

**FEMDOM : THE
BEAUTICIAN TRAP :
MALE CHASTITY &
FORCED FEMME**



SABRINA JEN MOUNTFORD

Femdom : The Beautician Trap

~ By Sabrina Jen Mountford

Also by the same author:-

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

The Tormentress and the Boss

Slavery: Part 1 : Captured!

Slavery: Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.

The Male Bridesmaid

The Hypnotist

A Sissy Story : WPC Domination

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

Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

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

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

The Harem Slave

Femdom : The Dressmaker

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

Femdom: The Beautician Trap

Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission

Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

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

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

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

*Coming soon:-
Femdom : The Game*

*Planned Titles:-
A Study in Feminization (BDSM Studies)
The Clinical Trial : Phase 2
Forced Fem : His first 'Girls Day Out' (Based on Fact.)
Femdom : Utopia – The Female Dominated Society*

*Compilations by the same author:-
Feminization Stories First Collection: The Hypnotist, The Male
Bridesmaid
Feminization Stories Second Collection: Feminized For Her,
Crossdressing: Schoolgirl Domination
Slavery: Part 1 & 2 : Captured & Operated on!
Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself & Tickled into
Submission*

*(For non-Kindle owners) Paperbacks by the same author:-
Feminization Tales: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid*

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

*Sabrina Jen Mountfords Authors Blog and profile:
http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountford/blog
http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountford*

If you've read all of mine, then I highly recommend reading the works of Sarah Jameson. Her factual guides on chastity are very informative and her fiction:-

Stacy's Game (The Cuckold Chastity Chronicles - Sisyphus)

Tatiana (The Male Chastity Files Part I - The Abyss)

Monaco (The Male Chastity Files Part I - The Abyss)

Are excellent, well written, interesting and fun!

*I also strongly recommend 'The Well Disciplined Husband' by
Ariane Arborene*

<http://www.amazon.co.uk/The-Well-Disciplined-Husband-ebook/dp/Boo8IJQ1DK>

<http://www.amazon.com/The-Well-Disciplined-Husband-ebook/dp/Boo8IJQ1DK>

Forward:-

What follows is an original work of erotic fantasy fiction involving chastity belts, orgasm denial, BDSM and forced feminisation. All of the characters and events within are entirely fictional and any resemblance to real life persons or places is coincidental. These works are fantasy fiction, and I do not condone or encourage any of the acts described in this story be attempted in real life. This material is suitable for over 18's only. The following story was originally written and published for free on an online fiction site as 'The Beauty Spa' in three parts. Then it was a free bonus story included with early editions of 'The Clinical Trial' which is reflected in the low price of this story. I have extensively re-written, expanded and improved up on this story since then, but if you've read 'The Beauty Spa' parts 1, 2 and 3 or own an early edition of 'The Clinical Trial' please consider one of my other titles, if forced cross-dressing is your thing, then maybe 'The

Dressmaker', 'Schoolgirl Domination' or 'The Ex's Revenge' would be your best choice? Though there are elements of forced cross-dressing in almost all if not all of my stories... Like most of my early stories this is written from the protagonist, male sub's point of view.

Enjoy the story.

~ Sabrina

The Beautician Trap

by Sabrina

'I've been writing this story over a long time, trying to sneakily add to it when I was able to. Finally it's something like finished, and I can share my experience over the last few years with you. – Author'

It all started over five years ago, I'd been into self-bondage for a while. Cleverly setting up scenario's with some sort of time sensitive means of escape. Combination locks in the dark - forcing myself to wait until daylight before I could see the numbers again - handcuff keys frozen in blocks of ice; that sort of thing. Eventually my interest expanded into the realm of chastity. I started by fudging together some home-made devices, some effective, some insecure, most of them dangerous or uncomfortable. From there I bought a cheap steel cage, which didn't work at all – it was insecure and uncomfortable. Next I started working my way through the CB2000 and onwards range. I used the method of, leaving the keys in inaccessible places to enforce my chastity - leaving the keys at work on a Friday night, and therefore only being able to release myself on the Monday night, enforcing a weekend and a day in chastity.

As time went by I discovered a piece of software called 'time-lock' which, using combination locks I could enforce longer and even random periods in chastity. As my interest grew I eventually decided to get measured for a steel belt, I visited Neo Steel in Germany, and got measured up for a masterpiece, all stainless steel with high security locks.

It was a strange experience travelling all the way to Germany, specifically to me measured for a belt. The belt makers hands caressing my genitals

and groin area, while running a tape here, then there and calling out measurements to his assistant... Then there was the trying on of various hip and waist bands and some stock penis tubes and front shields... Part of me found it totally humiliating, but at the same time so exciting... So erotic...

When the belt eventually came it was a revelation, so much more secure and comfortable than anything previously worn. All the careful effort and time spent on measuring me for the device really paid off. It could feel at times like I wasn't wearing it. The first time I tried it on I spent a long time experimenting, trying to slide a finger in here, trying to hold something vibrating against it... It was so secure it was unreal, any attempts at stimulation simply made me more and more frustrated. It was such a delicious thing to be wearing. Though it denied all contact and arousal, it also felt very snug and secure, almost cossetting. The feel of smooth, polished steel under my hands, the feel of the front plate, with my genitals safely locked away, nothing protruding from the front except a neat little security lock. Running a hand down over my groin felt strange, it made me feel sexless, or perhaps female? I was used to feeling my cock and balls sticking out but wearing the belt there was no such protrusion – it was perfect. For many weeks I had a great deal of enjoyment out of simply locking myself and using the time-sensitive techniques to stop me from early escape.

The trouble was the games got less and less interesting, even when extending the periods locked in chastity. There was always a yearning for someone else to take charge, someone else to hold the key.

Eventually following some discussions on an anonymous bondage related online forum, I was given a suggestion. The idea was to create a false email address, proposing to be my Mistress or owner. Then to write a polite email to a local beauty therapist, that did male genital waxing. The message would explain our submissive/dominant relationship (even though the Mistress, author of the mail didn't exist.) and would then go on to say that I (her slave.) was due for a punitive full body waxing, including a male Brazilian, leaving the genital area hair-less. Next, the email would state that Mistress was out of the country for several weeks and wouldn't be able to do this as usual. Would it be possible, if the keys and some handcuffs were supplied to perform this work for her, ensuring that the slave (me.) would not be left unsupervised without the belt on, and that

my hands would be secured while the belt was removed. Finally, the message requested that after the waxing was complete, and I was belted back up - the keys be retained for six weeks, until I (The fictitious Mistress) had returned from overseas. I could ask for them to be as strict as I wanted to, I couldn't control whether they would follow the instructions – or even agree to it... Facing reality I knew some if not most might refuse outright. What I really needed was a friendly beautician who had a sense of humour, was not prudish and perhaps had a little bit of a dominant side hidden away in her mysterious persona?

This would have the effect of receiving something akin to a genital torture session, and then being locked into a belt by a woman who would effectively be my unknowing key-holder for six weeks.

I did nothing about it initially, but eventually I plucked up the courage, and sent the e-mail. I wasn't really expecting a reply even, if I did get a reply I expected it to be discouraging, even mocking... Or perhaps calling me perverted or depraved... The fact of the matter was I was sitting in my room, belted of course, having had a few drinks, and my sense of what is a good and bad idea was impaired. Almost as soon as I'd sent it I started regretting it – sure I was going to be lambasted for making such an absurd suggestion.

Surprisingly, the beautician was very warm to the idea. Nikki, the owner stated that it sounded like fun and they'd be pleased to oblige. Getting over-excited at this I emailed back stating that they had to be very firm and regardless of any pleading on my part - I was not to be left unsupervised and unbelted, even for a brief toilet visit. If the belt was off, my hands and ankles had to be cuffed safely out of harm's way.

Well, Nikki mailed back, quite excitedly, promising that he (re:me!) would not be allowed to play with himself, that he'd get a very thorough waxing, and even that they wouldn't charge any extra for the peculiar arrangement as it sounded such 'fun'. She even suggested we used recorded delivery to ensure the keys were not lost in transit and that I keep a spare just to be on the safe side.

The trouble was she also suggested that she didn't believe this was serious, and that they wanted a telephone call to make sure it was legitimate, and not some weird guy organising it himself.

Now my first thought was that I was rumbled, but then it occurred to me that there might be a lady on the forum that could oblige, by making the call and confirming this was true. After a few PM's to dominant ladies on the forum I'd spoken to in the past, a Mistress Wildfire, who I eventually learned was called 'Samantha' agreed to help and make the call. She asked for the number, which I obliged and soon PM'd me back saying a date was set - I just had to confirm the address the keys should be sent to via email, and the date they were to be mailed. Nikki would mail back to confirm she had the keys in her possession.

I was so excited, I'd never been to see a mistress for session, but that was how this situation felt! I was going to be restrained, then treated to a merciless genital torture session by from the look of their website, a beautiful young girl, then locked in my chastity belt and sent home without the key!

I feverishly emailed back confirming the address, and said I would be sending the keys recorded delivery the next day.

Locking the belt onto myself felt so much more scary that night. It closed with a click, and after wriggling it around to make sure nothing was catching and it was sitting okay I packaged the keys up in a well-sealed jiffy bag and mailed them to the beautician.

The arranged date for me to turn up was a week later, and in the meantime, Nikki mailed back stating that the keys had arrived. It was a frustrating week, and an exciting one. This time, my fate was in someone else's hands. I would be secured - unbelted, then waxed all over and, belted back up again, despite any pleas for mercy, with the keys being mailed to me six weeks later. The urge to climax was growing more and more massive by the day. I was beginning to wish I'd said two weeks instead - but of course that wouldn't tie in with the 'mistress out of the country' part of the story. I mailed a cheque for the treatment as soon as they confirmed they had the keys.

When the day came, my head was buzzing with excitement. It was going to be painful, and somewhat humiliating - being outed as a fetishist to some straight laced, vanilla ladies who were going to effectively handcuff me to a bed, and torture me - while giggling and laughing, then belt me back up before releasing me.

For the whole drive to the beautician's, my member was throbbing in it's tube, desperate to be free. I couldn't stop thinking about what I was about to go through, my legs were shaking so much I almost crashed at least twice.

After the drive down to the beauty salon, I entered gingerly. It was a large place, with lots of treatment rooms. It appeared that their main clientele were women, all of the visible advertising was for feminine treatments. When the two petit ladies behind the reception desk saw me enter, their eyes lit up and they grinned mischievously at each other. One was slim with dyed blonde long hair, wearing a white tunic, she introduced herself as the owner - Nikki, the other was a little more curvy - younger by the look of her, with short black hair, wearing a black tunic with pink piping. Her name was Kyra.

Nikki greeted me, "Mr. Perry? We've been expecting you!" I looked around at the sparsely populated, large premises, "Seems quiet today?" Kyra chirped in at this, "Oh, we were so excited about today - we booked everyone else in for either yesterday or tomorrow, we want to savour this!"

I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable at how enthusiastic they seemed about the whole scenario. But I followed Nikki into a treatment room, the treatment table had already been prepared with the handcuffs in strategic places, they'd even managed to rig up some medical stirrups from somewhere. Me following Nikki, and Kyra following me - I felt like a prisoner being led to the cell. Kyra's black and pink beauty salon uniform and Nikki's white, denoting her seniority, adding to the effect. Kyra closed the door behind me and clicked the lock shut, I piped up at this, "The, erm, keys?"

Nikki grinned at me, "Don't worry - they're safe - now strip, take everything off... Well, everything you can anyway."

Kyra giggled at this, and I begin nervously stripping, folding my clothes neatly up, and handing them to Kyra. When my boxer shorts dropped they both gasped in astonishment. Kyra immediately knelt down and tapped on the belt, "Wow, it's real!" She then tried to slide a finger behind the belt and the front-shield, but to no effect - it was so fitted and tight, "Nikki, this is awesome, I can't even get a finger behind it!"

I was so embarrassed, standing naked before them... I felt so helpless, so vulnerable... I started to shake softly with excitement.

Nikki looked and smiled, "Come on sweetie - up onto the table, we'll do your back and the back of your legs first, then we'll get you secured. Come on, before I decide to mislay those key's and hold them back for a few weeks."

Obediently I climbed onto the table and lay face down. They both donned latex gloves and began waxing me, one on the back, one on the legs. It was painful, but not too much so, none the less, the excitement of the situation had my cock straining in its metal prison.

Once they'd finished my shoulders, back and the back of my legs Nikki addressed me again, "Okay Chastity boy, flip onto your back so we can get you secured." I gingerly turned over, allowed them to secure my feet into the stirrups, feeling my manhood straining against its cage as I did. It strained even harder as they handcuffed my wrists well back, closing the cuffs to the very last ratchet, almost cutting off the circulation to my hands - so even rotating the hands was impossible. Kyra then unlocked the door and vanished, locking the door behind her - presumably to fetch the key.

Nikki leaned forwards over my helpless form and looked me sympathetically in the eye, while caressing my steel underwear with her hand, "Try to relax, we'll just get this belt off you - then it'll all be over in a few minutes, and we can get you belted back up and on your way."

Nikki then started waxing my arms and armpits, clearly intending to start at the top and work her way down. The pain was intense at times, I was distracted by Kyra reappearing, wearing my key on a necklace, and grinning - she was clearly getting into it! Kyra started at my feet, and began working her way up the legs, one at a time, waxing as she went. I grunted and squeaked at the pain from time to time, to which Nikki eventually chortled, "Haha! Pity your 'mistress' didn't provide a gag, you're a bit squeamish." It was torture, but it was erotic torture, made all the worse by watching my key swing about as it hung from Kyra's necklace, occasionally falling to rest on her breasts. It made me feel not just controlled, but almost owned... It sent a shockwave of submissiveness through my body and I found myself feeling meek and humble in front of

them, obeying them and helping them to torture me with their waxing as much as possible by shifting my weight about and positioning myself for them, within the constraints of the cuffs.

I tried hard to bite down, to little avail. None the less, soon I was completely hairless down to the belt. Nikki smiled at me, "Aha, looks like it's time to get that metal underwear off you." She and Kyra checked the restraints again and when they were happy Kyra leaned forwards and slid the key into the lock, leaving it on the chain around her neck as she did so. It clicked open as she turned the key and my phallus stood to immediate attention.

Suddenly I was free, and I had the most intense urge to come. I screamed out, "You have to undo my hands, they're erm, cramping!"

Nikki leaned towards me and shook her head, "Sorry sweetie, we're under strict orders - I can release your hands, but only after you're belted back up - sorry!" I wriggled awkwardly on the table, trying to get some feeling to my genitals, but Kyra was already waxing up the area, I yelped in pain as she pulled the first strip off.

"Please! I need to go to the loo, just undo the cuffs for a second and show me the toilet!" Nikki again leaned forwards, "I'd love to honey, but we're under strict orders to keep you from playing. A regular full body-wax and male Brazilian is good money, I can't afford to risk losing the business... Besides this is such fun - just lie back and relax, we'll have you finished and belted back up in a jiffy!"

I wanted to scream I started shaking about trying to free myself, trying to break the high security cuffs I'd provided, causing them to pause their waxing, Nikki leaned close to me, "Hmmp, you're not being good for me are you? Now keep still and let us finish you - or I'll hold on to these keys for twelve weeks because you were naughty."

I rescinded, lying back compliantly, grimacing and yelping with pain and surprise as they waxed every tiny hair from my groin area, penis and sack, leaving it all smooth as silk. After they'd finished they began rubbing some cream in - which caused me to moan softly, I felt I was about to come... But Nikki grabbed my erection in her gloved hand and broke it in two muttering, "Oh no, we can't have that..." I groaned and moaned. Soon they

were finished.

Their next problem was getting the belt back on. The waist band and rear cable was in place, but trying to get the tube on the front shield over my alert member was proving impossible. They pushed, they pulled, they tried slapping my penis, which hurt, but also made it even more aroused. I grinned - it looked like it wouldn't go back on, "I could pop to the bathroom for a minute and it would slide on easily!"

Nikki put the belt down and leaned in to my face, "Sorry cupcake, not happening. We'll work something out - Kyra - fetch me some ice!"

Soon I was helplessly writhing around as they pressed ice filled wet towels onto my groin using their gloved hands. I could feel the area going numb. Eventually Kyra pulled the shield back and slid my member into the tube. I could feel the front plate being pressed into my groin, such a tight, snug fit. Nikki and Kyra tested the belt by trying to slide their fingers in, after a moment they were happy it was secure. Nikki nodded to Kyra who disappeared from the room with the key. She re-appeared ten minutes later. At this Nikki began unfastening the cuffs, "There we are - all done, that wasn't so bad? I hope your mistress is happy with the service we've given you... We'd love to do you again... "

As I climbed off the bed, Kyra returned my clothes. I was rubbing my raw wrists, tears of frustration in my eyes... I had to get out - but how? I started getting dressed, almost crying as I pulled my boxer shorts over the metal belt. I turned to Nikki, "The keys? Erm, mistress said I could bring them back to her - she knows I wouldn't try anything in the car... " Nikki shook her head, "Sorry babe, the keys have already been removed from the premises. She told me on the phone you might try these kind of tricks, she said specifically, under no circumstances, whatever he says, let him have the keys."

I was desperate, I pleaded with her, "Look, can you ring her back? Let me speak to her?" Nikki shook her head, "Nope, she said you'd ask that - but that we weren't to ring her under any circumstances. We were told specifically to wax you, belt you up and send you on your way, and we'll see you again next time. Nothing you say can change that."

I left, my penis throbbing, utterly frustrated, almost in tears... Desperately

hoping for the moment those keys would pop through the letter box... In six weeks' time...

Or would they?

The six weeks since my waxing appointment, passed very slowly. I'd gone a similar length of time using time-lock software and combination locks before, but this felt inflicted on me by someone else. Many times, I went through the whole waxing experience in my head, mulling it over. One conclusion I came to was that the conversation between Samantha, or Mistress Wildfire as she was also known and Nikki had been longer than I imagined it would be...

It was a very frustrating time, I even purchased a dildo to try to get some relief, even going as far as trying to tape a knitting needle to the dildo and slide it into the tube for some relief. Ultimately it was hopeless. I might get some stimulation, maybe enough to make me feel a little more aroused... But never enough to orgasm, and every attempt simply left me more horny and more frustrated. By the time the six weeks was up - I was fit to burst, I'd actually been belted for over seven weeks given the time for me to send the keys and make the appointment, and part way through that period I'd been unlocked, waxed - then cruelly belted back up amidst my protestations, then sent on my way.

At the end of the six weeks, the frustration was so great, I decided that; despite the exciting experience, I wasn't willing to undergo this torture again and Nikki and Kyra had heard the last of me.

When the date came that the keys should have arrived, I didn't pay much attention, maybe they'd ran over a day? Or the post had been delayed? It didn't matter, I'd managed 7 weeks - I could cope with an extra day or two. Of course a week later, still no keys, every morning I'd woken up in anticipation, waited for the postman to knock, but nothing...

I hung on for a couple more days, then decided I couldn't stand it any longer. I rang up the salon, and managed to get through to Nikki, "Hi, it's erm, Perry here - I... " She cut me off, "Your cheque bounced so we're keeping your keys as a deposit until you're bill is settled."

I couldn't understand this, I'd had no money issues and as far as I'd been

aware the money had gone through, "Look, can you hang on while I check my statements? There must be some- "

She cut me off again, "Sorry hun, we're really busy - call back tomorrow okay? Bye!" and she put the phone down.

I tried to remain calm, I went through my statements - yes, the money had gone through fine! So what was going on? I tried to call back - but nobody would put me through to Nikki, all insisting she was too busy to take calls for the rest of the day. I thought about driving down there and then, but something told me not to, I could wait a day, I'd waited 8 weeks by this point!

The next day I rang straight after opening time and Nikki answered, as soon as I knew it was her I blurted out, "Look, I've been through my bank statement, and the money went through, I've paid! Now can you please send my keys!"

The phone went silent for a moment, when she eventually spoke she sounded seriously pissed off, "So you're calling me a liar are you? And whose keys? I was under the impression those keys were your mistresses keys? Why isn't she calling?"

At that point my heart sank, I was rumbled, I had to be - I thought about spilling the beans and telling the whole story to her - surely she'd have some sympathy? "Okay, look, I'm not calling you a liar, erm, slip of the tongue - my mistresses key's she wants them sent back."

Nikki sighed deeply down the phone, "Look, we're really busy this week, and next. As far as I'm concerned we've not been paid. Your 'mistress' keys are our deposit even if you send me the full payment amount, with the extra for admin charges we're slapping on for forcing me to chase payment, I can't send them for at least another fortnight - I just don't have time to go and organise a recorded delivery."

My heart sank, I pleaded with her, "Please, my mistress really wants her keys back - isn't there anything you can do?"

She paused for a moment, "I'm surprised she's so keen, seeing as she can't even be bothered to ring herself! Alright, on Friday, we've got a training

day, you can help speed things up by popping in to help out. We've got a lot of new staff to train and you could speed things up, maybe free up some time for me to nip to the post office? But if you come in, you do as I ask all day, no questions asked or I destroy the keys - I haven't got time to mess about! And I'm not guaranteeing they'll be sent that day either!"

I didn't work Fridays, so I was available - what could she ask? I stammered into the phone, "Alright, that's fine, I'll be there at opening time."

She spoke sternly back to me, "No you'll be here at 7 am, we're starting training early that day because there's so much to do. I'll see you then."

With that she put the phone down. I suspected something was up, she seemed to know more than I wanted her to... Had I dropped myself in it referring to them as my keys? It was possible. Friday was a couple of days away, so I had to endure for a couple more days. It was a long way from my house so I went to bed early on Thursday night and set out before 5:45 am the next day to ensure I was early.

I figured I'd be making cups of tea and running fetch/clean/tidy-up for the staff, so I dressed in reasonably smart, but casual, practical, clothes.

When I got there Nikki and Kyra greeted me again, and a part of me felt like grabbing Nikki and forcing her to give me the keys. The trouble was I didn't even know where they were, and part of me was being manipulated by the effects of being effectively 'belted' by her for so long. This result was a feeling of submissiveness, a desire to please her with almost simpering willingness. They were already dressed in their uniforms and appeared to be doing some paperwork when I got there.

When I arrived Nikki looked at the clock on the wall, it read 7:06 am, she raised an eyebrow suggestively, "Finally you're here... I was beginning to think you wanted those keys destroyed after all... Oh well seeing as you're here, Kyra - get him ready."

I looked puzzled at this, "I thought I'd be-" Nikki smiled wickedly at me, "You needn't have thought anything - just make sure you're obedient to all the staff all day, and today will fly by - you might even enjoy it."

I opened my mouth to speak, but Kyra pinched my lips closed, "Shhh,

come... " She led me into a treatment, room, a different one than before. It was all white tiles and clinical. There were three young girls, who looked early twenties or late teens waiting there. Clearly these were the staff, their uniforms were the opposite of Kyra's, Satin, hot pink mini-dresses with black piping, with the neck finishing in the mandarin style, typical of beauty salons.

Kyra stepped in front of me, "Sorry we're late, are you all ready to start?" There were murmurs of agreement, and Kyra turned to me, "Okay chastity boy - strip." I opened my mouth to protest, amidst chuckles from the line of young girls, but remembering Nikki's words I just asked timidly, "What are you going to do to me?" Kyra folded her arms smiling, "I need to go through how to apply a mud-wrap with these girls, and the longer you stand there in your clothes the less likely Nikki is to worry about your keys."

The girls in a line were chuckling at this, one even going a shade pink. I didn't feel like I had a choice though, I stripped down to my metal underwear, and shuddered at the gasps of astonishment as the steel front shield was revealed to them. Kyra, rolled her eyes at her students, "We haven't got time to stare at his strange fetish - alright chastity boy - up on the table."

Meekly I obeyed, and Kyra began wrapping me tightly in mud and eventually cling film, talking the students through what she was doing, occasionally allowing them to have a turn. As she was finishing, she accidentally knocked the large tub of mud over onto the floor - it landed squarely onto my neatly folded up pile of clothes. I gasped in horror realising it had happened and tried to sit up to see what the damage was - but she'd wrapped me so tightly, I could hardly breath, let alone move. I wriggled about trying to see, but Kyra pushed me firmly back onto the table, "I'm afraid not honey, you're there for at least a couple of hours - you're clothes are probably ruined, I can get someone to try and wash them for you later if there's time. We'll get you a gown in the meantime."

Sure enough when one of the girls picked them up and put them in a plastic basket I could see the damage. Incapacitated, humiliated I tried to lie back and relax while Kyra talked through the wrap again to her students, including how long they'd normally leave the customer like this. Then I was unwrapped, showered off, and wrapped again - this time by the

three students and with Kyra observing and supervising. Of course all three couldn't help themselves from having a feel of the belt. Eventually I was showered off properly and given a hot pink, satin gown to wear.

The girls filed out and Kyra looked at her watch, "You'd better get a move on - Nikki was expecting you five minutes ago - room 3."

I headed in the direction she pointed, awkwardly trying to keep the silky, feminine garment from flapping about too much and retaining some slither of dignity. When I got to the appointed room, Nikki was waiting with two girls, she thrust a bundle of clothes at me, as I approached, "Here, I heard your clothes were ruined so I've managed to get something for you to wear organised - get dressed quickly, we're running late. At this rate I won't have time to mail those keys."

I looked at the clothes, clean and freshly laundered, there was black, lacy, feminine underwear, black stockings, and one of the satin hot pink uniform dresses. I opened my mouth to protest, but Nikki held a finger to her lips, "Shhh, there's nothing else for you to wear, question me one more time and those keys will be gone forever."

Meekly I pulled the girly, lacy knickers on, the frills tickling my waist and thighs. As I did this I realised there was a suspender belt with silk stockings, and a pair of high heels. I thought about protesting, but I didn't dare risk it - one day of humiliation and I could get back to my normal life. I fumbled around trying to get attired properly - but failing and one of the girls having to come and help me sort out my suspenders and bra, Nikki tapping her foot and checking her watch impatiently.

Eventually I was dressed, Nikki rolled her eyes at me, "At last, we can start - now, in the chair, we're doing wedding make-up now." The two girls giggled and as I sat down another satin salon gown was thrown over and tightened around my neck. Sat in front of a large vanity mirror, I could feel the heat of the lamps, making me feel even more uncomfortable. Nikki stood eyeing me critically. Eventually she shook her head, "No this won't do - it won't be right without a wig, Jenny, fetch that long bob, auburn wig and some clips."

Soon it was being fastened on securely, I had to say something, "Look, this has gone far enough! Let me go and give me my keys back!" Nikki tutted

softly, "Your keys now are they? We'll have words about that later missy. What harm is a little make-up going to do you? Don't be such a baby!"

I opened my mouth to complain again and she pinched my lips shut, "Oh no you don't, you don't want those keys destroyed do you? Look seeing as you've been good and helped us out - I'll get you a cup of tea made. Don't be such a whiner, so far all you've had to endure is things paying customers would have had done anyway."

How she put it, it was hard to argue, so I sat back while Nikki gave a long lesson on the art of wedding make-up. It was an intense lesson, with layers and layers of foundation and other makeup, eyebrows plucked, false eyelashes glued on, lipstick, rouge... She did a good job, I was almost disgusted at how feminine I looked. One of the girls raised her hand like a school girl, "She looks great, but... I don't know something is missing." Nikki stood with her back to the mirror looking at me with her critical eye. Eventually she nodded, "Earrings, Jenny, fetch the piercing trolley." I started trying to get up, "Hey, I didn't agree to..." Nikki shushed me again, "Yes you did - anything I asked of you! Besides what are you afraid of? We get dozens of fourteen year old girls in here queuing up for it - a big strong man *chuckle* well lady now... Like you? If you take the studs out and leave it long enough they'll heal back anyway. Any more of these babyish complaints and I'll melt those keys down."

I sighed, and waited awkwardly, with a sense of dread. Eventually Jenny returned with a trolley, and Nikki gave a lesson in ear piercing. It was painful and I was left with two dainty diamond studs in my ear-lobes. Nikki now satisfied with her work, proceeded to clean my face off again and offer the girls a chance to re-create her work and the process started again. Occasionally Nikki would correct them, or re-do parts several times, all the while, me sitting in the chair staring at myself being re-feminized.

At the end of the second run through, the student who I now knew was Jenny raised her hand again, "Can we try the piercing machine?"

Nikki smiled, "Sure, we can do a second stud in each ear - there's enough ear lobe for one more go each. I groaned at this, but didn't dare voice a complaint. Jenny went first, under Nikki's supervision she added a gold stud just under the diamond one, her colleague followed. After which Nikki pulled the gown off, "Come on - up you get, you're going to be late

for Kyra." I stammered, "Aren't you going to clean this stuff off me?" She shrugged, "Sorry missy, no time! Besides it'll be good for Kyra to see how well Jenny and Louise are getting on - now run along - you're needed in the nail bar."

All the while my member had been throbbing in the belt. I almost felt like if I'd been able to breathe on it - I would have climaxed, but alas no access, and I was now hobbling through the salon to the nail bar on high heels, my stride constricted by the tight dress.

When I got there Kyra was waiting, when she saw me she smiled, "My, my, what a good job they've done on you! I'm really impressed! We are running out of time though so if you could sit down opposite and show me your nails."

Somewhat defeated now, I sat down opposite Kyra and her student and presented my nails. She started giving me a thorough manicure, explaining everything as she went. She did my left hand, and finished by applying some glue and some ridiculously long false nails and painting them. Her student then started on the right hand... While she was working she chatted to Kyra, Kyra gave her some tips, pointers and corrections. The student asked how long the glue would last for, Kyra told her this was the strongest grade and false nails would last several weeks - to which I groaned.

Once my hands were finished Kyra pointed at a reclined chair with a large foot rest. "Okay sweetie, up you get, stockings and shoes off, and park yourself on there - pedicure time."

Embarrassingly I removed the stockings and shoes and sat down resting back. Immediately they began, after a while I could feel cotton wool being shoved between my toes. Kyra doing one foot, with her student doing the other. When I looked down my toe nails were painted cherry red to match my over-sized cherry red nails.

Once they'd dried Kyra ordered my feet into my stockings and shoes again. As I left the room I noticed it was dark outside. Where had the day gone? I'd been pampered, preened, decorated and then re-done all day, the only grace being the occasional cup of tea which tasted a little funny, while I was being worked on. It had been tiring, and frustrating. At the end of the

day I desperately wanted the belt off and to go home. I hobbled into Nikki's office, almost in tears, she chuckled at me as I hobbled in, she already had her coat on and her keys in her hand, she spoke first, "Haven't you seen the time? I can't be doing anything about your keys now! Thanks for today though - you've been a big help. Get yourself home, have a rest and we'll talk about those keys after the weekend."

I hobbled after her, feeling awkward in my dress and high heels, struggling to keep up. I ended shouting after her, "Wait! I can't go home like this!" She waited until I left the building, then locked up after me, "Sorry hun, not my problem - it's too late to do anything about it now - you'll just have to! Oh by the way, be careful not to damage the false nails. I need them back when they come off - they should come loose in about three weeks. Oh, and I have to charge you for your studs - hygiene!" I shouted after her as she opened her car door, "What about my clothes?" She chuckled at this and paused to hand me a little plastic bag with my wallet and keys in it, "Your clothes were ruined - I've had them thrown away."

With that she span on her heel, jumped in her car and was gone. I stood alone in the car park, feeling ridiculous, desperately hoping nobody could see me. Eventually I realised it was futile, I climbed into my car, with some difficulty in the tight dress, then realised I couldn't drive in high heels and took them off. Every tiny operation, removing the shoes, turning the ignition key, turning on the stereo, setting the wipers, winding the window down - everything was awkward, with my ridiculously long false nails getting in the way. I wanted to rip them off, but she'd warned me not to... Would she charge me? How much were they worth seventy pounds? More? Less? Or was it another threat to damage or 'lose' the keys to my ever more frustrating chastity belt? I didn't even know if I could rip the false nails off, they felt welded to my finger nails and any pulling or tugging felt more like it would rip the nail off the nail bed before it removed the false nail.

I set off anyway, driving carefully and somewhat awkwardly, nails catching on things, my feet struggling to operate the peddles without shoes...

Eventually I made it home, tired and frustrated, dressed up like a pretty girl in my salon uniform. Even getting undressed was difficult with the long nails. I undressed myself back in my house, and started trying to remove the make-up. Everything they'd used seemed to be intended to be

semi-permanent. I managed to scrub most of the lipstick and make-up off. But the false nails were stuck fast, as were the false eye-lashes, and they'd done something with the studs to keep them from coming out. I presumed there was some mechanism to stop them coming loose - which I couldn't fathom without being able to see properly... That I'd have to go back to get them removed - or use wire cutters or something.

I went to sleep determined to remove the belt by force tomorrow. After a restless night, with several painful failed erections I woke up early. I dressed and went straight to the shed to look for tools. I brought wire snips, bolt cutters, a hacksaw, a dremmel and an angle grinder. The entire morning was spent trying to remove the belt. It was so fitted that nothing would slide behind it, the hacksaw and dremmel hardly scratched it, and as soon as the angle-grinder started to cut, it heat the belt up to unbearable temperatures and I spent a long time trying to cool the belt down with cold water.

Having failed I turned my attention to the lock, it was an embedded, high security lock. I tried various bent pins, paperclips and thin blades to try to jimmy it - no luck. By the afternoon I was seeing a locksmith, he was highly amused by the whole situation but said there was nothing he could do. I rang neo steel asking for spare keys, but they said they couldn't help.

By Saturday afternoon I'd spent a day, a whole day trying cut or pick the belt off with no sign of success. I decided to come clean to Nikki, it seemed the only way forward. I phoned the spa on Sunday - no answer... Another weekend belted with no hope of release!

I tried again, any possible method to get a tiny bit of stimulation... Nothing... A breath could have climaxed me... If not for this infernal belt! Another restless night resulted. As soon as opening hours at the Salon on Monday I would ring hoping to speak to Nikki, I couldn't have gone into work anyway with my false nails and eyelashes on show...

I slept uneasily again on the Sunday night, my throbbing member so desperate for release I hardly got any sleep at all. The belt was beginning to chafe a little in places now, I was now belted for longer than I'd ever been before. I was convinced there was no way out now - without Nikki handing her keys back over... Her keys... I'd actually started to think of them as her keys! She was my unwitting key holder and probably had no

idea of what she was putting me through!

At eight the next morning I phoned the spa, Nikki answered, "Morning... I... I have a confession to make... ", Nikki chuckled softly, "Let me guess - you enjoyed being feminised on Friday so much; that you'd like to volunteer for the next training day?"

I swallowed, paused then forced the words out, "No... I erm, I... The keys are not my Mistress's, they are mine... I just wanted to erm... I just... ." She cut me off, "I know... You wanted someone else to take charge - well, you got your wish! I'm your key holder now."

I almost dropped the phone... She knew! But how? The slip ups? The email? Mistress Wildfire? "How did you-"

She cut me off, "Look Perry, I don't appreciate being deceived and I don't approve of your weird fetish. I think the only way to get it out of your system is to make you wish you'd never wanted it in the first place... As a result - I've been taking into account every opportunity you had to come clean, and every time you failed, I've applied a retrospective multiplier of ten times to your bill... I think you need to come in to see me so we can work out how much you owe altogether... Any complaints and you can write the bill off, but you can write the keys off too."

I was stunned... What counted as a chance to come clean? Ten times; each time I passed an opportunity? Was that what all those hints she knew were about? "I... I'll come in and see you - can I come now?" she sighed deeply, "Sorry Perry, I'm really busy today - we're under-staffed, I could squeeze you in tomorrow - first thing?" I groaned audibly. There was no reasoning with her though, I'd become so attuned to the threats of getting rid of the keys permanently, and the effects of her being my key holder were so sharp now... I knew the belt wouldn't come off any other way... I couldn't spend the rest of my life belted. "Okay, I'll be in first thing - thank you Nikki." She audibly shrugged, "It's no problem, actually though - I want you in an hour before opening, and come in your uniform. If you're going to take up my time I need you to help me to catch up... Don't be late or we won't have time for that chat." I agreed, politely then said goodbye and dropped the phone onto the hook.

I had to go and find my feminine attire from Friday - which I'd cast off in

disgust, hoping to never wear it again. I found the wig, the stockings, the panties, suspender belt, bra, dress and shoes... I could guess her intention for the day. Clearly she wanted me early so she could feminize me again. Not something I relished - but if it meant I could buy back my keys, I'd do it. I washed, dried and ironed the dress and washed the underwear. I was still tired, so with my female clothes all laid out for the next day I went to bed early.

The next day I turned up at Nikki's at six forty five. I was even there before Nikki. When she arrived she raised an eyebrow at me, but entered the building before me without speaking. I awkwardly put my high heels on (I couldn't drive in them.) and wobbled into the building. She looked me up and down critically as she hung her coat up, "Morning Perry... Hmmm, Sherry - morning Sherry I think. You do look a sight, I can see we've got a lot to do this morning. For a start you're going to have to learn to walk in a more lady-like way. Luckily I acquired a nice, constrictive department slip over the weekend to help you with that."

I looked pleadingly at her, "Can't we discuss the bill please?" She shrugged, sure, come into my office, I'll get the girls to fix your wig and make-up when they get in... Hmmm, you'll need those arms waxing again, and the legs, I guess the legs will wait until tomorrow... Here - put this on under your dress."

She handed me a satin department slip, which was soft, but heavily stitched and with a tiny opening for the knees. By the time I'd stepped into it and pulled it up, my knees couldn't separate by more than an inch. Trying to follow Nikki into her office, I found the only way to walk in the heels, with the slip was to allow my hips to swing in a feminine way, I teetered and wobbled on more than one occasion. When we were in she gestured to a seat opposite her desk, "Sit." I obeyed and she pulled a file out.

"Now let's see, a full body wax, with intimates - that's one hundred and twenty five pounds. The piercings and studs, another forty pounds, uniform, underwear and wig another hundred pounds - that's two hundred and sixty five. You could have told us on that first waxing appointment, so that's two thousand six hundred and fifty, then there were two phone calls, so that's twenty thou... No two hundred and sixty five thousand pounds, then you could have told me on the training day so that's two

million, six hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Here's your bill - pay up and I'll return your keys."

My face was full of woe. Was she serious? Over two million? I worked in a call centre for the minimum wage, thirty hours a week, I had a tiny terraced house and no other income source. I paused, looking shaken as she grinned smugly at me. Eventually I spoke, "I can't pay that.. I'll never be able to pay that!" She shrugged, "Well, maybe I'm being a bit harsh... Let's say I knock you one, one multiplier off - I'm willing to do that. Hmmm, terraced house you say? Sell your furniture, sign the house over to me and I can rent it out to cover the interest, that would be a start.. "

I had to cut in, "Sign my house over?! Where am I supposed to live?!"

She smiled, "Already thought of that - you can live here in the salon. There's a room in the basement, with a bed, toilet and wash facilities. I'll train you up as a beauty therapist, I think we can soon have you earning double your minimum wage your on now - that should speed things up."

I stood up sharply, and glared at her, "I won't do it! I won't live as a woman!" She shrugged, "That's fine, you can leave now, and we'll never see each other again - I'll just make the call to have the keys destroyed." She then quickly hit a speed dial, paused for a moment, "Hi honey, those keys I gave you to look after - can you destroy them for me?" I panicked at this, "Alright I'll do it! Anything! Don't destroy them!"

She sighed, "Actually it's okay - leave them in the safe - I might need them one day yet."

Nikki then leaned forwards, "Look, once you're trained up - I'll let you stay open longer, you can work 16 hour days seven days a week. You might be out in five years?" I nodded solemnly. She smiled at me, "Cheer up, it'll be fun, I'll even make you a cup of tea." I waited, had my tea - which still tasted oh so funny... Was it an unusual brand? It tasted odd... She raised an eyebrow at me, "And I've been speaking to Mistress Wildfire again, Samantha seems think you will benefit from regular 'milking' to maintain your health... I've read up about it - and I think we'll milk you tonight, then once every three months - so that will be something to look forward to!" I slurped my slightly 'off-tasting' tea again...

As I was finishing it Kyra appeared, Nikki pointed at me, "Morning Kyra, Sherry is going to be fetching and cleaning up after everyone today - take her and wax her arms, then sort out her wig and make-up, you ought to touch those nails up too." Kyra nodded and held the door open for me... It was going to be a long day...

The following months passed slowly, I ended up signing my house over to Nikki, all the contents and my car were sold. The proceeds were knocked off 'the bill'. I was outfitted with a locking steel collar, which was cleverly disguised as an attractive, feminine, one piece steel necklace. The necklace also had a discreet 'shocker' built into it, designed to keep wayward dogs, from roaming where they weren't supposed to roam, but hidden under the steel. During the evenings it was activated and I was confined to the basement, with a painful, debilitating shock knocking me off my feet if I attempted to leave.

I worked every single day, the collar keeping me confined to the premises during the day and the basement at night. Christmas came and went, it was the only day I didn't work - instead spending the day confined alone in the basement. As time went by I was trained in the various disciplines of beauty therapist and soon was doing more than simply cleaning up and fetching and carrying, I was looking after customers and applying therapies. All the while, Nikki and her staff were very kind and constantly making me cups of tea... Which all tasted a little... Off, somehow...

The urges for relief subsided, I found speaking in a falsetto voice easier and easier, and my hair grew long and thick, to the point where I didn't need a wig... Then I noticed my breasts...

Slowly, gradually over time, I seemed to develop female breasts, to the point that my bra's didn't need padding out. When I tackled Nikki about this, she laughed and said, "Well, I thought it would be easier on you if we could make you a little more feminine, reduce those urges and help you feel comfortable in the salon - you've been on HRT for over eighteen months now."

When she told me it all made sense - the endless tea, the funny taste... She was now actually forcefully making me female. In the end she even disconnected the water supply from the basement, and provided ready HRT laced jugs of water for me to drink during the evenings. I began to

feel more and more female, and almost forgot about the steel undergarments and my male genitalia contained within. Until about three years later, when Nikki announced to the staff that she and her partner were getting married, and she wanted all her staff to be bridesmaids.

I didn't bat an eyelid at this, I considered myself more of her 'slave' than a member of staff, but the day came when she invited all the staff to a dress makers for a fitting. I automatically turned around to return to the basement when she called over my shoulder, "And where do you think you're going? I've been talking to Kyra and we've decided YOU should be head bridesmaid! So don't think you're getting out of this one!" I turned to her, a little stunned, "But the collar... I... " She smiled cheekily at me, "Don't worry I've got a remote shocker, I'll be carrying it all day - you be a good bridesmaid and you'll be fine... Kyra will be controlling you while I'm on the honeymoon - she's even going to help you arrange the hen night... "

The bridesmaid's dresses were satin, peach and very feminine, to my embarrassment; Nikki explained to the shopkeeper that I was a recent, post-op transsexual, and that the belt was a medical fitting that had to stay on while I recovered from the operation.

The preparations were made, the hen night came and went and I ended up leading the trail of bridesmaids up the aisle, holding Nikki's train. Being in the salon had become my life, now all these people, strangers, seeing me in public, holding my bouquet and being escorted by the best man... I started to feel my member throbbing like it hadn't done in months... But there was no release, there were photographs, a meal, some speeches... I was expected to dance with the best man - and I don't think he even knew I was a man. While we danced, he seemed to take great pleasure in pressing himself against my breasts and made several suggestive comments to me.

I noticed at several points during the day Nikki was wearing a gold plated key on a chain around her neck. The key to my belt hadn't been gold plated - but it made me wonder, there were several times I was within grabbing distance... But she had the shocker, and the punishment would be severe... In the end I resigned myself that I had no chance.

The years went by, my life as a man slipped further and further away... Until eventually, after a long shift, Nikki called me into her office, "Sherry,

I think there's something we need to discuss - if you could spare a moment?" I followed her meekly into her office, "Sherry, your bill is now cleared, I have taken off all expenses, and interest and I've knocked you some off for being such a wonderful head bridesmaid... It's time to return your keys to you."

I nearly fell off my chair, my member started fighting the hormones and fighting it's confined state.

"Do you mean it? When?" Nikki chuckled, "Of course I do, and I will take it off you right now - but the collar stays on until I'm comfortable you don't try to retaliate for what I've put you through. After all it was what you wanted wasn't it? Someone to keep you locked up? I did that didn't I?"

The relief was immense, I couldn't give a thought to attacking her, I was just suddenly desperate to get out. She pulled open a drawer... Then she opened a secret compartment at the back. The key dropped out and she handed it to me, "Here you go Sherry - take it down to the basement, I don't want to see what's under that belt again." I took the key with a shaking hand and darted to the basement, now confident and adept at running in high heels. Once there I removed my shoes, tights and knickers and inserted the key. The feeling of the key sliding in - a perfect fit, was euphoria. Free, free at last.

I turned the key and it twisted, then jammed. I pulled it back a little and tried again with a little more force - nothing. I tried working it backwards and forward - no joy. In frustration I rushed upstairs only to find Nikki had gone for the day. I assumed she had given me the wrong key and went to bed for another night in the cramped basement.

The next morning, I didn't bother making up or doing my hair, I waited for Nikki and ran to greet her as she entered. She seemed surprised to see me, "Sherry? You're still here? I thought you'd be long gone!"

I scowled at her, "I would be... But it appears you gave me the wrong key!"

She seemed confused at this, "I don't think I did.", "It won't open I spent ages trying to open it last night - it won't budge." She shuddered, "Oh dear... That's definitely the right key - let me get some oil and I'll try it for you."

Ten minutes later I was spread eagle on the basement bed, Nikki furiously squirting WD40 into the lock, then trying the key. Every time she applied more force until, SNAP, the key broke off in the lock. The belt was still locked shut.

She seemed genuinely concerned at this, "Oh Sherry, I'm sorry - the key's snapped!" I looked at the broken key, it was broken off deep in the lock, impossible to retrieve or turn. I started weeping uncontrollably. Nikki shrugged, "Oh well Chastity Boy, looks like your ordeal isn't over after-all... Cheer up - how about I milk you once every two months from now on?"

I grabbed the broken key and began desperately twisting and wrenching, cutting my fingers on it...

I screamed indignantly at her to get one of the spare keys, but she just shrugged, "I only kept one hun... The others were thrown away years ago... Besides that broken key is jammed in tight... I don't know if I could get the broken key out anyway... I think there's one thing for it I'll get Kyra to bring a metal file and some solder, and a soldering iron and we'll file that sharp edge off and fill the lock the with solder - then smooth it off with the file... "

I screamed at her, "WHAT!?"

She grinned cheekily, "Well... I decided I was going to treat you as a slave until you were unlocked, and now I don't think you CAN be unlocked so..."

I stood up glaring at her and raised my fist... Then the shock knocked me off my feet, leaving me writhing in agony on the floor - clutching at the collar.

She started walking towards the stairs, twirling her remote shocker as she went, calling over her shoulder, "You'd better hurry up and get your hair and make-up done Sherry! Customers will be here soon..."

I began sobbing uncontrollably as her heels clicked up the basement stairs...

~ Sherry

Epilogue

Later that day Sherry was working in the salon, accepting of her fate as a permanent, sissified chastity slave... When two customers came in... Nikki grinned wickedly as they entered reception, "Samantha, Anita... So good to see you..."

Samantha smiled, "Is she here?"

"Oh yes... And she's very good now..."

"Oh good, I think we'll both have our nails done..."

Before long Samantha was sitting smugly as Sherry sat opposite, she held out her hands to Sherry. As she started the manicure Samantha chuckled, "How are you enjoying your new life 'Sherry' ? Sherry shuddered, and looked into those icy cold eyes, that predatory look, "Who are you!?"

"Samantha... Samantha Burns, Samantha Fisher, depends on who you ask... Some call me Mistress Wildfire..."

He gasped, "What did you say to-"

"Oh I told her all about you, all your fetishes, all your twisted desires... She was quite disgusted at first... But I managed to talk her around for you... Once she'd dropped her inhibitions, Nikki discovered she was quite the dominant... Everything that has happened to you has been planned for a long time... Are you frustrated yet? Do you yearn to orgasm?"

He quivered, he didn't need to say anything, she could tell he was being kept eternally in a permanent state of arousal.

"Don't cry, your makeup will run... This is what you wanted isn't it? I hope the reality has matched your expectations..."

Her nails done Samantha chuckled and left to pay while Anita took a seat, and offered her nails. Anita looked even more predatory than Samantha, she watched Sherry working, performing the manicure like a tiger stalking

it's prey, eventually she spoke, "I've spoken to Nikki you know... If those urges get too much, if you get too frustrated... I may be able to help you?"

Sherry looked up, a ray of hope on her face, "You will, how, the be-"

"Oh no, I don't think we can get that belt off, I think it's there until you die I'm afraid... No, I think you will end your days in the belt... I might be able to relieve you of your frustration though, by castrating you? You just need to say the word, working around the belt will prove a challenge to operate around... But I'm confident I could perform a castration around it... Perhaps a little incision just above your bikini line, then pull the testicles up via the vas deferens? All those nasty urges would be gone...It might help you to focus on your work?"

Sherry shuddered again, the thought of being castrated... It would once have been the last thing he would ever want, but the now years in chastity, forcibly feminized, immersed in this ultra-feminine environment. He looked at her beautiful face, she was smiling kindly, sympathetically now...

As Sherry finished, Anita grabbed his hands in hers, "Just ask Nikki when you're ready... I know it's a scary thought, but don't discount it... Yes, initially you will feel a sense of loss, but we can counsel you through that... Then as your testosterone production falls, you feel calmer... You might feel better! Think about, I'm normally very busy, but I like you... I like your story... If you get Nikki to give me a ring, I can get you booked in for a bilateral radical orchidectomy, or surgical castration in less than a week – I promise..."

With that Anita left, Sherry sat silently, fighting back the tears... Until Nikki appeared and waved the shocker remote at her, "Come on Sherry, no time for slacking! I've got a customer coming in who you might be interested in... His name is Gary, he's getting a full feminization service, so he can be a bridesmaid for his sister-in-law Sarah! Isn't that nice? How ironic that you should be the one to perform his treatments?"

~fin

(If you enjoyed this bonus story, you may enjoy 'The Male Bridesmaid' in which Sherry has a brief cameo.)

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By Sabrina

Free Sample Chapters:-

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

The Medical (Chapter 4)

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

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

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

He quivered, "Is that really necessary?"

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

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

He shuffled nervously behind the screen in the corner and stripped, as he stripped her heard her voice from the other

side of the screen, almost making him fall over, “Remove your underwear too – I need to examine your genitals.”

By the time he was naked he was shaking all over, he was sporting the erection of his life and couldn't think straight. There were no gowns visible, so he pulled open the only drawer he had access to. There, staring up at him from the drawer was a patients gown, the type which tied at the back, or front... But rather than the institutional sky blue or white with a pattern which they usually were... It was hot pink and not a canvass material as usual but a soft, silky, satin like material. He heard her voice again, “Open at the front please Angelo...” He pulled the gown over his shoulders and set his spine tingling again and his knees knocking. He looked down and saw a tiny droplet of pre-cum oozing out of the end of his member. He couldn't let it stain the gown or she'd see and he'd be even more embarrassed so he wiped it off with a discreet part of his boxer shorts before tying up the front. The gown was obviously designed in a feminine cut, fitting awkwardly and his erection forming a little tent at the front. Shaking with fear he stepped out from the behind the screen, she smirked at him, “Good... Now come here, stand still, hands on your head.”

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

“Cough!”

“Again please...”

“COUGH!”

“Tell me when this hurts...”

Gently at first she started squeezing his balls, then harder, and

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

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

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

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

Limping slightly he ambled over, and climbed into the seat, "Bu–"

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

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

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

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

"N..No... I'm ju–"

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

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

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

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

“I... I don’t want it!”

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

“I don’t want it!”

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

“Please...”

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

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

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

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

“Keep still... Try to relax...”

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

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

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

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

She strode up, her heels clicking on the hard floor. She was wearing a very feminine ladies business suit and looked more beautiful than ever. When she was close enough she looked at Anita, “And he won’t remember any of this?”

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

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

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

"Me-"

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

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

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

He couldn't see what Anita was doing, but something was being applied to his feet, one then the other. Melissa beamed in his face, "We're going to make you very feminine Angelo,

and very submissive... You are going to end up as my personal, feminized, chastity slave... And the best thing is you are going to be willing and happy to undergo every treatment we decided to give you... We're even going to tattoo make-up on to you eventually, so you don't have to worry about doing your make-up in the morning."

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

‘Femdom: The Ex’s Revenge’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford

Free Sample chapter of ‘Femdom : The Dressmaker’ (Chapter 2)

The Interview

Shaun was on his way to his supposed ‘interview’ at Francesca’s. He hadn’t actually counted on Caroline daring to ask Francesca to employ her younger brother, and he equally HAD counted on Francesca laughing at the idea and telling her no. As it happened, Fran had been told to consider employing a male assistant, and to make matters worse, she’d contacted the job centre and informed them that Shaun was

being interviewed for a job. This meant if he failed the interview on purpose, his unemployment benefit could be stopped, if he got the job and quit or refused to do it, he could get his unemployment benefit stopped and he had no other offers on the table.

He'd taken the short bus ride to the little cobbled street on the outskirts of the town centre. He walked down the road looking at the signs, he'd never been to this part of town before. Eventually his eyes rested on the large white sign with pink curly writing on in, 'Francesca's : Bridal Couture and Dress Maker'. It was a large shop, larger than he's imagined, occupying twice the width of the other shops on the high street and on two floors. He looked at the window display, there was a screen separating the display from the shop interior, across the front windows were bridesmaid dresses and bridal gowns of various styles and colours.

He began to feel sick... What had he gotten himself into? He'd suggested it as a joke to wind his sister up, he'd never imagined in a million years he'd end up stood out here... He thought about leaving, he still lived at home, he didn't need the money... Okay, his unemployment benefit would be stopped, he'd have to cut back on... The thought of having no money again made him feel depressed, he was about to turn around and leave, when he chuckled to himself...

He then smiled wryly, it occurred to him that this was probably a joke, Caroline and Francesca were probably going to have him in for an interview, make some fun of him – then tell him he didn't have the job, he could get back to his gaming, and start claiming his benefits again... Gaming and claiming – that was the life.

He approached the entrance gingerly; pausing, then he reached for the handle and pulled the door open.

The sight that greeted him made his legs tremble, he felt his strength draining out of him. The interior of the shop was an overtly feminine environment. Everything was pure white and immaculately clean, flowers in vases on the shelves and racks upon racks of gowns, with dainty, feminine looking boudoir furniture dotted about.

He was about to back out, when a hand grabbed his bicep, just above the elbow and led him forcefully forwards into the shop. "Ahhh, Shaun you're here... I was wondering if you'd bottle out."

He turned to look at her, she was older than he was, he guessed in her mid-thirties, but she was very beautiful. She had a dominant commanding look about her, a perfect figure and long blonde hair. She was wearing a smart pinstripe feminine business suit with a skirt, and white silk blouse, she wore black nylon stockings and a five inch heel.

"W... Where's Caroline?"

"Oh we don't need Caroline... Yet... Stand back, let me get a good look at you."

"B..."

"Do as I say, I want you to stand there and let me inspect you."

With a sigh he stepped back and stood slouching with his hands in his baggy jeans pockets. He was wearing a tatty old band T-shirt, with the name so faded you couldn't tell who the band were. His ensemble was completed by a pair of ruined trainers that were almost falling off his feet.

He could feel her eyes, probing him from head to foot, she began rubbing her chin thoughtfully, working her eyes up and down over him. Eventually she made a twirling motion with her finger, "Turn around... Face the back of the shop."

He complied and stood uncomfortably while she examined

him. He jumped when he felt her hands grip his shoulders and pull them back, "Your posture is terrible, we're going to have to do something about that..."

He was now in a dilemma, go along with it? Make out he was okay with all this? Or let on that he knew it was all a joke? He guessed the threat of losing his benefits would be brought out, so rather than give her the satisfaction of begging he decided to go along with it. He allowed her to pull his shoulders straight.

She stepped back, "Hmmm, better... I can see we're going to have to do some work with you... But I think given time and patience I can bring you up to standard."

"Up to standard?"

"Of course! Caroline told me she'd explained the job to you, I expect you to look pretty, and feminine... Because when you are trying on for customers, that's what they will expect."

He shuddered, was he allowing her to take this all a bit too far? Again he decided he had to go with it, let them make the first move towards showing it was a 'wind up'.

At that point Caroline strode in through the door and looked at Shaun smirking, "Ahhh, you're here... I didn't think you'd dare..."

He chuckled to himself, she genuinely hadn't thought he'd dare – that was clear. Well, he'd have the last laugh, he'd go with it and feign enthusiasm until they had to admit it was a wind up.

"Of course I'm here... I told you I was serious about this."

Fran smiled at her, "I'm impressed, I think your brother is going to learn to be a good girl... You look after the shop while I take him upstairs."

Caroline giggled softly, "Of course..."

Fran stepped in front of Shaun and gestured towards the stairs, "Go on then, up you go..."

He stepped past her, smiling confidently, pretty soon they'd be forced to tell him it was a wind up and he'd be able to really get at them by implying he didn't realise it was a wind up and how cruel to pretend to get him a job, especially when he was so serious about making a real go of it.

Upstairs was more of the same, dresses on racks... Gowns, there were even some mother of the bride outfits and... Some bridal lingerie... And a dress screen in the corner.

Fran pointed to the centre of the room, "Okay, strip..."

"Strip!?"

She rolled her eyes at him, "It's nothing I won't have seen before, I need to see your body shape."

"Bu-"

"Now! Or I'll take you over my knee!"

"You wouldn't dare! I wouldn't let you!"

"Hah! If you want to get paid that nice salary and not be penniless with your benefits stopped, you will obey me. If I say I want you over my knee, I expect you to comply. In fact I think I should give you a 'welcome' spanking to teach you I'm serious."

She took a seat on a white velvet chaise and straightened her skirt on her knee, "Come on, over me knee."

"Bu-"

"NOW!"

Gingerly he approached, her voice was very commanding, he felt compelled to obey her. Carefully he rested on her knee. She gripped his hands firmly with one hand and pushed her elbow into the nape of his neck, forcing him to look down at her nylons and high heels. Then he felt her other hand pull

his jeans down and boxers. He tried to wriggle free but she scolded him, "Keep still! I haven't even started yet, let alone finished!"

Then he felt the slap of her hand striking his bottom and he yelped. It stung a little, but didn't hurt too much. However she struck again, and again, each time hitting the same spot. The hand rose and fell, smacking then retreating while he was forced to look humiliatingly at her nylon stockings and high heels. He felt humiliated and in pain, he was about to beg her to stop when she paused, "Had enough?"

"Yes Francesca!"

Smack!

"You will call me miss!"

"Sorry miss! Yes miss!"

"Good, now get up, and strip."

He fought his way off her knee, his bottom stinging. Then he removed his T-shirt and jeans, trainers and holy socks. Soon he was standing there in nothing but his boxer shorts. Fran pointed a long red fingernail at them, "Those too..."

"Bu-"

"Stop being such a baby or I will have you over my knee again, I'm giving you a count of three to strip or It's another spanking...One....Two...Good..."

By the time she'd gotten to two his boxers were off and he was standing in the middle of the racks of dresses with this strict, dominant woman eyeing him from head to foot again and walking around him. His penis of course as standing to attention and he was shaking, not with the cold, but with fear and anxiety. The feeling of being vulnerable was overwhelming.

She walked around him, her heels clicking on the hard

wooden floor. She studied him from every angle, again the examination seemed to go on forever. Eventually she returned to stand in front of him and looked him in the eye, "I've got a lot of work to do with you haven't I? You are smelly, hairy, you have no breasts, you have terrible posture and ahem... Can you control that?"

As she spoke her eyes darted down to his raging erection. Giving away the meaning of her comment easily.

"Control?"

"Yes, can you control that 'thing'?"

"Why?"

"Why? Oh dear... I'm going to have to get you in a dress to illustrate aren't I... Wait here..."

She darted to a set of drawers and pulled a matching set of lingerie out and handed them to him, they had panties, bra and suspender belts and some white silk stockings. "Put these on... No questions..."

Again his mind was screaming at him that this was going a bit too far now, he'd humoured them long enough... But she was so commanding, and quite attractive... Besides, he was interested to see how far THEY would take this joke now... And he was starting to feel defiant, and that the best way of showing defiance would be to force them to crack first and admit it was a wind up. His hands shaking he tried to dress himself in the lingerie. The panties couldn't contain his excitement and no matter how he tucked it into them he was left pitching a rather unsightly, very obvious tent. Fran chuckled at him fumbling with the bra strap, "Here, let me fasten you in."

He felt her pull the strap tight and clip it together, she then reached down and helped him with the suspender belt and suspenders and stockings.

Finally she stepped to the racks and pulled off a beautiful slim-line, simple, classy looking white bridal gown with embroidered shoulder straps and sequins and beads. She unzipped it and held it out to him, "Well? Step in..."

He complied, shaking as she pulled it up over his arms and shoulders, then her heels clicked on the wooden boards and she walked behind him and zipped the dress up. The material was soft and smooth, but it was tight and constricting slightly, instinctively he tried to reach for the zipper but the tiny zip was well out of reach... He was in the dress until she let him out of it. She chuckled at his failed attempts to reach the zipper, "Oh no you don't... A good bridal gown is one which the bride needs to be helped in and out of. I designed this gown so the bride would not be able to unzip herself... You're staying in the dress until I decide to let you out..."

He was shaking with anxiety, his emotions were on overload. Fran stepped in front and took his arm, leading him to a full length dress mirror, "Now, look in the mirror – what do you see?"

He looked at himself, shaking with fear, looking a little... Humbled? But very obviously male. "I look silly."

"That's right, you look silly, and that's what we have to correct, we need you to not look silly, but look feminine and pretty. Silly doesn't sell dresses. We can hide some of your maleness with makeup I think... You have fairly soft feminine features for a boy so I don't think it will be too hard. We can get your ears pierced... We need to get you some breasts too, I think for now we'll try you with a set of breast forms, perhaps see about getting you on hormones later? Hmmm, although it might be useful keeping you using breast forms, then I can modify my designs to fit better on various cup sizes can't I?"

"Breasts! Why do I need breasts!?"

“Well, breasts are an important part of feminine beauty of course! Don’t forget I need you to be as feminine as possible. You have to fill your bra and dress or it won’t look right.”

“Have you thought about hiring a girl to do this?”

“That’s what I always do, I’ve had the job centre moaning on to me about sexual equality or something, complaining that I’m discriminating against males and threatening to take legal action against me – you are my experiment to see if I can realistically comply with their wishes... I suppose when Caroline mentioned it, I thought I’d go ahead with the idea to prove a point to them, and get them off my case.”

“You’re serious about this?”

She leaned close to him and raised an eyebrow, “Aren’t you?”

“I...”

Realization grew on her face and she rolled her eyes chuckling to herself, “You thought this was all a wind-up? A Joke? You thought I’d go to all this trouble with you – for a joke? You obviously don’t know me Shaun... I think I can make this work, and if it doesn’t then I can illustrate to the sexual discrimination committee that I’ve tried my best and it hasn’t worked... You can walk out now, well... Well, once you’ve got your own clothes back on you can... As pretty you look in that wedding gown, it’s worth over six hundred pounds... Or you can stay, let me work on you... And see where it takes us? The pay is good, the work is easy... Once I’m done with you, you will be so feminine, nobody will even know you’re a boy... So it won’t be too humiliating for you anyway, as long as you play your part well... All you have to do is allow me to feminize you... Of course alternatively, you can leave... Take your wedding gown off, put your jeans on and go... But I will make sure you never get a job anywhere ever again, doing anything, and I will make sure you’re unemployment benefit is stopped

permanently. If you didn't want to do this, if you didn't accept these conditions you shouldn't have told your sister you did... So what's it to be? Would you like me to let you out of the dress and send you on your way? Or are you going to allow me to work on you, feminize you... And train you to be as feminine as possible... Hmmm?"

He quivered, his legs shaking. The feel of the soft, smooth material on his skin, the sensation of the lingerie, pulling and pinching in unfamiliar places... He could see what she meant when he looked down, the line of the front of the dress was ruined by his raging erection. Fran saw him inspecting the problem, "Oh don't worry, we can do something about that... If you can control it – then we won't have to, here's your test... Assuming you want to remain in paid employment, I will keep you in this bridal gown for the next couple of hours. Caroline will go through a few things with you... At the end of the afternoon, if you've managed to lower your 'ahem' erection... Then I'll give you a chance to work without an 'erection preventer' if not then I will measure you up and order one for you."

"Erection preventer?"

"Yes, a simple device... There are lots to choose from, I want one that allows the front of your dresses to remain as flat as possible. It will be a steel device, probably a bit like steel underwear, which I will lock onto you. I shall wear the key around my neck so it's always to hand in case of emergencies. It will, hmmm, restrict access to your genitals, so you won't be able to touch yourself... And it will punish arousal, so it will teach you not to become aroused at inappropriate times."

"Puni-"

"Yes, little spikes perhaps, so when you start to grow, you pierce yourself on them. Don't worry though, you'll soon

learn control. If you can show me control this afternoon – maybe I will let you work without one? I need to hide all signs of your male-ness and erections are something of a giveaway. Now, I will go and look after the shop, and send Caroline to go through the stock with you... She's very good your sister... If you ask her to let you out of the dress, she will let me know... Maybe I'll even ask her to offer to let you out? If she does, you will refuse, insisting you want to stay in the dress all afternoon for me – understood? Good... Now, we can't have you going around all afternoon with no shoes on, here... Put these on." She turned and pulled a shoebox off the shelf and handed it to him.

He took it, his hands shaking and opened the lid. Inside, were a previously worn pair, of white sandals with a small two inch stiletto heel. He sat on a chaise near the racks, lifted the hem of his long silky dress up and pulled the feminine shoes onto his feet, then fastened the little straps to his ankle. He stood up experimentally, wobbling a little. As he tried a few baby steps in the shoes Caroline appeared smirking at him, "Well, well don't you look pretty!"

"Hmmp! I look silly!"

"Hmmm, that is true, but Fran, Gemma and I can sort that out..."

"Why are you doing this to me?"

She laughed out loud, "Ha! Why not? It's funny, anyway it's got you off your gaming console and your lazy butt? Maybe, if you can get yourself out of this scenario, you'll appreciate the 'normal' jobs you get and stop being such a scrounger."

"Carol!"

"Anyway, when I suggested it to Fran she thought it was funny at first, but then she thought she could use you to get the sexual discrimination nutters off her case. Maybe if you're

good and she succeeds in winning an exemption she'll let you leave with a good reference and some paid employment on your CV?"

"Hmmp! I can't wear this all afternoon..."

She stepped closer and tilted her head slightly as she looked him in the eye, "Would you like me to let you out? I could unzip you now?"

She had that twinkle in her eye. Clearly Fran had coached her into offering, and he'd just end up in more trouble if he asked her to help him out of the dress. "No thanks, I want to stay in the dress."

She giggled and edged closer, reaching around his back, he could feel her fingers pulling gently on the tiny zipper, "Let me get this straight, you want to stay in your 'ahem' bridal gown?"

"Yes..."

She smirked at him and stroked a hand from his shoulder to his waist, "You do look very pretty... Hmmm, except for that..."

He could see where she was looking, "Hmmp! I've already had Fran on to me about that!" She smirked at him again. He had no chance of lowering his erection, the constant feel of bra straps, suspender belt and the silky feel of the dress against his skin, the way the narrow waist hugged his belly, the fact he was helpless to remove it and reliant on another to 'let him out' coupled with the feminine shoes... His erection showed no sign of easing off at all. He kept running through his head, almost pleadingly thinking to himself, 'How long are they going to keep this up?'

She gestured towards his front, where the flat of the dress was spoiled by his erection, "Well you'd better try and sort it out... Come on, I'll show you where everything is kept."

The next couple of hours were painfully slow, Shaun couldn't

lower his arousal levels and struggled to move around in the long dress and heeled shoes. His sister was in an electric pink bridesmaid dress, and she moved around confidently, and showed Shaun where all the materials, dresses, lingerie and shoes were kept. He tried to keep his mind on the job and not think about the humiliating position in which he'd been placed. It was no good though, at the end of the afternoon when Francesca came to see how they were doing, Shaun was sporting an erection bigger than ever, almost lifting the front of the dress up.

She looked at it and shook her head, tutting, "I'm afraid you've failed the test dear... You can't say I didn't give you a fair chance can you? Surely you can understand why I don't want 'that' on show? *Sigh* We'd better measure you up... Caroline help him hold his dress up for me, so I can measure him up."

"With pleasure..."

Between them Shaun and Caroline held the skirt of the dress high. He couldn't see what Fran was doing, he could feel her pull his panties down and remove the suspender belt. Then there was lots of pulling and a tailors tape being run around waist, thighs, groin and genitals. She was very thorough. Eventually Fran pulled his panties back up and stood up, "All done, I've got your measurements, I'll get your hardware on order."

Shaun tried again to reach the tiny zipper at the back of his gown, but his arm simply wouldn't bend in the right direction. He thought he'd managed to clip it with a fingernail, but there was no way he'd grip it. Fran chortled at his futile efforts.

"I'm not quite ready to let you out yet dear, I think some practice at tackling the stairs in heels and gown will do you good hmmm? You can help Caroline carry some stock down stairs and move some from downstairs upstairs... Caroline will

know what needs moving... Come on then, snap to it – or I'll have you over my knee again."

The dress flowing around his ankles he began following Caroline around and helping her to organize the stock. It was basically an exercise to rotate the displays and to try and keep selections of most styles and sizes downstairs. Tackling the stairs in the gown and heels proved very difficult indeed. He'd been struggling to keep his balance anyway, and being unable to see his feet beneath the long dress, coupled with trying to climb stairs took the challenge to a whole new level.

Fran followed them down for the first trip, chuckling at him as she followed, "We really need to give you some deportment lessons I think dear, you need to learn to walk in a more feminine way!"

He quivered at the suggestion and carried on working, all the time squirming and writhing in his predicament. He was still convinced it was a wind up though, just that they'd decided to carry on the joke for the whole day. His afternoon in the dress, lingerie and heels was torture, when it turned six o'clock he was upstairs sorting out the boxes of sets of lingerie and unpacking some new deliveries with Caroline.

Francesca's heels could be heard clicking up the staircase. She was smiling, "Ahhh, Shaun... It's six o'clock – home time!"

Shaun put down the box he'd been moving and sighed, this was it, they were going to come clean now and tell him it was a wind up. "Can you unzip me?"

"Unzip you? Is that how to ask?"

He tried again to reach the zipper himself, even sliding the dress up and down to try to get it within reach, but it was too small, too fiddly and placed at the point on his back which was hardest to reach. After trying for a few minutes, while Francesca and Caroline watched chuckling, he gave up,

“Please can you unzip me?”

“Hmmm?”

“Please can you unzip me miss?”

Fran smiled now, “That’s better, now come here and turn your back to me, there’s a good girl.”

Submissively he approached, his own heels clicking on the wooden floor, then turned his back. He felt her pinch the dress with one hand and pull the zipper with the other. Soon it was being pulled off his shoulders and he let out a sigh of relief. Immediately he tried to reach behind to unclip his bra fastener, but Fran dropped a hand onto his, “No, no... Keep the lingerie on. I need you to get used to wearing women’s underwear, so you will wear lingerie all the time from now on – are we clear?”

He glared at her, then sighed, “Hasn’t this gone far enough?”

Fran shrugged, “I don’t know what you mean?”

“Haven’t you and Caroline had a good enough laugh at me yet? I mean this is a joke right, I’ve been going along with it because I wanted to get you to think I thought it was serious – but come on!”

Fran reached up and grabbed his chin between her long red painted fingernails, “Oh my dear... This IS serious, this is deadly serious... As long as you are obedient, and do as you are told, we’ll get along just fine... I’m a nice employer, I will look after you... But I expect total obedience...”

At this Shaun started crying softly, “I... I don’t want to be girl...”

Fran stepped up and wrapped her arm around him, “Shhh, everything will be alright... You won’t really ‘be’ a girl, you’ll be pretending for me... It won’t hurt, and I’ll help you, we’ll all help you... Now you’ve been good for me today, I’m pleased

with you. Go home, get some rest and I'll see you bright and early tomorrow morning hmmm? Oh, and can you come in some different clothes?"

"Like what? All I have is jeans and T-shirts..."

"Borrow something off your sister, you look about the same size?"

Caroline and Shaun headed home. They spent most of the journey in silence. When they got back, their parents were out. It was the first time Shaun had done a full day's work in a long time and he was tired so ended up going to bed early, thankful for being out of the bra and panties Francesca had told him to wear.

~ To read more – please read;-

‘Femdom : The Dressmaker’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford

Free Sample chapter of ‘The Harem Slave’ (Chapter 2)

Slavery

When Roy came around everything was black. He was in utter darkness. He could tell he had been stripped naked and had his hands cuffed together and his ankles in shackles. He cast his eyes about looking for the tiniest source of light, anything at all – but it was pitch black. He could feel his shoulders up against someone else's and his handcuffs seemed to be joined to others cuffs on either side of him. He whispered, "Henry..." No answer, he tried louder, "Henry!..."

He heard Henry's voice in the distance, some way down the line, but it was drowned out by muffled whispers in the foreign tongue, impossible to understand, but from the tone, Roy and Henry could guess they were urging them to be quiet.

Henry of course found himself in the same situation. Suddenly it became clear why Avria had wanted them to go... He'd been separated from Roy, he could feel he'd been stripped, hand cuffed and shackled too... He could feel the shape of the floor and the wall behind his back. Both were metal....

He whispered over in Roy's direction, "Pssst! Roy! I think we're in the back of the van!"

At that point before he could respond the engine spluttered into life and they were on the move. The van seemed to make several turns, they could hear the hustle and bustle of the city outside the van as they drove. Eventually they ground to a halt and the van was in silence again.

There was another long wait, there was hustle, bustle and the shouting of crowds outside the van. Eventually, after what seemed like a lifetime the back doors were flung open and Tamak and another man, bigger and more muscular than Tamak were pulling the inhabitants of the back of the van out. Roy had been back to the wall, passenger side two people from the back door, Henry had been just behind the driver, one inhabitant away. As they were led out, all chained together Roy and Henry studied the others. Young girls, in their early twenties, young men of a similar age... All chained together. Tamak was now beating them about the back with a small stick to speed them up.

Roy opened his mouth to speak but Tamak glared at him and smacked him with the stick, shouting at him in the foreign language. Henry saw and decided to hold his tongue until he knew what was going on.

As the whole van emptied it occurred to Roy what had been going on when they arrived at Tamak's house... His employees had turned up to unload the slaves, but Tamak, planning to

capture Henry and Roy, hadn't wanted them to see.

Roy glared at Tamak, "Tamak you bas..." He leaned closer, "Shhh, you be good... The Sultan's wife at the slave market today yes? Westerners very rare, very sought after! You good, you have very nice life here... Shhh..."

Henry overheard and his jaw dropped... "Tamak you..." Tamak ushered him along before he could finish. Soon all of Tamak's 'stock' were lined up on a platform and Tamak's brutish assistant was walking down the line hanging signs around all of the necks. It was like being in a surreal dream, nothing on their travels could have prepared them for this.

Almost in a state of confusion they allowed the signs, which had something written on them in slightly Russian looking letters to be hung around their necks.

Next, members of the crowd started queuing to come on to the platform and walk down the line, inspecting the slaves from head to foot, feeling their arms and legs, and generally poking and prodding them. While this was going on of course Tamak was shouting to the crowd, touting the quality of his wares, and shouting something which included the word 'English' while pointing at Roy and Henry.

The customers felt and prodded them, which was very undignified, some were men, some women, some young, some old. Eventually though a young girl, who looked like she was in her mid-twenties stood and rose to the platform flanked by two large, sword and gun wielding guards. She was dressed much more richly than the rest, in a shiny gold, peach and lilac outfit which resembled a belly dancers outfit, with a delicate veil and narrow band of gold on her head, there was gold embroidery around the hems and seams of her outfit. She had to be the Sultans wife. She avoided all the other slaves on sale and made a bee line for Roy and Henry. She looked them in

the eye and smirked, then started grasping their biceps, and leg muscles, pinching their flesh. Finally she cupped Roy's testicles in one hand and pulled and stretched his penis's in the other, making him try to squirm away. However Tamak's assistant who had been standing behind them grabbed him and held them steady while the princess inspected him.

Having finished with Roy she grabbed Henry's penis and scrotum and started manipulating it, making him squirm and try to shy backwards out of the way. She looked up at him sternly, "Keep still while I inspect you slave... Or I shall have you flogged. I need to inspect you carefully, to know whether or not I wish to buy you."

Henry gulped and tried to keep still while she continued her undignified examination.

Once satisfied she stepped back, "Hmmm, you are English?"

Roy quivered, "Yes, we are..." One of the princess's guards stepped forwards and slapped him across the face hard leaving a red mark and throwing his head to one side, "You will address Princess Hadjina as 'your royal highness'!"

Henry looked at her properly now, she was very beautiful, probably the most beautiful woman she'd ever seen. His voice shaking he spoke, "Yes we are your royal highness." Roy shot him a glance. The princess smiled, "Good... I need some eunuchs for the Sultan's harem... I want you both to touch your toes for me..."

Roy looked at Henry who shuddered and looked at the Princess, "Eunuch's your royal highness?"

One of the guards stepped forwards and was about to shout at them, but the princess raised her hand, "Not now Butchow, yes, eunuch's... But do not worry, the procedure will be carried out with anaesthetic, by a skilled surgeon under sterile conditions in the Sultan's private medical centre. We will

amputate your penis, testicles and scrotum, completely emasculating you... Then you will serve the Sultan's many wives and daughters in the harem, until such time as you are deemed to be no longer useful, then we shall either kill you with a lethal injection, or release you... Of course, all of this is dependent on whether I decide to buy you or not..."

Henry's knees were knocking, "Slavery was abolished you know! The British Consul..."

The Princess rolled her eyes, "There is no British Embassy in Rijakistan... Most likely the British Government doesn't even know our nation exists... You have no choice you know... The product on sale does not get to choose the customer... Anyway, you look strong, the alternative might be for you to be bought by one of the diamond miners? Where you would live underground, never see the light and probably die of illness after a few years, if you were not killed by an accident that is. Becoming a harem eunuch is not all bad – you get comfortable accommodation, good food, medical care... You get to spend your days looking after, tending to and serving beautiful women? All you lose in exchange for this privilege is your sexual organs and your freedom?"

Roy and Henry looked at each other nervously... The princess eyed them both up and down one more time then looked at Tamak, "I've seen enough slaver – let the bidding commence."

Tamak then took a spot at a podium on the platform. He was shouting in foreign at the crowd, pointing to people and then shouting some more. It was clear he was running an auction. Because the Princess had expressed an interest in purchasing the two westerners they had been bumped to the front of the queue. Roy looked nervously at Henry as the bidding got more heated. The princess had not even bid yet, which in some ways seemed a blessing, being made into a eunuch was

not desirable, but at the same time if the alternative was being worked to death in mine... He gasped, "Henry, what if we get split up!?"

Henry held his chains up, "I don't know... We have to get out of here!"

"I can't believe this is happening... It doesn't seem real..."

The bidding had stopped, Tamak was about to close the deal, the winning bidder an elderly looking man with one good eye... When the Princess jumped in with her bid. She'd only made a bid a little higher, but her status seemed to prevent anyone from challenging her. The auction went silent, then Tamak smacked his hammer down and shouted something while pointing at the Princess who simply smiled.

Two guards came and detached Roy from the line, before leading him over to the Princess and handing him to one of her guards. Then the bidding started again. This time it was clearly Henry who was going under the hammer. The bidding was as furious as before, but again, the Princess simply watched and waited, when Tamak was about to close the deal, he looked to the princess before dropping his hammer, she raised her hand and issued a winning bid.

Henry was disconnected and taken to the Princess, whose guards chained Roy and Henry back together. Having purchased what she needed the Princess sent one of her guards to pay for Roy and Henry, then began the walk through the dusty square to a parked black, Mercedes mini-bus. The back was separated from the front by a large bulkhead. One guard opened the door for her and she climbed in to sit behind the chauffeur in sumptuous leather seats, in the air conditioned part of the van. The guards threw open the back doors and Roy and Henry were bundled in to sit on bench seats, such as those found in van's all over the world.

The door was locked behind them. They could see out, but they could not see the Princess or her guards who were hidden behind the metal bulkhead. As they rolled away Roy glared at Henry, "Hmmp! That's another fine mess you've gotten me into!"

"Me!? Why did you go and drink Tamak's wine?! Why did we even get in with him, I knew there was something fishy about him the momen.."

A loud voice came over a speaker then, it was one of the Princess's guards, "Silence! No talking in the back!"

Roy and Henry shuddered and sat silently. Gradually as they put some distance between themselves and the slave market, the upmarket feel of the city seemed to increase. The streets got wider and the tarmac better maintained, more streetlights, more greenery, muddy brown buildings turned into gleaming white, modern buildings with immaculately maintained pavements and affluent looking residences and businesses.

Eventually they saw the palace looming, a great white building, with gold decorations on the walls and a tall gold fence surrounding the perimeter. The gates were opened for the van which rolled through into the enclosure, then rolled through a tunnel into a further courtyard.

When they got there, there was a pause, then the doors were opened. The guards appeared and bundled them both out, the Princess now curiously started addressing her guards in English, "Take them straight to the medical centre, prepare them for surgery!"

Roy gave her a baffled look, and she rolled her eyes at him, "Slave... We always use English in the palace grounds it is the first language.. Why? It is the international language, very good for doing business overseas, that is why it was worth paying a premium for you!"

She span on her heel then and strode into the palace. The guards grabbed Roy and Henry and manhandled them through a different door into the palace.

~ To read more – please read;-

‘The Harem Slave’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford

Free Sample chapter of ‘Anita’s Tale : The Sperm Donor’

Scrub Nurse Anita

Anita had been in the operating theatre for some time. It was clean, sterile and all the instruments had been sterilized thoroughly. The patient was a male, mid-twenties, with testicular cancer. He was booked in for a radical orchidectomy, the removal of a testicle. She was already in scrubs with mask and gloves, waiting for the surgeon. The surgeon was a Professor Linda Goldsmith, a consultant gynaecologist and professor at the teaching hospital.

She appeared at about the same time as the patient was wheeled in unconscious, intubated and followed in by nurse and anaesthetist. After a few minutes he was moved onto the operating table and put into the supine position, flat, face up, but with the arms sticking out at right angles in-line with the shoulders. Curiously, the whole operating team were female, gowned up, gloved up and masked up. The anaesthetist, a ‘Jenny’ whom Anita sometimes talked to during coffee break pulled her stool up to behind the patients head and she began monitoring him to make sure he was under and his vital signs were good.

Professor Goldsmith stepped up to the table and began unfastening the patients gown exposing his genitals and the pubic area to the team. Then a drape was placed over the

whole patient leaving only the penis, lower abdomen and scrotum showing. He'd already been shaved completely to lessen the risk of infection. The professor looked up, "Ahhh, ladies... Oooh, no gentlemen? Perhaps that's for the best, the boys can be a bit squeamish during this procedure. Welcome, the patient, is a twenty six year old male, with suspected testicular cancer in the right testicle. We are going to treat him with a radical orchidectomy, or as I call it – a half castration."

This brought a round of giggles, the professor smiled and began swabbing the area with anti-septic.

"Scalpel..."

Anita carefully picked up the razor sharp instrument and placed it in the white latex gloved hand of Professor Linda, "Thank you... Now...Hmmm, come a little closer Anita, have you seen this procedure performed before?"

"No... "

"Well, let's see if we can't get you to be an extra pair of hands for me? We begin by making an incision here, just above the pubic bone, as we're removing the right testicle we'll do it on his right side like so."

Anita peered over her mask and watched Linda draw a neat, straight red line with the scalpel.

Anita screwed her eyes up and reached down gently picking up the scrotum, "Professor, why don't we simply make an incision in the scrotum and snip it off?"

"Ahhh, that's how they used to castrate... Our technique is a little more sophisticated. This way we reduce the risk of potentially cancerous cells spreading to the scrotum and getting into the blood stream, or another lymphatic system... Of course in antiquity, the established technique for creating eunuchs was to smear human faeces on the boys testicles and

allow a pig or dog to chew them off... Thankfully things have moved on a little since then... Now we'll just extend our incision through the fat... Retractor... Ahhh, here's the external oblique fascia... We now need to incise along it's fibres and identify and isolate the spermatic cord... Like so... "

Her hands moved smoothly and delicately, steadily separating tissue and making neat cuts with little blood.

"There... Now we're ready to pull the testicle up through the inguinal canal like so... Anita, could you hold this for me please?"

Anita watched the professor gently tug the spermatic cord until the testicle popped out, then she took the testicle in her fingers... It was small, white and slimy...

"Now, we clamp, here... And here... sutures at the ready please, we're ready to cut the testicle free."

Anita turned it over and over in her fingers, growing a puzzled look on her face...

Snip...

"Pop it in the dish dear..."

Anita looked at the Professor gravely, "Professor, this testicle looks healthy? Shouldn't there be a lump or something?"

The professor eyed it carefully, "Hmmm, you're right... There was definitely a lump on the scan... and the blood tests have confirmed it – it must be the other testicle."

Anita gasped, the professor shrugged, "No use crying about it now, I think the patient would rather be infertile than dead..." She looked up, "We'll do the other side too – moving to a full castration."

The theatre staff looked uncomfortable, it would be one of those incidents where the patient's life would be saved, good for hospital statistics, but there would be serious repercussions

for the patient and they would probably be told the cancer seemed to have spread to both testis.

Anita carefully placed the testicle in the kidney dish being held out to her. As the Professor started making her incision on the other side she paused, then gestured to one of the nurses, "Get a fresh kidney dish, we'll keep the healthy testicle separate. Our priority is to perform the orchidectomy on the cancerous testicle, at that point we'll see if there's any scope for reattaching the healthy testicle."

Anita watched as the professor carefully made the incisions and separated the other spermatic cord. "Hold your hands out dear, you can take the testicle – we'll give it a good once over before we cut this time though hmmm?"

Anita watched her pull the cord, then drop the little white ovoid into her fingers. She rolled it over, and looked closely, eventually holding it up for the Professor to see, "Look, this one has a pea shaped hard lump on the side." The Professor eyed it for moment, then nodded, "That's it... There's our cancer, clamps please, I didn't expect to be making a eunuch today, I've never done a full castration before."

The effort to lighten the mood didn't work, the faces around the theatre were grim. Once the Professor had clamped the remaining spermatic cord she sighed and looked at the rest of the theatre, "This was a mistake caused by scanning and notes, and it should serve as a lesson to everyone to check! Is it the patients left or the surgeons left? Are they face up or face down? Is the surgeon facing feet or facing head? Check, check and check... I'll be looking into his scan results to see how this error was made, we'll castrate and if we can't reattach the healthy one, we'll tell the patient that both were cancerous. The patient's life comes first, the reputation and avoidance of litigation for the hospital comes second - his fertility is way

down the list of priorities. If he wants to have children he will have to adopt, unless he's had the foresight to bank sperm before this procedure, which of course we always recommend. Anita, here I've clamped the remaining testicle, could you do the honours please?"

She was clearly expected to make the snip, separating the second testicle from the patient, completing the castration. She took the scissors offered to her and held them over the spermatic cord, then paused and looked at the professor, "What effects will this have on his life if we can't reattach the healthy testicle?"

"Oh, lots of effects... Initially he will feel depressed, due to the changes in hormones he experiences coupled with a sense of loss – we should organize counselling for that. He will also obviously be completely infertile from this point onwards, his muscle density and bone density will lower. Some muscle will turn to fat, he'll find his bodily hair becoming thinner and slower growing, and he will get physically weaker. Once the depression wears off he'll be calmer, but have less energy. He may have some sex drive, but probably he will have none, from this point on he is neither male nor female, but from a hormonal point of view he will be closer to female, probably post-menopausal female. Indeed he may choose to undergo further surgery and have his gender reassigned, we can't perform that surgery now as we would need further consent and it's a specialist procedure, but it involves re-shaping the inguinal canal into a vagina, and the scrotum into inner and outer labia, we would use the glans of his penis to form a nice little, realistic looking and sensitive clitoris."

Anita looked at the professor, torn, "Professor, I can't do it! It seems cruel!"

"Now, now, it's our remit to treat the cancer first and

foremost... The depression will pass, he will accept his new status as a eunuch or he will choose gender reassignment. Make the cut please Anita, castrate him..."

She whispered from behind her mask, "Sorry..."

Snip!

The testicle dropped into the waiting free kidney dish. Professor Goldsmith took a moment to change her gloves to avoid spreading the cancer, then she took the healthy testicle and examined it, "Hmmm, this one is healthy... Shall we try to reattach?"

Anita returned from changing her gloves, the Professor smiled, "Good, you hold the testicle in one hand, and the spermatic cord in the other – hold them up and I'll try to put a suture in."

She did as instructed and the Professor attempted the repair, "Damn..." She tried again, but on each attempt the suture ripped through the cord or didn't grip it properly. After several goes she lay the sutures down, "It won't reattach, we'll close him up."

Anita put the healthy testicle back into its' dish, a single tear sliding out of her eye and rolling down behind her mask. Then she looked at the Professor, "What about the prosthesis?" The Professor shrugged, "I only ordered one, I only thought we were doing a half castration... I don't think there's any point in putting just one in – we'll leave him with an empty sack, and let him choose what to do later. Sutures please, it's time to close up."

Anita watched Linda Goldsmith suture up the patient and pass the testicles to another nurse to take down to pathology, the Professor rested a hand on her shoulder, "Anita, you're right to be sad... He's going to go through a very difficult period, we're effectively changed his life permanently, but he still has

a life, even if it's as a eunuch... And some of the effects can be mitigated by testosterone injections... He may have banked sperm before the operation too – we always recommend that... These are powerful little organs, they don't just control fertility, they control libido, muscle development metabolism, energy levels, fat deposition... Even the length of his life, studies suggest castrating adds ten to fifteen years on to a man's life. We made a mistake, we castrated a patient who didn't need to be castrated. Let's counsel him, tell him both were cancerous, and learn from the mistake - then move on..."

The Recovery Room

When Jeremy came around from his operation, Anita was sitting on the edge of his bed, smiling sadly at him. He had a blood oxygen monitor on his finger and a blood pressure monitor on. She looked at him, "How do you feel?"

"A bit woozy... Urngh! A bit sore... I take it everything went well? You've removed it?"

"Sigh... Yes... But, ahem, well, while we had you open we did some more tests and we found that both of your testicles were cancerous... So we decided the best course of action was to ahem, castrate you."

He shook his head in confusion, "I'm sorry, I don't understand..."

"It turns out both of your testicles were cancerous, so we have castrated you, you no longer have any testicles."

The look of relief in his face turned into mortified horror, he tried to reach down, but his groin was too sore. Anita grabbed his anaesthetic weakened wrists and gripped them tightly, "Shhhhh, try to stay calm... I'm sorry we had to castrate you, but our primary concern was treating your cancer. We were only expecting to remove one testicle so we didn't have two prostheses, so... We've left you with an empty sack so you can

decide what to do.”

Tears were running down his cheeks now and he felt like was sinking, like he was in a bad dream, “What do you mean decide what to do?”

Anita sighed again, “Well Professor Goldsmith suggested you might like to take some time to adjust to how you feel... What was going to be a minor procedure, I’m afraid has become quite a life-changing event. You might want to consider your options. Currently you are a eunuch, neither male nor female. We’ve left your scrotum intact, rather than remove it too – so you can either have some prosthesis popped into your scrotum and start a course of testosterone injections to counter the effects of being castrated, or you could start a course of hormone replacement therapy, then when the time is right, we could get you back in for a full gender reassignment surgery, where we’d take your scrotum and use it to form a labia, and make some incisions around your penis, then make the glans into a clitoris... Being castrated will mean without taking HRT you will start to see some effects which make you more feminine if you don’t have the testosterone injections – it’s really a matter of choice. If you’ve banked sperm the-“

He grabbed her shoulders and buried his face in her breasts, sobbing, the starched white of her nurses uniform providing little comfort. Feeling guilty and sympathetic she wrapped her arm around his head and allowed him to sob and sob into her breasts while stroking his hair gently and whispering, “Shhhh, there, there... Yes, you’ve been castrated, your life is never going to be the same, but at least you have a life? Shhh... Now try to rest...”

It was at that point that Anita realised how powerful testicles and male hormones were. They were male-ness incarnate, she

recalled holding his testicles in her hands, holding the scissors over the remaining testicle and making the snip... The power... She felt not just guilty, and sad for him, but powerful and pleased that her hand had taken this man's fertility and libido, that she, she had castrated him... It almost felt like she had a sort of remote ownership of him... That forever, wherever he was, Jeremy belonged to her in some way...

The incident was covered up, new hospital procedures were put in place and Anita never performed or witnessed another full castration at the hospital again. She eventually left the hospital, NHS cuts to blame... And went to work for a sperm bank, a sperm bank operated by an enigmatic Serena Carlotti...

~ To read more – please read;-

‘Anita’s Tale : The Sperm Donor’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford

Free Trial Chapter from ‘Samantha’s Tale : The Deal’

~Ten years ago...

Samantha sat alone in her flat, the rain was beating down heavily on the single glazed pains, forcing its way through the poor seal around the glass. The wind was buffeting the ragged curtains as it invaded the interior of the flat. The solitary source of heat in the flat was a small gas heater rumbling away in the corner, in truth it wasn't actually doing much the place was so damp and poorly insulated, any generated vanished almost instantly.

Samantha was sitting by the phone, not her landline, it had been cut off for non-payment of bills. She didn't dare put the television on for fear of the electric meter running down and not being able to have the lights on. Life was fairly miserable, she'd left home young, after a major fallout with

her parents. She'd gone to London to seek her fortune and spent six months 'couch surfing' at various friends and acquaintances places, but gradually the number of couches on offer had declined. She'd lost yet another job, despite being fairly competent, fairly good at it.

After reflection she'd put it down to a matter of spirit. Though she was good at administrative work and talking to people and fitted well into the environment, she found it dull. Go to work for nine, have a sandwich at your desk at twelve, then home for five thirty, day in, day out... There had to be a better life somehow, somewhere...

She wouldn't be able to afford the rent for much longer on her sub-standard accommodation. It was her last throw of the dice, she'd told herself she wouldn't turn to prostitution whatever happened... But just a few clients, a few hundred pounds... It might see her through until she could get back into work. The agency was appealing, better than selling herself on the street, or being pimped out by some untrustworthy stranger... Who'd probably try to get her hooked on drugs...

Her mobile phone rang.

She looked at the softly glowing display, 'Serena' a client? She thought about ignoring it, spending the night 'loaning' her body to be used by some dirty old man made her wretch... But she needed some money, any money, from anywhere... The other factor of course, the thing that drove her to reach over and click the green button to answer the call, was that Serena had implied to her, that though she was an adult escort agency, and intimate contact with the 'clients' was expected, that there might not actually be sex on the menu.

She didn't quite understand what she was getting herself in for... But she was intrigued, and Serena had promised to explain all when the time came – if the time came. She'd taken a picture of Samantha on her mobile phone and said she'd be in touch. That was three days ago now...

Samantha held the phone up to her hear, "Serena?", "Ahhh, young Samantha! I'm so glad you answered... I have a client for you.", "A client?", "Yes... A regular client, he very much liked your photo and wants to book you for this evening."

Samantha quivered... This was it, she was on a knife edge, put the phone down walk away – or carry on down the rabbit hole... “And this client, you implied earlier that your escorts don’t actually have um... Don’t have to... er...” Serena chuckled over the phone, “No Samantha, our escorts rarely engage in those sort of activities... If they do then it is entirely of their own volition – payment is not a factor.”

There was a silence for a few moments, then Samantha spoke up, “If you don’t mind me asking then – what exactly is it I’m expected to do? Go for a meal with him and kiss him goodnight?” Serena sighed audibly, “Some clients may want that from time to time... But not young master Barlow... His tastes are.... Hmmm, shall we say a little more niche?”, “Niche?”, “Samantha, have you ever heard of BDSM? Of bondage, discipline and sado-masochism?”

Another silence...

“I have... But I...” Serena cut her off, “Look Samantha, you’re young, I can appreciate you might be new to this – but it’s really very easy, it pays better than prostitution and you don’t have to have sex with the client. If you hurry, you can come to my hotel room first and I will try to prepare you, then you can go see master Barlow, I’ll get my commission and you’ll get a tidy sum for doing something which I promise, is fairly easy and actually good fun.”

Samantha thought for a moment... She knew BDSM, it conjured up images of women in latex skin tight cat-suits and leather corsets , wielding whips and looking angry... She’d never pictured herself in that role... Though, in her few relationships with men, she’d found herself wanting to ‘call the shots’. How hard could it be? It certainly sounded easy – besides she’d rather tie a strange man up and whip him than allow him to have sex with her... And Serena said it paid better? It didn’t make sense, but the promise of easy money at a time when she needed it made it all the more alluring.

“Give me the hotel and room, and I’ll be over straight away.” Samantha could also feel Serena’s smile over the telephone, “Good girl... It’s the Lexworth Hotel, Penthouse suit, I’ll see you shortly.”

~ The humble abode of Serena Carlotti

The Lexworth was a very grand five star hotel. Samantha had spent more or less the remainder of her disposable money on a tube ticket and a taxi and she was now standing in the foyer of the hotel. Everything was very plush, and luxurious... Expensive looking even. Marble floors and polished brass railings were the main themes, uniformed staff, milling about. She'd never been a place as opulent looking and she marvelled at the fact that Serena appeared to be using the penthouse suite as her home.

Eventually she plucked up the courage to enter the lift. Of course in this hotel, guests and visitors were not expected to do such a mundane task as press a button themselves – instead she was clearly expected to tell the uniformed porter which floor she wanted to go to, “Penthouse please.” He eyed her suspiciously for second, then smiled, “Of course madam.”

She felt nervous in the lift, as if she was a fish out of water, an intruder into an unfamiliar domain. When the bell finally rang to indicate that it had reached the top floor she sighed a sigh of relief. “Penthouse, madam.” She nodded nervously to the porter as she shuffled out of the lift, “Thank you...” He raised an eyebrow at this, as if guests thanking staff was somehow not normal protocol. She wandered towards the cream, gold gilded door at the end of the short corridor, then rang the bell.

The woman whom she'd met in a bar only days earlier answered the door. They hadn't met by chance, Samantha had answered a cryptic advertisement that implied female escorts were wanted. As it happened all her assumptions about the work she was embarking upon were being torn to shreds.

Serena Carlotti was a tall, mature lady, who wore an elegant black, figure hugging satin evening dress, with a striking chain of large diamonds about her neck. She was holding a champagne glass. “Ah, Samantha... Our newest recruit... So glad you came, do come in – would you like some champagne?”

The luxuriously appointed hotel room was a world away from her meagre dwelling, seeing it offered a window into a better life, a life where money was abundant and life would be more filled with hedonistic activities than scraping by, desperately trying to earn enough to survive, doing jobs which were either difficult, boring or worse...

The furniture was immaculate, and rich. Serena turned allowing Samantha to follow her, then walked to a small table, with an ice bucket on top. She pulled the champagne from the ice bucket and poured a small glass of champagne. Samantha took it looking bewildered... Serena chuckled softly at her expression, "You like?", "It's... It's amazing... And you live here?" Serena shook her head, "No, I book this room for a few months at a time, for work purposes... Hmmm, but enough about my room – we should get down to business. You've no experience of bondage, discipline and sado-masochism?"

Samantha sipped her champagne carefully, not breaking eye-contact, "No... I..."

Serena eyed her constantly, with a thoughtful expression, then cut her off, "I see... Well there's a simple test – a test for suitability if you like. Follow me."

With that she turned on her heel and walked through the suite to a large double door and opened it. Beyond was the bedroom of the suite. Samantha followed wide eyed. Once they were in the bedroom she gasped. There was a naked man lying face down on the bed with his hands hand cuffed to the headboard. There was a selection of corporal punishment implements next to the bed on a little table, whips, riding crops, paddles, canes... And a small wooden pillory, a stock for the neck and wrists, left invitingly open. It was lined with leather and looked comfortable, but constrictive.

Serena turned to Samantha and pointed to the man prone on the bed, "My client... His fetish is for corporal punishment, he likes it severe... He doesn't like mercy... Incidentally he's wearing a sensory deprivation hood, so he can neither see or hear us – he doesn't know you are here. Now look at him, look at the implements, then look at the pillory... Inviting isn't it? The client who has requested you tonight is a submissive, he has a broad range of passions, all involving being dominated and punished, by a beautiful woman... But clients can tell if you are simply swinging the whip for money and it doesn't fulfil their desires. So you can understand our clients, I want you to experience what they experience, put your head and wrists in the pillory Samantha, and I will lock you in... Then I will pull your dress up, and your underwear down – before painting red stripes on your buttocks with a riding crop..."

Samantha approached gingerly, looking nervously at the pillory, it looked comfortable, but inescapable. Serena's voice drifted softly over her shoulder, "Good girl... Now put your head and wrists in..." Samantha lowered her neck onto the opening and placed her wrists in. Serena's heels were clicking on the floor as she approached. She could feel the soft cushioned leather on her neck, smell the leather... she thought about what she was about to endure. She imagined the crop snapping onto her buttocks... The pain... She pulled her head up and glared at Serena, "No! I don't want to be whipped! Not by YOU, or anyone!"

Serena chuckled and raised an eyebrow... "You don't want put yourself at my mercy? You don't want to feel the delicious sense of vulnerability, knowing that you are inescapably locked into my pillory, doomed to feel the crack of my whip across your bottom until I deem you to have been sufficiently punished? Helpless to do anything about it, but plead for mercy?". Samantha screwed her face up, "No! How about YOU get into the pillory and let me practise my swing for this Barlow person?"

Serena smiled warmly, "Samantha, there will be no need for that... I can see we're like-minded individuals... You feel what I feel, but you don't understand it. I can help you with that of course... And I will... If you had followed my instructions, you would still have had work – we get a limited demand for female submissive escorts... But that life would have been very different, you would have received payment for being on the receiving of the whip, for lying over men's... Or women's knees, and receiving spankings... As it stands, it is YOU who will be doing the spanking. Now select an implement – don't be shy, he can neither hear nor see you."

Samantha felt like she was well and truly down the rabbit hole now, Serena had grabbed her by the scruff of the neck and torn her into another world where the normal rules of life were re-written.

She looked at the implements, then selected a riding crop and gave it an experimental swish through the air. She then approached the prone client, but paused before she took a swing, "And he wants this? He actually wants to be whipped?" Serena nodded, "Yes, more than that – he feels he needs it."

Samantha smirked, "Needs it? So what, I just start whipping him now? How hard? As hard as I can?" Serena shook her head, "And where would

that lead to? When you start to administer corporal punishment to a client you are entering into a sensual, intimate relationship with them, you need some foreplay! What do you think this is about? Pain? He could hurt himself on purpose if pain was all it was about... Think Samantha, what is special about his position right now, what has he relinquished?"

"Control?"

Serena smiled, "Good girl... Control... You will eventually be cropping him so hard, you may draw blood – you should be aiming to draw blood... Unless a client has requested 'no marking'. Not at the start though, you should start by teasing, giving him a taste – build it up, make him want it more, allow him to feel his helplessness... Work on his anticipation... Use your imagination."

Samantha took the crop and gently tickled the back of the prone man's neck, making him squirm slightly... Then stroked it down his back gently, caressingly, as it rested on his buttocks she gave a little tap with it, making him jump – then swirled the crop end around the buttocks and gave him another tap, a little harder this time.

She giggled with delight at his reaction, she began to feel in control, oh so in control... He was completely at her mercy, helpless, totally under her control and subject to her desires... She began ticking him with the crop in surprising places, then snapping it down onto his bottom, harder each time, soon making sharp snapping noises as it landed, causing him to whimper inside his mask.

Serena grinned at Samantha, "You seem to be enjoying yourself... When you are with a client though, you have to use two other aspects of yourself to dominate, your voice and your mind. Tease, humiliate, tell him that he is at your mercy, re-enforce his feelings of submission... And mean it, have the attitude, don't act the dominatrix – be the dominatrix, be commanding, assert your authority... I'm going to undo his hood now and let you practise... Remember, the most powerful tools a dominatrix has are her mind and her voice."

Serena knelt on the bed and unfastened the hood. His head was sweaty and he looked bleary eyed and dizzy, his short brown hair sticky with sweat. Serena pinched his cheek, "Graham, I've got a surprise for you... It

wasn't me whipping you just now... My arms are getting tired, but I don't think you've been punished enough – so I've asked my good friend, Mistress... Wildfire to step in.”

Serena looked up expectantly at Samantha who approached, with a mischievous smile on her face. Samantha leaned in, “Did you like that... Graham? Hmmm, I think you did... Don't speak... Unless I give you permission, I want try some different implements on you – do you understand? Nod don't talk...” He nodded, “Good...”

She selected a slender bamboo cane from the table then returned to 'Graham' and stroked it across his face, “I'm going to cane you now Graham, I'm going to cane you to within an inch of your life... If you struggle, or try to evade my strokes, I will cane you more and cane you harder... Are you going to be a good boy for me?... Good... Then keep still... Try to relax.”, He nodded and she started the process of stroking him carefully with the cane, ticking him in intimate places, then landing heavy strokes on his buttocks, leaving red lines where it had landed. Each time laughing happily to herself.

She was enjoying it, having him bound, helpless and at her mercy made her feel in control and powerful... It started to make her feel aroused... His muffled cries made the effect all the more powerful.

After a few strokes, he began to squirm away from the strokes, when he did, Samantha would repeat the stroke, harder and speak into his ear, “Shhh, keep still for me... It will all be over soon... You need to keep still for me and accept your punishment willingly though – or I'm afraid I'll be here all night and you'll have no buttocks left in the morning.” Sure enough he began trying desperately to keep still while she caned him harder and harder, painting his bottom bright red.

Samantha found his predicament incredibly amusing, and having whipped his bottom red raw, reached in between his legs and grabbed his balls. He squeaked in surprise, then groaned as she started squeezing – hard. She leaned in and whispered in his ear, “I wonder how hard I can squeeze these before you squeal for mercy? Hmmm?” She squeezed harder, his thighs instinctively pulling into try to release her grip, she leaned in again, “Oh no you don't, keep your legs nice and wide for me... Good...Deep breath now – I'm going to squeeze harder... Try to keep still and keep your

legs open.”

She was now squeezing harder and harder giggling with pleasure and he was whimpering in pain. Serena watched on smirking or smiling with approval alternatively. Clearly Samantha was a natural at this, she had it not just in her blood, but in her very soul. There was no acting in it, she was genuinely revelling in being in control of the submissive.

The submissive was whimpering in pain, somehow managing to follow her instructions, keeping still and keeping his legs open. She leaned forwards again to whisper in his ear, “Now I’ve got you nice and warmed up – I’m going to start squeezing hard...”

She increased the pressure, and suddenly the sub started shouting, “Chicken! Chicken!” Samantha looked at Serena, who chuckled, “His safe-word... Don’t worry, if the client uses their safe-word don’t end the session, just move on to another activity.” The sub tried to turn his head to glare at Serena, “You’re using me to teach this girl how to...” Samantha cut him off by squeezing harder and speaking sternly but softly in his ear, “Shhh, don’t question me, or I will ignore your safe-word and squeeze your testicles until they pop... Keep quiet and keep still!.. Good boy...”

Serena was impressed, what Samantha lacked in knowledge she made up for in enthusiasm and spirit. She could see the genuine fear on the subs face, but also the sense that he was enjoying the level of control Samantha wielded over him. “I think you’re ready to go and see your client now... We can continue our discussions of the world of fetish and kink when? Tomorrow perhaps? I’ll just set up my subs next predicament, then we’ll make sure you’re suitably equipped.”

Samantha chuckled and squeezed a little harder, “Oh... I don’t know if I’m quite ready to let him go yet... Oh no you don’t, keep your thighs nice and wide for me... Good... Hmmm, shall I squeeze harder again? Hmmm?” She squeezed and made him whimper softly, “Perhaps I should get you to beg me to stop? I need you to be convincing, if you sound fake – I squeeze harder... Do you want me to let you go?”

“Please, please stop...”

“Hmmm, not convincing I’m afraid... “ She squeezed harder, almost

feeling like she was trying to pop his balls, he yelped in agony and started sobbing, "Please, please stop!" There was real desperation in voice, he was in tears, whimpering and squirming. Samantha took her spare hand and stroked his forehead caringly, "That's better... That's a good boy – perhaps I'll let you keep your testicles after all?" She released his balls then patted him on the bottom in a gentle 'we're finished' way.

Serena then leaned forwards to her sub, "I'm going to fit two electrodes to you now, one a probe, to be inserted up your rectum, the other is a crocodile clip I'm going to attach to your foreskin... Then I'm going to set the machine to give random intensity shocks, at random intervals... And I'll be in to check on you shortly, if you want to use your safe-word you'll have to use it before I leave the room... But I won't be pleased if you do – I want you to accept the pain, the shocks for my enjoyment, now keep still and quiet while I set up your electrodes."

Samantha watched as Serena lubricated and inserted a metal plug into his anus, then clipped a crocodile clip on to his scrotum. Once they were set she left the bedroom with Samantha following, and closed the door. As it clicked shut they both heard the first buzz and the yelp of pain from within.

Serena walked to the cupboards, with Samantha following, Samantha asked, "This 'safe-word' thing... Is it normal? It seems to me like he's actually in charge? I thought he was supposed to be the submissive?"

Serena shrugged, "Experienced players who know the domme, often do not ask for a safe-word. This is all a game really Samantha, it's a game which is fun and lucrative... But then, it can be more than a game. I'll let you into a secret, men are very easily to manipulate, they all respond to dominant women. You, I believe have the skill to control any man, to do almost anything... The ultimate form of domination is not the best restraints or the keenest cane... The ultimate form is when you need nothing but your voice, or even a sly look, to put men into a submissive state, where they will hang on your words and do anything you say. Men like being in this state, it's something like a high to them. Submissive girls are different, they don't have those little testosterone factories pumping them full of drugs all the time. If you want to take a man to extreme levels of submission, fit him with a secure chastity device. The build-up of testosterone without any release will drive him wild and have

him melting at your feet... If you want to take him to another level, feminize him.”

Samantha screwed her face up, “Chastity device? Feminize?”

“Sigh... A chastity device is something you lock onto subbie, it can be a belt or a tube, or a spiked bracelet called a Kali’s teeth bracelet. The effects are the same, you lock it onto him, and it prevents him from having sex, getting erect, having an orgasm or masturbating. As long as he is wearing it, he becomes more desperate, more frustrated, more under your control. Feminization, is the process of coercing him to cross-dress, as much as possible. This is about control and humiliation. If you want him to be completely at your mercy and helpless to resist, get him into long term chastity and make him wear panties, bra, corset, suspenders, stockings, make-up... The more feminization and the longer in chastity, the more humble and at your mercy he becomes.”

“Hmmp! Sounds a bit weird – and they like this? They want to be in chastity and feminized?”

“Oh yes, well, hmmm, no, maybe not – but if you can trick them into it... If you can get them into a belt and lingerie... Then they will not be able to resist liking it and feeling submissive to you. They want to wear satin and lace, but they feel guilty, you forcing them to do this absolves them of guilt, they feel absolved of responsibility. Men are not good at handling stress and being submissive is a great release for them.”

“Hmmm, you’ve given me a lot to think about... But I get it... In there, with your sub, the sensation of having him at my mercy... It’s so... So beautiful... Lying spread eagle on the bed, squeezing his balls... But even more so asking him to hold his legs apart so I can squeeze them, and he listens and obeys... I love it.”

“Good girl... Now here’s the address, go see your client, Mr Barlow has his own toys so you won’t need to take anything. Have fun! You can drop me ten per cent of his tribute off tomorrow and tell me how it went. I can get you lots more work like this, all I ask is if I refer a client to you, I want ten per cent. Now off you go, you don’t want to keep Mr Barlow waiting? ”

~ To read more – please read;-

‘Samantha’s Tale : The Deal’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford

Further Information:-

To learn more about chastity belts and to read more free chastity belt fiction, please visit the web’s best chastity belt resource:-

Altar Boy’s Chastity Site : -

<http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/>

(The Bonus Stories included here were originally submitted to Altar Boys site and are present there still.)

For real world practical advice on the male chastity lifestyle, please visit Sarah Jameson’s

<http://www.malechastityblog.com/> site. Her e-books on male chastity are fantastic, no nonsense resources and well worth buying if you are interested in pursuing this lifestyle.

For the world’s best quality, highest security, chastity tubes, please see Mistress Lori’s Chastity site: -

<http://www.chastitytube.com/>

For the world’s finest Florentine design full chastity belts, to suit all tastes, please visit <http://www.neosteel.com/>

For the world’s most visually attractive chastity belts, which are comfortable and secure, please visit

<http://www.latowski.de/>

If you enjoy this story, look out for my other work.

The Clinical Trial & Other Collected works of Male Chastity and Forced Femme Fiction.

Marcus is a down on his luck student looking to make some easy cash and set about finding some guilt-free student sex. When he signs up for a clinical trial he gets more than he bargained for and ends up enslaved

and forced to live as a live in sissy maid. Only his surprising saviour can find a way of releasing him from the captivity of his cruel female tormentresses.

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

The Hypnotist : Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.

Denise and Alex had a great relationship, now it's becoming stale though and Denise wants to liven it up by engaging in some kinky fun... With her as the dominant of course. Alex isn't interested. Denise gives up the ghost and books Alex a course of 'smoking cessation' sessions with a renowned hypnotist. He's been trying to quit for years so is happy to give it a go. However his memory of the sessions is very hazy, and he finds himself more and more interested in Denise's fetishes... Whenever he starts to suspect there's more to Dr Eve's hypnosis sessions than 'smoking cessation' he finds he forgets what he's thinking about...

Contains chastity, forced femme, pegging, forced oral, sensual mind control and brain washing.

The Tormentress and the Boss.

Kevin starts a new job, finding himself surrounded by beautiful women. His troubles really start when he's caught with his trousers down – instead of the sack he

gets a chastity belt. Alicia meanwhile finds a dark side of her personality awakened. Alicia and Kevin's strange relationship develops, while neither of them knows the sinister truth about Fisher Creative and its owner, Samantha Fisher.

***Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM
: Part 1 : Captured!***

***Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM
: Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.***

(Available in one package also, in this story, the protagonist is captured by a group of dominant women who sell and market BDSM equipment. He is mercilessly used to demonstrate the goods, and by the end of part two has been surgically altered to be fully feminized, but with a cruel twist.. Will he find happiness in his captivity?

***The Male Bridesmaid: Chastity, Forced
Feminization and Female Domination.***

Gary is addicted to Kindle Erotica, and has some fairly extreme sexual fantasies. His girlfriend Alison doesn't approve, and decides to give him, 'aversion therapy' whereby she will dish out his fantasies to him in such doses that she forces him to dislike them. The trouble is, Alison starts getting a taste for keeping him locked up in his chastity device and wearing ladies clothing... By the time Alison and her twisted sister, bully Gary into being a bridesmaid she doesn't want to stop... All the while Gary is helpless to obey the whims

of his female tormentors, because he's wearing a clever, remote controlled electric shock device in on his cock. When Alison decides to force him to orgasm against his will, she chooses to force-feed him his own semen to further his aversion therapy. When it comes to the crunch and he's offered a choice – which life will he choose?

A Sissy Story : WPC Domination : Male Chastity, Slavery, BDSM, Forced Feminization and Female Domination

Craig is caught speeding by two female police officers, when he pleads with them not to issue him with a fixed penalty he gets more than he bargained for. Handcuffed and bundled into the back of a police car he endures humiliation and pain as he is feminized, chastised and judicially caned. The torment doesn't end there though, with the sensual Anita returning from 'Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.' And Dr Eve returning from 'The Hypnotist' his punishment contains dental torture, force-feeding and eventual castration... Of course not all might be as it seems? How far did the punishment really go? How much of his ordeal was real?

A Sissy Story : Feminized For Her 'How he became a lesbian' : Male Chastity, Forced Feminization, Female Domination & Forced Transgender

During a powercut, Peter ends up being talked into going for a drink at a gay night club. It's the last

place he expects to find love, but when he meets Connie he feels a strong attraction. As he gets to know her, he realizes they are soul mates and perfect for one another, in all but one aspect... He is a man and she is a lesbian. They enjoy each others company so much they meet the next day anyway as friends, but as time goes on Connie begins to wish Peter was a girl. He has quite feminine features, so that night after a few glasses of wine Connie talks him into participating in an experiment, which involves being fully feminized - and locked into a Kali's Teeth Bracelet chastity device. He agrees because he finds her so attractive... Connie becomes convinced she can turn Peter in the girlfriend she's always dreamed of. She takes his hand and leads him slowly into the world of femininity, but is clear from the start that one day she expects him to have his testicles 'whipped off' and full gender reassignment. He can't resist her, always putting off the thought of being castrated as something that might not happen. In the end Connie's patience with her 'project' is running out and he has to make a choice - lose Connie, or lose his testicles...

Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

A story about a boy, caught spying on the girls changing room. The girls capture him, bust his balls, spank him, lock him into a chastity device and dress him up as a girl. Humiliatingly he is then forced to attend the girls school and receives further punishments from the strict teachers including a public caning at assembly.

Just when he's starting to get used to his situation, a final twist changes his fate forever. Will the magic work? If it doesn't, will Alice keep her end of the bargain and allow him to return to his life as a boy?

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

Samantha is down on her luck, she's lost her job and is going to lose her flat. A mysterious offer from the seemingly rich and powerful 'Serena Carlotti' is her last hope. Serena draws Samantha Burns into the world of domination, fetish and BDSM. She thinks she's going to teach Samantha how to be a dominatrix, but Samantha is a natural... Soon Samantha is booked up and living a life of riches, so many men fall under her spell and are desperate to be dominated by her. Eventually Donald Fisher of 'Fisher Creative' a wealthy man who has inherited a fortune and a huge country house enters the equation. Fascinated with the idea of female domination he books a session with Samantha who visits him and delivers a most exciting session which involves not just Donald but his vanilla maid, Marian. At the end of the session, despite the fear and anticipation, and the pain... He wants more... How far will he go in submitting to the whims of the ultimate dominatrix Samantha Burns? Locked into a cruel chastity device, hypnotised, feminized... The more he's subjected to, the more he wants... In the end when he's given a choice, submit completely or go free... What will he choose? Will he be able to resist the thought of being locked into Samantha's 'emasculator device' again?

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

Edward Mason is a down on his luck student, looking to earn some cash to fund his studies. When he answers an enigmatic advertisement asking for sperm donors and offering to pay well for them - he is naturally intrigued. Anita Grey, (Anita from: 'WPC Domination', 'Slavery 1 : Captured!', 'Slavery 2 : Operated on!' and 'Samantha's Tale : The Deal') gives Edward an incredibly intimate and invasive physical examination, probing every orifice mercilessly and thoroughly. Edward of course finds this experience very arousing and he finds Anita very attractive.

When he's accepted onto the program, initially reluctant he agrees to join on the promise of a date with Anita. She pierces his genitals and fits him with a chastity device and proceeds to show him the time of his life. At the end of a fantastic date, she encourages Edward into a sexy feminine nightie and whilst keeping him in denial makes good use of him.

Now deeply in love with one another, Anita feminizes Edward more and more, and falls more and more in love with him. Eventually, when the study comes to an end Anita has made a decision, she wants to Edward to become a full-time permanent, 'she' so they can live happily ever after. As the mysterious Serena Carlotti suggests, things don't always turn out how we expect them to.

The consequences lead Anita to honing her surgical skills to perfection and creating the ultimate feminization surgery...

The Harem Slave

Roy and Henry are backpacking, on their gap year from university. When they are offered a chance to visit a previously unknown tiny country run by a Sultan, a last stop before they turn around had head for home, it's too tempting an offer to pass up. Little do they know, they will find themselves being offered for sale at the slave market, and after an invasive poking and prodding from the achingly beautiful princess Hadjina, they are taken away to become the princess's new eunuchs. Their story twists and turns as they end up in chastity, feminized and being domestic servants for the ladies of the harem. Their life becomes a long, unending bout of tease and denial as they squirm and squirm in their devices.

Of course it can end at any time, because the princess promises them, if their situation becomes too much, just let her know and she will arrange the surgery for them to become eunuch's after all.

The tease and denial culminates in a scene where the hapless Harem Slaves are forced to watch the Sultan 'visit' princess Hadjina while she lies back, playing idly with their cruel chastity devices... Who will break first? Will either of them manage to leave Rijkistan without becoming eunuchs?

Femdom : The Dressmaker

Shaun is a fairly lazy about nineteen year old. His older sister works at a bridal couture shop. When he remarks about her

job being a skive Caroline suggests he should try it... Except she's not sure how he'd look in a dress. Feeling defiant Shaun ends up making a bet, he bets she can't get him a job there and she bets he can't hack it.

As it turns out, Francesca, the boss has been getting grief from the job centre about discriminating against males in her employment policy. Not one to be defeated, she takes Caroline's suggestion about hiring her brother as a challenge and an opportunity... How far will her efforts to 'feminize' Shaun go? How will Shaun find his new life, blackmailed into Satin and Lace and working in the dress shop, trying on for customers and acting as Fran's manequin.

In the end, thanks to a little help from Dr Eve Wilshaw [Of 'The Hypnotist'] Shaun ends up not just accepting his new female status... He embraces it...

When Fran supplies him with a new experimental drug to make his breasts grow the results are quite surprising...

This is an adult themed forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

Femdom: The Ex's Revenge is a sequel to 'The Tormentress & the Boss'. In Femdom : The Ex's Revenge, Angelo is a male chauvinist pig... He's lazy, overbearing and ignorant. When he dumps his girlfriend Melissa because she refuses to wear high heels and have breast implants he doesn't realize the

repercussions his actions will have. Melissa goes to work at 'Fisher Creative' and her new employer 'Samantha Fisher' upon hearing about Angelo agrees to help her reap a terrible revenge.

Angelo is employed, hypnotized, feminized, chastised and forced to service several of these dominant women who are all out to teach him the power of femininity. He ends up with polypropylene breast implants and locked into a steel pair of high heel shoes - meaning the shoe is now definitely on the other foot. When he ends up in a special chastity belt which gives his owners the ability to 'push button' castrate him at any time his obedience is assured...

Eventually Melissa's revenge is complete and Angelo is completely tamed... When it comes to it, what fate will Melissa choose for poor Angelo? And how will he adapt to his new life?

This is a very adult, femdom themed, forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

Alison and Gary's relationship fluctuates and changes after Sarah's Wedding, and Gary's ordeal as Sarah's Bridesmaid. This story picks up where 'The Male Bridesmaid' left off and involves more female domination and orgasm denial, with more punishments, maid training an element of cuckolding.

FAQ

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

A: Email me at sjm.author@yahoo.com asking to be added to my contacts list. When I release a new story I send a quick email out.

Q: Are you going to be releasing more paperbacks?

A: No, maybe, don't know... The createspace content filter is a lot stricter than Amazon's so I will only ever be able to release the tamer stories.

Q: Do you create your own book covers?

A: No, they are done for me.

Q: What happened to the Caliph? (The Harem Slave)

A: I decided he was a Sultan, big deal.

Q: Why did there turn out to be two Harem Slaves?

A: I decided it would be more interesting to write a shared experience.

Q: Are you a professional dome?

A: No, I have some experience with kink, with current and former partners, but no I am NOT a pro dome.

Q: Will you lock me up and force me to wear ladies clothes?

A: No, that is for your partner to do.

Q: Please?

A: No, you could try Perry's tactic as read above, but I can't be held responsible for the outcome.

Q: How can I get my girlfriend to lock me up and force me into lingerie?

A: I don't know, it might not be possible. Some people will never be receptive to the idea of kink. You should probably broach the subject carefully, and honestly. Some people say writing down a list of kinky fantasies and then swapping them is a good idea.

Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?

A: Sometimes, not all the time... Kink, is a bit of fun – that's all. We play, we call it 'playing' and we have fun. I have made him go to work wearing ladies underwear on occasion, but in reality 'made' isn't true. If he didn't want to, I couldn't really make him – he's stronger than me and I don't think blackmail would work. I don't actually get that much out of knowing he's fidgeting around in my knickers, trying to adjust his bra straps and suspender belt under his work clothes – he gets a lot out of it, but it's important that he feels I've forced him to do it. Sexuality is a complicated thing.

Q: Sounds like your boyfriend is really into his kink, are you? Or do you just do it for him?

A: He's more into it than me. I do like the sense of being in control, and anything which puts me in control and makes him vulnerable turns me on. It's just a bit of fun though really.

Q: Aren't your stories morally reprehensible?

A: No, they're just stories, not to be taken seriously – they're literally 'just a bit of fun'.

Q: Couldn't your stories encourage people to do criminal or dangerous things?

A: I hope not! If some girl decides to handcuff her boyfriend to the bed, then castrate him because she read something similar in one of my stories – that's her problem not mine. I don't actually get turned on at the thought of men being castrated in the slightest, but I know my boyfriend does, and I like to think I understand him – so I can write that scenario. Whenever I ever feel inclined to castrate a man it tends to be because he's being egocentric, insensitive and thinking with his testosterone rather than his brain – as so many men do.

Q: So do you hate men?

A: No, I like most men, most of the time.

Q: Are any of the characters in your stories or events real or based on real?

A: Nope, sorry hun, they're all products of my twisted imagination.

Q: So there's no Samantha Burns?

A: Nope... There might be some ultra-dominant woman, with a huge stately home full of dungeons and torture equipment, who is capturing, castrating and selling men... But if there is I don't know about her personally, and I doubt there is...

Q: A lot of your stories seem to involve castration, does your boyfriend want to be castrated? Does he want gender reassignment? Do you want him to be your girlfriend?

A: Sexuality is complicated. He fantasizes about castration and being reassigned a woman, but he doesn't really want to be... The reality here should be kept very separate from the fantasy. Having your testicles removed will have a serious effect on your physiology and sexuality. The desire to be castrated will probably vanish the minute your balls have been snipped off, but it's too late then – you might as well take HRT and have breast enhancements – once it's done it's done and once it's done I don't think you can experience anything like a 'normal' orgasm again.

Q: So even if I really fantasize about it all the time, I shouldn't get castrated?

A: No, unless you feel you should always have been a woman and want gender reassignment for a deeper meaning than sexual fantasy – it would probably only make you depressed.

Q: How many of these stories are you going to write?

A: I don't know... I have a bubbling cauldron of ideas in my head, as long as I still have some ideas I'll write more. I might even try to work these

short stories into a long novel and put it out as a physical book using create space or something...

Q: I love reading your material, but there isn't enough! Who else can I read for similar stories?

A: My first recommendation is to read all of 'Anne Michelle', 'Grounded in heels', 'The Writers Secret' and 'Humiliation at the office' are all excellent stories. If you've read all mine and all of Anne Michelle's and still want more – then read Sara Desmarais, I suggest you start with 'A change in our marriage' it's really excellent.

Q: What do you think of 'Fifty Shades'?

A: Haven't read it, so don't know... It's about a female submissive, I'm dominant... So unless the story, characters and plot are fantastic in the absence of any sexual content – I probably wouldn't get much from it.

Q: Is Sabrina Jen Mountford your real name?

A: No it's a pen name.

Q: Can you tell me more about you? Where you live, how old you are, what your real name is?

A: No, I don't want stalking. If you want to get to know me better – read more of my stories. Though in reality all that will really teach you is what a twisted imagination I have.