

SABRINA JEN MOUNTFORD



**THE MALE BRIDESMAID :  
CHASTITY, FORCED FEMINIZATION  
AND FEMALE DOMINATION.**

# **The Male Bridesmaid**

~ **By Sabrina Jen Mountford**

*Also by the same author:-*

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

*The Tormentress and the Boss*

*Slavery: Part 1 : Captured!*

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

*The Male Bridesmaid*

*The Hypnotist*

*A Sissy Story : WPC Domination*

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

*Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination*

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

*Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor*

*The Harem Slave*

*Femdom : The Dressmaker*

*Femdom : The Ex's Revenge*

*Femdom: The Beautician Trap*

*Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission*

*Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself*

*The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress*

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

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

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

*Coming soon:-  
Femdom : The Game*

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

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

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

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

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

*If you've read all of mine, then I highly recommend reading  
the works of Sarah Jameson. Her factual guides on chastity*

are very informative and her fiction:-

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

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

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

Are excellent, well written, interesting and fun!

\* If you've read all mine, and Sarah Jameson's and want to read more of the same – please consider reading the following stories by Anne Michelle:-

*Grounded in heels*

*The Writers Secret*

*Humiliation at the office*

*Forward:-*

*What follows is an erotic fantasy fiction involving chastity belts, orgasm denial and forced feminisation. All of the characters and events within are entirely fictional and any resemblance to real life persons or places is coincidental. These works are fantasy fiction, and I do not condone or encourage any of the acts described in this story be attempted in real life.*

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

*These stories are all my own, all copyrights are reserved, no reproducing these works without my express written permission.*

*Enjoy the story.*

*~ Sabrina*

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

## ***Chapter 1 : Revelations***

Gary had endured a long day at work. His feet were aching, his eyes were

tired from staring at screens and he was looking forwards to getting home to his girlfriend Alison. He stood in the lift waiting patiently for the correct floor, then exited with a sigh, his suit looking a little weather worn. As he unlocked the door to their two bedroom flat the smell of good cooking wafted out into the landing. He stepped through and closed the door behind him with a click.

“Hi honey, I’m home!” He sounded positive, but it was a feigned positivity, and a discerning listener could spot the subtle difference as Alison could. He heard her call out from the kitchen, “I’m making pasta! You’re late again, did you have a good day?”

He walked past into the living room area and sat on the sofa, slowly untying his laces. He then leaned back, pulled his feet up onto the sofa and pulled his Kindle out from under the sofa. Carefully, he held it up so the screen was facing away from the kitchen where she was cooking, “Not bad... I’m knackered though... My feet are killing me.”

She chuckled softly, “You’ll have to have a nice hot bath after dinner, it’s nearly ready... \*Sigh\* You’re not on THAT again are you? Every time you sit down you’re straight on the Kindle!”

“Sorry hun, I’m just tired... You know I like reading.”

She stirred in silence and Gary opened up his current read of the day : Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 1 & 2 : Captured & Operated on : Forced Transsexual.

It wasn’t a great piece of literary work, the author sometimes made basic grammar errors and didn’t exercise the most complex character development techniques available. What she did have was a good imagination and a way with language, it was trashy, fairly poorly written... But the story...

He was glued, every situation, every circumstance, every torture – Gary found himself imagining himself as the protagonist in each one and soon he was feeling aroused... So very aroused... He’d read more by the same author, until now his favourite had been ‘The Clinical Trial’ closely followed by ‘The Tormentress and the Boss’. The trouble was it was having an effect on his relationship with Alison.



She was fairly straight laced, not a risk taker and certainly not a girl who was into fetishes. He'd had these desires for some time, since before he'd met her even. He'd never gotten around to talking about it, and now they were engaged to be married, yet he was losing interest sexually. He loved her, and never dreamed of leaving her for anyone, yet their relationship had become stale somehow...

Alison had picked up on this and quizzed him about it several times – each time he would reply that it was stress at work or he was tired or something... As it stood they'd not had sex for several weeks, and he'd found himself pursuing more and more explicit and risqué erotic BDSM fiction on the Kindle.

Alison called him over, "Gary, dinners ready!" He sighed and slid the Kindle back under the sofa, then strode into the kitchen and sat at the table.

She served the food out and they ate in silence. As he was finishing he decided to throw her a token compliment, "Hmmm, nice pasta... I really enjoyed that." She looked at him exasperated her long blonde hair falling naturally about her shoulders, "You look tired... And stressed... You really shouldn't be working so hard."

He nodded softly, "I know, it's just we're really busy at the moment, all I seem to want to do at night is sleep." She placed her cutlery down carefully and looked him in the eye, "Gary; is everything alright between us? I mean really?" He tried to smile, "Yes, of course it is! I'm just tired..." She nodded, a little troubled looking.

"Maybe you should go and have a nice soak in the bath after dinner? I'll do the dishes." He smiled genuinely this time, "Thanks Al, that's really kind of you." He slid his plate over and sauntered over to the bathroom. He locked the door and set the taps running. As they were running he pulled his suit off and hung the jacket and trousers on a hanger behind the door. His shirt and underwear were sweaty so he opened the washing basket to throw them in.

As he opened it he saw Alison's underwear staring at him... Electric pink satin panties and bra... With black lacy trim and bows. It was sexy, she looked sexy in it... But he was thinking about his reading, and an urge which had never taken him before took him. Gingerly he reached in and

pulled the skimpy garments out. He'd stripped by now, so nervously he stepped into the panties, part of him was screaming at him to stop, to take this no further, put them back and forget about it...

But he couldn't listen, at that moment, at that point in time – he had to try them on. He pulled them up, and had to adjust his now erect penis to fit his genitals into the skimpy underwear. It felt soft and silky, but constrictive and feminine. He reached down and pulled the bra up onto his shoulders. Reaching behind him he fastened the clip up at the back and stood and admired himself in the bathroom mirror. His male chest didn't fill the bra and his genitals were spilling out of the skimpy panties, he looked ridiculous, like a complete fool... But it felt... Naughty? Wrong? Like he was breaking a taboo?

Unable to resist he lay on the floor, the sound of the bath filling echoing around the room. He pulled his shaft out of the panties and started massaging it... He felt so aroused it wasn't going to be long...

There was a knock on the door, "Honey, why have you locked the door?" In a panic Gary sat up and started pulling the panties off, "Sorry, habit..." She persisted, "Can you unlock it?" The panties were off, but his fingers, though they could reach the clasp on the bra couldn't undo it. He fumbled in a blind panic, desperately trying to remove it, "Erm, I'm just getting undressed!" She sighed deeply, "Come on, open up – there's nothing I haven't seen before... Since when were you shy?"

The clasp on the bra snapped open and he bundled the women's underwear into the washing basket and threw his clothes on top. "Coming!"

He opened the door and she stepped in carrying a pile of freshly washed towels. He climbed into the bath as she placed them carefully in the towel rack – trying to conceal his raging hard-on and his red cheeks.

As he turned the taps off she finished and turned to leave, "See you later hon, have a nice bath."

He lay back in the warm water. His penis was poking up like some sort of organic periscope. His heart was still racing from the panic struck removal of Alison's underwear...

He wanted to jump out and put it back on, he was desperate to, but he was wet now. Instead he lay back and closed his eyes, imagining putting it back on, then imagining putting more of Alison's clothes on... They were about the same size, so they should fit, she was curvaceous and he was slim, he could almost picture himself...

Slowly at first he started massaging himself, he could feel an orgasm building, building, building up until it would explode, he arched his back slightly, and tensed his legs up...

Alison had walked back in with more towels, she gasped, breaking his trance, "Gary?! What are you doing?!"

He couldn't stop now though, a couple more strokes and he exploded, a fountain of semen shooting up into the air then landing on his belly, groin and floating in the bath.

He opened his eyes and she was glaring at him, "Gary, that's disgusting... Is that what you've been up to lately? Is that why... Urgh!"

"Alison!" He felt so ashamed, she simply shook her head at him, turned around and stormed out, slamming the bathroom door behind her.

Gary sighed, climbed out and used some toilet paper to soak up the mess, then got back in. He took his time washing, not wanting to face Alison, he washed his hair and had a soak for a while, thinking about what he was going to say to her.

Eventually he couldn't stay away any longer and so got out, dried and returned to the living area. To his horror, the television was off, and Alison was sitting on the sofa, his Kindle in her hand a look of baffled horror on her face.

He glared at her, "What are you doing?" She shook her head at him, "Hmmp! There was nothing on... I thought I'd see what you've been reading... Pervert!"

He sighed deeply, "Alison, that's private!" She lowered the Kindle and looked up at him seething, "Private? We're supposed to be getting married soon! We're not supposed to have secrets. Have you been



masturbating a lot recently? Is this... Stuff, the reason you've been masturbating a lot recently?"

Gary was speechless, he felt like he'd had the wind knocked out of him. He opened his mouth to speak, "I... I... Look, you lost interest before me, I've always been interested in fetish I just..." She cut him off, "I don't like you masturbating... I want you to stop and I don't want you reading anymore of these perverted stories."

There was something in her voice, she was being dominant, making demands of him. Gary cared about Alison and would've loved for her to dominate him, in this way she was effectively fitting him with a mental chastity belt.

"I'll try..." She scoffed at his response, "Try? How can you try not to? It's simple, just don't do it." He looked pleadingly at her, "But it's not that simple! Men have... Well, things build up and you..." She raised an eyebrow, "Hmmp, well I'm not taking your word for it, I can see you have a problem, and it's up to me to fix it. From now on – no masturbating, at all, and I'm confiscating your Kindle until further notice."

This was quite assertive for Alison, she hadn't immediately tried to break up, so there was hope, maybe even a hope for a brighter future for their relationship. He paused for a moment, "There are devices by the way, which, ahem... Well, you can lock them onto a man's penis so he can't get an erection or masturbate... I could get one and..." She shook her head, "You can forget that, I don't approve of your perversions, and I'm going to cure you of it – you don't need a 'device' you just need to exercise some self-control."

Gary sighed deeply, "Okay... I'll stop masturbating." She smiled and gestured towards the other end of the sofa, "Good, now come and sit down and rub my feet."

## ***Chapter 2 : Failure to comply***

The rest of the week had been uneventful for the most part. Gary managed to keep to his word, all the while, feeling the effects of this 'mental' chastity belt imposed upon him by Alison. It did have an effect on their relationship, and it seemed to facilitate more physical contact and playfulness between them.

At various times, when opportunity had presented itself Gary had found himself raiding the laundry basket and trying on Alison's underwear. However instead of masturbating, he'd remember his promise to Alison and reinforce the idea that he didn't have permission – which in turn made him feel even more submissive and more turned on.

A full fortnight had passed, Gary had found himself going out of his way to please Alison, forgoing his late night online gaming sessions and drinking every night, coming to bed early instead. He'd stopped arguing about what to watch on the television and instead would sit watching Alison's choice, usually massaging her feet for her.

They went to bed, hand in hand, both of them smiling. When they were ready they climbed between the sheets and held their bodies against each other. By this point Gary had an almost permanent erection, and he'd noticed trails of pre-cum leaking from the tip at times.

She was lying on the bed facing away from him, his body enveloped hers and his arm slid under her arm and over her breasts. His penis probed between her thighs and rubbed suggestively over her bottom. She sighed deeply, "You've been so much better these last two weeks..." He nodded, "Hmmm, we still haven't had sex though! It's driving me crazy!" She chuckled, "Women don't seem to have this problem, I think it's doing you good to abstain – I want you to keep abstaining, I'm thinking maybe we'd be better off if you never had an orgasm again."

The words sent shivers down Gary's spine, on the one hand he was desperate to orgasm, but on the other hand these words made him feel so submissive.

He whispered in her ear, "Would you like an orgasm?" Alison sighed, "It's been a long day – I'm too tired for sex." In response Gary's hand crept down to her genital area, under her pyjamas and began gently rubbing softly. She moaned softly, "Hmmmm, keep going... That's nice..." He carried on, for some time, increasing the speed, then slowing it, eventually picking up lubrication from her juices... She was warm and wet and soon his fingers were sliding easily over her clitoris and labia and she was panting softly, then she tensed up and let out a sigh...

Gary stopped smiling to himself, "Was that good?" , "That was great hon..."

Now go to sleep...” Gary saddened, “But, I... Can’t I... If... Do you want me to keep abstaining?”

Alison reached behind and patted him softly on the bum, “Yes, good boy – now go to sleep.”

He rolled back compliantly and lay awake, desperate to orgasm, fighting the urge to stroke himself, soon Alison had drifted into an orgasm induced slumber and he was left feeling frustrated, but he managed to refrain.

As time drew on he found himself feeling more and more like snuggling with Alison, she was beautiful, with her shoulder length blonde hair and soft feminine features, but the lack of orgasms, made Gary more and more enamoured with her. He began to substitute his pleasure for her pleasure, treating her like a queen or goddess. Alison of course began enjoying this very much, but at the same time started to feel a little smothered by it.

Every time they bumped into each other about the flat, he’d grab her hug and kiss her... Every night he’d want to give her an orgasm, but some nights she simply didn’t want one.

One day she was washing the dishes up and he came up behind her and started fondling her breasts and kissing her neck. She’d had enough, she turned around and pushed him back, “Gary! Just give it a rest!” He looked glumly at her, “But...” She cut him off, “No buts, I’m getting fed up of this constant fawning over me, we’ve been getting on so much better but I’m starting to feel suffocated, can’t you just be normal?”

Gary backed away hurt, he shrugged, “Okay...” He inspected her from head to foot, she was still wearing a smart beige suit with a skirt and high heels from the office. She was so sexy... He was ready to explode, and suddenly he didn’t feel obliged to honour his promise. He wandered off to the bathroom, and locked the door behind him.

He undressed quickly and raided the laundry basket. He struck gold, a matching sexy black satin ensemble of bra and panties, she’d even left some black nylons in too – which he hurried to put on. Soon he was lying on his back on the bathroom floor his shaft just escaping the panties, stroking and massaging himself, it had been a fortnight since his last orgasm, and when he came he exploded.

His load flew into the air and spattered down onto his belly, barely missing his wife's underwear. He breathed a sigh of relief, he then started again, it took longer this time, but looking down at himself, wearing the bra and panties and focusing on the feel of the bra on him, soon had him coming a second time with equal ferocity.

He then removed the female undergarments with a tinge of disgust and started wiping semen from his abdomen. He replaced her things in the laundry, went to the toilet then left the bathroom feeling elated but drained.

He made a bee line for the fridge, calling to Alison as he entered, "I just fancy a beer... Do you want a drink?" She looked at him puzzled from the living area of the open plan room, "A beer mid-week? I thought you'd stopped drinking in the week?" He shrugged, "I just fancy one..."

She eyed him suspiciously for a moment, "Hmmm, I'm okay thanks, are you coming to sit down?" He pulled his beer from the fridge and cracked it open, "I thought I'd play on the PC for a bit..."

This drew an even more puzzled look from Alison who clearly knew something was afoot. She was curled up on the sofa, watching the TV, she'd slipped her shoes off and her nylon clad feet rested on the sofa as she lounged on it. She watched him for a moment then called after him, "Well it's nearly half past ten, don't be too late!"

As he walked into the spare bedroom where the computer was kept he called to her, "I won't be!"

Of course the night drew on, a beer turned into two, and a quick game turned into a lengthy, drawn out competitive online gaming session. By the time he was ready for bed it was time for a third 'night-cap' beer and after a quick channel flick, settling on a long forgotten horror film – a late night TV session too.

Gary was sitting, enjoying his fourth beer of the night, watching some low rent horror movie... And Alison emerged from the main bedroom, she glared at him, "Gary! What are you doing? It's half past two in the morning!" He gestured towards the screen with his beer, "I thought I'd watch a film, I've not seen this one in ages."

She looked expectantly at him, almost angrily, "Gary, you've got work tomorrow – come to bed!" He snorted, "Hmmpf, I've been to bed early every night for ages now, I feel like staying up."

She crossed her arms, "You've masturbated again haven't you?" Gary looked sheepishly at her, "So? So what if I have?"

She sighed deeply at this, "Oh Gary, we were getting on so much better... You're a nicer person when you don't..." He shrugged, "There is a solution..." She screwed her face up at him, "No, I'm not 'locking' you into a device, you need to learn some self-control. Now, are you coming to bed?"

He sighed, turned off the television and finished his beer, "Alright..."

### ***Chapter 3 : The Gambit***

Gary started trying to abstain again after this incident, but at the same time he started trawling the internet for the cheapest place he could acquire a chastity device. Eventually he dropped upon an Ebay site selling the plastic CB3000 for half of its usual price. The seller promised discreet packaging, so he took a chance and ordered it delivered to work.

The week passed swiftly, Gary managed to abstain and his and Alison's relationship improved. On Thursday a mysterious package arrived at Gary's office. He knew immediately what it would be – the chastity device. He had to see it, and experiment with it so when most of the office had left for lunch he took his package to the toilets and locked the door and pulled his trousers down.

Upon opening it he found various hinged rings, one cage, several spacers and pins and several sets of points. The package was complete with a tiny but sturdy looking padlock with two keys. He read the instructions, then began experimenting with the rings for comfort, eventually he was satisfied so he began trying different pins, spacers and points. Eventually he'd settled on a fit which seemed comfortable, but secure, it was a medium ring with a medium spacer and the middle set of points.

At first he had trouble, his penis was of course very erect at this point, and wouldn't slide into the cage. With some effort, forcing it downwards and

applying a tiny amount of mild soap he managed to get the device on. His hand trembling he applied the padlock and snapped it shut.

The effect was immediate, he began to grow in the cage, until the little spikes began to hurt and he shrank back. As soon as the pain was gone he began to grow again and the cycle continued. He decided at this point to try to make the device comfortable, then to ask Alison to take ownership of his keys. He would leave the keys in the office and practice going to the toilet in the device.

It felt comfortable, and snug, yet somehow submissive. As soon as it was on, he didn't want to take it off, he didn't want to orgasm, he wanted to be kept in this state.

After pulling his pants and trousers up he replaced all the parts in the discreet packaging and sealed it back up. He kept the keys handy. It created a strange paradox, part of him felt desperate to orgasm, but part of him felt desperate not to.

The afternoon was punctuated with painful involuntary erections. Every time he had to use the toilet he left the keys in the office, in his desk. He even found a small key ring to attach them to. He soon found himself trying to ignore the device and not think about erotic things, which in itself made him feel more submissive and more turned on.

At the end of the day, he was the last to leave, he thought about taking the device off there and then, but thought better of it. It was only a thirty minute drive to the flat, and he could test how comfortable it was to drive in.

Gary picked up his keys from the desk then turned to leave. At that moment, the phone rang, he placed the keys down and picked up the phone. It was another of those annoying auto dialled recorded messages. Angry and eager to get home he replaced the receiver, locked up – and left the office.

When he got back to the flat, Alison had beaten him back as usual. She was wearing a smart short sleeve pinstripe blouse, with a brown knee length skirt and tan nylons. She was sitting at her favourite end of the sofa, shoes off, feet curled up, cup of tea in hand, "Hi honey, I've just



made a pot of tea!"

Gary smiled and waved and wandered through into the open plan kitchen area. He poured himself a cup of tea, ever aware of the plastic prison his penis was trapped in. He sat down and she raised an eyebrow at him, "Are you okay Gary?" He smiled back, "Not bad, just tired..." She sighed, and watched him sip his tea, "Sorry, it's just you seem tense, wired or something?" Gary sipped his tea, and watched as Alison pivoted to face him and slid her nylon encased feet onto his knee. "Rub my feet Gary... Hey, what's this?"

He'd feared it coming as soon as she span to face him. Her foot had caught his plastic cage... Well now was the time to tackle it. He put his tea down on the coffee table, "I, ahem... Well, erm, you know you asked me to abstain? Well I was finding it really hard, and I decided... Well I got one... I wanted to get used to it before I handed my keys over to you..."

Alison's jaw dropped, she glared at him angrily, "I thought we talked about that!" Gary shrugged, "But I know how disappointed you were the other day, and it's really hard! I want to abstain for you but it becomes impossible after a while!"

Alison was shaking her head in disgust, "I can't believe you went out and bought one without consulting me!", "It was going to be a surprise...", "Hah! Well it certainly is that, take it off, go and take it off now!" Gary sighed deeply, he'd been hoping this would be a gateway to being able to live the more adventurous sexual lifestyle he secretly sought. "Ok, I won't be a minute..."

He climbed to his feet and wandered over to where his jacket was hanging – then began fumbling in the pockets, soon he was muttering under his breath, turning pockets inside out and going through his trouser pockets... A little terrified he turned to Alison, "I erm, I must have dropped the keys in the car, I won't be a second..." He wandered outside and searched his car in vain. Defeated he wandered back into the flat. Alison was still on the sofa, seething, "I erm, I can't find my keys! I must have dropped them at work." She chuckled, "Hah... Bet you didn't plan on that in your little scheme... Can you take it off without the key?" , "I don't think so... I haven't tried yet... It's plastic so I might be able to break it off."

Alison looked deep in thought for a moment, "How much was it?" Gary sighed, "About fifty quid all in... What do you think I should do? I could drive back to work to look for the keys?" Alison was chuckling softly now, having finished her tea and placed the empty cup on the coffee table, "No, I wanted you to help me clean tonight, I'm not letting you vanish for an hour and half like that – it serves you right, you'll just have to grin and bear it for tonight... Hmmm, is it comfortable? Can you pee in it?"

Gary shuddered, "It's comfortable as long as I don't get turned on, yes I can pee in it..."

Alison climbed to her feet and sighed, "I guess you'd better let me see it seeing as you're stuck in it for tonight... \*Giggle\* "

Gary lowered his trousers and pants and showed her the see-through plastic cage and lock. She knelt down and inspected it closely, then grabbed it and jangled it around, "Wow... It is quite snug isn't it? And you can't get erect in it?" Gary pointed to the points, "These little spikes dig in and hurt if I start getting erect... It's quite painful..."

Alison was now caressing the cage in her hands, "I can't imagine why on earth you'd want to wear this Gary... I... I am finding it quite... Interesting though... I think it's hot, maybe I should keep you locked up for a bit see how it works out? Hehe... I wonder how you'd feel if you really could never orgasm again? I think you should be careful what you wish for..."

Gary's heart skipped a beat, this was just what he'd been hoping for. Alison stood, then reached down and jiggled his cage, "I like you all locked up like this, unable to get aroused, erections painful... I don't know why, I can't explain it – but it's making me feel so... You have to give me an orgasm now!" Gary smiled, "In the bedroom?" Alison chuckled, "No, I don't want you to use your fingers this time... Get an old towel, quick." He darted and got one from the kitchen, Alison spread it onto the sofa to protect it, "Strip now, I want you naked except for your cage..." He complied removing all his clothes except for the small plastic cage over his member. Alison sat back and lowered her nylons and panties, then pulled her skirt up and widened her knees, "Okay, now use your tongue..."

Gary knelt down in front of her feeling meek and submissive, his cock straining in its tiny plastic prison. Gently at first he began licking her

clitoris and labia, then probing her vagina with his tongue and swirling it around. She leaned back on the sofa and sighed, closing her eyes. As he worked his tongue, Alison's nylon clad feet slid up to his groin and began sliding over his cage playfully. Gary felt the spikes dig deep into his member as it grew, but he redoubled his efforts, as Alison teased and tormented him with her nylon covered feet. She was clearly finding this incredible erotic too, she was becoming warm and moist,

She giggled softly without opening her eyes, "Oh Gary... Keep going! This is amazing... Drink my juice, drink it all up...."

Her playing with his cage using her feet continued and soon pussy juice was covering Gary's nose and mouth and he felt like he'd drank half a pint, Alison was panting softly, playing with his padlock with her toes, then she let out a long drawn out moan, tensed, then relaxed...

"That was amazing... Hmmm... Now go run me a hot bath... You'd better wash your face and brush your teeth too." Gary stood up, pre-cum was dripping from his member which was straining in its cage. He was desperate to cum now, he needed almost no stimulation at all.

Alison had him right where she wanted him, and he obeyed her commands unquestioningly and submissively.

Once he'd cleaned himself up and ran the bath she stripped and climbed in. Gary turned to leave. She stopped him, "And where do you think you're going?" Gary stammered, "T...to get dressed?" She shook her head, "I don't think so... You can wash me I think, wash my hair, then you can wash my body."

He obeyed unquestioningly again, caressing her silky smooth blonde hair in his hands and lathering it up, then massaging her head. Alison loved it, he'd soon finished her hair and was working on her body scrubbing and massaging her. Once she was clean she told him firmly, "Give me a back rub now..." So kneeling on the floor, naked except his cage he massaged her back while she giggled occasionally and sighed with pleasure.

After she'd dried herself off and gotten dressed, they sat and watched the television together, then both went to bed early. She insisted he sleep naked except the cage.

Lying in bed Alison fondled his cage from time to time, giggling and commenting on it. Eventually she tired and rolled over, falling to sleep almost instantly. Gary however lay awake, trying to stave off the inevitable erection. There was nothing he could do about it though. He had no key, he couldn't even beg Alison for the key... He was well and truly trapped...

He found the only comfortable way to sleep was on his back.

Gary was eventually woken with a start. He groaned and reached down to his cage. It was the middle of the night, Alison was still fast asleep purring softly. He gritted his teeth and tried to adjust the cage to make it more comfortable. It took an age to lower the erection and get back to sleep. He was woken again by the same thing in the morning. Only this time Alison was awake and smirking at him, while he grimaced, "Something wrong honey?" Gary groaned, "Just a gentleman's early morning thing... It hurts." She reached down and jiggled his cage, "Poor baby... All locked up in that mean cage, hmmm, something to take your mind off it?" With that she pulled the covers down, lowered her pyjama's and panties and gestured towards her naked groin, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

Gary started moving to the bottom of the bed, but Alison grabbed him, "Not like that, as if we were going to do a sixty nine, I want to watch it straining in the device while you lick." Sighing deeply Gary slid his knee over her head so the cage was dangling over her head. She reached up and started massaging his balls gently in her fingertips, then kissed the tip of his cage and probed the opening at the end with her tongue, making Gary quiver. Gary began working on her, soon she was moaning softly, massaging his balls and kissing his cage to tease him... It took no time at all for her to come, and when she did she let out an audible moan and showed a face of pure bliss...

Before he could catch his breath she patted him on the bum, "Good boy, now go and make breakfast, I need to wash and dress." Gary got up and started to pull his trousers on, but she stopped him again, "What do you think you're doing? You can get dressed later – I'm hungry, you can make breakfast naked."

Complying he headed to the kitchen to start.

After she'd eaten Alison watched Gary thoughtfully, then waved her spoon

as she spoke, she was ready for work, her suit looking immaculate. He was still naked feeling very submissive. “Gary, I’m still not sure about this arrangement... I need time to think about it... I want you to keep the device on all day today and bring me the keys tonight... I like you like this... But it feels... It just feels wrong... I’m not saying no, but I’m going to think about it, maybe keep you locked up for a week, or two, maybe a month or two, to see how it goes? Come on, you’d better get ready – don’t forget I want you to keep it on and bring me the keys.”

### ***Chapter 4 : Progression***

Gary managed to continue wearing the device for the full day at work. Upon his return he handed the keys over to Alison. Their relationship seemed better than ever, every night Alison would enjoy an orgasm, sometimes by hand, sometimes by mouth, and many mornings too.

Gary enjoyed being treated in this way, and found himself not even wanting to be released. Instead of just taking each day in his stride he found himself looking forward to getting home every night and enjoying giving Alison orgasms at every opportunity. For Alison’s part she found Gary to be so much more obedient, it wasn’t simply in the bedroom, gradually she began loading more and more chores onto Gary which he accepted every time. If he showed any doubt then she’d simply tell him he wasn’t serious about being dominated in this way and he could take the device off and throw it away.

Again, this created a strange paradox, of being so desperate to cum, every time his face was buried in her groin, servicing her orally he was physically dripping pre cum, yet he didn’t want this arrangement to end.

The days turned into weeks, by three weeks Gary doing more or less all the house work, and servicing Alison every night with no release for himself. His drinking and gaming came to a halt and he found himself agreeing to listen to Alison’s music and going to bed at the time of her choosing.

After a full three weeks Gary got back from work and found Alison sitting reading his Kindle on the sofa. She looked a little disturbed but more accepting than she was originally. He waved as he entered, “Hi honey, are you going to stop confiscating my Kindle?”

She shook her head, “Nope... I just wanted to understand your fetishes a bit better seeing as I’ve got you locked up.” He shuddered... “And?”

“Well, I don’t approve... I think you’re seriously perverted, but I have enjoyed the last few weeks. You’re so much nicer locked up... And I love you, so I’ve decided to cure you. Here’s how it’s going to work, you obviously fantasize about being controlled and dominated against your will – if that’s your fantasy then that’s what you’ll get – in spades. I’ve read your sordid stories, and I think I can deliver, but I can’t understand why you want it... In fact I think it’s wrong, to want these things, chastity, feminization, pain, confinement... I just don’t get it.”

“Alison....”

She continued, “The trouble is I know you, we start and you’d be changing your mind, then wanting to try it again later and messing me about. You obviously fantasize about being blackmailed, so here’s what we’re going to do. I’m going to get some things together, then we’re going to have a nice embarrassing photo shoot at the weekend, with some video too. After which I’m going to upload them to the cloud, and that’s going to be your blackmail, if you try and weasel out of your twisted fantasy before I decide it’s time, then you’re going to have those photos and videos plastered all over your facebook... If you refuse, then you can take that device off tonight and we’ll go back to our normal ‘vanilla’ relationship? Do you consent? Will you pose for whatever photo’s I choose and do exactly as I say? Allow yourself to be completely under my control?”

He could feel his adrenaline growing, “Yes!” She smiled, “Good... Now you can strip, service me again... Then you can cook tea... Oh and I need your facebook password and the password for the corresponding email address. I’ll be managing your social networking from now on, any sign of insurrection and your five hundred friends will be able to see you performing for camera.. Maybe it’ll go viral? Are you sure you agree to this?”

Gary stopped for a moment, he wavered, it was an amazing fantasy to be dominated, but what if you couldn’t get out? Alison tended to take most things seriously in life, and if he went ahead with this she would stand by her word. He’d built up an impressive number of facebook friends, some people in authority, all of them people who would not understand. He



couldn't face that...

"I.. I don't know... I...", Alison shrugged and smiled at him, "It's no problem, I'll get the key to your device, we'll unlock it, throw it away and never talk about this again..."

His heart sank... He wanted it but he was afraid, at the same time being in a position where there was no safe word and he was completely at Alison's mercy was forcing his penis to strain in its cage...

"I'll do it..."

She smiled at him, "Good... Get busy then!"

### ***Chapter 5 : Shopping***

Life continued as it had been until the weekend. On the Saturday morning when Gary woke up Alison had already made him breakfast. "Come on, we've got a lot to do today." Gary yawned and sat up in bed, "Like what?" Alison smiled cheekily at him, "Well, we're going to have go and buy you some new clothes and some new underwear... I'm fed up of you trying all mine on – so we'll get you your own lingerie, and we'll make sure it so sexy and so feminine you never want to try mine on again."

His Jaw dropped, "How did you..." She smirked, "I didn't... Until now, I suspected, from your 'reading material' and a few mysterious marks and smells on them.. But it stops here and now. I'm going to buy you the prettiest girlie underwear you can imagine, in silk and satin, with lace and pretty little bows – you'll never want to wear mine again. Now hurry up and eat breakfast, we're not going shopping locally; I want to humiliate you publicly, but to give you a break we're going go further afield."

Excited but apprehensive Gary stumbled out of bed and quickly ate and got dressed. They didn't drive to the nearest city, but the next one out, a good two hour drive. When they got there, they parked the car and headed straight for a large department store within the shopping centre.

Throughout the journey, Gary had forgotten Alison's promise to humiliate him publicly. When they arrived at the lingerie section he was assuming they'd be implying that he was buying the lingerie as a gift for her.

At the start of the lingerie section Alison gestured around the many isles and stands with a flourish, "Well, it's time to choose... Don't be shy where would you like to start?"

Gary looked around, there were bra's panties, corsets, basques, suspender belts, stockings... He stammered, "I... I don't know... Maybe I'm not sure about this..." Alison rolled her eyes at him, "Oh don't be such a baby, I know you've been trying mine on, you know this is what you want..."

Just then a shop assistant appeared, smiling, "Can I help you? Looking for something in particular?" Alison smirked, "Oh yes, a few sets actually, it's got to be sexy, feminine and just a little bit naughty... Where's your sexiest lingerie?"

The shop assistant smirked and went a little red, "Oh, a treat is it? The hottest stuff is in the corner over there... What cup size are you?"

Alison chuckled, "Me? Oh no, they're not for me – I caught him trying on my dirty lingerie so as punishment I'm going to make him wear girly underwear." Gary hung his head in shame and went bright red, the shop assistant started giggling and blushing badly, "Well, he can't try anything on! Haha, what a good idea! I caught my boyfriend trying my panties on once, maybe I should give him the same treatment? How long are you making him wear them?"

Alison shrugged, "Oh I don't know... Until I'm bored... To be honest I was thinking of just burning all his male underwear and keeping him in lace permanently..."

The shop assistant, a youngish girl who appeared to be of Chinese origin was giggling uncontrollably at this, grinning at Gary and shaking her head. Gary was bright, bright red and had been rendered speechless.

There was an awkward silence for a moment, then the shop assistant smiled, "You look about the same size, you could try them on for him... Hmmm, there is a storeroom at the back, it's not normally public access I could perhaps let you try something on there? "

Alison chuckled, "Hmmm, you could even give us your opinion!" Gary couldn't face either of them, "Alison please!" She tutted softly, "Shhh,

you've done the crime, so you're going to have to do the time."

The shop assistant whose name turned out to be Kim, showed Alison and Gary the sexiest, raciest lingerie they did. It was satin, and silk, thongs, suspenders, a couple of corsets, rigid, steel boned corsets which could be laced very tight. Soon they were headed to the store room with Gary in tow hanging his head in shame, as they headed there Alison stopped by some full length satin nightdresses, "Hmmm, maybe I should extend his punishment and make him sleep in a nightie, what do you think Kim?" She was holding back the chortles as she looked at the soft, silky, satin nightwear on the racks. She pulled a pastel pink one with a feminine floral pattern off the rack, "How about this one? I think he'd look great in this..." Alison nodded, "Hmmm, and this blue one too – after all he'll need one to wear while the other is in the wash won't he?"

And so the torment continued. It wasn't long before Gary was standing, head hung low, in the stockroom, being dressed in bra, panties, stockings and suspenders. Alison teased, "Come on then, give us a twirl!" Gary obeyed, his cheeks a fiery red. Kim pulled a confused expression then pointed to his bulging groin, "What's that plastic thing on his, erm thing?"

Alison chuckled softly, "That? Ahhh, it's his anti-masturbation device, you see Gary can't stop playing with himself – that's why he was trying on my underwear in the first place. I keep him locked into that little device, and he can't you see, he can't even get an erection without my say so." Kim was staring at Gary's groin in wonder, then her eyes drew up from the panties and suspender belt, past the red satin bra, trimmed with black lace and a black ribbon bow to his face, "And you're okay with this?"

Gary was already a beetroot red, and didn't know where to look. Alison rolled her eyes, "Come on Gary, don't be rude, tell Kim how you feel about your punishment."

He was trying to think fast, think of something mitigating to say, that would make this embarrassing situation easier, nothing came... So he shrugged, "It's fair... She caught me out... I'd take this punishment over breaking up."

Kim sighed, "Awww, that's so sweet... I wish my boyfriend was more like that... He'd never agree to this... Never in a million years.. Come on, you

should try some more on, and try the nighties on..."

Soon enough Kim and Alison were admiring Gary twirling around in the satin nighties. It been the most embarrassing experience of his life, and he was feeling emotionally drained. Alison and Kim made various cheeky remarks about him and how he looked and end of the session, when he was going to get undressed out of a purple satin, black lace trimmed ensemble complete with thong, suspender belt and silk stockings, and corset Alison raised a hand, "Gary, don't take those off – we can take the tags off and you can wear them home."

He looked at her pleadingly, "Alison, please!" she raised an eyebrow, "Don't be such a baby, nobody will see!"

Kim removed the tags with the barcodes on while Gary replaced his male clothes over the feminine ensemble of underwear.

Soon enough they were at the till paying, Gary still wearing his beetroot red expression. Kim offered to put it through on her staff discount, because she'd enjoyed the 'fitting' so much... As the y left the lingerie section, Gary whispered to Alison, "I can't believe you made me go through that!" Alison chuckled, "Oh, you loved it... I could see you straining in your cage, I wonder if Kim noticed you dripping pre cum onto the floor? I hope not... How are you finding it? Comfy?"

Gary adjusted his bra strap through his T shirt, "No, the corset is too tightly laced, I can hardly breathe, my chastity device won't stay in the panties, the suspenders are chaffing and the bra straps keep slipping down my shoulders."

Alison leaned close and whispered, "Perhaps you can appreciate what we women go through to look nice for you men?"

As they walked they were entering the make-up department, one of the girls stopped Alison, "Would you like a make-over? We're doing fifty percent off all of this range this week." Alison stopped and looked at the young girl wearing a little apron and gesturing towards a stool. Alison's eyes lit up, "Hmmm, I'm good thanks, but you could perhaps help me with something else?"

Gary groaned, he could tell what was coming.

Alison pointed to Gary, "My boyfriend and I are going to a 'Cheese and Biscuits' party tonight, you know where the men dress up as girls and the girls go as men? Well I really don't know how to go about making him up, I imagine there's a technique to making men look feminine is there?"

She looked at Gary and smirked, "Oh yes... I can show you if you like?" Alison grinned, "That would be wonderful!" The makeup counter girl patted the stool, "Come on sweetie, hop up." Gary glanced in panic at Alison but Alison shook her head, "Come on Gary, don't be such a baby, I'll lend you some make-up remover after the party." He opened his mouth to speak, but she gave him a knowing look... and he relented.

With a heavy heart he climbed up onto the stool, his chastity device pushing his genitals about awkwardly, the thong cutting up into his bottom and the suspenders tickling his legs. He instinctively adjusted his bra strap, luckily unnoticed by the assistant.

Alison stepped closer and the makeover artist began, "Okay, we're going to start with lots of foundation, we're trying to soften his features here. Right, close your eyes..."

He sat submissively while the shop assistant applied layers and layers of foundation. His penis was pushing and straining constantly against its prison, every stage of the procedure making him more and more aroused. Soon he'd had false eye lashes applied, mascara, eye shadow, lipstick, all in generous amounts.

"Okay, you can open your eyes now. " he opened his eyes and looked into the mirror he was sitting opposite. He didn't recognize the face staring back at him, with its soft feminine features, long eyelashes and sparkly eye shadow. He looked exquisitely feminine, even with reasonably short male hair style.

Alison eyed him critically, "That looks great... He looks like a real girl... Hmmm, there's just something missing isn't there?" The girl stood back and joined the critique, twiddling her makeup brush in her hands as she did, "Hmmm, I know what you mean... I think it's the hair, or maybe earrings?"

Gary groaned, as Alison's eyes lit up, "How right you are... I think we'll get

him a wig and take him to get his ears pierced.” The girls eyes widened, “Wow, you guys take this fancy dress pretty seriously eh? Hmmm, oh well – do you want any of the products?” Alison nodded, “Yes please, we’ll take everything,”

The next stop was at a piercing place. Not the macho tattooist and body piercing sort of place, but the kind of shop where fourteen year old girls get their ears pierced. Throughout the walk there Gary didn’t know where to look, everyone who saw him stared at him. Most looked disgusted. Several times he pleaded with Alison that they just go home, but to no avail soon his was sitting in a chair, having a neat little stud pierced into each ear... On a roll, Alison took him for a pedicure and a manicure, she ended up leaving the wig, deciding to let his hair grow first, then send him to a salon for a feminine hair style...

By the end of the day Gary was almost in tears, desperate to get home... Emotionally drained and almost regretting agreeing to Alison’s proposal.

## ***Chapter 6 : The Photo & Video Shoot***

When they got back to the flat Alison locked the door behind them and placed their many bags on the sofa. She turned to him, “Are you sure you’re agreeing to this? This is your last chance to get out of it.”

Part of him had wanted to crawl out of his skin as she’d humiliated him at the shops. However it was all so erotic, so close to what he’d read and fantasized about... He could feel his penis still pressing onto the spikes in his CB3000 and the pre cum dripping onto his leg. Wearing the chastity device with the female underwear was like being in a permanent state of tease and denial with some cock and ball torture for good measure. Alison had well and truly humbled him, and this was coming from someone who had been reluctant to play these games! This was a person who had expressed disgust at Gary’s weird fetishes.

He nodded his agreement, “Yes, I consent to this, I accept the consequences.” She raised an eyebrow, “You know there’s no safe-word and accept that this game only ends when I decide it does?”, “Yes.”

Alison smiled, “Good, take your clothes off, down to your nice, pretty underwear.” He complied, trying to adjust his corset and bra straps to



make it more comfortable as he did.

She eyed him critically for a moment as if in deep thought, “I think we’ll forgo the wig for the time being, I want it to be really clear and obvious that it’s you in all these photos and videos.”

Alison then retrieved a cardboard box that had been hidden in the closet and a digital camera. She placed the box on the floor and raised the camera, “Say cheese!” He didn’t have time to hide or pose before the camera flash went off.

Alison giggled, “Try to look sexier – push your bum out, how about one of you blowing a kiss?” Feeling extraordinarily silly, Gary complied, following every instruction, the photo shoot continued for some time. She had him doing all sorts of slutty poses showing his bum off and chastity device, and adopting feminine, suggestive poses... Then the box was opened...

There were a variety of sex toys in the box, including a pink strap on dildo. Alison attached it to herself, “Come on, it’s time to show me what good head you can give!”

He complied, while she videoed him caressing her strap on with his tongue, then smothered it with his mouth leaving red lipstick on the shaft. She kept anything that could identify her or their flat out of the video, and made sure to get Gary’s face, after he’d been at it for a while she turned the camera off.

Rummaging in the box she pulled out a pink vibrator and handed it to him, with a tube lube. “Okay lube up then kneel on the floor and start massaging your prostate with this while I video... I want you to say, ‘Hi, my name is Gary, I just love taking it up the ass, I need a man, a real man to come and penetrate my virgin ass... I want to be ripped apart! I am so desperate for a huge, male, cock up my ass...’”

Gary faltered slightly, this was going a bit far, “Alison! That’s a bit much!” She shrugged, “It has to be extreme so I can know I have your full one hundred percent compliance, you wanted to be blackmailed – imagine the feeling of being black mailed by this footage? You know you want to – look at you...”

He looked down at his cage to see his cock filling it as it spilled out of the panties, his balls were a deep scarlet... There was a long trickle of pre-cum dribbling out of the end, and specks of blood about the spikes... He was more turned on that he'd ever been...

Gary took the dildo and followed Alison's instructions. She videoed the event, and encouraged him, they did several takes – Alison ordering him to be more sincere, and more sexy or slutty each time.

By the time the session was finished, his cock was on fire, he felt like it was going to break his plastic cage and burst out.

Alison started packing some of the things away in their cardboard box, with Gary standing there looking ridiculous, dripping pre cum onto the carpet. As she finished she looked him in the eye, "Alright, Facebook and email password, now..." He told her the correct details, which she wrote down on a scrap of paper.

She then walked to the spare bedroom, beckoning him over her shoulder with her finger, "Alright, in you come..." When there she pulled her nylons and panties down and placed an old towel on the computer chair seat. She then pointed under the table, "Okay, get under, you can service me while I work – not too fast now though, I want you to take as long as possible."

Submissively Gary positioned himself under the table and Alison hitched up her skirt to reveal her now naked pussy. She sat near the edge of the chair and pulled the keyboard towards her, "Okay, start licking, nice and slow... Take your time..."

He complied, her pussy tasted bitter and slightly fishy, almost salty. He began just tickling the clitoris with the tip of his tongue, then stroking it slowly up and down the inside and outside of her labia. He started working his tongue in and out of the vagina slowly, then returned his attention to the clitoris... Meanwhile Alison was typing, and sighing with pleasure.

As he worked, servicing her slowly and sensually, he could hear her plugging in the digital camera. Then typing, it seemed to go on for an eternity, then he heard her sigh with pleasure as she spoke, "There... It's all uploaded, I've changed your passwords, all I need to do is un-private

your photos and videos and your respectable life is over... You can speed up and finish me off now..."

He continued the same pattern, but faster, all the time his own penis impaling itself hard on the spikes, he was getting so frustrated... He had to orgasm, he began shaking his cage, making the little lock click and bounce noisily.

Alison was moaning with pleasure, "Stop playing with yourself Gary, focus on me!..."

He slowed his shaking down to make it quieter, he felt like he could cum, "I said STOP IT! Leave yourself alone!"

He grimaced and finished her off, making her let out a long drawn out moan of pleasure. As she wheeled the chair back he began shaking his cage violently, Alison caught her breath, still feeling a little dizzy and glared at him, "And WHAT, do you think you're doing?"

He groaned, "I have to cum! Aaargh, I'm so close, let me just..." She cut him off, get out from under the table, get up..."

He complied, his penis throbbing slowly, she pointed to the bedroom, "Get in back in our bedroom, put your nightie on..." He walked out and she followed him, she watched him slide the soft, silky, satin nightie over his feminine ensemble of underwear. It felt so good... It was a long one, stretching almost down to his ankles, once it was on Alison pointed to the bed, "Now lie in bed." He complied, and she glared at him, "I'm going to get something, I don't want you touching yourself until I'm back." He nodded, but as soon as she left he started playing with his cage through the nightie, he was going to orgasm, he could feel it building... Then she was back.

"Stop! Hands off!" He groaned, "But Alison!" She strode to him, grabbed one hand and hand cuffed it to the headboard, then followed suit with the other.

He looked at her pleadingly, "But I'm so close... Please!" She shook her head, "Oh no you don't... I'm not letting you spoil the game when we've only just started. I'm pleased that you're starting to get frustrated though... Maybe my little plan is beginning to work hmmm?"

Gary looked at her confused, "Plan?" Alison nodded, "Yes, though I must admit, I'm finding it very amusing getting all these orgasm's while you are just getting more and more frustrated – I still don't approve of your weird fantasies and fetishes... So I'm going to give you.... Hmmmm, what could I call it? Aversion therapy? I'm going to give you your fantasies, all of them... In spades... I'll draw short of signing you up for transgender surgery – because that can't be undone... And I actually want to have a normal vanilla relationship with you - I love you Gary, but I have to cure you. I have to cure your diseased mind, and this is how I'm going to do it. I'm going to keep you in permanent denial, and I'm going to keep you forcibly feminized in the flat and under your work clothes... I'm going to teach you to hate your fantasies and wish you'd never had them... At that point, I'm going to keep dishing them out in spades for another full year... Just to make sure – then after twelve months of begging and pleading and saying you wish you'd never had these thoughts... At that point we'll go back to being boring, normal Alison and Gary."

He tried to pull his wrists out of the cuffs, jangling them, but she fastened them up tight... "Alison, I need to come, I'm bursting!" She shrugged softly, "No, you don't need to come, I've been reading Sarah Jameson's 'Male Chastity Blog' and she seems fairly confident you don't need to come... So you won't come... You've had a long day, so I suggest you get some sleep, I'm going to order some more things, then watch the television for a bit.. Goodnight honey."

He groaned, and watched her vanish from the room. He was immobilised, nothing he could do could stimulate him, felt like a brewing volcano and his penis was now going numb the pain was so great.. But there was nothing he could do, he closed his eyes and tried to fall asleep.

Alison meanwhile went back onto the computer, got her credit card out and started spending. Her first port of call was the Dream Lover Labs website to order a DL2000, along with DL Link and all the accessories. Then she retired to a glass of wine and a couple of hours of television.

## ***Chapter 7: Another discreet package***

From that point onwards, Gary was forbidden male underwear and sleepwear. Alison had organized a satin black, sissy-maids outfit, and when he was in the house she forced him to do all the chores, dressed as a

sissy maid, wearing his device and a butt plug.

The device had to be removed for cleaning several times, but every time was under Alison's strict supervision. Because of his attempts to orgasm she upgraded him to a longer, set of spikes, and before fitting them, sharpened them subtly using a nail file.

This made even mild erections excruciating, and Gary had to learn to stop himself getting aroused, despite all the incredible stimulation he was now constantly receiving.

Weeks passed, then the DL 2000 came. Alison kept it secret until it was time to clean the cage. The threats of exposing his sordid sissy photos and videos meant that he no longer questioned Alison's orders at all. At this stage he had been driven in to a terrible dilemma, part of him loved this new lifestyle. Acting as Alison's totally obedient, completely submissive sissy maid whenever they were in the flat was heaven. Leaving the flat wearing his sexy female underwear secretly, was an amazing feeling.

At the same time he was becoming desperate to orgasm, even to be allowed a full erection would have been bliss. Instead however every time he got even an iota of arousal, he was sent quivering to his knees.

When it came to the next cleaning session, Gary had removed the device under Alison's supervision and cleaned it while she watched. He'd started shaving his pubic area at every cleaning also, when it was time to put it back together Alison smiled at him, "Gary, you've been doing so well, I've got a little treat for you..." From behind her back she produced the DL2000.

He raised an eyebrow, "What is it?" Alison pondered for a moment looking thoughtful, "Hmmm, how could I put it? Think of it as a remote control for me, it has all sorts of lovely features, it fits to your CB3000 and it means wherever you are, whatever you are doing, I can discipline you."

His erection stood to attention, creating a bigger battle to get the assembly back in place with the added accessory.

Once he was fitted out and back in his corsetry, Alison eyed the controller like a child eyes a box of chocolates... "Hmmm, what shall we try first?

How about the three basic levels of shock?”

One by one she pressed the buttons, the first gave him a tingling, making him grimace, the second made him yelp, the third had him screaming in agony and writhing on the floor clutching at his cage. Alison chuckled, “Hmmm, I’m going to enjoy this... On all fours now!”

He complied quickly as she pressed another button, “You’re in dog mode now, try to stand up.” He started rising, but the shock sent him back to his hands and knees, grimacing in pain. She laughed at this, “Try again!” He started rising, then yelped and was back on all fours.

Alison was smirking now, “I love this... I should have got one of these ages ago... Try again!”

He glared up at her from his quadruped position, “No!” She chuckled, threw back her hair shrugged, “Oh well, you’ll have to stay down there then hmmm? We might as well give you something to do though – you can scrub the floors, I’ll get the things and some marigolds for you...”

And so Gary spent the next hour forcibly on all fours scrubbing the tiled floors of the hallway and the kitchen in his stockings and suspenders, while Alison sat curled up on the sofa watching the television with a cup of hot chocolate.

After he’d finished, he crawled to the sofa, “Alison, can I get up now?” She shrugged, “You can get up any time you want... I’m not stopping you.” He groaned, “Alison, please, please can you take me out of dog mode?”

She chuckled at this, “Oh... Seeing as you’ve asked so nicely... Besides, I think I want to try out leash mode – we’re going shopping this afternoon. I need some clothes, I think we should pull the wedding forwards too, we should go and look at wedding dresses.”

Gary looked puzzled, “I thought it was bad luck for the groom to see the wedding dress?”

Alison shrugged, “Who said you were being the groom? I thought we’d both be brides, you’d like that wouldn’t you?”

He went bright red, before he could speak she cut him off, “Don’t worry, I’m not letting your strange fetish ruin my day! I said look at wedding dresses, not buy... Come on, get dressed. I’ve disabled ‘dog mode’ so you can get up.”

He got up nervously, his knees and joints sore from the time on all fours and returned to the bedroom to get dressed, as always fully fitted with ultra-feminine, female underwear.

When he came back to the hallway she was pulling her coat on. He walked up to her, a puzzled look on his face, “Ahem, Alison, what does ‘leash mode’ do?”

Alison grabbed him and pulled him closer to her, “Now stand still... There, it’s setup – just pop and get me the car keys.” He looked at her puzzled then started towards the hall table with the keys on it. As he did he felt an odd tingling, then when he ignored it the shock sent him writhing on the floor in agony.

Alison was laughing, wiping tears of laughter from her eyes, “Quick Gary, get back close to me, or it’ll give you another shock!” In a panic he rushed back to her side, still quivering from the brutal shock he’d received.

She smiled at him, tilting her head to one side as she spoke, “You see, I’ve set it to two metres range... We’re going to go clothes shopping together, and your old routine of wandering off to look at video games at the first opportunity is out of the window. You are going to stay by my side and follow me into the changing rooms for the whole day, or you’re going to be shocked off your feet? Shall we go?”

### ***Chapter 8 : More shopping***

When they got to the car park, Gary had to shuffle along hurriedly as Alison bought a ticket. Then they entered the shops. Various girls eyed Alison with jealousy as she wandered freely about the ladies clothes departments, her boyfriend staying steadfastly by her side. Other men were wandering off, but Gary followed submissively, obediently.

They looked at dresses, skirts, blouses, underwear, he followed her into the changing rooms to give his opinion on her outfits – he was the perfect



boyfriend for the entire trip. When they eventually walked to the counter, the girl behind the counter started to run the things through, she'd been watching them and was almost in awe of how Gary had followed Alison around like a lost puppy, seemingly never losing interest.

She had to comment, "I've been watching you... How on earth did you train your boyfriend? Mine loses interest after about five minutes... If I take him clothes shopping, I spend more time looking for him than looking at clothes.

Alison smiled knowingly, "Oh, Gary loves ladies clothes, he likes nothing better than looking at ladies clothes with me... Isn't that right Gary?"

He was bright red again, wondering if she was going to reveal his feminine underwear at this stage, "I just can't bear to be apart, and yes I love helping Alison choose her outfits."

The girl behind the counter sighed deeply, "Awww, that's so sweet... I wish my boyfriend was like that."

They visited yet more shops, Gary following Alison around, whenever he did start to stray from the two metre range, the tingling immediately encouraged him to rush to Alison's side. She was loving it too, having such an attentive boyfriend was amazing, she was getting to a stage where she wondered whether when the time came she could bear to allow Gary to stop playing these games...

She had him exactly where she wanted him, she could carry this on as long as she wanted and there was nothing Gary could do about it.

## ***Chapter 9 : Enter Sarah***

Time bowled on, Gary was actually enjoying his situation, despite Alison's expectations he genuinely loved being her sissy maid in the flat, and wearing stockings, suspenders, panties and corsetry to the office under his suit. He wondered whether some of the women had noticed him adjusting bra straps or had they spotted his stockings between his shoes and trousers? Nobody said anything, but he did wonder whether he was getting some 'knowing looks' from girls in the office.

The wedding was booked and was looming closer.

One day after work, Gary was kitted up as the sissy maid, doing the ironing. Alison was watching the television, curled up on the sofa with a glass of red wine. The doorbell rang.

It was odd at this hour, Alison stood up, placed her glass of wine on the coffee table. Gary looked around nervously, it shouldn't be someone who wanted to come in on this day at this hour?

He listened, then heard Alison greeting... Sarah! Her sister, his sister-in-law to be, terror struck him as he heard Alison invite Sarah in. He looked across; there was no way past the hall without being seen. He was wearing full feminine attire, including high heels, dressed as a sissy maid and Alison had locked a butt plug up his ass for good measure...

He couldn't be seen, quietly he rushed across the room, wobbling in his heels and crouched down behind the sofa. Just as he was getting out of sight Alison led Sarah in, "Can I get you a drink?", "I'll have a glass of wine please... Where's Gary? It's been so long since I've seen you guys."

Alison started pouring, Gary was crunched up on all fours, uncomfortably trying to breathe quietly behind the sofa, his female attire, high heels, chastity device and butt plug making it uncomfortable in the extreme.

Alison chuckled, "Oh I don't know where he is... Maybe he's popped out somewhere?" He felt them both sit on the sofa, only inches away, he thought about holding his breath, but he'd have to let it go eventually. He took slow shallow breaths and remained perfectly still.

Alison spoke next, "How's London treating you anyway? Have you heard from the parents?" Sarah sighed, "London's London as it always was... I'm glad to be taking a break for a bit... I haven't heard from the rents I guess Australia is proving too comfortable to worry about us... I still wonder whether I should have gone with them"

Alison sighed, "Well, I'm glad I didn't, things are really great right now... Weddings in a few weeks... I actually, meant to ask you Sarah, will you be my bridesmaid?"

Sarah pulled her face, “Hmmp! No... You know I don’t like being the centre of attention.” Alison pleaded with her for a while, but to no avail. The conversation bounced around for a bit until eventually Sarah sighed deeply, swirling her wine in its glass, “Erm, Al, can I be honest with you? I erm, I wasn’t entirely honest when I told you everything was fine in London, I ahem, I lost my job...” , “Oh no... What happened?” Sarah shrugged, “Made redundant, stayed as long as I could afford, looking for work... Nothing though – can I stay with you and Gary? At least until after the wedding? I’ll flat-sit for you while you’re on your honeymoon?”

Alison pondered for a moment, “Hmmm, I’ll have to ask Gary...”

They continued talking for several hours, Alison agreed Sarah could stay until she’d spoken to Gary. When they eventually went to bed Gary had fallen asleep cramped up in his little ball behind the sofa. When he emerged he ached all over and limped to the bedroom.

Alison was already in bed, she yawned, “Ah... There you are, where were you?” He started getting his maids uniform off, “Behind the sofa...” She chuckled, “For all that time? Wow...”, “We can’t let her stay... She’s bound to find out...” Alison yawned again, “Sarah is pretty open minded, she has a sense of fun...” Gary pleaded, “I don’t want your sister knowing I’m your chastised sissy maid! And can you unlock my butt plug please?” Alison shook her head, “Well, I’m too tired to look for your key – you’ll have to sleep in it... Put your nightie on and come to bed.”

“Alison!” She rolled over, “I’ll tell what I’ll do you a deal, you’ve got one day to convince her to be my bridesmaid, you can wear your male clothes over the top tomorrow. If you can convince her, then I’ll let you wear male clothes over your suspenders while she’s staying.”

Gary sighed, he’d got as good a deal as he was going to get. He put one of his satin nighties on and climbed into bed. This night, not just the chastity device continually tormenting him, but the butt plug too...

## ***Chapter 10 : Convincing Sarah***

Gary woke the next day groggily, he opened his eyes and Sarah was standing there in the door with a bemused look on her face. Gary glared at

her, "Since when did 'knocking' go out of fashion?"

She shrugged, "The door was ajar, I wanted to see if you were awake... Gary, why are you wearing a nightdress?" He went bright red, he started thinking fast, trying to come up with a reasonable excuse. Luckily she hadn't seen the sexy female underwear he was wearing underneath... He was about to speak, when Alison cut in, she'd woken...

"Yawn... His pyjamas are in the wash, he said he was too cold to sleep naked – so I told him he could borrow it... I think he looks cute in it."

Gary sighed with relief, Sarah smirked, "Well, how about giving us a twirl?" Gary pulled the covers up higher, "No! I feel silly enough as it is!" Sarah chuckled, "Fine... She's right though – you do look cute in it, pink is definitely your colour."

Gary glared at the door, "Do you mind? I'd like to get dressed now." Sarah shrugged, sighed then sauntered out of the door. Gary turned to Alison, "Thank you..." She looked him eye, "Don't thank me yet, you've got one day to convince her or you'll be a chaste sissy maid playing servant to two girls!"

Gary got out of bed and as he did he remembered the butt plug, he looked at Alison, "Can you unlock my plug?" she shook her head, "No, you did a poop last night, I'm leaving it in as an extra incentive to convince Sarah, as soon as she agrees I'll take it out."

He groaned again and began putting male clothes over his stocking and suspenders. Once he was ready he left for the kitchen area.

When he got there Sarah was already sitting at the breakfast bar eating a bowl of cereal. She grinned at him as he appeared, "I've made tea... Do you borrow all Al's clothes when yours are in the wash? Underwear too?"

He rolled his eyes at her, "Yeah, I'm a closet transvestite, I borrow her make up too!" she laughed at this, and Gary's penis pressed hard onto his spikes in the CB3000. He got a bowl and sat down to eat some breakfast with Sarah while Alison showered, "How come you won't be a bridesmaid at our wedding?" She shrugged, "I don't like people looking at me..." He rolled his eyes at her, "Look, it means a lot to Al, she'd be devastated if you didn't agree... I mean it's not like we're asking you do anything difficult – you just have to wear a dress, look pretty and carry flowers... Have a dance with the best man if you want to push it."

She frowned at him, "Yeah, so easy... But no, I don't like being the centre

of attention... I just don't want to do it, it would be embarrassing." Gary poured himself a cup of tea, "Hmph! Well Al is never going to forgive you, if you don't do it... I can't believe you won't put yourself through a tiny bit of embarrassment for a few hours... I'd do it for you!"

She raised an eyebrow at this, "Really? You'd put on a dress and carry a bouquet and my train up the aisle would you? Have a dance with the best man? Hmmm, maybe I should take you up on that..."

He rolled his eyes, "You know what I mean... Look if you won't do it for your sister, do it for me, please?"

Sarah paused munching her cereal, "Alright... We've been friends for a long time... But you're indebted to me for this, I really don't want to do it, but when I say I'll do something I stand by my word. The minute I want you do something, you'd better not complain or I'll start telling everyone that you sleep in a nightie."

*'Great, now I'm being blackmailed by two girls, my fiancé and my sister-in-law to be...'* Gary thought to himself.

Just then Alison appeared, Gary beamed at her, "Sarah has agreed to be your bridesmaid!" Sarah chuckled, "Yeah, and Gary has agreed to be mine!" Alison laughed at this, and Gary gave Sarah a shocked look, Sarah just shrugged, "You said you'd do the same for me, you agreed to not complain when I ask you for something... We've been friends a long time... I think you'd look sweet in a bridesmaid dress."

Gary's jaw dropped, "Don't you think it might draw some attention away from the important person on your big day – YOU." Sarah shrugged again, "Might not be such a bad thing, it'd be fun... I just need to find someone to marry, and then we'll get you off to the dress fitters... Of course we'd have to get your hair and makeup done too..." She had a mischievous twinkle, and a cheeky grin, and Gary was squirming as his cock pressed hard into its cage, since Alison had upgraded him to the most severe set of spikes it was unbearably painful, but he was now finding it impossible to push these arousing suggestions out of his mind.

Alison was fighting back the tears of laughter...

## ***Chapter 11 : The Wedding***

The few weeks run up to the wedding passed swiftly. Alison was true to her word and allowed Gary to wear his male attire over his overtly female

underwear. Talk of making Gary be a bridesmaid for Sarah never came into the conversation again. Sarah managed to find herself a date, a young businessman called 'Robin'.

Throughout this period Gary was never allowed to orgasm, the device was removed from time to time for cleaning, but always under Alison's strict supervision. By the time of the big day it had been many, many weeks before he'd been able to orgasm, and his cage almost constantly leaked pre cum and his balls were always swollen.

On the day of the wedding, Alison had booked a room at a local Hotel to depart from. Gary, having chosen Mike, a colleague from work as a best man was in the flat, expecting Mike to turn up in a couple of hours. Alison had left a neatly wrapped white cardboard box for Gary with instructions to open it alone, on the morning of the wedding.

He opened the box with trembling fingers, and his eyes lit up at the contents. It was a full set of luxurious silk and lace wedding lingerie, including six strap suspender belt, white silk stockings, floral embroidered, lace trimmed silk panties with tiny wedding bells sewn on and an exquisite matching full length basque.

He took his time getting into the lingerie, it felt so soft and smooth, and so feminine... He was ready to melt by the time he was lacing up the basque.

Once ready, he put his hire suit on and had some breakfast. Mike turned up at the right time, and they left for the church, Gary, squirming and wriggling in his lingerie while his cock strained harder than ever in its cage.

With both sets of parents abroad, Alison and Sarah's in Australia and Gary's in China, it was a small service, their circle of friends and some cousins and so on. Alison had ordered from Dream Lover Labs, a special bracelet which had some of the basic functions of the normal remote set into gems. Once they were at the altar reciting vows, she surreptitiously put him on a two metre leash. As she did so he noticed a shiny key on a long necklace hanging outside her dress...

At the reception, Alison floated around the room meeting and greeting, smiling and shaking hands. Gary of course was forced to follow her closely, to the annoyance of his few attending friends – though they did comment on how inseparable the happy couple looked.

Making his brief speech, with the delicate feminine underwear constantly tickling and teasing him, and the cock cage continuously punishing him -

proved a challenge. He squirmed and writhed awkwardly at least twice during the monologue and once forgot himself and adjusted his bra strap through his shirt.

Luckily nobody seemed to notice and the rest of the evening passed without major incident, he had the first dance with Alison as was tradition, and later at Alison's suggestion had a dance with his now sister-in-law Sarah.

At the end of the evening Alison and Gary jumped into a Limousine together and were whisked off to the hotel.

Once they were in the room Alison clicked the lock shut, "Oh Gary, it's been such an amazing day... I'm so happy..." He smiled her, "Yeah, I love you Alison, you make me so happy..."

A mischievous grin grew on her face and that cheeky grin in her eyes, "I've got a special treat for you Gary... Get undressed, then help me out of this dress."

His heart skipped a beat, were they going to have sex? It had been so long since he'd had an orgasm now... He was so used to transferring his sexual pleasure to Alison, his legs immediately buckled with the pain in his groin from his straining cock.

He almost tore his suit off to reveal his wedding lingerie and helped her to unlace the tight bodice on the wedding dress. It was a beautiful dress, satin, silk, lace embroidery, with a high neckline and medium length sleeves. The waist has a bodice which could be laced tightly and the skirt was elegant and sewn with sparkly gems, sequins and a floral pattern of embroidery.

It was like unwrapping a beautifully wrapped human Christmas present, when the dress fell off her shoulders he smiled, her wedding lingerie matched his own exactly... He backed away towards the bed, expecting her to follow, but instead she gave him a puzzled look, "Where are you going?" He returned the confused look, "The key, I thought..."

She raised an eyebrow, "You thought did you? Well, you thought wrong... Put my dress on – I want to see you in it." He looked at the beautiful dress, and melted... It was so exquisitely feminine... He backed away slightly, Alison spoke sternly, "Step in to the dress..." He gulped and put one foot in, then the other, "Now pull it up, put your arms through the sleeves... Good..."



Soon he was pulling the bodice up to his abdomen, the flowing skirt rustling and brushing softly against his legs. Before he could catch his breath she was behind him, “Breath in now...” Then the bodice was tightening, it seemed to have steel bones in it and she was lacing it as tightly as she could, forcing his waist into a feminine hour glass shape and pushing his intestines up into his chest cavity slightly.

She tied him off, then span him around, “Just your tiara and veil now...” He was quivering as she fitted the tiara and veil to his hair. The dress was heavy and somehow constricting... He ran his hands over it, trying to feel the knot she’d tied in the bodice, but he couldn’t reach. She chuckled at him, “Haha, oh no – you’re not getting out of the wedding dress until I’ve finished with you... This is the part where we consummate our marriage – but I think I shall have your tongue consummate it – get a towel from the bathroom then place it on the chair...” He followed her order unquestioningly, the flowing dress wafting around and tickling his legs as he walked.

He covered the seat of the chair and kneeled in front of it. Alison meanwhile pulled her panties off and sat with her legs open wide, “Good boy, now do your thing, nice and slowly though... I want it as slow as possible... If you do a good job I have another treat for you...”

The tight and heavy dress was uncomfortable to kneel in. His penis was screaming agony at him in its little cage, but he started all the same. He took as long as he could, gently caressing her labia and clitoris with the very tip of his tongue. Then he worked it in and out of her vagina, tickling her clitoris with his nose. As he worked his face became smeared in pussy juice and Alison began sighing with pleasure, then moaning softly.

He paused at times to drag it out further, then dove back in all the more enthusiastically. By the time she let out a long moan and started quivering, his mouth was full of pussy juice and pubic hair.

She sat silently, panting softly, her pussy throbbing rhythmically.

“Oh Gary, that was amazing... Get on the bed, hold the bedframe.” He did as instructed and once she’d composed herself she opened her suitcase. From within she drew a set of steel hand cuffs, she walked to the head of the bed and cuffed both of Gary’s hands high to the bedframe. The cuffs clicked to their tightest position, he jangled them, but he was securely fastened to the bed.

While she was locking him, the key dangled suggestively from her neck,

bouncing off her pert breasts. His hands secure, she retrieved two sets of ankle cuffs and cuffed his ankles to the bottom of the bed frame.

She stood up and admired her handy work, “Hmmm, good, now you’re secure - I’ve decided, you’ve been so good, I’m going to make you orgasm.”

Gary gasped, immediately he wanted to masturbate, he pleaded with her, “Just unlock me! Let me...” She cut him off, “Sorry hon, I am the sole purveyor of your orgasms from now on... I don’t like you playing with yourself, I’m only letting you have this one as a special ‘wedding’ treat... Now stop squirming and be patient or I’ll change my mind.”

He paused, lay back and tried to relax. She lifted the skirt of the dress up and rested it on his chest, then pulled his panties down giving her full access to his CB3000. Leaving the key on the chain around her neck she inserted it into the lock and turned. The lock snapped open and she pulled the plastic parts apart, including the DL2000 unit.

His penis looked like it was going to burst, it had red spots where the points of the CB3000 had been digging in whenever he’d become aroused. Leaving him exposed for a moment she returned to the suitcase and snapped on a pair of disposable blue nitrile gloves. He eyed her suspiciously, she just shrugged, “I don’t want to get my hands sticky... Now there’s one more thing before we start...”

She retired to the bathroom and returned with an glass, she then looked him in the eye, “Now, to teach you the lesson – that playing with yourself, masturbating is wrong I’m going to use you to fill this glass with as much semen as I can get from you – then you are going to drink it, you are going to drink every last drop. If you refuse I’m going to take more pictures of you, and then I’m going to show them to everyone... And I’m not letting you out of those cuffs or that dress until you’ve drank – are we clear?”

He screwed his face up, “Alison! Drink my own... Urgh!” She shrugged, “You’d expect me to drink your juice, are you saying you won’t do something you’d expect me to do? Don’t be such a baby, maybe you’ll like it? Maybe it’ll be so nice you can’t get enough of that tasty cum and I can start hiring you out as a rent boy?”

He looked at her in horror. She didn’t say anything she just chuckled.

Without another word she kneeled on the bed, holding the glass in one gloved hand, the other gloved hand started gently massaging his cock. He moaned, and tried not to get aroused, “Urgh! I’ve changed my mind, I

don't want an orgasm! Alison stop!"

She shook her head, "Sorry babe, I decide when you orgasm now, not just when you don't... Just lie back and relax, it'll be over soon enough – though I might see if I can give you a few orgasms, just to make sure the glass is nice and full."

He groaned again, "Al!" she giggled at him as she stroked his member, faster and faster, "Shhh, we're nearly there now..."

Gary steeled himself, he tried to think of anything, anything that could turn him off or prevent his orgasm. It was impossible, Alison's gloved hand stroking up and down faster and faster, his arms and legs spread-eagled, leaving him helpless to stop her. She grinned at him, "Come on baby, come for me... Good girl..."

He felt it building then felt himself explode, and Alison was carefully catching all the semen in the glass and giggling. "Good girl, good girl!"

He groaned, trying to stop the orgasm, but she kept stroking, forcing more and more semen into the glass. Then she stroked hard up the underside, squeezing out the last drops of semen. He moaned, "Alison stop... I don't w..." She cut him off, "I told you Gary, this is my penis now, it orgasms when I want to not you – now try to relax, I'm going to make you orgasm again."

It took longer the second time, Alison had to stroke faster and offer more encouragement, telling Gary what a pretty girl he was and telling him to be a good girl and come for her.

The cycle continued for a difficult third orgasm, by the time he'd come three times, he felt drained, and his penis felt sore. Not very much semen trickled out the third time, but the first two had been so explosive, the glass was nearly half full. The bottom of the glass was filled with older, yellow, jelly-like semen, the middle a thick milky gloop and the top a watery solution. She swirled it around and smiled at Gary, "Are you ready for your drink now?"

He shook his head. Normally the thought of being forced to drink his own semen would have had him turned on, but she'd emptied him out and his hormones were at the opposite end of the scale. The very thought filled him with revulsion, "Alison, please don't do this!"

She shrugged, "Shhh, it's good for you, we're going to cure your diseased mind, and this is your medicine... Hmmm, I can see you're not going to be

compliant are you?"

Placing the glass down on the table she retreated to the bag. She pulled out a stainless steel mouth spreader. Gary eyed it with horror and watched her carry the glass and the mouth spreader around to the head of the bed. Carefully she positioned herself kneeling behind his head, gripping his head with her knees, "Open wide for me!" He clenched his lips shut, she looked hurt at this, "Now that's not being a good girl..."

Holding the spreader in one hand she reached down and held his nose. He couldn't breathe, he held his breath as long as he could, clenching his lips tighter. She started pressing the tongue depressor part of the spreader against his lips, "Be a good girl and open wide... It's time for your medicine!" He tried to move his head but she had it gripped firmly in her knees, as he ran out of breath he gasped and she shoved the spreader in hard, then started to ratchet it up. He felt it push... His jaw forced further and further open, stretching his jaw muscles. It caught behind the teeth, so it was impossible to spit out. Soon his mouth was at more than its normal maximum open position, she smiled down at him, "There, that's better isn't it?" He tried to make a sound, but she was straight in, fiddling with the stainless steel gears and levers, "I just need to adjust the tongue depressor..."

In a moment, she'd pinned his tongue down so it was immovable. The only sound of complaint he could make was a muffled 'Garr!' sound. She smiled sweetly at him and gripped his head tighter in his knees. He saw her reach over for the glass and it loomed closer... Then she was pouring.

The slimy solution trickled onto the steel tongue depressor and ran back into his throat. It tasted slimy, and salty, and smelled of sex. He was powerless to expel it and as she finished emptying the glass of cum into his mouth she clamped one hand over his mouth, then replaced the glass and pinched his nose with the other, "Now swallow, I'm not letting you breathe until you've swallowed... SWALLOW!"

Gary was almost in tears, he could feel the salty slime pooling at the back of his throat and seeping into his nasal tubes. He was running out of breath... Instinct took over and he swallowed, then it was gone, the salty ichor lubricating the walls of his throat as it slid down.

Alison smiled at him, "Good girl..."

Alison got up and got dressed for bed, she turned the lights off, and slid in under the covers, "Good night Gary, I love you..." Gary was still in the

wedding dress, hands and feet cuffed and wearing the cruel steel mouth spreader with tongue depressor. He tried to voice his complaints, “Garr, gark, gar!”

Alison sighed deeply, “Shhh.... I’m tired honey, I’ll let you out in the morning if you’re a good girl...”

And so Gary was forced to endure a restless night’s sleep, confined in handcuffs, unable to move, the wedding dress rustling and his mouth forcibly open further than it would naturally open. His final punishment was the tongue depressor, which prevented him from moving his tongue or talking.

## ***Chapter 12 : The Honeymoon***

Life would return to its status quo, it’s modus operandi for Gary and Alison. In the morning after the wedding Alison locked him back in his cage, amidst Gary’s protests and allowed him to don his male clothes over the top. The dress was sent to the dry cleaners.

The honeymoon was on a Greek Island. At the airport when they were heading through customs, Gary found himself setting off the metal detectors. A female customs officer asked him to remove his keys, belt and shoes, which he did and he walked through again, still it beeped.

A little worried Gary watched as the young customs officer led him aside for a frisk. Alison of course was finding this very amusing, particularly in that she’d given Gary a steel boned corset, expecting this to happen. If that hadn’t worked then she was confident the brass padlock on his chastity belt would set the alarm off – of course assuring Gary not to worry as she’d tested the padlock and that it couldn’t set metal detectors off.

Gary stood feet apart and arms outstretched, while the female customs officer, began patting him and caressing him in between her gentle hands.

Her probing fingers found the clips on the suspenders and caused her to raise an eyebrow, then they found the chastity device, which caused a further look of bafflement. Through his soft canvass trousers her fingers felt the outer shell of the device then moved up. She giggled when she felt the corset through his tee shirt. By this point she was smiling and chuckling at every seam, every bra strap, everything she found through his clothes.

Grinning cheekily at him she sighed, "I'm afraid I'm going to have to give you a strip search... Come this way please sir."

And so Gary was led off to a little room and the door closed. Before she started she raised an eyebrow at him, "Would you like a male chaperone?" he groaned, this was a terrible situation to wind up in, having more spectators would only make it worse.

"No thank you...", She shrugged, "Alright, strip down to your underwear for me then."

He looked at her pleadingly, "Look, I'm not carrying anything dangerous, can't we just say you searched me and let me through?" She looked at him seriously and spoke sternly, "It's airport policy, I need to see what you're hiding under your clothes, now if you don't strip this instant, I'm going to press the alarm button and you will be held down and forcibly stripped by a team of security staff – your choice."

He rolled his eyes and started pulling his clothes off. As he did the girl began giggling, then chortling and going slightly red. Soon he was standing there in his stockings, suspenders, corset and panties, with his chastity device dangling out.

She eyed him critically, trying to stifle her laughter, "Alright, take your stockings and suspenders off, and your panties and corset..." He groaned and continued, handing her the sexy female underwear garment by garment which she examined one by one. At the end he was standing there in just his chastity belt.

Satisfied that he wasn't concealing anything in his lingerie she pointed at the CB3000, "And what's that? Can you remove it for me please?" He looked down at it, "I can't remove it." She raised an eyebrow, "Why not?", "I don't have the key..." she rubbed her chin thoughtfully, "And what is it? What is it for?" He sighed, he didn't seem to have much choice but explain, "It's a chastity device, my wife holds the key. It prevents me from touching myself, having an erection or having an orgasm."

She knelt down and began inspecting it closely, after a long inspection she rose, "Hmmm, well that sounds more believable than the last one, I saw one of these last year – he said it was a medical brace... Hehe, I should get my boyfriend one of these... Why do you wear women's underwear?", "I... My wife caught me trying hers on, so she makes me wear it."

The petit customs officer chuckled, "Hmmm, I like her style... Well, I can't

find any offensive weapons... There's just one thing I should do before I release you."

Gary eyed her suspiciously, she shrugged, "I need to make sure you aren't smuggling any drugs. Now, sit on the bench, head back, look up to the light and open wide." He complied, and she opened a cabinet behind her, removing some latex gloves and snapping them on. She loomed closer to him, "Wider for me..." He opened his mouth as wide as he could and she peered in gently parting his lips with her hands, then feeling around his gums and shining a little torch in. After a few minutes of thorough probing and checking every corner of his oral cavity with her gloved fingers she stepped back, "Okay, it's time for the fun bit. Off the bench, turn around, hands on the bench and feet apart – try to relax."

He shuddered at the thought of what was coming but complied anyway. He heard her get something else from the cupboard, then felt a cold sensation on his anus, before he could protest her felt a finger slide in and he squirmed a little, "Lean forwards more... Good boy..." She probed deeper and deeper, exploring every part of his anus and making his cock swell in its cage. Some pre cum dribbled out when she squeezed his prostate hard. After what seemed like ten minutes of brutal stretching and pulling she withdrew, "Stay there, I'm not happy..."

"I'm not smu..." She cut him off, "I'll decide whether you're smuggling drugs or not, now I'm going to insert a speculum into your anus – deep breathe for me." Without warning he felt the device ram up his bottom, then heard a click as she turned the torch back on. After a few moments, of careful inspection she withdrew her probe and wiped his bottom. After removing her gloves and washing her hands she pointed to the pile of lingerie on the chair, "Okay, you can put your underwear... Hah! Or should I say lingerie, back on." He was bright red and feeling defeated.

Somehow having to get dressed into his racy lingerie with a stranger watching him was even worse. He tried to lace his corset up, but it was awkward, the girl stepped forwards and grabbed the laces, "Here, let me help you... Is that tight enough?" It had taken his breath away he nodded. As he reached for his male over-clothes she stopped him, "Wait... Seeing you like this... It's got me really... Hmmm, how about doing something for me before I release you?"

Gary backed away, raising his hands, "Oh no..." She grinned, "I could call my supervisor tell them I think you're smuggling drugs somewhere but I can't find them? How would you like, to be searched again, in front a



team of security people? I could say you tried to attack me? Didn't comply, I could get you in SO much trouble... Come on, it won't take you a minute."

Clearly she had him over a barrel, he sighed, "What do you want me to do?" She pulled her trousers and panties down and sat on the bench, then pointed to her groin, "Show me what that tongue of yours can do?" Groaning he adopted the position and started work on her. Soon she was sighing and moaning... Within minutes she grabbed his head in her hands and was rocking it back and forth, tilting her hips back and forcing him to bury himself in her groin. She let out a moan of pleasure and pushed him away... "Oh, that was good... Maybe I shouldn't release you? Get you put in a cell so I get the same again later?"

He looked at her in horror, but then saw the twinkle in her eye, she pointed at the sink, "I was only joking silly! You'd better wash your face..." He finished dressing and washed his face and mouth out. As he left the room she waved cheekily to him, "Have a nice holiday!"

Alison was beaming when he re-joined her. "Good search honey?" He glared at her, "I've never been so embarrassed in my life! She... Made me strip, gave me a full body cavity search – then made me... Service her orally." Alison giggled, "Ha, did you get her name? I like her style, maybe we could become friends? I could rent you out to her?"

The rest of the journey went without incident. When they got to the hotel it was mid-morning, they unpacked their suitcase and Alison gestured to the door, "Come on, let's go for a swim." Gary frowned, "I didn't bring my trunks..." Alison shrugged, "It's okay you can borrow some of my swimwear... Would you like a swimming costume or a bikini?" He glared, "Alison! She reached into the drawers and pulled out an electric pink skimpy bikini and a royal blue and white stripy swimming costume with enhanced cups for the breasts. "Which one would you prefer? If you go for the bikini, I won't make you wear the top?"

Rolling his eyes, Gary held his hand out, "Alright give me the bikini bottoms..." Alison shook her head and him the full set, "I said wear, not try on... Put the top on too." Gary slid the bikini top over his arms and turned so Alison could pull it tight and fasten the clip at the back. Then he stepped into the skimpy bottoms and pulled them up.

Alison eyed him critically, "Very nice, I think you should wear the matching set..." He glanced at himself in the mirror. His flat chest failed

to fill the cups of the bikini top, the skimpy bottoms did nothing to conceal his plastic chastity device. He tried adjusting it, tucking it left, right, centre – then downwards... Nothing worked. He turned to the chuckling Alison, “I can’t go swimming in these!” She smiled and shrugged, “One thing for it then – swimming costume!” Gary looked pleadingly at her but she sighed, “At least try it on, then you can choose...” He removed the bikini set and pulled the stripy swimsuit up over his shoulders. Again the breast cups looked silly empty, but the broader bottom part did conceal the chastity device far more effectively.

Alison rubbed her chin thoughtfully, “Hmmm, well the choice is yours, your device is better hidden in the swimming costume, but it definitely looks more blatantly feminine... Either way it’s up to you, bear in mind though I’m activating you on a two metre leash then going for a swim, so you’re either coming for a swim or writhing in agony by the poolside... Choose quickly though, we’re going in two minutes.”

Gary stared at himself in the mirror. He hadn’t signed up for this. The constant embarrassment, the constant feminine underwear, sometimes entire outfits... He turned to Alison, “Look, can’t you take the device off? Then I’ll wear the bikini bottoms?” She shrugged, “Nope, it stays on, I like your mood so much better when you’re all nice and locked up.”

He sagged, she simply shrugged, got up and started heading for the door, “Times up!” He felt the tingling that warned him he was straying out of range and was forced to jog to keep up.

All through the hotel corridors he pleaded with her, drawing strange looks from other holiday makers as they passed. Alison simply ignored him and strode on. When they got to the pool area she dumped her towel on a lounge and went straight for the water. Gary of course was forced to keep up, a few people murmured at the sight of a man going swimming in his wife’s feminine swimming costume. In truth he was thankful to be in the water, swimming around after Alison.

After twenty minutes of swimming around after Alison trying to keep in range they exited the pool. Alison sat on her lounge, forcing Gary to follow suit and sit next to her.

As they lay there in the sun, Alison in her matching set bikini, and Gary in her swimming costume she turned to Gary, “How are you enjoying your life in chastity? Being feminized all the time?” Gary was acutely aware of people staring at him, he was about to speak when a girl in her twenties

approached him, "Sorry for asking, but my friends and I were wondering – why are you wearing your wife's swimming costume?"

Alison answered, "Airport lost his suitcase, he's got no clothes and wanted to go swimming..." The girl chuckled, "Oh well, that's a practical solution I suppose, why don't you go to town to buy some more?" Alison answered again, "We haven't had time yet."

The girl raised an eyebrow, "Hmmm, well at least that explains it – we thought you were a lesbian couple at first glance." Gary went bright red, Alison chuckled, "I guess that's something a lot of people will think until we get sorted – he's got no clothes at all and I've only brought dresses." The girl laughed out loud at this and eyed Gary, "You're going to wander around in summer dresses?" Alison cut in again, "Well his travelling clothes are all sweaty, I've left a note for maid to drop them off at the hotel laundry."

Gary gave her an accusing look, could she do such a thing? She simply smiled innocently and patted him on the thigh, "Don't worry honey, I've got enough dresses packed for both of us..."

When Alison eventually returned to the room, Gary scampering close behind to stay in range, Gary found his fears were true. Alison had sent his travelling clothes to be laundered and she'd also removed all his male clothes from the suitcase and replaced them exclusively with dresses. He glared at Alison, "What did you do that for?"

She grinned, "Well, I know how much you like wearing women's clothes, so I took your nasty male clothes out. We're on holiday – you won't see anyone you know, and besides we have the perfect cover story for you?"

Gary sighed, "I suppose... I'm not very happy about this though..." Alison raised an eyebrow, "You're not? Would you like to go back to our vanilla life? We could stop all this? Think carefully though, whenever you say you want to go back, I'm going to give you an additional year of chastity and feminization... What do you say?"

Gary thought about it... It was a tough decision... On the one hand he loved the feeling of submissiveness that being locked in chastity gave him. He loved the bizarre sensation of feeling constantly aroused by wearing female attire, but not being able to get fully aroused... At the same time so often, so many times he'd been desperate for an orgasm. Since Alison had upgraded and sharpened his spikes he'd decided it was impossible to orgasm in the device. In the shower he'd tried to work it out

for a crafty orgasm, but again it was such a good fit that it was hopeless... He'd have to endure an extra year of orgasm denial and feminization before Alison would release him...

He sighed, "I want out... I've loved being your chaste sissy... But I, I don't know how long I can endure the orgasm denial."

Alison sighed deeply, "Hmmm, well, that's a pity in ways – I've started to really enjoy our situation... Still, one year from now... I'll release you, and we'll go back to our vanilla life."

Gary sighed, for the rest of the holiday he wore Alison's dresses, flowing, flowery summer dresses. High heeled shoes, Alison decided he should keep his male attire to travel back in to save embarrassment at the airport. They went shopping together, and meals out. Every night Gary would service Alison, with his tongue, his fingers or both. She started dressing his outfits up with bits of jewellery too, saying that certain dresses needed accessories. At times he regretted asking for the release, and didn't look forward to the end of his sissy life, but his constantly straining penis and ever flowing pre cum often changed his mind.

Alison was enjoying the situation too, Gary's behaviour had been so much better since she'd taken charge and locked and laced him. She dreaded a return to his selfish, chauvinistic self... Secretly she wondered about keeping him sissified permanently, in permanent orgasm denial...

Despite his protests at the time, Gary began to crave drinking his own semen again. Whether it was due to the memory of the orgasm or the fact that it was such a turning on situation when it wasn't happening to you...

He even asked Alison for an orgasm, several times. Each time she refused, hinting that maybe, just maybe if he was a 'good girl' he'd get one for Christmas, which was six months away.

### ***Chapter 13 : Sarah's Revenge***

The rest of the holiday continued without incident. It was an enjoyable two weeks, and despite his initial horror at the idea, Gary was sad to don his male clothes again to travel back.

When they got back to the flat, Sarah and Robin were there. Gary had endured another embarrassing encounter with a customs officer, this time a female Greek one. Her English had been good though, and he'd been able to try, through his embarrassment to explain. Thankfully she didn't

force him to give her cunninglas, but as he left the customs area he saw her whispering to her colleagues, who all stared at him and burst out laughing. Presumably, laughing at the tales of his lingerie and chastity device.

When they walked through the door Sarah and Robin had made a pot of tea and were sitting in the living room. Alison called out, "Hi, we're back!"

Sarah looked up, "Oh, did you have a good time?" Gary answered, "Fantastic thanks, really great." Robin was smiling, and waiting expectantly for Sarah to speak, Sarah was grinning from ear to ear, "There's been a development since you left, we have good news, we're getting married!"

Alison beamed, "Oh congratulations, when's the big day?" Sarah smiled mischievously, "In a few months... Hmmm, Alison, Gary, can I ask you a favour?" Alison raised an eyebrow, "Of course, what is it?" Sarah looked shifty and started slowly, "Would \*ahem\* you and Gary be our bridesmaids?" Alison looked perplexed, Gary looked horrified, "You mean Alison?" Sarah looked sheepishly at him, "Well, no... I mean you and Alison..."

Gary glared at her, "I can't be a bridesmaid, in case you didn't notice, I am a \*ahem\* man..." Sarah shrugged, "So? Who says you can't be a bridesmaid?"

Gary laughed, shaking his head in disbelief, "Why on earth would you want a hairy old guy as your bridesmaid?" Sarah shrugged, "Well you won't BE, a hairy old guy by the time they've finished with you..."

Gary raised an eyebrow, "They?" Sarah rolled her eyes, "\*Sigh\*. I'll explain, I was listening to a programme on the radio the other day, they were talking about gender roles in marriage and the wedding ceremony and asking about whether we need to re-think marriage as a constitution with a greater emphasis on equality."

Gary nodded, "And?", "Well, at the end of the programme, they offered a prize to pay for the wedding of a couple who told them the most radical gender role challenging ideas they were working into the wedding. Robin

said he really wanted his sister to be ‘best man’ because they are so close and he doesn’t really have any male friends that he thinks he’s close enough to ask – then I mentioned that I’d been friends with you for so long wouldn’t it be ironic if he had a female best man and I had a male bridesmaid? I’d ask Alison too of course... Well anyway, I wrote to the radio station stating that all this had been agreed and they’ve chosen us! They’ve offered to pay for your treatments at a beauty salon all the dresses, the reception – everything. The only concession is that they have to be able to cover the wedding in the related radio station’s magazine.”

Gary’s jaw dropped, “I’m not doing it...” Sarah looked crossly at him now, “And why not?” , “I can’t be a bridesmaid!” Sarah rolled her eyes at him, “Let me see, what did you say? ‘I mean it’s not like we’re asking you do anything difficult – you just have to wear a dress, look pretty and carry flowers... Have a dance with the best man if you want to push it.’ Hmmm, then what did you say? Oh yes, ‘I’d do it for you!’ that was it... Well I’m calling in the favour – you ARE going to be a bridesmaid.”

Gary started shaking, “Sarah, please!” Sarah chuckled, quoting him again. “I can’t believe you won’t put yourself through a tiny bit of embarrassment for a few hours... besides, I told them you’d already agreed to it – if you back out now it’s going to cost us something like twenty thousand, twenty thousand we don’t have... Don’t be such a baby!”

Alison had been watching and listening with interest and decided to step in, “Don’t be silly Sarah, of course he’ll do it...”

### ***Chapter 14 : The First Fit***

Gary had been bullied into agreeing to be a bridesmaid at his sister-in-law’s wedding. Robin was away on business and Gary, Alison were waiting outside Sarah’s house, expecting to discuss the wedding. Gary still disbelieving that he was going to be a bridesmaid.

Eventually Sarah opened the door, “Hi! Come in!” As Sarah pushed the door closed after them she blurted out, “Guess what?” Alison raised an eyebrow, “What?”, “Well, Channel 4 has heard about our wedding and they want to do a documentary about us!”

Gary groaned, “I don’t want to be on television!” Sarah scowled at him,

“Hmmpf, well it’s tough luck because I’ve already agreed to it. Look on the plus side, they’ve offered to help with your and Robin’s Sister ‘Gemma’s image. Erm... I told them you’d agreed to start being feminized weeks before so...”

Gary glared, “Sarah!” Alison rolled her eyes, “Actually Sarah, Gary is already in training... He has been for some time.” Sarah raised an eyebrow, Alison continued, “He’s been wearing female underwear for some time to get in character.”

Sarah chuckled, “Oh Gary, that’s very sweet of you... Can we try my bridesmaid dress I wore at your wedding on you? See how it looks?”

Alison cut in before he could answer, “Of course – let’s go upstairs.” Gary followed submissively and was told to strip to his underwear in Sarah’s bedroom.

Standing there in his lingerie with his sister-in-law and wife casting a critical eye over him sent him bright red again. Sarah pulled a confused look on her face, then pointed to his groin, “What’s that plastic thing sticking out of his panties?”

Alison giggled softly, “It’s his anti-masturbation device.” Sarah laughed out loud at this, “Can’t keep his hands off can he? I don’t have that problem with Robin, he likes having sex too much... Hmmm, okay well – pull the dress on, here...” She handed him her bridesmaid dress and he stepped into the dress and slid his arms through the sleeves. Sarah and Alison pulled the dress up and fastened him in with the zipper at the rear.

Sarah and Alison circled him, studying him carefully. Then Sarah stepped forwards and patted his chest, “This bit needs filling in a bit... I think he needs some breast forms for it to look right.” Alison went next, caressing his waist, “We could do with taking his waist in a bit too, and perhaps getting some more padding for his bottom...”

Sarah then stood back and looked at the front, and rubbed her chin thoughtfully, she studied him for what seemed like an age, “What are we going to do about this?” Alison walked around to where she was standing and followed her gaze, “What?” Sarah stepped closer and pointed at the outline of the CB3000 showing through the dress, “This bulge, it looks a



bit unsightly... Can't we hide it somehow?" Gary's eyes brightened up, "We'll have to remove it!"

Alison shook her head, "No sweetie, we're leaving that little cage in place thank you very much... It would be worse any way... I'm sure Sarah doesn't want your raging erection lifting your skirt up..." Gary groaned, "Alison..."

Sarah folded her arms, "Well, I don't like it... It's very, hmmm, very obvious. It just makes you look male, whatever else we do to feminize you will be ruined by that bulge.... There must be something we can do."

Alison smirked, "Hmmm, I've got a thought... He's had that little plastic cage for ages now – I've been reading up on the internet and it seems you can get a custom made, stainless steel 'she-male' belts made which have a flat front, they'd get rid of the bulge." Sarah's eyes widened, "Let me get my laptop you can show me."

As she was gone Gary whined at Alison, "Can I take this off now?" Alison shook her head, "Sorry honey, if you're going to be following Sarah up the aisle on television, you need to be used to ladies clothes – keep it on." Sarah returned and Alison showed her some pictures of the Florentine style belts of the she-male type. After much browsing and talking Sarah smiled, "I think I have the perfect solution, here's what we'll do... Normally the bride and groom buy a token gift for the bridesmaid's right? Well, in our case we'll buy you the belt, but... I think I should keep your key, I'd like to wear it on a chain around my neck, at least until after the honeymoon."

Gary frowned, "Why?" Sarah shrugged, "I don't know... I guess the idea of knowing I have you by the balls is kind of... Erotic... You wouldn't mind would you Al?" Alison shrugged, "No I think it's a great idea... You'll have to get him measured up straight away though – and you'll have to make sure it's compatible with his DL2000." Sarah gave her a puzzled expression, "DL2000?" Alison nodded, "It's a little remote control shocking device attached to his balls, I can shock him, or set him on a short leash so if he wanders off he gets a 'reminder shock' to stand next to me."

A knowing look grew on Sarah's face, "Ahhh, he was wearing it at the

wedding? No wonder he followed you around all night... I love it... Can I have the remote for the duration of the wedding? After all if he's going to be MY bridesmaid, it's only fitting."

Alison shrugged, "True... Sure, why not..." Gary rolled his eyes, "I am here you know!"

## ***Chapter 15 : Preparation***

Gary from that point onwards had been loaned some female clothes to wear by both Sarah and Alison. Alison downloaded the measuring instructions for the full, steel chastity belt and measured him up with Sarah's assistance.

Given the circumstances of the belt being ordered, the chastity belt maker agreed to do a fast turn around and model the belt especially to have a flat front so as not to spoil the look of the bridesmaid dress and to facilitate the inclusion of a DL2000 device.

It came within a week, Sarah and Alison decided to fit the belt at Sarah's house because she would be Gary's key holder until her return from the honeymoon.

Gary, wearing a simple dress, with his usual ensemble underneath, Alison and Sarah were in Sarah's upstairs spare bedroom. The box was on the bed, Alison gestured towards Sarah, "Go on, I think you should open it." Sarah grinned and slowly started pulling the box apart. Shiny stainless steel parts were removed and laid on the bed.

The craftsmanship was fantastic. It had an impossible to pick cylindrical lock, but rather than the standard configuration of the lock being at the front, the maker had made the front perfectly flat with the lock snapping shut at the rear on the hip line, level with the anus, and also holding the rear shield in place.

The front was very flat and quite feminine, the maker had even taken the time to weld a feminine floral pattern into the front shield.

Sarah took the pieces one by one and turned them over in her hands, after a few moments she looked up at Alison, "I can't wait to get him in this,

come on – unlock him!” Alison shook her head, “It’s not that simple I’m afraid, if I unlocked him, he’d probably start playing straight away or run off... He hasn’t had an orgasm since our wedding night... Wait a second.”

With that Alison gathered some handcuffs from her bag and cuffed Gary’s hands to a high, cast iron, wall light bracket. She then unfastened his dress and slid it off his shoulders. After pulling his panties down she took the key on its chain and unlocked his plastic cage.

Immediately he started getting erect, but before he could, Sarah passed her the tube, and Alison slid it on quickly then, fixed it to the front shield and pressed it against his groin. As she fed the rear shield through the legs Sarah grabbed the ergonomic hip band and pulled it tight, with a snap, Gary was locked in his new belt.

Alison looked up at him, “How does it feel?” Gary smiled, “Comfortable... Really, aargh! Get it off!” Alison looked puzzled at him, he shouted, “Something’s piercing my glans! Help!” Alison chuckled at this, “Silly, I specified spikes in the tube so when you start getting erect you get pierced on them – try not to think erotic thoughts.”

Sarah was fastening the key on a chain and hanging it around her neck, while Alison unlocked Gary’s hands. As his hands were freed he ran them over his new metal underwear. The front was so smooth, it was as if he didn’t have a penis at all. The only sign were some discreet holes in the underside for pee to pass through. Effectively he would now have to sit like a girl to pee.

Alison smirked at him, “You like?” He shuddered, “I don’t know...”

## ***Chapter 16 : The Big Day***

Gary had spent weeks in his new belt, gradually getting used to the even more painful punishment for arousal than his old CB3000. He’d been wearing high heels, department slips and breast forms every day to get in character, at Alison’s insistence. Alison had been helping him to put on make-up and though his hair still wasn’t very long, Alison had helped him to mould it into a feminine style.

He’d also been practicing his falsetto voice with Alison coaching him, and

shocking him when he didn't perform as well as required.

Sarah had chosen him a dress, after Gary's persistent pleading not to be forced into pastel pink she'd chosen a royal blue ankle length with a high neck in satin.

The film crew arrived early, they followed Gary to the beauty salon, where he was to receive a full body wax, a manicure, a pedicure, a facial, hair extensions and a feminine hair style. The plans for Alison to join him as a bridesmaid had been dropped to his annoyance, Sarah feeling one male bridesmaid would balance Robin's sister being best man more effectively.

When they got to the salon, film crew in tow Gary was greeted by the proprietor, a youngish girl who went by the name of 'Nikki' she seemed bemused by this episode, being asked to give a full set of treatments to a soon to be famous male bridesmaid.

Gary was wearing a female business suit with a blouse upon arrival.

Nikki eyed him critically, "Hmmm, where shall we start with you?" Gary simply shrugged, his embarrassment long gone, "Wherever you think..."

Nikki smiled, "In that case we'll start with the waxing, Gary, this is 'Sherry' she'll take you through and get you ready. When Gary looked at the girl in the electric pink uniform gesturing for him to follow, he saw a knowing look in her eyes. As she walked down the corridor, her high heels clicking on the tiled floor, her hips swinging side to side he thought about what it was...

When they got to the treatment room she turned to him, "Okay sweetie, strip, then up onto the table." Gary hesitated .. Then relented, he removed his feminine clothes, down the chastity belt, he pointed to it and started, "I can't take tha.." Sherry cut him off, "I know you can't take it off, it's a chastity belt." Gary screwed his face up, she knew? "How did you..." Sherry reached down and rapped her knuckles on her groin which made a hollow 'thunk', "Because I'm wearing one..." He looked at her again, she looked so feminine, but something told him, something... "You're a guy right?"

Sherry nodded, "Perry used to be my name..." Gary shook his head in disbelief, Perry was so feminine... "How did you end up in this erm, situation?", "Up on the table, I'll tell you while I work..."

Gary complied and Perry began methodically waxing every part of his body that was accessible. While he worked he recounted the story of how he'd

decided to trick Nikki into acting as his unknowing key holder, then being discovered...

The waxing was painful, there was something surreal about being waxed by a fully feminized chastity belted male (Read: The Clinical Trial by Sabrina Jen Mountford) When the waxing was nearly over, and the story had reached the point where there was no hope of a return to his normal life, Gary was quivering. He looked Sherry in the face, or Perry, "And how do you feel about it now? Do you mind?" Sherry shrugged, "I accept it... Nikki is a good mistress and you learn to live without orgasms... She does milk me sometimes, though it's getting less and less frequent."

Gary sighed, "I made a choice, I chose to return to a normal vanilla life... I just have to make it through this year... I keep wondering if I've made the right choice though."

Sherry raised an eyebrow, "At least you have a choice... I'm sure you'll miss being in chastity, but if you don't go back you'll miss orgasms, there's no right or wrong, it's a choice."

After the waxing Gary received a facial, then was taken to the salon part for hair extensions and bridesmaids make-up. By the time they were finished with him he looked indistinguishably female.

The film crew filmed various parts of the procedure and Alison stayed on hand the whole time.

Once they were finished Alison helped him into his bridesmaids dress and he was dropped off at Sarah's house to help her get ready.

Throughout this whole escapade his cock strained in its prison, piercing his glans again and again. He helped Sarah get her wedding dress on, and carried her train to the wedding car.

As they sat in the back of the Rolls Royce he saw his key dangling on a chain outside Sarah's dress, she had Alison's bracelet with the DL2000 controls on too. She grinned at him then tapped a gem on the bracelet making Gary yelp and clutch at his groin through the dress, "What was that for!?" She giggled, "Just testing, I'm putting you on a two metre leash now - so don't forget to stay close."

And so they arrived at the church, camera's flashing. He stayed unerringly close to Sarah, carrying his bouquet and Sarah's long train as she walked up the aisle to the wedding march.

It was hell, he could feel his hair extensions draping over his shoulders,

the tiara fixed into his hair, the layers and layers of foundation... The fact that the chastity belt made the profile of the front of his dress so perfect... He could feel his breast forms in his bra, his bum pads, giving his bottom a more feminine shape, the corset gripping him tightly making it hard to breathe. He'd gotten used to high heels to a degree, but the long dress hid his feet and forced him to tread carefully placing toe then heel.

As they neared the altar he spotted Robins sister, wearing a female business suit with a blouse... At that point it struck him that he'd gotten the raw end of this deal somehow.

The rest of the wedding he followed Sarah around obediently, whenever he accidentally strayed the tingling in the belt warned him of a pending shock and he was sent running back to her side. He gave interviews to the film crew did a lot of nodding and smiling and suffered a multitude of bemused looks. The meal came and went, he was thanked in the speeches, Robins sister making a point about how brave he was for agreeing to be Sarah's bridesmaid and pointing out how well he'd performed his duties, never leaving Sarah's side for the entire reception.

As the disco started, he had a sudden panic... The first dance? He couldn't chase around her and Robin on the dance floor. As it happened the DJ announced an unusual change to tradition, and instead of the usual bride and groom first dance, the bride would be dancing with the bridesmaid and the groom with the best man.

It was a peculiar sight, the four of them performing a slow dance, Gary's penis was burning with pain, as he linked hands with Sarah and clenched her waist, watching his chastity belt key bounce off her chest as they whirled around.

The evening drew to a close, as Sarah and Robin were about to jump in the limousine together Sarah handed the remote control bracelet to Alison, forcing Gary to quickly take his place next to Alison.

Guests drifted away, the dance floor died down and the film crew left.

Gary and Alison sat at a table, near the bar. They both had a glass of red wine, Alison and Sarah having banned him from beer because it was 'unladylike'. Alison looked him in the eye, still amazed at how feminine and pretty her husband looked, "Gary, have you enjoyed today?" He sighed deeply. "My corset is too tight... As usual, these high heel sandals have been killing my feet since we started walking up the aisle... I've felt so silly all day..." Alison shrugged, "They've done a good job on you though – if I

didn't know better I'd think you were a pretty girl." He rolled his eyes, "Thanks... I think... How about you? How have you felt, having your husband dressed up... Being your sisters bridesmaid?" Alison shrugged, "You DO look very feminine, I still think it's all a bit weird... I don't know if I can get my head around it. Sarah, she's different I think, she's really pleased about holding your key while she's off on her honeymoon. Having you by the balls as she puts it, she says it makes her feel so aroused – she said she never wants to give it back."

Gary shifted in his seat awkwardly, "Hmmpf! I hope you didn't agree to that..." Alison giggled, "No silly... We agreed to stop this and go back to normality after a year... Assuming that's what you still want?" Gary sighed deeply... Then looked at her, "I... I don't think it is..."

Alison smirked, "You want to be kept in a state of permanent denial, being my sex slave and sissy maid?" he shrugged, "I know you don't understand it... But it's true..." Alison shook her head, "This is typical you, flip flopping and changing your mind every five minutes... I don't get your weird fetishes... I seriously can't imagine why you like being dominated... However, I do find you kind of cute in girly things, and I... I have to admit, you're much more attentive when I've got you locked up, and hmmm... I have to admit, I find it very arousing knowing you're denied all sexual pleasure, whereas I have orgasms on tap...Hah! And making you do all the chores, I'll be sad to give that up..."

Gary shifted awkwardly in his dress, his suspenders tickling his thighs. He was getting used to having his waist constricted by a corset, but the sensation of the breast forms pressing into his chest and the hair and make-up had driven him to a new height of arousal... He thought his penis must be bleeding it had been impaled so hard, so many times on the hidden spikes in the tube. He looked her in the eye, "Alison..."

She cut him off, "Gary, I'm not doing with all this flip flopping about. I'm giving you one chance, and one choice here. This is your last 'get out of 'lace and chastity' card free'. Here's how it's going to work, either we bring vanilla day forwards and unlock and un-sissify you the minute Sarah gets back with your key and don't speak about it again, or you turn over control of your life to me completely, I will decide when you orgasm, and when you don't, the clothes you wear, the music you listen to, the films you watch, the food you eat – everything. Any signs of questioning and I'll punish you severely. Any mention of being unlocked – I will punish severely, any requests for an orgasm, I will punish severely... You will do

all the housework, the shopping, everything... And you will service me orally whenever I demand it. Mentioning going back to our vanilla life will result in severe punishment..."

Gary listened, taking it all in. It seemed a big step, but he felt so submissive in this ultra-feminine outfit, with the cruellest of chastity devices on... All the while, Alison idly twiddling the DL2000 control bracelet in her fingers...

He sighed, "I accept your terms, I turn over full control of my life to you." She raised an eyebrow, "Are you sure? I'm going to have you abstaining from alcohol completely? I'm selling your gaming console and I may never make you orgasm again... If I do, then you will be drinking the semen – you can count on that."

Gary smiled, "I'm sure..."

Alison giggled, "Good..."

When they got back to the flat, she sat on the sofa and removed her underwear. She then directed Gary to kneel and 'work his magic.' He worked harder than ever using his tongue and his fingers to caress her genitals. She enjoyed it more than ever, looking down at Gary's long feminine hair, feminine features and now ample breasts – part of her felt like she was making love to a girl, like she was having a lewd encounter with a bona fide lesbian female bridesmaid, the taboo of it made her quiver with excitement.

At the same time, watching Gary work his tongue in and out, then grimace in pain reminded her that he was still locked in the chastity belt and suffering immensely while she drank in the pleasure.

It was too much, she tried not to come, to drag it out, but she came with an explosive force causing her to groan loudly, and collapse back onto the sofa. After panting for a few moments, she sighed deeply, "Gary, that was amazing... That so amazing, I've got a special treat for you – we're going to have sex!"

Her legs still wobbling she dragged Gary into the bedroom, and helped him out of his bridesmaid dress, when they were down their underwear Gary suddenly looked confused, "Hang on... I thought Sarah had the key?" Alison nodded, "She does! But that won't stop us... Close your eyes!"

He obeyed, and heard her rummaging, then felt a pressure on his groin and heard a loud 'click'.



He opened his eyes and gazed down at his chastity belt poking out from behind his satin panties was a large green clip on dildo. He looked at it in dismay... But before he could say anything Alison pushed him back onto the bed and clambered on top of him. She was riding him back and forth, rocking her hips, their lingerie rubbing together.

Gary gasped at the sensation, she was riding him, faster, faster, but he couldn't feel a thing... He so wanted to come, he desperately wanted to orgasm. But all he could feel was her hips gliding over his, and his penis stabbing itself on the spikes while she rode herself to a second orgasm.

As she came she moaned again, then collapsed forwards, her breasts crashing onto his breast forms.

After a few moments panting, she got her breath and smiled at Gary, "I like you all 'girlie' too much... You're never going back to your nasty male clothes ever again – even to the office."

His jaw dropped, he'd tolerated the underwear, it had been exciting but it was all hidden, "Alison, no, I don't want..." She cut him off, "That's tough luck – you've given me complete control of your life from now on. Tomorrow you are going to go to work, in a smart, but feminine suit perhaps my beige one with the knee length skirt? I will help you with your make-up. Then when you get home you are going to clean the flat in your sissy maid outfit, then you're going to service me orally... I hope you enjoy tomorrow Gary... It's going to be a day, which is very representative of the rest of your life."

Gary suddenly felt a little afraid, the hope of regular orgasms, of being able to live as a male seemed to be slipping away from him. Alison simply leaned closer and whispered in his ear, "I told you to be careful what you wish for! Now get your nightie on and get into bed before I start shocking you..."

~fin

By Sabrina

*[To read more about Niki and Sherry read 'The Beauty Spa' included with 'The Clinical Trial' by Sabrina Jen Mountford.]*

\*\*\*

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

---

~Ten years ago...

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

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

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

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

Her mobile phone rang.

She looked at the softly glowing display, ‘Serena’ a client? She thought

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

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

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

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

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

Another silence...

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

actually good fun.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

With that she turned on her heel and walked through the suite to a large double door and opened it. Beyond was the bedroom of the suite. Samantha followed wide eyed. Once they were in the bedroom she gasped. There was a naked man lying face down on the bed with his hands hand cuffed to the headboard. There was a selection of corporal

punishment implements next to the bed on a little table, whips, riding crops, paddles, canes... And a small wooden pillory, a stock for the neck and wrists, left invitingly open. It was lined with leather and looked comfortable, but constrictive.

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

Samantha approached gingerly, looking nervously at the pillory, it looked comfortable, but inescapable. Serena's voice drifted softly over her shoulder, "Good girl... Now put your head and wrists in..." Samantha lowered her neck onto the opening and placed her wrists in. Serena's heels were clicking on the floor as she approached. She could feel the soft cushioned leather on her neck, smell the leather... she thought about what she was about to endure. She imagined the crop snapping onto her buttocks... The pain... She pulled her head up and glared at Serena, "No! I don't want to be whipped! Not by YOU, or anyone!"

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

Serena smiled warmly, "Samantha, there will be no need for that... I can see we're like-minded individuals... You feel what I feel, but you don't understand it. I can help you with that of course... And I will... If you had

followed my instructions, you would still have had work – we get a limited demand for female submissive escorts... But that life would have been very different, you would have received payment for being on the receiving of the whip, for lying over men's... Or women's knees, and receiving spankings... As it stands, it is YOU who will be doing the spanking. Now select an implement – don't be shy, he can neither hear nor see you."

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

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

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

"Control?"

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

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

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

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

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

Serena looked up expectantly at Samantha who approached, with a mischievous smile on her face. Samantha leaned in, "Did you like that... Graham? Hmmm, I think you did... Don't speak... Unless I give you permission, I want try some different implements on you – do you understand? Nod don't talk..." He nodded, "Good..."

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

She was enjoying it, having him bound, helpless and at her mercy made



her feel in control and powerful... It started to make her feel aroused... His muffled cries made the effect all the more powerful.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Please, please stop..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh yes, well, hmmm, no, maybe not – but if you can trick them into it... If you can get them into a belt and lingerie... Then they will not be able to

resist liking it and feeling submissive to you. They want to wear satin and lace, but they feel guilty, you forcing them to do this absolves them of guilt, they feel absolved of responsibility. Men are not good at handling stress and being submissive is a great release for them.”

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

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

### **Free Trial Chapter from ‘Anita’s Tale : The Sperm Donor’**

---

#### **Scrub Nurse Anita**

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

She appeared at about the same time as the patient was wheeled in unconscious, intubated and followed in by nurse

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

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

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

"Scalpel..."

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

"No... "

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

his right side like so.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Snip...

“Pop it in the dish dear...”

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

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

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

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

Anita carefully placed the testicle in the kidney dish being held out to her. As the Professor started making her incision on the other side she paused, then gestured to one of the nurses, “Get a fresh kidney dish, we’ll keep the healthy testicle separate. Our priority is to perform the orchidectomy on the cancerous testicle, at that point we’ll see if there’s any scope for reattaching the healthy testicle.”

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

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

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

She was clearly expected to make the snip, separating the second testicle from the patient, completing the castration. She took the scissors offered to her and held them over the spermatic cord, then paused and looked at the professor, "What effects will this have on his life if we can't reattach the healthy testicle?"

"Oh, lots of effects... Initially he will feel depressed, due to the changes in hormones he experiences coupled with a sense of loss – we should organize counselling for that. He will also obviously be completely infertile from this point onwards, his muscle density and bone density will lower. Some muscle will turn to fat, he'll find his bodily hair becoming thinner and slower growing, and he will get physically weaker. Once the depression wears off he'll be calmer, but have less energy. He may have some sex drive, but probably he will have none,



from this point on he is neither male nor female, but from a hormonal point of view he will be closer to female, probably post-menopausal female. Indeed he may choose to undergo further surgery and have his gender reassigned, we can't perform that surgery now as we would need further consent and it's a specialist procedure, but it involves re-shaping the inguinal canal into a vagina, and the scrotum into inner and outer labia, we would use the glans of his penis to form a nice little, realistic looking and sensitive clitoris."

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

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

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

Snip!

The testicle dropped into the waiting free kidney dish. Professor Goldsmith took a moment to change her gloves to avoid spreading the cancer, then she took the healthy testicle and examined it, "Hmmm, this one is healthy... Shall we try to reattach?"

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

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

Anita put the healthy testicle back into its' dish, a single tear

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

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

### **The Recovery Room**

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

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

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

ahem, castrate you.”

He shook his head in confusion, “I’m sorry, I don’t understand...”

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

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

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

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

injections – it's really a matter of choice. If you've banked sperm the-

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

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

## **Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor By Sabrina Jen Mountford**

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 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 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 Rijakistan 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 mannequin.*

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

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

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

### ***Femdom : The Ex's Revenge***

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

*Angelo is employed, hypnotized, feminized, chastised and forced to service several of these dominant women who are all out to teach him the power of femininity. He ends up with polypropylene breast implants and locked into a steel pair of high heel shoes - meaning the shoe is now definitely on the*

*other foot. When he ends up in a special chastity belt which gives his owners the ability to 'push button' castrate him at any time his obedience is assured...*

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

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

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

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

### **FAQ**

*Q: Are you a professional dome?*

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

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

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

*Q: Please?*

A: No, you could try Perry's tactic as described in 'The Beauty Spa' (Bonus story included with 'The Clinical Trial', but I can't be held responsible for the outcome.

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

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

*Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: I hope not! If some girl decides to handcuff her boyfriend to the bed, then castrate him because she read something similar in one of my stories

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

*Q: So do you hate men?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: No, unless you feel you should always have been a woman and want



gender reassignment for a deeper meaning than sexual fantasy – it would probably only make you depressed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: No it's a pen name.

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

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

*Q: Are your stories popular?*

A: Fairly... I've had them in the top 20,000 on Kindle at times. People who buy one often buy more... I haven't had many requests for refunds – to be honest there's a

pattern to the tiny number of refund requests I have had... I wonder if it's someone cheating and buying them with the full intention of requesting a refund regardless of whether they like it or not. That thing wanting to castrate men... Hmmm, I can think of a circumstance where I might be tempted to agree to perform a penectomy and castration on someone...

Q: Why do you write some of these stories from the male submissive point of view?

A: My boyfriend wrote 'The Receptionist' (Included as a bonus with 'The Clinical Trial') from that point of view and that story was really my inspiration. I've started experimenting with other points of views in my later stories – I might do some more 1<sup>st</sup> person later... We'll see.

Q: Are you ever going to write about Donald Fisher making the deal with Samantha in the first place?

A: Yes! I'm still thinking about it though at the moment – when I get around to it, it should be a good one!