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The Game

Female Domination, BDSM, Forced
Feminization,
Bondage & Forced Bi

FEMDOM:

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Femdom : The Game

~ 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

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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

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Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes

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Diary of Sissy Slave Alicia

The Bisexual Writer : Cuckolded into Chastity by a Lesbian

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

Planned titles:-

Femdom : The Vacation

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

Femdom : The Game : A BDSM Erotika Trilogy

The BDSM Studies Trilogy

The Male Bridesmaid Duology

(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 erotica, I highly recommend giving 'Maia Anne Fisher' a try, her 'HumanDog : Puppy Play Erotica' is thoroughly enjoyable . Particularly so, if you enjoy female domination with dubious consent.

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

Forward:-

What follows is an original work of erotic, femdom fantasy fiction involving female domination, forced feminization, BDSM, orgasm denial, male and female chastity, bondage, corporal punishment and more. All of the characters and events within are entirely fictional and any resemblance to real life persons or places is coincidental. These works are femdom fantasy fiction, and I do not condone or encourage any of the acts described in this story being attempted in real life. This material is suitable for over 18's only. All characters should be assumed to be over 18 and consenting.

This 18,000 word femdom novelette is heavy with male and female BDSM and corporal punishment with some bondage thrown in for good measure. It has a strong element of 'forced bi' in it. If you like your femdom to portray a little over-the-knee spanking or the male being coerced into trying on a CB3000 for a night, then this femdom probably isn't for you. This femdom is for not for the prudish.

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

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

~ Sabrina

Femdom : The Game

Prologue

Jessie and Marcy were sitting at home, in their living room. They'd both recently discovered the joy of Kindle Erotica. Jessie lying back on the sofa, holding his Kindle in one hand. Marcy, on the reclining armchair, with her Kindle resting on her knee, propped up by her outstretched hand. They were an open minded couple, and were aware of each other's sexual interests. Jessie was reading, 'The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress' by Sabrina Jen Mountford, he'd just finished the dream sequence where Gary, fully attired as a bridesmaid and locked in a cruel chastity belt, is taken into the bridal suite with his sister-in-law Sarah and her husband. It was a steamy, racy scene, that left Jessie quivering with arousal and desperate to masturbate. He was about to get up and 'nip' to the bathroom, when he noticed Marcy, with one hand down the front of her skirt, looking quite flush.

“What’cha reading hon?”

She looked distracted, almost vacant. She sighed and looked at him. “Oh nothing.”

“Got an itch down there have you? What are you reading?”

“Hmmp! It’s called ‘Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford, it’s getting me...You know!”

He raised an eyebrow. “Hah! Sounds hot! I didn’t think you’d read these sort of books though! I thought you were the dominant one in this relationship?”

“I am, I just... I suppose I’m a bit like the main character, she’s a switch, she likes to be on both sides of the relationship.”

Jessie pondered this for a moment, then chuckled softly. “I suppose I’m a bit like that too, the trouble is it doesn’t work does it? If we’re kind of taking it in turns to be the dominant, and the submissive – then it’s kind of, not going to really work is it? I mean, if we took it in turns, we’d always be aware that we’d be changing roles in the future so it would... *Sigh* You know what I mean?”

“Well, I don’t know why it matters, it’s not like we’re ‘living the lifestyle’ anyway is it?”

“Well, no, we’re not... But then could we? Would you be interested in ‘living the lifestyle’ as you put it?”

“In what role Jessie? Are you asking me to be your submissive little slave girl or your strict dominatrix owner?”

“Well, if it came to it – which would you choose?”

She lowered her kindle now and looked wistfully up, as if in thought. “I don’t know to be honest. HmMMM, well... I think both could be fun. What about you? I know what you like reading! Would you like me to lock you into a chastity belt, then feminize you, before sending you off to Samantha Fisher’s Maid’s Academy for some hypnosis and maid training?”

Don't look shocked, I know you look at what I'm reading when I'm out. You really should lock the screen if it bothers you!"

He gasped, she'd clearly been reading his Kindle Library quite a bit. He knew he should lock his Kindle, but he didn't due to laziness, he made a mental note to start locking it. The fact was, he'd only had a glimpse at her collection. Then the penny dropped. "Wait a second, you're reading a 'Sabrina Jen Mountford' too?"

"Yup, I saw you've got quite a few of hers, Orgasm Denial is a bit different, it has quite a bit of *ahem* lesbian domination in it."

Jessie grinned. "I didn't know you were that way inclined!"

"I'm not really, but, I don't know, the taboo of it, the fact that it is a bit 'icky' it all makes it more, somehow..."

"Hmmm, I know what you mean, I'm not gay, but I do find her forced bi scenes quite... Erm, erotic?"

Marcy giggled. "You want to suck cock is that it? I bet you'd like me to pop you into one of those chastity belts, put you in my bra, panties, suspenders and stockings? Perhaps a dress? Then handcuff your wrists behind your back and ankles together, kneel you down and force you give a fella head, make you suck his cock until he squirts your mouth full of cum?"

"Urgh! Marcy!"

"Hehe, just teasing... Mind you – do I see a small tent growing?"

Jessie looked down at his crotch, he had to admit he was aroused by the suggestion, as much as he didn't 'want' to admit it. He decided to change the subject. "Hah! You can talk, I saw you playing with yourself reading the lesbian one!"

Marcy shrugged. "Well, I –"

"You'd like to be all tied up, and forced to service a dominant woman orally? I'd actually like to see that."

Marcy smirked. “I bet you would! I have to say I’d quite like to watch you being forced to suck cock – not because I’d find it arousing, but simply because I’d find it funny. You’d have to swallow of course! All those times you moaned at me when I’ve gone down on you and all that cum you made me swallow – it’d be nice pay back. Yes, I’d like to see you feminized and forced to guzzle your master’s cum, you’d have to swallow, you’d be his bitch. Hah! I’d love to see that.”

Jessie was finding the conversation more and more arousing, but wishing he wasn’t. “Can we change the subject please?”

“Sure, do you remember Grace, from College?”

“Got a younger sister, Karen? Yeah I remember her – what of it?”

“Well, she’s just joined facebook and got in touch, I thought it’d be nice to see her again. I said we could meet up.”

“Oh, well that’d be nice, is she seeing anyone? We could do a ‘couples night’?”

“Yes she is, a James, I’ll ask her if she’d like to do a couples night if you like.”

The Night Out

It was the weekend by the time they’d managed to organize a night out together. When it was time to meet, it turned out that James couldn’t come. Grace was sitting in the bar, at the bar, sipping a glass of white wine and nibbling from a bowl of peanuts. She was slim, beautiful with long brown hair, wearing a feminine beige trouser suit with a short white blouse under her open jacket, showing a little ‘belly’.

Marcy approached smiling. “Grace!”

She returned the smile. “Hey, Marcy! Great to see you again!”

“A pity James couldn’t make it.”

“Oh she’s super busy tonight, cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing...”

Marcy screwed her face up, “She?”

“Erm, I meant he.”

“And he does all the household chores?”

“Yes, he’s sweet like that.”

All this was ringing a subtle alarm bell, in the back of Jessie’s mind. He’d heard what was said, and he was sub-consciously piecing together, analysing it, and comparing it to the plot of the book he’d just finished reading. It could be him, ‘just being silly’ of course, Alison and Gary in ‘The Male Bridesmaid’ were pretty extreme fetishists by part two after all, but something, something made him wonder – was Grace leading James in a relationship like Alison and Gary’s in ‘The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress’? Was it a biographical account with names changed? Had this ‘Miss Mountford’ heard their tale or a similar one and transcribed it into a novel? If so, there was the question of whether Samantha Burns, or Fisher or whatever she called herself was real? Anita Grey? Despite him finding the stories about these, almost sociopathic dominatrix’s arousing, the thought that they might be real people sent a quiver of fear down his spine. He made a mental note to look up ‘Fisher Creative’ on the net when he got home. “Hey Grace, want another drink?”

“Sure why not – shall we take a table instead of propping up the bar?”

So Marcy and Grace retreated to a table and Jessie ordered a round of drinks and carried them over on a tray. When Jessie sat down the girls were already talking and laughing. As he sat, Alison looked him in the eye. “How come you pair didn’t get married anyway?”

Marcy shrugged. “I’m only staying with him until I can find a better catch.”

She was smiling, clearly joking. He shrugged. “To be honest Grace, we just never got around to it – didn’t your sister get married?”

“A few months ago, she’s really happy. It’s a pity we’d been out of contact at the time, I would have invited you to ours, and maybe blagged you an invite to hers too!”

Marcy sipped her drink. “We’ve been travelling a lot over the last few years, with work and what not – I guess that’s partly why we didn’t get married. It’s difficult when you’re in Berlin for a month, then Frankfurt, then Copenhagen.”

“True, hmmm, what do you guys want to do tonight?”

Jessie chugged his lager back. “We could go and see a film? There’s a new-“

Grace rolled her eyes at him petulantly. “Pffft! Boring! That’s not very sociable is it?!”

He shrugged. “Well what did you have in mind?”

“We should go to ‘The Club’ have a dance, meet some people, it’ll be fun.”

Marcy chuckled softly. “Grace, you know I was never into night clubs!”

“Ahhh, but this one is different! It’s a fetish club.”

Jessie and Marcy’s jaws dropped. Marcy broke the silence. “A fetish club? You mean all latex and whips and handcuffs and stuff?”

“Yep, you don’t have to be in fetish wear to get in though.”

“I didn’t realise you were in to that sort of –“

“I wasn’t, James really got me interested, it’s a great place, they play good music and everyone is really friendly.”

Jessie of course was working his brain in over-time now, he was starting to feel mildly disconcerted at the events that were unfolding. At the same time he was intrigued. “Alright, I always say I’ll try anything once.”

Grace raised an eyebrow, “Does that include being stripped naked, then ‘spit-roasted’ on stage by two latex clad, strap-on wearing, dominatrixes in front of a huge crowd?”

Marcy gasped. “Grace!”

“Pfft, don’t be so prudish! I was only joking, although looking at how red he’s gone, I wonder whether he would like that?”

Jessie leaned forwards. “Does that sort of stuff really happen in these places?”

Grace winked. “There’s one way to find out isn’t there?”

The Club

When they got to the club they found that in fact, the majority of the patrons weren’t leather and PVC clad, overtly fetish people. Three in five were generally fairly vanilla dressed, middle-class looking people, the rest were in fetish gear. The Club itself was a good way out of the town centre, in a quiet street full of what looked like office buildings. Access was through a single door with a simple brass plaque on the side, which read only, ‘The Club ~ By invitation only.’

A smartly dressed doorman had nodded to them as they’d approached and greeted Grace by name. Marcy and Jessie had felt a little unsettled as they’d walked down the red carpeted steps into the club itself, but they’d been somewhat relieved once they got there. The music was at a nice volume, the venue was in a good state of repair and it was a genuinely unthreatening atmosphere.

As they followed Grace to the bar, a girl with long, red dyed hair, wearing a form-fitted, tight, sleeveless, black PVC body suit with buckles up the front approached smiling. She had a nose piercing and a lip piercing and sported a look of ‘mischievous’ attitude, she was holding a glass of red wine and eyeing Jessie and Marcy up. “Hmmm, Grace, are these your new submissive slaves?”

Grace stopped and turned to face her chuckling. “No, she’s Marcy, a friend from college, who I haven’t see-“

“Oh, not into the lifestyle? Fetish virgins?”

Grace pondered for a moment, raising an eyebrow. “Y’know Matilda, I’m not sure, I think they’re ‘fetish virgins’ but you never know, Marcy always was a dark horse...”

Matilda eyed them both up and down, sipping her drink again. Eventually she lowered her glass. “Hmmm, we could put them to the test? How would you like to be part of the show?”

Jessie and Marcy both went bright red at this. Already out of their comfort zone they were having their minds twisted inside out and upside down. They were frozen to the spot, too stunned to speak. Grace smirked at this. “Actually, I think Jessie here, wants to be spit-roasted on stage by two domme’s with strap-on’s.”

“Grace!”

Jessie was bright red now.

Matilda looked up at him, smiling sweetly. She reached up with her PVC gloved hand and gently grabbed his chin, pulling his face to look at her, forcing him to look her straight into her bright, piercing blue eyes. “That can be arranged sweetie... I’d love to take you, on stage, in front of everyone, I’m sure I could find a partner, so we could spit-roast you? Would you like that?”

Jessie was burning up with embarrassment, almost shaking with fear - he was so far out of his comfort zone. He gestured towards Marcy. “Actually, I think Marcy would enjoy it more, she’s got a thing for lesbian domination, why don’t you spit-roast her?”

Matilda turned to Marcy with a wicked, cheeky grin. “Is that so? I’d be happy to oblige Marcy. We could get you stripped naked, and restrained nice and securely... Then it would be too late to change your mind, you’d just have to accept your fate, it would be a great show.”

Grace rolled her eyes. “Matilda! Stop teasing my friends!”

She turned to her with a shrug. “I’m not teasing, I think you’re right, I think, they both have submissive tendencies, and I’m serious, we have an empty stage tonight, but a lot of people in. It would make good entertainment, breaking a ‘fetish virgin’ in... Don’t you think?”

Grace chuckled to herself before answering. “I suppose it would, but which one? The thing is, I suspect they’d both enjoy it, but neither would

admit to wanting it.”

Matilda paused, as if deep in thought, then announced all three of them. “How about a dare? Or something like that?”

Grace smirked. “What do you mean?”

“Hmmm, well here’s my dare, for you, Jessie, Marcy. We get you both up on stage, restrained, and gagged. Then we roll a dice for you both, we play fifty, fifty, if it lands on an odd number, we take you backstage Jessie, we strip you, and bring you back out, all nice and restrained, helpless to resist, then spit-roast you on stage in front of everyone. I’m sure I can find another domme to take the opposite hole... Hehe! Marcy, you would be released, so you could watch the show. If it lands on an even number – well, it’d be vice-versa, Marcy would be going backstage to be prepared, and Jessie, you’d be able to take your place in the crowd, ready to enjoy the show. How about it, are you game?”

Jessie was aroused at the thought, but terrified at the same time he raised an eyebrow at Matilda. “You’re actually serious aren’t you?”

She shrugged. “Of course! It’s nothing unusual for what goes on here, it’s perfectly safe everything we use has been medically sterilized – it’s just a bit of fun, a chance to do something exciting, to have an adventure.”

Jessie looked her in the eye, she had a paradoxical look, one of caring menace somehow. He found her incredibly attractive, but the thought of being on stage, in front of what was becoming a packed out fetish club... It was frightening. He laughed, feigning bravery. “I’d be game but Marcy would never dare agree to that.”

Matilda quickly turned to Marcy. “Is that so? “

Marcy glared at Jessie. “If you’re so brave why don’t you forget the dice roll and just volunteer yourself?”

Before Jessie could answer Matilda cut in. “But then that wouldn’t be much of a game would it? How about this – seeing as he’s so willing, and accusing you of being ‘chicken’ let’s say a one to four, he gets to be the star of the show, a five or six you do?”

Marcy smiled wickedly at this. "You're saying you're totally okay with this Jess?"

He shrugged, "Erm, yeah, I have no problem with it!"

"In that case you won't mind if we say one to five, you get pegged on stage, on a six and ONLY a six, I do?"

Jessie was looking a little put by now. "That's not very fair!"

Matilda raised an eyebrow. "You said you were fine with it, this way it wouldn't be a foregone conclusion?"

He trembled softly. "I... I don't know..."

Matilda quickly swung her PVC gloved hand into his crotch, grabbing his balls firmly but gently. As she did, he tried to back away. "Ah, ah... Keep still or I'll rip them off. I'll tell you what, if you end up being our star, I'll take you up the bottom with MY strap-on, and I promise I'll be gentle, plenty of lube? We don't want to rip you apart do we?"

She was smiling wickedly, threatening, but enticing. He thought about it, he really didn't want to, but he sort of did. He'd never get the chance again likely, he'd never done anything like this before... He sagged. "Alright let's do it, a one to five you do me, a six you do Marcy."

Marcy smirked at him. "You'd better start trying to relax those sphincter muscles ready Jess!"

He shrugged. "I'm feeling lucky tonight, the games not over until the dice has rolled."

Matilda grinned, letting go of his balls and giving them a little pat. "Good boy, now my little slaves, I'll leave you to enjoy your evening and to sweat about the fate which will be awaiting you, one of you anyway... *Sigh* Probably YOU Jessie, but you never know? We'll get you both secure for the dice roll in one hour."

As she sauntered off, looking pleased with herself Grace grinned. "I can't believe you're going through with this! You have to let me buy you a drink

for being so brave!”

Jessie laughed nervously. “Well I wouldn’t call Marcy brave!”

Marcy shrugged. “I’m in the game aren’t I? I only pressed you to have better odds as you seem so keen on the idea! I didn’t want you to be disappointed did I? Anyway I’m quite looking forward to watching Matilda and someone else spit roast you on stage, it should be hilarious!”

Jessie chuckled softly. “Well it’s not a done deal is it? The outcome’s not certain until the die has been cast is it? Might be you up there?”

He tried to make it sound like he was confident, the trouble was he was secretly panicking a little, aware that there was every chance the die wouldn’t come up a six and he’d be humiliatingly taken on stage... He almost thought about trying to run away, sneak away without being seen... But something stopped him, was it a fascination with experiencing such a surreal thing? Was it a deep, attraction, for and submissiveness towards the beautiful but devious Matilda? He didn’t know, but every nerve in his body was tingling at the thought.

The Die is Cast

For next hour Grace, Marcy and Jessie sat at the table, drinking, chatting, laughing, doing all the normal stuff people did when sitting in a club. Jessie decided he liked Grace, she was beautiful, funny, and so laid back. She told them all about her female led relationship with James and how it had, over time gotten to the stage where James had effectively become her twenty four seven, live-in, chaste sissy maid and sex slave. Of course this was ringing serious bells in Jessie’s mind, given his recent reading. He had to keep telling himself ‘not’ to ask her if she’d cuckolded him.

Of course while they were chatting and drinking the club started filling up. The music got livelier, after half an hour people were dancing and there were more and more people in fetish wear at the club. It was starting to get a real ‘party’ atmosphere, which of course helped Jessie forget about the fate that awaited him.

During a lull in the conversation, Grace leaned over the table. “Are you ready Jessie?”

“Ready for wha- Oh... “

“Shouldn’t be long now, it’s nearly eleven o’clock!”

“Is it too late to back out?”

Marcy dug her elbow in his ribs. “Don’t be a spoil sport; I’ve been looking forward to watching you get spit roasted on stage. That was going to be the highlight of the night!”

“Hmmp! It might be you!”

“Hah! Not much chance.”

It almost didn’t seem real, it seemed so unreal when he’d agreed to it, he’d almost figured it would never happen. Now, seeing Matilda take the stage and saunter up to the microphone at the front, he started to tremble with anxiety. The music died down and she tapped the mic. “Ladies and gentlemen, dominants and submissives, masters and slaves, I have an announcement to make. Tonight, as a special treat we’re laying on a surprise show for you, an adlibbed show! Tonight ladies and gentlemen, we’re going to be breaking in, a fetish virgin, on stage, just for your entertainment! To make it even more interesting, we don’t know which one it will be. We have two candidates for breaking, and only one slot on stage, the lucky winner will be decided by a dice roll!”

She then walked up to the edge of the side of the stage and held out two pairs of handcuffs towards where Grace, Marcy and Jessie were sitting. “Gracie, if you could cuff the candidates for me please.”

Grace stood and smiled as she took the few short steps to the stage and grabbed the cuffs. “With pleasure.”

Marcy was shaking softly now, all eyes were on them, as Grace approached brandishing the shiny pair of handcuffs. They looked like high security cuffs, the spot where the secret escape lever would normally sit, was ominously plain looking. Grace clicked one pair onto the table and held the other pair up. “Well? Who’s going first?”

Marcy pointed to Jessie. “Him, he’s got more reason to be worried!”

Grace smiled at him. “Okay sweetie, wrists out, hold your wrists out for me. Good boy, don’t worry we’ll look after you.”

He reluctantly held out his shaking hands, then felt her soft hands firmly pushing the cuffs closed, the ratchet clicking and clicking until they were so tight they were nearly cutting his circulation off, they were certainly so tight he couldn’t rotate his wrists in the cuffs. She smiled as the last ratchet clicked. “There, you’re ready. Marcy? Your turn now, wrists out.”

She was shaking with fear, everyone was watching. “Do I have to? I mean it’s pretty much definite, it’s going to be Jessie on stage?”

Grace shrugged. “Well, I think it’s only fair, besides we need you to be secure just in case it IS a six? We don’t want you running away on us do we? Hold your wrists out.”

Shaking she lowered her wrists and held them out to Grace who picked up the set of cuffs on the table and pressed them firmly onto her wrists, as tight as they’d go. “There, good girl... That’s not so bad is it?”

While this had been going on Matilda had wheeled out a wheelchair onto the stage from the back room, then vanished again to wheel out another. She was now back at the mic. “Well? Lead them on stage! Give them a big hand everyone!”

Grace grabbed the chains of the two pairs of cuffs and started gently tugging, leading them off their seats and towards the small set of steps up onto the stage. “Come on slaves!”

Trembling with fear Marcy and Jessie followed, and the room erupted into a loud, resonating cheer. Matilda gestured towards the two wheelchairs. “Please, have a seat while we get you secured.”

Jessie sat first, he could feel himself growing in the crotch, it felt surreal, like some weird dream. He almost couldn’t accept this was really happening. As he sat, Matilda clicked her way around the back of the chair and passed a strap around his waist, fastening the buckle tight so he was pressed down and back into the seat, the buckle was well out of his reach at the back. As she moved around to the front to strap his feet to the foot-rests Grace was strapping Marcy firmly into her chair. Before long Marcy

and Jessie were inescapably strapped down into their wheelchairs, and another girl in a black leather dress, with a tightly laced leather corset was approaching with two ball gags. Matilda took one and Grace took the other. Matilda offered up the gag to Jessie's mouth and smiled. "Well slave? Open wide."

He obeyed almost without thinking. As he felt her hands gently but firmly pulling the strap tighter, tighter, he panicked and started making muffled cries to be released. She'd already fastened the buckle by this stage, so she leaned into his face and held a finger to her lips, just touching the silver lip ring through her bottom lip. "Shhhh, keep still..."

Meanwhile Marcy was opening her mouth for Grace to insert her gag, and she felt her friend of old pulling the straps in and tightening the buckle. She wasn't afraid; she was almost chuckling to herself at the fate, Jessie had resigned himself to. They were both securely fastened into the wheelchairs now, their hands cuffed firmly together and gagged. The crowd was cheering and clapping. Matilda stepped behind Jessie's chair and grabbed the handles, before looking at Grace. "Shall we?"

Matilda and Grace pushed the chairs up to the very front of the stage. Jessie of course was getting more and more nervous now, but he was securely bound and was helpless to escape. With them in place for everyone to see, Grace stepped to one side and Matilda took the mic. "Now, ladies and gentleman, we have our candidates all bound and secure! It's time to see, who is going to be the star of the show."

She picked up the mic and carried it from the stand, before draping herself over Jessie's shoulder, wrapping her arms around his neck. He could feel her breath on him as she spoke, he could smell the PVC. "Will it be Jessie? Who gets to be spit-roasted on stage by my good self and another dominant?"

She rose and patted him on the head, then moved to Marcy, gently stroking her hair. "Or the lovely Marcy? The die will decide!"

She returned to the mic stand. "The rules as agreed, are that we will decide who gets to perform, on the roll of one die. There will be no 'best of three' no changing of minds, no room for negotiation. As soon as the die has been rolled and it has chosen tonight's performer, the other

candidate will be released, and the performer will be wheeled back stage so we can get them ready. The number that decides will be the side facing upwards, the opposite side to the one that is flat against the floor. Here, I have my decision dice, one white, one black... I think we shall use the white die, to signify our 'fetish virgin's' innocence. Now to make it fair, I will roll the die to decide."

At the front of the stage there was a small baize lined box, clearly Matilda used dice fairly often in her shows. She took a dice cup and began shaking the die up and down, with her hand over the opening. The room went silent. As she shook she spoke into the mic. "As Jessie is so keen to perform tonight, Jessie will be performing on a one, two, three, four or five! Only a roll of six will secure Marcy the spot in tonight's show."

All eyes were on the green baize lined box. The die was rattling against the sides of the cup, her PVC gloved hand covering the end. She was certainly giving the die a thorough shake; there was no attempt to influence the outcome of the roll. With a final flourish she released her hand and flicked the cup at the box. The die tumbled out and bashed against one side, then another, spinning and bouncing as it went. As the die slowed, it landed on a point, supported by the side of the box. The four was showing, then it edged forwards a little and dropped, leaving the six face up.

The crowd gasped and immediately started clapping.

Marcy had been watching the die spin and bounce and as it had slowed had started panicking, a look of horror growing on her face. As it had fallen, she'd been shouting muffled into her gag that she'd changed her mind, but nobody heard over the cheering.

Matilda took the mic again. "Well, well, who'd have thought that? It's Marcy! Give her a big hand everyone!"

As the cheering grew louder, Matilda gestured to Grace. "Take her back stage, let's get her ready."

Marcy was strapped firmly into the chair, her gag in, muffling her cries, her face in a look of utter panic. She felt herself being wheeled back, the crowd growing smaller, and Jessie, who was now being released by Matilda growing smaller. She felt herself being pulled through the

curtains backstage, and she started sobbing softly.

Jessie meanwhile was in shock, he was stunned. He'd more or less resigned himself to his fate, he should have been laughing at the thought of Marcy enduring this very public humiliation, but he was too shocked to even think about it. Matilda had unbuckled his gag and was now gently removing it. She looked him in the eye, smiling sympathetically. "I'm sorry Jessie; I know how much you were looking forward to being my bitch... But the rules are the rules! Maybe next time?"

He didn't know what to say, she unfastened his cuffs, and released the strap holding him in the chair. As he stood he looked at Matilda, almost bewildered. "Where's Marc-"

"Shhhh, don't worry, she'll be fine, they're just stripping her and securing her in the right position. Here, go straight to the bar, I'll wave you a free drink for being such a good sport."

She helped him up out of the wheelchair smiling, and patted him on the bum as he walked towards the steps down, off the stage. He headed straight for the bar and sure enough, after asking for a small beer on the house, Matilda waved and gave a thumbs up, before strolling towards the back stage area.

He took his beer and returned to their table in complete shock. He'd been convinced it was going to be him, now, he was a little worried about Marcy. She'd never been pegged before, she'd never had any form of 'anal sex' before and she'd never had a lesbian experience before either, now she was going to be getting to experience both, in front of a huge crowd. He wished it was him now, not because he wasn't scared, but more because he was worried she'd struggle to cope with the humiliation. He thought about heading back-stage to try and secure her release, but something about the whole situation told him it was futile. As he sat sipping his beer, he tried to convince himself that she'd be fine and it was just a bit of fun, a bit of embarrassment. It took some time, but eventually he was sitting back feeling relaxed, almost looking forward to the 'show'.

Backstage

When Marcy saw the curtains fall back together in front of her she

sagged. She was still sobbing as she rounded the corner and was wheeled into a room full of bondage equipment, corporal punishment implements and fetish clothes. It was an impressive collection; there was something for every occasion, including dungeon furniture, largely on wheels. She was wheeled backwards into the centre of the room.

As that point, she learned that it had actually been Grace wheeling her, because she saw her step out in front of the wheelchair and walk over to a rack of fetish clothes. From the rack, Grace pulled a little latex black mini-dress, with a lace up bodice and a black latex sleeveless body suit, which fastened with a zipper. The body suit was made all the more sinister by the obvious fact that it had the bottom cut out, yes it might offer some dignity, but it was clearly designed to give good access as well. Grace held them out for her. “These look about your size, I think seeing as you’re being a good sport we’ll let you wear a costume for your performance, which do you prefer?”

Marcy cold feel some drool running down her cheek now, escaping around the ball gag. She looked from one outfit to the other, it was true she’d prefer to wear ‘something’ but both were things she’d never even consider wearing normally. She imagined herself in the mini-dress, her mistress lifting up the hem and sliding the strap-on in, it made her shudder with submissive fear. Then she pictured herself taking to the stage with the body-hugging sleeveless cat suit on, it would probably have been the better of the two, except having the bottom being cut out, left her feeling it would make her feel very, very vulnerable. She was about to start gesturing towards the dress, but Grace didn’t give her quite enough time. “Can’t decide? Oh well, I’ll choose for you, I think we’ll have you in... The cat-suit, nothing’s quite so good at helping you to feel vulnerable and submissive as having your bottom exposed is there hmmm?”

She replaced the dress on the rack and hung the other garment up near to the chair. At that point Matilda appeared, she grabbed an industrial winch controller that was attached to the wall and pushed a button, lowering a steel wire loop down to the wheelchair. As the steel loop lowered itself so it was right in front of her face Marcy started sobbing and panting into her gag. Matilda stepped forwards and leaned in to her. “Try to keep calm, be nice and obedient for me and this’ll all be over soon. Try to relax, try to enjoy it.”

As she spoke, she snapped a padlock through the steel loop and through the chain on Marcy's handcuffs. Then she returned to the control while Grace ducked behind the chair and unfastened the strap holding her down, then undid the straps holding her legs so that her feet stayed on the foot rests. As Matilda started raising the steel loop on the electric winch, Grace whispered into Marcy's ear. "Come on Marcy, up you get."

She stood and felt her cuffed hands being raised higher and higher, until she could only stand on tip-toe. Grace pulled the chair clear and Matilda joined her in stripping Marcy of her clothes. She could feel her heart racing as she looked down to watch Grace unbutton her blouse, revealing her satin embroidered bra, and Matilda unzipped the little zip at the back of the waistband to pull her trousers down.

These feminine hands working their way over her body, removing her clothes where possible, had her in a state of anxiety and arousal. Once she'd stepped out of her trousers and panties, Matilda reached up to unfasten one cuff. She thought about trying to escape, but her other hand was soundly cuffed up in the air. Matilda noticed her eager glances towards the curtain leading to the stage. "Not thinking of escaping are we? I could 'crop' your disobedience out of you if needs be? Do I need to give you a good cropping?"

She was smiling in a friendly way, as she threatened her. Marcy could see canes, crops, tawse's, whips, and things she couldn't even identify, she knew Matilda meant business so she shook her head. "Good girl, pull your arm out, good, now pop it back in the cuff for me. That's a good girl."

She felt the cuff snap back on, then the other hand was undone. After pulling her arm out of the blouse, bra and jacket she was cuffed back to the steel loop. Standing in the middle of the room, naked, with Grace, Matilda, and the girl in the leather corset, smirking at her, had her shaking. Grace slowly unbuckled her gag. As she did Matilda got right in her face. "You're shaking! Are you cold?"

She shook her head. Matilda stepped closer, so close she could see her bright blue eyes, her crimson lips, with the little lip ring in the bottom. "Have you ever been naked in front of a woman before Marcy?"

She shook her head, as she did Matilda placed her hands on Marcy's

breasts and started caressing them softly, playing idly with her nipples. “You’re an attractive slave Marcy, you have nice breasts.”

She didn’t know what to say, as she stood there, gobsmacked, Matilda looked her in the eye and grinned. She had a twinkle in her eye, she felt so vulnerable, hoisted up by her cuffs, naked in front of these three women. Then Matilda tried the lean, the tilt of her head. She was attractive too, there was something incredibly sexy about her, her looks, her attitude, everything. Matilda leaned forwards again, and in a breath, Marcy and Matilda were french kissing, as they did Matilda’s arms wrapped around Marcy and pulled her in to her, so she could feel her naked body against the PVC and the buckles. She could feel Matilda’s tongue probing her mouth sliding in and out of her cheeks and over her tongue, she tasted sweet and feminine. It felt so wrong, but at the same time so right. Then she felt Matilda’s hand drop to her crotch and start gently massaging her labia, and probing her vagina, then having a little swirl around her clitoris, making her legs give way. Still stroking her clitoris playfully Matilda stopped kissing and pulled her mouth away. “My, my, slave, we are wet down here aren’t we? I think your costume is going to need a wash after tonight!”

She stepped back and Grace stepped in with the black latex cat-suit. “Okay sweetie, pop your legs in, step in.”

She was holding the garment out, Marcy was running on auto-pilot now, her head all over the place. She stepped in with one leg, then the other, then Grace was pulling it up. It was skin tight, gripping her and pulling her in at every point. It felt like she was having a giant condom put onto her, it even had the same smell of latex. As it was over her hips, Matilda and Grace unfastened the cuffs and gently but firmly fed her arm through the arm holes, while the girl in the leather corset zipped her up. Before she could think about what was happening, Matilda and Grace were gently guiding her arms behind her and handcuffed her right wrist to her left upper arm and her left wrist to her right upper arm.

It was a very uncomfortable position to be in. She wriggled slightly jangling her chains.

Her arms were immobile, she felt helpless. The cool breeze, teasing her buttocks, the sensation of nakedness that was localised on her bottom

made her feel even more vulnerable. She couldn't even lower hand to defend her bottom, she felt at the mercy of anyone, who wanted to take her.

As she was wrapping her head around these sensations, the girl in the leather corset fetched a trolley on big castors; it had a padded table with straps attached at the top and at the legs. Grace and Matilda led her up to it and Matilda gestured to where to stand. "Okay slave, step up, put your right foot there next to that ankle strap, good, other one there."

As she stepped up the girl in the leather corset kneeled down to strap her ankles tightly to the device, preventing her stepping down.

Matilda gently pulled on her back, trying to guide her onto the table. "Now lean forwards, good girl, rest your body on the padded bit. Good, now we'll strap you down."

As she rested her body she felt straps being fed over her shoulders, chest and belly and being fastened. The reality of what all this was leading to was sinking in now, she panicked. "Stop, stop! I've changed my mind! I don't want to do this!"

Matilda stepped to the front and pinched her lips shut firmly between her fingers. "Sorry dear, we explained the rules, no backing out? Now for that disobedience I think you deserve six strokes of the crop. Any complaints and I will double it. You're ready now, so as soon as I've administered your punishment, it will time for you to be my bitch, time for me to take you, to penetrate you, to peg you. Accept this and try to relax, try to enjoy it – you no longer have any say in your fate Marcy, only how you react to it. Now, you will keep still and count my strokes, thanking me between them. If you fail to thank, or fail to count – then the strokes will be repeated until you do."

Marcy was a quivering mess as Grace handed Matilda a riding crop while smirking. Her legs were strapped in, her arms were immobile and she was firmly strapped down, she thought about pleading for mercy but decided it would be futile. She felt the crop gently riding over her bare bottom, then there was a swish and a crack and Marcy squealed, wriggling frantically in her bonds. Grace leaned in so she was inches from her face. "Marcy, you forgot to thank and count! Thank and count!"

Swish! Crack!

“Aaargh! One! Thank you!”

Matilda tutted, “That’s ‘thank you mistress’ slave!”

“Thank you mistress I mean!”

“Good girl, I’ll let you off this once, forget again and it’s double strokes.”

The crop rose and fell, Marcy punctuating the strokes with a loud squeal and a stammered, panting, count followed by a ‘thank you mistress!’

As she finished Matilda stepped forwards and gently stroked her hair. “There, there, that’s a good girl... Do you like oysters by the way? I’ve got a special treat for you. To make your spit roasting more realistic, we’re going to use special ‘ejaculating’ strap-on’s on you, at both ends with blended fresh oysters. You’ll be amazed how realistic the experience is.”

Marcy wriggled again, trying and failing to get up. “Stop! I don’t want it!”

Matilda shook her head. “Shhh, there, there, it doesn’t matter what you want, you’re my slave until you’ve completed your dare, so if I decide you’re having blended oysters, then I’m afraid you are.” She looked up to Grace. “Hmmm, I just need another dominant to take the end? You up for it Grace?”

Grace shrugged. “Why not!”

Marcy gasped. “Grace!”

“Shhh, don’t be such a baby, enjoy the experience.”

As she was speaking Grace pulled her trousers off and started strapping on a large, black strap-on. Matilda was doing the same. The blended oysters were already loaded. The girl in the leather corset headed for the curtain. “I’ll just go and announce you!”

The Show

Jessie, was sitting quietly sipping his beer, wondering what Marcy was going through.

The other girl, the one who'd brought the gags, stepped out on to the stage. The music faded out, the lights dimmed and a spotlight trained on the mic at the centre of the stage. The girl tapped the mic, then smiled. "Ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've been waiting for has arrived! It's with great pleasure... I present... Slave Marcy!"

As she spoke, the spotlight swept away from her, up to the curtain and she picked up the mic stand and carried it to the back of the stage. Soft blue light started to fall over the stage and the Marilyn Manson version of 'Sweet Dreams are made of this' began playing through the speakers.

All eyes were on the curtain, the whole room was waiting. When it got to halfway through the first verse, Marcy burst through the curtain she was clearly strapped to a trolley on wheels. Matilda was on her right and Grace on her left. Grace had left her jacket and trousers backstage, she was just wearing her white blouse and a huge, black strap-on which appeared to have a bag attached. Matilda had the same strap-on, but she wore hers over her PVC cat-suit. They wheeled Marcy right up to the edge of the stage, so she was almost leaning over it. To Marcy she was facing a sea of faces, bobbing softly to the music, but focusing on her. The time for protesting was past; she stared stone-faced at the crowd. As she did Grace and Matilda took turns to play with her hair and kiss her. After a few more lines of the song she was pulled back and her exposed bottom was wheeled to the edge of the stage. As it was Grace and Matilda were caressing her bottom, then she felt a squirt of cold, jelly like substance on her bottom and then a finger gently probing her.

Jessie of course had stood up and joined the crowd at the front of the stage. He couldn't believe this was happening, there was his girlfriend, strapped down on stage, with Matilda gently probing her anus, spreading lubricant about, in front of a massive crowd. Then she took what looked like a bottle of lubricant and carefully inserted the nozzle into Marcy's anus and squeezed, pulling the bottle out of her anus as she squeezed. Clearly Marcy's rectum had been filled with lubricant, meaning as she was penetrated it would push up into her large intestine and back out of the anus, helping to lubricate.

When Marcy felt herself fill up with lubricant she whimpered softly, far too faintly for anyone to hear – then she was being spun around again, so she was side on to the crowd. She saw grace approaching, with the strap-on dangling in front of her. Whether it was intentional or not, some blended oysters were dripping from the front of the dildo, it looked frighteningly realistic. Grace leaned in and caressed her neck gently. “Open wide slave.”

She shook her head, closing her lips tightly. Grace sighed deeply, then gripped a fistful of hair and pulled her head up and back. “I said open bitch!” She couldn’t hold her head down, so she clenched her lips. Grace used her spare hand to reach down and pinch her nose shut, preventing her breathing. At first she tried to hold her breath, the trouble was, she held it so long, then when she had to exhale she ended up opening really wide and Grace, seeing this, took the opportunity to slide her dildo in. Marcy’s brain was turning to mush. All she could see were Grace’s straps and buckles, and the lace of her white satin panties poking out in places. Grace had grabbed her head and was now sliding her dildo in and out while holding her head firmly.

Once she was away, Matilda took her position, her dildo also dripping blended oysters. She gently pressed the dildo onto Marcy’s anus, making her wriggle and squirm in her bonds. Of course she was helpless to escape, and she soon felt the huge dildo sliding into her rectum, stretching her anal sphincter to its very limit. She was trying to scream but Grace’s dildo was filling her mouth. Then she had two dominant ladies pumping dildo’s into her at either end, in time to the music. Jessie was finding this so erotic; part of him was really envious of Marcy, despite his fear. As they pumped, she was scrunching her eyes up, her rectum was being stretched and stretched, oozing lube and blended oyster out. She was helpless, helpless to do anything but lie there, accepting this treatment. It felt humiliating, almost degrading, and also taboo and lesbian. Despite her uncomfortable state, she was feeling more and more aroused. The crowd cheered, Matilda pegged, and Grace did something to her strap-on, making it forcefully squirt blended oysters into the back of Marcy’s throat with every pelvic thrust, making her gag. As she did Grace screamed down to Marcy. “Swallow it bitch! Swallow!”

Almost whimpering, Marcy started sobbing softly, as the squirting strap-on force fed her, ramming the blended oysters down her throat.

Marcy was so aroused, and so focused on what Grace and Matilda were doing to her, she didn't notice the girl in the leather corset approach with a vibrator. As she was being spit-roasted, the third girl knelt down and started manipulating her crotch with the vibrator. Marcy started groaning and moaning. Every nerve in her body was tingling, her mind was in another place. As they pumped and pumped, filling her from both ends with blended oysters, she came, her whole body going into spasm. Waves and waves of pleasure washed through her body and she felt her whole groin area pulsating and pulsating. As she came Grace pulled out of her mouth and sprayed blended oysters in her face and hair to the crowds cheers.

As the orgasm subsided she started panting softly, sagging onto the padded table. She felt amazing, she felt more aroused than she'd ever felt in her whole life, her orgasm just wouldn't stop. Normally a good one would last for a few minutes, but this going on, and on. Her bottom was sore from the caning, her anus was sore from the stretching and her mouth and face smelled fishy and oily and had that lingering taste that only oysters can give – yet she felt happy, she was in ecstasy.

The girl with the vibrator stood and retrieved her mic stand, bringing it back to the front. The music died down a little now as she spoke. “Ladies and gentlemen, please put your hands together for Matilda, our lovely friend Grace and tonight's star of the show, ‘Slave Marcy!’

Everyone was on their feet cheering, showing their appreciation. Grace and Matilda took a bow, then wheeled Marcy back through the curtain to backstage.

The Aftermath

As Marcy was wheeled away she was still riding the wave of pleasure brought by the orgasm. Once she was back in the room with the dungeon equipment, Matilda leaned down to her. “Are you okay slave? Did you enjoy that?”

Before she could think about it, Marcy was nodding and gasping. “Yes mistress.”

Matilda chuckled. “Hmmm, I could take YOU home with me tonight, have

you ever serviced a woman orally?”

Marcy shook her head, on the one hand the thought was disgusting, but then it couldn't be more disgusting than being force-fed blended oysters down a urethral tube in a strap-on dildo. Matilda stroked her hair. “Hmmm, maybe not tonight, it's getting late and you need to get cleaned up – would you like a shower? There's a shower back there and a toilet, take as long as you need.”

As she spoke Grace was unfastening the straps holding her down. She was stiff and felt wobbly on her feet as she eventually climbed off the apparatus. Grace held her gently. “Are you okay Marcy?”

“Yes, yes, that was amazing I can't believe how-”

“Shhhh, I'm glad you enjoyed it – I told you we'd look after you. Why don't you use the toilet and have a shower, there are towels on the rack next to it. Once you're done, Matilda will organize a drink on the house for you, for being such a great sport.”

She thanked her and hobbled off to the shower room. It was modern and clean and comfortably appointed. As she walked, she realized how dramatically she'd been filled up at the other end by Matilda. She was dripping oyster and lube on the floor out of her receding anal sphincter. Her tummy was cramping slightly, when she got in and threw the bolt she sat down in relief and heard a splurge as she relaxed her anal sphincter allowing the contents of her rectum to fall into the toilet. It was a torrent, she tried pushing afterwards, creating a slow squirt of material. It took some time, sitting and pushing, trying to clear as much out as she could. While doing this she noticed a stack of disposable douche's in bags on the shelf. Desperate to clean herself out she filled the small sink and took a douche, filling it, then inserting the nozzle up her bottom forcefully, and squirting it down the toilet after a couple of minutes. After ten minutes of this she felt cleaner inside, she felt better. Her rectum still felt stretched and uncomfortable and she still felt like she needed the toilet. Even though she knew she didn't – but she felt better. She turned on the hot taps and waited for a minute before fighting her way out of her 'costume' and stepping into the piping hot shower and washing herself thoroughly.

Jessie was back at his table, sporting the erection of his life. He had to say

Marcy's show had given him masturbatory material that would last a long, long time. Grace was the first to emerge from backstage and make her way over. She'd since replaced her trousers and shoes and lost the strap-on, but she'd left her jacket off, carrying it casually over her shoulder. She took a seat next to Jessie, hanging her jacket on the one adjacent. "Did you enjoy the show Jessie?"

He chuckled. "I did, it was amazing, I hope she's alright though – where is Marcy?"

"Alright? Oh she's fine, she absolutely loved it. I think she'd go again happily. She's having a shower now, she'll be out shortly."

"Where's Matilda?"

"She'll be out in a minute - Ah here she is."

Matilda was approaching, having removed her strap-on. She was carrying a tray, with several large, exotic looking cocktails in fancy glasses on it. She clicked it down on the table with a smile. "Jessie, please help yourself. I'll just go and see how Marcy is getting on."

Matilda then strolled off towards the back stage area with a spring in her step.

Marcy had her eyes closed, her face turned up to the shower, trying to wash icky goo of blended oysters off her face and out of her hair. There was shampoo and shower gel and she'd washed herself thoroughly twice, for some reason, she still felt like she smelled fishy though. Eventually she gave up and wiped the water from her eyes, guessing that the fishiness was down to her force-feeding, which had left a lingering aftertaste and an oily sensation in her mouth, throat and nostrils.

As she pulled her head out of the shower she opened her eyes and gasped, Matilda was standing outside the shower, eyeing her up and down. She instinctively put one hand over her breasts and one over her groin, then turned and switched the taps off. She opened the cubicle door. "Matilda! How did –"

"I have a key that undoes the bolt from the other side. You shouldn't

cover yourself up Marcy, you have a beautiful body.”

“I-“

“Shhh, here’s a towel.”

Marcy took it, and allowed Matilda to wrap it around her shoulders, as she did though she began rubbing her as well, helping to dry her off, but also having a good feel of Marcy’s contours. Once she was dry Matilda opened the door and gestured for her to go first. “Go on, get dressed, there’s a hair dryer in the other room.”

The next time Jessie saw Marcy she was fully dressed and hair was dried. She was looking very presentable, having had Matilda brush her hair for her. She took a seat, Matilda who had been following sat at the same table. Jessie was smirking. “How do you feel Marcy?”

“Exhilarated, a bit tired, I’m okay though.”

“I couldn’t believe it was you!”

Matilda raised an eyebrow and dropped a hand on Jessie’s thigh. “There’s always next time sweetie, maybe we’ll play a different game next time?”

Grace gestured to the cocktails. “Marcy, help yourself to a cocktail on the house. The customers love seeing these shows, they’re great for business, the least Matilda can do is offer you a cocktail to take the taste away.”

Marcy chuckled, her mouth did still feel oily and taste fishy. She grabbed a large luminous green glass and began sipping it. “Well, yes, I could do with it.”

Jessie raised an eyebrow. “What was that stuff you were-“

Matilda smirked. “Why semen of course! We had a few customers cum into a bowl to fill it up, then- “

Grace cut in. “Don’t be mean! It’s just blended oysters Jessie.”

Jessie chuckled. “Good, Marcy doesn’t like the taste of semen!”

Matilda raised an eyebrow. “Do you?”

“No! Hmmpf, I’ve never actually tried it.”

“Hah! That’s something we can do something about then, isn’t it? Maybe next time we’re playing a game we can arrange it?”

Jessie grimaced. “Urgh! No thanks!”

“You seem to expect Marcy to have a dose of ‘semen’ why not you?”

“That’s different! She’s –“

“Pffft! Rubbish, I think next time we play a game it’ll be fetish make-over, and giving head on stage, what do you think Marcy?”

“Suits me! Same as last time, a six it’s me? A one to five it’s Jess?”

“We’ll see...”

Another night, another game

The rest of the night they chatted, they drank; they had a genuinely nice time, though Matilda continued to make comments that left both Jessie and Marcy feeling aroused. Grace too seemed to be ‘well in’ at the club and she joined in with the suggestive comments. Despite her initial fear and continuing discomfort from being so brutally pegged, Marcy walked away feeling genuinely happy.

Throughout the rest of the week Jessie and Marcy couldn’t stop thinking about the club, Matilda and their rather abrupt introduction to the world of fetish. They continued reading their books, Jessie continuing to fantasize about being forced into being a chaste, sissy-maid for a dominant woman and Marcy fantasizing about lesbian domination, in particular about being dominated by the beautiful ‘Matilda’.

When Jessie got back from work Marcy met him at the door. “Hey, Grace facebook messaged me. She asked if we want to go to the club tonight. Shall we go?”

It was clear from her body language and demeanour, that she was really keen to go and Jessie, despite the fear and anxiety he'd experienced wanted to play another game. As much as he'd enjoyed watching Marcy being abused on stage last week, he'd longed for it to be him up there. He almost jumped as he blurted out. "Sure, why not?"

It was strange they hadn't talked about the events of last time they'd been, it had been a bit of an 'elephant in the room', a bit awkward, but they'd both been thinking about it. They met in a the same bar as the last time and had a few quiet drinks with Grace, although the experience of giving fellatio to Grace's strap-on had a subtle effect on their conversations, Marcy felt submissive towards her somehow. They asked about James again of course – at which Grace told them that it was probably best to refer to him as 'Jenny' as that was the feminine name she'd given him. As the previous week 'Jenny' was too busy doing chores to come out and socialize, as the conversation drew on it soon became clear that Jenny only actually came out when Matilda had specifically asked for her to feature in a show, as it happened at the moment, Matilda was more keen on 'breaking in' her two new honorary club members, Jessie and Marcy.

When they arrived back at the club with Grace, they were waved in with seemingly more enthusiasm by the smartly dressed doorman. Again, they'd arrived a little earlier than the crowds. Grace asked them to sit down and went to the bar. She sat, placing the tray in the centre of the table, with wine and beer on it. "These are on me, I'm afraid your credit earned last week has run out."

Matilda who was at the far side of the club noticed them at that point and sauntered over immediately. She was wearing a black PVC mini-dress tonight, with her hair in long pig tails. She didn't ask for permission, she simply grabbed a chair and slid into position at their table. "Well, well, if it isn't my favourite little subbies, I've had a lot of positive comments about Marcy's performance last week, I think you two are going to be very good for business, so good in fact I'd like you to become complimentary members."

Jessie laughed. "Hah! That's very kind, complimentary members, no strings attached?"

Matilda shrugged. "I never said no strings attached, there could be strings

or even ropes, chains if you're lucky! I know you like my little games and the only proviso, is that you play more games for me, and my customers."

Marcy was bright red now, the intense arousal of the previous week having faded into memory, she was thinking about the abject humiliation of being degraded in the way she was, in front of so many people.

"I don't know..."

Grace smirked, "Oh come on Marcy, you loved it last week! Everyone could tell, tell me you didn't love it!"

"I – well, erm, I suppose I..."

"You do know Matilda charges one thousand, two hundred pounds per annum for membership here?"

Jessie almost fell off his chair, he gasped. "How much!?"

Matilda wrapped an arm around his shoulder. "Well it's free to you sweetie, you just have to agree to play my little games. Hmmm, would you like to play a game tonight?"

Marcy glared at her. "No, I'm not in the mood!"

"But, maybe tonight Jessie will be lucky and get to be the star – don't you want pay-back?"

"What did you have in mind?"

"Oh I have managed to secure the services of a dominant male, who is willing, no, more than willing to receive oral service and perhaps even penetrate tonight's lucky winner."

Jessie shuddered, feeling a little disgusted. "Urgh! No thanks, I'm not doing it!"

This seemed to perk Marcy's interest now she raised an eyebrow. "No, it sounds fun. What's the matter Jessie? Are you chicken?"

“No!”

“Chicken!”

Jessie did not like being called chicken; he frowned at her then turned to Matilda. “What was the game going to be?”

“Oh, I thought something different tonight? How about a hmmm, corporal punishment endurance contest?”

Marcy now looked a little apprehensive. “Why can’t we just do one to five it’s Jessie, and I perform on a six again?”

Matilda rolled her eyes playfully. “Pfft, that would be boring! How about it? Marcy, I think Jessie is challenging you, I think you can win.”

“How were you –“

“Oh I have a great game for this; we get you both secured, then bring out five implements on stage. We roll my decision dice for each of you one after the other; the white dice chooses the implement, the black dice the number of strokes. We decide your punishment for the round separately, so one of you might have an easy round, the other might have a painful round.”

Jessie felt like he had the upper hand now. “Hah! Sounds fun, Marcy has no pain threshold, let’s do it!”

Marcy actually, did consider herself to have a strong pain threshold, and she was growing determined to get Jessie into the situation she was in the previous week. He was starting to annoy her and she saw this as a great opportunity to get him back. “Alright, I’m up for it. I hope you like the taste of semen Jess!”

Matilda grinned. “Great! It’s settled! I’ll make the arrangements. Grace would you like to administer the corporal punishment?”

“Hmmm, I’d love to; you know how much I love your games Mattie.”

Matilda stood. “I’ll have you both on stage in an hour.”

Game Number Two

Marcy, Jessie and Grace chatted, and drank and ignored the fact they were going to be competing in a corporal punishment endurance contest in an hour's time. The music got louder and livelier, the club filled up.

When more or less an hour had passed Matilda appeared from the behind the curtain and approached the mic. She took it up and the music become quieter while a spotlight focused on her. "Ladies and gentlemen, subs and doms, slaves and masters, I hope you can remember last week's show, when we broke slave Marcy in? Well, tonight I have another special treat for you all. Tonight, its slave Marcy's turn to get some pay-back, provided she can win the game. Who will endure the most? Who will get to be Master Brian's bitch? You're about to find out. Gracie, bring them on stage!"

The spotlight fell onto Grace who stood immediately and smiled wickedly at them. "Come on slaves, it's time for the game."

She gestured for them to go first and gingerly Jessie and Marcy started making their way to front of the crowd, to the steps which led up on to the stage. As she was doing this, the girl from the previous week in the leather corset, who Grace had mentioned was called Lucy and was now wearing a red, PVC cat-suit and pushing out a padded trolley on castors, just like the one Marcy had been taken on the week before. She left it onstage and went back to fetch a second.

Grace led Marcy and Jessie to centre stage and gestured to the tables. "Come on slaves, hop up so we can get you strapped down."

Nervously, but determinedly Jessie and Marcy stepped up and positioned themselves on the tables. Again, their right wrists were cuffed behind their back to the left elbow's and vice versa, while Grace and Matilda were tightening the straps, Lucy ducked behind the curtain to return with a large wooden board of five hooks, with a number over each hook. The numbers started at two and ended on six. On the number two was hung a paddle, number three, a tawse, number four a cat o' nine tails, number five a slender rattan cane and number six a neatly coiled up bullwhip.

There was no escaping now. Grace and Lucy wheeled them up to the front

of the stage so they could see Matilda's green blazed dice-rolling box. Matilda pulled her decision dice and rolling cup out then addressed the mic. The crowd had gone quiet, the music had stopped. The spotlight was on Matilda, Jessie and Marcy were shaking with fear, strapped down and bound inescapably, just behind her. "Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for the game to begin! The first one to call 'uncle' gets to be Brian's bitch tonight. They can stop the punishment by calling 'uncle' at any time... Now slaves, who would like to go first?"

Jessie got in first. "Me!"

Matilda patted him on the head gently. "Good, good what a good slave you are. Let's see what you get, white chooses the implement; black the number of strokes, a one is no implement, a simple bare bottom spanking."

She dropped her dice in the cup and began shaking vigorously while Jessie looked on. In a flourish she removed her hand and flicked the cup at the box. The two dice tumbled around and settled on... Double five! Jessie groaned audibly. Matilda shrugged and gestured to Grace. "Five strokes of the cane please Gracie."

"With pleasure."

Grace had dressed in a fairly vanilla way again this night, wearing a blue satin knee length figure hugging dress. She clicked across the stage in her heels taking the cane off the hook and lining herself up behind Jessie. He was bound in such a way as he couldn't see her, his only perception that she was there, was when he felt her hands reach around and start undoing his belt. As she did, he squeaked in surprise. Matilda heard and lowered her face to his. "Jessie, Jessie, we don't want to spoil your best trousers! All strokes, will be to the bare bottom, I suggest you try to bite down, Grace is VERY good with the cane."

He whimpered as he felt his trousers pulled down with his boxers to his ankles and he started trembling again. He felt the cane sliding over his bottom as Grace lined up her shot. "Ready slave?"

Before he could answer he heard the 'Swish' and yelped in pain as it landed with a 'Crack!'.

“Aaargh!”

Matilda tutted softly and leaned down to him. “You forgot to count and thank slave, so that one doesn’t count – start again Grace.”

Swish, Crack!

“Aargh! One, thank you!”

Matilda sighed. “Thank you mistress! We’ll try again shall we?”

Swish, Crack!

“Aargh! One, thank you mistress!”

Matilda patted him on the head again. “There’s a good slave, one down, five to go.”

Grace swung back and forth, landing stroke after stroke dead on the previous one, causing a deep red line on Jessie’s buttocks, making him whimper in agony and try to wriggle around to avoid it landing dead on. After three strokes Grace paused and stepped to the front, leaning down to him. “Now, now slave, keep still for me – you’re spoiling my aim. If you wriggle around again it won’t count, in fact, any more wriggling and we’ll start again from zero, are we clear?”

Jessie had tears in his eyes as he nodded, panting and gasping. “Yes mistress!”

She ruffled his hair gently. “Good slave.”

The caning continued, Jessie forcing himself to remain perfectly still accepting the full brutal impact, of every precisely delivered stroke. At the end Matilda took the mic. “Round one, and slave Jessie has passed! Give him a big hand everyone!”

The crowd were cheering and clapping for a moment as Matilda picked up her dice and began shaking them violently in the cup again. “Are you ready slave Marcy? It’s your turn now.”

She flicked the cup with a flourish and removed her hand, the dice rolled, tumbled and bounced off each other, landing on... Snake eyes.

Matilda chuckled. "Oh, looks like you get off lightly, one spank please Grace."

Marcy felt Grace immediately behind her, hitching her dress up and tucking it up so it stayed out of the way, then pulling her tights and panties down leaving her bottom exposed. For a moment she felt Grace's soft palm and fingers stroking her pert bottom, getting its measure, then, the smack!

She squeaked and remembered, quickly blurting out. "One! Thank you mistress!"

Jessie was still recovering from his initial ordeal as he watched Matilda pick up the dice again and begin shaking vigorously. "Slave Marcy has passed round one! Let's show her our appreciation! Your turn slave Jessie, let's see what you get?" The crowd were clapping and cheering. Jessie was still reeling from his brutal caning, and feeling somewhat miffed that Marcy had had such a light punishment. He wriggled uncomfortably in his bonds as he watched Matilda shaking the cup vigorously. She smiled warmly at him. "Good luck slave!"

With that, she pulled her hand away with a flourish and snapped the cup towards the box. The dice flirited out and bashed against the side of the box. Jessie's face fell and he started sobbing and struggling as he realised it'd landed on a double six. The crowd erupted into cheers of course. It was nearly enough, he thought about shouting 'uncle' but when he glanced across at Marcy smirking at him, and remembered the forfeit, he decided to grin and bear it. Matilda leaned in to him, "HMMMM, you're racking up quite a score today Jessie. The bull whip comes very, VERY keen by the way. I'd offer you something to bite down on, but then you wouldn't be able to count and thank would you?"

As she was speaking, Grace had carefully pulled the whip down and uncoiled it. She tried a couple of 'test' cracks across the stage away from the slaves. Satisfied she had a feel for it, she slid the rope through her fingers, "Are you ready slave? Bite down."

Crack!

“Aaargh! One... Thank... You... Mistress...”

His bottom was on fire, it felt like a red hot iron bar had been touched on his buttock. The stinging remained after the whip. His buttock felt a touch wet too – had she drawn blood?

Crack!

“Aaargh! Two... Thank you Mistress.”

He was panting now, trying to wriggle to get comfy, to escape the cruel whip. Of course he was utterly helpless to defend himself. He was sure she'd drawn blood. He didn't think he could take any more, he cried out, “Uncle!”

Matilda chuckled and leaned down to him. “But Jessie! You've missed your chance! By not shouting out before the punishment started you've accepted this punishment! You'll get a chance to shout 'uncle' before your next punishment; maybe you'll get something a little lighter next time?”

She looked up to Grace. “Continue!”

The whip cracked, and cracked, Jessie squealing like a pig on every strike and whimpering his way through the thanking and counting. Blood was running down his buttocks and trickling down his thighs by the time she'd administered all six strokes and he felt totally defeated. He watched through tear filled eyes as Matilda scooped up the dice and began shaking anew. She spoke into the mic as she shook. “Slave Jessie has passed round two! Give him a big hand folks!”

The crowd cheered even louder. Marcy was watching the dice. Matilda flashed her a cheeky grin. “Ready Slave Marcy? Let's see what you get this time.”

She gave the dice cup a last shake, then flicked it at the box with a flourish.

The dice bounced off each other, tumbled rolled, then landed, the white on

a two, the black on a three. Jessie groaned audibly, it was better, but it was still far less severe than his posterior ruining punishments. Matilda gestured towards Grace. “Three strokes of the paddle! Are you ready Slave Marcy?”

Marcy was chuckling to herself, she was quite enjoying the fact that she was getting a much lighter punishment than Jessie. “Yes Mistress!”

Grace took the paddle down and lined herself up, the strokes fell fast and hard, but the paddle spread the impact over the whole buttock, lessening the severity of the strikes. Marcy squeaked, grunted, and counted and thanked.

Matilda took the mic. “Show her your appreciation everyone! Slave Marcy is through round two! Who will get to be Master Brian’s bitch?”

The cheering erupted louder than ever. Matilda grinned at Jessie as she started shaking the dice. “Ready for round three slave Jessie?”

He whimpered softly, his posterior was almost numb, he didn’t think he could take any more, he was worried he might have been done some permanent damage. He was hoping, almost praying, that he got a lenient, less severe punishment.

When Matilda flicked the cup at the dice-rolling box Jessie held his breath. He whimpered and started sobbing when they settled on a five and a six. Matilda chuckled and gestured to Grace, “Six strokes of the cane please!”

Jessie bit his lip. He was desperate to call ‘uncle’ but he couldn’t bear giving Marcy the satisfaction, he thought about the forfeit for losing. Quaking with fear he watched Grace pull down the cane. “Ready slave?”

“His eyes were full of tears, his posterior felt battered, he answered weakly. “Yes mistress.”

“Good slave, bite down.”

Swish, crack!

“Aaaargh! One... Mistress!”

As soon as the first blow landed he regretted not caving in. It burned, it left a lingering dull ache and he knew he had four more to endure. The remaining strokes fell like hammer blows, each swish causing Jessie to tense up and grip his teeth together. Each crack followed by a scream of agony. As the fifth stroke fell, Jessie was red face and full-blown crying, crying like a baby. Matilda took the mic again. “Well folks. Jessie is through round three! Let’s hear it for him!”

The crowd cheered and Jessie turned his head to Marcy, she had to get something severe this time. Matilda was rolling the dice in the cup, shaking it up and down. Marcy’s eyes were on the rolling box. The tension in the room was immense, everyone was holding their breath. Matilda flicked the dice from the cup into the box and watched them tumble around. Jessie groaned and Marcy chuckled when they landed on a one and a four. Matilda raised an eyebrow. “Lucky again! One stroke of the tawse please Grace.”

Grace smirking, pulled the tawse off its hook and lined it up carefully. She threw her arm right back, making the tawse flex back, then she swung swift and hard, creating a resounding ‘smack’ as it landed on Marcy’s bare bottom. She squeaked and jumped as it struck. “One, thank you mistress.”

Matilda was back on the mic while Grace returned the implement to the rack. “Slave Marcy is through round three! Let’s see what Slave Jessie gets!”

The crowd cheered for Marcy, then the cheering died down, all eyes were on Matilda busily shaking the dice cup up and down, she flicked the dice at the box. Jessie was more or less resigned to give up at this stage. If only, if only he could get a spank or a paddle, he could perhaps hold on. The dice landed on four and a five. Matilda gestured to Grace. “Four strokes of the cane please Gracie!”

“UNCLE! UNCLE!”

The room went quiet, Grace paused, instead of reaching for the cane she began clapping and the crowd joined in for a moment. Matilda smiled at

Marcy. “Well Slave Marcy, this is your chance to win! If you can get through this round, Slave Jessie will be Master Brian’s bitch for the night. Shall we see what you get?”

She shook the dice cup and flicked it at the box. Jessie was hoping, praying for a double six, even that might not be enough. He deflated when it landed on a one and a three. Matilda chuckled. “Three spanks please Grace!”

Marcy chortled softly and offered Jessie a sadistic grin. Grace took her place behind Marcy and placed her palm on Marcy’s bare bottom. Marcy was in hysterics internally, as Grace’s hand landed on her bottom she squeaked, then counted politely, and thanked Grace in a genuinely sincere voice.

As the last spank landed, Matilda took the mic. “Well, we have a winner! Release slave Marcy Grace, it’s time to take slave Jessie back stage and turn a him, into a her, to become slave Jessica!”

Marcy was grinning like a Cheshire cat as Grace pulled her panties back up and lowered her hem. Once Grace had released her bonds she blew a kiss at Jessie, still strapped to his bench. “Have fun Jess!”

Lucy, Matilda and Grace wheeled Jessie’s table away from the edge of the stage. His heart rate was spiralling, he could see the crowd growing smaller, then the curtain fell in front of him. He was terrified, he couldn’t believe what was happening to him.

Marcy got herself a drink and took a seat at a table, getting ready to enjoy the show. Her bottom tingled as she sat down, it was sore, but she wondered how sore Jessie’s would be after the brutal punishment he’d endured.

A Fetish Make-over

Back stage Jessie was quivering with fear. He saw Matilda approach him, and fasten a handcuff on a chain to each of his wrists. When she snapped them shut she leaned down to his face, close enough that he could smell her perfume and feel her breath on his face as she spoke. “Slave Jessie, I know you’re nervous, but try not to be. I’m going to give you some Amyl

Nitrite inhalant before Master Brian penetrates you, to help your anal sphincter relax and make it less painful. I want you to be good for us though, Master Brian likes his submissive slaves to be as feminine as possible. As far as I'm concerned, you've consented to this treatment, you agreed to the conditions of the game and you lost the game. If you are disobedient or make life difficult for us – you will be punished severely – are we clear?"

Jessie was shaking with fear barely able to speak.

She leaned in closer. "I said, ARE WE CLEAR?!"

"Yes, yes mistress!"

She patted him on the head. "Good girl, now we're going to undress you, shower you and remove all your body hair. Make it easy for us – or be prepared to be punished."

He saw Lucy approached and felt her unfasten his straps and joining cuffs. As she helped him off the bench he saw Grace activating the winch, lifting his hands up into the air on the two cuffs Matilda had just attached. The winch itself was sitting in a rail. As he studied it, he felt Matilda grab his belt and begin unfastening it. Lucy joined in, unbuttoning his shirt. Soon, they'd removed everything they could remove while his hands were still cuffed to the ceiling separately on the winch cables. Lucy un-cuffed one hand and gently guided his arm out of the shirt. Then she re-cuffed that hand and did the other. Now completely naked, with his hands handcuffed to the ceiling at head height Matilda reached down and grabbed his balls, starting to pull them, using them to lead him along the length of the rail. "This way slave."

He had to move, she was pulling firmly and if he didn't get going she would have pulled his balls off. Thankfully as he moved the chains slid down the rail. Realising this he looked at where the rail went – it went through a door. When they got there, Matilda opened the door to reveal a shower room. The rail in the ceiling led straight into the shower. Matilda opened the door to the shower cubicle with her spare hand, then looked him in the eye, smiling sweetly. "Well slave? Hop in."

He stepped into the shower tray. Lucy had followed them in. She looked

at him and smiled, brandishing a white spray can. “Keep still for my slave, I need to cover your entire body.”

He didn't know what to do, part of him told him he should resist, but a bigger part of him told him it was futile. All he could imagine resisting doing, was making his captors lives difficult. So he stood still while Lucy sprayed pink goo onto him, which worked into a sticky foam and felt warm as it adhered to his skin. When she'd done his arms, pits and upper body she kneeled down. “Spread your legs for me slave.” He shuffled his feet apart and felt her spray the foam so it went deep in between his buttocks, then she sprayed his crotch thoroughly and his legs. As she stood Matilda spoke. “Well Slave Jessica, we'll just give that a minute to work – then we'll get you showered off.”

He was helpless, he stood submissively allowing the hair remover to do its job. Standing there naked, with these two dominant women watching and smirking at him, had him quivering with submissive anticipation. Eventually Matilda pointed to the shower head. “Okay Lucy, she should be ready now – spray her off.”

Lucy grinned, grabbed the shower head and started spraying on full power. She didn't wait for the water to get to a nice temperature, so Jessie found himself instinctively shying away. Lucy glared at him. “Keep still slave!”

He held fast, locking his feet still allowing her to finish. When she was done he was shivering and his teeth were chattering. Matilda held the door. “Step out of the shower now slave Jessica, we need to dry you.”

As he stepped out he saw his body hair in the shower tray, breaking up and swirling down the plug hole – whatever they'd used was seriously strong stuff. It'd left his skin soft and smooth, it had effectively removed every singly hair from his neck down.

Stepping out and standing there while Lucy and Matilda towelled him off was a comfort from the icy water of the shower, but at the same time he was conscious and fearful of the fact that this was a step closer to his fate. Once he was dry, Lucy smacked him on the bum. “Okay out you go Jessica.”

He followed the rail on the ceiling, his chains sliding along it, while Lucy and Matilda jostled him forwards. When he was back in the centre of the main room, the room where Marcy had been prepared the week before, Grace was waiting with a small trolley. His hands were hoisted up higher and Grace wheeled the trolley towards him. "Slave Jessica! All pretty girls have to have nice breasts, so that's what I'm going to give you. Keep still for me, I want them to be symmetrical. We're making you a nice thirty six D cup."

Jessie was helpless to escape, he watched Grace squirt a clear gel onto his chest in two spots. "What's that?"

"Surgical glue, I'm going to use it to fix the breast forms to you. Don't worry it will wear off eventually."

Before he could complain, she'd grabbed the two breast forms of the trolley and was pressing them against his chest hard. After a moment she looked at him, smiled and pulled her hands away, leaving the breasts dangling. "There, all done!"

As this had been Happening Matilda had walked over to the side to get a small metal ring with a padlock and spikes internally. She was holding it out menacingly as she approached. Jessie quivered as he saw it. "What's that!?"

She shrugged. "Oh, just an erection preventer of sorts. We call it a Kali's Teeth bracelet in the business. I'm going to lock it onto your penis, and it will keep you from getting erections, so erections can't spoil the look of your dress."

He looked down, his erection was almost vertical it was so strong, but as he watched it he saw Lucy's red PVC clad arm reach around and press a bag of frozen peas on it. "There, we'll just keep this on for a minute, get you nice and shrivelled hmmm?"

He was shaking with anticipation now. He could feel the pull of the breast forms pulling on his chest slightly. When Lucy eventually pulled the frozen peas away, Matilda quickly reached down and snapped the KTB onto his penis and snapped the padlock on. As she did she held a tiny key on a necklace around her neck up to him. "Don't worry, Jessica, I have the

key right here, we just need you in that to keep your erection from spoiling the look of your dress don't we?"

As this was happening Grace had reached down and fastened a suspender belt around his waist. Lucy was holding out some pink satin panties. "Okay sweetie, step in."

He couldn't believe he was going through with this, he hesitated, making Matilda glare at him. "Jessica!"

Fearful of her punishment he lifted his legs one after another and she pulled them, tucking his balls and KTB into the front of them. As she was doing this Grace had removed a corset from the trolley and was passing it around him. He then felt her pulling the cords tighter, tighter, taking his breath away, compressing his intestines and pushing them up into his chest making it harder to breath. It was a long length corset which compressed his breast forms slightly, negating the need for a bra. It also had the effect of holding his back fairly straight.

As he was being tightened up, Matilda had grabbed some black silk stockings and gestured for him to lift his now baby-smooth legs. Once the stockings were clipped onto the suspender belt Lucy arrived with a black PVC mini-dress and Grace pulled out a pair of five inch heels with a locking ankle strap. He was put into these items of clothing and the three tormentors stepped back to admire him.

Grace rubbed her chin thoughtfully. "Not bad, she has quite soft feminine features."

Lucy shook her head. "We still need to do quite a bit of work on her I think."

Matilda nodded. Then she walked to the trolley, pulled of a stainless steel collar with D-rings at the front and rear and proceeded to lock it around Jessie's neck. Once she'd locked it on to him, she attached a leash off the trolley to the D-ring on the front. Then she flashed him a sadistic smile over her shoulder. "Come on slave Jessica, it's time for your make-over, we don't want to keep Master Brian waiting."

She gave a little tug and he was being led awkwardly, wobbling in the

locking high heels, his cuff chains gliding along the ceiling rail into another room in the opposite corner than the shower room. This room was made out like a dressing room, with a barber shop chair and a large mirror with rows of lights surrounding it and a dressing table. Jessie was led to the chair, then Matilda used a switch to lower the chains a little. “Okay, sit down slave.”

The situation was really getting the better of him now, he could feel himself trying to grow in the KTB, every surge of arousal sending crippling pain, pulsating through his groin. The female attire and bondage had him constantly trying to get aroused. He didn’t comply, so he found himself gently but firmly guided into the barbershop chair, then a little chain from the back was padlocked onto the back of his collar forcing him to remain seated. One by one his hands were guided to the arms and re-cuffed to the arms of the chair rather than the ceiling chains. Lucy pulled a cape around his neck and press-studded it together at the back. He was now sitting, staring at himself, feeling terrified and seriously uncomfortable. He looked pleadingly at Matilda, “Wait! I’ve changed my mind I don’t want to do this!”

“Sorry slave Jessica, you agreed to the rules of the game, so now you have to do the forfeit.”

“I’ll pay money to let me go! How much would you like?”

“Pffft! I don’t need money! Anyway – if I let you back out now the whole club would be disappointed, not to mention Master Brian. Now any more complaints and I’ll dream up the cruellest, most severe punishment you can imagine. If you just relax, and try and enjoy it – it will be over in no time.”

As she spoke Grace leaned down and started applying foundation liberally. Then Lucy joined in and Matilda. They all worked quickly and in unison, softening his features, adding volume to his eyelashes and decorating his eyes and lips with eye shadow and lipstick. Matilda topped the look off by affixing a long pink wig to his head, which was styled into a cute, feminine bob. As she was doing it, Lucy painted his fingernails, one hand at a time and Grace appeared pushing a trolley over with something that looked a little like a gun on it. She leaned in to Jessie’s ear. “You’re nearly ready to perform now Jessica, I’m just going to pierce your ears.”

“I don’t want my ears piercing!”

Matilda tutted. “I want your ears piercing, all the prettiest, sexiest girls have pierced ears – so that’s what you’re getting.”

Before he could complain he felt the gun grip one ear, then a searing pain as it pierced one, leaving a neat stud in. Then they did the other. He was quivering and shaking, quaking with anxiety as the three looked on approvingly. He felt like he was going to start sobbing but Matilda pointed to his eyes and glared at him. “Do NOT, start blubbing, your make-up will run and we’ll have to start again. As you’ve been a good girl for us, I’m going to let you inhale some Amyl Nitrite just before Master Brian penetrates you. It’s an aphrodisiac, so it should make the experience more enjoyable, it relaxes your anal sphincter muscles too, so it will definitely make it less painful.”

She turned to Lucy. “Okay, go and announce her, and fetch Master Brian, Grace and I will get her secured to a pegging bench.”

The mention of ‘pegging bench’ made Jessie squirm and fight back another spurt of arousal. The fact was, now fully feminized, knowing he was about to be taken by a dominant man, after having performed fellatio on his master – meant his arousal was immense. He was experiencing cycles of growing arousal, punishing pain and managing to fend off the arousal, then it starting again. As Lucy darted off, Grace handed Matilda a little atomizer. Matilda leaned into Jessie. “We’ll just finish you off with a touch of nice feminine perfume shall we?”

He quivered as he felt her spraying around his neck liberally, the distinctly girly eau de toilette. It was nearly time...

Master Brian’s Bitch

Marcy was sitting, drinking her drink, watching the stage when Lucy appeared. She went straight to the mic, the music softened, the lights lowered and a single spot-light focused on Lucy. “Ladies and gentlemen, first of all, may I introduce – our good friend Master Brian!”

The crowd cheered as Master Brian took the stage. He was toned, but not body builder material. Marcy had almost been expecting a giant black,

body builder type. As it was she thought he actually looked quite attractive. He was smooth chested and olive skinned with his hair cropped short, and just a hint of stubble. He was wearing long leather trousers but no top. Lucy waited for him to take his place and the cheering to die down. Then she turned back to the mic. "Now, let's put our hands together for tonight's real star of the show, 'Slave Jessica!'"

As she spoke the spotlight shifted to the curtain. Tainted love started playing loudly and Grace and Matilda burst through wheeling Jessie on the pegging bench. They wheeled him right to the front, so he could see the sea of faces, bobbing up and down to the music, transfixed on him. He was bound as they'd been before. Wrist cuffed to elbow, strapped down.

Marcy of course was laughing her socks off at this, at the same time she was finding it surprisingly arousing. She thought they'd done an amazing job on Jessie, he actually looked almost like he could pass. As the music built up, Master Brian moved around the stage, and Grace and Matilda span Jessie so he was side on. Master Brian it turned out was wearing crotch-less leather chaps, he placed his groin right in Jessie's face. Jessie was shaking of course, every nerve in his body telling him this was wrong, it almost didn't feel real. When Master Brian removed the press-stud on cover that was over his crotch Jessie was presented with a male cock, centimetres from his face. It smelled subtly of male sex. He was really erect, Jessie felt his hands reach down and gently stroke his wig. "They've done a nice job on you bitch, you look very pretty, now open wide."

Jessie thought about refusing, but he was helplessly restrained, unable to move let alone escape. He saw Matilda in the distance glaring at him threateningly. He started sobbing softly, then slowly, slowly opened his mouth. Master Brian slowly slid his erect penis, into Jessie's mouth while whispering to him and tickling the back of his neck. "There, that wasn't so bad was it? Good girl... Now suck, and lick, see if you can bring me off."

The sensation of having a man's penis in his mouth was almost making Jessie gag and wretch. All he could see was the base of Master Brian's shaft, surrounded by a forest, of neatly trimmed pubic hair. He didn't want to do it, but at the same time, the extreme feminization make-over was kind of helping. He decided he couldn't get out of this, and the only way he could get through it, was to try and feel female, he tried to

convince himself he was a girl and this was right and natural. Doing this of course felt so, so submissive, so intensely submissive, but it also helped. He started sucking, and caressing Master Brian's penis with his tongue, taking it deep into his throat. The crowd were cheering of course, and all eyes were all transfixed on this sissy slave giving head on stage. Master Brian quivered with enjoyment as he felt Jessie's tongue probing, sliding and swirling around his member, then his ruby red lips sliding back and forth over his shaft. "HMMMM, that's good slave, keep going."

Jessie felt like he was in another dimension now, he could taste male sweat, almost taste male semen, all mingled in with his own waxy lipstick which was rubbing off onto Master Brian's cock helping to lubricate it. Telling himself he was a girl did help, but he realised he wanted this to be over, and there was no way Master Brian was going to relent until he came so Jessie started sucking and licking more enthusiastically taking the shaft all the way into the back of this throat, making sure to caress every millimetre of the member on the way in. Master Brian sighed with pleasure and gripped Jessie's head firmly, then started doing pelvic thrusts, shoving his glans deep into the back of Jessie's throat. Then he came.

When he did he forced his cock as far back as it would go, blocking Jessie's mouth, forcing him to breathe through his nose which was buried in Master Brian's pubic hair. He felt the cock pulsating in his mouth first of all, then the first splash of semen hit the back of his throat making him gag slightly, then it was in full orgasm, pumping and pumping, forcing fresh semen down Jessie's throat. Before he could finish Master Brian pulled out and started spraying semen into Jessie's eyes, face and nostrils to an eruption of applause. Master Brian was smiling and holding his hands up to the crowd. Semen was dripping off Jessie's face, his nostrils, his mouth, everything tasted and smelled of male sex – there was no escape.

The virility of Master Brian was impressive, straight after finishing up at the face end he strode casually around to the rear and lift the hem of Jessie's dress and pull his panties down. Jessie felt male hands grab his hips firmly, making him whimper. Matilda, cracked the top off a little glass phial and held it under his nose. "Now slave Jessica, inhale this quickly! It will make you enjoy this experience more and it will relax your anal sphincter muscles, making it less painful. It's Amyl Nitrite, it's

perfectly safe, there... Good girl.”

Jessie was in a complete state emotionally and mentally. He breathed the stuff in, barely taking note of what it was. As he did he felt Master Brian’s cock teasing his anus. Then he felt a squirt of cold gel, a lubricant?

Marcy of course was watching with morbid fascination, she was quivering with excitement as she watched Jessie squirm and wriggle, helpless to escape the attentions of Master Brian.

Jessie’s cock was straining in the KTB, it strained even worse when Master Brian’s cock slid into his anus and gently stroked his prostate. The music was still playing, he could feel his sphincter relaxing, feel the shaft sliding in and out, stretching his anal sphincter. It was so uncomfortable, it was arousing, so, so arousing, he’d never felt so aroused in his life – except it couldn’t physically manifest due to the KTB. The crowd were cheering, as Master Brian pumped and pumped like a porn star, Jessie grimacing with every thrust. Eventually Brian came again, but kept going, pumping Jessie’s anus full of more and more semen, filling him up to the brim.

Eventually his erection subsided and he pulled out and faced the crowd, his cock still dripping cum as he held his hands up, taking a bow and grinning. Matilda was on the mic again. “Everyone, please put your hands together for ‘Master Brian’ and Slave Jessica!”

Jessie was panting, exhilarated, feeling humiliated, degraded, almost violated, but also strangely happy. Partly happy that it was all over, but partly happy to endure such an intense, intense experience. He’d given up struggling against his bonds, as Brian left the stage Grace and Matilda grabbed the trolley and wheeled him back.

Once in the back room they began loosening his bonds. Matilda smiled at him. “Are you okay Jessica?”

He sighed deeply. “Yeah... Urgh! I...”

“There’s a toilet in the shower room, why you go and clean yourself up and clean yourself out? There are some disposable douches too.”

As he was freed he stood, wobbling on the heels and ambled towards the

shower room. Feeling strangely elated, but so desperate and frustrated. He looked and felt a state, his panties were around his ankles, he felt full of cum at both ends. His face was now plastered in not just make-up but dried on cum.

He took a seat on the toilet and pushed, wincing as he felt Master Brian's cum ooze out of his back passage. Then he used the douche, again, and again. He wanted to feel clean inside, but nothing he could do seemed to be capable of achieving this. While he was doing this, he felt his little trapped penis, confined in the ring of spikes which was Matilda's Kali's Teeth Bracelet. He tried working it this way and that, then applying some soap for lubrication, nothing could get it off. He was mainly annoyed about this because he felt desperate to masturbate, desperate to bring himself off while imagining a repeat of the ordeal he's just been through. In the end he had to give up and wash his face. Thoroughly, afterwards he smelled better, but the lingering taste of Brian's semen simply would not go.

When he left the shower room Grace and Matilda were waiting for him. Matilda spoke first. "My, my, what a super sissy slave you've been tonight slave Jessica, I have instructed the bar man to serve you with whatever you want free of charge."

"Good, I need something strong to mask the taste... Erm, where are my clothes they weren't in the--"

"Pffft! You look so pretty as a sissy slave, I've decided you can stay in character for the rest of the night. If you're a good girl, I may, MAY allow you to get changed before returning home tonight."

This was too much he groaned audibly. Matilda smirked at this. "Tsk! That's no way to show your appreciation slave! Where's your curtsy? Where's your 'thank you mistress'?"

He could see no choice but to appease her. She had his clothes and the keys to his heels and chastity device, the KTB. He curtsied low, lifting and flourishing the hem of his PVC dress in as submissive and feminine a way as he could muster and uttered. "Thank you mistress."

"That's better, now be a good girl and go get yourself a drink, I bet Marcy

is dying to ask how it was.”

After Show Drinks

As it was, Marcy was desperate to speak to him. She watched in awe as he approached the bar, the skirt of his dress flapping about showing flashes of suspenders and panties. When he approached, with a huge luminous looking cocktail she grinned at him. “Did you enjoy that Jessie?”

He scowled at her, “No not really.”

She raised an eyebrow. “But...”

“Matilda has locked me into a chastity device called a Kali’s Teeth Bracelet and won’t give me my clothes back. She says if I want to be allowed to change back at the end of the night – I have to be a ‘good girl’ for her.”

Marcy laughed out loud. “Oh Jessie that is priceless, that is so cute. I like you like this, maybe we should live the lifestyle, and I should keep you like this all the time?”

“I want to come!”

“Poor baby, well you’ll have to be a good girl then won’t you? Be nice and obedient to your mistresses. How did you find the taste of semen by the way?”

“Horrible! It tastes slimy and salty and urgh! The smell, it doesn’t go away!”

“Perhaps Matilda should lend you some more perfume? You do smell a bit semeny.”

“Marcy!”

Marcy giggled. “Jessica!”

Grace appeared now, with her own drink, a simple glass of white wine. She took a seat opposite them. “Marcy, did you enjoy the show?”

“I did actually, I know it was a serious shock to the system, but I’m really glad you introduced us to the club.”

Jessie scowled. “Hmmp! I’m not sure I am.”

Grace looked at him sternly. “Silence slave! Slaves will speak when spoken to! If you can’t behave yourself then perhaps we should keep you here overnight in one of Matilda’s cells?”

The thought was both enticing and terrifying, he thought about complaining but he felt outnumbered and vulnerable.

Marcy smirked at him and turned to Grace. “That might not be such a bad idea, I haven’t had the apartment to myself for ages and I think she’d have a lovely time.”

“Marcy!”

“Shhh, don’t be such a baby, think of it as an adventure.”

Grace smiled. “Hmmm, okay I’ll tell Matilda we have a guest. Don’t worry Jessica, if you’re a good girl for us, we’ll look after you.”

Grace turned to Marcy. “Actually, I think it’s time you met my James, or Jenny. How about we leave Jessica in Matilda’s care for this evening, and I take you back to mine? I’m sure we could have some fun.”

Marcy smiled. “You know... That doesn’t sound like such a bad idea.”

At that point Matilda returned. She slid into a seat alongside Grace. “My, my, I’ve just been speaking to Brian and he’s very fond of you, he says you can be his bitch any time.”

“Hmmp! When are you-“

“Shhhh, that’s not being a good girl is it? I’ll release you when I’m good and ready thank you very much – for now consider yourself mine. If you’re a good girl I may release you at the end of the evening.”

Grace sipped her drink and clicked it down on the table. “Actually Mattie,

Marcy says you can keep Jessica overnight. I want to take Marcy back to mine to have some fun with Slave Jenny.”

Matilda grinned. “Oooh, that’s delicious! I love it!”

Jessie grimaced in fear, but Matilda reached up and grabbed his chin. “Don’t worry sweetie, I’ll look after you, we have some fun games we can play just you and me tonight...”

Jessie quivered. The make-up felt thick and heavy on his face, he could feel his member trying and failing to grow in the KTB, made all the worse by watching the key bounce around suggestively on its necklace between Matilda’s breasts. She was so attractive, as was Grace. Part of him was worried about what Marcy would get up to with Grace and this ‘James’ or ‘Jenny’ or whatever you might decide to call her. He imagined somehow the best Jenny could hope for was to watch Marcy and Grace, probably while trapped in a chastity device and possibly in bondage.

It was frightening, in the space of two weeks they seemed to have suddenly gone from living a fairly vanilla lifestyle, only fantasizing about fetish and bdsm and such things - to recreating Sabrina Jen Mountford’s ‘The Male Bridesmaid’ or worse...

He turned to Matilda. “If Marcy wants me to, I’ll be your prisoner tonight.”

Matilda chuckled. “Who said you have a choice? I’m going to have a lot of fun with you tonight Jessica.”

~fin

[To be continued in Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes]

~by Sabrina

I’ve included some free samples of my other stories for you to read.

If you really enjoyed this and want to be super nice to me, leave me a nice

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My sincere thanks, to everyone who takes the time to review my femdom books. Extra special thanks to those who review positively!

Sabrina. Xx.

Please do not complain about the presence of 'free samples' in this file. The story above is 18,174 words, as advertised. If you don't want to read the free samples, then please feel free to skip them. If you haven't read these stories then consider them a free bonus.

Free Sample of 'Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning'

Nathan smirked at Simon, while Jacqueline wrote Nathan in the neutral male box. "So Simon for CP then..."

She grabbed the last one, unfolded it and nodded before writing Simon in the male CP box.

The box filled in she turned back to the group, twiddling her marker in her hand, "Good, we're all set then. Now, before we get really stuck in, I'm going to be using every aspect of our tutorials together as material for this study. Please be aware, the penalty for pulling out will probably mean you aren't able to complete your degrees on time, so even if you're finding the regime difficult to cope with, it's in your interest to grin and bear it. Now, did everyone attend all the lectures I asked you to attend last week?"

Max raised his hand, Jacqueline nodded to him, "Max?"

"I erm, I didn't make it to doctor Stanway's lecture on Tuesday morning." She smiled sympathetically to him, "Well you made all the others, and it was at nine AM, you're still settling in aren't you? Just try to make all of next week's lectures for me please? Good boy."

Simon shakily rose his hand, "Erm, I didn't make doctor Stanway's lecture either."

She glared at him, "I gave you specific, specific instructions to attend all lectures... And you have wilfully disobeyed me. Come to the front."
He was bright red in the face now, "Miss, can't we ju-"

"There's no time to start like the present is there? As this is your first offence, perhaps I'll be lenient hmmm? Now come to the front please."
He chuckled softly, "This is a wind up right? You -"

"Yes, I am going to administer you some corporal punishment. If you continue to hesitate to follow my instructions, I will increase the amount of strokes you receive. Currently I'm planning on giving you six, unless you'd like to receive more - come to the front."

His face drained, he went almost white. The others were giggling at him, his legs shaking he climbed to his feet and walked past the others. As he got closer, he realised he was actually taller than the professor, he also realised how despite being in her late thirties, she was achingly beautiful.

She gestured to the desk, "Now, face away from the group please, lean over the desk, grip the other side please."

Part of him wanted to rebel, to refuse, but she had a commanding voice. He couldn't resist. Before he knew what he was doing he was leaning over her desk gripping the other side.

"Good... Now as this is part of the study I need to video tape your punishment. I've already set the camera up. Hold that position please."
The other five were chuckling or giggling at Simon's predicament. He couldn't see what was happening, he could just hear the laughter and Professor Reed's heels clicking on the floor as she crossed the room to turn the camera on. When she returned she reached into the desk and retrieved a slender, cane. It had a single wrap of blue insulating tape around the handle. Brandishing the cane she addressed the camera, "The date is the fourteenth of September, this is the first session of punishment as part of the study into corporal punishment. The subject is Simon, nineteen years of age, his mis-demeanour is to have missed one of the lectures I asked him to attend last week. I have sentenced him to six

strokes of the cane for this disobedience.”

Placing the cane on the desk she pressed her hips against his protruding bottom, making him quiver with excitement. He felt small hands reach around to his front and gently start to unbuckle his trouser belt. He made as if try and stop her, but she paused, and pressed his shoulders forwards, “Shhhh, keep still... The quicker you let me get on with this, the sooner it will be over. I need to cane your bare bottom for uniformity of the test. Just keep still.”

He felt her unzip and pull his jeans down to the chorus of giggles from the row of desks. Then his boxer shorts were carefully pulled down so they were around his ankles too. Professor Reed screwed her face up as she saw them, “Urgh! You’re personal hygiene is appalling Simon, you’ve left a skid mark in your boxers, it looks like you’ve soiled yourself.”

This brought a subtle roar of chuckles. She picked up the cane, “I’ll let you off this once, as it’s your first time. However if at any time I come to correct you, I find you’ve soiled yourself – I will add six strokes for bad personal hygiene.”

She addressed the camera, “I have added blue insulating tape to Simon’s cane and red to... Celeste’s cane, that way if I break the skin and draw blood I will minimize the risk of cross infection. Before I administer his punishment I am going to sterilize the area with an alcohol wipe, to further reduce the risk of infection.”

From her desk she took a pack of alcohol wipes and started thoroughly wiping his buttocks. He felt her gentle touch, the soft, wet wipes sliding over his buttocks. He had to fight to resist the urge to stand up and leave. However he remained, submissively over her desk as she sterilised his bottom. When she’d finished the task she took the cane in her hand, gave it a quick wipe with a fresh wipe, then moved into the best position to get a good swing. “Now, Simon, part of the ritual of corporal punishment, and possibly the secret to getting the best out of it is to programme yourself to accept my position as your superior and my punishment. Not just accept, but to embrace my correction. For that reason, I want you to count out my strokes and say, ‘Thank you Miss’ after each count, are we clear?”

He was quivering with anticipation and anxiety, his bottom felt cold and wet, he felt vulnerable, helpless. He nodded, “Yes Miss.”

“Good...”

Swish, crack!

“Aaargh!”

The group laughed almost as one. Jacqueline smiled as she saw the red line appear on his bare buttock, then she tutted softly, “Don’t be such a baby! I’ve barely started! And you forgot to count, so I’ll start again.”

Swish, crack!

“Aaargh! Thank you miss! Erm, one!”

She smiled, the feeling of power was intoxicating. She rested her cane on his buttocks lining up with the red line from the first stroke, “Good boy, wrong way around though... I’ll let you off this once, but it’s count then thank – are we clear?”

He nodded, “Yes miss.”

“Good...”

Swish, crack!

“Aaargh! Two! Thank you miss!”

Swish, crack!

“Whimper! Three! Thank you miss!”

She smiled to herself and teased him gently with the cane, before snapping her wrist back and planting another square onto his buttocks.

Swish, crack!

“Oww! Four! Thank you miss!”

She could feel herself getting moister with ever stroke, it was such a rush. Simon for his part was in a world of paradoxes. Every stroke stung like a burning iron, being in this position, his bare bottom on show – it was so

humiliating, degrading almost. Yet, something, somehow, it felt.. It was making him feel submissive, defeated, in her power. He caught a glimpse of her slim black belt and her black skirt, her immaculately painted nails holding the handle of the cane and sighed.

Swish, crack!

“Aaargh! Five! Thank you miss!”

Swish, crack!

“Nngh! Six! Thank you miss!”

She chuckled softly to herself, “You’re welcome Simon, now sort yourself out and sit back down before I add another six strokes for being lazy.”

He scurried to pull his boxers up and trousers. He was red in the face and shaking. He was also sporting a huge erection, which would have been impossible to miss. He did his best to hide it and hurried back to his seat.

Jacqueline turned to the group and clicked her cane back down on the bench, “Good, that’s that out of the way. Now, I’m going to go through your notes with each of you in turn to make sure you making good notes. While you wait your turn, you will read from your textbooks and revise.” Simon squirmed awkwardly on his seat, his bottom still burned. Yet for all the pain, he didn’t resent it. In fact he couldn’t help but feel a little relieved. It was stress relieving, handing over control of his life, his destiny to another individual. It was even more stress relieving that his punisher was so beautiful and strict, yet somehow caring. He ’d felt guilt falling away from too. He’d almost felt like he deserved punishment.. He found he couldn’t look at her, every time he caught a glimpse he melted and started desiring another taste of her cane.

While this was rushing through his head, he could hear her laughing and praising Max’s notes and commenting on how hard he was trying. When it came to Nathan, she simply pointed out in a non-emotive way where he’d gone wrong and then suggested, matter-of-factly how he could make better notes. Next she spoke to Amy, then Kim, following the same pattern. There were positive encouragements and comments on how hard she was trying for Amy, and matter-of-fact statements on how to take

notes for Kim.

Then it was his turn. She pulled her chair to the opposite side of Simon's table. She smiled at him, "Let me see your notes Simon... Good boy."

He felt like a child, her critical eye slowly scanning his pages, eventually she sighed and looked up. "Simon, your work is terrible. It's sloppy, unstructured, messy, your handwriting is terrible. I'm afraid I'm going to have to correct you further. If you don't want me to up the ante then this coming week, try harder. I want you to practice your handwriting, and your spelling and grammar. When you are making notes, try to make coherent notes which follow a structure. Use flow diagrams and draw arrows from related points – here, where've you've written this paragraph here – this leads directly on this point here, so draw an arrow like this."

She drew a long curved line with a point at the end, then she pointed to the middle of the page, "I know the content of these lectures, you've been so busy trying to write notes here, you missed some key points. You really need to read through chapters three and four of your 'Basic Principles of Applied Psychology' book to fill in the gaps. If you can't keep up – use short hand and write your notes up neatly later. You need to get used to interpreting the information and quickly noting it in a fast and concise way, like drawing diagrams on the fly – even if they are simple flow diagrams. Look at this paragraph here, we can summarize this much better with a simple flow diagram."

Simon watched as she drew little boxes and wrote neat titles and lines of text in boxes, then drew arrows pointing to more boxes. Her well-manicured hand glided over the page as he watched. As she finished he had to admit, it was a better, more concise way of summarizing. She looked up to him, "Can you see what I'm getting at?"

He sighed, "Yes Miss."

"Good, you can stay behind for another six strokes to help you remember hmmm?"

That smile! It was warm, caring almost, but with a subtle hint of sadism. He shuddered, she was clearly doing an official study, but she loved it. He was sure.

He couldn't look at her, "Yes Miss, thank you Miss."

She stood and patted him on the head, "Good boy."

She moved down the line dragging her chair behind her to sit opposite Celeste. She smiled at her, "Now, Celeste – let me see your notes." Shaking, Celeste placed her A4 pad in the professor's hands. Professor Reed smiled and started casting her critical eye on the page, then flicking to the next one, eventually she handed it back, "You are on the right track. You really need to work on neatness. You may find these notes are comprehensible now, but in year three when you're preparing your dissertation? You might find that some of the terms used are unfamiliar and you can't get the right spelling or even understand the term once it's no longer fresh in your mind. You've used diagrams, but make sure they're clear and make sure you don't miss anything out. If you look at this one at the start of the second page you've missed a key point. Re-read chapter two and try to fill it in, I'll check your work next week. I will need to correct you too, you can stay behind for three strokes of the cane."

Celeste jumped in her seat, feeling that she'd done a reasonably job, she'd thought she'd escape the kiss of the rattan. "But Mi—"

"No buts, you are in my care, it is my job to try to improve you. The study is to test whether I can use caning as a tool to improve you. So as long as there is room for improvement, you will be caned. The more room for improvement, the more you will be caned. Any more complaints and I will add six strokes for disobedience, are we clear?"

Celeste looked her in the eye shaking, almost in disbelief, "Y-yes miss."

"Good girl."

Professor Reed stood and walked to her desk at the front taking a seat. She waited a moment until she'd got everyone's attention, "Ahem, now, here is a list of lectures for this coming week. The same as last week, I expect you to attend all lectures, the ones starred are optional but recommended... Except for Simon and Celeste, for whom they are mandatory. You may all go now, except for Simon and Celeste, whom I have to provide further correction. On a final note, I want you to study chapters one and two of 'Applied Psychology' for next week, there will be a test."

Max, Amy, Kim and Nathan all scraped their chairs back and chuckled, leaving the room sniggering as they went. Once they were out of the door Jacqueline looked at her students, “Right, down to business. I have in the adjacent storeroom a pillory. It has been donated to the university for use during this study – however it requires assembly. I want you two to assemble it while I start collating my data. Think of it as a little detention? There are screw drivers and allen keys with the box, you should bring it in here and assemble it here as this room is where I will be administering your corporal punishment.”

Simon and Celeste dragged the box into the classroom and began unpacking it while Professor Jacqueline Reed started entering data on a spreadsheet. She was scoring them for attendance and quality of notes, and noting what punishment they’d received thus far. She finished before they did and in the time remaining she sat behind her desk admiring her little test subjects scurrying away, working to build the very device they would be tortured on. It was so satisfying. She could feel the power over them, she felt it as a tutor anyway, but having them compelled to accept corporal punishment off her made it all the more enticing. She almost wanted to reach down to her crotch and give herself a rub there and then, but she managed to resist.

Eventually the two students had the pillory on its castors and fully assembled, with all the joints tightened up.

As they stood up and chorused, “Finished!” The professor was already on her feet. “My, my, you’ve finally done it.. You are both so slow.. I think I shall have to beat your laziness out of you hmmm? An extra stroke each for being slow.”

Celeste gasped first, “But Mi-“

“Shhhh, unless you want me to add another one for insubordination? No? Good girl. Now who wants to go first?”

Celeste and Simon were both shaking, looking at each other, wondering whether to get it out of the way or let the professor wear herself out caning the other one. Eventually Celeste broke, “Oh, let’s just get it over with!”

Jacqueline smiled, “Good girl, now step into the pillory please.”

Celeste, placed her feet in the suspended foot prints, then felt the professor clamped them into a horizontal stock, preventing any movement.

“Is this really necessary? Can’t I ju-“

“Shhh, I’m going to do some additional experiments on you while we’re here. No more complaints or I add ten strokes. Now rest your body on the padded table, head through the large hole wrists through the small ones – good girl.”

The pillory had a padded, table for her to rest her body on. As she placed her wrists and neck in the stocks, the professor closed the stock with a click and it was locked. She instinctively tried to remove her head and hands, but they were snug and tight in the inescapable stock. The professor walked around to the front and grabbed the pillory, “Now, we’ll just wheel you into place.”

Celeste felt herself being humiliatingly wheeled towards the front desk and spun so her bottom was facing the camera. The professor pushed a brake on with her foot stopping the contraption moving any further. Then she reached under the hem of her tartan skirt, lifted it up and tucked it into the waist band. Celeste quivered with anticipation. She was totally at the mercy of the professor and didn’t even dare question her or complain, for fear of adding more strokes.

She felt the professors petit hands gently peeling her tights down until they rested just above the knee. Then they were pulling her lacy, black satin knickers down to the same place leaving her totally exposed.

Jacqueline addressed the camera, “Before I administer her punishment I am going to sterilize the area with an alcohol wipe, to further reduce the risk of infection.”

Celeste shuddered, with fear and humiliation as she felt the professor run cold, wet wipes over her bottom, sterilizing the area before throwing the wipe in the rubbish bin.

Instead of picking up her cane she walked back around to her desk, leaving poor Celeste feeling vulnerable and exposed and leaving Max smirking at her, though not too sadistically, knowing he too was awaiting a similar fate.

At her desk Professor Reed pulled her laptop out and set it on her desk, then she pulled out a bundle of cables and electronics in a small plastic box. She opened the box, “Celeste, I’m going to attach some probes and electrodes to your genitals now. Don’t be alarmed, I just want to measure what sexual response is triggered in you by being caned.”

“Miss! You can-”

“Shhh, I said no complains, I’ll think we’ll give you five additional strokes for that little outburst, anything else to say? No? Good.”

This shut Celeste up immediately. The Professor started by taking a heavy flow tampon from her pack, unwrapping it and weighing it on a small digital scale which was with the electronics, and recording the exact weight. Then she snapped on a pair of latex gloves and took some of the wires and the weighed, dry tampon and knelt beneath Celeste’s groin. “I’m going to insert a tampon now, with two probes to measure temperature and blood flow. Try to relax, you’ll feel some pressure.”

Sure enough she felt the professor gently forcing the tampon into her vagina. The indignity was making Celeste cringe, but she was helpless to resist and terrified to complain, for fear of adding more strokes. Once the tampon and the first probes were inserted the professor retired to the desk and took a handful of leads with little crocodile clips on the end, then knelt below again. “I’m going to attach some clips to your labia, and clitoris now – you will feel some discomfort.”

She jumped slightly and squirmed as the sharp toothed crocodile clips bit into her most sensitive parts. She wriggled and squirmed in the pillory, whimpering in pain. As she did she could feel the leads brushing against her legs. The professor removed her gloves and sat at the desk, preparing to tap away on the laptop. “There, you’re all setup now. Just give me a minute and I’ll get the monitoring software setup.” She plugged the leads into the laptop and starting using the touchpad and the keyboard to set the monitoring running.

She stood and picked up the cane, her heels clicking on the floor as she got into position next to Celeste’s exposed posterior. “Now, it was three for poor note taking, one for being slow at putting the pillory together and five for complaining, that makes nine, so I think we’ll call it a round ten hmmm? What do you say?”

Celeste had to bite her lip not to complain, she'd hardly complained and earned five strokes, she had no choice but to be as submissive and obedient to the professor as possible. "Yes Miss, thank you miss."

"Good girl... I'll begin."

She felt the professors cane gently riding over exposed buttocks, making her squirm and sigh with anxiety. Then it stopped, having found her spot the professor snapped her wrist back, then slammed it forwards, working the full flex of the cane into her stroke.

Swish, crack!

~ To read more – please read;-

'Corporal Punishment: A Study in Caning by Sabrina Jen Mountford

[To be continued in 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity]

Free Trial Chapter from 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in chastity'

Bathing Mistress Mariella

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

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

Quivering, her chains jangling with every movement, Jacqueline began

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

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

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

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

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

tongue and giving it a swirl. As she did Mariella sighed with pleasure. The mistress tasted bitter and left a lingering smell of sex in her nostrils. It was an amazing feeling, to be so denied and frustrated, yet so aroused, servicing another woman, a beautiful dominant woman who had her under her complete control.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

After Mariella passed her the keys she bent down and unfastened the cuffs on her ankles. When she rose Mariella pointed to the sink. “Put the keys

back, and put a sanitary towel over your chastity belt, I'm fed up of you dripping all over my floor."

She bobbed and curtsyed, eyes lowered. "Yes Mistress."

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

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

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

She curtsyed and bobbed, "Yes Mistress."

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

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

She sat down and rested her head in the sink. "You will wash my hair for

me now slave.”

Jacqueline clicked after her, and walked straight behind the sink. She used the shower head too thoroughly rinse off Mariella’s silky, long hair, then grabbed a bottle of shampoo and began thoroughly lathering the hair up. She rinsed it again, then applied conditioner. As she waited a few moments having applied it, Mariella looked up at her. “Have you enjoyed today Professor?”

“I... Yes Mistress.”

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

“Sell me?!”

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

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

She shuddered as she imagined it, causing the arouser to spin and brush

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then the door swung shut with a 'clunk' and she heard the click of a key turning in the lock. There, she was locked in. The restraints, all restricted her movement. She shuddered when the light went out, plummeting her

into complete darkness. Her hands unable to separate by more than a few inches, her thighs held also at a fixed distance, it was impossible to find a comfortable position. She was hungry, she was thirsty, she'd not even had the time to go to the toilet. At the same time she was so uncomfortable and so aroused it was impossible to sleep. She lay in the dark, trying to adjust her position, trying to find a way to lie which would offer some relief. Every movement made her arouser spin frantically, teasing her and making her nipples expand into the hidden spiked traps in the chastity bra.

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

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

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

She soon had to give up on getting some stimulation as her calves started cramping, she was desperate to flatten her feet. Sharp, pain gripped her

calf, but she could barely move, the chains joining her wrist cuffs to her collar prevented her reaching down to massage her calf, so she was reduced to trying to lie still and hoping the pain would subside. Eventually it worked, though it took a long, long time, the trouble was lying on the hard boards was taking a toll, the gag was making her jaw ache.

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

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Free Sample chapter of ‘The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress’

I Dreamed a Dream

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

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

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

befo-“

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

Robin was already climbing into the back of the big black limo. He had no choice, he gathered up her train, still casting his eyes about desperately for Alison. She was nowhere to be seen. The next thing he knew, they were all in the back of the car, Sarah and Robin facing forwards, and Gary sitting opposite facing them. The doors slammed shut and the driver set off for the hotel. He could feel the soft leather of the seat on his small of his back which was bare. The dress was constricting and slightly uncomfortable. He looked down at his beautifully manicured hands, holding his bouquet, as he looked up again, Robin and Sarah were leaning in to each other. He was fondling her breasts, and kissing her. Her hand had fallen to his crotch and she was moaning softly as she kissed him over and over again, exploring every reach of his mouth with her tongue.

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

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

was in the back of the limousine, forced to watch his sister-in-law and her husband passionately kissing and groping each other while the limousine carved its way through narrow country lanes, miles from anywhere...

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gary squirmed in his chastity belt, his lingerie tickling his hips and

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

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

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

Gary shuddered, he whimpered softly under his breath. Jason, formed a puzzled look on his face and looked at Alison, "Is this cool? I mean, she, erm, he's your husband right?"

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

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

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

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

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

would watch his sister-in-law and her husband making passionate love.

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

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

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

“Aaargh!”

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

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

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

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

She turned her attention to Gary, “And YOU, my little bridesmaid are

taking too long undressing my groom – remove his boxer shorts now so you can start to undress me.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Robin was in position now and he slowly, gently entered Sarah, working his hips in a circular motion, and Sarah matching him, while fondling Gary's chastity belt. His chastity belt key bounced around her breasts on its chain teasingly. She looked at Gary, "I wonder if... Alison and... Jason are having a good time? What do you think Gary?"

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

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

Sarah moaned and sighed as she had an orgasm and Robin came at the same time with a grimace and a shudder. Sarah, panting and sighing smiled at Robin, then at Gary. "Oh Gary, I've so enjoyed having you today, as my chastised, sissy bridesmaid... I don't want to give you back! I wonder if Alison would let me keep you? We could get you a nice maids

outfit and perhaps a cage to sleep in? You could do all the chores in the house, then perhaps watch us making love every night, while completely denied yourself – would you like that?”

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

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

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

“I could give it a wipe?”

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

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

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

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

“Hmmm, she is very pretty.”

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

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

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

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

He obeyed, still trying to force himself not to become aroused, he could almost feel the sharp spikes tickling the end of his glans now. Slowly, slowly, Robin fed his member into Gary's mouth. The lipstick and Sarah's fresh sex juices, mingled with a thin coating of semen acted as lubricant and it slid in easily. Robin grabbed the back of Gary's head and started rocking his hips, pushing pubic hairs up Gary's nose and tickling the back of his throat with his glans, almost making him gag. It was humiliating, it was terrible, but at the same time so arousing. As Gary felt himself getting turned on by this, almost homoerotic experience, he felt himself growing in his tube. He panicked and tried to disassociate himself from what was happening, he tried to become asexual and unfeeling, as the member slid in and out over his lips.

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

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

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

He had to obey, as swallowed he felt the warm, salty goo trickle down his throat, it reminded him of warm oysters. He could smell female sex and semen and the taste filled his mouth. Robin pulled his penis out, it was

still rock hard, “Clean it up, wipe it clean with your tongue.”

Sarah was giggling now, “My, my, who would’ve thought my little bridesmaid could give such good head?”

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

Sarah glared at him, “”Hmmp! No! If you want to play ‘pot brown’ you can do it with her!”

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

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

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

‘The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford

Further Information:-

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

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

*Altar Boy's Chastity Site : - <http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/>
(The Bonus Stories included here were originally submitted to Altar Boys site and are present there still.)*

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

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

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

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

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

The Clinical Trial



With bonus
The Receptionist

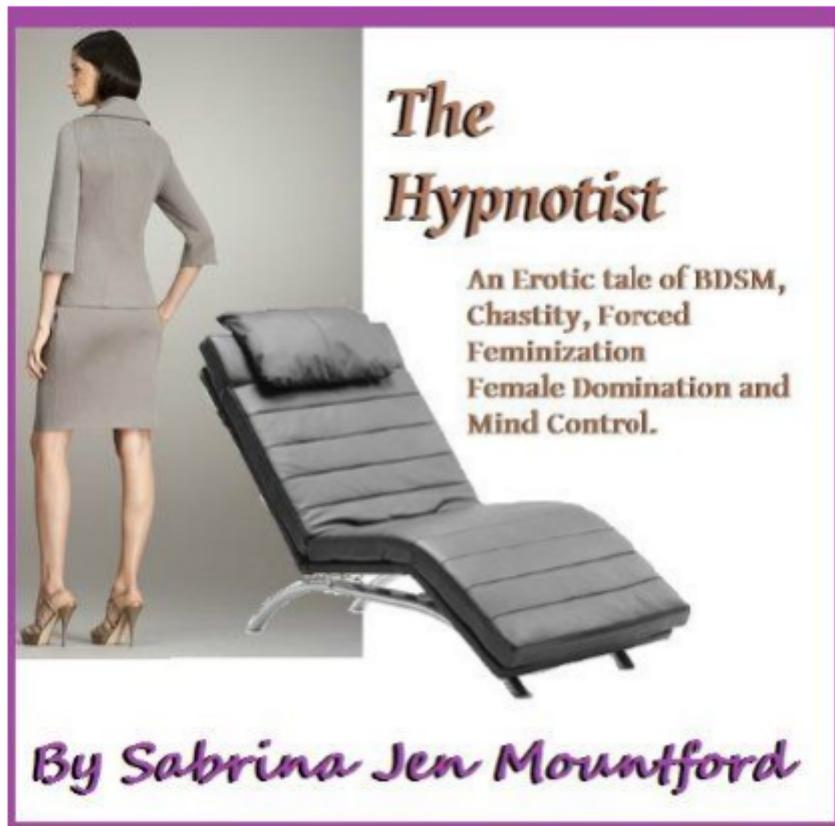
By Sabrina Jen Mountford

Male Chastity, Female Domination, Forced Femme,
Bestiality, Castration, Transgender & more...

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.

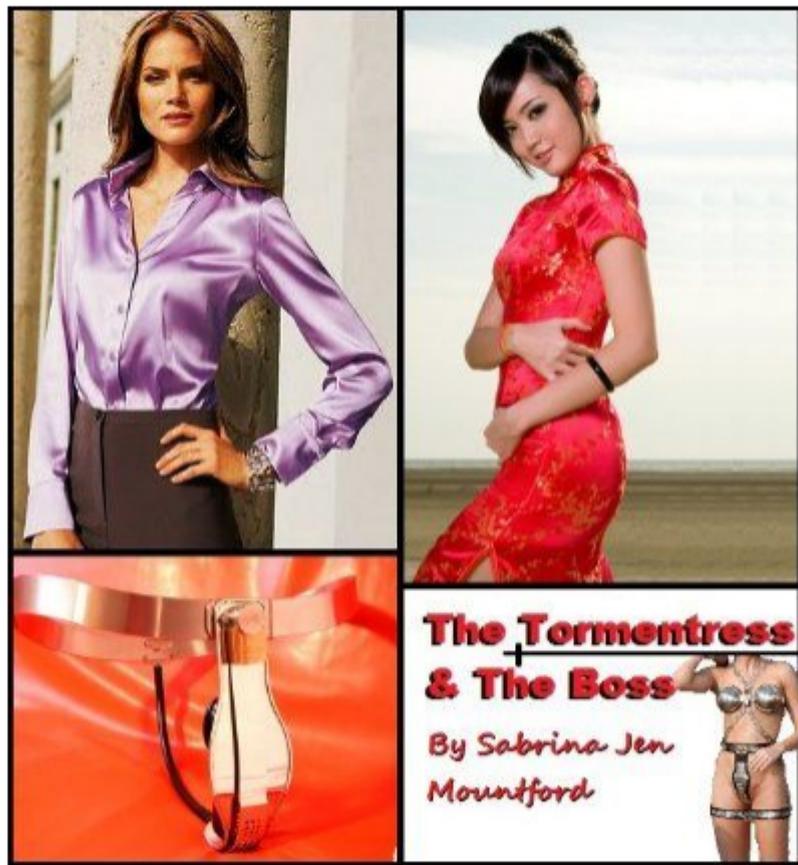
Contains chastity, forced femme, forced bi, forced bestiality, forced oral, genital shaving, forced ejaculation and forced castration and sex-change operation.



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.

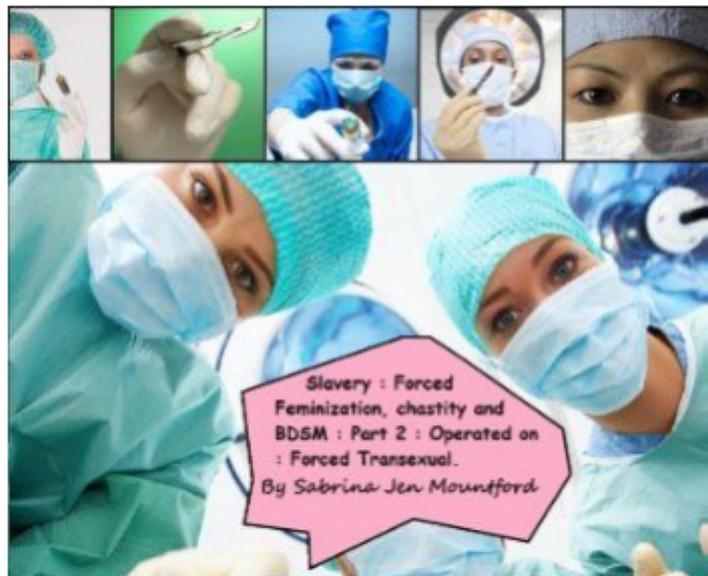


The Tormentress and the Boss.

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.



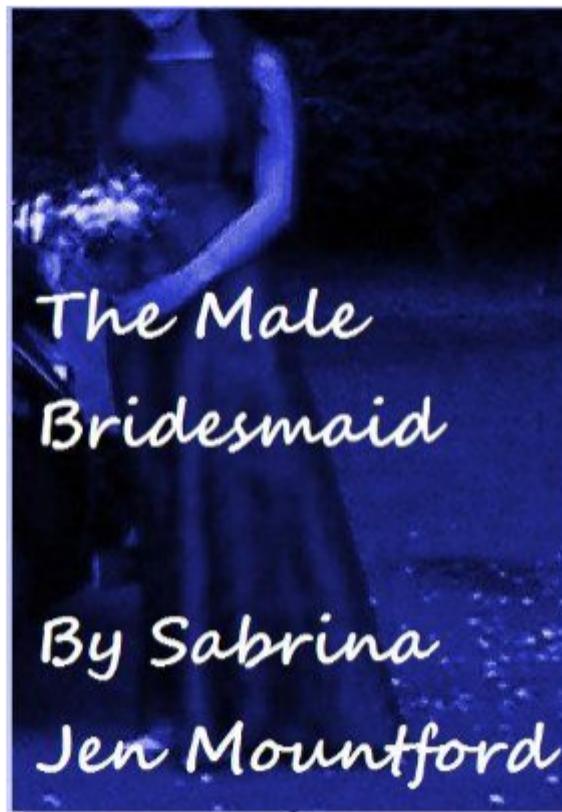
***Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 1 :
Captured!***



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

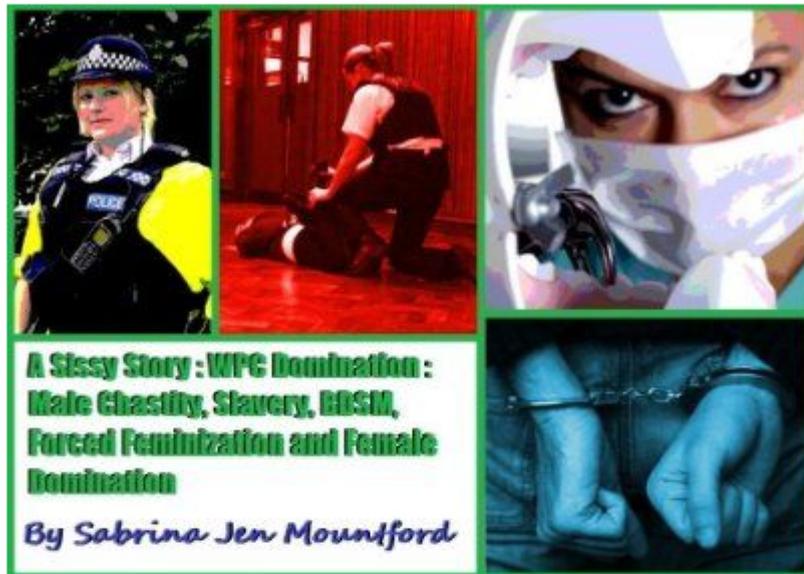
(Available in one package also, in this story, the protagonist is captured by a group of dominant women who sell and market BDSM equipment. He is mercilessly used to demonstrate the goods, and by the end of part two has been surgically altered to

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**

By Sabrina Jen Mountford

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

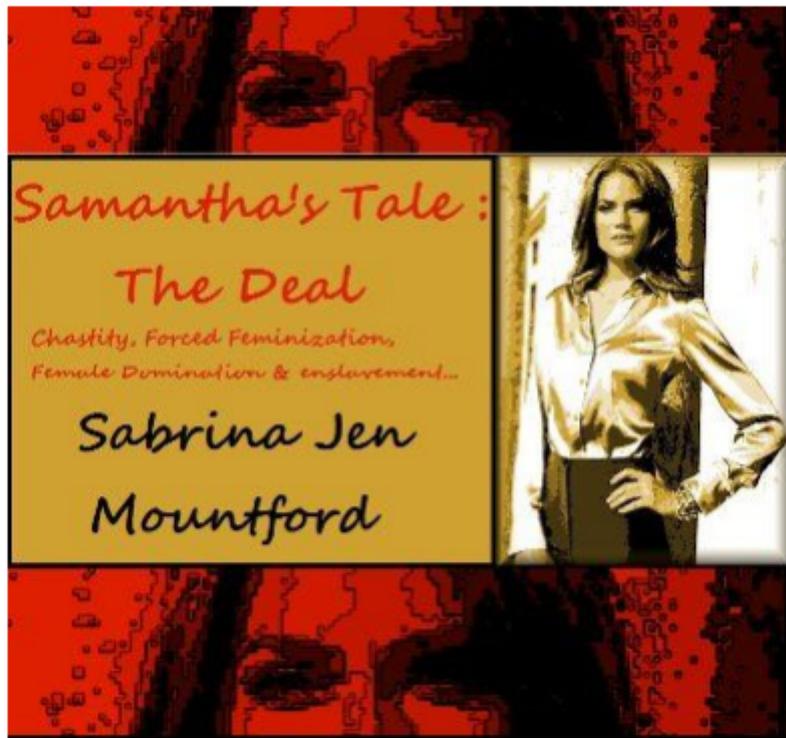
gender reassignment. He can't resist her, always putting off the thought of being castrated as something that might not happen. In the end Connie's patience with her 'project' is running out and he has to make a choice - lose Connie, or lose his testicles...



Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

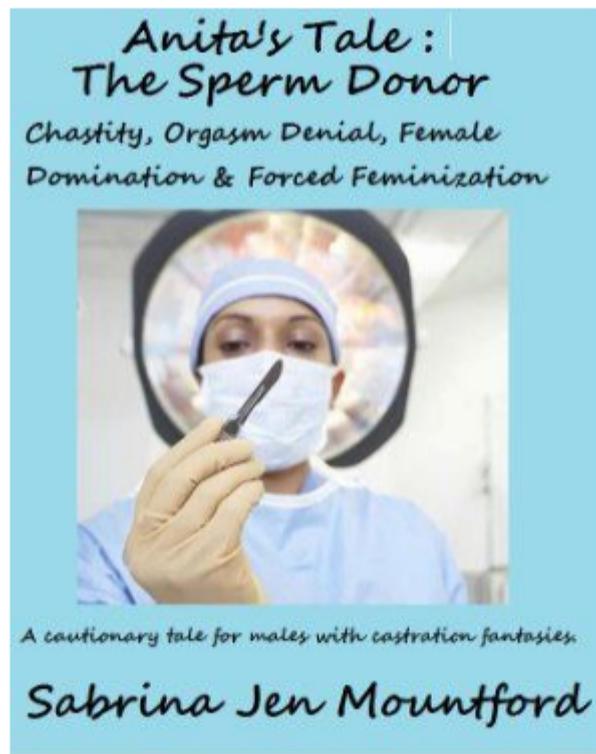
A story about a boy, caught spying on the girls changing room. The girls capture him, bust his balls, spank him, lock him into a chastity device and dress him up as a girl. Humiliatingly he is then forced to attend the girls school and receives further punishments from the strict teachers including a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

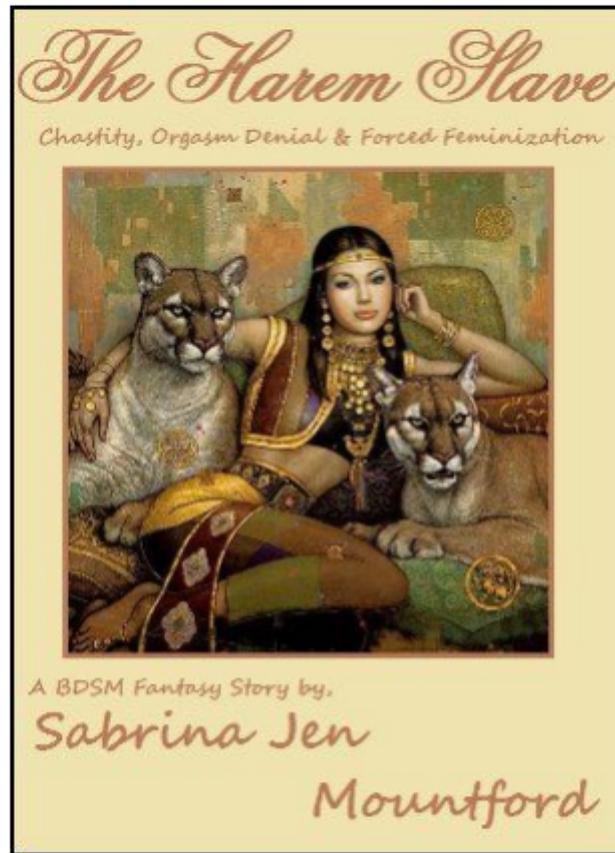
Edward Mason is a down on his luck student, looking to earn some cash to fund his studies. When he answers an enigmatic advertisement asking for sperm donors and offering to pay well for them - he is naturally intrigued. Anita Grey, (Anita from: 'WPC Domination', 'Slavery 1 : Captured!', 'Slavery 2 :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

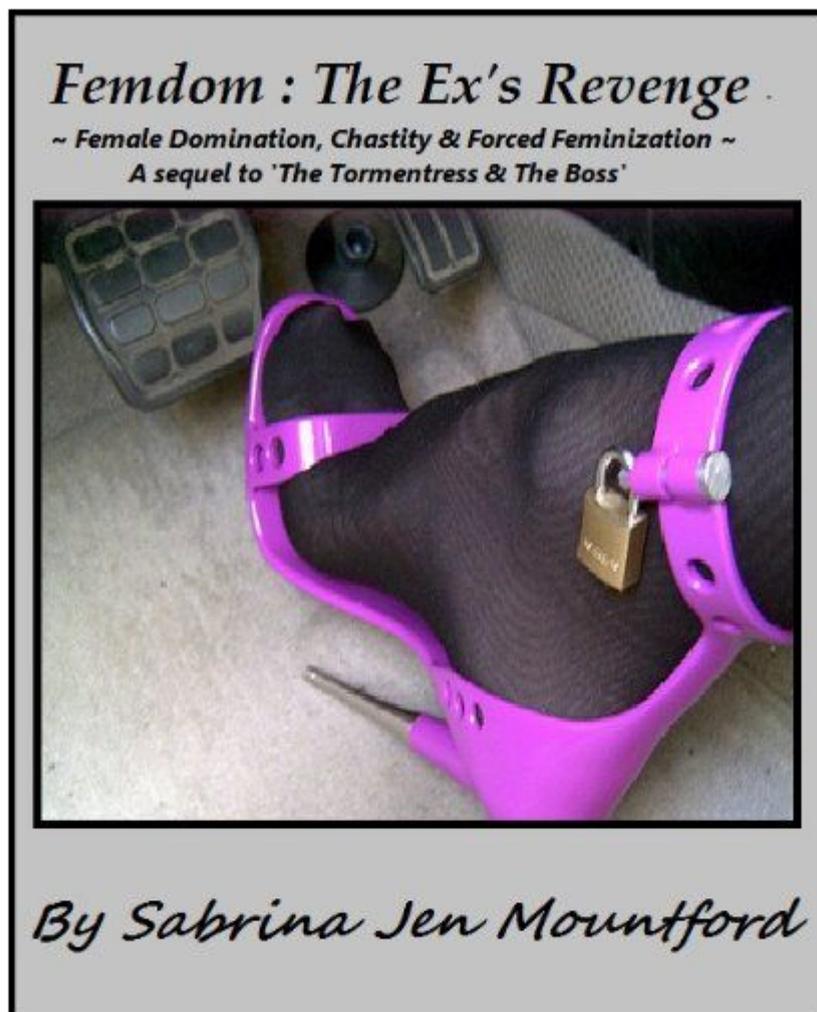
As it turns out, Francesca, the boss has been getting grief from the job centre about discriminating against males in her employment policy. Not one to be defeated, she takes Caroline's suggestion about hiring her

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 polypropalene breast implants and locked into a steel pair of high heel shoes - meaning the shoe is now definitely on the other foot. When he ends up in a special chastity belt which gives his owners the ability to 'push button' castrate him at any time his obedience is assured...

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

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

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



By Sabrina Jen Mountford

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

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



Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission

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

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

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

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

Tickle Torture: Tickled until she wets herself!



By Sabrina Jen Mountford

Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself

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

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

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

Corporal Punishment : A Study / in Caning



By Sabrina Jen Mountford

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Sabrina Jen Mountford

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

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

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

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



Gender Swap :
Anita's Transgender Pill
Sabrina Jen Mountford



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

Gender Swap : A Forced Feminization, Transgender Story

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

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

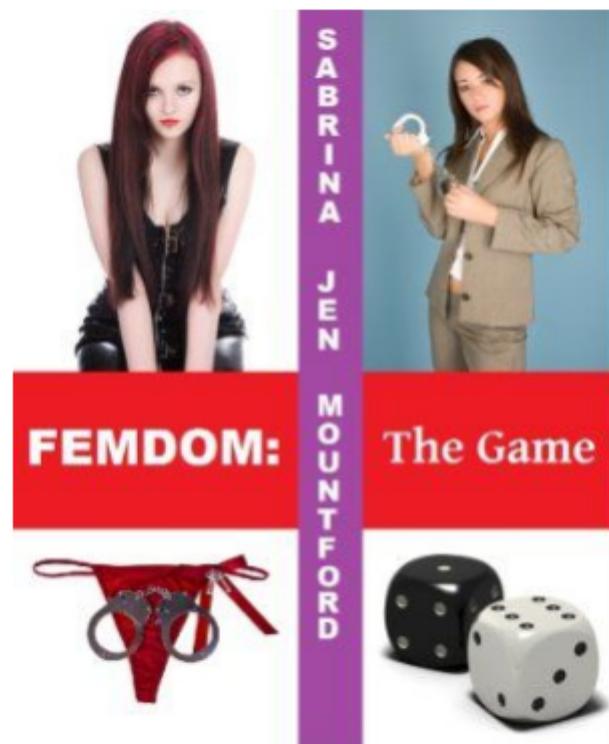
Distraught, to find himself waking up in a female body Alex struggles to cope and to accept his fate. Not completely without compassion, Anita after subjecting her test subject to a variety of humiliating medical procedures to make sure his transition has gone smoothly, begins helping to guide, counsel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

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

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

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

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



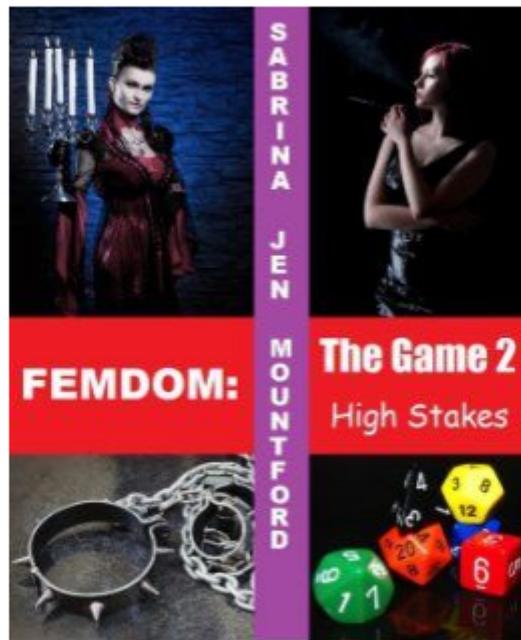
Femdom : The Game

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

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

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

feminization, bondage, corporal punishment and forced bi.



Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes

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

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

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

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

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

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



Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit

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

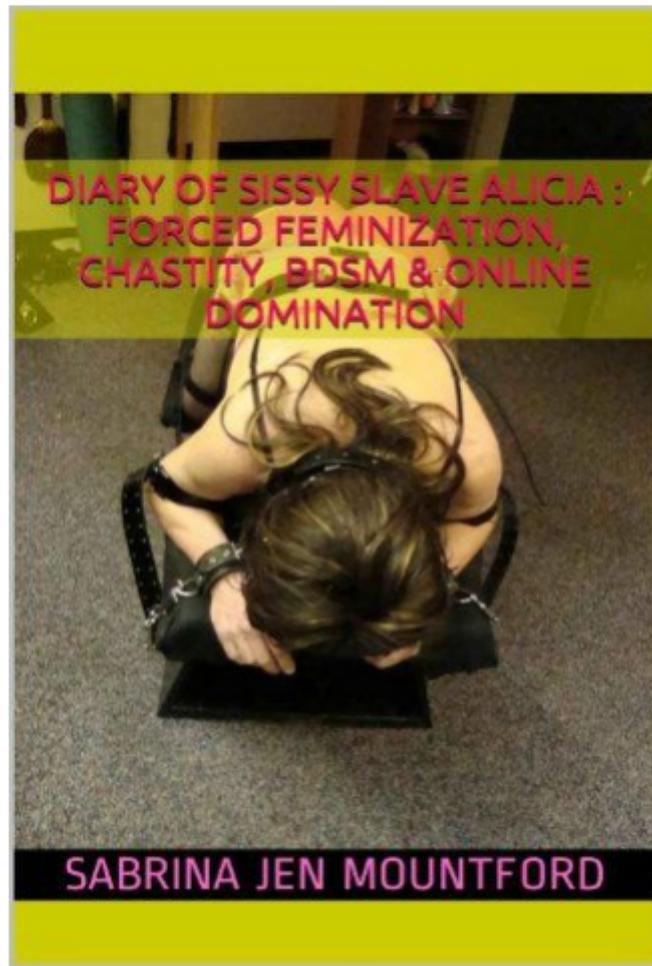
'Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit' continues where 'Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes' left off. With Jessie and Marcy agreeing to another game, a game not reliant on dice rolls or chance but a game of endurance, pure endurance. The contest? To see which of them can 'please' more patrons of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

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

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

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

*Orgasm Denial
Chastity
Bi
Lesbian
Slavery
Fetish Torture*



Diary of Sissy Slave Alicia

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

Is this erotic fiction or is it real?

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

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

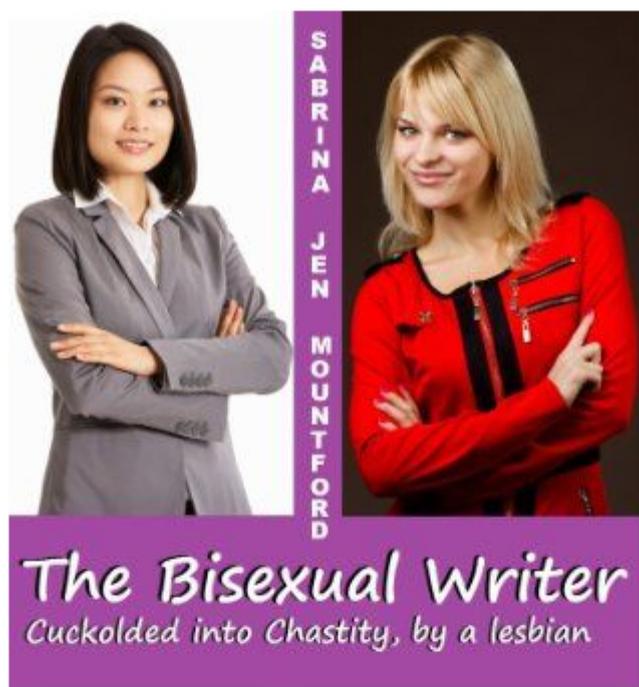
Wanting to experience chastity, he purchases a chastity device himself and at Sabrina's suggestion, he freezes the keys to the device so he can't access them easily. Knowing he wants to be kept in chastity against his will Sabrina tells Alicia she does NOT have permission to unfreeze those keys, and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

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

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

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

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



The Bisexual Writer : Cuckolded into Chastity, by a Lesbian

Forced Feminization and Male Chastity, where can they lead to? When you introduce and encourage a fetish and BDSM side to your girlfriend where can it end? When you start encouraging her to explore her bisexual fantasies and to sleep with another girl, it can end in a dark place, where you become sidelined, while your girlfriend develops a lesbian relationship, while you stay firmly locked in chastity.

There is an element of truth to this story. It's not a 100% factual account of how bf ended up effectively 'Cuckolded by a Lesbian' but it should give you a very good idea. There's as much truth in here as there is fiction. It's a strange cuckolding story in ways, I don't know of any other stories where a

guy gets cuckolded by a lesbian. I suppose it just goes to show, that especially in the world of fetish and BDSM, sometimes reality can be stranger than erotic fiction!

*This 26,000 word, semi-fictional BDSM, fetish Erotika includes themes of:-
Femdom*

Female Domination

Male Chastity

Orgasm Denial

Forced Feminization

Shaving Fetish

Forced Orgasm

Force Feeding

Tickling

Genital Piercing

Tattooing

Domination & Submission

**Suitable for over 18's only please.*

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. [I have since released '17 Shades of Depravity' a compilation of most of my 2012 and early 2013 stories, and I've released Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning and My Tickle Torture Duology as well!

Q: Do you create your own book covers?

A: No, they are done for me.

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

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

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

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

Q: Are you a professional dome?

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

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

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

Q: Please?

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

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

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

Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?

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

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

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

Q: Aren't your stories morally reprehensible?

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

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

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

his brain – as so many men do.

Q: So do you hate men?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

excellent femdom.

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

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

Q: Is Sabrina Jen Mountford your real name?

A: No it's a pen name.

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

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