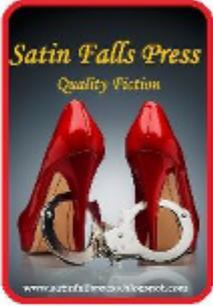




S
A
B
R
I
N
A

J
E
N

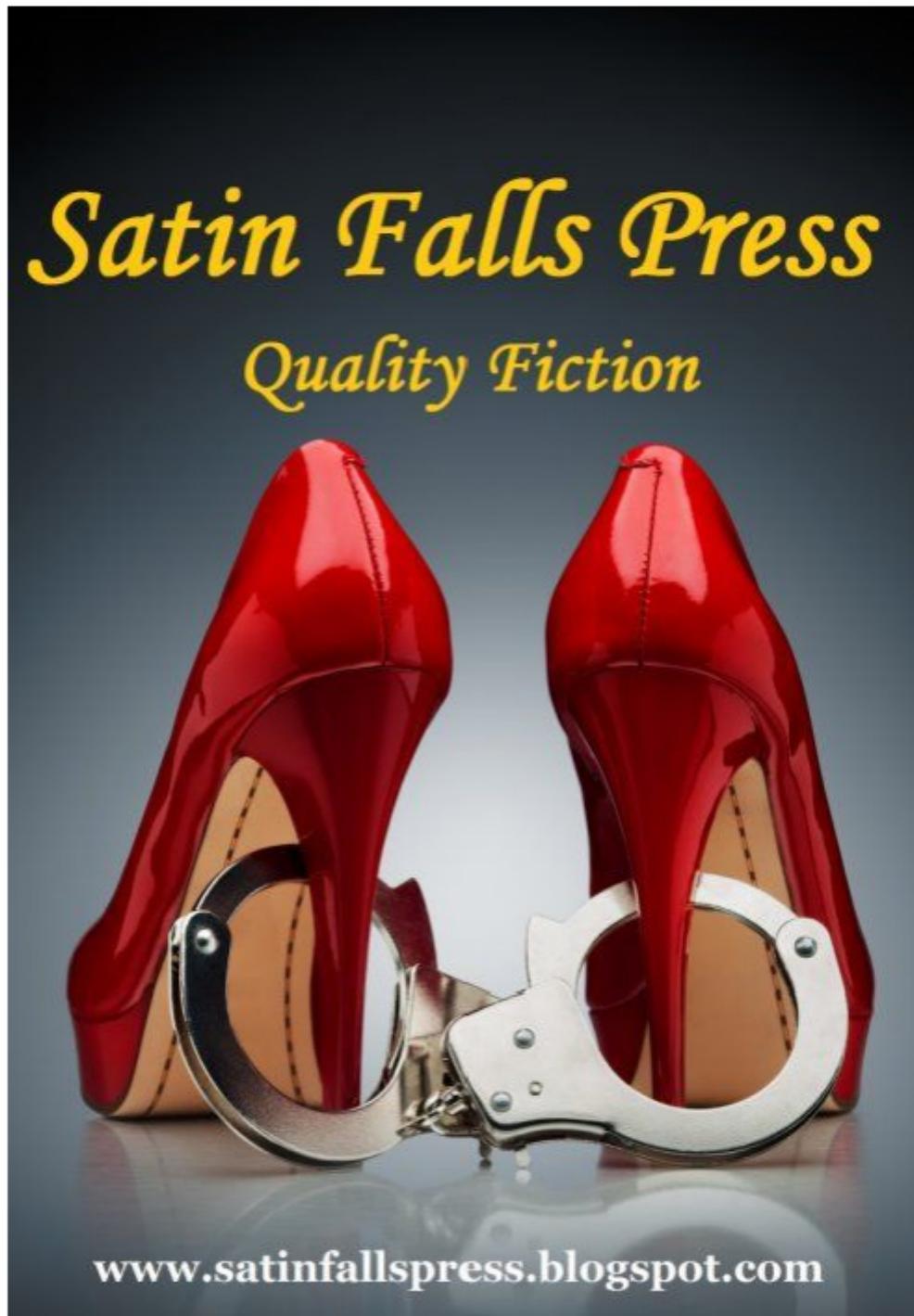
M
O
U
N
T
F
O
R
D



**Forced Feminization in Public :
The Store Detective's
Punishment**

Forced Feminization in Public : The Store Detective's Punishment

Sabrina Jen Mountford & Maia Anne Fisher



Femdom Erotika, also by Sabrina:-

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

The Tormentress and the Boss

Slavery: Part 1 : Captured!

Slavery: Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.

The Male Bridesmaid

The Hypnotist

A Sissy Story : WPC Domination

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

Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

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

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

The Harem Slave

Femdom : The Dressmaker

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

Femdom: The Beautician Trap

Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission

Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

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

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

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

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

Femdom : The Game

Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes

Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit

Diary of Sissy Slave Alicia

The Bisexual Writer : Cuckolded into Chastity by a Lesbian

Terror Asylum (A Straight Jackets and Padded Cells Horror Story)

Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill 2 : An Accidental Transformation

Latex Slave Sissy Maid : A Transgender Tale of Mind Control and Forced Feminization

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

Planned titles:-

Femdom : The Vacation

Compilations by the same author:-

*Feminization Stories First Collection: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid
Feminization Stories Second Collection: Feminized For Her,
Crossdressing: Schoolgirl Domination
Slavery: Part 1 & 2 : Captured & Operated on!
Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself & Tickled into Submission
Femdom : The Game : A BDSM Erotika Trilogy
The BDSM Studies Trilogy
The Male Bridesmaid Duology*

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

*Feminization Tales: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid
The BDSM Studies Trilogy
Femdom : The Game : A BDSM Erotika Trilogy
Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill : A Gender Bender Story
Seventeen Shades of Depravity (A compilation of many of my stories.)*

*If you read all Sabrina's stories and want to read more erotica, I highly recommend giving me, **Maia Anne Fisher** a try. My **Human Dog : Puppy Play Erotica** is thoroughly enjoyable. Particularly if you enjoy female domination with dubious consent. If non-consensual is your thing, and you like it extreme, you should really read her **Femdom & Extreme BDSM : A Night to Remember, A Life Dismantled**. It's not for the squeamish though! Alternatively if you like forced feminization with chastity then have a look at my title **The Photographer**. If you'd like to read more **BDSM Studies** then look for My **BDSM Studies 4 : Degradation : A Study in Humiliation** Also give Lana Powis a try, her **Forced Femme Village** will appeal to my readers I think.*

Sabrina Jen Mountfords Authors Blog and profile:

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

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

Forward:-

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

This 11,900 word femdom novelette is focused on forced feminization and female domination It is NOT, I repeat NOT intended to be realistic in anyway – think more surreal fantasy than realistic scenario. If this theme doesn't interest you – please don't buy!

~ Sabrina & Maia

Is this a Sabrina Jen Mountford? Is it a Maia Anne Fisher? It's both. If you've read Sabrina's 'The Bisexual Writer: Cuckolded by a Lesbian' you'll know something of Sabrina's story. If you've followed her blog you'll know more. This is our 'goodbye' story for now. Sabrina was a dominant heterosexual girl, but her boyfriend encouraged her to try exploring her bisexual side. After a long period of time, and much adjustment – her bf is out of the picture and Sabrina is my girlfriend by day, my lesbian sex slave by night. She's already started this story, I ended up telling her she had to earn the time to work on it, by giving me orgasms, but forgoing them herself. One orgasm for one hour on the story. To make up for it I've contributed. I'll be honest I don't think this is either of our best stories, but I wanted it finished so we could put writing to bed – at least for now. We've got more fun things to do at night than sitting typing, if you catch my drift ;)

~ Maia

So a final thanks to all the folks who've helped us to put these stories together and to get them out there. You know who you are.

Forced Feminization in Public : The Store Detective's Punishment

Prologue

James Mitchell was on a mission. His objective: to get his girlfriend a nice set of bra and panties for her birthday. He hadn't been looking forward to this. He'd actually intended to get her some chocolates, and an iTunes voucher. He'd done this the previous year and she'd seemed fine with it – however she'd recently made a few glib remarks about his past present buying and had tricked him into revealing his plans. Apparently iTunes vouchers weren't particularly romantic. She'd more or less demanded, in that subtle '*Well you don't have to if you don't want to*' way, that he had to get her flowers and sexy underwear. She'd made sure to leave her laptop open in plain view of exactly the kind of thing, or 'thong', she wanted.

At this point he was wandering around the large department store, 'Franklins'. In some respects he felt like he'd picked the wrong day to attempt this challenging mission. There seemed to be women everywhere, the hopes of being able to quietly, discreetly purchase the offending items seemed pretty remote. It didn't help that Niki, the local beautician and Francesca, the lady who ran the bridal boutique were putting on a sort of exhibition on the 'ladies' floor. They'd setup a kind of rudimentary beauty therapy area and salon, with some central temporary changing rooms. They were doing a special 'celebrity transformations' demonstration where they were taking volunteers from the growing audience, then giving them a make-over to look like celebrities while everyone watched. They'd done a Beyoncé, and an Adele while he'd been trying to discreetly browse the lingerie section, complete with make-up, wig and outfit. They were good too, their volunteers looked very convincing when they were done.

Part of the problem was that James's direction towards a different set of 'presents', had somewhat stretched his budget to breaking point. He'd planned to spend fifteen pounds all in, not counting the card. Her choice was going to cost over sixty pounds, sixty pounds which he simply didn't have. He was browsing more in desperation than hope - that he could get something that she'd like for less than the going rate. After

much searching and avoiding eye contact with the various women who were idly browsing the lingerie aisles he settled on what he wanted. It was a sky blue, satin set with a padded, quite lacy bra and a skimpy almost see-through pair of panties. It was very similar to the set she'd left her laptop open on. The trouble was they were fifty five pounds! He'd have to spend another fifteen on flowers and probably a few quid on a card. It was all money he didn't have. He'd never shop-lifted before, he was morally against it, and he was in the wrong attire, skinny jeans and tight T-shirt, meant he had nowhere to hide anything. He pulled his wallet out of his pocket with some difficulty, the jeans were very tight and he could barely get a finger in. When he pulled it out and looked inside he had a solitary twenty pound note and three pound coins. He knew his cards were maxed out. He looked at the skimpy feminine underwear on the rack, then he looked back to his wallet. There seemed to be no hope, no way of... Unless...

He grinned and forcefully shoved his wallet back into his jeans, then almost wincing at what he was going to do, he pulled the bra and panties from the rack. As he pulled them off a girl behind him, a member of staff – startled him. “Oh good choice, she'll love those. Would you like to pay for those now?”

He turned to look at her. Her name badge read ‘Kelly’ and she had long brown hair falling over her shoulders and she had black framed, designer glasses on. She was wearing the typical uniform for the shop. A crisply ironed white cotton shirt with a knee-length black skirt, opaque black nylons and a three inch heel mary jane pump. He stuttered. “Erm, thanks erm, I just need to erm, get some things for myself – I was going to pay for everything at once.”

She shrugged. “Okay, that's fine. Shall I take them to the till for you?”

“Actually, do you mind if I just carry them around, I'm still not a hundred per cent sure she wouldn't prefer red.”

“Okay sweetie, you take your time.”

She smiled and sauntered off, making James breathe a sigh of relief. He made a point to carry the skimpy female underwear in such a way that it *didn't* look like he was hiding them. Holding them out and climbing onto the escalator, to go up to the men's floor. As he rode the escalator he thought about something else, pinching them would avoid the

embarrassment of walking up to an attractive young girl, placing them on the counter and saying, *'just these please'*. He could almost picture her, giving him a subtle smirk, her mouth saying nothing, her eyes saying, *'These are for you aren't they? You're a cross-dressing pervert aren't you? Do you wear make-up too? How about dresses? Do you suck cock? I bet you're quite the sissy...'* Of course she wouldn't say that would she? No, she'd ask if he wanted them gift-wrapped and then she'd smirk at him in a, *'This is waste of time isn't it? We both know these are for you!'* way. He'd avoid that embarrassment.

When he got to the men's floor he browsed for a while, then picked up a shirt and pair of trousers and hung them over his arm so they covered the dreaded lingerie. He walked to the fitting rooms where another shop assistant was standing at the door. She looked about twenty, she was tall, thin, with short blonde hair, wearing a smart uniform with a gleaming white cotton blouse, black skirt and sharp black jacket with five inch stiletto heels. Her name badge read 'Alice' "Just the two is it?"

"Um, yep."

"This way please."

He followed her into rows of changing rooms, taking two plastic counters from her. She eventually came to a halt outside one and pulled the curtain aside, gesturing for him to enter. After he'd stepped over the threshold, she pulled the curtain back and he heard her heels click away towards the changing rooms entrance. This was it...

Rumbled

When he was sure the coast was clear, and the shop assistant had returned to her post, James started undressing. It felt devilishly naughty doing this, it felt taboo. In many respects he didn't *want* to do it, doing it anyway somehow made it exciting, almost erotic. Once he'd completely disrobed he picked the skimpy female underwear off its hanger. It felt delicate and frail between his fingers. With shaking hands he held them out and slipped one foot through one leg-hole, then the other through the other. The trim tickled his ankles, he could feel himself going flush with embarrassment. He'd started now though, he was past the point of no return. He pulled the panties all the way up, feeling the delicate lacy trim tickle and stroke his legs on the way up. When he pulled the waistband all the way, he found his swollen balls and erect cock wouldn't fit in. He experimented, tucking his penis down, then up, then trying hanging the balls out of the leg-holes. It was pretty futile, the challenge was increased by the fact he was now sporting a rock-solid, raging hard-on. In the end the only reasonable compromise he could manage was to support his balls in the front of the panties and to allow the waist band to pull his erect penis into his tummy, just behind the glans, with the upper half of his dick sticking out of the top of the panties. He cringed at himself and almost whimpered, his legs were shaking too now - he felt so vulnerable. As he thought about his next step, he heard heels clicking towards him so he panicked and grabbed his boxer shorts, pulling them on over the panties. Outwardly he looked a semblance of normal now, though he could still feel the delicate feminine underwear flirting with his crotch and genitals beneath his boxers, making its presence felt. The heels clicked past and he breathed a sigh of relief, one down. With a deep breath he slipped his arms into the bra and pulled the shoulder straps in, over his shoulders. The cups rested loosely on his chest, almost mockingly empty. He tried to reach behind him to do up the fastener to hold it in place, but despite being quite flexible, the inexperience of having never put a bra on before defeated him. He struggled with the fastener for a few moments, going redder and redder and feeling more and more vulnerable with each passing second. In the end he gave up and pulled his arms out of the shoulder straps, then fastened the bra on around his tummy back to front, before spinning it around, slipping his arms in and pulling it up over his shoulders.

He looked at himself in the mirror, he looked stupid, ridiculous.

He actually looked rather pathetic. It was a means to an end though, when he pulled his T-shirt back on it was just baggy enough to hide the flattened cups of the bra beneath it and the shoulder straps didn't show under it. He could get away with it. The biggest risk seemed to be his bright red complexion, brought on by acute embarrassment and a growing fear of being discovered. He decided his best course of action was to get out of the shop as quickly as possible, get the flowers, get a card and get home so he could get out of this lingerie before it started to smell of male sweat. He pulled his trousers on and stashed the hangers to the lingerie against the wall, under the little bench in the cubicle. He was still bright red. He could feel the bra gripping him, the shoulder straps pulling on his shoulders and the panties, encasing most of his genitals. Almost with a whimper he threw the curtain back and strode over to the assistant waiting patiently at the entrance to the fitting rooms. She smiled at him as he approached. "Any good?"

He was still bright red, he couldn't look her in the eye. "Nah, they're not quite my 'cut'."

"Oh, that's too bad. Why don't you give them to me and I'll put them back for you."

He handed her the garments and breathed a massive sigh of relief. The worst bit was over, he just had to get out and get home. He looked her in the eye for a moment, smiling, then scuttled away in a hurry. He made his way straight to the escalator, as he scurried through the store he could feel the feminine underwear pulling on him and teasing him, he couldn't look up, he felt like everyone was looking at him. He landed on the ladies floor, where the make-overs were still going on. Aiming straight for the next escalator down he quickened his pace, except before he could get there Kelly, the sales assistant who'd spoken to him when he first picked up the lingerie stepped out of an aisle in his way. "Ah, you're back – have you decided? Can I take you to the till?"

He couldn't look, he could feel himself going redder as he stared at her nylon-clad, high heel wearing feet. "I um, I've put them back I don't think they're right?"

She screwed her face up. "Hmmm, that's funny – I didn't see you. Can I help you choose, there's a really cute brown with cream polka dot

and cream lace trim set I'd like to show you, with a cute little ribbon bow on the front. I'm sure your erm, girlfriend would love them!"

"Erm, thanks but erm, I really don't have time I have to get going."

"Awww, come on, they're just here." As she spoke she grabbed his hand and started clicking across the hard floor, pulling him along as she went. He wanted to resist, he just wanted out of there, but part of him thought being too resistant might seem suspicious, so he allowed her to drag him over. When they got there she grabbed the bra and held it up against herself smiling and flourishing herself at him cheekily. "These are great, I have this set and they're really comfy, they really support your breasts – don't you think they look sexy?"

He forced himself to look at her. "Um, yeah, they're nice but um, I really have to get going."

He scurried towards the exit, his heart pounding. He could see the main exit to the shop and almost breathed a sigh of relief – nobody was there, the way was clear. Quickening his pace he headed straight for the door. As he crossed the threshold though, passing through the plastic sensors, a siren started wailing and flashing lights on the sensors immediately came on. He gasped, thought about making a break for it, but then Kelly was clicking rapidly up to him. "Excuse me sir!"

He stopped, and she caught up with him smiling. "Did you buy something and they forgot to remove the tags?"

He was shaking with fear now. "Erm, no, your system must be malfunc-"

"Are you sure? The new tags are really small, they're easy to miss, they're actually quite hard to spot."

"I'm sure, can I go now?"

"Let's just go back into the store, reset the alarm and pop you back through, come with me."

She grabbed his arm and gently but firmly guided him back into

the shop. Once they were well within the shop, she retrieved a remote from her inside pocket in the jacket and switched the alarm off. As the sirens died down she looked at him through her designer glasses and smiled at him. "Shall we just pop you back through?"

He allowed her to guide him by the arm back towards the sensors, dreading the moment he was in range, feeling the feminine underwear pulling in unfamiliar places. He was thinking to himself, '*don't go off, don't go off, don't go off*' but of course the alarm did go off again. Kelly, still gripping his elbow smiled at him again. "I'm sorry sir, but I'm going to have to ask you to turn out your pockets."

He was quivering with fear now. She was gripping his arm gently but firmly. He turned his pockets out, holding his wallet and keys in one hand for her to inspect the linings of his pockets. "See? Can I go now?"

She smiled warmly at him. "I'm sorry sir, but I'm going to have to ask you to step this way. I promise I won't detain you any longer than necessary."

He thought about resisting, breaking free and making a run for it. The trouble was he actually felt guilty about his attempt to steal and he knew she'd have the police onto him in a second if he ran... Of course the constant awareness that he was wearing a bra and panties also made him feel slightly submissive to females. Her firmly gripping his arm exaggerated this feeling. She turned the alarm off again as she pulled him into the store. It felt like he was being frog-marched through the store by his female captor. Eventually he was taken into the staff area to a small window-less office. She gestured for him to step in first which he did. As he stepped in, she clicked the door closed behind him and he heard the tumblers of the lock rolling into place. She smiled at him through the narrow window in the door. "I'm sorry to have to do this, but I'm going to have to give you a strip search. It won't take a minute, then you'll be free to go. Please just relax, I'll be back in a moment when I've found someone to chaperone you."

He groaned internally as he heard her clicking away. He tried the handle on the door, turning it, then pulling, then pushing – nothing. He looked up to a little black dome in the ceiling, CCTV. He felt helpless and vulnerable. He couldn't remove the lingerie now, it'd be on CCTV, and he

was about to be strip searched! His heart started beating faster and faster and he sat down on one of the chairs, defeated. As he sat there, feeling sorry for himself he felt the underwire of the bra cutting into his chest, the fastener in the centre of his back, his compressed genitals confined uncomfortably in the panties, he wanted out, but with the door locked and the CCTV on he felt like he had no choice but to sit there and accept his sissy status, submissively awaiting his fate, while wearing feminine underwear under his clothes...

A Good Frisk

When Kelly eventually returned, she had Alice from menswear with her. James looked up to watch them unlock the door and saunter in, locking the door behind them, then pulling down a blind in the window which he hadn't spotted before. Kelly smiled at him. "Sorry about the wait sir, I wanted to try to find a male assistant to give you your strip search, but I couldn't find anyone. I couldn't get a male chaperone for you either, do you mind if Alice chaperones you?"

He thought about the prospects of some guy bursting out laughing at his pathetic attempt to shoplift. Having these girls see was bad enough, a guy seeing him would be far worse! "I um, I don't need a chaperone to be honest."

Kelly sighed. "I'm afraid if I'm going to be giving you a thorough strip search, I need you to have a chaperone, for my protection. I don't want you accusing me of ill-treating you do I?"

Alice smiled and took a seat. "Please, just relax, you won't know I'm here."

James grimaced. "Okay, whatever."

Kelly held out her hand. "Could you pass me your wallet and keys please sir?"

He handed them over after struggling to pull them from his tight pockets. Straight away she opened his wallet and raised an eyebrow. "James Mitchell? Mr. Mitchell, do you mind if I call you James?"

She handed the wallet and keys to Alice while he answered. "No, that's fine."

"Good, now if you can be a good boy for me, hopefully we can get this over with really quickly and I can send you on your way. If you could stand up and remove your T-shirt and jeans for me please?"

This was it. The two women were looking intently at him watching

his every move. He stood then paused, whimpering slightly. "Do I have to? Can I just go?"

He looked longingly at the locked door, but Kelly snapped him out of it. "I'm sorry James, but I can't let you go until I've given you a thorough strip search. Now if you could remove your T-shirt for me?"

He groaned and pulled the T-shirt up, revealing the slightly ill-fitting sky blue bra. They both burst out laughing, grinning, and spluttering with laughter almost uncontrollably. They were clearly surprised, but also very amused. Kelly eventually regained her composure and wiped the tears from her eyes, still struggling to maintain a straight face. "If you could, hah! Erm, remove your trousers for me James."

He was bright red now, he was so embarrassed he felt like his face was burning and he didn't know where to look. He gingerly removed his footwear, then pulled his trousers off and handed them to Alice, who was already checking his T-shirt for hidden items while holding back stifled laughter and smirking incessantly at his bra. Kelly, grinning almost sadistically now pointed to his boxer shorts. "Those too I'm afraid."

He just wanted it over with. He thought about trying to pull the panties down inside his boxers, concealing them, but then they'd only be handed to Alice to check anyway. It was humiliating in the extreme, but at least they'd offer him some modesty.

As the boxer shorts were pulled clear revealing the skimpy, lacy feminine panties Kelly and Alice and burst out laughing again. They were both obviously in stitches, barely able to stifle their guffaws. Through the fits of laughter, James felt more and more embarrassed and couldn't look up, reduced to standing there staring at the floor and shaking. Eventually, Kelly and Alice managed to regain their composure, Kelly pointed at his bra. "You, um, haven't paid for your lingerie sir!"

They looked at each other, smirked, then burst out laughing in complete hysterics. He was sitting, shaking, going flusher and flusher, wanting to crawl under his skin with embarrassment. Eventually their laughter died down and he groaned. "Alright, you've caught me out! Can I go now?"

Kelly smirked at him, stifling a chuckle. "I'm sorry James, but you were clearly intending to steal your lingerie! Shoplifting is a serious crime and we're going to have to report it to the police."

Alice laughed at this stage. "Hey my sister is a journo! She'd love this! It'd make a great story! Can you let me call her first? So she can come take some pictures of him?"

James spluttered. "Stop, stop I can explain! I'm not a shoplifter –"

"You're a sissy?" Kelly inquired, with a raised eyebrow.

"Look, hear me out! Just don't call any reporters or police or anything!"

Kelly smiled sympathetically. "I'm sorry but I'm afraid we really have to report this. Maybe being in the local paper will deter other would-be thieves?"

He thought about running, making for the door and... They'd locked it, he was on CCTV. It seemed hopeless. He looked pleadingly at Kelly. "Look, I'll do anything! You can't report this!"

Alice shook her head. "Sorry sweetie, this is just too delish. Haven't you ever wanted to be famous? Now's your chance!"

"Look, I'm not a shoplifter! I'm just broke and my girlfriend more or less threatened to dump me if I didn't get her–"

Kelly raised an eyebrow. "Oh, they're a present are they? A pity, I think you look quite cute in them. I'm not sure I believe you though. I can see you're sporting a huge hard-on. I think you're just a lonely sissy who was too embarrassed to buy his own knickers and bra and decided to pull this off for kicks. I think you're a pervert, a disgusting little pervert!"

"I'm not!"

Kelly looked at Alice. "Well, what do you think? Do we just call the police? Or should we get your sister over first for a few pictures first? An interview?"

Alice shrugged. “I could take some pictures with my phone for her? She could just make the story up – that’s all they do anyway, half the time!”

Kelly reached into her jacket and pulled a pair of high security steel handcuffs from another inside pocket, then handed them to Alice. “Here, cuff him until the police arrive.”

James watched Alice click over, then beckon him to stand up with her finger. He stood, turned his back to her as gestured, then allowed her to cuff his wrists tightly. He felt the cold steel press firmly into his wrists, locking them into position, he heard the *‘click’, ‘click’* of the ratchet closing. As she fastened his wrists tightly together, he frowned. “Hey, I won’t be able to put my T-shirt back on with-“

Kelly laughed. “Oh I think we can lead you of the story in your panties and bra, we wouldn’t want to tamper with evidence would we? Should be hilarious!”

He struggled, wrenching his wrists on the cuffs, but she’d fastened them up really tightly. He was glaring at them, bright red, seething, but somehow pathetic looking in the feminine lingerie. Alice raised a finger. “A, ah, sit down and wait quietly, or I WILL take a photo or two for my sis!”

Defeated he sat down on the chair, his wrists held uncomfortably behind his back by the cuffs. Kelly and Alice stood smirking at him. Kelly eventually chuckled. “You know, if these WERE supposed to be a present and he IS broke then it’s kind of sweet that he was prepared to go through with this.”

Alice sighed. “I suppose you’re right, but we can’t let him get away with it can we? We don’t want him thinking it’s okay do we?”

“No, but perhaps there’s an alternative punishment we could give him? If he didn’t want a criminal record and to be in the news?”

James’s face lit up. “Anything!”

Kelly smiled. “Well, seeing as you’re prepared to slip a pair of

panties on for your girlfriend, how about we take that a little bit further? The celebrity transformation makeovers, they're great, but do you know what a lot of the ladies have asked to see? They've asked to see a male to female make-over. We couldn't find anyone to volunteer so we didn't arrange it, but now we have you! How about it? If you're a 'good sport' and let Nikki give you a female make-over, we'll be 'good sports' and forget your pathetic attempt at stealing?"

He glared at her. "Never! Forget it! I am not-"

CLICK!

Alice held her phone up and started tapping. James turned to her. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Oh, just texting an image of you to my sis, letting her know what you've been up to, telling her to let everyone know what a pervert you are in the article."

He groaned. "Stop!"

Kelly leaned in. "Are you going to be a good sport? I think if it looks like you've volunteered for this you'll seem rather less perverted than if we shared the truth in the local paper – don't you? It'll just seem like you're a 'good sport' whose 'game for a laugh' if you volunteer."

He did NOT want to be the main story in the local paper. Not much happened in this town so he'd probably make front page, everyone he knew would see it. He'd have to move. He sighed. "What exactly does this 'make-over' entail?"

Kelly shrugged. "Oh, nothing too painful, a few beauty treatments, then dress you up properly, some make up, nail varnish, a wig. Just a demonstration of what can be achieved and how it can be done. It should be fun."

"Hmmp! For who?"

Kelly smirked. "Me at least! I can't wait to see you in a nice frock, some high-heels, having your make-up put on!"

“I’m not doing it!”

Alice grinned. “Great! I’ll send then-“

“Stop!”

Kelly smiled. “So you’re going to be a ‘good sport’ then?”

He groaned, there didn’t seem a choice. “Alright, alright, I’ll be a ‘good sport’ but the minute it’s-“

“Yes, yes, fine. Alice, you take our volunteer’s clothes away, put them somewhere safe.”

“With pleasure.”

James felt a distinct sense of loss watching Alice gather up his male clothes and vanish out of the door. Kelly left too. “I’ll just pop and find you a dressing gown, I’ll lock you in while I’m gone. Wouldn’t want you running off on us would we?”

He watched her smile, then go, and he heard the tumblers rolling in the lock. He was alone, he struggled with his cuffs again, but they were tight. He stood and approached the door, backing up to it and grabbing the handle with his hands, it wouldn’t move an inch. His fate was sealed, he was going to be publicly feminized and there was nothing he could do about it – he just hoped nobody he knew would be around to see.

A Punishment of Feminization Begins

When Kelly returned she was carrying a bright red, feminine cut, satin dressing gown. She didn't rush straight in. Instead she stopped outside the door and peered through the narrow window, smiling. Eventually, Alice joined her, bearing a smug grin. The tumblers of the lock rolled and the two ladies strode in, their high heels clicking on the hard floor as they stepped.

Alice was carrying a bag of frozen peas and a small white box. The door was locked behind them and they approached menacingly. James looked up, offering them a puzzled look. Kelly pressed her hands firmly on his shoulders. "Now keep still."

He glared at her, wriggling his shoulders and feeling the cuffs cut into his wrists. "What are you doing!?"

Alice had knelt in front of him at this stage and started pulling his panties down, she spoke as she slipped them over his knees. "We don't want you pitching a massive tent in the front of your dress! That would spoil your feminization quite comprehensively, so I'm going to pop you into a chastity device."

"A what?!"

"Shhh, it's nothing to worry about. It's just a little thing I'm going to lock onto your penis. It'll weigh it down, make erections impossible and um, make attempted erections painful." As she spoke, she pressed the frozen peas firmly into his crotch and he felt himself start to shrivel up at the cold. He wanted to resist, but the cuffs cutting into his wrists, Kelly's well-manicured hands pressing firmly onto his shoulders and Alice kneeling in front of him made him feel he couldn't.

Leaving the peas in place, Alice pulled the device out of her jacket pocket. It was a steel collar padlocked shut, about one and a half inches long. The interior was lined with needle sharp, shiny stainless steel spikes. She tested the spikes with her finger. They flexed one way when she pressed them. Clearly it could be slipped on, but would only be removed if it was unlocked and allowed to hinge open. She gave the peas another

press. “We’ll just give these a few minutes to work.”

“Where the hell did you get that ‘thing’” he spat.

“From the sex shop down the alley a couple of streets away. There, I think you should be done.”

Almost in one motion, she swept the peas away with one hand - dropping them and grabbed his shriveled cold penis. She quickly slipped the locked metal collar of spikes over his member, right up to the base of his shaft, and pulled his panties up over it. Immediately he felt himself start to grow within the device. As he grew, the spikes speared his flesh, Kelly was still holding his shoulders down and his hands were still cuffed behind his back, leaving him utterly helpless. He began panting softly, trying to think ‘un-arousing’ thoughts while the sharp pain in his penis slowly faded to a dull ache. Kelly smiled down at him. “There, now try to control yourself. If you can keep yourself from getting aroused, you’ll be perfectly comfortable. At least we’ve got rid of that nasty bulge in your panties hmmm?”

He grimaced. “Urgh! It’s too painful! Take it off!”

Kelly took her hands away from his shoulders and stepped back. “Sorry sweetie, if we’re going to transform you into the perfect ‘girl’ then we can’t have nasty bulges spoiling the nice flat look at the front of your dress – the device stays on.”

James fought his way to his feet, the device still throbbing as he tried and tried to grow within the confines of the sharp spikes. “Aren’t you going to undo the cuffs?”

Alice chuckled. “Nearly, there’s just one thing I want to do you.”

“What?”

“Bend over.”

“You’re going to spank me?”

“I wasn’t, but that’s a pretty good idea. Perhaps a good spanking

will teach you to be a good girl and 'buy' your lingerie in future? Bend over!"

He obeyed, leaning forwards and heard Alice fumbling around behind him. He felt her petit hand on the small of his back, her well-manicured nails tickling his skin – then he felt the panties pulled down, and a pressure on his anal sphincter, she grunted softly. He felt something shoved up his ass, then pulled out – but leaving him feeling 'full' somehow. "What did you do?"

She patted him on the bottom. "Well, now you're going to be a complete 'girl' we need to deal with your period! I've just used an applicator to put a tampon in your sissy-cunt. We don't want you making a mess."

Kelly at this stage had sat down and straightened out her skirt. She beckoned him over with her finger. "Come on sissy, it's time I gave you that spanking. Get over my knee."

He glared at her. "No!"

Alice smirked and got her phone out, quickly snapping him again. "So, the news story is back on eh?"

He sagged, then shuffled over to Kelly, laying his chest on her knees. She pulled his panties down a little bit, leaving the little length of string attached to the tampon on show. Then she rested her hand on his milky, white buttocks. Her hand started to rise and fall, smacking him harder and harder each time, giving his milk-white buttocks a warm, rosy glow. He whimpered with each smack, but as satisfying as this was – it wasn't enough for Kelly. She paused. "You're little grunts are nice and pathetic sissy, but I think I want more if you're going to avoid being headline news. We'll go again and between each smack, you can count, thank me and say, 'I promise to be a good little girl Miss Kelly' okay?"

He considered refusing. Her skirt had ridden up and he could feel the sheen of her nylons on his skin. He could see her shiny high heel shoes, and feel her hand gently holding him onto her knee. It was humiliating, but astoundingly erotic. For a moment, he savored the sense of deep, deep submission and the compromising and embarrassing

predicament she had him in. At this moment he felt completely in her power and helpless to do anything about it. He almost whispered. "Okay Miss Kelly."

She sniggered. "Good girl."

Then the spanking started again, her flat hand rising, then slapping him hard on the buttocks making him squirm and wriggle before uttering. *One, thank you Miss Kelly, I promise to be a good little girl Miss Kelly.* It felt intensely erotic, made all the more humiliating by Alice standing there, arms folding, smirking at how pathetic he looked. The spanking continued, the sensation going from erotically pleasant to mildly painful, to severe. By the time Kelly stopped - his bottom was red-raw and numb. She unlocked the handcuffs and Alice picked up the red, satin dressing gown holding it out for him. "Come on sweetie, it's time for your boy-girl makeover now."

When James appeared at the make-over area, Niki – the beautician had cleared all her other models out of the way. Kelly and Alice escorted James into the table in the centre, right in front of the all-female audience – where Niki was flanked by two other therapists. Niki addressed the crowd, gesturing towards James wrists, one hand-cuffed to Alice and one to Kelly. "Ahhh, here's our volunteer for the much requested, boy-to-girl make-over. Now please don't be alarmed by the handcuffs, he's perfectly happy to volunteer, but he's a little bit shy so we want to make sure he doesn't change his mind and run away on us. When we're doing a comprehensive, male-to-femme – the first step is always depilation. Nice girls always wax or shave so that's what we'll do. Get her up onto the table."

Kelly and Alice helped James onto to the table. He lay face-down to begin with and after the cuffs had been removed, he felt the dressing gown pulled away. The therapists gathered around and the smell of hot wax filled his nostrils. Niki was talking about what they were going to do to him, but he couldn't hear. His heart was racing, his penis was throbbing, he just wanted it to be over. He heard the snap of latex gloves being put on and strips of cloth, freshly dipped in hot wax started to be pressed onto his skin, his feet, his legs his arms, his back, his shoulders.

They were merciless and thorough – pressing the strips on, then whipping them off in one sharp motion making him squeak with discomfort and wriggle on the table. Gradually as they worked their way around his near naked body, he felt his skin becoming soft and sore. He could feel the penetrating gaze of the female crowd who'd been silenced by this bizarre display. It had been mentioned that a male-female make-over had been requested, but nobody had expected to see it. Eventually his back was done and he rolled onto his back to receive the same treatment there.

By the time he was done, he was whimpering. He breathed a sigh of relief, when Niki, beckoned him to stand up. Thankfully his shriveled penis in the painful device now meant his modesty was at least protected somewhat. The whole situation felt surreal. As he stood to face the crowd he saw young women, girls in their teens, older women, fat, thin, ugly attractive, all eyeing him with interest. Over his shoulder Niki was lecturing something about the importance of altering body shape in male-female makeovers and as she talked he felt a heavy, satin lined corset being passed around his waist. Niki pulled it tight and started lacing it tighter, tighter at the small of his back. It was a large corset, which pressed down over the hips and pushed his breasts up to give him an almost feminine cleavage. It was finished in shiny blue satin to match his other lingerie, with white lace trim and ribbons and bows in the right places. It looked very feminine and as she drew the laces tighter he felt his intestines being squeezed and pushed up into his chest, taking his breath away. His waist was getting substantially thinner with each pull of the cords. His breasts were being pushed into a more feminine cleavage with each tug. Finally when he thought his innards were going to be crushed completely, she tied the cords off. He tried to breath out, but waist was so narrow, his lungs so compressed - he was forced to make short, sharp breaths. As he reeled from this assault, he felt Niki run a zipper up over the laces, and heard the unmistakable 'snap' of a padlock. He was locked into the corset and he could hardly breathe.

As he reeled from this assault he saw Niki pass a matching suspender belt around his hips and fasten it at the back. He started to feel light-headed and dizzy. The surrealness of the experience, the fact that the corset almost prevented him breathing completely, only allowing short, shallow breaths made him lose control further. Kelly and Alice supported him while Niki and her fellow therapists lifted his legs one by one and fed them into sheer, black, silky, almost opaque stockings, trimmed with lace

at the top. They were attached to his suspender belt in three places, at the front, the back and the side.

Still in a daze, struggling with short, sharp breaths and supported by Kelly and Alice he felt his feet being lifted into six inch stiletto heels, then ankle straps being pulled tightly around his ankles and locked into place with two small padlocks, making the shoes locked in place. Niki was addressing the crows as this was happening. “You should really consider dressing your victim- erm, I mean subject, before applying make-up. “

While Niki spoke the two retail assistants forcibly shoved breast forms into James’s bra. Before he could complain they used a syringe like gun to inject a clear liquid behind the forms. He glared at Kelly. “What’s that?!”

She smiled. “Oh, nothing to worry about. Just a dab of surgical glue. It’ll wear off after a few weeks.”

Alice piped up as she placed the gun back on the counter. “We don’t want your breasts falling off do we? That would never do!”

As she spoke, another lady stepped forward. She was holding a long, black, shiny satin maid’s uniform, covered in frills. “Ladies, I didn’t think I’d be putting these products forward today – but seeing as we’ve got a male volunteer I think it’s appropriate. At Francesca’s we’ve occasionally been asked to tailor dresses for male bridesmaids. This has had led me into beginning work on a range of feminine fetish-wear for males. This is one of my first creations.” She opened the dress up by undoing the zipper at the back and offered it to him. “Okay dear, step in.”

At this point James wanted out. He kept looking up to the rows of spectators, all smirking and stifling their laughter at his humiliation. There seemed no escape. In the corset and the heels he could barely move anyway, let alone move fast. He thought about Alice’s ‘journos’ sister and his sissy pictures being displayed on the front page of the local newspaper. Perhaps if he was compliant they’d hurry up and get this over with?

Gingerly he slipped one leg into the dress, then the other. The hole at the bottom of the skirt of the dress was very narrow. It would hold his knees very closely together like a department slip, aiding his feminine

gait. Before he could think about this, his arms were being fed into the arms of the dress. Francesca, the lady who'd brought the garment stepped behind and he felt her grasp the zipper firmly and draw it up to the back of his neck. The collar became very tight as she closed the zip. The whole dress was tight. He gasped as he heard another 'snap' of a padlock and wrenched his hand free of Kelly, reaching up to his neck. Sure enough the collar and zip had a little padlock through them. Fran had padlocked him into the dress. It was so tight and confining.. If Houdini had been locked into the dress, he'd have been wearing it until it was unlocked. He turned and glared at Fran. "Hey!"

She put a finger to her lips. "Shhh, be a good girl and I won't keep you in it too long."

Before he had the chance to complain he felt himself being guided back towards the waiting chair. In truth the locking hobble dress, the heels and the corset had rendered him almost helpless. Any resistance would be futile. He felt the frills of the dress rustle as his bottom slid into the leather seat of the chair. His cock was straining harder and harder in its spiked prison. It was becoming excruciating, just as it became unbearable it would recede to a dull, throbbing ache. Being so humiliated, so in their power and so helpless was more erotic than he could have imagined. He desperately, desperately wanted to masturbate, but instead of being freed and allowed to leave he found himself in the chair, facing a crowd of spectators and watching Niki lining up an array of make-up components on the counter. He squirmed, feeling every inch of his lingerie and corsetry under the locking dress, trying to get his throbbing member to go soft and ease his pain. As he squirmed and wriggled, he felt Kelly and Alice messing with the cuffs of his dress. Before he realized what they were doing he found they'd locked his cuffs onto the arm-rests of the chair using a steel ring, sewn into the cuff of the dress and a little chain. He heard their heels click as he watched them stride towards two empty chairs at the side of the stage area.

Feminization - The Ultimate Make-over

James struggled, trying to lift his arms. The cuffs were fastened tightly to the arms of the chair. He was experiencing severe punishment by the spiked device on his penis. Being feminized while in such a cruel device was hard enough, but every time his member tried to grow and forced itself onto the spikes, he found it arousing and his member tried to grow even harder. It didn't help matters when Niki approached, sweeping a shiny black cape around him and fastening it tightly around his neck. He felt her buttoning up the press-studs at the back. He couldn't face the crowd. Helpless in the chair he waited in agony.

Part of him was dreading the make-over, but part of him just wanted it over with. Niki didn't seem in a hurry though – she had him right where she wanted him and seemed to be savoring the moment, taking as long as she could. After what seemed like an hour, but was probably more like five minutes, she fastened up her little make-up artist's apron and approached. She studied his features for a moment, her scarlet red lips and warm smile, inches from his face. Then she turned to the crowd, stepping behind his chair and dropping her petit hands firmly onto his shoulders. “Now, thankfully my subject is nicely clean shaven. Hiding a beard is one of the hardest parts of giving your man a nice, convincing feminine look. There are various ways of doing this. As he's clean we'll start with concealer and a good layer of foundation. The trick is to find a tone which matches his skin colour as closely as possible. We want to hide any blemishes and imperfections. Before you apply foundation, you should always cleanse and moisturize first.”

She immediately started rubbing a cotton wool pad over his face, cleansing every inch. “Close your eyes sweetie.” He had no choice but to obey and as he did, he felt her gently cleansing his eyelids too. When she'd done, he felt her rubbing what he could only assume was moisturizer in. Eventually this assault on his senses slowed and stopped. Niki stood facing the crowd. “There, that's done. Now before I apply the foundation, I'm going to use some concealer to hide the worst blemishes. It'll help to give her a nice, natural look. If we're going to make him a good, convincing 'girl' then this step is important.”

He felt her finger tips rubbing spots on his face again as she

talked. “Use a subtle, peach hue to hide the dark patches under the eyes. Use green to hide the red of broken capillaries, green cancels out red... There...”

James squirmed in the chair. He couldn't make eye-contact with anyone. Torn, part of him wanted to escape, but knew there was no escape – another part of him wished she'd hurry up and get it over with.

Niki paused, moving her various items of make-up around on the counter. Eventually she was ready to start again. “Now we're ready to apply the foundation. When you do this, use a sponge. Less is more! We only want to even out the skin tones. We don't want to give her an opaque, unnatural looking mask.”

James squirmed as she gently dabbed and stroked a sponge all over his face. “Keep still!” she hissed sharply. He had to close his eyes again to allow her to do his eyelids, then she stopped and turned to the spectators. “Don't do the neck, just go under the chin to avoid demarcation lines... There.”

His face felt strange, heavy, coated almost. She was again putting things back on the counter and scooping up new instruments of humiliation. When she appeared back in view she had a make-up brush and powder. “Now, immediately after applying foundation, you should brush her face with a translucent powder. This will hold the coverage in place and give a nice matte finish.”

She turned to him. “Okay close your eyes, relax, and keep still.”

As he obeyed, he felt the brush gently stroking his face, his forehead, his cheeks his nose, his chin – everywhere. After a few moments she paused and he opened his eyes. She was leaning back now, studying him for imperfections, but she seemed happy with her work. He watched her turn back to the crowd. “Now we've got a good base to apply the rest of her make-up. The trick with boy-girl make-overs is not to go overboard. If you try to go too far she'll end up looking like a drag queen! My volunteer has quite soft feminine features, so I'm just going to curl her eyelashes, then add mascara. Then apply some eye-liner, a subtle eye-shadow, then lip-liner and lip gloss.”

Her talk done she placed the powder brush on the counter and picked up a sinister looking pair of tweezers with curved edges the shape of eyes. She smiled at him. "Keep still for me."

Then her hand loomed closer, he felt the grippers on his eyes-lashes, pulling and lifting them so they were more upright, one after another. Then the mascara, the eye-shadow, the eye-liner and the lip liner and lip gloss. It seemed to take forever. He felt totally humiliated, his cock throbbing away in the little spiked collar, his calves already hurting in the cruel locking high heels and still unable to breathe properly in the tightly laced, locking corset. It seemed absurd that femininity could be such a cruel punishment, but while the experience was terrifying and nightmare-like, it was also strangely enjoyable. Being utterly at their mercy, made more and more helpless by the layers and layers of irremovable femininity – had an intoxicating surrealness to it. He was aroused. He was experiencing something like Stockholm syndrome for his female tormentors. As Niki finished applying a thick, satin, pillbox red, lip gloss the chemical, waxy smell wafted up his nostrils and mixed with the already overpowering smell of make-up and femininity.

Niki grinned as she stepped back. "There, that's all done. To complete the look we really need to fit a wig, something nice and feminine, nice and sexy. Then I think we'll pierce her ears and give her some nice earrings too. Of course we'll give her a manicure, some nice long false nails and she'll be ready for a night on the town."

James glared at her "Hey! I didn't agree to--"

"Shhh, stop being such a baby. Having their ears pierced never hurt anyone! Fourteen year old girls get theirs pierced every day. If you don't want them you can always let them heal up."

She fitted him with a cap, concealing his hair was quite easy – he hadn't had much anyway. Before fitting the wig one of Niki's assistants appeared wielding a shiny stainless steel piercing gun. She passed it to Niki and Niki leaned in and whispered in his ear. "Now be a good girl and keep still for me! If you don't then I'll perhaps do two or three in each ear? Are we clear? Just nod... Good."

He felt the cold steel gently slip around his ear lobe. He held his

breath, there was a click and he grunted softly in pain. Niki chuckled. “One down.”

She repeated the process on the other side. He could feel heavy rings hanging in his now sore ears as she was passed a long, blonde wig. It looked a natural blonde colour and he felt it carefully placed on his head, the long golden locks falling down on his shoulders. His cock was going numb by this point. The make-up hid his embarrassment slightly, though he was still flush. The onslaught didn't stop there. Before he could recover from the piercing and wiggling, Niki and her assistant had taken a hand each and were giving him a feminine manicure, they ended with a set of deep, luscious red false nails.

The Finished Product

James's feminization complete, he breathed a sigh of relief as Niki unfastened and whipped the cape off the chair. Of course he was forced to sit submissively, his arms secured to the chair through the loops in the cuffs of the dress.

She stood smirking at his now exquisitely feminine features. She'd done an excellent job, the clothing and breast-forms combined to give his body a distinctly feminine shape. The wig was natural and feminine looking and the make-up softened his features and combined with the earrings and false nails, gave him a girlish appearance. The only real telling aspect of his appearance was the obviously 'sissy' dress he'd been locked into.

Sitting there, squirming as his tormented cock, throbbed and throbbed in the spiked tubes, rows and rows of female faces smirking and chortling at his humiliating predicament was an extreme torture. Internally he was begging, pleading for Niki to unfasten the locks on the arms of the chair and let him up. Eventually she did, though he had to be helped to his feet, the effective hobble-dress and locking high-heels making him teeter and wobble. Having risen he looked at her pleadingly. "Can I go now?"

Niki smirked and gestured towards the store exit in the distance. "Sure hon, off you go."

He glared at her, going red in the face. "Get me out of this thing! I want out now!"

Niki placed her hands on her hips and tutted loudly – much to the amusement of the crowd. "Now, now, that's no way to speak to me! I think I should place you back in the custody of Kelly and Alice."

He looked at them walking over, their heels clicking loudly on the hard floor. Almost in a trance he felt them grasp his arm and padlock his cuffs together behind his back. As they lead him away, Niki was addressing the crowd – asking them to give her 'volunteer' a big round of applause for being such a good sport.

As he was led away, firmly grasped by the elbows he heard the crowd clapping and hung his head in shame.

Eventually James was led back into the little room where he'd originally been frisked and threatened by Kelly and Alice. Once inside the door swung shut with a click and the tumblers of the lock rolled as Kelly locked the door again. His calves were aching, the layers and layers of femininity, coupled with the painful chastity device were making him feel extraordinarily vulnerable. He struggled, with his arms, finding the cuffs firmly padlocked together and whimpered at his captors. "Can I have my clothes back? When are you going to let me go?"

Kelly smirked stepping closer to him. "Oh, if you're a good girl, we might let you go... Eventually. We're going to have our fun with you first. We were discussing it while you were having your make-over. Seeing as you've been so well dressed up, I think it'd be a shame not to take you out."

"What do you mean!?" He gasped/

Alice stepped closer to him and put her arm around his shoulders. "Oh you know, a few drinks – then maybe a club? I know where there's a gay bar and a fetish club. I'm sure we could find a nice juicy cock for you to suck?"

He pulled away, quivering with both anger and embarrassment. "This has gone far enough! I want my clothes, I want you to let out of these 'things' and-"

Click! Click!

Alice smirked at him. "These will be even better pictures."

"I don't care if you give them to your sister, I want out – NOW!"

Kelly chuckled softly. "Erm, nope. You haven't endured enough punishment yet I don't think."

“Fine!” As James spoke he began pulling and wrenching on the dress. It was made more difficult by the locking heels and the locking corset which was still restricting his breathing – not to mention the torturous chastity device. Kelly and Alice looked on as he pulled one way, then the other, tensing his shoulders up, twisting, wriggling. He was desperately, desperately trying to escape the dress, but it was firmly locked in place. With a big huff he stormed towards the door while Kelly and Alice looked on – bemused. He put his back to the door and started wrenching the handle – but the door wasn’t moving. “Let me out!”

“No.” Alice said in a matter-of-fact tone. He struggled more, with the dress and with the door handle. Eventually Kelly gave a deep sigh. “James, you can stop your pathetic struggling now. The door is locked. You can’t escape the dress, it’s got steel wire sewn into the lining, around the collar, the waist, the arms and the seams. So does the corset. So do the high heels! The only way you’re getting out of your sissy outfit is by me allowing you out, or you getting access to some pretty industrial cutting gear. Tin-snips won’t do I’m afraid. Accept your fate, if you can stop being silly and start acting like a good little girl who knows her place – maybe you’ll be out of your predicament by the end of the day?”

Now she said it, it made sense, he could almost feel the hard, rigid wire buried in the soft, smooth satin. He was trapped en femme. He gave Kelly a pathetic, defeated look. “What do you want me to do?”

“Oh, just be a good girl for us. Be nice and obedient – no struggling and no rebelling! I think seeing as you seem so determined to escape your punishment we’re going to have to put a collar on you and pop you on a leash. We don’t want you running away on us do we?”

A Night on the Tiles

James was now being led down a busy street. Kelly had fetched a bright pink, studded collar and fastened it onto his neck. She was now leading him by a short lead, occasionally yanking on his lead and ordering him to 'heel'. Staggering along in the high heels, he teetered and wobbled, his torture cock and balls bouncing off his thighs and the front of the constrictive locking dress. People stared, some burst out laughing, several more daring citizens pointed at him and shouted derisive comments. By the time they were at the fetish club, he actually wanted to get inside. Being seen by the general public was somehow worse. He'd spent much of the afternoon locked in the little room at the shop. He'd had time to contemplate his fate. On the one hand, he kept telling himself they wouldn't really make him 'suck cock', but on the other hand he felt so submissive to them, he almost wanted to.

To his surprise the staff at the fetish club seemed to know Kelly and Alice and greeted them by name. More to his surprise he found his lead handed over to slender but curvaceous girl in a skin-tight PVC catsuit. She introduced herself as 'Candy' and he watched Kelly and Alice wander into the club with growing trepidation.

Lost in his thoughts, watching them vanish into the growing crowd, he felt Candy grab his chin and turn his head to face her. "Come on sweetie, it's time we got you installed."

"Installed?"

"Yup, we've got a special spot for you. You're in for a memorable night!"

She turned and yanked on his lead, making him stumble after her. She more or less dragged him to a large box in the corner of the club. She opened the back gestured inside – it had a padded floor. "Now on your knees, neck in the hole please. Good girl."

He awkwardly followed orders. As his knees rested on the padded floor and his neck pressed into the circular hole he felt a lid closing, holding his neck in place. The back of the box was closed and bolted,

leaving him kneeling submissively in the box, with just his head sticking out of the top towards the front, at everyone else's waist height. At this point he realized the box was on wheels, because Candy grabbed the corners, her pvc covered crotch inches from his face – and moved him so he was facing the club. Next she bent down and with one hand pinched his nose, smiling at him. He instinctively tried to hold his breath – not sure what was coming next, but eventually he gasped, helpless but to open his mouth wide. When he did, Candy slipped a stainless steel whitehead gag into his mouth and buckled it behind his head. Slowly she adjusted the ratchet, making it click wider and wider, forcing his mouth open. Eventually he groaned as his jaw started to ache. She bent down to face him. “There, we don't want you biting my customers cocks do we?”

Suddenly it all made sense and he started struggling, making muffled grunts and groans, slobber drooling down his chin from his now, forced-open mouth. Candy simply chuckled. “Good girl! Draw as much attention to yourself as you can! We'll get you lots of customers that way!”

He stopped, she smiled and turned her back on him, walking away, leaving him helpless. He didn't realize it, but the front above his head a neon sign lit up. It read ‘Sissy Cock Suck – only £1!’

Before long males started approaching. His first customer was an obvious male dominant. He didn't look him in the eye or speak. He simply dropped a coin into a coin-slot on the front of the box, and opened his fly. James was shaking with fear as the dominant stranger pulled his huge cock out of his pants. He was helpless to defend himself. His head trapped his mouth forced open. The stranger gripped his head and slowly fed his cock into James's mouth. He saw it approaching, smelling salty and of male sweat. The little jap-eye at the end of the glans look like a mocking little mouth. He almost retched as the glans entered his mouth. His head was being firmly gripped and he was forced to try to move his tongue out of the way. The customer seemed to sense this and glared angrily at him. “Lick bitch! Or I'll fill you up with piss instead!”

Obediently James felt forced to comply. He ran his tongue over and over the throbbing member, making his customer sigh with satisfaction. Then the customer started deep-throating him, fucking him right in the back of the mouth. James quivered with excitement, it seemed so wrong, yet so right. The chastity device, the female attire and the way he been helplessly restrained made him feel defenseless, there was

something humiliating, feminine and erotic about it. He gagged several times but it didn't slow his customer down, who by now was rubbing his glans against James's tonsils and sliding his member right into the back of his mouth. Eventually the customer sighed, and pulled James's face hard into his crotch as his member pumped warm, salty, goo down the back of James's throat. James could do nothing but swallow. The sticky, oily goo sliding down his throat, left a residue and a lingering taste.

Before he could recover the customer withdrew, wiped his cock with a tissue and zipped his fly up, before sauntering off. James groaned when he saw a growing queue of customers, now all waiting patiently in line for a turn. It was going to be a long night.

Home again, home again.

The night had been torture. He'd been left in the box for several hours, forced to service a constant stream of customers. By the time Kelly and Alice had turned up to collect him, he'd guzzled gallons of cum and was looking somewhat disheveled, dribbles of dried cum running down his chin and pooling on the top of the box.

Having been released by Candy, Alice was now holding his lead, tugging him along to the club exit. Kelly laughed at him. "Hah! Candy says you took over two hundred pounds tonight!"

He glared at her. "Wonderful! When do I get it?"

"Oh no, you were volunteering tonight. Candy keeps the profits. It does mean we'll be getting free drinks for the rest of the month though!"

"Where are you taking me now? I want to go home."

Alice mockingly placed an arm around his shoulder. "Good, because that's exactly where we're taking you – home!"

He sensed a trick. "Whose home?"

"Why mine silly! We don't think you've really learned your lesson yet, so we're taking you back to my flat, there we're going to restrain you and fuck you silly with strap-ons."

Kelly piped up too now. "Yep, we're going to rip you in two! You're going to have to go to the doctors to your anal fissure sewn tomorrow bitch!"

He groaned. "Look, hasn't this gone far enough? I'm really sorry, I won't do it again!"

Kelly shrugged. "Awww, that's good to know. I think we'd better make absolutely sure you don't though – don't you?"

Fucked Silly

James's calves were burning by the time he was dragged over the threshold of Alice's flat. His cock had gone numb, and the taste of stale semen was still lingering in his throat. Alice dragged him by the lead into the bedroom and secured him to the bed. He was fastened face-down by chains, locking to the steel rings sewn into the cuffs of the dress, kneeling on the bed. Kelly and Alice were standing, still in their uniforms, smirking at him. Alice spoke first, "Whose going first?"

Kelly smiled, "You can fuck her, while she licks my pussy – then we'll swap."

"Sounds good!"

James at this point was somewhat surprised. He couldn't actually imagine how they could penetrate him while he was wearing the locking dress. He watched in some bafflement as they both got undressed. He watched Alice slowly pull on a giant, plastic strap-on dildo, with little fake testicles and realist veins all over it. She strapped it on tightly, then all became clear. While she tightened the straps up, Kelly undid a hidden zipper in the back of the dress, just providing access to his sphincter. He felt the tampon being ripped out force-full by the string, then Kelly was sliding into position, presenting her moist, fishy-smelling pussy for him to lick. She giggled and opened her knees wide. "Okay bitch, get licking!"

Helpless to resist he leaned in and slowly extended his tongue towards her labia. As he slid it in at the bottom and started running up the inside he felt Alice behind him, gently probing for his anus with her dildo. It was sensual over-load. Kelly sighed as his tongue reached her clitoris and started gently tickling it. Then Alice pressed hard and he felt his anal sphincter forced open as Alice's big, pink dildo penetrated him. She grabbed his hips and began rocking back and forth, fucking him harder and harder. Kelly, whispering, blissfully urged him, "Suck.. Suck my clit bitch."

He obeyed, gently wrapping his moist lips around her clitoris and sucking, and licking – then swirling his tongue. At the same time Alice's strap on was massaging his swollen prostate, forcing semen painfully

through his confined cock. Her hips were slapping against his buttocks, he could feel her long fingernails on the inside of his hips as she fucked and fucked him, over and over again. Eventually Kelly gave a loud groan and quivered with delight and pure pleasure, gasping then breathing out long and slow.

He felt Alice withdraw. Kelly stayed motionless for a moment, her throbbing pussy centimeters from her face, as she allowed the orgasm to slowly subside. When she'd recovered she shimmied out of the way and took the strap-on from Alice's outstretched hand.

They swapped positions, and he found himself presented with Alice's cleanly shaved pussy. She'd had her clitoris pierced at some point. As he leaned in to begin servicing her orally, he felt Kelly grab his hips and ram her strap-on violently up his back passage. He whimpered, finding his face pressed into Alice's wet crotch. Kelly chuckled. "How you like being gang-raped by two girls bitch? Don't you think it's shows how pathetic you are? Getting gang-raped by two girls? Maybe you're the only man in the world to be such a pathetic, spineless sissy – that you get violently raped by not one girl, but two?"

He could feel Kelly's fake penis filling him utterly, he could smell Alice's pussy juice, it stank of female arousal. Her pussy juices were now smeared on his face. He smiled. "I, I actually like it."

Alice laughed hard, grabbed his ears and pulled his face into her crotch. "Shut up and get licking bitch!"

As he licked he felt Kelly fucking him harder and harder with her dildo. His cock was burning with pain, then it went numb – the overload on his senses and the immense discomfort had his eyes watering and his head spinning. The Corset still restricted his breathing. His feet were still forcefully and uncomfortably locked into the cruel high heels. Yet there was nowhere he would have rather been. Being completely at their mercy, totally feminized and ruthlessly gang-raped, felt exquisitely erotic. When Alice came with an almost scream-like groan, she squirted female ejaculate into his face and mouth. She lay panting, softly, riding the wave of pleasure while Kelly still rammed her plastic cock up his ass again and again. Eventually Alice opened her eyes. "You're actually a good little pussy-licker. Do you really like being a sissy slave?"

He smiled up at her. “I, I think I do.”

Kelly slowed and pulled her fake phallus from his butt. “Really? Well bags I take him home first!”

Alice made a mock ‘cross expression’ “Who said I wanted to share her?”

“I think it’s only fair – I have to say though bitch, I hope you know what you’re letting yourself in for!”

“What do you mean?”

Alice closed her knees and sat up on the bed, still shaking softly from the immense orgasm she’d just had. “If we take you on as our shared sissy slave, you will do all the chores at my flat and Kel’s house. You’ll lick pussy whenever you’re told and you’ll be butt-fucked and gang-raped whenever we feel like it.”

Kelly slid off the bed and walked into view. “Oh and don’t think you’ll ever be getting to wear male clothes or have orgasms. I think we’ll keep you fully feminized and safely locked up, twenty four seven.”

Alice raised an eyebrow. “Still interested? You’ll have to learn to do your own make-up!”

James smiled, quivering with submissive pleasure. “Yes! I want to be yours, I want to belong to both of you!”

Kelly unlocked his cuffs from the chains. “Good, you can start cleaning Al’s flat while we sit down, watch the television and have a glass of wine. You do clean my house tomorrow.”

The girls retired to the living area, leaving James to find the cleaning things and to start work. As he cleaned, his throbbing cock still fighting against its spiked prison – he mused to himself. He’d have to get used to the high heels, his calves were burning. He’d have to get used to the corset, he could hardly breathe! But he’d never felt so exhilarated in his life, and to enjoy that feeling of ultimate submission, would be worth sacrificing his freedom. This thought led him to the chastity device, it sounded like he’d be kept in permanently. He was so, so desperate to cum, he was so aroused, but the arousal caused such pain! He whimpered and

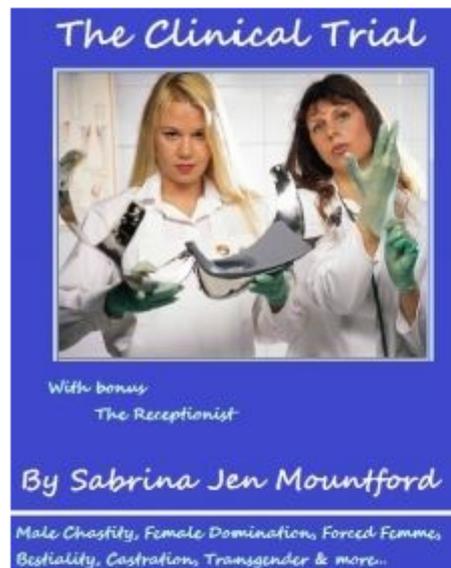
tried to focus on his work, starting to wonder whether he could cope...
Starting to wonder whether he would ever, orgasm again...

~fin

By Sabrina & Maia

Further Information:-

If you enjoyed this story, and are interested in reading my female domination, erotic fiction - look out for my other work:-

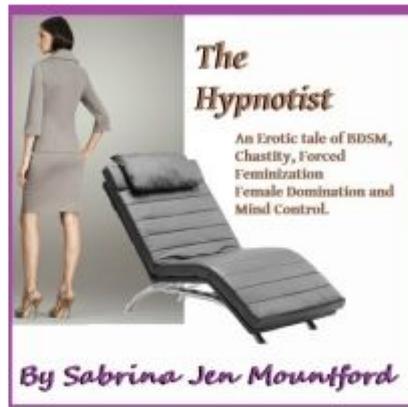


The Clinical Trial & The Receptionist : Male Chastity and Forced Femme Fiction.

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

Contains chastity, forced femme, forced bi, forced bestiality, forced oral, genital shaving, forced ejaculation and forced

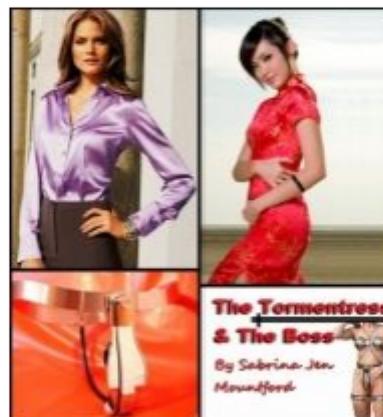
castration and sex-change operation.



The Hypnotist : Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.

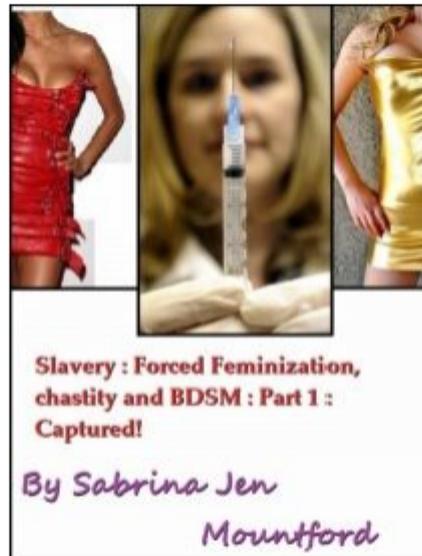
Denise and Alex had a great relationship, now it's becoming stale though and Denise wants to liven it up by engaging in some kinky fun... With her as the dominant of course. Alex isn't interested. Denise gives up the ghost and books Alex a course of 'smoking cessation' sessions with a renowned hypnotist.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

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



The Tormentress and the Boss.

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



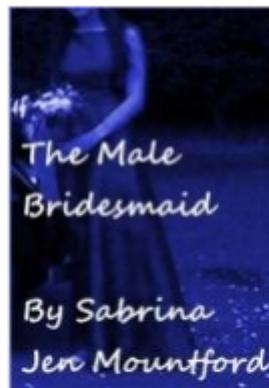
***Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 1 :
Captured!***



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

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

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



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

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



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

Craig is caught speeding by two female police officers, when he

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



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

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

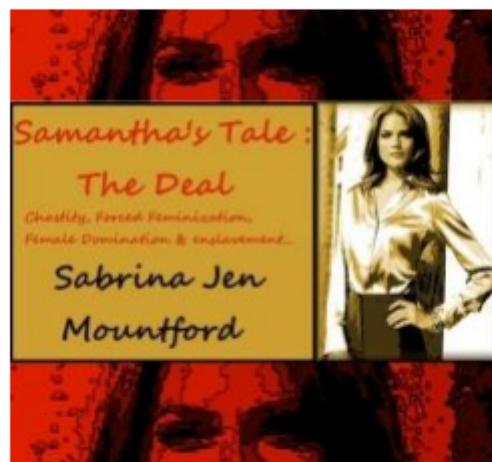
Peter in the girlfriend she's always dreamed of. She takes his hand and leads him slowly into the world of femininity, but is clear from the start that one day she expects him to have his testicles 'whipped off' and full gender reassignment. He can't resist her, always putting off the thought of being castrated as something that might not happen. In the end Connie's patience with her 'project' is running out and he has to make a choice - lose Connie, or lose his testicles...



Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

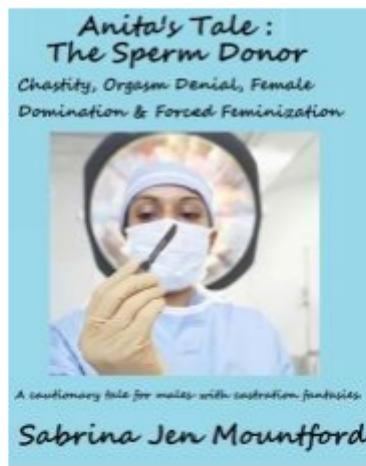
A story about a boy, caught spying on the girls changing room. The girls capture him, bust his balls, spank him, lock him into a chastity device and dress him up as a girl. Humiliatingly he is then forced to attend the girls school and receives further punishments from the strict teachers including a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

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



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

Samantha is down on her luck, she's lost her job and is going to lose her flat. A mysterious offer from the seemingly rich and powerful 'Serena Carlotti' is her last hope. Serena draws Samantha Burns into the world of domination, fetish and BDSM. She thinks she's going to teach Samantha how to be a dominatrix, but Samantha is a natural... Soon Samantha is booked up and living a life of riches, so many men fall under her spell and are desperate to be dominated by her. Eventually Donald Fisher of 'Fisher Creative' a wealthy man who has inherited a fortune and a huge country house enters the equation. Fascinated with the idea of female domination he books a session with Samantha who visits him and delivers a most exciting session which involves not just Donald but his vanilla maid, Marien. 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?



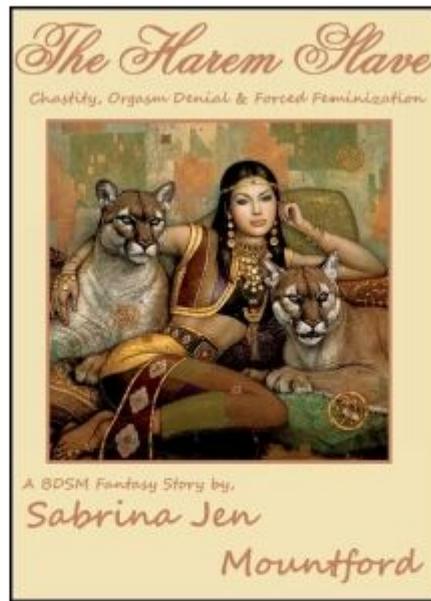
Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

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...

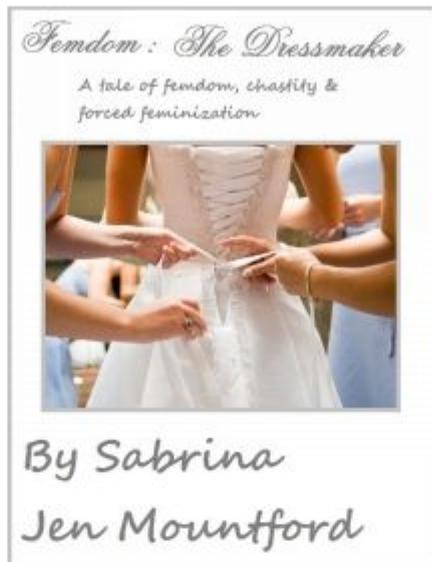


The Harem Slave

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 Rijkakistan without becoming eunuchs?



Femdom : The Dressmaker

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

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

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

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

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



Femdom: The Ex's Revenge

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

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

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

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

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



By Sabrina Jen Mountford

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

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

**Tickle Torture :
Tickled into Submission**



By Sabrina Jen Mountford

Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission

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

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

trio coax Alicia into agreeing to be tickled with Kevin acting as chaperone...

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

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



Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself

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

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

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

Corporal Punishment : A Study / in Caning



By Sabrina Jen Mountford

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

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

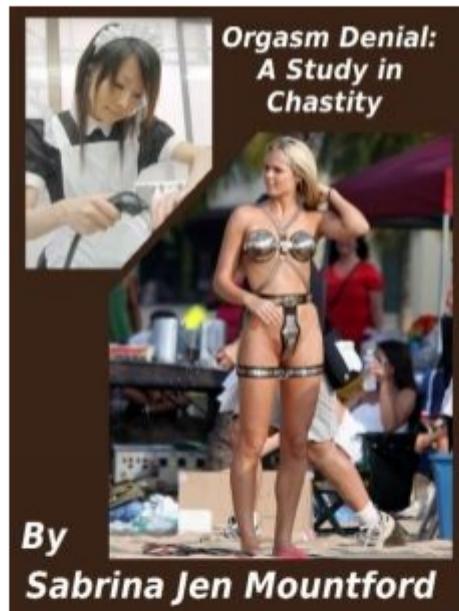
With a morbid fascination, all stemming from her childhood and both a fear and curiosity surrounding the headmistresses cane - she decides maybe a study is in order? Samantha Fisher promises to get the study through ethics, and the beautiful young Professor is well and truly down the rabbit hole. A visit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

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

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

This 19,000 word story is a very adult, femdom themed, forced

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



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

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

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

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

Throughout the submission and the dominance, Jacqueline finds herself learning more about herself and learning more about her sexual preferences, having always considered herself 'straight', after being

submissive to Mariella and dominating Celeste, she finds herself feeling more that she is a lesbian, and possibly always has been.



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

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

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

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



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

Gender Swap : A Forced Feminization, Transgender Story

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

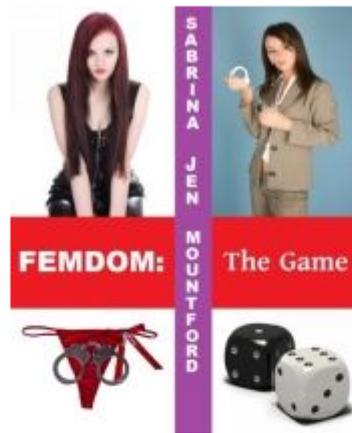
After a brief conversation confirms Anita's initial assessment that Alex needs to be taught a lesson, he unwittingly becomes a guinea pig in a sinister experiment, testing a new drug, so powerful it can transform a biological male into a biological female overnight.

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

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

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

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



Femdom : The Game

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

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

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



Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes

Jessie and Marcy have been introduced to the dark, sinister world of BDSM and fetish by Marcy's old friend 'Grace'. Having been visited 'The

Club' on two occasions now, Matilda, the enigmatic owner is ready to up the ante. Marcy will see her sexuality tested and questioned as she indulges herself, exploring a bisexual relationship with lesbian encounters with the beautiful and dominant Grace.

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

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

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

**** Special Warning, this novella contains a graphic description of finger nail removal. It is NOT for the squeamish. It could be considered erotic by some, but horror by others - you have been warned. ****



Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit

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

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

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

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

*Femdom
Female Domination of Males and Female Domination of Females*

*Predicament Bondage
Punishment
Orgasm Denial
Chastity
Bi
Lesbian
Slavery
Fetish Torture*



Diary of Sissy Slave Alicia

*Online slavery, Forced Feminization, Chastity, BDSM & Fetish... All under the threat of Blackmail!
Is this erotic fiction or is it real?*

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

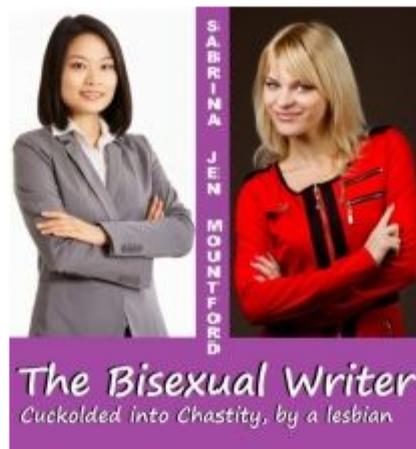
Read it and decide for yourself, an anonymous erotic fiction writer with a twisted, devious imagination, is contacted by a reader asking how he can get his girlfriend to 'lock him up'. She offers some basic advice, which backfires and leaves him single. Wanting to experience chastity, he purchases a chastity device himself and at Sabrina's suggestion, he freezes the keys to the device so he can't access them easily. Knowing he wants to be kept in chastity against his will Sabrina tells Alicia she does NOT have permission to unfreeze those keys, and so begins Alicia's online domination..

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

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

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

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



The Bisexual Writer : Cuckolded into Chastity, by a Lesbian

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

There is an element of truth to this story. It's not a 100% factual account of how bf ended up effectively 'Cuckolded by a Lesbian' but it should give

you a very good idea. There's as much truth in here as there is fiction. It's a strange cuckolding story in ways, I don't know of any other stories where a guy gets cuckolded by a lesbian. I suppose it just goes to show, that especially in the world of fetish and BDSM, sometimes reality can be stranger than erotic fiction!

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

*Femdom
Female Domination
Male Chastity
Orgasm Denial
Forced Feminization
Shaving Fetish
Forced Orgasm
Force Feeding
Tickling
Genital Piercing
Tattooing
Domination & Submission*

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



Kidnapping, psychological torture, dental torture, force-

feeding, isolation, padded cells, straight jackets and ultimately the destruction of her very mind, all await Marie in the 'Terror Asylum'

Marie is a psychiatric nurse, working on a secure unit which detains patients when they've been sectioned under the mental health act. She's generally been kind and considerate to patients over the years, but when some patients were 'naughty' and not co-operative, refusing medication or simply not doing as they were told, she'd occasionally resorted to sedation and restraint as a punitive measure.

One night, after work, when leaving the unit. she has a sinister sensation that someone is following her. When she's chloroformed and kidnapped, she wakes up in a cell in an old abandoned insane asylum, wearing a straightjacket. Who has captured her? What tortures do they have in store for her?

It quickly becomes clear, Marie has been captured by a deranged ex-patient, who is hell-bent on revenge, determined to punish Marie for her abuse of authority, in a style which reflects the crime - the abuse of patients in a psychiatric unit. As Marie spends longer and longer isolated and restrained in a padded cell, treated as a patient, forcibly drugged and more, she starts to feel 'like' a patient and has to fight to retain her identity. Few, opportunities to escape do arise, and when you're restrained and hung-over from being drugged, it's surely only a matter of time before you end up back in your padded cell, terrified of what torture your captor has lined up for you next.

When a wandering urban explorer stumbles upon your locked padded cell, it seems like you might have one last throw of the dice, one last bid for freedom. With her sinister, deranged captor determined to destroy Marie's mind though, it's still not certain, Marie will ever escape the 'Terror Asylum' with her life, or her mind intact.

**Warning This Horror Story contains scenes of kidnap, torture and confinement. It also contains scenes which are sexual in nature. Suitable for 18+ only.*

**The practices, policies and style of psychiatric patient care in this story is not intended to reflect current procedures and policies in any country and*

should be treated as entirely fictional.

**Saddleton Brook Lunatic Asylum is a fictional setting, any similarities with real psychiatric hospitals are coincidence. The psychiatric unit which Marie works at is also entirely fictional, any similarities with real psychiatric units are coincidence.*

This story is approximately 18,000 words long, not including the additional information provided or the promotional descriptions of the author's other works.