

## Corporal Punishment : A Study / in Caning



## Orgasm Denial: A Study in Chastity



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



# The BDSM Studies Trilogy

Sabrina Jen  
Mountford

# **The BDSM Studies Trilogy**

**Corporal Punishment :  
A Study in Caning**

**Orgasm Denial :  
A Study in Chastity**

**Forced Feminization :  
A Study in Sissification**

**~ By Sabrina Jen Mountford**

*Also by the same author:-*

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

*The Tormentress and the Boss*

*Slavery: Part 1 : Captured!*

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

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*A Sissy Story : WPC Domination*

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

*Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination*

*Samantha's Tale : The Deal (Prequel to 'The Tormentress & The  
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*Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor*

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*Femdom : The Ex's Revenge*

*Femdom: The Beautician Trap*  
*Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission*  
*Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself*  
*The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress*  
*Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning (The BDSM Studies)*  
*Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity (The BDSM Studies)*  
*Forced Feminization : A Study in Sissification (The BDSM Studies)*  
*Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill : A Gender Bender Story*  
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*Slavery: Part 1 & 2 : Captured & Operated on!*

*Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself & Tickled into Submission*

*Femdom : The Game : A BDSM Erotika Trilogy*

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

*Feminization Tales: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid*

*If you read all my stories and want to read more erotica, I highly recommend giving 'Susan Suxovski' her 'Sensual Dynasty Series' comprising 'Total Loyalty, Book 1' and 'Anni & Manni, Book 2' is thoroughly enjoyable. Particularly if you enjoy female submission.*

*These are VERY sensual titles and really 'hot' please, please at least check out the free 'Look Inside' preview.*

*Sabrina Jen Mountfords Authors Blog and profile:*

*[http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina\\_Jen\\_Mountford/blog](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountford/blog)*

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*Forward:-*

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

*In 'Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning' Professor Jacqueline Reed BsC MsC PhD, a beautiful young oriental professor at the fictional University of Manchester – did a study into the effects of Corporal Punishment, administered via the cane on performance, behaviour control and sexual arousal. After a visit to a professional dominatrix, in order to learn the intricacies of swinging the cane, Jacqueline finds herself more and more intrigued by fetish and dominance and submission. Unusually she gets great pleasure from both dominating and, after having found herself uncompromisingly trapped in Mariella Jane Hall's pillory, being bare bottom caned, then forced to orgasm with weights hanging on nipple clamps, while gagged – Well she finds pleasure in submission too. The beautiful petit Professor took Corporal Punishment into her tutorials to great but surprising effect, finding herself enjoying the study so much she needed a little 'alone time' after every tutorial. We join the professor after the study has been published, now constantly craving fetish activities, but with her two semesters with*

*her students at an end, and the study completed, where will she find her fetishes satisfied?*

*In 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity' The Professor spent more time with Mariella Jane Hall, of course setting out to be taught about an aspect of domination, but ending up being dominated and treated as Mariella's personal slave. In typical Jacqueline Reed style she enjoys submitting but at the same time is intrigued by the thought of sampling the other side of the relationship. To that end she invites her favourite little 'test subjects' Simon and Celeste to help her unofficially with some more research. They are coaxed into severe, secure chastity devices, and eventually given an ultimatum. Of course they cannot resist the beautiful, strict, dominant professor and they both end up as her chaste, personal slaves.*

*This 16,850 word femdom novelette is heavy with male and female chastity, orgasm denial, tease and denial, oral service, heavy corporal punishment, genital piercing, branding, tattooing, mind control and a teensy bit of forced femme thrown in for good measure. If you like your femdom to portray a little over-the-knee spanking or the male being coerced into trying on a CB3000 for a night, then this femdom probably isn't for you. This femdom is for not for the prudish, and it really does make more sense if you read 'Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning' and 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity' first. Despite the title this story does not feature a great deal of 'Sissification' the good Professor intends to experiment in this area, but her experiments are brought to an abrupt halt, as the University looks likely to get wind of her risqué experiments, some of which have not been sanctioned by the ethics committee. When a student has received a brutal judicial caning which requires suturing and re-suturing suspicions become raised. When the game is up, there's only place Jacqueline can think of to hide, only one person she feels she can turn to – the dominant Mistress, Mariella Jane Hall.*

*Incidentally if you'd like to be locked into a chastity device and live in the North London area the professional dominatrix 'Rebecca Winter;*

*will be more than willing to accommodate you and perhaps administer you some corporal punishment, while she's at it. If you're up for it and want to experience real female domination, please see <http://www.rebeccawinter.com> and don't forget to tell her you discovered her through 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity' the scenes in this story are in no way reflective of a session with Rebecca Winter. Her promotion here is purely a 'favour for a friend' and nothing more. If you want to watch some hot femdom action in film, then I suggest visiting <http://www.femdomfilms.eu/> Enjoy the story.*

*~ Sabrina*

# Corporal Punishment : A Study / in Caning



By Sabrina Jen Mountford

## ***Corporal Punishment: A Study in Caning***

### **Psychology**

Professor Jacqueline Reed PhD was sitting in the Manchester University refectory stirring her coffee and idly flicking through a borrowed copy of the 'Daily Mail'. It wasn't her typical read, she was more of a Guardian, Observer reader, as were most academics she knew. The Mail was an awful paper, full of emotive, sabre rattling, ranting language and extreme opinions. However they did err away from sticking to the politically correct. This particular article she was reading was advocating a reinstatement of corporal punishment in schools, stating that evidence suggested that performance and behaviour had declined since the abolition of the practice. She was of course fundamentally opposed to cruel and unusual punishment. She was in her late thirties and the year was twenty ten, as such she'd grown up at a time when corporal punishment had already been phased out. She recalled seeing the headmistress cane sitting on a little stand in her office at her primary school. It had always been there, nobody knew when it was used, but the sight of it used to strike fear into the pupils, in Jacqueline, it incited not just fear, but a morbid curiosity.

Many, was the time she'd stood in that office, being chastised by the headmistress for some minor misdemeanour. Of course while she stared at that slender, rattan cane, she'd wondered how it would have felt to have touched her toes for the headmistress, or lay over her leather-bound desk, gripping the far side and waiting anxiously for her punishment.

Would Mrs Roberts have lifted her skirt up? Pulled her knickers down? Or would she have been caned through her clothes? How would it have felt, standing prone, quaking with fear while Mrs Roberts heels clicked on the hard wooden floor as she collected her implement... Then the wait. The wait for the 'swish' that would



announce the impending crack across the buttocks, and the stinging, burning pain which would follow...

She'd played this scenario out in her head many times as a little girl. Of course Mrs Roberts never caned her, as strict as she was. So far as Jacqueline knew she had never caned anybody...

"Interested in corporal punishment are you?"

Jacqueline looked up to see an immaculately dressed woman in her thirties. "Hmmm, well, I can't help but think their conclusion is flawed."

The newcomer sat opposite her, nursing a piping hot coffee and looking inquisitive. "Well, what makes you think that?"

"I don't know, I suppose the general mantra of the psychology world is that corporal punishment is counter-productive and an ineffective tool for behaviour management."

"Well, have you done any research on it?"

"I'm sorry, who are you?"

"Samantha Fisher, director of Fisher Creative."

"Sigh, I... No, I don't suppose it's possible to do any research on it now seeing as it's abolished."

Samantha shrugged, "Well, it's abolished in schools, but... You lecture here do you?"

"Well, I'm a senior researcher really, but I do take first year tutorials."

“There’s your answer then!”

“I’m sorry?”

“Compulsory corporal punishment is abolished of course, but there’s no rule against participating in corporal punishment, administering and receiving – between two consenting adults? Setup a study, use your students!”

Jacqueline laughed softly, “Hah! Interesting idea, I don’t think I could get it past the ethics committee though.”

Samantha raised an eyebrow, “Well, it just so happens I have some influence with the ethics committee – they owe me a favour, you write a paper on the study, forward it to ethics and I’ll make sure it gets passed.”

Jacqueline took a long slurp of her coffee, “And why would you do that?”

“Why not? Besides, I’m interested in the research, personally I think corporal punishment can be a good motivator. I’ve even experimented with using it within my organisation. There’s nothing quite as powerful, for making people willingly accept who is in charge than having them bend over for you to give them six of the best.”

Jacqueline went a little red, “I... I’m surprised you-“

“Pfft, the world is changing, be too prudish and you’ll miss out on all the fun. Here, if you go ahead with this you might need a good cane and restraints? Here’s a card of some lovely girls who I use for this sort of thing. The owners are Nadine, Jessica and Anita, but Anita is rarely there these days – she’s very busy with her ‘special’ projects.”

Jacqueline took the card, it read, 'Dungeon Designs – Dungeon furniture and equipment.'

She laughed softly and tucked the card into the top pocket of her smart jacket, "Well, I'll have to look into it- I really can't see how painting red stripes on my students bottom's is going to-"

"It won't! It's not just about the administration of pain, it's about entering a relationship, punisher and victim, submissive and dominant. When you come to do it, don't simply strike away as fast as you can, take your time, tease your victim, let them know who is in charge and make them clear that they are accepting your punishment. The pain is neither here nor there, it's the mind-set that is important. Corporal punishment is a tool for changing people's mind-set. Always make them wait, always take your time, coax them, talk to them gently, softly, almost caressingly. Make sure you cane bare bottoms, the pain will be more intense, but that isn't what's important. It's the feeling of vulnerability you can foster in them. They will feel helpless and vulnerable, their bare bottoms on show, their skirts hitched up or pants around their ankles, waiting for you to administer their punishment. It's all about the psychology of it really, that's the powerful part."

Jacqueline listened, it was surreal, it was almost like being in some sort of bizarre dream, this stranger sitting in front of her explaining the inner-most secrets of how to make the most of corporal punishment, in particular caning. As she listened and thought about what Samantha was telling her, she started to feel moist, almost wet, downstairs. She was becoming aroused, was it the thought of caning her victims?

Or was it imagining bending over and touching her toes, while Samantha hitched her skirt up for her, pulled her tights down, and her knickers, then gently caressed her bottom with a slim rattan

cane, teasing her, stroking her gently over her pert buttocks, perhaps coaxing her softly to keep still for her, maybe one hand on her head pushing it down so that her buttocks were even better exposed? Then the swish, the crack and searing pain, while Samantha chuckled softly and told her she was a good girl, one down, just five to go...

While she'd been thinking about this she'd glazed over, Samantha leaned forwards, "Professor?"

"Jacqueline, please, and yes, I might think about this, I haven't written a paper in a long time or done any really interesting, innovative studies. I just hope my group are open to the idea and willing to agree to it."

Samantha smiled and stood as she clicked her empty coffee cup onto the table, "Good, I'll look forward to pushing your proposal through ethics for you, and reading your paper on this, Jacqueline?"

"Reed, Professor Jacqueline Reed PhD."

"Professor Reed."

With that Samantha Fisher stood, smiled and walked off leaving her to her coffee. Also leaving her, with a lingering mental picture of corporal punishment. The power exchange seemed almost sensual, when she'd imagined herself, helpless, vulnerable, willingly awaiting the crack of Samantha's cane – the feeling had been intoxicating. Everything, the newspaper article, the surreal conversation with Samantha, it all brought back feelings which she'd long buried...

Could she get away with it? There was an argument for doing some proper research into the effects of corporal punishment on

performance and behaviour – if she could get willing volunteers then she should be able to do the research? Shouldn't she?

She finished her coffee and went about her business for the rest of the day, when she got back to her apartment that evening she sat down to pen a proposal for a study.

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## **A Study, into the efficacy of corporal punishment, in performance improvement and behaviour management.**

### **Abstract**

The use of corporal punishment in schools and prisons is currently not practiced in UK institutions. Historically the United Kingdom has allowed corporal punishment within schools primarily for classic punitive purposes. No study has adequately tested the possible positive outcomes from the use of corporal punishment, instead popular media has focused on the negative aspects, tending to stem from school masters who abused the right to administer corporal punishment.

In certain civilised states around the world 'CP' is successfully used to punish, educate and rehabilitate in both school and prison institutions. This proposal is for a small, controlled study, into changing behaviour and managing academic performance using corporal punishment.

### **Methodology**

Despite the illegality of administering 'CP' within the policy of an institution, it is a widely accepted element of recreational activity between consenting adults. For this purpose the test subjects shall be recruited from University Students, who are over the age of 18 and are willing and able to consent to receive 'CP'.

The plan is to recruit two groups comprising of males and females so any difference in effect between the genders can be identified. The students will be allocated into a positive encouragement group and a negative group. Behaviour and performance will be influenced solely through the use of positive encouragement in the positive group and solely through the administering of 'CP' in the negative group. Some students will be allocated to a control

group who receive no encouragement through either form, but perform the same scaled performance tests.

All volunteers will be briefed on the study before being randomly allocated into the control, positive or negative group. After the volunteers have been signed up and allocated to their groups, the negative group will receive varying levels of corporal punishment based on their performance in tests, however they will always receive 'some' corporal punishment. The positive allocated group members will always receive positive encouragement, varying based on their performance. The levels of punishment or encouragement will be recorded and videoed for later analysis.

If the results show that corporal punishment can aid performance and improve behaviour, then a larger more wide-spread study may be justified.

Professor Jaqueline Reed BsC. MsC. PhD.

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There, she'd written it, she read it back to herself several times. She wasn't entirely happy with it, but Samantha had seemed adamant she had some sway over the ethics committee so did it matter? She emailed the document, slipped her high heels off and snuggled up in front of the television with a glass of red wine. She found it distracting though, she tried to concentrate but found all the time her thoughts were fighting to return to both caning and being caned.

## **A Tuition in pain**

It was several days before the decision came back from the ethics committee. She'd half expected to get it thrown out, that was partly why she hadn't spent that much time on it. When she got the letter back passing it as acceptable and approving her study for funding, she almost fell off her chair.

A small part of the letter did raise her eyebrow, a line that suggested she should receive tuition in administering corporal punishment. This was a head scratcher. Tuition? She presumed there must be a

'technique' to safely administering corporal punishment, but whether she'd expected to have to 'learn' it was another matter. Surely she'd be able to pick it up as she went along?

She was in her private office at the university at the time, she glanced over her shoulder out of the window. She was three storeys up, her desk faced the door... Fingers shaking she opened up her internet browser and tapped into her search engine. 'corporal punishment'.

Various pages about the history of corporal punishment including online encyclopaedia articles appeared. She browsed the list then sighed, the sort of person who might have current experience of administering corporal punishment might be a professional dominatrix. She added, 'professional dominatrix' to the search.

A number of sites appeared, she glanced down the list, not wanting to just choose the first one. A name appeared as a domain, that sounded interesting, fun and worth contacting.

<http://www.mistressmariellajanehall.com>

She clicked on the link. The site was professional and well written and there was something about the lady in the pictures, her photo's combined with the wording on her site made her seem, approachable?

She entered the phone number from the contact page into her mobile phone as 'MM', she'd call later. Doing so in her office seemed too risky. She quickly left the page, cleared her history and shut down her browser.

That night, after she'd finished for the day and driven back to her apartment, eaten her microwave ready-meal dinner and slipped off

her high heel shoes, she curled up on the sofa and picked up her mobile telephone. She scrolled through the numbers, until she found MM and clicked. There was the number...

07084 68....

She took a deep breath and hit dial and waited for the pickup.

"Mariella Jane Hall."

"Ahh, I um..."

"Ooh, a female sub? Hmmm, I've not had a female sub for some time."

"Well, erm, actually it's not quite what I was calling for."

"You don't want to book a session with me? That's normally what people call this number for!"

"Well, sort of... Ahem, I'm doing some research into corporal punishment, and I erm, I've been advised to receive some-"

"Corporal punishment yourself? So, you want to understand how it feels to be caned? Oh I can help you with that."

Jacqueline felt herself going red, her voice was alluring, coaxing, almost caring. She regained her composure, "Actually I have been advised to receive some tuition in administering corporal punishment, and as it's been abolished in schools for so long, the only people who appear to have recent experience are professional mistresses – that's why I'm contacting you."



“I see, you want to learn the secrets of successfully, physically punishing people, correcting them with the tawse, the cane, the over-the-knee spanking?”

“I really want to focus on the use of the cane.”

“Hmmm, I can give you lessons in caning, I can even arrange for you to cane a submissive under my instruction. Two hours? I think I could do a lot with you in two hours. I charge £170 per hour, so that would be £350.”

“Erm, could I have a receipt? So I can run it through expenses and get it covered by the arranged funding for the study?”

“Wait, you’re doing an academic study into the effects of corporal punishment? That’s just too delicious. Send me a copy of the study paperwork and I’ll see about organising a special discount for you. I have a window tomorrow afternoon actually, I was holding it open to go shopping, but I’d love to have you if you’re free.”

“What time? How much?”

“Two O’Clock, I’ll give you two hours of tuition for £200 as a one off, sound fair?”

“Okay.”

“Good girl, I’ll text you the address. I normally ask for a deposit by Paypal, but I think I can trust an academic. If you don’t show up on time though – I’m going out, so make sure you’re here on time.”

She was there on time as it happened, a discreet premises, in North London. She’d tied her hair back into a neat pony tail and was

wearing her beige suit with the knee length skirt, tan nylon tights and matching beige heels.

It had been a nervous morning. She'd had a late breakfast, before setting out on the long drive to the premises. She could have found a more local mistress, but there was something about Mariella Jane Hall. She almost felt like turning around and running away while she stood waiting at the door after ringing the bell. But then she'd come all this way! All the way down from Manchester! Besides, it was all in the name of research right?

Mistress Mariella Jane Hall appeared at the door, "Ah good, you're early... Hmmmm, you'd better come in so we can get started."

The Professor entered, handing a neatly hand written envelope to her namesake as she entered. "Thank you. Now where to start...."

As the professor entered, the Mistress clicked the door shut behind her.

"Now, I've arranged a sub for today's tuition. Sissy Slave Sally, as a matter of fact. She's not my slave as it happens, she belongs to an author who lets me borrow him from time to time."

Sally? Him?

When Professor Jacqueline entered the dungeon at the back of the premises, she gasped. There in the stocks was what appeared to be a man, dressed in very feminine lingerie, stockings, suspenders, knickers and a bra. His genitals were hanging out of his panties awkwardly and encased in some sort of plastic device.

"Wha-"

“Oh Sally is a sissy slave, the plastic device is a chastity device, his owner doesn’t permit him any orgasms.”

“This is weird...”

“Oh it is if you’re not used to it. You’d be surprised how many men want to be forcibly feminized, kept in chastity and punished regularly. Isn’t that right Sally?”

The man with his head in his stocks looked up, showing a bright red, tightly fitted ball gag in his mouth, then started nodding obediently.

The sight sent a quiver down the Professors spine. She’d spent years studying maladies of the mind, neurological problems, she thought she understood how the human mind worked - yet here, firmly restrained in a stock was a man wearing ladies underwear, with a plastic cage locked onto his genitals.

Her attention was drawn by Mariella Jane Hall handing her a slender cane, “Well? Let’s see what you can do.”

Gingerly Professor Reed took the cane and walked around to the rear of the stocks. The submissive was bent prone in the perfect position. “How hard should I hit him? As hard as I can?”

“Oh no! Where would the fun in that be? When you are going to administer a caning, normally your victim will be still clothed. Tradition dictates that you, the punisher, the one correcting the pupil – be the one to prepare them. If your victim is a female or sissy as in this case and they are wearing a skirt, you should hitch her skirt up and tuck it into the waistband of the skirt. In this case she’s in her underwear so you should pull her knickers down. The stockings and suspender belt can stay – just pull them down to the top of the thighs.”

The Professor gently took the lacy, sexy, black, feminine underwear and gently moved it down to the top of slave Sally's thighs, causing the sissy to quiver with excitement.

"Now shall I start?"

"Yes, but take your time. Administering corporal punishment, correcting someone with the cane, is as much about anxiety and anticipation as it is about pain. Think of it as foreplay, stroke her gently with the cane, then give her a light tap."

Professor Jacqueline followed the instruction, gently sliding the cane over the exposed buttocks, then she snapped her wrist back and swished the cane back with a crack.

Slave Sally jumped visibly in the stocks and gave a muffled squeak into his gag.

Professor Reed smiled, the thrill she sensed as the slender line slapped across the bare buttocks, the helplessness of her victim, unable to shy away, or defend himself... Completely at her mercy... It was intoxicating, one strike and she could feel herself getting aroused. Mariella Jane Hall smiled too, she could see the pleasure on the Professors face, she was clearly a natural dominant. She pointed at the bare buttocks, "If you watch now, you'll see a pink line appear where you've struck – provided you've caned hard enough. When you're intending to give your victim a number of strokes, you have a choice, do you focus on one spot? Or spread the strokes around? To keep striking on the same line is a more severe punishment, but some subs might prefer it as it can look less obvious that they've received correction with the cane. Hand me the cane and observe – I will give him another six strokes exactly on your line."

Professor Jacqueline held out the cane and Mariella Jane Hall scooped it out of her hand with a smile. She carefully, stroked the cane over Sissy Slave Sally's buttocks until it lined up perfectly with the pink stripe the Professor had created. "Now, be a good girl and keep perfectly still for me Sally. I'm going to give you another six strokes now."

He was shaking visibly, yet trying to keep still, the cane resting gently against the red stripe, then it rose and fell with a swish and a snap, then another, then another. Each stroke was echoed by a muffled squeak and it took a second for the quivering to stop and the sub to regain his composure. Every stroke landed perfectly on the red line, gradually the line grew a deeper and deeper red.

When the last of the strokes landed, the Professor was impressed, the accuracy was astounding. She noticed a tiny dark spot on the floor and pointed at it, "Mariella Jane Hall, what's that?"

Mariella Jane Hall looked at the dot on the floor and chuckled, "Ah yes, kneel down and see." Both women kneeled behind the slave, the Mistress gently pushing his knees apart, "Legs wider for me slave."

He complied opened his legs further apart. Mariella Jane Hall pointed with the cane at the chastity device, "Now, look at the end of the chastity device."

"Urgh! It's leaking goo!"

"Yes, pre-cum actually. I'm afraid Sissy Slave Sally's writer owner hasn't allowed him to orgasm for over a year now and it takes only the slightest thing to get her really excited. Males are building up semen all the time in their balls. Without the ability to release it, the testosterone keeps building and building, it's a powerful tool for control, almost like a form of mind control. Constantly aroused,

never feeling the release... His penis is held in a downwards position so that it can't even become erect, encased in plastic so he can't even touch it. He must really be enjoying this for this to happen... However he's made a mess on my floor! That, makes him a naughty girl, who needs correcting. Would you like to do the honours?"

Both women stood up and Mariella Jane Hall handed the cane back to the Professor. As she did she almost whispered, "Your voice is almost as powerful a tool as the cane you wield. Try it, tell him how naughty he's been, call him a girl emphasize his vulnerability, his predicament, his femininity."

The Professor was starting to feel decidedly moist now, she felt orgasmic. Being so in control, this taboo ridden scenario, it was an electrifying feeling. She stroked the cane gently over Sally's bottom, and leaned forward to the head, poking through the stock.

"You've been a naughty little girl haven't you? Poor Mariella Jane Hall is going to have to clean that up now... Maybe she should make you clean it up? With your tongue? Hmmm? I'm going to correct you now, I was just warming up before... Now I'm going to give you six, really hard strokes, exactly on the spot we've been working so far. Keep nice and still for me like a good little girl... If I miss the spot, I'm afraid I'll have to repeat."

There was a swish and a crack, followed by a muffled squeal and panting. Mariella Jane Halls pointed at the new line just above the now deep scarlet line, "Nearly, just a fraction high that time. Take your time, line the cane up, then try to move your wrist up and down vertically, keep your hand firm, but relaxed, let the cane flex in its natural line."

Professor Reed gently manoeuvred the cane into place. Lining it up perfectly against the deep red mark, then she snapped her wrist back and forwards, a swish and a crack, a muffled squeal, and

another red line had appeared crossing over the original deep one and the new, still pink line which was a little high.

Mariella Jane Hall sighed, "Try to relax your arm, make sure you have a good stance."

A swish and a crack and this time the cane fell squarely and firmly onto the deep, dark red line, causing Sissy Slave Sally to utter a prolonged squeal into her gag.

"There! That's better! Good... "

Professor Jacqueline smiled and leaned towards Sissy Slave Sally, "One."

Her arm rose and fell again, and she tried to apply more force. The cane swished through the air and landed with a crack, this time too low. Sally squealed into her gag and tensed up.

Mariella Jane Hall shook her head, "You're trying too hard, when you throw the cane up, you're giving it more lateral flex. Try to relax your arm, swing higher and then whip it down vertically – don't tense up, it should feel natural, like you're swatting a fly."

The Professor giggled and imagined a fly on the red line, then swished the cane upwards and downwards, swishing it higher and pulling it down faster. It landed perfectly on the dark red line causing Sissy Sally to scream, muffled only by her gag, and start panting again. Mariella Jane Hall nodded approval, "Good, now repeat it, try to build up a rhythm."

The cane rose and fell with perfect accuracy, each time landing perfectly on the spot, each time with more force than the last. The screams were growing louder and lasting longer, the area started to

look purple and bruised. The Professor was now counting confidently, “Two, Three, Four, Five, Six...”

It was exhilarating. Each strike of the cane, each quiver of her subs bare bottom sent a wave of pleasure through her. She felt in control, she felt powerful. As the last stroke landed Mariella Jane Hall bent down to inspect the chastity device, before popping her head up, “I’m afraid Sissy Sally is still being a naughty girl and leaking pre-cum – she needs more correction I think.”

The Professor sighed with happiness, she was starting to feel warm in her crotch, she wanted somewhere quiet to go and ‘have a play’. It felt like it would take only a gentle touch to give her a long lasting, powerful orgasm. At the same time she didn’t want to stop playing this game. She leaned into Sally, “You’re still making a mess on Mariella Jane Hall’s floor Sissy, I’m afraid that means you need further correction. I’m going to give you another ten strokes... It’s for your own good you know, you’ve got to learn! Now keep nice and still for me, hmmm?”

Sally nodded awkwardly in the stock, and quivered when he felt the cane gently sliding into place on his now sore buttocks. The rise and fall began a new, Professor Reed counting out the strokes. Every stroke caused a louder scream, the screams got weaker as she broke her victim. By the time she was halfway through the sub was sobbing between screams, helpless to defend, helpless to evade, helpless to do anything except rest submissively, patiently while the good Professor administered his punishment. As the last few strokes fell, harder than ever, spots of blood were appearing on the bare buttocks.

Mariella Jane Hall was smiling and nodding approval, “Very good professor, impressive accuracy! You’ve even broken the skin! I don’t think we can continue to punish Sissy Slave Sally for now, we don’t want to spoil those pretty cheeks with permanent scarring do



we?” She turned to the Professor, “Be a dear and pull her panties up for her?”

Chuckling with pleasure Professor Jacqueline gently took the lacy, girl’s underwear and pulled it up over the wounded buttocks. As the elasticated waist band snapped onto skin, the Professor gave her a gentle, ‘all done’ pat on the bottom, smirking at the soft, satin underwear which did not cover the now dark red lines and specks of blood.

As she patted Sally’s bottom, Mariella Jane Hall stepped up to the stock and undid a catch, “Stand up slave.” As sissy slave Sally stood the dominant Mariella Jane Hall was pointing to a small cage in the corner with an open door, “Well? What are you waiting for? In your cage.”

He scampered across the room, his penis almost bursting out of the chastity device, the chastity device swinging about, bouncing off his hips. Once he was in the cage, Mariella Jane Hall gently closed the door shut with a click and popped a small padlock on it. Then she looked sternly at him, “Now, keep your hands off your chastity device, no touching! If I catch you so much as laying a finger on it, I will have you back in the stocks for a hundred strokes of the cane, are we clear?”

Sally nodded and Mariella Jane Hall smiled, “Good girl... And NO fiddling, with your gag!”

She stood and walked back towards the Professor and the stocks. As she did she got a good look at the Professor. She was beautiful, she looked to be of Chinese or Japanese decent. She was slim, attractive, her brown hair falling over her shoulders like a waterfall. “Hmmm, what exactly is the purpose of this study ‘Professor’ normally I only give tuition to prospective dominatrix’s who are interested in starting a new career as a professional Mistress...

Though I have to say, if you wanted to, I think you could, you seem to have a natural flare for it.”

“I want to test corporal punishment’s efficacy in managing behaviour and improving performance using consenting volunteers.”

“Hmmm, sounds fun... I wonder though, if you’re going to be dishing out all this punishment, don’t you think you should be able to understand how your victims feel? I mean from their perspective?”

“What do you mean?”

Mariella Jane Hall opened up the pillory and gestured towards it, “Pop your neck in here, and you’re wrists in here... Don’t you want to know how it feels, to be so helpless and vulnerable? Don’t you want to experience the anxiety, and the humiliation of having your bottom exposed, while you wait patiently for the painful crack of the cane? Can you imagine what it feels like to be completely under my control?”

“I- I didn’t thi-“

Mariella Jane Hall gestured towards the neck hole in the pillory with a sigh.

“I think it’s only fair, if you’re going to be caning your students, shouldn’t you understand what they are experiencing?”

“I-“

“Put your head in...”

Professor Jacqueline was shaking now, quivering with fear and excitement, her eyes fixed on the pillory.

“Go on, I can see you want to. What are you afraid of? Give me your hands.”

Shaking and quivering with excitement the Professor allowed the Mistress to gently take her hands and pull her towards the pillory. Her wrists were pulled slowly into the stock and placed in the wrist holes.

“Now, lean forwards, rest your neck in the big hole, good girl, be a good girl for me.”

She couldn't explain it, but Mariella Jane Hall had such a powerful commanding voice, she found herself leaning in. As she got closer her nostrils filled with the smell of leather, and sweat. She felt Mariella Jane Hall release one hand and gently pull her head down into the stock, then she felt the top of the stock close on her, pressing gently against her neck and her wrists.

“There... Good girl... That's not so bad is it? How does it feel?”

The Professor gave her wrists an experimental tug, they were stuck firmly in the pillory. Her head even more so. Her back was arched at an uncomfortable angle. She panicked and started tugging and pulling, pleading, “Stop! No! Let me out!”

Mariella Jane Hall leaned down to her face in the stock and held a finger up to her lips, “Shhhhh, relax... Try to relax, you are in my care now. I will release you when I've corrected you. You've been a naughty girl and you need correcting.”

She whimpered and tried to pull her head back.

“Please! Please let me out!”

Mariella Jane Hall gently stroked her forehead, “Shhhhh, there, there... Be a good girl for me and perhaps I’ll be lenient?... Now I’m not going to gag you, if you’re good for me. When I administer your punishment, I want you to count out the strokes and thank me. You will count, then say, ‘Thank you Mistress’ are we clear?”

She was still quivering, “H- how many strokes are you-“

“Shhhhh, that would be telling wouldn’t it? Besides it’s out of your hands now isn’t it? The decision is mine, it’s up to me to sentence you to as many strokes as I think you deserve isn’t it? If you’re good for me, I’ll perhaps be lenient. If you aren’t and you forget to count, or thank me, or squeal too much, I’ll increase the strokes... Of course if your squealing is too tiresome, I will gag you – of course that will exonerate you from counting and thanking won’t it? I’m going to prepare you now, while I am – feel what I’m doing, realise how humiliating this is for you. You are in this pillory until I decide to let you out, you are totally under my control now. If I decided to, I could keep you here overnight? I could perhaps don one of my strap-on’s, and penetrate you? You’d be helpless to stop me. For that reason, you need to be as obedient to me as possible. Now you are in my pillory, I am your goddess.”

Mariella Jane Hall smiled, then vanished from view. The Professor wriggled and squirmed in the pillory, her back was already aching a little. It was an uncomfortable position to be in, particularly with the stock being so unyielding and firm. Every attempt to move around, failed, leaving her, the victim feeling defeated and submissive.

Without warning she felt the hem of her skirt being lifted up and gently tucked neatly into the waist band. She felt the cool air of the dungeon on her buttocks, she felt her mistress’s fingers gently

pushing the hem down low into the waistband across the full width of her waist. Leaving her pert bottom totally exposed.

“I’m going to pull your tights down now, we wouldn’t want to ladder them would we?”

Professor Jacqueline whimpered as Mariella Jane Hall gently slid her fingertips behind her tights and pulled them down to rest on the top of her thighs. Then the fingers slid back up, over her bottom, making her shiver with anticipation, and her cream, lacy satin panties were being pulled down.

As the panties rested on the tights, without warning Mariella Jane Hall’s fingers flew into the Professor’s crotch, gently massaging her clitoris and labia. She was more than moist down there, she was soaking wet, her juices running almost freely onto the dominant’s hand.

“Well, well... You do like this don’t you? You’d like me to keep doing this wouldn’t you?”

As she spoke she rubbed, gently but firmly, stroking her clitoris and probing her vagina. The Professor gave a soft moan and relaxed into the pillory. As she started panting, feeling the orgasm build, the fingers pulled away quickly, “Oh no you don’t Professor... I’m not done with you yet... We haven’t even started correcting you! I am surprised though Professor, I think either you’d actually prefer to be the one on the receiving end of correction... Or even more deliciously, you are a natural switch, able to appreciate both domination and submission. If you’re a good girl for me, perhaps I’ll finish what I started here?”

Professor Jacqueline Reed PhD shuddered from head to foot. She felt vulnerable, exposed and humiliated. She heard the swish of a

cane behind her, thankfully carving through thin air, “Are you ready slave?”

The Professor was quivering with anticipation, she murmured under her breath, “Yes Mistress.”

“I didn’t hear that! Are you ready for me to correct you? Are you ready for me to administer your punishment?”

“Yes Mistress!”

Swish... Crack!

Jacqueline squealed and started struggling in the stock, the blow was stinging and penetrating. It left her bottom with a warm glow. The next thing she felt was Mariella Jane Hall gently stroking her forehead, “Oh dear... You forgot to count and thank me didn’t you? Slave should appreciate the effort Mistress goes to, to correct her, shouldn’t she?”

Her voice took on a sharper tone, “Shouldn’t she!”

“Yes, yes Mistress...”

The gentle stroking continued, “Good, good girl... Now we’ll try again shall we?”

Then there was the pause, the wait. She could feel the anticipation building, she could feel herself involuntarily tensing her buttocks up. Nothing... She was quivering and shaking, wondering when, when the stroke would land. It seemed to last forever, has Mariella Jane Hall wandered off? The pillory held her head and wrists fast, she couldn’t turn to look around, she could only see in front of her.

Feeling Mariella Jane Hall was preoccupied she relaxed her buttocks, and tried to free her hands... Swish! Crack!

She screamed and thrashed about in the pillory, gasping for breath. It had been dead accurate, landing square on the original line. It had felt like a red hot iron had been placed across her buttocks.

Mariella Jane Hall walked around the front of the pillory, her heels clicking on the hard floor. Then she paused, her black, leather corset at eye height for her hapless victim. She stroked the Professor's forehead gently, "Oh dear Jacqueline, you aren't doing very well are you? That's another time you've forgotten to count and tha-

"Two! Thank you Mist-

"Sorry dear, you're too late, besides you can't count two – the first one didn't count because you forgot to count! Now the second didn't count either. Now we'll try again and I want you to try really hard for me this time, and start at one."

The heels clicked as she walked around the back. Professor Reed started struggling, her bottom felt red raw and tender, "Stop! Stop! I've had enough! Let me out!"

Mariella Jane Halls face was inches from hers again in an instant, "But I haven't finished correcting you have I? You've been a naughty girl, and you're not getting out of there until I'm satisfied you've learned your lesson. Now be a good girl and don't forget to count and thank."

As the heels started clicking away, Professor Jacqueline started sobbing softly, she didn't tense up this time. Swish! Crack!

“Aaargh! One! Thank you Mistress!”

Swish! Crack!

“Aaaaaaargh! Two! Th- thank you Mistress!”

Swish! Crack!

“Aaaaaaaaaaargh! Th-th-three! Thank- Thank you Mistress!”

Mariella Jane Hall sighed deeply, “My, my, I finally teach you some manners, but as soon as I do, your ear piercing screams get the better of me? I can’t work with all that screaming going on! I’m going to have to gag you before I finish correcting you slave.”

The heels were clicking on the floor out of sight. She tested her bonds, but she was stuck fast in the pillory. The sense of Mariella Jane Hall preparing something for her, unseen, unable to turn and even see what she was doing was humbling, almost frightening. The fact that she was restrained in the stocks, unable to escape, with her bottom exposed was humiliating. She heard the heel clicks travel away, then back towards her. The next thing she felt was her knees being pushed firmly apart and something being fastened to them, preventing her closing her knees. “Hey! Wha-“

“Shhh, I’m fitting you with a knee spreader and an ankle spreader. Some girls don’t like being brought to orgasm by another female, I’ve decided to orgasm you, once we’re done. So I want to make sure you can’t resist me in anyway. Just relax, I’ll be there with your gag in a moment.”

She felt her ankles being secured. Then Mariella Jane Hall appeared at the front with a long, wide, bright purple penis gag. She leaned down to her, “Now open wide for me.”



Professor Reed clenched her teeth and lips together and shook her head.

“Oh dear, that’s not being a good girl is it? I’m adding on six strokes for that, now open wide please.”

She shook her head again, clenching her mouth. “My, my, we are being a naughty girl today aren’t we? That’s twelve strokes added on, we can keep going, or you can open your mouth for me... Ahhh, there we are, good girl.”

The pain had been immense, the thought of at least twelve strokes was terrifying, Professor Jacqueline opened her mouth and felt Mariella Jane Hall slide the huge penis gag in forcing her jaw as open as it would go. The tip reached so far back it more or less plugged the gap between her mouth and throat, forcing her to breathe through her nose and gag slightly. Once it was slid up to the hilt, Mariella Jane Hall fastened the leather straps on the gag tightly behind her head, leaving her silent, and breathing hard through her nose.

She waited, she’d been uncomfortable before, but now with her knees and ankles forced apart and mercilessly gagged, the penis gag filling her mouth and tickling her throat, she felt a thousand times worse. At the same time though, the helplessness, the vulnerability and the utter humiliation... It had her more aroused than she’d realised was possible.

She listened to the ‘click, click, click’ of Mistress’s heels on the hard floor, then waited... Swish! Crack!

She gave out a muffled groan, dampened by the tightly fitting gag.

Swish! Crack!

Swish! Crack!

Swish! Crack!

Every strike had her screaming into her gag, but it was nicely muffled and Mariella Jane Hall got in to a rhythm, painting red stripe after red stripe onto Professor Reed's bottom. The Professor counted twelve strokes out in her head, but the strokes kept falling, one after another, faster, harder every time. She found herself sobbing, pleading in her head, pleading for this torture to stop. Her bottom was red raw sore, she thought it could be bleeding, would she be able to sit down afterwards?

She tried to shimmy away, and move around as the strokes fell to spread the pain out, but Mistress Mariella placed a hand on the small of her back, "Stop moving around, keep still for me. If you don't keep nice and still I will double your strokes."

From that point onwards she used all her willpower to keep perfectly still, despite the pain and the urge to try to soften the blows, she stood stock still accepting every stinging stroke. Her muffled sobbing into the gag continued and grew louder, salty tears were running down her cheeks as the cane rose and fell to a chorus of swishes and cracks. Then it stopped...

Mariella Jane Hall had repositioned herself at the side, behind the stock. Professor Reed felt a hand slide towards her groin. Instinctively she struggled, trying to shy away, trying to close her legs. Mariella Jane Hall sighed, "And there we were being such a good girl weren't we? I told you slave, after I'd finished correcting you, I was going to orgasm you. Seeing as you're still insisting on being naughty – I shall orgasm you with nipple clamps. Any more struggling or silliness and I will give you some more correction, because you obviously haven't learned obedience... You obviously

haven't learned who is in charge here. The next time you struggle or show any defiance, I will administer you with a hundred strokes of the cane – are we clear? Just nod.”

The thought, the mere thought of a hundred strokes had her terrified, she was nodding frantically. Mariella Jane Hall gently stroked her forehead, “Good girl, now wait here while I find you some nice painful nipple clamps.”

She whimpered softly as the sound of the heels clicked away, then clicked back. The next thing she knew a steel nipple clamp with a plastic cover over the teeth was held in front of her face, “I've got these for you. These are lovely, they've got a really strong spring in them and the teeth are nice and hard, really painful... And these are great for hanging weights on.”

She whimpered at the sight, then the Mistress was gone and she felt her reaching around, unbuttoning her jacket and her blouse. One by one, she felt Mariella Jane Hall pull her bra cups clear, folding them so they left her breasts hanging down. She then attached one nipple clamp to each nipple, making her squeak into her gag and wriggled. The pain was immediate and sharp. As she whimpered into her gag and tried to wriggle comfortable, Mariella Jane Hall leaned towards her, “I'm going to attach some weights now. Be a good girl for me and keep still – or I will attach more weights. The more you struggle, the more weights I attach... If I attach enough, those clamps could rip your nipples clean off – so I suggest you keep nice and still for me.”

Her nipples were burning and the pull of the weights being attached only made it worse. Fear of having more weight added kept her in place though and she kept perfectly still apart from an anxious shiver, while her nipples were pulled harder and harder by the weights as they were fitted. Eventually the Mistress came to the front of the stock and leaned into her face smiling, “There, all done! We can continue now... Don't forget, any struggling or resistance,

and I administer you with one hundred strokes of the cane.... Good girl.”

She sobbed and wriggled around, trying to get comfortable, but the teeth were biting hard, pulling her breasts down and nothing she could do offered any relief. She just wanted them off, she wanted any relief, her nipples were stinging, burning almost. , her bottom felt red raw, as if a red hot iron had been placed across her exposed buttocks. It was excruciating, but at the same time arousing! Mariella Jane Hall had her in the palm of her hand, helpless, totally under her control.

Gradually the pain in her nipples subsided to dull ache and a feeling of her breasts being stretched, only worsening if she twitched or moved around. Mariella Jane Hall chuckled softly to herself, “There, that’s a good girl... Now, I want you to keep nice and still for me, and keep your thighs nice and wide for me while I orgasm you.”

Professor Reed nodded, grimacing in pain from the clamps. She felt the front hem of her skirt being lifted and tucked into the waistband, then she felt Mistress’s hand slide down to her crotch, gently stroking her clitoris, and labia and probing into her vagina. She shuddered with pleasure, it felt wrong, so wrong, but that made it all the more exciting. She was pouring with juices, quivering with pleasure, as Mistress’s hand explored her genitals and caressed them lovingly. She could feel the orgasm building, she started panting, closing her eyes, then the hand was gone and she groaned.

“Oh no you don’t, we don’t want you coming too quickly do we?”

Then she felt Mariella Jane Hall’s hand on her face, the pillory held her head in place, making her helpless to shy away. The hand clamped over her face, rubbing juices into her nostrils, filling her with the smell of sex. The hand drew away, but the smell of female sex lingered, every breath filling her lungs with the smell of her own sex,

her own juices. The hand returned to her crotch, caressing, massaging and probing. Gently stimulating her clitoris, she began moaning and panting, and Mistress Mariella continued with renewed enthusiasm. She started moaning louder, louder, she was sweating, the whole setup, the red raw bottom, the burning nipples stretching her breasts downwards, the penis gag filling her mouth, the smell of sex, the spreaders holding her knees and ankles apart, the humiliation, the taboo-ish, almost lesbian aspect of it...

As she rubbed her crotch with one hand, Mistress started spanking her occasionally with the other hand, enhancing the predicament. When the Professor seemed to be getting close the Mistress leaned in towards her wear and whispered coaxingly, "Come for me, good girl, be a good girl, come for me slave..."

She came...

It was the most powerful orgasm she'd ever experienced, and she almost collapsed, her knees unable to take her weight. As she came, Mariella Jane Hall kept rubbing and massaging, then pausing, then continuing, dragging the orgasm out and on. Before she knew it one orgasm was fading and she was starting a fresh, Mistress Mariella still massaging her crotch and periodically probing her with her fingertip and spanking her with her spare hand. The second orgasm was explosive, she was pouring with juices and her legs had turned to jelly. Despite the discomfort, the pain, the humiliation she felt like she was in heaven. She never wanted, at that point to be released again. The sensation of being gagged, nipple clamped, restrained and spanked on her already red raw bottom, it was an absurd ecstasy which she didn't want to end.

It had to end though, gradually Mistress Mariella eased off Jacqueline Reed's crotch and stood up, then unfastened the strap holding her gag in. She felt the gag being pulled clear and she heard Mistress chuckling with glee.

“Did you enjoy that slave?”

“Yes, yes Mistress.”

“Good girl, I knew you would of course, I can spot a sub a mile off. Of course you’re especially interesting, because you truly are a natural switch. If you ever want to double dominate with me, I’d be more than happy to have you. Maybe I could even dominate you afterwards as payment for services rendered?”

The stock was unlocked next and Jacqueline shakily forced herself up out of the pillory. As she did Mariella Jane Hall was already bending down to remove the spreaders. She reached into her unbuttoned blouse to remove the nipple clamps with the weights attached herself, feeling a rush of blood and a further dull ache as she removed them. Of course the removal of the stretch by the weights on her breasts was a relief. She felt in a complete state, juices were dripping down her legs, her blouse and jacket were unfastened, the hem of her skirt tucked in at the front and rear. It took several minutes for her to sort herself out, under the watchful eye of Mariella Jane Hall.

“Would you like to take a shower before you leave? Hmmm, I suppose it’s not worth it – seeing as you don’t have a change of clothes. I have another client soon too so... Do you think you’ve learned anything today Professor?”

“Y-yes, definitely... Quite how this will apply to the use of corporal punishment in-“

“I think you’ve got a much better understanding of it personally. Don’t forget by the way, if you ever want to double dominate with me – just drop me a line... Or if you’d like another session yourself? You know where I am.”

Professor Jacqueline finished sorting herself out, she smelled, she was sweaty, her clothes were a mess and her bottom was red raw. When she left Mariella Jane Hall was retrieving Sissy Slave Sally from the cage, presumably for a fresh round of tortures?

She could feel her orgasm still subsiding and her red raw bottom stinging as she pulled away in her car, the memory of the experience imprinting itself on her brain. She'd never thought about BDSM before, not apart from her curious fantasies involving the headmistress's cane... But it felt so right... Despite the pain, the discomfort, the humiliation it was... Nice.... It was stress relief, she'd felt the stress flowing out of her as Mariella Jane Hall took control. She couldn't rule out to herself the thought of another session at some point.

When she eventually arrived at her apartment, she put her dirty, smelly clothes straight into the wash and headed for the shower. As she stood in the shower cubicle over the bath, hot water running through her hair and down her face she imagined herself back in the pillory, helpless, vulnerable... She gently pinched her nipples, first one, then both at the same time and sighed with pleasure as she remembered the predicament she'd been in. It was a powerful memory, and even a faint whisper of it sent waves of pleasure through her body. Before she washed herself she reached down to her crotch and began stimulating herself gently at first, then more vigorously. She couldn't orgasm standing up, but even so, it sent wave after wave of pleasure through her, she had to lie down in the bath, her knees up, reaching down to her groin and rubbing frantically. Before she knew it she was having another orgasm, her legs turning to jelly and waves of relaxation and pleasure washed through her... It was bliss.

She stood shakily and washed herself thoroughly, tomorrow she would recruit for the study.

## Recruitment

The next day Jacqueline had her tutorial for her first year applied psychology students. She'd selected a light beige sweater, her slim black skirt with a thin black leather belt and a pair of black nylon tights. She'd prepared printed copies of her proposal out and was headed to her first year tutorial for the applied psychology group. When she got there her students were already in and sitting at the desks, looking a bit worse for wear. Fresher's were always the same, they tended to treat the first year as a break, having just finished 'A' levels. The start of the year was worse still, they never took the first few weeks seriously. She looked at her list, six, a small tutor group, but they'd all turned up.

She sat at her desk at the front facing them all, "Good morning everyone. My name is Professor Reed, I will be your tutor for at least this and the next semester. Thank you for coming today, you'd be surprised how many students elect not to turn up for the first tutorial. Before we go any further I want to tell you, I expect you to attend ALL my tutorials, there will be serious repercussions for any of you who choose to skip tutorials without a very good explanation. I notice some of you are looking a little worse for wear, I realise it's fresher's week, but when you attend my tutorials, I expect you to attend with all your faculties about you. You will NOT, NOT turn up, 'looking worse for wear' because of too much alcohol the night before – are we clear? You have seven nights in a week, I expect you to reserve your socialising for Friday and Saturday nights."

The row of faces were looking somewhat stunned at this onslaught of strictness. Jacqueline had been a hard-working, little socializing student when she'd been doing her bachelor's degree – that was why she was a professor at such a young age. She expected the same of her students.

She smiled at them warmly, "You can wipe that look off your faces as well. You are here, presumably to further your education, not to get



drunk and laid. You've all been fortunate to be allocated to my tutor group, I take my tutorials seriously and by hook or by crook I will get you through your degree course with as good a chance of getting a two, one as possible. Now on to business, I've got a list of lectures which are occurring this week. If you are in my tutor group, all lectures are mandatory – unless I've put a star next to them. That means they are relevant and interesting to the course, but I don't mind if you are unable to attend. It may seem like I'm treating you like children a little, but during these tutorials I will check everyone's notes from the past week, to make sure you are making good, useful notes. If you are not, then I will point out where you are going wrong and I will check them again the next week – continuing to correct you until I'm sure you are making the most of your lectures. Once I'm satisfied that you're making good use of lectures, I will check your notes every few weeks, just spot checks to make sure you are keeping up the good work. Any questions?"

The six students were finding this somewhat surreal, when they'd been wrapping up their A levels and applying for a degree, they'd anticipated spending most of the first year dossing about and having fun. Now they were here, after a heavy night, being strictly chastised by this beautiful, petit, oriental girl, who appeared to be treating them like junior school students. The problem was it was difficult to argue with her reasoning, and she had a commanding way about her, an air of authority and gravitas which befit someone ten or twenty years older.

Simon put his hand up, again this was an odd thing to do – but her demeanour somehow seemed to suggest it was correct. "Professor Reed, don't we call the lecturers by their first-

"You may call some lecturers by their first names, but it is their job to deliver lectures and your job to attend them. They have no power of locum parentis. That falls to me I'm afraid, while you are under my care, it's my responsibility to make sure you are not wasting your time being here and for that reason I think, to get our relationships

off on the best foot, you should address me as professor Reed, or 'Miss' and nothing else. Any other questions?"

Simon, Max, Nathan, Kim, Amy and Celeste started raising their hands one by one and Jacqueline started fielding their questions. It was strange, but despite craving freedom for so long, then finding themselves being treated like children by this attractive thirty something year old was comforting. It felt like they were in a more structured environment and that somebody was taking care of them.

When eventually the questions died down Jacqueline cleared her throat, "Now, as part of your applied psychology degree, you will be expected to devise and conduct studies in your second and third years. The way we tend to do things here is recruit from the first year population of the University. When you recruit, subjects will cost you credits, you earn those credits by being a subject for others experiments. You can earn credits in any year, but your best chance is to build up good credits in your first year, so I advise you all strongly, very strongly to volunteer for as many studies as possible. To that end, I am writing a paper myself at the moment, which requires a number of volunteers. Because of the nature of the study it pays triple the number of credits for the time required, it is on-going for our two semesters together and it will assist you in your studies if you volunteer. Anyone interested, can take a copy of the study brief here and read through it. Any questions, please feel free to ask."

They'd all heard about this before, you had to earn credits in the first year to have a chance of recruiting enough in your later years. Any studies which paid double the base rate of credits were sought after and rare – this one paid triple! Celeste stood up first and approached the front desk. As she took a sheet there were murmurs of, 'Pass us one, cheers.' From the other students.

Jacqueline of course found herself chuckling to herself at their raised eyebrows and shocked faces as they read the paper.

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**Manchester University - Department of Applied Psychology – Prof. J. Reed BsC. MsC. PhD**

*A Study into the effectiveness of controlled applications of corporal punishment in performance enhancement and behaviour modification.*

You have been selected to take part in a trial, testing the effectiveness of using corporal punishment to improve academic performance and control behaviour. There is anecdotal evidence to suggest the abolition of corporal punishment in British institutions has had a detrimental effect on academic performance and juvenile behaviour. The use of ‘CP’ has never been carefully studied for its efficiency and usefulness in managing student performance and behaviour.

The aim of this study is to measure the effect of administering ‘CP’ against the effect of positive encouragement and a control group in on-going academic tests and other aspects of positive behaviour as devised by Prof. J.Reed BsC. MsC. PhD.

After signing up for the study you will be randomly assigned a group, control, positive or CP. The control group will be asked to change their behaviour and will be take part in tests without any attempts to influence them. The positive group will receive only positive encouragement and reward. The CP group will receive CP administered by Prof. J.Reed BsC. MsC.PhD in order to manage their behaviour and improve their performance in the controlled academic tests. The CP will be administered by slim cane, to the bare bottom, all students will be asked to sign a waiver accepting possible scarring from excessive caning. Students may be restrained to receive CP or be asked to stand in various positions. The amount of CP to be administered will be varied and decided by Prof. J. Reed BsC. MsC. PhD. The number of strokes will be recorded and all punishments will be video-taped for future study.

For particularly severe canings, a medical professional may be on stand-by to suture any wounds acquired through severe caning closed . Once the study is begun, students may not opt out, leaving the study will result in forfeiting any credits acquired for participation and will incur a penalty of one hundred credits deducted.

Please read this document thoroughly, ensure you understand the study completely before signing. Any questions should be asked directly to Prof. J.Reed. BsC. MsC. PhD who is running this study.

This study has been passed by the ethics committee on the grounds of CP being a recreational activity between consenting adults.

Ethics committee Ref: SBF17829456/RR

I have read and understood this document and agree to take part in the test as a subject. In agreeing to this I consent to receiving corporal punishment administered by cane, restrained or free-standing by Prof. J.Reed. BsC. MsC. PhD. I accept some scarring of the buttocks may occur and waive any right to sue the university. I accept the risk of infection at the site of wounds and waive any right to sue the university for damages.

Signed..... Print.....  
Date..... Student Ref.....

.....  
They were all fairly gobsmacked by this. Amy raised her hand, “Erm, Miss, erm, does this mean you will be caning us!?”

Jacqueline smiled warmly, “Only if you’re allocated into the CP group. For this small study, as I have six of you at my disposal, I will allocate one of each gender into each group. So you effectively have a one in three chance of being allocated ‘CP’ I don’t need a decision now, you all have my email address, just read it through, think about it and let me know. You can bring your signed consent forms to next week’s tutorial.”

She knew they’d all probably sign up for the study, there was only a one in three chance they’d receive CP and it was easy credits. When the tutorial finished she left the classroom and walked across the campus with a spring in her step. She called at the refectory for

a coffee on the way, by the time she'd got back to her office and been through her post she'd already got four out of five students emailing saying they were in.

She smiled to herself, the others would follow she was sure. She rummaged through her handbag and eventually pulled out the now slightly battered card which had been given to her by Samantha Fisher.

She called the number on the card, "Dungeon Designs, Nadine speaking."

"Ahem, hi, I'm wondering if you can help me. A Samantha Fisher told me you could supply with some implements for administering corporal punishment."

"Oh? Is this the professor? Samantha has told us about your study and, hmmm, called in a favour. We've already got you a package all made up and ready to ship."

"You have?! Wha-"

"Oh, not much, a nice sturdy pillory, we call it the XC900 [See Slavery 1:Captured!], a selection of canes, varying gauges and weights. Should be perfect for what you need. Where would you like it shipping?"

She was a little taken a back, "Erm, is it heavy?"

"A little, the pillory requires some assembly. It's on wheels though so it's easy to manoeuvre around once it's built."

"Hmmm, I suppose I could get the room next to my office cleared out, it's a small classroom with a decent storeroom, I could hold my

future tutorials there? Hmmm, yes, get it shipped to my office.”

She gave Nadine the address and hung up. It was all becoming exciting now. She thought about her poor students, helpless in her pillory, waiting for the swish of her cane... She couldn't wait now...

## **A Lesson in pain**

Simon, Max, Nathan, Kim, Amy and Celeste had all signed up for the study. It was the following weeks tutorial. As Jacqueline had arranged it, the tutorial was in the classroom next to her office. She hadn't had time to assemble the XC900 pillory, but she'd figured it could be a good punishment to get her naughty students to do it.

When she entered all six were sitting there, looking marginally more lively than the previous week – she clearly had a lot of work to do with this group.

Her heels clicked on the hard floor until she was behind her desk at the front, she stood behind the desk facing them, smiling, but looking expectant. Blank expressions were exchanged between the students – what did she expect?

Celeste put her hand up, a petit girl who wore her short brown hair in a bob and was dressed a little more smartly than the rest of the group, in a tartan skirt with black tights and a white top. “Miss, what are-“

Jacqueline smiled, “I'm waiting for you all to stand up of course!”

This seemed rather archaic, the sound of chairs scraping echoed throughout the room while six bodies begrudgingly rose to their feet.

Nathan started, “Look Miss, this whole-“

Jacqueline shook her head up, “You put your hand up and wait until I ask you to speak.”

Clearly put out, he stopped and raised his hand. Jacqueline smiled at him, making him wait for a moment, then she nodded to him, “Yes?”

“Why are you treating us li-“

“Because until you can all prove to me you can act like adults, I shall treat you like children. When I enter the room, you will stand until I tell you that you can sit. When you wish to speak during our tutorials, you will raise your hand and wait until I tell you to speak – are we clear? A clue, I’m expecting a little chorus of ‘yes miss’ at this point.”

The six students, somewhat thrown out of their comfort zone chorused begrudgingly, ‘Yes Miss.’

She smiled, “Good, good children. Now sit down please.”

She stayed standing as chairs scraped back into place. “Now, all of you have asked to be part of my study, so I will now collect your signed consent forms, then we will allocate you all into your groups.”

She walked down the line collecting the consent forms with a smile as they were held out to her. She sat at her desk, quietly checking the forms through. Once she was satisfied, she began carefully folding the consent forms up, first into half, then into quarters. As she folded them, she shuffled them into one large pile.

She looked up and smiled at the tutor group, “Can I have a volunteer please?”

Gingerly hands started to rise, Jacqueline pointed to Max, a shabbily dressed teenager, jeans, band t-shirt.... He looked like the sort of student who would turn up with nothing, and have to make notes on the inside of a kit kat wrapper, after having 'borrowed' a pen of someone.

"Stand up, come to my desk." As she spoke she stood up and wrote on the white board with a green marker. She neatly hand drew a table:-

	Male	Female
Positive		
Neutral		
CP		

As she finished the last line she pointed at Max with her marker pen, "Okay, we'll fill from the top. Pick one at random please, open it and read the name out to me."

He shuffled the consent form again and pulled one out, then unfolded it and read the name out, "Amy."

Jacqueline smiled, and started writing Amy in the box for positive, female, "Good, and the next random one please?"

He pulled another out at random, unfolded it and read the name, "Kim..."

"Okay, so I'll write Kim in here... That means, I'm afraid Celeste, you are going to be receiving corporal punishment... Next please."



Celeste went bright red and shivered softly while the others smirked at her. Max drew another form at random, "Max... Yes!"

This caused Nathan and Simon to shuffle uneasily as Jacqueline wrote Max in the positive male box. "Next please."

He pulled the next one, unfolded it and read out the name, "Celeste..."

Jacqueline wrote Celeste in the female 'CP' box with a shrug, "Already decided but fine... Next!"

He pulled the next one and unfolded it, reading out the name, "Nathan..."

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

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

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

Max raised his hand, Jacqueline nodded to him, "Max?"

"I erm, I didn't make it to doctor Stanway's lecture on Tuesday morning."

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

Simon shakily rose his hand, "Erm, I didn't make doctor Stanway's lecture either."

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

He was bright red in the face now, "Miss, can't we ju-"

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

He chuckled softly, "This is a wind up right? You -"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Good...”

Swish, crack!

“Aaargh!”

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

Swish, crack!

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

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

He nodded, "Yes miss."

"Good..."

Swish, crack!

"Aaargh! Two! Thank you miss!"

Swish, crack!

"Whimper! Three! Thank you miss!"

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

Swish, crack!

“Oww! Four! Thank you miss!”

She could feel herself getting moister with ever stroke, it was such a rush. Simon for his part was in a world of paradoxes. Every stroke stung like a burning iron, being in this position, his bare bottom on show – it was so humiliating, degrading almost. Yet, something, somehow, it felt... It was making him feel submissive, defeated, in her power. He caught a glimpse of her slim black belt and her black skirt, her immaculately painted nails holding the handle of the cane and sighed.

Swish, crack!

“Aaargh! Five! Thank you miss!”

Swish, crack!

“Nngh! Six! Thank you miss!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

He felt like a child, her critical eye slowly scanning his pages, eventually she sighed and looked up. "Simon, your work is terrible. It's sloppy, unstructured, messy, your handwriting is terrible. I'm afraid I'm going to have to correct you further. If you don't want me to up the ante then this coming week, try harder. I want you to practice your handwriting, and your spelling and grammar. When you are making notes, try to make coherent notes which follow a structure. Use flow diagrams and draw arrows from related points – here, where've you've written this paragraph here – this leads directly on this point here, so draw an arrow like this."

She drew a long curved line with a point at the end, then she pointed to the middle of the page, "I know the content of these lectures, you've been so busy trying to write notes here, you missed some key

points. You really need to read through chapters three and four of your 'Basic Principles of Applied Psychology' book to fill in the gaps. If you can't keep up – use short hand and write your notes up neatly later. You need to get used to interpreting the information and quickly noting it in a fast and concise way, like drawing diagrams on the fly – even if they are simple flow diagrams. Look at this paragraph here, we can summarize this much better with a simple flow diagram.”

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

He sighed, “Yes Miss.”

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

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

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

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

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



Shaking, Celeste placed her A4 pad in the professors hands. Professor Reed smiled and started casting her critical eye on the page, then flicking to the next one, eventually she handed it back, "You are on the right track. You really need to work on neatness. You may find these notes are comprehensible now, but in year three when you're preparing your dissertation? You might find that some of the terms used are unfamiliar and you can't get the right spelling or even understand the term once it's no longer fresh in your mind. You've used diagrams, but make sure they're clear and make sure you don't miss anything out. If you look at this one at the start of the second page you've missed a key point. Re-read chapter two and try to fill it in, I'll check your work next week. I will need to correct you too, you can stay behind for three strokes of the cane."

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

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

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

"Good girl."

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

On a final note, I want you to study chapters one and two of 'Applied Psychology' for next week, there will be a test."

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

Simon and Celeste dragged the box into the classroom and began unpacking it while Professor Jacqueline Reed started entering data on a spreadsheet. She was scoring them for attendance and quality of notes, and noting what punishment they'd received thus far. She finished before they did and in the time remaining she sat behind her desk admiring her little test subjects scurrying away, working to build the very device they would be tortured on. It was so satisfying. She could feel the power over them, she felt it as a tutor anyway, but having them compelled to accept corporal punishment off her made it all the more enticing. She almost wanted to reach down to her crotch and give herself a rub there and then, but she managed to resist.

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

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

Celeste gasped first, “But Mi-“

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

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

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

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

“Is this really necessary? Can’t I ju-“

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

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

Celeste felt herself being humiliatingly wheeled towards the front desk and spun so her bottom was facing the camera. The professor pushed a brake on with her foot stopping the contraption moving any further. Then she reached under the hem of her tartan skirt, lifted it

up and tucked it into the waist band. Celeste quivered with anticipation. She was totally at the mercy of the professor and didn't even dare question her or complain, for fear of adding more strokes.

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

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

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

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

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

"Miss! You can-"

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

This shut Celeste up immediately. The Professor started by taking a heavy flow tampon from her pack, unwrapping it and weighing it on a small digital scale which was with the electronics, and recording the exact weight. Then she snapped on a pair of latex gloves and took some of the wires and the weighed, dry tampon and knelt beneath Celeste's groin. "I'm going to insert a tampon now, with two probes to measure temperature and blood flow. Try to relax, you'll feel some pressure."

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

She jumped slightly and squirmed as the sharp toothed crocodile clips bit into her most sensitive parts. She wriggled and squirmed in the pillory, whimpering in pain. As she did she could feel the leads brushing against her legs. The professor removed her gloves and sat at the desk, preparing to tap away on the laptop. "There, you're all setup now. Just give me a minute and I'll get the monitoring software setup." She plugged the leads into the laptop and starting using the touchpad and the keyboard to set the monitoring running.

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

Celeste had to bite her lip not to complain, she'd hardly complained and earned five strokes, she had no choice but to be as submissive

and obedient to the professor as possible. “Yes Miss, thank you miss.”

“Good girl... I’ll begin.”

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

Swish, crack!

“Owwww!”

Jacqueline paused, leaning forwards so Celeste could see her face, “I expect my students to show some initiative... What do you think you forgot to do?”

Celeste was red in the face, and panting softly, “Erm, I, erm, count and thank miss?”

“Good girl. We’ll try again shall we? Starting at number one because you forgot to count... Don’t forget to thank me for correcting you.”

Swish, crack!

“Owwww! One, thank you miss!”

“Good girl...”

Swish, crack!

“Aargh! Two, thank you miss!”

The stroke had fallen perfectly on the first one. Celeste had been afraid, but being restrained like this, with all these probes and sensors attached to her genitals and being caned mercilessly, it was having an unexpected effect. It was making her feel aroused.

Swish, crack!

“Aargh! Three, thank you miss!”

Swish, crack!

“Ouch! Three, th-thank you miss!”

Jacqueline smiled, it was even more arousing than before, her victim all restrained and helpless. She paused, teasing the buttocks with her cane then she flicked her wrist back for another stroke, harder than ever.

Swish, crack!

“AAAARGH! Four! Th-th-thank you miss!”

Jacqueline looked at the laptop screen and raised an eyebrow. She then lowered her face to Celeste’s in the pillory. “It seems like you’re enjoying this Celeste. Perhaps I should be administering the cane as a reward rather than a punishment? What do you think?”

Celeste shook her head, “No miss.”

Jacqueline’s heels clicked on the hard floor as she returned to her position, and stroked her cane gently over Celeste’s now red,

marked buttocks.

Swish, crack!

“Owww! Five, thank you miss!”

Swish, crack!

“Owww! Six, thank you miss!”

Jacqueline chuckled to herself, “Oh dear, it appears I’ve broken the skin there.... I’ll have to start a new line, would you like it higher or lower? Quickly, choose or I’ll add six strokes for being indecisive.”

“Lower! Lower!”

“Good girl.”

Swish, crack!

“Owww! Seven, thank you miss!”

Her back was aching now, she longed to move her feet, release her head, her wrists. It felt confining, she felt so vulnerable and helpless. So deliciously helpless. Simon, who had been watching from the other side of the room was sporting a huge erection. Watching Celeste being mercilessly, ruthlessly punished, with electrodes fastened to her sexual parts was almost making him leak pre-cum. The fact that he was patiently awaiting the same treatment made it all the worse. He watched the cane rise and fall. He listened to the rhythm of swishes and cracks that punctuated the caning. Celeste’s high pitched squeaks and submissive thanks made him quiver with excitement. Eventually Jacqueline was on the



final stroke, she raised the cane and struck with all her speed and strength causing Celeste to howl in agony.

The professor lowered her cane and clicked it onto the desk, before picking up her latex gloves again. As she walked back towards Celeste's posterior she snapped the gloves on. "There, we're all done. I've finished correcting you – for now, I just want to have a feel of your genitals so I can make some notes. Keep still for me, or I'll add ten strokes."

Celeste whimpered softly, "Yes miss."

She felt the professors gloved hand reach between her legs, pressing, probing, testing her labia and tickling her clitoris. It was moist, she was almost dripping. She would have been dripping had the professor not put a tampon in. As it was the tampon had soaked up all her juices and was now moist and heavy. "I'm going to remove your tampon now so I can weigh it."

She felt the now sodden tampon being pulled out and heard it squish as the professor dropped it into the dish on the scales. Then the hand was back in her groin, pressing probing. She tried to squirm away, "Shhh, keep still for me... Unless you want me to correct you again?"

She held still, her bottom was red raw, still burning as it had a red hot poker resting across it. She was still producing juices, the professor chuckled as she gently manipulated Celeste's pussy, "My, my, we are turned on aren't we? I wonder how it makes you feel when I do this?"

Immediately her latex gloved fingers were probing, the rubbing, stroking up and down and swirling around her clitoris. She moaned with pleasure, then tried to squirm away and clench her hips. It felt wrong, she'd never been worked to an orgasm by a female before

and all her senses were screaming at her that this was too taboo-ish. The professor paused, “Celeste, I’m going to force you to orgasm, so I can monitor your response. Now stop trying to squirm away, or I will give you fifty strokes – this is your last warning.”

Then the hand was in. This time Celeste concentrated on keeping still, keeping her legs open and allowing the professor to masturbate her to a powerful orgasm, making her sigh with bliss and sag in the pillory, her legs turning to jelly.

Jacqueline giggled, “There, we’re all done. That wasn’t so bad was it? I’ll just sort you out.”

She removed the clips attached to her genitals and snapped the gloves off, while Celeste was left panting, waves of relaxation washing over her. It was the most powerful orgasm she’d had. It felt like heaven, the bliss, it felt somehow... Naughty, but the naughtiness made it all the more erotic and she could almost feel herself becoming aroused again even before the orgasm had faded, just by thinking about it. She felt the professor gently pull her knickers up, then her tights, then un-tuck her skirt.

Finally the stock holding her neck and wrists, and the one holding her ankles together were both unlocked and opened and she straightened up, thankful to finally be able to straighten her back.

She looked at the professor standing there with a mischievous grin on her face. “Same time next week? Don’t forget the reading and the test.”

She straightened her skirt out and sighed blissfully, “Professor, seeing as, \*Ahem, Simon has been able to watch you ‘correcting’ me. Don’t you think I should stay to watch Simon receive his punishment?”

“Hmmm, you’ve already-“

“Yes, but couldn’t it alter the results? I mean I don’t mind admitting, I found it very arousing, but partly because Simon was standing there watching. If I go then it will be a different environment that he receives punishment in won’t it?”

“Hmmmm, I suppose you are right. That’s a very good point, it’s the sort of thing we need to be mindful of when devising and carrying out psychological tests. Please, stay.”

Simon gasped, “Miss!”

Celeste jabbed him in the ribs, “Don’t be such a wuss, you’ve seen me... I want to watch you getting caned again. Anyway it’s all psychology isn’t it? I can be your chaperone, so Miss can’t do anything to you she shouldn’t?”

Jacqueline shrugged, “It’s all being video’d anyway. A lot of senior fellows of the university are interested in this research. Now come on Simon, it’s your turn – hop into the pillory.”

He was shaking as he stepped forwards, his bottom was still sore from the first correction he’d received in front of the group. Again, he placed his feet in and felt the stock clamp them in place, completely immobilized. Jacqueline stepped to the front of the pillory and gestured towards the neck hole and the wrist holes, “Come on, you’ve seen how it goes. Head in here, wrists in here please – good boy.”

He felt the pillory close with a click and he was completely immobile. Jacqueline stepped behind and began loosening his trousers again. Her delicate hands gently unbuckling his belt. As she pulled his jeans down he caught a whiff of her perfume, it was fresh and

feminine and it made him quiver with arousal. She struggled with his boxer shorts, they kept getting caught on his now monstrous erection. In the end, the only way she could get them down was to gently press his erection down with one hand slide the boxers down with the other.

She allowed them to drop to the floor. She chuckled, "Dear me Simon, you are finding this exciting aren't you? I think the study is all wrong, I think we should be measuring the effectiveness of using CP as a reward! Now, try to relax, I'm going to re-sterilize your bottom, then attach some new sterile electrodes to your penis, testicles and prostate gland."

"Pros-"

"Shhh, let me just glove up and we'll get your probes ready."

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

He waited uncomfortably, the bonds were so tight and restricting he couldn't move a millimetre. He could hear Celeste chuckling at him from her vantage point. Part of him wanted to scream and pull out of the study, but somehow he didn't think she'd let him out, he thought she'd simply add a hundred strokes for insubordination, so he bit his lip and waited patiently. He heard the snap of latex on skin. He sensed the professor positioning herself behind him, "Now Simon, I'm going to lube up your anus ready to accept my probe. It's quite cold, try to relax."

He felt a squirt of cold right on his bare anus, then her finger was spreading it around the anus and gently testing his anal sphincter. "Relax Simon, accept my finger, or I'll add ten strokes, relax, relax, deep breath now."

He felt her finger glide in, taking lube with it, then she was pressing on his prostate making him grunt softly. She pressed harder, he almost felt like he was going to cum, like he was having semen squeezed out of him, then she slowly pulled her finger out. “There, I’m just going to insert your probe, deep breath for me – it’s quite a big one.”

It felt like he was having a ping pong ball pressed against his anus. “Relax now, try to relax you sphincter, deep breath now.”

“Nnnngh!”

The groan was long and drawn out as she slowly, oh so slowly slid the giant capsule with a wire attached into his rectum. He almost thought it wouldn’t fit, like he was being ripped apart. Even once it was in place, he had a sensation of fullness, of wanting to go to the toilet for a poo.

“Now, that probes in place. You may feel an urge to poop, I need you to resist that urge and hold the probe in place. If you poop it out before I’ve finished correcting you we will start again and I will add ten strokes for the inconvenience – are we clear? Good.”

She returned to the desk and swapped gloves again. Now she weighed a little device which looked like a tube with a bag on the end. After having noted the weight she turned her attention back to her victim with the tube and bag in hand. “Now. I’m going to insert this collector tube into your urethra. You will feel discomfort, try to bite down for me. “

He felt one set of delicate fingers gently grab the glans of his penis. He was rock hard now of course, then he felt a glob of cold on the tip, followed by a sensation of pressure. He couldn’t see what she was doing but he could feel something sliding into his penis making him

whimper and whine as it slid into place. Satisfied, she secured it in place with some surgical tape.

“Good, just your temperature sensors – then we can begin.”

He saw her return to the table for more probes, all connected by wire to the laptop and a fresh roll of surgical tape. Then she was out of view and he felt her taping probe after probe to his testicles and penis. Then it stopped. His genitals felt strange, with all wires hanging off and things taped to them, the giant probe in his rectum, the collector tube in his urethra.

“There, we’re all done, I’ll just set the software running, then we’ll begin your correction.”

He was helpless, he could feel his probes dangling between his legs. The sensation of the urethra plug made him want to pee, the sensation of fullness made him feel like pooping. It took a great effort simply not to pee or poop while the professor sat carefully at her desk and worked on her computer, setting things running. Celeste of course was finding this highly amusing and also slightly amusing.

Once the monitoring software was running the professor stood and walked to the front of the pillory, brandishing her cane. She lowered her face to Simon’s, “There, you’re all setup, I’m going to begin correcting you now. Don’t forget to count and thank. Now, I’m giving you six for poor note taking and one for being slow. Are you ready?”

He thought about shaking his head resisting, refusing, but she had him completely under control and all he could find himself doing was nodding submissively, “Yes, miss.”

“Good boy...”

Simon was shaking softly, the various attachments on his genitals, either stuck on or probing him internally were making him so uncomfortable, but so aroused too. He jumped in the pillory slightly when he felt her gently caress his bottom with the tip of her cane. She stroked the cane, up and down over his already red and sore bottom, teasing him gently, allowing the anticipation to build. He was holding his breath, tensing up in preparation for the strike, but it didn't come. He sighed, breathing out, relaxing his buttocks, and she snapped her wrist back, then down hard.

Swish, crack!

"Grrrn! One! Thank you miss!"

She smiled to herself, the feeling over power was intoxicating. She gently tickled the back of his neck with the tip of her cane. "That's a good boy, you're learning aren't you?"

He squirmed around, the burning sensation still lingering. He could feel the collector tube in his urethra, the probe in his rectum and the various sensors attached to his penis. He almost felt like reaching down and ripping them off, but his wrists and neck were secure in the stock. He was there, at her mercy until she decided to free him. The fact that she was so beautiful and her voice almost hypnotic, it was so commanding, he felt almost like disobedience wasn't even an option. His thoughts racing all over the place, he waited patiently for the next stroke.

Her wrist snapped up, flexed the cane, then slammed into his buttocks with full force, making him visibly jump in the pillory.

Swish, crack!

"Urrngh! T-two! Th-thank you miss!"

She giggled softly, “You’re welcome.”

Swish, crack!

“Urrngh! Th-three! Th-thank you miss!”

Celeste’s bottom was still burning from her session, and she still felt waves of bliss from her orgasm as she watched the professor dish out stroke after stroke with devastating force. The experience and watching Miss Reed cane Simon mercilessly, it unlocked feelings which had been locked deep inside her. She longed to be caned again, more than anything. Originally she’d been horrified that she’d been allocated into the ‘CP’ group, but now she felt privileged and happy.

As the cane rose and fell, punctuated by screams, squirms and Simon’s submissive counting and thanking, she began to break skin. His bottom was soon looking bruised and battered. On the last stroke she twisted her whole body and threw everything she had into it.

Swish!

Crack!

“AAAAARGH! S-seven! Th-th-thank you miss!”

She leaned in to his face, “You’re very welcome Simon. Now sit tight, I need to weigh your collector.”

Then she was out of view. He felt her hands on his penis, drawing the tube with the bag, now full of pre-cum out. Then dropping it on



the scale. While she was at that side of the desk she saw the results from the various sensors and smirked, “My, my, we do like being punished don’t we?”

Her subtle oriental accent sent a shiver down his spine, he listened intently to her heels clicking on the hard floor as she re-positioned herself next to him. Her thin black leather belt and neatly pressed black skirt was right in his face now. “Simon, I’m going to orgasm you now to monitor your response. I realise you may be uncomfortable with your tutor doing this to you – but it’s hard luck. It’s in the interest of science. The same as I said to Celeste goes, any attempts to make life difficult for me, squirming away or closing your legs – will result in a hundred strokes of the cane, are we clear?”

Simon was shaking with anticipation now, “Y-yes miss.”

“Good boy, try to relax.”

She moved behind him, he felt her hand on his penis, gently caressing at first, then vigorously masturbating. She was over ten years older than him! His tutor! He wanted to worm away, but the thought of the cane rising and falling on his bottom made him hold his ground. He’d seen the look on her face, she was doing this study for the good science – sure. It also happened that she loved it, he’d seen her almost quivering with pleasure as she’d painted stripe after stripe on Celeste’s bare bottom.

The hand moved backwards and forwards, speeding up, then slowing down, then she stopped. “Silly me, I don’t want a mess do I? I’ll just fit your collector again.”

At this point he wanted to plead her not to. The tube was painful and tight and coming with it stuck in his urethra would be painful he was sure. He didn’t dare complain though, so instead he waited, whimpering while she fetched it and slid it forcefully back into the tip

of his penis. Then the masturbation began again. He started panting, he was coming. As he got closer she leaned in to him and whispered in his ear, "Come on, come for me, good boy... Be a good boy and come for me."

He came and when he did his penis stung as it went into spasm around the collector tube making him grunt and groan softly. The professor chuckled and pulled the collector off as his orgasm subsided. She re-weighed it on the scales. Then she returned to remove her sensors. He yelped as the surgical tape was slowly pulled off, taking several pubic hairs with it. Afterwards she pulled his boxers up and trousers and released him from the stock.

Once Celeste and Simon were sorted out Jacqueline looked sternly at them both. "Well, now that I've corrected you both, I'm going to have to spend some time writing up today's session and collating the results from the sensors. I hope you both do better next week hmmm? Don't forget the test! Now off you go."

She watched them scuttle out of the room, clearly shaken by their experience. She smiled to herself. She'd found it so arousing punishing them. Doing with the sensors and monitors hooked up to their genitals had made it even more exciting. She snuck quietly back into the little storeroom where the pillory had been stored and sat back in swivelling chair which was stuck in the corner. Nobody was around, so she hitched her skirt up, peeled her tights down and her lacy black, satin knickers and started to rub. Soon she was moaning softly, then sighing with bliss as she came. Her crotch was wet and smelling of sex. She'd have to go home to shower, but it was worth it, it was so worth it. She carried on rubbing, gently caressing herself, then rubbing vigorously, working her labia, probing her vagina, then vigorously stimulating her clitoris. She was thinking about punishing her students, about her time in Mistress Mariella's pillory... It built fast and when she came it sent a torrent of pleasure rushing through her body and making her sigh audibly.

Feeling light-headed she stood and smiled to herself, sorting herself out. This was going to be fun, this was going to be the most enjoyable study she'd ever ran.

## **The Results of the study**

As the weeks went by Jacqueline gave out more and more tests and found herself administering more and more CP. It soon became clear to her that her test subjects were enjoying the CP sessions. She even had her little subjects in to her office after a few weeks to confront them about this. Despite their embarrassment, both Celeste and Simon both admitted, after some coaxing – that they enjoyed being caned by Professor Jacqueline. They admitted actually looking forward to it and being disappointed if they didn't receive enough strokes.

This was a turning point in the study. Jacqueline spent several hours alone in her office analysing the data. She hadn't seen what she'd expected to see, CP was not improving their performance...

But then why would it? When performing well would reduce the amount of CP they received? For the following semester she changed the rules dramatically. Instead of punishing them with large numbers of strokes, she would punish their lack of obedience with not asking them to receive CP after the tutorials.

The effect was immediate. When she charted their performance on note taking, general behaviour and results in the tests she'd been setting for every tutorial – as soon as corporal punishment became a reward rather than a punishment, results shot up.

She smiled to herself, it was a controversial conclusion to make, but it made a bizarre sense. All these years and questioning the use of corporal punishment and caning and whether it aided performance...

It had always been used in the wrong way. They didn't like to admit it, not at first... But they loved being restrained and caned. Her paper would be the most startling thing her fellow academics had read in a long time, it would advocate that there was a role for corporal punishment... As a reward for good behaviour and excellent performance...

~fin

By Sabrina

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



# ***Orgasm Denial: A Study in Chastity***



***By  
Sabrina Jen Mountford***

# ***Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity***

## **Prologue**

Jacqueline Reed was back in the University café, sipping her coffee, reading the newspaper. It had been an interesting two semesters. After the startling results from the study into caning, she'd expected to have a paper published and have made a real name for herself in the academic world of psychology. As it happened nobody had accepted the results, doubts were raised over the validity of the study and demands for a larger study with a more controlled application of CP and a clear correlation between performance and the amount of 'CP' subjects received.

Of course, trying to acquire the funding for a trial like this, and getting enough volunteers to meet the criteria proved difficult. It was a pity really; she'd enjoyed painting stripes on Celeste and Simon's bottoms. Celeste and Simon too, had enjoyed the CP. Jacqueline's tutorials had been the highlight of their week, and not for Jacqueline's sternly given advice on note-taking or her challenging 'tests', but for post-tutorial correction. Being locked into the pillory, then having electrodes attached to their genitals before being mercilessly caned and forced to orgasm had been a surreal phantasm of forbidden pleasure – that stayed with them for many hours afterwards, every time.

Simon entered the Café, he saw Jacqueline and after quickly buying a coffee and a doughnut walked over to her.

"Morning Miss."

"Good Morning Simon, how are you?"

"May I sit down please miss?"

She gestured towards the empty chair at the opposite side of the table. He took the seat, scraping the chair quietly in as he took his place at her table. The fact that she'd been mercilessly caning him all semester, administering punishment after punishment, while monitoring and comparing his arousal response to being caned to that of being forced to orgasm... It gave him a deep, deep submission to her. She was so beautiful, she was amazing, although he knew she was over ten years older than him, he honestly thought she was the most attractive woman he'd ever met. He sipped his coffee quietly, then looked up. "Miss, erm, You're not going to be tutoring us this semester are you?"

She smiled and shook her head. "No, I'm afraid not. I'm sure your new tutor will be fine though."

He looked awkward, embarrassed almost at this point. "Miss, I erm, I wanted to know if erm, if I could erm, still see you for correction."

She smiled warmly at him, at this mention of the brutal canings she'd been administering, leaning forwards. "You like me punishing you so much? Dear me, Simon... The study is over, I wrote my paper, it's finished, I don't think it would be appropriate for one of your tutors, a lecturer in fact, I'm going to be lecturing this semester! I don't think it would be perceived as appropriate for me to be administering your corporal punishment – much as I enjoy correcting you."

He sighed. "No, I suppose not miss."

"I thought you and Celeste were \*ahem\* couldn't you get Celeste to correct you?"

"I erm, it well, erm it wouldn't be the same. We take it in turns and it's kind of fun and enjoyable, but it's not erm, well... It feels different, I understand though. I wouldn't want you to put your career at risk for me."

“Oh Simon, that’s very sweet of you to say. I’ll tell you what, seeing as you’ve enjoyed being my ‘test subject’ so much over the last two semesters, how about I contact you if I’m doing any more interesting studies?”

He smiled at her. “Thanks miss, I’d like that. I’ve got to go; I have a lecture at ten.”

He gulped his coffee down and darted off.

Jacqueline then heard a familiar voice from over her shoulder. It was unmistakably the confident voice of the enigmatic Samantha Fisher. “Well, well, more interesting studies? I read your work on the benefits of administering CP as a means of improving performance. I found it very interesting.”

Jacqueline span in her seat to see Samantha sitting behind her, “Ahhh, Miss Fisher... What did you think of my research?”

“Like I said, interesting. I’m not sure I was entirely surprised by the conclusion. In my experience, most people have a burning desire to be under others control, to be submissive, and accepting corporal punishment is a clear way of doing so. Particularly men, most men I believe want to submit, to be dominated. I found it interesting that your results with a female subject mirrored the male’s results. I tend to find males respond better to domination.”

Jacqueline went a little red, her experience of the last two semesters not being the source of embarrassment, but the very candid way Samantha talked about it. She smiled. “You seem to be very knowledgeable about these topics Miss Fisher.”

“Oh I am, I’ve been doing my own ‘studies’ as you call them into domination and submission for some time. All unofficial of course. I’m writing a book about the topic at the moment as it happens, a blueprint for a more peaceful, harmonious future.”



“You think a more corporal punishment can bring about world peace?”

“Not strictly speaking, there are many forms of domination like I said. Pain, accepting pain being administered to you by another is simply one way. It’s nothing to do with the pain, it’s all about relinquishing control.”

The academic in her was now interested, she leaned closer. “So what other ways are there exactly?”

“Oh, lots of ways. Bondage is a good example. Allowing a person to restrain you, in such a way that it is inescapable, that’s always a good one. Then there’s the humiliation side of things, forced feminization – men are very susceptible to being coerced into ladies lingerie and clothes. It’s silly really, they’re only an X Y Chromosome away from being female anyway, all of the cultural and social rules about appearance and the difference between male and female attire are artificial, created by society. If you think about it, at certain points in history, trousers weren’t even invented for example, and there were times when it was normal for both men and women to wear make-up. Regardless of how silly it seems, gently persuading a reluctant male into female attire makes him feel deliciously vulnerable.”

Jacqueline chuckled softly at this. “It’s funny you should mention it, but when I saw Mariella Jane Hall she had a male submissive in lingerie. He was wearing something else too though, a little plastic thing on his bits.”

“See through? With a padlock on it?”

“That’s right!”

“Ahhhh, sounds like a chastity device, hardly surprising.”

“Hmmm, Mistress Hall called it that too.”

“They are a very useful tool for dominating submissive slaves. You lock into onto their sensitive parts so it cannot be removed. Then they are totally reliant on the key holder for sexual pleasure – that’s powerful.”

“It is?”

“Women tend to be different, not always, but we tend to be able to go for long periods without orgasms. Men on the other hand find this very hard to do, particularly young men. Women produce a small amount of Testosterone, in their adrenal glands, but those little sphere’s, dangling underneath a man’s penis – they are testosterone super factories, churning it out at an amazing rate, even in older men. The systems that control hormone release are complex of course, but the effects are powerful. Testosterone builds up all the time a male isn’t having orgasms, as it increases, it increases his desire to orgasm. The evolutionary purpose of this is quite simple, in our primate relatives, it’s clearly visible as the ‘feed or breed’ mechanism. It ensures the male balances his time efficiently between spreading his genes for the survival of his species and seeking food – for his own survival.”

The professor was shaking her head, trying to take this in. It sounded sort of plausible, but was the science sound? Samantha continued.

“Anyway, there’s become a flaw in humans, the way it’s supposed to work, is males are supposed to have to seek ‘permission’ from the female or something, to impress her, and to compete with other males for females. That’s why in most species, it tends to be the males with the brighter plumage or the most striking physical attributes, they are supposed to compete for females, because they are essentially competing for orgasms. The way they compete is two-fold, firstly, they need to compete against other males for the females, secondly they need to please, or impress a female for permission to mate, or orgasm if you like. Now the trouble with

human males, is, as a side-effect of their excellent manual dexterity, fine motor-control and self-awareness, capability of independent thought – they have found a means of bypassing the physiological, biological system which is supposed to manage and control their behaviour. The way they do that is by stimulating themselves to orgasm, or masturbating. I don't know if it's unique in human males, but I know human males are the most prolific masturbators. Most young men will masturbate two or three times a day. Now can you imagine what happens when you prevent a man from masturbating? I'll tell you what happens, their testosterone levels remain high and they get stuck in 'breed' mode, where they naturally do the things which are likely to lead to an orgasm, because they are desperate. Now if you, YOU specifically can grant that orgasm, because you hold the key to his chastity device, he will be bound by biological and chemical processes to try to please you. Eventually, after long enough in strict chastity, he'll do anything to get you to grant an orgasm."

The professor assembled the information in her head in a way that made sense. It seemed absurd, but what the enigmatic Samantha Fisher was saying made a certain amount of sense. Of course the professor had spent a long time studying psychology – but the parts about hormones and biochemical processes controlling behaviour, it reminded her of 'A level' biology and rang true to what she remembered.

"Hmmm, you're making me think of interesting studies to conduct!"

"Good, I liked your study in corporal punishment, I think you should do a study which looks at and tests the use of orgasm denial to control and modify behaviour. A word though, you can enhance the testosterone build-up in males by raising their arousal levels, you should incorporate that into the study."

"How do you know all this?"

“I was interested, I spent a long time studying it, I’ve done experiments of my own. You should perhaps pay Mistress Hall another visit, she might be able to offer you some advice.”

“Hmmm, perhaps I’ll do that... Though I’m not sure I can see how all this relates to your ‘blueprint for a brighter future’ or whatever.”

“Ahhh, well think about it. Look at primate behaviour! The females tend to share care of the young, and resources and generally don’t compete, they are much more likely to collaborate. Males on the other hand are programmed to compete, to try to influence events by force. I’m quite convinced most of our wars and a great deal of suffering in the world, has come about because of male dominance. If women were in charge – the world would be a more peaceful place, I’m sure. Especially if it was mandatory, that all males had a female owner, who kept them in strict chastity indefinitely, except for when the need to procreate arises.”

Jacqueline chuckled to herself. “That’s quite a radical future you’re suggesting – I don’t see how it could ever come about.”

Samantha shrugged. “Unfortunately I can’t either, but I suppose we can always hope can’t we? It’s been great catching up, see Mistress Hall again, propose a study into chastity – I’ll make sure it passes ethics.”

Jacqueline shrugged, “Alright, I will.”

## **Return to Mariella Jane Hall**

It had been with some excitement, and some trepidation that Professor Jacqueline had contacted Mistress Hall again. The memory of being in the pillory, inescapably restrained, gagged, caned until she was in tears and squeaking for mercy through her gag, then having nipple clamps and weights attached to her breasts and being forced to allow the dominant Mariella to bring her to orgasm – under threat of receiving a hundred strokes of the cane.

She'd never had what she could describe as a lesbian experience before that day, and it felt so wrong, all the time, she'd felt Mariella's hand stroking, rubbing her labia and clitoris, and gently probing her vagina, she been feeling almost violated, it felt so wrong, so taboo... But the fear of another hundred strokes, on her already red raw and sore, bare bottom, it had been an exquisitely submissive pleasure and possibly the most powerful orgasm she'd ever experienced.

Now she was at the dominatrix's impressive house, having rung the bell, waiting for the door to open. She was dressed in one of her work outfits, the slim black skirt with the belt and the creamy beige top. When the door opened Mariella Jane Hall was wearing a pair of smart beige trousers and a light cream blouse, with some beige, strappy high heel shoes. She looked professional and immaculately presented.

"Ahhh, Professor Reed, so good to see you again. Won't you come in?"

"Thanks."

She followed the dominatrix into her house, as they walked Mariella spoke over her shoulder. "Would you like a cup of tea? Or should we get you straight into the pillory and start administering your punishment?"

Jacqueline quivered with excitement at the thought, part of her in sudden fear, but at the same time excited. It was a beautiful paradox of contradiction, a terrible fear and a burning desire at the same time. "I... I... Could I have a cup of tea please?"

Mariella nodded and led the way into her large modern kitchen gesturing towards the stools at the breakfast bar, "Please, have a seat – what exactly can I do for you today Professor? You were a little vague on the phone."

“I um, I want to propose another study, I want to conduct a study on the use of chastity for behaviour modification and performance enhancement.”

Mariella chuckled as she filled the kettle and flicked the switch on. “Orgasm denial... How fascinating, I take it my good friend Samantha put you up to it?”

“Yes, how did you...”

“Oh a shared colleague, a retired professional dominatrix, Serena Carlotti, she mentioned something about it...”

Mariella popped teabags into the tea pot and smiled, “Hmmm, its Friday today isn’t it? I think I should give you a good practical lesson in chastity and orgasm denial.”

“How do you mean?”

“You’ll see, you wait here while I go and get you something, we’ll get you sorted out, while the tea brews.”

Before Jacqueline could respond Mariella swept away down the corridor. She wasn’t gone for long, when she returned she was carrying a large, clanging box of metal parts. She dropped them onto the kitchen table, then turned to the professor, “Okay, stand up, strip...”

“Bu...”

“No butts, you want to learn about orgasm denial and chastity – this is the best way for you to understand it. Strip!”

Jacqueline was shaking again, the commanding voice of Mariella Jane Hall had a profound effect on her. Normally, anyone else, she would have refused outright, but there was something about the dominant Mistress, maybe their past experience together?

Submitting to Mariella had made Jacqueline almost feel a sense of being 'owned' a duty to be obedient, she slowly slipped her high heels off and unfastened her belt.

"Down to underwear?"

"Everything, I want you naked slave."

She shuddered, but the act of submitting, of continuing to obey sent a wave of submissive pleasure through her. She removed her top, and nylons, then her skirt. As she pulled her knickers down she almost whispered under her breath. "Yes mistress."

Her hands were shaking as she tried to reach behind to unclip her cream, satin, embroidered bra. Mariella stepped up and helped. Thankfully it was warm in the kitchen and private, even so Jacqueline found herself quivering with anxiety.

Mariella reached into her box and pulled out a note-book and a tailors measuring tape.

"There, that's a good little slave, now I'm going to measure you up, and assemble a form fitting chastity belt and chastity bra for you. As I measure you up, I want you to think about something. Did I ask you this last time you paid me a visit? Do you want a safe-word?"

Jacqueline stood shivering with vulnerability, almost visibly shaking, "A safe wor-"

"Bear in mind Professor, when I lock you into your chastity devices and become your key holder, our session will become indefinitely long. I can send you away in chastity, keeping you nice and snugly locked up for as long as I see fit."

"I want a safe word!"

“But then, are you really being dominated then? If at any time you can force me to release you? Will it feel real? Or will it feel like you are in control? Submission is about relinquishing control, as long as you have a safe word, then really... It is you who are in control.”

Jacqueline thought about it, goose-bumps were growing on her skin, not from cold but from nervousness. While she was thinking about it she felt the tape being passed all around her naked crotch, her waist, her breasts...

She imagined how she would feel and realised Mariella was right. Twelve months ago it wouldn't have bothered her, being without orgasms. But conducting the study with Simon and Celeste, it had sent her into a state of almost permanent arousal, and she'd often found herself having some quiet time alone, reaching for her crotch. Her voice shaking she looked at Mariella, “I... I don't want a safe word, I want to be completely under your control.”

Mariella smiled warmly, “Good, good girl... In that case I have a special surprise for you. I've taken the measurements I need and I have the right parts to fit you out. Stand with your feet a little apart, hands in the air and close your eyes.”

Jacqueline followed the instruction, and soon felt cold steel being wrapped around her waist, then the cold steel front plate being pulled up against her crotch, squeezing her labia and clitoris through a slit. “Keep still now...”

Now she felt a cold steel cups being gently offered up to her breasts, then the steel strap was on, the chain halter-neck having been passed over her neck.

“Keep your eyes shut, we're nearly done.”

She felt chains being attached holding the bra to the belt, then steel thigh loops being attached to the top of her thighs, and chained together, and to the chastity belt.



“You can open your eyes now.”

Jacqueline lowered her arms and looked down her polished steel ensemble and gasped. Her legs were locked together by steel thigh loops, so wearing jeans or trousers would be out of the question, the bra and belt were very form fitted and it was impossible to slide a finger behind any of it.

“Why the bra too?”

“Oh, when a female slave is really aroused, she can sometimes get a great deal of pleasure from playing with her sensitive nipples. I am simply preventing that from happening. Now look at your crotch, can you see your labia lips poking through the slit? Have a look – I’m about to lock your front shield in place, it will be the last time you see them in some time.”

She looked down, she was almost dripping juices she was so aroused. Watching Mariella offer up the solid with holes drilled in front plate and lock it in place only exacerbated the arousal. As the final lock snapped into place, Mariella hung the keys on a necklace around her neck, so they dangled provocatively between her breasts, while Jacqueline watched shaking. As she tucked the keys into her blouse she smiled, “Good... You’re mine now... You look aroused at this circumstance – why don’t you see if you can pleasure yourself? You can lie on the couch there.”

Jacqueline normally wouldn’t consider this in front of another person, but the whole situation had turned her world upside down and inside out – she was so aroused, it felt like she could come with the slightest stimulation. Carefully she lay on the cream leather sofa in the kitchen and began exploring her chastity ensemble. It was very well fitted, wherever she tried to slide a finger, there simply wasn’t room. If she’d been able to open her legs it might have offered some give, but the thigh loops and chain prevent any opening at all. She eventually found the front shield, the gap between the front shield

and her labia was tiny, she tried rubbing the front shield itself, but no stimulation got through at all.

Starting to feel frustrated and desperate she tried for the bra, but it was locked tightly on and didn't offer a hairs breadth to get in. Almost in tears with arousal and frustration she looked pleadingly at Mariella. "It's no use, I can't get any sensation anywhere!"

"Of course not! You're not supposed to! Well, I say not supposed to, you see what I've locked you into is an arousal punishing chastity bra, it has little spikes closing around your nipples. When you become aroused your nipples will become hard and erect, causing them to foul on the spikes, causing great pain. Now I've also locked you into a special arousal belt, you haven't felt it yet, because the 'arouser' is locked off. You want some arousal? Come and stand in front of me, and I'll lock the 'arouser' on for you... I warn you though you will experience severe discomfort."

Jacqueline climbed to her feet shakily and approached, she could then feel the spikes in the bra just starting to bite, making her grasp the bra, clawing at it. "Aaaargh! Get it off!"

"Shhhh, calm down, let the arousal fade – there... I'm not taking it off – I'm going to leave you in it. Any complaints and I will have you back in the pillory for a hundred strokes of the cane – clear? Good. Now I'm going to lock the arouser-"

"I don't want it!"

"Shhh, it doesn't matter what you want, I want to lock your 'arouser' on so that's how it's going to be. Any more complaints and I'll cane your bottom so hard you can't sit down for a month."

Jacqueline felt defeated she stood and waited, "Yes Mistress."

Mariella reached down to the belt with a tiny, tiny, intricate key and clicked a tiny lock on the belt. The effect was immediate. She felt

something soft gently brush over her clitoris and labia. It was as if there was a soft rotary brush, on a low friction spinner or something, hidden inside the belt. Every tiny movement sent the spinner whirring around brushing her labia and clitoris. It was so arousing, but it was a gentle stimulus and it would clearly never be enough for her to orgasm. "Try walking around slave."

Jacqueline tried a short stroll, as she did the spinner brushed and brushed her labia and clitoris making her quiver with arousal. She could feel her nipples becoming erect and had to immediately try to keep still and think un-arousing thoughts. It was impossible of course, in this situation she was so aroused, trying not to be aroused to evade the oncoming pain would be clearly impossible. Soon she was clawing at her steel bra cups, whimpering softly.

Of course Mariella Jane Hall was finding this very amusing indeed. Chuckling softly, as Jacqueline clawed and grasped at her steel cups, while trying to avoid moving and triggering more arousal. Jacqueline felt defeated, and almost whimpered. "Please, please get it off!"

"No... Quiet your mind, try to relax, try to picture yourself, as a robot-like, unemotional, almost asexual individual and stand still... There, good girl."

"When are you letting me out mistress?"

"Oh, I don't know, I think it suits you! Maybe I should keep you in it forever?"

Jacqueline gasped softly, "But, but, my perio-"

"Your menstrual cycle isn't my concern. Hygiene will be difficult, but not impossible, you'll have to buy pads instead of tampons and wear them outside the belt, make sure you keep yourself clean, we don't want you getting poorly do we? I suggest using the shower head to give yourself a good, thorough cleaning."

“But, the thigh loops! I won’t be able to wear-“

“Not my problem, you should have no problems in dresses and skirts, consider jeans and trousers off the menu for now.”

“I need to know when you’re letting me out!”

“Well, let’s say I’m giving you today’s session as treat, a personal favour, but as I’ve decided to do this, you’re going to have to earn your way out. Maybe it’ll take weeks? Maybe months? Maybe years? I’ve decided you’re staying belted and bra’d until you’ve learned humility and subservience, until you’ve sufficiently served and obeyed me, to deserve to be released. Until that time I want you to consider yourself - my property. Do you understand?”

Jacqueline was swimming in waves of submissiveness. The sense of being denied was strong, the feeling of being owned, of being the property of Mistress Hall had a profound effect on her. She sighed deeply, “Yes Mistress.”

Mariella smiled, “Good, here’s how it’s going to work. I think I shall stay in Manchester for a while; it’s a city I’ve never explored. You have an apartment correct? Well, consider it mine until I decide you have earned your release – I shall allow you to stay with me of course, provided you are good, and nice and obedient. For now, I think you should get your uniform on and start work - you have a lot to do.”

“Uniform? Work? What do you mea-“

“We’re staying here tonight, so you’re going to clean the house top to bottom, then cook me some dinner, then we’ll have to deal with slave Sally I’m afraid before we settle in for the night. Any complaints, or slacking and I will have you back in my pillory for a hundred strokes? Are we clear?”

Jacqueline felt like she'd switched lives with someone at this point, her third floor office, her apartment, her lectures it all seemed a universe away. She nodded feeling a wave of submissive pleasure flow through her because of her acceptance, "Yes Mistress."

"Good girl, then run along and get into your uniform."

## **Maid to Work**

By the time Jacqueline had climbed the stairs, her legs were shaking.

Every step had sent the tiny soft brush spinning rapidly, teasing her and arousing her. As she became aroused the cruel chastity bra bit into her expanding nipples, sending sharp pains through her breasts and making her whimper. Of course the thigh loops meant climbing the stairs required a little more care than it usually did. When she entered the neatly presented room and looked at her so-called 'uniform' she gasped. It was a satin, heavily woven, thickly lined maids dress, with a thin trim of white around the short sleeves and a little white collar. The skirt of the dress had a steel band sewn into the waistband and a steel plastic coated cord attached. The zipper had an open padlock and there were eyelets at the neck-line.

Clearly the design was such that once the wearer was locked in to the dress it would be impossible to remove without the padlock being unlocked. Next to the dress were, a simple practical apron, with frills around the edge and a stainless steel collar, which had leather wrist cuffs and ankle cuffs attached on a long length of chain. Finally there was a small maids cap.

The sight of this attire, the knowledge that it was laid out for her, that she was fated to wear it, that her owner had ordered to put it on, and that she had to obey – it was too much. Without even having to move she began to feel aroused and was soon sobbing and grasping at her steel cups, hoping for the arousal to fade. Her nipples were aching, but nothing she could do offered any relief.

She clawed, and clawed at them, until she heard a voice echo from downstairs, "Slave girl! The quicker you get dressed and begin work, the quicker it will take your mind off it."

Her movements were laboured and slow, constantly battling the severe pain in her trapped nipples. She stepped into the dress first, putting one leg on either side of the steel loop and pulled it up over her shoulders. It was an excellent fit, almost form fitted. The lining was soft and silky and as she pulled the zipper up she realised how tight it was, she had to breathe in deeply to get the zipper past her waist. When she breathed out she felt like she was wearing a tightly laced corset, holding her in and making breathing difficult. When it reached the eyelets at the top she knew what she had to do. Slowly, she picked up the padlock and slipped it in the eyelets and pressed it closed with a snap.

The snap of the lock, the beautiful, but uncomfortable dress, now locked onto her... It had her fighting back the arousal again. The dress being removed from the bed, a set of silky black stockings and five inch heels with locking ankle straps were revealed. She donned the stockings next, finding they had an attachment to fit to the chastity belt. Then she slipped her feet into the locking heels and pulled the ankle straps tight, one after the other. The padlocks locked on with a snap, making her quiver with fear and excitement. She didn't normally wear a high heel, usually a four inch was as high as she could tolerate for any length of time, but here, now, her mind being scrambled with frustration and submissiveness she found herself locking herself into five inch heels, with no hope of removing them until Mistress Mariella decided to unlock them.

The shoes arched her feet uncomfortably and compressed her toes almost painfully, almost as soon as she'd snapped the locks on she started to regret it. She wiggled them and tried to adjust them to make them more comfortable, but they were firmly in an uncomfortable position and there was nothing she could do about it now.

Next she locked her steel collar on, and wrist cuffs and ankle cuffs. The final touch was to fix the little maids cap into her hair and tie her apron on. The cuffs attached to the collar by a chain, restricting movement, not enough to make working impossible, but enough to make it difficult. Slowly, wobbling in her locking high-heels and quivering from the arouser, stimulating her sexual organs she made her way back down the stairs. It was difficult in the high-heels, she had to hold on tight to the handrail and in doing so her spare hand couldn't stray more six or seven inches from the handrail.

She reached the bottom and clicked her heels through the house to find Mariella sitting in the kitchen, reading the newspaper. She looked up as Jacqueline shakily clicked onto the kitchen floor tiles. "Ahhh, you're here. I was beginning to think you'd gotten lost. I hope the tea isn't stewed... Hmmph! Seeing as you've taken so long, I think it's only right that I should begin by taking you over my knee."

Jacqueline shuddered and shook her head, sending the arouser spinning frantically, working her to an aroused state and causing her to bend forwards and grimace as her nipples screamed at her, as they expanded into the spiked traps in the steel cups.

Mariella span on her chair and pressed her knees together. "Come on professor, over my knee."

Jacqueline, her chains jangling, positioned herself over Mariella's knee, feeling the arouser spin furiously and her nipples stinging. Mariella's hand carefully lifted the hem of the dress and tucked it into the waist strap of the apron, revealing her pert bare bottom. The belt had a plastic coated steel cord passing tightly between her butt cheeks, clearly when she pooped she would have to try to hold the cable out of the way. Of course there was also a second similar cable holding the dress on. Mariella's hand caressed her bare bottom first, playfully, stroking it... Then the smack.

Jacqueline squeaked with pain and pleasure as her bottom felt the sting of Mariella's hand, her groin felt the spinning arouser, teasing her, stimulating her, and the spikes in the bra piercing her nipples painfully.

Mariella was gripping her forcefully, her wrists were firmly held, her head was pressed forwards by Mariella's elbow pushing into the nape of her neck. The strokes came fast and hard. They were stinging blows, making her squeak with pain, and wriggle each time. Jacqueline didn't know what was worse, the pain from the harsh, severe spanking she was receiving, or the spikes biting into her nipples as she became more and more aroused.

When Mariella eventually allowed her up, her nipples felt like they were burning. She was dripping with juices, she was so aroused, a tiny trickle of clear, viscous liquid escaping the belt and soiling the tiles. Mariella pointed to it, "Hmmm, I think you'd better clean that up first of all. If you can't control yourself you'll have to wear a sanitary towel over your belt. I'm going to gag you before you start work, if you wish to speak, you will curtsy and raise your hand. If I decide to permit you to speak, I will unlock your gag."

Jacqueline shivered with another wave of deep, deep submissive pleasure. She curtsied, bobbing low and avoiding eye-contact. "Yes Mistress."

Mariella Jane Hall wandered back to her box of parts and pulled a ball gag out, with a padlocking strap. It was a very secure gag, with a strap to go under the chin, preventing it being pulled off, and two straps from either side of the ball going diagonally upwards around the nose to a centre strap which secured over the head. Jacqueline opened her mouth to accept the ball and felt Mariella pull it tighter, tighter, then she felt the centre strap pulled down tight, there was a snap and it was padlocked on.

"There, I think you're ready for work. The utility room is over there, that has all the cleaning things in it. You will clean all the bathrooms



thoroughly, there are four. You will then Hoover the entire house, then dust, polish, clean the kitchen and mop. If I catch you slowing down or slacking, you will find yourself back in my pillory for a hundred strokes of the cane, are we clear? Just nod.”

She nodded, still averting eye-contact.

“Good, hop to it then, you’d better be quick, you have to leave enough time to cook my dinner slave!”

The professor teetered into the utility room in a hurry to gather the cleaning things, every step sent the arouser spinning, almost causing her legs to buckle with the wave of arousal and the pain from the bra, which also made her grimace and bend. She couldn’t believe what was happening, she planned a quiet weekend, doing a little shopping, going over her papers, perhaps watching a film, having a glass of wine... Instead she was locked into several bondage elements, being forced to do domestic service under threat of receiving corporal punishment while in restraint and probably having a lengthy period locked into chastity.

Paradoxically she felt a deep sense of happiness and inner peace with her situation. Finding Mariella’s cleaning things wasn’t difficult and she was soon submissively scurrying from room to room, working as fast as she could, occasionally having to stop to wipe drool from her mouth which escaped through the gaps around the ball gag. She scrubbed, she dusted, she polished, she vacuumed, she cleaned the toilets and inside of the windows. Occasionally Mariella would casually walk over and watch her working, while sipping a glass of wine perhaps. She would stand in the doorway of the particular room, smiling and eyeing her critically. The trouble was, Jacqueline was working so hard, her chains jangling around and tugging on her collar – that there was little she could criticize. Instead she’d walk up behind Jacqueline and caress her neck, just above the collar with her long finger nails, encouraging her, “You’re being a good slave today aren’t you professor? If you keep this up,

perhaps I'll reward you with an orgasm? Or maybe not? We'll have to see what mood I'm in, keep working hard and I'll consider it."

After several hours of working as hard and as fast as she could, Jacqueline packed the cleaning things away and started working on a meal. Mariella had some casserole meat and some vegetables in so she set about chopping the vegetable and cutting the meat up into good sized chunks. It was hard chopping and preparing with her wrist cuffs chained together and chained to her collar and ankle cuffs. While she'd been cleaning she'd spent a lot of time on her hands and knees, her knees were bruised and sore, but now she was finding being forced to stand in the higher than she'd normally wear heels torturous.

Except the pain, the twinges in her knees, the burning in her calves, the crushed toes, coupled with the constant arousal of the arouser belt and the ebb and flow of punishment from the cruel chastity bra meant she was in a sort of submissive heaven. She was so full of sexual tension by the time the meal was ready to go in the oven, she felt desperate to orgasm, but as she couldn't she found herself subconsciously transferring her sexual pleasure to a deep satisfaction at her submissiveness.

As she slammed the oven shut Mariella was at the door again, "Ahhh, you're done slave, you have been a good little slave girl today haven't you? You've done so well, I shall allow you to give me a foot massage while we wait for dinner. Come."

Jacqueline followed her back into the living room and kneeled on the floor, while Mariella sat on the luxurious sofa. She then slowly, carefully removed Mariella's shoes to reveal her well-manicured feet with toe-nails painted ruby red.

Slowly, gently but firmly she held the dominant mistresses feet, and rubbed them, caressing them and stroking them, playing with her toes and making Mariella sigh blissfully.

“Hmmm, that’s good slave, keep going.”

While she sat having her feet massaged Mariella switched on the television to watch the news, instinctively Jacqueline turned to see what was happening but Mariella grabbed the chain on her collar and pulled her back facing her. “Concentrate on ME slave! I did NOT give you permission to watch the television.”

Jacqueline shivered softly trying to grunt through her gag, “Yes mistress, thank you mistress.” Though the gag was so tightly fitted it was muffled and barely audible.

Mariella smiled and sat back watching the television and having her feet massaged.

Eventually the meal was cooked. Rather than placing two plates on the table, Mariella served out her dinner onto a china plate and sat down at the table. Jacqueline, having followed her in, stood submissively watching her eat. Feeling desperately hungry herself after a day of hard labour. Her chains jangled as she had to wipe the drool from her chin which had escaped through the gap created by the gag. Once Mariella had finished the plateful and added a second helping she stood and collected from the cupboard a brown ceramic bowl, with the word ‘dog’ enamelled on the front. She tipped her left overs into the bowl and set it on the floor.

“Your dinner slave, turn your back to me so I can remove your gag.”

She obeyed and breathed a sigh of relief as she felt the lock being unlocked and the ball gag being gently pulled clear of her mouth. It had been making her jaw ache. She went to the drawers and opened the top one to get some cutlery, but Mariella scolded her. “What do you think you’re doing slave? Slaves don’t eat with knives and forks, get down on your hands and knees and eat out of your bowl, before I change my mind about feeding you tonight, you are not permitted to use your fingers, you will eat like a dog.”

Jacqueline curtsied to her. “Yes Mistress, sorry mistress.” She then grovelled on the floor. It felt humiliating in the extreme, in her maids uniform with her wrists, collar and ankle cuffs attached, burying her face in the food trying with difficulty to consume the meal.

Before she’d finished, she heard the clicking of Mariella’s heels on the tiles, then the yank of the chain on her collar pulling her to her feet.

“Come slave, it’s time to sort out slave Sally.”

Jacqueline followed Mariella through the house, thankful that she hadn’t been re-gagged as it were. Her jaw was still aching a little and the discomfort from the five inch heels, the constant arousal and the chastity bra were more than enough to amplify her submissive state of mind.

She was led back into the dungeon in the cellar. When she saw the empty pillory she recalled her previous experience. Being fastened in the pillory, forced to orgasm by Mariella had been so taboo’ish at the time, she’d had to force herself not to resist, for fear of receiving the hundred strokes of the cane Mariella Jane Hall had promised her if she tried to avoid being worked to orgasm. Of course her bottom had been red raw, almost burning at the time, and she’d been completely at Mariella’s mercy, helpless, unable to move, let alone escape...

Mariella noticed the way she was looking at the pillory wistfully. “My dear slave professor, that was a different fetish! I can tell you enjoyed experiencing a ‘forced orgasm’, but we’re on orgasm denial now! The best you can expect, is to think about that experience, remember it and imagine what it was like. You’re not going to be getting any orgasms for some time I’m afraid.”

Jacqueline nodded submissively, “Yes mistress.”

As she walked of course, the hidden arouser in the belt teased her and teased her, forcing her into a state of constantly fighting her arousal. It was uncomfortable but she felt so alive! She felt almost electric.

She followed Mariella through a door into another room. This room was clinical and white, with white tiles and medical equipment about the room. Dominating the centre of the room was a gynaecology bench, with slave Sally strapped to it, the submissive who she'd caned a few months beforehand. Slave Sally was wearing a patient's gown and was strapped firmly down, arms on arm bars and legs in stirrups. Occasionally he would grunt in discomfort and wriggle in the chair. Jacqueline gasped. "Why does he keep jumping like that?"

Mariella chuckled softly. "Ahhh, that my dear slave is my 'softening up' tactic. His author mistress sends him to me for interrogation every now and then, the deal is he brings a combination locked strongbox along. He pays for the session up front, and keeps a duplicate amount in the strongbox. If he can withhold my interrogation he gets to go home with the duplicate fee. If he can't, well – I get paid double! And he gets his chastity sentence increased by a few months... Though to be honest, he's been in strict chastity for so long I'm not actually certain he's still capable of erections and orgasms anymore. At the moment he's been here for a few hours, with a steel probe inserted into his urethra, and another attached to his balls, they give him a random intensity electric shock – at random intervals. Shall we see if he's ready?"

The slave had a blindfold on and a gag strapped in. Mariella approached, loosened the strap and pulled the gag out before removing the blindfold. "Well slave Sally? Are you ready to give me the code?"

He shook his head, shaking a little as he did. "No! I'm not giving in this time!"

Mariella leaned close to him, so he could smell her ruby red lipstick, and feel her breath on his face. “Oh you are... I’ve got just the thing to make sure you do. I’ll give you one last chance, if you don’t tell me the code then I will NOT, I repeat NOT release you for half an hour – no matter how much you plead with me.”

“I’m not telling!”

“Very well, we shall proceed then. Slave Professor, go to the stainless steel drawers over there and put yourself a pair of latex gloves on. I’m going to let you administer this torture.”

Jacqueline curtsied, smiling to herself, curious as to what she was going to do the prisoner. “Yes Mistress.”

She donned the gloves with two snaps. Her chains jangling as she fiddled with the draws and pulled the gloves on. “Now open the top drawer and pull out the tube of ‘Deep Heat’.”

Slave Sally suddenly looked panic struck and started thrashing and struggling in his bonds, “No! Stop! Not the Deep Heat!”

Mariella leaned in. “Shhh, keep still for slave Jacqui or I will extend the period you are to suffer for, to a full two hours.”

Jacqueline was approaching now, her hands clad in latex, holding the tube of Deep Heat. “What would you like me to do Mistress?”

“Simple, start massaging ‘Deep Heat’ into Sissy Sally’s scrotum and balls for me. Don’t be shy, apply it as thickly as you can.”

The slave started thrashing again, struggling helplessly in his bonds. “No! Stop! Please!”

“Are you going to give me the code?”

“Yes! Yes! Four, Seven, Three, One!”

“Good, good slave... Continue Jacqueline, if he struggles or makes too much noise I’ll leave it on him for two hours. Now try to relax and keep nice and still for Jacqui Slave Sally.”

He was whimpering now, almost crying as Jacqueline started applying and rubbing in the Deep Heat. The pain wasn’t instant, but it built, and built and soon he was screaming, begging and pleading to be allowed to wash it off. Mariella simply laughed at him. “You should have thought about this and given me the code. Now I’m going to re-gag you, you’re making far too much noise... Then we’ll leave you for half an hour. Try to stay calm, if you’re good I’ll let you wash it off in half an hour.”

She then turned to Jacqueline. “You can remove the gloves now – be careful not to get any on your hands. We’ll leave him to squeal it out for a bit? Go upstairs and run me a hot bath now slave.”

She curtsied low. “Yes Mistress.” Then she scurried off, her chains jangling and her heels clicking. As she did Mariella began unlocking the box with her ‘prize’ for ‘breaking’ Sissy Sally inside.

### **Bathing Mistress Mariella**

Professor Jacqueline Reed scurried to the bathroom, she knew the way as she’d only recently finished cleaning it. It was a large room with cream tiles and gold taps. The bath itself was an old fashioned iron, claw-foot bath positioned in the centre of the room. Her chains got in the way a little, particularly that they were joined to her hard, steel collar – but she soon had the water running at a nice hot, but not too hot temperature and had started adding bubble bath.

Eventually Mariella Jane Hall strode into the room. She was still wearing her smart trousers and cream blouse. She looked at the bath, then gently dipped a hand in, before smiling with approval. “Good... You will undress me now slave.”

Quivering, her chains jangling with every movement, Jacqueline began unbuttoning Mariella Jane Hall's blouse. Her hands were shaking, being in this position, acting as the dominant mistress's personal slave, while locked in not only chastity, but her uncomfortable uniform including collar and leather shackles, it was an intoxicating feeling. Eventually she pulled the blouse open to reveal a beautiful cream embroidered corset. She hung the blouse up neatly, then returned to begin unlacing the corset. Mistress Mariella had an amazing body. Jacqueline moved from garment to garment, undressing her owner until she stood there in all her naked glory. Jacqueline wasn't gay, she wasn't a lesbian, or at least she didn't think she was, or hadn't thought she was. Now, locked into her maid's uniform and chains, in her chastity devices, looking at the exquisite, toned body with pert breasts, slim waist and perfect skin she was quivering with arousal.

Mariella chuckled under her breath as Jacqueline grimaced from the punishment which was being administered to her nipples by the cruel chastity bra. "My, my slave... I'd never have realised... I think, you will service me, orally. Just because you are not permitted orgasms, doesn't mean I shouldn't be does it?"

She then turned her back on her, and strode to a wicker chair in the corner. She sat and spread her legs wide showing a neatly shaved pussy, now quite obviously moist. "Well slave? What are you waiting for? Any more hesitation and I will cane your bottom until it is scarred and bleeding."

Jacqueline clicked across the floor as fast as she could, when she was at the chair Mariella pointed down. "Kneel slave."

Jacqueline took her place, the thigh loops meaning she had to adopt a kneeling position with her knees close together. Mariella's pussy was right in her face, the clitoris looked almost like it was pulsating with arousal, a thin trickle of juice ran out from between the labia. Everything Jacqueline had ever known was screaming at her to stop, to refuse and leave. Her bondage and chastity overruled her fear



though, her feeling of submissiveness compelling her to obey. Slowly gently she moved her face close to the dominant mistress's. She could smell her sweat, her body odour and the aroma of her sexual juices. She extended her tongue slowly and licked slowly from the gap at the bottom of the labia, where the juices were running, all the way up to the clitoris, teasing back the hood with her tongue and giving it a swirl. As she did Mariella sighed with pleasure. The mistress tasted bitter and left a lingering smell of sex in her nostrils. It was an amazing feeling, to be so denied and frustrated, yet so aroused, servicing another woman, a beautiful dominant woman who had her under her complete control.

"Hmmm, that's nice slave, keep going, probe deeper with your tongue, bury your face in my crotch."

Jacqueline did as ordered. Stroking and swirling, teasing and licking, probing her tongue deep into Mariella's vagina and lapping up her sexual juices, while her nose teased and rubbed against Mariella's clitoris. Her face smeared in sex, her nostrils, her very lungs were full of the smell of female sex. Mariella was pushing her legs wider, offering them more eagerly to the Professor who was frantically working her tongue in and out and all over the Mistress genitals. Eventually raising her chained hands with a jangle and stroking and playing with her clitoris and labia at the same time as licking it enthusiastically.

By this stage, Mariella's eyes were closed and her breath was shallow, she was panting lightly and arching her back. Then she exhaled suddenly and her clitoris and labia started pulsating softly, juices running down the Professors chin.

Jacqueline's nipples were being tortured by the chastity bra, she leaned back, clawing at her breasts, trying and failing to pull the steel cups away to get some relief.

Mariella sighed deeply. "Hmmm, that was good slave, I can see I'm going to enjoy using you..."

“Mistress, please may I be allowed out of my uniform and chastity belt and bra?”

“Oh? You want an orgasm too do you? Sorry sweetie, orgasms are for dominant mistresses only, denial and frustration are for slaves. You will stay in your chastity ensemble and uniform for at least the foreseeable future. In fact any more requests to be allowed out of chastity will result in me keeping you in chastity for at least another month, and I will cane you until your bottom bleeds – are we clear?”

She was almost sobbing with frustration, she was so desperate to come. “Yes Mistress.”

“Now, be a good slave and help me into the bath.”

Jacqueline climbed awkwardly to her feet, the chains making it difficult. She then helped Mariella to her feet and led her gently to the bath, before holding her hand so she could climb in. Mariella sighed blissfully as she sank into the bubbles. “You are a good slave Professor, I’m almost inclined to keep you forever, chaste and humbled of course... Would you like to become my property?”

Jacqueline shook her head and curtsied, “No Mistress, I’m sorry Mistress.”

Mariella gestured at the floor, a pool of pussy juice was dripping from Jacqueline’s chastity belt onto the floor. “I don’t believe you slave, your body is telling me the truth even if you aren’t. Now I am going to stand, and you are going to wash my body, every inch of it. There’s the shower gel.”

She stood with a splash. Jacqueline took the soap. As she did Mariella gestured towards the sink. “There’s a set of keys on the sink, fetch them slave. As you’ve been good I’m going to unlock your restraints for a while, to make it easier for you to wash me properly slave.”

Jacqueline clicked her heels over to the sink and brought the keys back. When Mariella unlocked her wrist cuffs her wrists had red rings on them where the leather had been rubbing against her as she worked. She turned her back and lifted her hair to allow Mariella to unlock her collar. It was strange, in ways, feeling the tight, constricting collar removed was a relief, but she also suddenly felt vulnerable, naked and alone without it. The submissive act of being collared by her owner was something Jacqueline had never imagined would be so powerful. By immersing herself fully into submission, allowing her submissive side to completely indulge itself she was learning more about domination and submission than she'd ever thought possible, her understanding of it was growing exponentially.

After Mariella passed her the keys she bent down and unfastened the cuffs on her ankles. When she rose Mariella pointed to the sink. "Put the keys back, and put a sanitary towel over your chastity belt, I'm fed up of you dripping all over my floor."

She bobbed and curtseyed, eyes lowered. "Yes Mistress."

When she returned, having deposited the keys and fixed a sanitary towel over the front shield of her belt she began washing her mistress, legs first frantically lathering them up, one after another, then her crotch. It felt so submissive and humiliating to be gliding her soapy hands all over the Mistress's crotch, rubbing her genitals and making her quiver. As she finished, Mariella turned her bottom to face the professor. "Give my bottom and anus a thorough clean slave."

Gently, Jacqueline slid her soapy fingers over the small sphincter nestled between the two shapely peaches that were Mariella's butt cheeks. Her hands rose and she lathered her butt cheeks, back, arm pits, arms, then her tummy, finally finding their way to her pert breasts and caressing them, sliding them over them and fondling them softly as she lathered them and lathered them.

“Good slave, now let me soak for a while you will fetch me a towelling robe.”

She curtsied and bobbed, “Yes Mistress.”

Then she wandered to the airing cupboard to fetch a soft, warm towelling robe for her. The soak was a long one, Mariella lounging in the luxurious bath, dipping her head under the water and feeling very relaxed. Jacqueline of course was finding her arousal increasing and increasing, the slightest twitch sent the arouser in her belt spinning madly making her legs shake and her whole body shiver with excitement, then making her grimace in pain from the torturous chastity bra.

Eventually Mariella stood and allowed Jacqueline to slide the robe over her shoulders. She took Jacqueline’s hand and stepped out of the tub, before walking towards a hairdresser’s, hair washing chair. It was the sort with a reclining chair so the client could lounge back with their head in the sink, with a round section missing so the neck could slide into it.

She sat down and rested her head in the sink. “You will wash my hair for me now slave.”

Jacqueline clicked after her, and walked straight behind the sink. She used the shower head too thoroughly rinse off Mariella’s silky, long hair, then grabbed a bottle of shampoo and began thoroughly lathering the hair up. She rinsed it again, then applied conditioner. As she waited a few moments having applied it, Mariella looked up at her. “Have you enjoyed today Professor?”

“I... Yes Mistress.”

“You are a good slave you know, I’d happily keep you as my permanent live in slave you know... At least for a while – of course I

might decide to sell you after that, I wouldn't have control over who bought you either."

"Sell me?!"

"Oh yes, Samantha is a people broker, legally you can't really belong to anyone else, but if you willingly enter slavery, become someone's property – well we have means of selling and buying you, of you changing hands. We'd simply book you in for a course of hypnotic programming with Dr Wilshaw. She's very good, if you open your mind to her, she could make you believe slavery is completely legal and that you are unequivocally the property of your owner. If you believe it is legal and you are someone's property, truly believe it – then it's almost irrelevant whether it is legal. Would you like to become my property? My live in slave? You'd transfer all your assets over to me of course, I'd send you to work, in full chastity, but your wages would be paid to my bank account. Then when you got home you would spend all your non-working time under my supervision. Would you like that?"

Jacqueline felt electric as she imagined it. The thought of being the permanent, live-in chaste slave of Mariella Hall was alluring, she'd found the experience of being a chaste slave for one day the most exciting thing she'd done all year, except for the study in caning. Part of her thought about it, about signing herself over as it were... Allowing this 'hypnotist' to programme her into believing and living out her life as a slave, to be sold or traded as her owner saw fit...

She shuddered as she imagined it, causing the arouser to spin and brush gently against her labia and clitoris. She panted slowly, waiting, hoping for the arousal to lessen before her nipples would be punished. "Mistress... I... I'm not ready, I don't want to become your property at the moment."

"What if I said this was a one-time offer? If I told you turning me down now would mean our time spent together would be at an end? Would that change your mind?"

It almost did, the fear of not being able to experience these submissive fantasies, it gripped her and urged to her offer to become Mariella's slave. The fear of never being able to enjoy her currently dormant dominant side was the only thing holding her back. The control, the power, swinging her cane at her restrained victims, listening to them squeak and thank her for 'correcting them'. She had to experience it again, she had to experience being on the other side of this relationship too. She truly understood the mental state, created by being locked in chastity and forced to serve, it reinforced a sensation of being owned more than any other form of domination could – it was something she desperately wanted to experience being on the other side of. Of course, her thoughts about these things sent her spiralling into a state of arousal and she had to quickly quieten her mind and shut out any erotic thoughts to avoid the discomfort of the chastity bra. It was strange being in this state, she was now finding it easier to control her arousal, it was like a mental see-saw, performing a constant balancing act, she'd dismiss the arousal and maintain her composure, but the sensation of doing so would make her feel more submissive and aroused. All the time the slightest movement would send the arouser spinning, making things ten times worse.

She'd finished washing Mariella's hair she grabbed a towel and started to dry it for her. "I'm sorry mistress, I'm just not ready. I don't want to give up my free-will and become your property at the moment. I hope it wasn't a one-time offer though."

Mariella lifted her head allowing Jacqueline to dry her hair more thoroughly. "No, it's not a one-time offer, I'll just have to try harder to tempt you in won't I?"

She allowed Jacqueline to dry her hair then stood. "I think it's time we had you back in your restraints, don't you slave?"

Jacqueline nodded and curtsied, chorused by a wave of submissiveness sending a shiver up her spine. "Yes mistress, thank

you mistress.”

And there she was standing still, allowing Mariella to re-cuff her, re-collar and secure her gag again.

As the final lock snapped shut Mariella started walking, “Come slave, it’s time to go to bed, I’ll show you where you’re sleeping.”

Her chains jangled softly as she walked through the house after Mariella Jane Hall. The shoes were killing her, she was desperate to remove them, the thigh loops made walking tricky, and stair climbing almost impossible. When they eventually arrived in Mariella’s large, luxurious bedroom, the dominant mistress opened a door to a small sub-room. This room was dark and un-plastered with no windows. There was a solitary, dim light bulb hanging on a pendant. The floor was hard wooden floor boards. The only furnishing was a rustic looking steel plate bolted to the floor with a short chain and an unlocked padlock. The chain was only about six inches long, the whole room was only about three feet wide by about five feet long. The positioning of the plate with the chain was clearly designed for the slave to be secured to the floor in a prone position.

Mariella gestured through the door. “Well? In you go, lie on the floor, padlock your collar to the chain through D link on the collar.”

She kneeled down, the boards were hard and unforgiving and the room was a little cold, a slow draft was coming from somewhere. She got into position then fumbled with her hard, steel collar until she found the D link, then she attached the chain and padlock, locking her securely to the floor in a prone position. Mariella smiled, “Good slave... Good night professor, I will wake you in the morning, then you will bring me breakfast in bed... Ooh, I’d better go and free slave Sally hadn’t I? So much for half an hour! Haha!”

From her prone position Jacqueline nodded, unable to speak through her tightly fitted gag.

Then the door swung shut with a 'clunk' and she heard the click of a key turning in the lock. There, she was locked in. The restraints, all restricted her movement. She shuddered when the light went out, plummeting her into complete darkness. Her hands unable to separate by more than a few inches, her thighs held also at a fixed distance, it was impossible to find a comfortable position. She was hungry, she was thirsty, she'd not even had the time to go to the toilet. At the same time she was so uncomfortable and so aroused it was impossible to sleep. She lay in the dark, trying to adjust her position, trying to find a way to lie which would offer some relief. Every movement made her arouser spin frantically, teasing her and making her nipples expand into the hidden spiked traps in the chastity bra.

Desperately frustrated she managed to manoeuvre herself onto her back, there was only just enough chain. From there she pulled the hem of her dress up and reached down to her chastity belt. The sanitary towel she'd fixed to it, to catch her sexual juices was still there. She carefully removed it, noting that it was quite heavy and moist, as she would have expected from the constant arousal and denial.

Then her hands, still tightly bound in the leather, padlocked cuffs, joined by a chain started to probe the belt. She could feel the cold steel beneath her fingertips, the front shield with its tiny holes. She probed for a gap. There was a tiny gap between the front shield and the crotch plate. But it was far too thin to slide a finger in. If she'd had long, long fingernails she might have been able to get some stimulation, but nothing would squeeze through. She tried taking the hem of her dress and folding it tightly and sliding it in, but it was heavily woven thick material and wouldn't squeeze down enough. Feeling like the front shield was exhausted she began probing the edges of the crotch plate. It was very tightly fitted. Nothing she could do, could create the tiniest of gaps, let alone enough to get a finger in. She whimpered into her gag through frustration and tried tapping the front shield. It sent the arouser spinning and teased her a little, but it was so light! It would never bring her to arousal, it just



seemed to make her nipples hurt. Out of ideas she rested her heels on the floor and tried shaking and moving the belt as furiously as she could. It sent the arouser spinning, but no matter how fast it span, it wouldn't bring her to orgasm and she knew it, it just made her aroused enough for her nipples to expand into the spiked traps, causing severe pain.

She soon had to give up on getting some stimulation as her calves started cramping, she was desperate to flatten her feet. Sharp, pain gripped her calf, but she could barely move, the chains joining her wrist cuffs to her collar prevented her reaching down to massage her calf, so she was reduced to trying to lie still and hoping the pain would subside. Eventually it worked, though it took a long, long time, the trouble was lying on the hard boards was taking a toll, the gag was making her jaw ache.

Eventually, despite the pain and discomfort, the professor managed to get a little bit of sleep. It was difficult to say how much of course. Being locked to the floor in a pitch black room meant gauging time-passed was impossible.

## **Maid to Work – Day 2**

Eventually the lock clicked and the door opened flooding the room with sunlight and making Jacqueline's eyes hurt. She ached all over, she was tired, almost exhausted. Mariella threw a key onto the floor next to her face. "Wakey, wakey slave! Rise and shine! It's time to get up and make my breakfast."

Jacqueline, fumbled with the key and fought to unfasten the padlock on her collar holding her to the floor. When she rose she felt weak and defeated, her leg, which had been cramping almost buckling under her.

"You know where the kitchen is, muesli, toast, orange juice and bring my morning paper up."

The professor bobbed low, curtsying and clicked away, as fast as her tortured legs could carry her. Tackling the stairs was even more difficult than before, after a night locked to the floor and feeling quite sleep deprived. She managed it though, and scurried to the kitchen, to prepare a tray for her 'owner'. It felt delicious to consider herself the property of another. In some respects it was hard, it was painful, uncomfortable, humiliating, frustrating... But at the same time, another person taking responsibility for her, making all decisions about her welfare and effectively removing all choices from her life – it felt like a great weight had been lifted. All her worries about her academic career, the direction her life was taking – they were all forgotten.

She prepared the breakfast and awkwardly bore it back upstairs to Mariella's bedroom. She entered with a curtsy, keeping her eyes low, avoiding eye contact.

Mariealla sat up in bed and took the tray. "Good slave, now go down to the dungeon and clean it. It has to be sparkling, once everything is cleaned everything has to be disinfected. I will finish my breakfast, then come and inspect your work, if it less than 100% satisfactory, I will put you in the pillory and administer you with a hundred strokes of the cane, to your bare bottom."

Jacqueline curtsyed awkwardly, the combination of restraints, gag, locking heels and chastity ensemble making it very difficult. As she did it sent the arouser spinning again, and she was quickly back in the vicious circle of trying to contain her arousal to avoid her nipples being punished by the cruel chastity bra.

She rose and made her way back to the dungeon, to begin her next task, tired, hungry, thirsty – but strangely elated.

## **Travelling.**

Sometime later, Mariella made her way down stairs. She'd decided to allow the professor not to dress her and wash her, it was pleasant

having a slave do personal service, but sometimes one needed a little space. When she'd got to the dungeon it had been immaculately cleaned, the diligence and hard-work that Jacqueline had developed during her academic career having easily transferred itself to domestic duties in this bizarre domestic slave situation.

She smiled. "My, my professor... Haven't you done well? You are such an excellent slave, I really would like to keep you indefinitely! Maybe I should? Regardless of how you feel about it? I could strap you down and get Dr. Eve Wilshaw to come and programme you against your will into believing I own you. Most hypnotists say it's impossible to hypnotise people into doing things they don't want to – Dr. Eve is special though, she could re-programme your mind easily I think."

Mariella sighed, clearly this talk was making Professor Reed quiver with submissive excitement, and grimace in pain from the ensuing expansion of her nipples into the spikes.

"Come, it's time to give me your apartment keys and car keys, don't worry – I'm insured to drive anything 3<sup>rd</sup> party."

Jacqueline returned to the room where she'd stripped and neatly folded her clothes up. She reached into her handbag and handed Mariella Jane Hall two keys. One, the key to her apartment and the other, the key to her three series BMW saloon.

Mariella took them with a smile, and walked out of the house, Jacqueline gestured to her, clothes, Mariella shrugged. "I suppose you'd better bring them. You will be in your uniform whenever you are inside the apartment though. Oh while you're there, just fetch me the lead hanging in the utility. I may decide to take you for walkies, and the dog bowl too – you'll need that."

The emotions running through Jacqueline's head were a blur. She was quivering with submission and it was setting the arouser on a frantic spin. She gathered the things as quickly as possible, trying

not to think about being aroused as she did. When she was back at the door with her clothes, dog bowl and leash Mariella pointed to the floor. "Oh dear, it looks like you've sprung a leak again? We don't want your pussy juice staining the boot of the car do we? You'd better go and get a sanitary towel to soak up your leaking juices."

...

Finally they were ready to leave, Mariella had packed a small bag of essentials. Jacqueline had put a sanitary towel over the front shield of her belt and was carrying the things. After locking up Mariella bleeped the car and walked to the boot. Opening the boot she gestured inside. "Well? Hop in! Comfortable leather upholstery is not for slaves, besides when we're pulling up at your apartment you don't want everyone watching you being led along in your slave maid attire and restraints, on a leash do you? I will leave you in the boot, once we get there, go and settle in, perhaps do a little shopping? Maybe enjoy a meal out? Perhaps a bar afterwards? Finally, when it's nice and late, and everyone has gone to bed, I'll come and let you out, and lead you back to MY apartment."

Jacqueline looked at her pleadingly, and tried to mutter 'please' through the tightly fitted gag. Her voice was muffled and weak. When Mariella looked sternly at her and pointed to the boot saying. 'IN!' she couldn't refuse. Almost on auto-pilot she hauled herself into the boot and whimpered softly as Mariella Jane Hall gently slammed the boot lid shut, engulfing her in darkness.

It was a good quality car, no light got into the boot. She was in total pitch black darkness, curled up in a ball, barely able to move from the confined space and the restraints. As she felt the engine start up the floor of the boot vibrated, sending her arouser spinning, tickling her genitals and teasing her into a state of being almost on the edge of having an orgasm. Then they were on the move. It was uncomfortable in the boot, every time the car turned she found herself sliding one way or the other. The lack of light or reference points mean she soon started feeling travel sick and she realised

she desperately needed a wee. It was a long drive back to Manchester and even when they were there it sounded like Mariella intended to leave her in the boot the entire day or more. Having had so few drinks the previous day she assumed she didn't actually have too much wee in her. She knew it would be dangerous to try and hold it for over twelve hours, and she knew she couldn't, so as the car started moving more stably, she allowed herself to pee. Her crotch felt immediately warm. The towel caught some of it, and soaked it up, but her groin suddenly felt heavy, wet and warm. The boot of the car also started to smell strongly of urea. She tried fruitlessly to reach down to do something to lessen the discomfort, but the chain joining the wrist cuffs to the collar, and the position she was in, prevented it. She felt like they were on the motorway now. All she could hear was the hum of traffic, all she could feel was the vibration of the road under the car, and the ensuing spinning of the arouser, and her nipples pressing on the spiked traps in the chastity bra.

It was desperately uncomfortable, she was starting to cramp, but she was helpless to do anything but endure. She decided the only thing for it was to try to get some sleep. She'd not slept well the night before and was still tired from the previous day's hard labour. It didn't come easily, with the constant arousal and denial, and the electric sense of submissiveness.

She awoke sometime later, how much later; she had no means of telling. She was still in the boot, in pitch black, but the engine sound had changed. She guessed they were off the motorway. It was a bit more stop-start and she thought she could hear people and other ambient sounds now. Sure enough she eventually felt the sharp downwards angle of the ramp to the underground car park under her apartment block. She could feel the car moving as Mariella wove her way to Jacqueline's allocated car parking space. She could feel dried drool running down her cheek, a product of the uncomfortable fitted gag. When she tried to wipe it off she found the chain joining her collar, wrists and ankles, coupled with this position, prevented her from quite, quite reaching.

The engine stopped.

She felt the car jostle as Mariella climbed out, then the thump of the car door slamming shut and the ‘beep, beep’ of the alarm being activated. Mariella paused as she walked past the book. “Oh Professor, I suggest you keep nice and still and quiet while I’m out. You wouldn’t want the alarm going off would you? It might draw attention to the fact that you’re in there.”

Jacqueline heard her and quietly groaned to herself. She heard the heels clicking away, as Mariella made off to make herself comfortable in Jacqueline’s apartment. As the sound of clicking heels faded away, Jacqueline was left in pitch black, in total silence. She kept still, curled up, lying submissively. Even though she doubted many people were around, she didn’t want to set the alarm off. Being locked in the boot with the alarm going off and no means of disabling it was a humbling thought.

Her mind was awash with submissiveness, her emotions all over the place. It didn’t feel real, she almost couldn’t comprehend the situation she’d found herself in.

Eventually she fell back to sleep, then awoke, then slept again. It was impossible to keep track of time. Eventually hunger, and thirst and her cramped, aching muscles kept her awake. It got to the stage where she thought she couldn’t take it anymore and she wanted to cry out for help – except of course the gag would effectively muffle her, and nobody would be around anyway.

She ended up resorting to sobbing quietly to herself, feeling the warm, salty tears rolling down her cheeks, desperately wanting to be free.

She didn’t know how long she’d been lying there sobbing when the ‘beep, beep’ of the car being unlocked jolted her in to awareness. Her stomach was giving her hunger pains and she felt like she

couldn't physically move, she could hardly breathe, it had grown so stuffy in the car boot.

The boot opened, spilling artificial light into it and dazzling Jacqueline. Mariella was standing there, she'd clearly unpacked, had a shower, got changed and had probably been out for a meal and a drink. "Well slave? It's time to get out."

Part of her was terrified, braving the apartment block in her current attire with the restraints and gag – if someone saw her she'd be humiliated, it would end her career. However she guessed it was very, very late and the apartment block became very, very quiet when it was late enough.

As she hauled herself out of the boot she wobbled on her heels, fighting her legs urge to buckle. She was a mess, her groin was cold and damp, the soaked sanitary towel having acted as a fairly ineffective nappy. Her hair was a mess and her face was covered in drool. The bright lights of the underground car park dazzled her and as she became upright, the arouser in her chastity belt began spinning madly, forcing her to concentrate on fighting the arousal.

Before she could complain Mariella reached over and clipped the fastener onto the D-ring on her steel collar. She paused as she held the boot lid. "Oh dear, you've wet yourself slave. Am I going to have to start putting you in nappies hmmm?"

She chuckled to herself and shut the boot then started walking, giving Jacqueline a gentle tug on the leash to encourage. "Come along slave, it's late."

### **Jacqueline's Apartment**

Thankfully there hadn't been anyone around. Mariella had led her through the interior of the building, and it was past 3 am so the humiliation of her neighbours seeing her in this state was fortunately spared.

As they eventually entered the apartment and Mariella clicked the door shut, Jacqueline breathed a sigh of relief. Only to have Mariella give her another tug, pulling her in the direction of the bedroom. Once inside Mariella lowered the leash. "Now slave, undress me."

With aching muscles and shaking hands Jacqueline began unbuttoning her dominant mistress's blouse. Then she pulled the soft, silky fabric material garment off her shoulders and returned to unfasten her slender feminine belt and unzip her smart trousers, the zipper being at the back. As Mariella stood there in all her underwear, Jacqueline sighed and felt a wave of submission overcome her. She'd never been homosexual before, she'd never considered herself a lesbian, was it Mariella's dominance? Or the fact that she was locked into the unforgiving, arousing and arousal punishing chastity ensemble? She didn't know. All she knew, was that despite herself, she felt a deep, deep attraction for Mariella Jane Hall. The urge to give herself up completely and become Mariella's property, to be used however Mariella saw fit or sold on to some unknown third party, when Mariella had grown tired of her...

Mariella saw the way she was looking at her and smiled, placing a finger under Jacqueline's chin and pushing her face up. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, Professor I can see how this is making you feel. Would you like me to remove your gag? Of course the only reason I might remove it is if you were to service me orally again – would you like to service me?"

Jacqueline nodded sincerely, her eyes full of longing. Mariella chuckled softly to herself and reached behind the Professor's head to undo the lock, after removing the key from her necklace. As she pulled the gag clear Jacqueline moved her jaw around it was a little cramped, but such a relief to be ungagged. As she worked some life back into her jaw muscles Mariella sat on the edge of the bed, in her cream satin bra and panties, with delicate floral embroidery. "Well Professor? You may begin."



Jacqueline, kneeled before her. The restraints and high heels making this difficult. "Thank you mistress."

Then she shuffled forwards and gently slipped her fingers into the lacy waistband of Mariella's panties and pulled them slowly, slowly down revealing that neatly shaved pussy. She was hot and wet, and the smell of her sex hit Jacqueline's nostrils immediately. Shaking, quivering almost, Jacqueline leaned forwards and began probing with her tongue, using it to probe deep, deep into Mariella's vagina, then to stroke her labia up and down, then swirl around her clitoris, causing her to moan with pleasure and shiver with excitement. "Hmmmm, that's nice slave... Keep going."

So the process began anew, probing, stroking, swirling. Soon the Professors face was awash with Mariella's juices and she had the unmistakable texture of rogue pubic hairs in her mouth.

Occasionally the mistress would give her words of encouragement, eventually Mariella arched her back and started panting softly. Then she came, her now moist female genitals almost pulsating, her juices running into Jacqueline's mouth. Through her panting she grabbed Jacqueline's head and pulled her face into her crotch. "Drink my juices slave! Drink up!"

Jacqueline, obeyed, lapping up the juices and cleaning Mariella's pussy wither tongue. As she finished Mariella released her. "Oh slave, that was wonderful... Hurry up now, unpack my nightie."

Jacqueline stood, shaking, her mouth and nostrils full of pubes, and the taste and smell of sex. She scurried to the bag and pulled out a deep crimson satin nightie with black lace around the sleeves, neckline and hem. Mariella allowed Jacqueline to slip it over her head and she stood. As she stood Jacqueline opened her mouth to speak. "Mistress, I was wondering if perhaps-"

Mariella pinched her lips closed with her scarlet painted nails. "Professor, don't forget what I said. If you ask to be released from

your chastity bra and belt, or you ask me for an orgasm – I will punish you and make sure you stay in chastity even longer. Now did you want to say something?”

She released her fingers, letting go of Jacqueline’s lips. Jacqueline sighed. “No mistress.”

“Good slave, let’s get you all locked down for the night then shall we?”

Ten minutes later Jacqueline was lying on the bathroom floor of her apartment, gagged, with her collar locked to the plumbing, feeling submissive, frustrated and denied. She’d not even been allowed to wash her face or brush her teeth, meaning she fell asleep with her senses overpowered by the smell and taste of Mariella Jane Hall’s sex. Of course she tried again to stimulate herself, any way possible. It was impossible though. She ran her hands over and over the front-shield, locked to her chastity belt, imagining what it would feel like to masturbate, to work herself to an orgasm. Of course she didn’t get much sleep. The frustration was incredible.

## **Monday Morning**

The next day, the Sunday morning Jacqueline had woken with more aches and pains from another night on a hard floor. She’d spent the rest of the day cleaning the apartment and preparing meals for Mariella Jane Hall who was essentially treating her as a live in slave and treating the apartment if it was her own. Eating Jacqueline’s food, using her computer and internet, watching her television and generally lounging around and relaxing, while Jacqueline was not permitted to use any furniture at all and was splitting her time between looking after her ‘owner’ and cleaning and tidying the flat. After another nightly orgasm for Mariella and another night on the hard floor of the bathroom, frustrated and denied, she was woken by the mistress again.

“Come on slave, it’s time to get you up for work. Here are the keys to your uniform, unlock it, have a shower, brush your teeth. You have to put your uniform in the wash too, you’ll want it dry for tonight.”

Jacqueline took the keys and began unfastening herself from the floor and unlocking her uniform. “Mistress, what about my chas-“

“Oh, that’s staying on, you’re going to work in chastity from now on slave.”

When Jacqueline spoke, her voice was full of disappointment. “Yes mistress.”

Finally she put the rest of the clothes down and started running a shower. Mariella stayed, seemingly as if to supervise her. As the shower cubicle steamed up Mariella tutted. “Dear me slave, that’s another mistake! Hot showers are purely for owners, slaves may only shower in cold water – we wouldn’t want to waste the luxury of hot water on you would we?” Jacqueline groaned, and turned the hot tap off. Soon the temperature in the room was dropping and the water was icy. She was down to her steel chastity underwear now. Mariella pointed to the shower. “Well, get in slave, make sure you have a good, thorough wash.”

“Please, can’t I have just a little hot water?”

“I told you slave, hot water is for owners. You will shower in ice cold water only, get in and start washing. You may get out when I give you permission. Any more complaints and I will cane you to within an inch of your life.”

Jacqueline, defeated bowed her head. “Yes mistress, sorry mistress.”

She pulled the shower door open and felt a waft of freezing cold air hit her. Almost whimpering she climbed in. The water was icy,

making her shiver and shy away.”

“Get in properly slave, make sure you wash and condition your hair, and wash your body. If you miss a spot there will be punishment.”

It was the most uncomfortable shower of Jacqueline’s life within seconds she was shivering, her teeth chattering as she lathered up her hair, and used shower gel on her body. It felt so strange running her soapy hands over her chastity bra and chastity belt. Mariella called in to her as she rinsed it off with the icy water. “Aim the shower-head at your front shield too slave, we don’t want your crotch smelling all sweaty do we?”

Her teeth were chattering badly now, her body was covered in goose bumps. “N,n,n,no m,m,m,mistress!”

She took the showerhead and sprayed it at her groin, trying to get as much of the freezing cold water through the little holes in the front shield. Eventually, after thoroughly washing herself and rinsing herself off Mariella called out. “Very good slave, you may get out now. Dry yourself and get ready for work.”

Jacqueline obeyed, thankful to be out of the icy water. She ended up putting on a high-neck polo neck sweater hiding her steel collar and the chain halter neck that helped keep her chastity bra in place. She had to wear stockings instead of tights because of the leg loops and she selected a skirt slightly longer than she normally liked to wear to lessen the chance of her chastity underwear being seen and to muffle the sound of the chain joining the thigh-loops together jangling around. The finishing touch was a sanitary towel over the front shield. It was embarrassing, but it would be worse if she started leaking juices, dripping on to the floor, while she was giving a lecture.

Finally ready she set out to walk to the university, to deliver her lectures and work on her research.

The walk there was torturous of course, the arouser spinning almost constantly, teasing her, arousing her, making her quiver with arousal... Then the arousal punishing bra would send her hands to her breasts, making her whimper in pain.

When it came to time to lecture her head was a total mess. All morning she'd been trying and failing to not get aroused, trying to focus on her work and concentrate. Now her sanitary towel was warm and moist and heavy.

Stepping into her lecture theatre, looking up to see so many students looking expectantly at her, knowing what she was wearing under her clothes made it even worse. She could see Celeste and Simon up there. It was the slowest lecture she'd ever delivered, fighting constantly to concentrate on her topic and deliver her lecture. The constant frustration, arousal and denial had left her tired and emotionally drained by the end of the day. When she walked back into her apartment Mariella was there waiting with her uniform. "Ahh, Professor, lock your uniform on, you have a lot to do tonight."

And so she worked preparing a meal, and cleaning up afterwards, kneeling on the floor massaging Mariella's feet while her mistress watched the television. Afterwards, when it was bed time Mariella got up and beckoned her to the bedroom. Once there she grabbed the chain joining the wrist-cuffs to the collar and pulled Jacqueline towards her, she placed her ruby red lips on Jacqueline's and started probing her mouth with her tongue. The professor didn't resist, she kissed back, submissively allowing Mariella to hold her collar by the chain and maintain a dominant position over her. When she eventually pulled away, Mariella looked down and sighed. "My dear slave Professor, you are my favourite slave ever. I wish, I do wish I could keep you... Forever... Are you sure don't want to become my property?"

Jacqueline quivered with excitement. "Yes! Yes Mistress! Please let me belong to you."

Mariella smiled cheekily, “Hmmmm, even if I decide never to allow you to orgasm again? To make your chastity ensemble permanent?.. Maybe I will? Why don’t you service me orally again? I’ll keep you for a few days, then, if you’re good I’ll release you and you can decide in the cold light of day if you wish to be owned by me. If you do we’ll have to book your hypnosis session with Dr. Eve, so she can mould your mind into truly believing that you are legally, completely owned by me.”

Jacqueline sighed. “Yes mistress.”

And she began undressing Mariella, preparing for the next task...

## **Released**

After spending a whole week in strict chastity, being Mariella Jane Hall’s personal slave, Jacqueline’s feelings had not changed. She was falling into submissive love with Mistress Hall and burned so deeply to belong to her.

As it happened Friday night was the last time she slept in chastity, on the cold hard floor of the bathroom. Mariella came in to wake her. “Good morning Professor, it’s time to get up. You’ve been such a good obedient slave I’ve decided to release you.”

She kneeled down and unlocked Jacqueline’s chain from the floor. Then the collar, and the uniform, including the locking high heels. Finally she unlocked the chastity bra, and the arousal belt. As the steel was gently pulled away, leaving Jacqueline standing naked, she suddenly felt very naked, almost vulnerable, almost longing immediately to be back in her nice safe chastity device. Mariella packed her things away discreetly in her bag and prepared herself to leave. Jacqueline felt a terrible sense of loss at her ‘owner’ leaving. She dressed and followed her to the door. “Can’t I give you lift home Mistress?”

Mariella smiled and shook her head. "No thank you Professor, I shall take the train, I haven't been on a nice train journey for some time. I've enjoyed staying here. Here are your keys."

"Will I see you again?"

"Maybe, it depends. I understand you are planning another study, a study into chastity and orgasm denial. I know you like to switch, so experience the other side of this relationship? You'll know then whether you want to be an owner or owned, or whether you want to remain as you are; a switch, flitting between dominance and submission. Goodbye Professor, call me when you're ready. Even if you decide to be a dominant, perhaps we can double domme together?"

Jacqueline watched her go full of sadness. When she finally clicked the door shut she mused at how after only a week in chastity it felt strange being out. It felt weird not to have the constricting chains holding her thighs together, holding her thigh loops to her belt and her belt to her bra. Despite the discomfort, and the frustration she couldn't help but feel a yearning to be back in them. The thought had her getting moist, she could feel a rush of blood to her crotch. Without wasting any time she strode to the bedroom, hitched her skirt up, tucking the hem in the waistband, then lowered her tights and panties and lay back. Gently at first she began stroking, her labia. It felt so good! Touching herself after being denied for a week! It felt blissful. Slowly she probed herself, pulling a finger out which was dripping with juices. She used the juices as lubricant and started stimulating her clitoris. All the while she was thinking about being Mariella's property and ironically thinking about never being able to do this very thing again, safe and secure in her chastity ensemble.

The orgasm didn't take long and it left her breathless and shaking, emotionally drained and tired. It was an amazing feeling. Could she give it up? Even if it was for the love of Mariella? She didn't know... It was time to work out the details of her study.

She sorted herself out and retreated to her desk to sit down and pen out the study proposal.

The trouble was when she sat down she felt, like a complete mess emotionally. She longed partly to experience dominating her 'subjects' and partly to give herself to Mariella. After several failed attempts at starting to write the proposal Jacqueline tabbed over to her email and penned an email to Simon and Celeste.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Simon & Celeste.

I know how much you both enjoyed being part of my study in caning. Simon hinted you were interested in being my guinea pigs, or test subjects if anything similar came up. After the disappointing reception to my work on corporal punishment, I want to do some unofficial testing on a new project. I don't want to involve the University or the ethics board until I know it's going to fly.

If you're interested, please come and see me in my office tomorrow between eleven and two thirty. Please delete this email after you've read it whatever you decide.

Regards,

Professor Jacqueline Reed, BsC, MsC, PhD.

\*\*\*\*\*

There, she'd written it. She hit send and got up. It was time for her to have some 'me time', to have another quiet play, thinking about the experience of the last week and the experiences she was anticipating with Simon and Celeste.

## **The Office of Professor Jacqueline Reed**

The next day, it was nearly noon before Celeste and Simon rapped on the door to Jacqueline's office. There was a slight pause, then



her stern, but soft, commanding voice echoed from within. “Come in.”

Simon entered, followed by Celeste. After receiving two terms of Jacqueline’s strict discipline he had smartened up his image. Now rather than ripped jeans and faded band T shirts, he wore smart casual trousers and a nice shirt. Celeste, was in a summer dress, with a floral print pattern. Jacqueline, didn’t look up straight away. She continued tapping away at her keyboard, putting the finishing notes to some other research she was involved in. She wore a smart black suit, with a crisp, brilliant white blouse and a white gold necklace and matching earrings. She’d purposefully left a flash of the black lace and satin of her bra on show, having left a couple of buttons on her blouse undone.

Eventually she slammed the return key, clicked a few times with her mouse and turned to face them. “Ahhh, good, you’re here! I take it you’ve both decided to volunteer to be my unofficial ‘test subjects’ again? Have you deleted the email? I really need to keep this research clandestine for now.”

Simon and Celeste were both a little red faced and looking down. After looking to each other several times, eventually, Celeste spoke. “We’ve both deleted the email, miss, I, erm, will it involve \*ahem\* caning us again?”

Jacqueline chuckled to herself. “No! Not specifically, I suppose if you agree to help with this, then I could adopt a loco-parentis over you if you like, if you put yourselves in my care and want me to correct you on a regular basis – that could be arranged?”

Simon smiled, “We’ll do it!”

“You don’t even know what it is!”

Celeste spoke now. “We don’t need to know, it’s obviously related to your earlier work, so we’ll do it – not knowing what it is makes it all the more exciting.”

This was better than Jacqueline had hoped. She looked at Simon and Celeste. Simon was an handsome young man, and though she'd always considered herself heterosexual, maybe from the way events had left her head spinning, or the specific interactions she'd had with Mariella, she found herself deeply, attracted to Celeste. She was tall, slim with beautiful long blonde hair. She looked up. "Good, in that case I will need to measure you both up. Strip please."

Simon gasped and looked around in a panic, Celeste stood up nervously. Jacqueline rolled her eyes at them. "Look pull the catch on the office door, I can close the blinds if you like? I need you to both remove all your clothes, including underwear."

Celeste gasped. "Miss!"

"Don't be such a baby, it won't take a minute. Here, I'll measure Simon up first – Celeste you can take down his measurements as I call them out. Hop to it."

Gingerly they both removed all their clothes and placed in them in neatly folded piles on chairs in the large office. They were shaking softly, not through cold – the office was quite warm, but through sheer nerves. Jacqueline handed Celeste a notepad and pen then pulled out a tailors tape and a sheet with instructions on measuring for the chastity belts.

Simon was quaking as 'Miss' approached, wielding the tape measure almost threateningly.

"Simon, stand with your feet apart, chin up, and hands on your head."

He obeyed and she measured his thighs, his waist, several more lines across his groin and crotch and up through the crack between his but cheeks. Celeste, writing down the letter which identified the measurement then the number Jacqueline called out. The final step involved measuring his penis. Having the diameter and length of his

shaft gently measured by the beautiful professor had his member pointing upwards like a coat-hook.

Jacqueline finished and stood up. “Good, you’re done. Celeste, can you pass the notebook to Simon, and I’ll start measuring you up. Feet apart chin up, hands on head for me please.”

Still naked and erect Simon took the notes in shaking hands and Jacqueline started measuring Celeste. Interestingly rather than going straight for the groin, she started measuring her chest size, and the distance from her sternum to her neck and neck to waist. It looked almost like an extremely thorough bra measuring. When the professor pulled the tape tight onto Celeste’s breasts, crushing them slightly, Celeste let out a little gasp. Jacqueline looked at her with a wicked twinkle in her eye. “Sorry... I need to make sure it’s a tight fit.”

“What is miss?”

“You’re hmmm, experimental underwear, it’s very special. Don’t worry, all will be revealed.”

Celeste quivered with excitement as Jacqueline lowered herself to Celeste’s groin and started pulling the tape around thighs, waist, through the crotch, calling out measurements as she did. By the time Jacqueline stood, Celeste was warm and moist downstairs, almost dripping juices.

Jacqueline took the notes to her computer and sat behind her desk. “You can both get dressed now. I’ll get these fast-tracked, hopefully we can get you fitted in a week or so time. Can I ask both to avoid \*ahem\* playing with yourselves until further notice.”

Simon, who had his boxers on now and was pulling his trousers up pulled his face. “Playing wi-“

“Do I have to spell it out? Masturbating Simon. I forbid you to masturbate until further notice. If you do then I won’t be able to use

you for the experiment. And no sex either. I want you both to consider yourselves totally celibate from now on, no sex, no masturbating, definitely no orgasms.”

“But why-“

“You want to help me with this experiment? You don’t play, it’s as simple as that. I realise it might be hard, but you must, must resist clear?”

They answered almost in unison, as they finished getting dressed, both nervous about attempting to abstain in this way. “Yes miss.”

The truth was Simon was a prolific masturbator, particularly since he’d fallen under the professor’s cane. Being restrained and caned with monitors attached to his genitals had sent him spiralling into new heights of arousal. Celeste too, though she’d never been a masturbator before, now, after the Professor’s tutorials she more or less had an orgasm every day.

Jacqueline smiled. “Good, I’ll email you both when you’re ready to be fitted. Thanks for volunteering for this for me.”

## **The Fitting**

It turned out to be closer to three weeks before the belts arrived. Of course Simon and Celeste didn’t know exactly what was on order. It had been a difficult week for both of them. They’d been dating since the first semester and were a definite item at this stage. Every night Simon and Celeste would struggle for a long time to go to sleep, being used to be able to drift off into a relaxed, orgasm induced slumber. Now they found themselves lying awake at night, frustrated and desperate, but not wanting to disobey the professor. Simon, having moved into Celeste’s room, found himself lying in bed cuddling, almost whimpering with frustration by the time they were in the second week. Several times they’d been tempted. Simon having started stroking himself while on the toilet, only to stop when

he thought about disappointing the strict professor Jacqueline. Celeste had come close in the shower, she'd been standing under the shower, rinsing her hair and body off, and while trying to make sure all the soap suds from her crotch and bottom were gone she'd inadvertently slid a finger against her labia. It had sent an immediate quiver through her body and she'd longed, so longed to have a play. Almost without thinking she'd began working a finger through her labia against her clitoris, then she'd stopped. It had left her both desperately frustrated, but feeling so, so submissive to Jacqueline.

When the email finally came inviting them back to the professors office, both Celeste and Simon's heads' were a complete mush. Now they were standing outside her office, waiting to be invited in. They'd knocked and had been waiting for a few moments when Jacqueline's voice echoed from beyond the door. "Enter!"

When they entered she was sitting at her desk, wearing a light, floaty floral print dress, finished with a necklace of red beads. She smiled as they entered. "Ahhh, my little test subjects. So good to have you back. Lock the door please. It's time to get you both fitted. Who wants to go first?"

Simon and Celeste looked at each other. Celeste then looked at Jacqueline. "Miss, fitted with what?"

"With what? See the large parcel on the floor there? Open it up."

Taking a key from her handbag Celeste broke the tape sealing the box and carefully unfolded the lid. Everything inside was carefully bubble-wrapped and labelled M or F. "Separate them into M and F please."

Celeste started forming two piles now, a pile labelled F on the right of the box and a pile labelled M on the other. Jacqueline spoke as she unpacked and sorted. "The F pile are for you Celeste, the M pile is for Simon."

Having sorted them Celeste picked up the top piece from the pile and carefully pulled away the bubble wrap. What greeted her was a small, curved plate of solid, polished steel with lots of little holes in it. There was also a very low friction spinner attached, with a soft brush on it, which spun furiously as she moved the piece. "What is this?"

Jacqueline chuckled. "Ahhh, that is your front shield. It serves two purposes, firstly it prevents you from having any contact with your labia and clitoris, secondly the spinner is a special addition called an arouser. As you move around it will spin and stimulate you, not enough to give you an orgasm, but enough to make you aroused. It's an important part of your chastity ensemble. A chastity belt and a chastity bra. Once I've locked them onto you, you will be in a state of being constantly aroused, and at the same time your arousal will be constantly punished."

Celeste's knees went weak and she almost dropped the piece. "What about him?"

"Oh he gets the same, a male version, which prevents any masturbation, penetration or orgasm. It also both arouses and punishes arousal. Now who wants to get in first?"

Celeste looked at the device, and thought about what the professor had said. It sounded cruel, uncomfortable, potentially almost unbearable, but the desire to please the professor, to be submissive to her was overruling everything. "I've started unpacking, so I may as well go first."

"Good girl. In that case strip. Simon, you can unwrap her parts and pass them to me, we'll put her into the bra first."

And so it began. Simon carefully unwrapped piece after piece and passed them to the professor. Celeste, quickly got undressed and stood there naked waiting to be locked into her punishingly cruel steel underwear. She felt the heavy chain drop over her head, pulling on the back of her neck, then the twin steel cups with a solid

hinge at the front pressed onto her breasts. There was the snap of a padlock and her breasts were safely locked into the steel bra. Almost as soon as the cups were on she started whimpering softly. Jacqueline looked up as she held out the waistband. "Something the matter?"

"My nipples are hurting miss!"

"Good, that means the traps in the steel cups are working properly. When you're aroused, your nipples enlarge slightly, they will force themselves onto little hidden steel spike traps when that happens. If you feel pain in your nipples, try to think of something that isn't arousing."

As Celeste felt Jacqueline pull the steel waistband on and draw the crotch plate up she wanted to double up in pain. It felt like her nipples were burning. Her labia just peeped through the long slit in the front, and her clitoris was barely visible at the top of the slit. As it locked into place she grabbed at her steel cups moaning softly. Jacqueline held up the front shield. "Now for the fun part, I'll lock your front shield with the arouser on now. Keep still for me."

She felt the professor clip the bottom on, then push up and snap the lock on. As she did, the arouser span furiously, tickling and stimulating her clitoris, heightening her arousal and sending her nipples into spasms of pain. Next thigh loops were added and the belt was fixed to the bra and the thigh loops. The chains linking the belt to the bra made it look like a large steel 'X' across her front. Jacqueline took her keys and hung them on a necklace, then put it around her neck visible above her string of beads. "There, you're all done. You can get dressed now. Once you're dressed there's a questionnaire to fill out on my desk."

As Celeste, quivering and moaning at the onset of arousal and punishment started to try to get dressed Jacqueline turned to Simon. "It's your turn. Start unpacking your belt."

Piece by piece Simon began unpacking his belt as he pulled the last piece of bubble wrap off the last piece Jacqueline addressed him again. "Good, now strip."

Simon undressed quickly, emotions and thoughts rushing through his head. It was like an unreal fantasy coming true again. On paper he was helping the professor out with a trial, but essentially she was dominating him and he was submitting to her and it felt amazing.

Once he was naked she fastened the waistband on, then prepared to slide his erect penis into the penis tube. It was an unusual tube, with a thick wall. As she slid the tube onto his member he felt soft brushes stroke every square millimetre of his cock. This of course caused more arousal, however as she slid the tube on, he yelped and backed away. "Owww! What's that?"

"There's sharp spikes in the tube, positioned so that if you become aroused, your glans will press onto them until the arousal subsides. Try to think yourself un-aroused."

He grimaced. "Hmmp! That's a little difficult given the circumstances."

Jacqueline stood. "Wait a second, I thought this might happen." From there she went to a small electric cool box in the corner of the room, opened it and pulled out some frozen peas, which were still very cold but had partly defrosted. "Here, hold these onto your groin, press them on hard."

He did as instructed, the thought of what he was going through running itself through and through his head as he felt his sexual organ shrivel in response to the sudden cold. Celeste was looking up from her questionnaire now, chuckling at his predicament, except her chuckles set her arouser spinning and she dropped her pen to start clawing at her breasts and whimpering again.

Eventually Simon looked at Jacqueline. "I think I'm ready miss."



Jacqueline got the tube ready. “Okay, pull the peas away, I’ll have to be quick.”

Sure enough when he removed the half-thawed frozen peas he was shrivelled up and small. Jacqueline moved like lightning, sliding him into the arousing tube and pushing it down while pulling up the crotch plate and locking it together. Almost as soon as he heard the lock snap shut he could feel himself growing. As he grew the brushes inside the tube – which seemed to be mounted on some kind of low tension spring stimulated him further and he was immediately in excruciating pain, gripping at his crotch and whimpering. “Arrgh! Get it off!”

Jacqueline smiled warmly at him. “Shhh, try to relax, let your arousal subside. Try to feel acceptance, it should subside soon.”

He whimpered and gripped, but tried to follow her advice, eventually he felt like he’d let go and the pain lessened then stopped.

She grinned at him. “There, good boy. Now get dressed and start filling in your questionnaire.”

He began trying to dress, but found every movement sent the brushes in the tube bouncing up and down on their low tension springs, the slightest twitch caused arousal, and severe punishment ensued. Still grimacing he sat next to Celeste and took his form. The questions were about when they’d last had an orgasm and how often they normally had an orgasm and similar related topics.

As they finished Simon looked up. “Miss, how long are you keeping us locked into these ‘things’?”

She shrugged. “I haven’t decided yet Simon. At least for the foreseeable future, try to treat your wearing of them as permanent – that’s probably best.”

“B... But how do I pee?”

“There’s little holes at the bottom of the tube. You’ll have to sit like a girl to pee from now on I’m afraid.”

Celeste now looked concerned. “What about my per-“

“You’ll have to do your best, wear a sanitary towel in front of the front shield to catch any menstrual blood and use your showerhead on high pressure to clean inside. If you aren’t able to maintain personal hygiene with the belt on, you’ll have to report to me to be cleaned. I will restrain you so can’t touch yourself, then give you a thorough wash inside and out before locking you back up.”

“As part of this experience I’ll be asking you both how you feel. For now we’re nearly done, I want you to go about your normal business for a week, then I’ll arrange to see you, so I see how you’re coping with strict orgasm denial. Now, as you’ve both been so good in volunteering for me, I’m going to give you both some correction. If you could both reach over the desk and grip the other side please.”

Simon and Celeste took their positions, both grimacing as their arousal belts sent them into waves of arousal and spasms of pain. Unseen, Simon felt the professor reach around and unfasten his trousers and pull them and his pants down. Then she moved onto Celeste, and Celeste felt the professor’s gentle hands tucking the hem of her skirt into the waistband and pulling her tights and knickers down. They remained bare-bottomed, stretched over the bench while Jacqueline clicked her heels on the office floor retrieving her slender cane.

The feeling of control was so satisfying, she flexed the cane in her hands as she gazed at her students bare bottoms, all vulnerable and ready for her. She could see them shaking subtly with anticipation. It was making her feel aroused. She had a double whammy of arousal at it reminded her of how being in the chastity ensemble herself, at the mercy of Mariella Jane Hall had felt. She took position next to Simon, and gently stroked her cane over his butt cheeks.

“I’m so glad you’ve both agreed to be my little test subjects again. I enjoyed using you both last time, correcting you both... To have you both in chastity, in strict orgasm denial now... It’s... Perfect.”

Crack!

Simon jumped and squeaked as she swished the cane onto his bare bottom. As it landed leaving a bright red stripe she giggled softly. “You’ve been a naughty boy haven’t you Simon? You need my regular correction, and I think keeping you in strict denial will help to mould and modify your behaviour.”

She moved on to Celeste now, and teased her with the tip of the cane, stroking it across the length of the visible waistband of her chastity belt. “And you Celeste, you are such a naughty girl, I can tell you like to play with yourself. But that’s over now. From now on you are under my complete control.”

Crack!

Celeste squealed and quivered as the cane landed. Jacqueline sighed with bliss as she struck her. “My dear, dear Celeste, and Simon, as this study isn’t official – there’s no paperwork. I’m going to do all sorts of things to you both, and have you both doing all sorts of things... That ethics would NEVER pass.”

Crack!

It was Simon that time. He jumped and squeaked as before. Then Jacqueline moved back onto Celeste. “You realise, I can do whatever I want to you both now. Of course you can go to the University, you can go to the police... But who will believe you? Over a well-educated, supremely qualified, respected academic? I will simply deny all knowledge and destroy the keys to your devices, so you will never get out. You’re welcome to try and remove them by the way, I think you’ll find it...”

Crack!

“Impossible.”

Jacqueline was smiling to herself and giggling with pleasure at every stroke, and the strokes got harder and harder. Celeste and Simon were in a web of mental paradox. In severe discomfort, from the vicious caning, but also from the intense arousal, and the ensuing punishment their cleverly designed devices were dishing out. They were also melting with submission, the petit, beautiful professor in her light, feminine floral dress inflicting such pain, such exquisite pain with such clear passion and an almost caring exercise of control... Despite the pain, they both wanted never to be out of chastity and wanted to feel secure that they could always enjoy the sting of the professors well aimed cane.

Once she'd given them a dozen strokes each she returned her cane to its place and sat behind her desk. “We're done, sort yourselves out. See how you get on this week.”

Celeste and Simon, sorted themselves out as instructed, grimacing and twitching from the painful punishment still being given out by their respective devices. When they left Jacqueline crossed the room and dropped the catch to the door. Then she returned to her desk. She pulled her dress up high and lowered her stockings and panties, then tilted back in her chair and began, gently at first – stroking herself. Her crotch was already moist and warm, by probing herself gently, but deeply with two fingers, she lubricated her labia and clitoris with her own juices, then she began sliding back and forth rhythmically.

She was soon sighing with bliss and slowing, hoping to prolong the pleasure... The thought of her two subjects, frustrated and denied, while she, SHE was in control, their keys dangling between her breasts... She came explosively and felt her pussy continue to spasm for some time after she'd stopped. Waves and waves of

pleasure washed over her. It was too quick, she'd wanted it to last longer, but so explosive!

She used a tissue to clean up as much of the mess as she could. Thankfully her office chair was leather and wiped clean fairly easily. She knew there'd be a subtle smell of sweat and maybe even sex lingering so having pulled her underwear up and dress down she opened the window, smiling blissfully.

## **A Day of Denial**

Celeste and Simon left the professor's office with some difficulty, both of them struggling profoundly with the arouser belts and the arousal punishment modifications. At the same time it was clear why they were.

It was more or less impossible to 'not think' about sex, with the arouser constantly causing stimulation. It was also impossible to allow themselves to become aroused, for if they did – they would experience crippling pain. They had each other for support, but they also had the problem that they found knowing about each other's predicament arousing too.

That night, after attending lectures and meeting up again they returned to Celeste's flat. It had been an emotionally draining day, and surprisingly tiring, constantly fighting the arousal. They had a quick dinner together, then went straight to bed. They usually slept naked, this night however they huddled together on her single bed, her front shield tapping against his penis tube, sending both into spasms of arousal and pain. Eventually Celeste shrieked. "Uurgh! I can't go through with this! It's killing me!"

Simon pulled away a little, feeling her steel domes lift off his chest. "Celeste, I don't know if there's anything we can do about it – do you think she was serious? About keeping us in these forever?"

“I...I don’t know... I hope not... She’s right though – if we went to the authorities she could just deny she had anything to do with these things and we’d be stuck... Unless fireman’s cutting gear could get us out?”

“Yeah, right, I’m sure you’d love to lie there while a bunch of burly firemen took their cutting gear to your chastity belt and chastity bra.”

“Hmmp! Good point!”

“Maybe it’ll get easier? Maybe she’s not really intending to keep us in that long?”

“I don’t know, it’s only been one day I’m regretting agreeing to this. I should have thought about it, but when we were there, she was so commanding and dominant and...”

“I know... Look, you’re due to come on soon aren’t you? Maybe you should tell her you can’t keep yourself clean and when she takes the belt off see if you can escape?”

“I don’t know if I can manage that long.”

“I tell you what, we’ll go down to the university metal-working shop after lectures tomorrow, I know a guy who can get us the keys. We’ll lock the doors and we’ll find a way of getting these things off – one way or another. She said she didn’t mind us trying?”

Celeste sighed. “Okay. Night, night.”

She embraced him and wrapped her legs with his, one between his and one over the top, their chastity belts clicking together. She kissed him and pulled him tight, so he felt her steel domes pressing gently on his chest and her lips caressing his. As she kissed, she gently probed his mouth with her tongue, and their tongues slid over each other’s, playing, and stimulating. Then the pain and discomfort from their arousal punishers became too much and they pulled away. They now had to endure a difficult night’s sleep. During the

night Simon awoke several times trying to sport an erection and being left helplessly whimpering, waiting for it to subside.

Meanwhile in another part of Manchester Jacqueline was in her apartment. She was lying naked on her bed, wearing nothing but Simon and Celeste's keys on two necklaces. The keys were bouncing around between her pert breasts, as she frantically rubbed herself, stroked herself, probed herself – then paused to make the orgasm take longer. Eventually after repeating this cycle several times, going over the locking of Simon and Celeste in her head again and again and considering that they were totally denied until she permitted them to orgasm again, she reached up with her left hand and started playing with their keys, tumbling them between her fingers and caressing them.

The effect was electric; she couldn't have imagined a simple two sets of keys could make anyone so aroused. Her whole body was shivering with arousal now and she could feel the orgasm coming. She caressed the keys and thought about how frustrated and denied her subjects were, while she swirled and swirled her finger around her warm, moist clitoris, then frantically rubbed it.

She came with a gasp and a bout of panting, she came so hard it almost hurt and she could feel her entire lower body pulsating. If she'd had a full bowel she would have soiled herself it was so powerful. Overcome with an orgasm induced bliss, she rolled over and pulled the covers over, and was relaxed and asleep almost instantly.

### **Metal Work**

The next day Simon and Celeste had to endure another day of frustration, of tease and denial, of arousal and punishment. It seemed impossible to concentrate at times, but by concentrating really hard it did seem to negate the effects of their chastity wear somewhat. When they eventually met up after lectures, they were both emotionally drained.

Simon spoke first. “Are you ready? Do you want to do this?”

“Yes! I’ve got get out of this gear, it’s unbearable!”

“Right – let’s go.”

When they got to the metal working shop Simon’s friend handed the key over and left. They locked the doors and looked at the many tools on offer. Hacksaws, bolt croppers, angle grinders, dremmel’s reciprocating saws, there was everything.

Simon made straight for the hand tools. “We’ll try me first.”

Celeste groaned audibly. “No! We can do yours after! See if you can get my belt off, quick!”

“Okay, hmm, get your skirt off and pull your stockings down, let’s get you up on the bench, maybe it will loosen the belt up a bit?”

She disrobed her lower half and clambered onto the hard bench. Simon had been hoping lying down might create more play at the front, but it still looked perfectly tight. He tried to slide a finger in, but it was so tight you wouldn’t have been able to slide a piece of paper in. “Hang on, I’ll try the hacksaw.”

Slowly he picked up the hacksaw and lined it up so as not to cut her, just to saw through the waist band of the belt. He began stroking the saw back and forth while Celeste lay submissively on her back. He didn’t feel like he was making much progress, so he sped up. After a few more strokes she shrieked. “Aaargh! Hot , hot HOT!”

He stopped and rushed to get a cloth soaked in cold water. After pressing in onto the belt where he’d been cutting he stared in disbelief – there wasn’t even a scratch. “Hmmp! I’ll try the angle grinder, that’ll do it. Lie back down, let me try to slide some of this heat proof matting under.”



He spent some time trying to squeeze some heat proof cloth under the waist band, it was hopeless. In the end he decided he'd just have to try without. Lying on the bench watching Simon don his goggles and approach with the noisy grinder whirring away Celeste was terrified.

She almost cried out for him to stop before he'd touched her, but it seemed like her only chance. As it happened seconds after the grinder touched the steel she was screaming in agony from the head, and they were back to frantically trying to cool the area down. Again, there wasn't a scratch.

They tried the padlock, the waist band, the chains, everywhere. After eventually giving up on Celeste, they started work on Simon – but it soon came clear they were not getting anywhere.

They left the workshop frustrated and defeated, heading straight for Jacqueline's office, hoping to beg her to let them out. When they got there however, they found it locked and silent. She was either in meetings, off-campus or lecturing. It was getting late; it seemed unlikely she'd be back at her office now.

Instead they went back to the flat and emailed from Celeste's email address:-

.....

Dear Professor Reed,

We can't cope with the chastity and denial, we came to see you today but you were out. Can you please arrange to unlock our chastity devices?

Simon & Celeste

.....

They waited, they didn't have to wait long to wait. Within minutes an email came back from the professor.

.....

Celeste,  
Is this some kind of sick joke? I have no idea what you're talking about! Unlock what?! If this some sort of unsanctioned psychology test , you've chosen the wrong person to try it on. Any more of this nonsense and I will be speaking to your tutors!

Professor Jacqueline Reed BsC, MsC, PhD

.....

It was the worst response, she was clearly planning to deny all knowledge at least in any recorded form of communication. They'd deleted her earlier email, there was nothing they could do, they felt completely at her mercy.

### **The Devious Professor**

The next day, after another night and of frustration they returned to the Professors office, again she wasn't there. They tried emailing, but got no response, they even managed to find a lecture she was giving, but of course they couldn't speak to her while she was lecturing and she seemed to be able to vanish after every lecture by sticking like glue to other students or staff, then making her way into the staff only areas of the university.

Of course every night, unknown to Simon and Celeste, Professor Jacqueline was masturbating herself to orgasm, while fondling their keys and revelling in their predicament.

By the end of the week Simon and Celeste were sleep-deprived, tired, frustrated and full of so much sexual tension they were ready to snap.

As it happened Jacqueline emailed them to invite them to come to her office to discuss their work from the first semester. When they got there they didn't knock and wait, they barged in.

## **The Office of Jacqueline Reed, BsC, MsC, PhD.**

When they stormed in Jacqueline was busy on the computer. She looked up immediately this time.

“Ahhhh, you’re here.”

Simon glared at her. “Yes! And we want out!”

Jacqueline shrugged. “Tough luck. I’ve transferred your keys to a safe place, so don’t even think about trying to overpower me. If you want out, you’ll have to earn your way out!”

Celeste leaned forward desperately. “How!?”

“Simple, you will BOTH become my, live in slaves. At such a time when I feel you have both served me sufficiently, I will perhaps, grant you an orgasm. I trust you’ve tried and failed to remove your chastity belts? So you have two options, a life of being my submissive slaves and having the odd hard earned orgasm, or leave my office now and I will destroy your keys, leaving you to live out the rest of your lives in constant arousal and punishment, constant tease and denial.”

Simon sagged slightly. “Why are you doing this to us?”

She shrugged. “It’s partly because I’m genuinely interested in seeing how effective keeping you both in strict orgasm denial is in controlling your behaviour. I also like you both, I like administering your punishments, and there’s more I’d like to do to you, so much more... It’s also partly because I know this is what you want, both of you. I’m a doctor of psychology, I can read how you’re reacting to the treatment I give you, that little quiver, that shudder, that sagging of the shoulders as I say or do something to you that makes you feel submissive. Face it Simon, you love being dominated, you BOTH do... And who better to dominate you than a psychology Professor? I can almost read your minds, just by your body language. This is a

great opportunity for you. You can experience an exquisite sense of submission, and help me with my research at the same time. In fact I'll tell you what, I'll offer you a choice here and now. If you want me to unlock you and send you on your way, I will – that's fine. However you'll have no contact with me again, ever! If you want to be my slaves, ready to be a test subject in whatever way I deem fit, to serve me domestically, and personally, and receive regular canings, and spend lots of time in bondage – then that's fine also – I'm giving you this choice now, this one time – so choose."

Simon looked at Celeste, she was beautiful, in some ways even more than the diminutive oriental professor. But there was something about Jacqueline, she was profoundly good at psychology, as you would expect and he couldn't bear the thought of NOT being dominated by her any more. He turned to Jacqueline. "I... I want to be your slave."

"Accepting that I will have complete control over you and only allow you orgasms when I see fit? Using you for domestic service, for personal services and more?"

He bowed his head. "Yes miss."

"Good, I think we can make it miss-tress from now on? Celeste?"

Celeste was quivering, she longed, she so, so longed for an orgasm, but the feeling of being owned was compelling. She wanted to explore this side of her, this awakened submissive side and was prepared to at any cost. "I want to be your slave too."

"Good. You will both return to pack your things and then you will make your way to my apartment tomorrow night. I'll give you the address. Bring your things. If there's anything you'd like to do or anywhere you'd like to go – do them or go there tomorrow. From tomorrow night you will require my permission for more or less anything, and in most cases, permission will not be given. Welcome to your new life my slaves."

## **It's a new dawn, it's a new day, it's new life...**

The rest of the day had been surreal, they felt like they were living in a strange dream. It was frightening, thinking they were giving up their freedom to the dominant Professor Jacqueline, but exciting, so exciting.

It was the hardest night to get to sleep of all, not just frustrated and denied but excited about submitting to Professor Reed. Celeste was up first, she'd given up any hope of orgasm, and simply tried to enjoy the sensation of being stimulated by her arouser without allowing it to arouse her enough to punish. She made them both breakfast in bed.

When Simon opened his eyes, the sight that greeted him was Celeste, clicking along in her chastity ensemble bearing a tray with buttered toast and hot coffee on it. It was strange, but she looked so hot in the chastity belt and bra, and thigh loops, she looked ultra-sexy, yet of course she was in a desperate state of denial.

He sat up in bed. "Thanks."

She sat next to him and they ate in silence. Once she'd finished her toast she began sipping her piping hot coffee, pausing for thought. Eventually she spoke. "I want to go to the beach today, I want to swim in the sea. I've not done it for so long and... What if she doesn't allow us out for a long time?"

He smiled. "If that's what you want to do, that's what we'll do. I don't know about swimming though, what if the salt water makes our gear go rusty?"

Celeste chuckled. "She'll have to let us out, she wouldn't want us dying of tetanus or septicaemia."

"Hmmm, except this gear looks like stainless steel... I say we do it – she never told us we couldn't swim in the sea. We'll get some funny looks, but I don't care."

She smiled. "Let's do it."

In the end they took the train to the beach, a popular resort on the North coast of Wales, full of flash cars and expensive yachts. It was a glorious summer's day and it did feel good to be by the sea. When they made their way onto the beach they dropped their bags and looked around uncomfortably. Suddenly this didn't seem like such a great idea, everyone was wandering around going about their business. Splashing in the sea, eating ice creams, doing the normal things normal people did.

Simon held her hand. "We don't know when we'll get to do this again, so I won't let what people think stop me."

He disrobed down to his steel underwear, grimacing and whimpering from the arousal and punishment as he did. Celeste threw her inhibitions aside, they were giving up their freedom to experience total submission. She pulled her dress off and stood on the beach, her steel chastity wear shining in the sunlight. As she stood there a young man walked past her. "Love the steel bikini, it's hot!"

They walked hand in hand to the sea and waded in. They did get some strange looks, but they didn't care. They swam in the sea, they sat on the beach. They let themselves dry in the warm sun. It was fantastic day, despite the odd looks and a few comments by more prudish members of the public. Swimming was particularly pleasant as it seemed to stop the arousers in their belts from functioning. It was also so exciting to think they were submitting completely to Professor Reed that evening.

### **The Apartment of Professor Jacqueline Reed.**

The professor had spent the day acquiring some basics for restraining and controlling her new slaves. That evening they turned up as promised at Jacqueline's apartment at eight pm. When she answered the door, the Professor was wearing a tight, black Chinese

dress with gold embroidery. Unusually she wore her hair up, fastened into a bundle with two wooden sticks. She had long, ornate, dangly earrings and a pair of black, strappy high heels on.

“Ahhh, my little test subjects. Do come in. Have you had a nice day? What did you do today?”

Celeste stepped through first, with Simon following and clicking the door shut. Celeste spoke. “We went to the beach we had a swim in the sea.”

The professor chuckled softly at this. “In your chastity gear? Hah! I would have like to see that – I bet you caused quite a stir!”

“We got a few looks.”

“Hmmmm, I bet, now, what to do with you both first? I think seeing as you’ve gotten salt water on your belts my first port of call should be to give you a good thorough clean and make sure all the salt is off your belts – we wouldn’t want them rusting? Before we do that though, I will collar you both. Strip, and kneel slaves.”

They began, stripping, shaking with anxiety and with pain as they were both aroused by the arouser devices and punished by their spikes. When they were finished, kneeling before the professor; they were both quivering wrecks.

Jacqueline fetched from her cupboard two shiny steel collars, both with a D-ring at the front for attaching a leash. She placed one around Simon’s neck and snapped its lock shut, then one around Celeste’s neck.

She then pointed to Celeste. “Stay!” then gestured for Simon to follow her. He followed her into the kitchen of the flat and she led him to the sink. There was a ring fixed to the wall with a chain on it. When Simon was at the sink Jacqueline took the chain and padlocked the end to the D-ring on his collar. She’d clearly been

leaving dishes for several days in anticipation of having her slaves. "You've heard the phrase 'chained to the kitchen sink? Well that's you now – you will wash all the dishes, and dry them, then wipe the tops off as far as your chain will allow you to reach. You will not speak, if you speak, I will gag you and administer you with fifty strokes of the cane, are we clear? Just nod."

He nodded and set to his task, quivering with submissive pleasure.

Jacqueline returned to find Celeste still kneeling. She gestured for her to follow and led her into the shower room. Once there she took some handcuffs and handcuffed Celeste's hands high through a loop on the shower room wall. She then pulled her keys from inside her dress and began unlocking the bra, and belt and loops. As she pulled them away, she smiled at Celeste's vagina, which was dripping with juices and smelling a little fishy. Wordlessly, she carried the steel parts to Simon in the kitchen and put them on the side. "Once the dishes are done, change the water and clean Celeste's chastity underwear thoroughly."

He thought at that stage he could over-power her and release Celeste, but he was chained to the wall, and funnily he didn't want to. He could see little rings of spikes where the nipples would go inside the cups and a pressure point so a tiny expansion would cause the spikes to bite. Thinking about it made his member grow, past the soft arousal brushes in the tube, and his knees were bent, and he was whimpering in pain waiting for the arousal to subside.

When Jacqueline returned to the shower room she pulled the shower head off the wall. "Slaves don't get hot water you realise, I'm going to wash you now, in icy cold water. Keep still for me, position yourself to make it easy for me, or the punishment will be severe.

Celeste nodded, feeling oddly naked without her chastity wear. The professor turned on the cold to maximum and began spraying Celeste off with the freezing cold water making her gasp and whimper. In seconds she was shivering. The professor stopped the



shower and began rubbing shower gel all over her newly acquired property. There were rings of red dots around Celeste's nipples and areola she tried to back away as the professor began gliding her soapy hands over her breasts. "Keep still slave or I will punish you."

It felt unreal. Celeste had never been a lesbian, but the professor, carefully caressing her breasts, while she was helpless to resist – it was so arousing. It was even worse when Jacqueline's hands dropped to her crotch and began soaping up her groin area, sliding against her labia and clitoris, and reaching through, washing her anus and butt cheeks.

Part of her wanted to resist, it felt so taboo! It felt wrong, but it also felt so right. The professor was gentle and thorough in washing her. When she'd done she aimed the shower head in its holder at Celeste and turned the cold on maximum, making Celeste gasp and squeal.

"Shhhh, try to rinse yourself off in the shower, I'll go and see if your belt and bra are ready."

Shivering, teeth chattering Celeste moved in and out of the stream of freezing cold water obediently, as the professors heels clicked away.

When she got to the kitchen, Simon was drying Celeste's front shield having finished the rest.

Jacqueline watched him finish, then smiled. "Good slave. As you've been so good in giving yourself to me, I've got a special treat for you."

"Are you letting me out of the belt?"

She chuckled. "No, silly! What would be the fun in that? I think you should count on being in the belt for at least twelve months... Unless of course you are amazingly good to me, then perhaps six months won't be out the question. Accept your state of frustration and denial, embrace it, and enjoy it. My special treat is a little different. Here let me unlock you."

She unlocked the wall end of the chain now and used it to pull Simon along behind her as she entered the bedroom. She dragged him to a chair in the corner with big loops for arm rests. "Sit!"

He obeyed, then watched the professor pick up two sets of handcuffs from the sideboard and lock his wrists tightly to the two armrests. She clicked the locks shut and smiled. "I'll just go and get slave Celeste sorted out."

Simon sat submissively, fighting the urge to become aroused, while the petit professor skipped quickly away, her heels clicking on the wooden floor.

He tested his restraints, he was in another world mentally. He was physically uncomfortable, sitting locked to this chair, in nothing but his chastity belt, his wrists firmly fixed to the arms. The arousal kept coming, exacerbated every time by the soft brushes in the tube, stimulating him as he grew. Every time his glans would press onto the sharp spikes making him squeak and wriggle, then try to keep still thinking about non-arousing things.

Celeste's arms were starting to hurt by the time the professor arrived, bearing her chastity devices. Having the devices off, she should have been desperate to touch herself, prevented by the handcuffs being so high. However the constant spray of the freezing cold water had meant she had been too uncomfortable to think about anything. When the professor arrived she was shivering, covered in goose bumps and her teeth were chattering.

Jacqueline reached in and turned the cold water off. "There, you're all clean now, let's get you dry."

Celeste stood still while Jacqueline towel dried her. Rubbing vigorously all over her body, including her intimate parts making her shudder with pleasure and moan softly. Then it was time for the chastity gear. Celeste watched Jacqueline lift the halter neck chain

of the bra up and lower it over her head, smiling. Then Jacqueline manoeuvred her breasts into the steel cups, making her feel the spikes almost immediately. She turned around and allowed the professor to snap the lock shut at the back. Then it was time for the belt. Again she put the waist band on first, then pulled the crotch plate up hard, forcing Celeste's labia through the narrow slit, and pushing her clitoris proud. As the professor prepared to fit the front shield Celeste sagged. "Mistress, please. Please can you leave the front shield off I don't think I can orgasm even without it and the arouser is driving me crazy."

Jacqueline lowered herself to Celeste's crotch, admiring the beautiful belt and Celeste's cute genitals, confined within the slit in the front. She sighed. "My dear slave, that's what it's FOR! It's supposed to drive you crazy! Anyway I love the look of the front shield, and I love the constant tease and denial, and arousal and pain you are suffering. It makes me feel hot just thinking about it. Every night when you've been lying awake at night, so denied, so frustrated. I've been having a play, while twiddling your keys in my spare hand... It's been ecstasy. Now keep still while I fit your arouser and front shield."

Celeste whimpered as the front shield was offered up and snapped into place, sending the arouser spinning. Then Jacqueline attached everything together and fitted the thigh loops. When she unlocked Celeste's hands her arms had pins and needles in them. She then reached up and grabbed the D-ring on her collar and pulled her out of the shower. As she was level with the professor, Jacqueline reached down and gave her a sharp smack on the bottom. "Okay slave Celeste, bedroom now."

## **Personal Service**

When Simon saw Celeste enter, naked, except for her chastity it sent him into a fresh spiral of arousal and pain. The professor pointed to the floor at the foot of the bed. "Kneel here slave Celeste."

She then clicked over to Simon smiling warmly. She placed her hands on her thighs and leaned forwards so her pert breasts; and her beautiful face were mere inches from his. He could smell her perfume, he could see her eyes flickering with excitement and pleasure, the corners of her mouth and eyes wrinkling, showing the genuineness of her smile. When she spoke he felt her breath on his face. "Slave Simon, I'm about to give you your special treat. You are going to see a show; you're going to see a lesbian sex show. I'm going to have slave Celeste service me orally, until I orgasm, while she is kept in strict denial, frustrated... So desperate, but having to give me oral sex, under threat of severe punishment. You, Simon, are going to have the pleasure of watching this, and feeling your aroused member bounce onto the spikes. If the pain gets too much, practice acceptance, embrace your submissiveness, but do not stop watching. If you close your eyes or look away, I will give you fifty strokes of the cane before I lock you down for the night."

She rose sharply and turned to Celeste. "Now slave Celeste, you are going to service me orally, until I come. When I come, you will drink my juices, if you slow down or fail to perform, or show anything less than one hundred per cent enthusiasm – I will cane you so hard you cannot sit down for a year."

She then grabbed towel from the dresser and spread it on the edge of the bed, then stepped in between the bed and the kneeling Celeste. "Begin slave!"

Celeste grabbed the hem of her beautiful black dress and pulled it up, revealing black, satin, lacy panties, a suspender belt and stockings. She rolled the hem of the dress up and gently pulled the professor's panties down, down until Jacqueline's strapped heel stepped out and she sat on the towel.

Celeste stared gaping at the professors beautiful, but moist pussy, centimetres from her face. She'd never seen female genitals this close up before, she'd seen herself in the mirror of course, from afar, but now they were right in the face, the artificial light glistening of

Jacqueline's moist labia, small stalactite of sexual juices forming at the base of the vagina.

"Well slave? What are you waiting for?"

Celeste leaned forward, she could smell Jacqueline's sex, her head was inside out with emotion. She'd never expected to be in this position in her life, but the professor was beautiful and so dominant, envisaging herself as the professor's property to be used and abused sent a blissful wave of satisfaction through her whole body and she licked.

The professor's genitals were moist and warm, she tasted slightly bitter, a tangy taste on the tongue and her short trimmed pubic hair's tickled Celeste's taste buds as her tongue slid over them. The professor sighed with bliss. "Hmmmm, that's good slave, now probe me with your tongue... Hmmmm, deeper, as deep as you can."

Celeste was now essentially French Kissing her vagina enthusiastically exploring the depths of Jacqueline's vagina while stimulating her labia with her lips and her clitoris with her nose. Sexual juices were running into her mouth and down her chin, smearing over her cheeks. She could feel loose pubic hairs in her mouth and her nose, but she carried on. In some ways it was ironic, Celeste working Jacqueline to an amazing orgasm, totally denied, but imagining what it might be like to orgasm, the professor being driven wild, trying to put off the orgasm, her arousal was so great while revelling in the power she had over her sub and also imagining herself in Celeste's position, perhaps kneeling in front of Mariella Jane Hall, working her to orgasm while locked in strict chastity.

She reached down and started gently stroking the back of Celeste's hair. "Hmmmm, good slave. Now use your tongue, swirl it around my clitoris and slide it up and down between my labia. Use your fingers too slave. Hmmm, that's nice."

Celeste obeyed immediately, working her tongue up and down the professor's labia and swirling it around her clitoris making her moan with pleasure and sigh with bliss. Of course this display was making Simon so aroused he thought his penis was going to impale itself on the spikes, watching Celeste give the professor enthusiastic oral sex, while in strict chastity, it was the most arousing thing he'd ever witnessed.

Celeste was almost whimpering with pain as he tongued and tongued the professor, working her clitoris with her fingers, then swapping. It was the most arousing situation she could conceive of. However she was totally denied, the arousal brought pain and encouraged her to focus on the professors pleasure.

It didn't take long before the professor started panting softly, then arched her back, tensed up and felt her whole body pulsate with waves and waves of pleasure. As she did she reached down and pulled Celeste's face into her crotch. "Drink! Drink my juices slave!"

It was bliss, it was the most amazing orgasm she'd ever experienced. As she released Celeste's head she sighed blissfully to herself. "Hmmm, that was good slave, I think you can give me one more before I lock you both up for the night. Begin!"

She lay back, looking at her bedroom ceiling, feeling Celeste's tongue probe and stroke her. She was going to enjoy 'owning' them, her little 'test subjects'. As she lay there she began to think about all the wonderful experiments she could conduct on them, all sexual of course... And all, without having to worry about the University Ethics committee...

~fin

*To be continued in Forced Feminization : A Study in Sissification...*

~by Sabrina



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



**Sabrina Jen Mountford**



# ***Forced Feminization : A Study in Sissification***

## **Prologue**

It was a Saturday, Celeste and Simon had been busy cleaning the Professor's apartment all. Jacqueline had been out for the day, doing some shopping, just enjoying some 'me time' around town. It was nice having live-in chaste slaves, to do her domestic chores and perform personal services for her, but at the same time it felt a little stifling at times, it was nice to have her own space every now and then.

When the door swung open Celeste and Simon dropped what they were doing and rushed to the hallway, standing to attention and looking at the floor. The Professor was wearing a figure hugging floral print dress with a pair of strappy beige heels. Celeste and Simon were dressed in fairly vanilla clothes, jeans and T-shirts, but obviously with their chastity devices underneath. Her heels clicked on the hard floor as she approached. For a moment, she stood still eyeing them from head to foot. "Have you been good little slaves? Let's see, I will inspect the apartment and if you've both done a good job, then I may permit one of you your first orgasm since you began your slavery."

Simon and Celeste quivered with excitement at this. Since they'd agreed to be Professor Jacqueline's chaste slaves a few weeks ago there had been no mention of either of them getting any release before now and any mention of release from Celeste or Simon had simply resulted in punishment, a severe, judicial caning or an over-knee spanking, depending on the Professor's whim at the time.

The Professor clicked past her 'little test subjects' to inspect the apartment. "Keep still, keep your heads bowed or I will punish you."

They stood, eyes down, while they heard the strict Professor clicking around the apartment. There was a sound of a finger running over a surface, some cupboards opening and closing. On the one hand they were both terrified, she was obviously doing a very thorough inspection. On the other hand, they'd cleaned the place immaculately.

Eventually the Professor clicked back over. "Good, you've been good little slaves. Now, Celeste, here are my keys. You will go to my car and bring all the shopping bags up. Simon, follow me, it's time for me to interview you."

Celeste took the keys, curtseyed and trotted off to get the bags. Simon followed the Professor to her desk by the large glass windows which opened on to the balcony. Jacqueline sat at her side of the desk and pulled out a large pad of paper and a pen, then placed her square rimmed glasses on. She spoke as she looked down and began writing. "Sit down Simon, I'm going to ask you some questions about your brief spell as my slave."

He scraped the chair as he sat, fighting the arousal which would punish him if it got out of hand. It felt so submissive having to constantly fight back the urge to become aroused, being caned by the Professor and forcefully made to orgasm had made her seem so dominant and powerful – now, in this situation, she seemed like a goddess.

Eventually she looked up. "Now Simon, on a scale of one to ten, how much would you say you enjoyed being 'my property', with one being not very much, and ten being very much indeed."

He looked pensive, did she want an honest response? Would he be penalised for saying less than ten? He decided to be honest, she appeared to be getting to the nitty, gritty of the study. "Erm, a seven mistress."

“Just a seven? Don’t you like being treated as my property, having to obey my every command, or face punishment?”

“I do, it’s just... It’s been weeks now! I’m so desperate, I’m bursting to come!”

She smiled warmly at him. “Simon, Simon, that would do you no good at all would it? It would spoil my experiment! Keeping you chaste and orgasm free keeps you nice and submissive. That testosterone build up causes chemical reactions in your body – what we call the feed or breed mechanism, so that you are constantly seeking sexual release, as I hold your key you seek it by trying to please me! If I allowed you a release it would spoil all our hard work and you’d be all naughty and rebellious again wouldn’t you?”

“How long are you planning on keeping us in chastity?”

“Oh I don’t know, a few months, a few years, forever? Maybe I’ll leave you your key in my last will and testament?”

His face dropped making her chuckle. “Silly Simon, I told you – one of you is going to get an orgasm today! I told you I’m feeling generous!”

“Can it be me please mistress Jacqueline?”

“Hmmm, we’ll see, I’ve devised an interesting way of deciding who will receive the orgasm. Of course – whoever gets it will be having a variety of probes attached to measure their arousal response. Now can we get back to the questions?”

He sat submissively answering her questions about how well he was sleeping, how stressed he felt, how his academic work was going. Jacqueline noted it all down in her book. Eventually the door opened and Celeste entered bearing unmarked paper bags.

Jacqueline looked up. “Ahhh, Celeste, I was beginning to think you’d gotten lost. Please, unpack the bags, I think it’s time I showed you both your treat.”

Simon raised an eyebrow. “Treat?”

“Yes, I have a lovely surprise for you both. As you’ve both been working so hard being such good little slaves, I’ve got you both some more appropriate attire for your maid duties.”

Simon started to look pale. “You don’t mean –“

“Shhh, you’ll look great in your uniform, Celeste or I can help you with your make-up.”

“I don’t want to cross dress!”

“Not my problem Simone, I’m finding your behaviour modification from being in chastity for so long quite interesting. I’ve been logging all sorts of things during your time as my slave. It definitely makes you more obedient and submissive. It’s surprising how powerful chastity is, have you noticed how sometimes I wear a key on a chain around my neck? And sometimes I don’t? You may not have noticed consciously but sub-consciously you have, your performance is substantially better when I have a key on show, it seems to subtly, subconsciously reinforce your sense of being ‘owned’. I want to see what the effect on your behaviour is of humbling you further, making you feel even more vulnerable and forcing you to fight back arousal even more diligently. I’ve decided to do this by dressing you in female attire every day. Don’t worry it will be fair, Celeste has one too, except of course – she doesn’t require breast forms. Of course while you are at lectures, you may wear only female underwear, while you are in the apartment you are banned from male attire.”

“Hmmpf!! Don’t see it as that fair! She’s hardly compromised by dressing as a maid is she?”

Jacqueline pondered for a moment, twiddling her pencil, then adjusting her glasses. “Actually I think she is. Wearing a maid’s uniform is a very submissive act for either gender. It makes a bold statement that you are there simply to serve and nothing more, I realise you feel it’s a greater inconvenience for you as you aren’t used to female clothes, and this is true. The thing is even without the maid’s uniform we wouldn’t be doing a perfect controlled experiment, after all you have testicles and Celeste doesn’t. You maybe don’t realise it but when you were a foetus in your mother’s womb, and the Y chromosome signalled for your gonads to develop into testicles and descend – they undergo massive changes, not just in physical location and shape, but in function. It’s quite an interesting topic actually, you still have something like a menstrual cycle, whereby spermatocytes develop into spermatozoa over the course of sixty four days, and it happens in four waves, so every sixteen days you have new sperm passing into your epididymis. The interesting this is if we sterilized you by giving you a vasectomy, severing and tying off the vas deferens which join your testicles to your prostate gland, sperm would build up and build up with nowhere to go, until your immune system started recognizing it as a pathogen and attacking it. I wonder if the same biological system would occur if we left you in chastity indefinitely? I’m not convinced it would personally – I’ve noticed you often leak pre-cum, particularly when aroused. It wouldn’t even be fair to castrate you, by surgically removing your testicles, as then, your hormone levels would be zero, asexual, neither male nor female. Of course your sex-drive would go completely too I think, there would be no need to keep you in the device.”

He was squirming a little in the chair. Jacqueline raised an eyebrow. “Are you alright Simone?”

“Urgh! Yes, I’m just... It’s just all this talk of surgical procedures and castrating it’s-“

“Ahhh, arousing you? Interesting that isn’t it? Castration fetish is surprisingly common amongst males. There’s never even mention

of oophorectomy fetish, which would be the female equivalent. Perhaps it's because the female reproductive system is always hidden away inside the abdomen? Maybe it's because women know their ovaries will stop releasing eggs eventually anyway as the menopause – and that's quite a scary thing to have on the horizon? Personally I just think it's down to the powerful nature of testosterone. Did you know women also produce testosterone and men produce oestrogen and progesterone just in different ratio's?"

"I didn't but–"

"I'm sorry, I digress. Now go and put your uniform on please Simone."

Simon approached the clothes which Celeste had been busy unpacking. Panties, bras, black satin maid's dresses with a white apron and cap. There was also what looked like a special bra, it attached like a bra but instead of empty cups it had two realistic flesh coloured silicone breasts complete with feminine and large areola. Celeste was giggling at him cheekily. "Come on Simone, I think we should get dressed!"

He flashed a look over to Jacqueline, sitting quietly behind her desk, smiling at them. She pointed at the uniform with her pencil. "Come on Simone, strip and get dressed – or there won't be time to administer the controlled orgasm I have on offer this afternoon!"

Before he could react, Celeste had grabbed his belt and unfastened it, dragging his trousers down to reveal the shiny steel chastity belt underneath.

Feeling the fight drained out of him Simon allowed her to help him out of his clothes while giggling cheekily. She undressed herself too, until they were both naked, except for their chastity devices. The devices themselves were looking a little soiled, dried on pre-cum was formed around the holes in the front of Simon's belt. The perforations on the front of Celeste's front shield, guarding her

clitoris and labia from probing fingers had flakes of vaginal discharge around them. Clearly despite Simon's unfair disadvantage of testosterone super-factories; testicles; Celeste had clearly been experiencing extreme arousal as well.

Simon copied Celeste under the watchful eye of the professor. First of all he pulled the lacy satin panties up over his chastity belt as Celeste did, then he attached a dainty, delicate suspender belt around his hips. The belts were both black satin with black lace and little pink bows on the front. He shuddered as he clipped it in place around his hips. Next of all, copying Celeste he slid his legs into the silky smooth black stockings and attached them to the suspenders. As Celeste fitted herself with the black, lacy satin bra he fumbled with the set of breast forms he'd been allocated. They were the sort that weren't glued, but were attached to the chest in the same way a bra would be. They were soft and heavy. He felt the weight on his chest immediately as he clipped them into place. Just as he was finishing Celeste, held out the bra for him, allowing him to slide his arms in, then she fastened it snugly at the back. The stockings, the suspenders and the breasts, coupled with his genitals being hidden away in the confines of the belt made him feel almost all woman, a wave of feminine submissiveness washed through him making him shudder. Celeste then stepped into her dress and pulled it up over her shoulders, "Fasten me in Simone!"

His fingers shaking he began at the bottom, pulling the soft but strong material tightly, forcing her to breath in slightly to accommodate it. The material was quite stiff around the buttons and the back of the garment was adorned with lots of small, tightly packed buttons which only just fit through the eyelets if given a hard shove. They fastened all the way up to the collar, and she felt herself being choked, just ever so slightly as he pulled the material together to do the last few buttons. She tried to reach around to her own buttons, but the material was strong and the garment was very tight and form-fitting, the arms were cut in such a way that she couldn't reach behind her at all. Celeste giggled at this. "Hehe! It

looks like once we're in, we're in until someone lets us out! That's delicious! Come on Simone your turn!"

He looked at what was obviously his identical but differently sized copy of the garment. It looked like a prison cell from where he was standing a sinister prison cell of forced feminization. "I don't want to wear it."

Celeste groaned. "Simone, stop being such a baby! What's the matter? Are you scared of a little dress?"

"Bu-"

"Shhh, come on, let go of your silly preconceptions about what men and women should and shouldn't wear – let's get you in."

As she finished speaking she held out the dress invitingly. He stepped in, shaking softly. He fed his arms into the arm holes and felt Celeste slowly draw the soft feminine material over his arms. Then she was around his back, buttoning away. As she got to his waist-line he felt the garment pulling in, getting tighter. "Breathe in Simone! Deep breath!"

He breathed in and felt her pull his waist in tighter, tighter, then button it in place. It fit like a glove, and like Celeste, he realised once all the buttons were done there was no way of reaching the buttons himself, he was in the dress until someone agreed to unbutton him.

Jacqueline was beaming at this from behind her desk. "Good, good, now you're both ready – it's time to decide who is getting that one-off orgasm. Brings the stocks and trolley out of the corner, as soon as we've got a winner, we'll get them secured."

Celeste and Simon looked at each other with suspicion and competitive determination. They'd been chaste for a long time now, both were desperate for release. They wheeled the trolley with



implements and probes and medical supplies over and moved the stocks near to the desk. Jacqueline gestured towards the two seats opposite her desk.

“We can do your make-up later Simone, after-all it might run a bit if you win. Here’s what we’re going to do to decide who is getting the orgasm. We are going to have an auction, instead of money though, you will bid with strokes of the cane. I am setting no limits. Payment will be made in one caning session with the winner securely fastened in, all probes attached for measuring your arousal response, and then it will be followed by the orgasm, which I will administer to the winner. Any questions?”

They looked blankly at her, almost quivering with fear and anticipation, trying to formulate a bidding strategy that might get them the orgasm with the minimum of strokes of the cane as payment. Jacqueline had become a skilled and brutally efficient administrator of corporal punishment. She’d been administering to both of them during their slavery in lots of three to a dozen strokes at a time. They both knew to win this auction they would have to bid higher. At the end of the caning, they would probably be bleeding, scarred and unable to sit down – unless they could somehow win the auction without having to bid high.

Jacqueline smiled. “Good, shall we start the bidding at three strokes then?”

Simon nodded.

“Six?”

Celeste nodded.

Simon turned to Celeste, “You might as well give up, I’m winning this no matter what! I’d take a thousand strokes if need be.”

She giggled. “Hah! I’d take two thousand, so YOU might as well give up.”

Jacqueline interrupted. “Shall we say a dozen then?”

Simon nodded.

“Two dozen?”

Celeste wavered, suddenly looking fearful, then she nodded quickly forcing herself past the fear.

“Three dozen?”

Simon, seeing Celeste struggling at two nodded quickly with determination.

“Four dozen?”

Celeste looked at Simon he was looking determined, and ready to immediately bid up again. She smiled at him, then nodded.

“Good, five dozen?”

Simon nodded almost aggressively.

“Six dozen?”

Celeste smiled and nodded.

“Seven dozen? That’s eighty four strokes.”

Simon started as if to nod, but reality hit him, eighty four strokes! Would Celeste go higher? It was getting ridiculous now, he faltered, weighing up Celeste, he almost didn’t want to win at this point, eighty four strokes! He gritted his teeth and nodded.

“Eight dozen? That’s ninety six strokes.”

Celeste noticed Simon waver, she’d lost track of what they were bidding with this point. She just wanted an orgasm, and wanted to win and she could see victory in sight. She nodded smugly.

“Nine dozen? That’s a hundred and eight strokes.”

Simon shook his head in refusal. At which Celeste glared at him. The sudden change had brought home to her what she was playing with. She whimpered. Jacqueline raised an eyebrow. “How about eight and a half dozen? That’s just a hundred and two strokes.”

Celeste looked at Simon pleadingly, suddenly desperate NOT to win, willing him to bid in and take the orgasm.

Simon shook his head.

At this Celeste gasped and blurted out. “Stop! I’ve changed my mind, I’m retracting my last bid!”

Jacqueline leaned forward smiling warmly. “It’s too late for that! Once you’ve bid, you may not retract it. So at eight dozen, ninety six strokes of the cane going once... Going twice... Sold! To the young lady in the maid’s uniform!”

As she spoke Celeste burst into tears sobbing and shaking with fear and regret. Simon was chuckling at her predicament. He’d almost fallen into the trap himself, the trap of forgetting what the payment was. He was frustrated and denied, constantly fighting back the arousal, but he was glad Celeste had won.

Jacqueline rose and walked to the stocks. “Okay, be a good girl and pop your head and wrists in the stocks please. If you pause or try to delay, I will double your bid.”

This got Celeste going, she scurried up to the stocks and placed her neck and wrists in the hole as the professor slowly closed the stocks.

They locked with a click and Celeste was completely secure.

Celeste tested her bonds, pulling and tugging on her arms, but she was securely fastened. Jacqueline retrieved some latex gloves from the trolley. “Good, now we’ve got you secure, we’ll just you probed up, then we’ll make sure my implement and the target area are thoroughly sterilised – then we’ll set to work. I hope I have enough energy to administer your orgasm afterwards, I didn’t anticipate you bidding up to nearly a hundred strokes! Don’t worry though, if we break skin I can suture your bottom up and move to a different area.”

Celeste was helpless at this stage, she could hear the professor talking behind her, then she felt the snap of latex once, then twice as the professor gloved up. Next she felt the hem of her dress lifted up, exposing her bottom and being clipped out of the way. The professor then slowly pulled her panties down exposing her bare bottom and her crotch.

“Right, we’ll just lower this front-shield so we can get you probed up ready.”

Simon watched the professor take a little key on a chain around her neck and unlock the front shield allowing it to swing upside down beneath Celeste’s crotch.

“Now keep still Celeste, I’m going to start applying your probes and sensors. I have an interesting addition this time, I want to measure internal uterine temperature during caning and orgasm, so I’m going to insert a small probe through your cervix. You’ll feel something cold now while I insert my speculum. Arch your back for me, present your bottom.”

Sure enough Celeste felt the cold of surgical steel slide into her vagina then an uncomfortable sensation of being stretched and

stretched as it was opened giving the professor the best access to the vaginal cavity.

“I’m inserting the probe now, keep still – you’ll feel some pressure.”

Celeste whimpered as she felt the pressing and pressing in her cervix, at the same time as the uncomfortable stretch. Eventually the probe slid in and hung there.

“Good, now I want to insert a couple of extra temperature sensors and blood flow monitors into your vaginal cavity. I’ll also be fitting you with a tampon so I can weigh the moisture you produce during caning and orgasm. Next I’ll be clipping some extra sensors onto your clitoris and labia.”

Celeste whimpered. She felt the speculum withdrawn, more probes and wires inserted and a tampon gently slid in. She was already very aroused and the tampon began absorbing juices the second it was put in place. Then little clips were fastened uncomfortably to the labia in various places and finally a temperature sensor and blood flow monitor were clipped onto her clitoris making her yelp with discomfort.

“There, you’re all probed up now. I’ll just get you connected to the laptop so we can get you cleaned up properly and start your caning.”

Celeste of course was helpless to do anything, not even to look at her tormentor – the professor as the various probes and sensors were plugged into the control box and the laptop. Then she felt the professor gently cleaning her bottom with alcohol wipes, sterilizing the area. It felt humiliating, it helped to build her fear. The clinical nature of the predicament made her even more aroused. Once her bottom was thoroughly cleaned the professor clicked around the stocks to the lean in and speak to Celeste. “Now, you’re all ready. Are you going to be a good girl and keep nice and quiet, except for the count and thank? If you can’t I will gag you and get sissy slave Simone to count for me, are we clear? Are you ready?”

Celeste nodded, shaking with fear.

Jacqueline smiled warmly. “Good, so I’ll begin.”

She retreated behind the stocks and selected a slender flexible cane from the trolley and thoroughly wiped it over with sterilizing wipes. She tried a few experimentally swishes through the air, each one made Celeste shudder and squirm in the stocks. It felt strange, and incredibly humiliating being all on show with a myriad of wires dangling from her crotch to the professors laptop. She felt like a guinea pig in some twisted experiment, undergoing a brutal punishment for an almost whimsical reason. To satisfy the curiosity of the scientist who had posed the question, like a piece of meat, there to be used, tested, monitored – experimented on.

Swish!

Crack”

“Aaargh! One... Thank you mistress!”

Jacqueline sighed. “Only one stroke, ninety five to go and already you’re wailing like a little girl. Stop being so pathetic! If you cry out in pain again, I will gag you and allow sissy slave Simone to take over the count.”

Simon was actually finding this all quite amusing, except for the fact that seeing Celeste in this incredibly compromising position had him growing more and more aroused, making him have to fight back the arousal to avoid the growing pain in his penis.

Swish!

Crack!

“Nnngh! Two, thank you mistress!”

The cane rose and fall, swishing and cracking at a regular rhythm. The professor was deadly accurate laying each stroke precisely on top of the previous one. Celeste started out biting her tongue quite well, displaying only a pained grunt for the sharp, searing pain that coursed through her body after each stroke, as she broke into double figures though she started crying and sobbing, struggling in her bonds, trying to get free of the stocks. The professor paused. "Keep still slave! You will not be released until you have received your full quota of strokes, and your orgasm."

"I don't want it! I've changed my mind!"

"Too late for that Celeste, you WILL receive your full punishment and your orgasm – whether you like it or not. Now keep still or I will penalize you with additional strokes."

This calmed her down she stopped struggling and stood humbled, vulnerable and submissive waiting for the next stroke. When it came she screamed in agony, arching her back and fighting the constrictive stock.

The professor sighed. "You are so pathetic slave, screaming like a little girl and we're barely into double figures – I'm afraid I will have to gag you, I cannot stand any more of your screaming."

Celeste whimpered softly as she heard the professor's heels click away on the hard wooden floor. Then they clicked closer and closer, until the professor was around the front again. "Open!"

Celeste opened her mouth to accept the bright red ball-gag and felt the professor buckle it securely to her head. The taste of rubber filled her mouth and the smell of leather invaded her nostrils. The gag fastened tightly around her head, with a central triangle of straps that went around her nose holding it securely in place. Breathing was hard, speaking would be impossible. The only sound she could possibly make would be a muffled grunt of discomfort. Once secure

she watched the professor click away in her heels, out of view behind the stock, then there came another swish and a crack. Each crack was now punctuated by Simon counting out the numbers, and Celeste squirming around helplessly in the stock. Each time the professor placed a hand firmly on the small of her back to steady her. "Keep still slave."

Then the brutal caning would continue. As she passed the thirty strokes mark, the cane broke and Celeste saw the professor drop it onto the trolley in front of her. It was snapped and covered in blood. Her bottom felt in part completely numb, devoid of feeling, and partly on fire, as if she was sitting on hot coals. At that point she'd have given anything, anything to stop this onslaught, but she was helpless, the gag meaning she couldn't even protest or plead for this torture to end.

She began tensing up, clenching her buttocks firmly together, the muscle density slightly negating the ferocity of the professor's blows. After a few more strokes the professor sighed in disappointment. "Celeste, you're tensing your buttocks up. Relax your buttocks, allow my blows to penetrate deeply."

Celeste shake shook her head and tensed her buttocks up as hard as she could for the next blow which came swiftly and stung maddeningly. The professor withdrew the cane and placed it on the trolley, then clicked around to the front. Leaning into Celeste, she smiled warmly. "Now that's not following instructions is it? I would have thought you'd be clear by now, being obedient is mandatory – for your rebellion, you are going to be punished. Have you ever heard of figging? It's a practice which is rumoured to originate from Victorian times, originally from horse dealers. When a horse dealer was selling an old nag, he would insert a 'fig' into anal sphincter of the horse, making it seem fidgety, frisky and alert, from the stinging juices of the fig into the blood vessels of the horses anus – allowing it to seem younger. The Victorians they say, took to using this technique to enhance corporal punishment, by inserting a carefully carved ginger plug into the anus of the victim – the victim is placed in



a delicious predicament. Relax the sphincter and accept the full force of the blow without tensing up? Or clench and squeeze more of the stinging juices into the anus, creating an uncomfortable, lasting, burning sensation? I'm going to carve you a ginger plug and insert it into your rectum. Try to relax, it won't take a minute, you'll feel some discomfort as I insert it – to make it easy on yourself, try to relax your anal sphincter."

She then stood and clicked to the kitchen area. She retrieved a hand of ginger from the fridge and a chopping board, then began carefully carving the ginger into a large butt plug shape. It was big for a butt plug, and the ginger was almost dripping it was so moist. The professor carried it over, then gently probed Celeste's rectum with a single digit, making her moan uncomfortably into the gag. She then withdrew her finger and slowly fed the ginger plug in while Celeste squirmed around whimpering with discomfort. Eventually the large flat part of the plug to stop it going all the way in kissed her butt cheeks. As it did she could already feel the burning sensation building and building.

The professor smiled to herself and leaned to the front of the stocks again. "There, I've just popped that in – we're ready to start again. Try to relax slave."

Celeste concentrated on allowing her anal sphincter to relax, it was difficult, but it helped. If she lost concentration and tensed it would squeeze ginger into her anus creating a brutal burning sensation and making her whimper and relax. She listened to the professor's heels clicking on the hard wooden floor as she took her place behind her again. Then the swish and the crack resumed. It was horrible paradox to be in, a terrible dilemma, clench and get the tensed buttock muscles to offer some padding, but with the deep, burning sensation from the ginger? Or relax and be safe from the ginger but suffer a deeply penetrating blow that struck almost down to the bone?

As the cane rose and fell, Celeste whimpered and tried to organize her thoughts, she was in severe pain but also extreme arousal at the same time, her head was spinning, she couldn't consciously think about whether to clench or relax – she just found herself reacting. After a few more strokes the professor placed the next, now bloody cane back on the trolley. Celeste's entire back end was on fire. There were still over twenty strokes to go. Jacqueline leaned forwards. "Celeste, I'm afraid you're bleeding a little too much, I'm just going to pop you a few sutures in, then we'll start a new line. Keep still, try to relax."

The professor changed her gloves for a clean pair and began carefully cleaning up the brutally punished, almost destroyed buttocks. Then she took a pair of forceps and little curved needle with surgical thread and started suturing the wrecked skin and flesh back together. Her sutures were neat and well made, it would show only small scar when it healed. Despite feeling so numb her posterior almost on fire, she felt every time the needle was pressed through her skin, every time the professor drew a length of material through and the pulling together of the wound. It wasn't just painful, it felt beautifully humiliating, the professor carefully stitching her ruined bottom back together. Eventually she stopped and placed the sutures on the trolley. "There, all done! Let's get back to the caning hmmm?"

Celeste heard the swish of the cane again, and was immediately back in the dilemma of clench or relax. Despite the pain, the debilitating pain she felt in a kind of submissive heaven, so under control, so helpless, helpless to simply accept the brutal punishment she'd bid for an orgasm, without even the capacity to protest.

Eventually the rise and fall stopped and Simon almost chuckled. "Ninety six!"

Celeste was panting into her gag, tears streaming down her face, she was sobbing slightly feeling defeated. Her posterior felt almost like it had been ripped open with the brutal caning, the figging and

the sutures. The sense of relief was massive. She closed her eyes and sighed into her gag. Without any pause or respite though the professor was whispering into her ear. "Well done Celeste, you've made your payment, it's time for your orgasm now."

Celeste, being so brutally caned and incredibly sore shook her head, and tried to mumble through the gag – couldn't she have a break, but the professor ignored her and took position behind her, placing her left hand on the small of Celeste's back, she reached through her legs and gently placed her latex gloved hand on Celeste's clitoris. Celeste groaned and squeezed her thighs together. Jacqueline took her hand spanked Celeste on her already sore buttocks. "Keep your legs apart! It's time for your orgasm! If you resist again, I will start caning you again, now be a good girl."

Celeste whimpered and tried to hold her legs apart, allowing the professor to reach through and gently begin stimulating her clitoris, then sliding up and down, in and out the labia, then probing her vagina gently and swirling around the clitoris, her gloved finger now covered in juices. The sensation of being masturbated in the stock by the professor was made worse by the array of wires and probes. They jangled and clattered together as the professors hand stroked and swirled, working back and forth, up and down, in and out. Celeste was having trouble breathing, drool was now running from her mouth at either side of the gag. Her muscles were cramping and aching from being fixed in this position for so long and from straining against the stocks as she was caned. The ginger butt plug was still in place too, its potency somewhat lessened now, but still that deep sensation of heat remained.

She was uncomfortable, but helpless to do anything about it, she genuinely didn't want an orgasm at this point, she simply wanted to rest, but she was completely at the professors mercy, the professor had taken control of her body and had decided she WOULD orgasm, whether she wanted to or not.

It didn't take long, and when she came it was explosive, making her arch her back and almost cry out into the gag, screwing her eyes up hard. Then she sagged, riding the waves of pleasure, as they washed through her body in a rhythm, she found herself involuntarily squeezing the ginger plug, then releasing, then squeezing in rhythm as her body pulsed with pleasure, each pulse wringing out more ginger juice into her anus and both burning and arousing her in equal measure. She thought it wasn't going to stop, she ended up limp and quivering in the stocks while Simon and the professor watched. Eventually the professor chuckled. "Hmmm, you like?" To which Celeste nodded earnestly.

Celeste, forced her eyes open to watch the professor tap a few keys on the laptop, then she felt the tampon being removed and weighed on a little set of USB micro-scales. Having taken all the readings and logged the results Jacqueline walked to the front and leaned into Celeste. "There, we're all done. I'll just remove your probes and get you fastened back into your belt for you."

Jacqueline returned to her rear, gently pulled the probes and sensors off, and clicked the front shield back in position, then she turned to Simon. "Simone, get her out, get her cleaned up, then get this mess cleaned up – I'm going out for a drink. If it's not cleared up when I get back you will BOTH be punished."

He watched her walk towards the front door to the flat, with a spring in her steps, as her heels clicking on the hard stone floor faded away he began unfastening Celeste from the stocks, having seen her orgasm, pulsing with pleasure, now he felt jealous. The pain in his groin from his glans pressing on the concealed spikes of the belt had him clawing at the stainless steel front of the belt. Yes, her bottom had been brutally caned, but she'd had an orgasm and it looked amazing. When he finally released her she seemed to be floating on air, a little sleepy almost, almost light headed.

"Hmmp! I hope you enjoyed that!"

She sighed and reached behind her to remove her ginger plug. “I did Simone, you do look nice in girls clothes by the way, argh! My backside is on fire!”

“I’m not surprised! Nearly a hundred strokes of the cane!? What were you thinking?!”

“Hmmp, well I blame you – you should have done the gentlemanly thing and not bid against me!”

“It’s your stupid fault for bidding eight dozen strokes!”

“Urgh! It hurt, yes it hurt – but I’d bid them all over again just to keep you from getting one. I know how much more difficult you find the denial than me, and now she’s got you feminized too – I bet your little man is squirming around in there, desperately trying to break free! I’d like to keep you chaste forever, I find it delicious.”

“Come on, pull yourself together – we’d better get this mess cleared up.”

Celeste nodded and sighed and together they began cleaning the professor’s equipment and tidying it all away.

## **Lectures**

The rest of the day passed without incident. It was hard work looking after the professor and her place – Jacqueline was a perfectionist. That night Jacqueline locked them into their cell which she’d converted from a walk-in wardrobe, early and enjoyed a quiet evening in front of the television with a glass of wine, while Simon spent the night squirming in his device and clawing at his chastity belt, frustrated and denied and Celeste spent the night trying to find a way of resting that wouldn’t put any pressure on her tortured posterior.

In the morning Jacqueline, allowed them to get back into their vanilla clothes, but insisted that they both wore the feminine underwear she'd provided, in Simon's case, despite his protests, including the breast forms. Now they were walking through the university campus to their first lecture. Throughout the walk, Celeste smirked at Simon from time to time. They were crossing the grassed area en-route to the main building and Celeste looked at Simon. "How's it hanging squirmy?"

He glared at her and gave her a quick playful pat on the bottom, which made her yelp with pain. "Hmmp, it's alright for you, you got an orgasm!"

"Yeah but at what price? I'm not going to be able to sit down for a month!"

"And what about the breasts? If anyone sees me... I have to take them off!"

Celeste looked sternly at him. "Now, now Simone; you know what the professor told me, I am to supervise you and ensure you are wearing your breast forms at all times. If you take them off and she discovers you have – we BOTH get punished. Try leaning forwards and concealing them with your jacket more."

He groaned and tried following her advice, it seemed to help but he still felt very conscientious, vulnerable and silly.

When they eventually got to the lecture theatre it had a dozen or so students sitting at the desks, waiting. Simon and Celeste took seats near the edge, hoping to stay out of the way. When Celeste tried to sit down though she grimaced with pain, screwing her eyes up, she couldn't sit down. Simon chuckled at her. "Can't sit down?"

"Hmmp! It's not funny!"

At that point an aging, white haired professor entered the room and addressed the students. "Alright everyone, settle down, take your seats please!"

Simon sat smugly while Celeste tried ever so gently to lower herself into her seat. It hurt too much, she had to raise herself back up and stand by the desk. The professor glared at her. "Well? What's the matter girl? TAKE YOUR SEAT!"

She shook her head. "I can't sit down professor I've erm, injured my..."

He raised an eyebrow at her suspiciously. "Too much corporal punishment eh?"

To this the rest of the group laughed and Celeste went bright, bright red.

"No, I just-"

"I don't want to hear it, stand if you must but be quiet we're running late."

He started the lecture, and Celeste and Simon made notes. It was hard concentrating, in Simon's case while so frustrated and denied and in Celeste's case in so much pain and having to stand.

At the end of the difficult lecture Celeste and Simon were making their way out when the professor stepped in their way, barring their exit. "Celeste, how exactly have you injured yourself that you can't sit down?"

She went bright red again, unable to make eye-contact. Hoping to save further embarrassment Simon blurted out. "Erm, we're into a bit of kink and I erm, caned her a bit too hard."

The professor raised an eyebrow, while Celeste shot him a glance of complete daggers. He was struggling to conceal his breast forms under his jacket. The professor sighed. "What you do in your private lives is none of my business, but you mustn't let it interfere with your studies! Being caned so hard you can't sit down is NOT going to make it easier to concentrate. Simon, you can go, Celeste I want someone to have a look at your bottom."

She went a shade of crimson now and stammered. "S,sir, It'll be fine, it just needs-"

"Shhh, I can understand you don't want me to look at it. I'll take you to Doctor Lowe, she should be out of lectures now. If you genuinely can't sit down then it really needs medical attention, and it'll be less embarrassing having it looked at on campus than going to Accident and Emergency."

"Bu-"

"No buts! Of you go Simon, Celeste will catch up with you later."

So concealing his breast forms as best he could Simon ambled out. Celeste however was essentially frog-marched through the building to an office on the fourth floor. The senior professor rapped on the door. "Dr. Lowe?"

"Come in."

The voice was soft and welcoming. When Celeste walked into the office a petit, mid-thirties Oriental woman greeted her. She was sitting at her desk with an open sandwich box of salad and a glass of fresh orange juice. "Professor Leyland, what can I do for you?"

He avoided eye-contact and gently urged Celeste forward. "Ahem, thanks Emily, it seems one of my students, Celeste here has allowed her bedroom antics to get a little out of hand, so that she can't sit



down. I wonder if you could just have a look at her for me? I'm sorry for interrupting your lunch."

The Doctor chuckled. "It's fine, I'm nearly finished anyway, leave her with me, I'll take a look."

The professor shuffled backwards awkwardly, leaving Celeste alone with this female doctor. Celeste waited a moment for the professor to be on his way, then edged towards the door. "It's okay actually, it'll be-"

"Shhh, come on, don't be embarrassed – if you can't sit down, I really think I should take a look."

"Erm, I can!"

"Fine, just take a seat then."

The doctor was gesturing towards a hard wooden chair next to her desk. Celeste looked at it and shuddered with fear. "I really ought to be-"

"SIT!"

Celeste visibly shook. "Fine!"

She stepped to the chair and lowered herself onto it, desperately trying to avoid the searing pain which she knew would come and as she placed her bottom on the hard seat. The doctor looked on bemused, chuckling softly as Celeste winced when her bottom barely touched the hard seat. "Alright enough, I'm taking a look. Stand up, rest your elbows on the desk, keep your legs straight."

"Bu-"

"Now!"

Celeste stood, and followed Doctor Emily Lowe's instructions. The doctor was wearing a smart grey, pinstripe suit with a knee length skirt and a cream satin blouse. She grabbed a box of gloves from the shelf and snapped one latex glove onto each hand. Celeste, rested submissively on the desk, not sure quite what to do. She heard the clicking of the doctors heels on the hard floor as she took a position behind her, then felt her skirt being lifted, the hem being tucked into the waistband. Then the latex gloved hands grabbed her panties and gently pulled them down. As they came clear of her bottom the doctor gasped.

"Who did this to you?"

Celeste quivered. "Erm, Simon, I erm, wanted him to?"

"I don't believe you, this cannot, CANNOT be nice- Hmmm, what's this metal... Eh?"

The doctor was clearly referring to the steel chastity belt. Celeste was going beetroot red now, bursting with embarrassment, but helpless to do anything about it. There seemed no option but to be honest. "It's erm, it's an \*ahem\* chastity belt..."

"A chastity belt? Are you worried about being raped? Or did Simon lock this onto you?"

"I erm, I want to wear it. I like being in chastity."

The doctor was shaking her head. "Your bottom is a real mess, you know, it's- Hey! You've already been sutured! Who did these sutures?"

This was a difficult one to explain she thought fast then almost gasped.

"A & E ! I erm, went to the Accident and Emergency and they-"

“Well, they’re very neat sutures, but the tissue has been too severely damaged I think, as you’ve moved around you’ve pulled them out a bit. There’s a lot of dried blood too. I think I’d better clean this mess up and re-do your sutures.”

“It’s erm, okay, I don’t wan-“

“They need doing, hold still while I get a sutures pack out.”

Celeste sighed deflated. The doctor clearly kept some medical supplies in her office. The University was attached to a teaching hospital so it made sense. Celeste had never seen Doctor Emily Lowe before, she had to be a member of the medical school faculty.

After retrieving several unseen items from a draw she put a plastic apron on and pulled her swivel chair so she was sitting behind Celeste’s bare, brutally caned bottom. Celeste heard the ripping open of packets. “Celeste, I’m just going to inject the area with some local anaesthetic, you’ll feel a sharp scratch.”

She glanced over her shoulder and saw the doctor holding a syringe up, tapping it, then squirting it in the air to clear any air bubbles. Then it was out of view, she felt a prick, then gradually her bottom started to full numb. “There, we’ll just let that numb up for a moment, then we’ll get this cleaned up, sutured and dressed. You really should NOT be taking your fetishes to this extreme! It’s dangerous, you could get an infection.”

After a few moments she felt, through a film of numbness, the doctor wiping her bottom and cleaning the whole area up. Then she felt pulling and tugging as the doctor re-sutured the wound. Finally she dressed the wounded area with some gauze and surgical tape.

“There, all done.”

As the doctor spoke she gave Celeste a gentle pat on the bottom. Celeste stood and pulled her panties up, then adjusted her skirt.

“Thank you. Erm, could we erm-“

“Don’t worry, your secret is safe with me. I won’t tell a soul.”

Celeste was still bright red she smiled at the doctor who was removing her gloves and disposable apron. “Thank you, bye!”

The doctor watched her go. Something didn’t sit right, something was going on – but what? She waited a moment, then left her office, subtly following Celeste at a distance. She had the afternoon off, she’d planned to do some shopping, but this was too intriguing to ignore. Celeste of course was none the wiser, she was actually somewhat relieved to have had some anaesthetic it made moving around a little more bearable. She met up with Simon, went to a lecture – then headed back to the professors apartment. All the while, Dr. Lowe was following, getting more and more intrigued. She wondered where she was being led as she followed Celeste around, Jacqueline’s apartment was not near the halls of residence or the usual small terraced houses that students tended to rent – it was a nicer part of town.

Having seen which floor the lift stopped on by the LED display, she darted up the stairs and got there just in time to see Jacqueline’s door click shut. She strode over to the door and retrieved her stethoscope from her bag, placing the ear pieces in and placing the listening part on the door...

*“Ahhh, you’re back my little slaves... Have you recovered from your punishment?”*

*“Not yet, mistress, I’m still very sore. The sutures came out too, I got taken to a Doctor Emily Lowe to get looked at. She cleaned, re-sutured and dressed my-“*

*“What did you tell her?”*

*“Erm, that it was Simon that did it, that it was my kin-“*

*“Good, you will not mention me at all... ”*

It went muffled for a moment, the doctor manoeuvred her stethoscope around to get a better listen.

She heard the professor giving orders and started to draw a conclusion. She knocked on the door, tucking her stethoscope away. Jacqueline opened the door to her.

“Yes?”

“I know what you’re doing! I’ve seen Celeste’s bottom and I know exactly what you are up to!”

Jacqueline shook with sudden fear, the reality of what she’d been doing with Simon and Celeste suddenly became apparent. Things had started small, but escalated. “W...What are you going to do? It’s none of your business what I -”

“You are clearly engaging in a fetish relationship with two students of the university! I know you, I know you’re a lecturer and it is wholly inappropriate! Especially seeing the damage you’ve done to that poor girl’s bottom!”

“But she’s consenting! She’s a consenting ad-“

“She looks eighteen! What do you think her parents will think of this episode? What do you think the Chancellor will say?”

Jacqueline, the confident, dominant woman was almost reduced to tears. She knew this woman at her door was right. She’d taken it too far... She’d been enjoying herself so much though! The sense of power, of control, of having them utterly at her mercy... It was an intoxicating feeling. “Please, please can’t we jus-“

“No, I take it YOU are the one who has locked Celeste in a chastity belt?”

Jacqueline looked sheepish now, unable to make eye-contact. “Erm, yes...”

“Unlock her at once! Is HE in one too? Unlock him.”

As she spoke she stepped over the threshold and clicked the door shut.

As Jacqueline scampered away to get the key Celeste appeared and gasped. “Dr. Lowe! We don’t mind being Jacqueline’s slaves, we –“

“What you want is irrelevant! Can you imagine what your parents would think? Can you imagine the effect on the reputation of the University when this gets out? And it will! These things have a habit of being discovered. You are ALL going to be in so much trouble! Particularly YOU, Professor Reed!”

“Bu-“

“No buts! This stops here and NOW!”

Jacqueline appeared with the key and handed it to Celeste who took it and walked to the bedroom, grabbing Simon’s hand on the way.

“How did you think you could get away with this Reed? You must have realised you cannot go exploring fetish relationships with your students!”

“They consen-“

“You’ve got no idea have you? You’ve gone mad! This is going to destroy your career you know? Your days as a lecturer, as a researcher – you can consider them over. When this goes public

you are not going to be able to get a job on a supermarket check-out let alone a high-flying career! I hope you're proud of yourself."

At that moment Celeste and Simon appeared looking sheepish. They'd removed their chastity devices, and Simon was back in his male attire. Emily smiled at them. "I have two spare bedrooms at my place, you can stay at my house tonight. As for YOU Professor Reed, I suggest you don't bother coming into the University tomorrow, I will be explaining your little game to the Chancellor and the University Governing Body, you can expect a disciplinary hearing over this, and you might as well accept you've flushed your career down the pan! I knew you were playing a dangerous game when I read that last study you published on 'Caning'. Good night, soon to be 'ex-' Professor."

With that she ushered Celeste and Simon out and stepped out herself slamming the door after her.

## **Aftermath**

Jacqueline stood silently in shock. Tears were streaming down her face, it was over. She'd let it get out of hand, what had started as a little consensual fun had been stretched and expanded and taken to a level which she'd never envisaged. That was it, her job, her career her life as a respected researcher and lecturer – it was all over. She thought about what to do, fight the university? After all they were consenting? But the thought of it going public and the effect on... She sighed, her life was over.

She slowly clicked down the hallway and collapsed on her sofa, tears streaming down her cheeks. She felt numb, emotionally drained, like her spirit had been killed. She shouldn't have let it go so far! She should have... She wanted to run away, to hide somewhere, to forget...

Then it came to her...

Mariella Jane Hall, she'd asked her if she wanted to be her permanent slave girl. She'd experienced the nth degree of domination, or she felt she had... What would it feel like to give yourself completely to someone? To place your fate, one hundred per cent into someone else's hands? Her life was over, she could never go back after this...

She ran to the phone and picked it up. She fumbled in her purse for the crumpled note with Mariella's number on it. Her fingers shaking she punched in the number on the keypad quickly, as if trying to finish it before she could change her mind.

"Mistress Hall speaking."

"Mariealla, it's Jacqueline."

"Oh, the good professor, so lovely to hear from you, a strange time to be calling though surely? What can I do for you at this peculiar hour?"

"That offer? About me being your permanent live-in slave, does it still stand?"

Mariella chuckled softly on the other side of the phone, "I suppose so, though bear in mind I may decide to keep you permanently chaste, I may decide to sell you on.... If you want to become my property, you will become just that – my property for me to use or dispose of at my will. Is that what you want?"

Jacqueline didn't even take a breath, the thought of escaping into a life of permanent slavery was too appealing. "Yes!"

"Okay, when do you-"

"Now!"



“Right now!? Goodness me Professor – so sudden! I wonder what’s inspired this? Hmmm, I shan’t ask, I’m just pleased to take ownership of you. I can’t wait to get you all nice and snug in your chastity device again, and servicing my pussy, you were so good last you served me... Hmmm, here’s the deal, I’ll give you an address, you will report there tonight for slave conditioning. I will ring them up so they’re expecting you. I want you back in chastity professor, so I forbid you play with yourself from this moment onwards! No last ‘orgasms’ before your denial starts! No touching yourself! Are we clear?”

“Yes mistress Hall.”

“Good, here’s the address then...”

## **The Fisher Academy**

When Jacqueline got to her car it was raining, the sky was getting darker and darker. She was following her sat-nav to the address Mariella had given her, it had taken her away from the main roads, out into the countryside, up and down twisty lanes, past fields and into a dark forest. Eventually she pulled onto a long gravel drive between two large stone gateposts. The car crunched up the drive, through the rain and the darkness a great stone, stately home loomed closer and closer. When Jacqueline eventually stopped the car next to a stone staircase which led up to the main door, the door swung open flooding light down the steps. The door was under the cover of a grand porch. Jacqueline stepped out of her car and locked the door. She listened to the crunching of the gravel under her feet and the pattering of rain on the ground as she approached the stone steps. There at the top of the stone steps stood none other than Samantha Fisher.

“Samantha!”

“Professor... “

“I-“

“Shhh, what’s done is done, you took things too far and you didn’t cover your tracks well enough. For what it’s worth, I think this IS your best escape.”

Jacqueline climbed the steps and entered the house, Samantha closed the door after her with a thunk. The house was grand, and grand on a grand scale. Samantha was dressed in a smart, business like way. As Jacqueline clicked after her, they traversed the corridor, then entered a large oak panelled drawing room with red chesterfield sofa’s next to a roaring fire.

“Samantha, what is this place?”

“This place? This is my house, it’s also where I oversee the training of slaves. Usually male, chaste sissy slaves.”

Sitting on one of the sofa’s was a dark haired slim woman in a grey suite with nylons and beige strappy high heels. She was relaxing, holding a glass of wine.

“Jacqueline, this is Dr. Eve Wilshaw. She’s going to be re-programming your mind, as part of your conditioning.”

Eve smiled and raised her glass. “Hello.”

Jacqueline shuddered, “Is that really neces-“

“We don’t want you changing your mind do we? If you’re giving yourself to mistress Mariella, to consider it a true gift you should relinquish your ability to rebel or to desire freedom from slavery. Once you are her property, the only way of being no-longer her property will be if she sells you. It’s late though, perhaps I should show you your room for the night?”

Jacqueline looked longingly at the glass of red wine in Eve's hands, so much so that Samantha noticed and laughed. "Silly slave, alcohol is not for slaves, you may be permitted to drink water, if you are a good slave. Now come."

Eve smiled at her and sipped her wine as Jacqueline followed Samantha down the corridor again, her head swimming. They walked past the grand staircase to smaller one, hidden behind a discreet door. This narrow, spiral staircase was not plastered, it was bare brick with electric cables holding flickering lights clipped to it. As they descended the temperature dropped by several degrees. At the bottom of the stairs was a steel door, which Samantha unlocked and stepped through. The room was essentially a stone cellar, or dungeon. In the centre was a barred off area, like a cage with a single door in it. The floor of the cage was covered in a thin layer of straw and had nothing else except a water feeder, exactly like the ones people clipped to hamster cages fixed to the side, with the tube protruding inwards so the occupant could reach it with their mouth, and a steel bucket in the corner.

Samantha turned to the professor. "Well? Strip!"

Jacqueline shook and glared at the cage a look of fear in her eyes. "Can't we ju-"

"You've chosen a life of slavery Professor. It would not be helpful to conditioning you to your new life, putting you up in a grand, soft, four poster bed with an en-suite bathroom and Jacuzzi would it? Now STRIP!"

Jacqueline reached up and unfastened her dress, and slipped her shoes off, then pulled the dress down revealing her lacy black bra and panties and black nylons.

Samantha smiled. "Underwear too, take off everything."

Jacqueline, now having lost all sense of reality began obeying Samantha, pulling her tights off and then unclipping her bra and removing her panties. She was beautiful naked, her body was more or less completely smooth, with a flawless complexion and totally hairless. The only exception being a neat triangle of pubic hair just above the hood which covered her clitoris. Samantha pointed at her crotch. "Slaves are not permitted hair below the neck, use the wash basin in the corner with the permanent hair removal gel."

Jacqueline looked at her pleadingly. "Bu-"

"Now slave! If you do not stop hesitating at every command I shall put you into uncomfortable predicament bondage for the night, possibly involving electricity applied to the clitoris."

Jacqueline shuddered, then walked to the small washstand in the corner, her bare feet slapping on the cold stone floor. She took some of the cream and smeared it over her crotch. At Samantha's instruction she rinsed it off, leaving her totally hairless below the neck.

When she looked up to Samantha to indicate she'd finished Samantha scolded her. "You do NOT look your mistresses in the eye! You will look down at the floor in the presence of your superiors – now come here and hold out your hands."

Jacqueline, keeping her eyes lowered held out her wrists and felt the cold steel of handcuffs being pressed firmly onto them. Samantha pulled the cuffs as tight as she could, almost cutting off the blood supply to Jacqueline's hands. She couldn't even rotate her wrists they were so tight. Once in place Samantha gestured towards the open door to the cage. "Well slave? I believe you are ready now. In you go, tomorrow we will have you upstairs for your hypnosis, contract of slavery, your tattooing and your branding."

Jacqueline whimpered. "Branding?"

Samantha smiled as she pushed the cage door shut. "Yes, that's what your owner has requested. So we are going to brand you as her property. By the way your owner has requested we do NOT permit you to play with yourself, so you will be monitored in your cage all night. If look carefully at the floor of the cage, you'll notice a fine mesh, if you are seen reaching for your groin area, I am sure you will find the punishment quite shocking. So no, I repeat NO touching! Good night slave."

As she spoke the padlock was snapped shut, leaving Jacqueline, naked except for her pair of handcuffs, locked in the cell. She watched Samantha click away, pick up her discarded clothes and shoes and exit the dungeon. There was a dim light flickering which stayed on. She sighed to herself, '*That's another fine mess you got yourself into Jackie...*'

She looked around the cell properly now. It was about eight feet square. There WAS a fine mesh on the floor, she thought piling the thin layer of straw up might offer some protection, or upturning the bucket and standing on it? She couldn't be sure though. She didn't really understand electricity or how this system would work. She didn't really believe they would monitor all night, it seemed ridiculous! Still, there were definitely cameras, so she would wait a while.

After a few moments of stepping on the straw, pacing about the cell it stuck her that the main torture here was going to be boredom and discomfort. She figured she might be able to brush all the straw into one area to make something reasonable to lie on, but she was naked and it was cool in the dungeon. She approached the water feeding bottle, it was a pet feeder with a ball bearing in the end of the tube which only allowed water to flow in dribbles when she suckled on the tube, pressing the ball with her tongue. It felt degrading, humiliating to be drinking out of what for all intent purposes was a hamster bottle. Getting an actual drink was hard work, but the effort was a break from the boredom.

She imagined by this time it must be quite late, she'd not been to the toilet for some time. She glanced at the bucket in the corner, then turned her head away and screwed her face up. She could see the cameras, they WERE watching. She couldn't pee in a bucket while... It was bad enough being naked except for her handcuffs. She decided to try and hold it. After pacing about a little more Jacqueline decided she had to try to sleep. She began by brushing as much straw together as she could. It wasn't much, but she managed to gather up a slim, narrow bed of straw a few millimetres thick. Lying on it was not comfortable. It felt itchy and scratchy and trying to sleep with no pillow and wearing tightly fitted handcuffs seemed impossible. If she lay on her front she'd be lying on her hands and her cuffs would dig into her. If she lay on her back she'd have to allow her cuffed wrists to fall upwards, her elbows resting on the floor. If she allowed them to fall downwards she'd appear to be fondling her crotch and she'd risk punishment, and the cuffs meant she couldn't sleep with her arms by her side as she would normally do.

It seemed she had subtly been placed in a position where there was only one way to lie, flat on her back, her hands together on her chest, almost as if in prayer. She lay like this for a while, then tried lying on her side, that was worse if anything. What was even worse was a growing sense of arousal and a growing desire to pee. She kept alternating from position to position, as her bladder grew more and more uncomfortable. Eventually she sighed and walked over to the bucket. It was empty, she looked at the camera's she didn't want to go, but it seemed she had to.

Carefully, clasping her cuffed hands together she squatted over the bucket, gently resting her pert bottom on the rim of the bucket. When she opened her urethral sphincters the sound was clattery and splattery, urine splashing and echoing into the metal container. She shuddered at herself, it felt so, so degrading. There was of course nothing to wipe up the dribbles with either. She returned to the bed of straw and lay back, her head swimming madly with thoughts about Simon, Celeste, her now lost career and her life as Mariella's slave.

Her thoughts fell on the fact that she was going to be hypnotised, tattooed and branded the next day, but she tried to cast these thoughts aside. Eventually she managed to drift off into an uneasy sleep. She woke in a little later, and the submissive nature of her predicament occurred to her, she looked down to her crotch, she longed to touch, she felt moist, she felt like a little stroke of the labia and a swirl around the clitoris would be all it would take. Were the camera's watching? She lowered her cuffed hands to her crotch and reached for her clitoris, when the loudspeaker started echoing deafeningly through the chamber. "Attention Slave! Keep your hands away from your crotch, or shocking will commence! This is your LAST Warning!"

Jacqueline sighed and pulled her hands back up. She was so desperate to have a play, she felt so aroused, yet she didn't dare. Eventually she drifted back off to sleep.

### **It's A New Dawn, It's A New Day, It's a New Life.... For Me...**

When Jacqueline awoke Samantha was standing outside the cage.

"Ahhhh, you're awake slave... Now where shall we start, what order would you like today's conditioning events to take place in? Would you like to be branded, tattooed or hypnotised first?"

Jacqueline fought her way off the hard floor and scratchy straw awkwardly. It was disorientating, for a moment she didn't know where she was or what was happening. The sensation of her wrists being cuffed tightly together and her being totally naked shocked her into reality. "I... I don't kn-"

"Then we shall begin I think by tattooing you. Follow me slave."

Samantha unlocked the cage and Jacqueline had to scrabble to get to her feet properly. Her bare feet slapped onto the hard stone floor as she followed Samantha's clicking heels.

She followed her through the large, grand house, the previous day's events playing themselves over and over in her head. Part of her thought she should leave, try to escape, try to rebuild her life – had she really done anything that wrong? The trouble was she knew, in her heart of hearts society would not be so forgiving, at the same time she felt a burning desire to submit. She was uncomfortable with the idea of being tattooed, particularly in that she clearly would not have a say in what the tattoo was, she was afraid of being branded, it sounded painful, humiliating and.. Submissive.

As she followed Samantha through the halls of the grand house this time up the main stone staircase to the first floor, Samantha spoke over her shoulder. “Good news by the way slave, your owner has asked us to pierce your clitoris, it's a deliciously painful piercing, but it can make stimulation very satisfying. We're going to pierce you at the same time as you are tattooed.”

Jacqueline shuddered, she'd never even had her ears pierced, now Samantha was talking about piercing her clitoris! It sounded extreme. “Samantha I-“

“Mistress Samantha you mean.”

“Mistress Samantha, I've changed my mind, I want to-“

“To what? To go back and face the music? No you don't. The choice has been made, we are going to shape you, mould you into the perfect slave for your owner. All your worries will fade away into the mist of time. You have effectively destroyed your life, you're just lucky that you have this magic door into a new life, a life of submission and servitude.”

Jacqueline sighed. “Yes Mistress.”

She was eventually led into a clinic, everything was brilliant white and sterile looking. In the centre was a gynaecology chair. A lady in a light turquoise suit with a white coat over the top, with blonde hair



was sitting on a stool setting up the equipment. Samantha ushered Jacqueline forwards. “Well slave, hop up onto the table for Anita.”

Anita patted the seat part of the chair with her latex gloved hand. “Hop up, I won’t bite.”

As Jacqueline climbed into the chair Samantha stepped close to Anita. “And how is Alex doing?”

Anita grinned cheekily. “The Transgender Pill worked perfectly, I told you how effective it was in the short run, in only twelve hours turning him into a biological female? Well in the long run it seems to work even better, Alex seems to have embraced her femininity perfectly, she’d even in a heterosexual relationship and enjoying penetrative sex now – we couldn’t have hoped for a better outcome.”

Jacqueline was in the chair now, as Anita spoke she lifted Jacqueline’s ankle into one leg rest and started fastening the strap and Samantha began fastening the other. Jacqueline gasped. “Transformed a male into a biological fe-“

Anita shrugged. “Yes, it’s a wonderful drug. Now I think I’ll start with your clit piercing.” As she spoke she lifted Jacqueline’s cuffed hands and clipped them behind her head to the head-rest. She then pressed a button which started the leg rests moving further and further apart giving her better and better access to the professor’s crotch.

Jacqueline felt her legs pulled apart. She was helpless to resist and felt so vulnerable. When they stopped Anita wheeled her stool so she was in between her legs, and hefted a piercing gun in her latex gloved hands. She smiled at Jacqueline. “I’m going to pierce your clitoris now slave, then I’m going to crimp the ring together making it permanent. You will feel discomfort. Please try to bite down.”

Jacqueline started shaking softly as she watched in horror. Anita’s latex gloved hand manoeuvred the gun into place, while the fingers

of her other latex gloved hand gently grasped her clitoris and pulled the hood back. It looked fiddly and it felt strange, the sensation of having her clitoris manipulated like this, while she was helpless to resist, only able to watch as Anita edged the gun closer, closer. She could see Anita, moving her clitoris into the striking point on the gun. Still pinching the hood and holding it back she smiled at the professor who was now visibly shaking. "Ready professor?"

Jacqueline shook her head violently. Anita shrugged. "Tough..." Then she pulled the trigger to a loud 'click' and Jacqueline screamed in agony.

Anita patted her on the thigh. "There, all done, that wasn't so bad was it? I'm going to crimp the ring now so it's permanent, keep still."

She grabbed a strange tool off the side and crimped the ring, sealing it together perfectly, while Jacqueline panted and whimpered waiting for the burning sensation, right on her clitoris to subside. She noticed at the point the ring in her clitoris had three letters on a little plate displayed, 'MJH'.

Unfortunately for the professor there was no respite. Without any pause Samantha helped Anita to secure a padded board over Jacqueline's tummy rigidly to the chair. As they finished Anita tapped a button and the whole chair pivoted placing Jacqueline in a variation of the lithotomy position, her bottom exposed and up while her tummy rested on the board that Anita and Samantha had just secured. Finally the seat, which she'd been resting on was folded upwards giving unprecedented access to her pert bottom.

Anita took up her tattooing gun. "I'm going inscribe you as Mariella's property now slave and mark you with your owners contact details so that if you're found you can be returned to your owner."

Without warning Jacqueline felt a hand on her right buttock manipulating the skin, stretching it back and forth then the buzzing of the gun kicked in and she felt Anita tattooing her buttock. It was

painful, and it was permanent, she was being permanently marked as somebody's property. The pain, the buzzing, they continued for a while as she felt the little needle piercing and piercing, moving over her buttock while she was helpless to resist. Finally it stopped there was a click and Samantha showed her an image on her iPhone of Jacqueline's buttock to her. It read 'Slave 'J' Property of Mistress Mariella Jane Hall. If lost please contact...', followed by an email address and a mobile telephone number. It felt so degrading to be marked like this. As she whimpered, looking at the image of her tattooed buttock she felt Anita dressing the tattoo. Then she was flipped back upright and released.

The sense of being owned, having her owners ring permanently pierced through her clitoris and having contact details of her owner tattooed onto her buttock, was profound. Samantha grabbed her cuffs and gave her a little tug. "Come on slave, we'll do your contract now, then it'll just be your branding and your brain-washing. Then you'll be all done and ready to send to your owner."

Jacqueline followed submissively. She was taken down the corridor to Samantha's office where a large wad of A4 say, covered in pages and pages of tiny print. A girl with large breasts sat tapping at a keyboard in the corner. Samantha addressed her. "Angela, is the contract complete?"

She looked up, avoiding eye contact. "Yes mistress."

"Good, good girl... Now Professor, if you could just sign the back page and date it. Then from that moment onwards you shall be known as 'Slave J' and only 'Slave J'.

Jacqueline leaned in and took the pen in her shaking hand. It signed over all of her worldly goods to Mariella, along with all her future earnings and it gave declared Mariella to have the right to make all decisions about her welfare including what medical treatments she received. The contract essentially stripped her of all rights to control her own destiny.

As she stood Samantha smiled. "Good girl, Angela, can you duplicate this, file one and secure the other in the packing crate."

Angela took it. "Yes mistress."

"Do you have a spare lead too? I wish to show Slave J the purpose of her clitoris piercing now."

"Yes mistress."

Angela pulled open draw and grabbed a short chain lead with a small padlock. She passed it to Samantha. "Thank you. Now keep still Slave J, I want to attach the lead to your tethering ring."

Jacqueline watched, quivering with fear as Samantha padlocked the end of the chain onto her clitoris ring. Samantha smiled at her and gave the chain a little tug making Jacqueline yelp and jump slightly. "Come along slave, it's time to get you branded!"

So they were off again, Jacqueline now being led humiliatingly by the clitoris through the grand house. If she slowed her pace, Samantha would jangle the chain or offer a little tug, pulling her by her clitoris and making her screw her eyes up and whimper in pain.

It was a surreal, surreal sensation, being led through the house by her clitoris on a chain. It felt so submissive, she felt so helpless. She reached down with her cuffs and held the chain to make it less uncomfortable but Samantha stopped and turned to her. "Did I give you permission to touch your leash Slave J?"

"No mistress."

"No I didn't, I can see that we're going to have to collar you early. Slave, I had hoped to leave your collaring until last, for the symbolic significance of it. Follow me, and NO touching your leash!"

Samantha strode back towards the office, giving the clitoris chain a little tug to get her going, to a chorus of whimpers. When Samantha had led her back to the office on the chain she padlocked her end of the chain to a small D-ring set into the wall, effectively forcing Jacqueline to stand still, unable to move or sit down for fear of ripping her clitoris ring out excruciatingly.

Angela looked up bemused. Samantha smiled. "Don't worry, I've decided to collar her now. Get back to work."

Angela carried on typing, while Samantha retrieved box from on top of her own desk. She opened it and produced a simple polished, stainless collar hinged at the back with a D-ring and integrated padlock at the front. Samantha opened the collar up, and approached Slave J smiling. "You're very lucky slave, your owner has ordered you a Heaven's Hell Collar, they really are exquisite. Now, let's just pop this on you."

Jacqueline quivered as Samantha lifted the collar over her head, resting the hinge on the nape of her neck, then slowly closed the collar around her neck. It was a beautiful steel collar, flawless, except for a small inscription that read, 'Slave J – Property of Mariella Jane Hall'. Jacqueline sighed as Samantha snapped the lock shut. Samantha then pulled out a small length of chain, less than three inches long. She padlocked one end to the D-ring on the collar, then grasped Jacqueline's cuffed wrists up and padlocked the chain of the cuffs to the other end of the three inch chain, forcing Jacqueline to hold her hands up high and preventing her from touching herself or attempting to interfere with her leash.

Samantha smiled. "There, we're all done. It's time to take you off to be branded now, then it'll be the hypnosis, then we'll pack you up and ship you off to your owner."

She undid the leash from the wall, and started clicking towards the door, giving the chain a gentle tug to get Jacqueline moving, she yelped at the pull on her clitoris ring and hurried along, whimpering at

her helpless state, being led humiliatingly by the clitoris, naked through this stately home helpless to do anything about it.

Again Jacqueline found herself in a paradox, it seemed like a strange dream, part of her was terrified, terrified of being enslaved, physically and mentally by her new owner. Then part of her was in ecstasy, it sent waves of submissive pleasure through her, knowing that she was going to be an owned slave, her sole purpose in life being to exist for the pleasure of her owner.

Eventually Samantha led her out to a small courtyard at the rear of the house. It was a pleasant day, and she smiled at feeling of the stone flags under her bare feet. Anita was standing next to a wooden contraption, she was stirring the coals in a brazier which had two or three branding irons sticking out of the top. The coals were glowing red and the contact points of the branding irons were all glowing bright orange.

Anita looked up. “Ahhh, Slave J, is she ready?”

Samantha smiled. “We’ll just get her secured, I think she’s a bit of a squealer though – so for our benefit I suggest we gag her.”

Anita approached with a ball gag and offered it up to Jacqueline’s mouth. She opened her mouth and accepted it willingly, submissively. She felt Anita pulling the straps tighter, tighter, then buckling it on. It was a large gag, it filled her mouth totally and stretched her jaw uncomfortably. Within seconds of having it fitted she felt drool running down her chin from the corners of her mouth. Samantha gestured towards the wooden contraption, it looked like a medieval spanking bench, two vertical wooden posts in the ground with a horizontal post fixed over the top. Ominously, it had little length of chain at either end of the horizontal post. “This way slave, move your crotch up to this end, good, now lean forwards.”

Jacqueline felt the little chain on the post padlocked to her clitoris ring, then she was gently pulled forwards and the D-ring on her collar

was padlocked to the other side of the post. It put her in a vulnerable position, unsupported, but securely restrained. Samantha stepped around to her head end and leaned down so her face was inches away. "There, you're nice and secured now. We haven't secured you tightly though, I suggest you try to remain perfectly still as brand you – otherwise you could end up ripping your clitoris ring out – and that would be excruciatingly painful and might cause permanent damage. Are you ready slave?"

Jacqueline was shaking all over, cold sweat was running down her cheeks. Samantha sighed and stroked her forehead gently a few times, "There, there slave, we're nearly done! Just a little more discomfort and you'll be all done."

Jacqueline could hear Anita stirring the coals, she shuffled about awkwardly, as she did she felt the tethering ring in her clitoris being pulled painfully forcing her to try to remain still.

She rested her tummy on the horizontal post, drooling and sobbing slightly, helpless to move or offer any resistance. Samantha stroked her forehead gently, "Shhhh, we'll just get that branding iron nice and hot, then it'll be time. Try to stay still for your branding, we wouldn't want that clitoris ring ripped out would we.?"

Anita looked up. "I think it's just about ready, hold still slave. Keep perfectly still."

Jacqueline nodded, sobbing and tensing up trying to stay still. She jumped with she heard a fizz when Anita, dipped the branding iron just into an unseen water vessel for a split second. She could feel the heat approaching her posterior. "Brace yourself Slave J."

Jacqueline braced herself against the post. When the red hot iron was pressed hard onto her un-tattooed buttock she screamed and started panting and sobbing with equal ferocity. She wanted to shy away, or wriggle and squirm away from the searing, burning pain in

her buttock which perpetuated as Anita pressed each side of the iron into her flesh and held it firmly.

Just when she thought the pain would never end Anita pulled the branding iron off, she heard a 'click' and Samantha was holding her iPhone. Jacqueline was still panting, waiting hoping for the pain to subside as she saw, burned prominently onto her left buttock, 'MJH'.

Samantha reached down and unlocked her collar from the front of the horizontal bar, then unlocked the other end from her clitoris ring, leaving the leash attached. Anita smiled. "You take her to Eve, I'll tidy up here."

Jacqueline, her hands in the cuffs, chained up to the collar was jolted forward by Samantha's sharp tugging on the leash attached to her clitoris ring. "Come along slave."

Tattooed on one buttock, branded on the other, collared and being led naked around by her pierced clitoris – Jacqueline's head was spinning. She was led back through the house. She was led to what appeared to be a psychiatrist's office. It was full of wooden panelling and bookshelves, covered in old leather-bound books, a skeleton hung in one corner. There was a leather couch next to the window. Dr. Eve was sitting behind her desk when they entered. "Ahhh, you're here. Please, lie on the couch Slave J."

Samantha led her across the room by tugging gently on her clitoris ring. She allowed her lie on the couch, resting her cuffed wrists on her body. The leash resting between her legs on the black leather couch.

Dr. Eve, wheeled across the room on her stool until she was sitting quietly behind Jacqueline's head. "Now Slave J, I'm going to put you in a trance. I don't need gold fob watches or anything silly like that, I just need you to embrace what I say. Try to follow my instructions."

Jacqueline sighed, still gagged uncomfortably and nodded.



“Good, now look up as high as you can... Further, further, now we’re going to count back from ten, ten, you’re starting to feel tired, your eyelids are feeling heavy. Nine, you are so tired your eyelids are feeling heavier and heavier, almost forcing themselves shut. Breath in deep, hold exhale... Seven you are feeling so, so sleepy, your eyes are slowly starting to close. You feel so relaxed, your toes, are relaxed, your ankles are relaxed, your legs are relaxed, your hands are relaxed, your spine is relaxed, your head is relaxed, every part of you is so relaxed.”

As this was happening Jacqueline was trying to embrace the words, follow the instructions, it was working. She COULD feel her eyelids getting heavy, she felt herself slipping, slipping slowly towards trance. As Eve told her that her spine was relaxed she felt a tingling wave of relaxation wash through her, helping her forget her sore bottom and the fact that she’d been permanently marked.

“Six, your eyes are closing, your breathing is getting deeper, as you go deeper, deeper.”

“Five you’re even deeper, you feel paralysed, your muscles are completely loose and limp, loose and limp.”

“Four, your mind is unravelling, giving up control, and inviting me in, to programme you, to alter the way you think.”

“Three, you are giving me full permission to re-program the way you think, to control your thought processes, to wire your brain so you know what’s real and not real, you want me to program your mind. To take control, to dictate to you how to think. You are now helpless to stop me.”

“Two I am right inside your mind, able to program your thinking at will, you are mine to program, your mind is completely at my mercy. You will embrace everything I tell you, hanging on my every word, helpless to resist.”

“One, you are under, from this point you will remember nothing in your conscious mind, you fully understand and accept that I am going to re-write how you think, you are helpless to resist. You are not afraid, you can’t wait for me alter, to modify, to program the way you think.”

“Zero.”

Jacqueline had been following Dr. Eve’s instructions and it had worked, she’d felt so relaxed, despite being a little afraid of being ‘re-programmed’ as the Doctor put it, she felt good. Her conscious mind was helpless to intervene, taking everything in, but knowing it wouldn’t remember. Her subconscious mind was laid open, wide open for the hypnotist to change how she thought, she was paralysed both physically and mentally, until Eve decided to release her from the deep, deep trance, having finished programming her.

“Your name is ‘Slave J’ no other name means anything to you, you have never before been known by any other name and will never be known by any other name again. You are the property of Mistress Mariella Hall, she is your mistress, and you are her slave. Your only desire is to do everything within your power to make your mistress happy. You enjoy pleasing your mistress, your whole life exists only to please Mariella. You cannot stop thinking about pleasing your mistress, when she is not there you cannot wait for her to return. You crave the slightest contact with your mistress, be it a pat on the head, a kiss, or receiving corporal punishment from her. You crave your mistress’s pussy, you want nothing more than to service her orally with no thought for pleasuring yourself. You are disgusted by pleasuring yourself, your pussy belongs to your mistress and it is her and only her who has permission to touch it. You feel revulsion at the thought of touching your own crotch, your own genitals. Your pussy does not belong to you, it belongs to your mistress and it is her and only her who may touch it.”

The programming went on, and on, and on. Jacqueline soaked up the programming like a sponge. She'd allowed the Doctor into her head and now she was helpless, helpless by to accept whatever programming the Doctor decided to give her. The program was simple, it was reinforcing a genuine sense of ownership to Mariella Jane Hall. She was also fitted with a strange mental chastity belt, that meant no matter how much she craved an orgasm she would not be able to touch herself. Her pussy was her mistresses and she did not deserve to play with it, or even touch it. By the time Eve was finished she felt that legally, physically and spiritually she belonged to her mistress, Mariella Jane Hall.

Eventually Eve snapped her fingers. "Wake!"

Jacqueline opened her eyes slowly and mumbled into her gag. "Nngh! Mmmmm, hmmm!"

Eve chuckled, Jacqueline sounded genuinely worried. "Shhhh, we're going to send you to your owner now. Up you get."

She stood and Eve took the leash attached to her clitoris ring and gave it a little tug making her yelp and dart forwards. Again, she was being led, naked, collared, cuffed, tattooed and branded through the grand house. Eve led her by the clitoris to the entrance hall. On the floor there was a wooden crate, a little larger than a coffin with various straps inside it. She gasped at it.

Samantha, who was standing there smiling laughed softly. "Yes, I'm afraid Mariella is too busy to pick you up – so we're sending you on an overnight carrier, this is your packing crate, in you get."

Eve's programme had worked wonders. Despite the fear and the discomfort Jacqueline climbed into the crate and allow Anita and Samantha to fasten the straps holding her in. Soon she was held rigidly on the floor of the crate. The leash was detached from her clitoris ring and wrapped up. Samantha happy that she was secure leaned over. "Before we nail the lid down, I have one more treat for

you, think of it as a parting gift Slave J. Or think of it as your in transport entertainment. This, Slave J, is a special TENS unit, I'm going to strap the control box to your leg, then I'm going to fix one electrode to your big toe, the other one is going to be joined to your clit ring, then I'll set it to random intensity shocks, at random intervals, nail your lid down and call in the carrier. Good bye Slave J, it's been fun preparing you."

Slave J felt the electrics being fitted then whimpered in her bonds as the lid was lowered into place, submerging her in total darkness. Then the banging started. The lid was being nailed down, leaving her in total darkness restrained firmly and then the first shock came in making her groan into the tightly fitted gag and strain against her bonds, then it released.

Everything was still for a while – how long? She didn't know. Everything was still, then she was on the move, she heard an engine and figured she must be in a van. Her muscles cramped, the shocker went off periodically. She was awake for a while, then she slept for a while. Being in permanent darkness, restrained, shocked, knowing she was branded and tattooed permanently as the property of her owner, it was deliciously submissive. Keeping track of time was impossible. She felt herself being man-handled out of the vehicle, then left somewhere, then man-handled back into a vehicle. It felt strange to be treated so blatantly as an object, so non-human, so much like a commodity that could be traded. At the same time she was excited, excited to get into the possession of her owner.

She slept she woke, she found her bladder feeling full, and helpless to escape she had to open her bladder making the box smell of pee. She began to feel thirsty. How long had she been in the box? Where had she been? In truth she was shipped on an overnight carrier. She was awoken by being manhandled out of the van and rocked about as she was carried. Her heart leapt when she heard Mariella's voice. *"Just leave it here in the hall thanks, where do I sign?... Okay, I'm going to sign it 'contents not-checked' you don't want to hang around while I unpack do you? Thanks, bye."*

## Slavery

When the cover was prised up with a crow bar and lifted clear, showing Slave J her beautiful owner, her heart melted. She was stiff, dehydrated, and dried drool was irritating her cheeks and chin. Her jaw ached from the gag and it had left her with a lingering taste of rubber and a dry mouth. But seeing Mariella looking down at her made it all worth it.

“Hello Slave J, I can see Samantha has done an excellent job on you. You look perfect. I’ve been so looking forward to unpacking you.”

She leaned in and began unfastening straps and then helped Jacqueline up and unfastened her gag, by undoing the buckles at the back. “There, that’s better. Now, you may not speak, unless I ask you to. You will obey all instructions without question. If you speak without permission, you will be punished and gagged for until such time as I deem you deserve another chance, do you understand? Just nod.”

Jacqueline, exercised her aching jaw and nodded.

“Good, now come on up you get. Stand still I want to attach your leash.”

Slave J stood, working her shoulders, within the confines of the cuffs attached to her collar, trying to relieve the stiffness from the full day in the packing crate. As she stood she watched Mariella collect the leash from the box and carefully padlock the end to the ring which pierced her clitoris. As she did she grabbed the clit ring and manipulated it in her fingers, directing the initials so she could read them, ‘MJH’. Slave J squirmed slightly with discomfort at the manipulation of her clit ring, which she couldn’t reach herself, in the cuffs attached to the collar. Mariella studied it for a time and smiled up at her. “Cute, I love it, I love it! I’m going to enjoy leading you

around by your clitoris every day, perhaps I'll take you for 'walkies' around the grounds? Turn around Slave J, I want to inspect your branding and tattoo."

Obediently Slave J rotated, feeling the weight of the leash tugging on her clitoris, showing her naked buttocks to her owner. Mariella studied the beautifully formed, burned on brand 'MJH' on the left buttock and the neatly inscribed tattoo with 'Slave J', 'Property of Mistress Mariealla Jane Hall' and contact details on it. "Beautiful, I feel like I really possess you, I really own you now. You are mine, in body and in soul, completely, do with as I please. Though I doubt I can sell you having branded you so permanently as my property – I don't mind though. I asked for it, because I remembered what a good little slave girl you were and I never want to sell you. Now Slave J, I wish to make use of you."

Mariella stood and took the leash, walking towards the stairs she gave a gentle tug making Slave J's knees buckle slightly and forcing her to scurry along to catch up. She led her through the house, up the stairs to the bedroom. Pulling Slave J along by her clit every few steps. When they got there Mariella hitched her skirt up and pulled down her panties and lay back on the bed, holding onto Slave J's leash.

"Well Slave? Service me!"

Slave J kneeled down and manoeuvred herself between her mistress's legs, pressing her lips onto her owners pussy and beginning to lick, and probe with her tongue, sliding it up and down the inside and outside of the labia, then swirling around her clitoris, then sucking gently on the labia lips, one after another, before gently wrapping her lips around her owners clitoris and sucking gently, then beginning with the tongue again.

Mariella sighed with pleasure, it was ecstasy, she was on cloud nine, moaning softly with pleasure. Her property continued to service her enthusiastically, swirling, probing, then sucking, drinking up her

juices, and burying her face in her owners crotch, probing her vagina deeply with her tongue while stimulating her clitoris with her nose. Mariella quivered softly and came almost violently, arching her back and groaning almost as if in a mixture of discomfort and bliss.

She sighed, “Hmmm, keep going slave.... Hmmmm, that’s so good.... I’m so glad I managed to take ownership of you, to make you my property – I think you are going to be my prized possession. You know everything you did, at least after that first meeting of hours, everything you did from that point was orchestrated by me? The only surprise was it took Dr. Emily Lowe so long to discover you and threaten you with exposure... I guess she must have not believed me, but when she saw Celeste’s wounds it confirmed it... How do I know all this? Oh, I have my contacts, various contacts at the university. I’m sorry Slave J, but I just had to HAVE you. You were such a good little slave girl, I couldn’t rest until I’d made you mine... And now you are, your will is bent completely to serving my desires, and you are helpless to resist.”

Slave J pulled her lips away from Mariella’s crotch, fresh pussy juice running down her chin. “I know, I think I knew you were behind it, but I didn’t mind. Ever since that first time you made me orgasm against my will in the stocks, I wanted to be yours... I wanted to be yours... Forever....”

Of course elsewhere at this time Simon and Celeste were contemplating the effects of their time with Professor Reed. They’d spent the night at the Doctor’s house, they’d been found rooms in the halls of residence and they’d received counselling over the trauma they’d undergone at the Professor’s hand. The University kept the incident quiet and Professor Jacqueline Reed PhD was more or less forgotten about, at least by most. Probably by all, except for Simon and Celeste of course, who throughout their lives, both vanilla and fetish, always remembered and fondly missed the sting of the good Professor’s cane and humiliation of having her force them to orgasm, while attached to her computer for monitoring.

Jacqueline's results and notes, on her experiments on Simon and Celeste mysteriously vanished, hardly anybody even suspected they existed at the University.

The former Angelo of course, Samantha's Fisher's PA, saw them again, when Samantha entered her office with a collection of notes and computer print outs and dumped them on Angela's desk, with nothing but a non-explanatory, 'Write these notes up for me Angela, then file this information away with the rest of my research material.'

~fin

~by *Sabrina*

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If you really enjoyed it and want to be super nice to me, leave me a nice review ☐

My sincere thanks, to everyone who takes the time review my stories.

Sabrina. Xx.

Due to complaints about the excess of 'free sample' chapters I included in one of my works, from this point onwards I will only ever include two sample chapters. If sample chapters offend you, please feel free to skip them. All that remains after them is a brief catalogue of my stories, which is not completely comprehensive and a short frequently asked questions section. The free samples in this book equate to a total of 5,500 words ONLY!

**Free Trial Chapter from 'Femdom : The Ex's Revenge'**

**The Medical (Chapter 4)**



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

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

"Mr Detori? Can I call you Angelo? Please step behind the screen, strip and get into your gown so I can get started on you."

He quivered, "Is that really necessary?"

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

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

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

By the time he was naked he was shaking all over, he was sporting the erection of his life and couldn't think straight. There were no

gowns visible, so he pulled open the only drawer he had access to. There, staring up at him from the drawer was a patients gown, the type which tied at the back, or front... But rather than the institutional sky blue or white with a pattern which they usually were... It was hot pink and not a canvass material as usual but a soft, silky, satin like material. He heard her voice again, "Open at the front please Angelo..."

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

He could barely walk, this morning life had been normal, good even, now he felt like he was in another dimension. When he was in position she kneeled down, snapped a pair of latex gloves on and slipped a hand into his gown, then gently cupped his testicles in her hand, "Cough please..."

"Cough!"

"Again please..."

"COUGH!"

"Tell me when this hurts..."

Gently at first she started squeezing his balls, then harder, and harder, looking up to see his expression eventually he squeaked, "Now!" and grimaced, while pushing his knees together. Gently she released and used both hands to push his knees apart, "Keep your

knees apart for me, so I have better access and we'll try again... Try to allow me to squeeze as hard as you can bear please."

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

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

He looked at where she was looking. She clearly meant the large, pink upholstered gynaecology chair in the centre of the large room. Limping slightly he ambled over, and climbed into the seat, "Bu–"

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

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

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

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

"N..No... I'm ju–"

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

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

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

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

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

“I... I don’t want it!”

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

“I don’t want it!”

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

“Please...”

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

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

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

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

“Keep still... Try to relax...”

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

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

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

She put the phone down and in a few moments footsteps could be heard in the corridor, then the door swung open. His old girlfriend, whom he'd dumped came striding in. He struggled to even speak he felt so groggy, "Mel... Urngh... Wha... are you do... Here?!"

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

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

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

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

"Me-"

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

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

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

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

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

**‘Femdom: The Ex’s Revenge’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford**

## **Free Sample chapter of 'The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress'**

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### **I Dreamed a Dream**

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

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

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

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

Robin was already climbing into the back of the big black limo. He had no choice, he gathered up her train, still casting his eyes about desperately for Alison. She was nowhere to be seen. The next thing



he knew, they were all in the back of the car, Sarah and Robin facing forwards, and Gary sitting opposite facing them. The doors slammed shut and the driver set off for the hotel. He could feel the soft leather of the seat on his small of his back which was bare. The dress was constricting and slightly uncomfortable. He looked down at his beautifully manicured hands, holding his bouquet, as he looked up again, Robin and Sarah were leaning in to each other. He was fondling her breasts, and kissing her. Her hand had fallen to his crotch and she was moaning softly as she kissed him over and over again, exploring every reach of his mouth with her tongue.

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

It was torture, seeing them all over each other, forced to sit submissively opposite them, his member constantly trying to get aroused, but fouling on the spikes in the belt... He whimpered softly in pain and reached for his crotch, of course the belt kept everything so densely packed away behind its smooth feminine front - he was helpless to do anything to reduce the pain. One hand reached up to his breast forms, feeling one, then the other - they felt so real, he squirmed a little in his dress and felt a tear welling up as he watched the happy couple fondle each other more and more enthusiastically. At that point he decided unequivocally the fun was over, he'd had enough. He wanted out of the dress, out of the devious chastity belt he'd been locked into, which efficiently forbade any arousal, and out of his lingerie, breast forms and make-up... But there was no escape, he was in the back of the limousine, forced to watch his sister-in-law and her husband passionately kissing and groping each other while the limousine carved its way through narrow country lanes, miles from anywhere...

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

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

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

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

They eventually passed through the bar area to the rooms, and Gary saw Alison sitting at a small, round table with a black guy whom he didn't recognize. Sarah slowed down as she approached her sister, "Hi Alison, are you having a good time?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then she was off, Gary struggling to keep up and stay in range of the remote. As she struggled along in his heels, his dress flowing about his ankles he heard Alison and Jason laughing. A glance over his shoulder confirmed his suspicions. Jason had edged around the

table and had one arm around his wife, and one on the table playing with her hand...

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

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

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

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

"Aaargh!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He knelt and slowly pulled her lacy, silk panties down. They had a hint of vaginal discharge on the crotch area and smelled of female

sweat. As they slid down they revealed Sarah's perfect, round, pert bottom. She stepped out and turned to him, her pussy moist, almost dripping. "Well? Give them to me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I could give it a wipe?”

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

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

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

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

“Hmmm, she is very pretty.”

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah was giggling now, “My, my, who would’ve thought my little bridesmaid could give such good head?”

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

Sarah glared at him, “”Hmmp! No! If you want to play ‘pot brown’ you can do it with her!”

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

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

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

**‘The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress’ by  
Sabrina Jen Mountford**

Further Information:-

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

*Altar Boy's Chastity Site : - <http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/>  
(The Bonus Stories included here were originally submitted to Altar Boys site and are present there still.)*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*castration and sex-change operation.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Craig is caught speeding by two female police officers, when he pleads with them not to issue him with a fixed penalty he gets more than he bargained for. Handcuffed and bundled into the back of a police car he endures humiliation and pain as he is feminized, chastised and judicially caned. The torment doesn't end there though, with the sensual Anita returning from 'Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and*

*BDSM : Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.' And Dr Eve returning from 'The Hypnotist' his punishment contains dental torture, force-feeding and eventual castration... Of course not all might be as it seems? How far did the punishment really go? How much of his ordeal was real?*

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

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

***Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination***

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### **The Harem Slave**

*Roy and Henry are backpacking, on their gap year from university. When they are offered a chance to visit a previously unknown tiny country run by a Sultan, a last stop before they turn around had head for home, it's too tempting an offer to pass up. Little do they know, they will find themselves being offered for sale at the slave market, and after an invasive*



*poking and prodding from the achingly beautiful princess Hadjina, they are taken away to become the princess's new eunuchs. Their story twists and turns as they end up in chastity, feminized and being domestic servants for the ladies of the harem. Their life becomes a long, unending bout of tease and denial as they squirm and squirm in their devices.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **FAQ**

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

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

*Q: Are you going to be releasing more paperbacks?*

A: No, maybe, don't know... The createspace content filter is a lot stricter than Amazon's so I will only ever be able to release the tamer stories. [I have since released '17 Shades of Depravity' a compilation of most of my 2012 and early 2013 stories, and I've released Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning and My Tickle Torture Duology as well!

*Q: Do you create your own book covers?*

A: No, they are done for me.

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

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

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

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

*Q: Are you a professional dome?*

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

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

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

*Q: Please?*

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

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

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

*Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: I hope not! If some girl decides to handcuff her boyfriend to the bed, then castrate him because she read something similar in one of my stories – that's her problem not mine. I don't actually get turned on at the thought of men being castrated in the slightest, but I know my boyfriend does, and I like to think I understand him – so I can write that scenario. Whenever I ever feel inclined to

castrate a man it tends to be because he's being egocentric, insensitive and thinking with his testosterone rather than his brain – as so many men do.

*Q: So do you hate men?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: No it's a pen name.

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

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