



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

By Sabrina Jen Mountford



Sissy Story: WPC Domination

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Enjoy the story.

~ Sabrina

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

Chapter 1 : Speeding

Craig was driving home from the gym, at a fast pace. It was only thirty minutes or so from his house, but it was all cross-country. The weather was fine, it was a glorious summers day, the sun was shining, the road was fun – he was having a great time. The twisty roads rolled over the brows of hills and around hair pin bends, Craig was smiling to himself as he piloted his Mazda MX5 around enthusiastically.

Times had been tough, he'd moved to the area fairly recently, work being the cause. He hadn't really established any friends yet, he was still living alone in a rented flat – but at least there was work in the area. That of course, and twisty country roads to enjoy driving along.

The hood was down and he was pressing his foot hard into the accelerator, watching the hedges go whizzing by like a blur. Every corner was punctuated by squealing tyres, he was pushing eighty miles an hour already, but it felt like he had the road to himself.

His long hair was blowing in the wind, he felt free, free and alive.

Another brow of a hill approached, another sweeping bend – he was pushing ninety.

As he raked in his speed as he rounded the next corner the familiar livery of a British Police Car loomed in front of him, “Shit...” He muttered to himself as the front of the car lurched downwards under the force of braking.

He'd approached very close to the back of the sedate police vehicle, and dropped back now, cursing himself under his breath. He couldn't lose his licence, he simply couldn't afford to, he'd lose his job, his flat... But what could they do him for? Yes he'd driven close up behind, but this was a fifty mile an hour road, they were doing about forty five... They couldn't tell how fast he was going... At worst they could get him on 'dangerous driving' but even that seemed harsh, maybe 'undue care and attention if he held his nerve and didn't admit the speed he was doing.

He looked at the police car in front, there were two occupants in the front, who now appeared to be having a casual conversation between themselves. He tried to drive slowly and carefully, not to arouse suspicion. He was tense, terrified that they'd noticed his over-enthusiastic driving and were preparing to pull him over.

It was painfully frustrating, this wonderful open road, full of twists and turns... A blue sky... The sun shining... Perfect, except he was tootling along behind a police car at a little less than forty five miles an hour.

The next stretch had an over-taking lane, sure enough as expected the police car slowed down and kept to the left. Groaning to himself Craig pulled out and eased his car up to the speed limit. The police car dropped back slowly. In his centre mirror he could see two female officers looking directly at his car, talking and looking concerned. He was on nine points, so even a minor infarction would take him into automatic ban territory. In his head he started cursing his recklessness, he'd lost count of how many times he'd been in this situation before, and he'd somehow managed to sweet-talk his way out of it.

The fact that it was two female officers was a bit disconcerting, he'd always found it easier to roll out the bloke friendly banter, the old, "Was I really going that fast?", "I'm going to lose my job!", "I won't do it again officer." Somehow his experience with female police officers tended to be less positive, generally his accumulation of penalty points was down to his confrontations with female officers, and there had been occasions when the female of a duo had wanted to issue him penalty points, but her male superior had over-ruled her and been lenient – something to do with women being more disciplined? Were they more likely to be sticklers for the rules?

Either way it didn't look good. Two female officers, in a patrol car – which he'd very nearly rear-ended, were now discussing whether or not to pull him over. Sure enough the blue light started flashing, there was a secluded road-side picnic area ahead, so he pulled in cursing his bad luck.

Craig watched in his wing mirror as the brunette and the blonde exited their vehicle and walked slowly towards him. The blonde appeared to be in charge and she approached first, heading towards his drivers' door. "Step out of the vehicle please sir." Slowly Craig

reached down and pulled the catch on his driver side door allowing it to swing open. He climbed out closing the door behind him. As he did so a few spots of rain started to fall, so he looked at her pleadingly, "Can I just put my hood up please?"

The blonde piped up, "Certainly, quick as you can though." He quickly closed the roof of the car while the two uniformed women watched. Afterwards the brunette gestured towards him, "Follow me please." He followed obediently towards the patrol car with her blonde colleague following behind him. The brunette opened the rear door for him and pointed to the back seat of the car, "Please, have a seat."

Full of dread Craig slid into the back seat and watched her slam the door closed behind him. He instinctively pulled the door catch, but found it didn't work – child-locks, they had him where they wanted him... The brunette then took the driver seat while her colleague sat in the front passenger seat. The rain was coming down heavier now, Craig sat nervously in the back of the car, feeling quite claustrophobic and intimidated...

In truth it was probably a matter of seconds before she spoke but it seemed like an age, they were noting down his registration number, messing with the technology in the car. Eventually the blonde turned to him, "Can I have your drivers' licence please? Thank you..." He'd been expecting that and had removed the card in anticipation. They took some more details off the card, then appeared to run it through the computer. He sat impatiently, cursing his bad luck. Eventually the blonde turned and handed his licence back, "Now, Mr. Livingstone, do you know why we've stopped you?"

He instinctively sported his cheeky grin at this, "Routine check?" She didn't smirk, or smile, she remained deadly serious, "No Mr. Livingstone, this is not a routine check, though incidentally one of your brake lights isn't working, I'll have to give you a producer for that." He nodded, trying to serious himself up, his hope of charming his way out of this seemed to be fast diminishing.

The brunette joined in now, “Do you know what the speed limit is on this road Mr Livingstone?” He paused, thinking of the best strategy for his answer, he knew it was a fifty mile per hour road, but... “Erm, seventy miles per hour?” she pointed at the side of the road, “No Mr. Livingstone, there’s no hard shoulder here, it’s an A road, there is no possible way it could be a seventy mile per hour road, it could be a sixty mile per road, but all those little round signs you’ve been flying past indicate that it is a fifty mile per hour road.”

He shifted uneasily in the back seat, squirming somewhat, “I erm, I didn’t erm...” The blonde joined in now, “Is your eyesight so bad you couldn’t read the speed limit signs Mr. Livingstone? Do I need to order your licence permanently revoked on the grounds of poor eyesight?” Craig sighed deeply at this, “Alright, I know I was going a little fast, it’s a nice day, fine conditions, a great road – I was just having a little fun.”

The concept of driving for ‘fun’ didn’t seem to have any wash with either of the two rather serious female police officers, the brunette sighed deeply, “Well given the fact that you very nearly ploughed into the back of the patrol car, I’d be willing to testify in court that you were doing over seventy miles an hour or more. I have an experienced traffic officer in the car with me, who will back me up – If I want to I could charge you with ‘dangerous driving’ which carries six penalty points, and I’m very confident we could get a conviction. Have you got anything to say for yourself? Is there any reason I should not pursue this course of action?”

He groaned, it was worse than he thought, ‘dangerous driving’ he’d be banned for sure, and as she said, given his patchy driving record a conviction seemed likely. He looked pleadingly at her, “Please, I’ll lose my licence! I’m already on nine points, I’ll lose my job!”

The blonde raised an eyebrow, “Nine points? Hmmm, and I wonder how many times you’ve been stopped like this and have managed to sweet talk your way out of a fixed penalty?” He looked sheepishly at

her, saying nothing, “Mr. Livingstone, I feel I have no choice but to charge you with ‘dangerous driving’ I’ll make it so if you accept the charge it’s reduced to ‘driving without due care and attention’ which will mean only four points on your licence...” He started crying softly, he looked pleadingly at her, “I’ll still lose my licence, my job...” She shook her head, “You should have thought about that before you started treating the public highway as your own personal racetrack...”

He looked at the blonde, “Can’t you do something?!” She shook her head, “You’ve clearly talked your way out of it before, we’d be endangering the public by not charging you. This is a lesson you need to learn Mr. Livingstone, and it appears the only way you’re going to learn is by being banned from driving for a few months.”

He looked from one to the other, his eyes watering, his face flush and going red – this was it, he’d lost his licence... “Please, please, I’ll do anything! Anything!”

The women looked at each other, exchanging a subtle, knowing look, then raising an eyebrow at each other, the blonde looked at him, “What do you do for a living Mr Livingstone?” , “An agency delivery driver.” The brunette now quizzed him, “And who do you live with? Do you live alone?”

It seemed odd question, but he assumed it was to do with whether he could get lifts, or something... “I live alone, to be honest I’ve only just moved to the area and I don’t know anyone... Look, I really need my car, I literally don’t know a single person I could ask for a lift.”

Again a knowing look between the officers, almost ‘sly’ the blonde leaned towards the back of the car, “Mr. Livingstone, if we don’t punish you – we wouldn’t be doing our job and you wouldn’t learn would you?” The brunette now piped in, “The answer is no, you wouldn’t learn – now normally our option would be to drop the driving offence and issue you a fixed penalty for speeding and a producer for the vehicle defects... However your atrocious driving record

means this option isn't open to us – if we punish you officially, you WILL, no question about it, be banned from driving for a minimum of six months. The only possible way we could punish you is something completely off the books, no record of it – and we'd treat it as if we were turning a blind eye officially.”

Craig smiled, this more like it... He reached into his pocket and pulled his wallet out, “An unofficial fine? How much do you want? I really appreciate this, I know you wouldn't normally but...” The brunette cut him off, “Are you trying to bribe us Mr. Livingstone?” He stammered, “Erm, I thought...” The blonde shook her head, “No, we don't accept bribes, that's not a punishment, that wouldn't teach you anything would it now?”

He looked puzzled at them, “So... What did you have in mind then?” The brunette looked seriously at him, “Hmmm, well... You said you'd do anything? We can't take a bribe, and we can't officially punish you without removing your licence... We're more or less left with corporal punishment as our only option.”

Craig smirked, as images built in his head, “Corporal? You want to take me over your knee? Give me a good spanking? Sure, I'm all up for that, you can both give me fifty smacks if you like.”

She smiled seriously, “No, I don't think that would serve as a suitable punishment, particularly not, seeing as you would clearly enjoy it... Have you ever been to Singapore Mr Livingstone?” He looked uncertain now, “No? Why?”, “In Singapore they still have corporal punishment on the books for a number of offences, and as you can imagine it isn't a matter of receiving an over the knee spanking. They strap you to a frame, then beat you across the buttocks with a rattan cane, hard... Very hard... They tend to draw blood and tend to leave permanent scarring – they refer to it as a ‘judicial caning’ and we're not talking about some sort of fun, fetish activity... It's going to hurt.”

He gulped, suddenly it didn't sound so appealing, "And you want to do that to me?" She shrugged, "I want to charge you with dangerous driving, I really don't want to give you corporal punishment for your crime, but we don't have much choice here do we? Morally and ethically I can't release you without a punishment which I believe will deter you from driving dangerously in the future, clearly fines and points haven't worked for you in the past – so if we're going to rehabilitate you, we have to try something more effective, the official option is a six to nine month ban with possibly a re-test to get your licence back. You've had all your second chances Mr Livingstone, what's it to be, ban – or submit to a judicial caning?"

She was clearly serious, and he was now genuinely nervous at the thought of it, at the same time though the thought occurred that she didn't look that strong, how hard could they hit him? Then he'd be on his way ban free, soon some of his earliest points would drop off his licence and he'd be out of this awful situation once and for all.

"Where? At the side of the road?" The blonde shook her head, "No, we have an associate, a hmmm, professional we know who has suitable facilities which we can borrow. Her premises are not far from here. We can take you, administer your punishment, then have you on your way this afternoon."

He looked from one to the other, how bad could it be? "Alright, you lead the way, and I'll follow you in my car." The brunette shook her head, "Sorry honey, we're not doing that, we don't want you driving off and trying to escape your punishment now do we?"

He groaned, "Can I at least lock my car?"

"Of course..."

The blonde climbed out of the passenger side and her colleague exited the driver side. They opened the door for him and escorted him to his Mazda MX5 and stayed nearby while he locked the doors, then escorted him back to the patrol car. As he was nearing the rear

he felt himself shoved against the car, his wrists grabbed and pulled back, then police issue high security cuffs snapped onto his wrists, restraining his hands behind his back.

The rain was still spotting down, he turned over his shoulder, the cuffs cutting into his wrists, "Hey!" The brunette pinched his cheek, then gave him a soft, friendly slap on the cheek while smiling warmly at him, "There, we don't want you changing your mind now that you've agreed, do we now?" As she spoke he felt the blonde rummaging in his pockets and removing everything, keys, wallet, everything. She placed them in a see through plastic bag, when he glared at her she smiled innocently and shrugged, "Standard procedure when we take someone into custody... At least we're letting you keep your shoes... For now... Now, get in the back please."

The brunette had opened the back door and was gesturing for him to enter. Immediately he sensed that things were getting sinister, and he started to back away... But the blonde grabbed him and shoved him in while the brunette pressed his head down so he didn't bang it on the frame of the door.

The door slammed with a thud, and he was lying on his side on the back seat of the patrol car, the cuffs cutting into his skin, restricting his movement completely. They were the standard British issue high security cuffs, not linked with a chain, but a solid immovable black section, preventing the cuffs from flexing or twisting. He was suddenly very uncomfortable, but before he could offer a complaint the two lady police officers had jumped in the front and pulled away...

Chapter 2 : The House of Samantha Burns

Craig struggled to see where they were going, from his prone position on the back seat of the patrol car. He'd experimented with sitting up, but found it painful and near impossible. The women had introduced themselves properly as Sargent Maria Pover and

Constable Emily White, who was the blonde. The rain continued to beat down on the car and Craig found himself shuddering with fear and anticipation as he was thrown backwards and forwards as the car rounded bends and took junctions.

He had no idea where they were, the whole experience was so surreal he felt like he was having some sort of weird out of body experience.

Eventually the car was trundling along a gravel path, through wide open fields and majestic oak trees. A large stone house loomed in the distance, it looked like a stately home. Eventually the crunch of tyres on gravel became less high pitched as the car slowed to halt outside the huge double front doors of the building.

Maria exited the car first, and walked around to the passenger side, her hard soled police shoes crunching on the gravel. At the other side Emily was climbing out to meet her. Maria opened the back door, "Out!"

Awkwardly, Craig scrambled out backwards, struggling to maintain his balance and being kept upright by Emily gripping his shoulders firmly, "Can you loosen the cuffs please they're cutting into my skin!" Maria smiled warmly, "Of course they are dear! They're supposed to.. .We wouldn't want you to be comfortable while you're in our custody would we?"

They then herded Craig up the stone steps to the front door and rang the bell. Eventually the door was opened by a slightly curious looking maid. Craig couldn't put his finger on exactly how, but there was something about the maid... She wore a sensible and practical maids outfit, with a conservative application of make-up, but she looked... Somehow... Slightly, ever so slightly male, frightened and ever so slightly sad...

Maria spoke, "Is your mistress available?" The maid curtsied, "Yes ma'am, I'll fetch her immediately..." The two police women man

handled Craig into the massive opulent lobby of the house with its black and white tiled floor and wood carved walls. A massive staircase spiralled away to the second story. The maid vanished and a short while later a woman in her thirties appeared, wearing a sensible, business-like grey suit with a satin blouse and short skirt.

She studied Craig from head to foot before speaking, almost looking at him as if he was an inanimate object. When she'd done she looked at Maria, "Good afternoon Maria, what brings you to my humble abode?" Maria gestured towards Craig, "Him, we've taken him into our custody... Motoring offence, but he really doesn't want to take the points, it'll mean a definite ban. You know we don't like to let them go unpunished, so bringing him here seemed the only option."

The woman chuckled softly, "Wise choice... What's the sentence? Are we going to castrate him?" Craig yelped and crossed his legs, backing away at the mention of being castrated – to the woman's boisterous laughter, "Hah! Hah! Don't look so nervous – I was joking... I only castrate with patient consent... Of course I'd love to castrate you if you'd consent to it, as an alternative to whatever they've sentenced you to? You can ask maid Shelly here, it's a once in a lifetime experience being castrated by a beautiful woman hmmm? Would you agree to castration as an alternative sentence?" She was asking Maria, who nodded, and chuckled, "I suppose, yes, if you don't want the judicial caning, and don't want the points, then we'd accept allowing Samantha to whip your testicles off as punishment."

Samantha leaned towards him, "I'd take your scrotum off too you know, leave you with nothing but a limp, shrivelled up little penis, that's incapable of even getting hard, tempted?"

He glared at her, "No! Now stop mucking about! If you want to give me corporal punishment, then fucking do it!"

Samantha gasped, at his angry outburst, and Maria tutted softly, “Dear me, Craig, can I call you Craig? I think I can... We can’t have language like that... I think we need to wash your mouth out with soap and water.”

He looked at her chuckling, but his laughs subsided as he saw the serious look in her eyes. “You’re serious?!” Emily stepped forwards, “Samantha, could we borrow your bathroom please?”

Samantha smirked, “With pleasure... I’ll administer his punishment for you once you’ve washed his mouth out with soap and water, and I’ll add ten strokes for that little outburst.”

Deciding the time had come to remain silent Craig allowed Maria and Emily to man-handle him forwards into a mosaic tiled bathroom that was a few feet down the corridor. They approached the sink, Maria raised an eyebrow, “On your knees prisoner, on your knees, look up to me and open your mouth.”

He stood still shaking, then Emily took out her truncheon and slammed it into the back of his knees – breaking his stance, and then forced him painfully onto his knees.

Emily stepped behind him and gripped his head firmly, holding him still. The maid reappeared with a white medical tray, Craig couldn’t see the contents from his prone position, “Mistress said you might want to use these...”

Maria smiled and took the tray placing it on the sink. She then leaned down and looked at Craig, “Open wide please...” He shook his head and held his lips tightly shut.

She sighed, “Have I got to taser you? Do you want to experience forty thousand volts rushing through your body, making it spasm? Now open wide!”

He quivered and opened his mouth a little, she wasted no time. As soon as the gap was big enough she'd removed a whitehead gag, a steel ratchetting mouth spreader from the tray and shoved it in. the frame locked behind his teeth preventing him spitting it out and Maria pushed the lever at the side, spreading his mouth wider and wider, until his jaw was so stretched it hurt.

She smiled at him, "There, that's better.... Now let's get you some soap." Emily was gripping his head and holding it tightly, she looked down at him, "Try to relax, this won't take long... Don't struggle, the less you struggle, the sooner it will be over..."

Maria had taken a bar of soap and a tooth brush from the tray and was brandishing them towards him, "Now... Out with your tongue – we'll give that a good wash first." He refused shaking his head, she raised an eyebrow, "Ah, you want to be tasered?"

Relenting he pushed his tongue out and held it there while she used the brush on the soap to work up a thick frothy laver. Then she started brushing his tongue from the tip to the back, the taste of detergent filling his mouth, making him feel sick. She continued brushing and laving his tongue for several minutes, then paused, "Okay, now lift your tongue up for me dear."

He obeyed, completely broken now and almost expecting to be tasered without warning the next time he resisted.

She now worked the brush on the soap again, building up a huge laver, then started enthusiastically brushing the bottom of his mouth under the tongue, then the underside of his tongue. She paused, his jaw ached, his mouth tasted of nothing but soapy detergent and he was having trouble breathing, she smiled, "Press your tongue down for me now, so I can give the inside of your cheeks, and the roof of your mouth a good clean... Good boy."

He was in tears now, he could feel Emily's fingers gripping his forehead, holding his head into her groin, he could feel the hard tiles

pressing against his knees and the cuffs cutting into his wrists. His jaw felt like it would never be the same and his mouth both hurt from her aggressive brushing and was filled with the vile taste of soap.

Helpless, he allowed her to enthusiastically brush the roof of his mouth and the inside of his cheeks. As she finished she started working up more lather, “Last bit now – we just need to clean around those gums... Keep still for me, try to relax.”

He felt Emily forcefully tilt his head backwards and the brush was rubbing soap into his gums, upper and lower, inner and outer... By the time she finished he had tears streaming down his face. Maria and Emily helped him to his feet, then Maria removed the gag, while Emily filled a glass with water from the tap and held it up to his mouth, “Rinse, and spit...”

He filled his mouth and started desperately trying to rinse out the taste of soap, no matter how hard he tried it would not go away, soon he spat the frothy liquid into the sink and gestured for more water. Emily poured some more into his mouth, “Rinse and spit, this is your last one – so make it a good one.”

His mouth was burning the smell of detergent invading his nostrils, he rinsed, and rinsed and gargled, then repeated, yet when he finally spat, it had done hardly anything. He looked pleadingly at Emily as she and Maria forced him towards the door, “Urgh! My mouth still tastes of soap, can I have another rinse?” Emily tutted under her breath, “And what would that teach you? No, I think the lingering taste of detergent will help remind you not to use your potty mouth again – if you do, you’ll be getting your mouth washed out with soap and water again, only we won’t be so gentle next time.”

He was a mess, his t-shirt and trousers were splattered with water and soap and he looked weather worn and tired.

When Maria and Emily led him back out into the lobby, Samantha was waiting, she looked him up and down, “Dear me... We can’t

have you attending court looking like that can we? I've organised your trial, for tomorrow morning, Maria, you can prosecute, Emily you can defend."

This was getting almost bizarre, he looked at Samantha in disbelief, she raised an eyebrow, "Me? I'll be the judge, I think we're all agreed you're guilty, I still have to determine the level of your guilt and sentence you though... By the way, if I decide to charge you with contempt of court you'll be given an extra ten strokes, so be on your best behaviour tomorrow."

He strained and wriggled in his cuffs, "You can't do this to me! I have to get home!" Maria smirked, "You live alone, nobody is expecting you, you are an agency delivery driver – nobody will miss you tomorrow, it's a Sunday anyway... No, we'll keep you in custody tonight Mr. Livingstone."

Samantha smiled, "Shower him off, we'll get him some new attire sent to his cell."

Chapter 3 : The Prison Showers

And so it was Maria and Emily were leading Craig through the corridors through a back door, to a clinical, white tiled outdoor area. On the floor were two chained shackles. They led him to the shackles, and began undoing his trousers, at which point he began protesting again, "I've changed my mind! I'll take the points and the ban!"

His shoes, trousers and boxer shorts were whipped off, Emily smirking at him as Maria removed his clothes, "Sorry hon, it's too late to back out now... Step out of the trousers, good..."

As he stepped out Maria snapped the shackles onto his ankles immobilising him. She then undid his handcuffs and stepped back. His wrists were red raw and covered in grooved marks where the bracelets had been cutting into his skin.

Emily pointed at his t-shirt, "Take your t-shirt off now, and throw it over here." He ignored her and reached down to try to release his shackles, she repeated herself louder, "Take your t-shirt off now, and throw it over here NOW!". Having given up on the shackles he took a defiant stance, standing up tall, "No!"

Maria smirked and pulled out a strange looking device from her belt, "This is your last warning, comply or be tasered."

He glared at her, "No!" She raised an eyebrow and sighed, "Very well, in that case I'm going to administer you with an electrical current which will disrupt voluntary control of your muscles and stimulate your motor and sensory nerves... You'll experience severe pain."

He stood defiantly as the darts flicked at him, then his world was on fire. Immediately he hit the deck, unable to control his muscle spasm and whimpering in agony. He writhed on the floor while she continued passing electrical current through his body while laughing. The pain was unbelievable... Eventually he blacked out, he wasn't sure how long he was out for, but when he came to his senses he was lying naked on the floor, his feet shackled to the white tiled wall.

Maria was pointing her taser at him again, and Emily stood holding what looked like a pressure washer hose. Maria used her taser to gesture for him to stand, "On your feet prisoner!" He glared at her, about to offer a retort, when she cut him off, "In that case, I'm going to taser you again, I'm going to administer you with a more prolonged burst of electricity this time..."

Groaning he fought his way shakily to his feet, he felt disorientated, and in pain, and it was cold. Before he could protest though Emily turned on the pressure washer and started hosing him down. The water was a painfully hard pressure and ice cold, he started by turning his back on them, to avoid enduring an ice-cold pressure washing on his sensitive abdomen, face and groin. He could feel her thoroughly work the spray up and down, almost forcing him off his

feet. After several minutes, his teeth were chattering and he was shivering, she paused, “Okay prisoner, turn around legs spread, please.”

He wanted to resist, to refuse, to show some defiance, but the taste of soap still lingered in his mouth, and his limbs were still shaking from the severe tasing he'd received... He was completely subdued and broken. He turned around, spread his feet as far as the short shackle chain would allow and winced as she began pressure washing his front. She seemed to spend a disproportionate amount of time pressure washing his genitals, and it took every ounce of his will not to turn his back on her as the harsh, ice-cold spray battered his penis and testicles.

When she'd worked her way up to his face, thrashing his long hair about with the spray, she was giggling playfully, clearly enjoying her work.

When she finally stopped, his teeth were chattering and he was shivering violently, his lips starting to turn blue.

Emily pointed her pressure washer at the floor, “Now, lie on your front, hands behind your head.” He complied, and felt Maria drop a knee onto his back, then grab his hands and fix them firmly back into the police issue hand cuffs, one by one. She tightened them mercilessly, leaving no room to even twist them let alone move them, almost cutting his circulation off. Then she backed off and Emily assisted her in pulling him to his feet. Once on his feet, Emily unfastened his shackles and shivering, he was led back to through the house. Eventually the grandeur of the house ended at what looked like an exterior door. Instead of pristine plaster, valuable paintings and ornate floors, the discreet door opened up to corridors of cold, damp concrete, dimly lit and with a rough concrete floor.

They passed several steel barred doors until eventually they reached a cell with the door open. Emily removed her baton from her belt and gestured into the cell, “In you go... “ Shivering, cold and

humbled, he trudged in. They didn't immediately slam the door shut though.

Emily pointed to the floor with her baton, "On your knees prisoner, we need to check you for contraband before we leave you unsupervised." He thought about making a retort to the fact that there was no way he could possibly conceal anything about his person, the absurdity of being imprisoned in this 'unofficial' prison having now been pushed to the back of his consciousness... He thought better of it though. The black and white uniforms, complete with tasers, batons, radios and handcuffs on the belt...

He knelt down.

Maria took her torch off her belt and placed a finger under his chin pulling it up so he was looking up at her, "Open wide..." He complied, and she shone the torch into his mouth, while Emily donned latex gloves, then probed gently inside his mouth with her fingers, oblivious to the fact that he'd recently had his mouth washed out...

Eventually, she nodded and Maria pointed to the rubber mattress on the bunk, "Okay, bend over the bed." He felt like shouting abuse at her, at standing up and running, but his hands were bound so tightly he could hardly move.

Reluctantly he lay prone on the bed, his knees on the floor and his chest flat on the bed. Maria placed a hand on his neck pinning him down and shone the torch at his naked bottom. Emily used a small container of lube on her finger and began probing his anus, searching... Swirling around, probing into every corner of his back passage. He groaned with discomfort and she pushed a second finger in and probed deeper, he felt like he was being ripped apart, with a grunt Emily shoved her whole hand into his anus and he could feel her finger, sliding into the bottom of his large intestine.

By this stage he was whimpering in pain, tears running down his cheeks... Her hand still deep in his anus, Emily looked up at Maria, "He's clean."

He groaned in discomfort as she pulled her gloved hand out.

Maria pulled him up by the shoulders, while Emily removed her gloves, "Okay prisoner, turn to face me – there's one more thing before we leave you to settle down for the night."

He turned looking brow beaten and defeated, "What now?!" Maria smiled and held a small ring with spikes on the inside up to him, "Why, this! This is a kali's teeth bracelet. We don't want you playing with yourself while you're in our custody..."

He looked at her confused, as Emily, having de-gloved took the ring and knelt down, "Keep still!" He looked down and she had his penis in her hand, then the ring snapped on. Immediately he felt himself trying to get erect, but as soon as he did the spikes dug in and his knees buckled, forcing him to cry out in pain.

Maria and Emily giggled at him as they left the cell, he eventually regained some composure and looked at them weakly, "Aren't you going to give me my clothes? Can't you take the cuffs off?"

Maria smiled warmly, "It's prison issue clothes for you now, until we decide to release you... And yes, now we've got you locked up safe and sound – we'll remove the cuffs, back up to the door for me."

He complied and felt her unlock his wrists and remove the cuffs.

He breathed a sigh of relief, the cuffs had drawn blood in places and his elbows had started cramping. He turned to look at them, "And my 'prison issue' clothes?"

Emily giggled and handed him a long, flowing peach satin nightie which was folded neatly.

He glared at them, “I can’t wear this!” Maria took her taser out, “You will wear ‘that’ or I’ll taser you and put you in it while you’re blacked out, put it on – NOW!”

He looked at the taser, then looked at the nightie, his erection was trying to grow again, forcing his penis into a dull ache. Almost in tears he pulled the nightie over his head. It was a snug fit, and his head only just went through the hole. Once he had it on Emily held out a small padlock, “You’ll find a wire loop that goes from the back to the front through your legs, use this to padlock it on – we don’t want you getting undressed.” He took the padlock and felt at the back, pulling up the long skirt of the nightie to get to it – sure enough there was a loop of wire at the back and a small loop at the front. He pulled the loops together and snapped the lock shut, and that was it he couldn’t remove the nightie.

Emily chuckled softly, “Night, night prisoner – lights out in ten minutes...” “As they left Maria called over her shoulder, “Try to get some rest, it’s your big trial tomorrow...”

And they were gone.

The material was so soft, the shape so feminine. As he walked about his tiny cell, with no window, the soft material brushed against his legs and sent shivers down his spine. He experimented with taking it off, but it was wired throughout and firmly locked on. He lay on the bunk, shivering, trying not to become aroused, the cell, the events of the day and the feminine nightwear he’d been forced into were making it impossible though. He could still taste the vile soap from having his mouth washed out, he wished, wished he’d agreed to take the ban...

As he contemplated the day, the lights went out and he was plunged into absolute darkness...

Chapter 4 : The day of the trial

Craig found himself unable to sleep in the pitch black cell. He found it impossible to know how long he had been there. The kali's teeth bracelet, which gave him severe punishment each time he started to become aroused – was his worst enemy. The 'locked on' satin nightie only exacerbated his problems. Even when he was able to push these things to the back of his mind, he was left with his seriously chaffed wrists and the taste of soap in his mouth.

Had he slept? He wasn't sure... He'd certainly tried to, but he didn't feel he'd enjoyed a measure of success in this endeavour. The lights eventually came on and he heard a clicking of heels, clearly his captors approaching.

He had bags under his eyes, and he was shaking softly. Maria and Emily were in their uniforms, eyeing him critically, after a moment Emily turned to Maria, "Dear me, we can't let him go to court looking like this..." Maria nodded, "You're right, we should make her presentable, give the judge a good impression." Here's the key to your nightie prisoner."

He took it and started to unfasten himself, he didn't remove the garment though, it seemed less embarrassing to be stood there in a feminine nightie than standing there naked. He handed the padlock back, "And what am I supposed to wear to 'court' then?"

Maria chuckled, "A suit of course! We want you to give the judge a good impression!" He smiled, maybe they'd had their fun now. His eyes widened when Shelly appeared and handed him a folded up bundle of clothes through the bars. It was clearly a female suit, the sort with a business jacket and skirt. It was complete with breast forms, high heeled shoes, stockings and suspenders, a corset, and very feminine bra and panties. The suit was beige and the satin blouse that complete it was cream.

He looked at them stunned, Emily shrugged, "The judge is known to be more lenient towards female defendants – so you should be as

feminine as possible for her...”

He was stunned, speechless...

Maria pointed with her taser at the clothes, “Come on, you don’t want to be late – get dressed.” He waited a moment longer to see if his captors would afford him some privacy – it was soon clear though, that he wasn’t going to be given this luxury. Red faced he removed the nightie and pulled on the pink, with black lace trimming and little black bow at the front, satin knickers. As he did, his penis began straining in its circle of spikes, causing his legs to buckle and him whimper softly.

The two police women were smirking and giggling at his predicament. Eventually he managed to stuff his kali’s teeth bracelet and penis into the panties and attach his suspender belt, then pull the stockings on. Maria piped up while he was doing it, “Hurry it up, we haven’t got all day.”

He winced as the silky, soft materials pulled up over his legs, making his penis stiffen and pain erupt in his groin. The clothes seemed fiddly and awkward compared to male attire, he fumbled with the corset, then looked pleadingly at Emily, “Do I have to wear all of this!?” Emily nodded, “The more you do, the more lenient your sentence will be, make sure you pull the corset laces nice and tight – we want you to have a nice feminine figure.”

He complied and found his waist pulled in tightly. Next he attached the breast forms, as he did though, he felt his chest getting warm, then hot... He experimentally tried to pull them off, but they were now fast on his chest, seemingly bonded to his skin. He gasped and looked at Emily, “Oh there’s a special adhesive on them, didn’t I mention it? Eventually your skin will replace itself and they’ll fall off – usually takes a little over twelve months.”

He fastened the bra on next, then pulled the skirt up, and put on the blouse and jacket. He tried to straighten his clothes out as best he

could, which was difficult with the burning pain in his groin and the restrictive corset gripping him tightly. Finally he sat on the bunk and fastened the high heels on, they were a beige mary-jane with a five inch heel and a little feminine ankle strap.

As he stood Emily gestured for him to twirl with her finger, “Now turn around and back up to the bars for your cuffs... Good girl..”

Humiliated, and uncomfortable, but broken he complied and felt his already red raw wrists encased in restrictive steel once more. He teetered forwards on the heels allowing them to open his cell door.

Maria gestured for him to leave the cell, “If you could follow me miss Livingstone.” He thought about protesting... But every protest he’d made so far had simply brought more and more severe punishment, his head down he followed her, wobbling on his heels from time to time, unable to even steady himself on the wall due to the tightly fastened handcuffs holding his hands behind his back.

Chapter 5 : Hair and makeup & the trial

Eventually he was led to a room which resembled a hair dressers or salon. Emily pointed to one of the seats in front of a big mirror, “Sit.”

It was awkward with his hands in the cuffs, but he managed to take his seat. Maria fastened a silky hair dressers cape over the chair and tightly around his neck. Shelly then proceeded to approach and begin fixing his long hair into a more feminine style. The maid had given him a demure female hair style with a fringe and a shoulder length bob. She’d applied various potions which left his hair shiny and glossy.

He was in a surreal alternate reality now, unable to comprehend the bizarre situation he’d found himself in. He felt almost like an out of body spectator as Shelly applied foundation, eye shadow, mascara, lipstick and blusher to conceal his male facial features and give him an attractive feminine look.

When she finally backed away from him and he saw himself in the mirror he gasped in astonishment, he looked perfectly female.

Emily sniggered at him, “Come on missy, time to get you in the dock.”

The cape was removed and Craig rose gingerly, wobbling on his heels, squirming at the unfamiliar feel of satin and lace, and straps about his person. Every step was difficult, made more difficult by the constant straining against the spikes of his penis in the kali’s teeth bracelet.

Eventually he was led into a room which for all intent purposes appeared to be a courtroom. It was small, but there was a raised judges bench and a dock and a place for the opposing sides to sit.

He was led to the dock and seated on a stool, his hands still in the cruel high security handcuffs. His panties rode up his bottom slightly as he seated, trying to get comfortable – which of course was impossible. He sat quivering, grimacing in pain at the chastity ring on his penis as the police women and Samantha took their places.

Samantha placed a judges wig on her head and pounded her hammer on its plate, “Order! This court is in session... Now, Miss Claire Livingstone... You stand accused of dangerous driving – how do you plead?”

He glared at Samantha, then sighed a little deflated, “Guilty...” She raised an eyebrow at him, “Hmmm, that’s ‘guilty ‘your honour” and you should stand to address me - I think we can add ten strokes for that little infarction. Prosecution?”

He sighed as Maria stood and approached him, “So, Miss Livingstone...” He opened his mouth to complain and correct her – then thought better of it. “Miss Livingstone, can you please tell the court exactly how fast you were going before you nearly crashed into

the back of the patrol car. I warn you to be honest with the court, we believe we have an accurate estimate of your speed, if you overshoot our estimate we will go with our estimate plus half of the difference – if you are below our estimate will go with our estimate plus four times the difference...”

He groaned, squirming on his stool, “Look, does it matter how fast I was going?” Samantha cut in at that point, “Of course it does! The more you flaunted the law, the more severe your punishment should be! Don’t you agree?” She looked at him expectantly, he knew what he was supposed to do... He stood, “Yes your honour.”

This brought a round of sniggers and giggles from the others present in the court.

Maria gazed at him with her piercing eyes, “Well, how fast were you going?”

He rolled his eyes, “Oh I don’t know... Eighty five? Ninety maximum?” Samantha rubbed her chin thoughtfully, “And what was the police estimate?” Maria turned looking smug, “We estimate ninety your honour.” Samantha nodded and made a brief note with a pencil then looked back up, “And what was the speed limit of the road where the incident happened?”

Maria stepped back and looked up to the judge, “Fifty miles per hour your honour.”

Samantha wrote this down, then looked at Emily, “Your witness.” Emily stood, “The defence rests your honour.”

Craig gasped at this, then sighed, he hadn’t really expected a defence in this case...

Samantha then made a few more notes in pencil then looked at Craig, “Well Miss Livingstone, have you anything to say for yourself?”

His shoulders were cramping from the cuffs, his calves were hurting from the heels, he just wanted this ordeal to be over, “I’m sorry your honour, it won’t happen again your honour.”

Samantha smiled, “You forgot to stand, ten extra strokes... So, the difference between your estimate and the official one, was five miles per hour you estimated under, so that makes ten, added to the ninety is one hundred, minus the speed limit of fifty gives you fifty strokes. I’m adding ten each for your two contempt of court charges, ten for not obeying the wardens when they were showering you off, and ten for using your potty mouth yesterday – I sentence you to be taken from this place, strapped to a frame and caned mercilessly, receiving ninety strokes from a heavy rattan cane, across the buttocks. Take her away.”

Emily and Maria approached the dock and pulled him away, soon he was being led through the house again.

Chapter 6 : The judicial caning

Eventually Craig was led into a large room with an upstanding wooden A-frame in the centre. There was a stand with several canes of varying thickness next to it. The frame had leather straps for the prisoners ankles, near the base, forcing the feet apart, leather straps for the wrists up high, and a strap for the waist – to prevent the prisoner trying to evade the strokes. It was fashioned in such a way as to force the condemned to bend over slightly, presenting their buttocks for a better strike.

Craig slowed down as he saw the intimidating apparatus, but Emily and Maria grabbed his shoulders and pulled him forwards. In front of the frame, Emily unfastened his cuffs, he thought about running – but the high heels, couple with the fact that Maria was pointing her taser at him forced him to change his mind.

Emily walked around to face him, “Claire, remove your suit please, then approach the frame.”

He glanced around, the door... He saw Maria’s taser and quivered in fear... Slowly he removed the jacket, then the blouse, and finally the skirt. Gingerly and shaking with fear he approached the frame, where Emily strapped his ankles to the bottom bar, his waist to the centre and his wrists to the top. She pulled the straps tight, leaving no play in them at all and he found himself completely immobilised, the heels and the fact that he was forced to bend forwards caused his back to immediately start straining, but his bonds were so tight he couldn’t do anything to ease his discomfort.

He felt Emily unclip his stockings from his suspender belt and pull them down, then pull his feminine knickers down. His penis was straining hard against the spikes making him wince and whine in pain.

He heard the clicking of more heels enter the room, Samantha was there, with a new girl, who was wearing a nurses uniform. Samantha spoke first, “Ahhh... Claire, I see you’re ready for me to administer your punishment... Let me introduce you to Anita, she’s a very skilful, and dedicated ‘fetish nurse’ and surgeon – her radical feminization surgery has to be seen to be believed.” [See ‘*Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM*’ (A 2 part *BDSM Story*) by Sabrina Jen Mountford]

Samantha smiled warmly at the helpless victim, “Anita is going to be looking after you – making sure your fit to continue, and ensuring your current and future health.”

Anita smiled at him, “Don’t worry, I’ll look after you – I’m going to start by sterilizing the implements you’re going to be struck with, then I’ll sterilise your bottom – try to relax.”

And so fully immobilised Craig suffered the indignity of having his buttocks painted with anti-septic and waiting for the canes to all be

sterilized. Once Anita appeared to be happy she returned to where his head was, “Now Claire, I’m going to put a piece of rubber in your mouth for you to bite down on – I want you to bite down on it hard, when the caning starts.” Gently Anita offered up the rubber bite block to his mouth, which he reluctantly accepted.

Then she held his wrist and looked at her watch for a few seconds, then wrote something down on a notepad before speaking to Samantha, “Pulse eighty to ninety, a little high – but probably normal considering the circumstances.” Following that he felt her attach an inflatable cuff with a stethoscope in it around one arm, then inflate it. She noted his blood pressure down and turned to Samantha, “Blood pressure is okay, I think the punishment can start now.”

Samantha chuckled behind him, “Shelly, have you brought the ginger?”, “Yes miss, I’ve already carved it into shape.” Samantha’s heels clicked towards him, “Claire, breath deep – you’re going to feel a slight burning sensation in your bottom.”

He took a deep breath and felt something shoved up his anus, as soon as it was in it started to burn, making him writhe in his straps and mumble in pain through the rubber bite block.

Samantha approached his head, “We’re practicing something called ‘figging’ today Claire, I’ve inserted a ginger butt plug, which has been marinated in tabasco sauce for three days... The Victorians were very fond of figging, and I am too – basically, every time you try to clench up, you squeeze fresh ginger and tabasco into your sensitive anus – so try to relax. Try not to tense up to lessen the force of my blows, try to stay relaxed, to allow my blows to really penetrate deeply, and you’ll be fine....”

Straight away, he tried to relax... He could see how it worked, he was left with a hobsons’ choice, relax and take the maximum punishment from each stroke, or tense up, pad his bottom with tense muscle, but squeeze the burning materials into his bottom...

Everything was still for a moment, he could hear the cane being drawn from the rack. He bit down on the bite block. There was a swish, he tensed up, squeezing chili and ginger into his bottom making it burn. Then the cane landed and he bit down and grunted, then whimpered softly.

“One...”

Swish... This time he concentrated on staying relaxed, when the cane landed it penetrated so deep it seemed to hit the bone in his hips making him yelp in pain through his bite block and start crying softly, “Two...”

The cane rose and fell... All the time, Craig in a terrible dilemma of whether to tense or not to tense, both options were incredibly painful, but they were different pains. One a chemical burning that would last and would also seem to make him get aroused due to its aphrodisiac effect – causing him to whimper in agony from the kali’s teeth bracelet... The other, a sharp, painful strike which seemed to reverberate around his whole body.

By the time Samantha had reached a count of ten he’d gone limp on the frame and was struggling to remain conscious. Anita held up a hand at that point. She then checked his pulse, checked his blood pressure, then cleaned up his bottom. When he saw her drop the white towels on the floor, he could see they were already covered in blood.

He whimpered pathetically, dropping his bite block. Anita reached down and placed it back in his mouth, “Bite down for me, bite down hard... Good... Okay – he’s fit to continue.”

Again the strokes began, eventually spatters of blood appeared on the floor, he’d given up trying to rationalise whether to tense or not – his whole posterior felt like it was being torn apart. Emily and Maria looked on smirking, as occasionally Anita would replace his bite

block, check his pulse, check his blood pressure – then clean him up and declare him fit to continue.

By the time Samantha had counted forty strokes, he was bleeding heavily and had blacked out from the pain at least twice. He felt like he'd never sit down again. He looked pleadingly at Anita each time she halted proceedings to attend to him, hoping that she'd declare him unfit to continue, but each time, she checked his vitals, cleaned him up – then allowed the caning to continue.

The cane rose and fell, he bit down hard, he couldn't think anymore, his whole world was agony, a crescendo of torment and anguish, all he could think about was how he wanted the punishment to stop. In some ways Anita pausing the caning to check on him was a welcome relief, but it also gave him time to think about his condition, and his pain and how many more he would endure. Each time she cleaned him up the solution dabbed on his wounds stung crazily. At the pause after sixty strokes Anita cleaned him up, but then didn't declare him fit to continue... "Samantha, you're going to have to pause for a while, he needs some stitches."

And so Shelly brought forth a medical tray with surgical needle and thread on it. Anita pulled up a small stool to the back of the frame to apply the stitches in situ. Her latex gloves snapped on again, and she called to the front, "I can't numb you up, it would mean we had to start your punishment again from the beginning, so this is going to smart... Bite down hard for me."

He complied and felt the needle stabbing into his skin, again and again, then pulling then stabbing. She worked back and forth up and down one of his larger wounds eventually stopping, "There, I couldn't do scar negation stitching, because you're still due twenty strokes, I've had to use the strongest stitch I can do." With that she rose, pulled her stool out of the way and looked at Samantha, "Okay, she's fit to continue – you'll have to avoid the upper part of the left cheek now though, we don't want his stitches ripping out."

Samantha chuckled behind Craig, whose head was spinning with agony. The swish and crack of the caning began afresh. Before the end of the session warm blood was running down the back of his legs, and Anita had stitched his buttocks in at least three additional places.

Then there was a final swish and a crack and Samantha uttered the immortal word, “Ninety... Your punishment has now been administered.”

At that he spat the bite block out and breathed a sigh of relief, then he chuckled, tears still running down his cheeks, “You are all in so much trouble... I’m going to report you for assault! And I’m reporting you both for police brutality! You’d better have good lawyers because when this gets out you’re going to be going to prison!”

None of the women present flinched, eventually, after a prolonged silence Emily stepped forwards and leaned close to his face, “Is that so? Well... You didn’t want a ban, you didn’t get one... We did you a favour... You could have been free to go now... But after that little outburst, I think we need to extend your punishment to include a long – perhaps indefinite custodial sentence... Don’t you? Samantha?”

He couldn’t see Samantha, but heard her voice over his shoulder, “Oh I’d be happy to keep him in custody indefinitely... “ He began thrashing and pulling against his straps at this, but it was futile. He started screaming abuse at them, and yelling angrily.

As his outburst eased off Anita approached, “I can’t bandage him properly with all this thrashing around – I’m going to have to sedate him.”

Then he felt a sharp prick in his already tortured bottom... Then felt himself losing consciousness.

Chapter 7 : Dental torture

When Craig awoke, his posterior was on fire. He felt confused and disorientated. He was on his back in the supine position, his legs raised and his head lowered. When he opened his eyes he was dazzled with a bright white light, that seemed to shine directly into his eyes. They'd dressed him back in the feminine business suit while he was unconscious.

He tried to move but found he had a strap around his neck and straps on his ankles, wrists and waist.

Anita's face came into view – or at least part of it. She was fully gowned up as if she was about to enter an operating theatre. He looked up at her, “Wha...” She cut him off, “I'm sorry Claire, you didn't bite down quite properly and you've damaged some of your teeth – so I'm going to remove them.”

He panicked immediately, trying to get up, only to find the strap cutting into his neck. His wrists were immobile, strapped to the arm rests of the dental chair, his feet were still in the high heeled shoes and strapped to the foot rest of the dentist chair. His waist was strapped firmly to the centre, preventing any squirming or movement.

He looked at her pleadingly, “Please! Don't take my teeth out!” Tears were streaming down from his eyes as she stroked his forehead gently with her latex gloved hand, “Shhh, I'm not going to take all of them out... Just the damaged ones... Now you're in our custody we need to make decisions like this about what treatments it in your best interests to have administered to you. We've had a meeting, and we're unanimous, at least eleven teeth have to go I'm afraid.”

His bottom was burning and felt slightly damp – he assumed from drying blood, a result of his vicious caning. “Please...” She sighed deeply and produced a plastic bib which she began to tie around his neck, “Shhh, I'm going to remove the front four along the top row, then the same on the bottom. You have a couple of molars at the

back which look a little decayed so I'm going to remove those too while we're at it."

He began thrashing and struggling in the chair at this, screaming and making the chair rock. Anita didn't look impressed, "If you keep struggling, I'll administer you with a muscle relaxant, paralyzing you... Then I'll omit the anaesthetic and you can experience the most horrific pain imaginable... If you're a good girl for me – I won't paralyse you, and I'll give you something to take the edge off – now what's it to be? Are you going to be a good girl? If so open wide for me, nice and wide."

Tears were streaming down his cheeks again and he was sobbing softly, but escape felt impossible. Defeated again, he opened his mouth as wide as he could...

"Wider... Wider..." He stretched his mouth open wider, allowing her to examine the inside of his mouth... Then she slipped the ratcheting mouth spreader back in – the one which had been used on him when his mouth was washed out with soap and water. He could feel her forcing his jaw yet wider still. He strained against it, but it was of a solid steel construction and there was no give in it at all.

She smiled, he could tell by the lines by her eyes over the surgical mask, "There, I'll just pop you back – try to relax."

His jaw was stretched beyond its natural maximum opening, he was now being forced into an even more supine position with his legs higher than his body, his head at the right height for her to slide her lap under the head rest on the chair. He could feel saliva pooling at the back of his throat, but the spreader made it hard to swallow. As he started gagging on his saliva, she dropped an upside down 'U' shaped tube into his mouth which was sucking, vacuuming his saliva away.

Next Anita pulled the white tray on a moving arm towards her so it was over his abdomen. From it she picked up a large, stainless steel syringe. Leaning forwards so she could see better, but avoiding blocking the spotlight on his mouth, she brandished the syringe between fingers and thumb. “Keep still for me...”

He felt the first prick, then the force of fluid being injected into his gum, then she withdrew, then did another, this continued for some time, she appeared to be foregoing the usual practice of avoiding numbing up too much of the mouth at once to avoid patient discomfort – instead she seemed to be trying to numb his entire mouth. Once one syringe was empty she reached onto the tray for another, the numbness was spreading, he felt helpless. The loss of feeling in his gums, tongue cheeks was disconcerting, but it was better than the thought of being paralysed and having his teeth pulled out without pain relief.

When she'd emptied the second syringe she turned away, leaving him lying prone, the suction tube in his mouth, and his mouth growing numb and numb. The pain in his bottom was almost forgotten, severe as it was the anxiety of knowing he was about to have at least eleven teeth pulled out took precedent. Despite his fear, the latex gloves, the surgical mask and her soft caring voice made him feel aroused, which of course made his penis spike itself severely on the Kali's teeth bracelet. All in all he was as uncomfortable in every way, as a person could be.

She was out of view now, only the hot, glaring spotlight shining at his mouth could be seen. He heard her from somewhere in the room, “I'll just prepare my instruments while the numbness kicks in... Then we'll get started – I think I'll take your incisors out first, then work my way outwards – finishing off with the odd ones at the back... Then I'll screw some titanium pegs into your gums, so we can fit an implant or a bridge later.”

When she appeared, rather than wielding the expected pliers, she was holding a steel device with clamps, gears and ratchets on it.

She spoke as she attached it to the whitehead gag, mouth spreader that she'd already installed. "This is a special attachment I designed myself – think of it as a tongue depressor, basically, I attach this here, then clamp this here... And I've immobilised your tongue completely. It means you can't get it in the way while I'm removing your teeth and it should keep you nice and quiet for me – try to relax, I'm going to start tightening it up now."

With that he felt a strange sensation as the steel tongue depressor clamped his tongue firmly to the bottom of his mouth.

"I'm going to take your top ones out first – are you numb yet?" He felt numb, he felt very numb, but also terrified and a sudden determination to keep his teeth overtook him – he couldn't speak properly, the tongue depressor meaning all he could utter was a pathetic, warbling, 'Gah!' sound... She looked at him disappointedly and sighed, "We're not going to go through that again are we? If you give me any more trouble, I will paralyse you completely – then remove all your teeth... Every last one... and cut your tongue out... By the time I've finished the anaesthesia will have worn off, and you'll be able to experience the exquisite pain of loose nerve endings rattling together, of a sore and swollen, toothless, tongue-less mouth... It's your choice."

He started sobbing again, but stopped struggling; he was completely at her mercy, immobile and helpless. He didn't want to lose any teeth, but he'd rather lose a few than have every tooth in his mouth removed.

Then she was leaning forwards, the lines at the side of her eyes above the surgical mask clearly showing that she was smiling. He saw the latex gloved hand wielding the pliers appear, then they were barely in his view, in his mouth. He felt numb, but he could feel the grip. She was strong, but as she pulled and twisted his head moved around, his neck straining in the strap that forced his head onto the head rest.

She didn't seem put off by this, instead she moved closer and wrapped one arm around his head, her latex gloved hand gripping his jaw and pulling his head tightly into her breast... Then the pulling started again, then pushing, then pulling, then twisting. He wanted to scream, he was experiencing sensory overload. Anita was very attractive, as she pulled his head into her breast he thought he could smell her perfume, her breath even – heavy as she grunted and pulled at his teeth...

The elbow slipped and he felt the warm trickle of blood in his mouth. She held the bloody tooth up to his face, still dripping with gore, "There, that wasn't so bad was it? That one came out quite easily, and the root didn't break off – one down ten to go eh?"

He whimpered softly at her, unable to even protest, given the fact that his tongue was immobilised. In the pause he tried his bonds, but all the straps were tight and fixed – escape would be impossible. He heard the click of his removed tooth dropping into a specimen tray, then she face swept back into his vision, "Next?"

And the torture began anew, the pliers went in first, and he felt the tugging, tugging and tugging. The anaesthetic was working, he didn't feel pain, but he could feel her wrenching away at his tooth. He could feel the absence of a tooth next to one she was now removing.

The second tooth was more stubborn, after wrapping her arm around his head, gripping tightly and tugging with all her might, it was still not moving. Her face vanished for a moment, then reappeared, brandishing what looked like a stainless steel flat bladed screwdriver in her latex gloved hand. Helpless to stop her, he watched her slowly insert the screw driver into his mouth, her elbow moving up and down as she prised away at the tooth. Soon she seemed satisfied and pulled it clear, gore dripping off the end – then the pliers went in again. He felt the tugging, the pulling and his head gripped even more tightly against her breast... Then the tooth slid out. She

held it up in her pliers and smiled with her eyes over the surgical mask, “And here’s number two!” Try to relax – you’re doing fine.”

The taste of blood in his mouth was getting stronger now, he felt a little dizzy and disorientated. He wanted to get up, to rinse his numb and brutally mauled mouth out – but the straps prevented it, so he had to lie and endure.

One by one Anita mauled, pulled and prised, after taking the four across the front out she took the time to clear more blood out of his mouth and peered into the depths, “Hmmm, I was going to remove three upper molars – but I think I should fill this one, it doesn’t look so bad as the others... Hmmm, I’ll fill this one next, then whip the other two out.”

He was powerless to comment on this, though inside he was relieved. A tooth saved was a tooth saved. He questioned how damaged his teeth really were and whether this ordeal was actually justified. Of course he was helpless to voice his concerns, only able to lie submissively while Anita set up her drill.

She eventually reappeared, holding a syringe, “Just going to give you a little top up, make sure you stay nice and numb... I don’t want you squirming around while I drill do I?”

The needle was inserted, and he watched her thumb slowly depress the plunger before moving on to a new spot, distributing the anaesthetic around. When the syringe was dry it was replaced on the tray and the latex gloved hand returned holding a dentists air drill. “Try to relax...”

The hand swept over his face, the drill into his mouth... He could feel the rapidly spinning drill contact his tooth. His whole world was the whirring and whining of the drill, and Anita’s eyes, soft and caring, but piercing and professional at the same time, studying the tooth she was enthusiastically drilling into. He could feel bits of tooth spraying around his mouth before being sucked clear, then she

stopped and withdrew the drill smiling, “There, all done...” Then she produced a steel hook, the kind dentists use to scrape tartar and plaque off teeth, “I’m just going to see how the anaesthetic is holding up before we start pulling again – by having a twiddle with that nerve ending.”

He watched her concentrating eyes track the hook into his mouth then he felt it slide into the hole in his tooth. Next, she began wiggling and swirling the hook, sending shockwaves of pain through his whole body and making him strain against his bonds and scream ear piercingly. When she stopped, he un-arched his back and lay panting, whimpering softly, his eyes streaming with tears. She hovered over him, “Hmmm, that was fun... Imagine what it would be like with no anaesthetic? Maybe I shouldn’t fill it, maybe I should leave it open – then let the anaesthetic wear off, and try that again? What do you think? Would that be fun?”

He shook his head, crying harder now, almost pleadingly. She smiled and stroked his forehead with her latex clad hand, “Shhh, there, there – I was only teasing... I’ll give you another top up now...”

Then more needles...

He’d been in the chair by this stage for well over two hours, he ached all over. His jaw felt like it had locked solid, he desperately wanted to spit, to close his mouth... To sit up... But still the torment continued.

She completed the filling, then produced the pliers again, and began tugging and pulling at two more of his molars. His ordeal had endured for so long he felt like he was having an out of body experience. He whimpered and sobbed as she tugged away removing two more teeth. Once she had, his mouth was throbbing despite the anaesthetic, he could feel his gums swollen and his neck ached from the pulling and prising.

Her face vanished from view giving him a temporary respite. When she reappeared she was holding new unfamiliar implements in her hands, “Claire, I’m going to fix these titanium pegs into your gums now, two in the gaps where I’ve removed molars, and two at the front where we can fit a bridge later if we choose to. You will feel some discomfort – try to relax.”

Then the pegs were being screwed into his gums. He was helpless to even try to move his tongue in the way, when she’d finished installing the pegs he wanted to run his tongue over them and feel them, but it was immobile and completely numb still.

Happy she spent a moment studying his top row of remaining teeth, then she experimentally tugged on a couple with her fingers... “Hmmm, what do you think? Shall we remove any more? Or have we done enough? Another filling perhaps? Hmmm, no, we’ll get these bottom ones out – then we’ll have another look... I’m going to release your tongue in a moment, then fix it to the roof of your mouth so I can work on the bottom row, try to relax.”

He could feel vaguely what was going on as she altered the contraption attached to the mouth spreader to immobilise his tongue against the roof of his mouth, stretching the tongue a little uncomfortably. If anything this was even more uncomfortable than the previous arrangement, holding the tongue firmly in an unnatural position...

Then the pulling started again...

The first one was difficult to remove, and Anita had to resort to the steel screwdriver to prise it free. The next one slipped out with relative ease, the last one of the front four however did not come free, and as Anita tugged, the tooth snapped, leaving the root still firmly in the gum.

She sighed deeply, “Oh dear, I’ve broken it! Stay calm, I’m going to have dig it out of your gum... Maybe drill or cut a little of the bone

away? ”

Staying calm seemed impossible, he started quivering in fear, unable to escape or run, or even beg her to stop. The tears began running again, then she returned with the drill, and a scalpel. Then the pliers returned, then back to the drill, removing the broken root seemed to take a long time. By the time she'd finally finished, his mouth was thick with the taste of blood and beginning to throb again as the anaesthetic effect wore off slightly.

Eventually she removed her tools and stopped, “There, that wasn't so bad? Just two at the back to go now.”

Whimpering he tried to relax as the pliers were clamped onto yet another tooth and the routine of tugging and pulling began again, his head gripped tightly against the female dentist's breast. As the last tooth was yanked free he definitely felt the anaesthetic wearing off slightly and started to moan in pain softly.

Latex gloved hands explored his mouth again, while piercing eyes peeped over the top of the mask, “Hmmm, I'll just install the last few pegs – then we're all done. The anaesthetic is probably wearing off again by now, but I don't want to give you any more - we'll just try to and get the pegs in quickly, you might have to try to bite down for me.”

As the four final pegs were screwed into his bone through his gums he began grunting in pain, each peg more painful than the last. When eventually she'd finished, she began peering and probing again, using the suction tool to clean the blood and gore from inside his mouth. “Hmmm, I think I might just put a few stitches in some of these sockets... They're quite swollen and still bleeding a little... We're nearly there now.”

And so finally she took tweezers and needle and thread and stitched delicately inside his swollen, throbbing mouth. When she'd finally finished, she sat up and removed her mask, revealing her beautiful

face, "There, we're all done now. I'm going to give you a sedative to put you to sleep. When you wake up you will be back in your cell."

He was helpless to protest or to do anything, he felt her insert a syringe into his arm, then he started feeling sleepy, oh so sleepy...

As he drifted off he could feel her loosening the tongue restrictor and the mouth spreader...

Chapter 8 : Custody

When Craig awoke in his cell his whole body ached... His bottom – from the judicial caning, his penis from the Kali's teeth bracelet, his arms, legs and back from being bound for so long... And more than anything his mouth from the brutal dentistry performed on him by the beautiful but sadistic Anita.

He opened his eyes slowly, he was in the dimly lit prison cell again. He was still wearing the female suit which he'd worn to his humiliating trial – though it now appeared to have seen better days.

Achingly he climbed to his feet. His feet hurt from the sudden onslaught of high heel wearing. He kneeled down to remove the crippling five inch heels – only to find the straps had been modified to include a small lock, forcing his feet to remain in the shoe and arched sharply due to the heel. His mouth throbbed, he looked about the cell for a mirror so he could examine his mouth, but he hadn't been provided with one.

Slowly he probed his gums with his tongue, finding the remnants of Anita's stitches, the gaps where there had been teeth and the metal pegs sticking out which she'd implanted. The state she'd left him in was quite horrific. A gaping hole in his front teeth, with metal pegs clearly on show. He reached up with his hand to feel them, but found his mouth wouldn't open...

Carefully he pressed a finger between his lips into the gap, he could feel the pegs... And the gap where his teeth were missing... There... Anita had clearly installed a small lock on the pegs clamping them together. He would only be able to open his mouth when they decided to allow him.

He sat on his bunk, reflecting on experience since he'd been stopped. He'd lost track of time, he'd lost all sense of what was real. Everything was so surreal, he almost expected to wake up and to find it was all a nightmare...

He looked down at his female clothes, and breast forms... Immediately he began to feel aroused, and was reminded of the cruel kali's teeth bracelet preventing erections. He grabbed at his breast forms in frustration and tried to pull them off, but they were welded to his skin and no amount of force would loosen them.

He decided the only way to stay sane was to convince himself this was all a bad dream and that he'd wake up at some point soon. He hadn't been to the toilet since he'd been stopped and decided that he'd have to go. The only toilet facility in his cell was a metal bucket in the corner. He hobbled over on his heels, pulled his stockings down and panties – then perched on the bucket. He tried to push...

Strange... There was a resistance somehow... He groaned as involuntary reaction made him push again – still nothing. A puzzled look on his face he reached down and felt his anus, probing with his fingers. Instead of the hole where his anus should be – he felt a hard plastic, round bung with what felt like a key hole in the centre...

While he was unconscious they'd installed a locking butt plug in him! He wouldn't even be able to open his bowels without permission. Another involuntary push occurred, but the locking plug stayed put causing his abdomen to cramp and him to groan softly.

He looked around the cell, there was no call button or any means of getting help. Frustrated he hobbled over to the bars and started

shouting down the corridor in a muffled voice due to his locked jaw and missing teeth.

Eventually Maria and Emily appeared. Now dressed in what looked more like prison officers uniforms than police officers. He garbled at them that he needed to go to the toilet, could they unlock him.

Maria chuckled, “Ahh... Well, you’re up – we can start your daily routine, back up to the bars please so I can fit your cuffs.”

He glared at her, then sagged – his abdomen was cramping badly, he desperately needed to go and couldn’t afford to delay.

After backing up he felt the handcuffs snap on his wrists and being tightened up over his already red raw skin, almost cutting his circulation off. Then the door was opened and Emily and Maria led him through the tunnel. Eventually he was led into a white tiled room with a strange padded bench in the centre and what appeared to be medical equipment about.

Anita was waiting for him with a big smile on her face, wearing her pristine, crisp white nurses uniform again, the same she’d worn for the caning. She gestured towards the strange bench, “Okay – get him up.”

Maria and Emily mauled him onto the bench which had him tummy down resting on his knees and chest, legs spread giving good access to his anus and genitals. They began strapping him down as Anita talked, “Now Claire, as part of your indefinite custodial sentence, we are going to take control of your bowels, instead of opening them when you choose, every day first thing I am going to administer you with a high enema to clean your insides out. For the rest of the time your plug will remain locked in. I have developed a very special solution to use, which causes severe cramping and pain, which will slowly subside over the next four to five hours. Try to relax.”

He tried struggling, thrashing around making garbled shouts.

Anita sighed deeply, “Claire, nobody can hear you out here... This is part of your custodial sentence, I suggest you try to accept it willingly or we’ll have to administer more severe punishments? Perhaps remove your tongue? Or an eye? I’ve never done an ocular enucleation before, but I’d be happy to read up in it for you? No? You’re going to be a good girl for me? Good...”

He felt her inserting a key into his plug as he relaxed, when it turned the shape filling his anus changed from a mushroom to a tube and it was withdrawn. As it was some faeces followed it dripping onto the floor. Then without a pause a latex gloved hand was on his bottom, fingers prising his anus open, and tube a tube was rammed into his back passage.

Then an inflating as a ball inside was blown up to prevent the tube pulling out. Anita then switched on one of the machines behind him and he felt himself filling up. Even as it filled his belly started cramping uncomfortably, sharp pains and dull aches hitting him from every angle. As the fluid reached his cecum and entered the small intestine he grunted and groaned in discomfort.

Anita had walked to the front of the bench and stroked his forehead with a gloved hand, “Shhh, we’re nearly there now – I’d set the machine up to give you a nice high enema for the full effect – it will be done in a few minutes, then you empty and we’ll refill a couple of times, just to make sure you’re spotless inside.”

The machine paused and he was allowed to evacuate, the brown water spraying onto the floor with some force... Then the tube was replaced and the process began again.

By the time he emptied the last fill he was double over with cramps. His eyes were watering as the locking plug was replaced.

He heard Anita's voice from the rear then, "Before I unfasten you – I just want to remove these dressings and check how your caning injuries are healing, clean the wounds up and apply fresh dressings."

He couldn't see, but he felt the bandages removed, gloved fingers probing the wounds, then a stinging solution swabbed over the area. It was humiliating, degrading and uncomfortable. Eventually his dressings had been replaced and he was set free from the bench.

He was then led through the house to a new room.

Samantha was waiting in the new room, standing next to a chair which appeared to be designed to accommodate prisoners wearing handcuffs. They forced him to sit, then strapped his ankles to the legs of the chair and his back to the back rest.

Samantha was holding a clipboard and pen and white lab coat. She scribbled some notes then looked at him, "Ahhh, Clair – you're ready? Seeing as we've got you in our custody indefinitely – we've decided to use you for a medical experiment. I'll explain, the chair is a large scale – so we're going to weigh you, take some blood samples and general health information. We're going to monitor these things to see what the effect on health is of having a diet of one hundred percent human semen. Technically human semen has good nutritional content – carbohydrates, protein, vitamins, but it is generally not consumed in great enough quantities to survive on, however I believe if you feed you enough, it will provide adequate nutrition. Any questions?"

While he was talking Anita took a blood sample, his blood pressure, temperature and his pulse.

Using only his lips and tongue to form the words he struggled, "I got my caning, why haven't I been released? Why are you forcing me to women's clothes and a spiky thing on my penis? When are you releasing me!?"

Samantha chuckled at this, “Well, to be honest if you’d taken your caning like a man and said no more you’d have been on your merry way straight afterwards... I don’t like threats Claire, I have you in my power - so it’s up to me when you are released – it’s a pity you didn’t realise that before you started your little tirade? I like to keep my prisoners feminized and in chastity because it amuses me, and because I believe it makes you more manageable... As for when I’m releasing you? To be honest, I was thinking... Never! Incidentally, that’s the same answer as the one to the question; ‘when am I likely to allow you to have an erection again’. Any more questions?”

He looked blankly at her... Stunned... Desperately trying to think of a way out of this mess. Before he could protest though he felt a mask being fitted from behind, he suspected the gloved hands were Anita’s. The mask fed a tube through the large gap in his front teeth and was strapped firmly to his head. It was made so that whatever was introduced to the mouth couldn’t be expelled, the only choice was to swallow. Then a clamp was placed on his nose and he heard Anita’s voice from behind, “This is to stop you spraying some out of your nose, we’re going to start you on a kilogram of semen, three times a day... We may have to reduce it a little after a few weeks, depending on how Samantha’s supplies shore up.”

Anita appeared and he watched her fix a long tube to front of his ‘force-feeding’ gag. Samantha produced a large bag of translucent pearl grey goo and placed it on a scale on her workbench, “Hmmm, 1,125 grams, you’re getting a slightly better breakfast this morning. Anita, are we ready to administer?”

Anita handed the other end of the long tube over and Samantha took it. The bag was hung a valve opened and Samantha began squeezing the bag, forcing the semen to firstly fill Craig’s mouth, then force it down his throat. The taste was salty and slimy, his oral cavity smelled of sex and the smell invaded his nostrils also. He struggled, and tried to voice complaint, but she just squeezed the bag harder. Relenting, he began swallowing as fast as he could, gulping down the sticky ichor as fast as possible. His mouth and

throat felt coated, it felt like being force-fed liquidized oysters, but with an aroma of fresh sex.

When Samantha had finally squeezed the last drops out of the bag the tube was squeezed also to try to get every last drop into his mouth. He felt full, he felt sick, his stomach was still cramping from the enema, his posterior was sore, his mouth felt swollen. His chaffed wrists itched.

Samantha lowered her face so it was centimetres from his, “Now Claire, have you swallowed every last drop in your mouth? We’re going to give you a drink to wash your meal down now.”

Anita then re-appeared with another bag, this time containing a clear yellow tinted liquid, she was chuckling as she attached the tube, “Ready for your drink Claire? This is a real treat, we’ve all contributed to this – enjoy.”

He looked puzzled for a moment, but then she was squeezing the bag and it became clear to him what this was – it was warm as it fresh and it tasted slightly alkaline, of urea. The small invaded his nostrils, now overpoweringly feminine and somewhat of toilets. He didn’t want to drink, but the force with which it was being squeezed into his mouth meant he had no choice. Again he was forced to swallow and guzzle the women’s pee as fast as he could.

When it was finished the tube was removed and he was lifted up and returned to his cell.

Chapter 9 : On going custody...

Craig was returned to the feeding room later that day, then later again. Each time he was taken there, he was fed roughly a kilo of semen and a litre of ladies urine.

Keeping track of time was difficult, he was rarely if ever allowed to see daylight, the days rolled together. In some respects he dreaded

the force feeding sessions, the taste of male sex, and urine were the only tastes that were in his world now... But it was human interaction. The rest of the time he was in solitary confinement in his cell.

As the days wore on his clothes became more and more smelly and uncomfortable. The girls eventually provided him with fresh clothes, always female, female underwear, dresses.

Every day he endured the humiliating and uncomfortable enema, followed by lasting and painful stomach cramps.

Every day he endured the three meals of semen and urine. To his surprise, he found himself not losing weight or becoming unhealthy – it seemed Samantha's experiment was proving that it was technically possible, if wholly impractical for a person to live on semen and urine only.

He began to develop Stockholm syndrome, looking forwards to Anita, and Samantha's interaction. Gradually he saw less and less of Maria and Emily, the police officers who he held responsible for the situation he was in. He didn't even blame them. The bridge and implants that Anita had hinted at never materialised. He even tried asking Anita to have his jaw unlocked and to have the bridge and implants fitted...

Of course when he did she would smile sweetly and tell him that of course he could have his implants, one day if he was a good girl, and she couldn't wait to get him in the chair again... Maybe see about removing a few more? Anita clearly had a macabre liking for pulling teeth. Eventually Craig decided it was not worth pursuing, if she would relent and fit implants, then there would probably be a price of losing more teeth...

It wasn't even as if needed teeth, living on a liquid diet...

Weeks turned into months, it got to a stage where Anita would collect him from his cell without locking him into hand cuffs and he wouldn't need to be strapped down for his enema or force-feeding sessions.

Eventually he'd completely lost track of time...

Chapter 10 : Freedom – The choice.

One day after his morning enema, Craig was taken to a new room, he had no idea how long he'd been there.

Samantha was waiting for him.

This day he'd been given a satin dress to wear, in a deep crimson colour with matching female underwear. His balls felt ready to explode, it had been so long since they were emptied. Despite not being able to enjoy erections, he'd been kept in chastity for so long that now his penis almost constantly dribbled pre-cum.

Samantha was holding her clipboard, "Claire, it seems to me, that really... We don't need to continue the experiment. From the data we've collected so far, we can see that actually, the only thing preventing us from keeping you nourished on semen and urine is the limited availability of semen. You have to gulp it down to live on it, and I'm having trouble keeping enough coming in to sustain you... So I'm left with a choice – what do with you? I have a few options... I could sell you on, to get the best money for you – I would have Anita perform her radical feminization surgery on you... It's quite exquisite, you would end up effectively visibly female in every way, but still with the male libido – except when you start to get aroused your 'surgical chastity belt' would cause severe pain... A slave who has had this procedure performed on them is worth at least three hundred thousand pounds..."

Craig quivered, almost wobbling off his heels, he avoided speaking... She continued, "There are other options, I could keep

you on, try to continue sustaining you on only semen and urine... Rent you out perhaps? Or I could offer you parole, release if you like? I know this sounds like it would be a risky option for me – but I've can call on someone to come in and frazzle your memory, so you can't find us and reap some form of retribution. It's not a surgical option... Of course I'm sure Anita would be willing to offer you a lobotomy or electro-convulsive therapy to scramble your memory – but I can imagine that wouldn't be your first choice hmmm?"

He shook visibly and shook his head violently.

Samantha chuckled, "No, I didn't think so... Here's the deal then, I give you two options. Option one, you remain within my custody, we continue our regime as long as possible, supporting your diet with things other than semen once availability is no longer there... I rent you out, to give oral sex to women, men... Allow men and women to penetrate you as they see fit – that sort of thing... Option two, I have Anita castrate you, have Dr Eve scramble your memories and have you wake up in your little car, I assume it's still in that layby... With your jaw unlocked, and you'd be ready for those implants – none the worse for wear except being sans testicles... Which option do you choose?"

Chapter 11 : Option 1... Option 2...

Craig stood in silence, thinking about his options..

Visions of being in bondage, of being violated by men and women... Of being forced to continue guzzling buckets of semen and urine, the solitary confinement... The feminine clothes had almost become normal to him by this stage, but at the same mention of this, he remembered, he wanted to somehow remove his breast forms, don jeans and T-shirts, and get out of frilly knickers and bra's. The first thing he would do was go and get his hair cropped short... And live as a man again...

But could he? Opting for option one, appeared to mean sacrificing his testicles to the maniac Samantha... Losing his sense of masculinity, his ability to reproduce...

In some respects, despite their sadistic treatment of him, he'd grown fond of Anita and Samantha... But food, real food... And being able to drink other than urine...

It was such a tempting offer, but then his testicles...

She was effectively figging him again, leaving him with a terrible hobsons' choice, freedom and becoming completely asexual – stripped of his libido and unable to ever recover it... Or a life which was exclusively devoted to sex and sexual pleasure – namely that of others. He hated the ring of spikes locked on his penis, he'd tried many nights in his cell to slip it off, but it was impossible... At the same time he'd come to enjoy the feelings of submissiveness, the heightened feeling of subservience and the will to please and submit to Anita and Samantha that seemed to come from the device and the constant feminization they forced him to endure...

Then he thought about her threat of hiring him out to service men orally, and to be penetrated...

He stood there agonizing over his choice... Asexual freedom, or a sex slave in permanent chastity serving both sexes while being denied all pleasure himself...

He stood there for nearly twenty minutes, imagining the two alternative lives he'd been offered... Then he sighed deeply, and spoke awkwardly, "Samantha, if I remain in your custody – can I have my jaw unlocked and some implants fitted?"

She shrugged, "I suppose that would be fair... However I don't see why I have to be fair with you... No, if you stay, you stay and have no choice over your medical and dental treatments. Can I take it that's your choice?"

He glared at her, “Forget it then, release me! And you’d better hope this memory scrambling technique you plan to use works, because if it doesn’t you’re going to prison for a long time!”

She shrugged... “Oh it will... I’ll notify Anita, we’ll get you ready for surgery.”

His knees buckled, he thought about it... He’d rushed the decision, he didn’t want to be castrated, he called out pleadingly, “Stop! I’ve changed my mind! I’ll stay in your custody!”

Samantha shook her head, “Sorry Claire, you’ve made your choice... It’s too late to change your mind.” His hands were free, he formed them into fists and was about to charge Samantha when he heard the sound of a taser dart firing... Then he was crumpled on the floor writhing in pain.

Chapter 12 : Option 2...

When he eventually came around Craig found himself strapped to a gynaecology bench, his knees at right angles, his feet firmly strapped into stirrups and his knees spread apart. He was wearing a patients gown, and the room was empty.

The bright operating lights shone down brightly, he tried his bonds, struggling to get free, but he was too firmly strapped. He found his jaw had been unlocked, but it wouldn’t open more than a tiny bit, the muscles having contracted over his year in custody.

He waited, he struggled, he sobbed... Eventually, after several repeats of this cycle Anita appeared, dressed for surgery again. She was smiling at him, but he could only tell by her eyes peeping over the surgeons mask, “Ahhh, Claire – you’re up? All ready for your surgery?”

He started struggling, "Please!" She approached him and stroked his forehead with her latex gloved hand, "Shhh, this'll be over in a few minutes – it's a very simple procedure. I don't normally do castrations to slaves, it doesn't make them easy to manage... But seeing as we're sending you on your way, and I like castrating so much... What I'm going to do is make an incision straight down your scrotum, then I'll pull your testicles clear, clamp off the vas deferens to each testicle and snip them off. Then I'll use a scalpel to slice off the rest of the scrotum and stitch the skin together where it used to be. Samantha has suggested I give you a penectomy as well for good measure, seeing as you tried to change your mind on her – she doesn't like that. For the penectomy, I will simply slice your penis off at the base, then stitch the skin around the urethra so you have a hole you can pee out of... There's no anaesthetic so I've got your bite block for you."

She then unceremoniously placed the rubber bite block from his caning into his mouth. His eyes went wide and he started thrashing and shouting. She'd stepped into the gap between his legs and now raised an eyebrow at him, "Shhh, any more complaints and I'll take your eyes and tongue out too... Now lie still for me... Good..."

He bit down and screamed as he felt her scalpel open up his scrotum and pour fluid onto the floor. His testicles suddenly felt cold, then strange as she gently removed them from the sack, caressing them in her fingers. "Applying the clamps..."

He couldn't feel it, but he saw her reach for a pair of surgical scissors. Next he heard a 'snip', 'snip' and she was reaching for needle and thread. She held her bloody, gloved hand out showing him his two jewels in her fingers, "There, that wasn't so bad was it? No more of those nasty urges now... Should calm you down a bit – maybe your speeding days are over now?"

That was it he remembered the offence... He was panting, breathing heavily, crying at his loss... Then he shrieked in pain as she began slicing off his scrotum, the the stitching. Finally he felt her lop his

penis off at the base and begin stitching, the pain was so great... He passed out.

Chapter 13 : Waking...

He opened his eyes groggily...

Where was he? He was sitting upright... There in front of him was the wheel, the steering wheel of his little car... It was still raining outside the car... He breathed a sigh of relief... It had all been a bad dream, he must have pulled over for a rest and then... Hmmm that didn't seem right... He didn't feel quite right....

He pulled down the drivers sun visor and revealed the mirror – then angled it so he could look at his teeth... Sure enough the top and bottom front four were missing, replaced by two little metal pegs on each row. He gasped and felt his chest, the breast forms were still stuck to his chest... In horror he reached down to his groin... Nothing... There was nothing there...

Horrified, he shoved his hand down his jeans and into his boxer shorts, nothing... He reached down and felt the shape of his groin, now without a scrotum or penis attached, nothing, save for a little lump where his urethra had been stitched...

He immediately started crying,.. Sobbing hard, as he felt his asexual groin area, totally sexless, he couldn't even have a sex change operation, she'd left him with nothing...

He thought about her gentle caring, soft voice, those beautiful eyes... And then what she'd done to him... He started crying again.

“Mr Livingstone...”

He looked around, where had the voice come from?

Chapter 14 : Reality...

He felt strange, he looked behind him, “Mr Livingstone, open your eyes – wake up!”

He felt reality flip and suddenly he was lying prone on a couch reclined, with his eyes shut. He opened them gradually, to see another face he wasn't familiar with, another beautiful girl.

He looked up at her puzzled, “Where am I? Who are you?”

She chuckled softly, “My name is Dr Eve Wilshaw, hypnotist... A police woman friend of mine brought you to me... She said you'd been speeding, and didn't want a ban – so instead she's turned a blind eye to your offence, and brought you to me so I can implant an unpleasant memory that you will associate with driving too fast.”

He sighed deeply, his face full of relief, “It wasn't real? None of it was real?” She smiled at him and stroked his forehead, “No, it was all a memory constructed by me... Although... Some of the people and places in it were real... Who knows, next time you get caught – maybe it won't simply be a memory implanted? Maybe next time you'll really undergo this treatment and spend a year in Samantha Burns custody?”

The thought sent a shockwave through his body making him shudder and squirm on the chair.

[Dr Eve is the same Dr Eve that featured heavily in my other story “The Hypnotist”]

Dr Eve smirked, “I don't think you'll be speeding again will you though?”

He pushed himself forwards, and looked around – he was in a small office, on a leather couch. He pushed his feet on the floor, “I'm free to go now? That's it?”

She nodded, “Yes, of course!” He looked suspiciously at her, “And how will this work?”

She stepped closer, her high heels clicking on the floor loudly, then she leaned close to his face and rested a hand gently on his shoulder, “The unpleasant memory I’ve just implanted into your brain is fading now... But trust me it’s very unpleasant... Whenever you knowingly start to drive faster than the speed limit, flashes of that memory will start to creep into your conscious mind. The more over you go... The more vivid and real they will become... Should continue until you are five miles over the limit, then that night, you will re-experience your year in captivity, the caning, the dental torture, the guzzling buckets of semen, and the eventual castration and penectomy... In real time, in full vivid memory – as if it’s happening again.”

Her mentions of his memory brought back painful memories and he quivered again, to Dr Eve’s satisfaction. “And then?”

She shrugged, “The memory will slowly fade... Until the next time you speed that is... I suggest you keep your foot off the accelerator.”

Craig rose to his feet. Not sure of how to react... He could still remember being locked in the cell, receiving the caning, the dentistry, the force-feeding... It seemed impossible it wasn’t real – it was all so vivid!

He walked out of the doctors’ office, remembering the castration with a shudder. Sure enough his car was parked up on the car park. Still feeling dazed and confused he staggered over and slid his key into the lock.

Once he was sitting behind the wheel, he started the engine, something was wrong. He looked at his wrists, they were red raw and chaffed...

His teeth, also felt strange, he lowered the sun visor and peered into the mirror on it. His teeth appeared present, but they felt wrong... Had Anita given him a bridge, he reached up and felt his teeth... They didn't feel quite right...

He found his posterior felt a little strange too... A little sore? Like something was pulling when he shuffled about?

The memory of the caning was there in his mind as clear as day, the straps holding him to the frame, he almost hear Anita declaring him fit to continue, almost taste the rubber bite block, almost, almost hear the swish of the cane...

He felt his chest, there were no breast forms... He breathed a sigh of relief, but his chest felt wrong, like something had been stuck there... A feeling of dread grew...

What if Dr Eve hadn't been completely honest? He thought about the kali's teeth bracelet – he didn't feel the surge of arousal he expected though...

With a look of horror he slowly reached down and slid his hand into his trousers, instead of his boxer shorts he felt the unmistakable feel of silk, satin and lace...

A tear grew in his eye, he slid his hand into his panties... Desperately hoping to find that at least, the castration and penectomy hadn't been real...

~fin

By Sabrina

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 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...

FAQ

Q: Are you a professional dome?

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

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

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

Q: Please?

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

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

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

Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?

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

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

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

Q: Aren't your stories morally reprehensible?

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

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

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

Q: So do you hate men?

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

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

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

Q: So there's no Samantha Burns?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Q: Is Sabrina Jen Mountford your real name?

A: No it's a pen name.

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

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

Q: Are your stories popular?

A: Fairly... I've had them in the top 20,000 on Kindle at times. People who buy one often buy more... I haven't had many requests for refunds – to be honest there's a pattern to the tiny number of refund requests I have had... I wonder if it's

someone cheating and buying them with the full intention of requesting a refund regardless of whether they like it or not. That thing wanting to castrate men... Hmm, 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'm still thinking about it though at the moment – when I get around to it, it should be a good one!