hard. They were stinging blows, making her squeak with pain, and wriggle each time. Jacqueline didn't know what was worse, the pain from the harsh, severe spanking she was receiving, or the spikes biting into her nipples as she became more and more aroused.

When Mariella eventually allowed her up, her nipples felt like they were burning. She was dripping with juices, she was so aroused, a tiny trickle of clear, viscous liquid escaping the belt and soiling the tiles. Mariella pointed to it, "Hmmm, I think you'd better clean that up first of all. If you can't control yourself you'll have to wear a sanitary towel over your belt. I'm going to gag you before you start work, if you wish to speak, you will curtsy and raise your hand. If I decide to permit you to speak, I will unlock your gag."

Jacqueline shivered with another wave of deep, deep submissive pleasure. She curtsied, bobbing low and avoiding eye-contact. "Yes Mistress."

Mariella Jane Hall wandered back to her box of parts and pulled a ball gag out, with a padlocking strap. It was a very secure gag, with a strap to go under the chin, preventing it being pulled off, and two straps from either side of the ball going diagonally upwards around the nose to a centre strap which secured over the head. Jacqueline opened her mouth to accept the ball and felt Mariella pull it tighter, tighter, then she felt the centre strap pulled down tight, there was a snap and it was padlocked on.

"There, I think you're ready for work. The utility room is over there, that has all the cleaning things in it. You will clean all the bathrooms thoroughly, there are

four. You will then Hoover the entire house, then dust, polish, clean the kitchen and mop. If I catch you slowing down or slacking, you will find yourself back in my pillory for a hundred strokes of the cane, are we clear? Just nod.”

She nodded, still averting eye-contact.

“Good, hop to it then, you’d better be quick, you have to leave enough time to cook my dinner slave!”

The professor teetered into the utility room in a hurry to gather the cleaning things, every step sent the arouser spinning, almost causing her legs to buckle with the wave of arousal and the pain from the bra, which also made her grimace and bend. She couldn’t believe what was happening, she planned a quiet weekend, doing a little shopping, going over her papers, perhaps watching a film, having a glass of wine... Instead she was locked into several bondage elements, being forced to do domestic service under threat of receiving corporal punishment while in restraint and probably having a lengthy period locked into chastity.

Paradoxically she felt a deep sense of happiness and inner peace with her situation. Finding Mariella’s cleaning things wasn’t difficult and she was soon submissively scurrying from room to room, working as fast as she could, occasionally having to stop to wipe drool from her mouth which escaped through the gaps around the ball gag. She scrubbed, she dusted, she polished, she vacuumed, she cleaned the toilets and inside of the windows. Occasionally Mariella would casually walk over and watch her working, while sipping a glass of wine perhaps. She would stand in the doorway of the particular room, smiling and eyeing her critically. The trouble was, Jacqueline was working so hard, her chains jangling around and tugging on her collar – that there was little she could criticize. Instead she’d walk up behind Jacqueline and caress her neck, just above the collar with her long finger nails, encouraging her, “You’re being a good slave today aren’t you professor? If you keep this up, perhaps I’ll reward you with an orgasm? Or maybe not? We’ll have to see what mood I’m in, keep working hard and I’ll consider it.”

After several hours of working as hard and as fast as she could, Jacqueline packed the cleaning things away and started working on a meal. Mariella had some casserole meat and some vegetables in so she set about chopping the vegetable and cutting the meat up into good sized chunks. It was hard chopping

and preparing with her wrist cuffs chained together and chained to her collar and ankle cuffs. While she'd been cleaning she'd spent a lot of time on her hands and knees, her knees were bruised and sore, but now she was finding being forced to stand in the higher than she'd normally wear heels torturous.

Except the pain, the twinges in her knees, the burning in her calves, the crushed toes, coupled with the constant arousal of the arousal belt and the ebb and flow of punishment from the cruel chastity bra meant she was in a sort of submissive heaven. She was so full of sexual tension by the time the meal was ready to go in the oven, she felt desperate to orgasm, but as she couldn't she found herself subconsciously transferring her sexual pleasure to a deep satisfaction at her submissiveness.

As she slammed the oven shut Mariella was at the door again, "Ahhh, you're done slave, you have been a good little slave girl today haven't you? You've done so well, I shall allow you to give me a foot massage while we wait for dinner. Come."

Jacqueline followed her back into the living room and knelt on the floor, while Mariella sat on the luxurious sofa. She then slowly, carefully removed Mariella's shoes to reveal her well-manicured feet with toe-nails painted ruby red.

Slowly, gently but firmly she held the dominant mistress's feet, and rubbed them, caressing them and stroking them, playing with her toes and making Mariella sigh blissfully.

"Hmmm, that's good slave, keep going."

While she sat having her feet massaged Mariella switched on the television to watch the news, instinctively Jacqueline turned to see what was happening but Mariella grabbed the chain on her collar and pulled her back facing her.

"Concentrate on ME slave! I did NOT give you permission to watch the television."

Jacqueline shivered softly trying to grunt through her gag, "Yes mistress, thank you mistress." Though the gag was so tightly fitted it was muffled and barely audible.

Mariella smiled and sat back watching the television and having her feet massaged.

Eventually the meal was cooked. Rather than placing two plates on the table, Mariella served out her dinner onto a china plate and sat down at the table. Jacqueline, having followed her in, stood submissively watching her eat. Feeling desperately hungry herself after a day of hard labour. Her chains jangled as she had to wipe the drool from her chin which had escaped through the gap created by the gag. Once Mariella had finished the plateful and added a second helping she stood and collected from the cupboard a brown ceramic bowl, with the word 'dog' enamelled on the front. She tipped her left overs into the bowl and set it on the floor.

“Your dinner slave, turn your back to me so I can remove your gag.”

She obeyed and breathed a sigh of relief as she felt the lock being unlocked and the ball gag being gently pulled clear of her mouth. It had been making her jaw ache. She went to the drawers and opened the top one to get some cutlery, but Mariella scolded her. “What do you think you’re doing slave? Slaves don’t eat with knives and forks, get down on your hands and knees and eat out of your bowl, before I change my mind about feeding you tonight, you are not permitted to use your fingers, you will eat like a dog.”

Jacqueline curtseyed to her. “Yes Mistress, sorry mistress.” She then grovelled on the floor. It felt humiliating in the extreme, in her maids uniform with her wrists, collar and ankle cuffs attached, burying her face in the food trying with difficulty to consume the meal.

Before she’d finished, she heard the clicking of Mariella’s heels on the tiles, then the yank of the chain on her collar pulling her to her feet.

“Come slave, it’s time to sort out slave Sally.”

Jacqueline followed Mariella through the house, thankful that she hadn’t been re-gagged as it were. Her jaw was still aching a little and the discomfort from the five inch heels, the constant arousal and the chastity bra were more than enough to amplify her submissive state of mind.

She was led back into the dungeon in the cellar. When she saw the empty

pillory she recalled her previous experience. Being fastened in the pillory, forced to orgasm by Mariella had been so taboo'ish at the time, she'd had to force herself not to resist, for fear of receiving the hundred strokes of the cane Mariella Jane Hall had promised her if she tried to avoid being worked to orgasm. Of course her bottom had been red raw, almost burning at the time, and she'd been completely at Mariella's mercy, helpless, unable to move, let alone escape...

Mariella noticed the way she was looking at the pillory wistfully. "My dear slave professor, that was a different fetish! I can tell you enjoyed experiencing a 'forced orgasm', but we're on orgasm denial now! The best you can expect, is to think about that experience, remember it and imagine what it was like. You're not going to be getting any orgasms for some time I'm afraid."

Jacqueline nodded submissively, "Yes mistress."

As she walked of course, the hidden arouser in the belt teased her and teased her, forcing her into a state of constantly fighting her arousal. It was uncomfortable but she felt so alive! She felt almost electric.

She followed Mariella through a door into another room. This room was clinical and white, with white tiles and medical equipment about the room. Dominating the centre of the room was a gynaecology bench, with slave Sally strapped to it, the submissive who she'd caned a few months beforehand. Slave Sally was wearing a patient's gown and was strapped firmly down, arms on arm bars and legs in stirrups. Occasionally he would grunt in discomfort and wriggle in the chair. Jacqueline gasped. "Why does he keep jumping like that?"

Mariella chuckled softly. "Ahhh, that my dear slave is my 'softening up' tactic. His author mistress sends him to me for interrogation every now and then, the deal is he brings a combination locked strongbox along. He pays for the session up front, and keeps a duplicate amount in the strongbox. If he can withhold my interrogation he gets to go home with the duplicate fee. If he can't, well – I get paid double! And he gets his chastity sentence increased by a few months... Though to be honest, he's been in strict chastity for so long I'm not actually certain he's still capable of erections and orgasms anymore. At the moment he's been here for a few hours, with a steel probe inserted into his urethra, and another attached to his balls, they give him a random intensity electric shock – at random intervals. Shall we see if he's ready?"

The slave had a blindfold on and a gag strapped in. Mariella approached, loosened the strap and pulled the gag out before removing the blindfold. “Well slave Sally? Are you ready to give me the code?”

He shook his head, shaking a little as he did. “No! I’m not giving in this time!”

Mariella leaned close to him, so he could smell her ruby red lipstick, and feel her breath on his face. “Oh you are... I’ve got just the thing to make sure you do. I’ll give you one last chance, if you don’t tell me the code then I will NOT, I repeat NOT release you for half an hour – no matter how much you plead with me.”

“I’m not telling!”

“Very well, we shall proceed then. Slave Professor, go to the stainless steel drawers over there and put yourself a pair of latex gloves on. I’m going to let you administer this torture.”

Jacqueline curtsied, smiling to herself, curious as to what she was going to do the prisoner. “Yes Mistress.”

She donned the gloves with two snaps. Her chains jangling as she fiddled with the draws and pulled the gloves on. “Now open the top drawer and pull out the tube of ‘Deep Heat’.”

Slave Sally suddenly looked panic struck and started thrashing and struggling in his bonds, “No! Stop! Not the Deep Heat!”

Mariella leaned in. “Shhh, keep still for slave Jacqui or I will extend the period you are to suffer for, to a full two hours.”

Jacqueline was approaching now, her hands clad in latex, holding the tube of Deep Heat. “What would you like me to do Mistress?”

“Simple, start massaging ‘Deep Heat’ into Sissy Sally’s scrotum and balls for me. Don’t be shy, apply it as thickly as you can.”

The slave started thrashing again, struggling helplessly in his bonds. “No! Stop!

Please!”

“Are you going to give me the code?”

“Yes! Yes! Four, Seven, Three, One!”

“Good, good slave... Continue Jacqueline, if he struggles or makes too much noise I’ll leave it on him for two hours. Now try to relax and keep nice and still for Jacqui Slave Sally.”

He was whimpering now, almost crying as Jacqueline started applying and rubbing in the Deep Heat. The pain wasn’t instant, but it built, and built and soon he was screaming, begging and pleading to be allowed to wash it off. Mariella simply laughed at him. “You should have thought about this and given me the code. Now I’m going to re-gag you, you’re making far too much noise... Then we’ll leave you for half an hour. Try to stay calm, if you’re good I’ll let you wash it off in half an hour.”

She then turned to Jacqueline. “You can remove the gloves now – be careful not to get any on your hands. We’ll leave him to squeal it out for a bit? Go upstairs and run me a hot bath now slave.”

She curtsied low. “Yes Mistress.” Then she scurried off, her chains jangling and her heels clicking. As she did Mariella began unlocking the box with her ‘prize’ for ‘breaking’ Sissy Sally inside.

Bathing Mistress Mariella

Professor Jacqueline Reed scurried to the bathroom, she knew the way as she’d only recently finished cleaning it. It was a large room with cream tiles and gold taps. The bath itself was an old fashioned iron, claw-foot bath positioned in the centre of the room. Her chains got in the way a little, particularly that they were joined to her hard, steel collar – but she soon had the water running at a nice hot, but not too hot temperature and had started adding bubble bath.

Eventually Mariella Jane Hall strode into the room. She was still wearing her smart trousers and cream blouse. She looked at the bath, then gently dipped a hand in, before smiling with approval. “Good... You will undress me now slave.”

Quivering, her chains jangling with every movement, Jacqueline began unbuttoning Mariella Jane Hall's blouse. Her hands were shaking, being in this position, acting as the dominant mistress's personal slave, while locked in not only chastity, but her uncomfortable uniform including collar and leather shackles, it was an intoxicating feeling. Eventually she pulled the blouse open to reveal a beautiful cream embroidered corset. She hung the blouse up neatly, then returned to begin unlacing the corset. Mistress Mariella had an amazing body. Jacqueline moved from garment to garment, undressing her owner until she stood there in all her naked glory. Jacqueline wasn't gay, she wasn't a lesbian, or at least she didn't think she was, or hadn't thought she was. Now, locked into her maid's uniform and chains, in her chastity devices, looking at the exquisite, toned body with pert breasts, slim waist and perfect skin she was quivering with arousal.

Mariella chuckled under her breath as Jacqueline grimaced from the punishment which was being administered to her nipples by the cruel chastity bra. "My, my slave... I'd never have realised... I think, you will service me, orally. Just because you are not permitted orgasms, doesn't mean I shouldn't be does it?"

She then turned her back on her, and strode to a wicker chair in the corner. She sat and spread her legs wide showing a neatly shaved pussy, now quite obviously moist. "Well slave? What are you waiting for? Any more hesitation and I will cane your bottom until it is scarred and bleeding."

Jacqueline clicked across the floor as fast as she could, when she was at the chair Mariella pointed down. "Kneel slave."

Jacqueline took her place, the thigh loops meaning she had to adopt a kneeling position with her knees close together. Mariella's pussy was right in her face, the clitoris looked almost like it was pulsating with arousal, a thin trickle of juice ran out from between the labia. Everything Jacqueline had ever known was screaming at her to stop, to refuse and leave. Her bondage and chastity overruled her fear though, her feeling of submissiveness compelling her to obey. Slowly gently she moved her face close to the dominant mistress's. She could smell her sweat, her body odour and the aroma of her sexual juices. She extended her tongue slowly and licked slowly from the gap at the bottom of the labia, where the juices were running, all the way up to the clitoris, teasing back the hood with her tongue and giving it a swirl. As she did Mariella sighed with

pleasure. The mistress tasted bitter and left a lingering smell of sex in her nostrils. It was an amazing feeling, to be so denied and frustrated, yet so aroused, servicing another woman, a beautiful dominant woman who had her under her complete control.

“Hmmm, that’s nice slave, keep going, probe deeper with your tongue, bury your face in my crotch.”

Jacqueline did as ordered. Stroking and swirling, teasing and licking, probing her tongue deep into Mariella’s vagina and lapping up her sexual juices, while her nose teased and rubbed against Mariella’s clitoris. Her face smeared in sex, her nostrils, her very lungs were full of the smell of female sex. Mariella was pushing her legs wider, offering them more eagerly to the Professor who was frantically working her tongue in and out and all over the Mistress genitals. Eventually raising her chained hands with a jangle and stroking and playing with her clitoris and labia at the same time as licking it enthusiastically.

By this stage, Mariella’s eyes were closed and her breath was shallow, she was panting lightly and arching her back. Then she exhaled suddenly and her clitoris and labia started pulsating softly, juices running down the Professors chin.

Jacqueline’s nipples were being tortured by the chastity bra, she leaned back, clawing at her breasts, trying and failing to pull the steel cups away to get some relief.

Mariella sighed deeply. “Hmmm, that was good slave, I can see I’m going to enjoy using you...”

“Mistress, please may I be allowed out of my uniform and chastity belt and bra?”

“Oh? You want an orgasm too do you? Sorry sweetie, orgasms are for dominant mistresses only, denial and frustration are for slaves. You will stay in your chastity ensemble and uniform for at least the foreseeable future. In fact any more requests to be allowed out of chastity will result in me keeping you in chastity for at least another month, and I will cane you until your bottom bleeds – are we clear?”

She was almost sobbing with frustration, she was so desperate to come. “Yes

Mistress.”

“Now, be a good slave and help me into the bath.”

Jacqueline climbed awkwardly to her feet, the chains making it difficult. She then helped Mariella to her feet and led her gently to the bath, before holding her hand so she could climb in. Mariella sighed blissfully as she sank into the bubbles. “You are a good slave Professor, I’m almost inclined to keep you forever, chaste and humbled of course... Would you like to become my property?”

Jacqueline shook her head and curtsayed, “No Mistress, I’m sorry Mistress.”

Mariella gestured at the floor, a pool of pussy juice was dripping from Jacqueline’s chastity belt onto the floor. “I don’t believe you slave, your body is telling me the truth even if you aren’t. Now I am going to stand, and you are going to wash my body, every inch of it. There’s the shower gel.”

She stood with a splash. Jacqueline took the soap. As she did Mariella gestured towards the sink. “There’s a set of keys on the sink, fetch them slave. As you’ve been good I’m going to unlock your restraints for a while, to make it easier for you to wash me properly slave.”

Jacqueline clicked her heels over to the sink and brought the keys back. When Mariella unlocked her wrist cuffs her wrists had red rings on them where the leather had been rubbing against her as she worked. She turned her back and lifted her hair to allow Mariella to unlock her collar. It was strange, in ways, feeling the tight, constricting collar removed was a relief, but she also suddenly felt vulnerable, naked and alone without it. The submissive act of being collared by her owner was something Jacqueline had never imagined would be so powerful. By immersing herself fully into submission, allowing her submissive side to completely indulge itself she was learning more about domination and submission than she’d ever thought possible, her understanding of it was growing exponentially.

After Mariella passed her the keys she bent down and unfastened the cuffs on her ankles. When she rose Mariella pointed to the sink. “Put the keys back, and put a sanitary towel over your chastity belt, I’m fed up of you dripping all over my floor.”

She bobbed and curtsayed, eyes lowered. “Yes Mistress.”

When she returned, having deposited the keys and fixed a sanitary towel over the front shield of her belt she began washing her mistress, legs first frantically lathering them up, one after another, then her crotch. It felt so submissive and humiliating to be gliding her soapy hands all over the Mistress’s crotch, rubbing her genitals and making her quiver. As she finished, Mariella turned her bottom to face the professor. “Give my bottom and anus a thorough clean slave.”

Gently, Jacqueline slid her soapy fingers over the small sphincter nestled between the two shapely peaches that were Mariella’s butt cheeks. Her hands rose and she lathered her butt cheeks, back, arm pits, arms, then her tummy, finally finding their way to her pert breasts and caressing them, sliding them over them and fondling them softly as she lathered them and lathered them.

“Good slave, now let me soak for a while you will fetch me a towelling robe.”

She curtsayed and bobbed, “Yes Mistress.”

Then she wandered to the airing cupboard to fetch a soft, warm towelling robe for her. The soak was a long one, Mariella lounging in the luxurious bath, dipping her head under the water and feeling very relaxed. Jacqueline of course was finding her arousal increasing and increasing, the slightest twitch sent the arouser in her belt spinning madly making her legs shake and her whole body shiver with excitement, then making her grimace in pain from the torturous chastity bra.

Eventually Mariella stood and allowed Jacqueline to slide the robe over her shoulders. She took Jacqueline’s hand and stepped out of the tub, before walking towards a hairdresser’s, hair washing chair. It was the sort with a reclining chair so the client could lounge back with their head in the sink, with a round section missing so the neck could slide into it.

She sat down and rested her head in the sink. “You will wash my hair for me now slave.”

Jacqueline clicked after her, and walked straight behind the sink. She used the shower head too thoroughly rinse off Mariella’s silky, long hair, then grabbed a

bottle of shampoo and began thoroughly lathering the hair up. She rinsed it again, then applied conditioner. As she waited a few moments having applied it, Mariella looked up at her. “Have you enjoyed today Professor?”

“I... Yes Mistress.”

“You are a good slave you know, I’d happily keep you as my permanent live in slave you know... At least for a while – of course I might decide to sell you after that, I wouldn’t have control over who bought you either.”

“Sell me?!”

“Oh yes, Samantha is a people broker, legally you can’t really belong to anyone else, but if you willingly enter slavery, become someone’s property – well we have means of selling and buying you, of you changing hands. We’d simply book you in for a course of hypnotic programming with Dr Wilshaw. She’s very good, if you open your mind to her, she could make you believe slavery is completely legal and that you are unequivocally the property of your owner. If you believe it is legal and you are someone’s property, truly believe it – then it’s almost irrelevant whether it is legal. Would you like to become my property? My live in slave? You’d transfer all your assets over to me of course, I’d send you to work, in full chastity, but your wages would be paid to my bank account. Then when you got home you would spend all your non-working time under my supervision. Would you like that?”

Jacqueline felt electric as she imagined it. The thought of being the permanent, live-in chaste slave of Mariella Hall was alluring, she’d found the experience of being a chaste slave for one day the most exciting thing she’d done all year, except for the study in caning. Part of her thought about it, about signing herself over as it were... Allowing this ‘hypnotist’ to programme her into believing and living out her life as a slave, to be sold or traded as her owner saw fit...

She shuddered as she imagined it, causing the arouser to spin and brush gently against her labia and clitoris. She panted slowly, waiting, hoping for the arousal to lessen before her nipples would be punished. “Mistress... I... I’m not ready, I don’t want to become your property at the moment.”

“What if I said this was a one-time offer? If I told you turning me down now would mean our time spent together would be at an end? Would that change

your mind?”

It almost did, the fear of not being able to experience these submissive fantasies, it gripped her and urged to her offer to become Mariella’s slave. The fear of never being able to enjoy her currently dormant dominant side was the only thing holding her back. The control, the power, swinging her cane at her restrained victims, listening to them squeak and thank her for ‘correcting them’. She had to experience it again, she had to experience being on the other side of this relationship too. She truly understood the mental state, created by being locked in chastity and forced to serve, it reinforced a sensation of being owned more than any other form of domination could – it was something she desperately wanted to experience being on the other side of. Of course, her thoughts about these things sent her spiralling into a state of arousal and she had to quickly quieten her mind and shut out any erotic thoughts to avoid the discomfort of the chastity bra. It was strange being in this state, she was now finding it easier to control her arousal, it was like a mental see-saw, performing a constant balancing act, she’d dismiss the arousal and maintain her composure, but the sensation of doing so would make her feel more submissive and aroused. All the time the slightest movement would send the arouser spinning, making things ten times worse.

She’d finished washing Mariella’s hair she grabbed a towel and started to dry it for her. “I’m sorry mistress, I’m just not ready. I don’t want to give up my free-will and become your property at the moment. I hope it wasn’t a one-time offer though.”

Mariella lifted her head allowing Jacqueline to dry her hair more thoroughly. “No, it’s not a one-time offer, I’ll just have to try harder to tempt you in won’t I?”

She allowed Jacqueline to dry her hair then stood. “I think it’s time we had you back in your restraints, don’t you slave?”

Jacqueline nodded and curtsied, chorused by a wave of submissiveness sending a shiver up her spine. “Yes mistress, thank you mistress.”

And there she was standing still, allowing Mariella to re-cuff her, re-collar and secure her gag again.

As the final lock snapped shut Mariella started walking, “Come slave, it’s time to go to bed, I’ll show you where you’re sleeping.”

Her chains jangled softly as she walked through the house after Mariella Jane Hall. The shoes were killing her, she was desperate to remove them, the thigh loops made walking tricky, and stair climbing almost impossible. When they eventually arrived in Mariella’s large, luxurious bedroom, the dominant mistress opened a door to a small sub-room. This room was dark and un-plastered with no windows. There was a solitary, dim light bulb hanging on a pendant. The floor was hard wooden floor boards. The only furnishing was a rustic looking steel plate bolted to the floor with a short chain and an unlocked padlock. The chain was only about six inches long, the whole room was only about three feet wide by about five feet long. The positioning of the plate with the chain was clearly designed for the slave to be secured to the floor in a prone position.

Mariella gestured through the door. “Well? In you go, lie on the floor, padlock your collar to the chain through D link on the collar.”

She kneeled down, the boards were hard and unforgiving and the room was a little cold, a slow draft was coming from somewhere. She got into position then fumbled with her hard, steel collar until she found the D link, then she attached the chain and padlock, locking her securely to the floor in a prone position. Mariella smiled, “Good slave... Good night professor, I will wake you in the morning, then you will bring me breakfast in bed... Ooh, I’d better go and free slave Sally hadn’t I? So much for half an hour! Haha!”

From her prone position Jacqueline nodded, unable to speak through her tightly fitted gag.

Then the door swung shut with a ‘clunk’ and she heard the click of a key turning in the lock. There, she was locked in. The restraints, all restricted her movement. She shuddered when the light went out, plummeting her into complete darkness. Her hands unable to separate by more than a few inches, her thighs held also at a fixed distance, it was impossible to find a comfortable position. She was hungry, she was thirsty, she’d not even had the time to go to the toilet. At the same time she was so uncomfortable and so aroused it was impossible to sleep. She lay in the dark, trying to adjust her position, trying to find a way to lie which would offer some relief. Every movement made her arouser spin frantically, teasing her and making her nipples expand into the

hidden spiked traps in the chastity bra.

Desperately frustrated she managed to manoeuvre herself onto her back, there was only just enough chain. From there she pulled the hem of her dress up and reached down to her chastity belt. The sanitary towel she'd fixed to it, to catch her sexual juices was still there. She carefully removed it, noting that it was quite heavy and moist, as she would have expected from the constant arousal and denial.

Then her hands, still tightly bound in the leather, padlocked cuffs, joined by a chain started to probe the belt. She could feel the cold steel beneath her fingertips, the front shield with its tiny holes. She probed for a gap. There was a tiny gap between the front shield and the crotch plate. But it was far too thin to slide a finger in. If she'd had long, long fingernails she might have been able to get some stimulation, but nothing would squeeze through. She tried taking the hem of her dress and folding it tightly and sliding it in, but it was heavily woven thick material and wouldn't squeeze down enough.

Feeling like the front shield was exhausted she began probing the edges of the crotch plate. It was very tightly fitted. Nothing she could do, could create the tiniest of gaps, let alone enough to get a finger in. She whimpered into her gag through frustration and tried tapping the front shield. It sent the arouser spinning and teased her a little, but it was so light! It would never bring her to arousal, it just seemed to make her nipples hurt. Out of ideas she rested her heels on the floor and tried shaking and moving the belt as furiously as she could. It sent the arouser spinning, but no matter how fast it spun, it wouldn't bring her to orgasm and she knew it, it just made her aroused enough for her nipples to expand into the spiked traps, causing severe pain.

She soon had to give up on getting some stimulation as her calves started cramping, she was desperate to flatten her feet. Sharp, pain gripped her calf, but she could barely move, the chains joining her wrist cuffs to her collar prevented her reaching down to massage her calf, so she was reduced to trying to lie still and hoping the pain would subside. Eventually it worked, though it took a long, long time, the trouble was lying on the hard boards was taking a toll, the gag was making her jaw ache.

Eventually, despite the pain and discomfort, the professor managed to get a little bit of sleep. It was difficult to say how much of course. Being locked to the floor in a pitch black room meant gauging time-passed was impossible.

Maid to Work – Day 2

Eventually the lock clicked and the door opened flooding the room with sunlight and making Jacqueline's eyes hurt. She ached all over, she was tired, almost exhausted. Mariella threw a key onto the floor next to her face. "Wakey, wakey slave! Rise and shine! It's time to get up and make my breakfast."

Jacqueline, fumbled with the key and fought to unfasten the padlock on her collar holding her to the floor. When she rose she felt weak and defeated, her leg, which had been cramping almost buckling under her.

"You know where the kitchen is, muesli, toast, orange juice and bring my morning paper up."

The professor bobbed low, curtsying and clicked away, as fast as her tortured legs could carry her. Tackling the stairs was even more difficult than before, after a night locked to the floor and feeling quite sleep deprived. She managed it though, and scurried to the kitchen, to prepare a tray for her 'owner'. It felt delicious to consider herself the property of another. In some respects it was hard, it was painful, uncomfortable, humiliating, frustrating... But at the same time, another person taking responsibility for her, making all decisions about her welfare and effectively removing all choices from her life – it felt like a great weight had been lifted. All her worries about her academic career, the direction her life was taking – they were all forgotten.

She prepared the breakfast and awkwardly bore it back upstairs to Mariella's bedroom. She entered with a curtsy, keeping her eyes low, avoiding eye contact.

Mariella sat up in bed and took the tray. "Good slave, now go down to the dungeon and clean it. It has to be sparkling, once everything is cleaned everything has to be disinfected. I will finish my breakfast, then come and inspect your work, if it less than 100% satisfactory, I will put you in the pillory and administer you with a hundred strokes of the cane, to your bare bottom."

Jacqueline curtsyed awkwardly, the combination of restraints, gag, locking heels and chastity ensemble making it very difficult. As she did it sent the arouser spinning again, and she was quickly back in the vicious circle of trying

to contain her arousal to avoid her nipples being punished by the cruel chastity bra.

She rose and made her way back to the dungeon, to begin her next task, tired, hungry, thirsty – but strangely elated.

Travelling.

Sometime later, Mariella made her way down stairs. She'd decided to allow the professor not to dress her and wash her, it was pleasant having a slave do personal service, but sometimes one needed a little space. When she'd got to the dungeon it had been immaculately cleaned, the diligence and hard-work that Jacqueline had developed during her academic career having easily transferred itself to domestic duties in this bizarre domestic slave situation.

She smiled. "My, my professor... Haven't you done well? You are such an excellent slave, I really would like to keep you indefinitely! Maybe I should? Regardless of how you feel about it? I could strap you down and get Dr. Eve Wilshaw to come and programme you against your will into believing I own you. Most hypnotists say it's impossible to hypnotise people into doing things they don't want to – Dr. Eve is special though, she could re-programme your mind easily I think."

Mariella sighed, clearly this talk was making Professor Reed quiver with submissive excitement, and grimace in pain from the ensuing expansion of her nipples into the spikes.

"Come, it's time to give me your apartment keys and car keys, don't worry – I'm insured to drive anything 3rd party."

Jacqueline returned to the room where she'd stripped and neatly folded her clothes up. She reached into her handbag and handed Mariella Jane Hall two keys. One, the key to her apartment and the other, the key to her three series BMW saloon.

Mariella took them with a smile, and walked out of the house, Jacqueline gestured to her, clothes, Mariella shrugged. "I suppose you'd better bring them. You will be in your uniform whenever you are inside the apartment though. Oh while you're there, just fetch me the lead hanging in the utility. I may decide to

take you for walkies, and the dog bowl too – you’ll need that.”

The emotions running through Jacqueline’s head were a blur. She was quivering with submission and it was setting the arouser on a frantic spin. She gathered the things as quickly as possible, trying not to think about being aroused as she did. When she was back at the door with her clothes, dog bowl and leash Mariella pointed to the floor. “Oh dear, it looks like you’ve sprung a leak again? We don’t want your pussy juice staining the boot of the car do we? You’d better go and get a sanitary towel to soak up your leaking juices.”

...

Finally they were ready to leave, Mariella had packed a small bag of essentials. Jacqueline had put a sanitary towel over the front shield of her belt and was carrying the things. After locking up Mariella bleeped the car and walked to the boot. Opening the boot she gestured inside. “Well? Hop in! Comfortable leather upholstery is not for slaves, besides when we’re pulling up at your apartment you don’t want everyone watching you being led along in your slave maid attire and restraints, on a leash do you? I will leave you in the boot, once we get there, go and settle in, perhaps do a little shopping? Maybe enjoy a meal out? Perhaps a bar afterwards? Finally, when it’s nice and late, and everyone has gone to bed, I’ll come and let you out, and lead you back to MY apartment.”

Jacqueline looked at her pleadingly, and tried to mutter ‘please’ through the tightly fitted gag. Her voice was muffled and weak. When Mariella looked sternly at her and pointed to the boot saying. ‘IN!’ she couldn’t refuse. Almost on auto-pilot she hauled herself into the boot and whimpered softly as Mariella Jane Hall gently slammed the boot lid shut, engulfing her in darkness.

It was a good quality car, no light got into the boot. She was in total pitch black darkness, curled up in a ball, barely able to move from the confined space and the restraints. As she felt the engine start up the floor of the boot vibrated, sending her arouser spinning, tickling her genitals and teasing her into a state of being almost on the edge of having an orgasm. Then they were on the move. It was uncomfortable in the boot, every time the car turned she found herself sliding one way or the other. The lack of light or reference points mean she soon started feeling travel sick and she realised she desperately needed a wee. It was a long drive back to Manchester and even when they were there it sounded like Mariella intended to leave her in the boot the entire day or more. Having had so

few drinks the previous day she assumed she didn't actually have too much wee in her. She knew it would be dangerous to try and hold it for over twelve hours, and she knew she couldn't, so as the car started moving more stably, she allowed herself to pee. Her crotch felt immediately warm. The towel caught some of it, and soaked it up, but her groin suddenly felt heavy, wet and warm. The boot of the car also started to smell strongly of urea. She tried fruitlessly to reach down to do something to lessen the discomfort, but the chain joining the wrist cuffs to the collar, and the position she was in, prevented it. She felt like they were on the motorway now. All she could hear was the hum of traffic, all she could feel was the vibration of the road under the car, and the ensuing spinning of the arouser, and her nipples pressing on the spiked traps in the chastity bra.

It was desperately uncomfortable, she was starting to cramp, but she was helpless to do anything but endure. She decided the only thing for it was to try to get some sleep. She'd not slept well the night before and was still tired from the previous day's hard labour. It didn't come easily, with the constant arousal and denial, and the electric sense of submissiveness.

She awoke sometime later, how much later; she had no means of telling. She was still in the boot, in pitch black, but the engine sound had changed. She guessed they were off the motorway. It was a bit more stop-start and she thought she could hear people and other ambient sounds now. Sure enough she eventually felt the sharp downwards angle of the ramp to the underground car park under her apartment block. She could feel the car moving as Mariella wove her way to Jacqueline's allocated car parking space. She could feel dried drool running down her cheek, a product of the uncomfortable fitted gag. When she tried to wipe it off she found the chain joining her collar, wrists and ankles, coupled with this position, prevented her from quite, quite reaching.

The engine stopped.

She felt the car jostle as Mariella climbed out, then the thump of the car door slamming shut and the 'beep, beep' of the alarm being activated. Mariella paused as she walked past the book. "Oh Professor, I suggest you keep nice and still and quiet while I'm out. You wouldn't want the alarm going off would you? It might draw attention to the fact that you're in there."

Jacqueline heard her and quietly groaned to herself. She heard the heels clicking away, as Mariella made off to make herself comfortable in Jacqueline's

apartment. As the sound of clicking heels faded away, Jacqueline was left in pitch black, in total silence. She kept still, curled up, lying submissively. Even though she doubted many people were around, she didn't want to set the alarm off. Being locked in the boot with the alarm going off and no means of disabling it was a humbling thought.

Her mind was awash with submissiveness, her emotions all over the place. It didn't feel real, she almost couldn't comprehend the situation she'd found herself in.

Eventually she fell back to sleep, then awoke, then slept again. It was impossible to keep track of time. Eventually hunger, and thirst and her cramped, aching muscles kept her awake. It got to the stage where she thought she couldn't take it anymore and she wanted to cry out for help – except of course the gag would effectively muffle her, and nobody would be around anyway.

She ended up resorting to sobbing quietly to herself, feeling the warm, salty tears rolling down her cheeks, desperately wanting to be free.

She didn't know how long she'd been lying there sobbing when the 'beep, beep' of the car being unlocked jolted her in to awareness. Her stomach was giving her hunger pains and she felt like she couldn't physically move, she could hardly breathe, it had grown so stuffy in the car boot.

The boot opened, spilling artificial light into it and dazzling Jacqueline. Mariella was standing there, she'd clearly unpacked, had a shower, got changed and had probably been out for a meal and a drink. "Well slave? It's time to get out."

Part of her was terrified, braving the apartment block in her current attire with the restraints and gag – if someone saw her she'd be humiliated, it would end her career. However she guessed it was very, very late and the apartment block became very, very quiet when it was late enough.

As she hauled herself out of the boot she wobbled on her heels, fighting her legs urge to buckle. She was a mess, her groin was cold and damp, the soaked sanitary towel having acted as a fairly ineffective nappy. Her hair was a mess and her face was covered in drool. The bright lights of the underground car park dazzled her and as she became upright, the arouser in her chastity belt began

spinning madly, forcing her to concentrate on fighting the arousal.

Before she could complain Mariella reached over and clipped the fastener onto the D-ring on her steel collar. She paused as she held the boot lid. “Oh dear, you’ve wet yourself slave. Am I going to have to start putting you in nappies hmmm?”

She chuckled to herself and shut the boot then started walking, giving Jacqueline a gentle tug on the leash to encourage. “Come along slave, it’s late.”

Jacqueline’s Apartment

Thankfully there hadn’t been anyone around. Mariella had led her through the interior of the building, and it was past 3 am so the humiliation of her neighbours seeing her in this state was fortunately spared.

As they eventually entered the apartment and Mariella clicked the door shut, Jacqueline breathed a sigh of relief. Only to have Mariella give her another tug, pulling her in the direction of the bedroom. Once inside Mariella lowered the leash. “Now slave, undress me.”

With aching muscles and shaking hands Jacqueline began unbuttoning her dominant mistress’s blouse. Then she pulled the soft, silky fabric material garment off her shoulders and returned to unfasten her slender feminine belt and unzip her smart trousers, the zipper being at the back. As Mariella stood there in all her underwear, Jacqueline sighed and felt a wave of submission over-come her. She’d never been homosexual before, she’d never considered herself a lesbian, was it Mariella’s dominance? Or the fact that she was locked into the unforgiving, arousing and arousal punishing chastity ensemble? She didn’t know. All she knew, was that despite herself, she felt a deep, deep attraction for Mariella Jane Hall. The urge to give herself up completely and become Mariella’s property, to be used however Mariella saw fit or sold on to some unknown third party, when Mariella had grown tired of her...

Mariella saw the way she was looking at her and smiled, placing a finger under Jacqueline’s chin and pushing her face up. “It’s nothing to be ashamed of, Professor I can see how this is making you feel. Would you like me to remove your gag? Of course the only reason I might remove it is if you were to service me orally again – would you like to service me?”

Jacqueline nodded sincerely, her eyes full of longing. Mariella chuckled softly to herself and reached behind the Professor's head to undo the lock, after removing the key from her necklace. As she pulled the gag clear Jacqueline moved her jaw around it was a little cramped, but such a relief to be ungagged. As she worked some life back into her jaw muscles Mariella sat on the edge of the bed, in her cream satin bra and panties, with delicate floral embroidery. "Well Professor? You may begin."

Jacqueline, kneeled before her. The restraints and high heels making this difficult. "Thank you mistress."

Then she shuffled forwards and gently slipped her fingers into the lacy waistband of Mariella's panties and pulled them slowly, slowly down revealing that neatly shaved pussy. She was hot and wet, and the smell of her sex hit Jacqueline's nostrils immediately. Shaking, quivering almost, Jacqueline leaned forwards and began probing with her tongue, using it to probe deep, deep into Mariella's vagina, then to stroke her labia up and down, then swirl around her clitoris, causing her to moan with pleasure and shiver with excitement. "Hmmm, that's nice slave... Keep going."

So the process began anew, probing, stroking, swirling. Soon the Professor's face was awash with Mariella's juices and she had the unmistakable texture of rogue pubic hairs in her mouth.

Occasionally the mistress would give her words of encouragement, eventually Mariella arched her back and started panting softly. Then she came, her now moist female genitals almost pulsating, her juices running into Jacqueline's mouth. Through her panting she grabbed Jacqueline's head and pulled her face into her crotch. "Drink my juices slave! Drink up!"

Jacqueline, obeyed, lapping up the juices and cleaning Mariella's pussy with her tongue. As she finished Mariella released her. "Oh slave, that was wonderful... Hurry up now, unpack my nightie."

Jacqueline stood, shaking, her mouth and nostrils full of pubes, and the taste and smell of sex. She scurried to the bag and pulled out a deep crimson satin nightie with black lace around the sleeves, neckline and hem. Mariella allowed Jacqueline to slip it over her head and she stood. As she stood Jacqueline

opened her mouth to speak. “Mistress, I was wondering if perhaps-“

Mariella pinched her lips closed with her scarlet painted nails. “Professor, don’t forget what I said. If you ask to be released from your chastity bra and belt, or you ask me for an orgasm – I will punish you and make sure you stay in chastity even longer. Now did you want to say something?”

She released her fingers, letting go of Jacqueline’s lips. Jacqueline sighed. “No mistress.”

“Good slave, let’s get you all locked down for the night then shall we?”

Ten minutes later Jacqueline was lying on the bathroom floor of her apartment, gagged, with her collar locked to the plumbing, feeling submissive, frustrated and denied. She’d not even been allowed to wash her face or brush her teeth, meaning she fell asleep with her senses overpowered by the smell and taste of Mariella Jane Hall’s sex. Of course she tried again to stimulate herself, any way possible. It was impossible though. She ran her hands over and over the front-shield, locked to her chastity belt, imagining what it would feel like to masturbate, to work herself to an orgasm. Of course she didn’t get much sleep. The frustration was incredible.

Monday Morning

The next day, the Sunday morning Jacqueline had woken with more aches and pains from another night on a hard floor. She’d spent the rest of the day cleaning the apartment and preparing meals for Mariella Jane Hall who was essentially treating her as a live in slave and treating the apartment if it was her own. Eating Jacqueline’s food, using her computer and internet, watching her television and generally lounging around and relaxing, while Jacqueline was not permitted to use any furniture at all and was splitting her time between looking after her ‘owner’ and cleaning and tidying the flat. After another nightly orgasm for Mariella and another night on the hard floor of the bathroom, frustrated and denied, she was woken by the mistress again.

“Come on slave, it’s time to get you up for work. Here are the keys to your uniform, unlock it, have a shower, brush your teeth. You have to put your uniform in the wash too, you’ll want it dry for tonight.”

Jacqueline took the keys and began unfastening herself from the floor and unlocking her uniform. “Mistress, what about my chas-“

“Oh, that’s staying on, you’re going to work in chastity from now on slave.”

When Jacqueline spoke, her voice was full of disappointment. “Yes mistress.”

Finally she put the rest of the clothes down and started running a shower. Mariella stayed, seemingly as if to supervise her. As the shower cubicle steamed up Mariella tutted. “Dear me slave, that’s another mistake! Hot showers are purely for owners, slaves may only shower in cold water – we wouldn’t want to waste the luxury of hot water on you would we?” Jacqueline groaned, and turned the hot tap off. Soon the temperature in the room was dropping and the water was icy. She was down to her steel chastity underwear now. Mariella pointed to the shower. “Well, get in slave, make sure you have a good, thorough wash.”

“Please, can’t I have just a little hot water?”

“I told you slave, hot water is for owners. You will shower in ice cold water only, get in and start washing. You may get out when I give you permission. Any more complaints and I will cane you to within an inch of your life.”

Jacqueline, defeated bowed her head. “Yes mistress, sorry mistress.”

She pulled the shower door open and felt a waft of freezing cold air hit her. Almost whimpering she climbed in. The water was icy, making her shiver and shy away.”

“Get in properly slave, make sure you wash and condition your hair, and wash your body. If you miss a spot there will be punishment.”

It was the most uncomfortable shower of Jacqueline’s life within seconds she was shivering, her teeth chattering as she lathered up her hair, and used shower gel on her body. It felt so strange running her soapy hands over her chastity bra and chastity belt. Mariella called in to her as she rinsed it off with the icy water. “Aim the shower-head at your front shield too slave, we don’t want your crotch smelling all sweaty do we?”

Her teeth were chattering badly now, her body was covered in goose bumps. “N,n,n,no m,m,m,mistress!”

She took the showerhead and sprayed it at her groin, trying to get as much of the freezing cold water through the little holes in the front shield. Eventually, after thoroughly washing herself and rinsing herself off Mariella called out. “Very good slave, you may get out now. Dry yourself and get ready for work.”

Jacqueline obeyed, thankful to be out of the icy water. She ended up putting on a high-neck polo neck sweater hiding her steel collar and the chain halter neck that helped keep her chastity bra in place. She had to wear stockings instead of tights because of the leg loops and she selected a skirt slightly longer than she normally liked to wear to lessen the chance of her chastity underwear being seen and to muffle the sound of the chain joining the thigh-loops together jangling around. The finishing touch was a sanitary towel over the front shield. It was embarrassing, but it would be worse if she started leaking juices, dripping on to the floor, while she was giving a lecture.

Finally ready she set out to walk to the university, to deliver her lectures and work on her research.

The walk there was torturous of course, the arouser spinning almost constantly, teasing her, arousing her, making her quiver with arousal... Then the arousal punishing bra would send her hands to her breasts, making her whimper in pain.

When it came to time to lecture her head was a total mess. All morning she'd been trying and failing to not get aroused, trying to focus on her work and concentrate. Now her sanitary towel was warm and moist and heavy.

Stepping into her lecture theatre, looking up to see so many students looking expectantly at her, knowing what she was wearing under her clothes made it even worse. She could see Celeste and Simon up there. It was the slowest lecture she'd ever delivered, fighting constantly to concentrate on her topic and deliver her lecture. The constant frustration, arousal and denial had left her tired and emotionally drained by the end of the day. When she walked back into her apartment Mariella was there waiting with her uniform. “Ahh, Professor, lock your uniform on, you have a lot to do tonight.”

And so she worked preparing a meal, and cleaning up afterwards, kneeling on

the floor massaging Mariella's feet while her mistress watched the television. Afterwards, when it was bed time Mariella got up and beckoned her to the bedroom. Once there she grabbed the chain joining the wrist-cuffs to the collar and pulled Jacqueline towards her, she placed her ruby red lips on Jacqueline's and started probing her mouth with her tongue. The professor didn't resist, she kissed back, submissively allowing Mariella to hold her collar by the chain and maintain a dominant position over her. When she eventually pulled away, Mariella looked down and sighed. "My dear slave Professor, you are my favourite slave ever. I wish, I do wish I could keep you... Forever... Are you sure don't want to become my property?"

Jacqueline quivered with excitement. "Yes! Yes Mistress! Please let me belong to you."

Mariella smiled cheekily, "Hmmm, even if I decide never to allow you to orgasm again? To make your chastity ensemble permanent?.. Maybe I will? Why don't you service me orally again? I'll keep you for a few days, then, if you're good I'll release you and you can decide in the cold light of day if you wish to be owned by me. If you do we'll have to book your hypnosis session with Dr. Eve, so she can mould your mind into truly believing that you are legally, completely owned by me."

Jacqueline sighed. "Yes mistress."

And she began undressing Mariella, preparing for the next task...

Released

After spending a whole week in strict chastity, being Mariella Jane Hall's personal slave, Jacqueline's feelings had not changed. She was falling into submissive love with Mistress Hall and burned so deeply to belong to her.

As it happened Friday night was the last time she slept in chastity, on the cold hard floor of the bathroom. Mariella came in to wake her. "Good morning Professor, it's time to get up. You've been such a good obedient slave I've decided to release you."

She kneeled down and unlocked Jacqueline's chain from the floor. Then the collar, and the uniform, including the locking high heels. Finally she unlocked

the chastity bra, and the arousal belt. As the steel was gently pulled away, leaving Jacqueline standing naked, she suddenly felt very naked, almost vulnerable, almost longing immediately to be back in her nice safe chastity device. Mariella packed her things away discreetly in her bag and prepared herself to leave. Jacqueline felt a terrible sense of loss at her 'owner' leaving. She dressed and followed her to the door. "Can't I give you a lift home Mistress?"

Mariella smiled and shook her head. "No thank you Professor, I shall take the train, I haven't been on a nice train journey for some time. I've enjoyed staying here. Here are your keys."

"Will I see you again?"

"Maybe, it depends. I understand you are planning another study, a study into chastity and orgasm denial. I know you like to switch, so experience the other side of this relationship? You'll know then whether you want to be an owner or owned, or whether you want to remain as you are; a switch, flitting between dominance and submission. Goodbye Professor, call me when you're ready. Even if you decide to be a dominant, perhaps we can double domme together?"

Jacqueline watched her go full of sadness. When she finally clicked the door shut she mused at how after only a week in chastity it felt strange being out. It felt weird not to have the constricting chains holding her thighs together, holding her thigh loops to her belt and her belt to her bra. Despite the discomfort, and the frustration she couldn't help but feel a yearning to be back in them. The thought had her getting moist, she could feel a rush of blood to her crotch. Without wasting any time she strode to the bedroom, hitched her skirt up, tucking the hem in the waistband, then lowered her tights and panties and lay back. Gently at first she began stroking, her labia. It felt so good! Touching herself after being denied for a week! It felt blissful. Slowly she probed herself, pulling a finger out which was dripping with juices. She used the juices as lubricant and started stimulating her clitoris. All the while she was thinking about being Mariella's property and ironically thinking about never being able to do this very thing again, safe and secure in her chastity ensemble.

The orgasm didn't take long and it left her breathless and shaking, emotionally drained and tired. It was an amazing feeling. Could she give it up? Even if it was for the love of Mariella? She didn't know... It was time to work out the details of her study.

She sorted herself out and retreated to her desk to sit down and pen out the study proposal.

The trouble was when she sat down she felt, like a complete mess emotionally. She longed partly to experience dominating her 'subjects' and partly to give herself to Mariella. After several failed attempts at starting to write the proposal Jacqueline tabbed over to her email and penned an email to Simon and Celeste.

Dear Simon & Celeste.

I know how much you both enjoyed being part of my study in caning. Simon hinted you were interested in being my guinea pigs, or test subjects if anything similar came up. After the disappointing reception to my work on corporal punishment, I want to do some unofficial testing on a new project. I don't want to involve the University or the ethics board until I know it's going to fly.

If you're interested, please come and see me in my office tomorrow between eleven and two thirty. Please delete this email after you've read it whatever you decide.

Regards,

Professor Jacqueline Reed, BsC, MsC, PhD.

There, she'd written it. She hit send and got up. It was time for her to have some 'me time', to have another quiet play, thinking about the experience of the last week and the experiences she was anticipating with Simon and Celeste.

The Office of Professor Jacqueline Reed

The next day, it was nearly noon before Celeste and Simon rapped on the door to Jacqueline's office. There was a slight pause, then her stern, but soft, commanding voice echoed from within. "Come in."

Simon entered, followed by Celeste. After receiving two terms of Jacqueline's strict discipline he had smartened up his image. Now rather than ripped jeans and faded band T shirts, he wore smart casual trousers and a nice shirt. Celeste, was in a summer dress, with a floral print pattern. Jacqueline, didn't look up

straight away. She continued tapping away at her keyboard, putting the finishing notes to some other research she was involved in. She wore a smart black suit, with a crisp, brilliant white blouse and a white gold necklace and matching earrings. She'd purposefully left a flash of the black lace and satin of her bra on show, having left a couple of buttons on her blouse undone.

Eventually she slammed the return key, clicked a few times with her mouse and turned to face them. "Ahhh, good, you're here! I take it you've both decided to volunteer to be my unofficial 'test subjects' again? Have you deleted the email? I really need to keep this research clandestine for now."

Simon and Celeste were both a little red faced and looking down. After looking to each other several times, eventually, Celeste spoke. "We've both deleted the email, miss, I, erm, will it involve *ahem* caning us again?"

Jacqueline chuckled to herself. "No! Not specifically, I suppose if you agree to help with this, then I could adopt a loco-parentis over you if you like, if you put yourselves in my care and want me to correct you on a regular basis – that could be arranged?"

Simon smiled, "We'll do it!"

"You don't even know what it is!"

Celeste spoke now. "We don't need to know, it's obviously related to your earlier work, so we'll do it – not knowing what it is makes it all the more exciting."

This was better than Jacqueline had hoped. She looked at Simon and Celeste. Simon was an handsome young man, and though she'd always considered herself heterosexual, maybe from the way events had left her head spinning, or the specific interactions she'd had with Mariella, she found herself deeply, attracted to Celeste. She was tall, slim with beautiful long blonde hair. She looked up. "Good, in that case I will need to measure you both up. Strip please."

Simon gasped and looked around in a panic, Celeste stood up nervously. Jacqueline rolled her eyes at them. "Look pull the catch on the office door, I can close the blinds if you like? I need you to both remove all your clothes, including underwear."

Celeste gasped. “Miss!”

“Don’t be such a baby, it won’t take a minute. Here, I’ll measure Simon up first – Celeste you can take down his measurements as I call them out. Hop to it.”

Gingerly they both removed all their clothes and placed them in neatly folded piles on chairs in the large office. They were shaking softly, not through cold – the office was quite warm, but through sheer nerves. Jacqueline handed Celeste a notepad and pen then pulled out a tailors tape and a sheet with instructions on measuring for the chastity belts.

Simon was quaking as ‘Miss’ approached, wielding the tape measure almost threateningly.

“Simon, stand with your feet apart, chin up, and hands on your head.”

He obeyed and she measured his thighs, his waist, several more lines across his groin and crotch and up through the crack between his but cheeks. Celeste, writing down the letter which identified the measurement then the number Jacqueline called out. The final step involved measuring his penis. Having the diameter and length of his shaft gently measured by the beautiful professor had his member pointing upwards like a coat-hook.

Jacqueline finished and stood up. “Good, you’re done. Celeste, can you pass the notebook to Simon, and I’ll start measuring you up. Feet apart chin up, hands on head for me please.”

Still naked and erect Simon took the notes in shaking hands and Jacqueline started measuring Celeste. Interestingly rather than going straight for the groin, she started measuring her chest size, and the distance from her sternum to her neck and neck to waist. It looked almost like an extremely thorough bra measuring. When the professor pulled the tape tight onto Celeste’s breasts, crushing them slightly, Celeste let out a little gasp. Jacqueline looked at her with a wicked twinkle in her eye. “Sorry... I need to make sure it’s a tight fit.”

“What is miss?”

“You’re hmmm, experimental underwear, it’s very special. Don’t worry, all will be revealed.”

Celeste quivered with excitement as Jacqueline lowered herself to Celeste's groin and started pulling the tape around thighs, waist, through the crotch, calling out measurements as she did. By the time Jacqueline stood, Celeste was warm and moist downstairs, almost dripping juices.

Jacqueline took the notes to her computer and sat behind her desk. "You can both get dressed now. I'll get these fast-tracked, hopefully we can get you fitted in a week or so time. Can I ask both to avoid *ahem* playing with yourselves until further notice."

Simon, who had his boxers on now and was pulling his trousers up pulled his face. "Playing wi-

"Do I have to spell it out? Masturbating Simon. I forbid you to masturbate until further notice. If you do then I won't be able to use you for the experiment. And no sex either. I want you both to consider yourselves totally celibate from now on, no sex, no masturbating, definitely no orgasms."

"But why-

"You want to help me with this experiment? You don't play, it's as simple as that. I realise it might be hard, but you must, must resist clear?"

They answered almost in unison, as they finished getting dressed, both nervous about attempting to abstain in this way. "Yes miss."

The truth was Simon was a prolific masturbator, particularly since he'd fallen under the professor's cane. Being restrained and caned with monitors attached to his genitals had sent him spiralling into new heights of arousal. Celeste too, though she'd never been a masturbator before, now, after the Professor's tutorials she more or less had an orgasm every day.

Jacqueline smiled. "Good, I'll email you both when you're ready to be fitted. Thanks for volunteering for this for me."

The Fitting

It turned out to be closer to three weeks before the belts arrived. Of course Simon and Celeste didn't know exactly what was on order. It had been a difficult week for both of them. They'd been dating since the first semester and

were a definite item at this stage. Every night Simon and Celeste would struggle for a long time to go to sleep, being used to be able to drift off into a relaxed, orgasm induced slumber. Now they found themselves lying awake at night, frustrated and desperate, but not wanting to disobey the professor. Simon, having moved into Celeste's room, found himself lying in bed cuddling, almost whimpering with frustration by the time they were in the second week. Several times they'd been tempted. Simon having started stroking himself while on the toilet, only to stop when he thought about disappointing the strict professor Jacqueline. Celeste had come close in the shower, she'd been standing under the shower, rinsing her hair and body off, and while trying to make sure all the soap suds from her crotch and bottom were gone she'd inadvertently slid a finger against her labia. It had sent an immediate quiver through her body and she'd longed, so longed to have a play. Almost without thinking she'd began working a finger through her labia against her clitoris, then she'd stopped. It had left her both desperately frustrated, but feeling so, so submissive to Jacqueline.

When the email finally came inviting them back to the professors office, both Celeste and Simon's heads' were a complete mush.

Now they were standing outside her office, waiting to be invited in. They'd knocked and had been waiting for a few moments when Jacqueline's voice echoed from beyond the door. "Enter!"

When they entered she was sitting at her desk, wearing a light, floaty floral print dress, finished with a necklace of red beads. She smiled as they entered. "Ahhh, my little test subjects. So good to have you back. Lock the door please. It's time to get you both fitted. Who wants to go first?"

Simon and Celeste looked at each other. Celeste then looked at Jacqueline. "Miss, fitted with what?"

"With what? See the large parcel on the floor there? Open it up."

Taking a key from her handbag Celeste broke the tape sealing the box and carefully unfolded the lid. Everything inside was carefully bubble-wrapped and labelled M or F. "Separate them into M and F please."

Celeste started forming two piles now, a pile labelled F on the right of the box and a pile labelled M on the other. Jacqueline spoke as she unpacked and sorted. "The F pile are for you Celeste, the M pile is for Simon."

Having sorted them Celeste picked up the top piece from the pile and carefully pulled away the bubble wrap. What greeted her was a small, curved plate of solid, polished steel with lots of little holes in it. There was also a very low friction spinner attached, with a soft brush on it, which spun furiously as she moved the piece. “What is this?”

Jacqueline chuckled. “Ahhh, that is your front shield. It serves two purposes, firstly it prevents you from having any contact with your labia and clitoris, secondly the spinner is a special addition called an arouser. As you move around it will spin and stimulate you, not enough to give you an orgasm, but enough to make you aroused. It’s an important part of your chastity ensemble. A chastity belt and a chastity bra. Once I’ve locked them onto you, you will be in a state of being constantly aroused, and at the same time your arousal will be constantly punished.”

Celeste’s knees went weak and she almost dropped the piece. “What about him?”

“Oh he gets the same, a male version, which prevents any masturbation, penetration or orgasm. It also both arouses and punishes arousal. Now who wants to get in first?”

Celeste looked at the device, and thought about what the professor had said. It sounded cruel, uncomfortable, potentially almost unbearable, but the desire to please the professor, to be submissive to her was overruling everything. “I’ve started unpacking, so I may as well go first.”

“Good girl. In that case strip. Simon, you can unwrap her parts and pass them to me, we’ll put her into the bra first.”

And so it began. Simon carefully unwrapped piece after piece and passed them to the professor. Celeste, quickly got undressed and stood there naked waiting to be locked into her punishingly cruel steel underwear. She felt the heavy chain drop over her head, pulling on the back of her neck, then the twin steel cups with a solid hinge at the front pressed onto her breasts. There was the snap of a padlock and her breasts were safely locked into the steel bra. Almost as soon as the cups were on she started whimpering softly. Jacqueline looked up as she held out the waistband. “Something the matter?”

“My nipples are hurting miss!”

“Good, that means the traps in the steel cups are working properly. When you’re aroused, your nipples enlarge slightly, they will force themselves onto little hidden steel spike traps when that happens. If you feel pain in your nipples, try to think of something that isn’t arousing.”

As Celeste felt Jacqueline pull the steel waistband on and draw the crotch plate up she wanted to double up in pain. It felt like her nipples were burning. Her labia just peeped through the long slit in the front, and her clitoris was barely visible at the top of the slit. As it locked into place she grabbed at her steel cups moaning softly. Jacqueline held up the front shield. “Now for the fun part, I’ll lock your front shield with the arouser on now. Keep still for me.”

She felt the professor clip the bottom on, then push up and snap the lock on. As she did, the arouser span furiously, tickling and stimulating her clitoris, heightening her arousal and sending her nipples into spasms of pain. Next thigh loops were added and the belt was fixed to the bra and the thigh loops. The chains linking the belt to the bra made it look like a large steel ‘X’ across her front. Jacqueline took her keys and hung them on a necklace, then put it around her neck visible above her string of beads. “There, you’re all done. You can get dressed now. Once you’re dressed there’s a questionnaire to fill out on my desk.”

As Celeste, quivering and moaning at the onset of arousal and punishment started to try to get dressed Jacqueline turned to Simon. “It’s your turn. Start unpacking your belt.”

Piece by piece Simon began unpacking his belt as he pulled the last piece of bubble wrap off the last piece Jacqueline addressed him again. “Good, now strip.”

Simon undressed quickly, emotions and thoughts rushing through his head. It was like an unreal fantasy coming true again. On paper he was helping the professor out with a trial, but essentially she was dominating him and he was submitting to her and it felt amazing.

Once he was naked she fastened the waistband on, then prepared to slide his erect penis into the penis tube. It was an unusual tube, with a thick wall. As she slid the tube onto his member he felt soft brushes stroke every square millimetre

of his cock. This of course caused more arousal, however as she slid the tube on, he yelped and backed away. “Owww! What’s that?”

“There’s sharp spikes in the tube, positioned so that if you become aroused, your glans will press onto them until the arousal subsides. Try to think yourself un-aroused.”

He grimaced. “Hmmp! That’s a little difficult given the circumstances.”

Jacqueline stood. “Wait a second, I thought this might happen.” From there she went to a small electric cool box in the corner of the room, opened it and pulled out some frozen peas, which were still very cold but had partly defrosted. “Here, hold these onto your groin, press them on hard.”

He did as instructed, the thought of what he was going through running itself through and through his head as he felt his sexual organ shrivel in response to the sudden cold. Celeste was looking up from her questionnaire now, chuckling at his predicament, except her chuckles set her arouser spinning and she dropped her pen to start clawing at her breasts and whimpering again.

Eventually Simon looked at Jacqueline. “I think I’m ready miss.”
Jacqueline got the tube ready. “Okay, pull the peas away, I’ll have to be quick.”

Sure enough when he removed the half-thawed frozen peas he was shrivelled up and small. Jacqueline moved like lightning, sliding him into the arousing tube and pushing it down while pulling up the crotch plate and locking it together. Almost as soon as he heard the lock snap shut he could feel himself growing. As he grew the brushes inside the tube – which seemed to be mounted on some kind of low tension spring stimulated him further and he was immediately in excruciating pain, gripping at his crotch and whimpering. “Arrgh! Get it off!”

Jacqueline smiled warmly at him. “Shhh, try to relax, let your arousal subside. Try to feel acceptance, it should subside soon.”

He whimpered and gripped, but tried to follow her advice, eventually he felt like he’d let go and the pain lessened then stopped.

She grinned at him. “There, good boy. Now get dressed and start filling in your questionnaire.”

He began trying to dress, but found every movement sent the brushes in the tube bouncing up and down on their low tension springs, the slightest twitch caused arousal, and severe punishment ensued. Still grimacing he sat next to Celeste and took his form. The questions were about when they'd last had an orgasm and how often they normally had an orgasm and similar related topics.

As they finished Simon looked up. "Miss, how long are you keeping us locked into these 'things'?"

She shrugged. "I haven't decided yet Simon. At least for the foreseeable future, try to treat your wearing of them as permanent – that's probably best."

"B... But how do I pee?"

"There's little holes at the bottom of the tube. You'll have to sit like a girl to pee from now on I'm afraid."

Celeste now looked concerned. "What about my per-"

"You'll have to do your best, wear a sanitary towel in front of the front shield to catch any menstrual blood and use your showerhead on high pressure to clean inside. If you aren't able to maintain personal hygiene with the belt on, you'll have to report to me to be cleaned. I will restrain you so can't touch yourself, then give you a thorough wash inside and out before locking you back up."

"As part of this experience I'll be asking you both how you feel. For now we're nearly done, I want you to go about your normal business for a week, then I'll arrange to see you, so I see how you're coping with strict orgasm denial. Now, as you've both been so good in volunteering for me, I'm going to give you both some correction. If you could both reach over the desk and grip the other side please."

Simon and Celeste took their positions, both grimacing as their arousal belts sent them into waves of arousal and spasms of pain. Unseen, Simon felt the professor reach around and unfasten his trousers and pull them and his pants down. Then she moved onto Celeste, and Celeste felt the professor's gentle hands tucking the hem of her skirt into the waistband and pulling her tights and knickers down. They remained bare-bottomed, stretched over the bench while

Jacqueline clicked her heels on the office floor retrieving her slender cane.

The feeling of control was so satisfying, she flexed the cane in her hands as she gazed at her students bare bottoms, all vulnerable and ready for her. She could see them shaking subtly with anticipation. It was making her feel aroused. She had a double whammy of arousal at it reminded her of how being in the chastity ensemble herself, at the mercy of Mariella Jane Hall had felt. She took position next to Simon, and gently stroked her cane over his butt cheeks.

“I’m so glad you’ve both agreed to be my little test subjects again. I enjoyed using you both last time, correcting you both... To have you both in chastity, in strict orgasm denial now... It’s... Perfect.”

Crack!

Simon jumped and squeaked as she swished the cane onto his bare bottom. As it landed leaving a bright red stripe she giggled softly. “You’ve been a naughty boy haven’t you Simon? You need my regular correction, and I think keeping you in strict denial will help to mould and modify your behaviour.”

She moved on to Celeste now, and teased her with the tip of the cane, stroking it across the length of the visible waistband of her chastity belt. “And you Celeste, you are such a naughty girl, I can tell you like to play with yourself. But that’s over now. From now on you are under my complete control.”

Crack!

Celeste squealed and quivered as the cane landed. Jacqueline sighed with bliss as she struck her. “My dear, dear Celeste, and Simon, as this study isn’t official – there’s no paperwork. I’m going to do all sorts of things to you both, and have you both doing all sorts of things... That ethics would NEVER pass.”

Crack!

It was Simon that time. He jumped and squeaked as before. Then Jacqueline moved back onto Celeste. “You realise, I can do whatever I want to you both now. Of course you can go to the University, you can go to the police... But who will believe you? Over a well-educated, supremely qualified, respected academic? I will simply deny all knowledge and destroy the keys to your

devices, so you will never get out. You're welcome to try and remove them by the way, I think you'll find it..."

Crack!

"Impossible."

Jacqueline was smiling to herself and giggling with pleasure at every stroke, and the strokes got harder and harder. Celeste and Simon were in a web of mental paradox. In severe discomfort, from the vicious caning, but also from the intense arousal, and the ensuing punishment their cleverly designed devices were dishing out. They were also melting with submission, the petit, beautiful professor in her light, feminine floral dress inflicting such pain, such exquisite pain with such clear passion and an almost caring exercise of control... Despite the pain, they both wanted never to be out of chastity and wanted to feel secure that they could always enjoy the sting of the professors well aimed cane.

Once she'd given them a dozen strokes each she returned her cane to its place and sat behind her desk. "We're done, sort yourselves out. See how you get on this week."

Celeste and Simon, sorted themselves out as instructed, grimacing and twitching from the painful punishment still being given out by their respective devices. When they left Jacqueline crossed the room and dropped the catch to the door. Then she returned to her desk. She pulled her dress up high and lowered her stockings and panties, then tilted back in her chair and began, gently at first – stroking herself. Her crotch was already moist and warm, by probing herself gently, but deeply with two fingers, she lubricated her labia and clitoris with her own juices, then she began sliding back and forth rhythmically.

She was soon sighing with bliss and slowing, hoping to prolong the pleasure... The thought of her two subjects, frustrated and denied, while she, SHE was in control, their keys dangling between her breasts... She came explosively and felt her pussy continue to spasm for some time after she'd stopped. Waves and waves of pleasure washed over her. It was too quick, she'd wanted it to last longer, but so explosive!

She used a tissue to clean up as much of the mess as she could. Thankfully her office chair was leather and wiped clean fairly easily. She knew there'd be a

subtle smell of sweat and maybe even sex lingering so having pulled her underwear up and dress down she opened the window, smiling blissfully.

A Day of Denial

Celeste and Simon left the professor's office with some difficulty, both of them struggling profoundly with the arousal belts and the arousal punishment modifications. At the same time it was clear why they were.

It was more or less impossible to 'not think' about sex, with the arousal constantly causing stimulation. It was also impossible to allow themselves to become aroused, for if they did – they would experience crippling pain. They had each other for support, but they also had the problem that they found knowing about each other's predicament arousing too.

That night, after attending lectures and meeting up again they returned to Celeste's flat. It had been an emotionally draining day, and surprisingly tiring, constantly fighting the arousal. They had a quick dinner together, then went straight to bed. They usually slept naked, this night however they huddled together on her single bed, her front shield tapping against his penis tube, sending both into spasms of arousal and pain. Eventually Celeste shrieked. "Uurgh! I can't go through with this! It's killing me!"

Simon pulled away a little, feeling her steel domes lift off his chest. "Celeste, I don't know if there's anything we can do about it – do you think she was serious? About keeping us in these forever?"

"I...I don't know... I hope not... She's right though – if we went to the authorities she could just deny she had anything to do with these things and we'd be stuck... Unless fireman's cutting gear could get us out?"

"Yeah, right, I'm sure you'd love to lie there while a bunch of burly firemen took their cutting gear to your chastity belt and chastity bra."

"Hmmp! Good point!"

"Maybe it'll get easier? Maybe she's not really intending to keep us in that long?"

“I don’t know, it’s only been one day I’m regretting agreeing to this. I should have thought about it, but when we were there, she was so commanding and dominant and...”

“I know... Look, you’re due to come on soon aren’t you? Maybe you should tell her you can’t keep yourself clean and when she takes the belt off see if you can escape?”

“I don’t know if I can manage that long.”

“I tell you what, we’ll go down to the university metal-working shop after lectures tomorrow, I know a guy who can get us the keys. We’ll lock the doors and we’ll find a way of getting these things off – one way or another. She said she didn’t mind us trying?”

Celeste sighed. “Okay. Night, night.”

She embraced him and wrapped her legs with his, one between his and one over the top, their chastity belts clicking together. She kissed him and pulled him tight, so he felt her steel domes pressing gently on his chest and her lips caressing his. As she kissed, she gently probed his mouth with her tongue, and their tongues slid over each other’s, playing, and stimulating. Then the pain and discomfort from their arousal punishers became too much and they pulled away. They now had to endure a difficult night’s sleep. During the night Simon awoke several times trying to sport an erection and being left helplessly whimpering, waiting for it to subside.

Meanwhile in another part of Manchester Jacqueline was in her apartment. She was lying naked on her bed, wearing nothing but Simon and Celeste’s keys on two necklaces. The keys were bouncing around between her pert breasts, as she frantically rubbed herself, stroked herself, probed herself – then paused to make the orgasm take longer. Eventually after repeating this cycle several times, going over the locking of Simon and Celeste in her head again and again and considering that they were totally denied until she permitted them to orgasm again, she reached up with her left hand and started playing with their keys, tumbling them between her fingers and caressing them.

The effect was electric; she couldn’t have imagined a simple two sets of keys could make anyone so aroused. Her whole body was shivering with arousal now and she could feel the orgasm coming. She caressed the keys and thought about

how frustrated and denied her subjects were, while she swirled and swirled her finger around her warm, moist clitoris, then frantically rubbed it.

She came with a gasp and a bout of panting, she came so hard it almost hurt and she could feel her entire lower body pulsating. If she'd had a full bowel she would have soiled herself it was so powerful. Overcome with an orgasm induced bliss, she rolled over and pulled the covers over, and was relaxed and asleep almost instantly.

Metal Work

The next day Simon and Celeste had to endure another day of frustration, of tease and denial, of arousal and punishment. It seemed impossible to concentrate at times, but by concentrating really hard it did seem to negate the effects of their chastity wear somewhat. When they eventually met up after lectures, they were both emotionally drained.

Simon spoke first. "Are you ready? Do you want to do this?"

"Yes! I've got get out of this gear, it's unbearable!"

"Right – let's go."

When they got to the metal working shop Simon's friend handed the key over and left. They locked the doors and looked at the many tools on offer. Hacksaws, bolt croppers, angle grinders, dremmel's reciprocating saws, there was everything.

Simon made straight for the hand tools. "We'll try me first."

Celeste groaned audibly. "No! We can do yours after! See if you can get my belt off, quick!"

"Okay, hmm, get your skirt off and pull your stockings down, let's get you up on the bench, maybe it will loosen the belt up a bit?"

She disrobed her lower half and clambered onto the hard bench. Simon had been hoping lying down might create more play at the front, but it still looked perfectly tight. He tried to slide a finger in, but it was so tight you wouldn't have been able to slide a piece of paper in. "Hang on, I'll try the hacksaw."

Slowly he picked up the hacksaw and lined it up so as not to cut her, just to saw through the waist band of the belt. He began stroking the saw back and forth while Celeste lay submissively on her back. He didn't feel like he was making much progress, so he sped up. After a few more strokes she shrieked. "Aaargh! Hot , hot HOT!"

He stopped and rushed to get a cloth soaked in cold water. After pressing in onto the belt where he'd been cutting he stared in disbelief – there wasn't even a scratch. "Hmmp! I'll try the angle grinder, that'll do it. Lie back down, let me try to slide some of this heat proof matting under."

He spent some time trying to squeeze some heat proof cloth under the waist band, it was hopeless. In the end he decided he'd just have to try without. Lying on the bench watching Simon don his goggles and approach with the noisy grinder whirring away Celeste was terrified.

She almost cried out for him to stop before he'd touched her, but it seemed like her only chance. As it happened seconds after the grinder touched the steel she was screaming in agony from the head, and they were back to frantically trying to cool the area down. Again, there wasn't a scratch.

They tried the padlock, the waist band, the chains, everywhere. After eventually giving up on Celeste, they started work on Simon – but it soon came clear they were not getting anywhere.

They left the workshop frustrated and defeated, heading straight for Jacqueline's office, hoping to beg her to let them out. When they got there however, they found it locked and silent. She was either in meetings, off-campus or lecturing. It was getting late; it seemed unlikely she'd be back at her office now.

Instead they went back to the flat and emailed from Celeste's email address:-

Dear Professor Reed,

We can't cope with the chastity and denial, we came to see you today but you were out. Can you please arrange to unlock our chastity devices?

Simon & Celeste

They waited, they didn't have to wait long to wait. Within minutes an email came back from the professor.

Celeste,

Is this some kind of sick joke? I have no idea what you're talking about! Unlock what?! If this some sort of unsanctioned psychology test, you've chosen the wrong person to try it on. Any more of this nonsense and I will be speaking to your tutors!

Professor Jacqueline Reed BsC, MsC, PhD

It was the worst response, she was clearly planning to deny all knowledge at least in any recorded form of communication. They'd deleted her earlier email, there was nothing they could do, they felt completely at her mercy.

The Devious Professor

The next day, after another night and of frustration they returned to the Professors office, again she wasn't there. They tried emailing, but got no response, they even managed to find a lecture she was giving, but of course they couldn't speak to her while she was lecturing and she seemed to be able to vanish after every lecture by sticking like glue to other students or staff, then making her way into the staff only areas of the university.

Of course every night, unknown to Simon and Celeste, Professor Jacqueline was masturbating herself to orgasm, while fondling their keys and revelling in their predicament.

By the end of the week Simon and Celeste were sleep-deprived, tired, frustrated and full of so much sexual tension they were ready to snap.

As it happened Jacqueline emailed them to invite them to come to her office to

discuss their work from the first semester. When they got there they didn't knock and wait, they barged in.

The Office of Jacqueline Reed, BsC, MsC, PhD.

When they stormed in Jacqueline was busy on the computer. She looked up immediately this time.

“ Ahhhh, you're here.”

Simon glared at her. “Yes! And we want out!”

Jacqueline shrugged. “Tough luck. I've transferred your keys to a safe place, so don't even think about trying to overpower me. If you want out, you'll have to earn your way out!”

Celeste leaned forward desperately. “How!?”

“Simple, you will BOTH become my, live in slaves. At such a time when I feel you have both served me sufficiently, I will perhaps, grant you an orgasm. I trust you've tried and failed to remove your chastity belts? So you have two options, a life of being my submissive slaves and having the odd hard earned orgasm, or leave my office now and I will destroy your keys, leaving you to live out the rest of your lives in constant arousal and punishment, constant tease and denial.”

Simon sagged slightly. “Why are you doing this to us?”

She shrugged. “It's partly because I'm genuinely interested in seeing how effective keeping you both in strict orgasm denial is in controlling your behaviour. I also like you both, I like administering your punishments, and there's more I'd like to do to you, so much more... It's also partly because I know this is what you want, both of you. I'm a doctor of psychology, I can read how you're reacting to the treatment I give you, that little quiver, that shudder, that sagging of the shoulders as I say or do something to you that makes you feel submissive. Face it Simon, you love being dominated, you BOTH do... And who better to dominate you than a psychology Professor? I can almost read your minds, just by your body language. This is a great opportunity for you. You can experience an exquisite sense of submission, and help me with my research at the same time. In fact I'll tell you what, I'll offer you a choice here and now. If

you want me to unlock you and send you on your way, I will – that’s fine. However you’ll have no contact with me again, ever! If you want to be my slaves, ready to be a test subject in whatever way I deem fit, to serve me domestically, and personally, and receive regular canings, and spend lots of time in bondage – then that’s fine also – I’m giving you this choice now, this one time – so choose.”

Simon looked at Celeste, she was beautiful, in some ways even more than the diminutive oriental professor. But there was something about Jacqueline, she was profoundly good at psychology, as you would expect and he couldn’t bear the thought of NOT being dominated by her any more. He turned to Jacqueline. “I... I want to be your slave.”

“Accepting that I will have complete control over you and only allow you orgasms when I see fit? Using you for domestic service, for personal services and more?”

He bowed his head. “Yes miss.”

“Good, I think we can make it miss-tress from now on? Celeste?”

Celeste was quivering, she longed, she so, so longed for an orgasm, but the feeling of being owned was compelling. She wanted to explore this side of her, this awakened submissive side and was prepared to at any cost. “I want to be your slave too.”

“Good. You will both return to pack your things and then you will make your way to my apartment tomorrow night. I’ll give you the address. Bring your things. If there’s anything you’d like to do or anywhere you’d like to go – do them or go there tomorrow. From tomorrow night you will require my permission for more or less anything, and in most cases, permission will not be given. Welcome to your new life my slaves.”

It’s a new dawn, it’s a new day, it’s new life...

The rest of the day had been surreal, they felt like they were living in a strange dream. It was frightening, thinking they were giving up their freedom to the dominant Professor Jacqueline, but exciting, so exciting.

It was the hardest night to get to sleep of all, not just frustrated and denied but excited about submitting to Professor Reed. Celeste was up first, she’d given up

any hope of orgasm, and simply tried to enjoy the sensation of being stimulated by her arouser without allowing it to arouse her enough to punish. She made them both breakfast in bed.

When Simon opened his eyes, the sight that greeted him was Celeste, clicking along in her chastity ensemble bearing a tray with buttered toast and hot coffee on it. It was strange, but she looked so hot in the chastity belt and bra, and thigh loops, she looked ultra-sexy, yet of course she was in a desperate state of denial.

He sat up in bed. “Thanks.”

She sat next to him and they ate in silence. Once she’d finished her toast she began sipping her piping hot coffee, pausing for thought. Eventually she spoke. “I want to go to the beach today, I want to swim in the sea. I’ve not done it for so long and... What if she doesn’t allow us out for a long time?”

He smiled. “If that’s what you want to do, that’s what we’ll do. I don’t know about swimming though, what if the salt water makes our gear go rusty?”

Celeste chuckled. “She’ll have to let us out, she wouldn’t want us dying of tetanus or septicaemia.”

“Hmmm, except this gear looks like stainless steel... I say we do it – she never told us we couldn’t swim in the sea. We’ll get some funny looks, but I don’t care.”

She smiled. “Let’s do it.”

In the end they took the train to the beach, a popular resort on the North coast of Wales, full of flash cars and expensive yachts. It was a glorious summer’s day and it did feel good to be by the sea. When they made their way onto the beach they dropped their bags and looked around uncomfortably. Suddenly this didn’t seem like such a great idea, everyone was wandering around going about their business. Splashing in the sea, eating ice creams, doing the normal things normal people did.

Simon held her hand. “We don’t know when we’ll get to do this again, so I won’t let what people think stop me.”

He disrobed down to his steel underwear, grimacing and whimpering from the arousal and punishment as he did. Celeste threw her inhibitions aside, they were giving up their freedom to experience total submission. She pulled her dress off and stood on the beach, her steel chastity wear shining in the sunlight. As she stood there a young man walked past her. “Love the steel bikini, it’s hot!”

They walked hand in hand to the sea and waded in. They did get some strange looks, but they didn’t care. They swam in the sea, they sat on the beach. They let themselves dry in the warm sun. It was fantastic day, despite the odd looks and a few comments by more prudish members of the public. Swimming was particularly pleasant as it seemed to stop the arousers in their belts from functioning. It was also so exciting to think they were submitting completely to Professor Reed that evening.

The Apartment of Professor Jacqueline Reed.

The professor had spent the day acquiring some basics for restraining and controlling her new slaves. That evening they turned up as promised at Jacqueline’s apartment at eight pm. When she answered the door, the Professor was wearing a tight, black Chinese dress with gold embroidery. Unusually she wore her hair up, fastened into a bundle with two wooden sticks. She had long, ornate, dangly earrings and a pair of black, strappy high heels on.

“Ahhh, my little test subjects. Do come in. Have you had a nice day? What did you do today?”

Celeste stepped through first, with Simon following and clicking the door shut. Celeste spoke. “We went to the beach we had a swim in the sea.”

The professor chuckled softly at this. “In your chastity gear? Hah! I would have like to see that – I bet you caused quite a stir!”

“We got a few looks.”

“Hmmmm, I bet, now, what to do with you both first? I think seeing as you’ve gotten salt water on your belts my first port of call should be to give you a good thorough clean and make sure all the salt is off your belts – we wouldn’t want them rusting? Before we do that though, I will collar you both. Strip, and kneel slaves.”

They began, stripping, shaking with anxiety and with pain as they were both aroused by the arouser devices and punished by their spikes. When they were finished, kneeling before the professor; they were both quivering wrecks.

Jacqueline fetched from her cupboard two shiny steel collars, both with a D-ring at the front for attaching a leash. She placed one around Simon's neck and snapped its lock shut, then one around Celeste's neck.

She then pointed to Celeste. "Stay!" then gestured for Simon to follow her. He followed her into the kitchen of the flat and she led him to the sink. There was a ring fixed to the wall with a chain on it. When Simon was at the sink Jacqueline took the chain and padlocked the end to the D-ring on his collar. She'd clearly been leaving dishes for several days in anticipation of having her slaves.

"You've heard the phrase 'chained to the kitchen sink? Well that's you now – you will wash all the dishes, and dry them, then wipe the tops off as far as your chain will allow you to reach. You will not speak, if you speak, I will gag you and administer you with fifty strokes of the cane, are we clear? Just nod."

He nodded and set to his task, quivering with submissive pleasure.

Jacqueline returned to find Celeste still kneeling. She gestured for her to follow and led her into the shower room. Once there she took some handcuffs and handcuffed Celeste's hands high through a loop on the shower room wall. She then pulled her keys from inside her dress and began unlocking the bra, and belt and loops. As she pulled them away, she smiled at Celeste's vagina, which was dripping with juices and smelling a little fishy. Wordlessly, she carried the steel parts to Simon in the kitchen and put them on the side. "Once the dishes are done, change the water and clean Celeste's chastity underwear thoroughly."

He thought at that stage he could over-power her and release Celeste, but he was chained to the wall, and funnily he didn't want to. He could see little rings of spikes where the nipples would go inside the cups and a pressure point so a tiny expansion would cause the spikes to bite. Thinking about it made his member grow, past the soft arousal brushes in the tube, and his knees were bent, and he was whimpering in pain waiting for the arousal to subside.

When Jacqueline returned to the shower room she pulled the shower head off the wall. "Slaves don't get hot water you realise, I'm going to wash you now, in icy

cold water. Keep still for me, position yourself to make it easy for me, or the punishment will be severe.

Celeste nodded, feeling oddly naked without her chastity wear. The professor turned on the cold to maximum and began spraying Celeste off with the freezing cold water making her gasp and whimper. In seconds she was shivering. The professor stopped the shower and began rubbing shower gel all over her newly acquired property. There were rings of red dots around Celeste's nipples and areola she tried to back away as the professor began gliding her soapy hands over her breasts. "Keep still slave or I will punish you."

It felt unreal. Celeste had never been a lesbian, but the professor, carefully caressing her breasts, while she was helpless to resist – it was so arousing. It was even worse when Jacqueline's hands dropped to her crotch and began soaping up her groin area, sliding against her labia and clitoris, and reaching through, washing her anus and butt cheeks.

Part of her wanted to resist, it felt so taboo! It felt wrong, but it also felt so right. The professor was gentle and thorough in washing her. When she'd done she aimed the shower head in its holder at Celeste and turned the cold on maximum, making Celeste gasp and squeal.

"Shhhh, try to rinse yourself off in the shower, I'll go and see if your belt and bra are ready."

Shivering, teeth chattering Celeste moved in and out of the stream of freezing cold water obediently, as the professors heels clicked away.

When she got to the kitchen, Simon was drying Celeste's front shield having finished the rest.

Jacqueline watched him finish, then smiled. "Good slave. As you've been so good in giving yourself to me, I've got a special treat for you."

"Are you letting me out of the belt?"

She chuckled. "No, silly! What would be the fun in that? I think you should count on being in the belt for at least twelve months... Unless of course you are amazingly good to me, then perhaps six months won't be out the question. Accept your state of frustration and denial, embrace it, and enjoy it. My special

treat is a little different. Here let me unlock you.”

She unlocked the wall end of the chain now and used it to pull Simon along behind her as she entered the bedroom. She dragged him to a chair in the corner with big loops for arm rests. “Sit!”

He obeyed, then watched the professor pick up two sets of handcuffs from the sideboard and lock his wrists tightly to the two armrests. She clicked the locks shut and smiled. “I’ll just go and get slave Celeste sorted out.”

Simon sat submissively, fighting the urge to become aroused, while the petit professor skipped quickly away, her heels clicking on the wooden floor.

He tested his restraints, he was in another world mentally. He was physically uncomfortable, sitting locked to this chair, in nothing but his chastity belt, his wrists firmly fixed to the arms. The arousal kept coming, exacerbated every time by the soft brushes in the tube, stimulating him as he grew. Every time his glans would press onto the sharp spikes making him squeak and wriggle, then try to keep still thinking about non-arousing things.

Celeste’s arms were starting to hurt by the time the professor arrived, bearing her chastity devices. Having the devices off, she should have been desperate to touch herself, prevented by the handcuffs being so high. However the constant spray of the freezing cold water had meant she had been too uncomfortable to think about anything. When the professor arrived she was shivering, covered in goose bumps and her teeth were chattering.

Jacqueline reached in and turned the cold water off. “There, you’re all clean now, let’s get you dry.”

Celeste stood still while Jacqueline towel dried her. Rubbing vigorously all over her body, including her intimate parts making her shudder with pleasure and moan softly. Then it was time for the chastity gear. Celeste watched Jacqueline lift the halter neck chain of the bra up and lower it over her head, smiling. Then Jacqueline manoeuvred her breasts into the steel cups, making her feel the spikes almost immediately. She turned around and allowed the professor to snap the lock shut at the back. Then it was time for the belt. Again she put the waist band on first, then pulled the crotch plate up hard, forcing Celeste’s labia through the narrow slit, and pushing her clitoris proud. As the professor

prepared to fit the front shield Celeste sagged. “Mistress, please. Please can you leave the front shield off I don’t think I can orgasm even without it and the arouser is driving me crazy.”

Jacqueline lowered herself to Celeste’s crotch, admiring the beautiful belt and Celeste’s cute genitals, confined within the slit in the front. She sighed. “My dear slave, that’s what it’s FOR! It’s supposed to drive you crazy! Anyway I love the look of the front shield, and I love the constant tease and denial, and arousal and pain you are suffering. It makes me feel hot just thinking about it. Every night when you’ve been lying awake at night, so denied, so frustrated. I’ve been having a play, while twiddling your keys in my spare hand... It’s been ecstasy. Now keep still while I fit your arouser and front shield.”

Celeste whimpered as the front shield was offered up and snapped into place, sending the arouser spinning. Then Jacqueline attached everything together and fitted the thigh loops. When she unlocked Celeste’s hands her arms had pins and needles in them. She then reached up and grabbed the D-ring on her collar and pulled her out of the shower. As she was level with the professor, Jacqueline reached down and gave her a sharp smack on the bottom. “Okay slave Celeste, bedroom now.”

Personal Service

When Simon saw Celeste enter, naked, except for her chastity it sent him into a fresh spiral of arousal and pain. The professor pointed to the floor at the foot of the bed. “Kneel here slave Celeste.”

She then clicked over to Simon smiling warmly. She placed her hands on her thighs and leaned forwards so her pert breasts; and her beautiful face were mere inches from his. He could smell her perfume, he could see her eyes flickering with excitement and pleasure, the corners of her mouth and eyes wrinkling, showing the genuineness of her smile. When she spoke he felt her breath on his face. “Slave Simon, I’m about to give you your special treat. You are going to see a show; you’re going to see a lesbian sex show. I’m going to have slave Celeste service me orally, until I orgasm, while she is kept in strict denial, frustrated... So desperate, but having to give me oral sex, under threat of severe punishment. You, Simon, are going to have the pleasure of watching this, and feeling your aroused member bounce onto the spikes. If the pain gets too much, practice acceptance, embrace your submissiveness, but do not stop watching. If

you close your eyes or look away, I will give you fifty strokes of the cane before I lock you down for the night.”

She rose sharply and turned to Celeste. “Now slave Celeste, you are going to service me orally, until I come. When I come, you will drink my juices, if you slow down or fail to perform, or show anything less than one hundred per cent enthusiasm – I will cane you so hard you cannot sit down for a year.”

She then grabbed towel from the dresser and spread it on the edge of the bed, then stepped in between the bed and the kneeling Celeste. “Begin slave!”

Celeste grabbed the hem of her beautiful black dress and pulled it up, revealing black, satin, lacy panties, a suspender belt and stockings. She rolled the hem of the dress up and gently pulled the professor’s panties down, down until Jacqueline’s strapped heel stepped out and she sat on the towel.

Celeste stared gaping at the professors beautiful, but moist pussy, centimetres from her face. She’d never seen female genitals this close up before, she’d seen herself in the mirror of course, from afar, but now they were right in the face, the artificial light glistening of Jacqueline’s moist labia, small stalactite of sexual juices forming at the base of the vagina.

“Well slave? What are you waiting for?”

Celeste leaned forward, she could smell Jacqueline’s sex, her head was inside out with emotion. She’d never expected to be in this position in her life, but the professor was beautiful and so dominant, envisaging herself as the professor’s property to be used and abused sent a blissful wave of satisfaction through her whole body and she licked.

The professor’s genitals were moist and warm, she tasted slightly bitter, a tangy taste on the tongue and her short trimmed pubic hair’s tickled Celeste’s taste buds as her tongue slid over them. The professor sighed with bliss. “Hmmm, that’s good slave, now probe me with your tongue... Hmmm, deeper, as deep as you can.”

Celeste was now essentially French Kissing her vagina enthusiastically exploring the depths of Jacqueline’s vagina while stimulating her labia with her lips and her clitoris with her nose. Sexual juices were running into her mouth

and down her chin, smearing over her cheeks. She could feel loose pubic hairs in her mouth and her nose, but she carried on. In some ways it was ironic, Celeste working Jacqueline to an amazing orgasm, totally denied, but imagining what it might be like to orgasm, the professor being driven wild, trying to put off the orgasm, her arousal was so great while revelling in the power she had over her sub and also imagining herself in Celeste's position, perhaps kneeling in front of Mariella Jane Hall, working her to orgasm while locked in strict chastity.

She reached down and started gently stroking the back of Celeste's hair. "Hmmm, good slave. Now use your tongue, swirl it around my clitoris and slide it up and down between my labia. Use your fingers too slave. Hmmm, that's nice."

Celeste obeyed immediately, working her tongue up and down the professor's labia and swirling it around her clitoris making her moan with pleasure and sigh with bliss. Of course this display was making Simon so aroused he thought his penis was going to impale itself on the spikes, watching Celeste give the professor enthusiastic oral sex, while in strict chastity, it was the most arousing thing he'd ever witnessed.

Celeste was almost whimpering with pain as he tongued and tongued the professor, working her clitoris with her fingers, then swapping. It was the most arousing situation she could conceive of. However she was totally denied, the arousal brought pain and encouraged her to focus on the professors pleasure.

It didn't take long before the professor started panting softly, then arched her back, tensed up and felt her whole body pulsate with waves and waves of pleasure. As she did she reached down and pulled Celeste's face into her crotch. "Drink! Drink my juices slave!"

It was bliss, it was the most amazing orgasm she'd ever experienced. As she released Celeste's head she sighed blissfully to herself. "Hmmm, that was good slave, I think you can give me one more before I lock you both up for the night. Begin!"

She lay back, looking at her bedroom ceiling, feeling Celeste's tongue probe and stroke her. She was going to enjoy 'owning' them, her little 'test subjects'. As she lay there she began to think about all the wonderful experiments she could

conduct on them, all sexual of course... And all, without having to worry about the University Ethics committee...

~fin

To be continued in Forced Feminization : A Study in Sissification...

~by Sabrina