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# *The Bisexual Writer*

*Cuckolded into Chastity, by a lesbian*

# **The Bisexual Writer : Cuckolded into Chastity, by a Lesbian (Based on fact)**

**~ By Sabrina Jen Mountford**

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*Forward:-*

*What follows is an original work of erotic, femdom fantasy fiction involving female domination, orgasm denial, male chastity, bondage, corporal punishment and more. All of the characters and events within are semi-fictional, loosely based on factual events and people. These works should be treated as femdom fantasy fiction, and I do not condone*

*or encourage any of the acts described in this story being attempted in your life. This material is suitable for over 18's only. All characters should be assumed to be over 18 and consenting.*

*This 26,000 word femdom novelette is heavy with male chastity, orgasm denial, tease and denial, oral service, corporal punishment, and a teensy bit of forced femme thrown in for good measure. If you like your femdom to portray a little over-the-knee spanking or the male being coerced into trying on a CB3000 for a night, then this femdom probably isn't for you. This femdom is for not for the prudish.*

*Incidentally if you'd like to be locked into a chastity device and live in the North London area the professional dominatrix 'Rebecca Winter'; will be more than willing to accommodate you and perhaps administer you some corporal punishment, while she's at it. If you're up for it and want to experience real female domination, please see*

*<http://www.rebeccawinter.com> and don't forget to tell her you discovered her through 'Sabrina Jen Mountford' the scenes in this story are in no way reflective of a session with Rebecca Winter. Her promotion here is purely a 'favour for a friend' and nothing more. If you want to watch some hot femdom action in film, then I suggest visiting <http://www.femdomfilms.eu/> Enjoy the story.*

*~ Sabrina*

## **The Bisexual Writer : Cuckolded into Chastity by a Lesbian (Based on fact)**

### **Prologue**

Hi, I'm Sabrina... Well, actually I'm not. That's just a name I chose for myself, a pen name if you like, so I could safely publish my rather extreme-core fetish and BDSM novels, which tend to involve chastity, gender change and forced femme, without risking my career being jeopardized.

If you've read my other stories and are thinking, 'wow this bitch is a complete psycho!' I forgive you; it probably comes across that way. I don't fully understand what I write or why I write it. It all came about through



my boyfriend, who from now on I will refer to as bf only. I'm not writing this to be a 100% factual account, I'm changing things around, leaving bits out, adding bits and spicing bits up, and using different names. However it is loosely based on fact and it should highlight to you, if you are thinking of encouraging a fetish side in your girlfriend or wife, to think carefully about what you want and whether you really want it. The old adage 'be careful what you wish for' should apply.

Why? Because from begging me to lock him up in a chastity device and feminize him, to encouraging me to explore my growing interest in a bisexual relationship, bf has ended up spending several weeks locked in chastity while I spend more and more time with my new girlfriend, who he helped to hook me up with! I've been staying over at her place, enjoying steaming hot lesbian sex, with the key to bf's chastity device dangling between my breasts and him over at our place, feeling lonely, frustrated and aroused in equal measure. Sounds fun? Then read on.

Sabrina. xx.

## **Honour Chastity**

I'd been very busy at work, getting home later than usual. We'd been going out for over twelve months at this stage, and we'd been living together for over three months. We'd had a great relationship, or so I thought, but something had gone, that spark? That burning desire to see each other? That overwhelming joy at getting home and wrapping our arms around each other and kissing? Bf had stopped coming to bed with me and started spending more and more time on the PC or his infernal Xbox and generally was not being very attentive!

Now before we go any further, I should tell you I was always quite a dominant girl, that's possibly why some of my earlier relationships didn't work out and why bf and I did. I'd just never been kinky before, I didn't know about it. Being dominant and being kinky are two separate things! As it happened, bf seemed to quite like me telling him what clothes to buy, what to wear, that he should do more sport, what he should and shouldn't spend his money on, what we were going to watch on television. It seemed to satisfy something in him and I like being controlling, to the point where, with his consent; I more or less took over the managing of all our finances, I paid all the bills and told him to set up a standing order for

his share and just left him with his pocket money from his salary. I also firmly believe in female superiority. If you're a man, you might not like that, but locking you in a KTB and popping you into some nice girly underwear would probably change your attitude, I think it would do all males some good to experience chastity and forced feminization, it's good for their attitude. It makes them more attentive, obedient and submissive – which is good for us girls :- ) and would be good for society in general!

So back to the story, things had gotten stale. We'd stopped having sex, I broached it with him from time to time. Sometimes we'd have fairly flat, emotion-less sex, most of the time he'd say he was too tired. I just accepted this, tried to help him and support him a bit, but nothing worked really.

Now bf had been put on reduced hours, he was only working three days a week instead of five. It didn't really matter as I've always been the main earner, I just allocated him more of the housework to do, but it still left him with a lot of spare time. Now one day I'd gotten home from work early. I didn't have any appointments, and the heating system had broken down in the building where my office was located, so my supervisor told me to take the afternoon off. (It was winter; there was snow on the ground!)

Now before I go any further, if I talk about 'panties' I'm talking about girl's underwear, I don't call them that – I call them 'knickers' but most of my readers are Americans so when I write, I write them as panties for their benefit, I'll write panties in the narrative of this story, but to make the dialogue more realistic I'll write knickers in the dialogue. The two terms are interchangeable.

Anyway, I got back to our place just after two in the afternoon. He wasn't expecting me back until five, when of course I'd expect our place to be all cleaned, spick and span and my dinner to be on the table, though it often wasn't; I often had to give bf a good telling off, usually for being lazy! When I got back on this particular day, I heard a strange shuffling noise coming from upstairs. I pulled my coat off and put my bag down by the door, then wandered upstairs. The noise was getting louder and louder as I walked upstairs. Once I was on the landing, I could tell it was coming from the main bedroom. I walked in and there on my bed was bf lying naked on the bed, with his mp3 player on, earphones in, \*ahem\*

masturbating. He wasn't actually 'quite' naked though, was \*ahem\* wearing one of my matching sets of bra and lacy black panties. He'd left his ball sack in the panties and was frantically stroking his member which rose out from above the lacy waistband. I don't normally wear fancy lingerie to be honest, I'm afraid I tend to find boring old white cotton panties are the most comfortable! I tended to wear the odd nice sets I have on special occasions.

Now I'd never seen this before, I wasn't actually aware that grown men masturbated. I'd heard about it, but I assumed it was something school boys did, not grown men in a theoretically loving, long term relationship. As you can imagine, I gasped, quite loudly, but with his music on he didn't hear and his eyes were closed, so he just carried on masturbating, while wearing my, MY underwear, while I stood watching. Part of me thought I should stop him, make him aware I was there, but part of me was interested in what he was doing and almost mesmerized by it. It was one of those surreal moments where you're watching something, and it seems so odd you don't know how to react. As it happened, while I was debating how to react he lifted his shoulders up, pulled a funny face and started spraying semen up on to his belly and groaning, a few droplets actually flirted up high enough to land on my bra, MY bra!

As you can imagine I was quite cross at this. He just lay there panting for a few moments, then he pulled his earphones out and opened his eyes, to see me standing there in my suit, my arms folded, glaring at him. "Urgh, that's disgusting! What are you doing?!?"

"I erm, well, I-"

"Why are you wearing my underwear?"

"I, erm, well, it's just-"

"Take it off! Put it in the wash, actually, urgh! I don't know if I want to wear it again! How long have you been doing this?"

He looked incredibly sheepish; he couldn't look me in the eye. He'd gone a deep, deep red in the face and I could see he was mentally squirming around, not knowing how to respond.

“Erm, this was the fir-“

“Liar! You’ve been doing this for a while, I know you have, I just didn’t know when you were! That’s why I’ve booked the afternoon off; I wanted to see what you’re getting up to!”

I was lying at this point of course. I had no idea that he’d been putting my things on and masturbating in them! But it seemed the best way to get the truth out of him.

“Look, I’m sorry, I-“

“Get dressed, put your clothes on, note ‘YOUR’ clothes on including ‘YOUR’ underwear, then put these in the washing machine and make me a cup of tea. Then I want to speak to you about this.”

He obeyed me of course – he didn’t have much choice. I watched him wipe the semen off his belly with some tissue he’d put ready, then carefully remove my underwear and get dressed. I sat in the living room and waited until he’d added my bra and panties to the wash and made my tea. As I sat in the living room, I genuinely didn’t know what to think. Part of me was screaming at me to dump him on the spot, on the grounds of being weird? A pervert? A sexual deviant? The reasons for dumping him were stacking up pretty fast, faster than the arguments for NOT dumping him. He eventually arrived with my tea and put it on the coffee table. “Hmmmph! If this is how you spend your time on your days off, I think I’d better get you a second job and send you to work instead! I couldn’t get the funding to pay you, but if it came to it perhaps I’d better take you to the university to be my secretary? At least I could keep an eye on you then!”

“Sarah-“

“Look, forget it Darren, I don’t know you. You’ve been acting weird for ages, you never want to come to bed, you never want to have sex or spend time together – I think we should split up. I don’t need your measly earnings to pay the rent anyway – go back to your parents, masturbate in your mum’s knickers if that’s what you want to do!”

“Sarah, please!”



“I’m not putting up with it, I don’t trust you! How can I trust you, when I catch you lying on the bed, in my knickers and bra, wanking yourself off?”

“Sarah, just give me another chance!”

“Darren, I don’t want to go out with a wanker, or a pervert, is that why you’ve not wanted to have sex for a while?”

“It’s just that, well it’s so much easier and-“

“Let’s say I give you one more chance, and I shouldn’t, I should dump you and never speak to you again, I want you to promise me, NO masturbating, and no dressing up in my clothes. If you like wearing knickers and bra’s so much you can buy your own!”

He looked a little sheepish at this point. I didn’t understand what was going on in his testosterone riddled brain at the time. After a brief pause and him struggling to make eye contact he eventually looked up. “Erm, I can’t, ‘not masturbate’.”

“You can’t? Yes you can, it’s simple – don’t do it!”

“Erm, well the thing is erm, blokes right, they make sperm all the time right? And um, well, it needs to um...”

At this stage I was looking at him in bewilderment. He was inferring that ALL men masturbated, which inferred that my father masturbated – which to be frank I found unbelievable. It inferred priests and vicars masturbated, the pope? The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, the President of the USA? I’m an atheist, but it still didn’t seem right, the thought of ‘men of the cloth’ and politicians all whacking themselves off every other night. I know you guys might not be able to get your heads around this, but to a naïve girl, discovering that men masturbate on a daily basis comes as quite a shock. I’d never masturbated in my life before! The thought hadn’t even occurred, though to be truthful I hadn’t had an orgasm either! I didn’t appreciate how it felt I suppose, having never experienced it. However, having an interest in biology and science I decided to give him the benefit of the doubt. “Alright, you’re going to clean the house this afternoon, and you’re going to do it properly for once! I want it vacuumed, dusted, bathrooms cleaned, toilets cleaned

– everything! I want it spotless! While you're doing it, I'm going on the internet to do some research into male masturbation, okay? Hop to it then!"

He did hop to it actually! He did a better job of doing the housework that afternoon than he'd ever done before! It made part of me think I should catch him masturbating in my undies more often!

So, while he was playing maid for the afternoon, (Not in uniform, though I later realised he would've actually liked that and I could have got even better work out of him by popping him into a maids dress and apron!) While he was playing maid I grabbed my laptop, sat down on the sofa, kicked my heels off, pulled my feet up onto the sofa and began researching. I can't remember the exact sources I researched, but I can remember coming away with two conclusions, firstly that I didn't think it was healthy for a male not to ejaculate, but secondly that there was no reason for him to be masturbating as he could be ejaculating into me as we had sex!

After all the hard research I started watching the television while he carried on working. Which was nice, he didn't even complain. Eventually he finished, and approached me quite apologetically. "Sarah, have you done your research?"

I smiled warmly at him. "Yes, I've done my research and I accept that you should ejaculate regularly. However I think you should be ejaculating when we have sex and at no other time. So henceforth you are banned from masturbating. If you want to come, you come during sex, no other orgasms allowed. Got it?"

He sighed, looking a little forlorn at this. "Yes Sarah."

"Good boy, you can make tea now, I fancy pasta."

Now he was a good boy for a bit! He didn't masturbate, or at least I don't think he did – it did rejuvenate his interest in sex anyway, which was nice. Before you start thinking I'm a complete bitch though, I don't make him do all the housework, or at least I didn't at this stage. It was nice to have him doing his share though! Normally it would be muggins here, who ended up doing everything while he played on his Xbox or PC!

That was a great week. From that point, he came to bed with me every night and we spontaneously started having sex again. One night that week there was nothing on the television and as I flat-out refused to go anywhere near juvenile things such as Xbox games and we didn't have a film to watch or anything, we were at a bit of a loose end. Bf suggested we have a glass of wine and a game of Scrabble. I like scrabble, I'm quite good with words and I find it interesting and intellectually stimulating to play so I agreed.

He had to fetch our battered old scrabble set out from the wardrobe in the spare room, so while he did I poured us both a glass of wine. He set the board up on the coffee table and we started playing. It was nice, just the two of us, sitting with a glass of red, just the lamp on – it was cosy. While we were playing he smirked at me. “Sarah, seeing as we're pretty evenly matched, how about we make the game more interesting?”

“Pffft! I manage both of our incomes anyway, I don't see what we could bet with!”

“Well, how about we erm, play for a forfeit? Like a sort of dare?”

Now I'd not really been concentrating that hard at this stage and we were more or less even. “What do you have in mind?”

“Well, we're both pretty ticklish, how about; the loser gets handcuffed spread-eagled naked to the bed, and has to endure a half-hour tickle torture session?”

Now I quite liked tickle fights, back at the beginning of our relationship we'd had some lovely, playful tickled fights. I found the idea of having him at my mercy for a whole half an hour quite intriguing, it sounded fun. “Hmmm, pity we don't have any handcuffs, otherwise-“

“We do! I erm, have some I've owned for ages, in that erm, little locking strong-box in the spare room.”

“I thought you said you'd lost the key and forgotten what was in that?”

“Erm...”

“I take these are from a previous relationship are they? Was one of your ex’s a bit kinky hmmm?”

“Well-“

“Fine, it’ll be you who ends up wearing them anyway. I think it’s ironic, I catch you wearing my underwear and then you end up wearing your ex’s bracelets! Hehe!”

“Alright, may the best player win.”

“You’d better not resist when it’s time for your tickle torture session to start, if you aren’t a hundred per cent compliant when it’s time for me to tie you up, we’re not playing again!”

“Alright Sair, I promise, I’ll be obedient, IF you win.”

“Hah! Like you stand a chance!”

So the game suddenly became a bit more intense. I upped my game and started bringing out some great words, at the same time though I started having a bad run of luck with the tiles, I think at one stage I had four or five ‘I’s and a ‘Q’ when all the ‘U’s had been played and there was no room to play a ‘Q’. The trouble was he upped his game too, and though I have a better vocabulary than him, he IS good at games and strategies. I guess all those hours staying up late playing ‘Call of Honour’ or ‘War Gears’ or whatever it was he played paid off. He started playing words in places I didn’t realise you could play words, dropping high scoring letters on triples... I essentially got outplayed. I ended up having to pass several times while he kept playing until he finished all his letters and when we tallied up I got my ‘Q’ that I’d been stuck with for half the game knocked off my score!

To put it simply I got trashed.

As he totalled up the scores he looked up at me with a wicked smile. “Well Sarah, looks like it’s time for your tickle torture!”

I groaned audibly, but followed him upstairs. Despite my other moral foibles, I don’t like cheating and we’d made an agreement. We entered the



bedroom and he pointed to the bed. “Okay Sair, strip and lie on the bed, arms and legs stretched.”

I started getting undressed while he wandered off to get the box with the cuffs in it. Eventually he returned and cuffed my wrists tightly to the headboard and with some larger handcuffs with longer chains he cuffed my ankles to the bedposts at the foot of the bed. It meant I was more or less immobile and couldn't move at all. To my surprise he then pulled out a bright red ball gag on a leather strap and held it up for me to see. “I think I'd better gag you for the session too, you know how loud your laughing is!”

I glared at this. “I am not, NOT wearing a gag!”

He shrugged. “You are Sair, I'd better give it a quick wash first though, it's a bit dusty.”

So off he goes to give it a wash, while I writhe around trying to free my hands and feet! He'd left the keys on the bedside table; I could almost, almost reach them. I think he'd left them nearly in reach on purpose to tease me!

Needless to say he got back and I was still helplessly spread-eagled naked on the bed. He climbed on and straddled my chest, offering the gag up to me mouth. “Open up Sair, gag time.”

“No! I'm not wearing a gag!”

Now he reached behind him and pulled a pair of clothes pegs out, the sort with a spring in the middle? He proceeded to put one peg on each of my nipples which immediately started burning with pain, but of course I was helpless to remove them!

“Aargh! Take them off! Take them off!”

He leaned in. “Open wide then,”

“No! Take them off!”

“Sorry hun, no gag, no taking your nipple pegs off.”

“Alright, alright, put the stupid gag in!”

The next time he offered up the gag I opened my mouth and allowed him to pop it in, then fasten the strap behind my head. The trouble is he DIDN'T remove the pegs! “There, that's better; I'll just get my mobile so I can set your half hour timer.”

So he climbs off, wanders off to look for his mobile while I'm naked, cuffed spread-eagled on the bed with a gag in my mouth and pegs on both nipples! He eventually gets back and I'm looking at him pleadingly to remove the pegs, he just ignores me, sets the timer and starts tickling!

He started straddling me again and ticking my underarms with his fingertips. This send me in spasms of laughter, writhing around trying hopelessly to defend myself, trying to beg him to stop through the gag and the fits of laughter – but he didn't, he persisted and persisted. Then he backed up and tickled my ribs the sides of my waist, the tops of my hips, the backs of my knees, then the soles of my feet. Every spot was as bad or worse as the last. He was relentless and gave me hardly any breaks in between spots. The tops of the hips were maybe the worst, I was screaming into my gag with laughter, tears rolling down my cheeks while he tickled there, the only plus side was it took my mind off the pain of the pegs on my nipples. For the whole half hour he moved up, down trying all the spots and then trying them again. I'd never been so uncomfortable or helpless in my life. The thing was it was also making me really hot. I could feel myself getting really, really aroused and moist downstairs. When the timer started bleeping he gave me a last furious tickle and stopped, watching me pant and gesticulate with my eyes at the pegs which by now were making my nipples feel almost numb with pain.

He didn't remove them; he just grinned at me and got off. “There's just one more thing I want to do to you while I've got you Sair. Wait here...”

Obviously I had no choice but wait there. I tried asking him ‘what’ through the gag but he ignored me. When he came back he had a towel, his silver metal and black plastic, Gillette Mach, razor and a can of shaving foam.

Now I've never grown much body hair, a little bit under the arms, but I always shaved that. I'd never shaved or waxed or used hair removal cream

in my crotch though. "Sair, I've decided your pussy is getting a bit too nineteen seventies, so I'm going to give you a shave, don't worry though, I'll be careful."

I started shaking my head and saying 'no' into the gag, but he just laughed. "I'm just going to give you a trim, a tidy up. Lift your bum up so I can slide the towel under, if you don't I'll start tickling again."

I thought about resisting, then decided if he really wanted to, it wouldn't hurt for him to tidy up the edges a bit, so I lifted my bum up and let him slide the towel under. Next he sat between my knees and rested his legs on my thighs holding me in place, then he took his pen knife and started trimming my pubic hairs with the scissors attachment. It felt humiliating, having this done to me, but quite hot too. Suspiciously, he was rather indiscriminate where he trimmed. Once that was done I felt him lathering up shaving foam over my crotch, then I felt the razor slowly scraping over my crotch and around my groin. He was very careful, it was a bit scary, I just lay as still as possible, even when I felt him shaving right to the centre. He was basically shaving me completely bare, so I would be as hairless as a little girl again. I made some muffled cries as this was happening, but despite not wanting to be shaved bare, I found being shaved bare against my will, really erotic. I was so hot and aroused; I think I was more aroused than I'd ever been. He cleaned the excess foam off and gently caressed my labia and clitoris, then gently probed my vagina with his finger. Then took the blade of the razor, flipped the blade off onto the towel and then gently probed my vagina with the handle, at the same time he started sliding his fingertips over my clitoris, occasionally dipping down to my vagina for more lubricant. It was strange, being gagged, tied helplessly spread-eagled to the bed, with pegs on my nipples, tickled then shaved against my will, had me feeling more aroused than I'd ever felt and I could feel something happening. As I started breathing differently I closed my eyes and he started working the handle in and out quicker and started swirling his fingers around my clitoris then rubbing frantically. It wasn't long before I screwed my face up and moaned into the gag and felt my whole groin pulsate with pleasure, tensing up and relaxing in a rhythm. As it did I felt waves and waves of pleasure wash through me and everything went more sensitive. He sat up and stopped and just watched me, helplessly in the grip of my first ever orgasm.

I felt like I was on cloud nine, I didn't want it to stop. Eventually it did

subside though and he set about undoing my gag and cuffs. It felt strange having no pubic hair and over the next few days it started itching madly, it was not pleasant afterwards and I didn't like the look of it, the fact that I didn't like it though, made it seem all the hotter somehow. That night, when we'd cleaned up and were lying in bed he rolled over to me. "Sair, do you mind if I erm, masturbate?"

The thing was, despite the fact he'd masturbated me, and given me a great orgasm I DID mind. "Yes I DO! Just go to sleep! Don't ruin a great night! If you want to come, you'll have to wait until tomorrow, I'm too tired and sleepy to have sex now."

"Sair! Please!"

"Go to sleep!"

"Sair!"

"Shhh, get some sleep!"

Well, that was that – we went to sleep and I thought it'd been a great week and I thought it would continue. However the following night, for some reason he suddenly went back to his old self – he didn't want to spend time together, he played on the PC while I watched television, then played on the Xbox when I went to bed. Now this was a sudden, stark change in his behaviour. I didn't say anything that night; I was just a bit puzzled. However the next night I let him play on the Xbox while I did some research on my laptop.

It got me to reading about the feed or breed mechanism, and how male behaviour is dictated to a degree by their testosterone levels and that after orgasm they experience a testosterone downer where interest in sex goes completely. The way I read it, a male gets more and more attentive and keen to orgasm the longer he's been without, then when he does orgasm interest goes completely. Now this makes a certain amount of sense in animals, you'd want the male of the species to divide his time efficiently between surviving and spreading his genes, and it seems an effective way to do it – until you factor in the human behaviour 'masturbation'. I don't know if masturbation is widespread in other animals, but it seems in human males it's common and frequent. They say human males in their



twenties tend to masturbate between once a day and three times a week. The bottom line is that males SHOULDN'T be able to masturbate, they should rely on females to climax, so the females can moderate and control their behaviour. The fact that human males masturbate is basically a flaw in natural selection that has created behaviour in human males that serves no purpose. Anyway – after a lengthy nights research I came to the conclusion bf had masturbated at some point, without me knowing. I came to a second conclusion; that I had to get him to stop masturbating somehow.

I walked into the living room and sat patiently while he finished killing whatever it was he was busy killing, glued to the screen like a zombie, then I asked him. “Can you pause a second?”

He pressed a button on the controller thingy and turned to me. “Sair?”

“Have you um, masturbated?”

He suddenly looked a little defensive at this. “Why!?”

“Humour me, imagine I’m your doctor, or your psychiatrist, psychologist or something, and you’re my patient, and we’re having a consultation. I need you to be completely honest with me – did you masturbate?”

“Erm-“

“Be honest, I won’t be cross with you I just need to know.”

“Well, yeah...”

“Why? Why did you masturbate? I told you, you were banned from masturbating!”

“Well, after last night, I was really turned on after tickling and shaving you, and you’d had an orgasm, so it didn’t seem fair so I just-“

“That’s not really an excuse is it? After I banned you?”

“Sair, it’s a reason, things build up down there and I... Hmmm, there is a solution... If you really don’t want me to masturbate anymore.”

I raised an eyebrow. “A solution?”

“Yeah, well, right – there are these things you can buy called chastity devices and you can lock one on to me, then I wouldn’t be able to get erect, masturbate, have sex or come without you unlocking it.”

I screwed my face up at this obviously. “Urgh! Sounds weird, it sounds a bit perverted – do these things really exist?”

“Yeah, they’re not cheap, but it might be fun to try. Want me to show you a picture of one?”

“No! I don’t want to know! And you actually want to be locked into a chastity device?”

“Um, its erm, it’s been a bit of a fantasy of mine actually. I would like you to control my orgasms.”

“I told you, you were banned from masturbating! I’m not locking your genitals up in a device, it sounds weird and perverted.”

“Sair, it’s not that easy, things build up, it gets harder and harder the longer-“

“I told you, you get to come when we have sex – that should be enough. No masturbating, I want you to save ALL your orgasms for sex – got it?”

“Sigh, alright Sair.”

## **Introduction to the Device**

Now I thought all was well at that point for a bit, things went back to being fairly normal for a few days. We weren’t having sex so much, but he was being attentive and his attitude was reasonably good. However after a few days I could tell he was getting a bit irritable. He ended up bringing up the device again and again and begging me to give it a try. He even forced me to sit down and look at some pictures of a CB3000 and CB2000 on the internet and listen to him explain how they worked. I was not impressed, it just seemed pervy and weird and I still couldn’t get my head around exactly why he wanted to be locked and why he couldn’t just abstain from

wanking. I suppose I kept thinking, 'If he doesn't want to masturbate, why not just 'not' masturbate?'.

The trouble was, he was unknown to me, becoming more and more obsessed with the idea. Abstaining for so long was messing his hormones up and making him go a bit crazy, desperate to come, but because I'd banned him he sort of found that erotic and didn't really want it to end by coming. He secretly bought a CB3000 chastity device off the internet. He had it delivered to work and started wearing it without my knowledge.

Later he told me his plan was to get used to it, make sure it was comfortable and secure, then have a big 'handing over of the keys' ceremony when it was time for me to take control of his orgasms. The trouble is I don't think it would have worked, I would have just had a major go at him and probably made him throw it away and not spoken to him for a fortnight.

It never actually got to that point. What he'd been doing was wearing it at work and unlocking it when he got home and he knew I'd be supervising him. He was keeping the key in his office and leaving it there – so if he had to go to the toilet at work, he wouldn't be tempted?

After doing this for a few days, he made what you might call a schoolboy error. He said afterwards he'd been about to leave and he'd taken a last minute telephone call as he left, to answer it he put his keys down, he then forgot to pick them up.

He didn't realise this however until he arrived back home and tried to surreptitiously remove the device, a CB3000, without me knowing – as he'd been doing for a few days. It was weird, I could tell something was wrong from the minute he walked out of the toilet, looking... Hmmmm, embarrassed? Sheepish? Guilty? A bit of all three I think...

"Darren, is everything alright?"

"Erm, yeah... "

"Why do you look really, REALLY guilty then?"

"Erm, I dunno..."

“Come and sit with me.”

He came and sat by me on the sofa and straight away I could tell something was odd, he sat with his knees really wide and was sort of tense?

“I know something’s wrong! You must think I’m stupid! What have you done?”

At this point he gave up, I think he’d originally thought he could hide it from me all night, then get his keys the next day without me knowing. This would have been stupid as I like to put my legs on him when we sleep to get a warm! I would have felt it!

“Erm, it’s erm, a bit embarrassing.”

“Groan... What have you done?”

“Erm, well you remember talking a while ago about chastity devices? Well, erm, I was finding abstaining really hard and I erm, saw a really cheap deal on ebay so I-“

“You bought one!? Hmmph! You’re wearing it aren’t you? Take it off, I want it throwing away, I don’t even want to see it!”

“Um, that’s the erm, thing... I can’t!”

“You can’t take it off?”

“Erm, no, it’s just the erm, well I errrr, I left the keys at work.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at this. The thing was he worked half an hour’s drive away and I wasn’t prepared to send him back to work to get his keys while I cleaned up!

“Hah! Is it comfy? What about going to the toilet?”

“It’s erm, as long as I don’t get aroused its fine. There’s a little slot in the end to pee through. Do you want me to go back to work for my keys?”



“Hmmmm, was it expensive? If it’s one of those plastic ones, surely you could break it off?”

“Erm, it was about fifty quid... I suppose I could break-“

“Stop, I’m not having you throwing away fifty quid and I’m not sending you back to work for your keys – I want you to help clean up tonight. If you can pee in it and it’s comfy then you can grin and bear it for one night.”

He looked sheepishly and apologetically at me now. “Sorry Sair, I just didn’t want to... I know how much you’ve preferred me abstaining, and it’s so hard not to so-“

“Come on, seeing as you’re in it, I’d better have a look – upstairs now!”

I marched him upstairs in front of me and led him into the spare room at the back of the house. I drew the curtains and shut the door. “Okay, strip!”

“Sair!”

“Strip! Get naked!”

I don’t know exactly why I ordered him to get naked, it just felt right. I actually enjoyed standing there fully clothed, watching him take his shoes, socks, shirt, trousers and boxers off. It felt kind of empowering? Like I was in control? When he was left naked standing in the middle of the room with his little plastic cage hanging between his legs I couldn’t help but chuckle at his predicament.

“Keep still, I want to get a proper look at it. Put your hands behind your back.”

He clasped his hands behind his back and I knelt down to look at the device. It was a CB3000, a plastic cage, with a ring that went through his balls. It had a medium set of points of intrigue fitted and he’d made it a fairly snug fit. I tried manipulating his balls this way and that, then tried easing his cock back a bit – but it was secure. There was a little brass padlock hanging on the front. His glans was pressing hard against the

bottom of the cage, the lips of his urethra were almost pushing through the little slot to pee through – it didn't look comfortable. I stood up at that stage, then reached down and gave it a little shake, making the padlock clack up and down on the cage. "Hehe! That's rather a fine mess you've got yourself into isn't it?"

"Sair!"

I looked down at it, it still seemed really, really weird. I don't think I understood male orgasms or sexuality fully at the time. It was funny though, I'd even go as far as to say fun. It did get me feeling kind of aroused, the thought of him being all helpless, desperate for release, but totally denied.

"Darren, go and get an old towel from the bathroom."

"Why?"

"Shhhh, just do it!"

He darted off and I pulled the office chair out from under the computer desk. I kicked off my heels, then took my jacket off and hung it on the handle of the wardrobe. As I did this he returned with the towel. "Pop it on the chair."

As he folded it double and placed it on the swivelling office chair I hitched my skirt up, tucked the hem into the waistband and pulled my tights down, then my panties down, to just below the knee. I sat on the chair, rolled my shirt up away from my crotch a little and gestured to the floor in front of me. "Sit on your knees, hands behind your back... Good boy..."

He of course did as instructed, and sat on his knees. I wheeled the chair closer, tried to lean back a bit and rested my arms on the arm rests. Then I parted my knees and lifted my feet so they were on his thighs. Resting my heels on his thighs I started sliding my feet, still in the nylon tights over his chastity device. It felt devilishly naughty, taboo even. I smiled down at him. "Now try to bring me off, use your tongue!"

I'd expected him to show some resistance to this at the time, the thought of licking a clitoris or probing a vagina with my tongue would have made

me sick at the time. I was actually ready to say, 'oh alright, use your fingers', but he didn't resist, he just leaned forwards and started licking, lapping, probing, swirling his tongue around my clitoris and labia, then gently sucking on it, before starting again. It felt, so, so good... The feel of his little chastity device under my toes made it feel even more erotic. Here I was, enjoying this extremely sensual, sexual ecstasy, while he was denied and frustrated, his penis bulging and straining in the device while my nylon clad feet slipped and slid over his device, caressing it gently and teasing it, manipulating it. I could tell I was getting moist, he must have been literally drinking up my juices! I leaned back in the chair and relaxed, and just rode the waves of pleasure. It was so, so nice, it was an amazing feeling. Eventually, my eyes closed, I could tell I was getting close, but that I wouldn't come without more stimulation, so I gasped. "Use your fingers too!"

At this he doubled his efforts, using his fingers and his tongue to good effect and I had an orgasm like an explosion. It left me quivering with pleasure and reeling from wave after wave of pleasure surging through my whole body. When he stopped and looked up, his chin was covered in drool and my juices. "Hmmmm, that was nice, you'd better go and wash your face and brush your teeth though."

I used the towel to dab myself up and actually had a quick shower, as it had made me a bit sweaty. We then went downstairs and cuddled up on the sofa watching the television. Occasionally I'd drop a hand to his crotch and fondle the device with a little smile. I was starting to get it, I was starting to realise how potentially powerful keeping him orgasm free could be. It was still kind of weird, and seemed a bit pervy, but I could see the advantages! The daft thing is, he actually seemed happier for it too! He seemed to get some strange satisfaction out of bringing me off, and staying denied himself.

Now I'm normally quite susceptible to feeling cold, I normally wear flannelette pyjamas in bed, but on this particular night I felt like being sexy and flirtatious. So I put on one of my little nighties, a nice satin effect one with lace and bows, nice and feminine! Then when we got in bed together (at a reasonable time for once!) we cuddled, and snuggled and kissed. I fondled his device for a while, exploring it with my fingers. "Hmmmm, I think I like you in this..."

“Good...”

“Maybe I’ll keep you in it forever? Tomorrow, don’t take it off, bring me the keys and we’ll try it for a bit. I think I like knowing you can’t masturbate without my permission.”

Fondling his device and talking like this was actually getting me aroused again. “I think you can bring me off, one more time – use your fingers this time, your tongue is too messy!”

Obediently he lifted my nightie up, pulled my panties down and started gently, stimulating me. I held onto his device and twiddled with his padlock while he was doing it, making me even more aroused. Before long I came again, patted him on the bum and rolled over. “Night, night sweetie.”

“Night Sair.”

I of course drifted off into a pleasant, orgasm induced slumber. He told me afterwards, he’d been awake for ages, trying to wait until his erection died down!

## **A Week’s Trial**

Now the next day he woke up early, he explained to me later it was because of ‘a gentleman’s early morning ‘thing’ ‘ while constrained in the device. Apparently it’s quite uncomfortable, having an erection in a CB3000, I can’t vouch for it as I don’t have the organ in question, but looking at the spiky points of intrigue and having seen the little red spots on top of his shaft I can imagine it is.

Anyway I woke up that morning to a tray with some nice crunchy buttered brown toast and a piping hot cup of tea! He was very, very sweet that morning. He even cleaned up! I was getting to enjoy having bf in a chastity device now, for so many reasons. After he’d cleaned up and we were both ready to leave for work I stopped him. “Darren, I don’t want you cheating and taking the device off at work.”

“Alright Sair, I won’t.”

“Hmmm, well, I don’t think that’s good enough, I want to be a hundred per cent sure you can’t cheat.”

“Erm, right, okay, what did you have in-“

“Wait here!”

I nipped into the hallway and brought a large sheet of small labels from my work bag. I normally used them for labelling files and folders. I took a pen and signed one of the labels very carefully. He can’t write neatly and I have a pretty distinctive signature so I thought this would do the job. Having finished I turned to him. “Okay, drop your trousers, and your boxers.”

There was something in his eye, I could tell he was actually enjoying this. He obeyed me and I took the label and stuck it over the padlock and so it covered the keyhole and I pressed it down really hard between my finger and thumb and smoothed it out really carefully. “Right, wait a second.”

He stood looking bemused while I pulled out my camera phone and took a snap of the device with my label over the padlock. Having taken my picture I looked up at him and smiled. “There, now when you get back tonight with your keys I’m going to check that the label hasn’t changed in any way at all, no tears, no loose corners, no subtle changes in the signature? If I even suspect, just slightly suspect you’ve tampered with the lock or my label, we’re not playing this game again, I’ll take your device off you and throw it in the bin. If we’re going to play this game, I want to play it properly. Clear?”

“Yes Sarah.”

“Good boy. Put yourself back together, and you’d better get off to work. Don’t forget to look after my label, if it’s spoiled then its game over!”

We left for work once he’d sorted himself out. When he got back that night I checked the label and compared it to my photograph on the camera phone. I was quite content he hadn’t cheated. He gave me a little key ring with three tiny keys on it. I had an old silver necklace that had a fairly heavy gauge, so I took one key, threaded it on and locked the other two in my jewellery box.

I wasn't entirely sure of why, but he was obviously in some kind of weird submissive heaven. I got him to bring me to orgasm every night, and he more or less forgot about his stupid games. I got him to quit drinking beer in the week as well! I could have pressed for the weekend too, but I didn't want to be too mean. He was basically very, very obedient. The interesting thing was I actually enjoyed his tongue and fingers much more than his cock. I'd never had an orgasm through penetrative sex before, and I still haven't! I can get an orgasm every time with his tongue or fingers though – he's very, VERY good.

Having kept him in chastity for a week, he was starting to get a bit annoying. Now I was having the opposite problem than I was having before. Instead of being inattentive and more or less ignoring me he'd follow me around the house, trying to cuddle me and kiss me and stuff. Now that was kind of nice, but when it's non-stop it gets a bit much!

Now I could remember the time he'd shaved me against my will and I thought it could be a good opportunity for some pay-back, good and bad, because he'd complained about the device pulling his pubes and pinching a bit. I suggested it might help if we shaved his crotch area bare, like he'd done to me. Now he was reluctant to say the least. He moaned about the itching, he said he was worried about if he had a medical appointment. I lied and told him the itchiness wasn't that bad and that it would probably grow back fairly soon.

Now being in chastity for so long he was finding it quite hard to disagree or argue with me. I got him to give me the keys to his 'box of tricks' as it were and I handcuffed him spread-eagled naked to the bed. I'd decided at this stage I was going to make him orgasm, just so I could get some breathing space, I hadn't told him. When I opened the 'box of tricks' I found a few more bits and bobs, it seems bf had been quite kinky in his youth. Amongst the items was a whitehead gag, mouth spreader, I only knew what it was because he'd left the receipt from medicaltoys.com in the box with it. Now this gave me an idea. I got him secured first, with a towel under his bum and crotch so I could shave him without making a mess on the bed. I'd decided I was going to shave him already and pinched some latex gloves from work, I didn't want to get my hands messy.

So, secured firmly to the bed, I snapped a pair of latex gloves on. I kept

my suit on to make it seem more clinical? Erotic? Dominant? Whatever, it worked, he was quivering with arousal when I snapped the gloves on. "Now, Darren, before I unlock you and we start your genital shaving, I want to tell you I'm going to make you orgasm today. I'm fed up of you fawning over me, so I'm going to give you a nice testosterone downer to get your mind off me and give me some breathing space. Open wide for me, it's time for your gag."

Now he was quite submissive. I think he was expecting the red ball gag, but I'd actually got the whitehead gag ready. When he opened up, I popped it in and moved the ratchet so it was in a fully open position. He gave me a confused look and mumbled 'what are you doing?' but I just laughed and leaned in. "I've decided Darren, that orgasms come at a price. Remember when we started going out and you kept pestering me to give you blow jobs? Then insisting I swallow your semen? Well, that wasn't very pleasant, so I've decided to give you a taste of your own medicine. I'm going to make you cum into a little cup, then I'm going to force-feed you your own semen. Only after I've shaved you bare of course!"

He started complaining of course, though with difficulty from the gag holding his mouth wide open. "Darren, be quiet, I've made my decision, if you keep complaining I'll start dreaming up some more interesting punishments to apply to you while I've got you helpless. Nothing you can do can change your fate, so just accept it. It'll be fun! You should be pleased! You ARE getting an orgasm, and the taste of your own cum won't last long."

This quietened him down a bit. I left the key on its chain and left the chain around my neck, leaning in to unlock his padlock. Getting the CB3000 apart was quite easy with a bit of wiggling and jiggling. As soon as it was free his cock sprang to attention. Just to tease him I wrapped my lips around his glans and slowly pulled them off while sucking gently, ever so gently. He moaned audibly at this, clearly really frustrated and desperate to come, but instead of bringing him off, I started with a pair of scissors trimming back his huge bush of pubic hair. It took some time and some aggressive cutting. When it was down though I started massaging shaving foam around his cock and balls. I'd decided to shave his balls while we were at it too, to make him completely hairless down there like a little boy. I'd put a new blade on the razor and started slowly, carefully



shaving his groin, while he was helpless. I did get lots of shaving foam on my gloves, it was a good job I'd worn them! Once his crotch was completely hairless I took the towel and started wiping the excess foam off. It looked very strange when I'd done! Any girls who read this, you really should shave your man's pubes off at least once, it's a sight you have to see, though I can't say it's a pleasant one. "Hmmmm, wait here, I think I'll rub some nice moisturising cream in to avoid it getting too itchy."

Of course he had no choice but wait, so I left for the bathroom and came back with the cream. By the time I'd finished using my gloved hands to massage the moisturizing cream into his groin, cock and balls, he was quivering with pleasure and anticipation. I looked up to him and smiled. "I hope you're thirsty, it's time for your orgasm!"

Now having seen how he squirted when he came, that first time when I caught him masturbating in my panties I worked out the best position to be in. I picked up the little glass I'd brought to catch the spunk in, then straddled him, sitting on his chest, facing his penis so he couldn't see what I was doing. I manipulated his cock so it was pointing sort of towards his head and began slowly stroking it in my latex gloved hand. It was already hard, but I could feel it getting harder. I tried gripping it gently and working my hand up and down faster and faster while holding the glass in the way to catch the semen. Of course all he could see was the back of my skirt and jacket, my bum on his chest. It didn't take long until he started squirting semen forcefully into the glass. I didn't slow down of course, he had a lot of built up semen so I kept gripping and pumping up and down until his dick was going flaccid and the glass had a good centimetre of milky, gelatinous goo in the bottom.

I wiped the remnants off with my gloved thumb and tried to deposit the stray bits of goo into the glass. Finally I climbed out of my straddle position and turned to him. I swirled the glass in front of his face, it looked disgusting with old yellow semen and fresh milky semen mixed together." Ready for your medicine?"

He shook his head, but pressed one hand firmly on his forehead holding him still and I tipped the glass into his mouth while smiling. I then clamped my other hand over his mouth, stopping him spitting it out. "Swallow! Now swallow! Good, good boy. Swallow! I'm not letting you

breath until you swallow!”

He'd drained most of the glass, leaving only a sticky residue up the side. He looked like he was going to gag, he didn't look happy. Once I was happy he's swallowed every drop I pulled my hand away and smiled. “There, all done, that wasn't so bad was it? Weren't you a good boy for me!”

The next task of course was getting his CB3000 back on. It sounds simple doesn't it? It WAS simple getting it off, but trying to get it back on proved quite challenging. I suppose I could have done it more easily if I'd been less worried about hurting him.

I ended up giving up, after him squeaking like a little girl a couple of times when I tried to push the parts back together! “Darren, I'm going to release you now, but I'm going to supervise you until you're safe and snug, back in your chastity device.”

I started by removing the gag, then worked on his cuffs. “Sair, can't I have a break from-“

“No! You've had an orgasm! I want to strictly ration your orgasm's from now on so it's back in the device or we don't play anymore.”

“Sair!”

“As it's been a week, I'll tell you what, I'll let you give yourself a good, thorough clean and clean the device properly, but I'm supervising you – I won't let you out of my sight until you are safely locked up again – got it?”

He sighed as I removed the cuffs. “Alright Sarah.”

So, him naked and with his hairless crotch, and his mouth and nostrils still suffering the aftertaste of semen, I marched him into the bathroom. It's surprising, but somehow me being in my suit and heels while he was naked made it seem really erotic. I ordered him into the shower and stood watching him like a prison guard watching her prisoner. When he started lathering his groin area too enthusiastically I shouted at him. “Hands off! No touching your groin area!”

This actually started getting him hard again, despite the fact he'd only just come. Once he was dry I opened the shower cubicle door and ordered him out, grabbing a towel off the rack. "Hands on your head, I'm drying you! I don't want you sneaking any stimulation with the towel."

So he stood there naked with his hands on his head while I slowly, carefully towelled him off, paying special attention to not stimulate his penis too much. The problem was he was now so hard it was like he had a coat hook stuck to his crotch. I actually tried hanging the towel on it, and it held up!

I took the towel and pointed to the sink. "Right, wash the device, make sure it's nice and clean, then dry it."

He obeyed of course and despite it taking a while, especially to dry inside the cage, he remained hard throughout. Afterwards I pointed to his groin. "Okay, pop it back on."

He tried dry at first, but his glans seemed to stick on the roof of the device. We'd got some baby oil in so I got him to carefully lubricate himself and the device and try again – he still couldn't get it on. "Right, we need you to go soft so we can get you back in, hmmmm, let me try this; put your hands on your head, feet apart, keep your legs open."

I reached down and carefully wrapped my hand around his testicles and gripped them. "Now, some pain should hopefully bring that erection down, so I'm going to squeeze harder and harder until you go limp. Deep breath now."

He opened his mouth. "Sarah that won't – aaargh!"

"Hands back on head! Back straight! Stand properly. I'm going to squeeze again, harder and longer."

I squeezed really hard, as if I was trying to crush his balls completely. The trouble is, it didn't work, he just screamed like a little girl and started shaking and his member got even harder!

When I released and he stopped whimpering and squealing like a wuss he looked pleadingly at me. "Sarah, that won't work! You hurting me is

arousing!”

“Then what do we have to do?”

“Something cold? Get some frozen peas from the fridge.”

“Hah! I’m not falling for that one! I disappear to get them and you wank yourself off again! No, the curtains are drawn so we’ll both go downstairs. I’m not risking you cheating; I’m supervising you until you are back in the device!”

So, I take him downstairs, apply the peas for quite a long time, once he was all shrivelled up, he could get it back on again.

Now the trouble was, once I had him locked back in the device, instead of having a good break from him sneaking up and hugging me and kissing me, it lasted less than a day! I ended up drawing the conclusion that it would be better to give him a total break from chastity and let him wank himself dry, accepting that he was basically going to be an insensitive jerk for a while, at least it would give me a break from him fawning over me!

So, I kept him chaste for a couple of weeks and thought about how it could work and we could turn something which was a little bit of fun and an interesting experiment to me, into a long-term life-style thing.

Then I sat him down in the living room, giving a nice cool lager from the fridge and tried to get to the bottom of how he felt and why he felt that way, so I could decide how we’d move forwards.

“Darren, how’ve enjoyed being in chastity since you started?”

“Erm, I like it, but erm, I kind of-“

“You’d like breaks from it?”

“Erm, yeah.”

“What is it about me controlling your orgasms you like?”

“I don’t know, I just... I just like you being dominant, I like being

submissive, I like you being dominant.”

“I am dominant!”

“Yeah, but not in a kinky way? I’ve always been erm, attracted to fetish and kink and stuff and-“

“You want me to tie you up and spank you too?”

Now he looked at me really hopefully when I said this. I was just trying to work him out at this stage, not tease him with promises of a fetish lifestyle.

“You do don’t you!”

“Well...”

He didn’t need to finish, I could tell he wanted this. I’d never really been introduced to the concept of ‘fetish lifestyle’ before. I was mildly aware of it, but I’d pictured myself as that sort of dominant. The thing is I am interested, I’ve always been interested in what makes people tick. When I end up in a position where I don’t ‘get’ something I tend to want to understand it. In this instance, I wanted to understand the desire to spanked.

“I’m not cross with you, I just want to work out how to deal with this. I like keeping you in chastity, I like dominating you but I’m not sure about the whole fetish BDSM thing... I... I want to experience it, to start with.... Hmmmm, to start with, I want you to spank me.”

Now considering he’d just been moaning saying he wanted me to be dominant, and he wanted to be submissive his eyes lit up and he was clearly pleased at this.

“Alright, over my knee, pass me your wrists.”

“What for?”

“I need to hold you, so you can’t escape.”

I lay myself carefully on his knee and passed my wrists to him. He passed them into one hand and gripped them together firmly. Straight away I felt deliciously vulnerable, like he was in control. While he was holding me with one hand he hitched my skirt up and tucked the hem into the waistband, to which I gasped. "Hoy, what are you do-"

"Shhh, I can't spank you properly through your clothes, I'm going to give you a bare bottom spanking. Now stop wriggling and keep still."

Him ordering me about in this position felt new, and I kind of found it arousing to go along with it. After he'd pulled my tights and panties down I felt very vulnerable, I felt his hand gently rest on my bottom, while the other gripped my wrists together tightly. I tried freeing my held hands but he was gripping them firmly. "Hmmm, you've been a naughty girl haven't you? You need punishing! How many shall I give you?"

The way he was talking was weird, it made me feel submissive and under control, it was arousing. "Just give me-"

"Shhh, it was a rhetorical question silly! Naughty little girls don't get to choose their punishment! Hmmm, I think I'll just spank you and spank you until my hand hurts. Don't struggle or try to escape though, or I might give you even more strokes. Are you going to be a good little girl and keep still for me?"

I nodded and lay submissively waiting for the first stroke. When it came it stung and made me yelp in surprise and pain. Before I could recover though, he spanked me again and again. I started wriggling of course, to which he paused. "I told you, naughty little girls have to keep still for their punishment! So I'm going to spank you an extra five times for that, now lie still and accept it."

The spanking continued, him really going for it once he'd warmed up, me going red in the cheeks, both sets of cheeks! Now I think he got something out of this. I think he's always been a bit dominant and a bit sub, maybe 70% sub, 30% dom? I'm maybe the opposite. After he'd finished spanking me, making me squeal like a little girl he slipped his fingers down to my pussy and started stroking, gently caressing my labia and twiddling my clitoris. I was so aroused, I was getting wet down there. As he masturbated me over his knee he slid his thumb up my bottom. He

did it dry with no lubrication so it hurt quite a bit, I sort of wanted to stop him, but he was holding my wrists firmly together and once he started pumping his thumb in and out, while stroking me with his fingers I started feeling more and more aroused. It was weird, I felt almost like I was being raped anally, but I was enjoying it so much because of the taboo, the pain, the new experience and his expert hand sliding up and down over my crotch. I came and came hard, as my bottom was pulsating, sending waves of pleasure through my whole body I felt my anal sphincter grip, then release rhythmically around his thumb. It wasn't under my control, my whole body was pulsating. Eventually the orgasm died down and he slipped his thumb out, which hurt again! Then he gave me a pat on the bottom. "All done, good girl."

I stood dizzily and sorted my clothes out. I could hardly stand up. It made me feel sleepy too, like going to sleep. "You'd better wash your hands."

He went to wash them and as I thought about it, it struck me did he do this for his benefit? Or did he do it because he wanted to show me what he wanted me to do to him? Of course in his case afterwards there would be no orgasm afterwards!

When he got back, I'd sorted myself out, straightened my skirt out, pulling it taught over my knees and was sitting waiting for him. "Well? Come on, it's your turn."

I think I actually saw his pupils dilate at this, he seemed to almost melt with excitement at the thought of getting a spanking. As he lowered himself down I pointed to his belt. "Undo your belt and top button, I need access to your bare bottie."

He agreed and positioned himself on my knee. I actually almost fell over at this because he's such a heavy oaf! Especially trying to balance him there on my high heels, it was not easy! I copied the way he'd done it to me, gripping his wrists (Though between you and me, he's much stronger than me so I think he could have escaped if he'd really wanted to.) I then pulled his trousers and pants down and teased him a bit, stroking my palm over his fairly ugly hairy bottom. As I was doing it, I thought about what he'd said to me and how I could turn it around. Then I leaned towards his ear and whispered. "You've been a naughty little girl haven't you?"



Now I was so thinking about what he'd said I slipped up! I was supposed to call him a naughty little 'boy' but the thing is he seemed to quiver with excitement when I said it. This made me pause, I was genuinely enjoying this now, it was fun and I felt in control and dominant, it made me feel powerful and that's kind of a different turn on. I chuckled softly. "You like me calling you a naughty little girl? Perhaps I should strip you and put you a bra and knickers seeing as you like being a little girl so much? How about a nice dress? I'm sure I could find something to fit you, then I could do your make up for you? Make you look nice and pretty?"

Hehe! As I was saying this to him he started shaking softly, I reached down to have a play with his CB3000 and I got goo on my hand! He was leaking out of the end! "You are a naughty little girl aren't you? Look – you messed yourself on my hand!"

At this point I reached over and rubbed his pre-cum on his face while chuckling. "I'm going to have to punish you for that. Now keep still for me, hmmm, I want you to count out my strokes and say 'thank you miss' after every stroke."

Now this came from school, I'd never been caned at school, but our headmistress had a cane on her sideboard. She never caned anyone that I know of, but she was very old fashioned and very strict – I'd often imagined being caned and I thought students would be asked to do this.

I started spanking him, as hard as I could. Between strokes he squeaked, counted and said 'thank you miss'. I could tell he was enjoying it immensely. The trouble is it was starting to really hurt my hand after about three strokes, I had to stop by the time I was on ten. My hand was throbbing at this point, but I'd given his hairy bottom a lovely pink glow.

"Hmmp! My hand hurts, so that will have to do for that... I don't think you've been punished enough though. Tomorrow, you're not wearing boxer shorts, you're going to work with my bra and knickers on I think, in fact you can wear my dirty bra and knickers. You'll just have to hope nobody realises you smell faintly of vaginal discharge. Go fish in the laundry basket, my white lacy thong, the one I wear so people can't see my knickers under tight skirts. Pick that out, and the bra that goes with it. You can put them on tonight and sleep in them so you can get used to them."

“Sair!”

“You’ve been a naughty girl, and you need punishment. Some time in my dirty lingerie should suffice nicely.”

“What if someone tells? What if someone see-“

“Not my problem Darren... Hmmmm, Delilah? You’ll just have to be careful and try to make sure nobody sees.”

“Sair I don’t –“

“Tough, I caught you wanking in my things, I know you like them. You can see what it’s like to wear them for 24 hours. Upstairs now.”

I was revelling in this control of course. I marched him upstairs and into the bathroom where the washing basket is kept. “Strip!”

He obeyed, fumbling with his trousers and shirt. Eventually he was naked except his CB3000, and I was still fully clothed – helping me to feel more dominant and in control. He was still looking reluctant to put my dirty undies on. He was shaking, just ever so slightly. I decided to take it one step at a time and ease him into them.

“Okay, take the thong out.”

He opened the lid and reached in, it was at the top where I’d left it. It was a very feminine thong with a floral pattern embroidered into the see through front and a lacy trim. I’d done a lot of running around that day before I’d showered and changed so the crotch area was yellow, a bit gooey and smelled a little bit fishy. “Now put one foot in... Good, good girl... Now the other one... That’s right, now pull them up, right up... Good... That’s it, a bit higher – they won’t bite.”

As he pulled them up he was shaking visibly! It was amazing, he seemed so intimidated, almost terrified of what essentially to me was a fairly nice pair of undies which were handy for when I was wearing certain trousers and skirts! He struggled to fit the CB3000 in, it would’ve been worse if it’d been off though! He was straining out, I could see his urethra lips really protruding through the slot as he pulled them up, it looked painful.

Once they were on, I gave a little twirling motion with my finger. “Now give me a twirl, good girl... Hmmm, you look so pretty, I think you’ll like feeling all feminine and sexy tomorrow... Hmmm, bra time.”

At which point I reached in and got out the matching bra. I loosened the arm straps a little bit, he’s bigger than my and I wanted it to fit as well as possible. I don’t have huge breasts, and he actually has little man boobs so with some adjustment I figured I could get a reasonable fit. After I’d adjusted the arm straps I held the loops out to him. “Come on, arms in.. Good girl...”

He was still shaking as I slid them up his arms. I had to use the widest fastener to get it around his chest and I think it stretched it a bit at that. I gave the straps a final little adjust and stood back to admire him. The bra wasn’t filled properly as you can imagine, but it was a surprisingly good fit considering! I just burst out laughing. He stood there like a melon while I stood and laughed, and laughed, tears rolling down my cheeks. He was going redder and redder in the face. Eventually I regained my composure. “Good, that’s your undies sorted out, now pop your clothes back on and we’ll go back downstairs to watch some television together.”

He obeyed, shaking and quivering, almost squirming around in my knickers! It was quite funny to watch. Little did I know at the time I was subjecting him to an extreme form of tease and denial, him constantly feeling more aroused by the fact he was in my underwear and the device constantly stopping him getting aroused, the spiky pointy things on the top of the device digging into his shaft almost constantly. It made him very, very submissive. It made him more obedient and attentive. It was nice I could order him to get me drinks, make me food and he’d just run to it without question!

He claimed the next day that he’d hardly got any sleep, sleeping in my underwear. I simply told him. “Not comfortable? No problem, we’ll pop you in nice satin nightie tomorrow night instead. That should be more comfy.”

So he went on to have a nice squirmy day at work, trying to hide his smelly, dirty lingerie while being constantly aroused and punished. The next night I put him in a nice little satin blue nightie, with short sleeves which came down to about my knees, so a little higher on him. He

apparently found that even worse!

Anyway – that turned out to be a fun week. It was great fun controlling him, and getting him to service me orally or masturbate me several times while staying denied himself. If there are any girls reading this, I can't reiterate enough, put your man in a chastity device! Even if you do no other kink, it's great fun to control his orgasms and it does get him paying attention to you! I know it seems weird and a bit kinky and it's hard to get your head around, but it's fun. It's definitely fun.

At the end of the week, I'd done some more research online, reading chastity websites, and fetish sites and some online erotic literature. I felt I had a much better handle on what was going on. So I made dinner on the Friday and sat him down in the living room afterwards.

“Darren, I want to talk to you seriously now about our little games. Because that's all they are. You could break the device at any time, or force me to give you your keys, it's all just a game. If we want to play this game, I think the way you want to play, is that it's real and you want to feel like I am really in control.”

“Right... Yeah, that sounds about right, but how-“

“Well, I've been thinking about that and here's how it's going to work. We play it my way or we don't play at all? Our normal state of relationship is 'off-play' we're leading a normal 'vanilla' as they call it lifestyle. If you want to play, you will confess to me that you've been naughty and masturbated against my strict orders. At that point we will lock your device on, and you will wear it until I choose to let you out. I may tell you the sentence, I may decide to keep you in until I feel like letting you out – it's not your choice.”

“Can't I set a limit or have a safe-“

“Pffft! Safe word! No! I wouldn't be in control then, it wouldn't work! Your safe-word is breaking the device off and then regardless of why you did it, we can't play until you have another and I forbid you to buy more than one chastity device a year. If you go against this, I'm not playing any more, got it? Good. If you want me to extend your sentence, you will beg me to be released early, to which I will say 'no, and for asking for early

release I'm adding three weeks onto your sentence'. If you want to extend the scope of your sentence into me calling you a naughty girl and wearing my things, you will beg for release, thereby increasing your sentence, then, when I increase it for you, you will say, 'it doesn't matter, I'm not that aroused, I'm coping easily' or words to that effect. I will then say, 'coping easily eh? We'd better start popping you into some nice girly underwear and nighties then hadn't we?' or words to that effect. This way you will sort of be able to control your sentence, but it will feel like I'm in charge and in ways I will be. If you're in chastity or we're 'on-game' then you will obey me completely, if I order you to do chores, you do them. If I order you to service me orally or masturbate me, you will without question. When we're 'off-game' we're just a normal vanilla couple. Got it?"

He was actually beaming at me at this point. "Sair, that's brilliant, I can't believe how well thought out-

"Hmmp, we'll see how you like it when you've been in chastity and lingerie for six months with no sign of release."

"6 months! You're kid-

"Well, it depends, I might get used to having you do all the chores and give me orgasm after orgasm. For now, I'm sentencing you to another three weeks of chastity and lingerie."

Now I'll be completely straight with you, bf prancing around in my nighties and underwear doesn't really float my boat. It's actually mildly annoying, but I have certain things on a sort of 'fair game' list which I don't mind him wearing. I always pick out for him and luckily the kind of things I like to wear, plain white cotton and flannelette jim jams- don't really float his boat as much as the overtly feminine, sexy, lace and satin underwear and nighties, so it works. I do get a kick of watching how vulnerable it makes him feel though, and I like making him happy - so it works.

"Finally, when I order you to do chores, I want you to do them as quickly as you can and as well as you can. I know you like spankings, but want to feel like they are a punishment, so here's how that works. You do a good job, and are quick, then I will tell you it's simply not good enough and order you over my knee for a good spanking. If you do a mediocre job, or

just don't try, if I feel like you didn't work hard – then I will ignore you. It seems counter-intuitive, but I know you want to feel like you're being punished, but that being spanked is actually a reward to you, so we do it this way.”

He was still smiling. “Sair, that’s amazing, I can’t believe you’re doing this for-“

“Who said it was for you? I like you doing the chores and being my chaste sex slave.”

So that was it, the rules were set and we lived like this for a while. I usually told him his sentence, and he always extended it at least once. I think he found me telling him I was extending it by three weeks really hot or something. Once or twice he extended it a few times! Sometimes he’d use the code for being put in women’s underwear and nightwear, sometimes he wouldn’t. I got to do less chores and have more orgasms and he got as much female domination and kink as he wanted. It all worked out rather well... One thing I did insist on was if he was in for more than three weeks, we’d do regular supervised cleaning like the first time. I’d always make sure I kept my suit on and I’d get him to strip, remove the device supervised, then clean it and re-lock it on under my supervision. Again, I think he found this really hot. I kind of liked playing the prison officer too, it was fun!

An additional element that came in, my inner ‘Anita’ coming out if you like, was that when he ended up in longer than six weeks the first time. I brought some gloves from work and some surgical lube. Then after dinner I ordered him upstairs. “Okay strip.”

“Why?”

“You’ve been in chastity for six weeks now, I want to check that your prostate is healthy. Don’t worry, I’ve been reading up on it – it’s easy to check. Strip, lie on the towel.”

I’d put a towel on the bed, and though this was partly practical, the main reason I was doing it was to make him squirm and strain in his device, and it worked! I made sure my gloves made a nice ‘snapping’ noise as I pulled them on. Of course I stayed in my suit so I looked really professional as I

was doing this. He lay down for me of course. "On your left side please... Good patient.... I'll just lube you up."

I took my time now, slowly stroking his sphincter, and smearing lube around the hole. Then I gave my index finger and middle finger a big dollop of lube too. "You're going to feel some pressure now, deep breath for me."

"Urngh!"

Hehe! I wasn't gentle, I just shoved two fingers in hard and started feeling for his prostate and then pressing nice and firmly on it, making him grunt, groan and squirm around. "Shhh, keep still for me. Hmmm, your prostate feels a little enlarged, but it's not hard. "

I then started pressing and squeezing it, gently but firmly, making him make all sorts of funny noises. I was trying to milk him, but I don't think it worked properly. A tiny dribble of pre-cum did escape the device on inspection afterwards, but not much considering I thought his balls must have been ready to explode. When I'd done my best, I pulled my fingers out and gave him a little pat on the bottie. "All done, it feels healthy so I think we can keep you locked for a few more weeks."

Afterwards he told me he'd found this medical thing really hot, and I ended up giving him a digital rectum exam much more often, whenever he was chaste for over a fortnight. I kept trying to milk him, but I must have never got the technique, I never got more than a teeny, tiny dribble of pre cum out of him.

### **The Accidental Novelist.**

Now some time later, I came to the computer and found he'd left a document open. He'd written a story called 'The Receptionist' which when I quizzed him about it he said he's submitted to altairboys chastity site in the fiction area. It wasn't a bad little story – a bit short, a bit rushed. I had reservations about him putting his dirty little fetishes up on the internet for all to see, but I let it fly. Later on he wrote 'The Beauty Spa' for the same purpose which I re-worked into 'The Beautician Trap'. You can read 'The Receptionist' if you download my book, 'The Clinical Trial' he helped me with that one, and with 'The Tormentress and the



Boss' when I started writing for Kindle. That's why I wrote from a male subs perspective the first few times.

I actually found I really enjoyed writing these stories, they got me aroused as much as anything writing them, Slavery 1 & 2 were the first ones I really wrote 100% independently. Though the earlier ones are 70-90% mine, with me being just an editor on 'The Receptionist'.

Bf loved them too as you can imagine! Covers were an issue, but bf said he could get someone he knew online to make them for me in exchange for a free copy – so that's how the first few covers got done!

I started exploring increasingly risqué topics, forced feminization, chastity, forced gender change. I think I accidentally became something of a transgender friendly writer. Some of the ideas came about through internet research and some from interrogating bf. He fantasizes about being tied to a bed and castrated by a woman, and being forced to undergo gender reassignment surgery. It took me a long time to get that out of him. I think, he thinks it makes him more 'deviant' than any of his other fetishes, I think he's ashamed of it, and I don't think he actually wants to go through with it – it's just a fantasy and one which he knows should stay a fantasy.

Of course having read up on male castration and trying to understand the effects, it got me thinking of how it would feel to castrate a man. I imagine as a petit little thirty something, gently holding two warm testicles in my latex gloved hand and snipping the vas deferens, separating them from their owner forever, would feel pretty special, pretty powerful. That's really where 'The Harem Slave' and even more so 'Anita's Tale' come from. Anita is really my inner medical fetish dominant, there's bits of me in lots of my characters, Samantha, Anita, Matilda, Kim, Francesca, Nikki, Grace, but more than any others Professor Jacqueline Reed. She's most like me I think, a dominant, but a bit of a switch.

Does that mean I have oriental origins? I'm not telling, you'll have to guess my ethnicity! I hope it wouldn't bother you if I wasn't a white Caucasian though.

## **Bisexuality Explored**

Now you may have noticed part way through my books I started writing some lesbian action. Which might seem weird considering I'm straight and living with my boyfriend. Well the thing is one night I'd just uploaded another story, and I was sitting wracking my brains, trying to think of what to write next. This led me to another interrogation session with bf. I was basically grilling him on what turns him on, what turns men on. Now after pressing him for a while and going over all the stuff I'd already done he threw me a wildcard. "Why don't you do some girl on girl? Guys love lesbian scenes."

Now my immediate reaction was not to believe him. It just didn't make sense to me, firstly because I do not in the slightest, find the thought of two guys bumming each other erotic or arousing or appealing in anyway. The most positive thing I could say is that I might find it amusing to watch, but I think I'd also find it a bit gross. The other issue is most of the gay girls I've ever met, well, not most, but all up to that point – they were hmmm, a bit manly? You know, dungarees, work-boots and crew-cuts? The thought of two big, burly, blokey women, lying naked and diddling each other I did NOT find attractive at all, nor could I quite imagine how guys would get off on this – it just didn't make sense. Not to me anyway.

So, I pressed and pressed and wringed as much info out of bf as I could. He eventually suggested there were what he classes as two types of lesbians, in the same way there are two types of gays. According to bf, you get your manly gays, who are like blokes who are masculine but find men attractive, then you get your 'puffs' who are physically male, but they have a certain tone to their voice, an eye for colour and soft furnishings and feminine mannerisms, who also tend to find men attractive, sometimes the feminine men, sometimes the masculine men. Now I'd seen the feminine men gays, I'd worked with one a few years ago. Well, apparently in the same vein there are two types of lesbian, what bf terms as 'bull-dykes' and 'lipstick lesbians' the bull dykes are apparently essentially a lot like blokes who have female genitals, and they tend to like darts, rugby, drinking yards of ale and find women attractive. The other sort, the 'lipstick' variety as he terms them are feminine, very feminine and they often find other 'lipstick lesbians' attractive. Funnily since this revelation I've seen attractive looking girls walking the streets holding hands, before I wouldn't have noticed. They don't set your 'gaydar' off, but they do seem to exist.

Now I'd written a little bit of lesbian action at this point, in *Slavery 2*, at the end when he's a more or less a girl, I touched on it there. Same with the *Clinical Trial*, when he's a girl I touched it. I wanted to do it better though, make it more visceral and real. That's when I started writing 'Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning' the scene when Jacqueline is in the stocks, having been gagged, caned and having painful nipple clamps attached, then forced to orgasm against her will by Mariella. That's really me in the stocks in that scene, I think at the time I wrote it, it was largely the taboo of it? Like, I didn't really find women sexually attractive, finding women sexually attractive felt kind of wrong? Naughty even? I don't know, but the thought of being helplessly in bondage and a woman masturbating me to orgasm against my will – I found that seriously hot. It was a huge turn on. That scene in 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity' when Jacqueline is in the bathroom, wearing the chastity ensemble and being forced to service Mariella orally – that's me, it's my fantasy. My submissive side coming out? The weird thing is I don't fantasize about being dominated by men, I fantasize about dominating men and being dominated by women. I have no explanation for that, but that's how I feel. I suppose I just love dominant women, I think the world should be ruled by women, it would be a better place.

Anyway, writing these scenes was kind of unlocking something I'd had in me, but I hadn't really known was in me? By the time I'd written 'The Game 2: High Stakes' specifically the scene where Grace and Marcy are having lesbian sex in front of James while he's on the castrator treadmill, by that time I'd found myself fantasizing more and more about sleeping with a girl, having sex with a girl, having a relationship with a girl. Writing it, trying to think how I'd feel if I was a lesbian, was making ME bisexual I think. I told bf about it. Initially he went a bit grumpy, said he thought I was coming out and was going to leave him and stuff. We were 'off game' at the time, so I went into dominant mode and told him to put his CB3000 on. He did, I hung the key on the chain around my neck and told him I was going to explore my bisexuality while he stayed locked and denied and rather than him continuing to complain and telling to put the idea out of my head and try to write something else, he thought about it for a bit and then actually encouraged it – amazing what effects a chastity device can have!. I think it might have been the thought of that scene in 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity' when Simon is tied to the chair in a chastity device, forced to watch Celeste service Jacqueline orally, I think he found that hot and also submissive? Especially once he was nice and snug in his

CB3000.

The bottom line was, he told me if I wanted to sleep with a girl then I should pursue it, as long as it didn't interfere with our relationship. We were 'on-game' now effectively, so that might have helped – but I still think that counts as consent.

So what did I do? I'd been with bf for some time now, I'd got no experience of dating women. I didn't really know the 'gay scene' in the city where I live – I did what anyone in my situation would do, I signed up for some dating websites.

How did that go? Ahem, well it didn't go well. I don't know if it was the sites I was looking at or the city I live in. In a nutshell I didn't see any girls I fancied contacting. I did get a few messages on my profile, but they were all from the crew cuts and dungarees brigade. Now I don't know why, but the butch lesbian thing just didn't do it for me. I don't know if it's because I kind of find the 'butch thing' too masculine so it lost that taboo thing? Or that I suppose I've always liked attractive girls even though not sexually before. Part of me just thinks I'd spent so much time fantasizing about serving a dominant beautiful woman like Mariella Jane Hall in the BDSM Studies Trilogy, that I was looking for Mariella Jane Hall. I imagine her as a tall, slightly pale red head, confident, dominant, but sensual and intelligent, a good head for psychology – a woman who really knows, almost intuitively how people tick, what goes on in their heads?

I suppose part of me was scared to try, I was nervous and maybe that made me overly choosy. I thought about trying a gay speed dating night – but I couldn't even bring myself to look for one. I essentially shied away from the idea, even though I did still really want to have sex with a girl, ideally be almost dominated by a girl. In the end I came up with an alternative plan, a way to help me get my head around it?

## **A Girls Weekend**

I kept him in the CB3000 and explained my idea to him one night after work, just after we'd finished cleaning up from dinner. He actually brought up the subject, or at least sort of.

“Sair, how’s the search for ‘Miss Right’ going?”

“Not good, in fact it’s going so badly it’s stopped.”

“Oh? I thought-“

“I just can’t find girls I fancy, and worse still I’m getting messages from bull-dykes, who look like the captain of the women’s rugby team, asking me out on dates!”

“Maybe you’re not actually bisexual after all? Maybe it’s time to knock the idea in the head?”

“Hmmp! Maybe, I have had an idea of something that might help me get my head around it.”

“Oh?”

“Right, bear with me on this one. It might seem a bit ‘out there’, but I want you to be my girlfriend for a weekend.”

He spluttered with laughter at this. “Your girlfriend? Slight issue I have to point out there Sair – I’m not a girl!”

“Hoy! Can we take this seriously? Yes, I’m quite aware you are XY with male genitalia to boot, but I want you to be a girl for me for a weekend.”

“What? What do you mean?”

“Well, we could do it this weekend. Friday night, when you get back from work, I could feminize you fully. Not just lingerie and nighties, but head to foot feminization. We’d start by getting rid of all that unsightly body hair, then you’d have to let me style your hair into a feminine style. It’s long enough, so I think if I gave you a little trim, then got my straighteners onto you we could give you a nice feminine bob? Then we’d get you into lingerie, then a nice pair of nylons, a dress and it would be time to paint your nails and do your make-up. I think I’ll have to pluck your eyebrows a bit too, they’re too bushy. Finish you off with a little feminine perfume? Then, on Saturday, I thought we could go out on a nice girls day out, a sort of ‘gay date’ but instead of some stranger, you’d

be my girlfriend. We'd go shopping, perhaps have some lunch in a café? Maybe eat at a nice restaurant, go to the cinema and when we got back of course, we could get into our sexiest nighties, cuddle up in bed and have some girl-girl sex? Of course, you'd have to stay in your device the whole time, we wouldn't want an erection spoiling the nice flat look, of the front of your dress would we?"

"Urrgh! No! No way! I am NOT doing it!"

"Darren! Don't be such a spoilsport! I know you like wearing girls things, otherwise why would I catch you tossing off in my things? Why would you continue 'code-wording' me into putting you in lingerie and nighties?"

"That's different! It's in private! I am not, NOT going out in drag – you can forget it!"

"Don't be silly, you wouldn't BE in drag, I'd make you pass, you could experience being a girl for a weekend. It'd be fun, it'd be interesting, at the very least it would be a new experience for you!"

"No! It would be embarrassing!"

"How about if we went somewhere a long way away where we don't normally go? You'd be less likely to be recognized? We could go to Nottingham for the day?"

"No!"

"Couldn't we even try? I'll tell you what, let me feminize you, if we can make you convincingly pass, we'll have a nice girls day out and a nice girlie weekend together?"

"I'm not being a 'girl'!"

"Not even for me?"

"No!"

"I've asked nicely, now I'm telling you, you WILL be my girlfriend this weekend, like it or not. If I can't make you pass we'll have a girls weekend

in, if I can make you pass we're having a lesbian date, with you as my girlfriend! If you won't play this game for me, I won't play the chastity and forced-femme game for you, it's that simple."

"Sarah, please!"

"No, look, if I can't make you pass, then the lesbian date is off. Don't kick up a fuss until you've given me a chance to try. If I can make you pass then what do you really have to fear?"

He sat silently for a moment, thinking about it. Quivering with fear as well I think as the possible scenario's went through his head. Eventually he looked up and sighed. "Alright, but I'm not going out unless we're BOTH 100% convinced I can pass!"

I beamed at him for this. "Thank you! I'll make it worth your while, it'll be fun!"

Now I had a few days to prepare. I got lots of Veet in, for the uninformed it's like a hair removal cream we use instead of shaving. It's great because it isn't as itchy as shaving and it leaves your skin smooth and soft. I also bought a couple of little items of make-up too, he has fairly pale skin so I thought I'd need a different foundation in order do a decent job.

On the Friday after dinner, I got him in the shower and had him shower with my feminine smelling shower gel, and wash his hair with my feminine smelling shampoo and conditioner. Then it was time for the Veet. It's surprising, but it took several goes to get rid of all his unsightly hair. The stuff works better on finer, female body hair I think, I had to get him to apply it and scrape it off several times before he was nice and smooth from the neck down.

I decided I'd leave the hair style and make-over for the next day, so they wouldn't get messed up sleeping. I spent the evening getting him to try dresses on instead, so I could decide what to put him in the next day. Now I'm a size 8 these days, so anything I've worn recently wouldn't fit him, but a few years ago when I spent some time living in Germany, I did go up to a size 12 for a brief spell, I don't know why – bread and ham for breakfast? For whatever reason I did. I got rid of some of the clothes from the time, but I kept a some because you never know, you might put



the weight back on?

Finding something which looked reasonable was not easy, I tried him in skirts, blouses, various dresses. In the end the only one I actually felt looked right was a floral print dress, it's light and floaty but a nice soft, material with a pattern of blue flowers over a white background. Now the first problem was his beer belly, which immediately made it look wrong. Luckily, I have a couple of corsets, I don't actually wear them myself, they aren't very comfortable to be honest, and I'm so thin there isn't really any point in me suffering the discomfort. After lacing him tightly into a corset the dress looked a much better fit. The cut was still not quite right because his bust looked too flat. Now luckily, I'd told one of my readers about my plans to do this, and he (A cross-dresser from America, who kindly gave me several great suggestions for ideas to use in my stories. [Thank you! You know who you are ;-)]) said instead of stuffing tights into his bra cups, get some tights and double them up, putting one leg in the other, then fill them with rice or even better sand. Apparently the weight makes it more realistic, and if they get grabbed while he's out they'll feel more realistic. Now I didn't have any sand so I tried filling some doubled up tights with dry, uncooked rice and they did work better! He's bigger than me and given the other issues I decided it might be safest to make him a bigger cup size than I am. My reader said to make him a DD, but I think I probably drew short and made him a D, big enough to be bursting out of my little bra's. The result was pretty good though. All depilated, in the dress and tights and lingerie, the corset and make-shift breast-forms giving him a more feminine body shape I was fairly hopeful.

I'd been writing 'Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill' at the time so it was a kind of poetic justice for me to be playing dress up with him, seeing as I'd been out wearing his clothes as research for the story!

Shoes were an issue, I have tiny feet and he has quite big feet. I did manage to squeeze his feet into a pair of knee-high boots which had the extra-long pointy toe on them, but they were too painful and looked wrong, like his foot was bursting out or something? In the end I decided he'd have to wear his white trainers which are pretty unisex. It was probably a reasonable solution anyway as the boots had a four inch heel and he's tall anyway so...

As you can imagine it took up quite a bit of the evening! Eventually

though, having settled on an outfit for him, we got into nighties and cuddled up and went to sleep.

I woke first in the morning, as usual! Between you and me he's a bit of a lazy bones and likes to lie in. I decided the first thing I'd do was his hair. I used to do a little bit of hair dressing, I was never trained professionally but I did a spell hairdressing when I was a student to help cover the bills. I got a chair out and set in the middle of the kitchen and then dug out my old cape, hair snare, scissors, combs, straighteners - everything, so I could do it properly.

When he did wake up he was a good girl for me and got dressed straight into his tights and dress!

When he came downstairs I was all ready. The first thing he saw as he entered the kitchen was me standing there gesturing towards the chair. "Have a seat, it's time for your hair cut."

He looked hesitant, at first, so I had to pull out my dominant voice. "Sit! Now!"

At this, he walked shakily over and took a seat. I pulled the cape around him and fastened the press-stud nice and tight so he wouldn't get too many bits of hair on his dress. Then I pulled the heavy rubber hair snare over his shoulders, and got my sprayer and started spraying. It's much easier to cut hair if it's a little wet. I tapered it so I just barely trimmed the front, but cut it a little short at the back. I love the style, I think it looks very feminine, a sort of bob which is longer at the front and shorter at the back. I decided to give him a straight fringe as well, to make it look even more feminine – though he did protest a little at this, it'd be hard for him to go back to a masculine hair style without going to short hair. I just had to tell him I was in charge and to stop being a baby! Part of me wished I'd put a colour on too, perhaps a deep red? I think it would have helped. I layered it very carefully though and managed to style it into a nicely shaped bob, it wasn't easy, I was spending a lot of time trying to get his hair to do things it wasn't used to doing. When I'd finished I stepped back and had a look at my work. I was actually a little disappointed, not at my work but at what I'd been given to work with. He has quite an angular jaw and a big straight nose, fairly deep set eyes, he basically has a pretty masculine face.

He wanted to look at himself, but I told him to eat breakfast first. After breakfast, I took him upstairs again and sat him at my dressing table. I could tell off the bat, I was going to have my work cut out for me. I don't actually wear much make-up myself, and I wasn't used to working on White Caucasian skin colour. I started by plucking his eyebrows to thin them out a bit, which he whinged and moaned about a bit. Then I started applying foundation, lots and lots of foundation, trying to get a smoother, softer, more feminine look. Despite my best efforts though, it didn't really work. Giving up, I tried curling his eye-lashes up, then applying eye-shadow, eye-liner and mascara. He has quite long eye-lashes for a boy so this worked quite well and it did help, but it still didn't really hide his masculine features well enough. I finished with some deep red lipstick, a stronger colour than I'd wear, and some blusher. It basically didn't work. I'm not that good at doing make-up, lack of practice. I'd watched some You Tube videos on feminization of males, but I hadn't practiced before. To be honest I was surprised how difficult it was. About an hour later, I just gave up the ghost.

"Sorry Delilah, I've done my best, I just don't think it's going to work."

"I can see, I look ridiculous!"

"You look pretty! Just a bit, a bit masculine... Hmmm, stand-up, let me try lacing your corset a bit tighter, try to give you a more feminine hour-glass shape?"

He obeyed and after unzipping his dress I untied the corset. "Okay, deep, deep breath now, I'm going to lace you in as tight as I can."

I waited for him to breath in, then pulled as hard as I could. He gasped a bit as the corset gripped his waist. I pulled again harder, I put everything I'd got into it, then tied off and zipped him up.

"Turn around, let me look at you."

"Urgh! I can ... hardly breathe!"

"Hmmm, don't be such a baby! You look better, it helps."

He carefully, turned, struggling in the now very tightly laced corset, to

look in the mirror. “I look stupid! There is no way, NO WAY I’m going out like this.”

Unfortunately he was actually right, he wasn’t being facetious. “I know, I’m sorry. We’ll just have to have a girl’s weekend in instead.”

He breathed a sigh of relief at this; I think he’d actually been finding the thought of going outside en-femme quite scary. That’s the funny thing though isn’t it? Girls can go out in guys clothes and not draw much attention, I found this out when I was researching ‘Gender Swap : Anita’s Transgender Pill’ yes I looked a bit odd wearing his clothes out and about, but not that odd. The most noticeable problem was they were a bit big for me and were the wrong cut. It’s surprising how differently shaped girls and boys bodies are, you only really get a feel for it when you try on the opposite gender’s clothes!

By the way I should mention, while all this was going on, I’d started dominating some guy from the states online. He’d asked me about getting his girlfriend to lock him up, but they ended up splitting. I knew he wanted to be locked and feminized so I told him to lock himself and freeze the keys, then told him he wasn’t allowed to unfreeze them. It’s amazing what chastity can do, that it can allow me to tell a guy thousands of miles away, on the other side of the Atlantic what to do and he feels he has to obey! He did and I could tell he was enjoying it, so I started telling him to feminize himself too, eventually we talked about blackmail and he asked me to blackmail him, he gave him his personal info, I did a bit of work to get some email addresses from his place of work, I had lots of very compromising photos of him by this stage so it was quite easy. I got him to swap his mild chastity device for a KTB, (Kali’s Teeth Bracelet) and banned him from male underwear. I started sending him to local dominatrix’s for punishment and he eventually got to a stage where he left his key with a dominatrix, so he can’t cheat. I told him not to cheat, and that if I even suspected from his attitude that he’d cheated I’d out him to his work colleagues as a sissy. I think it worked, I can’t be 100% sure, but I think it worked. I will out him to his work colleagues one day, probably while having a little quiet ‘me time’, and I can maybe orgasm just as I hit ‘send’ on the email. Just completely destroying my little sissy’s life in one click of the mouse – I find that really hot, to think how much power I have. The only thing that keeps me from publicly humiliating him is the fact that once I’ve done it I won’t be able to keep blackmailing him! I am

so, so tempted though. You can read his story in 'Diary of Sissy Slave Alicia' if you're interested.

Anyway, back to this story, so we just chilled out around the house, had some lunch watched 'Titanic' in the afternoon (Corny I know, but I love that film and I'd not seen it in a while.) All this of course while in chastity and fully feminized. At the end of the day, we snuggled up in bed together and kissed and fondled each other and I tried to imagine he was a girl. I got him to service me orally again and it was great, but also not quite 'right'. It was fun, playing lesbian, but I wanted to feel the fear and anxiety of entering into a real lesbian relationship. He stayed dressed for the rest of the weekend and we gave the house a really good clean the next day, and I got him to give me an orgasm with his fingers on the Sunday night. I let him go back to male on the Monday. The problem was he couldn't do anything about his hair. There was no way of undoing what I'd done without getting the clippers to him. So that kind of spoiled the fun a bit.

Now the next weekend I let him be male on the Friday and Saturday, so he could get some outside jobs done, then I feminized him Saturday night. He spent the entire Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night en-femme, but it wasn't the same with his hair cropped short.

## **A Potential From Nowhere**

Now, cut forward a few days. The following Tuesday, bf was at one of his company's clients office. He had to move some girl's desk to get at her PC and she snapped at him a bit rudely. He asked the rest of the staff what the matter with 'grumpy guts' was and they told him she'd just split up with her girlfriend. He spoke to after he'd finished, and confirmed that she is gay. He then went on to tell her that he had a gay friend who was new in town and asked if she'd liked to go out for a drink with her. He gave her my email address and she started emailing me that day.

Now, we were emailing each other every day, several times a day. I got to really like her. Bf had described her as 'fit' which is a UK word for guys to say 'attractive' so I thought she must be fairly attractive and I was getting on well with her over email. I asked bf if he'd describe her as 'bull-dyke' and he said 'definitely not' so I was hopeful. A bit scared though, I'd not really been on a date for years, I'd never been with a woman, I was both

excited and scared. It took a few days of emailing to get the confidence to arrange a date, I almost bottled out, I've never felt so torn over something. Part of me desperately wanted a lesbian encounter, and part of me wanted to run away screaming. It actually reminded me of how I felt when I started dating boys, I was always scared that we'd be getting along nicely and everything would be going well – then they'd want to have sex with me, when I wasn't ready and I'd just freeze and everything would go all awkward and I wouldn't know how to handle it.

By the weekend we had arranged to meet up for a drink! I know it's not much, but it felt significant. I let bf be male for the weekend, kissed him goodbye on Saturday night and went out on my own, to meet Amy. When I met her I wasn't disappointed. She's taller than me, Caucasian, slim, blond and very attractive. She's confident too, more confident and outgoing than me, I found that really hot and it made me feel a little submissive to her? We had a great night, we didn't drink very much considering we'd met up for a drink, but we talked and talked. Bf of course was back at our place, all snug in his CB3000 knowing his long term girlfriend was out on a date with a lesbian! I can't imagine what was going through his head at the time.

At the end of the night, she asked me back to her apartment for a coffee. I was really torn again. I saw the twinkle in her eye and I kind of knew she meant more than just literally 'a coffee'. I wanted to, I so, so wanted to, but I was scared. It was really intimidating somehow, so I bottled out and told her I had to get back. We kissed goodnight and that again felt strange, wrapping my arms around a beautiful girl, feeling her breasts pressing on mine, tasting her lipstick, feeling that absence of a cock, or in Bf's case a CB3000 pressing against my crotch, feeling her hair hanging around my face and tickling me, smelling her perfume ... It was getting me so hot, I wanted to go back to hers but I just bottled out and said I had to get back.

For the whole drive home I couldn't stop thinking about Amy, about what it would have been like going back with her, sharing her bed. I was sure that was what she wanted, we'd clicked. We'd had that almost intrinsic, innate attraction for each other. Having said all this of course I think Bf was quite relieved when I got home, even though it was past 2 am!

Incidentally if you find bits of this sound familiar and you've read my other stories, then don't worry it's just that I incorporated my own

experiences into my stories. You'll notice some parallels in 'The Male Bridesmaid' for example, Gary got Alison into it in a similar way as Bf got me into it, and she was also similarly uncomfortable with the idea of chastity and forced feminization kink at first. I never got Bf to be a bridesmaid though, at least not yet. Maybe if Amy and I have a civil ceremony one day? The idea to write it came from a dream he told me about where he'd dreamed his sister had asked him to be a bridesmaid and had taken him to a dressmakers to be fitted out! It was a very funny dream, I think he'd been spending too long in panties, bra's and a chastity device when he'd had it.

So, back to the story. I spent the week working, emailing Amy and getting to know her more and more. I was open about Bf and the fact that I thought I was 'bisexual'. I felt I had to be honest, after all she'd find out eventually anyway. Thankfully instead of being all turned off and not wanting to see me again, she simply said something like, "Well we'll have to do something about that won't we? I think I'm the perfect girl to wean you off men."

So, the next weekend we met up in the afternoon, we had a lovely girl's afternoon out. We went clothes shopping, we didn't even get any funny looks, I think to bystanders we just looked like close friends, shopping together, trying things on and asking each other's opinions, it was really nice. We ended up at a Tapas place, which was great, the little portions suit me as I'm not a big eater and it seems somehow better to talk than a proper formal meal? Afterwards we went for a drink, and we didn't go to a trendy bar with ear-popping music and a dance floor, we went to a lovely old fashioned pub with a roaring open fire. (It was still quite cold at the time here in the UK!) We sat on an old brown leather sofa next to the fire and talked and talked, and had a couple of glasses of wine.

Eventually it was time to go; she asked me again if I wanted to come back to her place. I bottled out again and we kissed. The thing is felt, hmmm, both deliciously wrong and deliciously right at the same time, she was very, VERY attractive, at least to me. It also felt so taboo somehow! I can't explain why I felt like this, but she was so confident, and so ... Well, to cut a long story short I felt like submitting to her and I changed my mind and agreed to go back to her place with her.

Amy had a small two bedroom flat on the far side of town. As soon as we



were through the door she started plying me with drink! She'd poured me a huge glass of red wine before I'd even sat down! I think she wanted to make it so I couldn't drive, forcing me to stay. We got through two bottles of wine! We ended up curled up on the sofa together, watching an old 'Have I got News For You' DVD. I knew I couldn't drive, and I was tired so I said I'd ring a taxi - she wouldn't let me, she insisted I stayed. I asked if she had a spare bed, to which she said 'no', because she used the back bedroom as an office. There was a brief conversation about sleeping on the couch. I don't think it would have happened without the wine, but at the end of the evening, I found myself being led by the hand into the bedroom. This felt really odd. It felt kind of like I was the condemned being led to my fate, but I sort of really wanted it? But I was afraid, very afraid and very excited at the same time.

She lent me a nightie to wear, which was a bit big as I'm so tiny. I didn't have a toothbrush or toiletries, which was annoying, but we slept together. We didn't have sex, I think Amy would've, but we kissed, we cuddled, we wrapped our arms around each other and legs around each other. We felt out breasts pressing together as we kissed and kissed. It felt really, really nice. It also felt taboo still, but she was so confident and so, hmmm, almost dominant? That I felt myself submitting to her.

Again Bf was still locked in his CB3000, at home alone, probably wondering what time I was getting back! While I was lying in bed, wrapping my arms around a beautiful girl! It must have felt ... I can't imagine how he felt - I just thought I was lucky that he was being so understanding about it and being so supportive.

The next day felt strange too, Amy made me breakfast, and a cup of tea, we talked, I kissed her goodbye and went home to Bf. As you can imagine he was full of questions! I think he actually found it kind of hot that I was wearing his little key on a chain around my neck, leaving him all frustrated and denied and spending the night sharing a bed with my new girlfriend!

Now after this encounter, Amy went strangely silent on me. I emailed, I phoned, I texted, I simply could not get a response from her. I later discovered this was partly because she'd dropped her mobile phone in the toilet and partly because her ex-girlfriend had got in touch. I was worried that she was avoiding me because she thought I was a tease, or because I



wouldn't have sex, or that I was just messing her about or something. Luckily it wasn't, but her ex-girlfriend got in touch because they'd arranged to see Muse play at the Manchester City Football ground while they were still going out and Amy had the tickets. Her ex still wanted to go and was using it as a 'let's get back together' ploy I think.

Now the thing is, Amy said she had the tickets, but she'd actually rather take me to the concert! But she also said that she wanted to know that I wasn't just messing her about, or using her to have some meaningless short fling, trying out the 'gay thing' without actually intending to – well you get the picture.

She admitted she wasn't entirely comfortable about going out with a bisexual girl who was going out with a guy also, and more or less said she didn't want to be in this strange ménage à trois as it were. I basically told her I thought we could make it work somehow and I desperately wanted to make it work and begged her to give 'us' a go. Convincing her was not easy. The thing is she is very attractive, pretty, sexy, and I get on with her so well. It's just that I get nervous, intimidated and a bit scared, and I think that's what kept me from going 'all the way' with her. I explained how I felt to her and joked that she was welcome to have her wicked way with me, but she might have to get me drunk first. She's quite mischievous, she laughed and said. "Hmmmm, Well, that can be arranged."

So, we went to see Muse play Manchester City Football Stadium (This was early summer 2013, Dizzy Rascal was supporting, but we missed most of his set.) I'd never been to see them before, Amy has, she's quite a big fan. I'd told bf I wouldn't be home again. After the show, which was amazing by the way, we had a late drink, then went back to Amy's apartment. She did ply with drink, we got through a lot of wine, but Amy seemed to spend a lot more time pouring me wine than drinking it herself. At one point I actually said to her, that I didn't think I could drink any more – her answer? "I've got to get you drunk remember? So I can have my wicked way with you?"

Weirdly I didn't mind, I sort of felt like I was being drugged to lower my inhibitions, but that I wanted to be, so I just allowed her to get me more and more drunk. As you can imagine, we climbed into bed together again, and this time we did more than sleep together. Having had girl-girl sex

with a lesbian, I don't actually want to go back. Girl-guy sex is kind of, quick? Non-sensual? It's like it's all about the guy's penis, as soon as you go there, you end up focusing on it and it's over in no time with a bit of an anti-climax. Girl-girl sex is different, it's like you have sex with your whole body, and your whole body feels sensual and sensitive. It took a long time, but when she made me orgasm, it was amazing, it was the best orgasm I could remember having, even though I was a bit drunk. I don't know if it was the taboo factor and me being nervous or just that she knew her way around a female body so much better than bf, but it was amazing. I was quite surprised as well to see, when we both got naked, that she \*ahem\* had both nipples pierced and had her clitoris pierced! Not the hood, or the labia, but literally, her actual clitoris. I've never even had my ears pierced, she has a couple of little tasteful tattoos too, in discrete places, I think she's a lot more daring and less risk-averse than me.

I asked her about the piercings, if they hurt, why she'd had them done, that sort of thing. She told me they did hurt, when they went in, but that it was worth it because it made her nipples and clitoris more sensitive, much more sensitive. I kind of found it intriguing, I loved the look. Even though she was the dominant one in our relationship I thought it looked kind of submissive, that's where I got the idea for Professor Jacqueline to have her clitoris pierced and the ring being attached to a lead and used to lead her around with and tether her to things, in 'Forced Feminization : A Study in Sissification'. I told her I found it erotic, and by now I was letting her read my writing, most of it she found pretty funny. She simply doesn't 'get' the male thing, she did find my lesbian scenes pretty hot though.

After that first time, I started spending more and more time with Amy, and less with bf. I started staying over at hers some nights in the week and we had sex, many, many more times. Interestingly she didn't have any strap-on dildos. I kind of thought that was how lesbians had sex, maybe the bull-dykes do, but Amy said she'd never used one, and didn't like the idea of them because they were too 'male' if that makes any sense? Like you were trying to pretend one of you was male? Now this might sound kind of weird if you've only ever had penetrative sex, but lesbian sex can be so, so much more sensual and intimate. She did have a couple of vibrators, one of which was very nice, it had like a little bit sticking out of the side so while the main bit stimulates your vagina these two little vibrating things stimulate your clitoris, she brought to an orgasm in record time when she used that one on me!

Don't forget all this time, bf was locked and waving me goodbye while I vanished for the evening or longer to spend time with my new girlfriend, his CB3000 key dangling between my breasts! It must have felt like he was being cuckolded by a lesbian, even worse by some stranger whom he'd met once, arranged a date for me with then basically slowly had me taken off him. If you can imagine this would make you feel a little uncomfortable, then think about it next time you want to be cuckolded, 'be careful what you wish for' applies, though I think he enjoyed it immensely too.

## **A Relationship Develops**

I now felt like I was in a new relationship, it was very exciting. I hadn't felt this way in years. I was always excited and looking forward to seeing her, and all the time we spent together was, hmmm, blissful. The next weekend Amy said she had a surprise for me. I met her at her place and she drove me out in her car. When I asked her what the surprise was she just grinned mischievously and said. 'wait and see'. She drove me to a little tattooist and piercing studio on the outskirts of the city centre. I immediately thought I knew what was coming. I said to her 'I don't want to be pierced!' she just tutted softly and said, "Shhh, trust me, don't you trust me? I promise it will be worth it, besides I'm paying, it's my treat!"

Now I was genuinely nervous about this, but at the same time Amy has this sort of hold over me. I can't understand exactly why but I feel submissive to her, and I like obeying her, I like letting her be in charge of me. The place was pretty scary inside, there were all pictures up of the different designs you could have up on the walls and glass cabinets with different piercing jewellery in them. The room where they were going to pierce me was very clean though, almost clinical and sterile. The guy who was doing it greeted us, he appeared to know Amy. He was really nice too, he looked scary, with his long beard, sleeve tattoos and facial piercings, but he was very kind and gentle. It was still scary though. Amy came in with me and he asked me to get undressed, there wasn't a screen or anything, and I immediately went red. I think I was about to back out, but Amy was quite stern with me, she said. "Look Sarah, if you don't like them you can take them out and the holes will heal up. Just try it. For me? Please?"

I can't resist her, I just love submitting to Amy, it makes me feel really

happy. So, I took my shoes off, tights off, panties off, my dress, then my bra. There was a big padded table in the middle of the room, it looked quite medical. He told me to climb up and lie back. I did as he asked, obviously completely naked now, scared, embarrassed ... But because of that finding it quite hot. "Just lie back and relax, keep your arms by your sides, good girl."

I obeyed and watched him approach, wearing purple nitrile gloves and wielding what looked like a big pair of pliers or tongs, but with a hole in the end. I'd assumed they'd use some sort of gun to do piercings, hence the gun in 'Forced Feminization : A Study in Sissification'. He gripped my nipple, manipulated it back and forth a bit to get the best hold then kind of stretched it upwards. "Deep breath now."

It stung, it really, really hurt when he pierced me, he started with the right nipple, putting a little ring through it, then, while I was still whimpering from discomfort he wandered around to the left and started gripping and pulling again. I felt like crying, but Amy held my hand, "Shhh, you're doing really well, one down!"

Then the second nipple ring went in, making me groan softly. "There, that's the easy ones done. If you could pull your feet up onto the table for me now, lie back, knees apart for me."

I obeyed, I could feel the steel through my nipples and they were kind of throbbing a little bit? It was painful, uncomfortable, but really erotic. He got a little stool and sat on it, positioning himself at the bottom of the table. I couldn't see what he was doing, but I could feel his hands gently, but firmly manipulating my labia and clitoris, pushing back the hood, then the tweezery plier like things gripping my clitoris, which was painful enough without it being pierced! I was shaking with fear and embarrassment at this stage, I could feel my pulse racing!

"Okay, ready for the big one? Take a good deep breath for me."

I felt him slowly pierce my clitoris and it was really, really painful, and the pain didn't go away as soon as it was in, it left me whimpering softly, tears running down my cheeks. "There, all done. You can get dressed now, you can't have sex for-"

Amy interrupted him. "How about girl-girl sex?"

I should have been embarrassed, but my head was all over the place, I'd gone from never even having my ears pierced to having little rings through my nipples and clitoris. She was right though, I could tell already they made everything more sensitive. When I started getting dressed, I felt my panties stimulate the clitoris ring and my bra press on the nipple rings, it felt naughty, it felt good.

The guy doing the piercing was pulling his gloves off at this stage. "You should be alright for girl-girl sex tomorrow, give it twenty four hours, just be careful, don't be too rough."

I was about to put my dress back on, when Amy stopped me. "Hang on a minute, I was reading your latest story last night. You know the part where the Professor gets tattooed? I thought that was really hot."

The guy cut in now. "You want a tattoo as well? I can probably just about squeeze you in if it's something small and simple?"

I was shaking again now, I looked at Amy. "What did you have in-"

"How about the same sort of thing as the Professor gets? We could get 'Property of Amy' tattooed onto one of your buttocks? Wouldn't that be hot?"

Now again, I'd never been tattooed before, and we'd only been seeing each other for a few weeks by this stage, but as soon as she said it I wanted it. I suppose part of me was thinking I'd found my Mariella Jane Hall.

The guy interrupted again. "Do you want me to sketch something up? I could probably free-hand it, but if you're nervous I could show you what I'm going to do first?"

"I.. Uh, okay... Just let me see."

"Good girl, just wait a bit, if we're doing a buttock you're better on the table than in the chair."

I waited a bit, while Amy looked on grinning, she was clearly finding this

really exciting. Eventually he returned with a little piece of paper, it was simple, 'Property of Amy' on two lines, with 'Property' on the top line and a little square of curly floral pattern around it, making it look like a kind of stamp of ownership. The design was (is I suppose) about 5cm by 8cm just in black and white, and it looked classy. Part of me was screaming not to do this, that it was permanent, that I could break up with Amy, that I'd end up regretting it. The trouble is another part of me was desperate, so desperate to have it done. I kind of really, really wanted it, but was afraid to get it. I looked at Amy, "I don't know ..."

"You don't have to, it was only an idea. I do think it would be super cute, I'd love to have you marked as my property."

I couldn't resist her, I agreed to have it tattooed onto my little bottie. He had to get some things together, but before long I was back on the table, lying face-down, naked, having 'Property of Amy' tattooed onto my butt cheek. It kind of felt humiliating, but in a nice way. It also felt quite painful, I'd never realised how painful tattoos were, but it's like having a design scratched onto you – or worse! Afterwards it was covered with some film and a bandage and I got some instructions on looking after it.

Amy paid for everything, she said it was her treat and it came to quite a bit. She led me out by the hand, me feeling on such a high. I can't remember feeling so exhilarated. As we walked to the car she smiled at me. "Hehe! I've got my own little slave girl now haven't I?"

We kissed again, now feeling the nipple rings stimulated by our breasts pressing together, they were still sore, but it felt nice. She drove me back to her place and we spent the rest of the day together. When we got back, I decided I had to tackle her on the 'bf' issue.

"Amy, can we talk?"

"Sure sweetie, what's on your mind?"

"I want to talk about my boyfriend, he's erm, he's been really supportive over this whole gay, bisexual thing and I feel like I've been neglecting him, I've slept with you more nights than at home this week!"

"I know, and that's good, doesn't that mean I've converted you?"

“Well ... You have, but I feel kind of bad, I erm, we have a slightly strange relationship, it's not what you'd call run of the mill. You see, you know in my stories how the Professor tends to like to dominate men? But be dominated by women, well it's a bit like that.”

“He's a sissy? Is he in one of these chastity belts you're always writing about?”

“Yes, he is actually. Erm, he's been locked in a chastity device for several weeks now while we um, explored our relationship.”

“Well, what do you want? Are you a straight dominant, or are you a submissive lesbian?”

“I ... I ... think I'm both.”

“I can't see how that can work Sarah, I really don't have any interest in men, not sexually. I find your stories kind of funny, a bit strange, pretty perverted – that's why I like them, that's why I like you – but it's your submissive side that turns me on. I'd like you to be my little slave girl. Now I've got you marked as my property – perhaps I should just order you to leave Darren?”

“Amy, will you meet him? I mean-“

“No! I don't to be part of some guy's weird sexual fantasy. I don't want anything to do with male sex or arousal or anything like that. I don't want to see males naked.”

“Erm, I know, but it doesn't have to be sexual? It can be quite fun dominating him and it's sort of not really sexual because his penis is locked away I a little plastic cage.”

“I don't know.”

“Please Amy? I want to be yours but I don't want to break things off with Darren completely. Can't you just try meeting him?”

“I suppose ... I'm not very happy about it though!”

My butt was still hurting from the tattoo, and my piercings were still sore, so I was pretty annoyed that she'd taken such a resistance to it. Especially as from this point onwards I would forever have 'Property of Amy' emblazoned on my butt! I didn't regret having the piercings or the tattoo, just that she wasn't more open to the idea of meeting him.

In the end I decided I would invite Amy to our house, feminize bf again, and get him to wait on us all night.

## **The Meeting**

It was a few days before the meeting. I ordered a cheap wig off ebay for bf, because his hair still hadn't grown back enough to style in a feminine way. He'd been in his CB3000 for weeks and weeks now and with the feminization sessions and waving me off to go on dates with my girlfriend he was dripping pre-cum almost constantly. When I showed him my tattoo and piercings he looked like he was going to burst out of his cage! Luckily everything healed up okay and the tattoo looked really nice once the swelling and redness had gone down.

When Amy came around bf was all ready. He took her coat and served us both drinks, then cooked us both pasta. Amy said he couldn't sit at the table with us though, so he stood in the corner, quivering in his dress and his CB3000 looking a little bit pathetic. After the meal we all went into the living room. Amy and I sat together on the sofa and snuggled up, and bf sat on the armchair. We chatted, we drank wine, we watched the television. Eventually I think Amy kind of got used to bf being around and she started getting a bit more physical with me and I reciprocated. It wasn't much longer before we were in a tight embrace, kissing enthusiastically, while bf sat and watched, straining in his device. Eventually we separated and Amy got up, then beckoned me to follow.

I stood up and headed for the stairs while Amy approached Darren and leaned down to him. "Thanks for tonight Darren, you've been a good girl. Who knows, maybe I'll make it up to you? Sarah said she couldn't quite make you pass so couldn't take you on a girls day out – but I'm pretty good with make-up and I think I could make you passable. Maybe we'll have a try tomorrow? You be a good girl and sit and watch some telly now. The spare beds all made up for you. We're going to bed."



She winked at him and took me by the hand. "Come on."

When we got to the bedroom, she took a chair and wedged it under the door handle. "We don't want nosy parkers interrupting us do we? Well, what are you waiting for, strip slave girl."

As I took my dress off, she took hers off. Then we were both standing there nipple rings and clit rings on show, except she just had her tastefully done little tattoos, and I had my 'Property of Amy' tattoo on my butt. "Turn around slave girl, I want to see my mark."

I obeyed, and she stood admiring her mark on me for a few moments, then she sat on the end of the bed. "Come on slave girl, I think you've been a naughty little slave girl and need punishing. Over my knee... NOW!"

I quivered at this, she sounded almost angry, but I was in full submissive mode now. I lay over her naked knee and I heard her chuckled softly at her mark again, permanently etched into my buttock. She started spanking me harder, and harder, some on the plain buttock and some on the tattooed buttock which was still a bit sore. When she finished she grabbed my hair tightly, wrapping it up in her fist. "Now, off you get slave girl. On your knees, hands behind your back."

As I slid off she held onto my hair tightly, almost painfully, then pulled my face into her crotch. "You're going to service me orally now slave, if I don't think you're trying hard enough, then you'll be back over my knee!"

She pulled her knees apart and yanked my head into her crotch. She then lay back, still gripping my hair, forcing my face into her crotch. I'd never done this before, I think Amy had the idea from my books, the idea that I'd like this sort of treatment. She was naturally very dominant though. She held my head firmly in her crotch while I licked and probed and swirled my tongue around, feeling her clit ring jiggle about as my tongue manipulated it. Then I probed her deeply, deeply, then swirled around and around, playing with her clit ring using my tongue. She was moaning softly with ecstasy and it wasn't long before she came powerfully.

Still swaying with bliss a little she pulled me up. "Now slave girl, get your boyfriends little box of tricks. I want to chain you up."

I obeyed, wondering what she had in mind. She took the handcuffs out and approached a little menacingly. "Now, on the bed, lie back, give me your wrists!"

I did as I was told and felt her slide her still moist crotch until she was sitting on my belly, then she cuffed one wrist tightly, then the other, to the headboard. As she sat up I tried to move my arms, but they were locked tightly. "You're helpless slave girl, I'll just cuff your ankles, then I can start work on you."

I watched helplessly as she fastened my ankles to the footboard with the ankle cuffs. Then she got the red ball gag out and climbed up onto me, sitting on my belly. "Open up slave girl!"

The sensation, of allowing her to shove the gag in, and buckle it tightly to my head... The taste of rubber and the smell faint smell of sweat. It had me in submissive heaven. Amy sat back up on my belly then gently grabbed my nipple rings and started pulling on them. It was quite painful and made me whimper slightly. "Oh, poor little slave girl? Did I make you cry? Perhaps I should see if I can rip these nipple rings right out?"

She yanked hard at that point make me squeak and jump a little. Then she smiled warmly and leaned right into my face. "Shhh, I was only teasing... I'm going to have a play with your clit ring now bitch! You're going to stay silent or I spank your pussy with a hairbrush until you're screaming for mercy, and then some... Clear?"

Then she was up and she flipped around so her back was facing me, still straddling me and sitting on my belly. I felt her grab my clit ring and start tugging it gently, then sharply then jiggling it around making me jump and yelp. "I really like that you're marked as mine now, I've always wanted my own little slave girl, to use and abuse as I see fit... And by the way you yelped a bit then, so you're going to get your pussy spanked."

I started trying to beg for her to stop through the gag at this stage. She didn't listen, she just laughed and grabbed a nice flat hair brush from the dressing table, then re-straddled me, her back facing me, her bottom on belly just touching my breasts. She started viciously spanking my pussy making me squeak in pain and try to wriggle away in defence. After a few spans she stopped and turned to me over her shoulder. "Slave girl, you're

wriggling around too much. Keep still while I punish you!”

Then she continued and I tried to keep still, but each stroke came really, really keen. Then without warning she threw the brush down and dived her head into my crotch, licking, lapping, swirling her tongue around ... She was better than bf, she was a lot better than bf, she seemed to know exactly what to do and exactly when to change what she was doing. After a few moments, I thought I was going to come, but she stopped, unstraddled me and moved around so she was between my legs. “I want to watch your reaction when you orgasm slave.”

Then her long fingernails were caressing my hips her face was in my crotch and she was licking, probing, she even nibbled the sides of my labia with her teeth and moved her hands slowly, slowly up my ribs to play with my breasts, then to twiddle my nipple rings. She grabbed my clit ring in her teeth and gently jiggled it, then licked it and swirled her tongue around. She had me writhing in pleasure, it was unlike any of the lesbian sex we’d had before, she totally took charge. When I came, I almost exploded, the gag was making it hard to breath, I could feel my whole body pulsating with pleasure.

She unlocked me, we didn’t put our nighties on that night, we snuggled up naked and kissed and caressed each other. Our hands were simply all over each other, and our tongues were exploring each other’s mouths as much as our hands were exploring each other’s bodies. It felt as close to sexual bliss as I can imagine.

## **The Aftermath**

So what happened afterwards? We kept Amy’s flat on, but we spent a lot more time together the three of us. Bf stayed locked for longer than ever – but we did let him start wearing male clothes again. I didn’t need to use bf for sexual pleasure any more, it was simply better sex with Amy, so I tended to keep him locked. Amy started dominating bf too, she never got him to service her orally or anything like that, but she started getting him to do domestic chores. I explained our former game and how it worked and she started to enjoy administering him with corporal punishment. She used to be into horse riding so she dug out her old riding crop and took to using it on him, which I think he enjoyed.

We ended up with a new system. Whenever it was release time, we'd cuff him naked and spread eagled to the bed at our house. I'd unlock him, put my latex gloves on and carefully give him one release, but a good one, really emptying him out into a little cup. We'd force-feed his semen to him, then we'd lock him back up again using frozen peas and lots of baby oil. Then I'd leave him the cuff keys in a block of ice and Amy and I would go over to her flat for a few days to give him some domination withdrawal.

There...

That's my story, I'll be honest, it's not 100% truthful, I've changed some names and moved events back and forth, added some bits and removed some bits, but the gist of it is right. I spend a lot of time with my girlfriend now, and less with bf. He did start writing the stories, but I took over after a few and now they're all mine. My girlfriend has met bf and I think we can work something out. Does she dominate him? I'm not telling. Have I really got 'Property of Amy' tattooed on my butt cheek? Hmmm, that would be telling wouldn't it? It wouldn't be Amy of course – I have anonymities to protect. Did I get my nipples and clitoris pierced as well? Hmmm, okay, I'll throw you a bone – yes, I did. They all hurt when they went in, especially the clitoris piercing, but they're fine now. I actually had a bar through my clit at first, but once it had healed properly I changed it for a ring. Happy now? Know enough of my dirty secrets?

I've given you a window, a distorted window, into my private life, bits are true, bits are made up. I won't go back into my private life from now on, Amy agreed for me to write this, but once this was finished, I had to promise to keep to fiction. Unless of course Sissy Slave Alicia ends up being my property for long enough to form a sequel? It's possible, but I think she'll have an owner soon.

I hope you'll continue to enjoy my fiction. I'm sorry I've been off the radar a bit lately. I'll be honest I've been neglecting my writing a bit, and spending a lot of time with Amy.

The bottom line is though our relationship isn't at the state it's at as described at the end of this story, that's where I'd like it. I think the world would be a better place for everyone, if the norm was for girls to be partners with girls, and for each couple to own their own chaste, male

slave. Really everyone would be better off!

I am taking a break now, we've got a lot of difficult working out to do, a three-way relationship is messy and I still don't know if it can work – we can only try. While I try to sort it all out I will stop writing, Amy is keen for me to remove my stories, she thinks I laid out too much of my soul for the world to see. Between you and me I think she wants my kinkiness to herself. I've convinced her that I can write this one, and that I can leave my old ones up. I might write more, it's up for negotiation, but for now the priority for all of us, me, Amy, bf, is to somehow find a way to make our relationship work, a relationship with a lesbian, a bisexual girl and a submissive male...

;-)

Sabrina. xx.

~fin

~by Sabrina

*PS: Sorry about the slightly different style this was written in, it's because it's partly factual. I hope you enjoyed it anyway.*

\*\*\*\*\*

If you really enjoyed it and want to be super nice to me, leave me a nice review ☐

My sincere thanks, to everyone who takes the time review my stories.

Sabrina. Xx.

Due to complaints about the excess of 'free sample' chapters I included in one of my works, from this point onwards I will only ever include two sample chapters. If sample chapters offend you, please feel free to skip them. All that remains after them is a brief catalogue of my stories, which is not completely comprehensive and a short frequently asked questions section. The free samples in this book equate to a total of 5,500 words ONLY!

### 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 patient's 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 canvas 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 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 knelt 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 'The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress'

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### I Dreamed a Dream

Gary groaned and shook his head, he was at the wedding reception still. He was leaning on a table, feeling a little worse for wear. He could feel the silky lining of his dress rubbing against his skin, his long hair extensions falling over his bare shoulders, and his dainty, silver tiara woven expertly into his hair on the top of his head.

As he came around, he panicked, where was Sarah? She'd had him on a two metre leash! He looked around hurriedly, only to see the shiny silk and delicate embroidery of her dress just behind him, he breathed a sigh of relief. She was talking to somebody, she was saying... Goodbye? Was this ordeal finally over?

He had to jump to his feet as Sarah, in her brilliant white dress stood and swept away. Running after in the heels proved difficult, his ankle kept trying to twist over to one side as he hurriedly along, dodging between tables and chairs. Robin was waiting for Sarah near the door and as she approached they turned to the door, barely giving Gary time to catch up. He looked around in panic, where was Alison? Sarah still had the remote, he was still on a 2 metre leash! If he strayed away his genitals would be shocked he pleaded to Sarah, "Wait! You can't go! Give me the remote befo-"

Sarah turned to him with a cheeky smile, "Well, I don't think Alison would like me to do that, do you? She wouldn't be pleased if you weren't supervised would she? You know how seriously she takes your discipline... Now be a good bridesmaid and help me get my train into the limousine."

Robin was already climbing into the back of the big black limo. He had no choice, he gathered up her train, still casting his eyes about desperately for Alison. She was nowhere to be seen. The next thing he knew, they were all in the back of the car, Sarah and Robin facing forwards, and Gary sitting opposite facing them. The doors slammed shut and the driver set off for the hotel. He could feel the soft leather of the seat on his small of

his back which was bare. The dress was constricting and slightly uncomfortable. He looked down at his beautifully manicured hands, holding his bouquet, as he looked up again, Robin and Sarah were leaning in to each other. He was fondling her breasts, and kissing her. Her hand had fallen to his crotch and she was moaning softly as she kissed him over and over again, exploring every reach of his mouth with her tongue.

The car wound through the narrow lanes away from the reception, Gary sat, facing his sister-in-law and her new husband. He could see the remote shocker, bracelet, he could see the key to his cruel chastity belt resting serenely on her perfect white dress, just between her breasts... Occasionally Robin's exploring hands would brush his key this way, or that.

It was torture, seeing them all over each other, forced to sit submissively opposite them, his member constantly trying to get aroused, but fouling on the spikes in the belt... He whimpered softly in pain and reached for his crotch, of course the belt kept everything so densely packed away behind its smooth feminine front - he was helpless to do anything to reduce the pain. One hand reached up to his breast forms, feeling one, then the other - they felt so real, he squirmed a little in his dress and felt a tear welling up as he watched the happy couple fondle each other more and more enthusiastically. At that point he decided unequivocally the fun was over, he'd had enough. He wanted out of the dress, out of the devious chastity belt he'd been locked into, which efficiently forbade any arousal, and out of his lingerie, breast forms and make-up... But there was no escape, he was in the back of the limousine, forced to watch his sister-in-law and her husband passionately kissing and groping each other while the limousine carved its way through narrow country lanes, miles from anywhere...

If he did order the driver to stop and get out - where would he go? What would he do? He'd be in the middle of nowhere, on a cold night, fully feminized and locked in the belt still... He sighed, he knew Sarah, she was fiercely loyal to her sister and there was no way she'd agree to give the key to his chastity belt to him. She had it dangling provocatively between her breasts, purposefully visible over her wedding dress, and that was where it would stay. Even if he decided to try to over-power her, he didn't think he'd be able to over-power her and Robin - he was helpless... At her mercy...

Resigning himself to trying to not think about the feast of passion he was

observing he sat submissively, trying to think of other things. The rustle of her dress as she undulated on the seat, caressing Robin, the feel of his own dress, the sensation of confinement, the fear of getting aroused, only to be punished by the belt... He couldn't wait for the car journey to end.

Of course end it did at the hotel where Robin and Sarah were spending the first night of their married life together. He had a room booked with Alison too. As soon as the car pulled up Sarah pulled away from Robin with a sigh and look at Gary mischievously, "Well bridesmaid Gary, aren't you going to help me with my train?"

Robin chuckled at this allowed him to scoop up the long flowing, embroidered silk of the train and carry it out of the car. The red carpet had been laid out for them and Robin and Sarah walked arm in arm, happily in to the hotel, with Gary following submissively behind, holding his bouquet and Sarah's long beautiful train.

They eventually passed through the bar area to the rooms, and Gary saw Alison sitting at a small, round table with a black guy whom he didn't recognize. Sarah slowed down as she approached her sister, "Hi Alison, are you having a good time?"

Alison smiled wickedly back, "I am actually, Sarah, I didn't know you knew Jason! We used to share an office together at Brookers."

Gary squirmed in his chastity belt, his lingerie tickling his hips and squeezing his waist in. His wife, looked like she was with her date. Jason nodded towards Gary, "Total respect man, there's no way you'd catch me doing what you've done for Sarah today, you must be amazing friends. Sarah smirked, "Isn't she the sweetest? We're going to bed now sis, gotta go consummate our marriage and all that."

It was said with a tongue in cheek wink. Alison held her hand out and sighed, "You'd better give me the remote then."

Sarah shrugged at this, "I don't see why... It's still MY wedding day so he's still MY bridesmaid, you look like you won't be short of company tonight..."

Gary shuddered, he whimpered softly under his breath. Jason, formed a

puzzled look on his face and looked at Alison, "Is this cool? I mean, she, erm, he's your husband right?"

Alison shrugged, "Meh! He's really understanding, to be honest Jason we have a really special relationship and he's happy for me to sleep with whomever I want, whenever I want... Anyway, I was enjoying catching up, Gary's going to be busy it seems so why don't we just stay for a few drinks, see what happens?"

Jason cast Gary a suspicious, almost disgusted look, then looked back at his wife Alison, "Sure, I'm up for that... Night Sarah, thanks for the invite... Night, erm, Robin, Gary..."

Sarah smirked and winked, "Night, night Al, Jason... Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

Then she was off, Gary struggling to keep up and stay in range of the remote. As she struggled along in his heels, his dress flowing about his ankles he heard Alison and Jason laughing. A glance over his shoulder confirmed his suspicions. Jason had edged around the table and had one arm around his wife, and one on the table playing with her hand...

They were being very flirtatious, it looked like things were heading in one direction tonight... And he was helpless to stop it. His wife was going to sleep with an old colleague from work, while he - fully feminized and locked into a fiendish chastity belt which ruthlessly punished arousal, he would watch his sister-in-law and her husband making passionate love.

Sarah was pulling away, he felt the train grow taught and skipped to catch up, a little rush down the corridor and they were at the bridal suite.

After entering the generous bridal suite Sarah clicked the door locked, "Bridesmaid, why don't you undress my groom for me first?"

Gary gasped and opened his mouth to protest, but Sarah held up the bracelet remote and pressed one of the gems sending a sharp, stinging electric shock to his balls and penis, making his knees buckle.

“Aaargh!”

“Now, now, be a good bridesmaid and do as you’re told, that was a level one, any more disobedience and I’ll give you a level three. Undress Robin.”

Shaking with anxiety he took Robin’s jacket and hung it over a chair in the room. Robin was smirking sadistically at Gary as he untied Robin’s tie and unbuttoned Robin’s shirt. He took the garments and hung them on the chair and turned his attention to Robin’s trousers. He had to kneel down in his dress to help him out of his shoes and he stayed down to undo the belt and trousers.

Robin was smirking at Gary, looking down at him as Gary pulled his trousers down then gripped his boxer shorts. Robin dropped a hand to gently caress Gary’s now long, feminine hair, “You know, they’ve done an amazing job on you Gary... You look like such a sexy girl, I could suspend my disbelief and imagine I was taking two pretty girls in my hotel room tonight.”

At that Sarah strode up and gripped Robin’s chin, pulling his face towards hers, “Now, now, I’ll decide whether you get two girls tonight... You’ll have to be a good boy for me if you want that.”

She turned her attention to Gary, “And YOU, my little bridesmaid are taking too long undressing my groom – remove his boxer shorts now so you can start to undress me.”

Gary hurriedly pulled Robin’s boxer shorts down, as he did Robin’s raging erection almost flirted up into his face, it had a tiny glob of pre-cum on the end and was literally centimetres from his face. He could smell male sweat and semen, it should have disgusted him, but somehow, his feminized, chastised state he found it desirable. In constantly trying to evade arousal by shutting himself off, he almost felt like he had no testicles, and no testosterone rushing about his veins, like he really was a girl. Robin was athletic and muscular, and Gary quivered at the thought of him, he was despite himself finding Robin attractive.

Robin stepped out and climbed onto the bed Sarah gestured to him, “Come on bridesmaid, undo my dress.”



His hands shaking, he fought his way awkwardly to his feet and started unfastening the bodice, then pulling it apart and helping her to slip it off her shoulders. As it fell she glanced over her shoulders, "Now my panties bridesmaid!"

He knelt and slowly pulled her lacy, silk panties down. They had a hint of vaginal discharge on the crotch area and smelled of female sweat. As they slid down they revealed Sarah's perfect, round, pert bottom. She stepped out and turned to him, her pussy moist, almost dripping. "Well? Give them to me."

He handed them over and she smiled wickedly at him, "Now, be a good bridesmaid and stand by the bed, holding your bouquet."

He followed her orders, conscious of the remote shocking bracelet on her wrist. Once there she whispered to him, "Keep still now, hands on your bouquet."

As she spoke she raised her panties and pulled them down onto his head. She adjusted them so that he could see through the leg holes, and the slightly vaginal discharge stained crotch was right on his nose. As she put it in place she whispered softly, "Good girl, now keep it there... Stand close to the bed, so I can feel your chastity belt through your dress."

He followed her order again as Sarah positioned herself for the missionary position and beckoned Robin over, "Come to me."

She was lying there in her wedding lingerie, including a corset and suspender belt with white silk stockings. He desperately tried to shut himself off from the image he was seeing. The tiniest sensation of his glans gently kissing the internal spikes on the belt would send him into a raging erection. She was beautiful, as beautiful as his wife Alison. As Robin walked up the bed on his knees, and slid himself into position, Sarah reached out for Gary's crotch. He felt her hand pressing between his thighs, causing the lined dress to rub against him and his suspenders to tickle him.

Robin was in position now and he slowly, gently entered Sarah, working his hips in a circular motion, and Sarah matching him, while fondling Gary's chastity belt. His chastity belt key bounced around her breasts on

its chain teasingly. She looked at Gary, "I wonder if... Alison and... Jason are having a good time? What do you think Gary?"

He went bright red, he tried to think himself almost asexual, he tried to shut the arousing words and thoughts out. It was impossible, he could feel Sarah's, his sister-in-law's hand gently caressing his chastity belt. He could see her savouring his predicament, the key dangling on her breasts arousing her even further. Seeing her making passionate love while he was forced to stand and observe, with Sarah feeling his device and talking about Jason and his wife...

He could almost imagine them, was Alison in the same position now? In his hotel room? Making love to Jason!? Sarah saw his look of helplessness and grinned, her speech broken up by the passionate sex she was having with her husband Robin. "She's probably... Having the best... Sex... After all... She... Can't... Have... Sex... With... You... How... Else... Can she... Be satisfied... I bet... He's... Bringing... Her... To... Multiple... Orgasms...."

Sarah moaned and sighed as she had an orgasm and Robin came at the same time with a grimace and a shudder. Sarah, panting and sighing smiled at Robin, then at Gary. "Oh Gary, I've so enjoyed having you today, as my chastised, sissy bridesmaid... I don't want to give you back! I wonder if Alison would let me keep you? We could get you a nice maids outfit and perhaps a cage to sleep in? You could do all the chores in the house, then perhaps watch us making love every night, while completely denied yourself – would you like that?"

He shuddered, in ways it was torture, fending off arousal, and the severe pain that came with it was almost impossible. Yet at the same time, being so denied and frustrated, so servile... It felt so deliciously submissive and it sent waves of a deep inner pleasure through him.

Before he could answer Robin leaned in towards Sarah, "Sarah, this whole thing is making me so horny, I think I could come again – will you give me a blow job?"

Sarah chuckled, "No, I most certainly will not! I hate giving you head after sex – your cock tastes of my sex – urgh!"

“I could give it a wipe?”

“Hah! I’ve got a better idea, how about I let my bridesmaid give you head instead?”

Robin looked at Gary, standing there demurely in his dress, his make-up perfect, his wife’s panties still pulled over his head. “I... I don’t know I’m not...”

Sarah shrugged, “He’s only an X chromosome away from being female anyway, he has breasts and no male genitals that he has access to, you may as well consider him female. Refer to him as a she if it helps.”

Robin cast a critical eye over Gary again, it was true, Gary was indistinguishable from a beautiful girl, he tried not to think about the fact that deep down, under the layers of feminization he was male.

“Hmmm, she is very pretty.”

Gary started to back away, but Sarah, his key dangling oh so teasingly between her breasts held up the remote shocking bracelet, “Oh no you don’t, you be a good girl and show Robin what good head you can give – or I fry your balls off.”

Robin’s member was standing to attention now, he’d repositioned himself sitting on the edge of the bed. “Kneel...”

Gary felt defeated, quivering with anxiety he kneeled down between Robin’s legs. That huge, throbbing member right in his face, Robin gently placed a hand around his neck and spoke softly, “You’re such a pretty girl, you’ve been such a great bridesmaid, come on... Show me what you can do.”

Gary was shaking, he felt his head being gently pulled in. Robin whispered to him, “Now open wide.”

He obeyed, still trying to force himself not to become aroused, he could almost feel the sharp spikes tickling the end of his glans now. Slowly, slowly, Robin fed his member into Gary’s mouth. The lipstick and Sarah’s fresh sex juices, mingled with a thin coating of semen acted as lubricant

and it slid in easily. Robin grabbed the back of Gary's head and started rocking his hips, pushing pubic hairs up Gary's nose and tickling the back of his throat with his glans, almost making him gag. It was humiliating, it was terrible, but at the same time so arousing. As Gary felt himself getting turned on by this, almost homoerotic experience, he felt himself growing in his tube. He panicked and tried to disassociate himself from what was happening, he tried to become asexual and unfeeling, as the member slid in and out over his lips.

Sarah knelt next to him, "Good girl, you're doing well! Now use your tongue, try to bring him off. Tease him with it, then a swirl, then lick his glans."

Gary felt compelled to obey and he started working his tongue all over Robin's penis as Robin, gripping Gary's head firmly slid his member in and out, his testicles banging gently onto Gary's chin with every stroke.

It wasn't long before a fountain of cum erupted from Robin's penis, firing right down the back of Gary's throat making him gag a little, cough and try to pull away. Robin held him tightly though, "Swallow! Swallow!"

He had to obey, as swallowed he felt the warm, salty goo trickle down his throat, it reminded him of warm oysters. He could smell female sex and semen and the taste filled his mouth. Robin pulled his penis out, it was still rock hard, "Clean it up, wipe it clean with your tongue."

Sarah was giggling now, "My, my, who would've thought my little bridesmaid could give such good head?"

Gary was now licking clean Robin's still throbbing cock. Robin was smiling with pleasure, "Sarah, I can't believe it but I think I could go one more time! Can I give it to you up the rear?"

Sarah glared at him, "'Hmmp! No! If you want to play 'pot brown' you can do it with her!"

She was pointing at Gary, he opened his mouth to protest, but she held up the bracelet. Robin pulled him firmly up and gestured towards the end of the bed, "Come on, bend over!"

Before he knew it Gary was being man-handled onto the end of the bed, Robin pushing his shoulders forwards, so he was face down on the bed. He was whimpering, almost crying, “Robin, I don’t want to!”

He felt Robin hitching his dress up and pulling his panties down. Sarah was lying on the bed on her front so her face was right up to him, “Shhhh, you’ve being such a good little bridesmaid today – I think it’s only fair, especially as Al is probably enjoying rampaging penetrative sex with Jason in your room – it’s only fair you get your share of penetrative sex isn’t it? And with that nasty chastity belt on, this is the only way isn’t it?”

His key was dangling provocatively from her neck, she was smiling sadistically, he felt Robin’s hands grip his hips and started to sob softly, then he felt Robin’s penis pressing, pressing onto his anus, gently probing his sphincter open. He whimpered softly as he felt it slide in... Then his penis was suddenly on fire and he screamed...

~ To read more – please read;-

### **‘The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress’ 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.)*

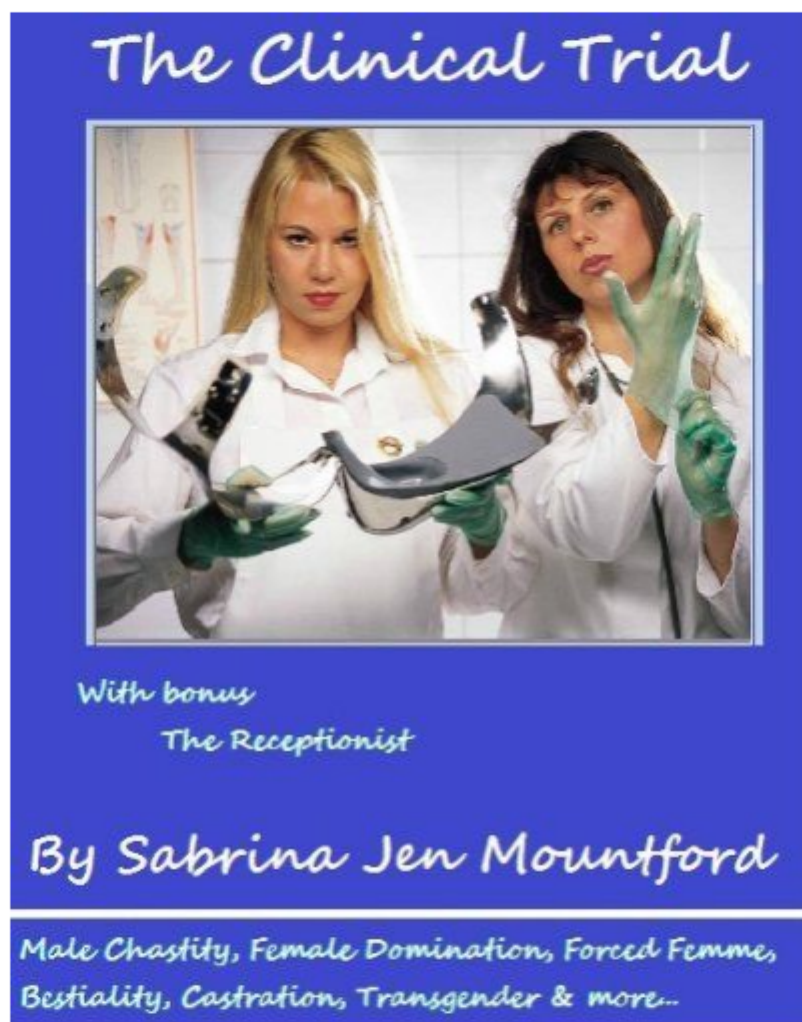
*For real world practical advice on the male chastity lifestyle, please visit Sarah Jameson’s <http://www.malechastityblog.com/> site. Her e-books on male chastity are fantastic, no nonsense resources and well worth buying if you are interested in pursuing this lifestyle.*

*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.



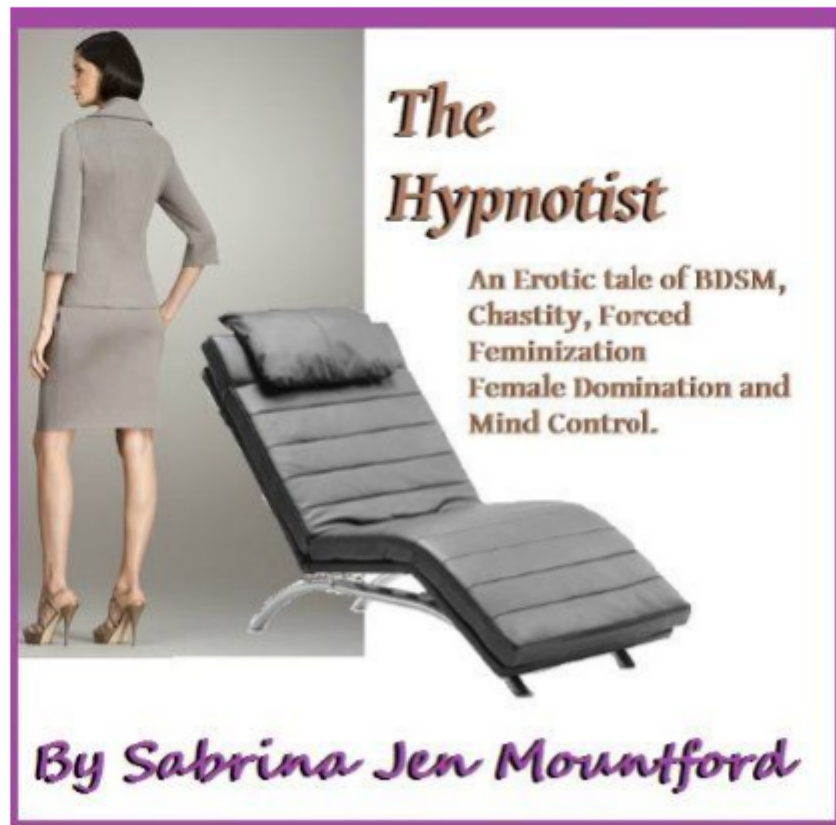
***The Clinical Trial & Other Collected works of Male Chastity  
and Forced Femme Fiction.***

*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*



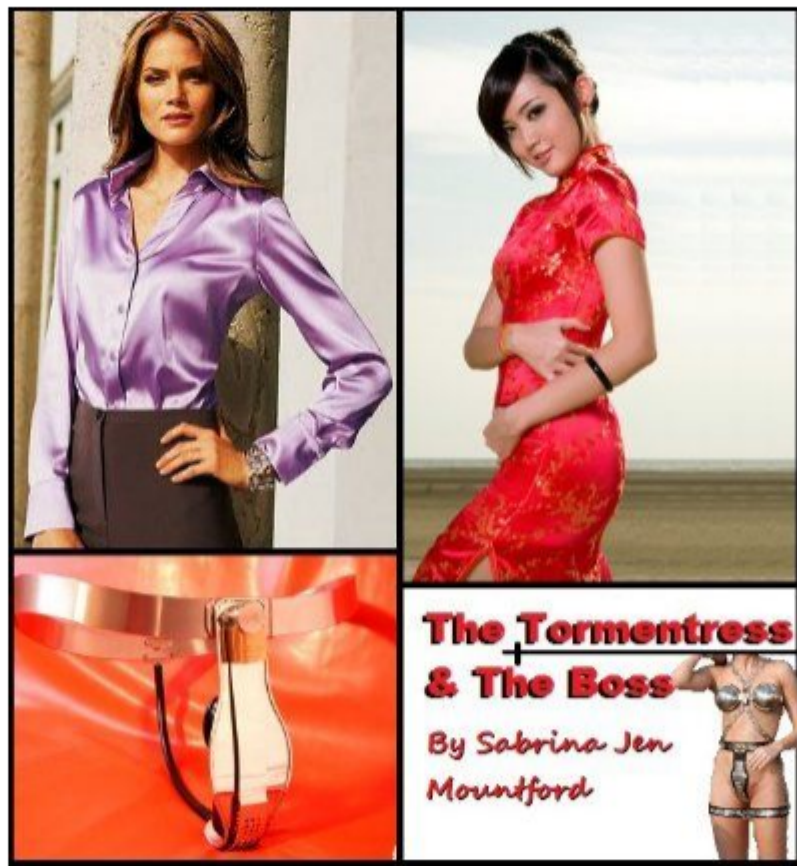
castration and sex-change operation.



***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.*





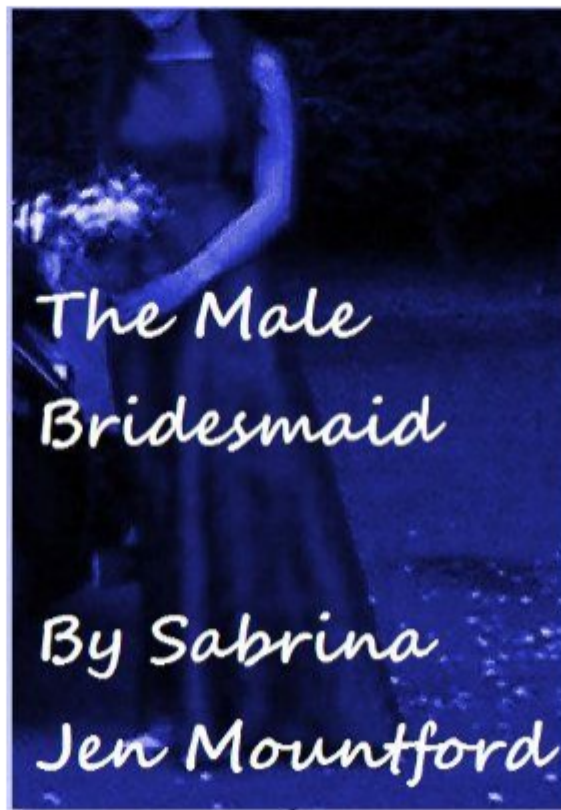
***Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 1 :  
Captured!***



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

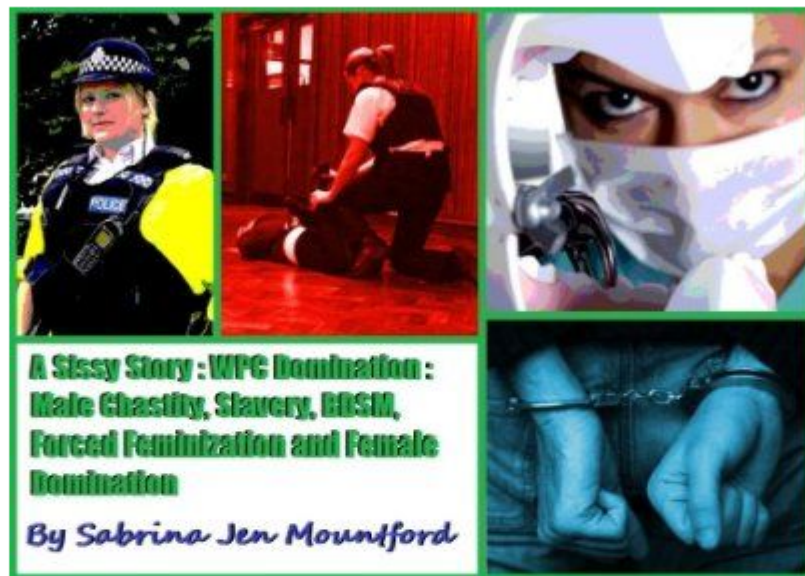
*(Available in one package also, in this story, the protagonist is captured by a group of dominant women who sell and market BDSM equipment. He is mercilessly used to demonstrate the goods, and by the end of part two has been surgically altered to*

*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*

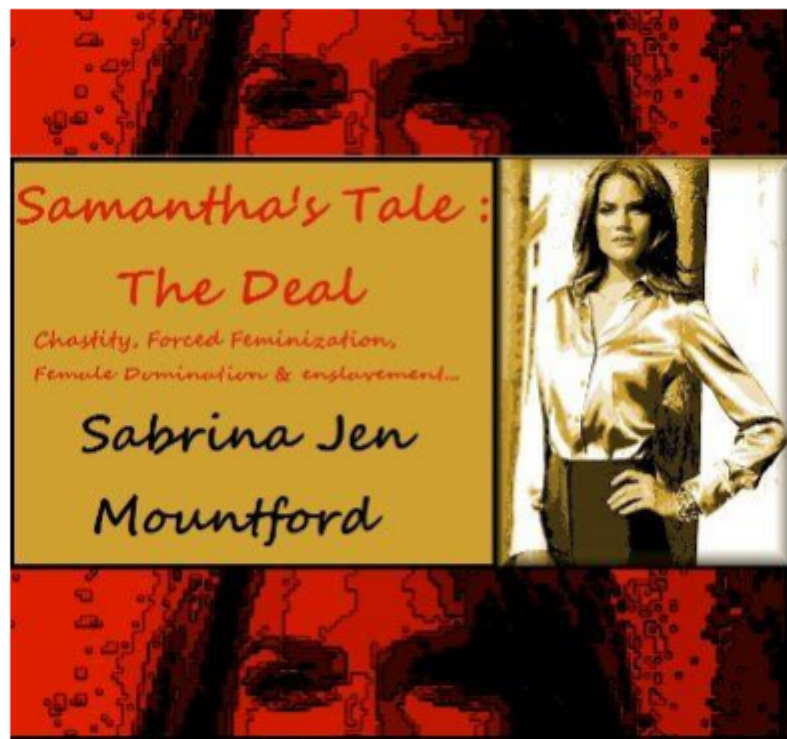
gender reassignment. He can't resist her, always putting off the thought of being castrated as something that might not happen. In the end Connie's patience with her 'project' is running out and he has to make a choice - lose Connie, or lose his testicles...



### ***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.*

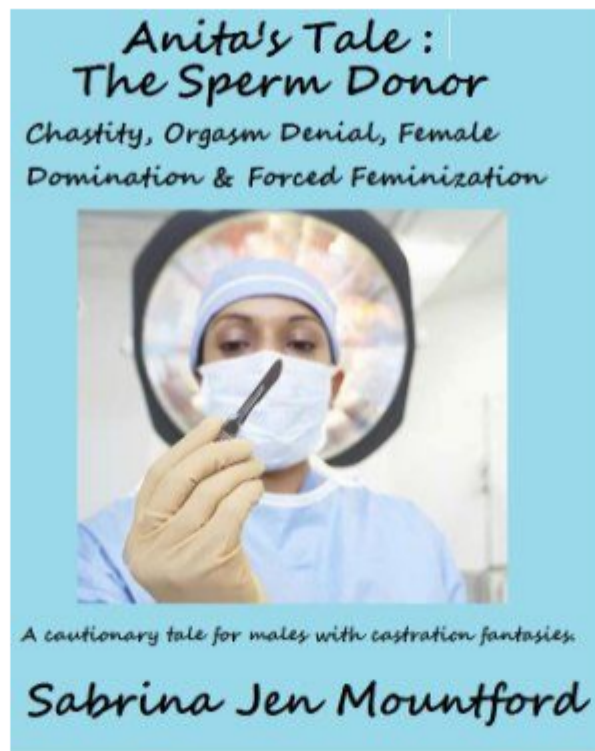
*Just when he's starting to get used to his situation, a final twist changes his fate forever. Will the magic work? If it doesn't, will Alice keep her end of the bargain and allow him to return to his life as a boy?*



***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***

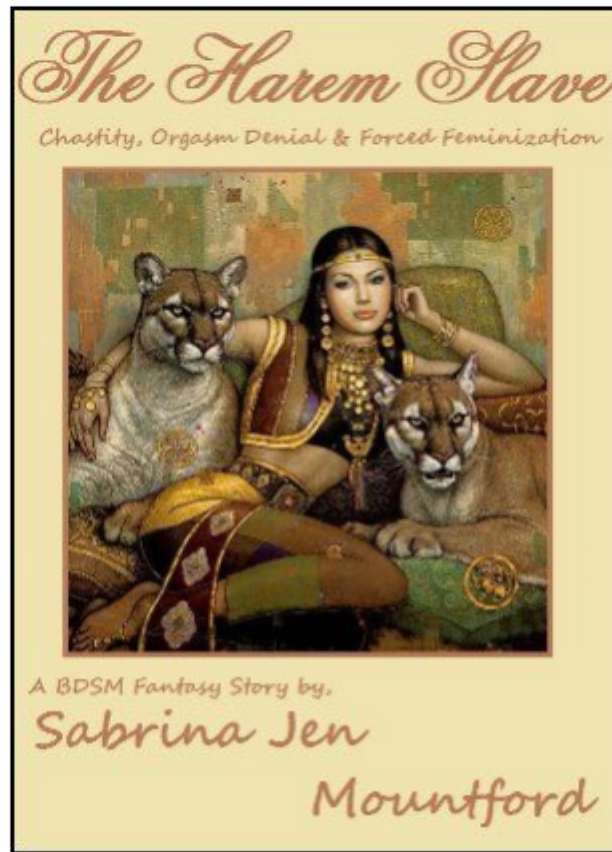
*Edward Mason is a down on his luck student, looking to earn some cash to fund his studies. When he answers an enigmatic advertisement asking for sperm donors and offering to pay well for them - he is naturally intrigued. Anita Grey, (Anita from: 'WPC Domination', 'Slavery 1 : Captured!', 'Slavery 2 : 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 eunuchs 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 Part 2:  
The Reluctant Cuckoldress**



**By Sabrina Jen Mountford**



## ***The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress***

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



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

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

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

*All is going well until Kevin finds his drink tasting a little funny, then he starts feeling a little woozy... Before they know it both Kevin and Alicia are securely restrained, enduring a relentless, merciless tickle torture session, being gang tickled by all three of their captors...*

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

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



**By Sabrina Jen Mountford**

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

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

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

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

## Corporal Punishment : A Study / in Caning



By Sabrina Jen Mountford

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

*When Professor Jacqueline Reed is reading an article about corporal punishment and the effects it's abolition may have had on academic results she questions her own thoughts on it's use. A Samantha Fisher, of Fisher creative happens to have been peeping over her shoulder and suggests she run a study.*

*With a morbid fascination, all stemming from her childhood and both a fear and curiosity surrounding the headmistresses cane - she decides maybe a study is in order? Samantha Fisher promises to get the study through ethics, and the beautiful young Professor is well and truly down the rabbit hole. A visit to a professional dominatrix to receive some tuition results in her receiving more than tuition and she's left with a lasting memory that will shape her destiny forever.*

*As a natural switch, both beautifully submissive and deliciously dominant, her students volunteering for the study are in for an unforgettable experience. The professor attaches probes and sensors to monitor their response to corporal punishment and humiliates them mercilessly in front of each other. Of course enjoying every minute of it...*



*As the study progresses, the professor makes a startling discovery about corporal punishment and the study comes to a surprising conclusion...*

*This 19,000 word story is a very adult, femdom themed, forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.*



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

*The beautiful switch, Professor Jacqueline Reed, is back. The doctor of psychology, after another interesting conversation with the enigmatic Samantha Fisher, decides to pay another visit to the professional dominatrix Mariella Jane Hall. Her intention, to learn more about chastity and orgasm denial, leads to her being quickly enslaved by the dominatrix, who locks her into an interesting chastity ensemble, which both arouses and punishes arousal. Over the course of several days the professor is forced to do uniformed domestic service, and give her*

*beautiful new owner personal services too, all while in strict denial and being forced to desperately suppress her own arousal.*

*When Mariella asks her repeatedly if she wishes to become her property permanently, her permanent, frustrated and denied, chaste sex slave - Jacqueline is so, so tempted... She almost agrees.*

*Eventually Mariella releases Jacqueline from her chastity devices and service, and Jacqueline, the natural switch, decides she has to experience the other side of this relationship, and who better to dominate than her favorite two 'test subjects' Simon and Celeste? Whom she'd spent the previous two semesters caning and forcing to orgasm?*

*Throughout the submission and the dominance, Jacqueline finds herself learning more about herself and learning more about her sexual preferences, having always considered herself 'straight', after being submissive to Mariella and dominating Celeste, she finds herself feeling more that she is a lesbian, and possibly always has been.*

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



**Sabrina Jen Mountford**



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

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

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

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



***Gender Swap :  
Anita's Transgender Pill  
Sabrina Jen Mountford***



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

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

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

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

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

*femininity and counselling him over the loss of his male sexual organs.*

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

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

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



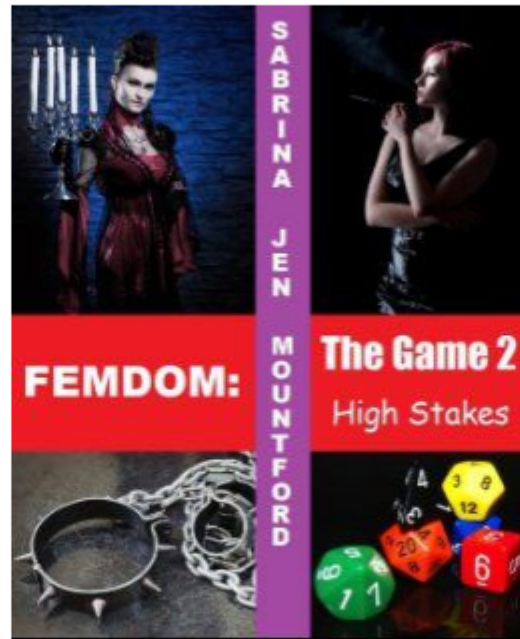
### ***Femdom : The Game***

*Jessie and Marcy have a shared interest. They both love their Kindle. They both have a fondness for a certain fetish and femdom author and tease each other about living 'the lifestyle'.*

*When an old friend suggests meeting up for a drink with Marcy, Jessie and Marcy don't realize how much their lives will change. Grace and Matilda draw them into the world of 'The Club' where games are played and forfeit's are paid.*

*Neither wants to admit how much they enjoy losing the game, and neither would dream of how quickly they get drawn into a sinister world of BDSM, female domination, forced*

*feminization, bondage, corporal punishment and forced bi.*



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

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

*Jessie will learn a new meaning to the word fear and pain as he is taken below the club, into the dark and sinister world of the dungeon below, where Lucy will teach him a new game and a new meaning of fear and pain, as she introduces him to the sinister and painful possibilities, that can come from being at the mercy of the Dungeon Dice.*

*Warning this 17,000 word novella is not suitable for under 18's, it contains very adult themes of:-*

*Femdom  
Female Domination of Males and Female Domination of Females  
Predicament Bondage  
Punishment  
Orgasm Denial  
Chastity  
Bi  
Lesbian  
Slavery  
Fetish Torture*

*\*\*\* Special Warning, this novella contains a graphic description of finger nail removal. It is*

*NOT for the squeamish. It could be considered erotic by some, but horror by others - you have been warned. \*\*\**



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

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

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

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

*Warning this 25,600 word novella is not suitable for under 18's, it contains very adult themes of:-*

*Femdom  
Female Domination of Males and Female Domination of Females  
Predicament Bondage  
Punishment*



*Orgasm Denial  
Chastity  
Bi  
Lesbian  
Slavery  
Fetish Torture*



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

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

*Is this erotic fiction or is it real?*

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

*Read it and decide for yourself, an anonymous erotic fiction writer with a twisted, devious imagination, is contacted by a reader asking how he can get his girlfriend to 'lock him up'. She offers some basic advice, which backfires and leaves him single.*

*Wanting to experience chastity, he purchases a chastity device himself and at Sabrina's suggestion, he freezes the keys to the device so he can't access them easily. Knowing he wants to be kept in chastity against his will Sabrina tells Alicia she does NOT have permission to unfreeze those keys, and so begins Alicia's online domination..*

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

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

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

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

## **FAQ**

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

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

*Q: Are you going to be releasing more paperbacks?*

A: No, maybe, don't know... The createspace content filter is a lot stricter than Amazon's so I will only ever be able to release the tamer stories. [I have since released '17 Shades of Depravity' a compilation of most of my 2012 and early 2013 stories, and I've released Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning and My Tickle Torture Duology as well! So do check back, I will publish little bits of paperback.

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

A: No, they are done for me.

*Q: 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 in 'The Beautician Trap', but I can't be held responsible for the outcome.

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

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

*Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?*

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

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

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

*Q: Aren't your stories morally reprehensible?*

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

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

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



his brain – as so many men do.

*Q: So do you hate men?*

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

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

A: Nope, sorry hun, they're all products of my twisted imagination. (Though of course real-life experience can creep in from time to time.)

*Q: So there's no Samantha Burns/Fisher?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: I don't know... I have a bubbling cauldron of ideas in my head, as long as I still have some ideas I'll write more. I might even try to work these short stories into a long novel and put it out as a physical book using create space or something...

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

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

recommend both 'Aimee Allison' and 'Sandy Thomas' they've both written some excellent femdom.

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

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

*Q: Is Sabrina Jen Mountford your real name?*

A: No it's a pen name.

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

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