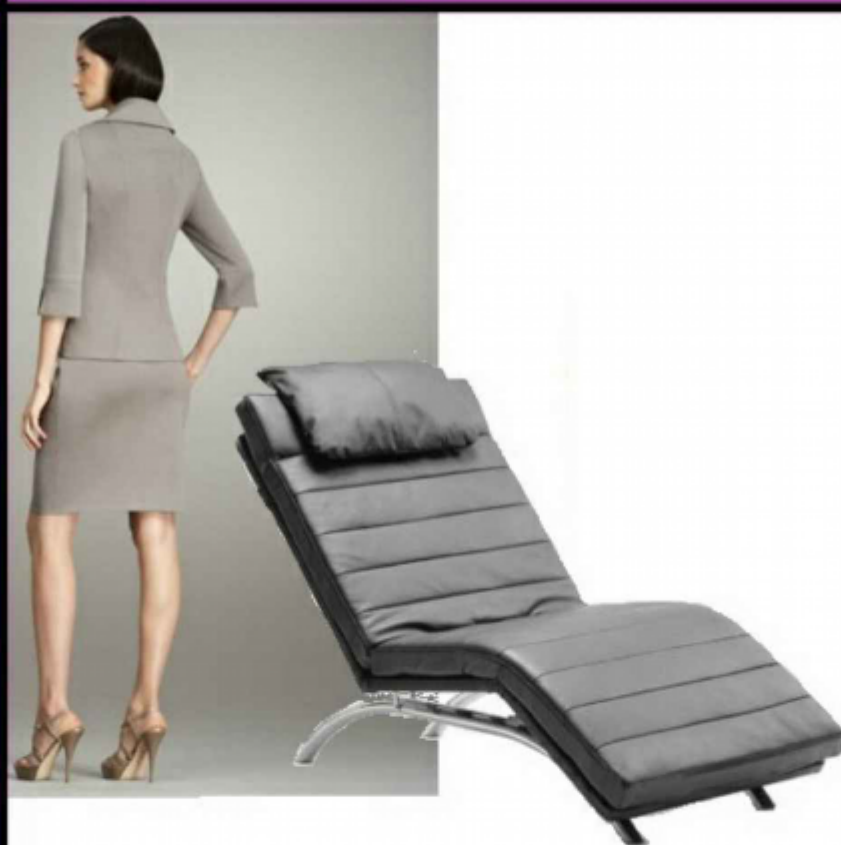


**THE HYPNOTIST : CHASTITY, FORCED
FEMINIZATION, FEMALE DOMINATION,
EROTIC HYPNOSIS & MIND CONTROL**



SABRINA JEN MOUNTFORD

The Hypnotist

~ **By Sabrina Jen Mountford**

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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

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!

* If you've read all mine, and Sarah Jameson's and want to read more of the same – please consider reading the following stories by Anne Michelle:-

Grounded in heels

The Writers Secret

Humiliation at the office

Forward:-

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

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

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Enjoy the story.

~ Sabrina

The Hypnotist : Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.

Chapter 1 : Denial

Denise had been seeing Alex for several months now, they got on well and

found each other really attractive. The trouble was something was missing. It hadn't been at first, but as the magic of a new relationship faded into the staleness of an existing one, the lacking magic became apparent...

One of the problems was Alex's unwillingness to be more adventurous sexually. Denise was a risk-taker, and a natural dominant, but whenever the subject was broached, Alex would shut her down immediately, calling her perverse and insisting on not talking about it in future.

It was a Friday night, Alex and Denise were curled up together on the sofa, watching television with a glass of wine. They'd been watching the news, as it ended Denise threw back the rest of her wine and sighed deeply, "Come on, let's go to bed..." Alex sipped his wine and raised an eyebrow, "Erm, it's only ten thirty... I'm not tired." She rolled her eyes at him, "Alex, there's more to do in bed than sleep you know."

He shrugged, "Hmmm, I could read for a bit there's nothing on... Actually, I fancy a cigarette."

Denise sighed again, "You really should quit smoking you know, you're effectively burning about ten pounds per day by smoking." He sighed this time, "I know... It's hard though, I have cut down."

She got up and beckoned him with her finger, "Come on..."

He sighed and followed her upstairs, she stripped naked as soon as she was in the bedroom, her perfect skin, smooth and enticing. He started removing his clothes at the same time, but was far slower, so she started helping him with his shirt buttons. Soon enough she grabbed his shoulders and pushed him onto the bed, "I'm going on top tonight!" Alex frowned, "I'd prefer the missionary position..."

Denise chuckled, "I haven't got a strap-on handy so I can't penetrate you in the missionary position." Alex scowled, "I'm supposed to penetrate you!" She smirked at this, "Hmmm, well for now..." Alex grabbed her and rolled her to the side, then positioned himself in the dominant part of the missionary position. They started grinding together, their hips sliding over each other and his member probing in and out, soon they were sighing, moaning and groaning...

Alex was about to orgasm, when he felt Denise hand exploring his posterior... The next moment he felt a finger enter his anus forcefully, “Hey! Stop!” she closed her eyes and moaned softly, “Shhh.... “

At which point Alex stopped reached behind and pulled her hand out, he snarled at her, “Hmmp, you’d better go and wash your hands...”

She shrugged, then left to wash her hands and climbed into bed with him. Leaning on an elbow she smiled at him, “You like me exploring your anus... “ He glared at her, “No I don’t, don’t ever do that again.” She smirked, “I could get a strap on you know, maybe it’s time YOU took a turn at being penetrated?”

He shook his head at her, “That’s disgusting... I don’t want you to ever mention it again.”

She frowned, “Spoilsport.” He rolled over, so he was facing away from her and pulled the covers up, “Go to sleep.”

Chapter 2 : Caught Red Handed

As usual whenever Alex was frustrated, or simply annoyed with Denise, he began staying up later and avoiding speaking to her. Sex was definitely not on the menu and to compensate, by way of a rebellious snipe at her Alex began masturbating frequently.

Denise was home from work an hour early, having had a frustrating day at the office, she’d decided to take some ‘time-owing’. She closed the front door to the house and made her way up stairs. As she did she could hear soft panting and a ‘put, put, put’ sound – coming from the main bedroom. Curious she nudged the ajar and gasped.

There with his eyes closed, Alex was lying with his trousers around his knees, his eyes closed and his face red – masturbating. “Alex! That’s disgusting!” He didn’t stop, he almost moaned, “Urnh! Can’t stop... Nearly there...”

She watched him, tutting softly, fighting the urge to grab his hands and stop him. Within a few seconds a huge fountain of semen spewed into

the air and deposited itself on his chest, accompanied by a satisfied sigh and Alex's body going limp.

"Ahhh, that's better... Good day at work?" Denise scowled at him crossly, "Alex, I don't like you playing with yourself, it's disgusting... I want you to stop masturbating and maybe think about having sex with me again? You know? Your girlfriend?"

He glared at her, "Hmmmph! If you'd just have normal sex, then... Anyway it's my body, I can do what I like." She sighed deeply, "But it's our relationship... Hmmm, you know what might be fun?"

He looked puzzled, "What?", "Well, how about I got you a male chastity device? I could be your key holder? Keep you nice and snugly locked up, only able to orgasm when I decided to unlock you? I could keep you locked up for days, weeks, months... "

He smirked, "I can't see it, you're sex mad, it'd bother you more than it bothered me."

Denise smiled warmly, "Oh I don't know, you could use that wonderful tongue of yours – like you used to? You're a bit out of practice, but you used to be very good!"

Alex rolled his eyes, "Forget it, I am NOT wearing a chastity device, do they do them for women too? How do I know you're not having a diddle while I'm out at work?"

She raised an eyebrow, "They do, do them for women as a matter of fact, but I think it would be more fun to get you locked up nice and snug... I miss your tongue, we used to be so well acquainted..."

He rolled his eyes at her again, "Forget it, there's no way I'm wearing a chastity 'device' or whatever – I pleasure myself when I feel like it. I'm going for a smoke, where are my fags?"

Chapter 3 : Satin and Lace

As always happened when they clashed over this sort of issue, Denise and Alex began avoiding speaking to each other and had a cold relationship for

several days. However Denise simply couldn't allow it to drop. In her mind, some kinky fun was just the sort of thing their relationship needed in order to inject some life into it, her problem seemed to be convincing Alex, she knew which part of the relationship she intended to seize for herself.

Gradually they grew closer again, and things returned to a near state of normality. Denise meanwhile was thinking about other ways she could encourage Alex to embark upon this journey with her. Eventually she decided she would have to be more forceful and waited until a Saturday. She made sure to get an early night and got up an hour earlier than Alex, creeping quietly she emptied his underwear drawer and the washing basket and collected up all of his underwear from around the house. Next, she put all the boxer shorts and underpants in plastic bags and carried them to the garage, then hid them at the back behind an old washing machine they were storing.

Ever so quietly she crept back to the bedroom and deposited some of her sexiest, most feminine underwear – in Alex's underwear drawer, then climbed back into bed.

About an hour or so later Alex awoke, to find Denise sitting up in bed with a cup of tea, she smiled at him, "Morning... I've made you a cup of tea." He sat up in bed too, and took the cup she handed to him, "Thanks... What shall we do today?"

Denise sipped her tea, "Hmmm, how about we go shopping? We could have some lunch while we're out?"

Alex nodded, "Yeah... We could..." Denise grew a wicked, mischievous grin, "Come on, let's get ready and try to get out of the house quickly."

Alex slid out of bed, pulled his pyjama's off, exposing his naked body then walked to his underwear drawer, to Denise's giggles. He slid the drawer open and suddenly sported a puzzled look. He rummaged through the lacy, satin bra's and knickers then glared at Denise, "What's this? Where are my boxer shorts!?"

Denise smirked, "I've confiscated them, so boring... I think it would be more fun to put you in ladies underwear." He glared at her even more

crossly now, “Stop mucking about, I’m not wearing bra and knickers!” Denise looked hurt at him, “Not even for me? I think you’d look really cute in them!”

He shook his head angrily, “No! I’m not wearing women’s underwear!” Denise leaned closer, “Please, for me, just try some on! There, pick up those pink ones... Good.”

He held the skimpy satin pink knickers, with the waist band trimmed with black lace and a little ribbon bow with fingertips, as if he didn’t want to touch them.

“Now put one leg in... Good...” He’d reluctantly put one foot in, feeling the lace around the leg hole tickled his ankle. “Now the other one...” Gingerly he stepped into the other leg.

“Now pull them up...” He started drawing them up his legs, shaking, only getting as far as the top of his calf then he grimaced in disgust, pulled them down and glared at her, “Forget it! I’ll go commando today!”

She sighed, giving up, and glared at him, “Fine!... Spoilsport... Why you can’t be... I don’t know... A bit more daring? Adventurous? Fun? *Sigh* “

He pulled his jeans on with no underwear and scowled at her, “Yeah, well, I wish you could be a bit less weird and perverted! I’m going out for a cigarette.”

The shopping trip went ahead as planned, Alex going ‘commando’ and Denise miffed at him for spoiling her game. They did have lunch out together, but sat in silence, each as annoyed at the other for the whole time. As usual when things got stressful between Alex and Denise he found himself smoking more and more and ended up finishing a packet of twenty cigarettes while they were out – which Denise couldn’t help but point out. Of course as always Alex would quote ‘high stress levels’ and suggest that he’d try to quit when things were easier.

Before returning home Alex ensured he purchased another pack of boxer shorts in case Denise refused to tell him where she’d hidden his.

Despite Alex’s protests Denise didn’t reveal where she’d hidden his

underwear, however after a few days Alex had found them and spread them out between drawers, and warned Denise not to play the same trick again.

Chapter 4 : Smoking Cessation

From Alex's point of view, the shopping trip day was the last time Denise raised her topic of domination, and kink and Alex thought all was probably well. She even produced, about a fortnight later, an envelope for him, as he walked through the door after a hard day at the office, "Present for you Alex... To say sorry for being so... You know, for carrying on so much lately... I've decided to accept you don't want to indulge in any kink, and I won't bring it up again."

Alex smiled and took the envelope, "Good... I'm glad we can put that behind us and move on... Hmmm, what's this?" He opened the envelope and read the piece of paper:-

Dr. Eve Wilshaw BsC. MsC, PHD

Hypnotherapist

Treated until you quit - Smoking cessation course.

1st Appointment : 23rd June - 5pm at the clinic.

He raised an eyebrow, "Wow, thanks... I don't know if it will work though, I've tried everything else except hypnotism, patches, gum and stuff... I have cut down a lot lately."

Denise smiled, "They say she's the best, and it'll be nice to finally stop once and for all right?"

Alex nodded his agreement, "Yeah, thanks... This is really thoughtful... The least I can do is give it a try eh? Can I cook you dinner tonight?"

He cooked, they ate, and snuggled up together on the sofa, Alex not noticing Denise's mischievous smile she flashed him once or twice.

Until the date of his first appointment Denise didn't mention kink or domination once...

Chapter 5 : The Appointment

Alex turned up alone at the office of Dr Wilshaw. It was a quiet building in the nice part of town. A silver plaque on the wall outside made it clear he was in the right place. He pushed the door open gently and it swung easily from his touch. Inside, the reception was immaculate; the receptionist desk was empty though. He walked up to the desk and was about to call out to see if someone was there, when the door to Dr Wilshaw's office opened.

Dr Eve Wilshaw was achingly beautiful; she wore a plain, but elegant beige suit with a satin blouse and wore her hair neatly in a short bob. She was surprisingly young for her impressive academic achievements. "Mr Turner? Are you here for your treatment?"

He stammered, a little taken aback by her beauty and youth, "I, erm, yes... I erm..." She raised an eyebrow at him, "You're here for hypnotism, smoking cessation? Please, come in – don't be afraid."

He followed her into her modern office, which had the normal office furniture you would expect, but also a modern black couch by the window with a little stool behind it.

As her high heels clicked on the wooden floor she said over her shoulder, "Please, take a seat..." Alex, still a little shaken went to take a chair opposite the desk, but as he did, she stopped him, and spoke firmly, "Mr Turner, I think we should get stuck straight in, please – lie down on the couch."

He was feeling increasingly nervous now, but obeyed her commanding order. She sat in the little stool behind him, just out of his view. He felt her hands grip his shoulders and start massaging them firmly but gently, "You're so tense! Try to relax, this won't work if you can't relax – have you ever been hypnotised before?"

He melted under her touch, but couldn't shake the unease he felt, "No, this is my first time... I really have no idea what to expect."

She chuckled under her breath at this, "Ooh, a hypnotised virgin eh? Hmmm, how to explain it... I'm going to go deep into your subconscious,

into your mind... Once there, I'm going to change the way you think... Shape you, mould you, programme you if you like... If you were having a limb treated or an organ, or you were having plastic surgery on something – then you would be having something you feel you have ownership of altered, or repaired. With hypnotism though, it's you, your very core, the mind that resides in your brain which I'm going to alter... Are you ready?"

Alex chuckled, "Are you going to swing a gold watch in front of me?" She laughed, "No, that's a rather old fashioned approach I'm afraid, just close your eyes for me... Good, now take deep, deep breathes... In through the nose, and out through your mouth... I want you to completely relax your body... Relax your toes, now your feet, feel your body relaxing as your lower legs relax, now your thighs... Keep breathing... In.... and out... Good..."

Her voice had a strange tone to it, it sent shivers down his spine... It was so relaxing, he started to feel like he was almost paralysed, stuck on the couch, while she coaxed him into a more and more relaxed state. Soon she'd gone through his entire body telling him to relax every part.

"Good... Now I want you to let me into your subconscious. You need to allow me into the deepest depths of your mind, so I can tweak and alter the way you think, and change who you are... Let me in, let me alter you... shape you... Count back now from ten to zero... Let me in, let me re-shape the way you think, give me control over your subconscious...."

He started counting backwards, as he hit zero he felt himself totally paralysed and completely relaxed, his subconscious gaping open. All he could hear, all he was aware of was her hypnotic voice, "Good, now Alex, I can start re-programming you, as per Denise's instructions. From this point, you will remember nothing..."

Things were a little hazy then, the next thing he was aware of was Dr Eve, saying, "And wake..."

He opened his eyes, and tried to look up at her, but she was still just out of view, "How do you feel?" He smiled, "Good, I feel really good..." She stood up, "Would you like a glass of water? We'll need several sessions together for me to reprogram you completely."

He took the glass she passed him from the water cooler and slid his legs off the couch... She was very attractive, he found himself feeling aroused, but also strangely he felt a compulsion... It wasn't Dr Eve, it was her skirt, and blouse, and high heels he longed to try them on... He moaned softly as his erection grew in his trouser but she was now holding the door for him, "Same time next week Mr Turner?"

He ambled out, his legs still feeling strange, and him having to drag himself away from admiring her, admiring her clothes and desperately wanting to wear them.

Chapter 6 : A new perspective

When Alex got home, he still felt a little strange. As he walked through the door to their small house Denise was there to greet him, "How did it go hon?" Alex inexplicably found himself struggling to look her in the eye. He felt strangely compelled to look down submissively. She wasn't dressed up, she wore jeans, a sweater and some low heeled female shoes. Yet he found himself immediately fantasizing about wearing them...

A thought lingered in his mind, had Eve implanted more than a desire to quit smoking in his... Before the thought could manifest, it scrambled up and was gone from his memory, almost as if some trigger had caused him to forget as soon as the thought occurred. He looked confusedly at her, "Well I erm... I don't feel like a cigarette... I feel weird..." Denise raised an eyebrow, "You don't feel like a cigarette?"

He shook his head, "No... I haven't thought about cigarettes once since... I might have a bath..." She shrugged, "Okay, I'll make some dinner..."

Alex was still troubled by his memory, and strange feelings as he wandered into the bathroom. He'd been having a thought, when almost magically, as if a 'thought, self-destruct button' had been pressed, it had gone and he couldn't for the life of him recall what he'd been thinking.

He flicked the hot and cold taps on and started to undress, then lifted the lid on the washing basket to throw his clothes in... There was Denise's dirty laundry... A black satin bra and panties, before he could think about what he was doing he realised he'd reached in and picked them up. He was running them through his fingers and appreciating the feel, the

smell... He remembered the recent occasion when Denise had tried to bully him into wearing her underwear... He'd been experienced such revulsion at the idea at the time... But why? Now he desperately wanted to put them on, the knickers and the bra. He could see the evidence of slightly smelly vaginal discharge on the front of the panties, it should have been disgusting... But before he could think about what he was doing he found himself sliding one foot in, then the other and pulling them up.

The lacy waistband was trimmed with a little ribbon bow on the front, and they looked very feminine, they struggled to contain his growing erection though, his testicles and penis simply had nowhere to go... While he contemplated this he realised he'd already fed his arms into the bra and was reaching behind him to clip the fastener at the back.

He looked at himself in the full length mirror on the bathroom cabinet. Part of him felt disgusted, most of him felt baffled - he'd never had these urges before, yet here he was dressed in Denise's bra and knickers, sporting the erection of his life. He reached down and started massaging himself, slowly at first... He felt almost like he could come by thinking about it... He thought about the bathroom door, he'd locked it surely? He stepped towards it and checked it, making sure it was locked again... Then lay down on the floor and untucked his penis from the sexy, feminine underwear. He began breathing faster and sliding his palm and fingers over his member, each time ensuring he collided with the lace on his girly underwear. He could feel the satin against his skin, the bra straps around his shoulders and the bra on his chest... He moaned softly...

"What are you doing?!"

Alex opened his eyes, Denise was standing over him smirking, he was sure he'd locked the door! "I erm... I..." Denise looked at him crossly, "Hmmpf, well I can see what you're doing... You look very nice in black satin and lace, as a matter of fact – they suit you... What happened to your previous accusations of me being 'Weird and Perverted'? You're the one lying on your back masturbating while wearing ladies underwear..."

Alex shuddered, he was speechless, "I... I..." She leaned over him, "Look, you can wear my bras and panties if you really want to, you really do look cute in them... But I'm not having you masturbating in them and getting cum stains all over them."

Alex was bright red now, he couldn't look her in the eye, "I'm sorry..." Denise raised an eyebrow and sat on the lowered toilet lid, "Sorry doesn't cut it.. I think I'll have to punish you, to ensure your future obedience... Come on, over my knee..."

He felt ridiculous, he couldn't understand why he was so willing to undergo this punishment but before he realised he was doing it he'd lowered himself down onto her knee. She gripped his wrists together, tightly, then rested her elbow in the nape of his neck, "It's funny that I'm stronger than you isn't it?" The words seemed to trigger something in Alex, he suddenly went limp and weak. Normally he could easily struggle free, but now her grip felt like an iron vice.

Before he could protest, Denise had pulled his knickers down and started spanking him ferociously. Her hand rose and fell like a blacksmith's hammer, each blow ringing out a sharp cracking noise, causing him to yelp or grunt. After a few he pleaded with her, "Denise! That's enough! It... Argh!" He tried to struggle, but she had him firm, he couldn't understand it... She was normally a weakling compared to him, but now she had him in an iron grip – totally immobilized.

"I haven't finished yet hon, I want to see these cheeks a nice rosy red – so I know you'll remember not to masturbate in my underwear again. Now shhhh, another fifty strokes should do... Unless you complain again – then I'll double it."

Submissively Alex lay across her knee accepting stroke after stroke without complaint, helpless to escape. Eventually Denise's hard smacking subsided and she simply held him there, prone, over her knee chuckling, "Alex, that was so much fun... And so hot... You've got me all wet... I think you should clean me up, 'using that tongue of yours'."

Alex wriggled, his senses were all over the place confused, he didn't want to give cunninglas, yet he found himself kneeling on the floor, and pulling Denise's jeans down, and panties and working his tongue up and down her labia and clitoris, then probing deeply into her vagina, while juices ran into and over his mouth. She sighed and leaned back, Alex despite desperately wanting to stop, continued – smearing juices all over his face as he probed as deep as he could with his tongue, then swirled it around her labia and clitoris... Eventually Denise sighed deeply and gave out a soft

moan... “Good boy, I’m done.” At which Alex promptly stopped.

He screwed his face up at himself, he couldn’t understand it, he’d been compelled, completely to service her orally, yet now he stopped he couldn’t understand why. His thoughts turned to the mysterious hypnotist, but as they did he felt his brain scramble and he almost forgot about her completely, he certainly forgot the growing suspicion that she’d altered his mind in a way which was beyond a simple smoking cessation treatment.

Denise chuckled at him as she wiped herself with a tissue, “You’d better wash your face Alex... And take my underwear off.”

He looked pleadingly at her as she rose to her feet, “Now, now... You said I could forget you wearing my underwear – take it off, have your bath and no masturbating... We’ll watch a film after.”

Alex groaned, she left and he tried to take the sexy feminine underwear off, but he felt loathe to do so. He so longed, longed achingly to stay in her bra and panties... It took every ounce of will power to remove them. When he had, his bath was still warm and he slipped in to it. The thoughts of his brief encounter with Denise had him so aroused... He had to cum, he was desperate, he tried to stroke his member, but it simply wouldn’t get hard.

In desperation he applied a little soap to his palm and slid it over his penis again, still nothing. It was soft and squidgy and quite small, as if completely flaccid.

Frustrated he washed himself quickly, dried himself, then dressed and returned to the living area.

When he got there Denise was curled up on the sofa with a glass of red wine, she’d poured him one too. “Ahhh, there you are, I was beginning to think you’d gotten lost... You’re not wearing my underwear again are you? They do really suit you...” There was a mischievous twinkle in her eye as she said it. Alex had gotten dressed quickly and avoided thinking about or looking at her things. He glared at her, “No!” As he spoke he could feel his erection growing at the thought...

She sipped her wine, "I don't mind you know, I like you in panties, they suit you... I just don't want you soiling my nice things with your cum stains."

He went red, "It won't happen again!" She smiled, "Okay, now come and watch the news with me."

His head was a mess, it was all over the place. The fact was he couldn't even think about going for a cigarette, he felt like he didn't know who he was anymore. He'd been so sure of himself... Now he couldn't stop thinking about wearing ladies clothes... He also found without thinking, rather than sit on the sofa, he'd sat on the floor at her feet – something he'd never normally do. As he sat she slid her feet in front of his face, "Pull my socks off and give my feet a rub."

Again, before he could think about her request, he found himself fulfilling it, giving her feet a firm but gentle massage and focusing entirely on doing so – ignoring the television.

When eventually they turned the lights out and retired to the bedroom, Alex was a gibbering wreck. As the bedroom door clicked shut, Denise opened the wardrobe, and pulled out two feminine, silky, satin nighties and held them up to Alex, "I went shopping today, and bought these, which one do you think I should wear?"

He went bright red, looking from one to the other, both plain and elegant, but sexy and suggestive. He looked from one to the other, feeling his erection growing as he melted at the thought of wearing one... He could almost feel the soft, silky material against his body...

"Well, which one?"

He snapped out of it, one was a deep royal blue and the other one was red with black trimmings. "Erm, the erm, wear the red one...", "Red for girls, blue for boys?" she giggled at him... He glared, "I'm not sleeping in a nightie!" She pointed at the huge basecamp setting up in his groin area, "Is that for me then?" He looked down, "I erm, yes..."

She leaned closer, "Liar!" He stammered, "I'm not turned on in the least at the thought of wearing your... *sigh* look I'm just not, can we go to bed?"

She held out the blue one towards him, "Alright, if you're not turned on – prove it, put this on. If it turns you off - we'll soon see, you can take it straight off and we'll say no more about it.. If however you get even harder, then I'm afraid you're sleeping in it tonight."

He frowned, "I'm not trying it on!" She smirked, "Scared? I knew it was turning you on... Sissy... I don't know, first my undies and bra, now my nightie? Will I catch you trying on my stockings, suspenders and a dress next? You say you're not a sissy - prove it."

He glared at the nightie, it couldn't be that hard... Put it on, think of something non-sexual and they'd end this nonsense. He held out a hand, "Alright, give it here." She giggled and handed it to him. Gingerly he took off his clothes and slid the nightie over his head. Immediately his erection grew even stronger, swinging the front of the loose fitting, short, night dress forwards. He could feel the sensual soft material rippling over his skin... The humiliation of Denise, not just catching him masturbating in her underwear, but spanking him, then watching him put her nightie on... It was too much, a tiny dark spot appeared at the end of his erection, and gradually grew larger.

Denise stepped forwards and pointed to it, "Uh, oh... Looks like you lose..." He looked down in dismay at his still raging hard on – he felt like he was going to explode. "Wha..." She smiled at him, "My, my, fancy that – he's so much of a sissy, just putting a nightie on makes him leak pre-cum... Who would have thought? I think I'll have you wear panties too, go and put the dirty ones from the laundry basket on – I don't want pre-cum all over my nightie."

Defeated he did as she ordered, still inwardly baffled at how compliant he was being. When he returned to the bedroom she was already in the red one and lying in bed. He slid under the covers and she turned the lights off.

She rolled over and pressed herself against him, hugging him and kissing him and fondling him with her small gentle hands. "Hmmm, I like you in satin..." He quivered, melting under her gentle caress and the soft feminine material encasing his torso and genitals. Eventually she broke away with a final kiss, "Goodnight honey, sleep well."

Alex rolled back and tried to sleep, his erection was unnatural though, he felt like his penis was going to burst. Carefully he slipped a hand down and felt a gob of pre-cum again... It'd take so little! He fidgeted, stroking himself, massaging, he began to groan with pleasure...

"What are you doing?!" she sounded cross, he gulped, "I erm, it's just erm..." She sighed, "It's bad enough you soiling my things with pre-cum, I'm not having you wanking off to a full orgasm and spraying semen everywhere."

He sighed, "Do you want me to take it off?" She chuckled as she climbed out of bed, "Dear me, and what would that teach you? No, hands above the covers please, up by the headboard – good, now keep them there."

She fumbled around in the dark for a few moments, then knelt on the bed, he felt her click each cuff of a long chained set of handcuffs onto his wrists. So tight he couldn't get his hands free, but not so tight as to be uncomfortable. "Hey!"

She giggled, "That should keep you from playing with yourself... At least until I can outfit you with a chastity device... We'll soon cure you of your sissy tendencies hmmm?"

He groaned... He was so aroused... He was burning to come, but nothing he could do, would stimulate him. Eventually he managed to fall into an uneasy sleep.

Chapter 7: A new day, a new dawn, a new life... For me...

When Alex woke the next day his shoulders were stiff. It'd taken an age to get to sleep, being so aroused. Whatever had come over him yesterday had subsided somewhat, he felt silly now, handcuffed to the bed wearing a nightie and Denise's dirty knickers. Denise was already up and walking into the room with two cups of coffee, "Morning Alex... Sleep well?"

He glared at her, "As well as can be expected, wearing your things and handcuffed to the bed." She chuckled at this, "Cheer up, I brought you a coffee." He rattled his chains, "Are you going to let me out then?"

She leaned closer, “Hmmm, I don’t know... I’ve got you just where I want you now haven’t I ?” , “Denise!”

Denise smirked, “Hmmm, let me see... Perhaps if you’re really nice to me, I’ll think about it.” Alex groaned, “I can’t very well do much ‘nice’ unless you count complimenting you... While in this situation can I ?”

She placed the coffees on the bedside table and climbed onto the bed, then she straddled his head, her genitals millimetres from his face, “I think you should ask me nicely, ‘using that tongue of yours’...” It was like a trigger had been pulled in his head, as Denise held up the hem of her nightie and lowered her clitoris to his face he began enthusiastically licking, and probing and working his tongue as hard and fast as he could.

For Alex it was weird, it was as if he’d started delivering cunnilingus before he’d made the decision to. Pussy juice running down and dripping into his mouth, pubic hairs were getting stuck in his mouth, but he kept frantically pleasuring her with his tongue. She dropped the hem of the silky, satin, red nightie onto his head and grabbed the headboard with both hands, then started rocking her hips back and forth, effectively making love to his face. He could hardly breath, every rock of her hips forcing him to swallow more and more pussy juice, after a few moments she let out a long, deep, sigh of pleasure and rested... Her vagina smothering his nose and mouth making it difficult for him to breath and forcing him to inhale her feminine sexual aroma...

Despite her orgasm having been reached, Alex still couldn’t stop licking and caressing with his tongue, only when she murmured “Good boy, I’m done.” Did he find himself able to stop.

At that point she climbed off his face, then retrieved the keys and unlocked him. He couldn’t wait to get out of the nightie and knickers, and to brush his teeth, and pick the pubes out of his teeth. He climbed out of bed, and walked to the wardrobe, Denise almost whispered, “Hmmm, they really suit you...”

It was strange, almost as if a switch had been flicked in his brain. Instead of being desperate to get out of them, he was desperate to continue wearing them. He paused, at the wardrobe, Denise called at him, “You can wear my panties if you like honey, they really suit you... As long as you

don't masturbate in them..." He looked at her with a look of pure joy... But inside he was confused... He'd normally be horrified at the idea, now here he was desperate to wear ladies underwear... What had happened? Had the hypno... Scramble... His train of thought was torn apart and flushed away into the recess of his subconscious. He looked confused at Denise and she rubbed her chin thoughtfully, "Go and get the bra, if you're going for it – I want you to wear the set."

In a few moments time Alex had retrieved the bra from the laundry basket and put it on, much to Denise's amusement. She giggled as he pulled his T-shirt and trousers on over her dirty underwear. They then had a great Sunday together, whenever Denise suggested something Alex found himself agreeing before he'd had time to think about it – the thought of having a smoke never entered his mind once, though his mind was all over the place.

A sinister thought about exactly what Dr Eve had programmed him with continued to rise in his mind, but each time it did before it could manifest he found his mind scrambling itself and forgetting about the idea.

Denise of course, was loving it, Alex had gone from being a boyfriend she was considering dumping, to being her perfect boyfriend, totally compliant, obedient and able to be controlled by some control phrases Dr Eve had programmed into him for her. She did have worries at times that he knew what had happened, but it seemed Dr Eve had covered her tracks well, forcing him to forget what he was thinking whenever he started thinking about what Dr Eve was programming him with.

Alex continued to wear Denise's underwear, always her dirty underwear. Throughout the week at work he was secretly squirming around in her panties, making his own genital area smell of vaginal juices. Once or twice his colleagues at the office noticed him adjusting a bra strap or trying to make his knickers more comfortable. Every time he tried to masturbate however he found himself completely flaccid, and nothing he could do could change it.

Chapter 8 : The Second Appointment

As the week wore on the effects on Alex lessened a little, every programme was still there, but had faded slightly. When it was the following Saturday and he was due for his next session with Dr Eve, Alex felt uncomfortable

about returning. Alex and Denise were at the breakfast table...

“Hmmp, it’s probably just a side-effect of stopping smoking...” Alex shook his head, “No, I’ve felt weird all week... I keep thinking... Aaargh! It’s going again... It’s gone... I don’t know there’s something... Gah! I can’t remember!”

Denise smirked at him, “Can’t remember what?” Alex looked confused now, “I... I don’t know...” She smiled, “I’ll tell you what, shall I come with you this time? I don’t mind waiting for you... Afterwards we can go for a coffee.”

Alex sighed deeply, “Why am I suddenly desperate to wear women’s cl... Argh! It’s going!”, “What’s going?” . “I don’t know, I was thinking something – then it just went...”

Denise smiled, “I wouldn’t think about it then... I don’t think I’ve seen you have a cigarette all week – and it’s been years since I could say that... Whatever Dr Eve did, I think it’s worked really well, I think we’ve gotten on better too.”

He nodded at that, “Hmmm, that’s true... There’s something weird though, I can’t make myself remember...” She sighed, “Then don’t try, go with the flow! Just be happy and enjoy the fact that we’re happier than we’ve been in a long time...”

He looked uncertainly at her, “Hmmm, I suppose...”

Before long Alex and Denise were in the car on the way to Dr Eve’s offices. Again there was nobody on reception, Dr Eve opened her office door as they entered and greeted them both warmly, “Ahhh, Mr Turner – and is this your partner? She can observe of course, but I can’t treat you if you’re distracted by her presence – shall we get stuck straight in? Come in, don’t be shy.”

Her voice was so commanding, again, almost mesmerised Alex followed her clicking heels and when she gestured towards the couch he found himself almost involuntarily lying down. Denise took a seat at the patient side of the desk while Eve positioned herself on the stool behind the couch. At that point he could almost feel an unbreakable control over

him, as if Dr Eve had programmed him not just to obey her, but also to want to be programmed by her, to have her in his mind, shaping the way he thought.

She turned to Denise, "Please, I'll need absolute silence if I'm to get him in a good deep trance." She then turned back to Alex, perching just out of his view on her little stool, her stockinged legs crossed tightly, her high heeled feet raised a few inches off the floor.

"Alex... Close your eyes, and relax.... Relax, feel yourself relaxing... You're falling deeper, deeper, into trance... Feel your whole body relaxing... Now I want you to count back from ten, and let me in to your subconscious. Ten, feel your mind opening... Nine, want me to shape you, programme you... Eight, give me complete control over your mind... Seven, you want me to re-programme you... To programme you to think however I see fit.... Six, give me control of your mind... Five, give me complete authority to re-programme your mind however I choose... Four, let me in, let me into your subconscious... Three, let me programme you, you want me to programme you... Two... You're getting very deep... One, I'm going to re-programme you... Zero, I have complete control... From this point you will remember nothing..."

Alex was deep in trance again. Denise leaned forwards smirking, "Did it work, is he under?" Eve dropped her mesmerizing tone and spoke in a normal voice, "No, come on Mr.Turner – get up, we'll have to try another day..."

He didn't stir, Denise raised an eyebrow. Eve leaned towards her and adjusted her glasses, "It's worked, that's just the best way of testing if it's worked... How has the programme been working so far?"

Denise was beaming at this, "Brilliantly, before he was totally against any form of kink, any feminization, anything like that... He was very insubordinate... Now he's obedient, very obedient." Eve nodded smiling, "And the control phrases I gave you?" , "They work like a charm every time..." Eve smiled, "Good... And how about the re-programming, do you think he suspects I'm giving him more than smoking cessation?" Denise rubbed her chin, "He sometimes seems to be drawing a conclusion... But it's like he won't allow himself to draw it, as soon as the train of thought starts, it seems to scramble up and fade away and he doesn't remember

what he was thinking about...”

Eve smiled, “Excellent... Everything is going very well so far then... What would you like do now?” Denise pondered, “Hmmm, the hypnotic chastity thing is good, but I want to get him into a device, I want to feel his key dangling between my breasts while he services me with his tongue...” Eve chuckled at this, “Fine, we can implant a burning desire to be locked into a chastity device... Anything else?”

Denise shrugged, “Oh more of the same, more obedient, more kinky, more submissive, make him want more feminization... Hmmm, make him crave giving me oral sex... “

Dr Eve smirked, “Okay... It’s a good job we’re old friends, you know I wouldn’t do this for anyone else – it’s completely unethical.”

Denise shrugged, “It’s doing our relationship so much good though... Besides, you’re not making him do anything he doesn’t want to do, your just changing the things he wants to do... Anyway, I thought hypnotists couldn’t make people do things they didn’t want to?”

“Hmmm, well, in theory you can’t... But I can... I start at the base and get him to want to allow me to re-programme him... It’s not easy, but he goes into trance so easy! I love working on him, I think I could programme him with anything, he’s like putty in my hands...”

Denise grinned, “Make him want me to peg him, to give him anal sex with a strap on.” Eve chuckled, “You’re evil Denise! ... Fine... But only because I like working on him so much. Now go get yourself a coffee while I get him all programmed up. Don’t forget, whatever you do – don’t hint that he’s being programmed with anything other smoking cessation, or you could cause my programmes to start to break down.”

Denise smiled and rose, “I’ll remember... I’ll go get that coffee.”

Eve watched Denise leave the office and turned to Alex, she then began her mesmeric voice again, “Ahhh... Alex, you’re so good to work on... You like me working on you, you long to be programmed... To be programmed in any way I see fit... You want to obey my every command, and Denise’s every command... You want to please us, nothing matters more to you in

this world than pleasing us, in any and every way possible.... You long to be locked up in a chastity device... You have a burning desire to be locked in such a way that you can neither gain an erection or orgasm... You feel vulnerable whenever you are out of your chastity device... As long as you have access to your genitals, you are unhappy... You have to be locked in chastity, you are desperate, oh so desperate to be locked up in a chastity belt... Only able to orgasm when your key holder permits it..."

Eve smiled at him, watching his eyelids flutter and his deep breathing... She repeated the message a few times in various tones and intensities, making sure it was well and truly imprinted on his subconscious.

Then she drew her stool a little closer, "Now Alex... You hate male clothes... All you desire is to wear panties, knickers, bra's corsets, tights, every kind of feminine underwear... To feel the soft, sensual material next to your skin... The lace tickling and teasing you as you move about... To feel the excitement of knowing you are fully feminised under your clothes... You never want to wear male under clothes again, every moment you are not in lingerie you are unhappy... The more feminine the better, you desire, desire so strongly to wear lace, satin, silk with little bows and ribbons and the trappings of female lingerie... That if you don't, you will start to feel depressed... You will wear lingerie whenever you can, being out of ladies underwear even for a moment... Makes you unhappy... Wearing lingerie, makes you aroused, you feel so aroused wearing women's clothes, nothing in the world turns you on more... Whenever you are out of lingerie, all you can think about is getting back into bra and panties."

She continued the messages about lingerie and femininity for a several minutes, filling his head with a burning, burning desire to wear women's underwear. Then she leaned back and sighed, "Alex, you are so submissive... You want to be punished, you long for nothing more than to be punished by Denise... And be me... You want us to punish you, and to use you as a sex toy... Whose only role is to be totally... Totally subservient and to think of nothing but pleasuring your mistress... And being completely submissive... And you crave oral sex, whenever you see Dr Eve, or Denise, you are going to have a burning, barely controllable desire to give oral sex immediately..."

After continuing this programme for several minutes Dr Eve altered her

tone subtly and began again, "Alex... You want to be pegged... You have a strong, infallible belief that women are the dominant sex, and in believing so, you believe they should penetrate you using a strap on during intercourse.... You have a burning desire to feel women lubricating your anus... Then sliding a strap on, in and out, in and out.... Their hips slapping against your buttocks, your anal sphincter being forced open, then allowed to close, then forced to open then allowed to close... Stretching you, humbling you... Putting you in your submissive place... Under the command of your beautiful mistress... Whom all you desire for in life, is to make happy..."

Finally Dr Eve took on a monotone voice almost robotic, but hypnotic at the same time, "Alex, I'm going to give you some control words and phrases, whenever you hear the words, 'using that tongue of yours' uttered by a lady, you will immediately try to initiate giving oral sex to that lady... You will continue giving oral sex until you hear the words, 'Good boy, I'm done', whenever you hear the words 'suit you' you will increase your desire to wear women's clothes, and wearing women's clothes will make you more aroused than ever."

Dr Eve repeated this a couple of times, savouring every moment, Alex was so easy to programme, she genuinely felt she could programme him to do anything... she glanced at the clock on the wall, there was time... She leaned closer to him, and resumed her hypnotic voice, "Alex, I'm giving you one more control word, whenever you hear Dr Eve say the words, 'time for a Dr Eve special' you will immediately stop remembering, trying to remember will scramble your mind and cause you to forget trying to remember and forget more strongly the actions you take... Without remembering it... You will help Dr Eve get undressed, then lick her to orgasm enthusiastically... Drinking as much of her juices as you can and pleasuring her with no thought for yourself.... Then you will help her to dress and once she is fully dressed you will begin remembering again... With no memory of the time passed... Whenever you start to think about the time passed being missing, you will become distracted, your brain mushed up, and forgetful..."

The main points covered, Dr Eve continued for the remainder of the hour re-enforcing her programme of making him a chastised, sissy, sex slave... She threw in bits about obedience, agreeing with Denise, little subtle messages that would improve the effect of the rest, and a token few

mantra's about not smoking, finally she reinforced the programme that prevented him from suspecting that she was giving him any more programming than he expected.

When she eventually said "Wake." Alex opened his eyes groggily, he could remember Dr Eve saying he wouldn't remember, but that was it... He groaned and looked around, "Urngh! Where's Denise..."

Dr Eve smiled at him, "Shhhh, try to relax, she went for a coffee, so I could work on you in private, I can concentrate on you so much better in private... How do you feel?" Alex was a mess...

His head was burning with desires he'd never had before, his thoughts filled with kink, submissiveness, chastity and feminisation. "I... I feel good... I feel..."

She patted him on the shoulder, "Shhh, rest, let me get you a glass of water..."

She rose from her stool and fetched him a drink from the drinking fountain, then handed it to him. He drank then rose from the couch and started dreamily towards the door, when Dr Eve stopped him, "Oh Alex...' time for a Dr Eve special'..."

Suddenly Alex's eyes became a little glazed, almost robotically, like a zombie he turned to her and began unbuttoning her suit jacket, then blouse, she turned around and allowed him to remove her skirt, bra, suspenders, stockings, panties... She sat on her chair and spread her legs giggling excitedly as he knelt down, emotionless as if in a dream and began to service her with his tongue.

Immediately it became clear to Dr Eve, why Denise had wanted him for this... He probed deep, and swirled his tongue enthusiastically and sensually... She quivered with pleasure and moaned softly... She was about to come when Denise stepped through the door, "Eve!"

Eve chuckled, "Well... If I'm going to do anything this unethical Denise, then it only seems fair I experience the oooh... benefits... myself.... Hmmm, wow he's... Oh.. He's so...." With that she arched her back and came powerfully filling Alex's mouth with pussy juice and smearing it all

over his face.

Denise was fuming, as Eve stood and allowed Alex to slowly dress her again, "You can't do this!" Eve shrugged, "Too late, I did... Any more complaints and I'll remove the programme, you'll have your old Alex back... I don't even need him in trance, I left a control word for undoing my work."

Denise snorted, "Hmmpf, well... I suppose I can share him a little... I'm not very happy about it though!"

As Alex finished dressing Eve he suddenly looked lucid again. He looked at Eve confused and reached up to pull a pubic hair out of his teeth, "What the... " Eve looked at him, "Yes?"

His mouth was full of the taste and smell of sex, of female sex... But he couldn't understand why, one second he was standing there talking... Then... It was as if he hadn't moved, but suddenly his mouth seemed full of female cum. He shuddered, "I don't think I feel well..." Eve smiled, "Oh, you'll be fine... Would you like another glass of water?" Alex looked baffled as if some idea was eating at him, trying to form but failing... He sighed defeat, "Yes please..."

Eve got him another drink and sent him and Denise on their way.

Chapter 9 : The burning desire to be locked

All the way home Denise looked a little uncomfortable, as did Alex. He'd worn her underwear to the appointment, as he now always did. He felt more pleased to be wearing lingerie than ever, he just wished, wished he was wearing more...

They didn't go for the discussed coffee and went straight home. When they walked through the door Alex stammered, a thought had been building in his head for the whole journey, "Denise...", "Yes?", "Denise... I want you to lock my cock up and keep me from having an orgasm or erection.... I want you to be my key holder." He almost didn't believe he was saying it, part of him remembered hating the idea, now he was pleading with her to enforce chastity upon him.

Denise smiled, "Of course, if that's what you want – I'm surprised though, you seemed very against the idea when I suggested it." He shrugged, "I can't explain it myself, I was... I don't know, I just can't seem to get the idea out of my head... I'm actually thinking you know, that... Urngh! What was I saying?" Denise smirked at the obvious programme protection working, stopping him thinking about whether he'd been hypnotised more than smoking cessation. "You were saying you want to be locked up nicely and snug in a chastity belt, so that you can only ever have an erection or orgasm when I deem you're entitled to one? And I was about to say, 'Excellent, let's get you measured up then!'"

After downloading the measuring instructions off a website Denise used a tailors tape to take and check all of the measurements for Alex's chastity belt. She took her time, and checked every measurement at least five times. In truth measuring him up for his steel underwear was incredibly erotic and was making her quiver with excitement...

After she'd finished she stood up and smiled at him, "Hmmm, well I've done you the favour of measuring you up and ordering your steel underwear... I think you should do me a favour, 'using that tongue of yours'"

Obediently and unquestioningly Alex undressed Denise's lower half and began licking and probing. She had to sit down immediately, and was soon lying back in ecstasy while Alex serviced her thoroughly, all the time with conflicting thoughts, on the one hand desperate to pleasure her, and enjoying lapping up her juices, but a tiny voice at the back of his mind screaming, trying to be heard, 'I want to stop! Why am I doing this!?' Then she came... With a shrill cry of pleasure she patted him on the head, "Good boy, I'm done.."

He stopped abruptly... A troubled look on his face. He started crying softly and Denise looked at him sympathetically, "Alex, what's the matter?" He was almost sobbing, he couldn't get his words out, he eventually blurted through the tears, "What's happening to me!" She caressed his hair and held his head to her breast, "There, there... You'll feel much better once we've got you all snug in that chastity belt."

Just the mention of it filled Alex with a strange calmness... He longed now not just to be a sissy, but to be locked up... And he also longed to give

Denise more and more cunning... It was strange, he felt compelled sometimes to do these things, other times he longed for them... His whole life, his whole persona had turned upside down... And he had no idea why.

Chapter 10 : The Chastity Belt

Over the next few weeks Alex continued to visit Dr Eve for more hypnosis, every time having himself programmed more and more into being the feminised, chastised, sissy, sex slave that Denise wanted him to be and programming him to associate pleasuring Denise as his own pleasure. As the sessions wore on she became bolder and more daring, inputting more and control words and phrases in and starting to make him forget that he'd ever not felt this way, and also programming him to desperately want to be programmed more by Dr Eve... And several secret programs and control phrases that she didn't share with Denise. Denise didn't go with him in future, pleased with the results as she was, and Alex couldn't wait for his next session.

The steel chastity belt eventually turned up on a Saturday morning, in a plain unmarked cardboard box. Denise had ordered an unusual belt. Its maker had stated he'd designed it specifically for a man who had been bullied into being a bridesmaid... The unusual design, with the locking mechanism at the back, at the base of the coccyx allowed him to make a really smooth and flush feminine front that would sit flat and smooth even if worn underneath a satin bridesmaid dress. *[See The Male Bridesmaid by Sabrina Jen Mountford.]*

Alex was so excited to put it on, Denise had to fetch some frozen peas to shrivel his erection. The pieces fit together neatly and easily. As Denise slid him into the tube and started locking the structure together Alex felt a wave of relief wash over him. He was in ecstasy, the cold steel holding him firmly and snugly. When Denise snapped the lock shut at the back, gripping his waist and hips even firmer Alex felt a new height of pleasure... It caused him to start growing an erection, but as he did his glans impaled on some hidden spikes in the tube causing him to screech in agony.

Denise chuckled at him, "Hehe, like the surprise? After you'd gone to sleep, I altered the order to include the most punitive spikes – try not to get aroused and you'll be fine." Continuing to chuckle softly she placed

the key on a chain and hung it around her neck – so that the key hung provocatively between her breasts.

Alex was going red in the face, scrabbling at the belt now, it was so tight, such a good snug fit he couldn't get a finger behind it. He reached behind trying to feel the lock, he could barely reach it, let alone manipulate it. He groaned at Denise, "Urngh! You have to take it off... It's too painful!" Denise smiled at him, "But you like pain!" Again it was as if a switch was flicked in his head and he suddenly savoured the agonising pain in his groin, much to Denise's amusement.

While he stood there, she ran her hands over the steel and probed the edges with her fingers, "I love it... It's so sexy... Oh Alex, I'm so happy... I don't want ever to let you out." He smiled at her, "And I don't want to be let out ever..."

Denise raised an eyebrow, "Never come again?" He nodded, "I just want to please you..." Denise chuckled, "Awww, that's so sweet... So sweet in fact I have a special treat for you... Come into the bedroom."

He followed her in and watched as Denise slowly began undressing, her clothes falling to the floor in folds. She stopped at underwear, a matching black, satin and lace bra and panties. Then she delved into the wardrobe and emerged with a leather harness and a strap on dildo.

As soon as he saw it, a switch in his mind was activated, and he crawled onto the bed on all fours, then spread his buttocks as wide as he could to accept her.

Meanwhile Denise strapped herself into the harness, chuckling as she did, then produced a bottle of lubricant. "Good... Now Alex, I'm going to lube you up – try to relax..."

His penis was being mercilessly stabbed on the spikes, but he stayed still while he felt her finger smearing lube all over his anus, then probing inside him. There was a brief respite as she lubed up the dildo also, then he felt her hands grab his hips, "Are you ready for me?"

Before he could answer, he felt the end of the dildo tickling his anus, then the head being forced in. He was tight, being an anal virgin, he felt like he

was being ripped open as the large shaft slid in. Groaning softly he felt her fingers wrapped around his hips pulling him towards her as she thrust, penetrating him deeply.

Slowly she worked up into a rhythm, her hips slapping his buttocks and the dildo probing deeper and deeper, stroking his prostrate and penetrating as deep as his lower intestine.

After a few more moments, she pulled out and sighed deeply at him, "Hmmm, such fun... But... Hmmm, I want to try the missionary position... Flip onto your back... Good...."

Alex was now lying on his back, his knees held up high and his legs spread for her. Denise approached and slid her knees under his thighs and penetrated him again. It seemed an absurd position to be in, lying on his back, his penis probably bleeding from the savage spikes it kept pushing into, while his beautiful girlfriend penetrated him, deeper, deeper. It made Alex feel even more submissive and admire the dominance of Denise.

Denise was enjoying it just as much, each rock of the hips slid the back of the dildo up and down over her clitoris, and stimulated her further, she began moving faster and faster, moaning softly until she sighed, having brought herself to orgasm.

Alex of course had no such luck, he was left feeling frustrated, with his anus sore, and dripping lubricant onto the bed... But somehow it didn't matter, he could see Denise's obvious pleasure so that made him feel satisfied, satisfied, yet frustrated.

Denise removed her strap on and lay next to him, wrapping her legs through and around his, pressing her groin against the front of his chastity belt, and embracing him, her breasts pushing into his chest, "Hmmm, Alex... I love you so much... Our relationship now... It's perfect... I'm so glad I had Eve reprogram you, to be my kinky, sissy slave..." she gasped, realising her error...

That was it suddenly Alex's brain unscrambled and suddenly he knew, being told had broken down Eve's programme enough to allow him to realise. He scowled at her, "I knew something was wrong!" Denise was

shaking, "What do you mean? Nothings wrong!?" Alex pushed her away, "What have you done to me!"

Denise climbed out of bed and looked around sheepishly, "Nothing, nothing... I..."

He glared at her, "Get me out of this thing!" She looked at the chastity belt he was indicating, "But I love you in it... You love being in it... Why don't you try and please me, 'using that tongue of yours.'" He couldn't help himself, before he realised what was happening he was kneeling, preparing to service her orally, while she giggled again, her panic having passed.

She sat on the bed, pulled her panties down and spread her legs. Just as his tongue was about to start caressing her labia, he grimaced, screwing his eyes up, "Gargh! No!"

He couldn't help it, he was fighting the urge, revulsion in his face as some of Eve's programming was broken... Yet he continued to service her enthusiastically, clearly uncomfortable and wanting to stop, but somehow unable to. In between enthusiastic laps and gulps of female cum, he spluttered, "Gurgh! I can't stop! Urngh!" Denise giggled, "I know... Maybe I should keep you there all night? I can you know... Until you hear me say your control word to stop... You are helpless to continue..."

Alex was grimacing and fighting it, he wanted to stop, but every time he succeeded for a second he found himself diving straight back in.

Eventually he gave out a massive grunt of effort and pulled himself away... Desperately trying to focus on something else, anything to break Eve's programme.

It didn't work, but he managed to draw himself away anyway, part of him desperate to continue servicing her, part of him aware that this wasn't his choice but a programmed desire that had been implanted into his mind.

Denise watched disappointed, protesting as Alex edged away from her and started to get dressed, he even resisted the urge to put panties over his chastity belt and a bra on, but almost in tears – he found himself unable to resist, Denise pleaded with him, "Alex! Please!" He shook his head in

anguish, “I can’t.. I can’t believe you’ve done this to me! I’m going back to Dr Wilshaw’s and get her to undo it..”

“Alex!”

But by this point he’d put his jeans and T-shirt on and was charging for the door. Denise tried shouting a couple of control phrases at him – but he was blanking her. Soon he was gone and running down the street, while Denise pondered whether to chase him or not...

Chapter 11 : The Confrontation

Alex eventually found his way to Dr Eve Wilshaw’s office. Of course it was a Saturday, so he wasn’t sure if she’d be in her office. When he got there it was as quiet and slightly eerie as usual. He burst through the door, and shouted into the empty building, “Eve!”

He heard the clicking of heels on a wooden floor, then she swung the door to her office open in surprise, “Mr Turner, what are you doing here? You’re not due to see me until...” He cut her off, “I know what you’ve done! And I demand you undo it, all of it now!”

She raised an eyebrow, “Hmmm, I’m not sure what you’re accusing me off... But you’d better step in... Has my smoking cessation hypnosis not worked?”

He followed her into her office angrily, “That’s not what this is about and you know it!”

She glared at him with her piercing eyes, almost boring into his very soul with her stare, “Isn’t it? What exactly are you accusing me of?” He stammered, “I... I can’t say it... Whenever I directly air the suspicion in my head, I automatically forget it... It’s taking my full concentration to even confront you about ‘it’ if I mention it then my mind will scramble again!”

She chuckled at this, “My, my, you’re doing well... Unfortunately Mr. Turner... Alex, can I call you Alex? Unfortunately, you are not my client, Denise is... ‘Freeze’.”

Alex suddenly found himself totally unable to move, he felt rooted to the

spot, unable to move even his limbs, “Wh... What have you do...” She cut him off, “Silence.”

Now he found himself totally unable to speak, he was paralysed on the spot and unable to utter a word. She smiled warmly at him and took a seat behind her desk, “Alex, I’ve found you the easiest, most susceptible person to hypnotise in all my career. Initially Denise suggested I try to hypnotise you into joining her in her kinky interests, as a joke I think... But she decided she liked the idea and pressed me into it. After your first session, I was amazed at how easily programmed you are... Since then I’ve been adding more and more control phrases and moulding you ever more into the sissy, sex slave you are going to be... You can’t move, I’ve embedded some of these phrases so deep in your subconscious even knowing they are there won’t help you... Oh and I’m going to make you forget this entire conversation in a short while... I’ll explain to you anyway, it’s only courteous to explain to you how you ended up in your current situation... And what your fate is, even if I’m going to force you to forget it.”

Alex looked around desperately, it seemed he could look around, but apart from that it was as if his body was set in concrete and his vocal chords had been removed, or the part of his brain that controlled speech had been lobotomized.

Eve was smiling to herself now, “Now, Alex, I’ve decided you are too much fun to allow Denise to retain ownership of you, not when I can keep programming and moulding your mind... I’m going to remove most of your memories, and programme in some new ones, memories of your long lasting love and devotion to your dominant girlfriend – who you would do anything for... Hmmm, I like you in chastity, and I like your tongue... Perhaps I should reprogram you to be absolutely certain that you are an attractive woman, my lesbian lover? Would you like that? To sit to pee, and to look down and see a vagina every time you look at your chastity belt? I’ll keep you locked in it of course... I don’t even have a key, nor do I want one! To see a nice pair of breasts every time you look in the mirror? To start the day by putting your make-up on, your finest lingerie and a dress? High heels perhaps? Say yes Alex...”

“Yes.”

Eve chuckled, he clearly desperately wanted to say no, but she had such a

tight grip on him, he was helpless to obey her commands – whatever they were.

She continued, “I’m going to have you service me orally every day, and I’m never going to give you any sexual pleasure at all... No, I’m going to give you the perception that giving me sexual pleasure is the same thing as getting it yourself... And I’m going to make you my receptionist... So whenever I’m bored, I can bring you in to do some more work on you... Now, on the couch please.”

Alex shakily, clearly resisting walked to the couch and lay down. Dr Eve got up from behind her desk and took the stool behind, and started her hypnotic, monotone programming voice. Telling him to relax, then allow her into his subconscious, so she could program, shape and mould his mind... However she saw fit.

Chapter 12 : Epilogue

Denise stormed into Dr Eve’s office, then let out a sigh of relief, “Ahhh... I thought he’d turn up here... I hope you’re not undoing your work?”

Dr Eve gestured towards the prone form of Alex on her couch, “Far from it, I’m giving him more extreme, more deeply embedded mind control programs... To make sure he’s never insubordinate again... I’ve decided to give him a completely new sense of identity, a feminine one... Of course I’ve had to remove more or less all of his memories and replace them with new, feminine ones.”

Denise raised an eyebrow, “Hmmm, are you sure that’s a good...” Dr Eve stood and snapped her fingers in front of Denise’s face, making her head fall forwards floppily into a trance. Dr Eve chuckled softly, “You’ve never met Alex before in your life, you have no prior memory of him... This is the first time you have ever seen Alex Turner, you are not interested in him nor will ever be.”

She snapped her fingers again and Denise looked around groggily, “Groan, where am I ?” Dr Eve raised an eyebrow, “You said you were going shopping? You’d called in for a coffee and a chat on the way?” Denise nodded uncertainly... “I did?”

Dr Eve smiled warmly, “Unfortunately as you can see I’m with a client.. Don’t worry he’s in a deep trance and can’t hear a thing at the moment – I should get back to him though, I have a lot of work to do on him – another time?”

Denise looked at Alex, without a second glance, she didn’t get any even vague sense of familiarity from him, “Oh well... I’d better let you get back to it then....Another time?”

Dr Eve watched as Denise left, giggling to herself. Then took her seat at the head of the couch again, and resumed her hypnotic tone “Alexandra, you are a beautiful woman, you prefer to be called Sandra, you are only attracted to Eve Wilshaw, who is your boss and your sexual partner... You need no sexual release yourself, you live to please Eve Wilshaw.”

The programming continued for several hours, creating a new female identity for Alex, that in fact Alex was short for Alexandra, but that she preferred to be called Sandra.

Eventually she was content, “Sandra, I want you to stay in trance and stand up.”

Alex rose and stood like a zombie in front of the couch. Eve meanwhile walked to the back of her office and pulled another female suit, in black with a white satin blouse out of the cupboard. She laid them carefully on the couch before Alex, then returned to the cupboard to fetch black tights and a matching set of black high heeled shoes.

She pointed at the female office wear, “Sandra, get changed...” Alex slowly stripped of his male outer clothes to reveal his bra and panties, then began by pulling the tights on, over his chastity belt and knickers. Then he pulled the blouse on, feeling the silky material slide over his shoulders... and fastened up the buttons on the front. Slowly he pulled the skirt up and zipped it up behind him, then slid the jacket over his shoulders and pushed his feet into the high heels, forcing his feet into uncomfortable arches.

He stood stock still, balancing awkwardly while Dr Eve made sure his male clothes were hidden. She then stood admiring him, admiring her work... Totally submissive, so feminized he actually believed he was a

woman... Believed in all his heart that he was her live in lesbian lover...

She snapped her fingers in front of his face.

Sandra opened her eyes groggily... She was in Dr Eve's office, but not sure how she'd gotten there. She looked at Dr Eve questioningly, but Dr Eve cut her off, "Sandra? Could you make me a coffee please?"

Sandra nodded, "Of course!" she turned and clicked away in her high heels, for some reason it was hard to balance in them though, it felt wrong... Must be new shoes...

She walked past her desk and to the toilets, she opened the door and entered, then sat down... A passing thought occurred that she might be on her period... But then she decided it couldn't be so...

Afterwards she pulled her tights and knickers up and clicked to the sink, washing her hands she admired her feminine features and ample breasts... She was so lucky, to be in such a loving relationship with Eve... Some people didn't understand of course, in times gone by two attractive women sharing a bed would have been frowned at.

She pulled her face and cursed herself under her breath – somehow she'd forgotten to put her make up on this morning.

Casting the thought to back of her mind she dried her hands and went to the kitchen. There she made some coffee and carried it through to Eve's office.

Eve smiled at her as she entered and rose from her chair. When the cup was placed down Eve placed her hands on Sandra's hips and gave her a passionate kiss on the lips, probing her mouth with her tongue.

Sandra gasped, "What was that for?" Eve grinned, "Oh nothing.. Just to say I love you..." Sandra sighed, "Eve... I left the house in such a hurry this morning, I forgot to put my make-up on – can I borrow some lip stick?"

Eve smiled warmly, "Of course! I'll even help you put some on, I know there are no decent mirrors here."

Sandra smiled, “Thanks honey, I’d better get on – do you have any more clients today?” Eve smirked, “No, Alex was the only one, let me finish my drink, and tidy up these papers and we’ll go shopping, I think we should buy you some nice new dresses.”

Sandra smiled and walked happily to her receptionist’s desk. She looked down at the file on the desk, Alex Turner, according to Eve’s hand written notes - he thought he was in for smoking cessation, but actually Dr Eve was brainwashing him into being a feminized, chastised, sissy sex slave for his girlfriend Denise – and he didn’t even know it!

Sandra smirked to herself, and murmured out loud, “Poor guy...”

~fin

By Sabrina

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

~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... Hmmm, 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 suit, 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 hand 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... Hmmm, shall I squeeze harder again? Hmmm?" 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..."

"Hmmm, 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

Free Trial Chapter from ‘Anita’s Tale : The Sperm Donor’

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 patient’s 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 patient’s 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, "Shhhhh, 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 prostheses, 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

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 to the whims of the ultimate dominatrix Samantha Burns? Locked into a cruel chastity device, hypnotised, feminized... The more he's subjected to, the more he wants... In the end when he's given a choice, submit completely or go free... What will he choose? Will he be able to resist the thought of being locked into Samantha's 'emasculator device' again?

Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor

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

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

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

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

The Harem Slave

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

Of course it can end at any time, because the princess promises them, if their situation becomes too much, just let her know and she will arrange the surgery for them

to become eunuch's after all.

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

Femdom : The Dressmaker

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

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

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

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

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

Femdom : The Ex's Revenge

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

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

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

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

feminization, and orgasm denial.

The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress

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

FAQ

Q: Are you a professional dome?

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

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

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

Q: Please?

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

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

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

Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?

A: Sometimes, not all the time... Kink, is a bit of fun – that's all. We play, we call it 'playing' and we have fun. I have made him go to work wearing ladies underwear on occasion, but in reality 'made' isn't true. If he didn't

want to, I couldn't really make him – he's stronger than me and I don't think blackmail would work. I don't actually get that much out of knowing he's fidgeting around in my knickers, trying to adjust his bra straps and suspender belt under his work clothes – he gets a lot out of it, but it's important that he feels I've forced him to do it. Sexuality is a complicated thing.

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

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

Q: Aren't your stories morally reprehensible?

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

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

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

Q: So do you hate men?

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

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

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

Q: So there's no Samantha Burns?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A: My first recommendation is to read all of 'Sarah Jameson' once you've read Sarah, consider 'Anne Michelle' - 'Grounded in heels', 'The Writers Secret' and 'Humiliation at the office' are all excellent stories. If you've

read all mine, Sarah Jameson's and all of Anne Michelle's and still want more – then read Sara Desmarais, I suggest you start with 'A change in our marriage' it's really excellent.

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

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

Q: Is Sabrina Jen Mountford your real name?

A: No it's a pen name.

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

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

Q: Are your stories popular?

A: Fairly... I've had them in the top 10,000 on Kindle at times. People who buy one often buy more... I haven't had many requests for refunds – to be honest there's a pattern to the tiny number of refund requests I have had... I wonder if it's someone cheating and buying them with the full intention of requesting a refund regardless of whether they like it or not. That thing about not wanting to castrate men... Hmmm, I can think of a circumstance where I might be tempted to agree to perform a penectomy and castration on someone...

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

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

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

A: Yes! I did it! It's called 'Samantha's Tale : The Deal' look for it in the kindle store!

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

A: Either look for me on 'Goodreads' and follow my blog or email me at sjm.author@yahoo.com and ask to be kept up to date!