

SABRINA JEN MOUNTFORD



THE MALE BRIDESMAID 2 : THE
RELUCTANT CUCKOLDRESS -
CUCKOLDING, CHASTITY, FORCED
FEMINIZATION AND FEMDOM.

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

~ 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.

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Feminization Stories Second Collection: Feminized For Her,

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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)

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Forward:-

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

I wrote the Male Bridesmaid a year before I decided to write a sequel. I wasn't planning on making it a femdom series at the time, but I've had so many requests in both reviews and email messages, I've decided the time has come to explore Alison and Gary's life after Sarah's wedding. To put this story into context, I strongly suggest reading 'The Male Bridesmaid' first. In 'The Male Bridesmaid' Gary finds a reluctant Alison slowly at first, then quickly warming to the idea of femdom, female domination,

chastity and forced feminization. He goes from leading a fairly vanilla life, getting his kinky kicks solely from the Kindle – to being fully feminized and kept in permanent orgasm denial with a clever remote shocking device attached to his genitals[Which are real and available to buy from Dreamloverlabs]. Alison takes so much control over Gary that she even decides at one point that she wants him to orgasm and forces him to, against his will, forcing him to drink his own semen afterwards. The story ends with Sarah having co-erced Gary into being her bridesmaid at her wedding, off on her honeymoon, with the key to his chastity device around her neck. We start our tale with Gary and Alison arriving back at the flat, the key to his device, off to another country around his now sister-in-law's neck... □

After exploring other fetishes, this is a work which takes me back into the sort of femdom, female domination which started me off on this journey. This femdom is heavy with chastity, orgasm denial, forced feminization and cuckold fantasy, with a smattering of corporal punishment thrown in for good measure. If you like your femdom to portray a little over-the-knee spanking or the male being coerced into trying on panties, then this femdom probably isn't for you. This femdom is for not for the prudish, and it really does make more sense if you read 'The Male Bridesmaid' first.

Incidentally if you'd like to be fully feminized or locked into a chastity device and live in the North London area the professional dominatrix 'Rebecca Winter'; will be more than willing to accommodate you and perhaps administer you some corporal punishment, while she's at it. If you're up for it and want to experience real female domination, please see <http://www.rebeccawinter.com> and don't forget to tell her you discovered her through 'The Male Bridesmaid 2' the scenes in this story are in no way reflective of a session with Rebecca Winter. Her promotion here is purely a 'favour for a friend' and nothing more. If you want to watch some hot femdom action in film, then I suggest visiting <http://www.femdomfilms.eu/> Enjoy the story.

~ Sabrina

The Male Bridesmaid 2: The Reluctant Cuckoldress

Prologue

Gary was lying awake in bed. It had been a strange day. Having to fawn around his now sister-in-law Sarah, being her bridesmaid for the day,

unable to stray more than a metre away from her all day for fear of being shocked by the now feared, 'leash mode'. The indignity of it...

He'd actually found himself having to co-ordinate his toilet visits with Sarah, when she'd refused to go when he needed to go. On one occasion there was no stall free next door to one Sarah had occupied and he'd been forced to stand around outside, near to the cubicle door to avoid the 'leash' activating and shocking him. Of course once Sarah had 'been' she wasn't willing to wait, to facilitate him going and he'd had to skip that opportunity to go.

When he did manage to go, it was a lesson in humiliation. Having to manoeuvre himself in the stall, into the right position, then hitch-up his long, lined bridesmaids dress, while teetering on his high heels. Then pull down his lacy, satin panties and plant his bottom on the seat. The belt forced his back into a good posture. Holding his dress up he couldn't actually see the belt, he could just hear the slow trickle of his pee dripping through the tiny holes in the bottom and feel warm urine spraying back onto his glans and onto the inside of his thighs. Of course while all this was going on, he had to try not to feel aroused - for fear of growing an erection, which would pierce his glans on the internal spikes in the tube, and remain mindful of the fact that as soon as Sarah had finished in the next cubicle he had to be on the move – or he'd be shocked. Of course the uncontrollable spraying through pee holes in the belt, and the fact that it continued to drip for some time after he'd finished meant using a great deal of toilet paper to wipe himself up, and leaving a little bit between his lacy satin panties and the pee holes to catch any drips. Being in this situation was both a bizarre and an exquisite form of femdom.

In some respects being Sarah's bridesmaid felt even more submissive and erotic than being dominated by his now quite dominant, femdom practising wife. There was not even the slightest suggestion of sexual contact with his temporary mistress, sister-in-law Sarah. She was married to Robin and he was her chaste male, sissy bridesmaid... Of course when she'd quietly suggested to him, that perhaps she should take him back to the hotel room, and get him to stand in his dress, holding his bouquet, and watching her and Robin consummate their marriage... Well, his member pressed hard onto the internal spikes for some time, leaving him whimpering softly as he scurried around in his dress, trying to stay within range of the beautiful bride, his sister-in-law Sarah.

Now he was back at the flat, lying in bed, he was wearing the blue satin nightie; Alison had gone fast asleep and was snoring happily, after having had an orgasm from him frustratingly making love to her with his clip-on. She always fell asleep quickly after an orgasm. There was something pleasing about watching her drift off into an orgasm induced slumber, while he was left frustrated and helpless in his belt. He reached down to his groin under the covers, sliding his hand between his thighs. The design of the belt, with its ultra-smooth front made him feel almost like a girl, especially after his lengthy session at 'Nikki's Beauty Salon' being waxed, primped, preened and beautified by the also belted, feminized, 'Sherry' and so many more of Nikki's staff.

His legs felt as smooth as silk under the satin nightie, even his fingertips, with ridiculously long fingernails attached, made him feel female. The breast forms filling his bra, the corset, which he'd gone to sleep in, at Alison's insistence... It sent quivers of arousal through his whole body, and forced him to adopt a muted acceptance of his situation. Dwelling on his predicament would simply arouse him more and force his member to grow, piercing itself on his sensitive glans.

Still, his frustration and helplessness clearly gave his wife Alison and her sister Sarah great pleasure and he was learning to transfer his sexual pleasure to both of them now. Eventually after a long period of desperately trying to relax and blank his mind, he drifted into a troubled sleep...

I Dreamed a Dream

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was torture, seeing them all over each other, forced to sit submissively opposite them, his member constantly trying to get aroused, but fouling on the spikes in the belt... He whimpered softly in pain and reached for his crotch, of course the belt kept everything so densely packed away behind

it's smooth feminine front - he was helpless to do anything to reduce the pain. One hand reached up to his breast forms, feeling one, then the other – they felt so real, he squirmed a little in his dress and felt a tear welling up as he watched the happy couple fondle each other more and more enthusiastically. At that point he decided unequivocally the fun was over, he'd had enough. He wanted out of the dress, out of the devious chastity belt he'd been locked into, which efficiently forbade any arousal, and out of his lingerie, breast forms and make-up... But there was no escape, he was in the back of the limousine, forced to watch his sister-in-law and her husband passionately kissing and groping each other while the limousine carved its way through narrow country lanes, miles from anywhere...

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

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

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

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

They eventually passed through the bar area to the rooms, and Gary saw

Alison sitting at a small, round table with a black guy whom he didn't recognize. Sarah slowed down as she approached her sister, "Hi Alison, are you having a good time?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then she was off, Gary struggling to keep up and stay in range of the remote. As she struggled along in his heels, his dress flowing about his

ankles he heard Alison and Jason laughing. A glance over his shoulder confirmed his suspicions. Jason had edged around the table and had one arm around his wife, and one on the table playing with her hand...

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

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

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

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

"Aaargh!"

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

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

Robin was smirking at Gary, looking down at him as Gary pulled his trousers down then gripped his boxer shorts. Robin dropped a hand to gently caress Gary's now long, feminine hair, "You know, they've done an amazing job on you Gary... You look like such a sexy girl, I could suspend

my disbelief and imagine I was taking two pretty girls in my hotel room tonight.”

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

She turned her attention to Gary, “And YOU, my little bridesmaid are taking too long undressing my groom – remove his boxer shorts now so you can start to undress me.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

bouquet.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

she... Be satisfied... I bet... He's.... Bringing... Her... To... Multiple... Orgasms....”

Sarah moaned and sighed as she had an orgasm and Robin came at the same time with a grimace and a shudder. Sarah, panting and sighing smiled at Robin, then at Gary. “Oh Gary, I’ve so enjoyed having you today, as my chastised, sissy bridesmaid... I don’t want to give you back! I wonder if Alison would let me keep you? We could get you a nice maids outfit and perhaps a cage to sleep in? You could do all the chores in the house, then perhaps watch us making love every night, while completely denied yourself – would you like that?”

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

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

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

“I could give it a wipe?”

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

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

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

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

“Hmmm, she is very pretty.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He had to obey, as swallowed he felt the warm, salty goo trickle down his throat, it reminded him of warm oysters. He could smell female sex and semen and the taste filled his mouth. Robin pulled his penis out, it was still rock hard, "Clean it up, wipe it clean with your tongue."

Sarah was giggling now, "My, my, who would've thought my little bridesmaid could give such good head?"

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

Sarah glared at him, "'Hmmp! No! If you want to play 'pot brown' you can do it with her!"

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

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

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

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

There are dreams that cannot be...

Alison rolled over in bed, "Gary, are you okay?"

"No... I was just having a nightmare..."

"A nightmare? That wasn't a scream of fear..."

"Alright an erotic dream, I must have started to feel aroused. My penis is pressing on the spikes – it'll go in a minute."

"Hmmmm, what were you dreaming about Gary? You'd been doing so well at controlling these night-time erections, what turned you on so much?"

"We were back at the wedding, but Sarah was staying at a local hotel, instead of jetting off. Sarah didn't hand the remote back at the reception, she kept it – I had to accompany her and Robin in the limousine... Then you were already at the hotel, flirting with some black guy called Jason. Then I... I think you slept with Jason, while Sarah and Robin took me to their room. They made me watch them... Urgh! Then I had to.... Urgh! I can't think about it! It was disgusting! Um, Jason, he um, I had to give him a... Urgh! And then he bent me over the bed and was going to... Yeuch!"

Alison smiled wickedly, "Can't have been that disgusting... Not if it means you got spiked... Well, well, all this time in strict chastity and you're having homoerotic thoughts... Perhaps I should start renting you out? You look so pretty and feminine today, I reckon a few guys would pay handsomely to have those lips around their cocks."

"Alison!"

She sighed wistfully, "I have to say Jason was at the reception, I used to really get on with him, he was a real man."

"And I'm not?"

"No offence honey, but no. I mean, look at you! It's been months in chastity, the last time you had an orgasm was our wedding night – and

you seemed reluctant to then.”

“You did make me drink my own semen!”

“You deserved it for having all your twisted fetishes! I gave you what you wanted, too bad for you I’ve started to like it. The trouble is Gary, I don’t know where we go from here. I sort of want to send you back to work as a girl, but part of me thinks I can better own you here at home. The trouble is, I do miss penetrative sex, it’s a different sensation than having you give me orgasms with your tongue and fingers... I thought the clip-on dildo would solve the problem, but it didn’t... It was nice, but it didn’t feel the same as actually having warm flesh and blood inside me... It didn’t feel as intimate.”

“You could always unlock me and...”

“Pffft! You wish! You wanted to be kept in strict chastity so that’s what I’ll keep you in! You’re not having any orgasms, not unless I feel like being really, really kind and you’ve been really, really good for a long time, and I feel like feeding you your own semen. I like how being so denied and frustrated has changed your attitude, I think it’s made us closer... At the same time I have to admit it’s got me craving cock.”

He shivered with fear as she spoke, the implication was that she might never allow him out for an orgasm again.

“Alison, couldn’t we ju-“

“No, I did think about rubbing anaesthetic cream on your cock and trying that – but there’s too much risk, too little and you’d orgasm, too much and your cock would drop off. I don’t want to accidentally give you a penectomy and I’m not willing to risk you having an orgasm... You did ask me for this! Now are you going to be a good girl and stop pestering me and go to sleep?”

Gary sighed, “Okay...”

“I love you Gary, I know I was reluctant to embark upon this journey with you – but now we’re well and truly down the rabbit hole, I love it. I love keeping you as my chaste sissy slave and I never want it to end. I’ve

decided I'm going to change your name by deed poll to a nice sissy name, and I'm going to draw up some legal documents giving me permanent, unlimited ownership of you. I know legally slavery is illegal, but voluntary slavery? Well, even if it means nothing in a court of law – it will be a contract between us. A contract that says I own you completely and utterly, your body, your mind, your very soul, now and until the rest of eternity.”

These words of course, though they sounded harsh and unforgiving were exactly what Gary wanted to hear. He felt himself melt with waves of submissiveness. He had to try to think ‘asexual’ to prevent his member piercing on the spikes. He rolled over and fought his way to a troubled, frustrated sleep.

It's a new dawn, it's a new day, it's a new life... For Gary...

When Gary awoke the next day it was as usual, by way of a painful erection fouling his penis on the internal spikes in his belt. Alison was up and out of bed. He slipped his legs out of bed and fought his way to his feet. As he walked out of the bedroom of the flat towards the kitchen, the soft satin of the nightie brushed against his thighs and calves. He felt the breast forms bobbing up and down in his corset. His hair was a mess of course and he needed to remove his make-up and re-do it, before changing into his maids uniform.

When he got to the kitchen Alison was sitting on the sofa, in her own nightie, browsing through a book of baby names, “Morning Al, what are you doing?”

“I'm trying to choose a name for you.”

“Al!”

“Well, it's hard to choose! There's no easy feminine version of ‘Gary’ Geraldine sounds too spinster, Germaine wouldn't work – we spent long enough getting you into bra's for us to have you ‘burning’ them... Do you have a preference or suggestion?”

Gary thought for a moment, he'd never considered this, but if he was going to go back to work as a female, he should choose a female name. He

thought about what he'd be happy being called...

Alison looked over her book, "How about 'Megan'? I like that."

"Urgh! No way! Far too 'American' sounding! You know I hate American names!"

"I like American names, and I'm choosing your name – you don't get a say. I think I shall call you the most American sounding name I can think of, and when we get your name changed by deed-poll to make it absolutely clear to people what you are, your first name will be 'Sissy' I'll get some nice pink panties with your new name on them, how about that?"

"Alison!"

"Paige, I think that sounds nice and sissy, and nice and American. From this point onwards Gary, I name you 'Sissy Paige' we'll go make it official a bit later hmmm? I think it's about time we started working on your breasts too, you can't go around forever wearing breast forms."

"I'm not taking hormones!"

"I'm in charge Sissy Paige, if I say you're taking them, you are – simple as that. As it is I've had a better idea, I don't want female hormones interfering with your testosterone build up, your chest looks a bit flabby anyway, I think we could get you to at least a 'B cup' maybe a 'C cup' with breast pumps."

"What!?"

"It's simple, we put them on you in the right place and vacuum the air out so it stretches the skin and stimulates breast growth. They say for a girl to go up a cup size she has to wear them for ten hours a day for ten weeks. As technically you're male I think we'll put them on you for twenty four hours a day and leave them there until your breasts are nicely formed. Any complaints and I'll start playing with my little remote control again."

Gary sighed, "Yes Alison."

"Hmmm, as we're wholly embracing this slave, mistress, femdom

lifestyle, I think you should address me as 'Mistress' from now on – and I don't want you to look me in the eye, perhaps you should curtsy whenever you enter my presence too? What do you think?"

The paradox of pain and pleasure scrambled Gary's brain. In this state, so feminized and chastised for so long, he felt so deliciously submissive. She could have said anything, made any demands and he would have obeyed. He curtsied in his nightie, "Yes Mistress."

She smiled, "Good girl. Two last things, before you put your uniform on and start your work. Firstly, I like you in a corset, it seems to give you a nice feminine hourglass – you can consider a corset part of your daily uniform from now on. If I catch you without a corset on, and nicely tightly laced, except for during bathing – I will punish you. Secondly I've been thinking about your dream you told me about. Jason was actually at the wedding you know... While you were scampering around after Sarah in your pretty bridesmaid dress we caught up a bit. He's a good guy, I don't know... I really miss sex, proper, penetrative sex, having a cock inside me... But I don't know about sleeping with other men, it just seems... I'm trying to get my head around it... I'll dominate you in every other way, I'll take complete control of your life, but I won't sleep with other men unless you ask me to, I still don't know if I want to... But I know I don't want you to orgasm again, at least not for the time being... I suppose what I'm asking for is your blessing to try and get my head around it. Do you want me to sleep with other men?"

Gary, or Sissy Paige as he was now going to be known quivered with submissiveness. Did he? He didn't know... He'd been a little sad that his wife was going to be spending a night with another man in the dream, but it felt so submissive, the thought of it seemed to reinforce his feeling of being owned, of being treated almost as her property, and he wanted that, "Al, I want you to... I want you to try to get your head around it, and see your way to sleeping with other men, but on one condition, I want you to promise you don't leave me for whoever you end up sleeping with. You deserve the right to have penetrative sex, with a man, a real man, but promise me you won't leave me."

She looked at him with relief, "Oh Paige, I'm so glad you've said that... I could never leave my little sissy slave could I? Maybe you'll be serving a mistress and a master? I don't know, but I know I couldn't give you up for

anything. I can't explain it, this all seemed so weird to me at first, but now I've experienced having a chaste, sissy maid husband, I think it's the best kind of relationship a girl could have. Like I said, I'm still really not sure, so I'm going to sleep on it a few times and think about how it will affect our relationship. In the meantime you'd better run along and get yourself ready, you've got a lot of work to do today."

Accepting of his fate, Sissy Paige retired to the bedroom to get into his uniform. He had what he's wanted, but had he expected things to really be taken this extreme? The effect of his long term orgasm denial meant compliance came without thinking, to all Alison's wishes. She effectively had a sort of 'mind-control' over him. It was so powerful he almost couldn't detect it was there, yet at the same time, as he removed the satin nightie and started getting into his black, satin maids uniform, he realised he was doing this because of the orgasm denial, because of the control his key-holder had over him. Did she realise? Did she know how helpless he was to follow her instructions? Part of him thought so, part of him doubted it. He sat at the dressing table, staring at the feminine face looking back at him. He brushed his hair, sorted his make-up out and pinned his neat little white maid's cap into his hair. Once satisfied that Alison would be happy with his appearance, he carefully hung his white apron over his neck and tied it into a neat bow at the back.

Ready for work he began milling about the flat, cleaning, dusting, tidying, washing, ironing, brushing up, mopping. By the end of the day he was on his hands and knees, marigolds on, apron stained, chastity belt chafing, hands scrubbing away at the toilet bowl. All the time, throughout the day, his thoughts were a mush. On the one hand he was living the dream, trapped in a femdom relationship where he'd effectively given all control over his life to his now wife, and she was keeping him permanently aroused and exquisitely submissive – On the other hand he was longing not simply for an orgasm, but simply to be allowed to feel aroused. The old plastic CB3000 device had been uncomfortable to get aroused in, but not outright painful. Yes, it had prevented erections, but the sensation of his penis growing and filling the cage, straining against it... It was almost, pleasurable. So frustrating of course, but so much better than the sharp stinging pain of his glans growing into the razor sharp spikes hidden within his metal belt.

His arms were burning, his knees hurt from all the kneeling down, he

longed simply to be able to remove his high heels, except Alison had promised to punish him severely if she caught him out of uniform during the day. As he finished cleaning the toilet to a shine Alison appeared in the doorway smiling, "My, my, haven't we done well? You've been a very good girl today Sissy Paige, I can see you've worked very hard, perhaps I should reward you tonight by allowing you to bring me to orgasm?"

Sissy Paige looked up pleadingly, "Ali- Erm, Mistress I mean, can I be taken out of the metal belt and go back into my CB3000?"

She shook her head, "Sorry honey, Sarah has the only keys to your belt and she's abroad for the next fortnight. I didn't keep any secret spares, she really like the feeling of power over you, holding your keys gives her. Even if I wanted to let you out, I couldn't."

He whimpered with frustration, tears welling up in his eyes, "Al- Mistress, It's so frustrating, I can't bear it anymore! Can I at least go back to male clothes?"

"Nope, you wanted this, so you get it. You're staying fully femme forever now, any more complaints and I'll have to discipline you. Now come on, put the cleaning things away, it's time you cooked me dinner. We'll hear no more of this 'going back into male clothes' again, Sissy Paige you are, and Sissy Paige you'll stay. Clear?"

He fought his way to his feet defeated, "Yes, mistress."

"Good, anyway I've got a special treat for you. You'll like this, you've been adapting to your new life so well since our wedding, I've decided to send you on an appropriately themed short break. You'll love it!"

He quivered uneasily, "Why does that have me worried? What exactly have you-"

"Shhhh, cook first, I'll tell you over dinner. I'm going to watch the television for a bit."

And so Sissy Paige put the cleaning things away and started work on dinner. The submissiveness of the situation was highlighted by Alison lounging on the sofa with a small glass of red wine, in plain view of Sissy

Paige as she worked preparing dinner.

Alison's surprise

When it came to be ready, Sissy Paige called Alison to the table. They sat and ate, in silence at first, partly because Sissy Paige was so tired from working all day. As the plates were looking clearer and Alison was on her second glass of wine – of course Sissy Paige was forbidden any alcohol, Alison leaned forwards with a grin, “Would you like me to tell you about your surprise Sissy Paige?”

He shuddered, and spoke softly, “Surprise?”

“Yes! I've decided, your former job at the office isn't really befitting of a Sissy slave. It's too senior and your colleagues won't take you seriously, when you turn up en-femme and in chastity. I earn enough to support us more or less and I have an idea for a more appropriate way for you to earn your keep. You've worked hard today, but not efficiently, you are slow, and clumsy. I think if I sent you on a thorough, accredited 'Maid's Course' you could be much better, so much so I could begin renting you out? I've even found a course that specializes in training sissy maids. I've booked you a place on a two week long, live in, maid training programme.”

Sissy Paige squirmed as his penis touched the razor sharp spikes hidden in the tube. He was immediately shaking with fear and anticipation, “Maid's course? Where? Wha-“

“A place called 'The Fisher Academy' I tried to get you into 'Muir Academy for Maids' but Miss Prim is all booked up at the moment. While you are there, you will be taught how to perform all your duties, efficiently and effectively. You will also learn discipline, Miss Fisher insists in her literature that when you return from your stay – you will be much more obedient and compliant. Apparently she uses extensive corporal punishment, hypnotism and mind-control. You should come back, the perfect Sissy.”

“I don't want to go...”

“I want you to, remember you asked for this! Besides, if you behave yourself and are perfectly obedient you should have no problem should

you? I'm taking you over to drop you off this evening. While you're off, learning obedience and maid duties, I'll be catching up with old friends... I thought I might try to go out for a drink with Jason? Maybe invite him back here for coffee?"

"Alison!"

"Mistress you mean? I did ask, you said you wanted me to sleep with other men, so that's what I'm going to do... Or might do, we'll have a few drinks maybe a few dates... If I decide I fancy him, then who knows where it will lead? Then there's Charlie, the directors son at work, he's been ogling me for some time, it died off a bit when we got married –but I quite fancy him and I think some extra-marital sex might help my promotion chances at work hmmm? Maybe I'll sleep with neither of them, maybe one, both – or even someone else? There's a speed dating night at that bar just down the road from Francesca's Bridal Wear, I could give that a go? Now that I'm getting used to the idea, I'm finding it quite exciting! It feels like being single again, being able to put my sexiest things on, and go out with the aim of meeting a guy purely for sex... All the while knowing you're off being whipped and hypnotised into becoming the perfect sissy maid! I love it..."

Sissy Paige started sobbing softly, Alison approached and rested her hands on his shoulders, massaging them slowly, "Shhhh, there, there... You want me to be happy don't you? You did want this, remember you were the one who instigated this whole life-style change for us? Now are you going to be a good Sissy for me while you are away? Listen to Miss Fisher? Let her teach you, and punish you of course... Then when she's re-programming your mind, to make you more accepting of your sissy maid status and submissiveness – try to embrace it, don't resist, let the programming work to its full potential?"

He nodded, wiping a tear away, "Yes Mistress."

"Good girl."

The Fisher Academy for Maids

Later that night Alison was driving the car, with Sissy Paige in the passenger seat. The course was based in some huge old stately home out

in the country-side. There was literally nothing for miles except fields and lanes, with the odd clumps of forest. The largest clump of forest actually concealed the tall stone gateposts and the long gravel drive up to the house.

There was something about the place, as Alison turned onto the gravel drive a shiver ran down Sissy Paige's spine. There was something, sinister almost about the place. It was dusk by the time they arrived, but they could still see the looming stone walls of the massive country house, it was intimidating.

She pulled the car up near the tall double doors that appeared to be the main entrance to the house. She turned to him, "Wait here."

She left the car and climbed the grand stone staircase. Sissy Paige, for her part was desperately trying to detach herself from her surroundings. Excruciating pain was millimetres away at any given time, the only defence being to try to not become aroused. He watched Alison climb the steps and ring the bell. After a short wait a maid appeared, she looked... Different, subtly... It was very hard to tell, in some respects she looked very feminine and... But there was something subtle... Was the maid a sissy? He considered it likely given the course he'd been enrolled on. After a brief conversation Alison walked to the car and opened Sissy Paige's door, "Come on sweetie, out you get. This is Danielle, she'll take you through. Have a good time..."

Sissy Paige climbed out of the car with trepidation. He wondered whether volunteering to stay here, and complete this training programme could be a bridge too far? It was all very intimidating, he also wondered whether he'd regret asking his wife to sleep with someone else. While he was here, being trained, almost programmed into being a better submissive, sissy maid – there was every chance his wife would be looking for a new sexual partner.

The gravel drive was uncomfortable to stand on in stiletto heels, he watched the lights of the car fade away as the crunching on the gravel drive died down. In the dim light, even close up it was difficult to pick whether Danielle was secretly a 'Daniel' it seemed possible, almost likely... But she looked so female!

Danielle approached and made a twirling motion with her manicured finger, "Turn around please."

He obeyed, wobbling a little in his heels. He heard her voice softly over his shoulder asking for him to give her his hands. He allowed her to grasp them, then felt the cold steel of handcuffs ratchet onto his wrists. She was merciless, she fastened them so tightly they prevented any movement, even twisting. They were the rigid cuffs, not the sort with a chain, they were the type of high security hand-cuffs used by law enforcement agencies. As he felt them close in he coughed, "Hey, what's the-"

"Shhhh, while you are here, until further notice you are the lowest life-form on the planet. You will speak, only when spoken to, you will address everyone as 'Mistress' and you will curtsy when addressing anyone more senior than yourself – in other words anyone you meet here. You may not look anyone in the eye, you may not go to the toilet without permission, you may not eat or drink anything without permission. The only things you may do without permission, are breathing and pumping blood around your veins – are we clear?"

"Yes..."

"Yes Mistress."

"I mean yes Mistress."

"I'm just a maid, if you'd forgotten like that with one of the Mistresses of the house – you would be severely punished, probably with corporal punishment and perhaps spending the night a cell with standing room only. I suggest you do not forget again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good, then follow me slave."

He followed her from the drive towards the house, approaching the grand stone staircase, he had to ask, "Mistress, are you in the sa-"

She turned to him glaring, "Shhhh! You may not ask for permission to speak, you may not speak! I will overlook this infringement, but once we

are in the house we are under the watchful eyes of hidden cameras and microphones, any further disobedience will result in severe punishment! Now I suggest you follow instructions from now on, so no speaking, no questions!”

He shuddered, this was a very uncomfortable situation. The house was magnificent, encaustic tiles on the floor, wooden panelling, suits of armour, fine art... It was a true stately home. He followed Danielle through the long corridor, the echoes of two sets of heels clicking down the corridor continued for some time.

Eventually Danielle led her into a large oak-panelled drawing room with stuffed animal heads on one wall, old paintings and a huge roaring log fire burning. Four ladies were sitting two deep red chesterfield sofa’s running perpendicular to the fire. Danielle walked up to an attractive blonde, in her thirties who was wearing a purple satin blouse, fitted skirt and neat high heels with an ankle strap. She kept her eyes low at all times, even as she spoke and curtsied. “Miss Fisher, Sissy Paige is here...”

The woman looked up and smiled, “Ahhh, good, be a good girl and see Jessica and Nadine out, we’ve finished discussing the requirements for the new torture chamber.”

Sissy Paige almost jumped at the casual mention of a torture chamber... Still, this was a place that catered for fetishists? What was femdom without a little torture?

He watched Danielle lead the two beautiful women away down the corridor after a few brief goodbyes, remembering to avoid eye-contact at all times.

Miss Fisher stood up, and eyed him up and down critically, “Now, while you are here ‘Paige’ you are under my care, I expect Danielle has explained the rules to you. If you break them, any of them – there will be severe consequences. My name is Samantha, but you will address me ONLY, as Mistress, Miss or Miss Fisher. My friend here, is Anita, you may address her ONLY as Miss or Mistress. If your owner decides she wants some feminization surgery performed upon you – then it is Anita who will be performing the surgery. From my conversation with your owner, I can tell you she hasn’t decided to put you forward for feminization surgery yet... I

will try to talk her into it – but I always respect the owner’s wishes. While you are here, you will obey myself and Mistress Anita without question, whatever the order.”

Paige kept his eyes fixed on the floor, not permitting himself to make eye-contact. “Yes, miss Fisher.”

“Good... You’re learning... Now, I’ll explain the programme to you. From here you will be taken to the dormitory on the top floor. Sissy maids remain locked in the dormitory from eleven pm, when your work finishes, to six am, when your new day starts. The dormitory between these hours is the only time and place when you have a modicum of freedom. You may speak freely and relax during this time, though you will probably find you are too tired to do more than sleep. Normally, chastity device keys are returned to maids on Friday nights, to allow for removal and hygiene, then returned to the staff on Saturday morning. In your case however, as your key is outside the country - in warmer climes, you will be spending the entirety of your stay in strict chastity and en-femme. Male clothes are banned for the duration of your stay here. Your hair and make-up must remain perfect at all times, failure to adhere to this rule will mean you will be restrained and Anita will forcibly tattoo some permanent make-up on to you. Your owner has already consented to this, so if you don’t want to be tattooed make sure you allow enough time to perfect your make-up. Male mannerisms or body language, or forgetting your falsetto at any time or place other than the dormitory will be punished severely. I suggest you attempt stay as en-femme as possible, even in the dormitory – so it is natural to you in the day. Tomorrow morning, first thing, you will be taken into Anita’s surgery to have your breast pumps fitted. Once they are in place they will stay there until you are a nice C cup. I’d have liked to make you a D, but I’m not convinced it possible, perhaps we’ll try? For now, I want you to go back to the dormitory, get some rest and try to prepare yourself mentally for the ordeals which you are about to face. I’ve also organised a session with the hypnotist, Dr. Wilshaw. She will put you into a deep, deep trance then, she will re-programme your mind, she will make you more submissive, more willing, more obedient. Any resistance to her programming, will result in severe, severe punishment, you are to attempt to accept, embrace even – all of her programming, are we clear?”

“Yes miss Fisher.”

“Good, good girl... Ah, Danielle is here to take you to the dormitory, I’d normally give new maids a welcome spanking, or caning, just to put you in your place – but you’ve been so good, I’ll forego it.”

Paige curtsayed low, avoiding eye contact. “Thank you miss Fisher.”

Danielle’s heels clicked along the hard tiled floor, “This way please.”

They were off again, the handcuffs were really cutting into his skin on his wrists now, he tried to wriggle them into a more comfortable position, but they were so rigid and unforgiving he couldn’t improve the situation even slightly. As they clicked down the corridor together, passing oil paintings and tapestries an incredible urge to raise his arms grew, the cuffs prevented it completely, Danielle turned sharply to him, having heard the soft struggles. “Stop struggling, keep your hands down and follow me, remember – NO EYE CONTACT!”

He shuddered, and curtsayed again, terrified of being punished, “Yes miss.” It was ridiculous in ways, a grown man, being treated like a little girl, or worse... The long months in strict chastity made it impossible to question the surreal reality he’d submitted himself to – or Alison had submitted him to... Maybe she was already at that speed dating event? Maybe they’d moved on to a restaurant? Or... He shuddered at the thought...

Now they were climbing the stairs, a grand sweeping staircase which wound around an ornately carved wooden panelled pillar. The first floor was just as opulent and stately as the first, only when Danielle led Paige through a discreet door into a narrow bare boarded spiral staircase to the top floor and the servant’s quarters did the level of impressiveness fade.

Up on the top floor the walls were not decorated, the floor was bare floorboards. Danielle continued along the corridor, eventually halting outside a plain door. She pulled key from her pocket and slid it into the lock. The lock turned with solid thunk and the door creaked open. Danielle looked at him, “Well? What are you waiting for? In you go!”

He walked into the room and looked around. There were six beds in the room, two of them occupied. The sleepers appeared to be sissies, their maid’s uniforms hanging neatly next to their beds. One had a wig on a

stand the other had his hair in a hair net. Danielle gestured towards one of the empty beds with a freshly pressed uniform hanging next to it.

“Paige, this is where you will be sleeping. While you are here you will wear only Miss Fisher’s maid’s uniform. You will find there is a laundry room joined on to the dormitory over there, and a shower room at the other side. You will wash, dry and press your uniform every day after you have finished your day’s work.”

Paige peered into the dark room at the end of the room. She could just make out a washing machine’s open door and possibly a tumble dryer in the gloom? Something didn’t add up, something didn’t sit right, she looked at Danielle, looking her in the eye, “Danielle, if the day finishes at eleven pm and it starts at six am, when do ha-“

Smack!

The blow was quick and stinging. Danielle had slapped him hard across the face, “You do NOT make eye contact with me! I did not ask you to speak. Even in the dormitory, even after hours, the rules still apply if a senior maid is in here or Miss Fisher or her senior staff are around. Now, bend over – I’m going to give you six strokes of the tawse for disobedience, any complaints and I will double it. To answer your question; Yes! After your working day ends at eleven pm, you are expected to wash, dry and press your uniform. You must also depilate every day. There may be random inspections and if you miss any spots, allow any body hair to grow where it is not deemed appropriately feminine – you will suffer my wrath, or worse. Tomorrow, as you are going to have your breast pumps fitted initially, you should prepare yourself, then put on a patients gown, you’ll find one in your bedside cabinet, open at the front please. Now bend over for your tawsing.”

It was surreal, like being in some other worldly dream. He found himself bending forwards and pushing his bottom out as much as his steel chastity belt would allow. Danielle for her part pulled a leather tawse from the folds of her uniform, hitched the hem of his dress up and began her strokes as hard as she could, getting harder as she built a rhythm. As the strokes fell Paige grunted or squeaked with pain.

Smack!

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Smack! Smack!

“There, now I suggest you get some rest and try to follow the rules to the letter tomorrow, including being totally obedient and submissive at all times. Now turn so I can remove your cuffs. Good night Paige.”

He turned and sighed with relief as she removed the rigid institutional handcuffs.

If the sleepers heard they pretended not to. Could they be so tired they slept through? Or so fearful of Danielle’s wrath they didn’t dare allow her to think they’d woken?

Sissy Paige watched Danielle leave, and click the door shut, then heard the solid thunk of the lock turning, trapping him in. He pulled the covers back on the bed to find a long silk, lacy nightie waiting for him, with floral embroidery down the front. It was very feminine. He tried to quickly remove his maids uniform from home, having trouble with the corset, then slid the nightie over his head. It was soft and luxurious, and very feminine. Finally he crept through the dormitory to the bathroom and hitched his nightie up to sit down to pee. Despite his fear and anxiety, he was finding the arousal intoxicating. He had to consciously fight not to grow in his tube, grow into the spikes which were lined up with his glans to punish any arousal. Once he’d finished he slid into his bed and started the long, difficult battle to go to sleep.

First Day of Training

When Sissy Paige awoke, she was disorientated – where was she? As she opened her eyes groggily and looked around the dorm, to see the other two maids rushing to get ready she shuddered. The memories of the surreal, intimidating day he’d experienced the day before came flooding back. He was trapped, imprisoned, about to be forced to endure feminization treatments and two weeks of harsh, merciless maid training which left no room for rest, at all.

One of the other sissy maids who was busy fixing his cap in place glanced at him, “I’d get a move on if I were you. I don’t care how much you like

being punished, you do NOT want to test the patience of Samantha, Anita or Eve.”

Paige climbed out of bed, still a little confused, “Eve? “

“The hypnotist, and whatever you do, when you’re on her couch try to give her control, let her programme you – whatever you do, don’t resist.”

Paige scuttled to the bathroom. The other two had already showered. He climbed into the shower and spotted straight away the large dispenser of extra strength depilating cream. He pulled the nightie off, so he was naked except for the belt and began smearing the pink goo all over himself. He did his face too, it should work better than shaving and would be quicker. The directions on the bottle said to wait five minutes before showering off. While he waited he brushed his teeth and pulled out a stray nasal hair which was probing downwards. When he did climb into the shower he was amazed at how powerful the depilating cream was, he’d only recently been feminized at Niki’s, but still tiny specks of stubble fell off him. His skin felt soft, smooth and feminine. Conscious of time he hurried washing and drying and just about managed to get his patients gown on and make-up applied before the lock clunked open.

Danielle stepped in quickly, the other two maids standing to attention, but looking down at the floor at the end of their beds. They’d made their beds to an excellent standard, they were so neat they looked like model beds.

Danielle watched as Sissy Paige got the hint and hurried to stand to attention in the correct place, eyes down. “Hmmm, good you are ready... I don’t believe you’ve made your bed to a satisfactory standard though – let’s test it. I shall now drop a coin onto your bed, if it bounces then you’ve met the required standard – if it doesn’t, if it sinks in – I will take you over my knee. Now watch.”

He turned to watch her take a ten pence piece out of her pocket and hold it over the centre of the bed. She let go, and the coin fell. It landed in the dead centre and quickly sank. Danielle tutted softly, “Not acceptable I’m afraid.” She then grabbed the blanket and sheets and ripped them off violently, “Now try again! You’ve earned six of the best, a second failure will double this!”

Under her watchful eye he re-made the bed, making every sheet, as tight as possible. He'd never made beds like this before in his life, but failure didn't seem an option. Soon he'd pulled the sheets and blanket tight, plumped his pillow and pit it neatly at the head – trying to mimic the look of the other two maid's beds. Danielle stepped alongside and held out the coin as before. She dropped it and it bounced slightly, to a sigh of relief by Paige. Danielle looked sternly at him, "Good, now that you've learned, I want you to make sure you make your bed to this standard every day. Failure to comply will mean I refer you to Anita or Samantha for punishment, and I won't be held responsible for what they decide to do to you. Now, get over my knee for your punishment."

As she spoke she took a seat on a simple wooden chair by the window, then looked up expectantly, "Well? What are you waiting for?"

Shaking, Sissy Paige approached and lay forwards over her knee, feeling the crisply pressed white apron underneath him. From his new vantage point all he could see were her black nylon's and shiny patent leather may-jane pumps with a five inch heel. He felt her pull his patients gown up and then rest a hand on his back, pushing an elbow into the nape of his neck holding him down.

She didn't throw herself straight into the first strike, she gently caressed his bare bottom with the palm of her hand, lining herself up... Then...

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Smack! Smack! Smack!

He whimpered with each stroke, and breathed a sigh of relief as she pulled the gown back down and released him. "Well? Up you get! We've got to get you down to Anita's surgery now for your breast pumps!"

That was it, before he knew it, the other two maids were off to start their day presumably under the supervision of the intimidating ladies who appeared to run this establishment while he was scampering after Danielle through the huge house. Eventually, having traversed several long corridors and two flights of stairs, Danielle led him into what appeared to be an operating theatre. Everything was either perfect sterile white, or clinical blue. Anita was there of course sitting at a desk, in the

corner, tapping away at a computer. She looked up, “Ah, you’re here – I thought I was going to have to send for you.” Her voice was soft and kind but threatening and sadistic. Danielle clearly didn’t dare look her in the eye, “Sorry Miss Anita, I had to punish Sissy Paige for not making her bed properly.”

Anita stood, she was out of her casual clothes and wearing a crisp, perfectly pure white nurses dress, complete with the little clip on watch attached to the pocket. “It’s no problem, we have to make sure Paige gets all the disciplining she needs don’t we? Now, Paige, hop up onto the operating table please.”

He looked at the black upholstered horizontal table in the centre of the room, underneath the bright operating theatre lights. He paused, his blood pressure was rising as fast as his anxiety. The table had arm supports sticking out horizontally, they had medical restraints on, as did the bed. He hadn’t signed up for this! Anita sighed, “Come on, I haven’t got all day... Hop up or I’ll sedate you and tattoo permanent make-up on to you.”

He looked at her, those crimson lips, the dark brown hair, the kind but sadistic smile. She was beautiful, but sadistic in equal measure, he knew deep down she meant it. Without another thought he clambered up onto the table. Her heels clicked as she approached, “Good girl, now slide your arms into the restraints for me... Good.”

As he slid his wrists in he felt Anita tighten up one strap and Danielle the other. Then Anita was looming over him undoing the ties on the front of his gown. She raised an eye-brow at his breast forms, still stuck fast to the front of his chest. “Hmmm, these’ve held out well... We’ll soon get them off though and get you fitted. I’m going to apply a solvent to the adhesive now – you will feel an uncomfortable burning sensation, don’t worry, it will pass.”

At this stage he couldn’t see what she was doing, the lights were dazzling him, he could feel her spreading something around his breast forms, then he felt her pulling and tugging. It started as a sensation of warmth, which

was slowly building. As she managed to pry the edges up she started pasting the solvent under the forms as deep as she could, working on one – then swapping to the other to allow the solvent to take effect. As the forms came free his breasts felt hot, almost burning as the chemical reaction between the glue and the solvent continued. Even as he saw her pull one breast form off, then the other his chest was on fire.

He grimaced as he watched her fussing over something on a table in the corner of the surgery. He tried to get up, but he was firmly strapped down. What was about to be done to him was starting to manifest itself in his mind. This woman was about to modify his body in such a way that he had real, feminine looking, if not female breasts. He struggled in his bonds, “Stop, I’ve changed my mind! I don’t want this!”

Anita holding two plastic cups approached and leaned over his head, “Shhhh, it’s not your decision, you’re owner has given consent for me to do this to you. It won’t take a minute to get you fitted, then a few weeks and you’ll have a lovely set of nice firm, round breasts. The beauty of it is, the vacuum causes the areola to swell too, giving you nice, big female nipples... You’ll feel some discomfort for a while, but the pain will die down as your skin stretches and new breast tissue forms and alters shape.”

Without a word she was carefully lining up the two plastic cups on his chest where the breast forms had been. They valves on the front for attaching the vacuum pump, so when they weren’t connected they would look like nipples. Once satisfied with their positions, Anita attached a thin tube to each cup and pressed a button on a machine behind her. Paige grimaced as the machine whirled into life sucking the air out of the cups. She squirmed and wriggled, it hurt more than the burning of the solvent. He writhed on the table, straining in his bonds as Anita looked on smiling. Danielle appeared stoic about the procedure. Once the vacuums were perfect Anita closed a small air-tight valve and disconnected the tubes. She and Danielle then proceeded to loosen the restraints. When he sat up his breasts felt heavy and uncomfortable, the size of cups which were now rigidly attached to his front meant he looked like a double D, even though when they came off at the very best he’d be a C. Anita handed him a tightly woven, flesh coloured waist coat like garment. “Put this on, it’ll help keep them in the right place.”

He slid his arms in and felt Anita zip him into it the back. The final surprise came as he felt a click of a padlock holding the zipper in place. “There, we wouldn’t want it coming off by accident would we? You will wear this all the time from now on, if the vacuum starts to fail an audible alarm with sound – at that point you must return to me to have the vacuum restored. Now, it’s time for Danielle to take you and prepare you for your first day of work.”

He slid off the operating table, feeling his breasts pull hard and uncomfortable as he landed. He pulled the gown back on over the breast enlarging vacuum cups and followed Danielle’s clicking heels back through the house.

When they made it back to the maid’s dormitory on the top floor, Danielle opened the door and gestured for him to enter first. He entered and stepped towards his bed where his uniform was hanging up.

“Now slave, look at your uniform, see how crisp and clean it looks? See how neatly pressed and tidy it is? That is how it must be at the start of every day. Failure to have it perfect in time for six am inspection will have dire consequences. A single crease, anywhere on your uniform will make the attempt a failure. Now if you pull your uniform off the hook and look at it, I will talk you through it. The corset has a locking self-tightening motor attached at the back. When you put it on and lock it, it will tighten the correct amount for your breast size and build. One of the keys which is fixed on a chain on the wall is for the corset so you can remove it for maintenance only at the end of each day. Any maids found not wearing their corset while in the main house will suffer extreme punishment. Your underwear drawers are full of panties, bra’s and suspender belts as well as stockings. You must wear fresh every day or you will be punished severely, the shoes on the floor are to be worn every day. Note the locking ankle strap – when you put your shoes on, you must lock yourself in securely so that you cannot remove them until you return to the dormitory at night. Any maids found fitting their shoes in such a way as they can slip out of them during the day – will be severely punished, I strongly recommend you make sure your shoes are very securely fastened and locked on before inspection time. The key is also fixed to the wall, you may remove them to sleep and shower in only. Your cap is a mandatory part of the uniform, it must be neatly presented at all times. I will now give you five minutes to get dressed. Take too long and you will

be back over my knee – understood?”

He kept his eyes, lowered, “Yes miss.”

“Then jump to it.”

The corset was one of the large types with straps over the shoulders. It had sturdy fasteners at the front. As he slipped it over his shoulders and started closing fasteners he heard a click and a whirr as an electrical circuit was made. The motor fixed to the rear was whirring, the laces were tightening, he groaned as it compressed his abdomen more than his own corsets would, forcing his stomach and some of his small intestines up into his chest cavity so they pressed against his diaphragm, making breathing difficult. Danielle chuckled as he gasped for breath and tried to maintain his balance. “Take short shallow breaths sissy, it will be easier that way.”

As it finished its tightening cycle he began to wish he’d tackled the shoes first. Bending down would be difficult, if impossible, with both the corset and the chastity belt holding his posture. The garment would prevent any bending of the back – that was clear. He attached the suspender belt first, then the stockings. They felt silky smooth and sensual as they slid up his now soft, feminine hair-less legs. As he clipped them onto the suspenders he tried to avoid thinking about what he was doing for fear of the cruel anti-arousal chastity belt spiking him again.

Underwear sorted, he perched himself on the edge of the bed. The corset preventing bending, the vacuum cups bra preventing him seeing what he was doing he struggled with the shoes. Eventually they were on, and mindful of Danielle’s words he pulled the ankle straps as hard as he could before Velcro fastening them shut and securing them with the little padlocks. The dress itself was not as sissy obvious as his own, it looked professional, smart, practical – though this only made it more arousing, as it made the experience seem more sinisterly real. It had a feminine white collar and a zipper at the back. With a traditional black canvass outer it had a smooth silky lining and the material was quote thickly woven and high quality. After fastening his zipper up at the back and donning his cap he looked at Danielle. “Hmmp! Not bad, tomorrow we’ll try for four minutes. Now Sissy Paige, it’s time for your appointment with the doctor.

Follow me.”

The dress was tight and fitted, the hem hung low below the knee. Immediately he felt like he'd been too over-zealous in tightening the heels, he'd left no room for manoeuvre and clicking along the floor after Danielle he could feel his bottom forced to pout provocatively behind him and his hips swinging in little feminine circles. Danielle locked the dormitory – so there would be no escaping the corset or heels until nearly midnight.

As he followed her through the house, he began to savour the experience again. He was so, so desperate to orgasm, he constantly fighting the sensation of arousal, occasionally failing, but the whole scenario of humiliation, discipline and pain had him in an exquisitely submissive state. His breasts were burning, and the sensation reminded him that the exercise here was to give him permanent female breasts, which meant fighting another bout of arousal. When they got to Doctor Eve Wilshaw's office on the second floor his mind was like mush, his thoughts straying all over the place.

Dr. Eve met them at the door, her hair was in a short brown bob and she was wearing a smart grey suit with a knee length skirt and cream blouse, finished off with some strappy beige heels. She smiled at Danielle, then Sissy Paige, “Thank you Danielle, you may return to your duties until further notice. Do come in Paige.”

Her office was set up something like a psychiatrists office, there were leather bound books on heavy set oak shelves, a skeleton hanging by the window, an looking globe in the other corner. Next to the skeleton there was a low leather couch, with a small stool behind it.

The heels of Dr. Eve and Sissy Paige clicked almost in unison on the hard floor. She gestured towards the couch as she walked, “Please, lie down, I think we'd better get started.”

He moved to the couch and lay down as instructed, fearful of the

repercussions of being slow or seeming reluctant. He couldn't see her from the couch but he heard the scraping of the stool as she repositioned herself. When she started, off the bat her voice was sullen and melodic, almost hypnotic. It sent shivers down his spine and caused the back of his brain to tingle in waves of relaxation.

"Now, Paige, I am going to enter your mind, so I can re-programme you. I want you to embrace everything I say to you fully. Any resistance or reluctance will result in time in the torture chamber. You want to be the best sissy maid you can be for your owner, so you want me to programme you, to control you, to change the way you think. Now, close your eyes, once you're in trance you won't consciously remember anything. Close your eyes, good, now we'll count back... Ten, you are feeling sleepy, relaxed even.... Nine, you can feel your mind opening to suggestion, you can feel yourself opening up to me... Eight, you want me to enter your mind and re-programme you, let me in... Seven, give me control, let me programme you... Six, you are falling deeper, deeper into trance and in doing so you are inviting me, deeper, deeper into your mind, into your very soul... You are giving me complete control... Five, you are helpless, you can't move, your mind is gaping, wide open and you can feel me climbing inside, allow me in, help me in, give me control... Four, you are taking me deeper into your mind, into your very core of personality, you are relinquishing your will to me, you will think what I program you to think, you will feel how I program you to feel... Three, your conscious mind is slipping away, you will remember nothing... Nothing... Your conscious mind is asleep, and your sub-conscious mind is ready for me to program..."

He didn't hear the rest of the mantra, it felt invasive, he could almost feel her inside his mind before his conscious mind drifted off. As Dr Eve finished the count she smiled to herself. He was a good sissy, he'd embraced every word and proved incredibly easy to hypnotise and get into trance. Now she had him exactly where she wanted him, she would begin her programming. "Your name is Sissy Paige, the name Gary means nothing to you... You will erase the word 'Gary' from your memory completely, if you hear it, it will sound like a foreign language... You are completely submissive to women, you always have been... You want to be a woman, you've always wanted to be a girl... You feel that deep down inside you are a girl... You long, you long to stay in denial forever... You are so desperate for an orgasm, the slightest hint of any femdom, any

female domination of you – and you will become aroused... So aroused... You fear your chastity belt being removed... You feel safe, snug in chastity, you love the feeling of being cosseted by your chastity device, you like the feeling of having your male genitalia hidden away from you – they detract from your true, beautiful female, submissive self... You don't deserve orgasms... You deserve to be kept in permanent denial, so desperate, so frustrated, so submissive... Only your many mistresses deserve orgasms and they deserve as many as you can give... Alison is your owner, you are her property, for her to do with as she will... You don't want to make decisions for yourself, you want Alison to make all your decisions for you... You are her slave, her sissy maid... Her pleasure and satisfaction is all that is important in your world... You want her to sleep with other men, you don't deserve to penetrate her... You only deserve to service her orally or with your fingers... Seeing her making passionate love, to her 'bull' males makes you so happy and content... You want her to take as many sexual partners as possible, while keeping you in total denial... Frustrated, desperate, constantly aroused, so, so submissive... So servile... You feel like you were born to serve others, to serve dominant women... You know, in your heart of hearts women are so superior, so deserving... They deserve to make all decisions for you... You long to be controlled, to be manipulated by dominant women... Your only goal in life is to serve dominant women, to make Alison happy at any cost to your own happiness... Alison's happiness IS your happiness... Making her happy makes you happy, like nothing else..."

The mantra continued for some time repeating re-phrasing, expanding on the ideas. Sissy Paige was helpless to resist, his conscious mind detached and unaware of what was happening, his sub-conscious drinking in every command, every suggestion, every instruction. She laid layer, upon layer of instructions, increasing his submissive tendencies, amplifying his sissy tendencies and reinforcing his determination to remain orgasm-less and denied. Eventually she was content and she snapped her fingers over his face, "Awake!"

Sissy Paige groaned, "Urgh! I must have drifted off, I'm sorry..."

"Don't be. You were the perfect subject, your conscious mind has slept, but I've had unprecedented access to your sub-conscious. I've really enjoyed programming you, you are so easy to program, so eager to accept my –"

“But I can’t remember anything!”

“Oh, you’re not supposed to! I’ve hypnotised you into forgetting, not just the session, but some other things to... Hmmm, what is your name?”

“Erm, Sissy Paige, you kn-“

“Has that always been your name?”

“Of course it has! You know tha-“

“Gary.”

“What? What did you say?”

It was like a phrase in Chinese, he heard the word, but couldn’t understand it, it was a sound, it meant something, but the meaning was lost to him.

“I think you’re ready to start work, Danielle, Samantha and Anita will be monitoring you. You may be sent back to me for more programming, but I think you’ve taken the programme so well, I really think it will stick.”

Duties and Tuition

As he left Dr Eve’s office Sissy Paige felt a new contentedness in his situation. It was hard walking in the heels, part of him still felt subtly like he should have tried to keep them a little loose, so they would be more forgiving... But Eve’s programming was creating an overriding sense of urgency to put himself in as much discomfort for his mistresses as possible, and to put himself at their mercy as much as possible.

By the time he made it to the large kitchen, his back was aching, his calves hurt – but he was happy about this. He felt he deserved it, simply for being a worthless sissy slave. Danielle was busy supervising the other maids, one was blacking an ancient antique oven, she was pouring with sweat and sagging with fatigue. The other maid was scrubbing copper pots with lemons and salt, she too was tired and drawn looking, but working furiously. Danielle turned to see her approach, “Ahh.... Sissy Paige, I wondered where you’d got to. As you can see, we like to do things the

traditional way here. I've saved the best job for you, you are going to spend the next hour on your hands and knees, scrubbing the floor, any slacking, talking, or lack of attention to detail will result in severe punishment. The things are in the cupboard – jump to it!”

Paige clicked along the hard, quarry tile floor as quickly as she could and fetched the bucket, marigolds and scrubbing brush. As soon as she was out, she was on all fours scrubbing as hard as she could at the floor while Danielle paced around, inspecting all the maids work. He noticed when he back was turned she had a slim cane tucked in the back of her apron. When the maid blacking the stove slowed down, eventually pausing to stop for breath – Danielle was right on him, “Did I tell you to stop?! No, now bend over the table for me... NOW!”

Paige shuddered as the maid bent over the table, and Danielle hitched his skirt up and gave him three vicious strokes of the cane right across the buttocks...

Swish, crack!

Swish, crack!

Swish, crack!

Then she pulled the hem of his dress down and pointed back at the stove, “Get back to it! If you slow down or stop again before I tell you to, you will receive six strokes!”

The maid curtsied, avoiding eye contact, “Yes miss, thank you miss.” Then he was back on the stove. Seeing this display of punishment maid Sissy Paige double her efforts, scrubbing as hard and fast as she could. It seemed to have a similar effect on the maid working on the pile of copper pots.

Eventually, after slaving in the kitchen, working themselves to exhaustion, Danielle pointed at the clock with her cane, “Ah, lunch-time ladies. For the benefit of our new-comer ‘Sissy Paige’ – Maids do not stop for lunch. Your single daily toilet stop should be taken between twelve noon and one pm. We serve lunch to the ladies of the house as twelve every day, if there are any left overs on their plates once they are finished, you may eat

them while you continue working. Any maid caught stopping to eat will receive a humiliating twenty strokes of the cane, to the bare bottom, in the pillory, in front of an audience of the ladies and the rest of the maids. So I suggest you do NOT, under any circumstances stop work. Now as it's your first day Paige, you can prepare Mistress Fisher's lunch, she requires fresh salmon and cucumber sandwiches, triangular cut, with the crusts cut off, a glass of fresh orange juice and a nicely ripe apple. When you enter Mistress Fisher's study you will avoid eye contact, speak only if spoken to and give the study a quick dust while you are there. Jump to it!"

Sissy Paige followed the other maids while they made meals for Dr Eve and Anita. Sensing the way things worked here, Paige made sure the sandwiches were immaculately presented, as if they had been cut with a set square. It took some effort, but they looked perfect, then she poured the fresh orange and selected an apple, taking great care to choose one which was ripe, but not over ripe. Finally, loaded onto a tray with a little flow in a little vase she took directions from Danielle and started clicked her way to Samantha's study.

The Study of Samantha Fisher : A Telephone call from the Princess

When Sissy Paige made it to the study she knocked firmly on the door and waited. Eventually a stern female voice echoed from the other side. "Enter!"

Samantha was sitting at her desk and another girl with huge breasts was sitting at another desk. Her breasts looked like at least F cup, maybe double F was sitting at another smaller desk. She was wearing a hot pink dress, which her impressive cleavage appeared to be almost bursting out of. Under the desk Paige noticed a pair of interesting shoes on the end of her black nylon clad legs. They were hot pink, but they appeared to be metal, cast out of a single piece of metal, and they were secured with a tiny padlock on each heel. They looked very painful, and unforgiving, the heel was massive! Miss Fisher, wearing a cream, knee length dress and her gold rimmed reading glasses looked up and saw Paige studying her PA. "Ah, Paige, you've not met my PA Angela... You can put the tray on Angela's desk – I'm not quite ready."

Paige did as instructed and curtsied to Samantha, "Yes miss Fisher,

thank you miss Fisher.” He then took a feather duster he’d tucked into his apron and started dusting off the bookshelves and tops, including the mantelpiece over the open fire. As he was dusting he heard the phone ring, Angela – Samantha’s PA answered it, “Fisher Enterprises, Samantha’s office... Ahhh... Hang on one second, I’ll just put you on hold.”

She turned to Samantha, “Miss Fisher, I have Princess Hadjina of the Rijakistan Royal family on line, would like me to put her through?”

Samantha smiled, “Of course! It’s always a pleasure to speak to my good friend, the Princess Hadjina. Put her through.”

Angela pressed a button on the phone and hung up, Samantha’s phone rang and she lifted the receiver, “Good morning your Royal Highness... Yes? British you say? Hmmm... Oh... Well, did the regime of chastity and forced feminization work out as well as I said? Castrated? And they are happy as your eunuchs? Well, I always think, chaste, feminized slaves are preferably to eunuchs, but then I suppose it depends upon the circumstances doesn’t it? If you ever decide to sell them, do let me know, I have a small clientele who are always interested in purchasing eunuch’s... Aha... Well, when you visit, you are very welcome to stay here at the manor, just give me plenty of notice so I can organize your travel arrangements... No, don’t mention it, whatever I can do for you, any time... Bye for now.”

As she clicked the receiver down Paige shuddered... Eunuch’s? Purchasing slaves? It was all a bit surreal, suddenly he felt like the world didn’t quite work how he’d always assumed it did. Who was this ‘Princess Hadjina’? Where was Rijakistan? The mention of castration and eunuchs had him squirming in his belt, and he thought he noticed a look of discomfort on Angela’s face too... At the same time Dr Eve’s programming was affecting him and part of him somehow... Almost desired to become the Princess’s property, to become her eunuch... He cast the thoughts aside, finished dusting and left with a curtsy, avoiding eye-contact at all times.

When he returned to the kitchen Danielle spent the rest of the day working the three sissy maids as hard as she could, punishing any slowing or slacking ruthlessly with her cane.

When the day was done and the three maids were locked back into the

dormitory, all three were so tired, there was no chit-chat. They all worked quickly and silently to unlock their heels and corsets, get their rather spoiled uniforms in the wash. They then took turns to shower and depilate. It was past midnight by the time they were all in bed and they'd been worked so hard they fell asleep instantly, of course they had to be up at five am to get ready to start the next day's hard labour at 6 am!

Friday Night

Several days later, it was Friday night. Paige and his two sissy colleagues were absolutely shattered. They'd spent the week cleaning, scrubbing, polishing, dusting, preparing food, laundering, ironing, folding, making beds, sweeping, mopping, tidying, cleaning windows... It had been relentless. Paige was convinced they were all losing weight. Thankfully it appeared to be the protocol for the ladies, Samantha, Anita and Eve to always leave a little food on their plates after eating lunch or dinner. There tended to be a few crumbs at the least for lunch, more for dinner. The worst days were when it was their turn to serve Anita's dinner, Anita tended to not leave anything, or if she did she wouldn't leave much. Though all three took dinner together in the grand dining hall, exquisitely dressed in beautiful evening gowns, Eve and Samantha took lunch in their offices, Anita in her surgery. On one day, Paige had the unsettling experience of bringing Anita's lunch in her surgery, only to find a patient, or victim, or... A male strapped firmly down to her table, having permanent make-up applied by Anita. Of course, as he'd curtsied and put the tray down she'd flashed him that wicked smile, "Are you sure you don't want doing as well? I could fit you in this afternoon? It'd save you a lot of time in the mornings?"

Of course he'd responded with a polite, 'no thank you miss' and a curtsy. At this establishment, consent seemed to be something which was sought, but not needed.

As the three of them entered the dormitory, Danielle handed out a key to the other two maids. "Now make sure you clean your belts thoroughly, we wouldn't want any skin irritation would we? I want you both belted back up in the morning, ready to hand over your keys."

They both curtsied and took their keys with a sense of relief, chorusing, "Thank you miss."

Danielle then turned to Sissy Paige, “Oh dear... I’d give you your key for weekly maintenance, but it’s not in the country – so you’ll just have to continue to clean yourself as well as you can, while still in your belt. Good night all.”

And she was gone, the key turning with a thunk – they were locked in. The nightly routine of quickly trying to get their uniforms ready and get showered and depilated took a slightly different turn this night. Sissy Paige’s two colleagues also took time to unlock their chastity belts and clean them thoroughly. Ominously he noticed them both carrying large wads of tissue from the toilet when they were ready for bed, chastity belts sitting open on the shelves next to their beds. The lights were turned out as usual, but this night, Paige heard a faint panting coming from the other beds, then two soft groans, then it started again...

The other two continued masturbating for some time, having at least three orgasms each – though it was difficult to keep count... All the while Paige was quivering in his nightie and chastity belt, hearing the others pleasuring themselves enthusiastically highlighted his torturous situation... At that point he longed, so desperately to touch himself, to have an erection, and of course to orgasm... But he was deliciously denied, his co-maids soaking up their wads of tissue with gallons and gallons of cum, while he was forced to lie in the dark listening, feeling frustrated and denied. He reached down to his groin and felt the chastity belt through the nightie, hard and unforgiving, smooth and concealing of his genitals. It was too much, he could feel his erection growing, within the hidden confines of the smooth fronted belt. As soon as he felt the spikes on his glans, it emphasized the impossible position he was in. The hard work and tiredness had been keeping his mind off things, but now, hearing the other two enthusiastically pleasuring themselves it sent him into a vicious cycle of arousal. He was aroused by his predicament, which would make him grow onto the spikes, the pain the fact he was so helpless to do anything about it, now made him grow even more rather than backing off as the spikes were supposed to instigate. His glans was burning, it must have been partially pierced on the spikes, but he had to come! He began rubbing the silk nightie over the smooth front of his belt, hoping for some stimulation – nothing. He tried breathing in and creeping a finger in between the steel waistband and his belly, but it was so fitted, so snug he could barely get a fingernail in. He tried squeezing a finger in between the front plate, again too tight...

Almost whimpering with frustration he rolled onto his front, his only hope for any stimulation was his prostate. It was difficult, but after hitching up his nightie and fumbling around, he eventually managed to slide a thumb up his anus. The angle meant it was difficult, almost impossible to get any stimulation, or prostate massage going. If anything this simply made the frustration worse, he became more frustrated, more desperate. After trying for some time he had to give up, he reached for a hair brush off the bedside table and slid the round handle up his anus, trying desperately to use it to massage his prostate, nothing. A tiny trickle of semen pooled in the penis tube, but he couldn't even work himself to a 'ruined orgasm' let alone a full orgasm. Frustrated and defeated he cried himself to sleep, utterly frustrated at his helplessness, and desperate for his arousal to subside.

The Rest of the Stay

The rest of the stay at Samantha Fisher's mansion passed without incident. Every day became the same, awake at five, desperately struggling to get ready, fully feminized and locked into the corset and heels for the day. On one day Sissy Paige had tried to leave the shoes a little loose to give some relief, but upon inspection, Danielle had spotted the sly attempt to ease the situation and punished it mercilessly with an over-the-knee spanking, and the threat of a public caning should he attempt to 'cheat' a second time.

At the start of the second week he visited Anita who checked that the vacuum in his breast pumps was holding. It was of course, so thorough has she been when fitting them... The pain had subsided over the course of his stay, the constant work taking his mind of the discomfort there was... The thought that he would be left with feminine looking breasts forever though was constantly there, both unnerving and somehow arousing. It all fuelled his constantly spiralling feelings of submission and his commitment to being the best sissy maid he could possibly be.

Dr Eve also had him in for another session, to reinforce her programme and to take it to another level. Afterwards he was physically unable to look any of the ladies in the eye and found himself curtsying and saying 'yes miss' as an unconscious reaction.

The quality of his work and his willingness to work hard improved too, he

would never have believed it was possible to do so much work in one day, as he was doing now. Every night he slept deeply, and easily despite his constant frustration and on-going denial. As the days wore on the discomfort from his breast pumps died down, the reason? His breasts were being stretched and forming new tissue, making the pull on them less and less. By the end of the fortnight he was already an A cup and would have been justified in wearing a bra. As it happened when Alison turned up to pick him up, they were left in place – to continue their work.

The Drive Home

The other two maids were staying on it seemed, interestingly one of them was owned, but was on a 12 month training regime. The other one wasn't owned, and was also on a 12 month regime – although from overhearing various conversations Sissy Paige gathered that once he'd signed on the dotted line, he was theirs for the duration and there was no opportunity to leave early. Danielle as it turned out had completed the course and graduated some time ago and was now effectively the head maid, almost house-keeper and the person responsible for overseeing all maid training. He never did establish exactly whether Danielle was really a Daniel, he'd overheard a conversation between Samantha and Anita which mentioned her and mentioned some sort of 'permanent surgical chastity belt' and 'radical feminization surgery' it didn't really make sense though, he missed parts of the conversation and the bits he did catch were incomprehensible.

Despite enjoying his stay, in a slightly masochistic way, standing on the grand stone steps, alongside Samantha waiting for Alison to turn up, he felt happy to see her. He tried to look at her as the car rolled down the drive, but he found himself physically unable to look her in the eye. Dr. Eve had programmed out of him the ability to look women in the eye. Samantha had included his official 'Fisher Academy' uniform as part of the package and he was waiting in it to be taken home. When Alison pulled up and jumped out of the car she looked him up and down critically, "Well, well, haven't they done a good job on you?"

Without thinking Sissy Paige was curtsying, her eyes fixed low, "Yes miss, thank you miss."

Samantha smiled, "Oh yes, she's fully trained now... Though I do wish

you'd reconsider not putting him forward for the surgical chastity belt and radical feminization surgery – I think he'd be an excellent candidate for it.”

Alison shrugged, “Hmmmm, maybe I will at a later date? I'll see how things go. Thanks again.”

Samantha smirked, “Oh it was out pleasure I'm sure, be sure to send her back for more training if she gets rebellious.”

“Oh, I will. Come on Sissy Paige, it's time we were on our way.”

They both climbed into the car – Alison at the wheel, Paige sitting submissively in the passenger seat with his hands on his knees. He wanted to ask Alison if she'd slept with anyone while he was away, but Dr Eve, Samantha, Anita and Danielle's training meant he felt he couldn't speak without being spoken to. Eventually Alison smirked at the silence, “You're quiet... I thought you'd be asking me if I'd slept with anyone yet.”

“I must not speak unless spoken to miss.”

Alison chuckled, he sounded so humbled and defeated, “Well, I want you to tell me if you are interested in whether I slept with anyone yet.”

Paige sighed, “Did you?”

“As a matter of fact no, not yet... I tried a speed dating night, went out for drinks with Charlie on one night and Jason on another night. I have to be honest I'm still reluctant to cuckold you...”

It was weird in ways this came as a relief, in ways he felt sad because she'd told him she was craving cock, and she hadn't had it. He felt like she deserved to make love to another man, and that he didn't deserve to have a monopoly on his beautiful mistress.

“How are the breast pumps Sissy?”

“Uncomfortable, painful at times... It is easing off though.”

“Good, they must be growing then – I bet you’re already an A cup, we’ll keep you in them for a few weeks though, see if we can get a C or at least a B out of you!”

“Yes miss, thank you miss.”

Alison giggled to herself, she liked the changes in ‘Gary’ or Sissy Paige as she was now known. “Sarah got back you know, she begged me to let her keep your key. I think she’d like to keep you, as her and Robin’s sissy maid, I told her no though... I’ve had an idea actually, I think I might have a way we can have penetrative sex again.”

Sissy Paige quivered at the thought, part of him was excited, pleased even – but Dr Eve’s programming made him quickly think about how he didn’t deserve such a pleasure.

Penetrative Sex

Back at the flat Alison gestured at one of the iron wall lights in the living area, “Hands up, that belt is getting a bit stinky and sweaty now – I think we’ll have you back in the CB3000 for a while, to let your glans heal... Besides I like playing with your balls and watching you strain in your cage as I orgasm. You know how it turns me on.”

He kept his eyes low and curtsied as he spoke, “Yes miss, thank you miss.”

Then he held his hands up and allowed her to cuff them high, through the rigidly fixed light fitting. Alison then strolled casually to the bedroom, and returned with his old CB3000 and keys. He jangled his chains, a quiver of excitement running through his body, it’d been a long time, several weeks since he’d been out of the cruel, arousal punishing belt. When Alison bent down turned his hips so he was facing the wall and slid the key into the lock which rested just above the small of his back, he felt himself start to grow. The lock turned, Alison removed the belt and he sprang to attention, his penis standing almost upright. Sissy Paige couldn’t see it of course, his huge breast pumps in the way. Alison chuckled to herself though, “Oh dear, it seems like someone has been trying to become aroused! Your glans looks quite injured! Hmmmph! I’m going to have get some frozen peas – wait here.”

As she sauntered off he groaned. He could feel his penis stretching in its skin, it was so hard, he was so aroused, after being in denial so long... He felt like a breath could make him come, but his hands were securely fixed out of the way. He tried shaking his hips up and down, trying to run his glans on the wall, trying to free his hands... There was no way. When Alison returned smiled and brandishing a bag of frozen peas he sagged. She giggled at him, "Trying to get yourself off were we? I thought we'd agreed – no more orgasms for you! They're bad for you... Never mind we'll soon have you all snug in your old CB3000, safe and sound hmmm?"

The next thing he knew she was holding the peas against his crotch firmly but gently. "We'll give it a few minutes, get you nice and shrivelled up..."

He so wanted to come, he was desperate for an orgasm, but at the same time Dr Eve Wilshaw's programme gave him an inner desire not to come, to please Alison – it was a bizarre internal conflict of thought, his physical desire, driven by hormones, and his mental desire driven by deep, deep hypnotic programming.

In a few minutes Alison was fitting the rings and points of intrigue then sliding the cage and the padlock on. As soon as he was in he started to grow. It was a different sensation to being in the punisher belt, uncomfortable, but not painful. In some respects it was worse because he felt like this device allowed him closer to orgasm, so close... Could he come by shaking the cage? It was possible, but he was filling the cage so completely, it felt like his penis pushing forwards trying to grow was stretching his balls and scrotum. It made the cage feel very sensitive and taught.

He sighed as Alison unfastened his arms, after replacing his CB Key on her necklace. She smiled warmly at him, "Come into the bedroom, I have a nice surprise for you."

He followed her in, with Alison carrying his metal chastity belt and his CB3000 bouncing about from hip to hip. Laid out on the bed were some electric pink panties with 'Sissy Paige' on the front, complete with a pink suspenders, and pink fishnet stockings and a pink fishnet top.

She gestured to them, "Well? Aren't you going to try your present on?"

He undressed and put his new garments on. It was a lovely pink, and the fishnet pink top contrasted nicely with his black satin corset. As he finished Alison, having undressed, was pulling his metal chastity belt onto her hips. She pulled it on and pressed hard, making it click locked. They were a very similar size and it fit very well, except of course the cruel, spiked penis tube was left empty.

He looked at her, her beautiful naked body causing him to strain further in his cage. The look of the smooth steel chastity belt on her made it even more arousing. She giggled at him, "You like? I can't imagine why you like being so denied... I don't actually think this would work for me, I'm a bit slimmer so I could slide a finger in, turn around Sissy Paige, hands on the bed, bend forwards."

He did as instructed, "Yes miss."

He heard a click... "What are you-"

"Shhhhhh, I'm going to pull your panties down a little, then you'll feel something cold and wet on your anus."

He shivered with anticipation, he could only guess what she was going to do, she'd attached his clip-on and was about to penetrate him with it. He felt her pull the panties down a fraction and then felt a finger smearing his anus with cold slippery gel, gently probing his anus.

"You're going to feel some pressure now Paige, deep breath for me."

It felt like he was being ripped apart, he whimpered as the huge clip-on slid into him. Eventually the shaft slid all the way up and the smooth cold steel of the belt gently kissed his hips. She was leaning forwards slightly so he could just feel her breasts dangling onto his back gently. "There, I'm in... Try to relax, I'm going to see if I can massage your prostate with this now."

He moaned as she began rocking her hips back and forth, stretching his rectal sphincter and penetrating deep, deep into his anus with every thrust. After a few strokes she reached around him and started pinching his nipples hard. He could feel himself straining, straining in his cage, it was so humiliating, but so erotic... He was in submissive heaven, his wife

penetrating him deeply, mercilessly while almost ripping his nipples off she was pinching and twisting so hard...

Yet he didn't come. Little dribbles of pre-cum oozed out of the cage and fell onto the bed, but he couldn't orgasm! The pegging continued for several minutes, Alison moving faster and faster, penetrating deeper and deeper, the plastic cock teasing his prostate, then pressing it hard and sliding over it... But he couldn't come. Eventually she withdrew with a sigh. "Sorry hon, I tried, looks like you can't come this way... I have to say, it's not giving me my fix for penetrative sex either – as fun as it is.... I hate to say it Sissy Paige, but I think I'm going to have to cuckold you after all. I want you to think about it, accept it, embrace it even. Jason keeps pestering me to catch up properly, and I like him... I fancy him actually... I was thinking what would be really nice is if I invited him around for dinner and you made us a nice candle-lit dinner, waited our table if you like, then when I take him to my bed, you could stand at the edge, so I can reach out and fondle your cage while he... Hmmm, I wonder, it might be nice to spend the night with a real man... You could sleep on the sofa that night... Yes?"

He sighed, "Yes mistress."

"Good girl."

The Date

As it turned out Jason was all too eager to come around for dinner. Of course he was also somewhat taken aback at the explanation that her sissy husband would be cooking them dinner and didn't mind if they wanted to have sex, seeing as he couldn't.

Seeing Paige being Sarah's bridesmaid at the wedding had probably softened the impact of this revelation, many people must have wondered whether Gary was a closet transvestite or secret cross-dresser for him to agree to do it... Though none probably guessed the extreme nature of the femdom, slave and mistress relationship he'd gotten himself into.

When the night came at Alison's insistence Sissy Paige wore the pink fishnet stockings and top with pink panties and suspenders over his satin black corset and nothing else, except a pair of strappy high heels.

Preparing dinner for his wife and her date in this attire was humiliating. While he was cooking Alison was getting ready, occasionally bodding about the flat in her underwear. She was really making an effort, wearing her sexiest underwear, making sure she showed a bit of cleavage between her breasts, just enough to look provocative. She made sure her make-up was alluring and inviting, not slutty, classy, but in such way that it screamed that sex might be on the menu. By the time she'd done her hair and added a splash of feminine perfume she looked and smelled exquisite.

Sissy Paige, taking the casserole out of the oven sighed wistfully at her, he tried to look her in the eye, but he only got as far as her face before Dr Eve's program stopped him in his tracks. "Mistress, you never go to this effort for me."

She chuckled. "But then I don't need to do I? I don't need to seduce you, I can't really seduce you – you have to do as I say, obey me, follow my orders regardless of how you feel about it? You're my little sissy maid aren't you? Silly Paige, you make some silly comments at times – you'd better set the table I think I heard the bell go."

Sure enough when Alison went to the door Jason was there with a bottle of red wine and a large bunch of flowers. Sissy Paige heard her invite him in and hang his coat up. When they left the corridor for the main living area, Jason smirked at Paige almost laughing. "Hah! I can't believe this is happening... You look ridiculous you know... Can I just be clear, you want me, ME, to bed your wife for you?"

Alison looked at Paige expectantly, he sighed, "Yes, I'm too pathetic for my beautiful wife. All I deserve is to work for her and give her orgasms, I am her property. She deserves to have sex, and I can't give it to her because she keeps me in chastity, in a state of permanent denial – as I should be... As I deserve."

Jason chuckled, "Well, it's your loss... Your wife is hot, she always was... Here, seeing as you're the slave you can open the wine and get us both a glass."

The meal was delicious, they sat in the open plan dining area with Paige curtsying and politely topping up wine glasses. Jason and Alison talked and talked, playing footsie under the table, eventually moving closer

together. Before the coffees were on the table – Jason was leaning over and kissing Alison. The sight made Paige whimper and almost cry – except he didn't want his make-up to run. The hypnotic program kicked in of course and soon he felt accepting, that she deserved this, that it was only right that she gets to bed whomever she pleased.

Once they'd finished the coffees Alison stood first and offered Jason her hand. He took it and she led him into the bedroom. As she passed through doorway she smiled to Paige and beckoned him with her finger.

The door clicked shut and Jason was mainly undressed. His body was muscly and athletic, it was true he was much more, so much more of a real man than Paige ever was. As he finished undressing he began unwrapping Alison, like a giant present. Paige was almost bursting out of his cage with arousal as the items of female clothing fell to the floor, revealing delicate, sexy black lingerie. Then that started falling too. Alison, I all her beautiful naked glory climbed onto the bed and lay back with her knees open she becked to Paige with one hand, and Jason with the other.

Defeated and humiliated Paige approached, by the time he was there Jason was all over his wife, his hands exploring her whole body while he kissed, and kissed her, then sucked gently on her nipples and stroked her labia. Alison reached out and gently caressed Paige's bursting cage while he stood by the bed. She was so aroused she was moist in seconds. She smiled to Jason, "Come on, put it in."

He was shaking with excitement, "I can't believe this is happening, it's so weird... But so... So damn hot... I can't believe I'm making love to a such an amazing woman, while she lies there twiddling with her husband's chastity device! It feels amazing!"

"Come to me..."

He slid in between her hips and started rocking back and forth while Paige stood submissively allowing Alison playfully stroke and caress his balls and chastity cage. He was soon leaking dribbles of pre-cum out of the end and groaning in discomfort. Alison smiled, "Hands... Behind your... Back... Paige..."

He complied, avoiding eye, contact. He felt so vulnerable, so helpless, his caged genitals being fondled enthusiastically by his wife while her bull lover thrust in and out, in and out, rocking his hips and panting softly – his chastity device key bouncing around playfully, almost provocatively between her breasts. Alison for her part was more aroused than she'd ever felt in her whole life, her eyes fluttered and closed and her breathing became shallow. Jason and Alison came at roughly the same time. Exploded into her, filling her with cum and groaning with exertion. He ejaculated so hard it physically hurt and Alison's orgasm was so powerful it made her arch her back and almost spasm.

Her hand was still on his cage, gently playing with it, but her eyes were open now and on Jason, and his were on her. She smiled at Jason, barely acknowledging the existence of Sissy Paige, "That was amazing... That was the best sex I've ever had."

Jason was still trying to catch his breath, his legs still felt like jelly, "Yeah, that was something else..."

"Stay tonight..."

"What about-"

"Pffft, Sissy Paige can go sleep on the sofa, I want to fall asleep in YOUR arms tonight."

He leaned forwards and they were kissing and fondling each other. After a few moments, she pulled away for air, looked at Paige and patted him on the chastity cage, "Run along now Paige, you have a busy day tomorrow – you'd better get some rest."

His gaze was fixed on the key to his device, resting neatly in her cleavage, almost teasing him, begging him to make a snatch for it... But of course the good doctors program wouldn't allow him. He was desperate to cum, to masturbate, even to have an erection... But he was helpless... Helpless to remain in a state of frustrated denial...

He curtsied, eyes low, "Yes mistress."

As he left the bedroom Jason was sliding under the covers and they were

hugging and kissing. He closed the door shut with a click. He was so aroused now he was dripping pre-cum as he went. When he got to the sofa and lay down he fondled his own cage... He was so aroused, so close! It wouldn't take much...

Slowly at first, then building in speed he began gently shaking his cage. It didn't move much because he was too tight in it, his member so well grown. He tried both hands shaking tapping, stroking, everything he did simply made him feel more aroused and more frustrated. After half an hour of desperately trying to orgasm in the cage he realised he was defeated, he couldn't orgasm in the device – his next orgasm would be when Alison decided it would be and he would find himself drinking his own semen as last time.

As he lay there he fondled his 'breast pumps' wondering how long they would be left on for. He looked ridiculous at the moment, like a double D cup, but somehow them being removed, having done their job, and him finding himself with a pair of per feminine looking, C cup breasts would be even worse. He almost thought about trying to break the vacuum on them, except as soon as he thought it, the hypnotic program kicked in and encouraged him to keep them on, because it would be what Alison wanted...

He eventually drifted off to a troubled sleep with the knowledge that with her bull lover's prowess in bed, and how much she'd taken to living this femdom life-style with him, as her permanently denied, permanently frustrated sissy-maid, sex, possibly even an organ, was off the menu forever...

He would clearly spend the rest of his days in a state of permanent denial. A shudder of fear shivered through him, but it triggered a wave of submissiveness too. Dr Eve had done a good job on him. Yes, he would be permanently denied, permanently frustrated... But the thought of it, the thought of serving Alison forever, as her feminized, chaste, sissy maid, made him deeply, deeply happy and satisfyingly contented...

~fin

By Sabrina

Did you spot all the references to my other femdom stories by the way? A

gold star for anyone who spotted them all!

Samantha Fisher

Anita

Dr. Eve Wilshaw

Nadine and Jessica

Francesca's Bridalwear

Nikki's beauty salon

Princess Hadjina

The PA Angela

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

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My sincere thanks, to everyone who takes the time to tag my femdom books.

Sabrina. Xx.

Due to complaints about the excess of 'free sample' chapters I included in one of my works, from this point onwards I will only ever include three sample chapters. If sample chapters offend you, please feel free to skip them. All that remains after them is a brief catalogue of my stories, which is not completely comprehensive and a short frequently asked questions

section.

Free Sample of ‘Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning’

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

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

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

Max raised his hand, Jacqueline nodded to him, “Max?”

“I erm, I didn’t make it to doctor Stanway’s lecture on Tuesday morning.”

She smiled sympathetically to him, “Well you made all the others, and it was at nine AM, you’re still settling in aren’t you? Just try to make all of next week’s lectures for me please? Good boy.”

Simon shakily rose his hand, “Erm, I didn’t make doctor Stanway’s lecture either.”

She glared at him, “I gave you specific, specific instructions to attend all lectures... And you have wilfully disobeyed me. Come to the front.”

He was bright red in the face now, “Miss, can’t we ju-“

“There’s no time to start like the present is there? As this is your first offence, perhaps I’ll be lenient hmmm? Now come to the front please.”

He chuckled softly, “This is a wind up right? You –“

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

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

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

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

"Good... Now as this is part of the study I need to video tape your punishment. I've already set the camera up. Hold that position please."

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

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

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

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

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

From her desk she took a pack of alcohol wipes and started thoroughly

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

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

"Good..."

Swish, crack!

"Aaargh!"

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

Swish, crack!

"Aaargh! Thank you miss! Erm, one!"

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

He nodded, "Yes miss."

"Good..."

Swish, crack!

"Aaargh! Two! Thank you miss!"

Swish, crack!

"Whimper! Three! Thank you miss!"

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

Swish, crack!

"Oww! Four! Thank you miss!"

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

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

Swish, crack!

“Aaargh! Five! Thank you miss!”

Swish, crack!

“Nngh! Six! Thank you miss!”

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

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

Jacqueline turned to the group and clicked her cane back down on the bench, “Good, that’s that out of the way. Now, I’m going to go through your notes with each of you in turn to make sure you making good notes. While you wait your turn, you will read from your textbooks and revise.”

Simon squirmed awkwardly on his seat, his bottom still burned. Yet for all the pain, he didn’t resent it. In fact he couldn’t help but feel a little relieved. It was stress relieving, handing over control of his life, his destiny to another individual. It was even more stress relieving that his punisher was so beautiful and strict, yet somehow caring. He ’d felt guilt falling away from too. He’d almost felt like he deserved punishment.. He found he couldn’t look at her, every time he caught a glimpse he melted and started desiring another taste of her cane.

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

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

He felt like a child, her critical eye slowly scanning his pages, eventually she sighed and looked up. “Simon, your work is terrible. It’s sloppy, unstructured, messy, your handwriting is terrible. I’m afraid I’m going to

have to correct you further. If you don't want me to up the ante then this coming week, try harder. I want you to practice your handwriting, and your spelling and grammar. When you are making notes, try to make coherent notes which follow a structure. Use flow diagrams and draw arrows from related points – here, where've you've written this paragraph here – this leads directly on this point here, so draw an arrow like this.”

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

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

He sighed, “Yes Miss.”

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

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

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

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

She moved down the line dragging her chair behind her to sit opposite Celeste. She smiled at her, “Now, Celeste – let me see your notes.”

Shaking, Celeste placed her A4 pad in the professors hands. Professor Reed smiled and started casting her critical eye on the page, then flicking to the next one, eventually she handed it back, “You are on the right track. You really need to work on neatness. You may find these notes are comprehensible now, but in year three when you're preparing your dissertation? You might find that some of the terms used are unfamiliar and you can't get the right spelling or even understand the term once it's

no longer fresh in your mind. You've used diagrams, but make sure they're clear and make sure you don't miss anything out. If you look at this one at the start of the second page you've missed a key point. Re-read chapter two and try to fill it in, I'll check your work next week. I will need to correct you too, you can stay behind for three strokes of the cane."

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

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

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

"Good girl."

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

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

Simon and Celeste dragged the box into the classroom and began unpacking it while Professor Jacqueline Reed started entering data on a spreadsheet. She was scoring them for attendance and quality of notes, and noting what punishment they'd received thus far. She finished before they did and in the time remaining she sat behind her desk admiring her little test subjects scurrying away, working to build the very device they

would be tortured on. It was so satisfying. She could feel the power over them, she felt it as a tutor anyway, but having them compelled to accept corporal punishment off her made it all the more enticing. She almost wanted to reach down to her crotch and give herself a rub there and then, but she managed to resist.

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

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

Celeste gasped first, "But Mi-"

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

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

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

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

"Is this really necessary? Can't I ju-"

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

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

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

complain, for fear of adding more strokes.

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

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

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

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

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

"Miss! You can-"

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

This shut Celeste up immediately. The Professor started by taking a heavy flow tampon from her pack, unwrapping it and weighing it on a small digital scale which was with the electronics, and recording the exact weight. Then she snapped on a pair of latex gloves and took some of the wires and the weighed, dry tampon and knelt beneath Celeste's groin.

"I'm going to insert a tampon now, with two probes to measure temperature and blood flow. Try to relax, you'll feel some pressure."

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

She jumped slightly and squirmed as the sharp toothed crocodile clips bit into her most sensitive parts. She wriggled and squirmed in the pillory,

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

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

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

“Good girl... I’ll begin.”

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

Swish, crack!

~ To read more – please read;-

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

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

Free Trial Chapter from ‘Femdom : The Ex’s Revenge’

The Medical (Chapter 4)

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

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

“Mr Detori? Can I call you Angelo? Please step behind the screen, strip

and get into your gown so I can get started on you.”

He quivered, “Is that really necessary?”

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

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

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

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

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

He could barely walk, this morning life had been normal, good even, now he felt like he was in another dimension. When he was in position she

kneeled down, snapped a pair of latex gloves on and slipped a hand into his gown, then gently cupped his testicles in her hand, “Cough please...”

“Cough!”

“Again please...”

“COUGH!”

“Tell me when this hurts...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“N..No... I’m ju-“

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

He couldn’t stop shaking, she paused and sighed deeply, “Hmmp, this isn’t working is it? I think I’m going to have to give you something to help

you relax... Wait here, try to stay calm.”

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

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

“I... I don’t want it!”

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

“I don’t want it!”

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

“Please...”

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

He allowed her to wrap the tourniquet around the top of his bicep, the watched her hold the bottle up and draw several milligrams of drug into the syringe, before spraying the liquid high in the air to clear the air bubble.

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

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

“Keep still... Try to relax...”

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

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

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

She put the phone down and in a few moments footsteps could be heard in the corridor, then the door swung open. His old girlfriend, whom he’d dumped came striding in. He struggled to even speak he felt so groggy,

“Mel... Urngh... Wha... are you do... Here?!”

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

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

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

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

“Me-“

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

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

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

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

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

'Femdom: The Ex's Revenge' by Sabrina Jen Mountford

Free Sample chapter of 'The Harem Slave' (Chapter 2)

Slavery

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

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

Henry of course found himself in the same situation. Suddenly it became clear why Avria had wanted them to go... He'd been separated from Roy, he could feel he'd been stripped, hand cuffed and shackled too... He could feel the shape of the floor and the wall behind his back. Both were

metal...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Next, members of the crowd started queuing to come on to the platform and walk down the line, inspecting the slaves from head to foot, feeling their arms and legs, and generally poking and prodding them. While this

was going on of course Tamak was shouting to the crowd, touting the quality of his wares, and shouting something which included the word 'English' while pointing at Roy and Henry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One of the guards stepped forwards and was about to shout at them, but

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

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

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

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

Henry held his chains up, "I don't know... We have to get out of here!"

"I can't believe this is happening... It doesn't seem real..."

The bidding had stopped, Tamak was about to close the deal, the winning bidder an elderly looking man with one good eye... When the Princess jumped in with her bid. She'd only made a bid a little higher, but her

status seemed to prevent anyone from challenging her. The auction went silent, then Tamak smacked his hammer down and shouted something while pointing at the Princess who simply smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When they got there, there was a pause, then the doors were opened. The

guards appeared and bundled them both out, the Princess now curiously started addressing her guards in English, "Take them straight to the medical centre, prepare them for surgery!"

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

'The Harem Slave' by Sabrina Jen Mountford

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

The Hypnotist : Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.

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

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

The Tormentress and the Boss.

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

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

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

(Available in one package also, in this story, the protagonist is captured by a group of dominant women who sell and market

BDSM equipment. He is mercilessly used to demonstrate the goods, and by the end of part two has been surgically altered to be fully feminized, but with a cruel twist... Will he find happiness in his captivity?

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

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

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

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

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

Male Chastity, Forced Feminization, Female Domination & Forced Transgender

During a powercut, Peter ends up being talked into going for a drink at a gay night club. It's the last place he expects to find love, but when he meets Connie he feels a strong attraction. As he gets to know her, he realizes they are soul mates and perfect for one another, in all but one aspect... He is a man and she is a lesbian. They enjoy each others company so much they meet the next day anyway as friends, but as time goes on Connie begins to wish Peter was a girl. He has quite feminine features, so that night after a few glasses of wine Connie talks him into participating in an experiment, which involves being fully feminized - and locked into a Kali's Teeth Bracelet chastity device. He agrees because he finds her so attractive... Connie becomes convinced she can turn Peter in the girlfriend she's always dreamed of. She takes his hand and leads him slowly into the world of femininity, but is clear from the start that one day she expects him to have his testicles 'whipped off' and full gender reassignment. He can't resist her, always putting off the thought of being castrated as something that might not happen. In the end Connie's patience with her 'project' is running out and he has to make a choice - lose Connie, or lose his testicles...

Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

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

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

Samantha's Tale : The Deal

(Prequel to 'The Tormentress & The Boss')

Samantha is down on her luck, she's lost her job and is going to lose

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

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

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

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

Now deeply in love with one another, Anita feminizes Edward more and more, and falls more and more in love with him. Eventually,

when the study comes to an end Anita has made a decision, she wants to Edward to become a full-time permanent, 'she' so they can live happily ever after. As the mysterious Serena Carlotti suggests, things don't always turn out how we expect them to.

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

The Harem Slave

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

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

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

Femdom : The Dressmaker

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

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

brother as a challenge and an opportunity... How far will her efforts to 'feminize' Shaun go? How will Shaun find his new life, blackmailed into Satin and Lace and working in the dress shop, trying on for customers and acting as Fran's manequin.

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

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

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

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

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

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

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

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

Coming Soon:-

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

Alison and Gary's relation 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 an element of cuckolding.

FAQ

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

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

Q: Are you going to be releasing more paperbacks?

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

Q: Do you create your own book covers?

A: No, they are done for me.

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

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

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

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

Q: Are you a professional dome?

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

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

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

Q: Please?

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

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

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

Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?

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

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

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

Q: Aren't your stories morally reprehensible?

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

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

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

Q: So do you hate men?

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

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

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

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

A: Nope... There might be some ultra-dominant woman, with a huge stately home full of

dungeons and torture equipment, who is capturing, castrating and selling men... But if there is I don't know about her personally, and I doubt there is...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Q: Is Sabrina Jen Mountford your real name?

A: No it's a pen name.

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

name is?

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