

# *The Harem Slave*

*Chastity, Orgasm Denial & Forced Feminization*



A BDSM Fantasy Story by,

*Sabrina Jen*

*Mountford*

# **The Harem Slave**

**~ 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!*

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

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*Planned Titles:-*

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*Feminization Stories Second Collection: Feminized For Her, Crossdressing: Schoolgirl Domination*  
*Slavery: Part 1 & 2 : Captured & Operated on!*  
*Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself & Tickled into Submission*

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

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

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

*If you've read all of mine, then I highly recommend reading the works of Sarah Jameson. Her factual guides on chastity are very informative and her fiction:-*

[Stacy's Game \(The Cuckold Chastity Chronicles - Sisyphus\).](#)  
[Tatiana \(The Male Chastity Files Part I - The Abyss\).](#)  
[Monaco \(The Male Chastity Files Part I - The Abyss\).](#)

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

*Forward:-*

*What follows is an original work of erotic fantasy fiction involving chastity belts, orgasm denial, BDSM and forced feminisation. All of the characters and events within are entirely fictional and any resemblance to real life persons or places is coincidental. These*

*works are fantasy fiction, and I do not condone or encourage any of the acts described in this story be attempted in real life. This material is suitable for over 18's only.*

*This particular story is set in a fictional country called Rijakistan, any similarities with real countries are accidental. This fantasy is not realistic or based on historical accuracy – it is pure fantasy.*

*Enjoy the story.*

*~ Sabrina*

## **The Harem Slave**

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### **Back packing**

Roy and Henry were trekking along a dusty road, they'd seen no sign of civilisation for hours. The last human contact they'd had was riding in the back of a beaten up old lorry full of diseased sheep. They'd grown sick of the smell and after banging on the roof had managed to get the irate, burly turkmen behind the wheel, to slow down and let them off.

They'd now been walking for two hours since and tensions were high. Roy scowled at his friend, "Hmmp! Well, that's wonderful isn't it – we lose our ride, and now we haven't seen another vehicle for over two hours! Great! Do you even know where we are?!"

Henry scowled back, "I think we're still in Turkmenistan, but if YOU hadn't lost the map, I'd probably have a better idea!"

"Hah! You couldn't read that map for toffee anyway, considering your collection of phrase books you dragged here from the UK, you've had no success talking to people... I wish I'd never agreed to go on this stupid trip with you anyway!... Come on a gap year he said, we'll go backpacking he said, see the world he said! Yeah, great, we'll see lots of run down post communist architecture and meet lots of backward looking weirdo's, while being robbed and cheated at every opportunity... Who knows, maybe we'll end up in the middle of the desert with no idea which country we are even in!"

"Well, Roy, if you hadn't lost the map – maybe we'd have an idea?"

"Yeah, well if we hadn't stayed in that dodgy hostel, in a communal room with a load of suspicious looking people like you insisted,

maybe the map wouldn't have been stolen!"

Henry stopped and looked around. As far as the eye could see was nothing but sand, dead looking trees and distant mountains... But he could hear something, "Roy, can you hear an engine? A vehicle of some sort?"

Roy stopped and listened, "Hmmm, you know... For the first time since we caught the ferry... I think you might be right, come on, let's keep walking and hope it's not another livestock lorry."

They walked on, and eventually a vehicle did appear, it was a white van, an old one by British standards, something from the late nineties... But it was decades newer than anything they'd seen since they'd entered Turkmenistan.

As the van loomed closer Roy held out a thumb. The driver slowed down and pulled up alongside them, eyeing them suspiciously. He was another burly looking dark skinned Turkmen, with a moustache and beard. He was wearing clothes which appeared to be more western looking than most of the inhabitants of this place though. He pushed a button and the passenger window wound down, it was unusual for a vehicle out here to have electric windows to say the least.

He burred something in turkmen to them, or something that sounded turkmen. Roy blurted out, "English?!" To this his eyes lit, he flashed them a sinister grin and leaned over to unlock the door, "Ahhh, yes, English! Pet Shop Boys! Erasure! Duran, Duran! Get in!"

Roy opened the door and climbed in, followed by Henry, it was curiously cold in the cab of the van, curious at least until Roy spotted the AC button on the dash. "Hah! This is the first air conditioned vehicle we've been in since we entered Eastern Europe!"

The driver chuckled, "Everyone here... Got... No money... Out here, you either rich, or poor... Nothing in between."

Henry chuckled, "Hah! You have air con in your van, so you're rich?"

"Hah! No, I am... Hmmm, in between... Most people are very poor, I do.. lot of work of Sultan... He very rich, pay well, look after...

Hmmm, useful people?"

Roy raised an eyebrow, "Sultan? I thought we were in Turkmenistan? Doesn't it have a president?"

"Ahhh, yes, Turkmen, yes, a president, but I am going to a little known province, so small it's not even on the maps, they have Sultan, very rich, lots of oil, gold, diamonds..."

Henry looked at Roy, they'd been ready to turn back, but this tiny Sultan ruled province sounded too interesting to miss out on, "Where exactly are we headed?"

"Rijakistan, a tiny province on the Turkmen and Uzbek border..."

Roy groaned, "That's the wrong direction..."

Henry shrugged, "We could see one more place before we turn around surely? It does sound interesting?"

The driver chuckled, "You boys like Rijakistan, is a nice place, maybe you stay for a while? Don't see many westerners there, you be like, hmmm, celebrities eh?"

The van rumbled on across the desert road. There was something about the driver, something sinister – but they couldn't put their finger on what it was. Eventually, after a couple of hours in the van they arrived at a border control. It was policed by two men with rifles, pistols and large flamboyant looking hat's. They were wearing slightly regal looking scarlet red uniforms.

When the driver stopped to speak to them he showed them some papers and jabbered on in a foreign language for some time, gesturing at one stage at his two passengers. When he did the border guards smiled and looked past the driver to them, "English eh? You enjoy your stay in Rijk!" There was some more foreign banter between the driver and the guards and they were waved on. There was something sinister about the exchange though, Roy and Henry looked at each other nervously as the van rolled on towards distant civilisation. Roy waited until they could see what looked like a third world city in the distance, "Erm, thanks for the ride, we can erm, we can walk from here."

The driver chuckled, "Hah! No! Don't be silly, you are my guests! I take you to my house, my wife cook for you... Maybe you... sleep with my sister?"

Roy and Henry looked at each other and gasped, almost in disbelief. The driver punched Roy on the arm playfully, "Hehe, don't worry.. You'll be fine... Come on, we nearly there now!"

A little unsettled they sat in silence as the van rumbled into the streets of the city which were now tarmac covered. The city, as backwards as it was looked more developed than most of the places they had visited recently. Eventually they pulled into a small courtyard with a rendered two storey house. The driver stopped the van and jumped out, some men were appearing and approaching the van, but the driver waved his hands at them and shouted at them, it seems they were coming to unload the van but he was telling them not to. A look of understanding grew on their faces as Roy and Henry climbed out of the passenger side.

The driver walked around the front of his vehicle, "Please, my name is Tamak and you are my guest – let me carry your bags! Please, this way..."

They followed him into the house his wife, greeted them at the door. After a brief exchange in foreign she smiled knowingly, and gestured for them to enter, "Please, come in... Would you like to wash before eat? I have the spare room already set up for you both."

Suddenly things seemed to be looking up, not sure how they appeared to have made a friend of this 'Tamak' his wife led them to a comfortable first floor bedroom, "Please, make yourselves at home, just call if you need anything, my name is Melina."

Roy extended a hand which she shook, "Roy, and this is Henry."

They shook hands and exchanged greetings. The plumbing in the house was modern and for the first time in weeks they were able to enjoy a good decent wash. By the time they were fully freshened up they retreated down to the kitchen. Rather than sitting at a table, Tamak, his wife and a girl they presumed to be their daughter were sitting on cushions around a low table. There was rice, fish, meats, and vegetables on large plates and they were helping themselves, Tamak looked up to them, "Ahhh, our guests, this is my daughter Avria, please! Sit, eat..."

They sat and tucked in. They were asked all sorts of questions about living in the United Kingdom and their travels. In turn they

asked questions about Rijakistan and generally had a good time. Eventually Tamak and his wife got up and pottered off to the kitchen together to get some 'wine'. As they did the girl's expression changed and she leaned forwards, "Quick! You must go!"

Roy frowned, his mouth still full of food, "Where? Why?"

"Don't drink the wine, leave now – before they come back."

Henry looked puzzled, "Avria, what is..."

"Go! Trust me, go now before they..."

Melina had reappeared, holding a tray, "Everything alright?"

Roy smiled, "Of course!"

Tamak appeared, holding a large amphora of wine and looking a little... Suspicious? Guilty?

Roy noticed and frowned at him, "Tamak... "

He sighed, "I am sorry my friends, alas, my wine it is.... Not good... I hoped it would be better, I thought this would be good, but I have tried some and it is not..."

Roy glanced at Avria who showed no sign of her former urgency for them to leave, she simply smiled, "Father makes his own wine... Sometimes it is very good... But the climate here is... Hmmm, you can't always make good wine..."

Melina was looking at them expectantly, Henry shrugged, "We could just try one?" Avria flashed him a glance, but Tamak looked relieved, "Good, good... Here are your cups... Good, Melina, pour the boys some wine!"

She did so smiling nervously. When Roy and Henry raised their cups and sipped a little they paused, Henry gestured to Tamak, "Are you going to be joining us?" Tamak sighed, "Alas, I cannot, it is our custom to not drink with our guests and besides I have some important work to do tonight – I need my... Hmmm, wits about me?"

Avria sat in silence, only smiling at them if they looked her way, she was beautiful, with dark hair and olive skin, she was wearing an emerald green, satin outfit that resembled something in between traditional hindu and muslim garb. She was younger than them she looked only eighteen or nineteen.



Roy and Henry looked at each other and both took a drink, it was slightly acidic tasting, almost bitter... They had another sip, while Tamak and his family watched expectantly, Avria showing no sign of her former concern.

The wine must have been strong, before long Henry and Roy were feeling very drunk.... Then everything went black.

Roy had a stronger constitution than Henry and was fighting it. He came around just for a second, to find his head resting on Avria's lap, she was looking down at him stroking his hair. When she saw him open his eyes she sighed and looked him in the eye, "Shhh, don't fight it... Sleep... It is too late now, I told you to go... I asked father if I could keep you myself, but he says westerners will make a very good price, maybe even the Sultan will take an interest in buying you?"

"Wha – Urgh!"

"Shhh, try to rest, you have been drugged, tomorrow my father is taking you to the slave market to be sold... Try to be obedient for the slavers and customers, the more useful you appear to be as a slave, the more money will be bid for you, the more people pay for you, the more valuable you are, so the better you are likely to be looked after... Now shhhh, close your eyes... Good... Shhhh..."

He felt her fingers gently pulling his eyelids closed, he was mentally panicking but the drug was too strong and it quickly overcame him.

## **Slavery**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Next, members of the crowd started queuing to come on to the platform and walk down the line, inspecting the slaves from head to foot, feeling their arms and legs, and generally poking and prodding them. While this was going on of course Tamak was shouting to the crowd, touting the quality of his wares, and shouting something which included the word 'English' while pointing at Roy and Henry.

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

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

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

Once satisfied she stepped back, “Hmmm, you are English?”

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

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

Roy looked at Henry who shuddered and looked at the Princess, “Eunuch’s your royal highness?”

One of the guards stepped forwards and was about to shout at them, but the princess raised her hand, “Not now Butchow, yes, eunuch’s... But do not worry, the procedure will be carried out with anaesthetic, by a skilled surgeon under sterile conditions in the Sultan’s private medical centre. We will amputate your penis, testicles and scrotum, completely emasculating you... Then you will serve the Sultan’s many wives and daughters in the harem, performing domestic duties and personal services, until such time as you are deemed to be no longer useful, then we shall either kill you with a lethal injection, or release you... Of course, all of this is dependent on whether I decide to buy you or not...”

Henry’s knees were knocking, “Slavery was abolished you know! The British Consul...”

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

care... You get to spend your days looking after, tending to and serving beautiful women? All you lose in exchange for this privilege is your sexual organs and your freedom?"

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

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

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

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

The bidding had stopped, Tamak was about to close the deal, the winning bidder an elderly looking man with one good eye... When the Princess jumped in with her bid. She'd only made a bid a little higher, but her status seemed to prevent anyone from challenging her. The auction went silent, then Tamak smacked his hammer down and shouted something while pointing at the Princess who simply smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When they got there, there was a pause, then the doors were opened. The guards appeared and bundled them both out, the Princess now curiously started addressing her guards in English, "Take them straight to the medical centre, prepare them for surgery!"

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

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

## **Surgery**

The palace was an amazing place, it was marble floors, gilded windows and fantastic classical art from many era's. Barefooted and uncomfortably naked, Roy and Henry didn't feel much in the mood for appreciating the fine décor. They kept looking for means, any means of escape, but the guards never allowed them beyond arms reach. Wearing their cuffs and shackles it seemed impossible to get away, even if they could, how far could they get?

Eventually they were led into an area of the gargantuan palace which more strongly resembled a medical centre. The area was laid out a little like a waiting room. The guards gestured for them to sit on a bench against the wall, "Sit... "

Obediently Roy and Henry sat next to each other on the bench, under the watchful eye of princess Hadjina's guards. Roy tried to slip his hands out of the cuffs, but they had been snapped tight, so tight there was no free movement in them at all. Henry sat looking from corridor to door, to guards, for any means of escape... Nothing was coming to him... Eventually the door to the clinic opened and another young woman stepped out wearing pure white scrubs. She was holding a clipboard and pen. She looked at the slaves and smiled at them, "Ahhh, Princess Hadjina's purchases, welcome to Shinkot Palace, I am sure you will be very comfortable here once you've settled in... Now, you're both to become eunuch's... Who is going first?"

Roy and Henry glared at each other and looked at the corridors in panic, but she stepped forwards and leaned in their faces, "Shhhh, there's no need to be scared! Please, please do not panic! I will numb you up before I proceed, I promise you won't feel a thing."

Roy looked at Henry and rattled his cuffs, then sighed, "I... I'll go first..."

"Good, good boy... You, you stay with this one, you bring this one in..."

One guard stepped closer and unfastened Roy from Henry, the other grabbed Roy and pulled him to his feet. As the guard pulled Roy away, Roy gestured with his eyes for Henry to make a run for it if he could.

Inside the clinic was brilliant white and perfectly clean, smelling slightly of disinfectant. In the centre was a gynaecology table with stirrups. The arm rests and stirrups, ominously had straps on them.

The surgeon pointed at the chair with her biro, "Hop up, strap him in, I'll be with you in a minute." Roy glanced about for a potential weapon, separated from Henry it seemed they were in a better position, but the guard was watching his every move, one hand on his sword. He couldn't see anything, in a panic he made as if he was climbing into the chair, then darted for the door...

The guard grabbed his shoulders, hauled him off his feet and planted him firmly in the chair. In a matter of moments, the surgeon and guard had strapped his arms and legs in. She stepped up to his face, "Shhh, don't be nervous... This will all be over in a few moments, I'm going to shave you and clean up the surgical area... We don't want you getting an infection do we? Princess Hadjina would be ever so cross if I damaged her new property wouldn't she?"

Helplessly, his arms strapped down, his feet strapped into the stirrups, Roy watched as the surgeon carefully shaved his genital area clean, occasionally looking up to smile at him. Then she washed it thoroughly and dried it with a towel.

"There, we're ready to proceed now... Guard – step away from the table, I'll be fine now... I'll just scrub up."

She stepped behind a screen and washed her hands thoroughly. Then she donned a surgical gown and mask and some sterile latex gloves. As she approached the table she wheeled a trolley with surgical instruments on it. Next she erected a little screen hiding his groin area from his eyes, so he couldn't see the surgery. She looked up over the screen and smiled at him over her mask, "I'm going to sterilize the area and give you a local anaesthetic now, then I will begin, try to relax..."

He was shaking with fear as she swabbed translucent brown iodine over his groin and lower abdomen. Once finished she brandished a



large syringe and squirted some clear liquid into the air, "Now I'm going to numb up the area... Please try to keep still."

He felt her injecting him, then moving the needle and injecting more, slowly his hairless and smooth groin area grew number and number. Once she'd emptied the syringe she placed it back on the tray and picked up a scalpel, "Now... I'm ready to castrate you and perform your penectomy and scrotum removal. If you feel pain, let me know and I'll top up your anaesthetic..."

She lowered her hand, stretching and pulling with her left hand, scalpel in the right, "I think we'll start by amputating your penis today..."

At that point the princess entered, she was smirking at Roy, "Ahhh, you are ready for your surgery slave... I thought you would have been done by now..."

Roy looked at her pleadingly, "Please, please 'your royal highness' don't do this to me!"

The princess smirked, "Why not? Surely you understand why we have always used eunuch's as harem slaves? The fidelity of the Sultan's wives has to be preserved, we cannot allow fertile males into the harem."

Roy looked pleadingly at her again, "Then can we not be re-directed to another part of the palace?"

"We do not need any other slaves at the moment... We need eunuch's for the harem, apart from being emasculated, being a harem slave is a privilege, your living and working conditions will be very good..."

The surgeon sighed exasperated at the princess, "Your royal highness, time is wasting, I have two emasculations to do and I fear I will not be able finish them both this afternoon if we tarry longer."

Roy started struggling in his chair, his voice taking on a new tone of urgency, "Princess Hadjina, your royal highness... In your culture it may be seen as... Grrrr, you can't castrate me! Please! Have mercy 'your royal highness'!"

The surgeon looked at the princess, "May I proceed?"

The princess smirked at him, "No... I have a new idea... It seems you feel very strongly about being made a eunuch slave... Maybe I should use you for a little experiment? The Sultan would have to agree to it of course."

The surgeon sighed exasperated, "Princess Hadjina!"

"Rinji, perform the permanent hair removal on this slave, then do the other one - I will speak to the Sultan. If he disagrees you may perform their penectomies, scrotum removals and castrations as originally planned, if they do not perform well in their duties – you may perform their penectomies, scrotum removals and castrations as planned."

Roy sighed, his face a picture of relief, "Oh thank you your royal highness, thank you!"

She leaned close to him, close enough that he felt her sweet smelling breath on his face as she talked, "You may not be thanking me once you have experienced what I have in store for you slave... You may beg me, to have you castrated and emasculated after you have experienced the alternative I have in mind for you."

Her words were threatening, but she was smiling warmly and so beautiful. Roy couldn't comprehend what she meant at this stage. The princess left, and the surgeon used a laser to destroy all the hair follicles in Roy's groin area. Afterwards he was removed and taken to the waiting area, and Henry was done. The surgeon explained that Roy had convinced the princess not to have them emasculated, at least for now.

Back in the waiting area Roy and Henry were sitting for some time, they were not permitted to speak, a guard threatening them each time they tried, but Henry's gratefulness at Roy having convinced the princess not to emasculated them needed no words. Roy was in a better state, he'd been anaesthetised before the laser so he was comfortable, but the area for Henry was raw and itchy. It was undignified and unpleasant having been permanently epilated, but it was better than being made sexless.

Eventually the princess returned with a young man in a sharp, a very sharp suit. It was shimmering white with a white shirt, white tie and a

white satin turban. He had to be the sultan. She gestured towards Roy and Henry, “These are the slaves your majesty...”

He inspected them carefully, “Hmmm, well I do not agree with this ‘scheme’ but you are my head wife, I will leave it to your judgement. However any sign of this ‘idea’ affecting their ability to perform their duties and they must be emasculated at once.”

She smiled at him, and bowed slightly, “Yes, your majesty... The very minute they cease to perform well, they will be taken away for surgery.”

Henry and Roy gulped and were shaking, terrified of the situation they’d found themselves in.

As the Sultan stormed off, flanked by one of his guards the princess smiled at them, “Do not be afraid, as long as you perform your duties well, you will be allowed to keep your penis’s and testicles... Though I wonder whether I can make you beg me to have them removed? We shall see – guards taken them to Pharsha the royal jeweller, she has been informed of my requirements but will need to measure them up for their ‘special’ harem attire.”

The princess darted off, leaving the two guards to escort Roy and Henry to another part of the palace, the surgeon flashing them a cheeky grin and a wink as they left, “See you both soon I hope!”

### **The Measuring**

When they eventually arrived at another door Roy and Henry were told to sit and wait as before. This time rather than a surgeon appearing to take them into a medical suite a young girl wearing a typical harem girl’s outfit greeted them. She gestured to one guard to bring Roy, “Ahhh good you’re here, princess Hadjina has informed me of her requirements for her property – bring him in, I’ll do him first.”

Roy was roughly hoisted out of his seat and man handled into the room by the guard. Inside were read samite and velvet drapes and comfortable furniture, along with work benches and several pieces of jewellery, some finished, some still being worked on. There were various metal working machines and little drawers, some precious stones were lying loose on one of the work benches. From the

finished work she was clearly very skilled. She pointed to a spot on the floor, "Stand here slave, feet apart, hands on your head."

Roy was jostled forwards by the guard onto the spot then tried to do as asked. Unhappy she stepped forwards, pushed his chin up with her finger and said sternly, "Chin up, back straight, look straight ahead... Keep still while I work, or I will have you flogged."

Roy quivered but tried to obey, but couldn't help but ask her, "What exactly are you doing?"

She glared at him, "I am following princess Hadjina's orders, that is all you need to know slave. Now keep still and be good or I will have you flogged, if you speak again without my permission, I will have you taken from here to have some obedience beaten into you!"

Roy shut his mouth and followed her instructions. She pulled a little stool up to his groin area and started manipulating his genitals in her hands, occasionally stretching, pulling, then wrapping a measuring tape around. Then she measured his hips, his buttocks, his waist, it went on for some time. Eventually she seemed content, "Okay Butchow, take this one out – bring the other one in."

Soon Henry was going through the same procedure, the jeweller was not kind and sympathetic but sharp and business like. Her threats about flogging repeated to Henry as a matter of course. She had a new problem though, Roy had been anaesthetized so was flaccid. Henry however was experiencing a raging, raging erection at this bizarre situation. She glared at his upright member, "Lower your erection slave!"

He gulped, "I can't miss..."

"Hmmp! Then I shall beat it into lowering, keep still slave."

He started shaking while the beautiful jeweller, in her dainty harem outfit stood up and retrieved a steel ruler from her bench. At the sight of her approaching, wielding it, Henry started shaking further and his erection grew if anything. She looked at it and raised an eyebrow "How peculiar.. It appears you like pain slave... Let's see how much?"

Smack!

She'd slammed the steel ruler onto his erection with a quick flick, making him howl and wobble on his feet.

"Hmmp! Keep still, I shall try again..."

Henry wobbled on his feet shaking with fear as the ruler flicked up and down hard onto his member, making him squeal and bend his knees.

"Tssk... This is making matters worse... I need you flaccid to take the correct measurements slave, tell me how I can make you go soft... Do I need to hit harder?"

Henry almost whimpered, "No... I don't know... Erm, cold? Have you got something cold?"

"Ahhh, good idea slave... Wait here... Keep still."

She then went to the water cooler in the corner and pulled a plastic cup from the dispenser. Quickly she filled a cup with ice cold drinking water and approached. Carefully she forced his balls and penis into the cup, making the cold water slosh over the side.

"HmMMM, it appears to be working, hold this here slave."

Henry obeyed her holding his genitals in the freezing water, which was quickly making them go soft. "Miss, what are you measuring me for?"

She smiled at him cheekily, "Never you mind! It's none of your business, you obey unquestioningly, or I arrange for you to receive forty lashes... Now no talking unless I ask you a question."

Soon he'd shrivelled up, his formerly erect penis now cold and shrivelled as were his wrinkled up balls. She pulled the cup away, did some pulling and stretching, and measuring, then took all the same measurements as she'd taken with Roy.

Once done she stood up, "All done, tell the princess the hardware will be ready for tomorrow."

The guard nodded and manhandled Henry out of the room. The day was drawing on now. The experience despite not being physically demanding was emotionally draining. To find themselves sold, sold to a beautiful princess, then threatened with castration and measured up by the cruel and strict palace jeweller – it was all emotionally draining.

The next stop was in a rather clinical looking row of prison cells. The princess was waiting for them, with a guard at hand holding an immaculately clean steel bucket.

“Ahhh, my slaves... How did your measuring go? Don’t answer that – Pharsha has told me you were both reasonably obedient to her... For that I have arranged for some left-overs from the Sultan’s table, you must be hungry...”

The bucket was offered to them. It clean, but the food was basically what had been scraped off the plates of the Sultan and his guest’s plates. Bits of salad, half-eaten vegetables, chicken bones and more, all thrown together into the bucket.

The princess leaned closer to them, “I suggest you eat as much as you can – you will need your strength.”

Henry and Roy looked reluctantly into the bucket, and under the watchful eye of the princess and the three guards accompanying her they tucked in, trying to fish out food they could at least tolerate.

Eventually having they’d eaten all they could and they edged away from the bucket. The princess smiled at them, “Good, it will take Pharsha some time to construct your ‘hardware’ so for the rest of the afternoon and tonight you will be in a cell with ‘standing room only’ then Pharsha can fit you tomorrow. Grab him guard...”

One guard grabbed Roy and held him steady while the princess fitted a steel collar around his neck with an ring welded to the front, then she fixed his handcuffs to the collar so his hands were at shoulder height. Further incapacitated, he was manhandled into a cell which the princess held the door open to. The cell had smooth white marble walls. The floor area of the cell was about twelve inches by eighteen inches, just enough for him to stand in, provided he didn’t move, or even turn around. The princess smiled at him as she swung the ornate gilded metal door shut, then locked it, “Goodnight slave... I won’t wish you ‘sleep well’ as I don’t think this is possible. I will have you watched all night, but if you speak before I ask you to – you will receive severe punishment...”

Roy could feel the marble against his back, and his shoulders, the cell was so tight he could not bend his knees, nor turn. He had only been in for a matter of moments and he found himself struggling to

find a comfortable way to stand. The princess was holding up another collar and approaching, "Next... Hold him steady..."

Recognizing the futility of struggling, Henry allowed her to fasten the collar onto him, then lock the handcuffs to it. He then submissively entered the cell, walking past the princess who was courteously holding the door open for him. Again it was so tight there was not a centimetre to spare. He shuddered as the princess swung the door shut, then locked it with a little key. "Good night slave..."

She then turned to Butchow, "Any talking, any leaning on the bars or walls, and I want them taken out and flogged, ten lashes each time they lean or speak."

"Yes your royal highness..."

As the princess sauntered off happily it began to occur to Roy and Henry how uncomfortable they were going to be. They tried shifting their weight from foot to foot. The cells were arranged so they could not see each other, before long they were desperate to lean just for a second on the walls or bars... But the watchful eye of Butchow prevented it. Eventually he swapped with another guard.... Then another... Then Butchow returned. Tiredness grew, cramps began... Before midnight they were both almost in tears with discomfort.

### **The Fitting**

That night the palace jeweller, Pharsha, had been working furiously at Princess Hadjina's orders trying to complete her latest creations. They were unusual pieces, but the Princess had explained all...

The next morning Roy and Henry were drunk with tiredness, almost hallucinating... They weren't sure how long they'd been there, but it was definitely well over sixteen hours. Their muscles were cramping, their minds were disorientated and confused.

When the princess turned up and ordered the guards to open their cells, they had to be held up. The princess was chuckling at their predicament, "My, my... My poor slaves... We will have to teach you to show more fortitude when you begin your new lives working in the harem, your stamina is very poor... Here, let me get you both a drink."

She carefully filled two paper cups from the water cooler outside the cells and approached, she was about to offer them to Roy and Henry when Roy looked up and caught her eye, to which she scowled and instead threw both cups of water in their faces, "You may NOT, make eye contact with me! If you do so again, I will have you flayed alive!"

Roy looked down submissively, having been forcibly tamed into this weakened state, "Sorry your royal highness!"

She sighed, "Now, grovel at my feet slaves! Show me your devotion!"

Roy immediately started kneeling and lying face down at the princess's satin slippers, Henry saw and followed suit. The princess chortled softly, "Good... I will tame you both yet, it seems... Now get up, it's time for your fitting."

The princess led the way through the palace back to Pharsha's workshop, with the guards and Roy and Henry following behind.

As they trudged tiredly through the palace the same thoughts were going through both Roy and Henry's heads. They were admiring her, this strong woman, this princess who was so stunningly beautiful, so superior... She was cruel, but she had a right to be cruel to them. The night of sleep deprivation in the standing room only cell had broken them, tamed them, bent them to her will. They both saw her more as a goddess than a human now, rightly in complete control of their fates.

When they got to Pharsha's workshop, Pharsha was waiting for them. She bowed to the princess, "Good morning your royal highness."

"Pharsha, I have brought my slaves to be fitted – did you finish your task last night?"

"Yes your royal highness, they are my finest pieces... I am sure you will like them."

The princess turned to Roy and Henry, "You are both nearly ready to begin your new lives as my harem slaves so I shall give you new names. Tell me, what were your names before you became my property?"



“Roy.”

“Henry.”

“Hmmm, then you, shall be Raisha, and you shall be Henrietta... Yes... These are the names you will answer to from now on, I will have them engraved on your collars.”

Roy shuddered, “Y... Your royal highness, why must we be given feminine names?”

The jeweller looked like she was about to chastise him, but Hadjina held up her hand, “No, that is a fair question Raisha, the harem is an exclusively feminine environment... Your presence there dictates that you adopt feminine characteristics and traits. Part of your remit will be to be as feminine as possible... Do you understand now why I said you might wish to be emasculated, and to take your rightful place as a harem eunuch? You are concerned about losing your masculinity because of misplaced gender identity, based on being ‘male’, however you are being placed into an environment where there is no place for ‘maleness’. If we operated on you, making you into eunuchs, we would be taking away your masculinity, yes, but the urges which go with that would quickly subside, you would experience a sense of loss, yes, but also a sense of calm... We would look after you, as you would serve us... Your loyalty would not be to your offspring, but to your owners as it should be! The experiment which I have agreed with the Sultan to try on you, is to install you into a severe, strict chastity device... Your testicles and penis will remain intact, but not accessible by you. You will not be permitted erections or orgasms, even minor arousal will cause severe pain, but your hormone producing testicles will still be attached to you, filling you with testosterone... In this environment, performing your duties, while in constant denial... It may make you more attentive, it may make you the perfect slaves... Or it may drive you so crazy you beg me to turn you into eunuchs... That is the purpose of the experiment.”

Pharsha held out a skimpy pair of ornate, jewelled, metal chain link briefs to Roy, “Here, try them on...”

Roy held them out, they looked very feminine, with three jewels embedded in the front and a chain linked penis sheath tightly riveted

to the briefs which would hold the penis in a flaccid and downwards position.

Hadjina gestured, "Go on Raisha, step into your new underwear, before I order you flogged."

Gingerly Roy slid one foot in, then the other and Pharsha knelt down and started pulling them up. As they reached his groin Pharsha slid his penis into the chain sheath, and his balls into another chain linked sheath. They were constructed in such a way to split his balls and hold the penis hard down and to prevent it from growing larger from a flaccid state. As it slid in as well he was aware it was pushing angled spikes down, so the penis would go in easily, but would probably not slide out at all. His penis and balls encased in chain linked spikes he felt Pharsha pull the rear up and do something to it, which tightened it.

"There, you're in... These are surgical steel on the inside, so you can wash and perform all required hygiene in them. Try not to become aroused, or you will suffer great pain... And do not try to remove them, I cannot be held responsible for the damage they do to your genitals if you do."

He ran his fingers over the dainty, jewellery-like metal underwear. The craftsmanship was incredible; he could move his legs and hips around comfortably, but without the steel garment slackening enough to get a piece of paper in between the briefs and his skin. His genitals were held comfortably, but snugly in position... Comfortably until he started to become aroused of course.

Pharsha, and the princess chuckled at his knees bending and him whimpering and his member pressed on the spikes, trying to grow. The princess leaned close, "Comfortable slave? Or would you like me to book you in with Rinji for a castration and penectomy now?"

Roy grimaced and tried to straighten up, "Urgh... No, I'll get used to it..."

She glared at him, "I'll get used to it your royal highness."

"Good..."

She turned to Henry, "Next!"

Pharsha held out another pair of steel gilded chain link briefs to Henry this time, “Well, go on Henrietta, step in!”

The process repeated, soon Henry was grimacing, struggling to keep upright while the princess and the palace jeweller chuckled at him.

As he panted softly, trying to will his arousal down, the princess leaned into him, so close her breath fell on his face, “Well Henrietta, am I take it that you want to keep your balls or would you like be emasculated now?”

The pain was massive, part of him just wanted it to go away, he almost whispered yes to her... She sounded so kind and loving when she talked about her eunuch... He shook his head angrily, “No your royal highness, I would like to keep my... Urngh! Balls...”

“Hah! Very well Henrietta, let me know if you change your mind – I think you are both ready to be inducted into the harem.”

Their collars and cuffs still attached and wearing their new steel underwear the princess, and her guards led them through the palace to a large golden double doors. They stopped at the doors and Hadjina gestured to her guards, “Leave us... Now, Raisha, Henrietta... Welcome to your new life... Are you ready?”

Roy glared at her, “What’s to stop us overpowering you and taking you as a hostage?”

She chuckled, “You are very welcome to try, however, the Sultan would be very deeply offended if you tried to escape, you are in a secure compound filled with guards, surrounded by high fences, in a country where the whole population is loyal to the Sultan and beyond our border, desert, miles and miles of desert... If you attempt to escape, and you fail – the Sultan will have you beheaded. You would fail of course, escape is impossible. I suggest you give your new life a chance before you throw it away and find yourselves lying on the chopping block, waiting for the axe... I ask again, are you ready?”

### **Another world**

Roy looked at Henry and they both shrugged at each other, a wash of emotion, confusion and submission was said in an unspoken way. Eventually Roy addressed the princess, still avoiding eye contact, “I

don't think I'll ever be ready, but... I doubt I'll ever be more ready than now."

"Good... If you are good slaves, and you perform your duties well, you may be rewarded... Limited freedom and palace responsibility may be yours if you can earn it. My advice to you is treat everyone in the harem as your superior, be obedient, be humble, try your hardest to please.... Now come."

She pushed the large golden doors and they stepped into another world. This wing of the palace was not the clinical white of the rest, but more resembling the palace jewellers room. Reds, pastel colours, silk, satin and samite drapes, everything had an air of femininity to it. Even the air seemed to have a whiff of feminine perfume in it. As they walked through and the doors closed a young girl greeted them, she wore a red harem outfit, with puffed out, loose fitting trousers and a tight satin top leaving her midriff on show. Her necklace of golden coins jangled as she trotted towards them. When she approached she bowed deeply to the princess, "Your royal highness, are these the 'new slaves' we are going to be performing the experiment on?"

"Why yes Mina, please get them outfitted and trained in maintaining their appearance."

"Of course your royal highness."

The princess then left, Mina gestured for them to walk down the corridor to the first door on their left. "This way please, what are your names?"

Roy was about to speak, "Ro-" but Henry jabbed him with his elbow, "This is Raisha, and my name is Henrietta."

The girl raised an eyebrow and giggled, "Ooh, I thought you were going to slip up there... If you forget your names, I shall have to take you over my knee I'm afraid... Now come, in you go..."

Inside was a giant walk-in wardrobe like room of feminine harem wear. Mina began by unfastening Roy's collar and presenting him with a golden one, jewel encrusted with 'Raisha' engraved on the front. Again the craftsmanship was exquisite and it was a snug fit, comfortable but form-fitting and clearly inescapable. She removed

his cuffs and pointed him to the racks, "Please Raisha, choose something and try something on."

She then attended to Henry removing his cuffs and collar and replacing it with the ornate, form fitting version with 'Henrietta' engraved on the front. Roy was quivering, unable to choose, he'd never wanted to 'cross-dress' before and though he was quite fed up of being paraded around naked, the broad selection of female harem attire was not what he would choose to wear. Mina approached, "Having trouble choosing Raisha? Then here, this purple ensemble, put it on before I decide to punish you."

Roy hurriedly pulled the soft, feminine garments on, puffed out harem trousers, and a satin top keeping his midriff on show. Soon Henry was attired in a similar outfit but in a deep royal blue. Mina eyed them both critically.

"Hmmm, this will not do, I am afraid I'm going to have to feminize you both further. Before we start though, I want to explain how things work here. Hadjina is the Sultan's head wife, she is my superior, Rinji, Pharsha and myself are the Sultan's second wife, I ensure the harem runs smoothly, and it is to me you are both answerable to, it is my responsibility to ensure you are trained and capable of performing your duties. Your duties will be firstly to maintain an immaculate feminine appearance at all times, then to attend to the needs of the Sultan's wives and daughters. You will bathe us, paint our toenails for us, brush our hair, give us massages, play fetch pot to us, clean, cook and do the laundry and ironing. In a nutshell it is your responsibility, once you are trained to ensure we – the Sultan's wives and daughters want for nothing. You will not make eye contact with any of us, you will address us all as 'lady' except for her royal highness princess Hadjina, the Sultan's head wife, you will address me as lady Mina."

Roy kept his eyes down, "Yes lady Mina."

"Good, you will both follow me."

They followed her through the ultra-feminine environment, squirming and quivering at their light, floaty and silky female attire and grimacing with pain in their severe chastity briefs. They were led to an area that looked like a salon, there was a eunuch there, similarly

attired but with obvious female underwear visible though their transparent trousers, underwear which clearly did not have a penis or scrotum concealed within.

Mina pointed to the chair in front of the large dress mirror, "Rami, teach these new slaves how to apply their make-up, epilate and apply nail and toe nail polish. Teach them well or I shall ensure all three of you are punished severely."

Mina stormed off and Rami gestured for Roy to take a seat, "Please Raisha, sit, I will show you."

Roy allowed the eunuch to apply foundation, lipstick, eyelashes, but eventually he had to speak, "Rami... What's it like to be a eunuch?"

Rami shrugged, "I am happy... Princess Hadjina is a kind mistress and I have a good life here."

"They took your balls! And your penis!"

Rami shrugged, "I am not concerned about that – the procedure was painless, and now I do not get any unwanted urges, I can concentrate on my work and do not find this environment uncomfortable."

Henry gestured to Rami's groin, "Can we see?" Rami sniggered, "If I can see your brief's, they are the talk of the palace."

Henry lowered his harem trousers to show the jewelled underwear installed on him. Rami paused applying make-up and knelt down to inspect it, caressing it in his hands softly, "These are amazing... So beautiful... And you are still sexually intact! How does it feel having those hormones rushing around, trying to arouse you, but failing to?"

Roy grimaced as he fought off another erection, "Urngh! Painful!"

Eventually Rami stood, "I do not think I would like to be kept in this state."

Henry raised an eyebrow, "How did you feel when it was done?"

"I do not know, the princess purchased me for the harem, I expected to be made into a eunuch... I accepted it. After I'd had my penectomy and castration I felt... Hmmm, I felt like I had lost something important... But also that I had gained something... I felt calmer, more docile... Less inclined to... Hmmm, more subservient

and obedient, I think now, I would choose my life as a harem eunuch over any other. I love serving the ladies of the harem and Princess Hadjina.”

He lowered his harem trousers and underwear revealing his genital area. It was hairless and sexless, the only indication that there had been anything there a tiny hole where the urethra had been sutured to allow him to pee and a couple of tiny subtle scars where the penis and scrotum had been attached. After a moment Rami pulled his trousers and underwear up and returned to work on Roy.

Throughout this make-over session, Roy and Henry found themselves grimacing as they fought off erections. At times the pain was unbearable. In some respects when Rami pierced Roy and Henry’s ears placing dangly harem earrings in them, the pain was a welcome distraction from the pain in their groins.

When they were finished Rami turned a full length mirror around that had been sitting in the corner for them. “Here, you must try to do yourself tomorrow, if you get stuck, please ask me.”

Henry and Roy looked at themselves, fully feminized, in their somewhat sensual harem attire, their faces feminine as could be, their only real clue to their masculinity was their flat chests.

It sent both into a painful spasm as they bent their knees, gripping at their chastity briefs trying to lower the erections. Rami smirked at them, “Do you really like being in this state? I heard the Princess has agreed that you can be castrated at your request... Perhaps you should take her royal highness up on her offer?”

Roy was red in the face, his knees bent and knocking, his whole groin on fire, “Ngh! No.. I.. I’ll get...Urngh! Used to it...”

Rami chuckled, “If you say so, I will show you where the kitchens, the laundry and your quarters are.

The rest of the day was spent showing Raisha and Henrietta around, and some giving them some simple tasks. Their quarters were a very feminine shared dormitory. It seemed that the slaves were all eunuchs, the ladies of course had private rooms.

At the end of the day princess Hadjina returned to the harem, it seemed she was the only wife permitted to leave the palace, and the

second wives were the only ones permitted to leave the harem.

The princess noticed Raisha carrying some linen from the laundry as she entered, "Ahhh, Raisha, I see you are settling in..."

"Yes, your royal highness."

"Good... Leave those things – I want you to draw me a bath."

"Yes your royal highness."

He kept his eyes low as he spoke, and followed her to her private suite in the harem. It was on the second story and was a large, lavish apartment. The bathroom itself was bigger as big as half a tennis court with large arched windows overlooking the palace. The fence was a long way away, there were several buildings in between the harem and the high outer fence. Guards could be seen patrolling... Escape seemed rather unlikely.

The princess saw him gazing out of the windows and laughed, "My dear Raisha, thinking of escape? I will tell you now that is not a good idea, within your collar and your briefs are tiny bits of plastic explosive with a wireless transmitter. If you leave the boundary of the palace they will detonate, injuring you quite severely. Possibly fatally... So you can stop your thoughts about escaping and start accepting your new life here. You can have a good life here, though I suspect there will come a time when you will beg me to make you into a eunuch. In fact I have set it my personal goal to try to get you and Henrietta to 'beg' to be made into eunuchs."

Roy quivered, she was so beautiful, she was perfect in every way. As he stood gaping she chuckled at him, "Now, now, slave, my bath will not draw itself will it?"

Obediently he began running the taps, trying to gauge the water to a nice hot, but not too hot temperature. Once he was satisfied they were right he rose, and she beckoned him with her finger, "Now come here slave, you will undress me."

His penis was desperately trying to become erect now, fighting against the spikes and sending shock-waves of pain through his body.

She turned her back to him and his fingers shaking, his groin burning he began unfastening her buttons on the back of her top. Once



unfastened, she allowed him to gently pull the top forwards off her arms. Then he turned to her back to unfasten her bra, his fingers shaking as he struggled to unclip the fastener at the back. She was utterly gorgeous, simply being this close to a woman like this would normally be enough to give him a massive erection, as it stood he was wincing in pain as he tried to grow but was held back by the vicious spikes. Removing her bra he laid the top and bra out carefully on a rattan chair in the room. Then he turned to her shoes, delicate feminine sandals, unfastening the strap on the ankle, then gently pulling one off, then the other – the princess simply lifting her foot to facilitate this. Then he loosened her belt and slid her harem trousers off her hips revealing her perfect, toned but curvaceous and smooth hairless legs.

The princess giggled as he lowered them, allowing her to step out. His legs were shaking as he draped them over the rattan chair and returned to the princess, her panties were the sort that tied on, so he gently untied the strings at the side and pulled them off revealing her perfect, female genitals. She was neatly shaved into a little, delicate triangle above her clitoris. He was in severe pain by this point and the princess noticed and revelled in it.

“My, my slave, you must be suffering so... Remember, this torment can end at any time – simply say the word and I will send you for emasculation... Now help me into my bath.”

He took her hand gently supported her as she stepped into the large roll-top bath. She sat and pointed to her hair, “You may begin by washing my hair slave.”

He removed her gold band about her head and used a jug to wet her silky, long black hair, as she leaned forwards to give him better access. Soon he was massaging shampoo into the princess’s hair while admiring her perfect body. It was torture, he’d never been in such an arousing situation in his life, but he was completely denied. His penis strained and receded in the spiked chastity briefs, he was sure they were making him bleed, his knees were weak and his hands shaking as he washed the beautiful princess’s hair. Once cleaned, he then rinsed it, and conditioned it, then rinsed it again. At this she turned over her shoulder and smiled at him, unwittingly

catching his eye, forcing him to look downwards sharply to avoid punishment.

"Hmmm, I think I will use you for something else before you wash my body slave... Help me out of the bath."

Taking her hand he supported her as she stepped out of the bath, she took a seat on another rattan chair, still dripping with water. Then she opened her knees and rested back, "Now slave... You shall clean my clitoris and vagina... With your tongue..."

He quivered at the thought, "But the Sultan!", "You will do as you are told slave, you are my property, to use as I see fit. Now begin or I will have you whipped. If you hesitate next time I tell you to service me, you will be whipped."

Obediently he knelt down between her dripping legs and started working his tongue over her beautiful perfect clitoris, stroking her clitoris, and labia with his tongue, then penetrating her deeply, probing his tongue as far as he could into her vagina. Soon the princess was sighing and lying back in the chair, "Keep going slave... Hmmm..."

She smelled of sex, but also sweet and inviting. Despite his tortured genitals locked in their spiked prison, he found himself enjoying servicing her. He transferred some of his pleasure into the fact that he was pleasuring her. The threats of punishment were fast becoming secondary, to the fear of displeasing his beautiful owner. Eventually she gasped and sighed deeply, tensing up, then relaxing as orgasm washed over her body. She stroked his head gently, "Good... Good slave... Ahhh... Now you will wash my body."

Shakily she returned to the bath and his torture continued as he sponged her legs, arms, torso, groin and her perfect breasts. Touching her was electric and sent shivers down his spine. The curvature of her breasts seemed to be the incarnation of perfection. Once he'd washed her and rinsed her she held out her hand to be helped out of the bath and stood while he fetched a clean towel. She stood with her feet a little distance apart and held her arms out slightly, "Well? Dry me slave!"

Hurriedly Raisha began gently rubbing the towel over all parts of the princess body. He felt like he was going to explode by the time she

was dry, being forced into chastity, feminized, and having to run his hands over this beautiful, perfectly formed woman while avoiding eye-contact... He felt a damp spot on the inside of his leg, pre-cum no doubt.

The princess, once dried strode over to a massage table with a hole for her face in it and beckoned him over, "Help me up slave... The massage oils are on the shelves."

He helped her on and she positioned herself on the table.

"I... I don't know how to give a massage! I've never done it before!"

"You will learn, use your thumbs, and your palms, start at the neck, work your way down my back. Just do your best, if you perform badly – I will make sure you are punished sufficiently to improve your performance next time."

He tried a little dab of the oil and started working her neck with his fingertips, then working his thumbs into her shoulder blades and slowly working down her back, alternating fingertips, thumbs and palms. Soon the princess was sighing with pleasure, "Hmmm, you're good slave... Keep going... Do my legs and bottom as well."

His already raging erection pushed so hard on the spikes he started to whimper when he began kneading her pert buttocks with his hands, and stroking and kneading her legs... She giggled at this, "Are you ready to have your balls off yet slave? I won't arrange it for you unless you beg me to remember!"

He carried on, but his voice sound weak and shaky, "I will keep my balls your royal highness..."

She giggled again and allowed him to continue, when she'd been thoroughly massaged, back, bottom, legs, and arms she rose, and pointed to a dresser across the room, "You will dress me now slave, there is fresh underwear in those drawers, I will wear the same clothes."

He scurried over and fumbled through the drawers for her delicate, ultra feminine underwear. His face right in her groin he tied some new panties on, then stood and held a clean bra out for her to slip her hands through. She turned her back to him then, "Fasten me up..."

His shaking fingers worked the fastener, while his legs nearly buckled from the pain in his chastity belt. She then strode to a stool next to a large dressing table, "You shall brush and dry my hair now slave."

He picked up the brush and gently brushed her hair and used the hair dryer to slowly dry it. He finished by replacing her gold band around her head.

She then rose and pointed to her clothes on the chair, "Fetch my clothes slave, it is time for you to dress me."

He obeyed and brought her harem trousers over and allowed her to step in, then pulled them up and tightened the waist. Then he fetched her top and fed her arms into it and buttoned up her back.

As he finished she strode forwards out of the bathroom, and retired to the main area of her suite, there she sat on a chaise long next to a little table, "Go down to the kitchens and bring me some refreshments slave, I would like some crackers with caviar and a jug of raksha... Rami will assist you if you are unsure. Hurry slave, I wouldn't want to have you whipped on your first day."

So Raisha scurried away as fast as she could. Tiredness from the night in the cell with standing room only was starting to outweigh the adrenaline of being thrown into this alien environment. As it happened he met Rami on the way to the kitchen and Rami helped to prepare the food instructing him on how the princess liked these things. Raksha turned out to be a local drink specific to Rijakistan, but Rami taught him how to mix it. Soon enough he was scurrying back with a tray of food and drink.

Once at the princess's apartment he placed the tray on the table before her and poured her a glass of raksha. "Good...That was quite quick slave... You will stand in the corner until I require you now."

He retreated to the corner and watched the princess sit and eat curled up on the chaise. She'd left her sandals off and was sat eating happily for some time. He struggled to avoid looking her in the eye, she was so attractive it sent shivers down his spine, despite his painful predicament he felt privileged to be in her company.

When she had finished she beckoned him over, “You will file and paint my toe nails now slave...”

She pointed at a tray on the shelves with nail files, scissors and a selection of bottles of nail polishes. Kneeling at her feet she offered one, then the other for him to carefully file, then paint and lacquer. He’d never done it before, but he took his time and was careful. When he’d finished he blew them to dry them out.

“Good slave, now you will read to me, take ‘The Count of Monte Cristo’ from the shelf and start at the bookmark.”

She lay back on her chaise and he took the book from the shelf behind and started reading. She closed her eyes and sighed, listening to his reading. It was strange, he’d not read out loud for a long time, but she seemed pleased with his attempt. Eventually she seemed to drift off to sleep. He placed the book back and went to get a lace embroidered satin cover off the bed at the far end of the suite. He covered the princess up carefully and left the room.

### **Servicing the Sultan’s Wives**

As Roy was bathing and attending to the princess, Henrietta was being supervised by Rami, in the specifics of caring for the delicate clothing of the Sultan’s wives. When Rami left him to continue he was quivering with fear. According to Rami’s instructions the clothes were all very easy to ruin and Lady Mina was very unforgiving of mistakes. As such he was taking great care not to damage any of the garments.

While he was working Mina entered the room and stood silently watching him. Eventually she sighed petulantly, “Hmmp! You are so SLOW slave! You will be here all day if that is your fastest speed. I have other tasks for you to complete also, so work faster, if you cannot work any faster you will be whipped.

She stormed out and he tried to quicken the pace, the trouble was he didn’t have the skill to do this task quickly and was ironing creases where there should have been none and subtly spoiling the appearance of some of the fabric. When Mina returned to check on him, she watched him for a spell, with an air of approval, however when she approached him and inspected his work she scowled at, “Why you, incompetent, good for nothing... These are ruined! Stop!

Do not try to do any more until you have received more training, I am afraid I will have to whip you for your incompetence. Before I do though, you will service me.”

Henrietta screwed his face up, “Service?”

“Come... This way.”

She led him into a private room at the side of the main room. There she took him to a sort of reclining chair on a short platform.

Curiously it had a hole in the leather cushioned seat. She lead him to the back of the chair and pointed to a chair reclined the other way, underneath the chair with a hole in it, “Please sit, lie back, head back.”

“Why, wha-“

“No questions, or you I will double your pending punishment.”

Reluctantly he sat and lay back, pushing his back as instructed onto the tilted further back headrest, which left his face pointing directly upwards, he could see straight through the hole in the seat. As he lay there he felt Mina fastening straps to his shoulders, and legs and arms, completely immobilizing him. Finally he heard a click and motor whirring, and the seat started slowing rising up, pushing his face up through the hole in the seat as his whole seat was lifted.

The hole in the seat was a snug fit around his face. He found, once the whirring stopped he was in a position where he could not move his face at all. All he could see was the white ceiling, and the crystal chandelier hanging in the room...

He couldn't move, he could hear the rustling of clothes, then a pert, naked bottom filled his vision and Mina presumably, as he couldn't see the face planted her vagina onto his mouth almost smothering him. Her female scent filled his nostrils, he could hardly breathe. He knew it was Mina when she scolded him, “Well slave? Use your tongue!”

She didn't even have to threaten punishment now, frantically he started working his tongue in and out, up and down, over her clitoris and exploring her vagina and labia with his tongue. Soon she was moaning with pleasure and he was in tears through the pain from his chastity briefs. He quickened his pace, due to his position as she

began to get more aroused and wetter, her juices ran down his face, into his nostrils and mouth. He gagged, but was forced to simply swallow. As he worked she wiggled around a little, working her genitals backwards and forwards over his face, smearing him in juices and filling him up to the brim with her sex juices, then she tensed up and relaxed.

He could hardly breath, she was soaking wet now and his face was buried in her groin, juices were still running down his nostrils, he was defenceless to protect himself. As Mina sat there, allowing the orgasm to subside an unknown voice spoke out, "Ooh, is that one of the new slaves?"

Mina chuckled, "Yes... It's Henrietta... She may not be able to iron, but she's very good – would you like a try?"

"Hmmm, yes, I think I shall."

Henrietta felt Mina rise and heard her clothes rustling as she sorted herself out. He couldn't see as his eyes were filled with pussy juice, all he saw was the light blocked out by presumably another girls bottom, he felt her labia slide over his nose as she lowered herself onto him. "Well slave? Let me experience that tongue of yours!"

He quivered and started crying, totally immobilized, smothered in pussy juices, hardly able to breath, his tongue aching from enthusiastic cunnilingus, his penis on fire from the chastity briefs. There was no escape though, helpless to do anything but obey he worked his tongue in and out, up and down, swirling it around her clitoris, making her moan with pleasure, she took longer to orgasm than Mina, when she did she remain on the spot, her labia wrapped around his nose, her vagina pressing onto his mouth, gently feeding him her juices as her orgasm pulsated and pulsated. Eventually she rose and walked away, his senses, the now blurry light in his eyes from the chandelier, seen through the glaze of female juices and the sound of her rustling clothes as she sorted herself out.

He tried to wriggle free at this point, or get comfortable, simply being able to wipe the juices from his eyes would have been good but he was helpless. He whimpered when another, unknown, pert bottom slowly sank down onto his face, and another anonymous voice ordered him to service her.

In the end he lost count of how many he serviced. He felt full of female cum and his teeth felt like they were ram jammed with pubic hairs. Mina eventually released him, he was lowered from the seat, in tears. Mina smirking as he appeared behind the orgasm chair, “Well slave? Did you enjoy your time in the orgasm chair? We all did very much... Now you will clean the chair thoroughly, then report to me in the main room for your punishment.

## **Punishment**

When Roy, or Raisha as he was fast beginning to consider himself, got back to the main area of the harem he gasped. Lady Mina had Henrietta (formerly Henry) strapped to a whipping frame. Several of the eunuchs were standing around expectantly, as were some more of the Sultan’s wives.

Lady Mina looked up, “Ahhh, here you are, I wanted to wait for you so you can see the punishment for disobedience, laziness and incompetence. Your friend here Henrietta has proven herself to be grossly incompetent, seemingly completely unable to perform the simple task of ironing some clothes. In the harem, being ‘bad’ at tasks will not mean you get to avoid them, it means you will be punished severely – note the pony bit in her mouth, that is to stop her screams from irritating the ladies. Now I am going to punish her by painting her bottom red, red raw... So she cannot sit down.... Observe and remember this, as this is your fate if you fail to please the ladies or her royal highness.”

Raisha looked into Henrietta’s eyes and saw fear. Drool was running down from the bit and dripping off her chin. It was fastened in tightly with a leather strap and buckle behind her head. Helpless to prevent this, Raisha watched Rami pull down Henrietta’s harem trousers, revealing the cruel chain mail chastity briefs. Mina swished her cane experimentally, “Bite down slave, try not to scream... Take your punishment like a good slave.”

Swish... CRACK!

Henrietta squealed and struggled in her bonds on the whipping frame.

“Shhh, try to relax, it will all be over soon – just nineteen more strokes for you hmm?”



Swish... CRACK!

The punishment continued, stroke after stroke raining down on Henrietta making her squeal and squirm in her bonds. By the time they were halfway through the punishment she was whimpering and trying to beg for mercy through her gag. By the time all nineteen strokes had fallen she'd fallen limp on the whipping frame and had blacked out. When her bonds were released she crumpled to the floor.

Mina chuckled at her, then bent down to remove the pony bit. "You are both tired, I think you should get some rest, I will ask the princess about how you've performed for her Raisha, if she is not satisfied, then you can expect to some time on the whipping frame yourself."

Raisha bowed and helped Henrietta to the dormitory. They were both so tired, and emotionally drained it was unreal. Captured, saved from the brink of castration by a deal to remain in chastity, feminized, then forced to serve and perform domestic duties... All this after having spent an afternoon, and a night standing upright in a tiny cell! Despite their anxiety and adrenaline they both fell fast asleep.

Raisha was awoken by a burning pain in his groin, he whimpered and clawed at his metal underwear, it was so tight and form fitting though, he couldn't even slip a finger in. He started sobbing softly, willing his erection to subside, it took a long time. Once it has subsided he more or less cried himself back to sleep.

When Raisha woke Henrietta was already sitting up in bed, she looked at her, it was strange. Part of him still felt like Roy and that this was Henry and they had to escape... But escape seemed impossible and he was starting to think of himself as Raisha, the harem slave and Henrietta the harem slave. Henrietta glared at him, "Hmmp! Any ideas on how we get out of this mess?"

Raisha shrugged, "I don't know, I don't think it's possible... How is your bottom?"

"Sore... Very sore..."

"I don't think it's possible for us to escape..."

Henrietta looked cross for a second, then sighed, "You're probably right... I hate to say it... I never could have imagined living this life. Have you thought about the princess offer to make you a eunuch?"

"I... No, I don't want... I want to keep my balls and penis intact... I... I love being in the princess company though... I think... I think I love her..."

Henry laughed, "Hah! You're her property! I don't think the Sultan would appreciate you talking about his head wife like that... You should watch what you say."

Raisha pulled her harem trousers down to reveal the jewelled chain mail briefs, "Hmmp! While wearing these I think it's irrelevant, every time I get aroused it's murder... And I spent a good portion of the day tending to her royal highness.... Gah! It was killing me, it still is just thinking about her... But... I... I don't know if I would give up being able to spend time with her..."

"You're mad, she's cruel, sadistic, and..."

"No she's not, she's... She's kind for an owner, she allowed us to keep our sexual organs despite it being against tradition."

"Hmmp, I think she... I... Hm! I know what you mean, I've been looking after Mina and, hmmp, some others all afternoon, I... I can't stop being aroused... I was thinking... I was thinking of asking her to make me a eunuch."

"Well don't! Once it's done it's done... While you still have your balls, there's a chance we can escape..."

"You just said you didn't want to escape?!"

"I know... I don't know... I... Look, don't rush into anything rash, we've been here one day, let's just try to survive the week... I admit it, I'm infatuated with the princess, but... I think if I saw a chance to get away safely, I'd take it... Did Mina tell you about the explosive briefs and collar?"

Henrietta tugged at her collar, it felt strange being collared with a somewhat demeaning name tag on the front, she reached around for the fastener, which was tightly locked, there was no way to remove it. She also thought she detected some extra engraving on the rear,

“Ro- Raisha, Hmmph! You never know whose listening? I think there’s more writing on the back of my collar – what does it say?”

Raisha walked over and read the back of Henrietta’s collar, “It says, ‘Property of her royal highness, princess Hadjina’” He felt his own collar, “I think it’s on mine too.”

Henrietta strained to see, “Let me see... Hmmmm, yep, ‘Property of her royal highness, princess Hadjina.’”

“Hmmph, anyway – I think if either of us sees a chance to get away, we should make a pact to take it. If one of us can get away we can tell the British Government about this place and that the other is being held – it might take months or years to get out... But I think we’ll have more chances to get away if we commit to leaving each other behind.”

Henrietta sighed, “You’re right – it’s a pact... Any chance to escape, I will and leave you here to await rescue by the British Armed Forces.”

“Come on, we should get ready, see what Mina and Hadjina have in store for us today.”

### **Harem Life**

As days turned into weeks, and weeks into months Henrietta and Raisha became accustomed to harem life. The environment, waiting on the ladies of the harem and performing their duties after having fully feminized themselves every day, meant they were in a constant state of tease and denial. Princess Hadjina had Raisha or Henrietta, or even both of them bathing her, grooming her and looking after her in every way possible. Whenever the princess was out of the harem lady Mina would chase them around with more and more domestic chores and tasks, which would often be rewarded with punishment for incompetence or time locked into the orgasm chair. By the time they had been there for six months, they had both spent time, locked into the orgasm chair, strapped to the whipping frame, or lying prone over Mina’s knee while she spanked them mercilessly.

Many times the princess repeated her offer to allow them to be made into eunuchs, but they continuously refused, though on several occasions Henrietta in particular was very tempted, having a lower arousal threshold and pain threshold than Raisha.

Several months later the princess called them both to her quarters late at night...

### **The Feeling of being cuckolded**

The two slaves were standing in front of the princess's bed, looking at the floor, averting their gaze. The princess was curled up on her bed,

"Ahhh, my two favourite slaves... The Sultan is visiting with me tonight I want you both to attend to us."

Raisha bowed slightly, "What do you mean, your royal highness?"

The princess sighed, "The Sultan is desperate for a child, you have often been told about the Sultan's daughters in the harem – but there are none. He makes love to his wives in order, the last time I made love to the Sultan was just before I had purchased you both – it is my turn again tonight. You will stand by and serve us while we make love..."

They both bowed subserviently, "Yes, your royal highness."

That night the Sultan made his visit as promised, Raisha and Henrietta had spent the afternoon preparing food for Hadjina and the Sultan. They had fresh towels and drinks and everything that could be desired in Hadjina's boudoir. When the sultan came he was in his white suite as usual. Hadjina was wearing her rainbow coloured harem costume, with her gold band which she wore always.

"Ahhhh, Hadjina my love, is tonight the night?"

"We shall see my Sultan... I have waited many moons for you to visit with me."

She turned to Raisha and Henrietta, "Slaves, you will undress me and my Sultan, then remove your trousers and kneel upright on the bed..."

Confused they did as ordered, Henrietta undressing the Sultan and Raisha undressing the princess. Once finished they removed their trousers then kneeled on the bed. The princess, in all her naked glory lay with her head in between her kneeling slaves, "Hands behind your backs slaves, I wish to play with your chastity briefs, while my Sultan penetrates me."

They did as ordered, shaking as they did. It was sensory overload; the Sultan had a near perfect body as well as the princess, his muscles toned and prominent. He pulled the princess's knees upright and she spread her legs for him. He showed his experience and proficiency as a lover though, rather than dive straight in, he lay on her, kissing her, fondling her breasts in his hands, and playing idly with her nipples with his teeth and tongue. The princess for her part sighed with happiness, then reached up, one hand to each slave, caressing and fondling their chastity briefs, making them shy away slightly and yelp in pain as they pushed themselves onto the spikes, "Keep still slaves! I wish to fondle your chastity device... Keep still for me, let me play... Good..."

The Sultan was all over her, exerting his masculinity with vigour and confidence. Hadjina played idly with the two sets of jewelled chain mail briefs sighing with pleasure and panting softly. After several minutes of this foreplay, the Sultan gently, oh so carefully penetrated her and they began rocking back and forth, up and down, while the princess fondled and stroked Raisha and Henrietta's steel encased penis and balls.

The view for Raisha and Henrietta was strangely beautiful, this rich, powerful young couple giving them a display of the finest love-making you could imagine. While their penis's strained and strained against the spikes. Raisha's legs wobbled and she started sobbing at the pain, and the sorrow that she'd been denied for so long and was still in denial while this young man made passionate love to the woman he desired more than any in the world, right in front of him, with her soft, perfect hands gently caressing his imprisoned genitals. It was torture, sheer torture...

Having her slaves in chastity and watching her perform, seemed to arouse princess Hadjina more and more as she began fondling and caressing their chaste sexual organs more and more, and panting, and eventually letting out a long, deep sigh of pleasure, while arching her back. At the same time the Sultan groaned and arched his back, panting heavily...

They pulled apart smiling at each other. Then Hadjina turned to Henrietta, "You will clean my Sultan up now slave, use your mouth..."

Raisha, you will clean me up, use your tongue.”

The Sultan lay back and watched chuckling softly as Henrietta kneeled into his groin and started caressing his penis in her mouth and sucking and licking enthusiastically, cleaning his member off with his mouth.

Raisha buried her face in Hadjina’s groin and started licking and probing with her tongue, slurping up the Sultan’s semen which had filled her to the brim. Both Henrietta and Raisha were gagging with the taste of fresh, unhindered sex, and were almost in tears from the cruel spikes in their chastity briefs piercing their glans and shafts. When they had finished the princess shooed them towards the door with her hand, “Leave us slaves, you will bring us breakfast in bed tomorrow... Now go!”

The whole experience had been torture for both of them, they spent longer than usual brushing their teeth that night and didn’t talk about the experience. Henrietta, was uncomfortable at having cleaned the Sultan’s member with his mouth, and Raisha was uncomfortable at effectively having drunk the Sultan’s semen from Hadjina’s vagina.

Raisha felt particularly bitter, watching the princess, his owner making passionate love to the Sultan... It had been torturous, despite the way she treated him, and their asexual relationship, it had felt like he’d been forced to watch his girlfriend making love to another man.

The next day after an uneasy night’s sleep Raisha and Henrietta took breakfast up to Hadjina’s apartment, but the Sultan had already left – Hadjina explaining that he had important business to attend to. After they had waited for her to eat, then washed, dressed and groomed her Henrietta said, “Your royal highness, could I word in private please?”

Hadjina shooed Raisha outside with her hand, “Of course slave, what would you like to say?”

“Your royal highness I... I have come to accept my life here in the harem... But, last night... It... It was too much... I want... I want to become a eunuch...”

The princess smiled, "Oh good... I thought you'd see sense... I will notify Rinji, and book you in for this afternoon... You've made the right choice I'm sure, and I suspect Raisha will be following you soon."

Henrietta quivered... He'd done it... Emotions were rushing through his head, he'd almost hoped it would be a long wait for the surgery, so he could have time to change his mind, but this afternoon?! He started crying softly, making his make-up run a little...

The princess climbed out of bed and approached, wrapping her arm around Henrietta's shoulder, "Shhhh, everything will be alright my slave... You have been a good slave, and I am pleased with you... The surgery will be painless, I promise, and once you are over the inevitable sense of loss you will feel better! Now go, rest, have the rest of the morning off. As you've volunteered so willingly, I will have Rinji give you a general anaesthetic, so do not eat, I will meet you at the doors to the harem at three o'clock."

"Thank you your royal highness."

Hadjina watched Henrietta go. It made her pleased in ways, but also sad in another way, her choice had somewhat been taken away from her, but it would have been a difficult choice to make anyway, Raisha would father her child...

Raisha came back in as Henrietta left, "Is there anything else I can do for you your royal highness?"

"Hmmm, as a matter of fact there is – lock the door."

This was unheard of, the princess never locked her door, but obediently as ever Raisha turned to lock the door to the apartment. Hadjina sat on the edge of her bed, "Now Raisha, come sit on the bed with me."

Quivering with excitement Raisha did as instructed. When she did the princess put her arm around Raisha's shoulders making her jump, "Shhh, relax my slave... You are not in trouble. I have a problem, I problem I believe you can help me with."

"Anything your royal highness..."

"This problem has to stay between you and me slave... You will talk of it to nobody, not a soul – or I will have you beheaded, are we

clear?”

“Yes, your royal highness.”

“Good... Now... The Sultan, he \*ahem\* is a great lover, but hmmm, he has not conceived a child despite trying for a long, long time, with many wives. Secretly, I have had a sample of his semen sent abroad and tested and he is not producing good sperm... But he is desperate for an heir. I cannot offend him by telling him this, but I want him to be happy. Previously I would not have been able to do this... All of my harem slaves have been eunuchs... You however are not... You will do as I order, turn your back to me.”

He stood and turned, “Good, now I am going to retract your spikes and remove your chastity briefs. Keep still...”

She pulled his harem trousers down, then he felt the spikes retract, and the heavy metal underwear slip down his legs to the floor. His penis and balls were covered in little marks where the spikes had been pressing in. The end of his penis was caked in dried pre-cum, despite his attempts to keep clean, he immediately grew a mighty erection. The princess pointed to the bed, “Lie on your back slave...”

He did as ordered, “Yes your royal highness.”

She then climbed onto the bed and blindfolded him, then after retrieving some handcuffs from a drawer, she cuffed his hands to the bedframe. “Good... Now I am going to ride you to orgasm, and I am going to keep you here and continue riding you from time to time, until I have conceived... Lie still for me, once you are in me, I want you to rock your hips and try to orgasm.”

“Your royal highness, must I be blindfolded?”

“You are good slave, but you should not be permitted to enjoy my great beauty while out of your chastity briefs, you must remain blindfolded until I am done with you.”

He could see nothing, but he heard her disrobe, then felt her perfect skin slide over his as she mounted him. She began rocking back and forth, rising and falling. He felt her thighs sliding up and down over his hips and heard her panting. He started rocking his hips backwards and forwards, it didn't take long, he felt himself building,



building, then an explosion causing him to groan and shudder as he came and came, filling her forcefully up, months of built up semen entering her at a time.

She sighed, "Good slave... I will now orgasm to increase the potential for a conception, you may relax."

He couldn't see, but he could hear and imagine, her lying back on the huge bed diddling away at herself. Before long he heard the gasp and the sigh.

"There... It is done... I will shower and see you later slave."

He heard her shower, then dress, then he heard her leave and lock the door. It had been the most amazing orgasm he'd ever experienced. She'd had not just a perfect body, but perfect motion and rhythm. He only wished he'd been able to see her beautiful body riding up and down on him... Despite emptying himself he was now desperate for another orgasm. He jangled his chains but found no matter what he did he could not reach. He thought about trying to remove the blindfold, but it occurred the princess would not be happy, so he lay still and tried to fall asleep.

### **Voluntary Eunuch**

Hadjina met Henrietta at the agreed time, "Ahhh, Henrietta, you are ready. I have arranged your appointment with Rinji – come."

Obediently Henrietta followed the princess's confident stride through the golden doors into the main palace and back to Rinji's clinic. The smell of disinfectant invaded his nostrils and he began to quiver, suddenly aware of what he had asked for. Hadjina pointed to the chairs outside, "Sit, wait, I will see if she is ready for you."

Henrietta sat on a chair, and watched the princess vanish inside. While she was gone he reached down to his groin, and felt through the harem trousers, he could feel his metal underwear, encasing his genitals in their uncomfortable position. He'd been straining and wincing for months on end. Part of him just wanted them off, at any cost... But then he thought about Rami, how would he feel asexual? He shuddered and started shaking, then the princess popped her head out of the door, "Come in slave, Rinji is ready for you now."

He looked at the corridor, there were no guards around... He could run for it? Then he remembered the collar and the explosives in the device...With a deep sigh he stood up and walked into the clinic, past the princess who was holding the door open for him.

Rinji was already in scrubs, "Ahhh, hello again slave... Hmmm, you are wondering why you never saw me in the harem? Pharsha and I are permitted to live outside the harem – it is not to everyone's taste no? So, I have you back... For a castration, scrotum removal and penectomy? A full emasculation... Do not be alarmed, it is just like... Hmmm, going to the dentist, to have a tooth out yes? Or the doctors to have your appendix out? Now please, sit, try to relax for me..."

He sat and allowed lifted his legs into the stirrups. Rinji was then approaching with an oxygen mask, "Here, you put this on, you breath deep for me... When you wake up, you will be all done, a eunuch... Good, good slave."

He allowed Rinji to hold the mask over his mouth and nose and looked up at princess Hadjina as he started to feel drowsy, the princess smiled him, "You're a good slave, brave slave..."

### **Waking**

When Henrietta awoke she was back in her bed in the dormitory, in the harem. Her groin felt sore and was bandaged up tightly. The hated metal underwear was clearly gone and despite feeling a tinge of sadness, she felt, a certain calmness, a serenity... It would be well over a week before the bandages could be removed, but princess Hadjina had excused her from duty for the time it took to recover.

### **Blind Luck**

When the princess returned to her room, Raisha was still there spread-eagled on the bed, "Ahhh... You are still here and I do not even have to re-tie your blindfold... I will mount you again, once you are inside me, as before rock your hips, try to orgasm."

"Your royal highness, why may I not look upon your great beauty while I penetrate you?"

"Hah! You are my property! You are not permitted to look upon me because I do not want a slave, particularly a lustful slave who is

neither a eunuch nor chastised to look upon me. Do not forget that slave – you are my property for me to use or dispose of at my will.”

She climbed on and started riding him, “From now on slave...

Henrietta will bathe me, you will be limited to less... Hmmm....

Hmmm, personal tasks... “

“Oh... Why your... Oh... Royal highness.”

“She has asked to become my eunuch, as such this afternoon, she had a penectomy, castration and scrotum removal... As is fitting...

Hmmmm, for one of the princess’s personal slaves... Oh....”

### **Conception**

The princess kept Raisha tied up and blindfolded in her room for several days, riding her to orgasm several times a day, each day. At the end of the few days, Raisha was locked back into the vicious chastity briefs and she resumed her duties.

While Henrietta recovered, Raisha continued to bathe the princess, suffering immensely at the hands of the chastity device each time. Raisha even thought about asking to become the princess’s eunuch too, but knowing the princess wanted to conceive she didn’t bring it up.

### **Epilogue**

Many months later the princess had a baby boy, who was called Jamal, and Raisha knew secretly along with the princess it was her son. Henrietta grew to accept her loss of sexuality and became more and more comfortable with the fact that she was owned by the princess, the personal property of princess Hadjina and more happy to serve her, the sense of being owned by the princess grew and as it grew it made her happier to be owned.

Raisha continued to strain and struggle with chastity, despite Henrietta taking over all bathing and personal care duties. Raisha asked to see Henrietta’s groin and saw the tiny scars showing where a scrotum and penis had been, with but a tiny hole showing... It was tempting, but so scary...

In the end the Sultan grew suspicious that Ramal was not his son and discovered the truth through a secret genetic test. When he confronted princess Hadjina he was not mad at her, or at Raisha...

For he had what he wanted a son... And accepted, that he could not conceive. However he had to give an ultimatum...

### **The Ultimatum**

The Sultan, Raisha and Princess Hadjina were in her apartment, the door was locked.

The Sultan looked at Raisha, "Slave, I know what you have done... But I am not angry, I am thankful... I had suspected for some time, something was not right... I will raise your son as my own and he shall become Sultan of Rijkistan. For your part in this, I wish to offer you, your freedom. You may be released from my wife princess Hadjina's service and return to your home."

Raisha looked at the beautiful princess and his heart sank. He would never see her again. Through all the months of chastity he'd grown more and more besotted with her and now couldn't bear to be parted with her. "Your highness, I... I do not wish to leave the service of my princess, I wish to remain her property and servant."

"I cannot allow that under the circumstances slave... Please, take my offer of freedom and go."

Princess Hadjina formed a cheeky grin, "Hmmm, there is one way my Sultan? Perhaps... Perhaps if Raisha was to agree to have the surgery? To become my eunuch? Then he could remain in the harem and continue to be my property, being as my personal slave... I do like her, I always have... She is one of my favourite slaves..."

The Sultan shrugged, "I can agree to this... You may remain the property and personal slave of princess Hadjina if you volunteer to become a eunuch... Do you accept?"

Raisha sighed, and felt her groin, still encased in steel, then saw the princess smiling at her. His testicles and penis hadn't been useful for anything for months and months, and he couldn't bear to leave the princess service...

"I accept, I wish to become princess Hadjina's eunuch and remain her personal property for as long as I live..."

The princess smiled, "I knew you would say that Raisha... I have already booked you in... I shall take you to Rinji for your surgery now... My slave..."

## Final Epilogue

When Raisha came around from the surgery she felt sore, and disorientated. She'd been lifted up from Rinji's clinic and transported to her bed in the Harem. She instinctively felt down to her groin, it was heavily bandaged, but she could feel the lack of genitalia. Through the bandages she felt the smooth, featureless curvature of the area where her penis and balls had been. The immediate sensation was one of loss, 'What have I done?' was the first thing to enter her mind. She lay sobbing, and sobbing, while feeling the area where her genitals had been.

Eventually Henrietta entered, and approached, sitting beside Raisha's bed, and stroking her now long hair, "Shhhh, shhh, it's alright... I know how you're feeling right now – I felt the same. It will pass, give it time, the sense of loss will pass as your testosterone levels fade into nothingness... You will have to sit to pee from now, and you won't be able to feel aroused... It sounds bad now, like it did when you had testicles, but once your hormones have fallen, it is actually liberating... Here, look how well I've healed now, Rinji is an excellent surgeon."

Henrietta lowered her harem trousers and panties, to reveal a smooth, hairless area of featureless skin with only a tiny hole to pee from on show. It was strange, but now they were both sexless, the taboo of seeing a person's groin area had gone. Raisha shuddered at the sexless groin and buried her face into her pillow sobbing.

Henrietta sighed, and stroked her hair one more time, "You will feel better, it will pass."

After Henrietta had left, she was left alone for a while, the next person to see her was princess Hadjina, she came in beaming and sat beside her bed, "Raisha, how are you feeling?"

"Terrible your royal highness... I wish I had not-"

"Shhh, there, there, these feelings will pass, I have decided to make you my single most important, personal slave. You will sleep at the foot of me bed so you can service me and my Sultan while we are making love, or attend to me as quickly as possible."

He looked up into her smiling face, her soft features, her cute little nose. Despite his sexless state he fell even more in love with her.

She smiled for a moment then scowled and slapped him, “You will not make eye contact with me slave! You are now my personal slave, but you are still my property – do not forget that... Now – you will come with me, I wish to relax in the orgasm chair.”

He followed her, limping slightly, still sore from his surgery. As he walked it felt weird having no balls or penis being batted back and forth by his hips. He sat uncomfortably in the slaves position of the orgasm chair, and allowed the princess to lock him in and move him into position, the hole in the seat wrapping snugly about his head.

He was in a storm of emotions, sexless, asexual, but so in love.

When her beautiful, pert bottom appeared in his vision and he felt her lower her pussy onto his face he smelled her aroma, and started licking, and probing with his tongue. It felt different now he was sexless, the emphasis on the princess’s pleasure seemed greater and seemed to transfer to his pleasure more readily. She was soon moaning and sighing, when she came she didn’t move, she stayed and uttered, “Continue slave...”

He carried on, preparing to work her to a second orgasm, he didn’t feel aroused, he simply felt happy to make her happy...

As he felt her juices running down his throat and nostrils, her labia sliding over his mouth and nose, he felt... He felt right... That everything was as it was supposed to be...

~fin

By Sabrina. xx

## **Free Sample chapter of ‘Anita’s Tale : The Sperm Donor’**

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### **Scrub Nurse Anita**

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

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

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

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

"Scalpel..."

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

"No... "

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

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

Anita screwed her eyes up and reached down gently picking up the scrotum, "Professor, why don't we simply make an incision in the

scrotum and snip it off?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Snip...

“Pop it in the dish dear...”

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

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

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

The theatre staff looked uncomfortable, it would be one of those incidents where the patient’s life would be saved, good for hospital statistics, but there would be serious repercussions for the patient



and they would probably be told the cancer seemed to have spread to both testis.

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

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

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

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

She was clearly expected to make the snip, separating the second testicle from the patient, completing the castration. She took the

scissors offered to her and held them over the spermatic cord, then paused and looked at the professor, "What effects will this have on his life if we can't reattach the healthy testicle?"

"Oh, lots of effects... Initially he will feel depressed, due to the changes in hormones he experiences coupled with a sense of loss – we should organize counselling for that. He will also obviously be completely infertile from this point onwards, his muscle density and bone density will lower. Some muscle will turn to fat, he'll find his bodily hair becoming thinner and slower growing, and he will get physically weaker. Once the depression wears off he'll be calmer, but have less energy. He may have some sex drive, but probably he will have none, from this point on he is neither male nor female, but from a hormonal point of view he will be closer to female, probably post-menopausal female. Indeed he may choose to undergo further surgery and have his gender reassigned, we can't perform that surgery now as we would need further consent and it's a specialist procedure, but it involves re-shaping the [inguinal canal](#) into a vagina, and the scrotum into inner and outer labia, we would use the glans of his penis to form a nice little, realistic looking and sensitive clitoris."

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

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

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

Snip!

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

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

She did as instructed and the Professor attempted the repair, "Damn... " She tried again, but on each attempt the suture ripped

through the cord or didn't grip it properly. After several goes she lay the sutures down, "It won't reattach, we'll close him up."

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

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

### **The Recovery Room**

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

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

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

He shook his head in confusion, "I'm sorry, I don't understand..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

### **‘Anita’s Tale : The Sperm Donor’ by Sabrina Jen Mountford**

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

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**~Ten years ago...**

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

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

declined. She'd lost yet another job, despite being fairly competent, fairly good at it..

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

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

Her mobile phone rang.

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

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

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

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

There was a silence for a few moments, then Samantha spoke up, "If you don't mind me asking then – what exactly is it I'm expected to do? Go for a meal with

him and kiss him goodnight?” Serena sighed audibly, “Some clients may want that from time to time... But not young master Barlow... His tastes are.... Hmm, shall we say a little more niche?”, “Niche?”, “Samantha, have you ever heard of BDSM? Of bondage, discipline and sado-masochism?”

Another silence...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



whips, riding crops, paddles, canes... And a small wooden pillory, a stock for the neck and wrists, left invitingly open. It was lined with leather and looked comfortable, but constrictive.

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

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

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

Serena smiled warmly, "Samantha, there will be no need for that... I can see we're like-minded individuals... You feel what I feel, but you don't understand it. I can help you with that of course... And I will... If you had followed my instructions, you would still have had work – we get a limited demand for female submissive escorts... But that life would have been very different, you would have received payment for being on the receiving of the whip, for lying over men's... Or women's knees, and receiving spankings... As it stands, it is YOU who will be doing the spanking. Now select an implement – don't be shy, he can neither hear nor see you."

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

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

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

"Control?"

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

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

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

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

to undo his hood now and let you practise... Remember, the most powerful tools a dominatrix has are her mind and her voice.”

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

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

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

She was enjoying it, having him bound, helpless and at her mercy made her feel in control and powerful... It started to make her feel aroused... His muffled cries made the effect all the more powerful.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Please, please stop..."

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

all?” She released his balls then patted him on the bottom in a gentle ‘we’re finished’ way.

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

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

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

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

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

“Sigh... A chastity device is something you lock onto subbie, it can be a belt or a tube, or a spiked bracelet called a Kali’s teeth bracelet. The effects are the same, you lock it onto him, and it prevents him from having sex, getting erect, having an orgasm or masturbating. As long as he is wearing it, he becomes more desperate, more frustrated, more under your control. Feminization, is the process of coercing him to cross-dress, as much as possible. This is about control and humiliation. If

you want him to be completely at your mercy and helpless to resist, get him into long term chastity and make him wear panties, bra, corset, suspenders, stockings, make-up... The more feminization and the longer in chastity, the more humble and at your mercy he becomes.”

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

“Oh yes, well, hmmm, no, maybe not – but if you can trick them into it... If you can get them into a belt and lingerie... Then they will not be able to resist liking it and feeling submissive to you. They want to wear satin and lace, but they feel guilty, you forcing them to do this absolves them of guilt, they feel absolved of responsibility. Men are not good at handling stress and being submissive is a great release for them.”

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

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

~ To read more – please read;-

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

Further Information:-

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

*Altar Boy’s Chastity Site : - <http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/>*

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

*For real world practical advice on the male chastity lifestyle, please visit Sarah Jameson’s <http://www.malechastityblog.com/> site. Her e-books on male chastity are fantastic, no nonsense resources and well worth buying if you are interested in pursuing this lifestyle.*

*For the world's best quality, highest security, chastity tubes, please see Mistress Lori's Chastity site: - <http://www.chastitytube.com/>*

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

*For the world's most visually attractive chastity belts, which are comfortable and secure, please visit <http://www.latowski.de/>*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### *The Tormentress and the Boss.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Gary is addicted to Kindle Erotica, and has some fairly extreme sexual fantasies. His girlfriend Alison doesn't approve, and decides to give him, 'aversion therapy' whereby she will dish out his fantasies to him in such doses that she forces him to dislike them. The trouble is, Alison starts getting a taste for keeping him locked up in his chastity device and wearing ladies clothing... By the time Alison and her twisted sister, bully Gary into being a bridesmaid she doesn't want to stop... All the while Gary is helpless to obey the whims of his female tormentors,*



*because he's wearing a clever, remote controlled electric shock device in on his cock. When Alison decides to force him to orgasm against his will, she chooses to force-feed him his own semen to further his aversion therapy. When it comes to the crunch and he's offered a choice – which life will he choose?*

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

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

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

*During a powercut, Peter ends up being talked into going for a drink at a gay night club. It's the last place he expects to find love, but when he meets Connie he feels a strong attraction. As he gets to know her, he realizes they are soul mates and perfect for one another, in all but one aspect... He is a man and she is a lesbian. They enjoy each others company so much they meet the next day anyway as friends, but as time goes on Connie begins to wish Peter was a girl. He has quite feminine features, so that night after a few glasses of wine Connie talks him into*

*participating in an experiment, which involves being fully feminized - and locked into a Kali's Teeth Bracelet chastity device. He agrees because he finds her so attractive... Connie becomes convinced she can turn Peter in the girlfriend she's always dreamed of. She takes his hand and leads him slowly into the world of femininity, but is clear from the start that one day she expects him to have his testicles 'whipped off' and full gender reassignment. He can't resist her, always putting off the thought of being castrated as something that might not happen. In the end Connie's patience with her 'project' is running out and he has to make a choice - lose Connie, or lose his testicles...*

### *Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination*

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

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

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

*Samantha is down on her luck, she's lost her job and is going to lose her flat. A mysterious offer from the seemingly rich and powerful 'Serena Carlotti' is her last hope. Serena draws Samantha Burns into the world of domination, fetish and BDSM. She thinks she's going to teach Samantha how to be a dominatrix, but Samantha is a natural... Soon Samantha is booked up and living a life of riches, so many men fall under her spell and are desperate to be dominated by her. Eventually Donald Fisher of 'Fisher Creative' a wealthy man who has inherited a fortune and a huge country house enters the*

equation. Fascinated with the idea of female domination he books a session with Samantha who visits him and delivers a most exciting session which involves not just Donald but his vanilla maid, Marian. At the end of the session, despite the fear and anticipation, and the pain... He wants more... How far will he go in submitting to the whims of the ultimate dominatrix Samantha Burns? Locked into a cruel chastity device, hypnotised, feminized... The more he's subjected to, the more he wants... In the end when he's given a choice, submit completely or go free... What will he choose? Will he be able to resist the thought of being locked into Samantha's 'emasculator device' again?

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

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

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

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

*out how we expect them to.*

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

*Coming Soon:-*

### *The Ex's Revenge*

*She coerces him into chastity and panties... Embarrassment, humiliation and domination follow, all to teach him a lesson. One thing is for sure, he ends up wishing he'd never cheated on her and left her.*

### *The Harem Slave*

*The Caliph's head wife wants to see how a non-eunuch male performs as a harem slave, but the Caliph will only agree to it if the slave is kept in permanent chastity. Will the chastised slave outperform his castrated colleagues in the harem? Will serving the beautiful women of harem, while in strict chastity prove too much for him?*

## **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.

Q: Do you create your own book covers?

A: No, they are done for me.

Q: What happened to the Caliph?

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 above, but I can't be held responsible for the outcome.

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

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

Q: *Do you really dominate your boyfriend?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Q: So do you hate men?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: Sexuality is complicated. He fantasizes about castration and being reassigned a woman, but he doesn't really want to be... The reality here should be kept very separate from the fantasy. Having your testicles removed will have a serious effect on your physiology and sexuality. The desire to be castrated will probably vanish the minute your balls have been snipped off, but it's too late then – you might as

well take HRT and have breast enhancements – once it's done it's done and once it's done I don't think you can experience anything like a 'normal' orgasm again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: No it's a pen name.

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

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