



**THE CLINICAL TRIAL :  
FEMALE DOMINATION,  
CHASTITY AND FORCED  
FEMINIZATION.**

**SABRINA JEN MOUNTFORD**

# **The Clinical Trial : Female Domination, Chastity and Forced Feminization.**

***With a bonus story.***

***~ By Sabrina Jen Mountford***

*Also by the same author:-*

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

*The Tormentress and the Boss*

*Slavery: Part 1 : Captured!*

*Slavery: Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.*

*The Male Bridesmaid*

*The Hypnotist*

*A Sissy Story : WPC Domination*

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

*Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination*

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

*Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor*

*The Harem Slave*

*Femdom : The Dressmaker*

*Femdom : The Ex's Revenge*

*Femdom: The Beautician Trap*

*Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission*

*Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself*

*The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress*

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

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

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

*Coming soon:-  
Femdom : The Game*

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

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

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

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

*Sabrina Jen Mountfords Authors Blog and profile:  
[http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina\\_Jen\\_Mountfords](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountfords)*

[ford/blog](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountford)

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

[Stacy's Game \(The Cuckold Chastity Chronicles - Sisyphus\)](#)

[Tatiana \(The Male Chastity Files Part I - The Abyss\)](#)

[Monaco \(The Male Chastity Files Part I - The Abyss\)](#)

Are excellent, well written, interesting and fun!

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

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

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

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Forward:-

What follows is my original collection of erotic fantasy fiction involving chastity belts, orgasm denial and forced feminisation. All of the characters and events within are entirely fictional and any resemblance to real life persons or places is coincidental. These works are fantasy fiction, and I do not condone or encourage any of the acts described in this story be attempted in real life. This is a very adult themed story – not suitable for under 18's. All characters involved should be considered consenting adults.



*For more information please see the FAQ at the end of the story.*

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*Enjoy the story.*

*~ Sabrina*

## **The Clinical Trial : Female Domination, Chastity and Forced Feminization.**

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It was a Saturday afternoon, I was sitting in my room in the halls of residence when it all started. I'd been hoping that University would bring a vibrant social life and a string of short term, sexual relationships. In reality it had brought financial ruin and barely enough money to pay the rent, let alone 'socialize'. I'd gotten my student loan, and was working part-time in a bar, but it wasn't really working out...

So there I was, looking through the University Intranet. I knew they did some medical trials and psychology experiments and such-like and I'd heard they paid well for more or less no effort. Anyway, after browsing deep into the intranet I stumbled upon a tiny, vague advertisement asking for healthy volunteers. The researcher was a Lauren Brown, doing a PhD, and the topic was simply listed as 'Effects of orgasm on the healthy male prostrate'.

Now immediately this sounded like a double winner. Firstly it paid £25 per week, unheard of for a medical trial, and secondly it sounded like part of it would involve this 'Lauren' giving me orgasms! What could be better? I sent a brief polite email, suggesting I was interested in participating, but not going into details. She replied, equally vague asking for a meeting in her office on the Monday. If anything she sounded very enthusiastic in the email, stating that she needed to find a subject within the coming week or her funding would be withdrawn.

The rest of the weekend passed without incident, I worked the bar, I tried to avoid spending money and I spent some time reading up on my studies.

When Monday came and my lectures were out of the way I made my way to the medical building. Her office took some finding, tucked away deep in the basement, a hand-written paper was stuck on the door reading, 'Sexual Health Study'... It got better and better... I knocked and upon invitation entered.

Her office was something like a doctors surgery, except instead of the typical couch, she had a gynaecology table, peculiarly - I noticed it had straps, such as those used to secure patients under general anaesthesia.

"Miss Brown?" I enquired, she span on her swivel chair. She was very beautiful and quite young, with long neatly tied back black brown hair, a smart suit on underneath with a satin blouse and a gleaming white lab-coat over the top. She adjusted her glasses with her index finger and studied me from head to foot, "Is it Marcus?"

"Yes!", I answered enthusiastically, fighting the urge not to develop a raging erection given the nature of this situation.

She gestured to a chair next to her desk, "Please, Marcus, take a seat - thanks for showing an interest in my study..." I sat down, "What exactly does it involve?"

She shuffled a few papers and leaned back in her chair, "Well, over the course of the study, I need to take some blood tests and measure the size of your prostate and testicles - nothing painful. I need to see you once a week, once we get started.... I am so glad you've come down today, I really thought my funding was going to be withdrawn and I was going to be kicked off the PhD, you've literally saved my career... Assuming you're happy to sign the consent form? You can withdraw at any time... And I know it's a little bit of an embarrassing topic, I just hope as mature adults we can work together and be professional about it."

I didn't want to giggle, I tried to keep a straight face, "So, to clarify, once a week you are going to measure the effects of me having an orgasm?" She smiled and nodded, "Initially, hmmm, after week one, I'll be measuring the effects, but we will start spacing the orgasms out over the rest of the

twelve month period."

I didn't initially appreciate the full scope of this so I simply smiled, and said, "Great, so when do we start?" She handed me a mountain of paperwork to sign, a medical disclaimer, consent form and that sort of thing - or so I assumed, quite a lengthy document actually - I scanned it, then decided it was safe to sign and signed. I handed it to her and she stood up, and gestured for me to do the same, "I'm afraid this is where the embarrassing bit starts, I need you to stand up, take off your trousers and underpants off, then stand with your hands on your head and your feet apart so I can measure you up for your device."

Now this was a bit full on, and a bit quick, but not wanting to disappoint I started to comply. Of course, as I stood there, my penis was standing almost vertically to attention. I could feel her hands running a tailors tape measure over everything, I had to look down, at which she stopped and looked up, "Please, look straight ahead so you don't effect the measurements, it's best if you keep your chin up and focus straight ahead."

I was finding this incredibly erotic, and it was showing downstairs. She worked for a while, occasionally writing things down then stood up, "I'm afraid I need to make you flaccid so I can see what your flaccid measurements are." She then opened a freezer in the corner of the room and pulled out a bag of frozen peas. She pressed them onto my genital area for a while then continued measuring...

Then it struck me - device? She said device? Without looking down I asked her, "Ahem, what device?" She finished writing up her measurements and stood up, "The University is going to outfit you with a bespoke Neo Steel Masterpiece, Stainless Steel Chastity Belt." I looked confused, "Chastity what?"

She pulled open a desk drawer and grabbed a printed photo out of it, "One of these, we'll lock this onto you - don't worry it'll be tailor made to so it will be very comfortable, but you won't be able to stimulate yourself while in the device." I frowned, "Stimulate?" She blushed a little, "Hmmm, \*ahem\* masturbate, or have penetrative sex..." My jaw dropped, and she averted her eyes slightly, "Well, erm, I appreciate you may have a sexual partner, so if you request one at the start, I'm authorised to order the front

attaching dildo so you and your partner can still enjoy, erm, penetrative sex."

I looked at the picture and scowled, "I thought this was about measuring the effects of orgasms!" She then looked puzzled, "I'm surprised you thought that given the study title!"

I nodded, "Seemed pretty obvious to me. Bring it up now - and you'll see!" She sat at her screen, opened a browser, then clicked on a favourite - then scowled, "\*Sigh\* I can't believe it... They've mucked it up AGAIN! It's supposed to say 'Effects of orgasm DENIAL on the healthy male prostrate' I'm really sorry... I suppose you don't want to do it now? \*Sigh\*... There goes my PhD... And my career..."

She started sobbing slightly, and had to grab a tissue, she was clearly really upset, and she was very beautiful... I thought, 'could I endure this?' Maybe helping her out would make her give me a chance with her? I could withdraw at any time! I stammered, "Errr... Erm, I don't mind... I'll do it anyway..."

She grinned immediately, "You will? Excellent! That's fantastic!" Then she stood up and kissed me on the cheek, "You're such a superstar, I won't forget this. Now - I've measured you up. I'll get your belt on order and call you back in once it's arrived for your fitting and initial measurements. Erm, you can erm... " She was looking at my naked undercarriage, so I pulled my pants and trousers up.

The following few weeks were fairly uneventful, I kept thinking about the almost surreal experience in the office, her soft hands gently manipulating my genitals while she'd measured... Obviously those weeks were heavy on 'stimulation' as she'd called it. Part of me was desperate to see her again, but there was that nagging thought in my mind, about having a chastity belt 'locked on to me' - still, I could withdraw at any time, so what did I have to lose?

She kept in touch of course, reassuring me that we'd be ready to start soon, we didn't see each other though - eventually she emailed me asking me to report to her office for my fitting.

I made my way back at the agreed time, with excitement and some



trepidation. When I got there I tapped on the door, and another girl opened the door, a slim, petit blonde with short-ish hair. "Hi, you must be Marcus, come in!" I was immediately unnerved by this turn of events, Lauren was in the room, and I could see a large box on her desk. She turned as I entered, and at that point I noticed the office was quite warm, "Ahhh, Marcus, I'm so glad you've come - you wouldn't believe how many people bottle out... You're really brave going through with this for us, and I really appreciate it - now strip, we don't want to get shaving foam on your clothes."

That was why they'd had a heater on! Oh well, at least they were thinking of my comfort.... I ran the sentence back in my head, "Shaving foam?" She nodded, "Yes, we're going to shave your genital area to make the belt more comfortable, strip, then up on the gynie bench." Nervously I began taking my clothes off, eventually I was pulling my pants off, and the other girl was patting the seat of the gynie table, "Come on, up you get." I looked uncomfortable at Lauren and hauled myself up, Lauren approached with a can of shaving foam and two razors, "Marcus, this is Karen, she's going to be helping me throughout the experiment."

I thought about complaining, it somehow seemed worse - being naked in front of two lab-coated young women wielding shaving foam and razors. In the end I decided I had to go through with it, so I lay back and felt them start pasting foam all over my genitals, they were both very gently, almost caressing my undercarriage, soon I was being wiped off with a towel and when I looked down my penis, testicles, and genital area was cleanly shaven. Lauren smiled, "All done! You can get up now."

I climbed off the bench while Lauren and Karen started washing their hands in a small washstand in the corner. I bent down to pull my pants on, feeling somehow more embarrassed and naked having no pubic hair. Lauren saw me out of the corner of her eye though and stopped me, "Don't get dressed yet, give us a minute and we'll fit your belt, we can see what we're doing better without your clothes in the way."

I paused, then dropped them, standing rather embarrassedly in the middle of the room, with my member standing to attention despite the exercise it'd had over the previous weeks. Karen at that stage, was finishing drying her hands, she grabbed the frozen peas from the fridge and pushed them onto my genitals, "Marcus, can you hold this here for me? We need you to

be flaccid so we can fit the belt." I complied, my member took several minutes to shrivel up, long enough for Lauren to have also dried her hands and begin unpacking the box. I could see it full of all sorts of stainless steel bits and pieces and couldn't imagine how it would fit together.

Soon enough Lauren was approaching with a stainless steel hip band and started trying it to see how it sat on my hips, she looked at me, "Are you ready do you think?" I could feel my penis quite shrivelled now, "I think so..." Lauren turned to Karen, "Karen bring the penis tube and the front shield. Karen complied and Lauren then placed a finger under my chin and pushed up, "Hands on head, look straight ahead - we need to get this just right."

I could feel the tube being slid onto my flaccid penis, it was very snug, they failed a couple of times and had to add some lubricant to get it in. When it was in I felt the front shield being pressed hard against my abdomen, forcing my penis downwards, and spreading my balls out. It felt very snug, but comfortable. Then I felt some fumbling around, a finger rubbing lubricant over my anus... Then something shoved hard up my ass and the click of a lock, I looked down, "Hey! What's that for?" Lauren stood up now, while Karen tried in various places to slide a finger behind the belt, failing each time, "It's a hollow tube with a sophisticated one way check valve in it. It means you can erm, poop, but you won't be able to insert objects into your anus. I have a key, which will open the valve so we can inspect your prostate." I scowled at her, "I never signed up for that! What's the point in that?" She pointed to the huge, lengthy consent form, "Actually, you did sign up for that... It's because in the past results have been messed up by men milking their prostates, for something similar to a ruined orgasm, it means you won't be able to do that, that's all. We're trying to measure the effects of semen and testosterone build up, so we can't allow subjects to release semen in any way, apart from when we're forcing an orgasm."

I wiggled my hips a little, it was comfortable... It just felt a little strange having a hollow butt plug locked up my ass. Lauren turned to Karen, "Is it secure?" Karen nodded, "I think so, I can't get access anywhere, and there is space to measure the testicle circumference. Lauren smiled, "Good, I think we're ready to make the first set of measurements then?"

I nodded, "Okay... But why didn't you do them before putting the belt on?" Lauren smiled, "Well, we're going to be taking all measurements with the belt on, so this way we get a uniform starting point, if the presence of the belt effects your anatomy it could skew the results."

I was about to say something, when Karen appeared with a small pair of callipers, "Marcus, try to relax, I'm going to measure your testicles now." Lauren had grabbed a clipboard, Karen knelt down and I felt the callipers squeeze one ball gently, then she did the other, calling out figures to Lauren who wrote them down. Lauren then pointed at the gynaecology bench, "Okay, up on the bench again, feet in the stirrups please." I complied and Lauren strapped one ankle down, Karen the other. Lauren ducked down towards my groin and I felt a click as the check-valve was opened, then Karen approached with a long and thin anal probe, then dived down so I couldn't see her, but I felt the long cold probe sliding in, then the click as she turned the light on.

"Yep, I can see it - I'm inserting the callipers now..." I could feel something else, then a pincer somewhere deep inside me... The Callipers squeezing my prostrate? She called out the figure, withdrew then Lauren locked the valve into it's one way function. The whole process was very erotic, and I started feeling myself growing then my penis hit some sharp spikes imbedded in the tube and I yelped in pain and grabbed at the belt, "Aargh! What the?!"

Lauren looked at me apologetically, "Sorry Marcus, we've found some subjects trying to stimulate themselves or having nocturnal emissions and skewing the results - so we needed to make it painful to have a full erection try to think of something that will turn you off."

I opened my mouth, "I never signed up for..." Lauren waved the consent form at me, "Sorry, you did... It's all in here - I'll give you a copy to take with you. You can get dressed now, we've got everything we need, we'll see you the same time next week?"

I carefully stood up, the sharp pain causing my penis to start to withdraw. Karen was handing me clothes, while Lauren had sat down and started entering the measurements in a spread sheet. As I finished, Karen dipped into the box, and handed me a bright green dildo, with fake testicles attached, "This is um, for erm.... If your partner and..." I groaned, "Don't

worry... I get it... How does it attach?" She knelt down and clipped it on to the belt, "This little catch here holds it, you slide it in, the twist the catch to get it off." Lauren cast a fleeting glance at me, and smirked, "Suits you... Your girlfriend will love it." I stammered, "I erm, I don't actually have..."

Karen shrugged, "Well take it anyway, you never know, you might get lucky during the course of the experiment - after all it is a long study."

I tried to unclip it, but it wouldn't come so Karen knelt down, and unclipped it making sure I saw how it was done....

Then that was it, they handed me a cheque for my first £25 and I was sent out with a discreet bag containing a mountain of paperwork that was the consent form and a green dildo with an attachment for fixing to my chastity belt. Almost as soon as I left the office I felt myself growing again and I had to brace myself for the pain. It came and it was excruciating. I had to support myself on the wall to avoid falling down. Eventually it subsided and I could begin walking again.

The rest of the day was torture, constantly trying to become erect, then the spikes putting me in my place. I began to become desperate to take my mind off it and threw myself into a heavy study session - which worked. The next issue came when I found myself needing the toilet. I needed a wee at first, but when I came to the toilet I realised the only exit for urine was at the very bottom of the belt. I would have to sit like a girl, my pants around my ankles as long as I was wearing the belt.

Luckily the belt was comfortable to sit in, and I managed to use some toilet paper to dry up the dribbles.

Again the cycle of torture, my glans being violently pierced on the spikes then withdrawing, started again, I tried to throw myself into some study, but it didn't work this time. I sent Lauren several emails, none of which were replied to, so by the evening I made my way back to her office - locked and empty. I thought about breaking in, but I decided against it, I could wait one night surely?

I'd been given my initial payment for the first week and so decided I could both use and afford a drink, some brewers droop would have been a big



help at the moment, if nothing but to keep my erections from piercing the end of my penis on the internal spikes in the belt.

Money was still tight so I decided to try the students union. It was a fairly run down room, deep in the old building of the university. When I arrived it was empty, save for a table with five girls sitting at it, a good distance from the bar. They were all young, and of varying attractiveness, they appeared to be drinking enthusiastically and giggling and laughing a lot. I wasn't in the mood for female company - given the probable effects it would have, and the painful outcome, so I stayed at the bar, ordered my pint and sat nursing it, looking forlorn.

Eventually one of the girls came over to me, she was petit and wore her dyed red hair in pig tails, she was dressed in alternative clothes and had a soft Scottish accent, she placed a hand on my shoulder, "Are you feeling down?" I chuckled at this, "A little... A little I admit..."

She leaned forwards to try and look me in the eye, "Why don't you come and join us?" Part of me was dreading this, but part of me thought - well if it was going well, and I thought there was something there, I could always pull out of the study? "Sure, why not..."

For some reason they made a space for me right in the middle of the bench, so I was snuggled up, almost smothered on both sides, by attractive young women, causing my member to grow and a shooting pain to make me grimace. The girl who'd brought me over screwed her face up, "Are you alright? I'm Leone, Lizzy here's just won a hundred and eighty pounds on the lottery, so she can buy you a drink." I tried to force a smile, "Just a little pain, I'll take that drink - in fact I'll take two if they're going."

Lizzie, I presumed, with short black hair and a very slim figure stood up, "Two pints of bitter?" I smiled "Wow, thanks', there's no need to!"

But she turned her back on me smiling, then wandered to the bar. The girls either side of me were sliding closer to me, almost rubbing themselves over me on purpose it seemed, we talked about ourselves, university life, the courses, student debt, halls of residence, the girls shuffled around and again start patting me on the thigh or putting their arms around me....

I was constantly fighting the urge to grow an erection, after a while and about five pints for me, and lots of Bacardi and cokes for the girls, Leone sighed deeply and looked me square in the face, "Can I ask you something Marcus? Are you gay?" I almost spat my pint out...

"No?! What on earth would make you think that?" There was a chorus of giggling, Leone gestured towards a fuller figured girl who'd had taken the first turn at groping me before Lizzy and Leone, "Hah, well... You see, Denise here had a little bet, she five pounds she could make you pitch a tent in 5 minutes of sitting next to you. When she didn't manage, we all decided to have a go - we've all been around at least twice, and you've no sign of anything down there!"

I looked at where she was looking - my groin, then realisation hit... I was quite drunk by this stage and forgot the sensitivity of what I was wearing, "Ohhhh that... No, no, I'm not gay, I'm just not pitching a tent because I'm wearing a chastity belt!"

There was a stunned silence, Denise was the first to chuckle, "You're wearing what?" Leone spurted some of her drink out and was laughing tears into her eyes, "A chastity belt? Does your girlfriend not trust you? Or are you worried about being raped?"

Lizzy's face lit up, "Oh my god, that is so cute... Why is she making you wear it?"

I went a little red, and started stammering, "I erm... I... " There was literally nowhere to look, Leone's face then lit up, "Och, you've got to show it to us! Can we see it?"

"I erm.... " Lizzy scowled at me, "Hmmp, it's the least you can do after all those drinks, in fact..." CLICK she'd snapped a mobile phone up and taken a picture of me, the flash was still dazzling... "If you don't show us, then I'll print this out, telling people how perverted you are in your 'chastity belt' and stick them up around the university."

I groaned, "I suppose it wouldn't hurt..." Leone stood up immediately, and the next thing I knew I was being marched away from the students union, still feeling quite worse for wear.

I was led to their halls of residence and marched up to their flat. Luckily they were a group which shared half a floor and a kitchen. They led me into their kitchen area, then Lizzy ordered me to strip, I protested, but under threat of the photograph and my secret being shared about the campus I complied, feeling I had no choice. They stood in stunned silence, walking around and examining it, trying to slide their fingers in.

There were gasps, discussions, fondling... they were clearly impressed. Leone offered a puzzled look, "Marcus, you still didn't tell us why she's locked you in it? Had you been a naughty boy?"

This caused a ripple of giggles. "No, there is no she... I'm participating in a medical trial about orgasm denial... When I get hard, it grows into some spikes and hurts..." Lizzy then piped up, "How long are you wearing it for?", "I really don't know... I can pull out at any time."

Denise smirked, "I doubt it - that belt is pretty tight!" I groaned, "No the study...." She chuckled, "Ahh... Seeing as we've got you here, I think we should have some fun with you." I looked at the door, and bent towards my clothes, but Lizzy scooped them up and stepped clear, "Ah, ah - oh no you don't, we've got that picture!" Click... "And now we've got another one, this one of you naked except you chastity belt."

I sighed deeply, feeling a little defeated, "What do you want me to do? I'm cold, can I get dressed?" Denise piped up this time, "Sure, in fact I think that's a great idea, in fact we'll help you get dressed, I think you would be about my size?"

This brought a roar of giggles, they took my clothes away to keep me from escaping and they started rummaging through Denise's cupboard for clothes. It wasn't long before they'd returned, wielding a bright purple satin prom dress, with matching knickers and bra, and some high heeled shoes. Leone spoke, "We think this should do - now, put it on, any complaints and your chastity belt photo's will be distributed - we've already copied them and they're ready to send."

Shaking I started dressing, Denise smirking and mocking me as I did, "It's quite appropriate really isn't it? After all, you're more woman than man now... We're going to make you all woman!"

The drunkenness was starting to level out now, I felt them pull the dress up over my shoulders and felt the narrow, Chinese style collar close around my neck, I felt Denise zipping me in tightly, I had to breath in slightly to accommodate it, but the thick lined, silky material was strong and held me firmly. As it pulled the collar tight I heard a click and felt a little weight drop on to the nape of my neck. I tried to reach up to feel what it was, but the dress was so tight I couldn't lift my arms, "What the..." Denise stepped in front of me, "A little padlock, through the zipper and through the little steel rings... So you can't take it off without our permission, thank Lizzy - it was her idea!" I realised what they'd done, the dress had a circle of metal rings sewn into it just below the neckline. Clearly they'd passed the little lock through the loop on the zipper pull and the metal ring that was sewn either side of the zip. I was in the dress until they decided to unlock me.

I was then brought stockings to wear which they helped me on with, then they showed me a curious pair of high heeled shoes. Lizzy held them up to me, shiny black mary jane pumps, with a six inch heel, and a thick leather strap attached to the ankle, with a thinner strap that seemed to go over the bridge of the foot. Leone pulled a plastic kitchen chair up to me, "Sit!" I sat down and they began shoving my stocking clad feet into the shoes, again the 'Click', 'Click' of padlocks closing could be heard and I felt my feet pushed into an uncomfortable arch.

They stood back to admire me for a moment, but one of the so far silent collaborators - whom I'd overheard called 'Chloe' sighed deeply. "There's something missing!" Leone grinned, "Chloe, get your make-up bag, we'll do fake lashes, mascara, foundation, blusher, lipstick, false nails, the works!" Before I could protest they were working on me, amidst my grimaces of pain, trying to force the erections not to grow before the head my penis was forced on to the sharp spikes. The final touch was when Lizzy appeared with a long hair, flowing wig - which she affixed to my head with a few clips.

They all stood admiring me for a few minutes, chuckling and giggling, eventually Chloe piped up again, "Come on Mary, I think you should stand up and give us a twirl, then you can see yourself in the mirror." I tried to get to my feet, but the heels were hard to balance in, especially as I couldn't see them due to the flowing ball gown, eventually I was stable, "Come on Mary, give us a twirl!" That was Leone, so I tried to turn around



amidst their guffaws, then they led me to a full length mirror.

I had to admit they'd done a remarkable job, my boyish looks were totally hidden I looked incredibly feminine. Leone turned to her friends, "I think he likes it, shall we pierce his ears?"

I groaned, "No, no, you can't pierce my ears!" Another mobile phone picture was taken, Lizzy piped up this time, "Don't be such a baby, every fourteen year old girl has had her ears pierced, are you more wimpy than fourteen year old girl? - someone get me a pin, I have some new studs on my dresser - we'll give him those..." And so I was forced to sit back down, watch helplessly as my ears were pierced too.

Denise sidled up to me, "Don't you think we've done a good job on you Mary? Don't you look pretty? Do you feel 'all woman' now?" I was almost crying, shaking with a mixture of fear and embarrassment, but I had to go along with them, "Yes..."

She leaned closer, "I think we deserve a reward don't you?" I nodded, not wanting to incur any wrath. Denise smiled, "Good... In that case - I'm going first." she led me into her bedroom, and stripped her lower half off, feminizing me had obviously been arousing her because she was dripping juices. She placed a towel on her easy chair and sat on it then leaned back, she closed her eyes and pointed to her vagina, "Well? What are you waiting for? Kneel, then get licking, you've got four more to do after me!"

Hesitantly I tried to kneel down, everything was hard in the combination of chastity belt, high heels and ball gown. Eventually I was down and I started licking furiously, while fighting back my constant, painful erection. She tasted a little fishy, bitter on the tongue and she was very, very wet. Juices were dribbling down my chin and she was soon moaning softly. She grabbed my head and started rocking her hips back and forth smearing pussy juice all over my nose and chin. Eventually my mouth was full of pussy juice and her clitoris was vibrating while she groaned a long moan and pulled my mouth into her pussy....

I couldn't breathe, my mouth was full of pussy juice, when I tried to pull away she pulled me in tighter... Then released me...

"Oh Mary... That was.... Amazing, run along now - you've four more to do!"

She climbed into bed, no doubt drifting off into a pleasant orgasm induced slumber. While I left, to service another... Every girl was serviced in her own room, by the end of the fifth one, I felt like I'd swallowed a litre of pussy juice and my tongue was sore from licking. Each girls door had closed with a click of their individual yale locks snapping locked. The last to be serviced was Leone, who took the longest to bring to orgasm. Afterwards she climbed in to bed, "Thank you Mary... That was fantastic, hasn't tonight been fun?"

I was busy pulling pubes out of my teeth, made all the more awkward by the ridiculous false nails they'd glued on to me, "Hmmm, fun? Not quite..." She chuckled, "Oh come on, it's not so bad - tell me it hasn't been a bit fun?" I frowned, "Leone, I'm not really into all this stuff... Even if I was, I can't enjoy it - every time I start to even get hard it hurts, it hurts like hell! Now, can you unlock the dress please? And get me my clothes?" She chuckled at this, "Sorry sweetie, I think Chloe has the key and Denise has your clothes? It doesn't seem right waking them. You'll have to leave it on until tomorrow..." I stammered, "Bu.. but my keys! Even if I can get home unseen my keys are in my jeans pocket!" Leone shrugged, "Oh well, looks like you're staying with us tonight, you can make us all breakfast in the morning, sleep on the sofa in the kitchen - I need to get to sleep now. And I mean NOW, talk to me in the morning - one more word and I'll start distributing photo's."

I sighed and half hobbled, half wobbled my way into the kitchen. I felt full of girl cum, the taste lingering and invading my nostrils, I could feel it drying on my nose, chin and cheeks... But there was nothing I could do - I settled down hoping to somehow get some sleep and get out of this mess in the morning.

Trying to sleep on their sofa was very uncomfortable. My feet were still locked into the 6" high heels, forcing my foot into an uncomfortable arch. I tried to slide my ankle through the strap, but it was too tight, so I tried wiggling the shoe back and forth to get my toes out - so I could at least flatten my foot, even if the shoe was left dangling by the strap - they were too tight. I spent twenty minutes desperately trying to free my feet, but eventually had to resign myself to sleeping in the 6" locking heels. I then tried to remove the dress, but it was too tight, there was no give in it at all, I did eventually manage to get a hand to the zipper holding me in, but it found the padlock, passing through the zipper and the two convenient

eyelets. I could have perhaps ripped the dress or looked for some scissors - but somehow I knew I'd be in trouble with Denise for ruining her dress. I could manage one night sleeping cross-dressed and at least my photo's wouldn't be up around campus. At least I could use the kitchen sink to wash my mouth out and try to wash the layers and layers of girl cum off my nose, chin and cheeks.

Helpless and frustrated I tried to fall asleep as I was, fully feminized, locked into the dress and heels and with recent memory of the night making my penis constantly impale itself on the spikes imbedded in the belt.

I hardly slept at all... Whenever I did start to drift off, the silky material rubbing all over my body, or the tightly locked high heels forcing my foot into an uncomfortable position - would remind me of my predicament and my penis would grow, impale on the spikes, then retract - waking me up over and over again.

Chloe was the first to wake up, she exited her room having had a shower, wearing a towelling robe and a towel around her hair. She woke me with the 'Click' of a camera and a chuckle. "Oh Mary, I'd forgotten we'd got a guest... Last night was wonderful... Hmmm, you've not made breakfast though? I think the girls would appreciate breakfast in bed. Start making everyone breakfast, the trays are in the top cupboard."

I groaned, tired and frustrated and tried to sit up, "I'm so tired... Aren't you going to get me out of this?" She shook her head, "No, I think you look pretty, hmmm, sweet in a dress, you can look after us until morning lectures start - then if you're good, IF you're good... Then we might think about letting you get changed."

I listened to her read off a list of what each girl liked for breakfast, and forced myself up off the sofa. Soon I was busy cooking and preparing various breakfasts and pouring drinks, making tea and taking each girl breakfast in bed, of course having to knock on every door to get them to let me in.

I finished with Leone again, who upon taking her tray said, "Thank you Mary, you can help yourself to some breakfast now, but you'll have to be quick - you've got a lot of work to do this morning."

I wanted to protest, but I was feeling helpless, bound by their threats of blackmail. I teetered back to the kitchen and started eating some cereal and drinking some tea. I'd barely finished when Chloe re-entered, "Mary? Why haven't you been and collected trays yet? You're going to miss your lectures if you're not careful - you've got to wash up, put a wash in, make the beds, dust, vacuum, iron... You'd better get going!"

I looked up almost in tears, "I... I can't do all that!" Chloe smirked, "Yes, you can, if you miss your lectures today you can try harder tomorrow."

I left the rest of my breakfast and started on my chores. There was barely time to breath, the girls all either studied or lounged around watching TV, while I rushed around doing all their jobs. I finally finished at about 1 pm, having had to skip dinner.

As I was finishing putting away their ironed clothes Denise appeared twirling a key, "Well done Mary, I think you've earned this... Hmmm, well nearly... I think you've just got time to service us all orally again, come on - I'm going first!" With that she dragged me back to her room and I knelt down and started eating pussy again, my tongue furiously trying to drive her to orgasm so it could be over with quickly.

The process repeated for each girl, and finally I found myself in the kitchen, standing there, feeling Denise unlocking my dress. It looked quite tired from all the work I'd been doing in it, and Denise gave it a disapproving look, "Hmmm, I don't think my old prom dress is really suitably attire for this Mary... You're going to have to take it to the dry cleaners for me."

Chloe then arrived with my male clothes, "Here you are sweetie... " I took them but immediately noticed there was no underwear, "Where are my boxers?" Chloe smiled, "Oh, I couldn't find those - you can keep those knickers - they suit you, and you should wear the bra too..."

I opened my mouth to speak, then deflated and pulled my t-shirt on over the top. I looked up, "Where are the keys to the shoes?" Denise looked at Chloe, "You had them didn't you?" She shook her head, "No, I think Lizzy had them?" It soon became apparent that the keys had vanished. Leone had a solution, "Your jeans are quite baggy, you should be able to get them on over the shoes and stockings? You'd better hurry though - you're going

to be late for your lectures!"

"I can't go out in these!"

"Well... We can't find the keys so I'm afraid you have no choice..."

I got dressed with a sigh over the female underwear and locked on 6" heels, then I looked pleadingly at them, "What about the make-up?" Chloe shrugged, "Oh Mary, you've been so good... I'll help you remove it."

And that was it - 20 minutes later I was leaving their flat wearing panties, bra, stockings, suspenders, and locking high heels under my male clothes, carrying the prom dress I'd worn the night before. To make matters worse, I had so little time I had to take the dress with me to lectures, and had to borrow writing implements and note paper.

Obviously I got rather a lot of funny looks, not just from the dress I was carrying, but a few looked at my feet and noticed the feminine shoes. The strap of course was hidden in the trouser, making people think I chose to wear female shoes. The fact that the dress appeared to be my size must have roused suspicions further.

After the lectures I decided I had to find Lauren and get out of the belt, the pain of my penis constantly being impaled was unbearable, as was the embarrassment and humiliation of serving Leone, Lizzy, Denise, Chloe and their roommate Lisa... Still carrying the dress I made my way back to Laurens office. Again, nobody was there! I had no contact telephone number, so I took the dress to the dry cleaners, then returned to my own accommodation, trying with difficulty to hide the fact that I was wearing high heels.

When I got back, I checked my messages, nothing from Lauren, she clearly hadn't been in the office. I decided to change my underwear for male underwear. After locking the door and getting undressed, I started to try and unfasten the bra, however when my fingers finally found the catch, I found another tiny padlock going through the material.

Instead I started pulling off the matching satin and lace knickers... Which weren't locked on, as I removed them, a tiny piece of paper fell out. I looked at it, it was a facebook page with my name in the title,

'<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Marcus-is-a-sissy-slut-chastity-whore/129340933751>' I groaned... And put some boxer shorts on, that at least felt better. I had another quick go at the shoes and stockings, but there was no escape.

I sat at my computer and entered the page address in Firefox, sure enough on that page were various pictures of me already uploaded. In the Students Union, in the flat - naked except the chastity belt, and several of me fully feminized... It was clearly me, there was no ambiguity, they were good quality photos and to make matters worse, someone had sneaked in and grabbed a photo while I was servicing one of the girls orally. You couldn't tell who I was servicing, but it was clearly a picture of me, fully feminized, eating pussy.

Underneath the photo's was a message, it read;

Dear Mary,

We enjoyed having you stay so much last night, we've decided to invite you to stay with us permanently. This page is up, but we haven't promoted it yet - you'd have to know the exact web-address to find it... At least until it's been indexed. We will start submitting this page to search engines, forums, blogs and directories at exactly 8pm tonight, unless you follow our instructions.

First of all, put your knickers back on - you won't be wearing any male underwear from now on. Secondly collect all your things together, and bring them over to our flat - hand your keys over to the University desk on the way, give them our address as your new forwarding address. Hurry along Mary, time is ticking.

PS: These pictures would look great in one of the popular fetish magazines, would you like to be famous?

~ The Girls

I stared at the page...

It was my worst nightmare... I looked around my room, there wasn't much, a laptop some clothes, some odds and sods, a big suitcase under the

bed to put it in. I didn't see I had much choice, slowly (The heels making it awkward to do anything.) I started packing up. I had to hurry, because walking in the 6" heels was next to impossible anyway, dragging a giant suitcase as well would have been torturous.

Part of me couldn't believe I was going through with this, but at the same time, my best chance of getting rid of the photos and taking that page down would be from the girls flat... And I could be out of the belt soon, I'd see Lauren, pull out of the study, then I'd just have to find a way to delete all the copies of the photo's somehow.

When I arrived back at the flat, it appeared the girls had been shopping... Lisa let me in, and closed the door behind me. She took me through to the kitchen, "We've been shopping for you!" As I walked into the kitchen, my calves burning now from the sudden onset of constant 6" heels, I saw bags upon bags of ladies clothes laid out. Chloe piped up, "The sales are still on, we've got you some great stuff!" I looked around in dismay, by now desperate to flatten my foot, or even sit down because of the painful heels. "Why are you doing this?" Denise appeared then, from the corridor, "Because we can? And it's fun! Anyway - you should appreciate it, seeing as you're not having a room we've decided not to make you contribute to our rents... You'll repay our generosity by looking after us of course..."

Leone had grabbed my case by this stage and started pulling things out. Eventually she'd taken all my socks and pants and got them in a pile, "First of all Mary, all these have got to go - come on..." She bundled them all into a carrier bag and amidst my protests took them outside to a metal rubbish bin, threw them in, then splashed lighter fluid all over them and struck a match.

As we stood watching them burn Lizzy put her arm around me, "How does it feel? Watching your male clothes go up in flames? We're going to have such fun with you!"

I was getting in a worse and worse situation. Chloe had stayed behind to set the Facebook page to private, but it was going to be left up and added to every time a new 'photo opportunity' presented itself. When my underwear had all burned up, they led me back into the flat. My calves were on fire, I could barely stand at this point, having never worn heels



suddenly being forced to wear them for nearly 24 hours without a break, "Please, can I sit down for a while? My calves are giving in!"

Lizzy looked at me sympathetically, "Hmmm, I think we can let you out of those now, just for a bit - you smell a bit stinky... I think we'll clean you up and make you smell nice!" I took in mainly the fact that I was getting a break from the heels. As she was talking Denise had walked behind me with a chair and pulled my shoulders down forcing me to sit. "Have a seat Mary." I looked up at her while Lisa undid and started pulling my trousers down, "Stop calling me Mary! I'm Marcus!" Lisa piped up, "Oh, knickers back on, good girl!" Denise tutted softly, "No you WERE Marcus... You're Mary now...."

Lisa removed my bra, suspender belt, knickers and pulled my stockings down to the ankles. Then she produced from one of the bags a set of steel shackles, which she placed around my ankles above the stockings.

The relief of feeling the hateful shoes removed, was immense, even though my legs were still cramping, it felt uncomfortable flattening my feet after such a long period arched. While this was going on Leone was pulling my T shirt off. I was naked again except the belt, and being herded into one of the en-suite showers. A steel collar was fastened around my neck and my hands were cuffed the steel bar which the shower head slid up and down upon.

So there I was, shackled, collared and hand-cuffed to the shower, with five girls crowding around gawping at me. Leone spoke first, "Urgh! We simply have to get rid of all that ghastly male body hair." This was met with a murmur of agreement, and the next thing I knew they were telling me to keep still while smearing hair removal cream over me.

It was left for a while, then when I was showered off, my body was totally hairless from the neck down. I was then washed with feminine shower gel and dried off thoroughly while in the shower. I felt somehow even more vulnerable now I was totally hairless. While I was being dried off, Denise and Chloe vanished, only to reappear wielding stockings and the same hated locking high heels. I looked at them pleadingly, "Please... Not the shoes..." Chloe knelt down, lifted my right foot and started pulling the stocking on, "Sorry sweetie, it's for your own good! The more we put you in them, the sooner you'll get used to them." Denise started work on the

other foot, "Besides Mary, we want to keep you in them all the time, so your calf muscle shrinks and tightens up - making it uncomfortable NOT to wear heels... When we've achieved that - perhaps we'll give you some normal heels to wear... Or some flats!"

This brought a murmur of giggles amongst my tormentors. I watched them helplessly as they forced my now stocking clad feet into the locking heels and locked them on tightly again. Soon I was being lead out of the shower, teetering in my heels again, my calves burning even harder than before. The girls had a quick debate as to which underwear to put me in, eventually settling on a lacy, satin, electric pink ensemble with matching corset. I was soon wearing the knickers, suspender belt and bra, and the corset was being laced as tightly as they could - taking my breath away. "Oooh, not so tight!" Chloe chuckled, "But we want to train you into a nice feminine hourglass shape! Breath in now, last pull!"

I complied and felt the corset constrict me by another inch. Then it wouldn't give, my breathing felt constricted, and the combination of the tightly laced corset and 6" heels were pushing my bum out. Before I knew where I was Leone was unpacking an outfit. I groaned as I saw what it was a black and white satin sissy maids outfit. "I'm not wearing that!"

A pain in my neck sent me scrambling to the floor pulling at the steel collar I'd now got locked on to me. I heard Chloe mutter to a murmur of giggles, "Hmmm, well the shock-collar works!" I was trying to get up, Denise had grabbed a small remote from Chloe, "Let me have a go!" I quickly grovelled at her feet, "Please no! I'll put the maids uniform on!" Denise tutted softly, "I think it's only fair I have a go..."

And with that I was on my back grabbing at the collar, writhing in agony.

Leone lay the uniform on the floor, "Come on Mary, hurry up, you've got work to do!" Obediently, not wanting to earn another zapping I started putting the maids outfit on.

Once I was ready, they sat me back down and started reapplying my make-up, nails and wig. Fed up of being electrocuted I complied and allowed them to work their magic. They finished this time with a spray of some very feminine perfume, and they stood around laughing at me, Denise eventually broke the chortles, "Mary, if you're a good girl and you can get

the flat all cleaned up again - then maybe we have a treat for you tonight?" I leaned forwards, "You'll let me go? And we'll say no more about this?" She beamed at me, "You'll have to work hard and we'll wait and see eh?"

I set to work, cleaning, washing, ironing, dusting, making beds... Then they had me cooking them dinner, and cleaning up afterwards... I was exhausted, I collapsed onto the sofa in their kitchen but my rest wasn't to last long. Chloe and Denise appeared from their rooms, Chloe was the first to speak, "Mary, we're really impressed with your work this evening... We've decided to give you a treat!" They were smiling in a predatory way, I groaned, "Can I take the uniform off then?" I couldn't believe I was asking permission to take the uniform off, I had to get out of this situation!

Chloe smiled at me, "Sure! I'll get you your next outfit!" While Denise untied my apron for me, then helped me out of the dress Chloe returned with fairly skimpy electric pink, satin dress with a high collar to hide the shock collar, but a short hem, and some breast forms, "We think you've earned a night out!"

I gasped, "I'm not going out in that! Someone will recognise me! You can put your stupid webpage up, I'd have nothing to lose if I..." Chloe was beckoning me with her finger, "No? Come look in the mirror, tell me what you see." I did as instructed, I had to admit I didn't look like me, with the corset, the heels, the wig - I looked passable, I looked very passable... I sighed, "I don't want to go out..." Chloe shrugged, "That's fine, we'll just un-private your page, we've sneaked some great shots of you in your uniform!"

I suddenly hit the deck, grasping at my shock collar, writhing in agony, Denise had appeared, "I don't know why you bother Chloe, we've got him where want him... Mary, would you like me sellotape the shock button down and leave you writhing on the floor while we go out? I think the batteries might run out after a couple of hours..." I struggled back to my feet, trembling with fear, "Alright, alright, I'll put it on!" Denise smiled, "Good girl... And you'd better start practising a falsetto voice... I'll help you - every time you forget I'll give you a zap to remind you?"

So the next thing I knew I was riding into town on a bus - the plan was to

go to a bar, then a club. Chloe, sitting next to me patted me on the thigh in a friendly way, "Oh Mary, this is going to be great - aren't you looking forward to our first girls night out?" I scowled at her, "N... Yes.." Denise had flashed the shocker at me... It was embarrassing enough as it was without being zapped to the floor.

Eventually we made it into town and walked to the first bar, I actually fancied a pint at this stage, but the girls refused to allow me what was considered a 'male' drink and instead bought me cocktails or Bacardi and cokes. I had now been forcefully feminized for so long, I was starting to get used to it - my penis was no longer constantly growing into the hidden spikes, I even started to relax and enjoy myself. They talked about university, boys, clothes, make-up... It was a window into another world and I was quite happy to sit and listen. Eventually it was past midnight and they decided to move on to the club. By this stage I was quite tipsy and had forgotten my falsetto a couple of times, which Denise mercifully corrected by merely flashing the remote at me. I was even getting used to the heels, though my legs were hurting from them, I was finding swinging my hips in a feminine gait better for maintaining balance.

Once we made it into the club, they found some seats and ordered more drinks. It wasn't long before some music they liked came on and they wanted to leave for the dance-floor, I confessed I didn't think I could dance in the heels so they agreed to let me look after their handbags, though Denise took the remote. It wasn't long after they'd got up to dance that I started feeling vulnerable. There a certain safety in a crowd and I noticed several men eyeing me up... I chuckled internally at the idea of them undressing me with their eyes, I don't think they understood what was really going on down there.

Eventually a young man in a white shirt, carrying a pint sidled onto the seat next to me. I froze.... He gestured to my feet, "Love the heels honey, they're so hot!" I shrugged and threw him a smile, he started talking about himself, his name was Gary apparently. He wasn't at the university but worked at the local estate agent. He would occasionally ask questions about me, but I was suitably vague and evasive, careful to try to maintain my falsetto and thankful for the dim lights in the club. The girls had noticed what was going on and chuckling to themselves. They made no effort to come over and rescue me. In fact, when he started professing how attractive I was, Denise gestured from the dance-floor that if I didn't

kiss him... She'd give me a zap...

He was soon going for the look in the eye, the subtle lean... I couldn't get zapped now! I reciprocated and soon he was all over me, fondling my breast-forms and exploring my mouth with his tongue. He was obviously completely fooled. The snogging session continued for some time, while he groped and fondled me... It did make me feel a little sorry for genuine girls who found themselves in this situation, he was quite forceful, and almost suffocating... He was clearly enjoying himself, eventually his hand was in my crotch, rubbing the belt through the satin dress, I moaned as my penis started to grow into the spikes again... He took this as meaning I was enjoying it and started rubbing more enthusiastically. The pain was becoming unbearable, I had to do something, every stab of pain caused me to moan and him to think I was enjoying it and rubbing harder.... In desperation I pushed his hand away and reached down to his groin. He was fully erect and quite big, so I started gently massaging his manhood, to which he sighed deeply... Soon we were snogging, he was groping my breast forms and I was massaging his cock. The girls arrived back from the dance-floor, smirking at me, "Oh, Mary - who's your friend?" I pulled away and gasped, "Gary... Gary, this is Chloe, Denise, Lizzy, Leone and Lisa. They all smiled, but Leone patted me on the knee, "Come on hot stuff, it's time we were getting back..." I breathed a sigh of relief, but Gary leaned forwards, "You could always, erm, stay at my apartment tonight? I'll get you to the university tomorrow morning?" This brought a chorus of giggles from the girls - he clearly thought sex was on the menu. Chloe sighed deeply at him, "Sorry lover boy - she's got to get back, she's got a lot of work to do tomorrow!"

I sighed deeply, he looked somewhat crestfallen, and as the girls were getting their things together he stood up and pulled me up out of the seat, "Wha..." He glared at me now, "You can't leave me like this! Surely you can finish what you started?!" Chloe meanwhile had overheard and joined us, "Oh, Mary, there's a big line for the taxi's, why don't you take him down the alley, behind the club... Show him what that famous tongue of yours can do?" Gary seemed a bit unnerved at this, but he was pitching a tent so hard his trousers looked like they were going to rip, looked me dead in the eye, "Come on! It won't take a minute!" I smiled, and before I knew it he was up against a wall in the alley, and I was kneeling, licking and sucking his member, tears in my eyes making my mascara run. He was groaning with pleasure, I sucked harder, then swirled my tongue

around his cock and started to masturbate him a little with my hand... He grabbed my head and started rocking it back and forth onto his cock, then it started pulsing harder....

As he came he pulled my head hard into his groin, forcing his penis to the back of my mouth and squirting what seemed like a litre of cum down my throat. I almost gagged, but he held my head steady and allowed himself to empty. I couldn't breathe, my mouth was full of salty, sticky cum and his pubes were stuck in my teeth and up my nostrils.... He eventually released me, once I'd been forced to swallow all of his semen. I staggered upright and he looked elatedly at me, "That was amazing... You really know how to give head... Can I see you again?" I was already turning around and backing away, "Maybe..." And I teetered away as fast as my 6" heels would allow me. The girls had secured a taxi and gestured for me to sit in the back.

They were all chuckling at me, Lizzy made the first comment, "Well Mary, that your first time giving head? How was it?" I scowled at her, "Vile! Disgusting, urgh... I want to throw up!" Leone piped up, "Well, now you know what it's like at least?"

The comments continued the laughs and the jibes carried on - eventually we were back at the flat and I was exhausted and feeling sick. Once the door was locked Lisa grabbed my hand, "Come on Mary, we've been so good to you, taking you out - I think you owe us our bedtime treat? I'm going first tonight!" I groaned, "No..." Denise held up the shocker, "Come on Mary, I'm going second..." And so I had to service every girl orally each in turn, the slightly fishy taste of stale girl cum mixing with the already salty flavour of Gary's cum. By the time I'd finished the last, Leone, my face was smeared with pussy juice, my mouth was full of pubes and I felt like throwing up. Before she ushered me out she pulled out another bag, "One last surprise for you today Mary..." I took the bag, it was a full length silky feeling satin nighty with lots of lace, in stunning purple... I started crying...

Leone pulled a mocking face of sympathy, "Awww, poor Mary, she's overcome by our kindness, come on, let me unzip your dress!" I allowed her to, my legs felt like fire after spending yet more hours locked in the heels, "Can you please let me out of the heels?" She gestured for me to hold my hands up, then started feeding the nighty over my head, "Oh Mary, we're

trying to train your feet and your calves, a few more weeks, those calves will have shrunk enough that you have to always wear heels, be patient, we'll soon get you there." I allowed the nighty to slip down and sobbed at her, "I don't want to have to wear high heels!" She put her arm around me, "You're ours now, we want you to have to wear heels - you'll get used to it... You'd better get to bed now though, you've a lot of work to do tomorrow."

And so another day, I felt more helpless and under their control than ever before. The days passed slowly, they would allow me to go to lectures in male over-clothes, a polo neck hiding the shocker, and I would spend the rest of the day feminized and doing their chores for them. I kept trying to see if I could get rid of the photo's online they'd posted - but with no success, I could rarely get at their computers let alone get anything off them. They would periodically force me to service them orally, usually each in turn... Before long a week had passed. It was time to see Lauren again. I'd tried to see her several times in the week, but she'd always been away from her office and I hadn't been able to contact her any other way.

When I did eventually find their office unlocked, it was a full week and time for my next appointment. Lauren and Karen were both sitting at her desk. Lauren smiled as she saw me come in, "Ahhh... Marcus, you're here! Are you ready for your first orgasm?" I saw her eyes follow me down to the feet, where the locking heels were still installed. "Marcus, why are you wearing girl's high heel shoes? I sighed deeply and started recounting the story, the students union, the flat, the way it had escalated - how they were black-mailing me. She had to stifle a chuckle a couple of times, but tried to look concerned. At the end of it I said to her, "Lauren, I can't go on like this - I'm going to have to pull out of the study and somehow get my male life back." She then looked very crossly at me, "Hmmp, well that's wonderful isn't it? I have to sacrifice my career because of YOUR stupidity!" I glared her "I'm sorry?" She rolled her eyes, "You are an idiot Marcus, in the pub you could have said you WERE gay, you could have said, 'It's not that, I just don't find any of you lot attractive.' You could have said anything!" I looked down shyly, "But they were..." She stood up, visibly annoyed and crossed to the computer, "Well, we'll get that belt off you and I hopefully won't see you again... Thanks for ruining my career..."

I sighed, at least I was getting the belt off. She started tapping at the



computer while Karen sat looking disappointed at me. Eventually the printer whirled into life, and she handed me the sheet, "Here's the bill, you need to get it paid before they'll release the key."

I stared at the bill.... £3756.40 +VAT It was the price of a pretty decent car, "What's this? I thought you said I could pull out at any time!" She sighed deeply, "Check the consent form, page 74, paragraph 113.4, If the subject decides to withdraw from the experiment he agrees to refund the university the cost of his chastity belt before the key shall be released." I stared at her, "I don't have £3000 ! I don't have £300, I barely have £30!"

She shrugged, "Not my problem... I don't have a key anyway - and I'm certainly not covering your bill... You should have read the consent form before signing!" I scowled at her, "I didn't expect anything like that!" She shrugged again, "Maybe you've learned an important lesson from this? Read before you sign?"

I glared at her, "I'll cut it off!" She climbed to her feet and opened a cupboard, where another chastity belt was sitting, she removed it and placed it on the table, "Good luck with that, this was previously worn and is still currently owned by a previous participant. They said exactly the same thing, eventually they managed to raise the funds to pay their way out. This scratch here, hacksaw, this dull bit here - angle grinder... The whole thing is high tensile steel, even if you could cut through it, it would get so hot it would cook your genitals - but by all means have a go... Alternatively, we can forget that little speech and get on with the experiment? You are due for your first orgasm. Just as soon as we've taken the blood sample." They sat me down and took the blood sample... All the while I was thinking about the prospect of an orgasm, but also the pain of my spikes.

As they finished drawing blood, I stared at Lauren... Then the thought of an orgasm grabbed me and my penis started growing, "B.. But what about the spikes?" Lauren smiled, "There's a mechanism in there which makes the spikes retract at the right time - I promise you won't get pierced."

I sighed... It didn't seem like I had much choice... "Okay... Where do you want me?" Lauren pointed with her pencil, "Strip, stand in the middle of the room, hands on head." I started stripping and Lauren and Karen broke into laughter when they saw my sexy lingerie including the tightly laced

corset and bra (Though thankfully the girls at least allowed me to leave the breast forms when dressing male.) Karen chuckled, "Hmmm, sexy.... Don't take the underwear off - I rather like you in it... Be a good girl though and pull your panties down." This had Lauren bursting with laughter... I complied, thinking it would be worth it to finally get an orgasm. So teetering on my heels, knickers around my ankles, I stood there and Karen used her callipers to measure my testicles for diameter, then Lauren unlocked the check valve at the rear and I felt callipers being inserted up my anus and squeezing my prostrate. Once all the measurements were taken, Lauren opened her desk-draw. I was smiling, "Is it time for my orgasm? Are you unlocking the belt?" Lauren pulled what looked like a long barrelled pistol out of the draw and gave me a confused look, "Didn't I tell you I don't have the key? No I'm going to use this on you, it's called a Bailey Ejaculator, designed to make Rams and Billy Goats ejaculate for semen sample gathering. It's been shown to be effective in humans too though... Try to relax, you may feel a little discomfort."

I started shaking, "I don't like the..." Lauren donned her nitrile gloves with a snap and handled the ejaculator and a bottle of rectal lubricant, "Hush, this will be over in a second - try to relax, it's important to use this, because I can measure the intensity of the pulse required to make you orgasm, then as part of the trial we can establish how much easier orgasm becomes through lengthy periods of denial. Hands back on head, look straight ahead."

I had to comply; she vanished behind me out of view. I could feel her kneeling behind me, "Inserting the probe now..." I felt something cold and lubricated forced through the open valve and up my back passage. Then I heard a click, "The probe is locked in place, the unit has power, spikes are retracted, Karen can you press the hold button on the display the minute you see evidence of orgasm?" She stood watching my face and Lauren started turning a dial, "Increasing intensity." I could feel pins and needles in my groin... "Increasing intensity..."

I groaned and semen started dribbling out of the urine hole at the front of the device. When I opened my eyes, my legs felt funny and I almost fell over - the 6" heels not helping matters... Karen and Lauren were making notes and entering on the computer. When they'd done Lauren removed the probe and re-measured my prostrate and testicles, I begged her, "Can

you leave the spikes disabled? Please? It would be much easier to bear!" Lauren shook her head, "Sorry hon, the spikes only retract at the coded pulse, power signal from this unit when it's plugged into the mains... I've got you all locked up again, are you managing to use the toilet okay" I scowled at her, "It's not easy, sometimes it takes a push to get the valve to open." She shrugged, "That's normal... You can pull your knickers up now... \*Chuckle\* We'll see you again next week? By the way love the underwear!" I was bright red again...

Soon I was leaving her office, wobbling on my heels and feeling a little dizzy. It hadn't been what I'd call a 'great' orgasm, somehow it being artificially, electrically induced caused it to lose some of the euphoria, almost like a ruined orgasm, maybe something in between...

When I got back to the flat, the girls put me back into the maids uniform and my daily routine of working, then servicing the girls orally started again...

Life had become totally surreal, every day spending the evenings and nights fully feminized, going to lectures belted, and wearing my female underwear... The nightly routine of 'kissing' all the girls good-night with an orally induced orgasm... They'd developed a code word for it, 'Aren't you going to kiss me good-night?' they'd say. Any thoughts of socializing or having a girlfriend were out of the window now, I was either at lectures, studying, doing chores or servicing the flatmates orally. They gradually started trying to teach me to apply my own make-up, it was a long process, but their strict regime of punishment meant I had to do my best. My page grew and grew, soon there were hundreds of images... They took me out on several nights out too, occasionally a nightmare like that first night would happen, but I learned to make it less and less likely.

My visits to Lauren continued...

The next weeks appointment was simpler - they measured me, then sent me on my way. We'd chat, I was finding myself looking forward to my appointments more than anything, I really enjoyed being in Lauren's company - despite the bizarre circumstances.

Once I was getting used to the constant high heels, and almost constant ladies garments and make up, it did actually help my studies I found

studying something enjoyable to focus on... Even though invariably I was doing it wearing a maids uniform and full make-up, it did help stave off the painful erections. Over the course of time the girls got me some plastic high heels to wear in the shower. I was never allowed to shower myself, it was always with at least three girls supervising me. I could feel my calves tightening up, that brief moment as they changed my locking heels for the plastic ones I would try to flatten my foot, it was getting harder and harder each time I showered. On the plus side, wearing heels was getting easier.

A downside was that the girls started 'renting' me out to other flats in the block. The story was that Chloe's rich dad had hired them a live-in maid. It got a bit much when several males, not realising that it was me in this predicament started making sexual comments, asking for dates or worse trying to seduce me while I cleaned their flats.

I got used to not thinking erotic thoughts and the painful incidents with the spikes lessened, it ended up feeling like I was a piece of meat, useless, but there to be used and abused by anyone and everyone...

I soon realised the pattern of orgasms with Lauren too, it was an exponential increase in time between orgasms, every week I would be measured, but it would be double the previous gap between orgasms. So week 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64... Would all be orgasm weeks, every other week I would simply be measured. I did manage to have several attempts at removing the belt, but as Lauren had indicated it was impossible. During the visits with Lauren she would tell me about her boyfriend issues, always complaining about how selfish he was or that she'd caught him masturbating again. We became closer and closer... She asked me how I was coping living with the girls and was generally very sympathetic, although she found my female under garments erotic too, she eventually admitted to me.

It was the week after week 64's orgasm, I'd been feminized and belted for over a year when I entered her office to be measured. She was crying this time, "What's the matter?" She looked up at me, "Oh nothing... I should be glad... I'm finally rid of that loser... Come on - strip, let me take your measurements."

I started stripping as requested, As I removed my jeans I looked her

straight in the eye, "What happened?" She pointed to my groin, pull your knickers down, there's a good girl." I complied, the embarrassment now long gone because of familiarity, "Oh, he's just a selfish pig.. I couldn't take it any more - the trouble with males... All males is they are too.... Hmmp! Male!" she looked at me, in my corset, bra, suspender belt and stockings... With my knickers around my ankles... I didn't wear a wig anymore, the girls had forced me to grow my hair long and had since paid for me to have extensions at a ladies hair dresser. They'd also since forced me to grow my finger nails and part of the weekly routine was going for a manicure - all the girls together...

I looked decidedly female, she looked at me thoughtfully, "Except you of course!" I shrugged, " I don't know how I got into this mess... I blame you mainly..." she measured my testicles, then unlocked the valve and measured my prostate - then locked me shut again. Then she stood up, "I like you... I like you like this... You seem so much more.... Feminine than other men, and that's nice..." She was trying the look, I responded and the next thing I knew her crisp white lab coat was rubbing up against me and her arms wrapped around each other and interlocked, we were kissing enthusiastically and she was rubbing her groin up against my chastity belt... Then she was gently herding me towards the gynaecology chair. She rushed and grabbed a spare Snap-on dildo out of her desk drawer and fixed it to the clip on my chastity belt. Before I knew where I was she was strapping my high heeled ankles into the restraints, then stripping naked...

She was on top of me, riding the plastic member up and down and moaning softly. My penis had generally learned not to become erect, but this was too much, as she came my glans stabbed into the spikes and I squeaked quietly with pain... She came and dropped onto me holding me tightly... We embraced for a moment, she allowing the orgasm to gently subside and me simply lying there feeling frustrated. Eventually she climbed off and unstrapped my heels from the restraints, "Oh Marcus, I love you, I love you as you are, and I want us to be together!" I slowly got to my feet, wobbling on my high heels again, "I love you too Lauren, I think I have since I first met you... But I don't see how I can get away from the girls... "

Lauren stepped back and rubbed her chin thoughtfully... "Hmmm, I have access to all sorts of experimental drugs here... You make all their meals... I think we can come up with something... Go back to them, act normally,

next week I'll have a plan..."

So I returned to my duties, for another week, I cleaned house, dressed as a feminine maid, and serviced all five girls orally at least once per day... The following week, Lauren took her measurements as usual and recorded everything. Afterwards she said to me, "Marcus, I think it's time we solved your little problem. Here... Take this little bottle of tablets, keep them secret... When you get back to the flat, pop one in the next round of drinks you make for the girls."

"Hmmp! What are they? What do they do?"

"They're an experimental drug, designed for use in mental institutions... Never got licenced. The technical name is Flunotrazidipanadol, but we called it 'compliance' when we did the tests."

"And what will it do? I mean, they've been pretty awful enslaving me the way they have but... I don't know if I want to harm them!"

"Oh no, these aren't harmful, the reason they didn't get licenced is probably because they work TOO well. They won't harm your 'friends' they'll just make them more... Hmmmm, agreeable? It makes the patient very susceptible to suggestion, the problem is the person's sense of self-preservation and humility can be overpowered by this drug. If you spike their drinks with this, they will be powerless to do whatever, and I mean whatever you tell them to do... I expect you to consider this and to use act responsibly..."

I held the little bottle up and looked at it chuckling, "Oh Lauren, this is going to be fun... I've been waiting so long to get my own back on them!"

She raised an eyebrow, "Well, don't forget what I told you, once you've secured your release, come straight back to me."

"I will..."

With that I left and returned to the flat. Leone opened the door for me, "Hmmp! You're late! Where have you been?"

"Sorry Mistress Leone, I was attending my appointment for the trial."

“Hah! Well, I think you’ve earned yourself a punishment, we’ve been too lenient with you.”

“Not the shock collar please!”

She smiled evilly, “I have a better idea, put your uniform on, then report to my room.”

Gingerly, unsure of what she had in mind I removed my outer male attire and donned the black satin maids uniform for what I hoped would be the last time. When I knocked on Leone’s door she called from beyond, “Enter!”

I pushed the door and stepped in. Due to my excitement at finally getting out of this predicament, I forgot to curtsy as had become the rule. She noticed immediately and raised an eyebrow, “No curtsy? I think we can add a dozen strokes for that, to help remind you.”

I curtsied humbly, “Yes, Mistress Leone, sorry Mistress Leone.”

She was dressed for a night out in a fairly skimpy little red dress in satin, with matching red high heels. She was sitting on her swivelling office chair and pointing to her knee. “I think it’s time I gave you a thorough, severe spanking don’t you? Well...What are you waiting for? Over my knee, NOW!”

I groaned internally, I was so close, I had the tablets in my jean pocket! Not wanting to risk giving away that something was afoot I lay carefully on her knee. “Good girl... Now hands behind your back, grab your right elbow with your left hand and vice versa.”

I complied and felt her grip my wrists together hard, with her spare hand she hitched the skirt of my dress up and pulled my panties down. The belt didn’t cover much at the rear leaving my buttocks open and vulnerable. First she caressed them softly, I felt her long fingernails gently stroking... Then, SMACK! I jolted on her lap and yelped. Leone simply chuckled at me, “My, my, low pain threshold you have Mary... I think we should have been stricter with you, you’re fairly obedient now, but I can think we can make an even better slave out of you, if we can beat some obedience into you.”



Smack!

She began working into a rhythm, spanking me as hard as she could. I felt helpless to try and escape and found myself simply waiting for it to end. Eventually her hand was hurting and her strokes were getting less, though my bottom was red raw by this point.

She held me down on her lap, “How was that for you Mary? Aren’t you going to thank me?”

“Thank you for correcting me Mistress Leone...”

“Good girl, now up you get and start making dinner, the others will be back soon.”

My bottom sore, I teetered on my high heels through into the kitchen. I made a pot of tea, making sure to crush up some ‘compliance’ into the pot... Part of me was sceptical it would work – but the very thought of it working was enough to warrant a try.

The girls eventually filed into the kitchen and sat down, I took the tray over and poured each girl a nice piping hot cup of ‘compliance’ laced tea. For it to work, they really had to all drink.

Chloe took her drink first, and looked up frowning at me, “Why haven’t you made dinner yet Mary!?”

I curtsied and smiled, “Sorry Mistress Chloe, I didn’t know what you wanted for dinner tonight.”

“Hmmmph! Pathetic excuse... Pasta, make pasta.”

Dutifully I started warming up the sauce and boiling water while the girls drank their tea and chatted about the day. As they talked I noted a slur in their voices gradually present itself. Turning to look, their eyes looked glazed and they seemed, almost in a dream... It was time, I had to test the drug to see if it had worked. I approached, “Lizzie, get the camera...”

“Okay...”

She got up and wandered out of the room, the others appearing to find this confusing, troubling even... But somehow unable to think straight. Internally I was giggling with glee, the sword of Damocles was dangling over their heads now and it was about to fall.

Lizzie reappeared with the camera, I held out my hand, "Give it to me."

She handed it over with a confused look on her face but no hesitation. I turned to the group, "Now strip, all of you!"

Still in a dreamlike state they complied, all seemingly a little confused as to what was going on... Soon I was standing in the kitchen with all five of them naked... I turned to Leone, "Leone, touch your toes, everyone else queue up behind in a line... Not you Denise – you can go on to everyone's computer and delete every image you have of me, wherever it may be, on the computer the internet, camera, hard copies – everything."

Denise smiled looking a little baffled, "Okay..." Then she wandered off. I turned to Chloe next, "Now, I want you to give Leone a good hard spanking, Leone I want you to thank Chloe for each stroke, Lizzie, you can go and get that garden cane out of your room."

They all complied, soon I had Chloe and Lizzie taking it in turns to alternatively spank and cane Leone, Leone was thanking them after every stroke. When Denise returned, I gestured towards the intense corporal punishment session that was going on before me, "Take the camera and start taking pictures and filming."

"Okay..."

Again, there was that slight stupor about her, as if she was not quite in full control of her faculties. Leone was squeaking and jolting as the blows landed, thin, red weals appearing on her buttocks as the cane swished through the air and landed on her buttocks with a crack. I held out my hand to Denise, "Give me the camera, then go and get the keys to my shock collar."

"Yes..."

I carried on filming Leone's humiliating punishment as she vanished

momentarily, then returned with her key. “Unlock me.”

“Yes...”

It was such a relief to be free of the collar, I grinned wickedly, “Now lock yourself into the collar.”

Without pausing she snapped the locking shock collar onto her own neck. I flicked the camera across to her, “Now tell the camera how much you like pain, then use your remote to shock yourself.”

“I like pain... Aargh!”

The jolt when she’d activated her own shocker caused her knees to bend, I kept the camera trained on her, “Again, this time say how you love pain and can’t get enough – then give yourself a good long shock...”

“I love pain, I can’t get enough... Aaaargh! Owwww....Ahhhh!”

She was soon on the floor struggling to hold down her shock button and writhing as the pulsed electricity made her fit and spasm slightly.

As she panted on the floor, looking clearly distressed and very confused I leaned down, “Now shock yourself until the batteries run out...”

“Y..y...yes... Aaaargh!”

As Denise applied constant electricity to her shock collar I turned my attention to the others, the camera still rolling, “Now I think Leone has had enough, get in a circle – and spank each other – hard as you can.”

They all nodded compliance and organized themselves into a circle and began a round robin of spanking, each squeaking and jumping as the others landed blows on them. Meanwhile Denise was panting and grunting as she continued to shock herself.

It was great footage...

I left the camera in a position to get all the action, then put my jeans and male over clothes on again. They’d long ago destroyed my male

underwear, but I was willing to go commando so I also left the bra and panties off.

I then borrowed one of their ensembles and makeup remover and removed all my makeup, it felt so good to look a semblance of male again. I was almost tempted to cut my now long hair off too, but in the end I decided to sort it out later.

The only remnant of my forced feminization, was the locking heels, but I was worried that my foot wouldn't go flat by now even if they were removed. I walked back into the kitchen, and amidst the yelps and squeaks, and Denise writhing around on the floor I leaned down to Denise, "Stop shocking yourself, and get the key to my high heels."

A look of relief grew on her face as she stopped the electro-torture. I watched her climb to her feet and wander off to get my key. I slipped it safely into my pocket

I sat on one of the kitchen chairs, "Denise, lie on my knee, and beg me, as sincerely as you can to give a good, hard, spanking... Beg me for a hundred of the best."

She complied, shaking, seemingly unable to resist. Once she'd installed herself over my knee she spoke, "Please, please give me a good hard spanking, please give me a hundred of the best."

I chuckled, "Well, seeing as you've asked so nicely..." My hand rose and fell, Denise counting out the strokes and thanking me for each one.

By the end of it my hand was red raw... I packed up my things, then told them to line up in front of me as I sat on the sofa. I sat for a minute, enjoying their looks of feeling sorry for themselves and unlocked the high heels... This was going to feel so good... I'd been heel-toeing and swinging my hips for over a year now, this was going to be pure ecstasy... Slowly I pulled my foot out and tried to flatten it... It wouldn't go... I tried to pull my toes up as hard as I could... Nothing, barely a twitch. The girls were giggling at me again. I looked up at them, said nothing, then with a deep sigh slid my foot back into the torturous shoe and fastened the strap up again, then clicked the padlocks shut. It felt so strange to be locking myself back into the heels, after dreaming of walking flat footed for so

long...

Over the course of time, they'd bought me more maids outfits too... As I looked down the line I had an idea for one final punishment. I pointed at the maids uniforms, "Alright, seeing as you're leaving me stuck in heels... Everyone put one on! " They looked at each other, then slowly, compliantly dressed themselves in the uniforms.

I held tipped some more 'compliance' tablets into my hand and held the hand out, "These are a drug called 'compliance' they make you obey, they destroy your ability to refuse a request... Everyone take another one, just so you've all had a good strong dose."

Without thinking each of my former tormentors took a tablet and swallowed it in one... It was priceless, it even worked when they knew they were drugged, and even worked in asking them to increase their dose. I looked at Denise, "Now Denise, tell the rest of them which photographs you've destroyed – "

She rattled off a list of places where my embarrassing photo's had been stored and had now been deleted. I turned to the others, "Now, tell me any other places where your photos of me are stored."

There were some confused looks and it was clear that they were all gone! I was in the clear... I looked at them all and thought about a final 'goodbye gift' I could give them to teach them a lesson.

"First of all, I want you all to lie on the floor in a circle, I want to film you all servicing each other orally at the same time."

They nodded, lay down and began. For this to work they lie in strange positions, and it took some time, but eventually all five girls were enthusiastically servicing the next in line while being serviced themselves. I watched them and filmed for a solid ten minutes before telling them to stop and get up.

"Now, I want you all to call at the fetish shop and purchase buy high security handcuffs and whitehead gags, the steel mouth spreaders dentists and ENT doctors use to keep patients mouths open. They nodded agreement.

"Now I want you to go and chain yourself up outside 'The Cage' the fetish

club in the seedier part of town? You will put a sign around your necks saying, 'I am a public toilet and cum repository, please fill me up', you will then fix your whitehead gags in with a strap and handcuff yourselves, hands behind your backs to the railings.

They nodded and started filing towards the door.

By early evening they were outside the local fetish nightclub. IChloe handcuff all the other girls on their knees, arms behind their backs to the railing outside the club, then Chloe went down the line fitting the whitehead gags and fastening the head strap behind their heads making it impossible to close their mouths or escape. She then hung some pre-prepared signs around each ones neck, each sign read, "I am a public toilet and cum repository, please fill me up." When they saw each other's signs I chuckled... They were compliant though, they weren't horrified and didn't struggle. The club would open in less than an hour, so I stood in front of them, "I'm going to sit in the bar across the road tonight, and watch you all service your many, many customers... When the club closes at 5am if you can get someone to unlock you all, then you're free! I'll be watching of course, I'm going enjoy watching you all see to your customers." With that I hung a chain around each Chloes neck with a key to the sets of handcuffs, in such a way that it could only be retrieved by a third party and retreated to the bar.

I sat at the bar and ordered a pint... Gradually the customers for the club started arriving, and I watched smiling to myself as Chloe, Denise, Lizzy, Leone and Lisa's mouths were urinated in, cummed into and generally abused... A few women took up the offer too... After an hour - content they would be enduring a night of humiliation - I left...

When I got to Laurens house she greeted me with open arms... "Marcus! I'm so happy you made it - your little friends?" I shrugged, "They're being cum and piss buckets outside the fetish club tonight... But Lauren... I can't flatten my feet, I'm going to have to start gradually stretching my calves back by wearing shorter heels, maybe dropping half an inch at a time?" Lauren looked at my feet and smirked, "I don't see why... I think you're kind of cute in them... Will you keep wearing them? For me?" I looked at her, she wasn't forcing me, she was asking me, and I couldn't flatten my feet anyway, I nodded and she smiled, "Can I have the key?" I handed her the key to my high heels, a little gingerly, wondering if I was going down a

road I'd already been down - it felt different though, she felt caring, loving even.

She smiled as she took it off me, and we went inside. In there she looked at my male clothes, "Marcus, I... I want you to keep being a girl... I hate 'maleness' and I think your femininity is what I like about you..." I was besotted with her now, and she was asking me, not forcing me, asking me to do something I was already doing... "I'll be a girl for you... I don't want to be Mary though... I want to forget being their... Maid! Urgh!"

Lauren looked up thoughtfully, "Can I name you? I'll make it a good one, a new one I promise?"

I thought about it... I was so used to being called Mary... I didn't care what it was, I just wanted to make Lauren happy, "Yes, name me!" She smiled, "Then from now on you are... Julia... I like Julia..." With that she led me upstairs and took me to bed, she had a snap-on dildo ready and she rode me, until she had an orgasm, then we fell asleep in each other's arms...

In the early hours of the morning, sure enough the girls outside the club managed to secure their release, and they returned to their lives at the university with a deep sense of regret at having taken advantage of Marcus for so long and been so cruel to him... And knowing that somewhere Marcus was sitting on some incredibly humiliating footage of THEM! It was a sobering thought that he could blackmail them at any time... Of course when the 'compliance' wore off they were disgusted at themselves for what they'd done.

I was woken the next day by a ray of warm sunlight on my face and Lauren in my arms. She was smiling in her sleep. I woke her, "Lauren... I'm so glad you've saved me from the girls..." She yawned and hugged me closely, "Hmmm, me too..." I sighed deeply, "It's just a pity the study hasn't finished... I wish I could get out of this belt..." Lauren suddenly looked a little guilty, "Julia... If I tell you something do you promise not to get mad at me?" I frowned, "I can't promise that... What? Is it about the study?" She nodded, "I erm, it actually erm, well - it was, the erm, after the orgasm after a 32 week gap... It officially finished and I was sent the key... I'm sorry Julia." I looked at her stunned... On the one hand I felt so betrayed... But so in love... I stammered, "B..but why?" She shrugged, "Oh Julia, I just like you in the belt, it keeps all that nasty maleness locked



away and under control... I like the feeling of power over you it gives me... Will you keep wearing it for me? Can I be your key holder?"

I looked at her pleading face, she'd taken a risk and saved me from a nightmare... And I'd fallen so in love with her... I couldn't turn her down, "Forever Lauren?" she nodded, "I think the longer you've been without an orgasm, the more feminine you seem, I don't want you to ever orgasm again? I want to keep you in the belt until the day you die, can I keep you belted forever?" I sighed... It'd been so long anyway now... And she'd done the study so she knew better than anyone whether it would affect health... I paused, unsure... She handed me a glass, "Here, have a drink of water. " I smiled at her and took a long drink, it tasted a little strange? I started to gradually feel a little vacant... "Yes... I'll stay belted forever." She hugged me closely, "Oh Julia... Will you marry me? I mean right away?"

I hugged her back, "Of course!" It was weird, I was answering and agreeing without even thinking! It suddenly occurred to me – has she given me 'compliance'? I looked at her, struggling to think properly, "Lauren, have you given me compliance?"

"Yes, Marcus I love you, but I want you to be obedient, I want you to be a good girl... I think you'd do anything for me anyway – but by keeping you on 'compliance' I can ensure it."

"How long are you intending to keep me on 'compliance' ?!"

"Oh, forever... If you consent to it of course – will you take your 'compliance' every day for me?"

Of course the drug was working, and I was totally under her control, "I will..."

"Good girl, I'll make sure you always have a supply in, so you are permanently under it's influence."

Later that day we went looking for dresses... For Lauren and me... The dress-makers were bemused at the chastity belt, but nodded approval when I said I was wearing it for Lauren... We both tried on several dresses and bought wedding lingerie... Finally we chose two diamond engagement rings and gold bands. Fully prepared, we made our way up to Gretna Green. The next day, we helped each other with our make-up, got each

other dressed and walked down the aisle arm in arm, two white brides - to many a raised eyebrow...

We lived like a lesbian couple from that day onwards, we shared dresses, underwear, corsets and make-up and I forgot about my male orgasm... Until about 2 years later...

One day, we were lying in bed, both wearing silky, satin nighties and lingerie. She embraced me tightly, "Oh Julia, you've been so good to me, you've given up so much... I want to get that belt off you, I want to make you all woman! Will you let me make you a total woman?"

I knew what she meant, she'd hinted at it before... She was implying she wanted me castrated and given gender reassignment surgery. I've never wanted to be a woman, but every morning I'd taken my 'compliance' under her supervision and I was powerless to refuse her.

I kissed her long and lovingly, then opened my eyes, dreamily, "Lauren, I'll let you make me all woman." She smiled cheekily at me, "I knew you'd say yes, I've already started you on HRT... I want to get you operated on... Will you have the operation for me Julia?"

I smiled and kissed her again, "Lauren, I'll be castrated and gender reassigned for you..."

And that was that... The next day, Lauren drove me to a private, clinic, an appointment she'd already booked for me. The surgeon was a lady, and once I was gowned up, Lauren removed the belt... I felt a sudden urge to come... It'd been so long since I'd stroked myself, I started looking desperately for a quiet moment, but Lauren or the nurses stayed with me all the time. Soon I'd been drawn on with marker pen, my facial features were being softened, my breasts enhanced, my testicles removed and my penis and scrotum being remodelled into a clitoris and vagina. While I was under all my body hair would be permanently removed with electrolysis.

I so desperately wanted to masturbate, but I didn't get a second alone. Eventually they wheeled me into the anaesthesia room and I was fitted with a cannula, the white syringe full of propofol was injected and I drifted off to sleep.

When I came around I was sore all over and bandaged in so many places, but Lauren was waiting for me when I woke up. She looked so happy... It made the pain so much easier to bear.

Recovering took some time, the scars healed well and when I saw my female genitalia, I was quite amazed... It seemed unbelievable, I had a clitoris, a labia and a functioning vagina and it all felt very sensitive.

I was totally content being Laurens lesbian lover, having been castrated I no longer felt the male sexual urges and life became better and better. I knew I should always have been a woman, I'd never felt fully at ease with myself as a male. I soon forgot the horrible ordeal that 'the girls' had put me through, though in truth, when I did have flashbacks about that terrible time, I thought that if it wasn't for them, I maybe would never have wound up becoming the girl I was always destined to be, and never ended up with the girl of my dreams – Lauren.

Once I was operated on, my supply pills mysteriously dried up... When the bottle was empty I tackled Lauren on it, "Lauren, I've run out of compliance – I can't take it any more..."

She chuckled, and gave me a peck on the cheek, "I know... You ran out a long time ago..."

I grew a confused look on my face, she smirked, "The truth is Julia, you've never had 'compliance' not even once – you just thought you had. I did spike your drink with a very mild sedative that night when you escaped the girls, and compliance does exist – the girls had full strength, bonafide 'compliance'. You just had a mild sedative."

I gasped, "So I could have resisted all this time?"

"You could have, but you didn't... For a long time, the tablets were HRT of course – that's why your breasts started to develop... You can't have minded really – because in fact I never did drug you into agreeing."

I stammered, "I... I... I don't mind... I've never felt more complete being your lesbian lover Lauren... I think part of me always knew it wasn't 'compliance'..."

She smiled, we kissed and we lived happily ever after...

~ Julia

~fin – by Sabrina Jen Mountford

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Bonus Story 1:-

## **The Receptionist**

**~ by anonymous**

*(This story was actually written by my boyfriend some time ago and posted to the web. It was largely my inspiration for beginning to write these stories.)*

*I am writing this piece, from inspiration about a genuine event that happened a few days ago. I purchased a CB3000 for myself, some time ago. Have tried it on several times, and worn it for short periods. In preparation to see if my girlfriend will take charge of the keys - I've modified the fitting to get it comfy, but secure then tried to wear it at work for a day. I took the keys to work 'in case of emergency' however that night, as I left for home, I got a telephone call and must have dropped the keys to pick it up.*

*Forgetting about the keys, I left for home - some distance away, and only later that night - did I realise I had no keys and they had to have either been dropped or lost or still at work. Upon admitting this to my girlfriend, Sabrina and asking what she thought I should do - go and search for them, or wear it over-night and try to find the keys tomorrow...*

*She asked how uncomfortable it was, when I responded, "It's fine as long as I don't have an erection." She went on to say, "Well you'd better grin and bear it for tonight then dear.. Perhaps it'll teach you a lesson?"*

*That night was more frustrating, as lying in bed, despite Sabrina's initially cold response to trying male chastity – she kept fondling my cage and giggling to herself... Eventually getting me to bring her to orgasm while I was locked in...*

*That was a few days ago - the following lunchtime I returned home with the keys and gave them to Sabrina for safe keeping, while still wearing*

*the CB3000. That was the last time I saw the keys, and Sabrina is showing no interest in giving me release - she seems to like the effect on my behaviour...*

*What follows is a fictional story based on this incident:-*

*~ I did eventually let him out, but he still has the device and I like to lock him back up from time to time, for between a few days... and a few weeks...*

*~ Sabrina*

## **~ The Receptionist ~**

I have been successful, I started my own IT business while I was still at high-school, ten years later I was in charge of a multi-million pound organisation. Business had made me happy - I've done well out of it, big house, expensive car - but I never had the time to hook up with a partner. Over the years I grew increasingly reliant on internet porn, kink and one night stands...

Eventually two things happened, firstly I learned about chastity devices and I realised that my business was suffering, because having broken the taboo of 'porn surfing' at work - I now spent too much time alone in my office, surfing the net, and relieving myself in the offices en-suite toilet. This lead me to decide to take action, I had a business trip planned to Germany, and I had no shortage of money at the time, so I made a detour to Neo Steel to get measured up for an ultra -secure chastity belt. I went with the most expensive options, the Master piece all stainless steel with the most secure fittings available. The measuring session was quite embarrassing, but so exciting at the same time... I paid the fee and left - waiting for the belt to be delivered.

I more or less forgot about it - absorbed in my routine of working and relieving myself several times a day... Then the box arrived. I immediately knew what it was the moment I was asked to sign for it. Hurriedly I retreated to the master bedroom, stripped and fitted the belt to myself. I'd gone for a hip belt to be more discreet, getting it on proved very difficult due to the excitement, and was only possible with the help of a bag of frozen peas. Eventually though I was standing in front of a full-length mirror admiring my new metal underwear. It was a superb fit, no matter how I positioned myself I could not get a finger behind the belt - touching myself was impossible... I had to sit to pee in it, and needed a good handful of toilet paper to wipe the drips up afterwards but it felt good... So good...

It felt so good I decided to try to sleep in it. It was a restless night, being woken by uncomfortable nocturnal erections from time to time. Eventually morning came and I wondered whether to dare to wear it at work... Would people notice? What if it became uncomfortable? I deliberated and deliberated, eventually deciding to wear it - but take my keys and if there was a problem use my private en-suite to remove it.

The day went without incident, and I found it to be the most productive day at work I'd had in months. The various times I'd thought of erotic things, the belt reminding me - it was not a good idea. By the end of the day I was so aroused and excited - I couldn't wait to get home, get it off and orgasm... As I was leaving the office though I took a last minute call, I had to place the keys down to get a file out and must have forgotten to pick them back up.

I didn't realise until I got home, then a cold panic over-took me, I checked my pockets, my car, I checked the box for a spare set... Nothing, I was trapped, helplessly trapped in chastity. I thought about trying to go back to work, but it was two hours' drive away and we weren't supposed to open at that time... Eventually I decided I would have to try and bear it for one more night, and look for the keys first thing in the morning. The second night was more restless; knowing the keys were on the dresser, and I could get up at any time to take it off and relieve myself was totally different. Now I knew, there was no way I could get out of the belt until tomorrow, assuming I could find the keys... At this point I was desperately wishing I'd separated the keys and left a spare set at home - but I managed to get through the night.

The next day I left for work, still locked securely in the belt, my penis straining all the time - now desperate for its daily fix. When I got to work, I was half walking, half running to my office. When I got there I looked at the table top where I thought I'd put them - nothing. I crawled on the floor, scanning the carpet - nothing. I checked the drawers, the cupboards; I cast my eyes around the main office, desperate for a clue as to where they had gone... Cleaners it had to be the cleaners!

I darted back into my office and tried to phone the cleaners company - no answer. A feeling of cold dread was now over-taking me.

All this while, my young receptionist - who in fact dealt with most of my every-day work, was watching me a little bemused. Eventually she walked in with a cup of coffee in her hand, and gave it to me, "Are you okay? You look a bit flustered... Have you lost something?"

I took the coffee gingerly, and thought... Maybe she'd seen them, "I erm,

lost a small bunch of keys. I thought they were on the desk, but erm... You haven't seen them have you?" she smiled sweetly and looked over her glasses, "Sorry... I'll let you know if I do..."

The morning was agony, I was terrified at this point, I even phoned Neo Steel to see if they could send a replacement set - to which they replied no. I managed to get hold of the cleaners, but nobody has seen any keys... It was a total mystery, I considered trying to cut the belt off, but anything that could have removed it - would have been painful and dangerous to use so close to the skin. Even if it could cut it, it would probably heat the metal up so much in the process it would burn my entire genital area horribly.

I was helpless, completely baffled as to where they had gone, I searched every day, at home, at work, in the car. Every visit to the toilet, sitting like a girl, every night desperate for release - straining inside the steel belt... Crying myself to sleep, at my desperate situation.

By the end of a fortnight, having endured a weekend belted with no hope of release, and having huge bags under my eyes and looking quite frustrated... I was at the end of my tether. Two weeks of being belted with no hope of release, and no sign of the keys or way of getting this infernal belt off... I was packing up, getting ready to leave when Jenny, the receptionist came in again, "Michael, are you sure you're alright? You've seemed on edge all week!" I sighed deeply, "It's those keys, they were really important and I.. I.." She smiled softly, "Come on, they can't be that important, it's only a little bunch of keys... Why don't we go for a drink together after work? Take your mind of it?"

This was very forward; she was young, so young and attractive in a simple, classical way. I'd have asked her out in the past, except for the inappropriateness of dating an employee and being too busy in my own world to notice. I agreed and we left together, the mere presence of an attractive young woman making my cock strain even harder against its metal prison.

We went to a local pub, drank, chatted... One thing led to another and it was midnight nearly, and I was drunk... She only drank fruit juice though... Before you knew it she was asking me to show her my house. I was still conscious of the belt, but I was enjoying her company so... I agreed and took her back to my house - she drove, I left my car at the pub. It was two in the morning by the time we arrived, she didn't waste any time. We were barely over the threshold before she was embracing me, kissing me, pressing her warm, curvaceous body against mine. She asked



me to take her upstairs, I told her I couldn't, but she insisted and I was so drunk she could drag me easily up to my bedroom. There she dragged me onto the bed and stripped my clothes off - to my feeble protests.

Eventually she was kneeling on the bed, smirking at my metal underwear, she rapped her knuckles on it, making the vibrations strain my penis even further, "My, my, what have we here? Metal underwear? I've not seen this before..."

I sighed, and drunkenly told her my story, to which she smirked and chuckled. Eventually I finished with where we were and how hopeless my story was. She responded with, "I know... I've got your keys."

To which I flew into a rage and scrambled drunkenly about grabbing her and screaming at her to release me. Eventually, after no response I calmed, then started crying, pleading with her to let me go. She tutted softly and pushed me to sit back down on the bed, "Well, I was thinking about giving you a release soon... But after that little outburst, I think you need to be taught a lesson. I'm sentencing you to another week belted. I don't want you to mention this again this week - or I'll add another week on for every time you do. And they're not your keys anymore - they're mine, finders keepers - if you argue with this I'll add a month onto your sentence."

I was completely dumbfounded, I wanted to scream the injustice of it and demand she return my keys... But she seemed deadly serious. I had endured two weeks of this, I could endure one more. I apologised and allowed her to leave. I was getting more desperate by the minute, by the time work came on Monday I was crying out for relief. I tried not to mention it to her, everyday grew harder and harder, trying to act normally when I knew she was controlling my sexuality. Eventually It was Friday again, I couldn't wait until work finished so I called her into my office, "Look, are you giving me my keys back today or not? When can I have them?"

She smiled softly at me, "Your keys? I thought we were clear about this - they are NOT your keys, they are my keys now. I'm adding a week onto your sentence for forgetting that." My heart sank, I wanted to turn angry, force them off her - but I didn't even know if or where she had them, "Please... How do you know about them anyway? Why did you take them?" She shrugged, "Well, I've been keeping a check on your internet history - I saw you fidgeting a lot that day - and I guessed what those keys might be... Of course I wasn't sure until you showed me last week. Oh and by the way - you need to sign this, it's letter from you to payroll, giving me

a thousand pounds a month raise, any arguments, and I'll add a YEAR on to your sentence." I read the letter sheepishly, she'd worded it how I would say it... I felt like I had no choice but to agree to it, so I signed it and returned it to her. She smiled and folded it and put into an envelope, "Thank you Michael, now if you want your release next week, you won't mention it until AFTER work next Friday, and you'll have £1000 in cash at your house - understood?"

I couldn't believe it, she was blackmailing me with my sexuality. She knew what I'd been looking at - she must have known how sexually charged and frustrated I was becoming. I agreed, desperate to get the belt off.

She left it at that, and I had to endure another weekend alone, without relief, and another frustrating week at work, Jenny bringing me cups of coffee, putting calls through to me and controlling my orgasms. This time I held out though. As everyone left on the Friday, she waited for me, and spoke to me as I left the office, "Ahhh, you're ready?" I sighed with relief, "Yes, thank god, I can't wait to get home!" she smirked, "Oh come on, it's Friday night, I think we should go for a meal on the way - what's the rush?" I was about to protest, then I saw the twinkle in her eye... I deflated, "You're right... Where would you like to go?" She grinned, "That expensive French Restaurant in the Town Centre I think - you're paying."

We went for the meal, my cock straining to get free all the time, she even rubbed her stockinged foot up and down my leg under the table to make it worse. The meal cost over a hundred pounds, during the meal she made some suggestive comments too... She hinted that there might be sex on the menu tonight. Frustrated but excited we eventually left for my house. Once there I turned to her, and handed her an envelope with £1000 in it, "Right, here's your money, where are my keys?" She took the money, but looked hurtfully at me, "You're not trying that again are you? I thought we'd discussed this! Whose keys?" I deflated again, "Your keys..." She smiled now, "That's right - my keys, the money doesn't buy my keys, I'm enjoying them and wouldn't give them up for ten times this amount. No I'm going to relieve you for this - upstairs, now, no arguments."

I led her upstairs back to the main bedroom, she got me to strip, then kneel on the bed. Then from her large handbag, she pulled two sets of handcuffs, and cuffed both hands to the bedframe. She stroked the back of my neck then and smiled warmly at me, crouching so she could look into my face, "There, that's better isn't it? I'm going to go and get my keys now, and some other things - I'll be back soon - try to relax... Not long now honey."

With that I was left alone, in a compromising position in my own house. Eventually she returned, she unlocked the belt and my penis burst into life as it was taken away... Except my hands were cuffed and I couldn't reach it to do anything about it. I couldn't tell what she was doing behind me, but I could hear her dropping clothes onto the floor. Eventually she walked around to my head so I could see her, she was stripped naked except for a large black strap-on dildo and she was wearing latex gloves and holding a tube of lubricant in one hand and a cup in the other. "I could have just given you a hand-job, but I thought this would be more fun - I don't want to make a mess on your bed though, or get my hands all sticky."

With that she retreated, I wanted to scream protests, and ask her to stop - but I was afraid it would end my only chance of relief in nearly a month. I bit my lip and let her continue. I could feel her lubricating up my anus, then probing it gently with a finger, "Hmmm, you're a little tight back here honey - don't worry though, we'll soon sort that out - try to relax... Deep breath now!"

As she said it, I felt her slide the strap-on into my anus, and her hips kiss my buttocks gently. It felt like I was being ripped apart, "Try to relax honey, I don't want to rip you open and have to take you to A & E." I tried to relax, as I felt her start pumping away, after a while her latex gloved hand crept around to the front, and started working the other side, in a few seconds I exploded violently, squirting cum in long painful bursts. She caught every drop in the little plastic cup.

Feeling drained and panting, I felt her withdraw, and approach my front end again, "There, that was good wasn't it? It's time to drink your medicine now though - " I looked at her puzzled, then saw her swirling my large measure of cum in its little cup. I started shaking my head violently, "She raised an eyebrow, "I'm getting you belted up in a moment, if you take your medicine like a good little boy I might offer you another release this year..." I felt sick, I thought about thrashing around, trying to kick her... But nobody would be there to help me. I was cuffed tightly to a metal bedframe with what looked like high security police handcuffs, with no access to a phone. I nodded and opened wide. Smiling sweetly she approached and poured the warm salty, liquid down my throat - making me gag and nearly throw up. "Good boy, now swallow... Swallow... Good..." Eventually it was done, she got some frozen peas from the kitchen and applied them to my groin - soon I was belted again.

"Right then, I'm, going to take my keys away and put them somewhere

safe, then I'll be back. It's late now so I'll be spending the night. I'm having the bed - you can sleep on the floor."

She then vanished for half an hour, leaving me crying, and frustrated, belted up tightly with the warm salt taste of my own cum still in my mouth. When she returned eventually she unlocked me and ordered me to lie on the floor - where she cuffed my hands to the bottom of the bedframe.

I awoke to the sound of the shower running in my en-suite... I looked up just in time to see her exiting the shower, wrapped tightly in a towel. "Ahhh, sleeping beauty, you're finally up - I was about to wake you." she knelt down and unlocked my cuffs. As I rose, stiff from night on the floor I saw a black satin maids outfit spread out on the bed complete with wig, frilly French knickers and a frilly, lacy bra. She handed me a pair of silky stockings, "Come on then - get dressed, you've got a lot to do today." I looked at her to protest, it had gone far enough... I'd had my release so was now feeling more rebellious and like challenging her, I opened my mouth and raised a hand... Then collapsed to my knees in agony, as an electric-shock zapped my penis with such intensity it turned my legs to jelly. Writhing on the floor in agony I clawed at the steel chastity belt desperate to get it to stop... Eventually it subsided and I breathed a sigh, and lay there panting, looking puzzled.

She looked down at me beaming with delight, "I thought you might get a bit rebellious - so I took the liberty of fitting your belt with a Dream Lover Labs DL 2000 - so I can page you, shock you, whatever I like, whenever I like. I've even bought you a DL-Link and a palm-top so I can control you from afar - now I'll ask you again, get dressed - and be quick about it."

I couldn't bear the shock again, so I scrambled to my feet and desperately put the maids outfit on. Once fully dressed she looked me up and down, "Good, now your properly dressed I'm going to give you your make up and show you how to put it on. You'd better pay attention, because I'm only going to show you once." With that she sat me at the dressing table, and showed me how to apply the make-up...

I then helped her to dress, made her breakfast, and generally waited on her hand and foot for the entire weekend, even venturing outside to clean her car, all dressed like a pretty maid, with high-heels to match.

That was five years ago... For a while things continued progressing, every weekend was spent dressed as a maid, waiting hand and foot on Mistress Jenny... If I was good and didn't disobey or question her - she would ask for a thousand pounds and give me release as she had done the first time

with her strap on. If I had not been good, Friday night would be a simple case of her raping me with a strap-on, with the Chastity belt still securely in place. Soon she was staying evenings in the weekday too, making me service her orally on a nightly basis - me spending all my time dressed as a maid outside of work...

It progressed, eventually Mistress Jenny told me I was marrying her - she even organised it so that at the discreet service, run by a fetish friendly vicar, she wore a suit and I went down the aisle in a wedding dress, with a butt plug locked firmly up my ass. All my assets were signed over to her, she replaced me as the company director - and made me secretary. Even forcing me to work in a blouse and ladies suit, announcing to the staff that I had decided to live as a lady.

Shortly afterwards she took all my male clothes out and burned them on a bonfire... Saying I didn't need them anymore. The time between releases is very long now, she milks my prostate with her strap-on regularly, but I never get more than one orgasm per five year period... She soon started having men around the house, and insisted on my being handcuffed on the floor, while she enjoyed hours of powerful, loud, energetic sex...

It's been four years and eight months since Mistress Jenny removed my belt... Be careful what you wish for... and look after your keys!

~ Michael

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**Free Sample Chapters:-**

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

### **The Medical (Chapter 4)**

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

He entered and was almost dazzled by the glaring white of the furniture, the floor, the walls, the ceiling... Anita was wearing a smart, sexy, beige ladies suit, with a beige four inch heel. Her dark hair was tied neatly back and she was reading a copy of his forms at her desk when he entered. As the door clicked

shut behind him she looked up and flashed him a friendly smile, though it had a somehow subtly predatory tone to it.

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

He quivered, “Is that really necessary?”

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

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

He shuffled nervously behind the screen in the corner and stripped, as he stripped her heard her voice from the other side of the screen, almost making him fall over, “Remove your underwear too – I need to examine your genitals.”

By the time he was naked he was shaking all over, he was sporting the erection of his life and couldn’t think straight. There were no gowns visible, so he pulled open the only drawer he had access to. There, staring up at him from the drawer was a patients gown, the type which tied at the back, or front... But rather than the institutional sky blue or white with a pattern which they usually were... It was hot pink and not a

canvass material as usual but a soft, silky, satin like material. He heard her voice again, "Open at the front please Angelo..." He pulled the gown over his shoulders and set his spine tingling again and his knees knocking. He looked down and saw a tiny droplet of pre-cum oozing out of the end of his member. He couldn't let it stain the gown or she'd see and he'd be even more embarrassed so he wiped it off with a discreet part of his boxer shorts before tying up the front. The gown was obviously designed in a feminine cut, fitting awkwardly and his erection forming a little tent at the front. Shaking with fear he stepped out from the behind the screen, she smirked at him, "Good... Now come here, stand still, hands on your head."

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

"Cough!"

"Again please..."

"COUGH!"

"Tell me when this hurts..."

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

He allowed her to part his knees then felt her hand cupping his balls again, then the squeezing... Gentle at first... Then building... Then he had to fight the urge to close his knees,



panting and wincing as she squeezed harder and harder... Soon he had tears in his eyes, and he cried out, "Stop! STOP! Aaargh!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"N..No... I'm ju–"

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

He couldn't stop shaking, she paused and sighed deeply, "Hmmph, 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, then 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-"

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

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

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

He couldn't see what Anita was doing, but something was being applied to his feet, one then the other. Melissa beamed in his face, "We're going to make you very feminine Angelo, and very submissive... You are going to end up as my personal, feminized, chastity slave... And the best thing is you are going to be willing and happy to undergo every treatment we decided to give you... We're even going to tattoo make-up on to you eventually, so you don't have to worry about doing your make-up in the morning."

Anita was now approaching again with her latex gloved hand holding a new syringe, "There, that wasn't so bad was it? We're all done for now – I'm just going to give you something

to make you drop off... Of course you won't remember any of this. Oh, and I'm sure I'll be having you back for some of my famous medical torture sessions soon enough..."

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

~ To read more – please read;-

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

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

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#### **The Interview**

Shaun was on his way to his supposed ‘interview’ at Francesca’s. He hadn’t actually counted on Caroline daring to ask Francesca to employ her younger brother, and he equally HAD counted on Francesca laughing at the idea and telling her no. As it happened, Fran had been told to consider employing a male assistant, and to make matters worse, she’d contacted the job centre and informed them that Shaun was being interviewed for a job. This meant if he failed the interview on purpose, his unemployment benefit could be stopped, if he got the job and quit or refused to do it, he could get his unemployment benefit stopped and he had no other offers on the table.

He’d taken the short bus ride to the little cobbled street on the outskirts of the town centre. He walked down the road looking at the signs, he’d never been to this part of town before. Eventually his eyes rested on the large white sign with

pink curly writing on in, 'Francesca's : Bridal Couture and Dress Maker'. It was a large shop, larger than he's imagined, occupying twice the width of the other shops on the high street and on two floors. He looked at the window display, there was a screen separating the display from the shop interior, across the front windows were bridesmaid dresses and bridal gowns of various styles and colours.

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

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

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

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

He was about to back out, when a hand grabbed his bicep, just above the elbow and led him forcefully forwards into the shop.

"Ahhh, Shaun you're here... I was wondering if you'd bottle

out.”

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

“W... Where’s Caroline?”

“Oh we don’t need Caroline... Yet... Stand back, let me get a good look at you.”

“B...”

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

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

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

He complied and stood uncomfortably while she examined him. He jumped when he felt her hands grip his shoulders and pull them back, “Your posture is terrible, we’re going to have to do something about that...”

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



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

“Up to standard?”

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

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

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

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

“Of course I’m here... I told you I was serious about this.”

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

Caroline giggled softly, “Of course...”

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

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

Upstairs was more of the same, dresses on racks... Gowns, there were even some mother of the bride outfits and... Some

bridal lingerie... And a dress screen in the corner.

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

"Strip!?"

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

"Bu-"

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

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

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

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

"Bu-"

"NOW!"

Gingerly he approached, her voice was very commanding, he felt compelled to obey her. Carefully he rested on her knee. She gripped his hands firmly with one hand and pushed her elbow into the nape of his neck, forcing him to look down at her nylons and high heels. Then he felt her other hand pull his jeans down and boxers. He tried to wriggle free but she scolded him, "Keep still! I haven't even started yet, let alone finished!"

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

to stop when she paused, "Had enough?"

"Yes Francesca!"

Smack!

"You will call me miss!"

"Sorry miss! Yes miss!"

"Good, now get up, and strip."

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

"Bu-"

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

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

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

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

"Control?"

“Yes, can you control that ‘thing’?”

“Why?”

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

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

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

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

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

He complied, shaking as she pulled it up over his arms and shoulders, then her heels clicked on the wooden boards and she walked behind him and zipped the dress up. The material was soft and smooth, but it was tight and constricting slightly, instinctively he tried to reach for the zipper but the tiny zip

was well out of reach... He was in the dress until she let him out of it. She chuckled at his failed attempts to reach the zipper, "Oh no you don't... A good bridal gown is one which the bride needs to be helped in and out of. I designed this gown so the bride would not be able to unzip herself... You're staying in the dress until I decide to let you out..."

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

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

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

"Breasts! Why do I need breasts!?"

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

"Have you thought about hiring a girl to do this?"

"That's what I always do, I've had the job centre moaning on to me about sexual equality or something, complaining that I'm discriminating against males and threatening to take legal action against me – you are my experiment to see if I can realistically comply with their wishes... I suppose when

Caroline mentioned it, I thought I'd go ahead with the idea to prove a point to them, and get them off my case."

"You're serious about this?"

She leaned close to him and raised an eyebrow, "Aren't you?"

"I..."

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

He quivered, his legs shaking. The feel of the soft, smooth material on his skin, the sensation of the lingerie, pulling and pinching in unfamiliar places... He could see what she meant

when he looked down, the line of the front of the dress was ruined by his raging erection. Fran saw him inspecting the problem, “Oh don’t worry, we can do something about that... If you can control it – then we won’t have to, here’s your test... Assuming you want to remain in paid employment, I will keep you in this bridal gown for the next couple of hours. Caroline will go through a few things with you... At the end of the afternoon, if you’ve managed to lower your ‘ahem’ erection... Then I’ll give you a chance to work without an ‘erection preventer’ if not then I will measure you up and order one for you.”

“Erection preventer?”

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

“Puni-“

“Yes, little spikes perhaps, so when you start to grow, you pierce yourself on them. Don’t worry though, you’ll soon learn control. If you can show me control this afternoon – maybe I will let you work without one? I need to hide all signs of your male-ness and erections are something of a giveaway. Now, I will go and look after the shop, and send Caroline to go through the stock with you... She’s very good your sister... If you ask her to let you out of the dress, she will let me know... Maybe I’ll even ask her to offer to let you out? If she does, you will refuse, insisting you want to stay in the dress all afternoon for me – understood? Good... Now, we can’t have you going



around all afternoon with no shoes on, here... Put these on."

She turned and pulled a shoebox off the shelf and handed it to him.

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

"Hmmp! I look silly!"

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

"Why are you doing this to me?"

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

"Carol!"

"Anyway, when I suggested it to Fran she thought it was funny at first, but then she thought she could use you to get the sexual discrimination nutters off her case. Maybe if you're good and she succeeds in winning an exemption she'll let you leave with a good reference and some paid employment on your CV?"

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

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

She had that twinkle in her eye. Clearly Fran had coached her

into offering, and he'd just end up in more trouble if he asked her to help him out of the dress. "No thanks, I want to stay in the dress."

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

"Yes..."

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

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

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

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

of the dress up.

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

"With pleasure..."

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

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

"I'm not quite ready to let you out yet dear, I think some practice at tackling the stairs in heels and gown will do you good hmmm? You can help Caroline carry some stock down stairs and move some from downstairs upstairs... Caroline will know what needs moving... Come on then, snap to it – or I'll have you over my knee again."

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

climb stairs took the challenge to a whole new level.

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

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

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

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

"Unzip you? Is that how to ask?"

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

"Hmmm?"

"Please can you unzip me miss?"

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

Submissively he approached, his own heels clicking on the wooden floor, then turned his back. He felt her pinch the dress with one hand and pull the zipper with the other. Soon

it was being pulled off his shoulders and he let out a sigh of relief. Immediately he tried to reach behind to unclip his bra fastener, but Fran dropped a hand onto his, "No, no... Keep the lingerie on. I need you to get used to wearing women's underwear, so you will wear lingerie all the time from now on – are we clear?"

He glared at her, then sighed, "Hasn't this gone far enough?"

Fran shrugged, "I don't know what you mean?"

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

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

At this Shaun started crying softly, "I... I don't want to be girl..."

Fran stepped up and wrapped her arm around him, "Shhh, everything will be alright... You won't really 'be' a girl, you'll be pretending for me... It won't hurt, and I'll help you, we'll all help you... Now you've been good for me today, I'm pleased with you. Go home, get some rest and I'll see you bright and early tomorrow morning hmmm? Oh, and can you come in some different clothes?"

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

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

Caroline and Shaun headed home. They spent most of the journey in silence. When they got back, their parents were

out. It was the first time Shaun had done a full day's work in a long time and he was tired so ended up going to bed early, thankful for being out of the bra and panties Francesca had told him to wear.

~ To read more – please read;-

## **‘Femdom : The Dressmaker’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford**

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

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#### **Slavery**

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

He heard Henry's voice in the distance, some way down the line, but it was drowned out by muffled whispers in the foreign tongue, impossible to understand, but from the tone, Roy and Henry could guess they were urging them to be quiet. Henry of course found himself in the same situation. Suddenly it became clear why Avria had wanted them to go... He'd been separated from Roy, he could feel he'd been stripped, hand cuffed and shackled too... He could feel the shape of the floor and the wall behind his back. Both were metal....

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

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

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

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

As the whole van emptied it occurred to Roy what had been going on when they arrived at Tamak's house... His employees had turned up to unload the slaves, but Tamak, planning to capture Henry and Roy, hadn't wanted them to see.

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

Henry overheard and his jaw dropped... "Tamak you..." "Tamak ushered him along before he could finish. Soon all of Tamak's 'stock' were lined up on a platform and Tamak's



brutish assistant was walking down the line hanging signs around all of the necks. It was like being in a surreal dream, nothing on their travels could have prepared them for this.

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

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

The customers felt and prodded them, which was very undignified, some were men, some women, some young, some old. Eventually though a young girl, who looked like she was in her mid-twenties stood and rose to the platform flanked by two large, sword and gun wielding guards. She was dressed much more richly than the rest, in a shiny gold, peach and lilac outfit which resembled a belly dancers outfit, with a delicate veil and narrow band of gold on her head, there was gold embroidery around the hems and seams of her outfit. She had to be the Sultans wife. She avoided all the other slaves on sale and made a bee line for Roy and Henry. She looked them in the eye and smirked, then started grasping their biceps, and leg muscles, pinching their flesh. Finally she cupped Roy's testicles in one hand and pulled and stretched his penis's in the other, making him try to squirm away. However Tamak's assistant who had been standing behind them grabbed him and held them steady while the princess inspected him.

Having finished with Roy she grabbed Henry's penis and scrotum and started manipulating it, making him squirm and

try to shy backwards out of the way. She looked up at him sternly, "Keep still while I inspect you slave... Or I shall have you flogged. I need to inspect you carefully, to know whether or not I wish to buy you."

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

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

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

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

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

One of the guards stepped forwards and was about to shout at them, but the princess raised her hand, "Not now Butchow, yes, eunuch's... But do not worry, the procedure will be carried out with anaesthetic, by a skilled surgeon under sterile conditions in the Sultan's private medical centre. We will amputate your penis, testicles and scrotum, completely emasculating you... Then you will serve the Sultan's many wives and daughters in the harem, until such time as you are deemed to be no longer useful, then we shall either kill you with a lethal injection, or release you... Of course, all of this is dependent on whether I decide to buy you or not..."

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

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

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

Tamak then took a spot at a podium on the platform. He was shouting in foreign at the crowd, pointing to people and then shouting some more. It was clear he was running an auction. Because the Princess had expressed an interest in purchasing the two westerners they had been bumped to the front of the queue. Roy looked nervously at Henry as the bidding got more heated. The princess had not even bid yet, which in some ways seemed a blessing, being made into a eunuch was not desirable, but at the same time if the alternative was being worked to death in mine... He gasped, “Henry, what if we get split up!?”

Henry held his chains up, “I don’t know... We have to get out of here!”

“I can’t believe this is happening... It doesn’t seem real...”

The bidding had stopped, Tamak was about to close the deal, the winning bidder an elderly looking man with one good

eye... When the Princess jumped in with her bid. She'd only made a bid a little higher, but her status seemed to prevent anyone from challenging her. The auction went silent, then Tamak smacked his hammer down and shouted something while pointing at the Princess who simply smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

**‘The Harem Slave’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford**

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

### Scrub Nurse Anita

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

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

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

castration.”

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

“Scalpel...”

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

“No... “

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

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

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

“Ahhh, that's how they used to castrate... Our technique is a little more sophisticated. This way we reduce the risk of potentially cancerous cells spreading to the scrotum and getting into the blood stream, or another lymphatic system... Of course in antiquity, the established technique for creating eunuchs was to smear human faeces on the boys testicles and allow a pig or dog to chew them off... Thankfully things have moved on a little since then... Now we'll just extend our incision through the fat... Retractor... Ahhh, here's the external oblique fascia... We now need to incise along it's fibres and identify and isolate the spermatic cord... Like so... ”

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

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

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

“Now, we clamp, here... And here... sutures at the ready please, we’re ready to cut the testicle free.”

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

Snip...

“Pop it in the dish dear...”

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

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

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

The theatre staff looked uncomfortable, it would be one of those incidents where the patient’s life would be saved, good for hospital statistics, but there would be serious repercussions for the patient and they would probably be told the cancer seemed to have spread to both testis.

Anita carefully placed the testicle in the kidney dish being held out to her. As the Professor started making her incision on the other side she paused, then gestured to one of the nurses, “Get a fresh kidney dish, we’ll keep the healthy testicle separate. Our priority is to perform the orchidectomy on the cancerous



testicle, at that point we'll see if there's any scope for reattaching the healthy testicle."

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

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

The effort to lighten the mood didn't work, the faces around the theatre were grim. Once the Professor had clamped the remaining spermatic cord she sighed and looked at the rest of the theatre, "This was a mistake caused by scanning and notes, and it should serve as a lesson to everyone to check! Is it the patients left or the surgeons left? Are they face up or face down? Is the surgeon facing feet or facing head? Check, check and check... I'll be looking into his scan results to see how this error was made, we'll castrate and if we can't reattach the healthy one, we'll tell the patient that both were cancerous. The patient's life comes first, the reputation and avoidance of litigation for the hospital comes second - his fertility is way down the list of priorities. If he wants to have children he will have to adopt, unless he's had the foresight to bank sperm before this procedure, which of course we always recommend. Anita, here I've clamped the remaining testicle, could you do the honours please?"

She was clearly expected to make the snip, separating the second testicle from the patient, completing the castration.

She took the scissors offered to her and held them over the spermatic cord, then paused and looked at the professor, "What effects will this have on his life if we can't reattach the healthy testicle?"

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

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

"Now, now, it's our remit to treat the cancer first and foremost... The depression will pass, he will accept his new status as a eunuch or he will choose gender reassignment. Make the cut please Anita, castrate him..."

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

Snip!

The testicle dropped into the waiting free kidney dish. Professor Goldsmith took a moment to change her gloves to

avoid spreading the cancer, then she took the healthy testicle and examined it, “Hmmm, this one is healthy... Shall we try to reattach?”

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

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

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

Anita watched Linda Goldsmith suture up the patient and pass the testicles to another nurse to take down to pathology, the Professor rested a hand on her shoulder, “Anita, you’re right to be sad... He’s going to go through a very difficult period, we’re effectively changed his life permanently, but he still has a life, even if it’s as a eunuch... And some of the effects can be mitigated by testosterone injections... He may have banked sperm before the operation too – we always recommend that... These are powerful little organs, they don’t just control fertility, they control libido, muscle development metabolism, energy levels, fat deposition... Even the length of his life, studies suggest castrating adds ten to fifteen years on to a

man's life. We made a mistake, we castrated a patient who didn't need to be castrated. Let's counsel him, tell him both were cancerous, and learn from the mistake - then move on..."

### **The Recovery Room**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Anita sighed again, "Well Professor Goldsmith suggested you might like to take some time to adjust to how you feel... What

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

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

It was at that point that Anita realised how powerful testicles and male hormones were. They were male-ness incarnate, she recalled holding his testicles in her hands, holding the scissors over the remaining testicle and making the snip... The power... She felt not just guilty, and sad for him, but powerful and pleased that her hand had taken this man's fertility and libido, that she, she had castrated him... It almost felt like she had a sort of remote ownership of him... That forever, wherever he

was, Jeremy belonged to her in some way...

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

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

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

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**~Ten years ago...**

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

Samantha was sitting by the phone, not her landline, it had been cut off for non-payment of bills. She didn’t dare put the television on for fear of the electric meter running down and not being able to have the lights on. Life was fairly miserable, she’d left home young, after a major fallout with her parents. She’d gone to London to seek her fortune and spent six months ‘couch surfing’ at various friends and acquaintances places, but gradually the number of couches on offer had declined. She’d lost yet another job, despite being fairly competent, fairly good at it..

After reflection she’d put it down to a matter of spirit. Though she was good at administrative work and talking to people and fitted well into the

environment, she found it dull. Go to work for nine, have a sandwich at your desk at twelve, then home for five thirty, day in, day out... There had to be a better life somehow, somewhere...

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

Her mobile phone rang.

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

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

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

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

There was a silence for a few moments, then Samantha spoke up, "If you



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

Another silence...

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

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

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

### **~ The humble abode of Serena Carlotti**

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

discipline and sado-masochism?”

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

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

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

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

Samantha approached gingerly, looking nervously at the pillory, it looked comfortable, but inescapable. Serena’s voice drifted softly over her shoulder, “Good girl... Now put your head and wrists in...” Samantha lowered her neck onto the opening and placed her wrists in. Serena’s heels were clicking on the floor as she approached. She could feel the soft cushioned leather on her neck, smell the leather... she thought about what she was about to endure. She imagined the crop snapping onto her

buttocks... The pain... She pulled her head up and glared at Serena, “No! I don’t want to be whipped! Not by YOU, or anyone!”

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

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

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

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

Samantha smirked, “Needs it? So what, I just start whipping him now? How hard? As hard as I can?” Serena shook her head, “And where would that lead to? When you start to administer corporal punishment to a client you are entering into a sensual, intimate relationship with them, you need some foreplay! What do you think this is about? Pain? He could hurt himself on purpose if pain was all it was about... Think Samantha, what is special about his position right now, what has he relinquished?”

“Control?”

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

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

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

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

Serena knelt on the bed and unfastened the hood. His head was sweaty and he looked bleary eyed and dizzy, his short brown hair sticky with sweat. Serena pinched his cheek, “Graham, I’ve got a surprise for you... It wasn’t me whipping you just now... My arms are getting tired, but I don’t think you’ve been punished enough – so I’ve asked my good friend, Mistress... Wildfire to step in.”

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

understand? Nod don't talk..." He nodded, "Good..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Please, please stop...”

“Hmmm, not convincing I’m afraid...” She squeezed harder, almost feeling like she was trying to pop his balls, he yelped in agony and started sobbing, “Please, please stop!” There was real desperation in voice, he was in tears, whimpering and squirming. Samantha took her spare hand and stroked his forehead caringly, “That’s better... That’s a good boy – perhaps I’ll let you keep your testicles after all?” She released his balls then patted him on the bottom in a gentle ‘we’re finished’ way.

Serena then leaned forwards to her sub, “I’m going to fit two electrodes to

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

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

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

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

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

“Sigh... A chastity device is something you lock onto subbie, it can be a belt or a tube, or a spiked bracelet called a Kali’s teeth bracelet. The effects are the same, you lock it onto him, and it prevents him from having sex,

getting erect, having an orgasm or masturbating. As long as he is wearing it, he becomes more desperate, more frustrated, more under your control. Feminization, is the process of coercing him to cross-dress, as much as possible. This is about control and humiliation. If you want him to be completely at your mercy and helpless to resist, get him into long term chastity and make him wear panties, bra, corset, suspenders, stockings, make-up... The more feminization and the longer in chastity, the more humble and at your mercy he becomes.”

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

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

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

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

Further Information:-

*To learn more about chastity belts and to read more free*



*chastity belt fiction, please visit the web's best chastity belt resource:-*

*Altar Boy's Chastity Site : -*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The 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')*

*This is a prequel to 'The Tormentress & The Boss' it features not only Samantha Burns, but also Jessica, Nadine and Anita from 'Slavery : Captured!' and 'Salvery : Operated on!' In this story we learn how Donald Fisher found his way in the world of Samantha Burns, and extreme female domination. He is willingly, slowly introduced to the wonders of sado-masochism and domination... In the end after Samantha has introduced him to some of her most devious fetishes and inventions, and he has experienced erotic mind, control, chastity, and bondage...*

*She offers him a choice, after one year as her slave, given the choice, would he return to his normal life or choose to remain her slave?*

*This 20,000 word erotic story is intended for adult readers only, 18 plus only please.*

## *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...*

*(This is a prequel to: 'Slavery 1 & 2 : Captured & Operated on!')*

*The Harem Slave*



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

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

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

*This is a dark, dark romance story and a fantasy story which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, surgery, castration, tease and denial, domestic servitude and more. Any resemblance of Rijkistan to a real place is coincidental. Please don't read 'The Harem Slave' expecting realism, this is pure fantasy in every aspect.*

*All characters in this story are consenting, this story is pure fantasy and not within the realms of realism. If you're looking for male chastity within the realms of realism, I urge you to look at the works of 'Sarah Jameson' whose chastity and cuckholding fiction and male chastity guides are excellent.*

*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.

*Q: Why did you change the story so radically from the earliest releases of 'The Clinical Trial'? I preferred the early version!*

A: After a republish, 'The Clinical Trial' was deemed inappropriate in some way, and did not pass the KDP content filter. I never intended to offend anyone, I can understand why this story might offend those who are not open open-minded and who do not understand the needs and mentality of transvestites and transgender men. The changes are, toned down sexual scenes, and some sex scenes removed. The bestiality scene I have removed completely. The earlier version will not be made available again through any medium, the point of this story is really the chastity and the feminization.

*Q: Are you a professional domme?*

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

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

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

*Q: Please?*

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

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

A: I don't know, it might not be possible. Some people will never be receptive to the idea of kink. You should probably broach the subject carefully, and honestly. Some people say writing down a list of kinky fantasies and then swapping them is a good idea. If your wife or girlfriend is not receptive to this sort of thing, ask yourself – would you find her putting on your boxer shorts, jeans, t-shirt and overalls on turning on?

*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 – she has a serious psychological problem. I don't actually get turned on at the thought of men being castrated in the slightest, but I know my boyfriend does, and I like to think I understand him – so I can write that scenario. Whenever I ever feel inclined to castrate a man it tends to be because he's being egocentric, insensitive and thinking with his testosterone rather than his brain – as so many men do.

*Q: So do you hate men?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: I would give Sarah Jameson a try, all of her works of fiction are excellent. My next recommendation is to read all of 'Anne Michelle', 'Grounded in heels', 'The Writers Secret' and 'Humiliation at the office'

are all excellent stories. If you've read all mine and all of Anne Michelle's and still want more – then read Sara Desmarais, I suggest you start with 'A change in our marriage' it's really excellent.

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

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

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

A: No it's a pen name.

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

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

*Q: Can I contact you?*

A: I answer all emails eventually, please contact me on [sjm.author@yahoo.com](mailto:sjm.author@yahoo.com) Or look me up on [www.goodreads.com](http://www.goodreads.com) I operate a blog there to keep readers posted about my latest releases.