

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

~ Female Domination, Chastity & Forced Feminization ~

A sequel to 'The Tormentress & The Boss'



By Sabrina Jen Mountford

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

A Sequel to The Tormentress and the Boss

~ By Sabrina Jen Mountford

Also by the same author:-

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

The Tormentress and the Boss

Slavery: Part 1 : Captured!

Slavery: Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.

The Male Bridesmaid

The Hypnotist

A Sissy Story : WPC Domination

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

Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

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

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

The Harem Slave

Femdom : The Dressmaker

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

Femdom: The Beautician Trap

Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission

Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

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

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

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

Coming soon:-

Femdom : The Game

Planned Titles:-

A Study in Feminization (BDSM Studies)

The Clinical Trial : Phase 2

Forced Fem : His first 'Girls Day Out' (Based on Fact.)

Femdom : Utopia – The Female Dominated Society

Compilations by the same author:-

Feminization Stories First Collection: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid

Feminization Stories Second Collection: Feminized For Her,

Crossdressing: Schoolgirl Domination

Slavery: Part 1 & 2 : Captured & Operated on!

Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself & Tickled into Submission

(For non-Kindle owners) Paperbacks by the same author:-

Feminization Tales: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid

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

Sabrina Jen Mountfords Authors Blog and profile:

http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountford/blog

http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountford

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

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

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

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

Are excellent, well written, interesting and fun!

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

<http://www.amazon.co.uk/The-Well-Disciplined-Husband-ebook/dp/B008IJQ1DK>

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Forward:-

What follows is an original work of erotic fantasy fiction involving chastity belts, orgasm denial, BDSM and forced feminisation. All of the characters and events within are entirely fictional and any resemblance

to real life persons or places is coincidental. These works are fantasy fiction, and I do not condone or encourage any of the acts described in this story be attempted in real life. This material is suitable for over 18's only. The following story makes much more sense if you've read 'The Tormentress and the Boss'

Enjoy the story.

~ Sabrina

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

The Male Chauvinist Pig...

Melissa had, had a hard day at work. She walked through the door to the small flat she shared with her boyfriend Angelo. Sighing she threw her coat onto the back of the sofa and headed towards the kitchen area. Angelo saw her approach and snorted, "Hmmp! Hang your coat up! Don't just leave it there!"

"Sorry, I've had a long day and I'm tire-"

"I don't care how tired you are, just put it away."

Sighing she pulled it off the sofa and hung it on the back of the door, then slipped her high heels off and went to sit down. As soon as her bum hit the sofa Angelo was on to her again, "What do you think you're doing? I'm starving! Get cooking!"

She rolled her eyes at him, "You could make dinner from time to time you know!"

"Cooking is a woman's job, and don't take your heels off."

"Angelo, we've been through this before, I hate wearing heels, you know I have to for work, but I like to -"

"Women should wear high heels, the only reason you find them uncomfortable is you don't practice enough! You need to spend more time in them so you get used to it."

"Angelo!"

"I like you in them, put them on!"

Groaning she got to her feet and slipped her heels back on, then trudged tiredly into the kitchen. It hadn't always been this way... At the start he'd treated her like a princess, buying her flowers, taking her out... It'd started gradually, but his over powering nature had started to border on control freak.

“Angelo, is pasta okay?”

“Whatever! Just get a move on!”

She started fishing out the things she needed to make it and started cooking. While she did Angelo entered the kitchen. He had olive skin, shoulder length dark hair and was quite thin and petit. He had boyish looks, almost feminine, he shaved, but in truth you couldn't tell if he'd missed a day. Melissa was a pale white by comparison, with long blonde hair and a slim but feminine figure. She had small, pert breasts, a B cup at best. She worked in a busy media office, and promotion and success seemed to rely on looks greatly. Angelo's over-bearing, controlling nature was driving her to depression. It was bad enough having to bear uncomfortable clothes and spend all day worrying about her image at work, without having a repeat exercise at home.

She was chopping vegetables, and she felt him approach from behind, he did have his moments, even now he had the occasional moments of tenderness. She felt his hands rest on her hips, pressing through her business suit jacket and blouse gripping her waist. They slid up her torso and to the front, “Mel... I'm sorry about before... I shouldn't have snapped.”

She sighed, “It's okay, I know you're stressed about only having part time work – you've not been yourself lately.”

His hands slid up her torso and fell onto her small, pert breasts, he caressed them for a moment then sighed, “Mel, you should really get these fixed you know...”

“Fixed?”

“Yeah, I mean, what are you now, a B cup? I don't mind if you want to spend our money on surgery to take you up a few sizes, I think it'd make you look more feminine and feel more feminine – no more padded bra's?”

“Angelo! I don't want surgery! Big breasts might look wonderful to men who are thinking with their penis's but I can imagine they'd be quite uncomfortable.”

“You'd get used to it.. You could go up to double D ?”

“I don't want to be a 'double D' as you put it, I'm happy as I am!”

“Hmmp! Well I'm not, I want you to have the surgery.”

“No! Get your hands off me, if you're so obsessed with big breasts and high heels why don't YOU have the surgery and start wearing heels all the time?”

The Sword of Damocles

That night was the beginning of the end for Angelo and Melissa. He wouldn't back down on his demands and she refused to agree with his absurd demands. When she got a promotion at the office she moved out and broke up with Angelo permanently, but she retained some bitterness towards him and his stinking chauvinist attitude...

Working in media, and being fairly successful, Melissa ended up working for a media company called 'Fisher Creative'. When she started working there, the person running the show was a Samantha Fisher. An attractive mid-thirties woman who appeared to have signs of a recent injury to her nose [This was sustained during 'The Tormentress and the Boss'] she also had a demeanour of a woman who was angry and a little haunted by some recent event. A young woman by the name of Jill had interviewed her and inducted her, apparently the former HR manager, an Alicia had left rather suddenly...

She'd only been working there for a few days when she was taking a piece of work she'd printed out to Samantha's office for her approval. Samantha had been off for the first week she arrived, and this was to be the first time she'd spoken to her. When she got to the door she paused to open it and heard a rather curious conversation from her office.

"Ahhh, so that's you've been non-contactable!"

"Yes Anita... But I don't want this unfortunate episode going any further."

"We've been friends for a long time – you know your secret's safe with me – did the experience change your perspective any? Being on the opposite end of domination?"

"Frankly no, I found the experience, rather – disagreeable... However I am a dominant, so my stance on forcing submissive men, and women for that matter into slavery is still that is a good thing, for all concerned."

"So how long were you in this situation? How did you get out?"

"Well, it must have been a few days, it was difficult to keep track of time with the constant sleep deprivation and stimulus, especially wearing the sensory deprivation helmet.. I suspected Donald would change his mind one day and decide to try and escape so I put some safeguards in place. There's a subliminal programming recording in the master bedroom set to play every night, unless it's de-activated before a certain time, it's very quiet, only loud enough to be heard in the subconscious. Donald obviously wasn't aware of this and so for the week when I was incarcerated he was hearing a special hypnotic message, created for me by

Eve [Dr Wilshaw from 'The Hypnotist'] urging him, coaxing him into desiring slavery, wanting to be my property... Before the week was out it's work was done and he was in the dungeon releasing me, pleading me to dominate him again."

The listener chuckled before replying, "And will you? After what he's put you through?"

"Well, I've commissioned Eve to give him some more programming... I intend to continue with my original plan. When can you fit him in for your radical feminization surgery? [See 'Slavery 2 : Operated on!']"

"I'm fully booked for the time being... But I'll book him a slot and tell you when I can fit him in – is he aware and consenting?"

"Oh yes, Eve has made sure of that... If he's forced to wait long he'll be so desperate for the surgery he'll be running to theatre and begging you to start."

"Chuckle... And Alicia and Kevin? What are you going to do about her?"

"I've let her go... She's one of us, she's a dominant, she'll never forgive me for her ordeal though – so I've fixed it so she can leave with a glowing reference and take Kevin with her. I think it's only fair... One thing I have learned from the experience is don't try to make a dominant submissive – it's more hassle than it's worth."

Melissa coughed accidentally, and Samantha gasped, then spoke, "Come in..."

"Sorry Miss Fisher, I've done these and-"

"How long were you out there eaves dropping?"

Melissa looked at the two women sitting at opposite sides of the desk, what she'd heard didn't make sense, any sense, dominants, submissives, it all sounded rather sinister... But there was something in Samantha's look that made it very hard to lie.

"Erm, long enough to hear everything.. Erm, none of it makes sense to me though and what you do in your priv-"

"Enough, you're obviously new to the world of female domination... Perhaps one day I'll enlighten you – but for now, just be aware that men are simply here to serve us and don't let any man get the better of you."

"Hmmp! I don't know about that, I just recently broke up with my boyfriend and he only knew about serving himself."

"Well, that's because you never trained him properly... As my good friend here, Anita will testify, men are naturally submissive. It's just a matter of

knowing how to unlock their submissiveness.”

This was all very surreal, part of her wanted to walk out of the office and go away, never to return, but her curiosity was immediate, part of her was intrigued. The two women sitting at opposite sides of the desk seemed nice enough. She'd never seen Anita before, sitting there in her sharp grey suit with a cream satin blouse... But they were so comfortable talking about this, that it normalized it... Her initial reaction faded – she had to know more.

“Hah! I wish I'd known how to ‘unlock’ Angelo's submissiveness, I really liked him – but he could be such a pig!”

Anita raised an eyebrow, “Male chauvinist pig? Hmmm, you'll find that's his testosterone thinking for him. All males are ruled by their testosterone levels, and they are controlled by their balls... Men's brains have the illusion they in control, but the truth is they are ruled by their testicles.”

Mel chuckled softly, “So what are you suggesting – castration?”

Anita shrugged, “Maybe... Sometimes castration is good for males, it calms them down...At least once they've recovered from the drop in hormone levels and the inevitable sense of loss... No, in most cases it's better to control their testosterone, than to remove it – Trust me, I've learned this from experience... Of course, in some cases I'm happy to castrate if that's the best treatment for a particular male.”

Melissa gulped, the casual suggestion that she'd castrate a man sent a shiver down Mel's spine.

Talking about this was exhilarating, liberating almost. Melissa had always felt a little shy and weak towards men... The more she heard, the more she wanted to know more. The very thought of taking control and controlling men – particularly ‘Angelo’ was making her feel aroused.

“So, control their testosterone? How? How does controlling their testosterone levels allow you to control them?”

Anita smiled warmly, “Melissa isn't it? Well, women make testosterone in small amounts, in your muscles and adrenal glands. But testicles are like little testosterone super factories, churning it out at a phenomenal rate. The main way the male gets rid of this testosterone is through ejaculation. How often did your ‘Angelo’ orgasm?”

“Erm, once a week, twice a week?”

“Did you notice any behaviour changes before and after?”

“No, not really...”

“Hmmm, how do you know he only orgasmed once or twice a week?”

“That’s how often we had sex...”

“Ahhh... Then that explains it. I presume Angelo is in his twenties yes? Right, well he was probably actually having an orgasm, once or twice a day, once every other day at the very least.”

“You think he was having an affair?”

“Hmmm, maybe... You could possibly call it that, perhaps having an affair with his right hand...”

“Masturbating? Urgh! No, I’m sure-“

“Did he ever spend a long time on the toilet? In the shower? And come out looking a little elated?”

This did actually ring alarming bells with Melissa, she’d often thought he seemed to be taking a long time and then... Yes, when he came out he seemed, relaxed?

“Hmmmph! Since you put it like that – I think maybe you’re right, maybe he was masturbating!”

“There’s your problem! Males are supposed to seek orgasm, that’s why it’s so pleasurable for them. From an evolutionary point of view, men’s genes want men, to want to orgasm. The complexity with humans of course is that men have evolved the ability to stimulate themselves to orgasm. In most mammals, the male has to seek copulation with a female to achieve orgasm, so they do and this gives the females a certain amount of power over the males. You need your man, whoever he may be – to be reliant on YOU for orgasms. This will make him more obedient, attentive, caring...”

“Hah! Sounds like the perfect boyfriend, but how can you stop them doing it if they are doing in the shower and on the loo?”

“Ahhh... Well, you fit them with a device, we call a ‘chastity device’, which by mechanical means stops them from becoming aroused and having an orgasm. Normally when a man has an orgasm he’s drained of testosterone and he won’t need to seek orgasm for a bit. In the wild, in other mammals, it’s the ‘breed or feed’ mechanism, so when the male mammal has orgasmed it focuses it’s attention on feeding, hunting, gathering and so on – until the testosterone has built up again. You make the man reliant on your for orgasm, and you prevent him from having an orgasm, the build-up of testosterone will continue, making him more and more eager to please you – in the hope of a release... Which of course you generally don’t want to give him... If you give him an orgasm, he will experience a low as his testosterone levels fall through the floor, he’ll stop

realizing you exist and start to be rebellious and disobedient until his levels have recovered. If you allowed 'Angelo' to orgasm freely – you will never have experienced the benefits of forcing testosterone build up – you'd be amazed how powerful it is..."

"Hah! Sounds great, except Angelo would never agree to let me prevent him from orgasming... And he's dumped me so-"

Samantha, who had been listening intently cut in, "Would you like him back? But, hmmm, more attentive, more concerned about your needs?"

"Hmmp! Possibly... I liked him, but he could be a such a chauvinist... He was always carrying on, insisting I wore high heels and makeup all the time, even in the house, almost demanding I had breast implants... I-"

Samantha raised an eyebrow, "It sounds like he needs to be taught a lesson."

Anita's face lit up at this and she turned to Melissa, "I think Samantha is right... Hmmm, how does the thought of some sweet, revenge, with a humbled, subdued... Tamed even... Slave at the end of it sound?"

"Is it possible? Is it legal... I don't know..."

"It's possible, but it will take some work, it's probably not legal... But, I am an expert in taming men... Making them submissive – I have a lot of experience and I'm interested in working on this 'Angelo'."

"Hah! I don't think Angelo can be tamed – I can't imagine any way of 'taming him' as you put it..."

"There are ways... You'd be surprised ... Men like Angelo consider women submissive, they associate femininity as submissive – so feminizing them, body hair removal, breast forms, make-up, female underwear and clothes, perfume – it makes them feel submissive. Even the staunchest chauvinist will find it hard to resist being submissive when fully feminized – particularly if you can keep him from getting aroused. It really messes with their heads – the constant straining, trying to become erect because of their humiliating feminine appearance... But unable to become erect due to their device... Nothing is more delicious than having a man at your mercy in this way – I promise. "

"Hmmp, well that might be true – but how are you supposed to get him to wear a device and... girlie underwear in the first place?"

"There are ways, trust me. I have a very good friend who is an expert at bending men's will. Then there's blackmail, there are ways... Is 'Angelo' working do you know?"

"I think he's still working part time, I did see him going into the job centre

a few days ago.”

“Fine, leave it to me. I’ll hire your Angelo, then I will humiliate, torment and tease him into submission... When he’s completely broken, I will transfer ownership of him to you, so he’s your property – to do with as you will.”

“I can’t believe this is real... I didn’t think this sort of-“

“It doesn’t normally, but trust me, I’ve been doing this for a long time and it’s my goal to establish women as the dominant gender. The world would be a much more tolerant and less violent place if women were in charge. We are programmed to collaborate, whereas men are programmed to compete... I may not be able to change the world, but if I can change one man – then that’s a step in the right direction – leave your work with me, I’ll look it over... I’ll speak to you about Angelo once I have things in motion. I need you to email me every photograph you have of him, I’ll send them to the photo-shopping department to create some nice, juicy incriminating evidence.”

Melissa smiled, and Anita and Samantha smiled back. It all seemed like a weird dream, one conversation had turned her perspective of the world upside down... But now she couldn’t wait to see the results... She was desperate to have Angelo kneeling at her feet and obeying her every command – she still wasn’t convinced it was possible, but she decided to allow Samantha to try anyway.

Full Time Employment

Angelo had been struggling to find full-time work for some time. When the job centre eventually contacted him, it wasn’t to announce that he’d got an interview, it was that he’d been offered a job!

He’d been offered a position at a media firm called ‘Fisher Creative’. He’d had to drive out of town to get to the premises, a large country house with a long gravel drive. When he got to the house he raised an eyebrow, a converted barn adjoining the house which had three exotic sports cars parked in it in a row, a Lamborghini Diablo, a Lotus 340R and an Ariel Atom.

He parked his rather dilapidated old banger on the large gravel car park and crunched over to the house. It was quiet, peaceful, almost serene. Apart from the bizarreness of being offered a job without an interview he had a good feel about the place. When he found reception, a young girl greeted him.

“Mr. Detori? Please come in, have a seat.”

He looked at her name badge, it read, 'Kim Fernio' she can't have been more than nineteen and she was very beautiful in her sharp black ladies suit, with a short, well above the knee skirt, black nylons and four inch heel pumps. He followed her in, watching her hips rock side to side as her heels clicked on the tiled floor. As he sat down on one of the small sofa's she turned to him, "Would you like a coffee Mr Detori?"

"Y... Yes, yes please... Milk and one sugar?"

She smiled, "Of course... One moment..."

Kim vanished down the corridor and left him alone for a few minutes to examine her reception area. It was well kept and professional looking, smart, corporate images were hung on the walls, promoting the brand and showcasing their work. Eventually Kim returned and handed him a hot pink mug, with pastel pink hearts on it and the company logo.

"Here you are, Mr Detori – can I give you some forms to fill out?"

He nodded and took the cup, his hand shaking. She handed him some forms with the company logo on the top and gave him a biro. He sipped his coffee then began working through them. There was a strange, new-age music echoing through reception, with a barely audible whisper in the background, he couldn't hear it properly but somehow it made his spine tingle and did strange things to his head. Eventually he finished the forms and handed them back to Kim, who had taken her seat behind her desk and replaced her spectacles.

"Ahhh, thank you – I'll just ring through to Sam and let her know you're here. "

She punched in some numbers on her phone, "Miss Fisher, Mr Detori has arrived... Shall I bring him through?... Good, I'll be through presently."

She stood and beckoned him evocatively with her finger, "This way Mr Detori."

He rose and followed her, carrying the remnants of his coffee through the building. They passed various offices, some open plan, some private. He soon noticed, there were no other men working here – the entire staff was made up of fairly young, very beautiful women, all immaculately dressed and confident looking. He was normally very comfortable around women, but this environment... Somehow it amplified his insecurities and made him feel a little intimidated...

They eventually arrived at a heavy set door and he watched Kim rap on the door with her knuckles until a commanding female voice ordered, "Enter!" He followed Kim through and Kim announced him, "Miss Fisher, this is

Angelo Detori – the new employee. I'll leave you to it.”

Samantha pointed at the pink leather upholstered chair opposite her desk with her biro, “Sit...” She was wearing a satin blouse with the top few buttons undone, just showing a glimpse of her black lacy bra... She was probably mid-thirties, but very beautiful and somehow... Commanding? Before he'd realised what he was doing he'd sat in the chair and found it seemed unusually short, such so that he felt like a child in front of the headmistress, with her seat positioning her clearly higher than him.

There was a long silence while she read through his forms. He felt like he was under the magnifying glass, she scrutinized every page and would occasionally screw her face up and pen a mark on his form. Eventually, after what seemed like a lifetime she placed them carefully down in front of her.

“Now, Mr Detori... I've-“

“Miss Fisher?”

“Yes?”

“I've been given this job, but I don't know anything about it! What the job is, the pay, the holidays – anything! Why have you hired me without interviewing me?”

“I read your CV and you seem like a resourceful individual who has some useful skills. If I you are obedient, and hard-working, I believe I can teach you the remainder of what I need you to be capable of. The role, Mr Detori, is to be my personal assistant, here and at my home. The pay is sixty thousand pounds a year and accommodation is provided. The reason I didn't interview you, is simply because I don't believe in interviewing, it doesn't give people a fair opportunity to showcase their abilities, so I hire off CV and fire you if you prove incompetent. The only proviso is that you pass the company medical, if you're found to be healthy, then the job is yours – you'll move in to my house immediately and you'll start work the same day – you won't need to bring anything, everything you need will be provided.”

He gasped... It sounded too good to be true, he'd never earned more than twenty thousand working fulltime and now he'd be earning doctor wages and having accommodation thrown in!

“Erm... I don't know what to say... Thank you...”

Of course in his excitement he neglected to ask exactly what the job entailed, her personal assistant? What exactly did she expect of him?

“Don't thank me yet, you need to pass the medical. I'll ring through for

you – you need to head out of this door, down the corridor, up the stairs, turn right – then it’s the first door on the right.”

He got up to go as Samantha picked up her phone and tapped a few buttons, “Anita, it’s Samantha here – I’m sending my new PA up for his medical... Great..”

Almost elated Angelo strode through the building, sixty thousand! He’d never dreamed he’d earn that kind of wage! And to live in her house? It had to be better than the crumby studio flat he’d been renting and it had to be better than ‘couch surfing’ which he’d been doing for the last week when he’d finally been kicked out for failing to pay the rent.

The Medical

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

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

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

He quivered, “Is that really necessary?”

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

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

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

your genitals.”

By the time he was naked he was shaking all over, he was sporting the erection of his life and couldn't think straight. There were no gowns visible, so he pulled open the only drawer he had access to. There, staring up at him from the drawer was a patient's gown, the type which tied at the back, or front... But rather than the institutional sky blue or white with a pattern which they usually were... It was hot pink and not a canvas material as usual but a soft, silky, satin like material. He heard her voice again, “Open at the front please Angelo...”

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

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

“Cough!”

“Again please...”

“COUGH!”

“Tell me when this hurts...”

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

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

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

seat.”

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

Limping slightly he ambled over, and climbed into the seat, “Bu-“

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

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

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

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

“N..No... I’m ju-“

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

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

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

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

“I.. I don’t want it!”

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

“I don’t want it!”

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

“Please...”

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

He allowed her to wrap the tourniquet around the top of his bicep, the watched her hold the bottle up and draw several milligrams of drug into

the syringe, before spraying the liquid high in the air to clear the air bubble.

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

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

"Keep still... Try to relax..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Me-"

"Shhhh, we are going to give you Polypropylene breast implants... These, once implanted into you will continue to grow and grow... Resulting in

huge, almost cartoonish looking breasts if left unchecked... Except you won't remember this conversation, and you won't know why you are suddenly growing big, female breasts..."

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

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

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

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

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

Coming Around

Angelo opened his eyes groggily. He was still in Anita's clinic, his ankles strapped into the stirrups, his gown had been fastened up. Anita was sitting at her desk tapping away at her keyboard, "Groan... Where am I?"

"Your medical? You were a bit nervous so I gave you a mild sedative to calm you down... You must have dropped off. It doesn't matter, I've done everything I need to do to you."

"Urgh! I feel terrible... Get me out of these things..."

Anita rose and approached, starting to unfasten the ankle straps, "Sorry... I thought it best to leave you strapped in seeing as you fell asleep – let me help you out... It's unusual people falling asleep on a low dose of mild sedative, you must have a low tolerance for drugs."

Once his ankles were free he lowered his legs and climbed wearily to his feet. His memory felt a bit scrambled, like there was something important he'd forgotten, but it was just out of his reach. Anita chuckled softly at his confused expression, "You can get dressed now Angelo, of course I'm sure I'll be seeing you again..."

Angelo felt seriously unnerved, he retired behind the screen and put his clothes back on. His chest felt strange, everything felt strange. He folded the pink, silky gown up and stepped out, Anita pointed to the door with her pen, "Are you okay? Samantha wants you to report to her as soon as you're recovered."

He nodded and shuffled out of the door, feeling uncomfortable and disorientated. He had to hold tight onto the handrail on the stairs, his chest was tingling and feeling, odd? When he eventually made it back to Samantha's office he knocked and she called for him to enter.

She looked up from her work as he walked in and clicked the door shut behind him, "Ahhh, you're back – Anita has passed you medically, so that's good news... I think you're ready to start."

He was swaying slightly, "Could I have a drink of water first please? She gave me a sedative and... I don't think I've recovered properly..."

"Hmmm, well, would you like to get put your uniform on now or once you're had a sit down and a glass of water?"

"Uniform?"

Samantha pointed with her biro at the back of the door, there hanging on a hanger was a silk lined hot pink dress with a knee length hem. It had a hot pink jacket with it with purple piping on the seams and some matching lingerie including a corset, bra, panties, suspender belt and stockings...

On a shelf by the door was a pair of pink high heeled shoes, they looked a bit like sandals, with a toe-bar and an ankle strap... But they weren't made of leather or canvass, they looked hard and unforgiving... They looked like they were made of metal.

Angelo shook with fear and grimaced in disgust, "I'm not wearing that!"

Samantha shrugged, "Fine, that's fine by be – it's not compulsory, but I do find the working environment here tends to make men feel... Like feminizing? It's there if you change your mind. I need to go and speak to my HR girl... Can you file all these customer portfolios away please? And give the office a bit of a tidy. Once you're done there you can have a read through this company operations manual I've prepared, proof-reading it and highlighting any errors..."

She got up and walked to the door, then opened it – as she crossed over the threshold she flashed him a sly grin, "Work hard, or I'll have you over my knee when I get back."

He shuddered as she allowed the door to swing shut after her as she left. He'd never felt intimidated by women before, any women... But here, in this environment he felt vulnerable. It was almost as if everything about the environment was designed to make males feel uncomfortable, submissive even?

He flicked through the customer portfolio's, it seemed Fisher Creative specialized in producing images for adult websites. They were good, he opened a page at one about half way down the pile and smiled, there was a Chinese girl in a red Chinese dress with a young man over her knee, naked except for a pair of girlie panties. He looked genuinely embarrassed – she looked like she was loving it. (Yes, this is Alicia and Kevin from 'The Tormentress & The Boss') He closed the file and started looking for the right places in the customer filing cabinet. As he worked he heard a faint music coming from somewhere. It sounded new-age, it reminded him of Enya a little bit... It had a quiet whispering in the back-track, yet no matter how hard he tried to hear it he couldn't quite make out the words... Though he could tell the whisperer had a very feminine, almost hypnotic voice... Even though he couldn't hear it properly or where it was coming from, it sent a tingle down his spine and made him feel even more on edge.

The pile of customer portfolio's was quite large, and they were spread out, it took him some time to establish how the filing system worked. As he ploughed on, the music faded into the background, only heard by his subconscious...

Eventually, he was two thirds down the pile, but he was slowing... He kept feeling his attention drawn back to the uniform hanging up. It was calling out to him, teasing him, tempting him... He'd never crossdressed before, never understood cross-dressing before but something in his brain had been switched on. Normally he'd assume a cross-dresser was a homosexual and be somewhat disgusted... But now, every time he glanced at the outfit, he longed to try it on... It looked his size... Part of his mind felt he should be questioning the bizarre experience at Fisher Creative he was having... He should have noticed that the calendar on the wall meant he'd missed a day, but his head was all over the place... For some reason he couldn't stop thinking about slipping into the lingerie, the dress and even the heels, those cruel unforgiving looking heels – which appeared to be made of steel...

Of course, he had lost a day, while he'd been unconscious Anita had measured him up thoroughly for the uniform and the shoes, the shoes were made on the moulds of his feet so would be very snug... Dr Eve had created a specific looped track to play which would encourage him subconsciously into sissyness, specifically the uniform. As he finished the customer portfolio's he found himself staring at the dress, shaking with anticipation. It felt so wrong... He felt guilty for even thinking about trying it on – but at the same time he felt he had to!

He approached the door and peeped a look down the corridor... Not a soul could be seen... He closed the door, there was a catch so he dropped it – he'd have to explain it being locked later somehow if Samantha returned. Gingerly he took his clothes off and hung them on the back of the chair.

Naked and shaking he approached the outfit and pulled the bra off the hanger. It was fiddly and delicate, satin with black lace... After sliding one arm in, then the other he fumbled around trying to clip it closed behind him. Eventually it snapped shut and he felt the pull of the bra around his chest, and over his shoulders. His cups were fairly empty, but somehow, not quite as empty as he'd expected? Somehow he seemed to be developing 'man-boobs' how hadn't he noticed?

Hands shaking he took the panties next and stepped in. His cock was erect and looked almost like it was going to burst by now. When he pulled them up, there simply wasn't room in his panties for his genitals so they were forced to hang out awkwardly. He looked at the hot pink panties with the black ribbon bow at the front, and the lace... He quivered and his legs went weak... Why was he doing this? This wasn't him!

Every nerve in his body was torn, partly feeling so guilty, so tense at what

he was doing, but part of him feeling an immense sense of relief... Like this was what he was always supposed to do. When he pulled the corset down it wasn't clear how it tightened up, instead of laces down the back it was smooth and had a small, black steel plate at the bottom. He pulled it around him and fastened the clips at the front anyway. As he fastened the last clip he heard a click as if an electrical circuit had been made. The black plate on the back of the corset started vibrating and he heard a whirring noise start. Slowly, gradually he felt the corset tighten as if the laces were being pulled tight by invisible hands. In a panic he tried to pull it down, but in seconds it was too tight to move. Helplessly he stood still and felt the air forced out of his chest as it tightened, he felt his intestines compressed and forced upwards, giving him an uncomfortable, but feminine hourglass figure.

Whimpering he felt around the corset, struggling to breathe, he couldn't find any means of unfastening it or reversing the motor... He was effectively stuck. After several minutes of pulling and tugging at the satin and lace corset he gave up – it was on and until Samantha returned there was no way out.

He was now left with another difficult decision, part of him thought about stopping now, putting his male clothes back on over the lingerie... But then she'd TOLD him to put the uniform on! He was afraid... He felt silly, and guilty... But he also felt submissive and subdued... He wanted to continue, and she'd told him to wear it...

His thoughts swimming, he pulled the suspender belt on and fastened it, then pulled on the silky smooth, black stockings with lace around the tops. Once he'd clipped them on he pulled the dress off the coat hanger and stepped into it. It was a snug fit, forcing his knees together and gripping his body tightly, clearly it was tailored for a corset wearing lady. After some struggling, he managed to pull the zipper up at the back. He felt a sense of relief wash over him, coupled with guilt, fear, anxiety... Samantha would be back soon and he would be caught in this humiliating attire... He whimpered and almost started crying... But he felt compelled to do this, and now there was no way of removing the corset... Besides she'd told him to wear it... It would be embarrassing when she got back, sure, but he could play that he was simply being obedient and following her instructions – as bizarre as they were.

Resigned to continue working in his feminine uniform he paused before taking the jacket, to look at those high heels. He picked one up and examined it. It was clearly made of steel... It was painted pink, except for

the heel which had been left bare metal. The heel was a high one, it looked to his untrained eye like six inches. In places the shoes had holes in the metal, giving them a slightly industrial look. At the top of the plate which sat behind the heel, holding the foot forwards and the toes under the toe bar, was a hinged metal strap. It opened and closed at a fixed angle and had a pin holding it closed. There was a little open padlock with keys dangling loosely on the hasp.

Again, there was something about these shoes, they looked cruel, and painful to wear... But for some inexplicable reason he had to try them on. Taking both he returned to his seat, removed the pins and open padlocks, opened the hinged ankle straps on both shoes and slipped his right foot into the shoe. It took some wiggling to get his toes under the bar, so fitted was the shoe... But once under they were in, it was comfortable and his heel sat perfectly at the back of the shoe. He closed the ankle strap and slid the pin in. It felt rigid, hard, like his foot was completely immobile in an uncomfortable, a seriously uncomfortable position.

Almost holding his breath, he forced his left foot into the other shoe. Again, it was a tight fit. After much wiggling and jiggling, he managed to get his left foot in and close the ankle strap. Pins in place on both feet he stood up. Surprisingly the ankle strap actually helped to keep balance on the stiletto heel, but the massive height of the heel forced him to push his bum out and arch his back a little. He tried a few steps, the shoes fitted like gloves... They were perfect, only the height and the rigidity of the shoes made them painful. He sat down again and picked up the padlocks, they teased him, urging him to try them... How would it feel to be locked in these monsters? He was quivering with excitement, his feet were already in pain, held fast in this uncomfortable position – but the keys were there weren't they? He could always unlock them?

Without hesitating he bent down (a challenge wearing the self-tightening corset) and slipped the two little padlocks through the pins and snapped them shut. The sensation of having his feet locked into this agonizingly high heel and held so rigidly sent a wave of arousal through him. He sat back in the chair and experimentally wiggled his feet around in the heel – or tried to... There was no room for wiggling as it turned out, he couldn't even flex his ankle...

Standing he took a few baby steps, his heels clicking on the wooden floor boards. The corset, and dress, coupled with the rigid ankle strap actually meant he walked better than he expected to – but after crossing the office and returning, his right foot was starting to cramp...

He sat down quickly whimpering in pain and pulled the key to the lock, desperate to remove the shoe... However when the key got to the lock, it wouldn't slide in! He tried it this way, then that, then the other key... Clearly the keys that had been on the padlock were to something else!

In a panic and through a mask of grimacing pain he scanned the shelves, the window sills, anywhere for another key – nothing. Helpless, unable to even flex his foot he awkwardly lowered himself to the floor and lay flat on his back, trying to relieve the pressure and get the cramp to subside. Sharp, shooting pains ravaged his foot, bringing him to tears... As they subsided he looked down at his feet. He could barely see them from this position lying flat on his back, the huge tent in his groin area was so large. He'd never felt so aroused in his life – the fact that he was padlocked into what were effectively 'torture shoes' only exacerbated the effect. He could still hardly breathe from the pressure on his diaphragm caused by the corset... Slowly, he reached down and touched himself – did he feel himself leak a little pre-cum?

He grabbed his member and ran his hand over it once, then twice... The silky lining of the dress brushing against him and caressing him. It sent a shiver down his spine, the corset gripping him, the shoes holding his feet in the uncomfortable position... The knowledge that he couldn't remove the corset or the shoes...

It was too much, two strokes and he was coming, and coming, his member pulsing, forcing semen into the dress and through the lining, leaving a mess all over the front of his groin.

The door clicked, then swung open. Samantha had a key and had unlocked it! She stepped in, looked down at him and smirked, "Well, well... I was about to tell you 'good girl' for getting into your uniform... But I can't have you messing yourself like that can I?"

"Samantha!"

"Miss Fisher please... You will call me 'Miss Fisher'. I can see you're not used to being 'dressed properly' so I won't fire you on this occasion, I will have to take some measures to stop you messing yourself again though – won't I?"

"Miss Fisher, I... I don't understand, I've never-"

"No, I'm sure you haven't, I'm not cross with you for cross-dressing, I asked you to put your uniform on. I'm cross with you because of your lack of self-control and the fact that you've messed yourself in your nice uniform... I think it's time I got that little organ of yours under control

hmmm?”

“What do you mean?”

“I’m going to put you into a chastity device, which will prevent erections, making them painful and prevent you from having an orgasm.”

“I’m not agreeing to that!”

“Angelo, you don’t have a choice... You are in my employ now... Being my PA, is a special kind of employment... Those forms you signed so hastily – you didn’t really read them in detail did you? Basically you have signed yourself over to me completely, you are effectively my property now – to do with as I please.”

“That’s not legal!”

“Not in the UK no, but through some clever loopholes, this organisation which is based in a little country called Rijkistan, is not classed as in the UK. In Rijkistan, slavery and ownership of people is perfectly legal and accepted.”

“You can’t make me! I’ll leave!”

“Be my guest... Of course, you can expect the CCTV footage of your sissy masturbating to go public on You Tube, as punishment... I’m giving you three weeks to reconsider your position. Go... Once you’ve seen sense and realise the full implications of your predicament, come back... There’ll be a punishment for running away of course, but if you return and accept my ownership of you willingly, maybe I’ll show some mercy?”

“Fine! I won’t be back though!”

“Oh you will... I promise you, you will be back...”

“Hmmp! Well get me out of this corset, how do you undo it?”

“Sorry Angelo, the corset stays on... I’m not telling you how to open it – except that it’s not possible to open it without the right keycode.”

“Well where are the keys to the padlocks on the shoes?”

“Oh, I don’t keep those here... Dear me, that would be no fun at all – you can keep the shoes on I think.”

“I ca-“

“Yes you can, and you will... Now go, I want you out of my sight. I want you take your dress and underwear with you, get it all cleaned and report back to me wearing your uniform, once you’ve realised and accepted that I now own you.”

Scowling Angelo fought his way to his feet, wobbling. He undressed, with Samantha watching and smirking. Of course he couldn’t remove the

stockings and didn't want them to fall down so he ended up keeping the suspender belt on too – putting his boxers, shirt and trousers over the stockings, suspenders and corset.

Hobbling away carrying the dress was agony, and felt strange with his waist clinched and his bum protruding due to the heels. When he got to his battered old car in the car park his feet were killing him. The shoes were cruel and unforgiving, they forced him to use his knees to walk, they were so restrictive on the foot and the ankle.

After throwing the clothes onto the passenger seat he sat in his car and pulled the door shut. After starting the engine he tried to operate the pedals. The restrictive rigid shoes, coupled with his compressed waist made driving almost impossible. He had to lift his entire lower leg to press or release a pedal. By the time he was back at his studio flat his feet were in agony.

Wearily he carried the bundle with his old shoes and the dress and jacket to his flat. His feet were screaming at him for mercy. When he actually made in to the flat he dropped the clothes in a heap and hobbled awkwardly to the sofa, still unaware that he'd lost a day while Anita had kept him sedated. He threw himself back on the sofa, lifting his feet up, taking the pressure off them and resting them on the end. He was tired, so tired... Partly due to the effort of walking and driving in the torture shoes, and partly because of the lingering effects of Anita's drug administration...

When he eventually opened his eyes again it was dark, he felt disorientated, had it all been a dream? It was dark outside, he tried to swing his feet onto the floor, and felt the corset and the heels – making him whimper. He shuffled along the sofa avoiding putting pressure on his feet, and flicked the light on. As the room lit up he looked down at his feet. The corset and the rigid ankle strap meant the simple task of bending to touch them, or even look at them wasn't easy. Once he had a hand on one shoe he experimented to see if there was any means of slipping his foot out. The ankle strap was very tight though, and the toe bar too was so tight, almost moulded to his foot – that he couldn't even release the toes momentarily for a rest. He tried to manoeuvre the shoe around to give his foot a rest, but it was so tight his foot was completely immobile. He gave up and tried the other, that was just as tight and just as secure.

Grimacing in pain he dropped his feet and teetered into the kitchen, under the sink he had a large tool box, with small bolt crops, a hacksaw and an

angle grinder – one way or another the shoes were coming off!

He started with the bolt crops, they were awkward to get into position, having assistance would have helped – but asking for help in this situation would have been too embarrassing. When he did finally get a purchase he squeezed the handles on the bolt crops – they simply wouldn't budge though. Whatever the padlocks were made of was tough, seriously tough! Giving up he tried the hacksaw next. From his angle of attack, making a saw stroke without catching his foot was nearly impossible and after several minutes of trying desperately, he threw the hacksaw down, having not even scratched the chrome finish on the padlock hasp.

Finally he picked up the angle grinder and gulped... It seemed dangerous, but nothing else had even scratched the padlock. He turned it on and the grinder jumped into life in his hand, slowly he lowered it and pressed it against the lock. Rather than the usual shower of sparks, there was a dull vibrating noise. He lifted it off and looked – not a scratch! He tried again, now the shoe was getting hot and he had to retreat again or his foot would burn. A cursory glance showed not a sign of damage. Giving up on the lock he tried the bolt crops, saw and grinder on the material of the shoe itself – for some reason he couldn't even scratch the paint. Throwing the tools down he started sobbing...

After a while he regained his composure and hobbled through the flat to find a pin – if he couldn't destroy the lock – could he pick it? The padlock was at the worst angle for him to pick and there was no way of re-positioning it. He'd never picked a lock before and soon discovered the pin was far too big to pick this padlock.

Giving up, he retired to bed, crying himself to sleep, his corset and high heels still firmly attached, his waist pulled tightly in and his feet forced into their torturous position.

The Return of the Ex

The next day Angelo was woken with a start. Someone was rapping at his door. He felt uncomfortable, his feet hurt and his breathing was restricted... Reality caught up with him and he recalled the previous day and his experience at 'Fisher Creative'. He threw the covers back and looked down at his corset, suspender belt and his incredibly uncomfortable torture shoes.

The rapping at the door continued. In a panic he climbed awkwardly out of bed, teetered over to the door to grab his dressing gown and hobbled through the ground floor flat to the door. He pushed it open and gasped,

“Melissa! Wha-“

She raised an eyebrow and looked at his feet, “Why are you wearing high heels Angelo?”

He thought about lying, about them – but what? Fancy dress? He’d always been a cross dresser? Nothing would wash with Melissa, she knew him too well, “Mel, you’d better come in...”

Smirking she followed in him to the flat. “So, what gives?”

“Why are you here Mel?”

“I was passing, I hadn’t seen you for a while – I thought I could pop in and say hello... You still haven’t told me what’s with the heels!”

“I got a full time job...”

“That’s good isn’t it?”

“At a place called ‘Fisher Creative’ it was really weird though, I don’t know what happened or how it happened... I’ve never... But, I... Somehow for some reason I ended up locked into these shoes and *ahem*”

“Yes?”

“Do you promise you won’t laugh?”

“I can’t promise that until you tell me, what is it?”

He pulled his dressing gown apart showing the satin and lace corset pulling his waist into an hour glass figure.

“Will you see if you can get it off me?”

“Oh, I don’t think I want to do that... I kind of like you in your new attire – it’s cute... It’s actually making me, hot...”

“Mel! What’s happened to you? Can you please try and get it off me?”

“Hmmp, spoilsport... I have changed yes, but not as much as you – you never used to be a tranny. Turn your back to me.”

He turned his back to her, offering her the back of the corset, then spoke over his shoulder, “I’m not a tranny!”

“You look like one... Hmmm, how does this thing fasten... There are no laces!?”

“I don’t know, I put it on and it kind of tightened up on its own!”

Melissa started messing with the corset, pulling at places, then trying to shove her fingers behind. “It’s not use... I can’t even get my fingers underneath it... It feels like there’s steel wires hidden in the material.”

“Get some scissors from the kitchen drawer, see if you can cut it off.”

“Hmmp, okay, hang on...”

She walked to the kitchen area and opened the drawer, then returned wielding scissors.

“Hold still... Hmm... Hmmp! Sorry hun, I’ve tried cutting it, but this material – it’s like anti-cut material... Hey, wait a minute... How long have you been in this get up?”

“It’s not funny! Since yesterday afternoon... “

“Hah! You’ve slept in the corset and shoes? Oh my god... That’s extreme-core heel wearing... If you keep them on all day and night you know, your calf muscles will contract, possibly even atrophy... It will become impossible for you to go back to flats if you’re not careful... And if you tight-lace your corset like this non-stop, it will change the position of your internal organs, you might have to keep tight-lacing... I don’t know much about it... But I’m sure I’ve heard that.”

“Hmmp, I’m not doing this by choice!”

“You were forced into the heels and corset?”

“No... I... I don’t know, Miss Fisher wanted me to put them on and I... I couldn’t resist... I wish I’d never been...”

“Poor baby... Well, if it’s any consolation, I think you look nice in them, I like you in heels and a corset.”

“You do? Don’t you think I look-“

“You look sweet... It’s a pity you dumped me, I’d only popped around to see if you’d found my Kaiser Chief’s CD you promised me.”

“Do you want to... “

“Yes?”

“I mean, I know I dumped you, but could we...”

“Have sex? Oh dear Angelo, as we’re not going out any more – your fault... No I don’t think we can have sex... Hmm, but you are hot in that get up... It’s just a pity about those boxers, they really spoil it – you should be wearing panties... Like those over there!”

He looked at the bundle of clothes on the chair he’d dropped there the night before, “I... I could put them on for you?” Again it was him speaking but he was shaking with anticipation, something in his head had changed and he felt so submissive to her...

“Hmmm, I’m not promising anything, but yes, put them, the bra too – if we’re having you in lingerie lets go whole hog eh? Besides, you seem to be developing man boobs, you’ll need to wear a bra soon by the look of you.”

He looked at his chest... She was right, somehow he seemed to be

developing breasts! “What’s happening to me!?”

“Put the panties on, and the bra... Now...”

He couldn’t resist her, almost in a trance he removed his boxers, struggling to stay on his feet... Then he slipped into the ladies underwear provided for him by Samantha. Melissa was smirking at him, his member poking out from inside the panties. “There, that’s better...”

“Do you mean we can-“

“No, I don’t think so... Hmmmm, I’ll tell you what you can do for me though... How about I allow you to service me orally? You haven’t done that for such a long time... And to be frank, I used to like you making love to me with your tongue.”

“Mel!”

“Shhhh, if you’re good... Maybe I’ll think about penetrative sex next time? Okay? Good boy... Or should I say ‘good girl’ giggle!”

She lead him by the hand into the bedroom and stripped naked. Lying back on his bed, with her knees spread she pointed at her groin, at her neatly shaved pussy. “Now lick...”

He kneeled down, the shoes and corset making it awkward. As he lowered his face to her genitals the aroma hit him, invading his nostrils and sending a shiver down his spine. He nestled his lips between her labia and started swirling his tongue around her clitoris.

Melissa sighed with pleasure as she felt his lips slide in between her labia. As he started swirling his tongue around, she dropped her hands onto his head and started stroking, “HmMMM, that’s nice... Keep going... Good girl...”

The female reference teased Angelo and made him work harder, and show more enthusiasm, using his tongue to play with her clitoris, then pausing, before probing deep into her vagina. His cock was dripping pre-cum he was so aroused and she getting more and more moist. As he worked and she got closer to orgasm she started rocking her hips, smearing juices all over his face, effectively making love to his face. Her eyes were closed blissfully and she panted softly. Eventually, she moaned softly and her clitoris and vagina started pulsating, as she orgasmed and orgasmed.

“HmMMM, Angelo... Angela? That was amazing... “

He rose shakily, still struggling in the heels and corset. His face was smeared and messy, making Melissa giggle at him. He climbed onto the bed awkwardly and lay back. After pulling his dripping member out of the panties he started stroking himself, Melissa clamped her hand down on

his wrist, “Hey! What do you think you’re doing?!”

“I... I was just-“

“I don’t want you playing with yourself, it’s disgusting!”

“But, you’ve... I mean... Do you want to gi-“

“I’m not giving you oral sex no! You dumped me remember Angela! You can show some patience and some restraint! Hmmph! Masturbating!”

He stopped trying and lay there, his head spinning, he wanted to touch himself, it would take so little, so little to come... But somehow, the subliminal programming and his feminine attire.. He felt submissive to her, he couldn’t disobey her. Melissa rested for a moment, breathing deeply, allowing the last waves of orgasm to subside, then she rose up on to her elbows, “Come on Angela, I think we should go out, seeing as you’re wearing those heels all the time now – maybe you should get some practice in them?”

He winced, “But Mel, my feet are killing me!”

“Hmmph! Don’t be such a cry baby, you expected me to wear heels all day at work and keep them on at night. Think of it as penance... It’ll do you good, maybe you’ll appreciate what you were trying to put me through?”

“But these are metal! They don’t flex at all it’s so-“

“Yes, yes, I’m sure it’s torture wearing them... I don’t care though – spending a few days in them will do you good.”

“Sigh... Okay Mel...”

“And wash your face, and brush your teeth, your breath smells of female sex and you have a couple of pubic hairs stuck in your teeth. If we’re going to go out, I think we need to work on you.”

“Work on me?”

“Well, if you put your male clothes on and go out in those hot pink, metal heels – people are going to think you are a little odd don’t you think?”

“Me-“

“Well, if I can feminize you suitably convincingly – then nobody will know you’re a guy and they won’t cause a problem, from a distance they just look like feminine high heeled sandals.”

“I don’t want to go out!”

“Well, I do, so it’s tough...”

Melissa got out of bed, and made sure Angelo followed, she didn’t want him to play with himself. Before they left the flat Melissa put Angelo’s uniform, the hot pink dress in the wash for him. As it happened she’d

been late night shopping herself the previous evening and had a couple of outfits in the car. “What would like to wear Angela? I have a nice dress that would go well with your shoes, hmmm, and a couple of tops, a skirt?” He was standing awkwardly shifting his weight from one foot to the other, “Mel... I don’t want to go out! I don’t want to cross-dress.”

She stepped up grabbed his chin and smiled seductively at him, “Well, it’s hard luck... You either obey me, or I leave and don’t speak to you again... I can see by the tools lying around you’ve tried to remove the shoes and failed... I think you’re going to be very lonely, if you daren’t leave the house. I can help you, I’m sure I can make you pass... You just have to accept that, you are a submissive sissy slave... At least for now... And I am in charge? If do, and you are a good, obedient girl – then we’ll get along fine? Of course if you displease me in anyway – I might step away from you, and out you as a transvestite... Which I’m sure you wouldn’t like – those shoes don’t look too comfy for running in... Okay?”

He thought about it, she was right, he did feel better sharing his predicament, he didn’t want to hide indoors forever... He still couldn’t think of a way of getting out of the torture shoes, or even the corset...

“Mel, why are you doing this? You never used to show any interest in... Hmmp! This sort of thing!”

“Oh, I don’t know... I think it’s seeing you like this, all pathetic, a pathetic little sissy... It’s awakened a dominant side in me... Now go and shave, make it nice and clean – then we’ll see about your make-up hmmm?”

He obeyed her, finding a strange sense of relief in doing so. Before long she’d brought a long floral print dress in a white, silky material with a high neckline and pink flowers that matched his shoes, and coaxed him into.

Clean shaven and wearing the dress, he sat on one of the chairs from the kitchen area, with Melissa’s chair opposite him. She turned his eye-lashes up and applied layers and layers of foundation, “You have quite a pretty girlish face anyway Angela, I just need to soften your features a little.”

He shuddered as the makeup brush wafted over his skin, then she applied metallic purple eye-shadow, eye-liner, mascara, lipstick, lip liner, a touch of blusher, everything was subtle and the end result was an immaculately feminine looking face.

She held up a makeup mirror for him to see, “There, what do you think?”

He started to sob, he looked so feminine, almost attractive. Melissa was smirking at his reaction, “You look nice, don’t ruin it by crying – you don’t want your makeup to run! Hmmm, I think a little perfume might add to

the effect, wait a second...”

She rummaged in her bag and brought out a little spray bottle of eau de toilette and gave him a little spray. She eyed him critically again, “Hmmm, your arms are too hairy – we haven’t got time to sort that out right now though... Hmmm, you’ll have to put your pink jacket on. Let’s just pad your bra out first a bit hmmm?”

“Mel!”

“Come on, we’re going shopping, and I think you need a more feminine hairstyle, so we’ll take you to the salon first.”

“I don’t want to go!”

“Don’t be such a baby, I’ll be with you, you’ll be okay... Trust me?”

A Feminine Hairstyle

Eventually they were in town, Melissa had driven, they’d parked the car and were walking towards a women’s hairdressers. As they walked, Angelo shaking and not knowing where to look Melissa whispered in his ear, “Your falsetto needs a lot of work – try to avoid talking, I’ll explain that you’ve lost your voice.”

“Mel! I don’t want a girls hairstyle!”

“That’s hard luck, because you’re getting one, any more rebellion and I’ll shout you out to the street that you’re a tranny – now are you ready?”

He glanced about the street, it was busy, a bus pedestrianized area. If she pointed him out to people he’d want to run, but he could barely walk in the heels let alone trot... It would be humiliating, even less humiliating than having his hair fashioned into a feminine style... He could always get it undone later.

“Okay...”

“Good girl... Come on...”

They entered the salon and Melissa approached the desk, “Hi, my sister here has recently had an operation on her throat so she can’t talk at the moment. I told her I’d take her out to get her hair done as a treat – to cheer her up... Can you fit her in?”

The girl behind the desk scanned down a page in her book, then raised an eyebrow and smiled, “That’s really sweet, Sandra is free in about ten minutes, would you like a coffee while you wait?”

Melissa beamed, “Oh that’s wonderful! Yes please, we’d both like one.”

Angelo was shaking as he sat in the waiting area. Trying to blend in and not be noticed, but so aware, so acutely aware of his embarrassing

situation. Melissa dropped a hand on his knee, “Try to stay calm, your best chance of getting through this unscathed is to be relaxed, act normal, smile – pretend you’re enjoying yourself.”

He nodded, and tried to relax... The coffee’s arrived, and they sat together, at Melissa’s suggestions flicking through some women’s magazines. Angelo had the added challenge of trying to hide his erection. He’d arranged the panties so his balls were tucked underneath and his member rose vertical against his tummy...

The ten minutes passed slowly, eventually a young girl with dark brown hair, tied back, wearing a black salon uniform with a mandarin collar approached holding a black silk cape. “Hi, I’m Sandra, I’m ready for you now – could you take a seat over at the wash basins please?”

Shaking Angelo stood and allowed Sandra to fasten the cape around the back of his neck. He walked unsteadily in the heels to the wash basin chairs and sat down. Sandra gently, but forcefully pulled his head back into the basin and started showering off his hair with the hand sprayer. She studied his face and smiled sympathetically. Clearly Melissa had succeeded in hiding his male identity and the bizarre story about not being able to speak had worked. The usual chit-chat of hairdressing of course was absent. When his hair was washed and dried he was lead to a chair in front of a large mirror. Sandra dropped a heavy plastic ‘hair-snare’ around his neck and started flicking his still slightly damp hair out, “Now then, what are we doing?”

Melissa pointed to a picture on the wall, “Like that I think, the bob, with a fringe tapering up to the rear. Sandra looked at Angelo for confirmation. Melissa had pointed out the most feminine hairstyle on the wall, which would be hardest to ‘undo’ without cutting a lot of hair off. He thought about shaking his head, but he saw Melissa flash him a wicked grin... And nodded...

Sandra worked fast, having idle chit-chat with Melissa as she worked, eventually she finished completely and there staring back at Angelo was the face of a beautiful young woman. He quivered in his chair, his erection dripping a little pre-cum, luckily unseen...

Sandra held up a mirror to show the equally feminine rear view of the hair, “You like?”

Melissa smirking laughed, “Oh she loves it, don’t you Angela?”

On cue he nodded, smiling, though thinking the opposite. Then Melissa pointed to a sign, “I notice you do ear piercing here too, could you pierce

her ears as well please? I think it's time she had her ears pierced so she can wear a nice pair of earrings – don't you?"

Sandra looked at Angelo's ears, "Hmmm, how come she's never had them pierced before?"

"Oh her parents were against it, then she never got around to it..."

Sandra looked him in the eye, "Would you like me to pierce your ears for you?"

Again, Angelo categorically did NOT want his ears piercing, but Melissa was giving him a threatening look and stepping back, as if preparing to shout him out, then leave... He smiled a fake smile and nodded.

"Oh good... Just sit tight and relax – while I go and get the piercing trolley."

Shaking with fear Angelo waited patiently for her to return. Melissa selected a small diamond stud for him. He watched Sandra raise the piercing gun to his left ear and smile at him, "Keep still... Try to relax... Deep breath now..."

Click!

He winced with pain as the earring was stabbed through his lobe. Sandra smiled at him, "There, that wasn't so bad was it? One down, one to go."

She raised the gun to his other ear and he watched helplessly as she applied the gun to his right ear, "Ready? Deep breath now..."

Click!

He winced again, Sandra put the gun down and rested her hands on his shoulders, "Good girl, that wasn't so bad was it? They look very pretty, you look pretty!"

Melissa beamed at Sandra, "Thank you so much for doing this for her – it means a lot."

"Oh, it's my pleasure..."

Melissa paid and they went for a coffee... Every time they passed a window or mirror Angelo shivered with a mixture of fear and delight at how feminine he now looked. He was almost constantly oozing pre-cum now and desperate for relief, but Melissa insisted he used the ladies toilets of course and barely left his side... Besides, her forbidding him masturbating had a strange effect, he felt compelled to obey. He'd never felt obedient before... But he somehow had no choice now!

For Melissa's part she was thoroughly enjoying the day, subduing and humiliating Angelo in this way, was the most enjoyable experience she'd

ever had.

The Device

Over the next couple of weeks Melissa kept visiting Angelo, occasionally making him service her orally, occasionally spending some time teaching him how to feminize himself and be more feminine.

Despite being desperate to orgasm, Melissa's almost constant supervision meant Angelo was kept in denial even out of a device. They took several trips out together and despite the initial pain, Angelo found himself getting used to the torture heels and corset.

On Saturday morning they woke up in bed, when Angelo woke Melissa was fondling his breasts. "Mel! What are you doing?"

"Hmmm, just admiring your breasts... You're catching up with me I think, I'm sure you're at least an A cup, if not bigger."

He reached up and slid his hands into his bra and felt his breasts... They were starting to fill the bra, they were clearly growing. He whimpered, "Mel, what's happening to me?"

"I don't know, but I like it, I think it's helping you to look more feminine and I don't think you need to pad your bra anymore... At the rate you're growing, I think you'll need to be fitted for a bigger bra soon."

"Why am I still growing?"

"Hmmm, I don't know... Maybe that company you got a job at, maybe they did something to you – should we take you to the doctors? What if they never stop growing?"

He shuddered and fondled his breasts whimpering, "I don't want breasts!"

"Hmmp! Well I suppose your only choice is to go back to 'Fisher Creative and tackle them about it!"

Return to Fisher Creative

When after a weekend of worrying about his growing breasts, and what Samantha had in store for him, Angelo decided he had to return to 'Fisher Creative' He donned the now neatly laundered 'uniform' – the pink dress he'd messed himself in... And set off in his car.

By this point, at Melissa's instruction he was waxing his bodily hair off, wearing makeup and perfume on a daily basis, had grown his nails and was painting them every day – he was essentially living as a female. The heels were still torturous, but he was getting used to them. Being forced to wear them non-stop for over two weeks had meant he'd more or less had to get used to them. Driving was difficult, but he managed to make it

without crashing.

When he entered the reception, Kim Fernio was waiting for him, smirking, “Ahhh... Angela, Samantha is expecting you – you can go straight through.”

He thanked her and walked into the corridor then headed towards Samantha Fisher’s office. He stopped outside the door and knocked, her voice echoed from within, “Enter...”

When he pushed the door out of the way and walked in she was sitting behind her desk, looking at something on the computer. As the door clicked shut behind him she looked up and smiled, “Ahhh, you’re back, I knew you would be...”

“Sama-“

“Miss Fisher please... Or Mistress if you prefer?”

“Miss Fisher, why are my breasts suddenly growing? Ever since I started here, a little over two weeks ago – I appear to have started growing female breasts.”

“Well of course you have!”

“Erm, why?”

“Isn’t it clear? I want you to appear outwardly feminine, we can’t do that without some nice round, female breasts can we? Incidentally what we’ve done to you... Hmm, well you will continue to grow, and grow until I decide to intervene and prevent further growth.”

“How?”

“That would be telling, suffice to say, nobody can help you except me... If you don’t obey me – I won’t intervene and they will keep growing until they are like two giant beach balls stuck to your chest, then they will grow some more – sound fun? Didn’t think so...”

“What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to start accepting your status as my property. I want you to show obedience and not question me... And seeing as you can’t wear your uniform without ‘messing yourself’ I think I need you in your chastity device.”

“Saman-... I mean Miss Fisher!”

“I give you a choice Angela, you either walk out that door now, and watch your boobs grow so massive, you can’t even stand up without falling over – if you have them surgically removed, they will grow back – such is the nature of what I’ve done to you... Or go up to Anita’s room, and ask her to

fit you with your device. I was originally thinking of intervening once you were up to something like a nice C cup... After your insubordination and rebellion however, I'm inclined to let you grow to double D at least now... Oh and if you decide to walk, you still stay in the shoes and the corset. You might be able to remove them, but I doubt it... So which is it to be?"

Angelo was shaking, how had he ended up in this situation? Seemingly enslaved by this insane woman, forcing him to live as a female!? She had him over a barrel, he couldn't be sure she was telling the truth about anything but his breasts WERE growing...

"I'll go and see Anita..."

"Good girl – off you go!"

Samantha smiled at him as he teetered out, supporting himself on the wall in his metal torture shoes. When he eventually got to Anita's room she was waiting for him. "Ahhh, Angela, shut the door please – I have a special treat for you. Hitch your dress up, pull your panties down and remove your suspender belt so I can get you fitted.

The fight in him gone he complied, dropping his lingerie and hitching his dress up. Anita picked up a stainless steel chastity belt off the counter and approached, brandishing it, "I took the liberty of measuring you up for this while you were sedated – so it should be a perfect fit. Spread your legs for me, hands on head... Hmm, looks like I need some frozen peas I think..."

He obeyed her and watched as she collected a bag of frozen peas from an under counter freezer and pressed them onto his groin. "Nearly there now, we'll just give you another minute... There..."

He watched her withdraw the peas and offer the front plate up to his groin. It was a curious chastity belt, very form fitted... Rather than encasing his whole genitalia his penis was shoved into a little curved penis tube, and the balls went through a little hole in the plate – they had to be passed through one by one to fit. Then the whole thing was pulled up and locked at the back. The finished effect was that his penis was hidden in a little steel tube with pee holes at the front, but his balls were dangling free of the belt.

He looked down at it and grabbed his balls, "Why is it like this? I didn't thi-"

"Ahhh, well this belt is very special – it's good for long, long term wear as your balls get to stay outside the belt! Try not to get aroused though – there are spikes in the tube which will stab your glans as you grow... And one more thing, one more reason your balls are allowed out... Observe."

She now grabbed a second belt of the same design and picked up a baby courgette which had been on stand-by for this demonstration. The baby courgette was slid by Anita's deft hands through the scrotum hole in the belt, so it mimicked his balls dangling through the hole. Anita then stepped back and held up a little remote, she pointed the remote at the belt and pressed a little button. The belt immediately started beeping, "There, I've activated it.. Once it's beeping you have thirty seconds, for it to be deactivated.. I call this the 'Castrator belt'.. Observe..."

The beeping got higher pitched and faster, then it became a single tone, then there was a 'Click' and the baby courgette was sliced neatly into two pieces.

Angelo shuddered and reached down to his belt. The plate was pressed hard against his flesh with no room to spare. He couldn't even get his little finger through the ball hole and under the belt it was so tight. Effectively his balls were stuck through the little guillotine, there was no way to remove them without unlocking the belt. He looked up at Anita horrified, "Please! Get it off me!"

"Shhh, I'll do no such thing... Samantha has chosen this belt for you! We don't really intend to castrate you mind... Think of this as a behaviour modification tool – a training aid if you like... Observe..."

Anita now took a second remote from her jacket pocket and pointed it at Angelo's groin. Smiling warmly she pressed the button. Immediately Angelo's belt started beeping. He squeaked in horror and started clawing at his belt trying to get his balls out of the guillotine hole – but the belt was too tight... After wasting ten seconds trying to escape he stood still shaking, and looked up to see Anita lying back on her gynaecology chair, hitching her skirt up and lowering her panties, "Please! Switch it off!"

Anita smiled at him, "I'll think about it... Why don't start servicing me orally while I think about it? Your performance may influence my decision to deactivate it of course..."

Not wasting any time he knelt in front of the chair and started working his tongue on her sex, while she sighed blissfully. The beeping was getting higher pitched and faster now, making him work his tongue, faster, and more enthusiastically, while sobbing softly. As the beeping became a single monotone tone, Anita pressed the remote deactivating it, "Good girl... Keep going or I'll activate you're the belt again... Hmm..."

Eventually he brought her to orgasm, tears in his eyes and shaking. Anita lay back allowing the waves of orgasm to slowly fade away. Then she

stood and tidied herself up, “Good girl, now run along to Samantha... Don’t worry Samantha has her own remote...”

Angelo hobbled out of the room in the torture heels, and headed down the stairs towards Samantha’s office. As he passed the reception area though he groaned, he couldn’t live like this... His testicles constantly under threat... The ever-growing breasts was a fear, he hoped he could get them sorted out somehow... But when Anita had activated his belt and the guillotine trap had started beeping... He’d never felt so vulnerable, so afraid in his life. He headed through reception, Kim raised an eyebrow at him as he struggled to the door. As he approached the door... His belt started beeping again.

He jumped in horror and looked down. Of course it was hidden under his dress, he could feel his balls dangling free of the belt, but it was definitely the same beeping... In a panic he started heading back into the building, hoping to find Anita to deactivate it. As he got a couple of metres from the door the beeping stopped though. Samantha had appeared in the corridor, smirking at him, “Not thinking of running away on me again were we?”

“M..Miss Fisher!”

“Now that I have you belted, you must stay within the building or within range of an owner remote – otherwise the castrator will automatically activate... So now you have to be a good girl, or your balls get lopped off.”

Angelo raised his hands to his face and started sobbing.

Samantha stood watching him and chuckled, “My poor, poor slave... “

She then pointed her remote at him and pressed, making his belt beep again. She spoke over her shoulder as she turned and headed back to her office, “If you want me to deactivate, get into my office – you have thirty seconds.”

The image of the courgette being sliced sprang into his mind and despite the painful shoes he trotted as fast as he could down the corridor, past Samantha who was chuckling at his efforts. As he crossed the threshold into her office the beeping had just turned into the single tone, Samantha arrived just in time to raise her remote and deactivate it, causing him to breathe a sigh of relief.

Once Samantha was in the door shut and she smiled, “Good, I think we might succeed with you after all, now we’ve got some good training aids in place... I like the thought that I can castrate you in seconds... At any time... Simply with the press of a button... I want to dictate some letters, you will type them up for me... Oh, you can start by making me a coffee...”

Anita the Tatoonist

Despite his predicament Angelo found focusing on the work Samantha set him helped immensely. If he paused to think about the situation he was in he would start to become erect, then his penis would pierce itself on the spikes hidden inside the tube. When Samantha had designed this belt, she'd thought about putting a switch inside the tube so when the penis became erect, it would activate the castrator... If she'd gone ahead with this then Angelo would have been sans testicles long ago...

The shadows outside the office grew longer, and dusk fell, about half an hour before work was due to finish Samantha placed her papers in her top drawer and stood up, "Angela, you've done well today – I've noticed you really knuckle down and get stuck into your work... As a reward, I've got a treat for you – go to Anita's room now... I'll phone through and tell her you're on your way."

"Anita's room? Why?" His voice was shaking, for all the cruelty Samantha had to dish out he somehow felt more afraid of the medical fetishist 'Anita' really, his predicament had seemed to worsen every time he'd been to see her...

"Oh, that would spoil the surprise wouldn't it? Trust me, Anita is going to make your life easier. Now, I'm going to activate the castrator – Anita also has an owner controller, I'm not deactivating it so I suggest you get moving if you want to keep your balls attached."

She pointed her remote at him and pressed, making his belt start beeping. He thought about trying to free his balls, or pleading with Samantha, but he knew it wouldn't work. Feeling helpless he scurried off along the corridor to the stairs as the beeping grew faster and faster, and more high pitched. As he pushed Anita's door open it was beeping very high pitched, Anita looked at him and smirked, "Weren't you taught to knock before entering?"

He looked at her, "Please!"

"Go outside and knock... And wait for me to tell you to enter."

"Pl-"

Realising the futility of begging he darted back out and knocked on the door. Anita's soft, feminine voice resonated from within after a few seconds, "Come in..."

He pushed the door open, just as the beeping became a single high pitched tone, and Anita pointed her remote at him and pressed.

He breathed a sigh of relief as his testicles were saved at the last second

yet again. “Why am I here?”

“Well, Samantha has decided to be kind to you! To save you the time and trouble of applying your makeup every morning, I’ve been asked to tattoo permanent makeup onto you. So you’ll have the look of a girl with soft feminine features, eye shadow, eye liner, foundation, blusher, lipstick all the time – isn’t that nice?”

“I don’t want it! I don’t want to permanently look like I’m wearing makeup!”

“Angela, Angela, it’s really not your choice.”

Anita pointed her remote at the belt and pressed, causing it to start beeping, “Now have a seat quickly... I’m not deactivating it until I’ve got you securely strapped down...”

He clawed at the belt through his dress. He could feel his balls swinging free, outside the castrator hole in the belt. He’d tried before, he knew there was no escape... Almost sobbing he climbed into the chair and offered his wrists so she could strap him in. He was soon completely immobilised. Arms, torso and legs strapped down, chair reclined, belt still beeping furiously. Anita twirled the remote in her hand, while smiling down at him, “You’re so rebellious... I’m really tempted to just let it activate this time, maybe the drop in testosterone levels will calm you down a little?”

He was helpless, he didn’t even bother struggling against his restraints, “Please, please deactivate it!”

“Are you going to be a good girl for me? Prove it, ask me really nicely to apply your permanent makeup.”

He winced, the beeping was getting faster now... He was in a paradoxical situation on the one hand, he was so aroused... Going without orgasm for so long had really sent him into a heightened state of submissiveness. So aroused, but so denied by the painful belt, this incredibly beautiful woman with her kind and caring voice, demanding he ask her to apply permanent makeup to him! Now that the castrator belt was activated, she was the only one who could save his testicles... He didn’t have a choice, “Please, apply my permanent makeup...”

She stroked his forehead with her hand, “That’s a good girl...” just as the belt started the monotone whine that preceded the slicer activating she pointed the remote and deactivated it. He breathed a short lived sigh of relief...

Short lived, because as he breathed it Anita was snapping on her latex

gloves and pulling her little trolley of implements towards him. She pulled up a stool, leaned over him, then applied a strap to his forehead, holding his head firmly onto the head rest, with no chance of escape.

His vision was filled with Anita's face, as she studied his features, thinking about what to do first. Eventually she sighed deeply and looked apologetically at him, "I'm sorry, but I really think most of these eyebrows have to go – they're too big and bushy. I'm going to use electrolysis to remove most of them off – then tidy the remainder up with some permanent makeup. I'll use it to permanently prevent any facial hair growing too I think."

She began work straight away. It was uncomfortable, having this done to him – but the main source of discomfort was the knowledge that he was having his appearance permanently altered so that he looked female. Once the electrolysis was done she took up a tattooing gun and he could feel her drawing his new feminine eye-brow's permanently on.

He could hear her humming faintly as he watched the base of her palm, holding the gun, centimetres from his face. "Keep still for me... Good girl..."

He shuddered as he felt one being done, then the other... He was helpless, unable to do anything except lie there and accept this treatment. The hand drew away and her face was looming over again, studying her work, "Hmmm, that's one down – one to go! Cheer up Angela, you're going to look lovely by the time I'm finished with you..."

Then the hand was back in for the second one. She took her time, matching it properly with the other side, and pausing to see how they compared from time to time. Eventually she smiled, "There, all done... I think we'll do the foundation next, then the blusher, then eye-shadow and eye-liner... We'll do the lips last... I think I'm going to use some new perma-collagen to fatten them up a bit and give you nice pouty, kissing lips..."

He whimpered softly as she carried on working. The face wasn't so bad, it took time and was uncomfortable, but he was dreading the eyes. Eventually she'd finished the foundation and blusher and was brandishing the tattoo gun threateningly over his eyes, "Now be a good girl and close your eyes for me... And keep still – this might sting a bit."

He held his eyes wide open on purpose, "No! Let me go!"

Anita smiled, held up her remote and activated the castrator belt, "You're being rebellious – now I'm not deactivating until I've done your right eye

– I think I complete in thirty seconds... I hope for your sake I can – now close eye, keep still.”

The beeping sent a shiver down his spine and he suddenly felt oh, so vulnerable again... He quickly closed his eyes and immediately felt her applying the permanent eye-shadow. As she worked the beeping grew more and more high-pitched... He winced in anticipation as the beeping become a monotone whine... And she pulled away and deactivated it, “There, that’s a good girl... Now if I have to activate it again, I won’t deactivate it, so close your eyes so I can do the other one.”

This time he complied immediately, feeling totally subdued and defeated. Helpless to obey her instructions no matter how much he wanted to resist. She worked quickly and the other eye was done.

After applying eye-liner too, she held the tattoo gun up with a new colour, a deep, scarlet red, bright and feminine, “Now put up for me, it’s time to do those lips... Any resisting – and I activate your belt, then walk away – clear? Good...”

He’d given up, she’d beaten him... He pouted up and watched her smiling face hover over his as she tattooed his lips a deep, deep red. As she finished she dropped the gun on her tray and picked up a small syringe, then leaned back over his face, “Time for your permanent collagen injections! Try to relax, I want to make them nice and even.”

He felt the needle enter his top lip, and then he felt his lip fill up, then it withdrew and pierced the bottom lip. When she lifted the syringe clear he could see she’d emptied it completely, “There, you’re all done... You look very pretty... It’ll look even more feminine once you’ve healed a little...”

Reaching behind her she held a mirror up to him and showed him his new perfectly made up feminine face. As he saw himself he started sobbing softly... Anita stroked his forehead with her latex gloved hand, “There, there... It’s all over now – don’t you look pretty?”

At that moment the door swung open and the heels of Samantha Fisher clicked on the floor, “Ahhhh, she’s all done is she? Not too much resistance I hope?”

“A little, I had to activate his castrator belt a couple of times... I think she’s learning though.”

“Good, release her straps, it’s time I took her home.”

The Home of Samantha Fisher

Samantha led him out of Anita’s Clinic and out to the car park, she gestured towards his car, “I’ve arranged for your car to be scrapped – it’s

being collected from here tomorrow. We'll take the Lamborghini."

Angelo felt totally defeated and humble at this point. He felt completely subservient to her and to Anita. The resistance, the tendency to rebel had been beaten out of him effectively.

"Yes Miss Fisher..."

She swung open the passenger door and gestured for him to climb in. Doing so in the torture heels, the self-tightening corset and his dress proved a challenge, but once he was in the soft leather seats were comfortable and cosseting. It was a relief to be able to take his weight off the murderous shoes he was now permanently locked into.

Samantha crunched through the gravel to the other side and slipped into the driver's seat. The engine roared into life and they were soon out of the gate away from the house onto the country road. It was a surreal experience, sitting in this ultra-expensive supercar, being driven by a beautiful woman... Angelo would have been ecstatic about being in this situation under normal circumstances, but the fact that he was effectively a prisoner, fully, forcefully feminized and with his balls dangling though a remote controlled guillotine, making him feel permanently vulnerable... It was made worse by the fact that despite his fear and discomfort – having his life taken control of by these strong women was ultra-arousing, however every time he started to sport an erection his glans was piercing itself on a hidden spike in the tube on his belt – subduing him further still.

Eventually the thundering car pulled into an even more impressive driveway, with huge stone gateposts and large oak trees lining the drive. When the house came into view he gasped with astonishment. The premises of Fisher Creative were impressive, a large red brick country house, but Samantha's house was even more impressive, it looked almost monolithic in cut stone and adorned with gargoyles and turrets, I was so big it filled the vision and teased the mind with promises of what secrets it's many rooms might hold. Samantha drove around the house to a large barn at the rear, parking the Lambo under cover. She turned the engine off and climbed out, then walked around to Angelo's side, opening the door, "Come on Angela – out you get."

He struggled out of the car and teetered on his heels as Samantha closed and locked the door after him. There were more cars here, all hidden under cloth covers... Something told him they were expensive...

She started clicking off towards the house beckoning him over her

shoulder, “This way, don’t dilly dally or I activate your belt.”

He didn’t need to be told twice, gulping he scurried after her as best he could.

Once they were over the threshold, they were in a grand corridor which stretched down the length of the house. It was tiled with black and white encaustic tiles in a diamond pattern. Oil paintings were hung on the walls and the corridor was decorated with the occasional suit of armour and a large grandfather clock.

Samantha headed for the stairs, “Let me show you to your room... You’ll need to change into your maid’s uniform to start tonight’s work... You have a lot to do...”

He grabbed the large marble handrail and held on tight as he followed her up the stairs. He found himself retreating into himself, obeying almost without thinking... When they eventually climbed the huge, winding, grand staircase to the top floor, Samantha led him up a further narrow flight of stairs to the attic.

His room was decorated in pink, with frilly satin bedclothes and restraints on the bed. On the bed was a feminine, but sensible black, satin maids uniform, with a cap and a white apron. Samantha gestured towards it, “Well? Get changed!”

Awkwardly he stripped under the watchful eye of Samantha. Once he was down to his underwear he noticed his breasts... They were still growing, definitely growing... He fondled them, feeling them squidge about in his satin and lace bra, “Miss Fisher, my breasts are still growing! When are you going to stop them growing!?”

She shrugged, “Oh I don’t know... Maybe I’m interested in seeing what happens if I leave them to grow indefinitely? Perhaps enter you in a ‘Miss Big Breasts’ competition? If I do you’ll eventually break the world record for largest breasts...”

“Please! Please stop them growing!”

“Shhhh, be good... Try and fight that urge to rebel... Submit to me fully... Become the perfect slave, accepting of anything and everything I decide to do to you – then maybe I’ll consider stopping their growth? Now get dressed, I want you dust the entire house, mop the grand corridor do all my washing and ironing and then go around the house cleaning the many bathrooms. Oh and get a move on, if you aren’t in bed, in your restraints by midnight – your belt activates... And don’t try to leave the house – if you do, it activates...I’m going to relax for a while then get an early night...”

If you perform poorly then I will punish you tomorrow...”

Angelo looked at the bed, it had ankle cuffs, handcuffs and a steel butt plug on the end of a long cable, he picked it up, “What’s this for?”

Samantha chuckled, “Ahhhh, that’s your alarm clock... When you’ve finished, or if your belt activates because you ran out of time... You need to get in here, insert your plug, then cuff yourself spread eagled to the bed. The plug will automatically shock you awake tomorrow morning at five o’clock, then the restraints will unlock, once you’ve been suitably shocked awake. Fail to get into your restraints in time, and you lose your balls I’m afraid. Once you’re up, you are to bring me breakfast in bed, cereal, toast, coffee and fruit juice... Now get moving – you haven’t got much time...”

Samantha clicked out of the room chuckling to herself as Angelo hurriedly dressed. Once he was in his maid’s uniform it was a mad rush to find the cleaning things. The only positive was that he was forced to work so hard, so fast, that he forgot about his arousal and his vulnerable testicles... His feet were killing him in the torture heels, but he didn’t dare slow down. He’d eventually completed all the tasks except the toilets and bathrooms, he was hurriedly cleaning the first one of many when his belt started beeping. He whimpered and threw down his bucket and marigolds and clicked as fast as he could towards his bedroom. It was a story up and his shoes were cutting into his feet, his ankles hurt, his thighs hurt, his calves were burning and his toes had gone numb. As he entered his room he realised he had no time to remove the uniform and had to hitch his dress up to insert the shocker plug, then throw himself onto the bed, locking ankles, then wrists. By the time he was trying to lock his wrists in, the belt was giving the monotone whine that indicated castration was imminent. As the last cuff clicked shut the whine stopped and he breathed a sigh of relief.

Then he realised how little movement he had. He had effectively restrained himself in an uncomfortable position with the shocker plug in place, and was now helpless to escape. He lay staring at the ceiling, eventually, totally defeated he closed his eyes and tried to sleep.

Rude awakening

Angelo was dreaming, he was happy, relaxed... Then suddenly his whole groin area was pulsating with electricity, making him writhe and squirm on the bed. He opened his eyes... He’d slept through, as the shocking subsided his restraints fell apart and he climbed to his feet, then removed the plug.

It was still dark outside, he figured she wouldn't want breakfast just yet, so he'd try to finish the toilets and bathrooms first. It was straight into another mad rush. Against the odds, he managed to be standing outside Samantha's door knocking and waiting at six thirty with a tray containing coffee, fruit juice, cereal and toast.

"Enter..."

He pushed the door and walked in. Samantha was sitting up in bed, wearing a red satin nightie with white lace trim, she raised an eyebrow at him, "Where's your curtsey? That's better... Hmmph, you slept in your uniform last night – that will NOT do. I left you some nice nighties in the wardrobe – if you sleep in your uniform again, I will activate your belt and leave it to complete its work –clear?"

"Yes Miss Fisher, Sorry Miss Fisher."

"Now, did you complete your work last night?"

"Nearly Miss Fisher, I had to finish the bathrooms this morning."

"Hmmm, well you'll have to work harder tomorrow won't you? And you forgot to bring my newspaper up. Bring it up, then go and have your breakfast. But by quick, I'll need you back here to dress me."

"Yes Miss Fisher."

He placed the tray on her large four poster bed and scurried off to get her paper. He didn't have time for a cup of tea, instead wolfing down some cereal in the kitchen before rushing back to Samantha's room.

When he got there and she beckoned him into her room, she was out of bed. "Well? Take my nightie off me."

His hands shaking he pulled the delicate garment up over her head revealing her almost perfect figure, with long flowing hair, ample, pert, nicely shaped breasts and a slim, waist leading into curvaceous hips.

She glared at him, "You're supposed to be dressing me, not admiring me!"

"Sorry Miss Fisher."

He gently picked her panties in his hands and slowly pulled them down revealing a neatly shaved pussy. As he removed them she chuckled softly, "Stop slave... I think I shall have a shower this morning, before I do though – you can service me orally."

Stepping back she lay back on the bed and spread her legs in such way that if he kneeled at the edge of the bed he would have good access.

She pointed to her groin, "Well? Pleasure me!"

He kneeled before and slowly moved his face towards her genitals.

Carefully, he placed his lips between her labia and started caressing, with his tongue and his lips... Her labia, her clitoris, tickling, teasing, then wrapping his lips around and gently sucking... Occasionally he would probe his tongue deep, then deeper into her vagina getting the full flavour of her femininity. She was soon moaning with pleasure and he was drinking her juices. She eventually came, she moaned, then sighed... As he pulled his head away she grabbed it and forced it back into her groin, "Keep going slave... Again!"

And so it continued. The second orgasm took far longer. By the time he was finished his face was smeared in pussy juice and Samantha looked elated and relaxed. She strode off into her en-suite, talking over her shoulder, "I pity we hadn't more time... Otherwise I would have you bath me... Follow me, you will dry me and dress me before attending to your own needs."

"Yes Miss Fisher."

He followed her into the shower room. He was so aroused his penis was throbbing and feeling numb and tortured from the spikes. Watching her splash about, soaping her beautiful curves and flowing hair up didn't help. When she stepped out and offered her a towel, then rubbed her all over, trying to dry her – he thought it couldn't get any worse. Once dry, there was no let up. She strode into the bedroom and directed him from drawer to wardrobe, gathering skimpy satin panties, suspender belts, stockings, her blouse, skirt and jacket. He helped her into every item of clothing.

Once he'd finished dressing her she pointed to the breakfast tray, "Well, you've got twenty minutes to clean up, then sort yourself out... Chop, chop!"

He scurried to, his feet almost numb they hurt so bad. He barely had time to breath, he definitely didn't have to time to wash Samantha's juices off his face. Twenty minutes later he was in his work uniform sitting I the Lamborghini alongside Samantha.

Days became a blur for Angelo, he began to lose track of time. He'd serve breakfast and play servant in the morning, scurry off to work to play personal assistant for the day, then back to being servant in the evenings. His day would occasionally be broken up for visits to Anita, who would check his breast growth and symmetry. Weekends would be spent serving Samantha, in both domestic duties and personal services. He did earn the £60,000 salary as promised, but as his owner Samantha controlled all his finances anyway. He soon forgot how he even got into this situation, and found himself more and more obedient and subservient to both Samantha

and Anita. By the time three months had passed his belt was never activated, it simply didn't need to be.

He never got any time off from his duties, his only respite from work was servicing Samantha or Anita orally, having his breasts checked or sleeping...

Strangely though, he grew used to his new life. He found himself falling in love with his cruel tormentresses and savouring the times when they would allow him to service them orally...

Epilogue

Angelo had been the property of Samantha Fisher for a whole year, when Melissa was called into her office.

Angelo had pleaded with Samantha on several occasions to stop his breast growth, each time she'd refused, stating he wasn't as big as she wanted him... Even threatening to make sure he exceeded the size of world record holding Annie Hawkins-Turner, a 53-year-old from Atlanta, Georgia who has a bra size of 102ZZZ...

He got to the stage where he was a definite double F size and starting to feel the ill-effects of wearing constant high heels and having large breasts. Personal hygiene over the last year had been difficult, the stockings had a secret flap so the toe could be pulled back for nail cutting, the corset was a special material that could be worn in the shower – though drying took a long time.

When Melissa walked in carrying a pile of work she smirked at Angelo or Angela as he was now known, sitting typing away in a rather pretty dress, while Samantha dictated.

“Miss Fisher, you wanted to see me?”

“Ahhh, Melissa, yes... You haven't seen Angela for a while have you?”

She smirked, “No... Hah! I can't believe what you've done to him!”

“Her please, we like to refer to her as her now. She's been permanently in high heels for a year now, permanently corseted, had permanent makeup applied and has been growing to an impressive double F cup bra size...”

Melissa stepped up to Angela's desk, “Well, well... I can't believe what Samantha has done with you – oh how the mighty fall!”

Completely subdued and submissive Angela couldn't even look up to her.

“Hah! Well, it serves you right really doesn't it? All that pressure for me to wear high heels and have breast implants – how do you like it?”

He whispered something under his breath, she leaned in, “What did you

say 'Angela' ?”

“I'm sorry!”

“Oh, I bet you are... I'm not, I like seeing you like this, humbled tame... I don't see any of that famous male ego now do I ?”

The belt of course had a lot to do with this transformation. Samantha picked up her pen and twiddled it, “Well Melissa, what do you think we should do with poor Angela? I've enjoyed having her as my slave and personal assistant for the last year, I've enjoyed watching her cry at her breasts growing out of control – but it's been a year, I think it's decision time. Should I stop the breast growth? Or would you like to see his breasts grow so large he can barely stand up? Would you like to take ownership of him?”

Melissa eyed him up and down, looking so feminine, so submissive, so subdued... “I don't want him... I can see how much you've enjoyed him – why don't you keep him? I think I'd like to find a new man to tame... “

Samantha beamed, “I'm glad you said that, she is a very good slave... What about her breast growth?”

“Hmmm, well I think she looks at about the limit of what she can be without it affecting her work... I think you should stop the growth...”

“Very well, I'll organise for Anita to remove the polypropalene implant... And you're sure you don't want him back? “

“Quite sure... Seeing him like this, seeing how you've tamed him... My revenge is complete, I shall always smile to myself when I remember the situation he ended up in, permanently feminized, permanently denied... I shall probably lie naked on the bed and 'have a play' myself while thinking about his frustrating, constant denial and arousal... I wish I could thank you for doing this.”

“Oh giving her to me is thanks enough... I've enjoyed working on him, making him into her... I haven't had so much fun since I started on Donnie...”

Melissa left, Anita took him to her upstairs clinic for the removal and Angela found herself back in the passenger seat of the Lambo. When they got back to the enormous mansion Angela followed Samantha to her bedroom to undress her.

When they got there, Samantha stood still while Angela carefully removed one item, then another, then helped Samantha put her nightie on.

She looked up at Samantha, “Miss Fisher...”

“Yes, slave?”

“I... I’m glad Melissa asked you to keep me... I... I’ve grown to like being your property... I want to be owned by you forever...”

Samantha smiled, “Good girl... I’m glad you’re so accepting of your position... I’ll be honest I was thinking of selling you... But you’re such a good girl now... I don’t think I want to... I don’t even think I need to keep you in the castrator belt, permanently vulnerable, and denied... I think you’ll have to stay in the corset and heels though – your body has adapted to them and I’m afraid you won’t be able to stand properly without them, your calves have tightened up, the muscles in your back have atrophied...”

“I don’t mind Miss Fisher... And... I don’t want to be unlocked... I like knowing that my testicles only remain attached as long as you are happy... That you can remove them on a whim at the push of a button. I like the fact that I’m in permanent denial, for you...”

“You’re such a good girl... I think I have a special treat for you .”

“Miss?”

“Well, you remember when you saw Melissa before you were belted and she hinted that there might be penetrative sex on the menu?”

Angela’s eyes lit up, “But the belt!?”

Samantha chuckled and shook her head, “Take off your dress... Then lie on the bed.”

He did as asked and Samantha threw off her nightie, then opened a draw and pulled out a big pink strap-on dildo with a heavy leather harness. He watched, shaking with fear as Samantha strapped it onto herself, then approached.

She looked amazing, athletic, strong and feminine... But so dominant with this monster swinging between her hips. She climbed onto the bed and pushed the shaking Angela’s knees up, “Shhhh, try to relax Angela... I’m going to penetrate you in the missionary position... So you can watch me... Try to relax... This will hurt less if you can relax for me.”

“Y... Yes Miss Fisher...”

He watched her lube up the dildo and gently at first slide it up his bottom, sliding her hips under his until the little plastic testicles on her dildo were ticking Angela’s balls. “Shhh, try to relax...”

He closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them as Samantha worked her plastic member in and out, sliding it gently, then forcefully. She was beautiful, she had the perfect body, her pert breasts moving up and down

rhythmically as she penetrated him and penetrated him. She clearly received stimulation herself as she would occasionally close her eyes and moan softly.

Despite the pain, despite the frustration, Angela realised this was the perfect moment, she didn't want to be anywhere else in space or time... Her life as Angelo the male chauvinist long forgotten... Despite the pain, the humiliation and the denial... It was all worth it...

Melissa had wrought her revenge through Samantha, but the revenge was sweeter for Angela, because in becoming Samantha's property... She'd entered a state of unbelievable bliss.

Samantha eventually came and they lay together, cuddling and caressing, falling asleep in each other's arms. Samantha drifting off into an orgasm induced slumber, Angela quivering with frustrated denial...

Until of course the belt started beeping. Samantha giggled at Angela, "Oh... You'd better go get into your restraints for the night..."

Squeaking with surprise, Angela slid out of the bed and paused, he didn't want to leave Samantha, he wanted to lie next to her... But he'd wasted five seconds and he knew he could only just make it in time... He was tired, so tired, but he wanted to keep his balls...

He darted through the door and up the stairs, his only thought, 'could he get he get the shocker plug in and the restraints fitted before the castrator stopped beeping, started it's terrifying monotone whine... Then sliced his scrotum off...

As he ran he chuckled to himself, despite the fear, despite the pain... He wouldn't change a thing, even if he didn't make it in time, and he lost his balls, he wanted to remain Samantha's property forever... He quickened his step and ran for his room...

~fin

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

The Interview

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He turned to look at her, she was older than he was, he guessed in her mid-thirties, but she was very beautiful. She had a dominant commanding look about her, a perfect figure and long blonde hair. She was wearing a

smart pinstripe feminine business suit with a skirt, and white silk blouse, she wore black nylon stockings and a five inch heel.

“W... Where’s Caroline?”

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

“B...”

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

With a sigh he stepped back and stood slouching with his hands in his baggy jeans pockets. He was wearing a tatty old band T-shirt, with the name so faded you couldn’t tell who the band were. His ensemble was completed by a pair of ruined trainers that were almost falling off his feet. He could feel her eyes, probing him from head to foot, she began rubbing her chin thoughtfully, working her eyes up and down over him. Eventually she made a twirling motion with her finger, “Turn around... Face the back of the shop.”

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

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

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

“Up to standard?”

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

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

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

He chuckled to himself, she genuinely hadn’t thought he’d dare – that was

clear. Well, he'd have the last laugh, he'd go with it and feign enthusiasm until they had to admit it was a wind up.

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

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

Caroline giggled softly, "Of course..."

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

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

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

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

"Strip!?"

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

"Bu-"

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

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

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

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

"Bu-"

"NOW!"

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

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

"Yes Francesca!"

Smack!

"You will call me miss!"

"Sorry miss! Yes miss!"

"Good, now get up, and strip."

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

"Bu-"

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

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

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

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

"Control?"

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

"Why?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“That's right, you look silly, and that's what we have to correct, we need you to not look silly, but look feminine and pretty. Silly doesn't sell dresses. We can hide some of your maleness with makeup I think... You have fairly soft feminine features for a boy so I don't think it will be too

hard. We can get your ears pierced... We need to get you some breasts too, I think for now we'll try you with a set of breast forms, perhaps see about getting you on hormones later? Hmmm, although it might be useful keeping you using breast forms, then I can modify my designs to fit better on various cup sizes can't I?"

"Breasts! Why do I need breasts!?"

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

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

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

"You're serious about this?"

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

"I..."

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

train you to be as feminine as possible... Hmmm?”

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

“Erection preventer?”

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

“Puni-“

“Yes, little spikes perhaps, so when you start to grow, you pierce yourself on them. Don’t worry though, you’ll soon learn control. If you can show me control this afternoon – maybe I will let you work without one? I need to hide all signs of your male-ness and erections are something of a giveaway. Now, I will go and look after the shop, and send Caroline to go through the stock with you... She’s very good your sister... If you ask her to let you out of the dress, she will let me know... Maybe I’ll even ask her to offer to let you out? If she does, you will refuse, insisting you want to stay in the dress all afternoon for me – understood? Good... Now, we can’t have you going around all afternoon with no shoes on, here... Put these on.”

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

He took it, his hands shaking and opened the lid. Inside, were a previously worn pair, of white sandals with a small two inch stiletto heel. He sat on a chaise near the racks, lifted the hem of his long silky dress up and pulled the feminine shoes onto his feet, then fastened the little straps

to his ankle. He stood up experimentally, wobbling a little. As he tried a few baby steps in the shoes Caroline appeared smirking at him, “Well, well don’t you look pretty!”

“Hmmp! I look silly!”

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

“Why are you doing this to me?”

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

“Carol!”

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

“Hmmp! I can’t wear this all afternoon..”

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

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

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

“Yes..”

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

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

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

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

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

"With pleasure..."

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

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

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

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

unable to see his feet beneath the long dress, coupled with trying to climb stairs took the challenge to a whole new level.

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

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

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

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

“Unzip you? Is that how to ask?”

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

“Hmmm?”

“Please can you unzip me miss?”

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

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

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

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

“Haven’t you and Caroline had a good enough laugh at me yet? I mean this is a joke right, I’ve been going along with it because I wanted to get

you to think I thought it was serious – but come on!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

‘Femdom : The Dressmaker’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford

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

Slavery

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

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

Henry of course found himself in the same situation. Suddenly it became clear why Avria had wanted them to go... He’d been separated from Roy,

he could feel he'd been stripped, hand cuffed and shackled too... He could feel the shape of the floor and the wall behind his back. Both were metal...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Next, members of the crowd started queuing to come on to the platform

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Roy looked at Henry who shuddered and looked at the Princess, "Eunuch's

your royal highness?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

The bidding had stopped, Tamak was about to close the deal, the winning

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

enclosure, then rolled through a tunnel into a further courtyard.

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

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

'The Harem Slave' by Sabrina Jen Mountford

Free Sample chapter of 'Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor'

Scrub Nurse Anita

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

She appeared at about the same time as the patient was wheeled in unconscious, intubated and followed in by nurse and anaesthetist. After a few minutes he was moved onto the operating table and put into the supine position, flat, face up, but with the arms sticking out at right angles in-line with the shoulders. Curiously, the whole operating team were female, gowned up, gloved up and masked up. The anaesthetist, a 'Jenny' whom Anita sometimes talked to during coffee break pulled her stool up to behind the 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, “Shhhh, try to stay calm... I’m sorry we had to castrate you, but our primary concern was treating your cancer. We were only expecting to remove one testicle so we didn’t have two prostheses, so... We’ve left you with an empty sack so you can decide what to do.”

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

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

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

It was at that point that Anita realised how powerful testicles and male

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

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

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

~Ten years ago...

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

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

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

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

Her mobile phone rang.

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

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

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

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

There was a silence for a few moments, then Samantha spoke up, "If you don't mind me asking then – what exactly is it I'm expected to do? Go for a meal with him and kiss him goodnight?" Serena sighed audibly, "Some clients may want that from time to time... But not young master Barlow... His tastes are.... Hmmmm, 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... Hmm, 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 kneeled 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? Hmm, 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? Hmm?" 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... Hmm, shall I squeeze harder again? Hmm?" 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..."

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

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

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

Serena walked to the cupboards, with Samantha following, Samantha asked, "This

'safe-word' thing... Is it normal? It seems to me like he's actually in charge? I thought he was supposed to be the submissive?"

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

Samantha screwed her face up, "Chastity device? Feminize?"

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

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

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

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

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

Barlow waiting? ”

~ To read more – please read;-

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

Further Information:-

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

Altar Boy’s Chastity Site : - <http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/>

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

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

For the world’s best quality, highest security, chastity tubes, please see Mistress Lori’s Chastity site: - <http://www.chastitytube.com/>

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

For the world’s most visually attractive chastity belts, which are comfortable and secure, please visit <http://www.latowski.de/>

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

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

Marcus is a down on his luck student looking to make some easy cash and set about finding some guilt-free student sex. When he signs up for a clinical trial he gets more than he bargained for and ends up enslaved and forced to live as a live in sissy maid. Only his surprising saviour can find a way of releasing him from the captivity of his cruel female tormentresses.

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

The Hypnotist : Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.

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

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

The Tormentress and the Boss.

Kevin starts a new job, finding himself surrounded by beautiful women. His troubles really start when he's caught with his trousers down – instead of the sack he gets a chastity belt. Alicia meanwhile finds a dark side of her personality awakened. Alicia and Kevin's strange relationship develops, while neither of them knows the sinister truth about Fisher Creative and its owner, Samantha Fisher.

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

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

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

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

Gary is addicted to Kindle Erotica, and has some fairly extreme sexual fantasies. His girlfriend Alison doesn't approve, and decides to give him, 'aversion therapy' whereby she will dish out his fantasies to him in such doses that she forces him to dislike them. The trouble is, Alison starts getting a taste for keeping him locked up in his chastity device and wearing ladies clothing... By the time Alison and her twisted sister, bully Gary into being a bridesmaid she doesn't want to stop... All the while Gary is helpless to obey the whims of his female tormentors, because he's wearing a clever, remote controlled electric shock device in on his cock. When Alison decides to force him to orgasm against his will, she chooses to force-feed him his own semen to further his aversion therapy. When it comes to the crunch and he's offered a choice – which life will he choose?

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

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

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

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

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

Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

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

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

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

Samantha is down on her luck, she's lost her job and is going to lose her flat. A mysterious offer from the seemingly rich and powerful 'Serena Carlotti' is her last hope. Serena draws Samantha Burns into the world of domination, fetish and BDSM. She thinks she's going to teach Samantha how to be a dominatrix, but Samantha is a natural... Soon Samantha is booked up and living a life of riches, so many men fall under her spell and are desperate to be dominated by her. Eventually Donald Fisher of 'Fisher Creative' a wealthy

man who has inherited a fortune and a huge country house enters the equation. Fascinated with the idea of female domination he books a session with Samantha who visits him and delivers a most exciting session which involves not just Donald but his vanilla maid, Marian. At the end of the session, despite the fear and anticipation, and the pain... He wants more... How far will he go in submitting to the whims of the ultimate dominatrix Samantha Burns? Locked into a cruel chastity device, hypnotised, feminized... The more he's subjected to, the more he wants... In the end when he's given a choice, submit completely or go free... What will he choose? Will he be able to resist the thought of being locked into Samantha's 'emasculator device' again?

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

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

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

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

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

The Harem Slave

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

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

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

Femdom : The Dressmaker

Shaun is a fairly lazy about nineteen year old. His older sister works at a bridal couture shop. When he remarks about her job being a skive Caroline suggests he should try it... Except she's not sure how he'd look in a dress. Feeling defiant Shaun ends up making a bet, he bets she can't get him a job there and she bets he can't hack it.

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

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

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

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

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

Femdom: The Ex's Revenge is a sequel to 'The Tormentress & the Boss'. In Femdom : The Ex's Revenge, Angelo is a male chauvinist pig... He's lazy, overbearing and ignorant. When he dumps his girlfriend Melissa because she refuses to wear high heels and have breast implants he doesn't realize the repercussions his actions will have. Melissa goes to work at 'Fisher Creative' and her new employer 'Samantha Fisher' upon hearing about Angelo agrees to help her reap a terrible revenge.

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

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

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

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

Alison and Gary's relationship fluctuates and changes after Sarah's

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

FAQ

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

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

Q: Are you going to be releasing more paperbacks?

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

Q: Do you create your own book covers?

A: No, they are done for me.

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

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

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

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

Q: Are you a professional dome?

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

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

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

Q: Please?

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

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

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

Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?

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

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

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

Q: Aren't your stories morally reprehensible?

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

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

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

Q: So do you hate men?

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

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

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

Q: So there's no Samantha Burns?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Q: Is Sabrina Jen Mountford your real name?

A: No it's a pen name.

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

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