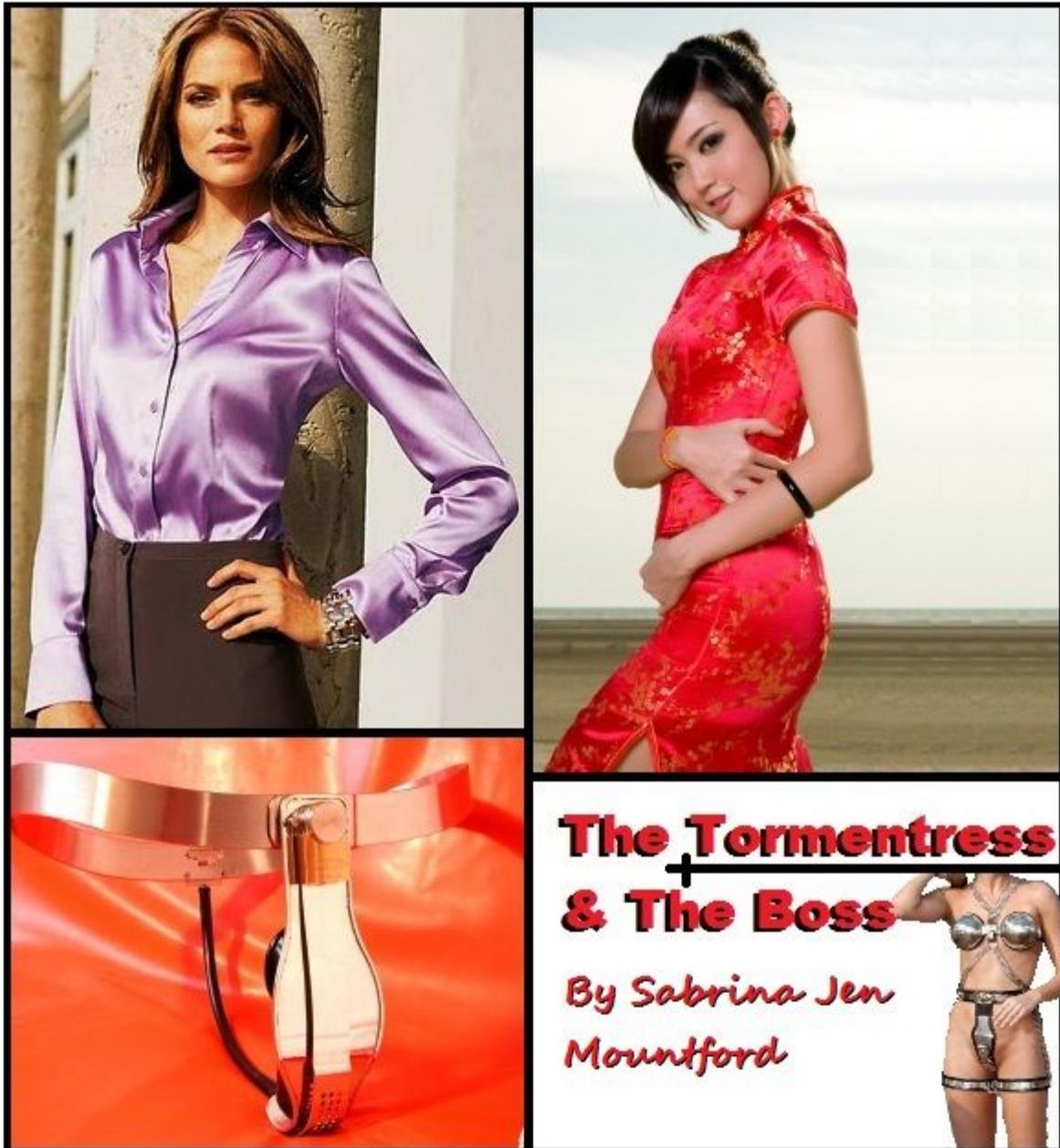


# SABRINA JEN MOUNTFORD



**THE TORMENTRESS AND THE BOSS: CHASTITY AND FORCED FEMINIZATION**



**The Tormentress  
& The Boss**

*By Sabrina Jen  
Mountford*

# **The Tormentress & The Boss**

*~ By Sabrina Jen Mountford*

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

*Sabrina Jen Mountfords Authors Blog and profile:  
[http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina\\_Jen\\_Mountford/blog](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountford/blog)  
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*If you've read all of mine, then I highly recommend reading  
the works of Sarah Jameson. Her factual guides on chastity  
are very informative and her fiction:-*

*Stacy's Game (The Cuckold Chastity Chronicles - Sisyphus)*

*Tatiana (The Male Chastity Files Part I - The Abyss)*

*Monaco (The Male Chastity Files Part I - The Abyss)*

*Are excellent, well written, interesting and fun!*

*I also strongly recommend 'The Well Disciplined Husband' by  
Ariane Arborene*

*<http://www.amazon.co.uk/The-Well-Disciplined-Husband-ebook/dp/Boo8IJQ1DK>*

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*Forward: -*

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

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

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*Enjoy the story.*

*~ Sabrina*

### **The Tormentress & the Boss**

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I'd been looking for work for a long time, I was always an IT support person, generally an undervalued profession where when everything works, you don't get noticed, when it breaks you get shouted at.

My last employment had been for a large facilities management company, it had been nice and easy - there were so many people there it was easy to get lost in the paperwork and maintain a living and employment whilst having to do very little work. Eventually of course, bad habits formed and when cuts needed to be made - that was when people started to question how much work everyone was actually doing.

After months of letter writing and applying for jobs, I'd finally managed to get an interview, through an agency; it was for the IT support person, at a graphics design company, with a small office in a rural area. I looked at their website and they seemed to produce all sorts of graphics, some digital and some paper. When the day came, I donned my best suit and rolled up at their offices. It looked rather like a small stately home, a country house - there was little evidence that a business resided there except for a small silver plaque on the gatepost.

I had a good feeling about the place from the moment I drove down the drive. There was a barn converted into a carport adjoining the main building, which I noticed had a Lotus 340R and an Ariel Atom parked up under it... Someone was clearly seriously into their cars. We were within thirty minutes of the local racetrack, so it was easy to assume the man in charge (A 'Sam Fisher' according to the interview invite.) was the sort of guy who went off to do track days on a Friday afternoon rather than playing golf.

I parked up on the neat gravel car park and couldn't help but notice how quiet and serene the area was, you couldn't even hear the traffic from the main road, the drive was so long and sheltered.

As I approached the building the receptionist saw me coming and remotely opened the door. She was in her late teens, wearing a smart business suit with a shiny satin blouse underneath. "Mr. Turner is it?" I approached the desk, "Yes, I'm here for an interview with Sam Fisher?" She looked up at the clock on the wall then formed a puzzled look on her face, "Hmmm, it seems you're a few minutes early... If you could sign in here please, there's your visitors badge, would you like a drink?" I signed and picked up the badge and hung it around my neck, noticing the bright pink cord and pink writing, with floral decorations around the edge. It was an unusually feminine badge...

I asked for a coffee and she offered me a seat, which I took. As I sat, I noticed other employees walking past, often carrying something or scurrying to get somewhere... After about the fifth person had crossed my path, I came to the conclusion, there seemed to be an awful lot of girls working here... All of them seen so far - achingly beautiful. From the name I tag I learned the receptionist was called 'Kim Fernio' she returned bearing a coffee, which I took then thanked her. She returned to her desk

and replaced her spectacles, then peered over the counter to me, "I'll just ring through, and see if Sam's free." I was beginning to think this 'Sam' really had it made... A fantastic premises, surrounded by beautiful young women, two ultra-expensive track-day cars waiting to be used at work...

I listened to the call, "Sam, it's the boy for the IT post, shall I bring him through? Hmmm, okay, hmmm, yes, okay. Bye for now."

I found this a little disturbing, being in my mid-twenties, it sounded somewhat condescending to be referred to as 'boy' but I liked the place, it had a good feel and I needed the work.

She replaced the receiver, "Come with me Mr Turner, bring your coffee, I'll take you through." I rose to my feet and followed him through the country house. We passed various rooms, some more spaciouly laid out than others, bright colourful posters - presumably examples of their work were framed and hung throughout the building. Every office I peered into was populated entirely by women, some wearing business suits with skirts, some dresses, every one very attractive. By the time we'd climbed the stairs I'd come to the conclusion, I was the only person wearing trousers in the building, which on one hand was quite thrilling, but at the same time a little unnerving... Still, I'd be meeting this 'Sam' soon... At least I wasn't the only man in the building. Eventually we arrived at a heavy set wooden door, which Kim rapped on. A sharp female voice pierced the door, "Enter!" It had to be Sam's personal secretary. When I followed in, my mind started spinning. It was a luxuriously appointed office, but there was clearly no receptionist there, only a woman, an incredibly beautiful woman, in her mid-thirties, sitting behind a large desk. She was wearing a smart business suit, with a skirt and a strappy pair of high heels. Her blouse had the top couple of buttons undone, showing a tiny glimpse of cleavage, and the lacy edges of a black bra.

"Ahh... Mr Turner, welcome! Thank you Kim." I approached the desk as I heard the door click shut behind me. I had a confused look on my face, "Sam Fisher?" She tilted her head to one side slightly and smirked, "Who else?" I stammered, "I. I." She rolled her eyes at me, "Yes, you assumed Sam was Samuel, or Samson or something I'm sure... You weren't the first, you won't be the last. Samantha, Samantha Fisher - this is my company 'Fisher Creative Designs Limited' please take a seat!"

I pulled the pink leather upholstered chair a little closer to her desk and sat down. It seemed an unusually short chair, rather than looking at her eye to eye, she appeared to be raised higher than me, forcing me to look up at her. She must have read my thoughts, as she looked down at me and smiled, "Oh I always make sure those chairs are low, I like to make it clear from the start that I expect you to look up to me, your superior... I like you to know your place... Now just sit quietly for a minute while I read your CV and letter again to refresh my memory."

Feeling a little unnerved still, I sat in silence and watched her place her glasses on carefully, then quietly read through my CV, and letter of application. She seemed to read through at least twice, taking what seemed like an eternity. Then she laid them down. I tried to look her in the eye, but my gaze was constantly being drawn down to her ample breasts, I was fighting a constant battle not to glance down. She began, "First of all, your English is terrible, if I decide to take you under my wing - we will have to do something about that." I screwed my face up, English? I was applying for IT Support! "But I..." She held a finger up to her lips, "Shhhh... If I say your English needs to improve it needs to improve, regardless of what you think... Now, don't speak - listen."

She adjusted her glasses and continued.

"Your experience seems to make you well suited for this post, you seem to have an aptitude for IT, I believe from the paperwork you've given me - you have the required skill and knowledge to do this job, But I question whether you have the right attitude. Have you noticed anything about our little operation here?"

I opened my mouth to speak but she cut me off, "Silence... That was a rhetorical question. The answer is yes of course you have, there seem to be only women working here. Your observation is correct, if I decide I want you... You will be the only male on our books. Kevin, I don't like men, if I could, I would only employ women. Women are more creative, conscientious, hard-working and less easily distracted... Not to mention rather more pleasant to look at. However it appears they don't tend to work in IT Support so much... So I have had to look outside of my preferred gender."

I scowled softly at her, "You're discriminating against men, your

employment policy is discriminatory..." she shrugged, "Well, you're here now, so maybe it's not? Maybe I've always hired the right person for the job, they just invariably tend to be girls. Up until now Kevin, I've handled all our IT, but I need to unburden myself of it. You sound like you can do the job... Certainly from your application, but I've devised a little test for you. Come..."

With that she stood up, and led me into a large office, full of attractive women working at their desks or milling about. She led me to a desk near one of the corners, where in the corner a makeshift photography studio was being mocked up. "Sit!" I sat at the desk and she slid the computer towards me, "Now, I want to see that you can work without getting distracted. Here's a pen and paper - I want you to use your knowledge to connect this computer to the network, get it accessing the internet and then find out as much relevant information about the company computer network as you can from this computer. I've set up a few problems for you to solve along the way - I'll be observing throughout." And with that she retreated and sat on a red leather sofa, crossing her legs and watching me...

I started - the computer wouldn't power on at first, I ducked under the table to find the plug. Sure enough it wasn't plugged in, while I fumbled for the plug and socket, various sets of lithe, stocking clad legs, and feet in strappy high heels waved through my field of vision. I kept getting different wafts of perfumes, one of the girls legs pushed into my posterior as she leaned to get something off the desk I was working under. I snapped the plug in and rose. By now I had a raging hard on, and was finding it hard to concentrate - Samantha's intention? I quickly realised the monitor wasn't turned on either, neither was it plugged into the computers monitor port. As I was working, some of the girls seemed to be setting up some sort of photo-shoot in the corner. They had draped sheets around part of the office and set up reflectors and cameras, while some other girls brought furniture into the scene.

I tried to focus on the task in hand, the computer failed to boot initially, a 'bad boot disk' error - I checked and 'yes', there was a floppy disk in the floppy drive. Another boot, this time it was working, and I was sitting, painfully waiting for windows to boot while seeing two of the girls enter the makeshift studio, wearing nothing except sexy lingerie and strappy high heels. The girl with the camera began directing them on how to

pose. The camera started flashing and soon she was directing riskier and riskier shots, getting them to expose parts of themselves, then fondle each other and eventually snog... I was finding it incredibly hard to draw my eyes down to the screen as the familiar windows desktop appeared. Even simple tasks, like opening the 'start' menu and loading 'command' so I could run an ipconfig were challenging. By the time the director had one girl holding the other over her knee and posing spanking her, my hands were literally shaking...

For added realism, the photographer asked the spanker to actually spank the girl to try to get a natural red glow on her buttocks. So while I was analysing the network and making notes, all I could hear was the 'smack', 'smack', 'smack' interspaced with little squeaks of discomfort... I caught a glance, the blonde draped over the oriental girls knee now had her buttocks glowing a warm pink - the photographer directed more photos, my hands shaking as I tried to write out the rest of the network details.

There had been a few other problems over the course of the test - the network cable not plugged in, the network settings not set to DHCP, all simple stuff, made nearly impossible by having to try and concentrate in this environment. When I'd finished I turned to Samantha, who was looking interestedly at the photo-shoot. She noticed me and averted her gaze in my direction, "Ahhh... All done? Good boy... I hope you didn't find it too hard to focus, we're often producing these sort of images for websites, one of our secrets is we don't hire models; we just get the staff to pose. Come on I think we should retire to my office."

I noticed a few of the girls giving me evocative looks as I rose to follow Samantha, there were even a few giggles. As we walked past a small group looking at an iPad and talking, one of the girls pinched my bum. I whipped my head around, but they were all looking innocent and focusing on the iPad... I had to masturbate... I'd not felt so turned on all year. As I followed Samantha I opened my mouth, "Saman..." She cut me off, "Miss Fisher to you if you please." I gulped, "I could really use the toilet, it's been a long drive and that coffee's gone straight through me." She tutted softly, "Oh dear... A weak bladder? I could really do with getting on, I've got a lot to this afternoon - can't you hold it?" I sighed, "I'll manage." I could tell she smiled, even though she was looking straight ahead, "Good..." Trying to take my mind off it I remembered the Lotus 340R and the Ariel Atom, "Miss Fisher, who owns the ..." she cut me off, "Kevin, you

can ask me about the cars if I hire you." This was all very intense... I'd never experienced or even heard of anything like this before. Samantha was clearly very dominant and not shy about demonstrating it. I tried to push the cars to the back of my mind and followed her submissively, watching her heels click sharply on the tiled floor of the corridor.

Soon we were then back in her office, she pointed at the short legged, pink leather upholstered chair, "Sit!" I sat down and she held up the notes I'd made on their network, she seemed to go over it a couple of times then smiled at me, "Very impressive Kevin, you clearly know your way around a computer and a network - but if you started here I think I'd have to train you some more. How did you find working in our environment? - be honest." I thought for a moment, "It was very... Comfortable?" She gave me a puzzled look, "You didn't look too comfortable..." I shrugged, "The photo-shoot was a little distracting, what with all the shouting direction and the camera flashes, nothing I couldn't handle though." Samantha nodded, "Good... Good boy, I notice you are down as out of work at the moment - can I take it that if I offered you the job, you'd take it?" I smiled, it sounded promising, "Well I have nothing else lined up and this seems like a nice place to work so..." She smiled, "Excellent, well I would like to offer you the job as it happens, my policy with all new starters is to give a three month trial, in which I pay everyone minimum wage, regardless of what they do. Then if all's well I offer you a full contract, I double it and if the position demands it add a little more."

I smiled, "Great! When do I start?" She leaned forwards a little, "Kevin, I'd like you to address me as Miss Fisher at all times... Also, I've been a tiny bit dishonest with you... There are women who work in IT support. I do prefer the company of girls and you are going to be the only male working here. The thing is, I do like to use all my own staff as models in the photographs we produce for people. It saves costs and means I can make a better margin, because the customers assume I have hired models. The problem is we're being commissioned more and more for pictures that also have males in them. In the past I've hired models, but I really do need an IT person and I'd like to avoid spending extra money on hiring models - so you can see where I'm coming from." I shrugged, "So you want me to stop work and pose for some photos from time to time?" She smiled, "That's it more or less it - but I really take the photography side seriously, I need to know you can follow my photographers direction, no complaints, no questions asked." I nodded, "That'd be no problem,

Miss Fisher." She leaned closer, "So, let's say she wanted you to strip, put on a pair of girls' panties - then receive an 'over the knee' spanking - you'd be fine with that? We do some fairly risqué work here Kevin, you're not going to be too embarrassed?" I thought about it, it sounded pretty extreme-core, but a massive turn on at the same time. "Yeah... Ahem, yes Miss Fisher, if that was what was required - then I'd be happy to..."

She pondered for a moment, then stood up sharply, "Good, let's put you to the test - come!" She strode past me and I found myself scampering to keep up.

Soon we were back in the big office with the photo-shoot in the corner. As we approached the photographer, a tall brunette, addressed Samantha, "Is he good to go?" Samantha smiled, "He says he is Claire, he's agreed to do a trial-shoot." Claire smiled at me wickedly, "Good... Alicia, fetch his panties, okay IT boy - strip!" I looked around, it was a busy office, and at least six girls were standing there fully dressed, watching me expectantly. Claire sighed deeply, "Listen IT boy, we may want to do some nudes, we often do nudes, if you can't get undressed with us watching - then I don't think you're any good to us!" I was going bright red now, but I started removing my suit and draping it over one of the pink swivel chairs that were dotted about the office. Claire piped up again, "Come on IT boy, we haven't got all day." Soon I was naked, and Claire threw a silky, satin pair of pink panties with a black love heart pattern on them at me. They hit me in the face. I caught them and held them out. They were very skimpy, with black lace around the legs and waistband, and a little ribbon tied in a bow on the front. A couple of the girls were struggling to stifle giggles.

I stepped into them gingerly and pulled them up. They were too small to enclose my genitalia, so I stuffed as much in as I could to a chorus of giggles. Claire meanwhile had selected the oriental girl, who I now knew as Alicia. She'd changed into a bright red Chinese sleeveless dress, with some black stockings and sexy, red, six inch heels. "Alicia, can you stand here, I want you pushing his chin up with your finger, I want you looking cross, him looking forlorn... That's great!" The camera clicked a few times while Claire tried different angles, and Alicia tried various expressions. My embarrassment was meaning I had to do very little acting at all...

Claire then gestured towards the armless chair in the scene, "Okay, Alicia, can you sit? Knees nice and close together, good... Now IT boy, over her

knee... Good boy, pass your arms behind you - Alicia, can you hold his arms with your left hand and hold your right hand up as if you are ready to spank? Good... Bit more attitude... Excellent!" I was now incumbent, naked except for a pair of satin panties and over Alicia's knee. I could feel her gripping my wrists surprisingly tightly; I could feel her dress rubbing against my legs and torso... I could see her sexy bright red shoes... I was growing a massive erection. Clair piped up again, "Okay, Alicia, can you pull his panties down to show his bum? Great, now hand up again - ready to spank! Great!" I could hear the stifled giggles all around me, Alicia seemed to be quite enjoying this scenario too. Clair snapped a couple more shots, "Okay, same as with Helena now - can you give him a few good smacks, try to make his bottom glow." Alicia giggled and started spanking me, Clair snapped a couple of shots, mid-spank, "A bit harder Alicia, try to really make him glow! Try to look angry!" She redoubled her efforts, throwing everything she had into the strokes, causing me to yelp with pain at them. The camera began snapping again, mid-spank... It carried on for some time, I was effectively receiving a good over the knee spanking while being photographed, and observed - it was like sensory over-load and I felt like my balls were going to explode.

Eventually Claire seemed happy she had what she was looking for, "Okay, Alicia, you can pull his panties up and let him get up now... Good, then cross your legs and I want IT boy on his knees, licking your shoes..." This was intense to say the least. I felt her pull my panties up and give me a little pat on the bum as if to say 'all done' then she helped me to my feet. The next thing I knew I was on my knees, extending my tongue and holding it onto Alicia's red shoe... The camera snapped and clicked, Claire moved around - then it was over. Claire put down her camera, and addressed the group who had been spectating, "I think that's a wrap, thank you IT boy, thank you Alicia." I frowned at her, "It's Kevin!" She shrugged, "Sorry Kevin, thanks for the shots... Didn't they do well? A little round of applause for them?" With that the spectators started clapping and Alicia smirked and bowed to the audience. I simply smiled, looking embarrassed. Samantha looked down at my genitalia spilling out of the panties, "What's the matter Kevin? Do you like wearing panties? You can get dressed now of course!" Going even redder I removed the girlie underwear and started to get dressed.

Samantha handed me my suit jacket, "Kevin, I'm really pleased with you - I think you're perfect for what we want, assuming you don't mind

participating in our photo shoots?" I thought they must have tried me out with a more extreme scenario and it hadn't been that bad. My bum was sore and I was bright red in the face, but it'd been a massive turn on... I was burning to masturbate. "No, it was fun... Erm, can I use that toilet now?" Samantha shook her head, "Sorry we finish early today, we're closing up - you'll have to hold it, we should have left by now."

So that was it, I was starting the following Monday, it was a long drive back home, and I was almost ready to explode when I got home.

When I got home I did explode... And I did several times over course of the weekend and the following week. I was starting a week after the following Monday, and despite the embarrassment, really looking forward to it.

When I arrived on Monday morning, I parked up on the car park and Kim opened the door for me, "Morning Kevin, Sam has asked Alicia to induct you - she's our human resources manager, would you like to take a seat while you wait?" I sat down, "Thanks..."

Before long the oriental beauty that had already had the privilege of giving me an over the knee spanking arrived. She was wearing another Chinese style dress with the Chinese embroidery, the high collar and the short sleeves. Today she was wearing tightly fitted, knee high, high heeled boots. As she approached she extended a hand to me, "Good morning Kevin, and welcome to Fisher Creative! We call it Fisher Creative for short..." My eyes tracked her from head to foot, she was dressed quite evocatively again. She chuckled softly, "Don't worry; I'm not going to spank you again, not if you're a good boy anyway." I glanced in horror to see her smiling in such a way that implied she was joking... Though my erection was pitching a huge tent now, which Alicia glanced at, "Hmmm, if you're that keen, maybe I should give you a spanking for being good?" I didn't know where to look, she looked me square in the eye and raised an eyebrow, "Kevin - I was joking, we can't afford to get embarrassed here, don't take anything too seriously... \*Chuckle\* At least I know you're willing next time we need to do some spanking photos? Come on..."

She showed me the entire building. There were your usual offices, some rooms more dedicated as studios, a recreation area, a treatment room with a massage table on it, everywhere, everything was very feminine. She issued me with my pass and some paperwork, health and safety stuff,

contract of employment and things, then showed me to my desk. At which point felt like I'd been immersed in femininity, being paraded past so many beautiful girls ranging from their late teens, to mid-thirties, some even offering me suggestive looks. I had to masturbate, I looked at Alicia, "Ahem, I'm sorry - I erm, need to use the toilet - could you show me where they are please?" She smirked, "Certainly - this way..." She showed me her office on the way, separate from the main office and pointed me through a discreet door, with a silver plaque on it with a symbol depicting it to be a ladies toilet. I frowned at the symbol, "Erm, isn't there a men's room?" Alicia shrugged, "There used to be, Samantha had it ripped out and a server room installed in it - we've never needed a men's room before so..." I scowled, "What about visitors?" Alicia shrugged, "Nope, Samantha sees all clients in Restaurants and Pubs, she seems to think people are less defensive about spending money when in a leisure environment and have had a drink or two."

I stared at the sign, "I'm not comfortable using the ladies toilets!" She formed a puzzled look on her face, "It's only a sign, don't be such a baby! All the staff have signed to say they agree to you using the toilets. Do your business, then go and see Samantha, I think it's time she set you some work." And with that Alicia was gone. I entered the toilets gingerly, hoping not to offend anyone. I was still getting used to this very 'no holds barred', 'we aren't embarrassed by anything' culture in my head. Having said that Alicia seemed nice, and truth be known I would have happily received another spanking from her at any time.

The toilets were very feminine as well. There were no urinals, just stalls, each one with a sanitary bin. The toilets all had pink seats and the stalls and stall doors were electric pink. There was a big brightly lit mirror running down the side of the room - presumably for putting on make-up, it was bigger and better lit than what you'd expect in the men's room. I entered a stall, and started with a wee, it was difficult, I was so hard I had to tilt my hips backwards, lean forwards and support myself on the wall. I still couldn't get it all in the bowl, but as soon as the dribble died down I started masturbating furiously, while imagining myself prone, on top of Alicia's knee, receiving a spanking. While I was beating myself I heard the sound of heels clicking on the tiles outside the stall, a short gasp - then a quick clicking away.... I was rumbled... But worse still I couldn't stop! I was so close, I beat a bit harder, imagined myself lying face down on Alicia's knee, her pulling those panties down and spanking me... More

clicking of heels outside... The stopped, I was panting, I beat a little harder, then groaned as I exploded - spraying bum all over the pink seat and the white bowl with stray blobs flirting onto the wall and floor.

"Open the door this instant!" It was Samantha, "But I..." She shouted louder, "Open this door right now, or I will end your employment here and now!" I pulled my pants and trousers up and undid the catch. "Miss Fisher... I can ex..." She shushed me, "Shhh, I don't think you need to explain anything." I saw Alicia looking disapprovingly at me as well. Samantha continued, "Kevin, you are on my time now, do you think it's in your job description to masturbate? Do you think I wish to pay you to relieve yourself on my time, making a mess all over my toilets?" I didn't know where to look, I ended up settling for looking down at her feet. "No Miss Fisher... I... I'm..." she huffed under her breath, "Now Alicia will point you to the cleaning cupboard, then you will clean this mess up... Then I want you in my office!"

With that she turned her back on me and clicked away. Alicia was shaking her head at me, "You're really disgusting you know... I think I should make you eat this mess." I glared at her, hoping to see that smiley face that showed she was joking - it didn't come, she simply raised an eyebrow at me expectantly... "I'm not ea..." She cut me off, "You should have thought about that before you decided to soil our toilets with your male seed... Either you get down there and lick every drop up, or I'm tearing your contract up, taking you off the books and letting any the agency know exactly how perverted you are and why your employment only lasted a morning." I looked at her - she seemed serious... I knelt down, "Good boy, now you can start on the seat." Obediently I began licking my cum off the seat... It tasted foul, slimy and salty and mixed with the sweat of the girls who had previously perched their bottoms here. Once I was finished, she pointed to the wall, "Now the wall, then the floor..." I continued, disgusted at myself, but mainly for getting caught. Eventually I'd finished, and she pointed at the bowl, "Now.... Head in the bowl, and lick your juices off the inside of the bowl..." I looked up at her, "Can't I just flush?" She smiled down at me, her arms crossed tightly in front of her, "And what would that teach you? I'm giving you aversion therapy! You should appreciate it! Now head in bowl, and start licking."

I shoved my head into the bowl and started trying to lick the sides clean; I was doing well, when I felt Alicia's hand on the back of my head holding it

in the bowl. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her other hand reach for the flush. I tried to lift my head but her weight was right on top. I tried to take a deep breath, but ended up inhaling some toilet water and my own urine. I felt like I was drowning as the water and urine swirled and rushed around my head. As the flush subsided I heard Alicia chuckling... I pulled me head out of the toilet, gagging, and blowing water out of my nose... I looked at her accusingly; she simply smiled warmly and looked down at me on my knees, "I decided to flush after all... Here..." And she handed me a hand towel. I started trying to dry my hair and dab the splashes of urine and toilet water off my shirt. Alicia was already exiting the stall - "You can take the towel home and wash it tonight, in fact you'd better wash it twice - the cleaning things are in there - now I want that toilet sparkling, with no sign of your misdemeanour within the next five minutes."

I scurried to the cleaning cupboard to retrieve the things and started furiously cleaning. All the while the smell of toilets and urine invaded my nostrils, as I worked Alicia started washing her hands thoroughly, occasionally chuckling to herself. Eventually I was done and she pointed me into Samantha's office.

When I entered, my hair was still damp, Samantha looked at me disgustedly, "What happened to your hair?" I cringed, "Alicia, held my head in the toilet and flushed it." Samantha smirked at this, "Good, hopefully it'll teach you a lesson! Do you want to see the images we took on your interview day? They've turned out great." I looked up and she swivelled her monitor to face me. There I was being spanked by Alicia, with my panties around my knees. It was an adult dating site and they'd done a really professional job. Samantha leaned forwards, "The only thing is, with these images - nobody can tell it's you! Don't you think we should swap them for perhaps one showing your face?"

I gulped, "I don't want people knowing it's me posing for BDSM pictures on an adult site..." She span the monitor back, "Hmmp, well I haven't decided yet... Kevin, I'm really disappointed in you. After all your assurances I would have thought you could last one morning. What am I to do with you? I take you under my wing, commit myself to 'improving' you - then you throw it all back in my face before lunchtime on your first day!" I muttered under my breath, "I'm really sorry, it won't happen again." She smirked, "No it won't I'm terminating your employment and I'm informing the agency of why you're being let go. You can sit there and

listen to the conversation if you like, then I'm having you escorted off the premises." I leaned forward and looked at her pleadingly, "Please, please don't do that!" She picked up the phone, then paused and looked at me, "Please don't do what?" , I sighed, "Please don't terminate my employment." She scoffed and dialed a number for a new line, "I can't very well keep you, not if you are going to be vanishing into the toilets for a wank every five minutes... You're a wanker Kevin, a disgusting little wanker - and I'm not willing to tolerate it."

I leaned forwards, "Please, I'll do anything!" She paused then, "Anything? Hmm... I do like to improve my employees... Maybe I should commit myself to curing you of being a wanker? Help you change your ways so you're not a disgusting little wanker anymore? Would you like that? Would you like me to train you not to be a wanker?" I leaned back deflated, "Anything... But how can..." She cut me off... "Oh there are ways... Very well Kevin, I will take you, and cure you of your masturbation addiction, and you'll have another way in which I've improved you to thank me for."

I nodded submissively, not really understanding what was going to happen, "Yes Miss Fisher." she picked up her telephone and put a call through, "Kim, could you fetch Alicia and a tailors tape? There's one in the fabric drawer." Soon Alicia, still smirking and Kim, looking nervous appeared. Samantha gestured to me, "Now strip, I want you totally naked." I stood and complied, Kim went bright red at this, but Alicia just stood there smirking. Samantha then handed a pad and paper to Alicia, "Ladies, we are measuring up Mr Turner for his compulsory chastity belt, to ensure we have his full attention while he's here, and to protect our convenience from being messed up. I've just printed off the instructions for measuring, when they've printed off, measure him up - make it really snug, I want a nice tight, secure fit. Get him to stand, feet apart, hands on head, looking straight ahead while you measure. I'm going to make myself a coffee."

Samantha rose and departed, Alicia grabbed the printouts and methodically Alicia and Kim went about measuring me up, clearly both keen on pleasing Samantha and making it a tight and snug fit.

By the time Samantha returned Alicia and Kim had fully measured my groin area and genitalia, and I was getting dressed. Samantha looked at

me pityingly, "Now get out of my sight! I'll contact you with a new start date, probably next week..."

And that was it I left under a cloud of shame.

I got the call to return to work a few days later, Kim called me on the Friday afternoon asking me to return to work on the Monday morning. I had a nervous weekend, worried about what was to come, but thankful to have another chance. The circumstances were so embarrassing; part of me didn't want to go back... But at the same time I needed work, nothing else had looked even remotely promising and nothing Samantha could do to me could top what had already happened.

When I came back into work, I used my pass to enter; Kim smirked at me, "Morning Mr Turner..." I blushed slightly; this girl had been fondling my genitals with a tape measure less than a week ago. "Please, call me Kevin!" She shrugged, "Okay Kevin, Sam asked me to send you straight to her as soon as you turned up." I nodded and walked towards Sam's office. I rapped on the door as usual and heard her typical sharp response, "Enter!" She looked up from her desk as I entered, "Ahhh, Kevin - don't sit down, we're going straight into the treatment room." I looked at her confused, "Don't worry - all will be revealed." I followed her through the building to the treatment room, when we entered Alicia was already there, wearing a Chinese dress again, but emerald green this time. The interesting part was the plastic apron she was wearing on top, and the medical, nitrile gloves. She chuckled at me as I entered, "Ahhh good, you're here, strip, then hop up on the table - I'm going to give you a shave." I started backing away, but Samantha grabbed me, "Oh no you don't, it's a clean shave or a P45 and a call to the agency... Now stop being such a baby and get up on the table." She pulled me towards the table, "I.. " Samantha cut me off, "No buts, you want to be jobless and unemployable as an addicted masturbator - turn around and walk out that door, you want me to 'improve' you and cure you of your masturbation habit - you strip and let Alicia start foaming you up." I hesitated, "But..." Samantha pointed to a clock, the second hand was just passing twelve, "I'm giving you sixty seconds to get stripped and get ready." I looked at the clock, I hesitated, then I quickly started stripping. As the seconds hand was passing 45 seconds I was climbing up onto the table.

Alicia approached, wielding a razor and shaving foam, with a long soft

bristled brush, "Lie back Kevin, try to relax, this won't take a minute." Shaking with apprehension I leaned back, and I could feel her gently smothering my groin and pubic area with foam, then the razor gradually scraping over my skin, so gently, so near to my genitals... Alicia was chuckling while she worked, "Keep still, I don't want to accidentally give you a penectomy and castration while I'm here, that would never do!" This torment carried on for several minutes, she was skilful, careful and thorough. After she'd wiped the area off she stepped back, "Okay you're done, stand up and have a look." I slid off the table and stood in front of a full length mirror which was in the room on a stand. I quivered as I looked at my naked penis and ball-sack. As I was looking Samantha approached with what looked like a pair of steel underpants. "Okay Kevin, put your penis in this tube..." It clearly wouldn't go, so without speaking Alicia retrieved some ice wrapped in a tea towel from the kitchen. Before long the steel hip band was in place, the front shield was housing my penis and the rear strap was locked in place.

Alicia went around, trying to slip a finger in, but it was too tight everywhere, Samantha looked on admiringly, "Comfortable?" It would have been comfortable, but the peas were wearing off now and Alicia probing the belt with her fingers was making me grow again. I was about to answer when the glans of my penis pierced itself on what felt like sharp internal spikes, hidden inside the tube, causing me to squeal like a girl and claw at the belt in futile desperation. Samantha chuckled, "Alicia's idea there, she thinks my training will be so much more effective if it's not just impossible to grow an erection, but incredibly painful... Don't you think that was a good idea? " I was too busy fighting not to get hard, almost in tears to answer. The fact that I was being pierced on a sharp spike actually made me more turned on eventually, making it more painful, making me more turned on... Alicia and Samantha gawping at me wasn't helping... I tried to distance myself emotionally from what was going on and think about something else.

Eventually, the erection subsided and the pain died down. I glared at Samantha, "I'm not happy about this! How long do you expect me to wear this 'thing'?" Samantha shrugged, "Until I believe I have cured you of your addiction I think, certainly not before Alicia, who had the misfortune of having to watch you clean your mess up thinks you've learned your lesson - I suggest you try to be as helpful as possible from now on... Aren't you going to thank Alicia for shaving you and suggesting the spikes to help

your training?" I looked at her, she was serious... I looked at Alicia who was smirking, "Thank you for shaving me, and suggesting the spikes to help with my training." She pulled her face a little, "Hmmm, I don't think that sounded like you meant it... Come on - over my knee, now!" She sat and pointed to her knee. Samantha was watching and smiling, I tried to back away again, but Samantha spoke, "Kevin, you are at the bottom of the hierarchy in this organisation, if any member of staff asks anything of you - you do it, without question or hesitation... Now on Alicia's knee before I change my mind about giving you another chance."

I groaned and positioned myself back on Alicia's knee, "Give me your hands, I like holding them - it makes me feel in control!" I passed my wrists to her and she gripped them together then started administering my second spanking, made all the more painful by the fact my penis grew deeper into the spikes with every stroke. Soon I was squealing and yelping with every stroke, which seemed to encourage Alicia to grip my wrists tighter and smack my bottom harder. She was really getting into it this time, each stroke landing faster and harder, "Hah! This is such fun, I could do this all day!"

I looked up and saw Samantha look disapprovingly at Alicia for this comment, "Not on my time, if you want a full day spanking session - you can do it at the weekend." Alicia chuckled and continued spanking me while gripping my wrists, my glans pressing harder onto the spikes making me squeak softly, she paused for a moment, "Tell me Kevin, what's making you squeal? Is it the spanking or the belt? You didn't squeak like this on your interview day?" I lied, "It's erm the spanking, can we stop now?" Alicia rested her hand softly on my bottom, "Oh Kevin, you're a terrible liar, how about I stop and do this..." her hand reached between my legs and started playing with my testicles, massaging and fondling each one in turn... "You know, I really like the idea of a full day spanking session, how about this weekend? I'd never spanked anyone before the day of your interview, but I love it! I feel so in control!"

My glans was bouncing off the spikes now, her fondling causing me to grow, the pain recede, then grow... It was agony, a worse torture than the spanking even, although I could feel my bottom was quite sore by this point. I looked up at Samantha pleadingly, she rolled her eyes, "Come on Alicia, that's enough - we're here to work, not spend the day tormenting our IT boy..." Alicia continued, "Oh, but it's such fun!" Samantha crossed

her arms tightly, "Fun or not, I want you to stop and let him up or I will put YOU over MY knee." Alicia paused, released my wrists and allowed me to slide off her knee. She looked up at Samantha, "Spoilsport!"

Samantha sighed deeply, "Don't you have some important work to be doing?" Alicia sighed as well and headed for the door, as she parted she turned and threw me a cheeky smile, "See you later Kevin." and winked.

Samantha pointed to my clothes in a heap on the floor, "Now get dressed, and get cleaning, I want this room sparkling, when you're done come and find me and I'll set you on to your real work. Hopefully, now I've got you belted, you will be able to concentrate on what you're doing. Any arousing thoughts and you're going to be in pain, I'm sure you'll soon learn to control your libido. Now get cracking!"

With that she span on her heel and left. I got dressed, pulling my boxers over my new metal underwear. It was surprisingly comfortable considering, as long as I didn't get hard I couldn't see a problem... Once dressed I began furiously cleaning everything, the shaving had been quite messy so it took some time. Once I was happy I set off for Samantha's office. Again the belt was surprisingly comfortable to walk in, I could tell it was there, but was able to maintain a normal gait. When I got there and knocked on her door, rather than typically sharp 'Enter' she opened the door and barged past me, beckoning me over her shoulder with her index finger. I followed submissively as she led me back to the treatment room. She looked around, ran her finger over the table and knelt down to look at the floor... "Good boy... I think we can start you on your work now." She took me through to the main office, where Alicia had shown me my desk the previous week. "Now, first of all I want you to get Project Manager installed so we can keep track of how your major projects are going. Then install the helpdesk software, I've distributed your extension about the building as the helpdesk number, you take the calls, enter them all on the helpdesk and then clear them off as you solve them. If there's anything you can't fix, speak to me, if neither of us can solve it and it's important - we can bring someone in from outside. Now once you've got those systems in place, I want you to start a Software Licence audit, the licences are in the IT store room, some are stored electronically - you'll have to start by auditing all the computers in the building, including laptops and servers. If you need any help to get started let me know, the auditing software is on a CD in your drawer. Lunch time is 12 noon until 1pm.

Enjoy your day." I sat and started making a few notes, then paused and look up at her, "What time are you taking the belt off me?" She leaned closer and whispered in my ear, "Now I don't want you going home and ruining all my hard work training you do I? You wear the belt twenty four hours a day, seven days a week, fifty two weeks of the year." I glared at her, "But..." She shrugged, "That's what I think it will take to cure you, so those are the terms. You can pee in it, you can defecate in it.. So there's no reason for you to take it off..." I thought for a moment, then I had it - the photo-shoots! "What about if they want me to do another shoot? " Samantha looked puzzled for a moment, as if she hadn't thought of this possibility, then she shrugged, "Well, we'll take you out for the photos, make sure you are supervised at all times, so you aren't tempted - perhaps re-shave you while we're at it, then belt you back up?" I groaned... "What about if I want to ahem, make love to my girlfriend?" She pressed her hands on my shoulders and squeezed them, "Kevin, you don't have a girlfriend, if you get one, then I'll issue you with a clip on. You can then enjoy penetration... Well she can... And it won't interfere with your training!" I thought about standing up, demanding she'd release me, then storming out...

The trouble was I'd been out of work so long... And I knew she'd tell the agency what had happened, if that got around to future employers, I'd never work again... She looked me in the eye, "Are you ready to start Kevin?" I sighed, "Yes Miss Fisher..." she patted me on the head, "Good boy..."

And that was it, I was working belted up, in a cruel internally spiked belt, working in an office full of beautiful females, brushing past me, leaning over me, asking me questions about 'computers'. I desperately tried to concentrate on what I was doing, throwing everything I had at working. It seemed to work, as long as I was working and focusing on work, I stayed small and pain free. I even stopped watching the clock, something I'd always done a little... I knew it was lunch time because the rest of the staff appeared to be leaving their desks. I rose and headed over to the door, I was thinking about leaving for a while, trying to get away from this female dominated environment. As I was walking though, I felt a smack on the bottom, I turned and Alicia smiled at me, "How's that little bottom of yours? Not too sore I hope!" I started to grow again and grimaced in pain...

She chuckled, "Oh Kevin, I'm having such fun with you... You've awoken a part of me I didn't know existed. Come and have lunch with me, I'll buy you a sandwich?" I looked at her, she was so beautiful. I'd always had a thing for oriental girls, I couldn't tell if she was Japanese or Chinese, maybe Korean? But she was slim with perfect long black hair and the most perfectly shaped face, and breasts and legs... It was all made the more exciting by her tight, fitted looking emerald dress.... "I'd love to..."

We walked to the kitchen together, where a counter had opened up. She bought me a sandwich as promised, and a drink, and we sat together in a quiet corner of the canteen, though I did notice on or two envious glances cast our way. Having to endure female company exclusively, all day, may have been something most women didn't like. I'd never thought about it before, but our sitting together was clearly distracting some members of staff. Alicia ate her lunch, and played footsie with me under the table, smirking at my grimaces of pain each time... Eventually we'd finished and we were on our coffees, she leaned forwards, "I was serious you know... What are you doing this weekend?" I gulped, "Alicia... I haven't forgotten what you made me do on my first day!" She chuckled, "Oh Kevin, you're so silly - you need to learn when people are being serious - I didn't expect you to actually lick up your mess! Seeing as you were so willing, I assumed you were okay with it... Don't be such a baby anyway, it's only what you'd expect your girlfriend to lap up while she gave you head right?" I looked at her face and melted... She had me in the palm of her hand, "I suppose... I don't want to spend all day being spanked though!" At this she raised an eyebrow at me, "Actually Kevin, I think you do... I could feel your penis pressing on my thigh when I spanked you on your interview day... Every time I spanked you, it tried to grow... I can tell... You like being spanked, especially by me!" I groaned, "But for a whole day?!" She shrugged, "I have an idea for a You Tube video... If you let me, I'll have you around for a nice meal, I'll do you some homemade chinese cooking - not like the takeaway stuff. Then we'll start early, I have a time lapse camera, so we'll have a good breakfast, and lots to drink, then film a twelve hour, none-stop spanking session." My jaw had dropped, "Twelve hours!?" She shrugged, "It'll fly by!" I leaned back in my chair, "Don't you think that's a bit long for a You Tube video?" She smirked at this, "Silly, I'll speed it up, we could do it front of my french windows, with the clock in shot, start it at normal speed, then speed it up and condense it... People would see it go light, and then dark, and watch the clock spinning really fast... I think it'd be hot." I looked at her, she could have asked me to do

anything. "Oh... I don't know, couldn't we fake it up somehow?" She frowned at this, "Why would we want to do that? It'll be fun... You can't fool me Kevin, you love being over my knee..." She was right of course, but twelve hours.... Surely it couldn't be done?! That was it - I could always agree, get the benefits, then let her start.. And insist I couldn't go on after twenty minutes or so? "Alright, I suppose if it was getting too uncomfortable, we could always stop... I'll try and do it for you!" She smiled, and rubbed her hand on my knee, "Good boy... It'll be fun."

The week continued, I had lunch with Alicia every day, and I noticed more and more the staff were flirting with me at every opportunity. However they would often stop when Samantha came by... I got on with the work well, I didn't do so well in controlling my libido, every day was torture in the belt. I tried to focus on work, which helped, but spending every lunchtime with Alicia, would make it harder and harder to remain pain-free in the afternoons. I still looked forwards to lunchtimes though, we talked about everything, she told me her chinese name was Qiyun Shan Cheung and that she was originally from the Guangzhou region of china, having come to the UK to study, she'd earned a degree at Manchester and decided to stay. She didn't wear a chinese dress every day, some days she would wear a business suit with a blouse and skirt, all her clothes were immaculately tailored and fitted looking... I couldn't wait to go to her house on Friday. On the days in between I would lie awake, thinking about being with her, only to have glans press into the spikes... Sleeping was difficult in the belt. I would regularly be woken by nocturnal erections. Some days I rolled into work looking tired, but in ways these days were easier, as I was less inclined to become aroused when tired out of my mind.

Friday afternoon finally came, she gave me her address and asked me to follow her. It was only a thirty minute drive from work, when we got there I was impressed. It was a tidy little cottage with a double garage and a large garden. She'd arrived sometime before me, so I rang the doorbell and waited. Eventually she beckoned me in, "Come in Kevin, I've already got dinner cooking." I followed her in, the place was very neat and tidy, and furnished with modern furniture. As soon as I entered the blend of spices cooking in the kitchen invaded my nostrils, "Hmmm, smells great... Do you live here alone?", "Mmmm, Hmmm, just me... And my cat... Would you like a drink?" I nodded and she gestured towards a seat in the dining room while she retired to the kitchen, then returned with a chilled bottle

of beer.

I sat and drank, and admired her wonderful house while she finished the cooking. She was wearing the red dress, which she'd administered my first spanking in... Which brought back memories... And caused a pain in my groin... She laid the food out and we ate, pausing to chat and laugh...

Occasionally she would play footsie under the table again, still laughing every time I grimaced in pain at my penis pressing on the spikes.

At the end of the meal, she led me into the living room and we sat together on the sofa. She had a glass of red wine, and I had another beer. We continued talking and enjoying each other's company. Eventually she smiled at me, "Kevin, you know I've never brought a man home with me... It's quite remote out here and I've always been nervous to - but because of this..." She rapped on the front of my chastity belt with a hollow 'knock, knock', "Because of this, I feel safe, protected... In control..." I smiled at her, smiled through the agony of another glans piercing, "I've really enjoyed tonight, I really like spending time with you Alicia." She smiled then leaned forwards, and started kissing me...

I reciprocated, and soon she was perched on my knee, rubbing her breasts against my chest and her groin against my lower abdomen. Her hands were all over me and her tongue was probing deep into my mouth. This immediate stimulation forced my penis in a huge erection, which pressed hard onto the spikes causing me to wimper in pain. She pulled away, "Do you want to come upstairs?" I looked at her face, she was serious... And so beautiful... part of me just wanted to wrap my arms around her and feel her naked body pressing against mine... But most of me wanted to rip our clothes and start making passionate love...

Of course I couldn't - I was still locked in the sadistic belt, my penis being tortured every time I was aroused and I was more aroused than I'd ever been. "Alicia... I'd love to but..." She pressed a finger onto my lips. "Shhhh, come with me - I have a surprise for you."

Slowly she manoeuvred herself off my lap, then took me by the hand and led me upstairs. She took me into her main bedroom and started undressing me, going with the flow I started unbuttoning her dress and I shivered as it slipped off her shoulders.

By this point I was sure the spikes were drawing blood, my penis burning it hurt so much. She stood before me, in her black, lacy underwear and finished undressing me, then removed her own. Before I knew it, we both naked, me except for my metal underwear and she'd pushed me back onto the bed. She lay straight on top of me and started grinding her groin against my chastity belt, rubbing her pert breasts against my chest. Her tongue was probing deep into my mouth, I would have been in ecstasy but for the belt.

With hardly a pause she reached into her bedside drawer to grab something, I looked at her puzzled, "What's th..." She pressed her finger onto my lips, "Shhh..." Then I saw her attaching a clip on dildo, complete with fake testicles onto the front of my belt. I stammered, "Wh... Wha.... Where did y..." She chuckled softly, "I told Sam I was taking you home - she gave it to me."

Before I could complain she was on top of me, the dildo deep inside her, grinding back and forth and moaning softly. Of course I was getting nothing from this apart from the pain of my glans pushing harder and harder now into the spikes...

Eventually she gave out a deep moan and collapsed on top of me. We climbed under the covers and embraced. I reached down to remove the clip on, but she rested a hand on mine, "Leave it.. You can take it off tomorrow... Oh Kevin, that was amazing, I can't wait for tomorrow!"

We fell asleep in each other's arms... She fell asleep rather faster than me, into an orgasm induced slumber, while I was frustrated and in pain waiting for my erections to subside. By now, my glans felt like it had been run over a cheese grater and the slightest contact caused excruciating pain.

Eventually tiredness won and I fell asleep.

When I woke Alicia was already out of bed, I could hear the shower going, and I just lay there, trying to think about Alicia, but not in such a way that caused me to grow. Despite my horrible predicament, I was falling deeply, deeply in love with her.

She eventually emerged from the shower, room, dressed immaculately in a little black chinese dress, she was exquisitely made up, her nylon

stockings and black strappy heels finishing the ensemble. Her red, red lipstick matched her nails... She looked stunning. She smiled at me, "Ahhh, sleepy head! Finally you're up!" I pushed the covers off and started to rise, she pointed at my groin, "I took your penis off and put it away, I think you'll look better without it for the shoot. Don't get dressed, you can borrow my dressing gown while we have breakfast."

She handed me a feminine silk dressing gown at the same time, which I donned after getting out of bed. I could smell breakfast cooking, and I'd almost forgotten about the ordeal which I'd signed myself up for.

We went downstairs, and enjoyed a great cooked breakfast, fruit juice and coffee. Afterwards it was already half past six. Alicia, stood up from the table, "Kevin, how about a drink before we start?" I nodded, and she fetched a couple of glasses of wine, it tasted a little off - but I drank it anyway.

The camera was already setup, with Alicia's chair in front of the french windows and the clock on the wall in frame. She lowered her petit frame onto the chair and beckoned me over, "Come on, take your dressing gown off, then over my knee." I was starting to feel a little odd, I took the dressing gown off and staggered over, almost losing my balance. She almost caught me, then lowered me over her knee.

I was feeling as weak as a kitten, and quite disorientated by this point. I saw her activate the remote to start recording, then a quick fondle of my bottom, followed by a hard smack. Again, she was gripping my wrists with her spare hand, but this time it seemed a vice-like grip, and her elbow rested on the nape of my neck, forcing me onto her knee.

This time she was holding me more firmly than usual and I couldn't wriggle around much. I could feel the soft, silky material of her dress under my abdomen, I could see her petit feet, in the strappy heels, I was sort of comfortable, but disorientated and weak. Another smack landed, and another... I tried to look up, but she pressed my head down with her elbow easily, "Wh... What have you done to me?" Smack! "I just wanted to make this a little easier for you to bear... So I slipped you some Flunitrazepam, or Rohypnol as you might know it, in your drink... It's perfectly safe." Smack! "It will start to wear off after a few hours, but I've got a little syringe of something here, I can top you up with. I'm just going

to keep you weak, so you can't change your mind..." Smack! I tried to wriggle free, but her grip now felt vice like. Smack! I squeaked softly, and tried to raise myself up - but her elbow pressed my head down and she pulled me wrists up harder, forcing me to offer my bottom more prominently. Smack! "Keep still Kevin! Try to relax, I'm going to have to pace myself..." Smack! " And take my time." Smack! "Keep still!" Smack!

On the one hand I was in ecstasy, she was so beautiful, and being over Alicia's knee was the most turning on place I could be. The firmness of her thighs felt through the silky dress, her breasts brushing onto my arm as she leaned forwards to maintain my position...

The very fact that she had me so in control, weak as a kitten, literally inescapably trapped over her knee, enduring a slow, but enthusiastic spanking... Smack! I saw a drop of blood drip from the urine holes in my belt. My penis had been pressing on the spikes so long it was going numb. Smack! I could almost have come without stimulation, but the pain soon returned... My penis was burning again, another droplet of blood fell from urine holes. Smack!

I tried to get up again, her elbow pushed my head down, I tried to wriggle off sideways. Smack! "Try to relax Kevin, we're nearly ten minutes in! Now keep still!" Smack!

Defeated I lay there prone and submissive on her knee, receiving smack after smack. Soon the pain was starting to grow from the spanking that it was greater than the pain in my penis. There were several droplets of dried blood on the tiles underneath me by lunchtime and my bum was red raw, every stroke caused me to grunt or squeal in pain... On the plus side I could feel myself recovering from the effect of the drug.

Part of me wanted to stay there, and endure her spanking for the full day... But the pain, it was becoming unbearable. I tried an experimental push and noticed she had to try harder to push my head down with her elbow. I was stiff, I was sore - but it was wearing off. This had gone far enough. I was about to make a big struggle to get free... Smack! "Oh no you don't!"

I felt the scratch in my vein, her smacking hand must have grabbed the syringe and she was injecting me with something into the vein in my arm. "Keep still, you don't want the needle to break off in you... Don't worry,

this is perfectly safe..." She was so commanding that I did stop and felt her slide the syringe all the way, filling my arm with the new drug.

It didn't seem to affect my head this time, but I felt like my sense of being able to move was going, "Whaa..." My speech was slurring and getting harder. Smack! "Try not to panic." Smack! "Try to relax, I've given you an injection of muscle relaxant - like they give patients having an operation under general anaesthesia." Smack! "I've effectively paralysed you for the rest of the afternoon." Smack! "You'll still be able to feel every stroke, and you'll still be able to ponder your predicament..." Smack! "But you won't be trying to escape from me now!" Smack! "On the plus side it will put a stop to those painful erections." Smack!

Erections? My bottom was on fire! I'd been on her knee for six hours, receiving a steady stream of smacks, I wouldn't be able to sit down for a week after this! Yet there was nothing I could do about it. My muscles had all given up on my completely, and I was left lying there, helpless, my bottom now red raw, every blow now stinging...

By mid-afternoon I was feeling famished, she must have been hungry too - but there was no respite. If I could talk I would have been screaming with every stroke, but the muscle relaxant had paralysed my speech as well. So there I lay, watching the shadows move around with the sun, enduring smack after smack after smack.

I think if not for the muscle relaxant paralysing me, I would have been crying like a little girl by the time we were approaching tea time. I think she was slowing down a little, her hand hurting? It didn't matter, I was so sore, every stroke sent a shockwave through my body, I felt like I was bruised right down to the bone. Her body odour was starting to pierce through the subtle perfume she was wearing too...

Eventually the sun set, but the spanking continued, I started getting a little feeling back... And tried experimenting with offering some resistance. Again, her elbow easily pushed my head back down, "Shhh, keep still, we're nearly there... You wouldn't want me to have to inject you again and start the twelve hours from beginning.", "Nurgh!" My speech was coming back! Smack! "Hush, we're nearly there now, there's less than an hour to go!" Smack! I was more or less recovered now, but I was nearly there, so I lay submissively, and willingly on her knee while she

administered the last hour of spanking, seemingly trying to up the force again for something like a grand finale.

Eventually, the 'smack', 'smack', 'smack' subsided and she rested her smacking arm on my back, "Oh Kevin, that was so intense!" I tried to get up, but through stiffness or the lingering effect of the drug she was able to hold me down, "My hand is hurting! But I just don't want to stop!" Smack! Smack! I groaned, "Please! Alicia!" Smack! Smack! "I just don't want to stop!" Smack! Smack! "Alicia!" She paused, "Hmmp... Spoilsport... \*Sigh\* although you have done well today... Mind you, I've done well as well! Come on, up you get!" With that she tried to help me to my feet, but the sudden rush of blood made me wobble and collapse. I was stiff I couldn't straighten out. Clearly Alicia was struggling to rise from her seat too.

She was on her feet quicker than me, and chuckling at me, curled up on the floor, my bottom bright red I heard her heels click past me to the kitchen area. She returned with two large glasses of water, and helped me up onto my elbows, "Kevin, thank you for today, please, will you stay again tonight?" I looked into her eyes, tired looking, but so beautiful, so loving and caring... "Of course!" She handed me a glass, "Good boy... I'll fix us some supper, then we can get to bed."

Trying to get myself functioning properly again was not easy, every muscle, every joint had spent too long in one position. Alicia was suffering too, but not to the same degree as me. When I tried to sit down on a dining room chair, it felt like my muscle and flesh parted, allowing bone unprotected to sit on a bed of nails. I screeched and pulled myself up, "I can't sit down!" Alicia chuckled, not looking around from her cooking, "I'm not surprised! I can't bend my fingers! My hand is going to be black tomorrow!" We ate in silence, I occasionally paused to glance at her, each time melting at her phenomenal looks and forgetting the incredible pain she'd administered to me. Afterwards she led back upstairs.

The silk sheets and soft mattress were easier on my tortured posterior, and I was hopeful of getting some sleep. When Alicia hung up her black dress and climbed into bed she was carrying my 'penis' I groaned, "Alicia, I'm tired and in pain... I just want to sleep!" She pulled the covers back ignoring me and started clipping my penis onto the front shield of the belt

, "Hmmm, me too - but I sleep so much better after an orgasm!" Before I knew it she was top of me, grinding away, riding the clip on dildo... Then panting, then moaning softly... She slowed down a little then let out a drawn out groan and her eyelids quivered as she closed her eyes. She collapsed on top of me again and embraced me, "Oh Kevin... I love you..."

I of course was still stiff and in pain from the ordeal I'd just been through and my glans being jabbed onto those internal spikes again.

We fell asleep in each other's arms a second time, again, Alicia drifting off into an orgasm induced slumber, me frustrated and unsatisfied, but with my posterior screaming in pain too.

When I finally awoke, she was already up and in her dining room, sitting at the little desk in the corner. It was a battle to get out of bed, I was so stiff and sore... I had to support myself on the wall and hobble along to get to her. She saw me coming and smiled, "I've just finished producing it! Kevin, this is amazing, I think it's the best over the knee spanking video ever made! Come see!" I eventually managed to get behind her, she had the video up, but not started. The image was simply Alicia sitting on her chair, the french windows behind her and the clock on the wall. She pressed play and I saw myself enter the frame a little groggily, then lower myself onto her knee, as the spanking started, some music faded in and the time-frame seemed to speed up, the shadows were arching around, and instead of the steady two or three spanks per minute she had administered, the sped up time meant it looked like a fast and furious affair. Eventually I saw myself struggling, then stop, the injection was well hidden. In a few more minutes of furious spanking she'd slowed the time-frame down. I watched her finish, then push me off her knee onto the floor and walk out of frame.

I had to admit it was very hot... It was an intense video... She looked up at me and smiled, "You like?" I nodded, "I'm in serious pain right now... But I have to admit that is an incredible video, almost arty..." She grinned cheekily, "We have to do more of these!" I started backing away, "I don't know..." She rolled her eyes at me, "Not now silly! Wait until you've recovered! My hand needs a rest too!" I chuckled softly, "Hmmm, well maybe..." She raised an eyebrow at this, "Maybe? No, if I say it's time for spanking, it's time for a spanking." I could have resisted, but her voice, her face... It made me melt every time, "Yes Alicia." She looked thoughtful

for a moment, "How about Mistress Alicia? You can be my chaste, spanking slave?" I shrugged, "I'm hoping Samantha is going to let me out of this thing soon." Alicia giggled, "I'd like to keep you in it.. It makes me feel... Hmmm, it's just so... I love the thought of you trapped in your little metal underwear, unable to get hard... It makes me so happy just thinking about it."

The thought of being trapped in the belt was bad, I'd been in on and off pain since having it fitted, but somehow Alicia holding the key would make it worthwhile.

We spent the morning together, and actually behaved rather like a normal couple, she ran me a hot bath to help my tortured muscles. She climbed in with me, and we enjoyed an intimate bath, washing each other... I'd never felt happier and it did loosen the stiffness up a little. We took a walk in the countryside afterwards, walking through fields and woods, hand in hand... We talked a little, but didn't really need to - we just enjoyed being with each other. That evening she cooked another fantastic chinese meal, and we spent the evening snuggled up on the sofa watching the television. We had an early night, and she made passionate love to my clip-on dildo again, and I we fell asleep in each other's arms for a third night in a row.

The following day at work, Alicia drove me to work. It was a good thing as I still couldn't sit down, I had to press my shoulders against the seat back, causing my bum to hover over the car seat. Any pot holes or bumps in the road caused me to grimace with pain. When we arrived at work it was back to business as usual, but I couldn't sit down, I spent the entire day avoiding sitting down and Alicia was having to type one handed. We were both taking pain killers. Just before lunch time Samantha called us into her office. We stood in front of her desk while she sat, "Hmmpf, I know what you two were up to at the weekend... I've seen your video on YouTube. First of all I'm glad you're getting along so well now, frankly Kevin I'm surprised you let her do it to you." I was looking down shamefaced now, Alicia was looking a little uncomfortable too. Samantha continued, "Anyway, what you do in your own time is none of my business... Until it affects your work, Kevin, could you take a seat please?" I looked at the chair, "I'd rather stand thanks." She glared at me and pointed with her pencil, "Sit!" Gingerly I lowered myself towards the chair, trying to support myself on the arms so as not to press on my ruined posterior. "Now, lift your arms, up..." I could feel the pain already, putting my weight

on my bottom on this hard chair would be torture! "But I...", "Now!" I allowed myself to drop and yelped in pain, panting and trying to ease the pressure with my feet. Samantha chuckled at me, "Now do you think that is a good state to be at work? Think carefully before you answer - or I might strap you to the chair." I groaned, "No Miss Fisher." , "That's right! Now Alicia, I aren't going to make you type something for me, I'd like to think you know better... You know how keen I am on productivity, don't let anything like this happen again, or there will be repercussions." Alicia nodded submissively, "Yes Miss Fisher." She looked down at her paperwork, "That's it - you can both go..." And so we left...

Alicia and I were now effectively an item, we got through the rest of the day and each day it got easier and easier. As the weeks drew on, we spent more and more time together out of work. We always ate lunch together and by the time my posterior had recovered I had my flat being rented out by an agency and I'd moved in with Alicia. We operated as a normal couple, my only frustration was the belt Samantha had locked me into. Occasionally I would ask her about removing it, but every time she said that it had to stay on for my own good and to stop asking about it.

Part of me wanted to rebel against this, but part of me accepted it, because I knew Alicia loved me being in the belt.

In time I was fully recovered.

After this point we were both at work, and we were sitting eating our lunches in the usual spot. Alicia was more touchy feely than usual, I paused in between bites, "Everything okay?" She chortled, "Better than okay, I've been reading up about something I want to try with you." I raised an eyebrow, "Not more spanking? I thought you'd got that out of your system?" She laughed softly then shook her head, "Don't be silly, I've just been giving you time to recover... I've been on the internet and I've read about something... I read it this morning and it's got me so hot!" I leaned back in my chair, "Well, you should be careful, Samantha would go spare if she knew you were expanding your BDSM horizons in work time." Alicia shrugged, "It was my coffee break, anyway, I'm going to do this to you tonight, but It's got me so hot... Can we have sex now? It is lunchtime?" My jaw dropped... "I... I... I erm, I don't have my penis!" It was quite humiliating, but she'd been making love to my clip on penis almost every night. She gave me a sly look, "No... But you have your

tongue!" I looked left and right in a panic, "Alicia! I can't... What if we get caught?" Alicia smirked, "We won't most people are out.. I'm so turned on, I doubt it will take a second! Come on!" With that she was dragging me off to the toilets.

By now I'd realised most of her wardrobe consisted of chinese style dresses and business suits, today she was wearing the latter. When we entered the toilets, she ran down the line to check the stalls were empty - they were. Then she led me by the hand into the far stall and shut the door. She pulled her skirt up, and her tights and panties down, then perched herself on top of the cistern, gesturing for me to sit on the folded down seat. Soon I was burying my face in her crotch, licking furiously and exploring all her genitalia with my tongue. She eventually grabbed my head and started rocking it back and forth while rotating her hips in a swirling pattern. She was smearing pussy juice all over my face and moaning softly, then she came and pulled my face deep into her crotch, I couldn't breathe, my mouth was full of pussy juice and she held me there for a few minutes until the orgasm had subsided.

She looked down at me laughed, "Hah! You'd better wash your face!" With that she pushed me away, sorted herself out and was gone. I started washing my face, and pulled a few pubic hairs from my teeth. As I left the toilets, I saw Alicia following Samantha sheepishly...

I returned to my desk, and continued with my work, when I got a telephone call, it was Kim, asking me to report to Sam's office. I obeyed and saw Alicia was already in there looking guilty. Samantha looked me up and down. "Kevin, I saw what just happened in the toilets... After your little incident I thought I'd better get some extra camera's installed. I didn't think I'd be catching my senior members of staff up to shenanigans though. However, I told you, you were at the bottom of the hierarchy, and I've reviewed the footage and Alicia clearly instigated your little scene... So I'm not going to punish you this time. In future, if any member of staff tries to instigate any sexual behaviour on works premises - you are to refuse and report them to me. You may go."

I left, looking over my shoulder at Alicia, wondering what kind of trouble she would be in.

I didn't get the chance to speak to her that afternoon, it was only in the car

on the way back to Alicia's cottage I managed to ask her, "How did it go with Sam?" Alicia had been very quiet up to this point, "Hmmpf, she's suspended me for one week... I can't believe it!" I thought about the conversation we'd had at lunch time, thinking I could cheer her up, "Oh well, there's this 'thing' this surprise you said you had for me tonight.. " She shrugged softly, "I don't know if I feel like it now... I can't believe she's suspended me!" I sighed, "Well, it might cheer you up..." She chuckled at this, it was good to see her smile, "Hmmm, you might not be so keen if you knew what it was..."

Eventually we were back and Alicia made dinner. She'd changed into the little shiny black dress, which she'd administered the twelve hour spanking in... After dinner she ushered me into the living room, demanding a moment to get ready. I sat and waited, until she returned and led me by the hand back into the kitchen. Her chair was out, her camera was setup and there was a second chair, with a tray and a tea towel over it. I looked at it, "What's this?" She sat and pointed at her knee, "Your surprise, come on, over my knee it's time for your spanking." I'd not been over her knee for a few weeks now, not since the twelve hour ordeal. The memory was still fresh though, I started backing away, "Alicia I..." She glared at me, "You said you loved me, yet you don't want my surprise? Get over my knee now! Pass your wrists to me, so I restrain you!" She was so commanding... Almost involuntarily I found myself laying myself over her knee. She gripped my wrists and checked my neck with her elbow, "That's a good boy... The camera is already rolling, so I'm going to explain what I'm going to do you.", I saw the tea towel thrown on the floor, and land behind her high heeled feet. I still had no idea what was on the tray, "Kevin, have you ever heard of 'figging' ?" , "No..." Alicia pulled my trousers down with her spanking hand. "Well, today I'm going to teach you about it. It comes from the practice of horse traders, inserting a fig into the anus of an old horse, to make it seem lively and young. Anyway, the Victorians supposedly had another use for it. What I'm going to do is insert a butt plug up your anus, but it's a special one, I've just carved it out of raw ginger. Now once it's inserted, I'm going to give you a good spanking, but here's the delicious bit, normally you clench your buttocks together to protect yourself and ease the pain? Well, when you do that, you will squeeze the ginger, like a sponge, squeezing nice stinging ginger juice into your sensitive posterior... So you're left with a choice, either take the spanking with as much pain as possible, by relaxing your buttocks, or try to tense them up for protection, but in doing so... Cause the ginger to

squeeze more juice out and sting more... Breath in, I'm going to insert your ginger now..."

I was about to protest then I felt it probe gently, then a hard shove and I was on fire. She was holding my wrists firmly and giggling at my wriggling and writhing, "How does it feel?" I tried to raise my head, but she shoved it down with her elbow, "Aaargh! Take it out! Take it out!" She held me firmly, "Try to relax... Un-tense your buttocks... Good..." As I complied it did ease off, it took a conscious attempt to relax to make a difference, but it did. She caressed my bottom with her spare hand, "Oh, I forgot, it's an aphrodisiac too... So you might get a bit of pain in the belt... Try to relax, the more you can relax your buttocks and take your spanking, the less it will sting. I'm going to start now."

Instinctively I tensed up, squeezing the ginger and causing me to cry out, "Try to relax!" I complied... Smack! I felt it right down to the bone, it hurt rather more than a normal smack, but it was better than the double whammy of the ginger stinging me and my penis impaling itself on the spikes. She was giggling and laughing now, spanking me harder and harder... Every so many strokes I would forget and instinctively tense up, then howl with pain while she whispered into me ear, "Try to relax Kevin, nice and relaxed for me... Good..." Smack!

Again, on the one hand it was torture, but it was exquisite torture... It was sensory overload and through the pain, I was in strange submissive heaven, forced to choose between tensing and maximising my pain from the ginger or relaxing and allowing her to deliver a devilishly painful spanking.

Eventually the ginger wore off, and she decided I'd had enough. We turned in for another night, again, she rode me to orgasm, and we fell asleep embracing, my cock jabbing hard onto the spikes in my belt.

The week passed slowly at work, having to say goodbye in the mornings and eat lunch alone was depressing. Several other members of staff seemed to be trying to woo me, or at least discover how serious I was about Alicia. The fact was I was very much in love with Alicia, and I couldn't bear to think about anybody else. I got on well with my work, and Alicia and I spent a wonderful weekend together as well as evenings.

When Alicia returned to work, Samantha was waiting for us in reception, "Ahhh... Good morning you to, Alicia, my office - now!"

I went to my desk wondering what sort of trouble Alicia was in now...

As it happened I didn't see her until lunchtime. When I did see her, she looked somehow... Humbled? Almost in tears? There was something about her clothes too... They were somehow ill fitting, particularly her breast area... I was sitting in our usual seat and watched her walk over, she seemed to take tiny baby steps. She sat opposite me and I looked at her, "Alicia? Is everything okay?" She nodded, "I'm still here aren't I?" I formed a puzzled look on my face, "What's the matter then?" She sighed deeply, "I'll tell you later..." We ate in silence, then stood and she embraced me harder than she'd ever embraced me before... That's when I felt her chest, it felt hard... Rigid even... I looked at her, "What..." She pressed a finger onto my lips, "I'll tell you later... I'll see you after work."

And she hobbled off.

After work we met on the car park and unusually Alicia asked me to drive. It was an uneasy car journey, filled with silence.

Once we were back at Alicia's cottage we entered the living room area. I looked her up and down, "Alicia, what's the matter?"

She slowly started getting undressed. The dress she'd been wearing had been hiding a full chastity ensemble. Thigh loops, chastity belt, front shield, chastity bra and collar - all linked together by chains to make it impossible to remove. I chuckled, "Hah! She got you too eh?" Alicia looked hurt at this, "I had to put it on! She's threatened to sack me and distribute the video of us in the toilets!" I raised an eyebrow, "Oh well, you know how I feel now... Frustrating isn't it?" She jangled her chains softly, and tried to squeeze a finger behind the belt, "Oh Kevin, you have to help me orgasm!"

I walked around her, she looked so hot... There something really evocative about the full chastity ensemble... But it also looked very secure... I tried a finger in the belt, the bra... It was so fitted I don't think I could have slipped a piece of paper behind. "Any ideas on how? Can you spread your legs?" She lay on the sofa and tried to separate her legs, but the thigh

loops kept them closed.

Frustrated she stood up, "Wait here! " Then she darted upstairs and returned with a vibrator. "Here, try rubbing it up and down over the front shield!" She lay back and I turned it on, I rubbed it slowly up and down over the front shield, soon she was getting wet and liquid was running through the fine holes in the front shield, "Oh Kevin, keep going, keep... Argh!" Suddenly she'd pushed me away and was tearing at the two steel domes covering her breasts. "Aaargh! Argh! Help!" I looked at her confused, "What's the matter?" Her arousal subsided, when it did she was in tears... She looked down at her steel domed breasts, "I... I don't know... I think there must be... I think there's something in the bra, so when I get aroused, my nipples become erect... Then they get pinched or pierced or something! Oh, it was unbearable!" I looked at her pityingly...

I so wanted to give her an orgasm, more than myself, I grabbed her and we embraced... I didn't know what I could do for her... I thought about taping a knitting needle to the vibrator and trying to slide it behind the belt or poke it through the front shield, but even if it worked - it would cause her breasts to be tortured...

I pulled away and looked down at her, I could think of only one thing I could offer her, "Alicia, do you want to spank me?" She sighed deeply, "That's very kind of you to offer... But I..." I looked at her pleadingly, "Please, it always cheers you up!" She chuckled softly at this, "Hmmm, that is true..." So the next thing I knew it she was seated, and I was naked except my belt and over her knee again, this time feeling the thigh loops under me and the steel chastity bra pressing onto me. She gripped my wrists firmly and started... Smack! Smack! Smack! "Aarrhgh!" I tumbled to the floor as she stood, throwing me off and started tearing and pulling at the chastity bra, her eyes streaming and her face going red.

When it had subsided she sat down and started crying, I climbed to my feet and hugged her. Our chastity belts were clanging together. So now Samantha had both of us locked in chastity. I was getting used to it, but I couldn't bear for Alicia to be in this state.

That was the first night Alicia went to sleep unhappy and without an orgasm. Instead she wrapped her arms around me and legs around my legs as if she couldn't get close enough to me. I felt the chastity bra

pushing against my chest, our chastity belts clicked together and I felt the thigh loops with my knee. I fell asleep first for the first time, when I drifted off Alicia was crying hard into my shoulder and quivering softly.

When I woke the next day Alicia was still fast asleep.

I got out of bed and made Alicia a cup of coffee and brought her breakfast in bed. I sat admiring her slumber for a while before the smell of fresh coffee woke her up. I think at first she was happy, that she'd forgotten her predicament... Then she looked stunned and pulled the covers down to reveal her constrictive chastity ensemble. Immediately she began testing every joint, seeing if she could slide a finger in... "Aargh! I thought it was a nightmare!" she was sitting up in bed now, reaching behind her and testing the padlock holding the bra on. I sighed deeply, "We already tried that..."

She dropped her hands and looked at me pleadingly, "I have to get this off, it'd driving me mad!" I handed her the cup, "Here, have some coffee... Hmm, if we could get it off - I don't know what Samantha would..." she took the cup off me, "I don't care! We'll have breakfast, then we're going to the shed and we're getting this off me!" I slid her the tray, cereal, milk, toast and fruit juice. She started eating, I chuckled softly, "You weren't so concerned about me getting out of mine!" She swallowed, then smiled at me, "Oh, but I like you in yours... I don't even know if I'm, bothered about having your key... It might be nice to wear it around my neck - to remind you that you're mine... But I don't think I'd ever want to let you out!"

"Hmmp, I'm frustrated too you know!" She munched her toast, sipped the coffee and swallowed, "I know, but I love it, you're so meek and... It's cute... I think all men should be forced to wear chastity belts."

We finished breakfast and put dressing gowns on to make our way to the garage. It was very remote and a warm summers morning so there was no risk of being seen. Her garage was actually surprisingly well equipped. She started by pulling some bolt croppers off the wall, "Here, try these, see if you can break the chain connecting the thigh loops together." I took them and fitted them around the chain, I threw all my weight into it, but nothing was happening, "It's not coming... I think it must me some special anti-bolt crop material..." She pointed to a hacksaw hanging up, "Get the hacksaw, see if you can cut through my waistband!" I tried, the steel was

very shiny and it was hard to do without catching her skin, eventually I had the right angle but nothing seemed to be happening... "Saw harder, faster!" I sped up... "Aaargh! Stop, stop! Get some water!" I stopped and it cooled - you couldn't see where I'd been cutting... She scuttled to the workbench and picked up a small angle grinder with a cutting disc installed.

I looked apprehensive, it seemed dangerous operating a machine like that so close to skin and if the heat from the hacksaw had been uncomfortable? She rolled her eyes at me, "Not the waistband, try and separate the thigh loops!" I plugged it in, knelt down and started it spinning. There weren't the sparks normal associated with angle grinding, the metal started to glow softly, then the disk broke and whizzed past my face, narrowly missing me. I switched it off and looked at the chain, it was unmarked. "Sorry Alicia, nothing!" She whimpered, "Try the chain strap holding the bra to the collar!"

The process continued for some time, trying various perceived weak points, nothing would even mark. She was sitting on the garage floor crying, while I looked around trying to think of ideas... Then I had a thought, "Alicia, stand up..." She stood, "Now turn around." She span on her heel, "What are you thinking?" I looked at the rear of her chastity belt, it had a slit instead of a hole for pooping. I tried a little finger... Nothing, it was too narrow, I reached behind to me own and found the same style... We were prevented from having anal sex with strap ons even.

"Sorry Alicia... I don't think there's anything we can do.... Hmmm, what time is it?" realisation grew on Alicia's face, "We're supposed to be at work! Come on!"

And so we had to rush to get ready and drive at break-neck speed to get the office in time. It was all even harder for Alicia, the thigh loops meant she couldn't wear panties, she couldn't pull them up, and not being able to separate her legs made every aspect of dressing difficult. She managed it with my help and just about made it to the office on time. When we got there Samantha was in reception talking to Kim, she turned to us as we entered, then glanced at the clock, "Ahh... Just in time - I thought I was going to have to give you a verbal warning." I glared at her, "Samantha, can we see you in your office? Now?" She shrugged, "As long as you don't take up too much of my time - I'm going to be very busy today."

Soon we were standing in front of Samantha's desk, and she was sitting behind it. I scowled at her, "This has gone far enough!" She looked puzzled, "What has?" I pointed to Alicia, then pointed to my own Chastity belt, "I demand you remove these devices this instant." Samantha chuckled at this, "Oh, I don't think you're in any position to demand anything... If you want to remain employable that is... Besides - it's your own doing. Seeing as neither of you seem to be able to control your libido's, It's up to me to teach you to control your libido's and in the meantime to keep those libido's under lock and key. Now you've taken up too much of my time, get to work..." I stared at her almost in disbelief, "But... When are you letting us out?" She chuckled again, "Who said I was? I rather like how you're both so much more focused on your work! Maybe I should make Alicia's ensemble, the company uniform? I've noticed a few of the girls getting distracted by you Kevin, that would be a solution wouldn't it? Now get out, get back to work, if you want a modicum of a chance of being released, you need to please me. Now go."

I filed out with Alicia behind me, the sound of Samantha tapping at her keyboard started before we'd left. The only thing we could do was focus on our work and try to not to get aroused. We still ate lunch every day, we still fell asleep in each other's arms every night, and we learned to appreciate kissing on a whole new level. Lying in bed together each night, her chastity bra pressing against me, our chastity belts clicking together and her thigh loop connection tickling my leg which passed through hers... It was very erotic, especially as we found ourselves kissing more and more enthusiastically. The spankings stopped, Alicia had tried on a couple of occasions to give me a spanking, but it was one aspect of her physical arousal she couldn't control. Each time I'd be in position, receive a few strokes, then she throw me off screaming and tearing at the bra with tears in her eyes...

The weeks passed by, and despite our predicaments, we found ourselves falling more and more in love.

Our work improved, it had to be said Samantha's training was effectively paying off. One day after a good day at work I found myself waiting in reception for Alicia. She didn't turn up. Eventually Samantha came through and started locking up, "Have you seen Alicia?" I asked, Samantha frowned, "She didn't tell you?" I shook my head, "Tell me what?" Samantha sighed, "Her father's been taken ill so she'd had to take

the next flight back to China. She said you were looking after her house?" I fell in line, walking after Samantha, "She never mentioned anything to me!"

Samantha shrugged, "Maybe she couldn't find you? Or didn't have time?" I frowned, "And you're making her go through airport security wearing her chastity ensemble?" Samantha laughed out loud, "No, that would be too cruel! Although it would be fun wouldn't it? Can you imagine the metal detectors? Or the look on the security peoples face when they forced her to strip to her metal underwear? Hmmm, thinking about it maybe I should have kept her locked up - it would have been priceless!"

I was relieved Alicia had been set free but was a little unnerved at the further evidence of Samantha's sadism. We exited the building and she locked up, "Actually Kevin, as you're here, I wonder if you could do me a favour? It's a fun one, might get you in my good books? Maybe count towards releasing you from your belt?" I raised an eyebrow, "What sort of favour?" She pointed at the Ariel Atom, "I want to get my Atom home tonight, it's about an hour's drive - it might even be fun." I stammered, "I... Am... Am I insured?!" She nodded, "Yep, everyone who works for the company who is over twenty one is insured." I'd always wanted to drive a car like the Ariel Atom, it was basically a four wheeled motorcycle, essentially no doors, no roof no windscreen... A plastic seat, an engine and a steering wheel. "I'll do it!" She smirked, "Good, you can follow me."

She handed me the key and vanished behind the building. When she returned, she was behind the wheel of a bright orange Lamborghini Aventador. She wound the window open and called to me, "Well? Ready?"

And she was off. The Atom was actually surprisingly easy to drive, though you constantly felt like you were driving it at 10% of what it could be driven. It was still exciting; it almost took my mind off Alicia's almost bizarre vanishing act. I followed the Lamborghini and smiled at people as we drove through the town. Unfortunately we were only on the road for five minutes before it started pouring down.

The rain was relentless, the seat was filling up, the foot well was filling up, and the constant wind from driving was creating a horrible wind-chill factor. My clothes were soaked right through, there was no heater... We

got caught in slow traffic from time to time, at which drivers of normal cars would point and laugh at me. By the time we were pulling through her majestic stone gateposts, I was drenched to the bone, cold and miserable...

I followed her around to the side of her huge, stone, stately home and parked in the large hangar like barn at the rear. There were several other exotic cars parked up, some I couldn't name. When she got out of the Lambo, dry as a bone and looking comfortable, she looked genuinely concerned for me, "Oh, you poor dear... We'd better get you inside and get you out of those wet clothes!"

I followed her through the barn, there was a covered walkway allowing us to enter the house. Once inside we were in a large utility area, with a black and white tiled floor. It was a huge, very grand house. She turned to me, "Okay, strip, I'll get those washed for you." I took my clothes off down to my metal underpants. It was warm in the house, but I was so cold from the drive I was shivering, "You poor thing! I think you need a nice hot bath, then I'll get you something to wear."

So I followed her through to the main house up the grand staircase and into a luxurious bathroom, with a central roll top bath. She gestured to a chair for me to sit on in the corner and began running the taps. I shuffled uneasily in the chair, "You live here alone?" She nodded, "Mmmm, hmm, well... Nearly alone... You like?" I looked up at the crystal chandelier hanging in the bathroom... Everything was tastefully done and looked super expensive, it was the most amazing house I'd ever been in, "It's an amazing place you have..." She stood up to wait for the bath to fill, "Thank you, I'm glad you like it."

She gestured for me to enter the bath so I climbed in, it felt so good after nearly freezing to death in the Atom. Without speaking she poured some shampoo on my head and started massaging it in. I looked up at her, "Th...There's really no..." She shrugged, "It's the least I can do, I feel terrible you getting caught in the rain like that. Now hush... Try to relax, I'll wash your hair for you, then go and find you some clothes while you relax."

When she'd finished I lay back in the bath, it was so comfortable... I almost forgot about Alicia... I couldn't believe she'd left without even

saying goodbye,

The water eventually started going tepid, I'd washed thoroughly, and was starting to want to get out. Eventually I climbed stiffly to my feet and fetched a towel off the rail which looked clean. I started drying myself thoroughly. While I was drying myself I noticed a strange volume of body hair coming off in the towel. By the time I was fully dry, my body was completely smooth and hairless from the neck down! Samantha returned, "Ahhh, you're out.. I thought you'd gone to sleep in there...", "I think I did..." She chuckled, "Come on, I couldn't decide what to give you to wear, so you can choose." I pointed at my hairless body, "What's this!?" she raised an eyebrow, "Looks like you used my hair removal cream to wash with... Cute.. I like you like that." I grabbed the bottle of what I'd thought was body wash and inspected it closely. It was very hard to identify, but in small print it said on the back near the bottom. 'Super strength hair removal body wash, does not affect head hair, eyebrows or eyelashes, but safely removes hair and prevents future growth for up to six weeks.' I groaned and put it down. She chuckled, "You look nice... Anyway it'll grow back... Eventually..." She led me through to one her many bedrooms, it was high ceiled and decked out with antique furniture, including a beautiful four poster bed. She gestured to the bed, there was a ball gown, a ladies business suit and small skimpy, party dress. "Here's your underwear." She said as she passed me a bundle including panties, stockings, suspender belt, corset and bra... I looked at her in horror, "You must be kidding!" She shrugged, "I live alone, I only have female clothes here - you're lucky I think some of my old things will fit you, I've lost a bit of weight - I think they'll fit though."

I looked at the three outfits, "Haven't you got anything a little less feminine?" She shrugged again, "Nope, I never liked jeans and tee shirts, I like to dress feminine, so this is literally it. There might be other things, but whatever way you look at it, it's ultra-feminine female or naked, and I can't see me driving you back to the office, then you driving home in the nude." I pulled my face, "I could wait until my clothes have dried and..." she suddenly looked guilty, "Ahh... I erm, I'm afraid there's been a bit of a problem there..." , "Samantha!" She sighed, "Look it's not my fault, something's gone wrong with the washer dryer! ", "Samantha!" , "They're um, all ruined..." I glared at her, "Ruined?!" She carefully handed me what looked like a shrivelled up, shrunken version of my boxer shorts, As I took them, bits crumbled in my hand and fell off. When I tried to unfold

them, they fell into scraps of dry brittle cloth and dust..

"I'm sorry Kevin! I don't know how it's happened!" I glared at the mess of dust and brittle scraps of cloth in my hand, "And they're all like this!?" She nodded, "Sorry... You can look at some more clothes if you like? I have lots of erm, dresses and blouses and skirts and erm, I'm sorry I only ever buy lacy, satin underwear..." I held up the female underwear I'd been handed, "I don't see why I have to wear the full set? I don't see why I have to wear underwear at all!" She giggled, "Well I thought seeing as there was no option but to give you female clothes, I thought what the heck - we might as well have some fun with it!"

I looked at the window, it was dark now... I thought about going back to the cottage, but somehow I didn't want to be there without Alicia... Why hadn't she spoken to me? I shrugged, "Hmmp! Well... I can't... Hmmp!" She leaned closer, "Oh go on, it'll be fun? Just a little fun? It would please me! I could have so much fun feminizing you... It'd count towards letting you out of that belt?"

I tried to rationalize it - a night of being lonely, wondering where Alicia was and why she'd chosen to leave without so much as a word... Or a night working towards getting out of this accursed belt! I bent down and stepped into the panties, they were satin with black lace, Samantha smiled encouragingly, "Good... Good boy - now pull them up! Now hold your arms out... Good..." The next thing I knew she was feeding the bra onto my arms then clipping it together behind. Before I could protest she produced another pair of stockings and started shoving them into the cups on my bra, "This'll give the clothes a better shape, have you chosen yet?"

I looked at the three outfits, they were all incredibly feminine, while I was looking she reached around me with the satin purple corset and fastened it at the front. Then she began tightening the laces at the back. "Breathe in! Have you decided what you're wearing yet?" It was taking my breath away, she pulled tighter and tighter, squeezing my waist hard, I could hardly breathe... Then she tied it off, she then reached down and started fitting me with the suspender belt and suspenders. "I... I really don't want to..." She held one stocking out, "Come on, put your stockings on! Shall I choose for you then? I think I know what I'd choose!" I groaned, "I've changed my mind... I want to go home..." She pointed at the stockings, "Put your stockings on now - or I will destroy the keys to your belt and you

will NEVER get out. I've chosen, I think we'll have you in the ball gown. Now... Stockings!"

I was quivering now, I didn't dare disobey, she was clearly a little crazy and I didn't want the keys destroying. I thought about tackling her, but if I did over-power her who was to say I could get the keys out of her anyway? I sighed and pulled the stockings on. She fixed them with suspenders, then held up the gown. It was a beautiful royal blue, thickly lined with a flowing skirt and a shiny satin finish. Reluctantly I stepped in and allowed her to feed the long sleeves onto my arms, then fasten up the buttons at the back. As she was fastening I tried to help by reaching behind me, but the arms were so tight I couldn't get my hands past my waist to get to the back. I tried reaching up, to see if I could fasten the top button at the nape of the neck, but my arms simply wouldn't bend there in the tight thickly lined dress. Samantha saw what I was doing and chuckled, "Hah! Thanks for the thought, but I'm afraid you can't help me with this one! I could never reach and I had more room than you in it!" I felt her zip me up, then fasten the buttons, it was a snug fit. The soft, silky lining flowing about my legs, the corset constricting me... It was sensory overload again and soon my long learned control of my erections was thrown out of the window as my penis started impaling itself hard on the spikes in my belt.

Samantha pushed me back onto the bed, "I'll get your shoes!" Before I could protest she grabbed a pair of sharp 6" heels, with straps and fitted them to me feet one by one, doing the buckles as tightly as she could, "I can't walk in these! Haven't you got anything lower?" She shrugged, "I always wear 6", you'll get used to it." I groaned and tried to reach down to loosen the buckle by a hole, but the dress was so tight and heavily lined, combined with the corset - I couldn't reach! I strained to reach again, grunting softly, "I can't reach! Can you undo one buckle Samantha?" She shook her head, "No dear, Samantha knows best and they'll be more comfortable, nice and tight... We don't want you twisting your ankle. Come on!"

With that she headed through the door, I struggled to my feet and tried to follow her. It was very hard walking in the heels, partly the height, partly the sharpness and partly the fact that I couldn't see my feet under the flowing gown. She was chuckling as she led me across her long landing, "Heel toe, only put your weight down when you have your toes and heel on the floor... Try to swing your hips in a feminine gait - that will help!"

Reluctantly I complied, trying to copy her. It was hard but I was able to stay upright. She eventually led me into her bedroom then pointed at the seat in front of her dressing table. "Sit!" I looked at the female products about the table in horror, "Samantha!" She tutted softly, "The more complaints the more weeks I'm sentencing you to stay in your belt. You want out? You'd better stop complaining and start obeying." With a heavy heart I sat. The mirror was adorned with lots of bright lights and some magnification, I felt very vulnerable, but before I could speak Samantha had already started applying foundation. She worked very hard, moving from one side to the other, seemingly applying layer after layer of make-up. Foundation, lipstick, mascara, eye-liner, she really went to town. After a while she stood back and admired me in the mirror, I looked decidedly feminine. She rubbed her chin thoughtfully, "Hmmm, I think we're getting there... We're just missing a few things aren't we?" I looked puzzled.... She grabbed my ears, "Hmmm, not pierced? We'll soon sort that out!" I opened my mouth to complain - then remembered her warning and sat there quietly while she fetched a pin. Before I knew it she'd fitted me out with two dangly diamond ear rings, very dainty, very feminine.

She flicked them with her fingers, "There! They suit you... Hmmm, there's still something missing though isn't there?" I groaned, I knew what she was going to suggest. She opened one of her wardrobes to reveal a selection of wigs. She chose one, a long blonde, natural looking wig and brought it over. For a few minutes she clipping, testing and adjusting, then she stood back and smiled to herself, "Very pretty... I think you make a wonderful girl... " I'll just fit you with some nails... ", "Nails!?" She opened the dresser drawer and pulled out a box of ridiculously long false nails. "Hands out, hold them steady for me. I'll glue these on first, then we'll paint them." I held my hands out and watched her glue the nails on, then paint them one by one. I felt ridiculous, and in agony. Throughout the process of being feminized my penis was driving itself harder and harder onto the spikes. I was sure there'd be blood on my knickers...

I looked up at Samantha, "Can I go now?" She leaned forwards, "Go? But I've not given you any dinner yet! Besides, I'm hungry too - I'm not giving you a lift back to the office to pick up your car - or should I say Alicia's car? Until I've had something to eat, so you may as well have something with me!

With that she led me downstairs, she sat me in her huge dining room and gave me a glass of red wine before retreating to the kitchen. Before long we were sitting eating dinner, Samantha smiling permanently, me exceedingly uncomfortable, fully feminized and constantly being tortured by the cruel belt. As we finished Samantha took a good long look at me, "Kevin, hmmm, Kiera? Kelly? Cassandra?" I frowned at her, "Samantha..." She shrugged and sipped her wine, "Well Cassandra, the thing is... Hmmm, how can I put it? I don't like men... I prefer women, in every way. Hiring you was a hmmm, necessary evil? It fulfilled some requirements... I didn't envisage your effect on Alicia though... Her work has really been affected and I thought... Hmmm, well that's all sorted now anyway." I raised an eyebrow... She swirled her wine glass then sipped it, "Femininity becomes you Cassandra... I think I've found a potential solution our office 'distraction' problem we have..." I put my cutlery down, "What are you suggesting?!" She grinned, "You start to live as a woman, full time, we can say you've decided to be a woman! That will maintain my balance of one hundred percent female staff, then if I need a male for a photo-shoot, we can undress you and un-belt you for the pictures then re-feminize you afterwards, once we've got you belted back up of course."

I scowled at her, "I won't do it! I won't live as a woman!" She raised an eyebrow, "Oh you must like it in that belt Cassandra, you must want to stay in it forever." I stood up and walked briskly around the table, forming my hand into a fist, I'd literally had enough... She laughed at me threat though, "Oh Cassandra, I wouldn't do that if I were you... I know how fond you've become of Alicia, and wouldn't like anything to happen to her." I lowered my hand, "She's in China visiting her father!" Samantha rose, "Shall I show you where she really is? Follow!"

I followed awkwardly, wobbling in my high heels, as my silky dress wafted about my legs. Eventually Samantha led me into a grand room, set out something like a living room, one wall was dominated by a huge mirror. Samantha led me up to the mirror, "Look at yourself, don't you look pretty?" I did! I looked like an attractive young woman, "What is this about Samantha?" She reached up and hit a switch on the side wall. The mirror slowly faded to become see through. The other side of the mirror was clearly decked out as some kind of twisted BDSM Dungeon. On one wall I could see a man, in chastity, restrained, hanging upside down by his ankles, writhing around while a machine continually inserted and removed a giant dildo from his ass. On the other side of the room I could

see a naked young lady, in full chastity, restrained to the wall. Her hands and head had a sort of steel sphere clam shell surrounding them. I couldn't see the face - but I knew it was Alicia. Her ankles were restrained holding her onto a curved pole which ran from the wall, above the link in her thigh loops forcing her weight onto it through her crotch. Her legs were covered in mess, after a few seconds I worked out how. Every so often the pole appeared to start vibrating vigorously, causing her to go a little floppy and moan softly, then start screaming and writhing about as her nipples were tortured into submission by the chastity bra. She was being kept in a state of high arousal, but not allowed to orgasm. Pussy juice was running through the urine holes on the belt and staining the inside of her legs.

I glared at Samantha, then clicked in my heels to grab a chair which had been pulled up to a desk. It was difficult in the tightly fitting dress, but I managed to swing the chair at the giant mirror. It bounced off harmlessly, I tried again...

My arms were burning, I was hammering the chair into the mirror. Samantha just stood there watching me bemused, "It won't work... That's bomb proof glass..." I threw the chair down, "Let her go!" Samantha shook her head, "No... And there's nothing you can do to make me... Or is there?" , "What do you want me to do ?" She pointed to the floor, "On your back! NOW or Alicia will spend the rest of her days in a constant state of torment... Good.." It was awkward getting down onto the floor in the dress, but I managed it. My arms were almost immobile by the dress, I was helpless to stop Samantha when she lowered her panties and pulled her skirt up, lowering her pussy onto my face, "Now Cassandra, I want you to service me orally... And you'd better do a good job sweetie, or I'm going to suffocate you with my pussy..." With that she lowered her pussy onto my face forcing my nose and mouth into the crease between her labia. She was dripping wet, pussy juice was running into my mouth and me penis was literally being stabbed by the spikes in the belt. "Now lick Cassandra, lick as if your life depended on it?" Almost in tears, I started gingerly at first, then faster... She started rocking her hips back and forth and moaning softly, then she reached behind her to grab my head and force my face into her pussy. My mouth, my eyes, were stinging with pussy juice and Samantha started rocking back and forth grinding her pussy against my face, panting softly, "Keep your mouth open Cassandra, when I come, I want you to swallow every drop of pussy juice!"

I complied and she sped up. Soon she was moaning and almost squirting hot, sticky pussy juice into the back of my throat. Then she collapsed onto me, almost smothering me with her pussy. I couldn't breathe I started struggling, eventually, just as I was about to pass out, she rolled off me... "Oh Cassandra... That was amazing..." I felt like being sick, I tried to get up, but the dress made it impossible, "Samantha! Why are you doing this to us?" She grabbed my shoulders and pulled me to my feet, teetering on my heels. She smiled at me, "Why not? I can do whatever I please, really... I would've preferred Alicia... Wow is she hot... But she's not willing, so I thought about you two... I don't think she's as besotted with you as you are with her... She wouldn't have been my sex slave for you, but I've seen how you look at her... I noticed how upset you were when I'd fitted her out in chastity... So by making you my little sissy, sex slave - I can punish her for rejecting me. Now as you've serviced me orally, I am willing to give Alicia a break from her torment, she's been there all afternoon." I watched Samantha approach the wall and hit a button hidden out of sight behind some books. Alicia's wrist, ankle and collar suddenly came free from the wall and the curved pole she been having her crotch pulled down onto retracted. She staggered forwards, the chains still attaching her collar, wrists and ankles to the wall.

I glared at Samantha, "Can she breathe with that thing on her head?" Samantha shrugged, "I think so... There are plenty of air holes in the back of the sphere... She won't get any light though... Still, if you're a good sissy slave... Maybe I'll let her out of it for a bit?" the steel spheres that were locked onto her wrists probing about her body, then the room, I thought I could hear her sobbing.... It was terrible. I wanted to swing for Samantha now... But I couldn't risk it.. She was holding all the cards. I turned to her, and bowed my head, "I'll do whatever you ask Samantha, please just don't do anything else to Alicia." Samantha gave me a satisfied smile, "Good girl... I think you should call me Mistress Samantha from now on, and you can live here. I'll do what I like to Alicia, but if you continue to please me, maybe I'll go a little easier on her - come on, it's time for bed now, tomorrow you start your new life as 'Cassandra'".

The mirror returned, as it faded away I saw Alicia, still confined in her bonds lower herself to the hard stone floor and lie down, sobbing.

Samantha outfitted me with one of her many spare rooms. She gave me a long silky, satin nighty that was decorated with absurd amounts of lace. It

was then I noticed the bars on the window. As she left I heard the door lock click. I tried it and sure enough she'd locked me in... On the plus side she'd helped me out of the constrictive dress. I used the en-suite, tried to remove the make-up, but found it wouldn't budge, neither would the wig. Frustrated and tired I climbed between the red satin sheets and eventually fought my way to sleep.

In the morning, when I woke Samantha was already in the room waiting for me. She was naked and sitting on a small chair with a towel under her. As soon as I woke she smiled at me and pointed at her pussy, "Morning Cassandra, sleep well? Now lick! I want an orgasm before work." I scrambled out of bed and headed over, "I couldn't take the make-up off!" She grabbed my ears as I lowered myself down and pulled my head into her pussy. "Shhhh, of course you couldn't! I used semi-permanent make-up, it'll be much more convenient for you. That's it... Work your tongue up and in... Oooh... Just tickle my clitoris with your tongue... Oooh, Cassandra.... You're going to make an excellent sissy slut for me..."

Eventually she came and smothered me with pussy juice again. She helped me into the suit, complete with nylons, skirt and blouse. She drove the Lamborghini to work, and I sat in silence.... Part of me thinking about Alicia and how I could sort this mess out... But part of me wondering about the gentleman in the dungeon... I'd almost forgotten about him...

A few eyebrows were raised at work, with my sudden descent into cross-dressing. I found it hard to work at first, but in time I forgot about my predicament, at least until I had to see myself in the mirror and remember how hopelessly feminized I was. I soon got on and it was lunch time, instead of the usual routine, Samantha invited me to her office for lunch. I had my doubts about this, but felt there was little I could do but comply. "Ahhh... Cassandra, my little sissy slut... I'm going to be eating caviar for lunch today, can you guess what you're eating?" She said this as I entered, locking the door behind me. Sure enough, I was soon on my knees servicing her orally to orgasm again. I had to get out of this mess.

After lunch I was back onto the licence audit, when something strange struck me. I'd been through some old licences that needed renewing, and noticed a name I wasn't familiar with - a Donald Fisher. It appeared he was at some stage the person running Fisher Creative. I found myself

googling away, trying to find out more about this 'Donald Fisher' after trawling the internet, I found out he'd set up Fisher Creative, then mysteriously this 'Samantha' had taken over about ten years prior.

The days became weeks, Alicia was occasionally allowed to have the darkness helmet off for a while, allowing me to at least see she was okay - but Samantha never allowed me into the room with her. She didn't know I was working to free her. Samantha seemed to setup various different tortures for her two prisoners every night after locking me in my room. Weekends were spent dressed as a sissy maid, cleaning Samantha's huge house. All the while I did more and more research on 'Donald Fisher' and Fisher Creative. At the same time I began practicing picking locks. I had to explore the house and learn how to get to Alicia. I read lots of webpages about picking locks and soon felt confident enough to have a go at the lock on my room. Every night Samantha would lock me in, after forcing me to service her orally, and I would start testing the lock, trying to spin the barrels. After all the research I'd done I managed to finally slide the lock open. I'd removed my heels and was wearing only the satin nighty. It rustled less than the day clothes Samantha had provided and I was able to pad through the huge house silently.

I soon caught up with Samantha, who was confident I was confined in my room and barely looked around to see if anyone was following. She eventually made her way to the library, and left the door ajar. I snuck in after her in the dim light and hid behind a leather wing chair. She climbed the library ladder and seemed to pull a book out and mess with something at the back of the book case.

A door silently opened and Samantha downed the stairs then strode through. I followed at a safe distance, it was a long corridor, dimly lit. Eventually it opened up into the BDSM parlour. When Samantha entered, Alicia was fastened to wall in the same predicament she'd been in when I first saw her, and the man was sitting on the floor with a gag in his mouth, locked into the scavengers daughter, a medieval device, a loop around the neck, connected rigid to a bar which clamped the wrists together and ankles together, holding the victim in an uncomfortable sitting position. She ungagged him, and he spluttered at her, "This has gone far enough Samantha! I demand you release me this instant!" She shook her head, "Now that wouldn't be complying with our agreement would it? Your exact words to me, in fact you gave it to me in writing, 'Keep me prisoner,

torture me every day, but keep me alive and healthy. Do not allow me to change my mind, I want no safe-word, I want my imprisonment to be completely real and indefinite.' you know I memorised it!" The man struggled in his bonds, "I've changed my mind! Release me!" Samantha chuckled, "Do not allow me to change my mind, I want no safe-word, I want my imprisonment to be completely real and indefinite' Well, you got your wish? You wanted to experience the extreme side of BDSM, held captive by a beautiful domme, who tortures you daily at her whim, gives you no safe word and shows no mercy - until the end of your days? I'm fulfilling my end of the bargain. Anyway, in less than five years' time your assets are all signed over to me... I might sell you then... You know I prefer women, or sissies... And frankly Donnie, I don't think I could make you pass. I like my girls to pass... I've decided to give you baby food for tonight's meal."

He began wriggling, trying to free himself, but she'd secured him expertly, "No! I won't eat it!" Samantha unscrewed the cap off a large jar of baby food, "Well, you know I only feed you once a day... I know you must be hungry... Open wide..." Tears in his eyes, I saw Donald Fisher open his mouth while Samantha spooned him baby food. All the while Alicia was restrained behind, occasionally tortured by the vibrating pole. When Samantha had finished feeding Donald, she picked up his gag again, "Open wide Donnie, time for your gag again!" , He closed his mouth, but she held his nose for moment, he resisted, going red in the face... Then ran out of breath and exhaled - at which point Samantha rammed the gag into his mouth and fastened it, "There! One done, one to go!"

She now approached Alicia and unfastened the helmet. My heart melted to see her face again. Her hair was straggly and she was sweaty and tired looking. She'd been gagged as well, and as soon as the spherical helmet was removed she looked at Samantha pleadingly, Samantha unfastened her gag. "Ahhh... Alicia, are you willing you agree to service me orally yet?" Alicia at this spat hard into Samantha's face. "Release me!" Samantha chuckled, "No dear, I went to enough trouble to get you there... I'm never releasing you. I'm going to keep you aroused and frustrated forever... You've got a double treat tonight, first of all I'm going to feed you a jar of baby food - then I've got a special treat for you." Alicia started struggling and screaming, but Samantha just laughed at her, "Dear me Alicia, you are pathetic, you are almost as pathetic as your little spank slave... He's my sissy slut now by the way... And he loves it... Now open wide..." Samantha

spooned some baby food into Alicia's mouth, but Alicia spat it back in Samantha's face.

After Samantha had wiped the baby food from her eye, she smiled, "Well, if that's how you want it..." Then produced another gag. Again, Alicia tried to resist, but Samantha held her nose then rammed the gag in and tightened it up. It was a full face mask which covered the nose as well. It also had a small hole at the front and it seemed to make Alicia gag a little. Samantha stood back and chuckled at Alicia, "That dear, is a force-feeding gag... All these weeks I've had you here... I've been collecting you see.... These two little buckets in front of you? The big one is pee, I'm going to be force-feeding that to you yes, that's your drink to go with your main meal. This little bucket, this is your dessert, seeing as you've refused your main course we'll start shall we? I hope you like your own pussy juice."

With that Samantha pulled out a large syringe without a needle, it looked like a one litre bottle. She used it to suck up all of Alicia's collected pussy juice, then inserted the nozzle into the hole in front of the force-feeding gag. "Ready dear? Don't forget to swallow it all, or I won't let you breathe..." I watched the plunger go in and Alicia gagged and retched. When it was all the way in Samantha pulled the syringe clear and put her thumb over the hole, "Swallow... Good... Good girl... Something to wash it down with?" With that she sucked up a full syringe full of urine and forced-fed it to Alicia, who by the time it was over was sobbing, tears running from her eyes. The volume was so great that I think Samantha was literally forcing her own urine down her throat. Again afterwards holding a thumb over the hole to make sure she'd swallowed every drop.

Samantha was chuckling at Alicia; she waited until Alicia had regained her composure, "Good... I'm going to lock you back into your helmet now... Good night Alicia." Alicia started making muffled panicked grunts as Samantha closed the steel sphere around her head locking her back into darkness, when it was in place Samantha whispered into the air holes in the back, "I think for your little insurrection.. I'm going to give you a night of torment, I would say sweet dreams, I doubt you'll be getting any sleep tonight though dear." I watched Samantha activate something with a remote in her hand and immediately the rod Alicia's crotch was being pulled down onto started to vibrate, making Alicia moan softly, then start screaming as the bra tortured her nipples.

Samantha was walking away, looking rather please with herself... Until I stepped out of the shadows... She glared at me... "What are you doing out of your room!? Get back there this instant!" She was so commanding, I hung my head and started to turn, I felt compelled, then I saw Alicia... I noticed Donald out of the corner of my eye... He'd certainly got what he asked for - but ten years?! I turned and looked Samantha square in the eye, she glared at me and pointed down the corridor, "Cassandra!"

SMACK! I dropped all my weight into the head-butt, it landed square in the middle of her face, causing her nose to explode in a shower of blood and making her drop to the floor unconscious. "Aargh!" I complained as my head began spinning... Terrified of fainting myself, I supported myself on the wall and pulled myself together. Sure enough when I gave Samantha a frisk, I found electronic remote devices, keys... Alicia was making muffled grunting noises from the helmet, and Donald was trying to shout to me through his gag. I ignored Donald and started trying various keys in Alicia's helmet. Eventually it clicked open. The relief in her face was massive. She started grunting at me frantically, urging me to undo the gag from what I could gather. I reached behind her head to undo it as the vibration went off again, causing her eyes shudder and her squeal uncomfortably as the chastity bra tortured her nipples. I had the gag off and she was panting. "Urgh! Kevin, urgh! Quick, de-activate it! I can't take any more! Urgh!" I tried a couple of buttons and the chains loosened, then the curved rod her crotch was being pulled down onto retracted and I could help her off the wall.

Donald was getting more noisy, I worried he might bring Samantha around, so I rushed over to him and undid his gag. He was panting... "She doesn't keep the keys here! If you want to release your friend, the keys are in her bedroom, bedside drawer." I nodded and darted off to get them. Luckily they were easy to find and Samantha didn't come around. I unfastened Alicia first and we embraced for a long time... Then I turned to Donald, "Well... You got what you wanted didn't you? Maybe I should leave you here, let Samantha wake up and let you get back to living your fantasy?" He shivered, "Please! Have pity! I didn't think... Look it's alright, think what you want to think, but since she took over my house she's lured others here - drugged them, broken them, then sold them on... That would have happened to your friend... Maybe even you!" I looked at Samantha, somehow I knew he was telling the truth. She'd kept him because she'd felt she had to... I unlocked Donald from the scavengers

daughter... We stood looking at Samantha, I looked at Donald, "Well, what are we going to do with her?" Alicia scowled at her, then smiled, "Hmmm, I have an idea... This is your house Donald?" He nodded, Alicia started fixing what had been her bonds onto Samantha, finishing with the gag, then the spherical steel helmet and spherical steel mittens. She started stirring. Alicia looked at Donald, "Does she have any spare chastity belts and bra's? He nodded, "I think so I think she keeps a stock of most sizes in, she's always used them on her captives."

And so it was. Alicia and I left Donald to his house, he would come back into Fisher Creative Designs, his fantasy having not turned out how he'd expected... His desire for the ultimate in extreme BDSM satisfied, his submissive nature had been tortured out of him by Samantha. Alicia and I found keys that appeared to be to our chastity belts, one labelled only 'Kevin' and the other labelled, 'Alicia'. We decided to wait until we were at home, and then we'd free each other and make glorious love to celebrate my heroic rescue... We took Donald's Lamborghini to the office then swapped to Alicia's car. I was so excited... We got home to the cottage and we were both so tired, we decided to spend one last night in chastity together in commemoration of the times we'd had. I fell asleep fondling Alicia's chastity gear and her fondling mine, we kissed and kissed and fell asleep in each other's arms once again.

In the morning we both woke early. Alicia was first out of bed, "Come on Kevin! Get the keys!" I recovered the keys and slowly began unfastening her. She looked so hot in it.. I almost regretted it.. I undid the thigh loops first, then removed the belt then the collar and chastity bra. We could finally get a good look at how it worked! It seemed there was a circlet of sharp spikes set to surround the nipple, if the nipple expanded even slightly it would close the spikes in. There was dried blood on Alicia's tortured nipples and little pin pricks around it where she'd been pierced. She jangled what appeared to be my key in front of my face, I'd been waiting for so long for this! I felt her insert the key, then turn... And I was free! My glans looked like it had been pierced in several places. It was trying to get hard at the thought of finally making love to Alicia... But the long weeks and months of confinement had taken its toll.

Alicia stared at it in disappointment, "That's it?" I groaned, trying to work it up with a quick massage, but so long without becoming erect seemed to have shrunk the skin... Alicia shook her head and held up my clip that we'd

used so many times before, "Oh Kevin... I can't make love to that, it's pathetic... I'm used to this! Oh... Kevin, I really love you, I'll never forget you rescuing me... I want us to be together forever but..." I saw the look in her eyes, and I just melted again... I really did love her and would do anything for her. I slid my penis back into the tube and she closed the belt on me with a loud click. As soon as it was closed she beamed. "Wait here!" she jumped off the bed and darted to her dresser, she grabbed a slender necklace and threaded my key onto it. "I'm going to wear this always!"

Then she clipped my penis on and we made love, long passionate orgasmic love... At least for Alicia. Of course I got no pleasure apart from the pleasure of pleasing Alicia, but that was enough for me. We lay together and embraced and kissed and felt happier than we'd ever felt... We would spend the rest of our days together; occasionally she would release me for a rare treat, maybe once a year? On my birthdays if I'd pleased her? She would occasionally administer a painful spanking, often with figging, but I began enjoying lying over her knee as more than anything in the world, because it gave her such pleasure...

And we lived happily ever after...

As for Samantha when she came around she tried to move her hands, they were fast, as were her ankles, she couldn't see a thing, it was pitch black and she could feel that she was wearing the same sort of chastity ensemble she'd been forcing so many other girls into. She groaned and the curved rod she was being held onto whirred into life vibrating and causing her to moan with pleasure... Then the sharpness, light at first, which made her feel more aroused, and made her nipples more erect. She tried to scream, but found her gag and the spherical steel helmet muffled her cries. She wanted to claw at the chastity bra, tear it off, it was sheer torture... Eventually the vibration subsided and she deflated. This torture continued for some time, on for a bit off for a bit. It was leaving her dizzy and disorientated. Eventually the helmet opened and she saw Donald, wearing a smart suit and wielding a syringe, "Morning Samantha, how did you enjoy your first night? First of many! Ready for your breakfast? I'm afraid you might not like it, it's pussy juice washed down with urine - bon a petit." She started struggling, trying to thrash around, but Donald showed no mercy. Ten years at the mercy of Samantha had awakened his dominant side. He didn't intend to capture unwilling slaves, or sell

Samantha on, he'd just keep her... Like this, in perpetual cycles of arousal and torment...

Forever...

~fin

by Sabrina

(If you enjoyed this bonus story, you may enjoy 'WPC Domination' or 'Slavery' in which Samantha Burns makes cameo appearances.)

Further Information:-

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

*Altar Boy's Chastity Site : -*

*<http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/>*

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

*For real world practical advice on the male chastity lifestyle, please visit Sarah Jameson's*

*<http://www.malechastityblog.com/> site. Her e-books on male chastity are fantastic, no nonsense resources and well worth buying if you are interested in pursuing this lifestyle.*

*For the world's best quality, highest security, chastity tubes, please see Mistress Lori's Chastity site: -*

*<http://www.chastitytube.com/>*

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

*For the world's most visually attractive chastity belts, which are comfortable and secure, please visit*

*<http://www.latowski.de/>*

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

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

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

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

## ***The Hypnotist : Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.***

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

*Contains chastity, forced femme, pegging, forced oral,*

*sensual mind control and brain washing.*

### ***The Tormentress and the Boss.***

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

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

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

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

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

*Gary is addicted to Kindle Erotica, and has some fairly extreme sexual fantasies. His girlfriend Alison doesn't approve, and decides to give him, 'aversion*

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

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

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

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

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

### ***Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination***

*A story about a boy, caught spying on the girls changing room. The girls capture him, bust his balls,*

*spank him, lock him into a chastity device and dress him up as a girl. Humiliatingly he is then forced to attend the girls school and receives further punishments from the strict teachers including a public caning at assembly.*

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

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

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

wants... In the end when he's given a choice, submit completely or go free... What will he choose? Will he be able to resist the thought of being locked into Samantha's 'emasculator device' again?

### **Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor**

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

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

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

*them to.*

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

### ***The Harem Slave***

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

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

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

*becoming eunuchs?*

### ***Femdom : The Dressmaker***

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Alison and Gary's relationship fluctuates and changes after Sarah's Wedding, and Gary's ordeal as Sarah's Bridesmaid.*

*This story picks up where 'The Male Bridesmaid' left off and involves more female domination and orgasm denial, with more punishments, maid training an element of cuckolding.*

## **FAQ**

*Q: Are you a professional dome?*

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

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

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

*Q: Please?*

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

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

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

*Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Q: So do you hate men?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: Haven't read it, so don't know... It's about a female submissive, I'm dominant... So unless the story, characters and plot are fantastic in the

absence of any sexual content – I probably wouldn't get much from it.

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

A: No it's a pen name.

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

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

*Q: Are your stories popular?*

A: Fairly... I've had them in the top 20,000 on Kindle at times. People who buy one often buy more... I haven't had many requests for refunds – to be honest there's a pattern to the tiny number of refund requests I have had... I wonder if it's someone cheating and buying them with the full intention of requesting a refund regardless of whether they like it or not. That thing wanting to castrate men... Hmmm, I can think of a circumstance where I might be tempted to agree to perform a penectomy and castration on someone...

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

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

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

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