



FEMDOM:



**S
A
B
R
I
N
A**

**J
E
N**

**M
O
U
N
T
F
O
R
D**



The Game 2

High Stakes



Femdom :

The Game 2 : High Stakes

~ By Sabrina Jen Mountford

Also by the same author:-

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

The Tormentress and the Boss

Slavery: Part 1 : Captured!

Slavery: Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.

The Male Bridesmaid

The Hypnotist

A Sissy Story : WPC Domination

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

Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

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

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

The Harem Slave

Femdom : The Dressmaker

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

Femdom: The Beautician Trap

Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission

Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

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

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

Femdom : The Game

Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes

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

Coming soon:-

Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit

Gender Swap : Anita's Magic Transgender Pill

Planned Titles:-

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

Compilations by the same author:-

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

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

Feminization Tales: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid

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

Sabrina Jen Mountfords Authors Blog and profile:

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

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, predicament bondage, dental torture, psychodrama 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, they are not intended to be remotely realistic 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 17,000 word femdom novelette is heavy with male and female BDSM and fetish torture with some predicament bondage thrown in for good

measure. It has a strong element of '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 2 : High Stakes

Jessie, having being feminized and used as Master Brian's slave and cum slut ended 'The Game' sitting in the club being teased by Matilda, Grace and Marcy. Eventually Marcy offered to let Jessie, or slave Jessica spend the night in Matilda's care while she would go with Grace to meet Grace's live-in, chaste, sissy slave – Jenny.

Into the Dark

Jessie was now being led through the club, Matilda gripping his upper arm hard, guiding him forcibly towards the back of the club. He'd opened his mouth to speak on occasion, but every time he did, Matilda had cut him off with a 'Silence Slave!' and gripped him even more firmly. Eventually they were stepping down a steep stair case which carried on for several feet. As they descended it got darker and darker. At the bottom of the stairs was a heavy set, heavily sound proofed door. Matilda pushed it open and stepped through, dragging Jessie along with her.

On the other side of the door was a small ante-chamber, with medieval

looking stone walls. On the floor there was a heavy steel collar with spikes on, with manacles chained to it. Matilda released his arm and reach down to scoop them up with a clatter of steel and jangle of chains.

Silently she reached up and unlocked his slim comfortable collar, dropping it to the floor and replacing it with the heavy, unlined steel collar, snapping a padlock on. He opened his mouth to complain, but she pinched his lips shut and smiled. "You're in the dungeon now slave; all the niceties are out of the window from now on. Expect discomfort. Any complaints or attempts to escape will result in severe punishment."

She picked up the manacles. "Give me your hands slave... Good girl."

As he held up his wrists shaking, she placed one heavy steel loop around one, then the other. This ensemble was almost medieval. No consideration had been made for the wearer and no concession towards comfort had been made either. The cuffs were tight, heavy and chafed at the slightest movement, as did the collar.

Jessie was quivering with anticipation and fear. "Wha... What are you going to-"

"Shhh, I've noticed you seem to have trouble walking in high heels Jessica, so I'm going to train you up a little bit, strengthen up those calves. Now, walk this way."

The next heavy, sound proofed door opened into another stone walled dungeon. It was a large room, with medieval torture devices in the corners. As she led him forwards he approached a dangling chain attached to an electronic winch in the ceiling. She attached the chain with a padlock to both of his manacles, and then stepped over to an industrial switch on the wall at the side of the room. As she held the button down, Jessie felt his wrists raised and raised, until they were uncomfortably high over his head. She smiled at him and produced a small key. "Now slave Jessica, I'm going to unlock your heels, keep still for me."

She bent down and he sighed with relief as she unfastened the padlock and carefully removed the ankle straps allowing him to step out of the shoes and flatten his feet. She looked up and smiled at him as the second foot, still in its stocking flattened on the cold stone floor. "Better? Don't

get too used to it, we're going to train those calves up to be nice and strong – help your heel walking.”

“What are you going to-“

“Shhhh, you'll see.”

As she rose she returned to the wall and pressed another button causing a thin wire, almost like cheese wire to unwind, lowering a little noose in front of Jessie. When it was at groin height Matilda stopped and approached. Jessie of course was fascinated and morbidly curious as to what this was for. He didn't have to wait long to find out, she immediately lifted the front of his dress, and passed the loop around his scrotum, pulling it tight.

“Wha-“

“Shhh, keep still. You're going to have to stand on your toes for me now.”

Before he could complain further she was pressing the control panel on the wall and the loop was being pulled up, tightening and pulling his scrotum up, up past the Kali's Teeth Bracelet, forcing him to stand on his toes to avoid having his balls sliced off by the thin wire. His heels ended up a good five centimetres off the floor. Matilda smiled at him. “There, that's much better isn't it? I'm just going to attach a pressure switch your heels now, which short this switch out if pressed. If you drop your heels to the floor you will winch your testicle noose up – so don't drop your heels.”

As she finished speaking she pulled two pressure switches off the shelf and strode over. He was helpless to resist, as she approached, she peeled the paper off the sticky pads on the bottom and kneeled down, trailing the thin wire to the control panel across the floor. Jessie looked down whimpering. “Please! I can't stand like this for-“

“Shhh, I think you can, I'm willing to bet your balls you can. Keep still.”

He felt he stick pads, which he could tell were very sticky, pressed onto his heels. He could feel the adhesive work its way right through the stockings, gluing the stockings and pressure switches firmly in place.

After a few moments Matilda gave them a little wiggle, confirming they couldn't roll around to the side and allow some relief. Satisfied she stood. "There, you're all, ready. Now slave Jessica, I want you to test them by placing a heel on the floor."

"I don't want to-"

"If you don't I will press the switch on the wall, then ask you again. This process will continue until either you test the setup, or your balls get removed – clear?"

"You wouldn't da-"

"Wouldn't dare? Have you seen the sound-proofing down here, why don't you try me?"

Reluctantly he dropped his left heel and felt his noose pull his testicles up a fraction.

"And the other foot."

"Please! Hasn't this gone far enough?!"

"You're mine for tonight, I want to train you to walk in heels better, this is a great way to strengthen up your calves. Last chance – test it now or I press."

He dropped the other heel and had to stand even higher to remain comfortable, arching his feet, teetering on his toes.

Matilda smiled approvingly. "There, that's good, you're all setup now. I'm going back up to the club – I'll send Lucy down later to check on you – she may have a surprise for you. Oh, I hope you're not afraid of the dark."

She flashed a cheeky smile and strode out, her heels clicking on the stone floor. The door slammed shut with a thud, then the light went out, plunging him into utter darkness. There wasn't a hint of light anywhere.

The sudden darkness unbalanced him and he wavered slightly, fighting to keep his heels from dropping. His manacles had been risen so high there

was little blood flow to his hands and he couldn't reach the chains, he had to gain his balance by using his wrists in the cruel manacles, which chafed and cut into his skin as they took his weight. He could feel the little loop of wire around his scrotum, the pressure pads on his heels he couldn't let them drop. Already his back as aching, his calves were burning - yet he'd only been here for a couple of minutes. He winced and groaned in discomfort. He tried lifting one leg and flattening a foot in the air, then the other. It helped in ways giving each foot a short rest, but it meant they tired more quickly as they were taking all his weight when they were being stood on.

After several minutes of experimentation he resorted to alternating between standing on left, both, right, both to avoid cramping and offer little rests where possible. Of course being left in the pitch black, in this predicament meant he was incredibly aroused and pressing hard on the spikes of the Kali's Teeth Bracelet. The thought crossed his mind that it could be a trick, could the wire be not strong enough to cut his balls off? He tried bending his knees, and putting some pressure on the wire, pulling down on the loop with his balls. It didn't give. He decided it would be too dangerous to make this setup real, but that it was better to try and stand on his toes. After all – how did they know how strong to make the wire so it would strap before doing real damage?

A Taxi Home

The club was still busy when Matilda emerged from the dungeon. Lucy approached her. “Mattie, Marcy has decided to go home with Grace, I think she's spending the night there.”

Matilda chuckled softly. “Hmmm, she'll have fun! Lucy, things will quieten down in about an hour's time and I want an early night. If you can help out for the next hour you can play with slave Jessica until tomorrow.”

Lucy smiled wickedly. “Hmmm, sounds fun. I can't wait.”

Grace at that point was sitting in the back of a black cab with Marcy waiting to arrive at Grace's apartment. The image of Jessie playing bitch to master Brian was fresh in her head, along with the knowledge that he was still at the club, at the mercy of the deliciously sadistic and playful

Matilda. She chuckled to herself, wondering what intense experience Jessie was enjoying at this point, then she looked up to Grace. "I still can't believe you're into all this! Well, WE are now too... However did-"

"Oh it was Jen- James as he was at the time really. He lit a spark in me I'd never known was there. Do you know where he got it from? The dentist! He told me about an experience where he'd gone to the dentist after a long absence and instead of the usual bearded old man wielding the drill he'd been treated by a beautiful young girl, fresh out of dentist school or wherever they learn to drill and fill. He was always a bit nervous about the dentist, and he'd not been for a while. He'd sat down in the chair and suddenly her saying 'I'll just pop you back' and reclining the chair into a position where his head was lower than his feet, the bright light right in his face and her latex gloved hands wielding sharp steel instruments coming to view... It gave him a new sensation. Firmly, but gently ordering him to open-wide then slowly working around his teeth poking and scraping, her eyes just peeping over the surgical mask... When she sighed and told him he'd not been looking after his teeth, and that she was going to have a to remove one of his wisdom teeth, perform a 'couple of' fillings and give him a 'deep clean' it switched a switch. She'd booked him three appointments, and he was very nervous, but excited too. He'd masturbated several times at the thought of receiving this treatment at her hands. When she did the filling she didn't give him enough anaesthetic at the start either, the drill whirring in her delicate hands, her eyes inches from his face, peering casually in as she worked. The icing on the cake was because he was squirming so much in the chair she told him she couldn't work like this and fitted him with a mouth-prop, making him feel even more defenceless."

Marcy listened in awe, the way she described made it sound somehow erotic, but to many it would've been painful and terrifying and nothing more. Grace chuckled. "The trouble was for the next few years he'd stayed with her and ended up purposefully not looking after his teeth! Luckily she only removed the one tooth, but that was the most intense experience according to James. Her breast pressing against the top of his head, one latex gloved hand holding his head down onto the headrest, the other latex gloved hand holding steel pliers, tugging and twisting, the bloody, gore covered tooth eventually crunching out... He'd still masturbate about it now if I ever unlocked him."

“Unlocked him?”

“The chastity device? Didn’t I say? I keep him in permanent chastity now. I used to keep him locked for weeks, then months, but eventually I realised it was bad practice, every time he had release he went on a testosterone downer and became miserable and disobedient. We talked about it for a long time before we made the decision, and I haven’t fitted him with a permanent device, I keep one key, on a chain around my neck – for emergencies? But he hasn’t been out in over twelve months now.”

“A year! Is that healthy?”

“I don’t know, I used to milk his prostate once every three months, but now I only bother every six. I suppose there’s a risk he could lose erectile function, but to be honest I prefer receiving oral anyway so I’m not sure it matters. He consents to it so...”

Marcy pondered for a moment. “You mentioned a ‘deep clean’, what’s that? I’ve never heard of it.”

“Ahhh, you never want to. If your hygienist threatens you with one, beg them not to, and promise you’ll brush and floss three times a day. James said it was more uncomfortable than having a wisdom tooth out, he said he could only describe it as dental torture extreme. It involves cleaning below the gum line, he said given a choice he’d rather lose a tooth than go through it again – though again, it was such an intense experience I think he’d masturbate over it if I unlocked him and reminded him.”

“Hmmp! He sounds like a real masochist!”

“That would be a simplistic way of putting it. It’s really more about submission, about revoking control. The application of pain, emphasizes the lack of control, that’s what it’s all about. Put him bondage, he’s out of control, but start torturing him while he’s in bondage and can’t escape or defend himself – that brings his lack of control to the front of his mind.”

The taxi pulled up, the drive slid back the glass screen and Grace paid. She then stood and walked towards the white, glass covered apartment block. “Come on, I’m on the fourth floor.”

“Penthouse eh? You’re doing well!”

“It’s alright.”

The apartments were arranged so the four on the ground floor opened out onto the large paved area setting the block back from the road. The fourth floor was occupied by one large penthouse apartment with three hundred and sixty degree balconies. The atrium was very well appointed and meticulously maintained. As Marcy waited next to Grace in the lift she wondered whether she owned it or rented?

She didn’t ask – it didn’t seem polite. When the door eventually slid open Grace gestured for Marcy to go first. The first thing she heard as she entered was a whirring noise and a regular ‘clop, clopping’ she looked at Grace. “What’s that?”

“Ahhh, that’ll be Jenny, I’ve been training her to be more confident in heels while I was out. Come see.”

Marcy followed Grace into the large open plan living dining area. There half way along the wall was a treadmill, a running machine. It had perspex or polycarbonate sheets at the sides, to prevent the user stepping off sideways and another at the front for the same purpose. Almost jogging along on the treadmill was Jenny – or James as he was really. Wearing a pair of black patent leather mary jane’s with a five inch heel, and pink stockings, with electric pink suspender belt, panties and corset. His arms were secured behind his back, left wrist cuffed to right upper-arm and vice versa, and he had a ball-gag in his mouth. The most interesting touch was a thin chain, padlocked onto the front of the treadmill, and the other end seemingly suspended at his groin height. His long pink wig, styled into a bob, completed the look.

Marcy pointed to the chain, “What’s that?”

Grace chuckled. “Ahhh, that is his incentive! Come and look.”

She followed Grace to the machine, again feeling that strange sensation of being down the rabbit hole, of everything not seeming real. When they were close enough she could see around the front. The chain was attached to a thin wire loop, like a noose which would tighten if pulled, it looped

around James' exposed balls. His chastity tube was clearly visible beneath his electric pink panties and suspender belt, but his balls were outside the panties being pulled by the wire loop. He was sweating and panting, working really hard to keep up the quite fast pace he was walking, almost jogging at.

Grace grabbed the chain and jangled it. "You see, this is locked on to his balls, and the D-ring on the running machine. I fasten him to it, set the speed and he walks! If he doesn't keep up the pace, he will be thrown backwards off the machine, but his balls will stay here. The poly carb on the sides and front means he can't cheat and step off for a rest. Pretty neat huh?"

Marcy looked at him, she eyed him head to foot. He was vulnerable, only his ability to keep going on the machine was saving him, he was totally reliant upon Grace to release him. It was intoxicating to watch, the power the sense of control. He was helpless, helpless to jog along in the high heels or he would lose his balls. She looked at Grace. "Yes, very neat, it's actually making me feel quite..."

Grace looked at her, making eye-contact. "Hot? Aroused?"

Marcy gasped, Grace was beautiful, she was so young and so... She was looking at Marcy in way which said... Grace leaned closer. "I think Jenny has been a good girl managing to keep her balls for so long on the treadmill. How about we reward her with a little treat?"

Marcy shuddered. "I... I don't kn-"

"Shhh, relax."

Marcy felt Grace reach out and wrap her arms around her, pulling her closer until two dresses were rubbing against each other. Grace's face was centimetres from Marcy's, maintaining eye contact Grace leaned in and carefully kissed Marcy on the lips, sucking and pulling her top lip as she pulled away.

It was like a surge of electricity through Marcy, she squirmed internally, everything she'd ever known was screaming at her to stop. But when Grace planted her lips on hers again, this time closing her eyes she felt

helpless to resist and reciprocated. Their tongues began probing each other's mouths, gliding over each other and exploring cheeks and teeth and mixing saliva. In seconds they were passionately, enthusiastically French kissing, right in front of the helpless slave Jenny, who grimaced as his member tried to grow in its little prison. The distraction made him slip back a little on the machine and he had to scurry to avoid losing his balls. He couldn't watch, it was so arousing watching his partner and mistress with... He shut his eyes and quickened his pace a little, trying to get himself more of a cushion in case he accidentally dropped back again.

Grace pulled away with a sigh and noticed James's closed eyes. She glared at him. "Hmmp! I did NOT give you permission to close your eyes slave!"

She gently stroked Marcy's cheek. "Sorry Marcy, this won't take a tick."

She fetched something from a white metal box under the nearby coffee table. Marcy watched, puzzled, reeling from the lesbian experience she'd had and struggling to keep her thoughts coherent. "What are you-"

"Oh, I have the perfect thing for slave Jenny. I haven't shown him before. They use these when they're doing laser eye-surgery, they're called ocular speculum's, they keep the patients eyes from closing. Open your eyes slave Jenny."

He shook his head. She spoke again, more sternly. "Open or I turn you up to sprint speed – can you sprint in a five inch heel?"

He still relented, so she pressed a button on the treadmill making it go one notch faster, and forcing him to quicken his pace.

"I wasn't joking slave, that's speed twelve, shall we take you up to twenty? No? Then OPEN!"

Relenting he opened his eyes and she carefully popped one steel speculum in, then the other. They hooked under his eyelids and she ratcheted them fully and uncomfortably open. "There, I'll just pop some drops in to keep your eyes from drying out. Keep still for me."

From the box she took a dropper and in one moment James's vision was filled with her hand carefully approaching with the dropper, then one eye

went blurry, then the second, making his vision go translucent and blurry. She put the dropper down and turned to Marcy. “Now, that’s taken care of – where were we?”

Marcy was shaking visibly, looking at Grace with a mixture, of fear and longing. She was finding this situation so arousing, yet so troubling. She quivered as she spoke. “Grace, I-“

“Shhhh, don’t think with your head, feel, come. Come to me.”

Shaking she stepped forwards and they began embracing again, Marcy felt the shapely contours of Grace’s exquisite body through her soft, blue satin dress. As she did Grace leaned in and kissed again, as they kissed, Marcy felt Grace hands exploring her body, moaning softly, almost blissfully. Then she felt Grace fumble with the fastener of her halter-neck dress at the back of her neck. She didn’t resist, she allowed Grace to start pulling the dress down and at the same time she found Grace’s zipper at the back of her blue satin dress and started unzipping her.

The thrill of this lesbian encounter had Marcy shaking with fear, revulsion and desire all at the same time. As James watched, the two beautiful women peeled dresses off each other allowing them to slide off their arms onto the floor. Marcy was left standing in her tights, her heels and her cream, embroidered, lacy bra and panties, Grace in her black stockings and suspender belt and black lacy, satin bra and panties.

James couldn’t see clearly, the drops in his eyes causing blurriness as well as preventing dry-eye, but the light was good and he could see the shapes, of flesh, cream and black undulating together as Grace and Marcy explored each other’s bodies with soft sighs of bliss and moans of pleasure.

He was growing so hard in his chastity device now it felt like he was going to start bleeding at any point, as his member strained against its uncomfortable cage. Spots of pre-cum dripped onto the treadmill and his high heeled feet as he struggled to keep up the pace, and keep his balls attached.

Grace and Marcy were embracing hard now, their near naked bodies pressed firmly together, their eyes closed, their mouths locked together as

their tongues explored deeply, the recesses of the other's mouth. Dainty feminine hands were running through both heads of silky hair.

Marcy was in another world now, an alien world, she savoured the taste of Grace's saliva and while enthusiastically kissing her constantly, she didn't want it to end, she wanted more.

They shuffled, still embracing to the cream leather sofa directly in view of the treadmill, as they lowered themselves down Grace initiated the next step reaching down to Marcy's cream satin panties and gently but firmly caressing her crotch, as Marcy reciprocated, Grace slid her fingers slowly over the line of her tights and down the front of Marcy's panties, she giggled. "HMMMM, you're so wet!"

She began rubbing gently, and Marcy quivered, moaning with pleasure, almost going into spasm. Pausing, Grace pulled Marcy's tights down, then her panties and Marcy did the same to Grace. Grace stroked Marcy's hair and looked at her lovingly. "Marcy, it's time for you to kiss me somewhere else."

Marcy reacted with a look of confusion, then followed Grace's smiling eyes downwards. "I – I can't, I-"

"Trust me, kneel on the floor between my legs slave."

Grace lay back on the sofa, spreading her legs exposing her neatly shaved pussy. She pointed to a spot between her legs and spoke kindly. "Kneel slave, it's time."

The memory of being on stage surged back into Marcy's head and she found herself unable to resist, slowly lowering herself onto her knees, her manicured hands resting on Grace's knees. "Now kiss me slave."

Marcy drew her face closer, she could smell Grace's sex, a tangy, almost bitter smell, slightly ever so slightly 'fishy'. She could see Grace's labia, almost pulsating in front of her. She felt Grace reach down with her hands and gently but firmly pull her head into her crotch. "Shhhh, relax, use your tongue slave."

She couldn't bring herself to resist, and her face was buried in Grace's

moist, warm crotch, her nose tickling Grace's clitoris and her tongue exploring her vagina and labia. Grace released her and lay back as Marcy began enthusiastically open mouth kissing her genitalia. It was bliss, Marcy was good, very good. Grace quivered with delight and arousal as Marcy attacked her with more enthusiasm. She chuckled softly to herself as she opened her eyes to see a long thin line between the polycarbonate sheet, where slave Jenny was literally dribbling pre-cum, almost to the mat of the treadmill.

She had to close her eyes again, as Marcy started swirling and swirling her tongue around Grace's clitoris, and exploring her body with her hands. She began alternating, fast, slow, a swirl, a probe, a gentle stroke up the insides of the labia. She had Grace squirming with delight and arousal arching her back, then she came, shuddering as the orgasm hit her with waves and waves of pleasure, causing her to moan softly and pant. It didn't stop Marcy though even as she felt Grace's juices pour into her mouth and trickle down her throat she continued, making Grace sigh with utter bliss.

She didn't come again, instead she gently pushed Marcy back and smiled down at her. "Thank you slave, it's a good job leather is wipe clean isn't it? Come, sit where I was sitting, I have a treat for you."

She shakily rose, taking Grace's place as Grace climbed to her feet wobbling as she did. She expected Grace to take her place, but instead she went to the large sideboard, opened a drawer and brandished a large, pink strap-on dildo with leather harnesses and steel buckles to hold it in place.

Marcy shuddered with fear, it looked big. "Grace, I-"

"Trust me? I promise I won't hurt you slave."

Marcy melted. "I trust you."

She watched shaking as Grace fastened the straps tightly, her plastic artificial member complete with plastic pretend testicles hanging from her hips. Grace approached and lifted Marcy's feet onto the sofa, raising her knees into the missionary position. Then she took her position and slowly, gently introduced her fake member to Marcy's crotch. Her panties and tights were at her ankles, she was dripping with juices, so much so, no

lubrication was needed. Grace slowly fed the member in and leaned forwards so their faces were inches apart, then she began rocking her hips. Marcy would never have believed it, but she was having the most amazing sex she'd ever had. She'd never been attracted to women before, the thought would have sickened her less than a month ago, but looking into Grace's caring, eyes, full of tenderness, watching her beautiful silky brown hair wash over her shoulders, as she rocked back and forth – she almost never wanted a man again. As Grace picked up pace, Marcy began to quiver and her eyes fluttered close, she began panting shallowly and Grace's hand reached down to her crotch, frantically rubbing her clitoris as she probed deeper and deeper with the strap-on. Marcy came, so powerfully she felt like she'd received an electric shock, her whole body going into spasm as the waves and waves of pleasure washed through her. Then Grace slowed and embraced her with the dildo still inside Marcy, their bra's pressing against each other they kissed and kissed and caressed each other's bodies and stroked each other's hair.

James started squeaking loudly at this point. When Grace looked up sweat was pouring off his forehead, his wig had started getting damp where it hit his skin and his steps looked laboured and painful.

She gave Marcy one last kiss, then got up, trotted over to the machine and set the speed down to a slow walk. He was still grunting at her pleadingly so she stopped the machine altogether and unlocked the chain from the machine. She kept it attached to his balls though and used it like a lead to drag him off the machine and to the sofa. "Come on Marcy, I think we need a shower after that."

Marcy sighed and rose, giggling cheekily at the predicament of slave Jenny. As they headed for the bathroom, Slave Jenny in tow, Marcy giggled again. "And he really likes this treatment?"

"Oh yes, this is just the sort of thing he used to fantasize about. Trust me he's as happy as can be right now."

It didn't make sense to Marcy, she couldn't really understand how James could feel so happy being treated like this – but she didn't care. She felt an attraction for Grace like she'd never felt, she thought she was falling in love with her. In the shower slave Jenny watched on as Grace and Marcy showered together, lathering each other's bodies and hair up and hugging

and kissing and splashing around playfully with each other. Afterwards Grace locked slave Jenny into his cage for the night, discreetly hidden in a walk-in wardrobe. Then she offered Marcy a choice of nightie to borrow, she selected a royal blue ankle length, in satin with white lace around the trim, and Grace took her red knee length in satin with black lace. They slid into Grace's burgundy satin sheets together and caressed each other, kissing and cuddling, then drifting off into a happy, blissful slumber.

Slave Jessica's Night of Hell

Jessie had been fighting to stay on his toes for some time. He was sure she wouldn't really set him up so lowering his heels would rip his balls off, but he wasn't quite sure enough to put it to the test. His calves were burning, his wrists were chafed from the cruel manacles, even his neck was feeling sore from the hard steel, spiked collar Matilda had fitted him with.

He'd long lost track of time, he was in a state where his every moment was a pure endurance of pain and effort to minimize the pain. Then there was a clunk. How long had passed? Who had entered? It was pitch black still – how could they see? The voice echoed out from the darkness, it was NOT Matilda. "Hello slave Jessica... Are you afraid of the dark?"

"Who's there!"

"I'll ask the questions slave! Are you afraid of the dark?"

"No!"

"Good, let's see if we can't do something about that then?"

Jessie shook, wondering what was going to happen, then he felt soft, slender, gloved hands on his shoulders, without warning they pressed down hard and he had to double his effort not to drop his heels. His arches were burning now and he whimpered and grunted as he resisted as hard as possible. She whispered in his ear, "Down! Be a good girl and drop your heels for me."

"No!"

She pressed harder. "I said DROP!"

He resisted harder as she threw more and more weight onto his shoulders, trying to force him down. Then she jumped onto his back wrapping arms around his shoulders and swathing him in satin and lace. He held it, then grunted and struggled, then dropped his heels...

Nothing happened...

He sighed, his balls were not being pulled up to the ceiling by the thin wire. His hidden tormentor chuckled softly. "I unplugged your pressure pads just a minute ago slave Jessica, wasn't that exciting?"

"No!"

"Oh it was, if I ask you to agree with me, you WILL agree with me."

"How can you-"

"See you? I'm wearing night vision goggles they work off infra-red. I think it's time to throw some light on your situation."

He heard heels clicking away from him. Instead of the electric light coming on he heard the striking of a match and the chamber lit up with a soft warm glow. He span around to look at his new captor, who was removing a futuristic set of goggles as he turned. It was Lucy, the girl from the club who had helped prepare him for master Brian. She'd changed clothes though. She was now in a purple satin dress with black lace and black satin gloves. Her neck was decorated with a silver necklace in the shape of a bat and she was holding a silver candelabra with five candles in it.

He chuckled softly. "So what? You look like a freaking vampire."

She opened her mouth slightly to smile showing two pointed fangs where the canines would be. "Maybe I am?"

"Maybe you're into cosplay and have a vampire fetish?"

She shrugged smiling. "Believe what you like, it makes no odds to me."

I've been given you for the night, I suggest you don't contradict me or anger me in anyway. Thus far I have been playing with you, be clear slave, I am here to torture you. I like torturing people, it's my favourite activity. Any disobedience and the level of torture you endure will increase."

She started clicking over to a table full of implements he'd not noticed previously, then, she slowly lowered the candelabra to the table. "Torture by candlelight – how exquisite, wouldn't you agree?"

His first reaction was to complain, but she had that glint her eye, that look of mischievousness. He paused then nodded. She chuckled, smiling and stepped closer to him grasping and lifting his chin with her satin gloved hand. "Good, you're getting it I think... Now what to do you? How shall I torture you? I like to keep a memento of my torture sessions, a good memento will help us both remember the lovely time we had together, the intimated knowledge we gained of each other. A tooth? A fingernail? These are things I can remove without really doing you any discernible long-term harm, as long as I leave the nail bed intact a nail will regrow. If I remove the right tooth, it will not affect your chewing and if the appearance displeases you – you could always have an implant. Have you ever had a tooth out without anaesthesia slave?"

Jessie was trembling softly now, his heart was beating faster and his chest felt tight. He felt real fear now, his predicament bondage, meant he didn't feel he could defend himself. What she was describing sounded too extreme to be real, did this sort of thing really happen? It raised a subtle, deep doubt that she was a dedicated cosplay enthusiast, he shrugged the feeling off. There were no such thing as vampires.

"No, I don't bel-"

"Oh I might, I might not, I haven't decided yet. A fingernail makes a great memento too! I have the surgical tools to perform either procedure on you. If I remove a fingernail there's wonderful scope for me to poke and prod the tender quick afterwards, maybe a splash of acetic acid? Or salt? That produces long lasting, severe pain. Of course if I remove a tooth, well, swirling around the empty socket, tickling the nerve with a dental hook – now that is an exquisite form of torture. Nothing creates spasms of pain quite so delightful as a dental hook swirled in a freshly emptied

tooth socket.”

“Please-“

“Shhh, you’re in no position to bargain are you? I’ll tell you what, seeing as you and Marcy love games so much – how about we play a game? I love games... “

She strode away for a moment, retrieving a small, metal, digital safe with a keypad. She then removed from the folds of her dress a small key, the key to Jessie’s Kali’s Teeth Bracelet he could only assume. She placed it in the safe and closed the door. She then adjusted the chains lowering his hands so they were level with his shoulders. He felt a rush of blood as he lowered them and a strange sensation of pins and needles. She held the box up to him, so he could see the keypad and she could not.

“Now slave, you will key in a combination to lock the safe – I suggest your date of birth. I am giving you this box as a present, it can be considered your box from this point onwards, you will take it home with you once your ordeal is over. The key to your chastity device is inside. We’re going to play finders keepers. You will lock your box. If I can open the box, by interrogating you, and torturing you, then I will keep the key to your device until next time. If you can withstand being tortured by me until daybreak, then you win the game, I free you and send you on your way. You will be able to remove your device when you get home. If I win, and I can get the code out of you, then you will take an empty box home with you and I will wear your key around my neck until next time we meet.”

Jessie shuddered, he paused, he didn’t want to play this game. He did in ways, but he was afraid, was she serious? Would she really remove a tooth!? Or a nail!? He shook his mentally she was just playing with him, it was a bit of psychodrama surely? “Can I set some hard limits?”

She shrugged. “I suppose, but then where would be the fun in that? Would you be in control? Would you be enjoying the most intense experience possible? I don’t think you would. How about this, I promise I won’t endanger your life and I promise I will do no permanent damage to you? Isn’t that enough? Imagine how it will feel, knowing you are totally at my mercy, and your only escape route will be to give me your code, which will mean you leave here as my property, and you stay chaste,

erection and orgasm free until such time as you can 'win' your key back? I promise you it will be an intense, intense experience. You get one life Jessica, you should live it. What do you say? Will you play? Will you be my victim?"

He did imagine it. He was almost quivering with arousal at the thought, so much so that his member was pressing hard on the walls of its spiked prison. She was beautiful, mysterious and somehow sinister, she had a paradoxical caring and sadistic demeanour. If she was into cosplay she was very good at it. She appeared very realistic.

"I- I'll play."

There, he'd said it, he'd relinquished control. As he said it he tapped in his six figure birthdate into the panel. It beeped and locked. Lucy lowered the box and smiled. She placed it on the side and gripped his chin in her satin glove, then held him firmly while she kissed him suddenly, her tongue forcibly exploring his mouth. He couldn't help but run his tongue over her teeth. The fangs were firm and felt real, they were sharp and felt fixed like the rest of her teeth. They had to be fake, it had to be good cosplay. Eventually she pulled away, and gazed directly into his eyes, smiling. "Good, we're going to have a wonderful time together, we're going to get to know each other really well slave."

She carefully removed the loop of cheese-wire which formed an upwards noose around his testicles, lifting the hem of the PVC dress to do so, then unlocked the padlock holding his manacles up and grabbed the chain joining them to his collar, while scooping up the candelabra in the other hand. "This way slave."

Shaking with fear, Jessie padded after her, allowing her to lead him submissively by the heavy chain. She took him through another sound-proofed door at the far side of the room, the candles casting eerie shadows about the dim dungeon as they flickered.

The room beyond was tiled medical white, in the shadows Jessie caught glimpses of the edges of stainless steel trolleys, surgical tools. He soon realised he was being led towards a dentist's chair in the centre of the room. He gasped, "Stop, I don't want-"

“Shhh, the rules are that you have to obey me in every way, or you have to give me the code and forfeit your erections and orgasms for an undetermined length of time. Do you want to give me your code?”

She was smiling warmly at him now, almost cheekily – she wouldn't really pull a tooth? He decided she had to be bluffing, so he shook his head. She smiled, and gestured towards the chair. “No? Then take a seat please.”

Jessie's head was a mess, he slid into the dentist's chair, feeling his PVC dress rub against the upholstery of the chair. He swung his feet up onto the foot-rest part of the chair and dropped his head onto the headrest. As he did Lucy walked behind him and he heard a snap as she padlocked the back of his collar onto the chair by a D-ring at the back. She chuckled as he jumped at this. “We don't want you running away on me do we? Now grip the arm-rests please.”

He obeyed and she padlocked the chains near the manacles onto a ring on the arm rests. From below the foot-rest section of the chair she pulled a strap and passed it over his knees, tightening it until it nearly cut his circulation off. Then she pulled a second strap up with leather ankle-cuffs on it. She attached them, then strapped his ankles firmly down, completely immobilizing him. As she fastened the last buckle she looked at him, her face warm and friendly in the soft candle light. “There, this is just to stop you squirming around too much while I work. Do you like having dental surgery?”

He was shaking visibly now, almost softly rattling his chains. He shook his head. Lucy chuckled. “I wonder how you'll find anaesthetic-free tooth extraction?”

As she rose and walked behind the chair out of view he whimpered. From behind him a blue plastic bib appeared and he felt it being tied tightly above his collar, around his neck. Lucy's voice teasing him from out of view. “I'll just pop this bib onto you, we don't want you getting blood and gore all over your pretty dress do we?”

Jessie's head was being turned inside out, turned to mush. He was internally terrified, constantly screaming at himself in his head that she had to be bluffing, she couldn't really remove a tooth.

He felt his bottom and legs being raised up as his shoulders and head tilted backwards, as the chair moved into position she spoke again. “I’ll just pop you back and we’ll see what we’ve got hmmm?”

The chair stopped moving at a point where his head was more or less the lowest point, he felt immobile, helpless, totally at her mercy. When her face came back into view after a short while she was wearing a surgical mask, his eyes just peeping over the top. He felt the lace and satin of her dress caress his head softly as she drew her stool closer. Her now latex gloved hand reached up and switched a light on, shining a bright, bright light right in his face.

“Open wide for me.”

Gingerly, still desperately trying to convince himself this was a bluff Jessie opened his mouth. Instead of what he’d expected, an instrument or two gliding into view – he felt a steel contraption dropped abruptly into his open mouth, and she began clicking the ratchet immediately, in seconds he felt his jaw being forced gently but firmly further open than it would normally go.

“There, I’ve fitted you with a whitehead gag. It’s a kind of mouth spreader that locks into place. I don’t want you accidentally biting my fingers while I operate on you do I? I used to be a dental nurse you know, a long time ago. Of course I could never be bothered to become a qualified dentist, but that’s the beauty of fetish dentistry – anyone can have a go. Hmmm, saliva is pooling at the back of your throat, I don’t want you swallowing all the blood and gore that comes when I rip your tooth out – so I’m going to drop a suction tube in. Try to relax.”

The light dazzled him, he felt a hooked tube dropped over his chin, and into his mouth, and his saliva was being slowly steadily drained. When Lucy’s face reappeared she was pressing her breasts against his head, peeping over her mask and peering into his mouth, while wielding a pair of surgical pliers. Making sure he could see the pliers directly in his view she looked him in the eye and paused. “Unless of course you’d like to give me the code? I’ll hand you over to Mattie as soon as you’ve lost of course, you don’t have to experience this if you are too chicken?”

She raised an eyebrow testingly as she finished. He shook his head, this

was all psychodrama, it had to be. It was scary, it was frighteningly realistic, but she couldn't be serious!

She smiled, though he could only tell by the faint wrinkles at the side of her eyes as she peeped over the mask. "Good, we'll make a start then shall we?"

He watched with dread as the pliers in her delicate latex covered hand loomed into view. They latched firmly onto one of his incisors, the front, middle top teeth. She began gently tugging and wiggling, almost testing it to see if it would work free, she spoke warmly, almost kindly as she worked. "The incisors are good ones to remove, they are there more for aesthetic reasons than anything, you do most of your chewing with the back teeth. Of course you'll have a different look with a gap in your front teeth, maybe I should remove both to even you out? I could remove the corresponding ones from the bottom row too – that would make force-feeding you easier. During the struggle of suffrage, many suffragettes had their front teeth broken so a feed-tube could more easily be passed down into their stomachs. Hmmph! This one's a little tough! Let's try the other."

Shaking with fear, tears rolling down his cheeks, screaming at himself that this was a bluff he watched her release one tooth, then firmly grip the other. Pressing her breasts against his head, gripping his head firmly she tugged, and pulled, making his head bounce off the head-rest slightly. He felt the lace of her dress tickle his forehead, he saw the look of concentration and effort in his eyes, he was beginning to think she was serious, deadly serious. As she eased off and removed the pliers he instinctively tried to close his mouth but it was fixed firmly open. She saw his attempt to bite and raised an eyebrow. "Code time?"

When he shook his head she shrugged. "I there are lot's of teeth in your mouth, so there's lots of time yet. Perhaps we'll try one from the back?"

Without pause she was straight back in, gripping, tugging and almost yanking on a molar making him groan with discomfort, he could smell her perfume, hear her soft grunts of exertion as she tried to pull and tug on his tooth. She was wrenching his head this way, then that, he face was right in his, breasts pressing against his head and eyes looking more and more frustrated. Eventually she sighed and shrugged. "Hmmm, that one

appears to be stuck, perhaps if I remove one either side it will make it easier?”

He whimpered as she dived in, going straight for the next tooth in the row. Was she really trying? Or was she simply creating the illusion? He resorted to repeating a mantra of ‘she’s bluffing, she’s bluffing’ over and over in his head. She gave up and tried another tooth, and another, tooth after tooth, everyone she declared too stuck to remove. Eventually she put the pliers down on the white tray on an arm which she’d pulled over his chest. “Bad news I’m afraid, they are all too stuck... I do have a little good news for you though.”

He looked at her curiously, and gave a muffled ‘eh?’ through his mouth spreader.

“I’ve spotted an area of decay which could do with filling, so you’re going to get some free dental work done! The bad news is I will have to give you just a little anaesthetic, last time I drilled ‘dry’ my patient squirmed around so hard they broke the drill bit off and left it embedded in the tooth! Don’t worry, I’ll give just enough to take the edge off.”

He was sweating now, did he need a filling? Was she serious? Could an ex-dental nurse safely ‘do’ a filling? Before he could consider these things her masked face appeared again, her hand brandishing a syringe and squirting liquid into the air, so it splattered noisily onto his plastic bib. “I’m ready to numb you up now, unless you want to give me the code to your box?”

In truth despite the discomfort he’d been finding this experience surreally erotic and his member was almost bursting out of the cruel device, it felt like it was burning. Being fully feminized, then being forced into a bisexual sex show, then being forced to stand on toes for he didn’t know how long... Only to find himself at the mercy of this wickedly sadistic and inventive woman... He’d never felt more desperate to cum in his life, he had to hold out. He shook his head.

She shrugged and leaned forward with the syringe. “Fair enough, I’ll begin.” He was helpless to escape, totally immobile, mouth forcibly open, he saw the syringe reach into his mouth, then felt the sharp scratch and watched her carefully push the plunger down with her thumb, she was

really doing it, she was going to give him a filling. He started shaking with panic again. She pulled the syringe out and dropped it onto the tray. “There, we shan’t wait for it to take effect, I think we’ll get stuck straight in.”

Without warning her hand dipped and pulled out a dentist’s drill on a line. The archetypal whirring noise echoed around the white tiled room and he started shaking physically. Tears started rolling down his cheeks, he was screaming at himself mentally, ‘she’s bluffing, she’s bluffing’ over and over, barely convincing himself. Then the drill was in, he could feel it straight away, true to her word she was drilling his tooth! Water and bits of tooth were spraying out of his mouth and landing on his face while Lucy drilled and drilled, sending shockwaves of pain through his whole body, making him squeal in a high pitch. When she eventually pulled away and put the drill down, Jessie was panting hard.

She smiled down at him. “There, we’ll just fill that up now.”

Still panting, almost sobbing he watched her doing something with her hands out of view, then she was leaning over, working in his mouth again, applying pressure, and pushing his head back and forth. Then she took her hands away and they reappeared brandishing another steel contraption. “Right, we’ll just clamp it to make sure the filling goes all the way down.”

She slid the device in and started turning a little screw on the side making it tighten and tighten on to the tooth. She waited, then removed it, then added something then introduced a UV gun. It beeped then she removed it. “There, you’re all done, I’m a little bored of dentistry now though... I think we need to move onto a more severe torture don’t you?”

Lucilla Queen of the Night

Jessie watched her pull her mask off and latex gloves, only to replace them with her long satin-like ones. He garbled through his gag, ‘aren’t you going to remove this thing?’ obviously referring to the mouth-spreader. She chuckled. “No, I don’t think so. We’ll leave that there in case I decide to do anything else to you. Perhaps bisect your tongue? Lots of body modification fetishists have that done – would you like a forked tongue?”

He shook his head. She shrugged, smiling, “Well, we’ll see. If I don’t bisect your tongue I might still decide to force feed you something... Interesting – hmmm? I think Jessica, for the next part of your interrogation, I want to make you more compliant. I want to make it more difficult for you to resist me. In the old days I would have given you a dose of rohypnol. But now I have a better method.”

He felt his collar being unfastened, then removed. He was still in a vulnerable position, unable to lift his shoulders purely because he was in such a supine position. She leaned into his ear. “Do you understand the anatomy of a vampire’s bite?”

He chuckled. “Yeah right, I love the costume bu-“

“The teeth don’t actually syringe out the blood, they simply puncture the blood vessel and inject an anti-coagulant. The way the mechanism works is the two inject the anti-coagulant, then the leading fang partially blocks the blood vessel, and the vampire or vampiress simply laps at the wound, creating negative pressure and drinking the victim’s blood – would you like a demonstration?”

He tried to shake his head, but without warning she grabbed his head and yanked it to one side. He felt two sharp stabs on his neck, he felt her mouth wrap around the apparent wound he heard her lapping, and lapping. He couldn’t move, he was helpless to resist, forced to lie submissively while she apparently drank his life-blood. When she pulled away her teeth and mouth looked covered in bright, fresh blood. She licked her lips. “I’m going to force-feed you a little of my blood now, this will you more submissive to me, more obedient.”

While one hand held his forehead down onto the head rest, her other hand was suddenly over his face pouring a few drops of red ichor into his mouth from a tiny vial, while she chuckled. “There, that’s done I think, how about we start work on those fingernails?”

He shook his head, grunting a ‘no’. She shrugged. “So you’ll give me your code?”

He couldn’t think straight at all now, his brain felt frazzled, he felt like a character in a bizarre film that you would dismiss for being silly and

unrealistic. She had to be kidding, she wouldn't start ripping nails off? He shook his head. She smiled. "Good, let's see if we can't get one or two of those nails off shall we? You're right handed yes? Shall I start on the left hand or the right hand?"

Start! Start on the left hand or right hand!? While he closed his eyes and whimpered he felt her wrap the steel collar back around his neck and lock it to the head-rest. Before he could complain she'd wheeled her stool around to where his left hand was restrained and edged the white tray of tools out of the way.

She chuckled softly, "Hmmm, this gives me another idea for a game, a game within a game if you like. I think it's time to break out the dungeon dice. Now keep still."

Slid leaned around to draw and pulled a fine tip, black marker pen out and gripping his fingers one by one she scrawled something on each finger on each hand, just above the nail. He tried a garbled, "What are you doing?"

To which she laughed softly, "Oh, I'm just writing numbers on your fingers for the next game. You can stop the game at any time by giving me your code of course."

From the folds of her dress she accessed a hidden pocket and pulled out a selection of dice, instead of six sided they were every colour and of various different denominations. She dropped them onto the white tray, then paused. "Hmmm, I'd better make it so you can see. Wait a second."

She popped around, removed the suction tube from his mouth and raised the chair back to he was upright, his mouth still propped and his head still firmly locked to the head rest.

He watched her sort the dice out eventually selecting a ten sided dice and a four sided dice and shoving them to one side. "Hmmm, we'd better immobilize your fingers better too." As she rummaged in a drawer under the counter he saw his fingers, starting from his left little finger they were numbered zero to nine, ending on the little finger of his right hand. The implications of what the game might be made him shake with fear again, but then it couldn't be real? She'd never really take a nail off?

She span from the drawer and grabbed his left hand, then firmly slid a rigid, hard leather glove onto it, which was fingerless, leaving just enough finger to display the nail and the number of that finger. She then applied an identical glove to the opposite hand. Finally she fixed two hard laminated boards to the arm rests and fixed the gloves to them so his hands were splayed out, held firmly onto the laminated boards.

She pointed to the dice. “Now slave Jessica, let me explain the rules of the game to you. I will roll both dice on the tray for you to see. The ten sided dice selects which finger is going to be tortured, the four sided selects the torture. A one is a nail removal I’m afraid. Don’t fret, they do grow back – it usually takes nine months to grow back fully, but you’ll have a serviceable nail in four or five months I think. A two is a sprinkling of salt and a rub, a three is a dab of vinegar, a four is aggravation with a sterile needle. Obviously each finger is safe until we’ve removed the nail, if day breaks, the game ends, if all your fingernails are removed – the game ends. Either of these outcomes will mean you walk away with your box, key to your device intact. My task, is to get your code before you run out of fingernails or time. Shall we begin?”

Of course she didn’t wait for a response she wheeled back on her chair and fumbled in the cupboard for a moment. When she returned she carried a tray bearing a sterile syringe in a plastic wrapper, a roll of sterile gauze and a salt shaker and a little dish which she proceeded to fill with vinegar from a vinegar bottle.

These prepared she picked up the dice and started shaking them smiling at him. His heart was racing his whole body felt electric, he’d never felt so terrified in his life – but neither had he felt so alive! He could feel the adrenaline, like a strong drug, coursing through his veins. She released the dice, they rolled, they tumbled, a zero and a four... Safe.

He breathed a sigh of relief. She raised an eyebrow smiling, “Lucky that time... Let’s try again...”

She scooped the dice in her satin gloved hand and shook. Then she flicked them onto the tray. A one and a one!

Jessie gasped, almost sobbing and started struggling in his bonds.

She reached into the tray of surgical instruments on the white tray, her

hand returned holding a freer elevator, a steel instrument for lifting nails.

The gloves were holding his finger in an iron grip. She slid the freer elevator firmly under the nail of his left ring finger, finger number one. He could feel it, cold, hard and sharp against his nail and finger, trying to separate it. She looked up. “Code time?”

Jessie shook his head, telling himself over and over that it was a bluff, that she'd never go through with it.

She sighed deeply, and pressed the freer elevator a little harder. “Your nail will grow back eventually, it will be painful though, it will take several months to grow back fully! Are you sure you want to go through this? Why don't you give me the code?”

He shook his head, he had her, she looked nervous. She was running out of ideas! Eventually she shrugged and smiled. “Oh well, looks like I get my memento after all.”

He looked at her in panic, the freer elevator pressed harder and harder making him scream, he could feel the steel instrument between the nail bed and the nail. As she lifted, wrenching the nail up off the bed, he squirmed and writhed, straining in his bonds. Then she reached to the tray and grabbed a hemostatic clamp, a locking scissor-like clamp. She fixed it firmly onto the risen nail and started working it back and forth, gently tugging, then pulling hard and working it around to a chorus of Jessie's screams. Finally she held the nail up in the clamp. “There, one down, nine to go?”

He was panting hard, his finger was throbbing, it was throbbing hard, it felt like it was almost pulsating, and he was reeling with shock that she'd actually gone ahead with it. Dropping the nail into a specimen tray on the tray she placed the instruments back and scooped up the dice. “Ready to roll again?”

He thought about shouting out his code again, after all – his chances of losing a nail were lower now, she'd already removed one, it had to be nearly day-break, if he could just hold out a little longer. He nodded. She shook, then rolled.

She sighed disappointedly. “Oh dear, a four and a two – no torture. Again?”

“Hmmp! A seven and a two! I am beginning to dislike this game... Again?”

Jessie was chuckling as she made the next roll, his chuckling stopped abruptly as the dice halted on a one for the ten sided, and a three for the four sided. She smiled at him. “Ahhh, that’s better isn’t it – a little dab of vinegar. Would you like to give me the code?”

His nail bed was throbbing, his gums were still a little numb, he’d lost the nail – how bad could a dab of vinegar be? He shook his head. Lucy took the forceps, picked up a roll of gauze and started dabbing it enthusiastically, deeply into the vinegar, when she lifted it out, it was dripping with vinegar. “You may want to bite down for this Jessica, this will come keen.”

He watched as she carefully, gently started dabbing his exposed nail bed with the gauze. It was instant, he felt a shockwave surge through his body, making him scream and strain in his bonds, as she dabbed and dabbed, squeezing the vinegar out of the gauze and into the nerve rich wound. When she stopped and smiled at him, he was red faced and crying, a muffled cry, made all the worse by the cruel mouth spreader.

“Next roll?”

Before he could gather his senses, the dice were tumbling again. A five and a three. She groaned, she picked them up and rolled again, a zero and a two, clearly getting frustrated she grabbed them and rolled again, throwing them a little harder at the tray. They bounced around and settled he chuckled – a one and a one. She’d already removed that one. She didn’t seem put off by this, instead she giggled and leaned towards him. “I don’t know why you’re so happy, if I’ve already removed the fingernail rolled, then it’s ‘Lucy’s choice’. That means I get to pick which nail to remove.”

Jessie started straining in his bonds, a look of horror on his face as she gently pressed a finger onto one of his fingers and started singing as she moved from finger to finger. “Eeny, meeny, miny, mo – which nail I rip, I

don't know. Make it painful, make it slow, eeny, meeny, miny, mo – the one, I choose, is, you.” She looked up at him, her finger resting on his left middle finger. “Code time Jessica?”

The pain and fear were messing with his ability to think now. He hurt everywhere, his mouth, his device, his fingers, his legs and arms, he was a bundle of ‘sore’ he should have given up the code, but when it was on the tip of his lips he thought about the cruel device he was locked into. It didn't just prevent masturbation, it punished even the slightest tiny amount of arousal, brutally. It had to be near day break now! He shook his head.

“Oh goodie, another memento for me! Bite down.”

He bit down hard, clenching his eyes hard shut and panting hard in anticipation. He felt the elevator pressing between finger and nail, then the shove and he screamed as she levered and levered upwards. She then grabbed the nail and removed it with one solid yank. Then she popped it next to the other in the specimen tray. “Two down eight to go! I'm quite impressed slave!”

He was feeling faint now, like he could lose consciousness at any time. His fingertips were throbbing so hard he could barely tell two fingernails had been ripped. She was shaking the dice and eventually tossed them onto the tray. A nine and a four, she rolled again, a zero and a two, again, a three and a three, again, a two and a four!

He whimpered and started blurting out numbers, then stopped after the second digit. She sighed disappointed. “Jessica, Jessica, if you want to stop the torture, and be handed over to Mattie, you have to give me the full code, that's just two digits. Are you going to give me the rest?”

He shook his head vigorously, panting hard in anticipation of what was coming. He watched with dread as she sighed and unwrapped the sterile syringe. Gripping it between fingers and thumb she hovered over the already throbbing nail bed. She looked up. “Code time?”

He shook his head, she stabbed, swirling the syringe around and pressing hard right into the nerves. The scream was deafening, every muscle and tendon in his body tense up and Lucy grinned with delight. When she

eased off Jessie didn't stop shaking, his face was going white, his blood vessels becoming more prominent. She hovered again, "That was just me being gentle, shall we go again or-"

"Stop! No! I'll give you the code! It's-"

He reeled off the numbers as quick as he could. She placed her instruments of torture down and picked up his box, punching his numbers in. The box beeped and swung open. She giggled and took the key, threading it onto a necklace she had ready. "My, my didn't we do well, you held out longer than I expected, but you lost – so now you are mine."

As she hung the necklace around her neck she smiled at him. "I'll just dress those wounds for you and you can do one last thing for me before I hand you over."

He felt faint, dizzy, weak, he felt her remove the gloves, then apply something cool and soothing to his throbbing fingers and wrap them in bandage. Once done she taped them together with surgical tape to immobilize them and help avoid accidentally catching them on things. Finally, she walked around to the back of the chair. "Now for that last thing I'm going to do to you, I just need to pop you back again."

He felt the chair taking him back, until his face was right in the bright light. Then the chair lowered and lowered, so she'd pushed the stool out of the way and stood looming over him, a tower of purple satin and black lace. Her dress was brushing against the top of his head, his head was lower than her groin. He had to start swallowing to prevent saliva pooling. Suddenly he knew what was coming. She leaned over him. "You've going to service me orally now slave Jessica. I like you in this position, not only helpless and vulnerable, but you have to swallow everything I give you too! If you do not seem to be pleasing me enthusiastically we will begin rolling the dungeon dice for fingernail torture again, are we clear?"

He nodded.

"Good girl."

He watched, quivering with submissive fear as she lifted the hem of her

long dress and dropped her black lace panties, leaving stockings and suspenders in place. She stepped forwards and draped the raised hem of her dress over his body, pressing her neatly shaved pussy onto his mouth. He was having to constantly swallow, his mouth was still being forced wide open by the mouth spreader. Everything was dark, all he could feel was the rustle of satin and lace over his head and torso. He felt her hands rest on his breast forms pressing them harder into his chest and her labia gently falling into his mouth.

Fearful of the dungeon dice and her nail pulling he began frantically licking and lapping, only pausing to swallow. Lucy clearly approved as she sighed and leaned forwards draping her whole body on his, forcing him to change angle. He could feel her breasts pressing against him, but his mouth was still forced wide open and he was in total darkness under the dress. As he licked and lapped, juices started running into his throat, bitter and slightly fishy. He swallowed and swallowed, licking and licking. As he worked he felt Lucy above, lift the hem of his PVC mini-dress and started playing idly with his chastity device, the Kali's teeth bracelet. Doing so clearly turned her on as her juices ran faster and freer, her whole crotch getting hot and moist. Jessie of course was in agony, the new torment of having her gently caress his punishing device in her soft hands. He wanted to get erect, but the pain just escalated and escalated. Still licking and swallowing, taking down juices and pubes alike he felt her delicate hand gently feed his imprisoned member into her mouth and she began swirling her tongue around his glans and sliding her lips over the shaft. He moaned in pain as the arousal made him grow harder into the spikes. As she did this she came, with a great moan of pure satisfaction and bliss. As she came he felt her melt on top of him, all the tension gone. Removing his imprisoned cock from her mouth she whispered to him. "Keep going slave..."

His mouth, his nostrils, his stomach full of female sex he lapped and licked and caressed with his tongue, so frustrated, so denied. Then Lucy got up grabbed a tissue, gave herself a quick wipe and popped it in the bin, then pulled her panties up. She leaned in. "Thank you slave, that was amazing... I'll leave you in Matilda's care now. Until next time! Oh and thanks for the key!"

As she finished she brandished the little key at him and winked. Then she blew the candles out, plunging him into pitch black and was gone.

Jessie was left in pitch black, the mouth spreader still in, still restrained, his fingers throbbing, his face smeared in pussy juice. He whimpered softly and swallowed again, his uncomfortable position forcing a swallow every time some saliva built up.

Enter Matilda

How long had he waited? He didn't know, when Matilda did arrive she turned the lights on in the clinic room dazzling him. She was smoking a cigarette in an old-fashioned cigarette holder. She looked rested and well presented. Her hair was out of pigtails and back straightened. She was wearing her black PVC cat suit again.

She sat on the dentist's stool and crossed her legs, taking a deep drag on the cigarette while making eye contact with Jessie and pondering. Eventually she blew some smoke and leaned down to him. "Have you had a good time?"

He immediately grew a look of bafflement, he genuinely didn't know. His fingers were throbbing, he was sore everywhere, but it was so intense! Every aspect, it had been the most intense night he'd ever experienced, he was terrified of receiving more punishment, but at the same time he knew he'd lie awake masturbating about this night the first night he could get out of this infernal device!

Short on an answer she smiled. "Hmmm, well, let me put it to you this way slave – have you had an intense experience?" As she finished she drew her cigarette to her lips and dragged. He nodded vigorously of course.

She smiled, then frowned. "Hmmm, I seem to have forgotten an ash tray, oh well, you know what they say – improvise. Keep still slave."

Without warning she extended her cigarette over his propped mouth and tapped the holder so the ash landed at the back of his throat making him cough a little and his throat sting.

"Marcy has had quite an intense time too you know. She went back with Grace, I don't need to tell you Grace finds your partner very attractive, I wouldn't be surprised if they hadn't had sex last night. Lesbian sex of

course – probably with sissy slave Jenny watching while restrained or something. How do you feel about that?”

He shrugged, what Marcy had been up to was at the very back of his mind at the moment.

Matilda pondered for a moment, then pointed her cigarette at him. “Hmmm, I think you, YOU, had a more intense experience last night. That’s what I’m peddling really. It’s the same for my professional domme work, my night club, everything... I can’t charge twelve hundred pounds a year for membership because of the furniture and fixtures and my choice of DJ. It’s because I give people things they can’t get anywhere else, I give them extreme, visceral experiences, which they take with them wherever they go in life.”

As she halted she looked at her cigarette end and tapped some more ash into Jessie’s waiting mouth, making him grimace and cough.

“Don’t you think the memory of tonight will stay with you for a long, long time?”

He nodded, unable to speak from the mouth spreader.

“Hmmmm, me too, though Marcy I don’t think has had as extreme an experience. I’m really glad Grace brought you to me. Most of my friends are dominant and some of the extreme things I’d like to try are such that I don’t think I could try them on simple clients, I think I need a person I can trust to try these things on.”

Jessie gave her a look of questioning.

“What sort of things? Oh, all sorts of things, I’m fascinated by all areas of fetish, domination, submission, bdsm... Let me give you an example, I have a great idea for temporarily installing a slave, you perhaps? Temporarily installing you in either the men’s or the women’s toilets, to be a human toilet. We’d have to instruct the customers not to *ahem* defecate in your mouth – there are serious health risks to that. But imagine yourself, restrained, installed in the toilets, forced to accept anyone’s urine or semen – some may choose to masturbate into your mouth too. I have some interesting designs for how we can set this up.

There's more we can do – so much more. If you were under my care for a long enough period, we could have an amazing amount of fun.”

Jessie, still encumbered by the mouth spreader garbled out ‘what about Marcy’ to which Matilda smiled. “Oh, she’d be just as much fun if not more. I think we should have another game, I think we should play a game based not so much on luck. We should put the dice away for the decision as to who will pay the forfeit and let you compete, free from the whims of chance – what do you think?”

Jessie was gesturing and garbling now that he wanted to get up.

Matilda smiled and tapped the ash into his mouth one last time before dropping the extinguished cigarette on the side. She then wheeled closer, released the gag and removed it, and raised the chair up to the sitting position.

Jessie tested his jaw a couple of times, struggling to unfreeze it. As he became vertical he spoke, “Matil- Mistress, Lucy isn’t a vampire?”

Matilda shook her head laughing. “No, she likes cosplay and psychodrama, and she finds it all the more juicy if she can blur the lines of reality and make people consider for a moment she might be. Don’t tell her I told you though, she’ll be much happier if she thinks you-“

“And the filling?”

“Oh she did that to you too? No, she didn’t give you a filling, she’s just very good at faking it, and she doesn’t really pull teeth... Hmmm, I tell a lie, once she did. She went through testing them and found one loose; it came out easily with a good tug. When the guy had it checked by his dentist he said it had come out cleanly so I guess she does pull teeth – but not unless they are ready to come almost of their own accord. The guy was okay.”

“And my fingernails? I can’t see how-“

“Ahhh, that... Yes, I’m afraid she has removed some of your fingernails, hmmm, two? Don’t worry though they will grow back eventually, it takes a while. I hope you don’t feel too inconvenienced, I hear it’s

excruciatingly painful – but then you’ve had an incredibly intense experience through it? And they will grow back?”

He shuddered. “I don’t want any more nails taking off!”

Matilda shrugged. “Well, I’ll have a word with Lucy, I’m sure there are many, many other deliciously deviant things she can do to you. Come on, let me get you up. We’ll get you sorted out and get your vanilla clothes back. It’s a pity though – you make a great sissy.”

He chuckled and offered a weak smile. It felt almost like being high on drugs, he felt like he was floating as she released his restraints. Matilda then led him back through the dungeon and up the stairs. The club was empty, and quiet. She took him to the shower room and began helping him out of his sissy attire. As she finished she offered him a plastic ziplock bag. “Here, put this on your hand, it’s best if you keep your hand dressing dry until the new nail has started growing. I’ll help you with the make-up removal afterwards.”

The shower felt good, despite the throbbing. His mind was alive with thoughts of the night and the possibilities of what other extreme experiences might be befall him if he continued to spend time in the company of Matilda and Lucy.

Afterwards, as promised, Matilda helped to de-feminize him. Removing the breast-forms was difficult and took some special solvent and a lot of pulling and prying. When they did come, they left a red raw patch of skin that would be hard to explain, but as long as he wore clothes nobody would know. He’d have to say he injured the nails working or something.

Finally back in his vanilla, male clothes, Jessie said goodbye to Matilda, after asking of Lucy – only to be told she’d gone to bed, but had left a message for her to thank him and tell him she’d enjoyed torturing him.

The Ultimate Game

When Jessie finally got back to the apartment, Marcy still wasn’t back. He unlocked the door, walked in and made some fresh coffee. He felt relaxed, almost as if he was high. When the door eventually clanged open he heard not one, but two sets of heels clicking in.

Marcy and Grace were walking hand in hand through the apartment. Unbeknownst to Jessie, overnight he'd become part of a love triangle, a ménage a trois. Marcy, hadn't fallen out of love with him, but had fallen in love with Grace. When they walked into the living room Jessie was lying back on the sofa, chilling with a piping hot cup of coffee, watching the news.

He gulped when he saw Grace. "Marcy, what is Gra-"

"Shhh, Jessie, I hope you're not going to be awkward about this, but ahem, last night I-"

"Matilda told me."

"Are you okay with it?"

Jessie, now faced with these two beautiful women felt his member begin to grow in its spiky prison. He grunted softly in discomfort and tried to mentally throw cold water over his loins. It was hard, they were both achingly beautiful, and he was locked in his arousal punishing chastity device. "I... I don't know, It's just-"

Grace stepped forwards, she was wearing a very short, strapless satin dress with sequins on the breasts and high heeled ankle boots. She leaned in to Jessie. "Don't worry Jessie, Marcy isn't leaving you, think of it as more, I'm joining you."

She was so close her could smell her perfume, feel her breath on his face. As she looked into his eyes he melted, having to work hard to fight back the torturous arousal that was sure to follow. "But what about Ja-"

Grace shrugged. "Well, Marcy and I were talking and we kind of thought we could flit between both my place and hers, it'd give you a chance to do all the chores without us in your way right? We could get you a nice maids uniform to work in, you could really live the lifestyle."

Jessie grunted. "Hmmp! I already feel like I AM 'living the lifestyle' as you put it!"

Grace frowned. "Oh, how so?"

Jessie sighed, his member still trying to swell uncomfortable in the Kali's Teeth Bracelet. "Well, back at the club Lucy played a game with me. She gave me an empty digital combination box and popped the key to the device in it. The basic premise was that she had to try and torture the code out of me, if she could, she gets to keep the key, if she failed, I'd have left with the box containing the key and I'd have been able to unlock myself by now."

Grace chuckled and pointed at his bandaged fingers. "Let me guess, you were doing great until she started ripping out your fingernails, and jabbing the quicks with a needle? Don't worry, you did quite well to hang in that long, a lot cave in during the dental bit."

"She does this a lot?"

"Not a lot, but it's her favourite scenario, you're quite lucky to have experienced it really. Hmm, you're still in the KTB then I take it?"

"Yes! How long is she likely to keep me in it?"

Grace shrugged and smiled sympathetically. "Oh, I don't know... It depends, no doubt she'll give you a means of winning your way out in a week or two, no doubt with a game. Until then just accept erections and orgasms are off the menu. Don't try to take it off either, it's impossible to remove and if you try too hard you can damage yourself."

He groaned and deflated. "But it's so-"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure it's terrible not being able to play with yourself, but you are in for an intense experience. All that testosterone building, all that sexual tension, the frustration, the denial... While Marcy and I perhaps allow you watch us make love? Maybe even let you join in? You could still give oral sex, and you can still be pegged – should be fun."

"Hmmp! Well I don't know, I just want out."

"Lucy won your key, she won't let you out. You are in there until you win your way out."

Jessie pondered for a minute. "Matilda did mention something, she

suggested a game a high stakes game between myself and Marcy. I've gotten the raw end of the games so far I think Marcy should experience the submissive lifestyle instead."

"Well, that's possible I suppose, hmmm... Here's a proposal, how about we approach Matilda and Lucy with this. We do a test, to see which of you needs more submissive training. The test is simple, we prepare you both in chastity gear and alluring fetish attire, then we fit you both with a collar and lead you around the club during the next 'swingers night' the one who services the most patrons of the club wins, the one who fails to service as many patrons loses, if either of you refuse to give oral or receive a pegging or administration of corporal punishment from any, ANY patron for any reason – you forfeit the game. For the winner, immediate freedom, for the loser... The loser will remain in chastity for twelve months, acting as a chaste fetish maid and sex slave for Matilda, Lucy, me and the winner of the contest, for twelve months. They will be obedient, and submissive and serve each of us on different days of the week, be it Marcy or you Jessie. How does that sound?"

"Hah! After what I've been through there's no way Marcy could-"

"Are you sure? Marcy has had a pretty extraordinary time too last night? Besides, part of the contest is not just enduring, but also alluring... Do you think you can compete with Marcy on that?"

"Hah! Any day, she just wouldn't be up for it! She wouldn't dare agree."

Marcy standing back was frowning at this. "Are you calling me chicken Jess?"

"If it comes to it – yes! You'd never dare play this game!"

"And if I did, you'd agree to it? I quite like the thought of keeping you chaste for twelve months, having you serving and servicing us all."

"As if you'd play, sure I'd do it."

Marcy grinned wickedly, "Alright, you're on – let's play this game for the ultimate forfeit. Twelve months in strict chastity, playing fetish maid and sex slave to Matilda, Lucy, Grace and whichever of us wins."

Grace smiled. "Great! We just need to make the arrangements, I'm sure Lucy will agree. May the best submissive win!"

Marcy chuckled and stepped forwards to Jessie. "Jess, can I see the device Lucy has you locked in?"

Jessie rolled his eyes, unbuckled his belt and lowered his trousers, revealing his crippled member, straining against the spikes, clearly unable to become erect.

"I thought it was to stop erections spoiling the feminine look of the front of my dress! I didn't realise I was going to be in it long term."

"To be fair Jess, you are a habitual masturbator. It'll do you good to spend a period in chastity. Besides, I like it, I think it's hot. It's making me feel..."

Grace raised an eyebrow. "Hmmm, want to go again?"

Marcy and Grace turned so they were side-on to Jessie. Grace pointed to the sofa. "Sit, enjoy the show. If you move from that spot – there'll be severe punishment."

Jessie gulped and watched Grace and Marcy embrace each other, their breasts pressing gently on each other's. Then they kissed, it was a deep, eyes closed, passionate open mouthed kiss. He could tell their tongues were probing and exploring each other's mouths. They embraced more tightly, rubbing their crotches together and sighing as they took short breaths before continuing to kiss. He followed the line of the two slim, but curvaceous bodies, encased in shiny satin sliding against each other, down the two pairs of high heels alongside each other on the floor. He groaned his member was straining. Grace opened her eyes at this and smirked, breaking the kiss. "Jessie, I think we should allow you to join in... If you refuse I'll tell Lucy to keep you locked for good."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Lead us into the bedroom, strip. I want you in your chastity device and ONLY your chastity device."

Shaking Jessie stood and led the way into their large bedroom. As Grace clicked the door shut she smiled at him. “Now strip slave!”

Under the watchful eye of his two female, satin clad dominants he began shakily removing his clothes. Once he was done Grace pointed to an open area of floor space in the centre of the room. Now lie on your back slave.”

He obeyed, gaining a new, down to earth perspective of these towers of satin and femininity. Grace pointed at him and said sharply. “Now STAY!”

Then they were at it again, caressing each other, holding each other tightly and kissing passionately. Slender feminine hands reached around and began unfastening dresses. They dropped to the floor and Grace and Marcy continued their passionate embrace, exploring the depths of each other’s mouths, breasts pressing together and hands ruffling and playing with each other’s hair.

It was a sight to behold, his beautiful girlfriend, and the even more beautiful Grace, clad now in only underwear, enjoying such a passionate embrace while he lay submissively on the floor. After a few moments Grace broke off and pulled Marcy’s tights down. She stepped out and they started fondling and kissing each other again. Observing this from the floor was Jessie, his member almost bursting out of the KTB making him wince and try not to think arousing thoughts.

Eventually Grace broke off and gestured towards Jessie’s mouth. “Marcy, have a seat. Lean forwards, support yourself on your knees.”

As Marcy took position Jessie saw her pussy glide into his view and slowly lower into position over his nose and mouth. Grace, meanwhile lay on her back and positioned her crotch beneath Marcy’s waiting mouth. Smiling to herself and closing her eyes in blissful anticipation Grace called out. “Okay slaves, begin!”

Jessie began frantically licking and sucking on Marcy’s genitalia, as he did she trembles and lowered herself down onto his face almost smothering him. His nose tickled her clitoris and her pubic hair brushed against his cheeks. As he explored her vagina with his tongue Marcy sighed and relaxed further, her crotch was growing warm and moist, juices running into Jessie’s mouth while his member swelled against the spikes of its

cruel prison.

At the other end Marcy was lovingly, gently caressing Grace's pussy with her tongue and lips, probing, swirling, lapping, alternating fast and slow. She was very thorough, exploring every nook and cranny and passionately stimulating every part with her tongue.

Grace sighed in utter bliss and lay back enjoying the sensations, not just the physical sensations, but the sense of power and control she felt she was wielding. The three-way orgasmic hierarchy continued for some time, eventually Marcy came, quickly followed by Grace, while Jessie remained frustrated and denied.

The oral servicing continued for a while until Grace sighed. "Enough! We should arrange the next game."

The Game is Afoot

Over the following week, Grace spent most of her time living with Marcy and Jessie, returning to her own place just to check on slave Jenny. She'd go out to work, return and spend the evening in Marcy and Jessie's company. It was a strange week for Jessie, it felt like having two girlfriends in ways, yet Lucy's device locked onto him meant he could never act on it. They all shared the king size bed in the main bedroom of the apartment, sometimes Marcy would sleep in the middle, sometimes Grace, of course the worst case of tease and denial was when Marcy and Grace would sandwich Jessie in the middle, wrapping themselves over him, their sexy nightwear gliding and sliding over his flesh, their hands alternately dropping to his groin to fondle his penis and device with a giggle.

It was torture, but it was a pleasant torture and it sent him to new levels of submissiveness.

At the end of the week of tease and denial the three went to the club again to discuss the next game. When they entered Matilda and Lucy were sitting at a table in a near empty club, sipping glasses of chilled white wine.

Grace approached first, Matilda looked up. "Grace! You're early tonight!

What brings y-

“We need to discuss Jessie’s chastity device.”

Lucy rolled her eyes. “Pffft! He lost fair and square, I like him in it, I think slave Jessica should wear it always. Can we feminize him again tonight, he was deliciously good fun to torture.”

Grace smiled. “Actually he said Matilda had suggested a new game? With higher stakes? I have a proposal.”

Matilda raised an eyebrow and quietly sipped her drink. “I’m listening.”

“Well, here’s the game, we play it next ‘swingers night’ at the club. We outfit both Marcy and Jessie with chastity devices and fetish attire, we then escort them both around the club on a lead, offering them to any and all patrons to either give oral, receive anal or to receive corporal punishment. We keep a score-card, whoever services the most patrons wins, refusing to receive any punishment or service any patron or receive any anal – will forfeit the game. The winner, the one who services most patrons or doesn’t refuse anyone, is freed immediately, the loser commits to remain in chastity for twelve months acting as a shared fetish maid and sex slave for Matilda, Lucy, myself and the winner. What do you think?”

Matilda smiled. “I like it... Lucy?”

“Hmmm, yes, Jessie was an exquisite victim, I’d love the chance to use and abuse him some more. I’m sure Marcy would be fun to play with too – I’d go with it.”

Jessie’s eyes lit up. “So if I win, you’ll remove the Kali’s Teeth Bracelet?”

Lucy smiled warmly. “If you win – yes. After all I’d have Marcy to play with wouldn’t I?”

Matilda tilted her glass at Marcy. “And you consent to this? There’ll be no backing out if you lose.”

Marcy smiled. “Yes, I won’t lose though.”

Matilda shrugged. “We’re all set then. It’s ‘swingers night’ next Friday. I think we ought to get Marcy in chastity tonight though, it’ll help motivate her when the night of the game comes.”

Grace chuckled softly. “Hmmm, I can have some fun with her in the mean-time too.”

Marcy shuddered at this. “Do I have to?”

Lucy shrugged. “It will give you a better chance of winning, you’ll be better motivated and submissive I think. Besides, Jessie has been in chastity for a week I think it’s only fair you join him for the next week.”

Matilda smiled. “I think it’s settled, take her back-stage and get her fitted Luce.”

Marcy’s Fitting

When they got back stage Marcy was trembling with anticipation. She’s left Jessie sitting and chatting with Matilda and Grace. In ways she was afraid, but in other ways she was intrigued. Having seen Jessie forced to please her and Grace sexually while remaining totally denied and frustrated himself she’d wondered what it might feel like.

How would it feel to be providing sexual pleasure for a partner, while having your own arousal punished by a device. Of course that couldn’t work for her, there was no way a KTB would work on a female, she wondered whether the device described in the novella she’d recently read could work. Her nipples did become slightly erect, she did experience a rush of blood to her breasts as well as her groin when she became aroused. Having said that she would never wish herself into a device as cruel as the device described in ‘Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity’ it sounded horrible.

Lucy had elected not to go with the gothic vampire look tonight. She was wearing a short red PVC dress with matching red heels and she was wearing her hair down tonight. She had led Marcy by the hand back-stage and now let go of her hand leaving her in the centre of the room. “Okay slave, strip. I need everything off, including underwear.”

Marcy, despite her recent experiences was still a little apprehensive, she slowly started removing her clothes. Soon she stood naked next to a little pile of neatly folded dress and female lingerie. Lucy now approached wielding a tailors tape measure. "Keep still while I measure you up."

Lucy slowly began measuring. The tape seemed to venture into every available space of Marcy's body. Standing naked, feet apart, hands on her head while this beautiful girl kneeled and measured all her intimate parts was an incredible turn on. Eventually, after having done the crotch area, legs and the chest and neck she stood and smiled. "There, all done. Wait here and I'll go and get you some parts."

She stood, shaking, while Lucy busied herself collected pieces of polished steel lined with neoprene. Eventually she had her arms full of steel plate, chains and padlocks. She kneeled to begin the fitting, starting by wrapping the lined, tightly fitting waistband. "Breath in."

Marcy took a gasp of breath and felt the hard steel pull her in tighter. As she exhaled she felt restricted and tight. The crotch plate was hanging behind on two thick chains, but before she could contemplated it Lucy grabbed it and pulled it up, pressing it hard into her crotch, forcing her labia through the slit in it. There was a snap as another lock was applied.

Lucy smiled up at her, still kneeling. "Leg loops now, these prevent you opening your legs, so there's no chance of sneaking something behind the crotch plate."

Marcy watched quivering as Lucy attached the steel loops and chained them together. It was a little like wearing a deportment slip, she'd have to wear dresses and skirts and she'd only be able to take baby steps. It was occurring to her, that male chastity seemed a lot simpler than female. A spiked tube and a padlock and you were good.

As she jangled the leg loop chains, testing them, Lucy stood up. She then reached into the pile of parts to produce two polished steel domes joined with a hinge. "Bra time! Bow your head."

She obeyed and felt the heavy chain passed over her head. The cups pressed firmly onto her breasts and were fastened at the back with a lock, then chains joined the bra to the belt.

Lucy stood back eyeing Marcy from head to foot. She smiled approval. "There, you're all done. Just the front-shield to go, I want you to have a last look at your labia, it might be the last time you see it for twelve months."

The gravity of what she was agreeing to now dawned on Marcy, she almost tried to back out, but every game had been played by the rules, if she won she'd be fine and she could enjoy spending time with Grace while watching Jessie descend into servitude. She would NOT lose. She looked down at her labia and watched Lucy carefully lock the plate full of little holes over the slit, and lock it. She experimentally tried to touch herself, but there was chance of stimulation. The whole setup was making her feel aroused now. She felt the arousal build she started to feel pain in her nipples. When she grimaced Lucy giggled softly and stepped closer, right into her face. She planted a kiss on Marcy's lips. "That's the punishment arousal chastity bra you're experiencing. Try not to think arousing thoughts. The design was copied from a novella called 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity'."

Marcy chuckled to herself as the pain subsided. "Hah! I've read that! At least this thing hasn't got the arouser 'thingie' in the front shield!"

Lucy offered her a wicked grin. "Who said it didn't? Why don't you get dressed slave? Then take a walk? We really should be joining the others."

Marcy shuddered and started gathering her clothes. As she moved she felt her clitoris stimulated by soft spinning brushes, making her knees tremble and her legs go weak. Her nipples started burning again.

Lucy of course was watching with interest and giggling intermittently. "Marcy, Marcy, I think you've just found a new incentive to win this game. If you don't, you're in that device for twelve months!"

Marcy gasped, frowning, "But what about—"

"Pffft! When you're on your period you'll have to be restrained so you can be cleaned up by whoever is your owner at the time. Where there's a problem there's a solution. Now come on, let's get back to the club."

When Marcy came out from behind the curtain, almost hobbling and Lucy

following with a sadistic grin Jessie, lowered his drink and leaned to Matilda. “What’s wrong with Mar-“

“Oh she’s just getting used to her arousal punishing chastity ensemble. It’s fairest I think seeing as you are in a KTB. I think the contest is going to be really interesting, I have to say, I’m not sure who I would bet on...”

The rest of the night was an uncomfortable one for both Jessie and Marcy. For agreeing to be such good sports and being brave enough to go head to head on ‘swingers night’ Matilda agreed neither of them should perform this night and they both received several drinks on the house.

There were other performers of course, but their enjoyment was checked by their respective arousal punishing chastity devices. Lucy, Matilda and Grace revelled in the predicament Jessie and Marcy had agreed to put themselves into, it was going to be a long week for everyone, as they waited for swingers night to come, so Jessie and Marcy could compete for ‘The Ultimate Forfeit’

~fin [To be continued in Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit]

By Sabrina

Femdom : The Game (Free Sample Chapter)

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. As 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, these two dominant women watching, 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 eater 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 tie 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 eyes 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 pushed 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 me 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 experience 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...

~by Sabrina

I’ve included some free samples of my other stories for you to read. Before you read them, could I ask you a small favour? I want to become a full-time writer, for me to do that I need more people to read my books. Please look at the following image:-

Tags Customers Associate with This Product (What's this?)

Click on a tag to find related items, discussions, and people.

[bdsm](#) (2)

[bondage](#) (2)

[chastity](#) (2)

[cross_dressing](#) (2)

[crossdressing](#) (2)

[erotic_discipline](#) (2)

[erotica](#) (2)

[explicit_erotica](#) (2)

[femdom](#) (2)

[fetish](#) (2)

[Hide voting actions](#)

[See all 15 tags...](#)

Your tags: [explicit erotica](#), [femdom](#), [bondage](#), [chastity](#), [cross dressing](#), [erotica](#), [bdsm](#), [fetish](#), [crossdressing](#), [erotic discipline](#), [female](#).

(Press the 'T' key twice to quickly access the "Tag this product" window.)

This is how you make books seem relevant to Amazon and helps them get found in searches. If you have any of my books and are browsing my titles on the Amazon site, please, please tag them some relevant tags and/or agree with the ones you think are relevant there. It's free, it's anonymous and it won't set femdom fiction titles appearing in your recommendations – so you really have nothing to lose. Think of it as a favour to me. If you really enjoyed it and want to be super nice to me, leave me a nice review

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

Sabrina. xx.

Due to complaints about the excess of 'free sample' chapters I included in one of my works, from this point onwards I will not generally include any free sample chapters. If you're interested in my other works, please see the free samples on the amazon store.

Further Information:-

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

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

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

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

buying if you are interested in pursuing this lifestyle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Hypnotist : Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.

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

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

The Tormentress and the Boss.

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

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

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

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

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

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

his will, she chooses to force-feed him his own semen to further his aversion therapy. When it comes to the crunch and he's offered a choice – which life will he choose?

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

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

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

During a powercut, Peter ends up being talked into going for a drink at a gay night club. It's the last place he expects to find love, but when he meets Connie he feels a strong attraction. As he gets to know her, he realizes they are soul mates and perfect for one another, in all but one aspect... He is a man and she is a lesbian. They enjoy each others company so much they meet the next day anyway as friends, but as time goes on Connie begins to wish Peter was a girl. He has quite feminine features, so that night after a few glasses of wine Connie talks him into participating in an experiment, which involves being fully feminized - and locked into a Kali's Teeth Bracelet chastity device. He agrees because he finds her so attractive... Connie becomes convinced she can turn Peter in the girlfriend she's always dreamed of. She takes his hand and leads him slowly into the world of femininity, but is clear from the start that one day she expects him to have his testicles 'whipped off' and full

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

Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

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

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

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

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

Samantha's 'emasculator device' again?

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

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

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

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

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

The Harem Slave

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

up in chastity, feminized and being domestic servants for the ladies of the harem. Their life becomes a long, unending bout of tease and denial as they squirm and squirm in their devices.

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

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

Femdom : The Dressmaker

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

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

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

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

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

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

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

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

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

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

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

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

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 came - 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...

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

The beautiful switch, Professor Jacqueline Reed, BSc, MSc, PhD is back in action. The doctor of psychology, after another interesting conversation with the enigmatic Samantha Fisher of 'Fisher Creative' 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.

This BDSM novelette features themes of:-

*Femdom
Female Domination of Males and Female Domination of Females
Bondage
Corporal Punishment
Orgasm Denial
Chastity
Forced Bi
Slavery*

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.

Warning this 18,000 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
Bondage
Corporal Punishment*

*Orgasm Denial
Chastity
Forced Bi
Slavery
Participation in a live sex show*

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. (I changed cover monkey Femdom : The Game, I prefer the new look – what do you think?)

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 domme?

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

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

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

Q: Please?

A: No, you could try Perry's tactic as read 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.