

# SECRETARY

*By Lara Lynn*

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Xoxo

Lara Lynn

P.S. oh and btw, thanks to one of my patreons generosity, I have started a new story which you can read in [here](#): (don't worry, it is free)

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So thank him for making that new story possible, you owe him.

In the bustling big city, where ambition and power reign supreme, "Secretary" weaves a tale of corruption, feminization, and domination. At its center is Irina, a formidable businesswoman with a penchant for control, who orchestrates a hypnotic journey of feminization for her unsuspecting employee, Alex.

Irina is a woman of impeccable taste and unyielding determination. Behind her polished facade lies a desire for dominance that knows no bounds. With the help of her trusted friend, Dr. Paige, a skilled hypnotist, Irina sets her sights on Alex, her loyal but unsuspecting employee.

Alex is a talented young man eager to make his mark in the cutthroat world of legal practice. When he lands a job as Irina's personal assistant, he sees it as an opportunity of a lifetime. Little does he know, his life is about to take an unexpected turn as Irina enacts her plan for his transformation.

After a sexual incident in the workplace, Irina makes Alex participate in a series of therapy sessions with Dr. Paige. Initially hesitant, Alex finds himself drawn into a web of suggestion and manipulation, unable to resist Irina's commanding presence.

As the hypnosis takes hold, Alex's subconscious is gradually rewired to embrace his feminine side. Under Irina's guidance, he begins to explore a new identity, one defined by being a good employee, a pretty doll, and a submissive feminized sissy. With every passing day, Alex's resistance crumbles, replaced by a growing obsession with pleasing his enigmatic boss.

With Dr. Paige's expertise and Irina's cunning guidance, Alex's transformation unfolds with meticulous precision. He finds himself drawn to the silky textures of women's clothing, the delicate brush of makeup against his skin, and the intoxicating thrill of embodying femininity. As he is put under Irina's control, Alex discovers a newfound sense of servitude. A forced one.

But as Alex's transformation progresses, he grapples with the consequences of his submission. Caught between the thrill of his imposed servitude and the fear of societal judgment, he must confront the true extent of his desires and the price of his obedience.

Meanwhile, Irina's motives remain shrouded in mystery as she navigates the treacherous waters of personal ambition. Haunted by her lustful desires, she finds solace in the control she wields over Alex, blurring the lines between professional dominance and personal obsession.

As tensions rise and boundaries blur, "Secretary" delves into the depths of desire and the complexities of power dynamics in a world where appearances are everything. With its mesmerizing narrative and provocative themes, this novel invites readers to explore the forced feminization and sissification tale of a young man into a submissive secretary doll.

# CHAPTER 1

## NEW RULES

Irina and Alex met six months ago in a twist of fate. He was a young, hungry for success intern at a law firm. She was a very successful lawyer, and much, much more. He was in his twenties but looked young as he was short, slim, and had very little facial or body hair. She was a very impressive woman of visible Russian descent; tall, blonde, blue eyed, and charismatic.

Alex came to Irina's attention quickly as he was a highly motivated employee. Not especially smart, but motivated, and that is something Irina could work with. She offered him a chance to work in her department as an intern, which Alex eagerly accepted as it was one of the most attractive ones in the firm. He feared so much ending up on a dead end he jumped at the chance of working with Irina, one of the best considered lawyers in the place. Irina didn't think of working with him but on him...

As time passed they became closer to the point they raised some gossip at the office. Irina was demanding and Alex did his best to meet her expectatives, so some people called Alex Irina's pet. Irina liked Alex, but it was no secret that the quality of his work wasn't the best, in fact, it was mediocre at best, but he worked hard for long hours when she told him to work again over some task, or repeat something to improve it. Irina watched in delight how Alex worked beyond his pay, working hours, and role, just to try to satisfy her. He was hungry for success and committed to her, and commitment is what she needed for her next move.

One Tuesday morning the air at the firm felt different, and Alex felt a strange tension in the air when he was called to Irina's office:

"Good morning Alex. How are you? Well? Do you know why I called you to my office?"

"Good morning Irina, I don't know, but there is a strange feeling around the office today..."

"In fact there is. Today I have filled in my resignation and I am planning on leaving by the end of the week."

The revelation struck me, that was the last thing I could have imagined.

"But" she continued "I have news for you, great news in fact. I am going to begin my own practice, and I have a position in which you might fit just right in as my personal assistant. Do you want to sign in?"

I stood there trying to process everything, looking like a deer in headlights.

“But... of course, this is a, I mean, thank you for the offer!”

“There, there” she said, producing a piece of paper “This will be your new contract, sign it, and we begin next week. You will have more or less the same job you currently have, but I will pay you more and will focus more on your training. You can’t be an intern forever, can you?”

“Of course not Irina, thank you so much!”

Alex began to read the document but he was too nervous to really focus, however, he thought looking at the document would make him look professional in the eyes of Irina. Irina, smiling, handed him a pen and told him:

“Come on honey, sign, you know you want this, don't sweat it”

Alex signed the document and after repeating his thanks left the office feeling the luckiest man on earth. Irina had a similar thought, although for different reasons.

After a nervous week in which Alex prepared everything for the transition to his new job, and an even more nervous weekend in which he was particularly dreamy about his future, Monday came, and he went into the new office in which Irina had decided to establish her practice.

It was a nice modern looking space at the city center, a professional looking office set in an apartment space. There was a big well lit room that will be Irina’s private office and some other rooms, one of which I assumed Irina will name as mine. Irina gave me a little tour around the place and when we reached a desk next to her private office, she pronounced:

“And last but not least, this will be your working place. Settle and as soon as you are ready I have some work waiting for you”

“What? But cant I get one of the rooms? I think I will work better in an office”

“Oh, an office? Hahaha, I don't think so. I need you here, in front of my office, we are going to be working very close so I need to have you ready, and a desk next to my office is the perfect place for you to be at. Don’t you agree?”

“Well... yes, I would prefer an office, but I guess this is good too...”

“Oh, come on dear, why do you look so disappointed? This is the perfect place for a PA such as yourself, don’t you agree?”

“I guess so...”

“Come on dear, settle and let's begin. If you work hard, I promise one day you will have your own office”

With this she disappeared in her private space. I began to accommodate myself, and soon we had this place rolling as usual, Irina on the driving wheel, and I enthusiastically followed.

Time passed, and soon days became weeks, then months. Alex was happy at the money he was making, and how nice Irina treated him. True that she asked him for less and less legal work everyday, but he had some duties that Irina called “essential” such as taking care of archives, reviewing documentation, organizing Irina’s agenda, and running errands to keep her satisfied, including bringing her lunch, and coffee.

Irina and Alex settled into a routine, which included a time in the morning defined by Irina as “instruction time”. During this period, Alex came into Irina’s office while she served him tea and asked him how he felt with the job, but questions progressed to more personal topics as Irina began making more and more questions. During this time, Alex began to open up more and more, and felt like Irina really cared about him. One morning, after he had finished his tea, he began feeling light headed, as Irina introduced a new topic:

“I have decided that we need to do something about our image, and this will include a change in your attire. Tomorrow a tailor is coming to the office, and you will be measured. I have instructed the design of some suits that will better reflect our professionalism”

“Oh, what, like a uniform?”

“If you want to think about it like that, yes. But think about this as meeting the provisions stipulated on your contract about training. You must learn to look professional and this will help you with that”

Alex didn't know that his contract stipulated that, but he briefly knew what his contract stipulated besides his salary and promotion opportunities. True to her words, the next day Alex was fitted and before Friday he received in his apartment some boxes with professional looking attire, from ties, to socks, to suits all very similar in a professional style, even a blazer coat. Now the only weird thing was that the shirt's fabric was so soft, some of the suit pants were too tight, or too loose, or the leg too flared, or too high waisted. The jackets were strangely short and round, and the shoes had a strange vibe. Also Alex had never had a cream suit before, nor a light green or a white one.

Despite his initial feelings, he began to dress in the most modest suits he got, and Irina complimented him greatly on how he looked. When he moved on to the rest of his outfits, Irina complimented him even more on how “professional” and “reaffirmed” he looked.

Everything was on track and Alex stayed busy attending Irina. In the mornings he felt a bit anxious, but that feeling faded after his morning “instruction time”. In his last session he had

complained about his screen as recently it had begun to flicker, specially during his articles reading time, a task that consisted in looking into news and articles that Irina told him to read as they were of interest to his professional training.

Irina told him it was nothing to worry about and just kept focusing on his reading. Within a week he didn't notice the flickering any more, nor could he recall very well what he had read during his reading time, something about law and the world of fashion? But Irina rarely asked him about what the articles were about.

Time went by and Alex felt how his libido was intensifying. He was now hornier, and at night he had to masturbate three or four times before falling asleep. He thought this was some kind of seasonal hormonal effect or something, but not before long, he found himself thinking about sex almost every minute. He noticed her boss's beauty more than ever, and frequently he masturbated thinking about her, about how she would one day command him to pleasure her in her office.

One day after his "instruction time" with Irina, he began to feel so horny that he went to the office bathroom and began masturbating. That way he began a routine of masturbating after his "instruction time", just before he began reading the articles Irina selected for him each day.

Irina never discussed this, but was well aware of what Alex did in the bathroom for 20-30 min every morning, and as time passed, a couple of times in the afternoon. She made sure she gave the boy space to engage in that activity as much as he wanted, after all, it was necessary for her plan.

A Wednesday morning Alex arrived in the office as any other day, only to find after his "instruction time" that the bathroom door was locked. When he asked, Irina told him that there was a plumbing problem. The morning passed, and Alex felt desperate for release, to the point that he began to touch himself under his clothes. He was a bit lost in the filthy activity when Irina passed by her desk going to the street door telling him that she was going outside to have a salad. As soon as she left, Alex couldn't hold anymore, and calculated he had at least 15 minutes, so quickly he opened his pants and began to pleasure himself.

Irina, watching it all on her phone, was calculating the moment in which the boy was going to erupt, she had to be precise to catch him in the act, and here it came... as Alex was orgasming he heard the street door open and a person rush leaving him no time to react.

"I am sorry I forgot my sunglasses, can you believe... OH MY GOODNESS! ALEX!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?"

"Ah... I aaah..."

"Oh my, don't you try to explain yourself, it is very clear what you are doing. Can't believe you do such dirty things! In here, in my office!"

"I am sorry, I was just..."

"Don't say another word, oh my, how could you"

With that she went back out of the office, closing the street doorway too hard as if she was angry. I was feeling as ashamed as someone can be. When Irina came back she said nothing and went straight into her office. I was trying to be as silent as possible and on my best behavior. We didn't talk for the rest of the day and as soon as work time was over, I got out and went home looking to crawl into my bed and die.

The next morning came too quickly and as I got dressed I wondered if I should just stay home and never go back again, but I couldn't afford to change my job just now, my salary was low, and living in the city was expensive. Working with Irina had been my chance out of my low class status, that is if she didn't fire me that morning, which might just happen.

As usual when I got to the office Irina was already there, working in her private space. Time went slow and I was growing nervous until she called me in for our usual morning "instruction time". When I entered the office, she was pouring the tea, and silently, piercing me with her gaze, she began to talk, in a distant and full of authority manner:

"So Alex, let's cut to the chase. You know what you did yesterday and how serious it is?"

"I ah... I am sorry I..."

"Oh you are sorry?"

"Yes, I am sorry..."

"You are sorry -she made a pause and kept her eyes fixed on me- we will see about that. I am going to say it out loud, you were masturbating in a public space"

"Public... public space?"

"Yes, a public space. The office is considered a running business hence open to the public. You have committed a very serious felony, a felony which implies jail time and being registered as a sexual offender"

"Whaaat? How..."

"You are a sexual offender and you say you are sorry. Unbelievable. How can you behave so low"

"I don't know, I don't know why I did it. I just... I couldn't control myself..."



“You couldn't control yourself? Really?”

“Yes, it is true, I couldn't control myself...” I said almost crying.

“So if you couldn't control yourself this hasn't been just one perverted act, this has happened before, am I right?”

“Yes” I nodded, my eyes looking down.

“We have a problem here. If I report you as a sex offender you will face very serious consequences, however...” she paused “however I want to believe you Alex, because I appreciate you. Are you really unable to control your urges?”

“Ye-es, I have a... problem, I am sorry”

“Okay. I think I know what the problem is. I am going to help you with your problem, but you have to agree to my instruction, we must work together to help you. Otherwise you will have to face the consequences of your actions. Is that clear?”

“Yes, yes, absolutely, thank you”

“Okay. Now go back to your desk. Dismissed”

“Thank you...”

With that I left and resumed my duties. I felt a lot of pressure in my head and felt somewhat uneasy. The day went by slowly and everytime Irina came out of her space, it felt awkward. As soon as work time was over, I went back home looking to put an end to another embarrassing day. As I laid in bed my head was full of ideas, I had no idea how Irina was planning to help me, but anything was better than jail. How wrong I was...

Next day I felt better and when Irina called me for “instruction time” she had recovered her usual mood. She was purging me tea and while we drank it, she made small talk. I began to feel spaced and couldn't really focus when she told me something that caught me off guard.

“So I have been studying how to deal with your condition Alex. We are going to take a medical approach and for starters I will take you to therapy this week so they can check on you. Additionally you will have to wear this device” she opened the first drawer of her desk and produced a chastity cage.

“Whaa-at is that? Why...”

“This my dear Alex, is the first step to your full recovery, and as so the first step to avoid being reported to the authorities. This is a chastity cage, you will wear from now on to make sure you cannot make a nasty act again”

“But I...”

“No buts. You will wear this until therapy, I made an appointment next Thursday and there we can ask the doctor how to proceed. Now shall we?”

I couldn't believe what was happening, but I couldn't focus at all, my vision was blurry and I was unable to concentrate. I could only mumble some words when I felt that Irina began to unzip my pants and manipulated my cock.

“There we go boy, nice and secure. Now we are both safe. It will be a bit uncomfortable at first but of course...”

Irina went on explaining the benefits of the cage to me and some other things I couldn't understand. After a while I felt my mind slowly returning, and I was dismissed by Irina. I clumsily made it to my desk where I stayed until I recovered.

The first thing I did was go to the bathroom and examine the device. Between my legs, very visible, my cock was trapped inside a shiny metal device. It looked high-end and expensive. Irina had also locked a padlock to make sure the cage stayed on. I tried to manipulate it, but no use, I couldn't remove it, the ring at the base was awfully tight and there was a bended bar between my testicles, separating them and making sure everything stayed tight and didn't slip in any manner.

Feeling defeated, I returned to my desk. Irina had restrained my masculinity, but I felt weak, so weak, I couldn't protest. She caught me masturbating and she had threatened to destroy my life if I didn't cooperate. I felt like crying.

Soon it was article reading time. Today more than ever, it was impossible to concentrate, the screen was failing all the time. It just produced some flashes, like quick images and sounds I couldn't understand, I began to daze off...

The rest of the day went as usual, and so did the next one. True to her word, on Thursday, after instruction time, Irina instructed me to grab my things and follow her. We went to the building garage, where Irina opened a luxury, very elegant Jaguar car and told me to sit next to her. She turned it on and began to drive out of the garage, out of the neighborhood, out of the city... I was feeling sleepy again when we finally arrived at a gated house on the outskirts. Irina honked and the doors opened. She drove in, and came down the car, instructing me to do the same with her polite yet commanding “follow me”.

We got inside the building and were met by a shy looking girl behind a desk and a very attractive blonde woman in a doctor's white coat. In fact, she had a similar aura to that of Irina's. She greeted her, and Irina introduced us.

"Alex, this is Paige Nevsky, she is the therapist that is going to help you with your problem"

"Hi..." feeling ashamed, I couldn't say anything better.

"Well, let's try not to call it a problem until we run a diagnosis. Why don't you come with me to my office Alex?"

Doctor Nevsky guided me into her office and instructed me to take a seat on a chaise lounge. It was comfortable, and sleepy as I was, it felt kinda comfortable.

"Now Alex, I want you to relax. Breathe in... Breathe out... Let all the worries leave your body, your mind is calm..."

Next thing I remember is waking up disoriented. Doctor Nevsky was next to me and the sound of a metronome at a slow pace could be heard as if it was a background noise.

"Hey Alex, you are finally awake. Relax, take it slowly, you fell asleep during the relaxation exercises"

"Wh...what? Wher... what time is it?"

"Don't worry about that now Alex, you don't need to worry about anything at all..."

Her calm voice had a relaxing effect on me. Slowly I began to focus again. I couldn't believe I had just fallen asleep in the middle of the day. Suddenly I felt worried Doctor Nevsky might be offended because I was out.

"I am... I am sorry to have fallen asleep, I..."

"Oh you don't have to worry at all. You were just very, very tired. It is a very common thing in patients going through a lot of stress as you. Today we just focused on relaxation exercises, you need to let go. You have done very good Alex"

Suddenly I felt very complimented by her words, her approval made me feel good, secure. While I was still making up my mind, Irina entered the room and sat halfway between Doctor Nevsky and me.

"Thanks for joining us Irina"

"My pleasure Paige. Tell us please, how severe is Alex's condition?"

Doctor Nevsky took a few seconds before answering, and then she looked at us with a very serious, analytical expression:

“When I met you today, I thought I was going to treat a patient with a case of sex addiction. Symptoms indicated so; unable to resist compulsory masturbation, and difficulty to express the reasons of his conduct. But, I am afraid Alex’s condition goes beyond that. He is suffering from severe stress. That is making him engage in compulsive behavior. The main cause for this usually is pressure from a job that is very demanding, or a personal situation that is being repressed, either consciously or subconsciously. Alex is dealing with a lot right now, even if he doesn’t realize himself, and he needs help”

Irina looked at me as if I was some kind of child, she looked genuinely worried.

“What do you mean doctor? How can we help him?”

“For starters, we need to continue working with him in therapy to understand the cause of his stress. He also needs some time performing less demanding tasks at his job. And of course, he needs someone to supervise him”

“Supervise him? Why?”

“Right now Alex is a potential threat to himself, or to others. Under the stress levels he is right now, he would need to be under supervision, but if we report the nature of his condition and the external cause of it, public masturbation, he will be institutionalized. I don ’t believe that will be good for Alex, so we need someone to check how he is doing on a daily basis, to make sure he is managing his stress levels right. Now, being in the position you are right now Irina, and considering you already know his condition, you will be the best candidate to assume a control role, if you and Alex agree, that is”

“Oh, of course I agree, doctor, I want to help him as much as I can. Anything for my promising employee”

Irina and Doctor Nevsky looked at me for a few seconds. I was still processing everything. Was I really experiencing such a bad situation? I felt so intimidated by these women. Doctor Nevsky was a doctor, hers was a medical opinion, and *one should always trust his doctor...*

“What do you say Alex, would you agree for Miss Irina to help you?”

“What... what would that... imply?”

“Oh nothing much. Irina will check how you are feeling during some counseling time now and then and will report on you being fine, she will also guide some tasks I am going to prescribe to

you, make sure you are working in a safe space, nothing much. It is my professional opinion that you will benefit a lot from her tutoring”

“Come on Alex, we want to help you, this is the easy way. The nice doctor wants the best for you, and *one should always trust his doctor*”

“I felt compelled to agree. I was scared of what Irina might do if I didn't agree on “the easy way”. And then, it is true that *one should always trust his doctor*”

“Ok... okay. I guess we can try and...”

“Excellent! You will get better soon if you cooperate with Irina and follow professional guidance. Now, medical diligence needs us to establish the treatment we will be developing in the next few months. Violet!” doctor Nevsky called in an intercom device “bring us the pad for signature”

The girl that was at the desk when we got to the office entered the office and gave Doctor Nevsky a tablet. It was strange, the first thing I noticed when I saw her was her marvelous rack, but now I could see she was dressed in a rather sexy secretary style, and felt amazed by how she was able to draw attention.

“Now Irina please put your fingerprint in here... thank you. You too Alex... well done, thank you”

We pressed our thumbs on a touchpad and a green check appeared on screen. I asked:

“What was that?”

“Oh, don't mind, it is just some paperwork that needs to be filled, nothing important”

“Like... like a contract?”

“Well, yes if you want to think about it that way?”

“Shouldn't we... read it?”

“Don't worry Alex” said Irina “I will read it later for us. *Now, trust your doctor*”

Irina smiled at me. I suddenly felt calmed. After some talk, it was agreed that we will attend therapy every Tuesday and Friday. Finally doctor Nevsky accompanied us to the door. We got in Irina's elegant car, and began to go back into the city. Irina was very nice and asked where I lived, I told her and she gave me a ride to my place, my little studio in a cheap area of the city. I felt a bit ashamed about Irina seeing the neighborhood I lived in. Her luxury car was not something you will easily see in my area. We were almost at my place when something came to my mind:

“Oh Irina, I... aaaa hmmm...”

“Yes?”

“I was wondering if before I go you can take... you know... my cage off...”

Irina didn't answer for a moment. She kept driving, as if she wanted those words to stay floating in the air... savoring them.

“I am afraid not Alex”

“Wh-at? Why? You said... you said I had to wear it until therapy, just until therapy”

“You are right. But now I don't know, I don't know if we can take it off”

“What do you mean? We have to take it off, it has been very uncomfortable”

“I know, but it is not what we want, it is what we can do and what is best for you. We need to ask Paige about it. Let's do this, I will call her first thing in the morning, and check if she agrees, okay?”

“But...”

“Oh come on! After five these days you can wear it until tomorrow morning, can't you?”

“I... guess...”

“Okay, we will get back to it tomorrow. Now, this is your place, have a good rest of the day Alex. See you tomorrow and take care”

“Bye Irina... Thank you for the ride”

“No problem dear”

With those words we parted ways, she riding her luxurious car, me going back to my lousy studio. It was the first time Irina called me “dear”, she was always so professional...

The next day I went into the office with one thing in mind, getting rid of that damned cage. It was giving me trouble, especially in the mornings. During our “instruction time” it was the first topic Irina put on the table, actually at the same time she served me the usual tea.

“About your cage” she said as she put the tea cup in front of me “I am sorry but I couldn't reach Paige”

“What!? What do you mean you couldn't reach her? I need this thing off!”

She looked at me, and I suddenly felt intimidated, put back in my place by her stern look.

“I mean Alex, I called her, and her secretary told me she was busy until lunch, but she will call us back after lunch. Then we will discuss your cage”

“Discuss? But what do we have to discuss anyway?”

“We need to discuss if you are ready to have your genitals free again. I thought you were, but your attitude shows you are still a bit aggressive on this issue”

“I am sorry Irina, but I just want to so as we said, take it off after therapy”

“Alex, you have to understand that now, your masturbation prevention device has become part of your ongoing therapy, and that is how it is reflected on the medical diligence we signed yesterday”

I couldn't believe the situation. Irina was implying I had to keep wearing the cage because I was aggressive? That was not what we agreed on! It was so unfair! And what was that about medical diligence?

“Now Alex, if you promise to behave, and do as you are told the rest of the morning, I promise to tell Paige you are feeling very calm and you are cooperating, and that we should trust you to be let out of your masturbation prevention device” she looked at me and positioned herself closer. “I want what is best for you, let's work together on this”

I looked at her. What choice did I have? Having Irina on my side was something I needed.

“Okay Irina, I will... do as you say”

“Good! Now follow me, I have a surprise for you”

She stood up and began to walk to a room that had been empty or so I thought since we moved in this office. I followed her. When she opened the door, the space revealed looked like a private cinema, but high end. There was a comfortable looking sofa chair in the middle, and the wall in front of it was all a screen, there were speakers at both sides of it.

“This will be from now on, your space during your article reading time. As you are dealing with stress issues I have decided that you are going to change that activity, and your glitching screen, for this safe space, in which you are going to watch relaxation videos, instructional videos on how to conduct yourself professionally, and other activities as part of your new stress-free routine”

I was astonished. Everything looked fantastic, was she really going to pay me to relax on a comfy chair?

“Well, aren't you saying anything Alex? Thank you perhaps?”

“I... sorry, thank you Irina. This looks so good!”

“You are welcome dear. Now if you just sit on the chair, we will begin with the introduction of your anti-stress course. A routine for your mornings, so you can begin the day feeling good and relaxed. Go ahead”

I sat on the chair, it had a lot of cushion and fitted me perfectly, as if it had been tailored for me. It was probably the most comfortable place I had sit ever

“Now, enjoy and relax” Irina said, closing the door.

I stared at my surroundings, but soon the screen was on, and the image of a beach was displayed. Soon an attractive girl appeared:

“Hello! I am your Virtual Assistant. I will be your guide through these relaxation course exercises. Focus on your chest, breathe in, breathe out, our mind is empty...”

I began to follow the video. I thought I could notice a sweet smell in the room, like strawberries. Felt more and more relaxed, and then the screen began to have some glitches, I would swear those were the same I saw on the screen at my desk. Meanwhile the beach sounds began to change, like if they were mixed with inaudible whispers... I could feel my mind slipping away... so calm, so relaxed, so empty...

At her office, Irina was watching Alex's session through hidden cameras, she had the whole space wired. She was in control of what streamed, of Alex's vitals being registered by the chair, of the gasses in the room, the temperature, all of it. She began to guide her hand in between her skirt, to her already wet pussy, touching her clit through her moist panties. When that wasn't enough, she opened the first drawer of her desk and produced a vibrator. She put it at full speed and pressed the outer part of her vagina. In a moment, she was orgasming like a bitch in heat. She didn't even care to contain her moans, Alex's special room was soundproof.

“You...” she said in sexual bliss “you want to get rid of your cute cage uh? Ooooh, poor boy. Don't worry, Irina is here to make sure it becomes your best friend, let's see how much you want't it off after your conditioning, I am going to fucking melt your brain...Aaaaah!!” she said as she reached another orgasm.

Irina entered a command in her computer and the video began to flicker with flashing images. The speakers began to repeat on a subliminal level:



<<I need to be in chastity. I love my cage. I always trust my doctor>>  
<<I need to be in chastity. I love my cage. I always trust my doctor>>  
<<I need to be in chastity. I love my cage. I always trust my doctor>>  
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A drug began to be vaporized through the room vent system, making Alex more suggestive to subliminal conditioning.

The morning passed as Alex had his session. No sooner than lunch time, Irina began to shut the program off, and unlocked the door. Alex was still going to be in lalaland for quite some time. He finally began to move and with some difficulty came out of the room. He was so confused as he sat at his desk, checking the time, he couldn't believe how much time had passed.

On the desk was a bag with a note "For you, enjoy. -Irina". He opened it and found a caesar salad. He was hungry so he opened it and began to eat it eagerly. Irina was so thoughtful, the dressing was delicious, he felt so incredibly relaxed.

After his salad, he called Irina's office.

"Yes, come in darling"

"Hi Irina, sorry to bother you but... hmmm..."

"Yes?"

"I was wondering if Doctor Nevsky called?"

"Paige? Oh yes, she did. Why don't you take a seat? There, that is much better. Paige told me that she will check on your masturbation prevention device in the next session. I told her you were very uncomfortable, and that you have been a good cooperative patient, but she insisted that you need to wear it until she checks on you, I am sorry Alex"

"But... but... I... Why?"

"You know, I am only guessing, but I think Paige thinks your device is necessary to prevent any counterproductive tendencies you may have. Of course I believe you should be let out of it, but these are doctors orders. You know, *always trust your doctor*"

"I don't understand..."

“There, there. Don’t worry your little head with that. Actually let’s call Paige and she will explain to you okay?”

Irina called Doctor Nevsky on speaker. She asked her to explain to me the reasons I had to stay in chastity and she began to say things about my condition. I couldn’t totally grasp what she was saying, but she told me to *always trust my doctor*. I felt like she was right somehow, after all she was a professional, and this was only until our next therapy session, I could do it.

After that I went back to my desk. Irina didn’t ask me to do any job for the rest of the day. I tried to go back to some files from previous days, but I couldn’t focus at all. I stayed there, trying to understand what was happening, but for some reason it was difficult to wrap my mind around it. I just laze around until work time was over. With that I said goodbye and went home. That night I slept like a baby. I didn’t think about my chastity situation for a second.

The next day was spent in a similar way. I think my relaxation video was longer. In the afternoon, Irina left lunch for me on my desk again, a salmon filet with side salad and an orange drink. Everything was delicious. With my lunch I also found an “Elle” magazine. I wondered why Irina left it there, but in an email she instructed me to read it and make a summary of the most relevant articles, as she was working in a legal case of political correctness for the magazine. I found it boring, but it was something I could do to fill my time and it was easy.

The next day it was therapy time. That reminded me of my chastity issue, I hadn’t thought of it until then. I was strangely comfortable in it, and had gotten used to *sitting to pee as it was much more comfortable than standing up*. I need to be in chastity. I love my cage •

Violet, the secretary, told us that Doctor Nevsky will receive us shortly. I looked at Violet’s clothes and recognized some of the clothes she wore as this season’s new collection. Uniform style and tight. Thank you “Elle”. We were called and proceeded into Doctor Nevsky’s office.

“Welcome my dears. How are you doing? Irina darling, has Alex been good and cooperative?”

“Oh yes. He has been on his best behavior. The relaxation videos are doing wonders to him, he is much more attentive, I am so proud of him now”

“Oh really? Well that is very good news! Alex, you should be proud of yourself! You are behaving and cooperating! So good!”

The women looked at me smiling, expecting I said something. I was so happy to be praised, but I was feeling passive in their presence.

“Th-thank you... so much...”

“You are welcome, make sure you keep being a good boy to Irina, and you will keep improving darling”

“About... about the... cage...”

“Oh yes, Irina told me that you had some trouble with it, is that right Alex?”

“Y-yes, yes I had some trouble...like...”

“Oh I see. Like discomfort?”

“Yes, discomfort, and... I don't want to...”

“I am quite sure that is only an adjustment problem. Can you please sit in that chair? We will solve your masturbation prevention device in no time”

She pointed at a gynecology chair. I was stunned at first, but the women were looking at me and I could feel they really expected me to sit there. I almost didn't notice that Irina grabbed my arm and guided me on the chair. Doctor Nevsky took my pants off carefully, then my underwear.

“Don't worry dear, I am a doctor, *trust your doctor*. Oh, I see, I understand why the discomfort, just as I thought. Luckily I have the solution here, but I need you Irina to hold Alex's hands while I take off Alex's chastity. Just so he doesn't become too nervous. Also please give me the key to his device”

“Of course Paige, here you go. Now Alex, give me your hands, like this. There, there, now relax and *trust your doctor*”

Finally they were removing my chastity. Doctor Nevsky manipulated the device a bit, and with a click, I could feel it begin to open, and the pressure I had gotten used to began to cease.

“Now Alex, stay put please and *trust your doctor*. I am going to clean your genitals to make sure you are perfectly healthy”

I didn't understand why I needed that. Irina looked into my eyes, and held my hands firmly, I felt paralyzed by her intimidatory disposition. My genitals were being manipulated by Doctor Nevsky, I could feel she was cleaning me, spreading some fluid and whipping me. My ~~erection~~ penis, began to stir, and then, I heard Doctor Nevsky used some kind of aerosol on my genitals, which instantly went numb. I began to be uneasy, but Irina was holding me tight. Doctor Nevsky continued manipulating my penis for a minute, and then pronounced me ready.

“There we are. Irina darling, we are finished, thank you so much”

Irina smiled at me and came close in a form of hug in which she put her ~~tit~~ beautiful breasts on my face. When she stopped the hug, Irina and Doctor Nevsky began looking at me, amused. I wonder why they were like that, and as I looked down, I couldn't believe what I saw.

There, between my legs, was a new chastity cage, made of a pinkish metal, with not only one, but two padlocks, one of them white with a red cross with the word “safe”, and the other one was heart shaped, the material and color matching that of the chastity device.

“Wh- WHAAAT? What am I wearing? What is this?”

“Alex what is the matter?” Doctor Nevsky inquired “don’t you like your new masturbation prevention device? It is designed to be ultra comfortable! Isn’t that wonderful?”

“I... I don't want any device! I DON'T WANT ANYTHING!”

I yelled. I couldn’t believe I yelled at those imposing women. They looked at me with a clearly non-happy expression, and began to walk towards me. They were mere centimeters from me, and until then I hadn't noticed how imposing they were. They towered me, and not only because their shoes gave them some centimeters more, but they were clearly taller than me. My courage vanished in a second. I felt as intimidated as if I was in a dark alley surrounded by a biker gang. Irina was the first to speak.

“Listen, and listen well. I am going to let this one slip because I know you are sick, but don’t you ever dare raise your voice on Paige, or me again. You are a filthy sex offender. A public masturbator. You need to have your impulses restrained for your safety, and the safety of others. Then you come bitching about how uncomfortable it is. Paige finds a solution, providing the most comfortable device money can buy. I pay for it, not caring about how expensive it is, because I want to help you, and YOU, ABUSE MY GOODWILL? YOU DARE YELL AT US?”

“...”

“You should be thankful you are not in jail, you fucking perv. Why do you want to be out of a prevention device, so you can masturbate again in the middle of my office? I thought you were showing improvement, and then you have these reactions. It is clear you cannot be trusted. Now put your pants on, sit on your chair, listen to your doctor’s instructions, and don’t you dare say another word or I swear I will get you in an institution for disgusting perverts like you”

I didn’t dare to pronounce another word. I did as I was told, sat on the chair, and listened to Doctor Nevsky.

“As you may have noticed, this model is very, very comfortable, so comfortable, Alex will soon forget it is there. It is also very secure, and tight. It almost doesn't allow space to grow inside, and when that happens, the pattern on the inner side produces a mild discomfort that will cause Alex to quickly go limp again, ensuring he stays calm.

For extra security, this model has two padlocks. Both need to be unlocked before the device can be removed. Irina, as your caretaker during the treatment will hold the key for one padlock, and I

will hold the other one. This ensures that unlocking doesn't happen unless we both agree, providing extra security for everybody. Also, I know you are going to behave, but as a medical professional, I must manifest that the ring on the base of your penis, is very, very tight, and has dentures to ensure a perfect fixation, and no slips.

This means that the device is very stable, and also that if someone tries to force it, the wearer will suffer very, very painful consequences. Same happens with the net piece of the device that wraps the testicles. It shall not be moved, or it will cause discomfort and pain”

With that, Doctor Nevsky and Irina talked some more about my behavior, and how it should be addressed firmly if I had symptoms to return to my old habits. They said their goodbyes with affection, and Irina took me to her car holding my arm very firmly. She had grabbed my arm before, but never so strongly, showing so much authority over me. I didn't dare to say a word. I got in the car, and let Irina drive me home without a word. She was particularly aggressive driving today, speeding more than she should, making the motor roar. She left me as usual in front of my place and coldly said “See you tomorrow Alex”.

Then she drove away, leaving me speechless, scared, and with my new ultra comfortable chastity device with two padlocks well locked between my legs. I went directly into bed, and hugging my pillow, cried myself to sleep.

Next morning I woke up and made a resolution, I was going to leave that madness before it went any further. I will just move to another country, or something. If Irina wanted to report me to the police, so be it, but I will be far, far away. It was difficult to renounce everything, and what definitely was a good opportunity to work with a top lawyer as Irina, but it was just too much.

Before leaving tho, I would need to build up some savings, but I was okay on that as Irina paid me relatively well. Another issue was the cage, I needed to get rid of it and escape before those two crazy women inflicted another indignity upon me. To get rid of it, there was only a way to convince both Irina and Doctor Nevsky that I was recovered, and on my best behavior. I needed to be the perfect employee, and the perfect patient. My research on the internet determined that the chastity device I was wearing was not only utterly comfortable, but also impossible to remove without keys or some expensive equipment to cut metal, or lockpick the padlocks, something that was way beyond my means and skills. Hence, I decided I will play the deception card until Irina and Doctor Nevsky trusted me, and then I will be gone for good.

The next two weeks went by as usual, I got to the office, had my “instruction time” with Irina, which now mostly consisted of small talk and a set of questions including:

“How are you feeling towards your masturbation prevention device today?

How did you sleep last night?

Are you feeling any anxiety or discomfort of any kind?

Do you understand that this treatment is for your own good and well-being?

What is your favorite color?”

After three days I began to automatize my answers, with a bit of Irina's guidance:

"My control device" as Irina instructed me to call it "feels comfortable, it doesn't give me any discomfort. I slept very well last night, thank you Irina. I am not feeling anxiety or discomfort, I feel well and stress-free. I acknowledge this treatment is good for me, thank you for helping me. My favorite color is dark blue"

After that I will watch some videos from my relaxation course. I always dozed off, but after them, I felt so much better. Then I had whatever lunch Irina left on my desk for me, usually salad with some small side dish. Lately the salad always came with a strange dressing that looked watery and tasted a bit salty. It was good enough and free anyway.

After that I will read some fashion magazines Irina left for me with my lunch. She was getting into legal advisory for the fashion industry, and told me she just didn't have time to read all those magazines. From time to time with my lunch I got magazines like Vogue, Elle, Harper's Bazaar, Cosmopolitan, Business of Fashion, InStyle, Allure, Grazia, Marie Claire, Vanity Fair, Essence... etc.

Irina told me to read the articles, and make a summary of what was trendy lately, latest designs of the season, and any relevant celebrities in the magazines, and their gossip if they were any. I had no idea what that had to do with law, but it was an easy job, Irina was the expert, and I could spend the last part of the day just reading magazines and making summaries that were basically just rewriting the articles but shorter. On the side, I was learning a lot about fashion.

At the end of the day, Irina introduced a new procedure. She had me go into her office, and ask:

"Irina, the work of the day is done, maye I go home?"

"Yes, you may go Alex, have a nice evening"

"You too Irina, thank you"

My routine was weird, but not very demanding. I just had to continue, keep going, following Irina's instructions and attending Doctor Nevsky therapy sessions with her, just until they saw I was improving, and trusted me again enough to unlock my control device.

On a Sunday morning, Irina met Paige for brunch in the best hotel in town. It was Irina's treat, she owed it to her long time friend. She met Paige in her college years, and quickly became attracted to each other. Both of them craved the same thing, exercising power. Paige loved to do it in a psychological way, subtle, manipulative. Irina was more direct, physical, and believed in firm discipline.

They had a lesbian relationship, not entirely because they were lesbians per se, but because they felt strongly attracted to each other's strong personalities. Soon they realized they were incompatible, they were two alphas, two wolves, and needed their own spaces. They liked, and respected each other, so they became very good friends, and still, from time to time, they shared intimacy, and projects, such as Alex.

"So, how is our little guy doing?" Paige began

"Hahahahaha, you wouldn't believe it, Paige, yesterday that poor loser searched for how to lockpick a padlock on his office computer"

"Hahahahaha, no way! On top of having such a weak personality, he is not very smart, hahahahaha"

"Yes, I had a really funny time when I saw that. Poor boi is desperate for release, isn't he?"

"Oh, you bet, he has been in chastity for what? Three weeks? Almost four? And he has barely misbehaved, such a weak twerp"

"Well, sure those conditioning videos do wonders, I have to thank you a lot for those, I owe you one darling" said Irina winking.

"Oh don't mention it. It is incredible how they can help the process. They helped me a lot with Violet, at the beginning she complained all the time and had to increase the relaxants dosage, but after two weeks with conditioning videos, she was completely changed, no more protests or objections, she embraced chastity like it was natural. Now she refers to her chastity as her best friend and has named her favorite cages. Hahahahaha, look at this photo, she calls this one Minie, hahahahaha"

"Oh my goddess, that is so fucked up, I love it! I might take your idea and use it on Alex. Right now, he hasn't complained about her chastity anymore. Actually, next week I am finishing the chastity tolerance module and will jump into the respect and protocol module"

"Wow, you are moving fast with this one uh?"

"No, not at all. I am just jumping a little bit on the modules because I want this to be something different, I want him to be a bit of a fighter, and make him aware of the situation he is in, everyday, every hour, every minute"

"You really have big plans for this one"

"Oh you have no idea Paige, he is going to be something else"

"Hey, just make sure I get my share of him"

“Of course, you are going to be there for the whole thing as his good doctor, how is it? I should always trust my doctor” Irina said laughing in a mockery tone.

“Hahahahahaha, stop it, you are killing me, hahahahahaha, trust your doctor, hahahahaha...”

“Oh by the way, you are going to love this, I already got him eating my juices. While he is having his conditioning, I watch him and have orgasm after orgasm which I get onto his daily salad, et voilà, delicious and nutritious food for a growing boi”

“Hahahahaha, really? Oh that is gold, I am sure he loves it and licks the bowl clean”

“He doesn't yet, but oh, he will. I might get him a cute puppy bowl so he can enjoy his meals on the floor of my office. He is going to make one cute bitch. Also I am going to use a trick” Irina said, producing a small package and showing it to Paige.

“No way, pink nicotine gum?”

“Of course darling. This nicotine derivative is the best thing ever. First he gets hooked on this, then a bit of sweet addictive nicotine in my fluids... Well, you know what will happen”

“Hahahahaha, I can wait, so devilish. This Alex boi is going to be something else”

“He will, I will take care of that, doctor” said Irina, winking again.

“Oh by the way, how is Alice doing? The other day I saw one of her streamings, she looks fantastic”

“Oh yes, she is a piece of cake. Actually, the other day...”

Both women continued talking for hours while shipping wine and having overpriced food. They couldn't care less about the price. The sun was shining and the future, full of possibilities...



## CHAPTER 2

# FIRST STEPS

On a Tuesday I got into the office as any other day. I was happy, Irina had been complimenting me a lot lately, I felt like we were back on the good side. I knocked on her office door, something she always required now, and after getting permission, got in for my morning “instruction time”. After answering the usual questions, and sharing our usual tea, she cut to the chase.

“So Alex, this is a rather embarrassing topic, but lately in the mornings I have noticed you have some bad breath. But don’t worry, I have the solution right here” she said passing me a little pink box “those are halitosis chewing gum, they will instantly solve this issue. Go ahead, have one now”

I opened the box and looked at the chewing gum unconvinced. Nobody made me notice before about having a bad smell, but I didn't want to say no to Irina in such a trivial issue. I got one, put it in my mouth, and began chewing. It tasted weird, like bitter strawberries.

“There you go, good boy. You may not find the taste amusing, but soon you will get used to it”

Next, I went to the chamber with the big screen, or as Irina referred to it, “Alex’s safe space and stress therapy room”, (she actually put a sign on the door with those words), sat on the chair, and prepared to sleep through another of my amazing relaxation videos. But not that time, there was no beach, no mountain, no beautiful scenery or relaxation sounds. Instead, the screen began to show an office environment, low office sounds, and an attractive girl dressed as a secretary came on one side of the screen as she began talking.

“Welcome to day one of your course on protocol and productivity. An office environment can be stressful, right? That is why we are going to teach you simple techniques to make you more effective, more motivated, less stressed, and happy”

As the girl was talking, a flashing vivid color text was reproducing her speech.

“First, some basic grounds. In an office there is hierarchy, just like in any other part of human societies. We organize in such a way, to be more effective. A place where everybody knows where they belong, is more effective. To manage hierarchy, humans create protocols. This helps us deal with daily situations in a quick, effective manner.

For example, when you want to ask something, you raise your hand, that way everybody knows you want to talk. When you answer a call, you state the place the person is calling, your superior’s title, and greet politely, that is how people know they have reached the right place.

When you want to enter a room, you knock, and wait for permission to enter. Such simple things will make you more effective, less stressed about how to conduct yourself, and thus a happier employee, benefiting both yourself and your superior.

The reasoning is simple, the less decisions you face, the less stress you will generate. Overthinking is the main cause for stress. Stress generates anxiety, and anxiety affects you on a personal and professional level. Less decisions, happier life. Now let's repeat it to make sure we understand it: Less decisions, happier life. Now repeat after me out loud: Less decisions, happier life!"

The lady stayed in silence for a few seconds. The words <<Less decisions, happier life>> flashed as a text, making sure each word was noticed and absorbed. The screen then jumped for a second and the girls continued:

"Sorry, I didn't hear you repeat lesson number one. Let's do it once more, repeat after me: Less decisions, happier life!"

Wait, were they really expecting me to say something? There was a microphone to catch the sound? I looked around me. Of course there was, it was a place perfectly equipped, just as Irina liked. The video jumped again.

"Sorry, I didn't hear you repeat lesson number one. Let's do it once more. Remember that if you don't get it right in five attempts, you will receive one bad point. If you get more bad points than good points, you will fail the course, and will be labeled as a bad employee. If you put in the effort, you will be rewarded!. Now, repeat after me: Less decisions, happier life!"

"Less decisions, happier life"

I felt stupid saying something into the air in the middle of the room, but I didn't want to give Irina any reasons to doubt my cooperation in the therapy, no matter how stupid it was, I had to get rid of my control device no matter what. The video jumped again.

"Good, now we can hear you. Unfortunately, that doesn't make it. To pass this lesson, you need to say it out loud, actually meaning it. Let's do it once more, repeat after me: Less decisions, happier life!"

"Less decisions, happier life!!" I repeated louder.

"That was good, thank you for your effort, but to get a positive point, you will need to use the proper intonation and say it out loud. This is the last try. Let's do it once more, repeat after me: Less decisions, happier life!!"

"Less decisions, happier life!!!" I said out loud and mimicked the girl intonation the best I could.

“Let's see how you have done”

The screen began to show confetti and a happy melody, then a green dot appeared on the screen with the words “Congratulations! You earned a good point! Way to go!”, meanwhile the girl was clapping and jumping in excitement. I felt the air smelling sweeter, and I suddenly felt very very happy with my achievement. The screen repeated its congratulations and celebration for a couple of minutes, then the girl continued:

“Very well done! We are proud of you. Now you can relax, and watch this video that shows how a proper employee abides lesson’s number one rule: Less decisions, happier life!”

The girl disappeared and a video began to play. It followed an attractive female secretary through her day, how she woke up in her good looking apartment, how she brushed her teeth, how she went into a walking closet full of clothes and picked a whole outfit with the label <<Wednesday. Office>>. She got dressed, left her apartment, came into the street, and got into a fancy looking car.

“This secretary is a good employee. She has not taken any decisions, and that way she has been very effective. That is what good employees do. Her superior has decided everything for her, her outfit, the time she has to be in the office, and arranges convenient regular transportation for her daily. This would be impossible if she didn't follow a schedule, if she wasted time making decisions”

I felt uneasy each time the word *decisions* was pronounced. I felt a light nausea. The secretary looked very happy inside the car. She looked at her smartphone, checking her social media. Then the navigation system said:

“We are 500 meters from your office”

“Wooops” said the secretary “time to check my make up”

She proceeded to check her makeup with a small portable mirror, applied some products, and made sure everything was alright. Shortly after she was content with the result, the car stopped, and she came down, entered an aseptic building, put her face on a scanner, and a door opened.

“Welcome Shara. Have a wonderful day”

The girl didn't stop smiling. She got into an elevator and went up to her work place. It was a desk outside of an elegant office. She sat there and her computer turned on:

“Welcome Shara. Your list of tasks for today”

- Ask your superior if she wants a coffee.
- Make a reservation for two people at Dali restaurant at 18:30.

- Check your make up.
- Take a selfie.
- Post your selfie on the company's social media with the following text: <<I love working in my company. It is a dream come true. My superior Ms. Adams is the best!>>.
- Go to the coffee machine and make some small talk with the people there. Remember your company is the best.
- Make a hundred photocopies of the following document for your superior. If the copy machine is too difficult, ask secretary Karina for help. Don't forget to thank her properly.
- Shred the one hundred copies in your superior's shred machine.
- Check your makeup.
- Have lunch. Today's menu; avocado salad, and strawberry yogurt.
- Check your makeup.
- Do your nails in this style.
- Ask your superior if she wants a coffee. Show her your new nails.
- Have a walk through your predefined walking route, thanking your colleagues for their hard work. Don't forget to strut.
- Check your social media for thirty minutes.
- Take your afternoon milkshake.
- Go to the company's gym, do your 1 hour routine. Don't forget to take 3 selfies for your superior.
- Shower.
- Apply perfect makeup.
- Go to your superior's office and ask how her day was. If she needs anything for you to help relieve stress, comply.
- Go home when your superior dismisses you.

“Congratulations on another happy day Shara!”

The video followed Shara through her day. She looked happy, and executed her tasks with a smile. Lofi music accompanied the video. It made me feel drowsy, but the speakers were loud and kept me awake. Only in one task Shara didn't follow her instructions, when she applied makeup after the gym, she applied a different color of lipstick than the one she was instructed. It wasn't an error, because Shara was shown comparing two tones of lipstick and choosing a different color.

When she reported to her superior on her next task, Ms Adams noticed it. She yelled at Shara, who began to cry. I felt very bad for Shara, but her superior told her to go back to her task, and give her a shoulder massage, and a foot massage. When Shara looked at her task list, a new one appeared at the end.

- Present yourself and wait for your superior's instructions to receive punishment for making a decision. Only bad employees make decisions.

Ms Adams made Shara position over her desk. Got a paddle and began to spank Shara with it. She received like fifteen spanks. Shara began to cry, ruining her makeup. Next, Ms Adams gave Shara a marker and instructed her to write on a whiteboard:

*<<I apologize for making a decision. Good employees never make decisions. My superior knows best. Thank you for punishing me. I promise to be a good employee>>*

*<<I apologize for making a decision. Good employees never make decisions. My superior knows best. Thank you for punishing me. I promise to be a good employee>>*

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*<<I apologize for making a decision. Good employees never make decisions. My superior knows best. Thank you for punishing me. I promise to be a good employee>>*

Meanwhile the speakers repeated the mantra: Less decisions, happier life! Less decisions, happier life! Less decisions, happier life!. Alex's brain was melting with all the conditioning.

The last part of the video showed Shara being petted by her superior as she began to smile again. She refreshed her makeup under the attentive supervision of her superior. Finally her superior dismissed her. Shara left the building, looking happy.

After the video finished, Alex was so wasted that it took him an extra twenty minutes to be able to reason clearly again. He moved towards his desk, and without much thinking proceeded with his day, eating his salad with a poached egg, and reading her fashion magazines. His salad had extra dressing today, as Irina had a lot of fun at Alex's expense today.

—

The next day brought a new morning and it was spent in a similar way. Lesson number two was; *<<I Obey! I Dress for success! My superior knows best!>>*. It portrayed a girl called Mayka, similar to Shara, beautiful and submissive, who followed her superior instructions while she was getting dressed. First she dressed as a lolita doll. Then in a sexy secretary outfit. Then in leopard clothes... She executed every task with diligence, and under the precise instructions of her superior. After every outfitting was completed, a lot of flashes suggested that the girl was in a photo shooting. While the flashes went the girl yelled; *<<I Obey! I Dress for success! My superior knows best!>>*, and the program made Alex say it too, yelling it like the girl did. He got a good employee point that was celebrated, and some drugs to boost her happiness when he yelled his mantra.

The girl continued dressing as instructed. She dressed in very skimpy pvc clothes, which made her look like a hooker. Then she was dressed in pink and blue overalls, with a very innocent look. Then a goth outfit. A pastel goth outfit. A completely pink outfit with a pink wig. A rave girl

outfit. An egirl outfit. A schoolgirl outfit... She was dressed and redressed, and she never lost her smile or stopped repeating her mantra during the photo shoots, just as Alex did.

After his session Alex was again spent, but that fitted Irina's plan perfectly. Just as she finished his salad, Irina came out of her office and told him:

"Get ready. We are going out"

I was confused. Today wasn't therapy day. Where was my sup... Irina taking me?

"Where are we going?"

"It is a surprise darling" Irina said, putting on her Prada sunglasses and blowing a kiss in the air.

As usual, we got in Irina's luxury car, and she began to drive. Lately when I was with her in the car, I felt somehow under Irina's control. There I was, sitting side by side with that impressive woman, she took me places, and just as she told me to come, I followed. The car's motor roared, and that made me feel a shiver. I looked at Irina and felt an emotion that was strange to me. I felt I liked her, and at the same time, I hated her. I wanted to escape from her, but part of me wanted her to be in charge and put me in my place. She made me feel constantly threatened, but protected. I thought of her as an abuser, but she commanded respect. I was a mess of emotions, and just as I looked at her, my penis began to stir, something that now only happened seldom. Lately I paid less and less attention to my chastity, was it really working?

We arrived at a small villa and parked next to the door. Irina took my hand. I could feel her leather driving gloves holding my hand firmly, guiding me with authority. She called the door and a girl dressed as a maid opened the door. She made a curtsy and spoke to Irina:

"Please come in, Miss Irina. My mistress is waiting for you"

"Thank you darling" said Irina, not paying further attention to the maid.

She guided me to a big space on the first floor with a lot of fabrics. It looked like a clothes design workshop. There stood a woman, mature, yet attractive, that greeted Irina.

"Irina! My dear! How are you? You look fa-bu-lous. Come in please!"

"Hello to you too, Giovanna"

"And this must be Alex! Well he is a cutie isn't he?"

"Yes, he is a cutie that likes to rebel. Shall we begin Giovanna?"

"Of course. Everything is prepared here, come on here. Alex, stay in here, in front of the mirrors"

I had no idea what was going on. I looked at Irina with visible confusion. She just smiled at me. Giovanna suddenly gave a pile of neatly folded clothes.

“Okay Alex, begin with this and I will give you the rest as Irina makes her judgment”

I stood there for a few seconds still not understanding. Then I unfolded the clothes. Those looked like office clothes, but the material, and the design were... kinda... feminine.

“Come darling, try them, chop chop” Irina commanded.

I stood there looking at the clothes. It was clear the women had prepared a fitting session and expected me to try those clothes. Those clothes weren't for me, that wasn't right. That was what my inner voice said. But instead of protesting I just stood there with my mouth open looking at Irina. Words stuck at my throat, I was so scared of contradicting her.

“Come on honey” said Irina smiling “*dress for success*”

I looked back at the items, a cotton white shirt, navy blue pants... okay. I could do it. I had to keep Irina happy. I undressed under the attentive look of Irina and Giovanna. It was so embarrassing. I put on the white shirt. Surprisingly it fitted me well, although it was loose on my chest, and a bit tight at my midriff. The cotton felt so soft, a bit silky, its quality and its comfort were ~~incred~~... dreamy. I examined myself, and looked onto Irina and Giovanna, who were smiling at me.

“Go on” said Irina.

I continued with the pants. Office tight office pants with very flared legs. They felt good, nice, tight, elegant, fitting, almost comfortable, but was nothing a man would wear, and that made me uneasy. Suddenly music began to sound in the room, a melody that relaxed the atmosphere, it sounded familiar for some reason. Giovanna came to me and began to do some touches to the clothes. She looked at Irina and asked:

“Well, what do you think?”

“They look good. But make the legs more flared”

“How flared?”

“Surprise me”

“Haha, okay”

“Have you already made the modifications?”

“Yes”

“Let's see. Come here Alex”

I couldn't help but obey Irina. I was dying of embarrassment and the last thing I wanted was to protest in those clothes. When I placed myself in front of her, she began to touch the middle of the pants, stretching the fabric that covered my encased genitals.

“How does it feel”

“U... uh?”

“Is it comfortable? Does your control device have enough space?”

“Y-yes... It is fine”

“Is it fine or is it comfortable?”

“It... is comfortable...”

“Okay then” said Irina smiling. “I instructed Giovanna to make the upper part very tight so you get to feel them like a second skin, but told her to make some space to properly fit your control device. You are welcome darling”

“...Thank you...”

“What was that?”

“Thank you... Irina”

“You are welcome -she said smiling-. Now turn around”

My face red as a beet, I did as instructed. Irina touched my rear, paying special attention to the cleft. After her examination she just said:

“Tighter”

“Duly noticed, Irina. Come on Alex” said Giovanna, grabbing my arm and pulling me back to the mirrors. “Here, now try these” she said as she gave me more clothes.

I examined the next outfit. It wasn't any better. A light blue shirt and again a pair of high waisted blue navy pants, only this time the flared legs were shorter, which left my ankles uncovered. Once I dressed in hose, Giovanna gave me a business jacket, and fastened a thin belt with a



buckle shaped like two G letters on my pants. It was a Gucci belt! Those were very, very expensive, Irina had spared no expense! I was instructed to slowly twist for Irina, hold poses, walk back and forth, and so I did.

The background *melody* kept playing as I did as I was told. Giovanna passed me another set of clothes: white silky white... blouse, tight navy blue pants, a business jacket in a similar color. Giovanna fasted another thin belt on me, a Dolce and Gabbana one. Then, she tied a silky scarf around my neck. I was given a pair of shiny, lacquered black shoes and silky ankle socks. I was made to pose and parade again.

I kept trying clothes and clothes for Irina and Giovanna for hours. Mostly business style ones. Finally, Irina called for a break. I was dressed in a silky emerald green business suit that consisted of tight pants, short jacket and a soft yellow silk blouse. I wore a wide corset style black belt. At my feet, black flats and invisible socks. My neck sported a soft green tied scarf.

We all sat at a nearby table and shortly the maid that received us at the door entered pushing a cart with an elegant expensive looking tea set. We all got served tea cups, and a small sugar pot was placed in the middle of the table. The maid silently left.

“Alex” Giovanna said, “Do you want sugar?”

“N-no thank you Giovanna”

Irina grabbed the sugar pot and proceeded to take a full spoon that to my surprise put into my cup. Then she put on another one. I opened my mouth to protest but doubted.

“Come on honey, have it like you like it, with two full spoons of sweet sugar” she said with a smile that looked devilish. “I know you love it”

I couldn't believe what Irina just did! Taking all my authority and throwing it down the sink. What was Giovanna going to think? I felt furious, but the women were chatting and I didn't want to interrupt. I decided I will tell Irina when I get a chance just after the tea.

Something like fifteen minutes passed as we drank our tea. Conversation was entirely done by Irina and Giovanna. I tried to intervene once, but they looked at me as if I had stepped out of place. Embarrassed, I just stayed there silently. The women talked about people I didn't know, about professional achievements, about holidays they have spent in posh places, about properties and assets, about fashion, and for a minute, about how cute and good looking I was, and how much I benefited from those clothes. That made me feel especially embarrassed.

Time passed and I began to feel warm, hot, unfocused, but... but happy, excited in fact. It was a weird feeling, and as it intensified, Irina called to continue the fitting. Giovanna, grabbing my arm, took me to the mirrors again, and gave me new clothes. The melody changed into upbeat music that felt great! I began to dress in... jeans? Okay that was good. A tight fitting short t-shirt,

and a leather jacket. Giovanna fastened a thick white belt and she gave me booties and thin long socks. When I had put it all on, I could see my reflection in the mirror and I saw a distortion of myself, a feminine figure with nice looking clothes and a troubled expression. The lights had been mirrored, but the composition of my reflection was definitely feminine.

Music filled my head, I could almost feel it. Irina gave me a million instructions on how to pose, how to walk, how to smile. I couldn't stop smiling, my brain felt overstimulated. I was given more and more clothes, and I tried them all: more women's jeans, colorful shirts with funny and cute designs, booties of all kinds and a pair of pink trainers with a set of pink sports clothes. They made me wear leggings, short and long pants, sweaters, hoodies, camisoles, tops... the clothing became more aggressively feminine: overalls, pvc shorts, chain belts, low heeled booties, loose t-shirts that Giovanna tied on a knot under my chest, bracelets, one piece, different kinds of animal prints, a pair of purple shiny low boots, even they put a black wig on me... Soon I found myself dressed in pink zebra short pants, zebra camisole, a fluffy hot pink jacket, and leopard booties. Giovanna fastened a black belt on my waist and a set of necklace chains on my neck.

I felt bliss, my head stuffed with music, I felt light... Irina and Giovanna praised me and clapped when I did my walking and my poses. I was ready for my next outfit when Irina stood up.

“Okay Alex sweetheart, I know you want to keep playing dress ups but we have had enough. Come here”

It was over? I almost felt sad... but maybe it was time to get out of those weird clothes. Irina firmly grabbed my hand. I suddenly felt... under her control. Even with the extra centimeters from the booties, she was taller than me, smarter than me...

“Okay Giovanna, thank you for your hospitality today. Are our things loaded in the trunk?”

“Yes, I instructed my maid to make sure of that. As for the rest, I will be sending them once I implement the modifications you have demanded”

“Good. Thank you Giovanna. As always, a pleasure”

“A pleasure indeed Irina. Have a safe drive”

With those words Irina pulled my hand. What was she doing? I needed to get changed! Didn't... Didn't I? I was forced to follow but managed to say:

“Bu-but... Irina... I-I need to...to...”

“Yes darling?” she said without stopping.

“I need... to get changed...”

“Of course you will honey, but first we are going to take a photo of you here, stay in the middle of this hallway, that is it, pose for me like I taught you today”

I felt like a fool, but Irina was already phone in hand ready to take a photo. I felt too weak willed to discuss further, so I did what felt like the natural thing and followed her instructions. The flash struck my eyes and a shutter sound confirmed the photo was taken.

“Well done darling! *You are dressed for success!*”

Suddenly I felt confused, and before I could recover, Irina took my hand and pulled me, making me follow her to the car. She made me get in, fastened my belt, and got on the driver's site. She then opened a water bottle and told me:

“Here honey, you must be thirsty”

She almost forced the water into my mouth, I choked a bit and coughed.

“There, there, some more”

She still forced the water in my mouth but this time made sure it stayed in my mouth. Disoriented and taken by surprise, I was compelled to swallow.

“Good, well done darling”

Reassured by her words, I didn't protest and focused on recovering my breathing. Quick as usual, she started the car and in seconds she was driving back to the city, most likely speeding.

“B-but...”

“Not now darling! I am driving” she cut me.

“B-but... please...”

I felt humiliated, ridiculous, insulted, weak, drowsy...

Before they arrived at Alex's place, he was out. Parking in front of the building, she saw Paige waiting at the designated spot. She honked to get her attention and she came to her.

“Is he out?” Paige asked.

“As a log”

“Good” Paige smiled.

“Let's get to work”

They put a long black coat on Alex so he wouldn't be so noticeable in case they crossed someone, and together carried him to his place as if he was drunk. They used his keys, which had been found in his original clothes, and tossed him on the bed. Paige looked at the place with visible disgust.

“Disgusting” Paige pronounced.

“Yes. But we will help him change it very soon”

With that they proceeded to work her meticulously planned actions. They made a copy of Alex's keys with a mold of paste. She continued turning on Alex's laptop and connecting a small device, also, Paige unlocked Alex's phone with his fingerprint. She then made a call:

“Mister 648, we are ready”

“I will connect now and install the worms” a robotic voice answered.

“You will have the other half of your money in your account by the morning. I will course the wire after checking all works as agreed”

“You better do it”

Irina was taking photos of a passed out Alex, she placed something that looked like cocaine, a bag of pills, and needles next to him. Paige helped to dress him in other more degrading outfits and they kept taking photos. He appeared passed out with a line of white powder under his nose and next to a needle, wearing a leopard print short hooker jacket, a pvc red miniskirt, fishnets, and hooker boots. He looked passed out from the worst debauchery possible. The women also took some photos including condoms that looked used on his face and on the bed next to him.

Paige continued injecting Alex a dose of female hormones between two of his foot fingers. Until now, the hormones and drugs mixed with the tea and food have been good to keep the fag passive, and unfocused, but that was just the beginning of the journey, they needed to step up.

The hacking was complete. Paige disconnected the device from the laptop and blocked Alex's phone again. They undressed him, took all the clothes they had used for the blackmail, and tossed the original clothes Alex was wearing today around the room, to simulate he had undressed and rushed into bed. They tucked him in bed, and left him to sleep. Irina kissed Alex forehead saying in a whisper “Sweet dreams momma's boi”

Before they got out of the place, they left the keys tossed on the floor in a visible place, closed the door in silence, and went back to the car. Paige spent the night at Irina's place, making love to each other like the bitches in heat they were.

## CHAPTER 3

# ATTITUDE CHANGE

Next morning Alex woke up with a cloudy mind. Everything was confusing, he had no memory of arriving at his place, it looked like yesterday he got there in a rush. He checked if he had all his valuables, such as phone, keys that he found on the floor after a mini heart attack, and wallet. Everything was alright, or so it seemed.

He went to work just as any other day. Had his morning “instruction time” with the usual control questions. Watched a relaxation video on his safe space about how a good employee must never interrupt his superiors. It was told from the perspective of a meeting that consisted of four people; two elegant business women wearing pantsuits in dark colors that talked about serious professional topics, and two girls dressed in professional yet cute clothing in soft colors, one of them wearing a short skirt, the other a short overall.

As the meeting advanced the girl in the overalls smiled, nodded, and stayed silent looking at the women. The other one wearing a skirt, looked bored, didn't pay attention, and finally interrupted:

“Can I go to the toilet?”

The woman stopped talking and stared at her. Her superior told her:

“No, you cannot Andrea. Shut up”

The women resumed talking. After a minute Andrea interrupted again:

“But I want to go now!”

The women stopped talking. They looked at her, and then Andrea's superior took something from her handbag. Standing up, she positioned herself behind Andrea, and began to install a pink big ball gag on Andrea. Andrea took her hands to the gag, but stopped as her superior yelled:

“Don't you fucking dare!!”

Andrea got paralyzed and her expression got full of scare. Her superior continued to install the gag, it came with an equally pink whole head harness. After that Andrea's superior fastened a mouth cover with a silence sign print, with an index finger over a closed lips. Then, she incorporated a muzzle. All was tightly fastened and Andrea's face looked partially covered, only

her scared eyes and her hair visible. Her superior grabbed her and bent her on the table. Taking a paddle, began to spank her while Andrea whimpered.

“If you keep whimpering I will keep spanking you”

Andrea did her best to contain any sounds. Soon she began crying, ruining her mascara. When her superior finished, she was put in front of the whiteboard at the front of the room, and with her skirt raised and panties lowered showing her red bubble butt, her superior commanded:

“Now you are going to write until the board is full <<I am so sorry I misbehaved. Thank you for correcting my behavior. *Good employees must never interrupt their superiors*. Good employees, obey>>. Make sure the letter is small and beautiful, or I will make you start all over again, and we don't want to hear a single sound out of your dirty mouth”

With that she took her seat again and resumed the business talk. They finished in a good mood in about five minutes, while Andrea filled the whiteboard and the other girl kept her submissive attitude, smiling and attentively listening to the women. Then the superior of the good girl told her:

“Now Shara, you have been a good girl. What is the rule bad girl Andrea needs to learn today?”

“*Good employees must never interrupt their superiors*”

“That is it Shara! Very well. And when can you talk?”

“When I have to answer my superior’s questions”

“Good girl! You deserve a reward, here you go”

Shara’s superior gave her a lollipop. Shara looked very happy with her reward.

“Thank you Miss Kathy”

“You are a welcome baby girl” she said, pinching her cheek.

The video zoomed on Shara, happily sucking her lollipop and repeating the mantra:

<<*Good employees must never interrupt their superiors*>>

<<*Good employees must never interrupt their superiors*>>

<<*Good employees must never interrupt their superiors*>>

<<*Good employees must never interrupt their superiors*>>

<<*Good employees must never interrupt their superiors*>>

<<*Good employees must never interrupt their superiors*>>

Alex began to mindlessly repeat it too while pleasure inducing drugs were filtered in the air. The program continued and soon Alex was in trance, absorbing the mantra like a sponge.

When the conditioning program shut down and Alex recovered, he went to his desk to eat the lunch selected by Irina. The usual salad and some side tofu. He also got a peach juice. He was hungry so he consumed everything eagerly. After lunch he put one of Irina's gums for bad breath in his mouth and began chewing it. He now took one in the morning as Irina made sure he was chewing gum during "instruction time", and another one after lunch. It was strange but the bitter and a little salty flavor did not bother him anymore.

That evening he had one of his therapy sessions scheduled. Paige made the usual questions in a friendly tone and Alex was beginning to feel comfortable to tell Paige his feelings, his real feelings. When Paige asked how his health was, he confessed he had some nausea today. Paige auscultated him, and determined it was some stress induced condition. She gave him a pill that Alex took, *trusting his doctor*. He shyly asked when he would recover and be left out of chastity. Paige answered "soon". With his therapy finished, Irina took him home.

In another part of town, an old man received a call. When he answered a robotic voice spoke:

"Hello Mister Johnson. You don't know me, but I know you very well. I want to help you"

"Who... who are you?"

"That is not important. I need you to listen to me for three minutes. Can you do that?"

"Listen boy, if this is some kind of scam"

"This is not a scam, Mister Paul Johnson, living in Acres 53, room 14, social security number 93883983H"

Johnson suddenly worried. Now, he was paying close attention.

"W-what do you want?"

"Three minutes of your time. To help you. And at the end of all this, you will receive 25.000 Euros"

"Okay. Go on"

"This call is about a man named Alex. He is your tenant at one of your properties, Wirvin Street 21, room 54. You know the person, right?"

"Ah, yes I think so, what about him?"



“He is using your property to prostitute himself to finance his drug addiction. He claims he has a lawful job, but that is patently false. After our call, you will check your mail, you will find recent photos of him after having sex with a client”

“What!? Alex? That young man? Are you sure?”

“Very. You will see it in the photos. He is making a fool of you. We want to help you make things right. We want him out of the property within the next three days. And for your trouble, you will receive 50.000 Euros. Half of it at the end of this call, you just have to check your account, the rest when Alex is out of the property”

“But he has a contract! He has never failed to pay rent”

“Yes. Here is what is going to happen: tomorrow morning Alex will be out of his place. A locksmith will get there at 11:00. He will change the lock. If you are there you can get the new keys. If not, those will be sent to you. If you go there you may check the place as well and see its lousy condition. Alex's things will be taken to the door of the building by a moving crew. You can do as you please Mister Johnson, the only condition is: you will not interact with Alex again. You will not answer his calls. You will never contact him again. Three days from now, if you keep your word, you receive the rest of the money. Are we in an agreement?”

Johnson paused before answering. The voice waited.

“I suppose yes”

“Good. Goodbye Mister Johnson”

The voice hung the call. Old Mister Johnson didn't know what to think. That sounded like a joke, or someone taking revenge on the young man. He checked his account, and was surprised to find the promised money there.

“Shit! This might be real!”

Next morning Alex woke up as any other day, and headed to work. He was noticed getting out of the building by Paige, who was watching from a rented car from a distance. She smiled, waited a minute, and wearing latex gloves, proceeded into soon to be Alex's former place with a copied key.

She was carrying a bag with the prostitute looking clothes they used for the blackmail photos, only dirtier, white stained, and smelly. She proceeded to scatter them all over the place, leaving some in a pile on the bed. Then she took a bottle with her own pee and began to spread it on the bed and the floor, she also placed some feces.

Next, with some effort, she broke some things around the house, keyed the doors, and dismantled most lightbulbs. The place looked, and smelled, like shit. And that was the purpose. Finally she left a few small plastic bags with what looked like cocaine, and a needle on the bed table.

“He is going to love this” she said in her most devilish smile.

Paige got a box and emptied it next to the fridge and sink. It contained a lot of cockroaches.

“Mission accomplished” she said, quite satisfied while leaving the place”.

One hour and twenty four minutes later, Johnson arrived at the place, still a doubting man. Five minutes later, the locksmith was there, and after meeting each other, began his work. With the door opened and the lock changed, he gave Mister Johnson two sets of keys, and left wishing him a good day.

Johnson didn't know what to think. He entered the place and looked at it with horror. It was much much worse than what he had seen in the photos that were sent to his mail, photos that disappeared from his phone after he had looked at them. The place was even infested with cockroaches. Now Johnson believed it all. He was disgusted and angry. He wanted to call Alex immediately and demand an explanation. Then he saw the drugs on the table. That was worrying.

Drugs meant that Alex guy knew shady people and shady people meant trouble. He refrained his impulse, and decided to get rid of the drug evidence, and proceed as the voice instructed. The moving crew arrived half an hour later, and began to put all of Alex's stuff out of the place, visibly disgusted by the state of the place. Then Johnson closed and locked the door as far as the key turned, and left the place for good. Paige saw Johnson leave the building with an angry expression, and with that, she considered the operation a success.

At his safe space, an unsuspecting Alex was finishing his daily relaxation video, which today consisted of a conditioning focusing on <<*Always asking superiors for help*>>. It followed Shara, the happy secretary. She faced a series of tasks she had trouble with.

First she tried to make a coffee in a modern looking coffee maker, she didn't look confident with what she was doing. She pressed a button and suddenly the machine spilled coffee in various directions, besmirching her clothes. She looked at herself unable to say a word, so she walked as fast as she could in her heels to Ms Adams office, her superior. She was working but raised her view from the computer and observed Shara.

“My goddess Shara, what has happened to you girl?”

“I was-I was getting your coffee in the new machine and-and it became crazy!”

“Oh my, poor little thing” she patted Shara’s head “there, there. You know you shouldn't try to do difficult things, those are for real adults. Look at the mess you made on yourself girl”

“I-I am sorry Ms Adams” sobbed Shara.

“There, there, sweet thing, don’t cry. Let's get you changed into something more appropriate for you, shall we?”

“Okay Ms Adams...”

Ms Adams opened a wardrobe and selected some clothing pieces. She helped Shara get dressed in the new outfit she selected, and to redo her makeup in a more flashy way. When she was pronounced ready, Shara looked way more provocative than before. Her new skirt shorter, the shirt showed more cleavage, her previous belt substituted by a chain one. She also reminded Shara to smile. People liked girls that smiled best. That had been a constant lesson for Shara, one that Ms Adams liked to remind her of from time to time.

“There you go girl. Now that is a more appropriate attire for you, dressed like that, people can see you are not a smart girl, are you?”

“No, Ms Adams”

“That is it Shara, and girls that are not smart like you, have to compensate for looking their best so people notice, and like them. That is how you serve your superiors for helping and taking care of you. Right girl?”

“Right Ms Adams”

“Good girl. Now run along. Why don't you go to your desk and look at one of your magazines? You are good at doing that aren't you?”

“Yes Ms Adams. Thank you Ms Adams”

Making half a courtesy, Shara left and sat at her desk, grabbed a magazine and began looking at it. After some time an email popped on her computer screen and Shara opened it.

“Congratulations! You are the winner of our lottery! Click on the link to receive the latest model of hiphone!”

The mail was colorful and catchy. Shara looked confused, doubted, and clicked on the link. Immediately a virus alert popped up.

“Oh my gawd!”

She ran to Ms Adams' office and explained the situation. Ms Adams stood up and hugged the girl.

"There, there, my poor thing. Don't worry. You shouldn't have opened that email but you did very well in coming here to ask for my help when you realized you have messed up things again"

"I-I am sorry Ms Adams" sobbed Shara.

"No worries dear, no need to apologize. It is not your fault not being smart. You have been a good employee"

"T-thank you Ms Adams"

"Now, I will make sure that never happens to you again, I will get your email permits restricted and we will monitor everything that reaches you, that way we will create a safe space for you. Isn't that wonderful honey?"

"Yes Ms Adams..."

"And what do good employees say when their superiors help them?"

"Thank you, Ms Adams"

"That is it. Such a good employee and such a good girl, I am proud of you!"

"Thank you Ms Adams"

"Now, we have to change your uniform again! We have to make sure it reflects your new situation"

"Do we have Ms Adams?"

"But of course sweetie! That way everybody will understand your new safe space condition. Such an improvement! Aren't you a happy, good employee?"

"Yes Ms Adams. Thank you Ms Adams"

"Very goooooood" said Ms Adams in the most condescending tone.

When she was done with Shara, she looked way sexier and little professionalism was left in her outfit. Shorter jacket and top showing her belly, a shorter pleated skirt with a thinner chain belt, and catchy jewelry. She also instructed the girl to do her makeup heavier, and curled her hair a bit. Shara was happy during the whole process, really believing that was an improvement.

“There you go Shara girl! Now you won’t have to answer any more complicated emails. Aren't you happy?”

“Oh yes! I am Ms Adams! Thank you so much!”

“Good girl! *And remember to always ask for the help of your superior.* You will do the right thing, Shara girl?”

“Yes, I will Ms Adams!”

“That is a good girl” she said, running a hand on her cheek. “Now, I want you to do this test to determine if you have learned your lesson. Sit here, on the side of my table and begin when you are ready. Ask me if you need help to solve some questions, okay?”

Ms Adams put a piece of paper and sat Shara on her designated sport. Shara looked confused at the paper. Ms Adams put a pencil in her hands and told her to go on. She went back to do some work next to Shara, but kept an eye on her as she read her test:

This is the test to determine if you understand how to be a good employee in different situations. Just try your best. Good luck sweetie!

1. As a good employee:
  - a. *I don't make decisions. I obey.*
  - b. Make decisions.
  
2. When facing a difficult question I:
  - a. *Always ask my superior. She knows best!*
  - b. Do the wrong thing and answer by myself.

Shara marked the obvious responses and feeling like it was too easy continued onto the following questions. Ms Adams inadvertently peeked on her and smiled.

3. If I have 10 apples, and I give 5 apples to my bff, how many oranges do I have left?
  - a. 5 oranges.
  - b. 15 oranges.
  
4. If my friend Janice shows me a photo of her cheating on her boyfriend:
  - a. I tell her boyfriend.
  - b. I shut up about it.

Shara began to feel uneasy with her last responses, she doubted herself. She looked at Ms Adams, and then continued reading:

5. If I want to know if my makeup is correct:

- a. I ask my friends.
  - b. I look for a mirror.
6. If I answered question number 3:
- a. I got it wrong! I should always ask my superior!
  - b. I do the wrong thing and continue the test.

Shara looked at question number 3. She had answered option a. but there was something... she doubted herself again. She looked at Ms Adams:

“M-ms Adams...”

“Yes darling what is it?”

“I think I got the wrong answer... I don't know...”

“Let me look at it honey. Oh absolutely yes! You got it all wrong. This is not the test for you, but you passed it asking me for help. Well done asking your superior for help”

She opened a drawer and took another test.

“This is your real test. Go on Shara”

Shara went over the new test:

1. As a good employee:
  - a. *I always ask my superior for help.*
2. When facing a difficult question:
  - a. *I always ask my superior for help.*
3. If I have 10 apples, and I give 5 apples to my bff, how many oranges do I have left?
  - a. *I always ask my superior for help.*
4. If my friend Janice shows me a photo of her cheating on her boyfriend:
  - a. *I always ask my superior for help.*
5. If I want to know if my makeup is correct:
  - a. *I always ask my superior for help.*
6. If I answered question number 3:
  - a. *I always ask my superior for help.*
7. If I don't know what should I do:

- a. *I always ask my superior for help.*
- 8. If I feel doubt:
  - a. *I always ask my superior for help.*
- 9. If I have trouble:
  - a. *I always ask my superior for help.*
- 10. To know how to dress:
  - a. *I always ask my superior for help.*

Congratulations! You finished the test. Now ask your superior for help to review it! Well done being a good employee!

Shara felt reassured again and asked Ms Adams.

“I think I finished it. Can you help me review it please Ms Adams?”

“Let me see honey” Ms Adams said pretending to look at the test. “Congratulations! You did so well that you got the maximum score! I am so proud of you!”

“Really Ms Adams?”

“Yes girl. I am in fact so proud that I am going to promote you!”

“A promotion!?”

“Yes! And you know what comes with a promotion?”

“What Ms Adams?”

“A pretty new uniform!”

“Oh my gawd! Thank you Ms Adams!”

Ms Adams hugged Shara and cheered her. Shara looked like the happiest girl ever.

“Now here is what you are going to do: your tasks have been updated, I want you to continue them, asking for help when necessary. When the work is over, I will take you for a refitting to get you into your new uniform. Aren't you happy?”

“Oh yes Ms Adams! Thank you Ms Adams!”

“Now chop chop girl!”

Shara left and looked into her computer. The wallpaper had changed from a previous baby blue to a pink. Her email program had disappeared. She was left with the messenger program and the search engine. A list of tasks popped up:

- Do your nails in this style.
- Begin a diary.
- Buy a pair of shoes online.
- Go to the gym and do your daily routine.
- Redo your makeup.
- Buy a handbag online.
- Report to your superior <3.

*\*Always ask for help when necessary*

Shara began her tasks and when she doubted how to proceed asked Ms Adams. Ms Adams told her what to write in the first entry of her diary, what shoes and handbag to buy and what exercises she had to do. Shara obeyed her to the letter.

*“Dear Diary:*

*I am very very happy because today my superior praised me a lot and promoted me. She is so smart and cares about me so much! I will always do what she orders me. I know I am not smart so I must learn to look nice and follow orders...”*

Finally Shara reported to her superior and after reviewing her activity, Ms Adams took the girl to a boutique. They spent quite a time shopping with the help of a shop assistant that attended all of Ms Adams' wishes, and got Shara a thousand different clothes that were a mix of uniform style and slutty. Then they went to a salon where Ms Adams had an appointment and Shara was made up, and blinged up. When they finished her, she looked like a parody of her former self.

“Shara girl, you look fabulous! All your colleagues are going to be so jealous of you when you show them your new uniform and style”

“This is... this is...”

“I know darling, it is delightful. Now thank me properly and I will take you to have dinner at a nice place where you can show yourself and then home so you can do the rest of your beauty routine and have a proper sleep. Good employees have enough beauty sleep”

“Yes Ms Adams. Thank you Ms Adams”



“Good girl. Aren't you happy you asked for help? Now you are going to be so much prettier and so much happier!”

*“Yes Ms Adams, I always ask my superiors for help”*

“Good girl. Here -said Ms Adams giving Shara some kind of plastic card- one final treat”

Shara looked at the card. It was an ID similar to the one she used to identify herself at her workplace. It read “Shyrley Hon. Pink rank Secretary”

“W-what is this Ms Adams?”

“Is your new ID, Shyrley. Shara is a name that just doesn't fit you anymore, is not playful enough, and you are a very playful girl now”

“B-but...”

“We have accordingly arranged a change of name for the rest of your documents. Now let's go sweetheart. I want to show my new perfected secretary somewhere fancy”

Ms Adams grabbed a still surprised Shyrley by her waist, and pushed her lightly so she began to walk. Shyrley couldn't help but follow her superior.

The image faded and the virtual assistant reappeared.

“What have we learnt today Alex?”

*“I... always... ask my... superiors... for help...”*

“Very good!” the virtual assistant said as the screen flashed the mantra and euphoria triggering drugs filled the air “Once more!”

*“I always ask... my superiors... for help...”*

“Once more!”

*“I always... ask my superior for help!”*

“Repeat it!”

*“I always ask my superiors for help! I always ask my superiors for help! I always ask my superiors for help! I always ask my superiors for help! I always ask my superiors for help! I always ask my superiors for help! I always ask my superiors for help!...”*

Drugs continued to reinforce Alex's reward systems as he repeated the mantra. When he was spent, the system filtered a sedative in the air and he was out. Almost two hours later, he woke up and proceeded with his routine, which meant salad with delicious dressing time, a bad breath gum, and trying to read some of the fashion magazines he had to write reports about.

They went by slowly and it was extra hard to focus. Finally she reported to Irina and she dismissed him. He got ready to go back to her place, and as he was entering the building, he was taken aback finding his stuff at one side of the hall.

He rushed to his apartment, and saw an eviction notice on the door. It didn't state anything specific. He tried to open the door, but it was impossible, the lock was changed. He began to panic and out of breath sat on the floor, too overwhelmed to cry.

When he calmed down a little, with his shaking hands he tried to call his landlord, but the operator's voice said the number couldn't be reached. What was he going to do? His best mood might be to go to a hotel, no, that will drain his savings, and he needed those if he wanted to move away from Irina and Paige, those two ~~bite~~ nice *superior* women. He had to sue his landlord! Oh he was going to that for good, but now he needed a place urgently. He suddenly remembered about his things and went there to check on them. It all seemed to be there... wait! His laptop! Someone stole it! And some of his clothing too! Luckily all the office wear Irina got for him in his first weeks was there. Where was his underwear? He couldn't find any, what kind of pervert stills underwear. He would have to worry about that later, now he desperately needed a place.

He tried to call the few friends he had... but in his last months he hadn't been precisely socially active. The three people he managed to call, still in a shaking voice, turned him down. One of them even hung up the call without a word. Family? He only had his parents that lived far in another region in the middle of nowhere. They got so angry at him when he told them he was leaving to triumph in the big city that he didn't want to call them, especially in such a miserable situation, it was just too embarrassing. He began to shed some tears.

Sitting there on the floor of the building hall he saw a few passing people that looked at him with a mix of pity and disgust. Most of them thought he was just a junkie that got evicted from his house, something that was the most probable cause in that neighborhood. Regaining his nerves a little, he began to feel a bit focused again.

"There... might be... a possibility..."

From the watching spot in her car, Paige had seen Alex get into the building. Seeing that, she brought her hand in between her legs, and began to softly massage her clit at first, then, more and more intensely. About half an hour later, her phone rang. It was Irina. She immediately answered.

"Yes?"

“Bingo”

She hung up. With a contained moan, she instantly came.

## CHAPTER 4

# DEPENDENCY

As Irina's car parked in front of Alex's place, he was still sobbing, sitting on the floor. Irina took a few moments to savor the image. Then got out of her car and went to Alex.

"Oh my! Alex! What happened?"

"I-I don't know... I came home and... all my stuff was here... and..." Alex's voice cracked.

"I can't believe what happened. My poor thing"

"W-what am I going to do?"

"Don't worry" said Irina, placing a hand on his head "Irina is here for you. You did very well asking me for help. I will take care of you"

Alex looked at Irina. She looked imposing. She looked in control. She looked like a strong personality offering a safe choice. He felt compelled to express gratitude and be nice to her, he longed for her protection.

"Thank you, thank you so much Irina" said Alex, hugging Irina's lower half.

"There, there. That is a good boy, a good boy that doesn't need to worry anymore, just do what he is told"

Alex stayed there for a moment, on the verge of tears. Irina felt a dampness form in her crack, and bit her lip softly. This was just sweet.

"Come on! Stand up. Begin loading your stuff on the car" Irina commanded.

"W-why...?" Alex asked, a bit confused.

"Because I told you so"

"I... ah... okay..."

Alex proceeded to fit all his stuff in Irina's car trunk. There wasn't much stuff after all, mostly clothes and some books. Soon, he won't be needing any of those, Irina thought.

“Okay... This is all, I think”

“This is all? Only this?” Irina made the comment in an almost offensive tone.

“Yes... only this... so-someone stole some of my stuff, and my laptop...”

“Oh, poor thing. Don’t worry, I will make sure you will have lots of pretty clothes soon and a new laptop”

“R-really?”

“Of course darling, a sweet thing like you needs a laptop. Now let's go”

Alex got in Irina’s car and she began to drive.

“Where are we going?”

“Somewhere close. I have arranged a place for you to stay”

“A place?”

“Yes, a nice place near my office. Very convenient for you”

Alex felt relieved about having a place to stay for now, but also got worried as rent was very expensive in the area of town where Irina’s office was but for now it was his best course of action. Shortly after, Irina parked in front of a nice looking building that true to her words, was close to her office.

“Here we are”

“Here?” said Alex was impressed by the fanciness of the building.

“Yes, here. Now be a darling, get one of your bags and let's see your new place”

Alex followed Irina along a nice hall, into an elevator, and finally to a door with the number 069 on it in elegant golden characters. Irina produced a key and opened the door. Going inside Alex left the bag he carried in the entrance as Irina grabbed his hand and pulled him inside the place. She began to guide him around the different spaces, Alex wasn't exactly amazed by any of them.

“Here we have the bedroom, as you can see it is spacious, has a lot of light and a comfy bed”

Alex was dumbfounded and before he had time to react and say anything Irina pulled him to the next room.

“This is the bathroom, nice and clean. And now let’s see the kitchen. Shall we?”

A bowled over Alex was pulled into a kitchen that followed the same pattern of the other spaces. With some effort, he freed himself from Irina’s hang.

“W-what is this?”

“What is what sweetheart?”

“This place this... this whole place is so... so...”

“So what?”

“So... girly...”

“Girly?”

“Yes! Look at it! It is a girl's place!”

“A girl's place? Really? I get you a place to stay when you are desperate for help and you dare complain about the place being girly?”

Alex looked at Irina. She looked pissed off. She moved in closer to him, her eyes locked on him, towering him, imposing, full of authority. Alex felt immediately intimidated.

“HOW CAN YOU BE SO UNGRATEFUL? I find you a nice place to stay that is nice and convenient for you, and you complain because it is girly. If you think this place is girly, you can go sleep on the streets. Would that make you feel like a man?”

“No... no Irina, is just... just...”

“JUST WHAT?”

“Nothing Irina... I am... I am sorry...”

“You better be, you UNGRATEFUL pervert. You could be in jail now, enjoying a very manly cell. Is that what you want?”

A speechless Alex looked at Irina and began to mumble. Irina put her arms around him and closed them in a hug, pressing him against his chest.

“You need to learn to respect other people's feelings Alex. Imagine how it feels to have you complaining when I am doing the best for you”

"I am... sorry Irina..."

"I know you are. But we need to improve your attitude. Don't worry, I am here for you. *You must always ask me for help*"

"I... I will always ask you for help... Irina"

"That is much better sweetheart" said her, kissing the top of his head. "This place is nice for you, it is comfortable, it is convenient. It is a safe space. Nobody is going to hurt you here. Your former neighborhood was piss hole. Let's work together to improve your life, okay?"

"Y-yes Irina, okay..."

"Good boy" said her, hugging him tighter for a second. "Now, how about for starters you thank me properly?"

"Th-thank you Irina..."

"Hahaha, that wasn't very good was it? Come on, I know you can do better. Try again"

"Thank you Irina, thank you, so much"

"Thank you for what sweetheart?"

"Thank you for... for getting me this... nice place... and helping me today"

"Okay. Good enough. You can be such a good boy when you try Alex. Remember, always ask me for help, will you?"

"Yes! I will always ask you for help"

"Such a good boy. I am glad you came to your senses" she fondled his back still holding him.

"We will talk to Paige in your next therapy session about you feeling your place girly, okay?"

"B-but why?"

"I want to make sure you are going to be comfortable here and you don't have a bad attitude towards your environment"

"I... we don't have to worry, I will look for a new place soon... this place is too..." Alex was about to say girly again, but bit his tongue. "Is too expensive for me"

“Oh! Don’t worry about that hun, as long as you are here, you will be taken care off, let Irina help you with that difficult stuff”

“R-really!?”

“Of course darling”

“Thank you Irina! Thank you so much! That is... so... helpful...b-but I don't want to be a burden...”

“You are never a burden sweetie. Just do as you are told and focus on recovering. We need to keep working on your condition so you can be out of your control device as soon as possible, isn't that right?”

“Yes, Irina. Thank you Irina”

“Good boy. Are you going to let nice doctor Paige and me help you?”

“Y-yes, I will”

*“You should always trust your doctor, and you should always ask Irina for help”*

As Irina undid her hug, she instructed Alex to go pick the rest of her things. With that, she ordered some food for Alex, tofu and miso soup. Then she hugged Alex, and said goodbye.

Irina drove straight to her house and as fast as she could, went into a computer room full of screens. She logged in the system and licked her lips as she watched the live stream of Alex's place. For the next hour, she delighted and softly touched her pussy, watching Alex explore the rest of the place, a studio and a walk-in closet.

Finally they had Alex where they wanted, in a perfectly controlled environment, wired with the best technology to watch and hear, an air filtration system they controlled, hidden speakers, everything she had dreamt of... that was a real game changer. Alex was going to love the free housing, but oh, did it come with a price, and that price was his freedom. If he ever tried to move out, they would make sure he didn't.

That night, as Alex went to bed, he could feel the softness of his new bed, he had never felt something so nice. In ten minutes, the atmosphere filled with a sedative and he was out. The system captured his breathing and vitals, and confirming he was in a deep sleep, began to work, letting a very low melody sound mixed with whispered words.

*<<I am so grateful to Irina for my new place. I love my new place. I love its colors. It is delightful. It is dreamy. It is my safe space. I love my safe space>>*



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*<<I am so grateful to Irina for my new place. I love my new place. I love its colors. It is delightful. It is dreamy. It is my safe space. I love my safe space>>*

Next morning Alex woke up with a cloudy mind. So many things in his head. He showered, got dressed, and went to the office, no time for breakfast. He had his usual instruction time with Irina, with the usual control questions, and felt odd with some of the answers.

“How are you feeling towards your control device sweetie? Did you have a good night's sleep? You are not feeling any anxiety right darling? Do you feel grateful and happy with your treatment? What is your favorite color? Do you like your place? Have you made any decisions lately that gave you stress? Are you paying attention and not interrupting when receiving instructions? What should you do if you face a difficult situation?”

“I feel ~~eamf~~ good in my control device. I had a good sleep but... this morning my head felt... weird. I am not feeling any anxiety, thank you. I am very thankful for my treatment, thank you so much Irina... you are... you are so ~~mea~~ nice to me. My very favorite color is ~~dark~~ blue, it is just so beautiful. I like my place, it's... dreamy. I haven't made any stressful decisions. I am attentive and never interrupt my superior's instructions. I always ask my superiors for help”

“Very good hon. Now chop chop, it is time to watch your videos, they are making you such a good employee”

“Thank you Irina”

Alex sat on the sofa chair and shortly after one of the usual videos began. In this one Shyrley was seen in her new uniform happily performing her tasks; doing her nails, reading magazines, bringing coffees, touching her makeup... and smiling.

t some point, Ms Adams went to her and told her:

“Hello darling, how are you doing?”

“Very well Ms Adams, thank you”

“Do you like your new uniform darling?”

“Oh yeah, I love it, it is dreamy Ms Adams!”

“Oh sweetheart, it fits you so well. But there is something still we have to fix about your appearance”

“What is it Ms Adams?”

“Your hair girl!”

“W-what about it?” said Shyrley suddenly concerned about her looks.

“Oh doll, a girl like you needs her crown of glory, that is why today I am taking you to the salon to have you styled and beautified. Aren't you a happy girl?”

“Yes... yes Mr Adams! Thank you, thank you so much!”

“Good girl, get your bag and let's go”

The scene changed and showed Ms Adams holding Shyrley's hand and guiding her into a chic salon. After some talking with the assistant, Shyrley was told to sit on a sofa chair, and an attractive beautician began working on her.

The image twirled, showing a finished Shyrley, happily checking her new hairstyle. She was given a lollipop which she eagerly sucked, and Ms Adams patted her head. When they arrived at the office, Ms Adams had a surprise for Shyrley, a new desk and a placard with her name.

“Do you like it Shyrley girl?”

“Yes! Oh my gawd! It is so beautiful!! Thank youuu Ms Adams!!” said Shyrley hugging Ms Adams.

“You are welcome, my doll. Now let's get you into some more fitting clothes. Come on Shyrley doll”

When Shyrley sat on her new desk, she looked more like a doll than a person. Ms Adams looked at her with a happy expression, with a hint of lust. She left Shyrley to her duties, which consisted of the usual taking care of her looks, doing menial tasks, and being a happy eye candy. Amongst her tasks, she had to type on her computer fifty times:

<<I let my superiors decide my outfit>>

<<I let my superiors decide my outfit>>

<<I let my superiors decide my outfit>>

<<I let my superiors decide my outfit>>

After she typed each one of those fifty sentences, her screen flashed and a voice said “good job doll”. Alex's brain melted with each of the flashes, and almost automatically began mumbling “I let my superiors decide my outfit”, which got him a good employee point.

When Shyrley finished her typing task, Ms Adams came to her and gave her a present. A doll box, which Shyrley opened with a puzzled expression. She unboxed a lovely looking doll that came with office themed accessories.

“Do you like it Shyrley doll?” asked Ms Adams.

“Oh... Ms Admas... yes... I... I love it!”

“I knew you would. Look, this is my favorite” said Ms Adams caressing the doll's head.

*“I love being a doll”* said the doll.

Shyrley giggled, and the video ended.

After such an intense conditioning session, Alex was beaten. It took him a while to recover, walk to his desk, munch his salad, drink a pineapple juice, eat one of his bad breath gums, and finally regain a little focus. Shortly after Irina came out of the office, walked to him, and imperiously said “Let's go”. It was therapy day.

## CHAPTER 5

# A GOOD EMPLOYEE MUST DO

Alex was sitting in Paige's consultation room. The session began as usual with some small talk, but Alex had planned that this was the afternoon he would finally ask his ~~edge~~ control device to be removed. He had been standing this humiliation for too long. That and his new place. Having to stay in such a ~~hor~~ delightfully feminine place was a bother.

"So many of your clothes and your laptop were gone when you examined our belongings?"

"Yes, someone must have stolen them when my landlord put them in the building hall"

"And you are telling me the landlord didn't answer your calls?"

"Yes, it was so strange, he had been a reliable man up to then..."

"That is very strange, but now you have to focus on what are the next steps. You know my dear boy, leaving things behind is a good idea. You just have to trust the right people, like Irina, you were so lucky she could get a place for you"

"Yes... yes that is true, but..."

"But?"

"But the place is... feminine!"

"Feminine?"

"Yes... I mean, the colors and all"

"Okay. And, this bothers you?"

"No... Well, yes, I mean, it is not a place for... a man, for..."

"For a man" Paige said, nodding.

"Yes..."

"You got a place to stay. Maybe first you should show gratitude"

"I... I do, it is just that"

"That nothing! just show gratitude. If you don't like the decoration of the place, you can change it or look for a new place. However I believe this reaction clearly shows you have a bad attitude against femininity"

"No! No way, I don't have a bad attitude against it, it just... doesn't feel right"

"Oh, believe me, I have seen your attitude in some many patients, discomfort and hostility against expressions of femininity. That might be why you had your misconduct in the first place"

"W-what? I am not... how is that related?"

"Usually discomfort with what you interpret as a manifestation of femininity shows that you reject something you are afraid of. It is a very common behavior, *trust your doctor*"

"B-but... hmmm..."

Alex's train of thought stopped. He felt like he should not discuss Paige, his doctor, his therapist, his superior.

"So for starters you will be extra nice to Irina for helping you. You did well asking Irina for help, you *always ask Irina for help*. You should follow your treatment, *don't make any decisions* that might stress you. Rely on Irina, and *trust your doctor*"

Alex just stood there, listening. Somehow, he knew he *should listen and never interrupt* a woman like Paige.

"As to your clothing problem, I am sure Irina will be able to help you with it. Remember to *always ask Irina for help*, she knows best. Is that right?"

"Y-es, that is right"

"Good" Paige paused for a moment. "Now, is there anything else you want to discuss?"

"W-well, I want to... to talk about my control device"

"What about it?"

"I think that... I don't need it anymore. I have been a good employee and I have been following my treatment"

"That is true"

“S-so can I have it removed...please?”

“From a medical point of view, it is my opinion you can, yes. You have had a generally good performance, and you are not experiencing any significant discomfort wearing it, are you?”

“No, I am not”

“Good. However this is not only my decision, it is also Irina’s decision. Let’s see if she agrees okay?”

“Okay!”

“However, remember that you need to be extra nice to her and accept her judgment for all the nice things she has done for you, especially now that you want her to give her permission to get your control device removed”

“Yes, I will... be extra nice”

“Good. Violet” Paige called for her secretary on an intercom “Go ask Miss Irina to join us”

Moments later, Irina entered the room carrying a rectangular box and sat with them.

“What is it Paige?”

“In short, Alex wants us to remove his control device”

“I see. What is your opinion?”

“I think we can try. From a medical point of view, he doesn't show signs of rejection, and acceptance of the device shows compliance and progress. Has he been good behaved?”

“More or less” Irina said, looking at Alex with half a smile.

“So you agree that we should give him a chance?”

“Yes Paige, let's give him a chance. However he has to remain well behaved. And I mean this Alex, if you don't keep being a good boy on your best behavior, you go straight back in your control device, is this crystal clear?”

“Y-yes Irina! It is very clear”

“Such a good boy. I am sure you are going to be a nice employee for your *superior*”

“It is settled then” intervened Paige. “Alex come on the examination table so we can remove your control device”

Eagerly, Alex sat on the gynecology table. The two women strapped his legs on the table supports and proceeded to free his penis. Alex felt passive and humiliated, but on the prospect of getting his control device removed, he didn't dare say a word. With a careful manipulation of the device, the two women produced their keys and opened the padlocks.

Finally, Irina removed the rest of the device. Alex felt the pressure of the alien object disappear, he felt free, a sensation he hadn't felt in a long, long time. The leg straps were unlocked, and he was helped down the table. He still couldn't believe how easily the two women had accepted to get his device removed, this was such a big victory, now he will have a chance to escape their control sooner than later.

“And now Alex” said Paige. “Aren't you forgetting something?”

“W-what is it Paige?”

“To properly thank us of course! A well behaved boy should properly thank people when he receives help”

“Oh! Of course! Thank you! Thank you so much! Thank you Irina, thank you Paige! Thank you for... for...”

“For helping you?”

“Yes, thank you so much for helping me”

“Well done Alex. Don't worry, we will keep helping you, right Irina?”

“Absolutely Paige. He is going to love our help so, so much” Irina said, placing her hand on Alex's cheek, looking at him as a predator looks at its prey.

“Th-thank you... Irina...”

“And this is not the only good news. To thank you for being a good employee, I have got you a new laptop” Irina gave me the box she carried when she entered the room.

“For me?”

“Yes, for you silly. It was such a bad thing that your's was stolen. I thought you deserved something nice. Go on, open it”

Alex opened the box and to his dismay he found a pink laptop. It was girly and he hated the color, but the women looked at him so happily, and he had just been freed from his device that he thought it was better not to complain.

“Wow Alex! -said Paige- a brand new laptop! Aren't you a lucky happy boy?”

“Y-yes... hm, thank you”

“Thank you!? Only that? Such disconsideration. How about you show Irina some gratitude?”

“Thank you Irina, thank you... for this laptop...”

“Still not good enough. Was that good Irina?”

“No, it wasn't good by far. A good employee must show enthusiasm. I am so disappointed with you Alex”

“Sorry! Sorry Irina! I... I really like it! Thank you so much!”

“You need to begin showing some gratitude, it is one of the principles of a good employee, thus, what is keeping you out of your control. Do you want to be back in your control device?”

“No! No please! I love the laptop! Thank you so much for it! Thanks for your gift Irina! Thank you so much! Thank you for helping me!”

“That is better but you still have to learn. Now let's get going sweetie pie”

With that Irina got Alex's hand and after saying goodbye, Irina took Alex to the car. Irina looked calmed, and Alex was enjoying his freedom down there, however there was something itching at the back of his mind. They were half way when he finally said:

“Irina...”

“Yes sweetie?”

“I was... wondering if you could... could...”

“Could what?”

“If you could help me... you know some of my clothes got stolen...”

“Don't worry Alex. I will be glad to help you with your clothing problem”

“T-thank you Irina”



“You are a welcome sweetheart”

When they got to Alex's place, Irina quickly bid farewell, making sure he didn't forget his new laptop. She was sure Alex had to catch up on a lot of porn. Alex was equally satisfied to be left on his own. He quickly went upstairs, got into his <sup>dreamy</sup> new place, took off his pants and began to do the one thing he had missed for too long. It didn't take him much to explode, and felt like he was himself again. He was wrong.

After that he began to set things up a bit, wandering around his new place, this ~~horri~~ place he felt so ~~awfu~~ feminine. It wasn't so bad actually, if Irina was truly going to take care of it and he didn't need to pay for it, that will help him a lot to save money to make his escape, now that he was freed from that ~~nastr~~ control device, he just needed more money, perhaps a couple of months will suffice. He could definitely do that.

Feeling his urge to rise again, he took his phone and began to eagerly look for porn. He was damn horny after such a long time ~~in-chast~~ under control, and he needed release. He began to surf his usual porn sites, but for some reason his phone was slow, too slow. He needed it. He craved it. Then he remembered his new laptop, which he had left by the entrance door, not minding it much, as he did not intend to use that pink ~~monstr~~ laptop anyway. But he was in need. Quickly he opened the box, took the laptop, booted it up and introduced his wifi password. He did this while checking his phone, which was slower by the minute. It didn't matter anymore, his laptop was ready.

He tried the same sites as in his phone, and they went light speed. That will do for now. He began to get busy, and as he watched girl's boobs and butts of all sizes and ethnicity being fucked, he began to cum like he hadn't in a long time, literally.

Irina came almost at the same time watching Alex. Sitting on a comfortable sofa in her luxurious place, she watched Alex's place streaming on a big screen wall. She followed Alex's masturbatory spree through the night, until he seemed to finally fall asleep out of pure exhaustion. Irina still went a couple of times more.

Still in her office, Paige watched the same stream. Her hard nipples clearly marking through her blouse, revealed her intense arousal. With a devilish smile, she said:

“So fucking predictable”

She was dreaming with the possibilities, and as Alex fell asleep, she began to set some aspects in a computer program. With that she pressed enter.

“The end of the beginning. Now, welcome to guided masturbation”

Like distorted whisper in a subtle melody, Alex's bedroom filled with the words:

<<I love to masturbate. Good employees masturbate a lot. I am a good employee>>  
<<I love to masturbate. Good employees masturbate a lot. I am a good employee>>  
<<I love to masturbate. Good employees masturbate a lot. I am a good employee>>  
<<I love to masturbate. Good employees masturbate a lot. I am a good employee>>  
<<I love to masturbate. Good employees masturbate a lot. I am a good employee>>  
<<I love to masturbate. Good employees masturbate a lot. I am a good employee>>  
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## CHAPTER 6

# CARROT AND STICK

Next morning Alex woke up feeling spaced out, but it wasn't an alien feeling, lately mornings were usually like that. However, that morning was different and he felt great, as he could feel his morning erection demanding attention between his legs. He did what he had to do, attended the call of nature, and then performed his morning ritual. When choosing an outfit, he tried to select something masculine. It wasn't easy though, he had only a few of those left, and some of the clothes Irina gave him when he began working ~~with~~ under her. He had barely used any of those as he had felt... he wasn't keen on them. Today they looked different though.

He quickly selected some of his old clothes which he deemed as appropriate and got ready to leave his <sup>dreamy</sup> place. He felt unsure about his clothing selection, but his morning masturbation session left him little time to decide.

"I wonder what Irina will think of this" he thought.

He stopped disoriented for a second, but quickly regained thought and hurried to get to the office in time. He didn't.

When he arrived, Irina was waiting for him in her office with the door open. He tried to sneak to his desk, but Irina called for him when he was half-way.

"Come here Alex"

"Yes Irina" Alex meekly said as he got in the office, closed the door and took a seat.

"Why are you late?"

"I-I hmmm... I ran into some trouble"

"Trouble?"

"Yes, with the alarm clock"

"I see. Make sure it doesn't happen again. It would be a shame if this became a habit"

"It won't Irina. Sorry"

“Okay sweetie, no biggie. Now, let’s do your control questions” she said, giving Alex the usual morning tea cup.

“Okay Irina. Thank you Irina”

Irina completely controlled the situation. Alex felt like he had done something wrong, although Irina was so understanding. He instantly felt grateful to her. Irina began to formulate control questions:

“Are you happy to be let out of your control device sweetie?”

“Oh yes Irina, thank you, thank you so much. I feel... free again. Thank you Irina”

“Did you have a good night's sleep?”

“Y-es, well... Yes, I had a good night's sleep. Thank you Irina”

“You are not feeling any anxiety right darling?”

“No, I don't feel any anxiety. I think being out of control helps me cope with anxiety, I feel much better today”

“Do you feel grateful and happy with your treatment?”

“Yes Irina, I thank you and Paige so much for helping me, I needed my superior’s help. You are being so nice to me, thank you so much”

“What is your favorite color?”

“My very favorite color is blue. It is... such a beautiful dreamy color”

“Do you like your new place's colors then?”

“Hmmm... I ah... Yes, I like my new place’s colors, Thank you... for my new place... Irina”

“Have you made any decisions lately?”

“Hm, no... I think... Well maybe” said Alex as he looked at his outfit “... no. Thank you Irina”

“Are you going to be a good employee?”

“Y-yes! I will be a good employee. Thank you Irina”

“What do you do if you face a difficulty?”

"I always ask... you...for help. T-thank you Irina"

Irina noted some of the answers in one of her notebooks. Then she looked at Alex, slightly smiling. It was such a delicious thing to see how the conditioning and her special tea kept Alex obedient and submissive, ready for her.

"So how do you feel being out of your control device helps you cope with anxiety?"

"W-what? Uh, I don't know, like I feel more, free, and relaxed"

"Sure. So what did you do yesterday when I left you at your place?"

"I uh" said Alex hesitating on such a personal question, "I had dinner, and went to bed... early"

"Really? So after all that time wearing your control device, in the first evening you are free, you are telling me you didn't masturbate?"

"I, I uh..." mumbled Alex, caught by surprise.

"It is okay sweetie, you can tell me. It is perfectly okay if you masturbate now that you are not wearing your control device. Actually it is a good thing"

"I-is it?"

"Oh, yes! A satisfied employee is a productive employee, and a productive employee is a good employee. You want to be a good employee right?"

"Yes! I want to!"

"Then you have to keep yourself satisfied. *Good employees masturbate a lot.* And you are a good employee right?"

"Yes! *I am a good employee*"

"And as a good employee , what do you love?"

"*I... I love to... I love to masturbate*"

"Come on, say it again honey, with confidence!"

"I love to masturbate!"

"That is it honey! Once more, louder and with confidence!"

“I love to masturbate!!”

“Gooooood booooooy, such a good, good employee you are becoming!”

“Thank you Irina. Thank you so much!”

“You are welcome darling. Now close your eyes, I have a surprise for you”

A bit confused, Alex closed her eyes. He heard Irina taking something out of a bag. When he was told to open them, Irina had some neatly folded clothes in her hands that she quickly passed to Alex.

“Wh-hat is this Irina?”

“This, my good employee, is your new uniform. This is one of the ways we are going to help you find new suitable clothing”

“But... but...”

“But nothing! You asked me for help, and I am going to help you, just as I have been doing all along. Now be a good employee, and get dressed sweetheart”

On a first inspection Alex could already see that there was something odd about the clothes. However he was feeling weak, the tea, the superior presence and command of Irina, and the recent removal of his device that he had to be thankful for. Irina was helping him, he felt compelled to be thankful.

“H-here?”

“Of course here. It is not like I haven't seen what is under your pants. Believe me, it is nothing special”

A bit hurt by the comment, a trembling doubting Alex began to get dressed. It wasn't so different to the clothes Irina had previously given him; a navy blue suit. The pants leg too flared, the jacket so short, the shirt, there was something weird about it. There was also underwear, baby blue underwear to be exact. Alex felt humiliated. He put on the shocks but left the briefs on the table. After all that time reading his fashion magazines, he was able to recognize women's underwear.

“I... I am not wearing these...”

“Are you not?” Irina said, striking Alex with an imposing look, while coming closer to him.

“But you are a good employee right? And good employees *let their superiors decide their outfits*”

“Oh... oh, they do...”

“Come on, be a sweetheart, try them, and I will give you the best reward you can dream of”

“W-what reward?”

“One I promise you will just adore. But first” she said putting the briefs in her hands “is dress-up time”

“I am... not sure... this is... girls underwear...”

“That again!? Your bad attitude against femininity”

“I am sorry Irina! It is just... I don't feel I can...”

“Let me get this straight Alex” she said, holding his face with her arms to make sure he caught every word “it is either this, or back in your control device. This is an essential part of your therapy process. You are a good employee, and *you will let your superiors decide your outfit*”

Alex was scared, scared of that woman and her words. He felt scared to be put back in his control device. He felt his voice crack a bit and tears come to his eyes.

“Y-es... *I let my superiors decide my outfit*” he shyly nodded.

“That is a good employee, now, put them on”

Alex felt defeated as he began to get dressed first in the baby blue briefs, then in the rest of the outfit. During the process Irina was reassuring, telling him how much of a good employee he was. That calmed him a bit.

“That is a good, good employee. Well done honey, I am so proud of you. Now” she said as she touched his hair, and fixed his outfit a bit “let's get you your reward for being such a good employee, shall we?”

“Y-es Irina. Thank you Irina”

“There we go, such a thankful good employee. Come on darling”

Irina guided him to his video room, where a sign announced “Alex's safe space and enjoyment room”. Irina accompanied him inside, almost sat him on the sofa chair and told him:

“You have been a good employee today, so today's video is designed not only for your instruction, but for your enjoyment. Good employees get good rewards, and your reward today is your favorite thing you absolutely love” she slowly said, enjoying every word. “Enjoy”

Shortly after Irina left the room the video began. It depicted a happy as usual Shyrley working at her desk, surrounded by other secretaries dressed in a similar way; pink blouses, mini skirts, and for Shyrley, a pair of shiny pink boots with platforms. Soon after, Ms Adams came to her.

“My, my, isn't this a lovely secretary doll? You look stunning, my doll”

“Thank you Ms Adams! I love my uniform so much! Especially my new boots, thank you so much for them!”

“You are welcome, my doll. Remember good dolls get nice rewards, and you have been such a good doll lately. Actually today we are going to give you an awesome reward”

“What is it Ms Adams?”

“Come with me, doll”

Ms Adams took Shyrley's hand and guided her to another room. There was a comfortable sofa where she made Shyrley sit. Ms Adams opened a closet with a lot of sex toys. Shyrley was still there, looking at Ms Adams smiling.

“Now my doll” Ms Adams said putting a magic wand on Shyrley's hand and turning it on “I want you to have fun. Raise your skirt and enjoy. Oh, and by the way, the room is soundproof, so get as wild and loud as you want”

Ms Adams left the room and locked it from the outside. Shyrley looked at the wand in her hand, and began giggling. A wall screen in front of Shyrley began playing porn, lesbian porn. She became fixated on the screen and slowly her hand began to pull her mini skirt up.

“Oh my Gawd! This is so hottie!”

She put the magic wand between her legs, and began to moan softly, her expression growing on ecstasy. Alex began to feel aroused, the porn, Shyrley moaning like a bitch, and the urge to masturbate. Also, the room filled with a sweet smell that will ensure Alex went wild. He began to put his hand on his pants, first feeling his erect member through them, then putting his hand inside them. Shortly after, he pulled his pants and baby blue briefs down and joined Shyrley on her masturbatory ecstasy.

As the video progressed, the porn Shyrley masturbated to, changed to a lezdom theme. Alex just didn't care, he was too aroused to care. He felt an orgasm build up and just as he cummed, Shyrley did too. He accompanied her moaning a bit. He has just cummed, but for some reason



he still felt kind of aroused, his eyes fixated on his screen just as Shyrley was fixed on hers. Alex went another two times, and Shyrley accompanied him, moaning and excited. A soft melody invaded the room mixed with the words:

<<Good employees receive good rewards>>  
<<Good employees receive good rewards>>  
<<Good employees receive good rewards>>  
<<Good employees receive good rewards>>  
<<Good employees receive good rewards>>  
<<Good employees receive good rewards>>

The video and Shyrley's moanings faded away when Alex could go no more. It took him a while to recover. He felt satisfied, dirty, sticky, sweaty, aroused, and he loved every second of it. When he finally recovered and went back to his place, he couldn't remember much of the session, he just felt utterly satisfied. He mindlessly ate his salad and then chewed one of his bad breath gums. He loved those gums. When he finished he got ready to face the rest of the afternoon, but Irina called him into her office.

"Yes Irina?"

"Soooo how was it? Did you like your reward?"

"O-oh... yes very much! Thank you so much Irina!"

"You are welcome sweetheart. And remember; *good employees receive good rewards*. Are you going to be a good employee to get good rewards?"

"Yes... yes I will be a good employee Irina"

"Very good. Now, you are all smelly and dirty, you naughty boy. Let's get you a spare of clothes, and I will give you the rest of the day free"

"Really?"

"Yes! Come on, a sweet obedient thing like you deserves some time to relax"

"Thank you Irina"

"You are welcome honey"

With that Irina gave Alex a spare of clean clothes and he got changed. He got ready to get out of the office as Irina gave him a bag with his dirty clothes. Alex noticed that it only contained the clothes Irina gave him, not the ones he got dressed in that morning.

“Irina... but in here there is only the dirty clothes, where are my clothes?”

“Those are now your clothes, silly!”

“B-ut”

“But nothing. Don’t worry about it, you look very beautiful in your new clothes. The ones you chose this morning were just too ugly for a beautiful thing like you. *Let your superiors decide your outfit*”

Alex wanted to protest, put his feet on the ground, and claim his clothes back. Those were some of the last masculine looking clothes he had. But he just couldn’t. All he could do is look at Irina, feeling like he needed to follow her instructions. Suddenly, words emerged from his mouth, words he hadn’t even thought.

*“I will let my superiors decide my outfit”*

“That is it. Good employee”

“Thank Irina” a confused looking Alex said.

“Now, the first thing you will do when you get home is put your dirty clothes in the laundry basket and don’t worry about them anymore. As part of your good employee rewards, I have hired a cleaning service that will take care of your place in the mornings, while you are at the office”

“But Irina, I don’t know if... it is okay for people to get in my place...”

“Oh don’t worry about it honey! You won’t even notice it, plus this will help you a lot in your daily life. Meals will be left for you in the kitchen, the laundry done and left organized in your closets, and everything will stay neat for you. Just try it, you deserve this”

“Okay... I guess I can try”

“That is it. And now are you not forgetting something?”

“I... hm... thank you... Irina...”

“You are welcome sweetie. Now, enjoy your free afternoon!”

“I will Irina! Thank you so much”

With that Alex left the office and quickly went straight home. He was a bit embarrassed of his outfit, but it was a short walk. There was something too that impulsed him to get home as soon

as he could, an itch in the back of head. He loved his house so much, it was his safe space. Also, he could feel his libido grow back, demanding to get home and give it attention.

He got home and as Irina instructed him to do, he put his dirty clothes in the laundry basket. He couldn't believe that was all he had to do, but it was true, the house looked clean, his closet was organized, and there was a delicious looking burrito dinner in his fridge. He had nothing to do for the rest of the afternoon. He could go for a walk in the park. He could read a book. He could try to get a bit back to his social world... but no. He looked at his new laptop. Just there, on his desk. He closed the curtains, and got ready to do what he had to do.

Paige waited in front of her computer in her consultation room. Door locked, phone muted. She got everything ready as soon as Irina texted her <<phase 2; Go>>. She had watched Alex get into his apartment, walk around it, and finally sit in front of his computer to engage in his soon to be favorite activity.

“So fucking predictable” said Paige.

Alex opened a few porn sites and clicked on a video of a muscled man hard fucking a blonde girl. Paige watched him and after a few minutes she made a tongue popping sound and said:

“No, no, no, that is not for you” she said as she pressed a red button.

Suddenly Alex began to feel a sharp pain in his ears, a short pinching pain like a brief headache. The pain stopped as fast as it started, and without much thought he continued masturbating. Suddenly the video stopped and a message appeared:

“The video is no longer available”

“Oh come on!”

Alex tried refreshing, but after a few seconds the video failed again. He chose another video in which a man fucked a redhead doggy style. A few minutes into the video he experienced again a strange annoying feeling in his ears, which grew in intensity until it became a bit painful.

“Sorry dear, nothing straight for you today”

Alex tried to go back to the video, but after a minute, the quality suffered a downgrade and it was too blurry to watch. Alex was pissed off, so he changed the porn site and selected another video in which a woman was blowing a man.

“Seems I will have to do it for you. Don't worry doll, auntie Paige is here for you” Paige said as she pressed the red button again, biting her lip visibly horny.

Experiencing the same issue, first a discomfort then a sharp pain, Alex stopped the video. He stopped the video, visibly pissed off. He went to the kitchen and drank a glass of water, taking a minute before looking at his computer and going back to it. This time he selected a video of a man being mounted by a girl, however when the video loaded, it wasn't like that, it was a video about two girls passionately making out. They giggled as they touched each other and kissed. Alex wasn't expecting that but at that point he could work with that.

“There you go, right where you belong sissy doll” Paige pressed a green button.

Alex began to feel more and more excited, the girls on the video took out two vibrators and began to masturbate. As they approached their orgasm, so did Alex, finally exploding in a mix of ecstasy and loud moans. Paige couldn't stop smiling.

As the evening advanced Alex masturbated one time after another. Of course he tried to go back a few times to some straight porn, but Paige made sure to correct that. Alex stopped caring and just masturbated at what his suggested videos chose for him, which now consisted exclusively of lesbian porn, and lesbian porn turned him on so much.

When he was finally spent and night almost upon him, he began to feel hungry. He went to the kitchen, heated and ate the dinner that was left for him and proceeded to shower. After that he went straight to bed, still touching himself until he fell asleep.

Paige looked at the lectures the spy software was taking of Alex, confirming that the subject was sleeping. With that she made the final adjustments for his night conditioning, pressed the confirmation button, and finished the session considering it a success. <<The subject is beginning to accept lesbian tendencies>> Paige typed on her record. Meanwhile, Alex was hearing on a subliminal level:

<<I love to masturbate. I love lesbian porn. Lesbian porn is my favorite>>  
<<I love to masturbate. I love lesbian porn. Lesbian porn is my favorite>>  
<<I love to masturbate. I love lesbian porn. Lesbian porn is my favorite>>  
<<I love to masturbate. I love lesbian porn. Lesbian porn is my favorite>>  
<<I love to masturbate. I love lesbian porn. Lesbian porn is my favorite>>  
<<I love to masturbate. I love lesbian porn. Lesbian porn is my favorite>>

## CHAPTER 7

### NEW LOOKS

When Alex woke up the next morning he couldn't think, just act. He began to masturbate, as images of him doing a girl filled his mind. In his fantasy, he wasn't as aggressive as usual, he kissed the girl, touched her, felt her. He did with her slowly, in a sensual way, and only when the girl reached her orgasm, he was ready to get his.

Then his morning routine commenced, and when he selected an outfit he made sure to choose something more unisex. He was sure Irina would prefer that. He was right. When he got to the office for his "instruction time", the first thing after drinking his tea was a clothing inspection. Irina was satisfied almost with everything, but still made a few changes. She made him change his shirt for a softer silky one, and put a wool very tight vest on him. With that done she took a brush from her drawer and began to brush his hair.

"Irina w-what..."

"Ssssssh honey. It is fine" she said as she maternally brushed his hair. "You needed to get your hair brushed. I will help you with it"

"Th-hank you Irina"

"You are welcome darling. Do you like keeping your hair long?"

"Well, hm, maybe... I don't know..."

"You know sweetie, your hair is also part of your outfit, so from now on, I will manage it too okay?"

"B-but Irina... that is not... appropriate..."

"Well, let's put it this way, promise me that you won't cut it on your own, brush it in the mornings, and let me style it as any other part of your outfit. That will make you such a good employee. And what do good employees get?"

"They get... *good rewards*"

"Exactly. And you want to be a good employee and receive good rewards right?"

"Yes, I want to receive *good rewards*"

“Good. So do you promise you will let me decide on your hair?”

“Y-yes Irina, I promise”

“Good boy. And how does your outfit feel today?”

“What do you mean Irina?”

“You chose some big boy clothes this morning. I bet they make you feel like such a big boy don't they?”

“I... what...”

“Oh come on, that shirt, and the tie. What is with the tie anyway? Ties are for professional lawyers. It looks ridiculous on you. What were you thinking?”

“I... I like it...”

“Oh, you like it, uh? But darling, it doesn't look right on you. You should dress in cute clothes, like a good assistant, like a good employee”

“I-I don't know...”

“Don't worry honey, I will know it for you”

Irina finished brushing Alex's hair. She could see how embarrassed he was, and that was delightful. She hugged him and patted his head, making sure he felt like a kid, and then took him to his daily video session. It was clear the boy needed a reinforcement session and Irina would make sure he got one.

During this session, Alex watched a hypnotic pattern while some mantras were repeated to him. At the end, Alex was again convinced about letting Irina make the decisions. It was clear that her superiors knew better. After he ate his daily salad, and took his bad breath chewing gum, Irina called him into her office:

“So Alex, I have decided to give you the rest of the day free again”

“Really? Wow, thank you so much Irina!”

“You are welcome honey. I want you to have time to enjoy other activities. There is one thing more” Irina said, coming to Alex and untying his tie.

“W-what is it, Irina?”

Irina took his tie and put it in her pocket. Alex wanted to protest, but did not feel capable of complaining to Irina.

“When you get home you will find a preselected outfit in your closet, that will be your clothes for tomorrow. You haven't been very good at deciding your style lately, so I will have to help you with it from now on. Aren't you happy?”

“Oh-oh, yes I guess... thank you Irina”

“You are welcome, doll”

Alex felt weird with how Irina referred to him, <<doll>> wasn't exactly something he wanted to be called, but with the effect of the conditioning still lingering in his mind, he didn't dare to complain. He simply thanked Irina, trusted her, and went home to enjoy other activities as Irina suggested. Of course by that, both meant compulsively masturbating.

That day Paige remotely guided Alex into his first lezdom videos. If everything went alright, Alex will soon identify himself with the submissive part of the lesbian action. Just a submissive, passive, obedient girl for her mistress. That was just what he needed to be, and what they were going to make out of him for his own good.

As predicted, Alex compulsively masturbated for the rest of the day, and only when he was beaten did he proceed to have the dinner that was left for him in the fridge, have some night hygiene routine, and proceed to bed. Only then he remembered what Irina told him about the outfit in his walk in closet, which he went to check before bed. He thought there was no fucking way he will wear that the next morning. Luckily for him, his night conditioning begged to differ.

*<<You will always obey Irina. You will wear the clothes she selects for you. You are her doll>>  
<<You will always obey Irina. You will wear the clothes she selects for you. You are her doll>>  
<<You will always obey Irina. You will wear the clothes she selects for you. You are her doll>>  
<<You will always obey Irina. You will wear the clothes she selects for you. You are her doll>>  
<<You will always obey Irina. You will wear the clothes she selects for you. You are her doll>>  
<<You will always obey Irina. You will wear the clothes she selects for you. You are her doll>>*

The next morning Alex went about his routine and when it was time to get dressed, he got dressed in the outfit that was left for him without a second thought. He felt weird about how the suit clinged to his skin, or how the pants digged too much between his buttocks tho.

When Irina saw him cross her office door dressed that way, she couldn't help but smile. Irina poured him a cup of tea, and then brushed his hair. She even began to apply a moisturizer on him, something he protested against but he finally yielded to as it was clearly for his skin health. Irina knows better.

When Irina was done with him, he looked just like a distracted office girl. The power of the right clothes and right skin care products was amazing, not to mention the continued hormone regime and therapy Alex had been subjected to. Feeling how accepting he was that morning, Irina pushed it further and even applied a bit of makeup on Alex. When she finished she was quite happy with the result. Alex couldn't see himself, so he just *had to trust Irina* on how good he looked.

With his style taken care of, Irina guided Alex into his enjoyment room, as she now referred to it, and made sure he was comfortable and lustful for his conditioning session. She did that by hugging Alex against her chest and caressing his head and back until she could feel a bulge in his crotch. That morning she also used a bit of a chemical help in his morning tea. An excited Alex took his seat, the door closed, and the video began displaying a virtual assistant.

“Welcome good employees to the module on sexual health! As you know, a good employee is a satisfied employee, and today we are going to learn how to properly keep ourselves satisfied. Isn't that awesome? To do so the first thing you need to remember is that we have to be completely open and transparent with our superiors about our masturbation; the frequency, the way we do it, or our masturbatory material, are things that we must share with our superiors so they can evaluate if we are doing it correctly to maximize our satisfaction as good employees. Now let's get ready to do a try. Please, free your genitals, and proceed to slowly stimulate yourself”

Horny as he was, Alex needed no further comment. He undid his pants, lowered a bit his blue briefs, and proceeded to gently jerk his member.

“That is it, be a good employee, and keep stimulating yourself. Very good. When we stimulate ourselves, we are keeping ourselves satisfied, and that makes us productive for our superiors. A good employee needs to be obedient, and when we are obedient, our superiors give us rewards to keep us happy. We have to be thankful for those rewards.

Our satisfaction is a form of reward. We have to be thankful for the rewards our superiors give us. As good employees, we need to be guided and controlled to remain productive. Now we are going to think about our superiors as we stimulate ourselves, thanking them for our rewards and promising to keep being good employees. Let's see how a good employee does it, looking at how Shyrley does it and following her good example”

With those words the video changed and showed Shyrley masturbating with a magic wand. As she did that she whispered:

*<<Thank you for my reward, I will be a good employee>>*

*<<Thank you for my reward, I will be a good employee>>*

*<<Thank you for my reward, I will be a good employee>>*

Alex began to follow Shyrley and repeat her words as the room filled with stimulants.



*<<Thank you for my reward, I will be a good employee>>*

*<<Thank you for my reward, I will be a good employee>>*

*<<Thank you for my reward, I will be a good employee>>*

Alex kept going with the video as he always did. Shyrley's moans, the lezdom porn she watched and drugs, made sure he stayed aroused and compliant. Finally Shyrley exploded on a loud orgasm, and Alex followed with his own. It felt hella intense, and his brain chemistry went wild. The conditioning made him keep repeating his mantra as he cummed and felt the orgasm linger in him.

*"Thank you for my reward... I will be a good employee... Thank you for my reward... I will be a good employee... Thank you for my reward... I will be a good employee..."*

When Alex recovered and went to his desk to eat his daily salad and have his bad breath gum, he was expecting Irina to call him into her office and give him the rest of the day free, but it didn't happen. He tried to focus on his job, but it was no use, all he could think about was masturbating. He finally decided to go to Irina to ask for help. Like a submissive pet, he knocked on Irina's door and waited to be called in, feeling nervous and shy about what he wanted to ask.

"H-hello Irina"

"Hello darling, what is it?"

"I... I was wondering if..."

"Yes?"

"If I could have the rest of the day free... as we have done these previous days..."

"The rest of the day free? What for, doll?"

Alex hated when Irina called him a doll, but he judged best not to complain as he wanted to just get the day off to enjoy his favorite activity.

"Well... you know..."

"Yes?" Irina said while she approached and held Alex between her arms.

"To... do that thing..."

"What thing, doll?"

"To... masturbate..." he almost whispered.

“Oh, of course doll! You mean to do your favorite thing right?”

“R-right...”

“Don't be ashamed of it doll, you have your needs, your naughty needs. Can you ask for it in a better manner?”

“Ok-ay... Irina please... can I have... the rest of the rest of the day free... to... to... do my favorite thing?”

“Oh doll, yes you have been a good employee lately so I am granting you that reward. But you have to keep being a good employee, is it understood?”

“O-okay...”

“That implies wearing the clothes that are selected for you like a good doll, understood?”

“But why... those clothes... make me... look...”

“Those clothes make you look fabulous, and that is how you should look. Think of them as your uniform, and as a good employee, you will wear a pretty uniform. If you fail to be a good employee, no more nice rewards for you, understood?”

“Y-yes Irina...” said an almost weeping Alex “Understood”

“Good. Now go and have a happy time darling”

Irina kissed Alex on top of the head and released him, going back to her desk. She could feel how intimidated Alex felt, and at the same time how needy and horny. It was a delight to see how Alex was so troubled and yet he didn't dare to complain. A horny man was a manipulable man, and with Paige's help, Irina was going to make sure Alex was the horniest of them all. A submissive, horny, little toy for her to play with. Drugs, conditioning, and her authority to keep him in line will ensure it.

Full of shame, Alex left the office and hurried home. He felt weak, and on the verge of tears, but at the same time, he couldn't ignore the bulge in his pants, his so demanding bulge. Why was he so horny all the time now? He wondered. Now Irina wanted to treat him like some kind of child she could order around, and as much as he hated it, he couldn't stand up for himself. He felt intimidated in her presence, she felt her as so... superior, as if it was natural for him to obey her. But maybe it was true.

Deep down he knew Irina helped him, and she wanted the best for him. Maybe it wasn't so bad to *let my superior decide my outfit*. No! What was happening? Alex held his head between his hands

trying to clear his mind of intrusive thoughts he could not understand. He felt so confused, so scared, but here in his safe space he could feel secure, he could feel secure...

After a minute or two of confusion, Alex felt his mind clear again. He could smell a sweet scent in the air, and an urge to masturbate. He quickly went to his computer and without much thinking, played one of the firsts videos his porn search suggested. It showed a delicate young yet boyish girl being dominated by an imposing sexy woman. It exploited the secretary-boss thematic as the dominant woman touched her submissive partner, teased her, and used her forcing her to perform oral sex. As the dominant woman exploded on the face of her submissive, the submissive girl said "*thank you*".

As Alex masturbated, another video automatically played, in which the dominant woman dressed her submissive in a sexy bondage outfit, while instructing her:

<<*You are a sexy submissive secretary and you will look like one*>>  
<<*Sexy dolls like you should wear sexy outfits*>>  
<<*That is it darling, behave, be a good girl and obey your superior*>>  
<<*You are a good eye candy*>>  
<<*You will let mommy decide your outfit, like a good doll*>>

With her doll properly dressed, the women began to make out. It was clear who was in charge. The dominant woman continued to instruct her submissive, engaging in dirty talk, and making her submissive satisfy her as she told her how much of a good doll she was, and how sexy she looked.

Alex built an orgasm watching the domination dynamic, slipping into it, and finally exploded in an intense orgasm as the dominant woman instructed:

<<*You are nothing but a sex toy*>>  
<<*You were hired to look sexy and obey*>>  
<<*You will let your superior decide your outfit like a good doll*>>

Alex continued masturbating through the evening, getting more and more hooked on the fantasies his guided masturbation sessions provided. Just as Paige's plan had predicted, he was now receptive to the porn suggestions he got, and was beginning to develop a more compliant attitude.

When he was finally beaten, Alex felt a bit ashamed of himself. He felt there was something wrong with these long masturbation sessions, but he was unable to help himself. He proceeded with the rest of his routine, having a light pre-cooked dinner, and getting ready to sleep. Just after he fell asleep, the speakers began to play his sleeping conditioning session:

<<*Be sexy. Be submissive. Obey. You are a doll. Let your superiors dress you up*>>  
<<*Be sexy. Be submissive. Obey. You are a doll. Let your superiors dress you up*>>

<<Be sexy. Be submissive. Obey. You are a doll. Let your superiors dress you up>>  
<<Be sexy. Be submissive. Obey. You are a doll. Let your superiors dress you up>>  
<<Be sexy. Be submissive. Obey. You are a doll. Let your superiors dress you up>>  
<<Be sexy. Be submissive. Obey. You are a doll. Let your superiors dress you up>>

## CHAPTER 8

# DISSONANCE

Next morning Alex woke up feeling uneasy. He felt his urge to masturbate rise, and some strange thoughts lingering in his mind he could not really put his finger on. It didn't get any better when he saw the outfit selected for him that morning.

He didn't feel like wearing it, there was something definitely wrong with it, but he also felt like he should *obey* Irina. He was very conflicted. He stood there, contemplating the clothes for a couple of minutes. It was time to make a decision, but he *shouldn't take decisions*. He should *obey his superiors*. He proceeded to put on the outfit. He didn't want to disappoint or contradict Irina. She should be obeyed.

When he arrived at the office and met Irina for his "instruction time", she portrayed half a smile. Alex was coming along just fine. However he lacked some finesse. He needed a guiding hand to polish out some details and she was going to make sure he got it. After the usual control questions and some small talk, Irina proceeded to brush Alex's hair, and beautify him a bit. Then she commented casually:

"You know what would be a good accessory to make you really stand out my dear?"

"Uh..."

Irina didn't really expect an answer. She opened a drawer and took a piece of cloth that began to tie around Alex's blouse neck.

"A nice, very professional bow tie, just, like, this. Since you are going to stop using your ugly over masculine ties, we can begin to use more appropriate accessories on you. Such a happy good employee you are. Aren't you happy?"

"I-Irina... why... why do you do this?"

"Do what my dear?"

"Th-this... this outfit... the lace... this is... too... feminine..."

"Again? Another one of your toxic masculinity rants. What a bad attitude improper of a good employee. Shall we review your good employee privileges? Like your masturbatory sessions for example?"

“W-what? No! No please...”

“Then shut up, and be a good doll. From now on, you are going to dress the way you are told, and don't complain a bit about it”

“But why do my... outfits... have to be so... femmy?”

“Your outfits are not femmy, that is just your stupid toxic masculinity attitude. Your outfits are just right for a delicate young man like you”

“B-but...”

“But nothing! When you wear your clearly over masculine clothes it looks totally fake and ridiculous. It looks like you are overcompensating for something you want to be”

Alex stood there, swallowing those words. A strong blow to his ego, to his already weakened masculine ego. He couldn't believe how Irina just talked to him. Suddenly he was very aware of his vulnerability, and how Irina, such an attractive woman, pointed out that he looked ridiculous in masculine clothing. Irina's opinion had a big impact on Alex, especially when it came to outfit matters. Such vulnerability and the way Irina talked to her, firm, and a bit menacing, made Alex feel like he was about to cry. Noticing how intimidated he felt, Irina kept pushing:

“You know it Alex, you are not much of a macho man. You just don't have the attributes to be. You are shaped differently, and your style has to be different if you want to fit, but don't worry dear, I am here to guide you, and so is Paige. You will always have us to help you, you can *trust* us”

Irina got closer to Alex, and put her hands on his shoulders. Being taller than Alex, he felt Irina was imposing standing there, looking him directly in the eyes, telling him how things were going to go for him.

“We are going to make sure you are always dressed in the right clothes and looking professional. This is going to help you a lot to set in the right mindset, and will help you overcome your pervy macho attitude, making you more likable, and happier with yourself. Tell me Alex, how many girlfriends have you had?”

“W-what?”

“You heard me. How many girlfriends or relations with a woman have you had?”

“I uh, I...”

Alex doubted. He wasn't experienced with women, that was no secret. Of course he had kissed a few, and even touched one girl, a somewhat fat girl from his highschool, but that turned out to

be a terrible experience. When some of the bullies in the school came to know that he and the other girl had kissed, they made fun of them.

They were losers and a target for laughs, Alex tried to deny that they kissed to make the bullies stop laughing. That offended the girl, which to defend herself told everyone that Alex had been trying to seduce her for a long time, and begged her to kiss him. That made the bullies focus on Alex and tell him that he was a loser, and no girl will like him. That experience was one of his earliest traumas.

“See Alex?” Irina continued “You know the truth. I bet you haven't had any, and that is because you don't have the attributes nor behave the way that girls desire in a boy like you. That is why you are so horny all the time and you have to be controlled. Otherwise you will end up as a lonely, harassing pervert. But we will make sure you receive proper help and that doesn't happen. Just *obey your superiors. Trust your superiors*”

Alex felt tears flow into her eyes and Irina proceeded to hug him. She wanted to make sure Alex felt protected with her. That he felt the need for a firm hand and that hand was Irina's.

“There, there, my sweet boy. It is okay to cry for a boy like you. Everybody knows that you are sensible. That you are weak. But Irina knows what you need, and how to make you feel great”

Irina began to guide his hand between Alex's legs, and to massage his penis through his pants, making him very aware of the way Irina controlled the situation.

“Irina w-what...”

“Shhh, hush my sweet boy. You need to feel good. You need to know that we care about you”

“I-I... oh...”

Irina kept massaging Alex penis for a while, building up his excitement. At some point she stopped and guided Alex to keep rubbing himself on her hand first and later against her thigh. Alex was so horny that he didn't give it a second thought.

“That is it darling, keep going, oh you are such a good boy, you love to be guided. Such a horny good boy. Keep rubbing like a good boy, show me you appreciation, show me how eager you are. You need this”

Alex kept rubbing against Irina. His eyes closed to hide his shame. He hated what he was doing, but couldn't stop. The arousal, the sensations a woman as attractive as Irina caused on him was just too strong to resist. He was close, very close... almost there... when suddenly Irina tensed and pushed him gently, not letting him continue rubbing against her thigh.

“Stop there darling, or you are going to make a mess in your pants”

“B-but... I...” Alex looked at Irina with a needy expression, he was so ready.

“You need it right?”

“Yes... please Irina please...”

“Aw, such a cute needy little boy” she said in a sweet voice “If I allow you to do it, you have to promise you will stop complaining about your uniforms alright?”

“I-I...”

“Come on, say it! You know you need it”

“Hm, ok-ay...”

“Good boy. Come here”

Irina pulled him against her thigh and held Alex firmly. He rubbed against her, and soon began to contain his moans as he exploded in a shameful orgasm. Irina held him very tight, knowing that Alex will feel a wave of shame after what he just did, and that this was the moment to build his dependency on her. As she expected, Alex began to weep.

“Oh, come on my sweet thing, don’t be sad. I am here for you”

“What... is wrong with me?”

“Wrong? There is nothing wrong. You are being a good boy”

“I... I shouldn't get excited like this... this is... wrong”

“No, it is not wrong. You feel the way you should, excited just like any other boy, but you need to be guided into getting relieved adequately. We will teach you. Trust your superiors. Now let's finish dressing you and making you look presentable”

Alex kept crying while Irina adjusted his uniform and proceeded to apply creams to his skin and brushed his hair. Then, holding his hand, she guided him to his desk, and almost seated him there.

“Now that is a *good employee*, you look just right thanks to my guidance. But are you not forgetting something?”

“W-hat?”



“What do we say when someone does something good for us?”

“Oh... thank you... thank you Irina”

“That's it. A good boy right there. Have a productive day sweetie, there are a lot of articles I want you to read and report”

Alex sat there, feeling defeated, ashamed and ridiculous. He didn't want to see how he looked, but he knew it must be something stupid. A blurry reflection on the screen showed an imprecise image of his humiliation. Of course, the images of him Irina was sending Paige were not blurry, but very clear on how he was going to dress for the job from now on. Looking at them, Irina began to feel a warm wetness between her legs and a much sought excitement. She was determined to make a pretty thing out of Alex.

The rest of the day passed in a tense but bearable calm. Alex watched a new relaxation video on sexual health which instructed on the need of good employees to let their superiors control their masturbation times and routines. Of course the video was of a pornographic nature, but its ideas, repeated over and over, found her way into Alex's mind.

He felt his libido grow every passing moment, and soon his bits demanded attention again. He tried to refrain, but began to gently feel himself through the clothes. Lunch time arrived, and with that his nicotine gum. His arousal kept him busy until Irina called him into her office.

“So Alex” said Irina, pouring him tea “I wanted to take a moment to talk about your performance”

“My performance?”

“Yes, your performance. While it is true that you have been and are still adjusting, your performance has been unsatisfactory. You are delayed on your assignments”

“I-I... am learning how to do the reports you ask me...”

“I know, and I know some of the topics you are reading about such as fashion and pop culture are fairly new to you. But I am suspecting there is something else, something that is draining your efficiency”

“Something... else?”

“Yes, something else. And I think you know what we are talking about. Your very long breaks in the toilet, or the time you spend on your phone, you are just very distracted with your masturbation and porn and can't focus on your assignments right?”

“N-no... I... I try to work as fast as I can but... sometimes it is difficult to...”

"I know it is difficult darling. I am not blaming you, I know you cannot control yourself. But we will help you to so you can focus and be a productive good employee"

"Help me?... How?"

"You will see" said Irina, smiling devilishly.

Alex didn't like Irina's smile. He was smart enough to know she was up to something, but what could he do? Her control on him increased every passing day, he needed to buy time to save money and plan his escape from that evil woman. A golden opportunity had transformed into a nightmare for Alex, and he needed to escape as soon as possible. The money and the position was just not worth the humiliation and the ridiculous outfits.

"Now get ready. We are going to therapy"

Alex got into the car and Irina began to expertly drive. He couldn't help but feel like a kid that was being driven by his mum, and the way Irina treated him for sure made him feel that way.

"Fasten your seatbelt Alex"

"Yes, Irina"

"When you get in the car you must always remember to fasten your seatbelt. Your safety is very important, you have to be properly strapped, okay?"

"Okay Irina"

"Good boy"

They arrived at Paige's place and were welcomed by Violet, her assistant, who told them that Paige will attend them in a minute.

Alex couldn't help but notice how the assistant glanced at him, he caught her looking at him a few times with a sad yet sympathetic expression. At first Alex thought it was because of his ridiculous outfit, but then he noticed there was something more, something else, like a look of compassion and understanding, as if the assistant was entirely aware of his situation and wanted to show a friendly comprehension. That gave Alex a strange feeling.

"Miss Paige will receive you now" said Violet.

They entered the consult and were received by a nice, welcoming Paige. After the two women chatted for a while, they sat to commence the session. Irina grabbed Alex's arm and guided him to sit close to her.

“So, how are you lately?” Paige began.

“It is going well, Alex is adjusting okay, is behaving better and besides occasional tramtums, he is mostly obedient”

“Good, fantastic news. Seems like he is in the right process for a healthy recovery of his pervert habits, doesn't he?”

“Yes, it seems, however...”

“However?”

“I am concerned about Alex's performance”

“What about it? Has he not been working hard?”

“Well, too hard perhaps. I have noticed that lately he is distracted. He has been taking more care of himself than of his duties”

“I see. So you think his new freedom is being counter productive?”

“Well, no, not per se, but it is definitely taking a lot of his time, time that he should be investing in his assignments”

“I see. So Alex, is this true? Are you distracted lately?”

“I... I... don't know what to say...”

“Of course he is. It is a good thing that he can relieve himself and has a way to reduce the stress caused by his recovery, but perhaps there is a way to control it better. Do you think it is advised to control his habits more strictly, doctor?”

“Absolutely. I can see Alex is still learning how to conduct his impulses, and he will greatly benefit from a more strict supervision and control. Perhaps I can help you with that”

Paige stood up and went to a nearby drawer, where she began to examine some items. Alex couldn't believe what was happening, those two women talking about him like he was not there, deciding over his own life and intimacy. Alex hated the situation, hated every bit of it and how those women treated him. He wanted to scream, to yell at them, to tell them to screw themselves and run away.

But he couldn't. He just could not. He had not enough money, he had no alternative employment, he had no other place except the one Irina provided for him, and he knew if he

fought, they would retaliate. He felt tired, he felt weak, he felt that he needed to obey... his... superiors... to stay quiet... to let them... decide...

“Here it is” said Paige, showing them what she retrieved from the drawer. “A brand new control device for cases like this. Completely safe and comfortable it is designed to be the perfect companion in Alex’s recovery process”

“But Paige, are you suggesting that Alex should be back in a control device? I thought he was ready to be able to masturbate again”

“Oh no, at least not entirely. See? This model has a nice feature, it easily opens and closes with a plastic buckle that can be locked and unlocked at convenience, that is to say, at your convenience. You will be able to control when Alex is unlocked and he can open the cage to relief himself and put it back on. If he is in an environment where he shouldn't be allowed to access his genitals, you can simply lock it and Alex will behave like a good employee”

“Oh, that sounds awesome! That way I can guarantee that he doesn't masturbate all the time at the office and he stays focused on his job”

“Indeed. Additionally, with this additional control, you could reward Alex’s good behavior by unlocking him and punish his bad behavior by locking him. This will help him reinforce good conduct and accelerate his learning, making him more productive and obedient”

“That is a very good idea. He definitely needs this guidance”

“Agreed, and also it is a safety measure for the women he interacts with. As he has shown sexual offender tendencies, this restriction guarantees women that he is properly prevented from intercourse, and will teach him to interact with them in a healthier way”

“Delightful. Actually one of my biggest concerns with Alex is the way he will interact with women. He has been frustrated for a long time because he is sexually inexperienced and he needs to learn to perceive women as something else than sexy things”

“Of course, boys like Alex get frustrated because they don't attract women in a sexual context, so they usually end up frustrated and end up hating them to some extent, so they try to force their way upon them”

“We will make sure that doesn't happen to our sweet little Alex, right Paige?”

“Indeed Irina. Then shall we proceed?”

“Let's do this”

Paige stood up and so did Irina. Alex remained seated looking at the two women trying to follow the conversation, willing to intervene, but incapable of because he knew that *a good employee never interrupts his superiors*. Irina pulled his arm to make him stand up and had to use some force to make Alex stand. He was visibly reluctant.

“Come on Alex, let's get you on the examination table so the nice doctor can help you”

“N-no... no please...”

“Come on, behave, be a good employee”

“Yes Alex, come on, *always trust your doctor*”

“No, no please, please, I don't want to wear a control device again”

“Come on, it is only for office time, to make sure your pervert nature stays under control. Will masturbate as much as you want any other time!”

“No! No! Please Irina! Please! Don't make me!”

“Come on Alex, it is for your own good. *Trust Paige, trust Irina*. We know what's better for you. You are going to *love your device*, it will become your best friend!”

“Yes, listen to Irina, she is always helpful. If you don't accept your therapy we will have to report your sexual indecency to the authorities. A pervert like you needs this kind of help to stop being a danger to himself and society”

“No! No! I won't let you... please... let me go...”

“Don't worry Alex, you are going to be fine. Just listen to my voice” said Paige “The voice of your doctor... Ssssh, it is okay, here breathe deeply... Yes, like that...”

“No... no please... no...”

Irina had to hold Alex tight as he began to struggle, pushing him to the table. As he tried to get free, Paige put a mask on his face and forced it to stay there a few seconds. It smelled like chemicals. Alex seemed to weaken and put up less of a fight as Irina and Paige put him on the gynecological examination table and strapped him.

He could feel hands feeling his body, manipulating his pants. Irina held his head and began to pet him, calming him with tender yet firm cares.

“It is going to be just fine, don’t worry. Soon you will get used to your new friend. You are going to be such a good, good employee that listens and obeys and doesn’t question his superiors. We will cure you of your bratty attitude and teach you how to properly behave”

Alex couldn’t make much sense of Irina’s soft, calming voice, but he could feel a building pressure on his genitals. He felt something snap.

“There, control device successfully installed” proclaimed Paige. “Another step in your betterment Alex”

Alex struggled, trying to free himself from the restraints, but it was no use. He began to cry, begging the women to let him go, just let him go. Paige and Irina were fixated on Alex’s new device and exchanged a knowing look, smiling like horny bitches smile. They were delighted with Alex’s condition. Calmly, Paige took something out of his pocket. Alex felt a sting.

“He needs this”

Alex’s vision began to blurry. He wasn’t asleep, nor was he awake, but he couldn’t make sense of his surroundings anymore. He felt movement, color lights, voices in his head, and finally darkness.

*<<You accept your new device. A pervert like you needs to be under control. You will accept your superior’s judgment. It is for your own good. You feel ashamed, but love your new device>>*

*<<You accept your new device. A pervert like you needs to be under control. You will accept your superior’s judgment. It is for your own good. You feel ashamed, but love your new device>>*

*<<You accept your new device. A pervert like you needs to be under control. You will accept your superior’s judgment. It is for your own good. You feel ashamed, but love your new device>>*

*<<You accept your new device. A pervert like you needs to be under control. You will accept your superior’s judgment. It is for your own good. You feel ashamed, but love your new device>>*

## CHAPTER 9

# GETTING ALONG

Alex woke up in his bed covered in sweat. His head hurted like hell. He dozed off a couple of times more before he was finally conscious again. What a nightmare. His situation made his mind play tricks. He didn't know exactly what time it was, but he guessed by the light that it was early morning. He began to focus, and began to feel himself again. He noticed something and as he touched...

“Oh, no, NO! NO NO NO!!! FUCKING NOOO!!”

He tossed the covers and looked at his genitals. It was there, almost looking back at him. A plastic, sturdy, and completely secure control device.

“WHAT THE FUUUUCK!!!”

He tried to remove it, open it, rip it, but it was no use. For sure those bitches had made sure he was properly secured. Alex began to have a panic attack. The shiny gold color of the device made it stand out, very striking to look at. It certainly stood out. There was no visible keyhole, just a plastic buckle in the center that didn't give an inch.

“This... this can't be real... this can't be real...”

He fell back into bed, and began to sob, incapable of believing what was happening to him. He stayed there, sobbing, feeling like he was in a cage both mentally and physically, until his alarm clock rang. After a minute he turned it off, and unsure of what came next, began to walk around the apartment. After a while, he thought the best course of action he could take would be to get dressed, go to the office, and make Irina take the device off.

Going by his morning routine, the thing that stopped him was the clothes selected for him today, those were a new humiliation. White blouse, baby blue vest, and matching high waisted pants with very flared legs. His underwear, the usual baby blue briefs and soft socks, and black shoes that had a hint of a heel and platform, not being feminine, but definitely not being masculine. On the blouse there was a lace that was intended as a tie.

Alex didn't like the idea of dressing in those clothes. Actually he hated it. He pondered the possibility of choosing something different from his enormous, well supplied wardrobe. Not that the rest of the clothing there was much better, but he may find something more masculine... or at least less ridiculous. But he knew better. He knew that if he dressed any other way, Irina

would be pissed off. That she will be angry at him. And that gave him a subtle feeling of sadness, of failure. Alex picked the clothes and began to dress.

“For now, Irina and Paige are the ones that have control of this horrible device. I need them to have them on my side, to make them happy so they take it off. Once I am out of this dreadful nightmarish device and I have enough money, I will leave and they will never see me again. Only a couple of weeks more. Only a couple of weeks more...” Alex thought.

On the way to the office, Alex felt as if all eyes were on him, but told himself that it was just his imagination. Truth was that not everyone looked at him, but certainly a good number of people. His style being something you don't see quite often, business like but delicate. He certainly was not dressed to lead, but to enhance his own natural beauty. Luckily, he got distracted from the shameful feeling of being watched by the constant pressure of the control device. He was so aware of his presence.

As he entered the office, he felt his stomach uneasy and a vast emptiness in his chest. He knew he needed to confront Irina about his situation, but he felt so weak about it. *Irina was his superior, he had to please his superior. He had to wear the outfits...* No, he would not tolerate further humiliation, his condition had deteriorated enough and if he didn't fight God knows what they will do to him. He was going to escape, and escape with dignity. Without a device between his legs, and with enough money to be independent and show everybody that he had been successful in the big city, that he was not a failure as everybody thought back home.

“Alex, come here” said Irina.

Alex was caught off guard. Irina knew that the boy was not going to be in the best mood today, but she perfectly knew how she would handle him. As Alex entered her office, she thought it was show time.

“I wanted to talk to you about your assignments. You are not completing them on time, and the ones you do, are a complete disaster. The reports you submitted yesterday are very poor. Your performance is lackluster to say the best. You are not good enough”

Alex's train of thoughts immediately collapsed. Irina almost yelled at him. Her authority was imposing.

“I... I have tried my best... I will improve, I will work better!”

“Oh you will work better? Don't make me laugh. Your professional judgment is very poor. And I know why. You have been so distracted lately because we gave you access to your genitals again that you have been masturbating all over the place, isn't that true?”

“No... no I have... I haven't...”



“You haven’t? I was so concerned that this morning I inspected the toilets with a UV light and you know what I found? That there’s fluids all over the place, your disgusting fluids! The fluids of a pervert that has been hiding in the bathroom to masturbate instead of working. Am I wrong?”

“No... I... I am sorry...”

“You better be. Such a pervert. You can control yourself so we are going to make sure you learn some respect and decency. You know what a dirty masturbator like you needs? I will tell you what. You need to be controlled, you need the device you have between your legs to control you because you can’t do it yourself”

“No... I... I... This device... is an indignity! I want it removed... I want it removed now!”

Alex managed to raise his voice and stand up for himself. He was determined to make Irina respect him. Irina didn’t answer. She just stood there, looking at Alex, directly in the eyes, looking at him with an expression that put Alex in his place. He had never been so intimidated in his life. He felt like that woman was going to slap him and tell him what to do and how to do it, and that he was going to shut the fuck up and obey.

*“You are going to be a good employee. You are going to obey. And you are going to wear what I tell you to wear, because you are a fucking pervert that always obey your superiors. Say it!”*

“I... I... won’t... let you...”

“Say it, I will be a good employee. I will obey my superiors.”

Alex stood there with a vacant look. He wanted to fight. He wanted to get rid of his device, of Irina, of Paige, his ridiculous outfits, his humiliating life. But he felt compelled to *please Irina*. He needed to *please her*. *Irina knows best*. He will *obey her*. He will *obey her* until he can escape... He will... *obey her... obey superiors...*

*“I... will be a good... employee... I will obey... obey my superiors”*

“Again!”

“I will... will...”

“Come on, say it again you little pervert. *I will be a good employee, I will obey my superiors*”

*“I will... be a good employee, I will obey... my superiors”*

“Again! make sure you stick it in your head. Repeat and keep repeating *I will be a good employee, I will obey my superiors*”

*"I will be a good... employee, I... will obey my superiors"*

*"I will be a good employee... I will obey my superiors"*

*"I will be a good employee, I will obey my superiors"*

*"I will be a good employee, I will obey my superiors"*

*"I will be a good employee, I will obey my superiors"*

*"I will be a good employee, I will obey my superiors..."*

Alex kept repeating it as instructed. Full of shame, his eyes fixed on the floor. He kept repeating it until he began to sob, his voice broke, and could go no more. Irina watched him, standing very close to him, savoring the moment, letting him feel his own vulnerability. She had to fight to control her horniness. All she wanted to do now was to put Alex on her lap, spank him, and dress him in an outfit in which he couldn't consider himself the least bit of masculine anymore before making him lick her wet pussy until squirting all over his face. But she knew better, she knew she had to play the long run. She knew that now she had to hug Alex.

"There, there" said Irina embracing Alex. "Don't worry, Irina is here".

Alex felt weak and confused. He didn't know what to think anymore. He hated that woman. He hated her but felt safe in her arms. She was mean, but she had to be pleased. She had trusted him, she hadn't reported him to the authorities for his sexual misconduct, and she provided for him. But she was changing him, he could feel it, he felt wrong. He felt weak, he felt passive...

"W-what is happening to m-me?" Alex said sobbing.

"Nothing. You are just learning"

"Learning... what?"

"How to be yourself"

"Myself?"

"Sssh, hush now sweetheart. Don't worry your pretty head with difficult thoughts" Irina kept petting him. "Now, let's make you pretty, and you can commence an excellent, happy day. Okay?"

With that Irina made Alex sit and proceeded to brush his hair, stretch his outfit and fix his tie. Alex still sobbed, but Irina dried his tears, and worked on his face, paying attention to his eyebrows. She made sure Alex could no longer be considered masculine.

"Irina... there is... something..."

"Something?"

“Could I have... my control device...”

“No!” Irina cut him. “The control device stays. You need it”

“But... It”

“No buts!” Irina cut him again. “The control device stays! I can't have you masturbating all over the place, this is an office. If you are a *good employee*, you can have it removed at the end of the day and masturbate all you want at your place. Is that clear?”

“Y-yes, clear...”

“Good boy. Okay, you are ready for your day. Now go to your desk and have a productive day. Chop-chop”

Alex was scared to think how he looked. He hated when Irina made him “pretty”. Slowly he began to stand up and head towards his place.

“Aren't you forgetting something honey?”

“Forgetting... something?” Alex felt something missing, something making him uneasy.

“What do you have to say when your superior does something nice for you?”

“I... thank you... thank you Irina” Alex said feeling an instant gratification. For some reason, thanking Irina made him feel good.

“You are welcome, doll. But let's try better. Let's try thank you for making me pretty Irina”

“I... why...”

“Come on doll, be a *good obedient employee*”

“Th-thank you... for... making me pretty... Irina” Alex instantly felt nice.

“There, it wasn't so difficult right? A good employee must always thank his superiors” said a smiling Irina. “Dismissed”

Irina focused on some papers and stopped paying attention to Alex who slowly retired to his desk. He felt nice for some reason, he felt like he was doing what he should, and yet felt utterly humiliated being so compliant, so passive to everything Irina inflicted upon him. Feeling confused, he sat at his desk, and began to work.

Today's assignments were easy. He had to read some reports on equality laws and summarize them for Irina. Most of these were opinion articles on the law written by feminist opinion leaders and influencers. He was also instructed to check the social media of the authors to understand his opinions, and follow them on a regular basis. It was boring but Alex tried to focus on the task and not on the pressure on his genitals and his urge to relieve himself. Not that he could anyway.

That morning, Alex learnt a lot about self restraint and how equality was a pressing beneficial issue for society. He learned about things he never came to think about, especially from a female perspective. He swallowed the opinions presented to him, sitting there, doing as he was told to do, and looking the part.

Time flew, and before he could notice the time, his screen popped an alarm and a text: <<Time to go to Alex's safe space and enjoyment room for a new good employee lesson>>. It was time for one of his instruction videos.

He entered the room as he had done regularly for the last weeks and months. He remembered that at the beginning, that room gave him the creeps, but now he had gotten used to it, almost learned to love it... at the end of the sessions he always felt nice and that is something he sought with every new lesson, a new gratification.

He made himself comfortable. Soon the video started, and the virtual assistant appeared in screen:

"Welcome to a new instruction video on sexual health. Until now we have been focusing on how to conduct ourselves in a safe workplace environment and how to obtain gratification. Today we are going to learn something equally important, which is how to manage gratification. And to do so, we are going to learn with an example: this, is Shyrley"

The screen changed and showed Shyrley sitting at her desk, typing in her computer.

"As you can see Shiley is a *good employee*. *She always obeys her superiors*. *She always remembers to thank her superiors*. *She wears the uniforms her superiors tell her to wear*. *And for that, she receives nice rewards*. But Shyrley had a problem. This naughty pretty girl liked to masturbate a little too much, and that affected her performance. So what did Shyrley do? say your answer out loud"

The screen displayed a test question:

- a) She kept masturbating anyway like a bad girl.
- b) She asked her superior for help. A good employee must always ask superiors for help.
- c) She decided that she can try to control herself.

Alex looked at the screen. He knew the answer but this was weird... Zap! He felt an electrical discharge at the bottom. What the...

"Please, say your answer out loud" said the virtual assistant smiling.

Alex looked at the screen again and received a flash of light directly in the eyes that left him disoriented.

"Please, say your answer out loud" repeated the virtual in a more authoritative tone.

"She... she asked her superior for... help... a... good employee must always ask superiors for... help..."

"Correct. The first option is incorrect because Shyrley decided to be a bad girl, which would cause her punishment. The third option was completely wrong as good employees must not make decisions"

A sweet smell engulfed Alex. He felt his head light, and a feeling of well being invaded him...

"When Shyrley told her problem to her superior, Miss Adams decided she needed to be equipped with a new, awesome device, to help her. Can you guess the fantastic gift Shyrley received?"

- a) Pink scrunchies for her beautiful pigtails.
- b) A pretty control device that made her so happy.
- c) New shoes because good employees adore shoes.

"S-she received... a pretty control device... that made her so happy" Alex answered without much thinking, now immersed in a sweet ecstasy.

"Good answer but... noooo. For being such a good employee and asking her superiors for help, Shyrley received all three; new scrunchies, new shoes, and of course a pretty control device that made her so, so happy. Ms Adams made sure Shyrley received only the best companion to help control Shyrley, and now Shyrley and her control device are best friends! The device has helped Shyrley focus on her duties, and improve her performance as a good employee. She feels great and happy thanks to her control device. But let's hear it first hand. How do control devices influence employees' behaviors?"

The screen changed and Ms Adams appeared in the center, sitting on a comfortable sofa. Next to her was Shyrley, standing up and smiling. Ms Adams began.

"Little Shyrley here was having trouble controlling herself. She was constantly aroused and indulging in self pleasure, which affected her performance as the good employee she should be. But that all changed with this awesome device"

“As you can see this is a very safe way to ensure little Shyrley doll stays secure when she needs to stay secure and refrain from sexual gratification. She needs to have relief of course, because she is such a horny doll, but that is only allowed when I allow it. Since Shyrley got the control device on, her performance has improved, she is doing tasks on time and she is more focused. This control device makes her *obey her superior, and helps her to be happier* by taking away the decision of when she shall masturbate. She masturbates only when I allow it, and that helps her reduce the decisions in her life, reducing the stress and making her happier. Besides that, there is another perk to this awesome device”

“As you can see it comes with an anal opening, meaning that it can stay on for long periods if Shirley misbehaves and needs to be extra controlled. Additionally, when Shyrley is on heat and needs to cool off, I can put a butt plug in her rectum, which helps her to focus. Lately she has been wearing one most of the time, and asking to have it in! She is turning into such a butt slut that is hard to believe she was once such a masturbator. There is no doubt, control devices help employees to be *good employees. Obedient employees. Employees that are happier.* Shyrley, my dear doll, do you like your control device?”

“Absolutely Ms Adams, is like, the best thing ever! It helps me so much!”

“Do you need help to control yourself?”

“I do Ms Adams. I was unable to do so and that was not what a good employee should do. But thanks to your awesome device now I am under your control as I should be”

“What a good behaved doll you have become. You are going to receive a nice reward for that. Can you guess what it is?”

“The big butt plug?”

“Exactly, the big butt plug”

“Yay!!” Exclaimed Shyrley, clapping her hands.

“Would you say your pretty control device has become your friend?”

“Oh yes, he is my best friend forever! I absolutely love it! Thank you so much Ms Adams!”

The image changed again and displayed the virtual assistant.

“As we have learnt, a control device is a good employee’s best friend. Shyrley is not a smart girl, but she knows her place. *She knows to be obedient, to dress as instructed, and to thank her superior. She is a good employee.* Now you are going to answer some questions to determine if you are a good employee. *Good employees receive good rewards*”

When Shyrley is too horny she:

- a) Stays frustrated.
- b) Asks her superior for help.
- c) Try to think of a solution.

“Please, answer out loud” Said the VA.

“She... asks her superior for help”

“Correct. A good employee doesn't need to stay frustrated, and doesn't think of a solution. Thinking is hard because like Shyrley, you are not a smart girl. *You should always ask your superior for help.* Next question”

A good employee's best friend is:

- a) His notebook.
- b) His control device.
- c) His brain.

“His... control device”

“Correct. A notebook should be used to express your feelings, and your brain is not your best friend because you are not smart enough. Your control device is your best friend. It helps you. You need it. It is your ally, not your enemy. You love and appreciate your pretty control device. Next question”

A control device can be combined with a butt plug to:

- a) Make an employee less productive.
- b) Make things better!
- c) Distract the employee.

“Make... things better...”

“Correct. A butt plug is a nice addition to your control device. It makes things better! A superior may plug an employee as a reward, as a measure to make the employee focus, or to make him remember something. Also it can be used as punishment as some butt plugs as designed as punishment devices making the wearer uneasy. Next question”

If my superior decides to keep me locked even if I am horny:

- a) I protest.

- b) I obey. Good employees obey.
- c) I try not to cry.

*"I obey. Good employees obey..."*

"Correct. A good employee never confronts a superior. A good employee accepts and is passive. A good employee obeys. Crying is a desired conduct and tolerated to ease frustration. Crying shows your weakness to your superiors and is a good way to reinforce your help needs, just like begging your superiors. These are all the questions. Congratulation, you have received a good employee point"

The session finished with some relaxing music, as Alex began to recover awareness. Some messages were being repeated to him at the same time:

*<<A good employee ask his superiors for help>>*

*<<A good employee's best friend is his control device>>*

*<<A butt plug makes things better>>*

*<<I obey. Good employees obey>>...*



## CHAPTER 10

# LOCKED AND LOADED

When he was capable again, he returned to his desk, ate his salad, went by his afternoon and soon it was time to go home. He entered Irina's office to ask her for what he has been looking for all day:

"Good evening Irina. Do you have a moment?"

"Good evening darling. What is it?"

"It is time... to go home"

"Oh, yes, it is. Time flies when you are immersed in a good productive routine, doesn't it?"

"Y-yes... yes it does Irina" Alex paused for a moment, a bit worried of what he was about to ask.  
"I was thinking... it is time to..."

"Yes?"

"It is time... to... unlock me..." Alex said feeling ashamed, his eyes fixed on the floor.

"Well, that depends, my dear"

"D-depends?" Alex worried.

"Yes. It depends. Have you completed your assignments for today?"

"I... yes... most of them... yes"

"Most of them. Well, that is not all of them"

"No... but... but I am working very hard! I swear... I am putting in a lot of effort..."

"So do you think I should unlock you?"

"Y-yes, please Irina please... please"

"Why Alex? Why do you want to be unlocked?"

"I... I want to... you know..."

"Yes?"

"To relieve... myself"

"You mean to masturbate? So if I unlock you you will masturbate, is that right?"

"Yes Irina... I will... masturbate..."

"And why do you want to do that?"

"I... I... it makes me... feel good..."

"Oh it does make you feel good. And you need to feel good right?"

"Y-es..."

"So you need to masturbate right?"

"Y-yes Irina, I need... to masturbate"

"Okay, how about you ask for it very nicely, saying why you need to be unlocked? I may consider unlocking you. And look at me while you do it like a good boy"

"I- I..." A defeated Alex looked at Irina with watery eyes "I... please Irina... unlock me... I... need it... I need to..."

"Not good enough I am afraid, sweetheart. If you really want to be unlocked, you need to do way better than that. Come on, try again and you better sound like you really want and need it"

"Ple-ease Irina... I need to be... unlocked... I want to... I need to masturbate... I really need to masturbate, please Irina please... please"

"That's it honey, beg for it, go on"

"I... beg you Irina... please, unlock me, I need... to... masturbate"

"And you need to masturbate because you are a fucking little pervert who is unable to control himself right? Come on, say it! Say it!!"

"I... I..."

Alex felt a deep humiliation but his excitement didn't let him think rationally. He knew too well what Irina wanted to hear. Swallowing his pride, he said the words.

“Y-yes... I need... I am a pervert... unable to control... myself... I need to... masturbate” said Alex shedding a tear.

“And if I unlock you today you will do all your assignments like a good boy right?”

“Y-yes... I will... I will Irina”

“And you will stop being annoying and complaining about your pretty uniforms won't you?”

“Yes, I... will Irina, I will... just please... unlock... me... please”

“Good boy. Okay, I think you deserve to be unlocked today, but first I need you to say that you like your control device. Say I love my new friend, it helps me to control myself”

“B-but why...?”

“Because I say so. Because if you want to be unlocked you will shut up and say I love my new friend, it helps me to control myself”

“I-I love my... new friend... it helps me to control... myself”

“Once again, and say it like you mean it, or no unlocking for you”

“I-I love my new friend, it helps me to control myself”

“Repeat it”

“I love my new friend, it helps me to control myself” said Alex as a couple of tears flowed through his face.

“That's good enough for today. Good boy”

Irina touched her smartwatch and Alex's device made a beep sound. She smiled at him, and for a moment they looked each other in the eyes and Alex understood to what point he now depended on Irina. She had him on her wrist, literally.

“Enjoy your evening doing your favorite thing you little pervert. Dismissed” said Irina, and with that she returned to her documents.

“Th-thank you... Irina” Alex said almost unconsciously. His mind and voice were broken, but he knew better than to not thank Irina.

Alex left the office sobbing. He sobbed all the way home. He sobbed in the elevator and when he entered his apartment. He sobbed looking at how feminine his place felt. He sobbed when he turned on the computer and sobbed while he began to detach his control device feeling a deep shame on it.

The control device was pretty simple in its design and perfect on its purpose. He pressed the central plastic buckle, and it separated in two pieces, the tube that covered his cock which he immediately removed, and the attachment ring around the base of his cock and testicles, which he tried to remove... but failed.

“Wh-what the fuck?”

He tried to open in any possible way, pulled harder until it hurted, but it was no use. The ring remained firm, pressing the base of his genitals, engulfing his testicles like the bars of a cell.

“No way... no way this is supposed to stay on! It is so... annoying”

Alex thought about calling Irina about it, but the last thing he wanted is to talk to Irina, especially about his control device. Even with the ring in place, his member was hard as rock, and demanded attention after a day of pure frustration.

“I... I will see about it tomorrow...” Alex thought as he clicked on a video. He began to masturbate. He masturbated all evening long and as he did so he got surrounded by a sweet smell that submerged him in ecstasy, and as that happened the videos changed his thematic, little by little.

He tried straight porn but the system implanted in his computer swiftly changed to lesbian videos, and Alex didn't try to change it back. Then domination based themes were introduced as women dressed in leather began to force their partners into kissing first, and then heavy sex.

Alex watched everything from the point of view of one of the submissive sluts that gave oral to her leather clad Mistress, feeling pleasure on the submission of the girl, immersing into it, owning the feeling of being used. But it wasn't enough, the ring on the base of his cock gripping a bit too hard for him to cum.

The next video introduced him to a Mistress playing with a young woman dressed in a highschool uniform. She played with her as she forced her to give oral, squirting on her face, and making her lick it, which her submissive slut did with enthusiasm and a smile. As she did so, the Mistress began to fasten a strap on, and then, grabbing her submissive slut by the hair forced her to bend over a table and made her put her ass up, ready for a good fucking. That is when Alex saw it. Something that made him immediately stop.

The Mistress began to ass fuck her submissive slut, and she remained pinned there, enjoying a good fuck. What called Alex attention was the control device the girl was sporting around her genitals. Actually his genitals. That submissive slut was wearing a control device not so different to his own. She screamed in ecstasy getting fucked by her Mistress.

“OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD” said the girl with her expression lost in ecstasy.

“Yeah, that's it, take it you slut! Take it in the ass, just like you like it!” her Mistress commanded.

Alex was paralyzed by surprise, but he couldn't stop watching. He felt the sweetness in the air intensify, while at the same time the pressure of his cock ring relaxed, sending more blood to his genitals. Soon he was horny beyond reason watching the scene; the face of the girl receiving a hard fuck, her expression of total bliss and sex pleasure, her loud moans as she received the ultimate pleasure. The scene skipped no detail of her expression, her loud moans, or her ass being roughly fucked, nor skipped detail of her control device, which stood there with a golden shine, bright as a beacon.

Alex exploded in the most intense and shameful orgasm he had ever had. As he did that the moans of the girl accompanied his own.

“Thank you Mistress! Thank you so much for fucking my sissy ass!”

“Good slut! I know bottom sluts like you love to have his assholes fucked and stuffed with big dildos”

“Yes Mistress! I love to be fucked in the ass! You are the best Mistress ever! Thank you!”

“Good obedient slut! Now clean your mess with your tongue”

The video kept playing but Alex couldn't focus on it anymore. He felt in heaven at first, and as he came back to earth he looked at himself. “Oh my God! What I have just... done!” He was covered in sweat, his semen scattered, the video still playing. He felt guilt and shame. And went to lay in his bed and sob. He knew he had to stop but it was so difficult to control himself. Maybe Irina was right. Maybe he needed to be controlled. He felt helpless.

Trying to distract himself he went to the kitchen to have dinner. But soon he found himself thinking again about what just happened, and his arousal building again. “What is wrong with me?” He thought. “All this bullshit Irina is doing is affecting me, I have to stop this and stop it soon. I have to run away”.

A sweet light odor was pumped into the air by the ventilation system. Alex felt ready to go again. He tried to resist his urges but temptation was too strong, too damned strong. He went back to his computer, thinking that he wouldn't masturbate or anything weird, just a quick one to relax

before bed. Fifteen minutes later he was jerking off as the girly boy from the last video was fucked again by her Mistress, this time at a locker room, dressed as a cheerleader.

“How is my little sweet cheerleader liking my big dildo in her ass?”

“Ohhhh, Oh, Mistress, don’t stop, I am about to... about to... AAAAAAHHHHH”

“Hahaha” laughed her Mistress as her slut came. “You are such a butt slut”

Alex came too, and with the pleasure withdrawal shame and humiliation returned. He went to lie in bed, and cried himself to sleep. “What the fuck... is wrong... with me...” thought as sleep carried him away.

Still in her office, Paige was enjoying every minute of her little project’s session. Today a nice milestone had been met and she celebrated with a glass of expensive wine and her favorite vibrator.

“Oh sweet, sweet Alex” she mumbled, “I hope today’s session has taught you that from now on, it is all going to be cuming to what we want”. She clicked on a button, and Alex’s cock ring tightened on the base of his cock, restricting the blood flow. “And thanks to your new friend, that is going to be mostly girlie boys as you are about to be”.

She finished playing with herself, and prepared to go home only after ensuring that the hypnotic messages that Alex had to receive today were properly loaded in the program. Then, happily smiling, she left. Alex’s place filled with subtle whispers:

*<<My control device is my new best friend. I love my best friend. I need my best friend. It helps me to control myself>>*

*<<My control device is my new best friend. I love my best friend. I need my best friend. It helps me to control myself>>*

*<<My control device is my new best friend. I love my best friend. I need my best friend. It helps me to control myself>>*

*<<My control device is my new best friend. I love my best friend. I need my best friend. It helps me to control myself>>...*

Next morning Alex woke up feeling pressure on his genitals. Before he was fully awake, he got aware of the presence of the cock ring. It was the last thing he felt at night, and the first he felt that morning.

“Oh gosh no...” He thought.

Slowly waking up, he made himself ready to face the day. He looked at the outfit that had been selected for him that day which caused him dismay. Irina certainly had a type. He knew there was no other possible way and began to dress, hating every last bit of him and the outfit

pressed upon him. He hated it from the briefs to the socks, to the pants that hugged his waist so tight, to the blouse that felt so sensual against his skin, and to every last piece of it. Looking in the mirror, it was hard to believe he could look like that.

“Okay, keep it cool Alex. Focus. Objective for today, to get unlocked from the rest of this stupid control device” he thought.

He paused for a moment, realizing Irina would certainly check if he was wearing his control device or not, but for sure he was not going to put on the rest of it. He hadn't had a real chance to be completely free and he was resolved to tell Irina to remove the rest of it. Wearing that ring alone was torture, so there was no way he will put on the rest of it. He will tell Irina he had forgotten to put the other part on and that she needed to remove the rest of it. What was the worst she could do?

Not a minute later after arriving at the office Irina called him into her office. “Alex, dear, come here for inspection!” she called in a sweet but loud voice. Resigned and nervous, Alex went to Irina.

“Now would you be a darling and let me see how your nice friend is doing between your legs?”

“Irina I... am wearing part of it... because you forgot...?”

“Part of it? What do you mean?”

“I-I am... wearing only the lower... half”

“The lower half? And where exactly is the rest?”

“At... home... because yesterday you forgot to...”

“At home!? And what exactly is it doing at home and not securing you properly as you should be!?”

“I-I... yesterday I couldn't remove it completely... so I thought...”

“You what? You thought? What have you learnt about thinking? *Good employees don't think, good employees don't make decisions!* Isn't that right you rebellious brat?”

“Y-yes... *good employees don't make decisions*”

“Good employees listen to their superiors. Good employees obey”

“Yes... yes... *good employees, obey...*”

“Exactly. Now be a good boy and show me your little weenie”

“M-my... what...?”

“You heard me. Undo your pants, lower your briefs, and show me your small weenie so I can check your control device. Obey!”

“I... uh... no...” Alex tried to refuse, but the gaze Irina gave him made him shake, erasing any shred of rebellion that was left on him.

“Obey! Come on!” Urged Irina.

Almost unconsciously, Alex began to follow Irina’s instructions. He undid his pants, lowered them, and then lowered her baby blue briefs, freeing his genitals for Irina’s inspection. Of course Irina knew what to expect as she had watched Alex get dressed that morning through the cameras hidden in his apartment. She knew what to expect, and was so prepared for it.

“Just as I thought. You are not a smart boy, are you? This part of your control device ALWAYS stays on. It is designed that way so you just have to attach and detach the other half and you can manage easily. A simple design that can be easily understood, but we both know that thinking is not your strength. So you didn't try to attach the other half this morning?”

“I-I... I thought... I forgot to... attach it... because...”

“You forgot? That is hard to believe. This device is designed in a specific way to prevent that because we thought you might be forgetful. Some time after removing the upper part, the ring at the base stretches, causing discomfort to its wearer. I bet you are feeling a lot of discomfort right now right?”

“Y-yes... yes I am...”

“Well, that is only on you silly boy. You should have remembered to put your control device back together after relieving yourself, just as you are supposed to. But luckily for you I have the solution to your little problem, because a superior always has to take good care for her goo employees, even if they are as bratty and silly you are”

Irina opened a box on a shelf and retrieved something. When she came back, holding it with her beautiful hand, Alex began to step back scared.

“No! No!... No!... please Irina please! Don't...!”

“Relax sweetheart, it is for your own good” she delighted at her words, holding in her right hand an upper spare part for Alex device. The piece looked identical, or so it seemed... “Now let your



superior help you with your little problem, you disobedient brat” said Irina slowly getting closer and closer to Alex as he retreated step by step into a corner.

Once Irina had Alex cornered, she began to almost whisper in his ear. “Come on, isn't your little winnie uncomfortable? I bet it is. As soon as we put this on you, the grip of the base ring will come loose, and you will feel great again. Isn't that what you want?” Said Irina with her hand close to Alex’s genitals.

Alex protected his parts with his hands, the only thing preventing Irina from putting the dreadful device on him. “No please... anything but that! Don't lock me up again... please Irina... I beg you... I beg you...”

“What is the harm? You will be alleviated from the pressure that causes your discomfort, and you can be always unlocked again to enjoy your favorite thing. You will have a nice, productive working day, feeling secure, and comfortable”

“I... I... that thing feels wrong... don't... please” Alex kept begging.

“I am sorry Alex, but this is not optional. *Come on, be a good doll, and let Irina help you. Irina knows what is best for you*”

Alex felt his will weaken. “*Irina... knows what... is better... for me...*” Alex mumbled as Irina began to move his hands away and commenced to manipulate his genitals to put the rest of the control device on. “The device will be unlocked at the end of the day... It will... alleviate my discomfort...” Alex thought, trying to convince himself. Then he felt it. He felt the pressure on the base of his shaft alleviate, but also felt the click of the two parts as they were assembled. A sound that echoed in his head, loud as a desperate scream, making him know very well that he was locked again.

“There we go. Snug as a bug in a rug. Properly equipped for a productive workday like you should be” Happily pronounced Irina. “Now please, redo your outfit, and sit down so we can brush your hair and make you pretty”

There was a hint of taunt in Irina’s voice, but Alex was still paralyzed, the click of the control device closing still echoing in his head, it was just too real to him. Irina guided him, grabbing his arm, made him sit down, and bega to brush his hair.

“You are going to be SO happy with this new piece for your device” Irina said casually. “You will learn to love it just as much as the other, although you might feel it a bit more strange than the other, but you need it to learn”

“Wh-what...?” Alex said, recovering a bit “It is... the same... device... right?”

“Oh, no, it is not. The other part is for good boys. This one is for boys that, well, need a little readjustment. Just like you my sweet Alex”

Alex's mental alarms went off. “Wh-what does that mean? What does... this... do...?”

“This attachment my dear, has little tiny barbs in its inner part. Don't worry about it now, you will feel them with your first erection”

“N-no!... Why this?... Why did you...?”

“Because you are an unruly forgetful brat that can't remember to put his device back together after doing his pervy things” Said Irina giving a few strokes with the hair brush, pulling Alex's hair a bit too hard. “I can promise you Alex, that after three days with your new friend, you are never going to forget again to attach your device back together”

“Three... days? What do you mean three days!? I have to wear this... monstrosity... for three days?”

“I am afraid so. You have misbehaved, so you need a corrective measure”

“But... couldn't I just... change it... back?” Alex said with a hint of plead. “I have the other part at home, I could... just come tomorrow with the other...”

“Hahaha” Irina laughed. “You haven't understood, silly boy. Three days, straight. No after work releases for you in three days. After work releases are for good boys, not for unruly brats that forget that they should be always properly equipped”

“Whaaat!? You can't do this to me!” He said standing up angrily. “Irina! Unlock me! I... You can't have me for three days like this!”

“I can, and I will” Irina coldly said. “Now sit so I can finish with your beautification”.

“No! Unlock me! Now!”

Alex and Irina stood there, looking at each other. The tension could be cut with a knife. Alex's resolve faltered, but he tried to keep a serious facade. Irina suddenly changed her expression, and shortly smiled at him.

“Very well. I was hoping I wouldn't have to resort to this, but if you wanna go that way... so be it”

Irina touched her smartwatch and Alex felt an intense pain coming from his genitals as the base ring and testicle closure firmly tightened. He collapsed on the floor, screaming in pain. Irina waited a good ten seconds before she touched her smartwatch again, making the pain stop.

“Now, are you going to sit down and let me finish making you pretty? Or do you want another round?”

Alex was whimpering on the floor, trying to understand what just happened. He didn't answer.

“Okay, another round it is” touching her smartwatch again, Irina gave Alex another five seconds of excruciating pain. “Now, on the chair. We have to finish your hair. Come on” said Irina in the way someone would tell a dog.

Alex fought against the pain to get in the chair under Irina's attentive watch. She couldn't hide her smile. She didn't need to anymore. When Alex finally sat again, Irina resumed to brush his hair, humming a happy tune. Alex, unable to control himself anymore, exploded in tears.

“Sssh, it is okay, sssh” Irina whispered.

After applying his skin products, Irina pronounced him ready, and seeing that Alex was still recovering, helped him to his desk.

“Have a productive day sweetie” Irina said in a motherly tone.

Alex still cried for another fifteen minutes, and as soon as he felt a bit recovered, he walked silently towards the front door, only to find it closed.

“Alex” Yelled Irina from her office, “Go back to fucking desk”.

Alex groin received a small squeeze, and realizing what was at stake, hurried back to his desk, ready to commence his workday as a good secretary.

## CHAPTER 11

### A HAPPY PLACE

Alex tried to focus on his assignments in an effort to ignore his situation, but a sharp burning pain made him very aware of the presence of his control device. His woody was confronted by the device's barbs digging into the expanding flesh. The barbs weren't very sharp, but the pricks were annoying and uncomfortable. "There is no way I can last three days like this. I have to make Irina or Paige remove it, or at least make them agree to go back to the other attachment" he thought.

He couldn't do much, so he just endured the situation until it was time for his instruction video. He went to his safe space and enjoyment room and soon was comfortably sitting on the chair waiting for the video to begin. "Hopefully this will distract me for a while" Alex thought as the VA began to materialize on the screen.

"Welcome to the next module in your course for sexual health. Today we are going to learn about self restraint. Self restraint is of utter importance. It is key to interact in a healthy way with our world. The maximum expression of self restraint is obedience. When we follow the rules of our superiors, we are a functioning part of society, we are the best version of ourselves"

A sweet smell invaded the air.

"You love to obey. You are passive. You accept"

Alex forgot completely about his situation, and immersed himself in the hypnotic suggestions. The image changed and the VA became a sexier version of herself.

"Repeat after me and I will give you pleasure" said the AI in a seductive tone.

"I obey"

*"I... obey"* Alex repeated.

"I am passive"

*"I am passive"*

"I accept"

*"I accept"*

"I am not a smart girl"

*"I am not a smart girl"*

"I need to be controlled"

*"I need to be controlled"*

"I love my control device"

*"I love my control device"*

"I need my control device"

*"I need my control device"*

"I want to be pretty"

*"I want to be pretty"*

"I want to look feminine"

*"I want to look feminine"*

"My favorite color is pink"

*"My favorite color is pink"...*

Alex repeated again and again the VA hypnotic messages. As he did so a chemical pleasure invaded him. A pleasure so intense that he totally forgot about the discomfort his control device inflicted upon him, punishing his erection.

"I love Irina"

*"I love Irina"*

"Irina knows what is better for me"

*"Irina knows what is better for me"*

"I want to please Irina"

*"I want to please Irina"...*

“That is it Alex, you are going to be a good girl. You are going to make Irina very happy. You want her to be happy with you...” Said the AI in a whisper as she began to change.

“Look at me Alex. Look at my boobs. I have been perfected. I have improved. I am sexy. I am happy. You want to be happy too. You want to be perfected. You want to be improved. You want to be sexy. You want to be like me...”

The words penetrated Alex’s mind, high on a mix of conditioning drugs, and he began to understand. He began to understand that obedience was freedom, that ignorance was strength, that Irina was good.

## CHAPTER 12

### MIMI

After his session a distracted Alex returned to his desk to have lunch. Munching his salad he thought it was weird how other salads didn't satisfy him as good as that one. His mind wandered, unfocused, anesthetized.

His genitals began to protest for the punishment endured during his video session. His shaft was irritated, showing the marks of his control device barbs, but soon his restriction stopped bothering him. Anticipating this eventuality, Irina had laced his lunch with a numbing drug. She wanted to make sure Alex didn't complain about the pain caused by his device's abuse after the video session for the rest of the day. A manageable Alex was a good Alex. Irina watched him sitting at his desk, and licked her lips. She had him just there.

Alex went by the rest of his workday uneventfully. He couldn't make much progress on his tasks even though he tried. He tried as much as his numb drug induced state allowed him.

"Why... is it so hard... to focus?..." he mumbled. "I am not a smart...g-gi-... boy"

It was time to go home and feeling tired, he made himself ready. He went to Irina's office to say goodbye for the day.

"Irina... I am going home" Alex said, almost muttering.

"Okay doll. Have a nice rest of the day"

"Thank you Irina" said Alex walking towards the door.

"Wait! Come here" Commanded Irina.

"What...?" Alex answered, sleepy.

"Sit here. We are going to beautify you again. We can't have a pretty thing like you going outside without being perfect. We have to make sure you always look your best"

"Okay..." Alex said, sitting down.

Irina proceeded to brush his hair again, humming a happy melody as she usually did when she brushed Alex's hair. After that, she proceeded to apply makeup on Alex's face. This time, aware

of Alex's weakened will, she dared to apply eyeshadow and go for a bolder style. He was SO pretty, and definitely looked like a she. Satisfied, she finished the last touches.

"You know doll, this is how you should always be. *Obedient, passive*. A good compliant doll for your superior"

"I... I... feel... weak"

"Of course you do doll. You are weak. But don't worry your pretty little head, I will take care of you" said Irina in a motherly tone. "Okay, good enough doll. You can go home. Dismissed" said Irina pronouncing him ready.

"Thank you... Irina"

"Oh, and just so you know, for being such a good doll today, we have a surprise for you tomorrow"

"A... surprise...?"

"You will see" said Irina with a devilish smile that made Alex shiver despite his numb condition.

Alex dragged himself on the way back home, and soon he was back at his apartment. He went straight to bed, without even taking off his clothes, or feeling his chastity.

Next morning the alarm went off and Alex woke up disoriented, at first not understanding where he was, or why he was dressed... as a... woman. He felt his face strange, covered, like he was wearing a mask. As he approached the bathroom toilet he saw his face covered in an utter mess of smeared makeup.

"Oh... my... gosh!" He exclaimed, shocked. "W-what happened to my face!? I look like a clown!"

Staring at his reflection, Alex had flashbacks from yesterday. He didn't feel like himself. He could see someone right there, mimicking his movements in the mirror, but that girly face was alien to him. "I have to stop this" he thought, "and I have to stop it soon".

He began to wash his face. It took him a while a good bunch of wipes to get rid of the paint. He could have never imagined that makeup was so difficult to remove. He went by the rest of his toilet routine and then it was time to dress up for the day, a moment he had learnt to hate. Today it was particularly bad. "How does she want to make me wear these clothes? It is humiliating".

He held in his hands a white blouse and a pair of pink pants. Pink was a girl's color. He was not supposed to wear it, but to him it looked beautiful. He discovered himself having mixed feelings. He loved how the clothes looked but hated having to wear them. But he couldn't contradict Irina. If he did, she would punish him with a new humiliation. Feeling the control device barbs pinching



him between his legs made him consider the situation. He hated having to wear those pants, but he knew too well that Irina was to be taken seriously. He began to dress. *He obeyed*. The pants felt like they had been specifically designed to humiliate him.

When he was finished, he didn't dare to look in the mirror. He was too ashamed. He went to sit on a sofa by the window and began to consider his situation.

"I can't endure this situation anymore. I have to get as far away from Irina and Paige as possible. But if I quit my job or don't follow their therapy, they will report my sexual misconduct. They will make me a sexual offender, and then, my life will be over. No... I have to escape and just run away to another town or somewhere they can't find me, but... they have me in this stupid device... I can't escape wearing it or I will be stuck with it until I find a way to remove it... Why does it have to be so uncomfortable?"

Alex was too aware of his device. He felt it there, punishing his flesh, a constant reminder of Irina's firm grip on him.

"I have to make them return me to the normal version or to unlock me, and then, I will have a chance. I will still be stuck with the cock ring imprisoning me, but with the normal version I could attach it and detach it... and maybe it will be enough to last until I can find a way to open the ring, then I will be free again, and I will be able to focus on rebuilding my life. I have made enough money with Irina these last months to be on my own for a while... maybe... I have a chance... I have to try... this is... just... too much" said Alex as he felt like crying.

When Alex calmed down a bit he left his apartment and headed to the office. The steps were clear. He had to be on his best behavior to get Irina to unlock him. He had to learn to open his cock ring, and finally, he had to run away as far as possible.

On the way to the office he felt his heart pound as he imagined all eyes on him. His device could be hidden, but his pink pants and femmy style could be seen by everybody. His eyes fixed on the ground, he kept going forward.

"There is no reason to be ashamed. Nobody is looking at me..." he kept repeating to himself.

But that was not true. Indeed some people looked at him. A beautiful girl looked at him and thought "Wow, those are some beautiful trousers, I wonder where she bought them". A couple of guys noticed her pass by and discreetly checked her out thinking "What an elegant, nice looking girl" "Such a little perky ass, wish I could do it" "She looks so shy and delicate, just my type". A casual first glance would have made everybody think Alex was just a petite, discreet girl.

When he got to the office, he sighed, made a fake smile, and went to Irina.

"Good morning Irina" said Alex happily.

“Good morning doll” answered Irina. “I can see that today someone is in a good mood”.

“Yes, I am very happy... to work with you”

“Good doll! See? This is the right attitude! Be nice, follow the rules, and make yourself likable like a good employee”

“Yes Irina... I will... thank you Irina”

“Okay, such a nice doll today. Let's begin with your favorite thing then, shall we?”

“With... masturbation...?”

“Hahaha” laughed Irina. “No! Of course not doll! You still have a couple of days in your punishment device don't you? You have been a naughty doll, and you have to pay the price. You need to be corrected so you can learn how to be a good doll, right?”

“Right... Irina”

“Good. Now sit here so we can begin with your beautification. You want to be pretty, right doll?”

“Yes Irina”

“Such a nice doll. Come here. We are going to make you SO pretty” said Irina happily, holding a small mirror and makeup brush.

Trying to keep his fake smile, Alex, sat on the chair in front of Irina. She began to apply some kind of cream on his face. Then a powder, stroking his face with the brush. She also did some work on his eyes, and holding a pinkish lipstick bar, she approached his lips. Alex instinctively moved his head back. Irina looked him directly in the eyes with her characteristic devilish smile, making him understand that was the only way that it was going to happen. Intimidated, Alex forced a smile on his face again, and let her do it. His eyes became watery, but he fought to keep a happy face.

Irina proceeded then to brush work on his hair humming a happy melody. Irina was gentle, and his feeling of apprehension changed slowly into one of security. That feeling confused him. How was it possible that such an evil woman he had learnt to fear so much, to respect so much, made him feel secure? It made no sense. She was presenting herself as somewhat of a motherly figure for Alex. Casually, Irina made some control questions while she kept brushing Alex hair.

“Tell me doll, how is your control device feeling today?”

“It... is... okay... Irina” Alex paused. “Feels... uncomfortable...”

“That is only right doll. It has to feel that way, it is a punishment after all. If you enjoyed it it wouldn't be a punishment right doll?”

“No Irina”

“You understand you need your device, don't you doll?”

“Yes Irina”

“Good doll. Keep being a well behaved doll and you will be out of it playing with yourself in no time”. After a pause, Irina continued “Did you have a good night's sleep doll?”

“I did Irina... thank you... Irina”

“And tell me, what do you think of your new beautiful pants?”

“I... I...” Alex paused and with visible effort answered “I like them... Irina”

“Oh, do you? Tell me, what do you think about the color?”

“It is... alright... Irina?”

“What is your favorite color sweetie?”

“It is p... blue Irina”

“Blue? But pink is such a beautiful color, it really favors you, don't you think?”

“Y-yes, it does... Irina”

“Then we can keep you in pink pants, would you like that honey?”

“No, I...” Alex doubted, “I would prefer... other color, Irina”

“Okay doll. We will see to that, but you have to promise to be a good doll, okay?”

“Re-really Irina?”

“Of course doll, if you are a good doll, we will treat you nicely”

“Th-thank you Irina... Thank you so much!”

“So do you promise it? To be a good doll?”

“Y-yes Irina... I... promise...”

“I need you to say it fully doll. I promise to be a good doll. Come on”

“I... I promise... to be a good... doll... Irina”

“That is just right doll, a good behaved doll for me. We are going to make you so happy” Irina said as she fought to control her excitement. He felt heat between her legs, and in her excitement, she brushed Alex’s hair a bit to hard”

“Ouch!”

“Oh, it is okay doll, don’t worry” said Irina, petting him. “Tell me, how are you liking your place lately?”

“It is... nice, Irina”. Almost instantly, Alex remembered that he needed to thank his superiors  
“Thank you, Irina”

“You are welcome doll. Be a good doll and let Irina provide for you”

“I will Irina. Thank you Irina”

Irina kept brushing Alex’s hair until he was ready, which is to say until she considered Alex looked like a doll. Like her doll. A doll she will craft and tame into perfection.

“You are ready doll” Irina pronounced. “Let's take you to your desk, today I have a new task for you”

“A new... task?”

“Yes” Irina said as she grabbed Alex’s arm and took him to his desk. “I have noticed that you are not doing the assignments that require thought very well. But I don't blame you, I know you are not a smart doll, and that is alright. Beginning today, I am going to switch your assignments and make them more suited for a doll like you. Aren't you happy?”

“But...” Alex was humiliated by Irina's attack on his intelligence, but the way she smiled at him, made him know the answer she was expecting “Yes Irina. Thank you Irina”

“Good doll” She told him as he sat on his desk. “Now as you can see, there is this new program on your computer. It is a fashion program. It will show you clothes and you will have to click on the ones you like to create models”

“But how... is this going to... contribute to... our job...?”

“No buts doll. Sit in here, and *follow your superior instructions*, like a good doll” Commanded Irina.

“Yes Irina. Thank you Irina”

“Good doll. Have a productive day, and keep your smile. It really suits you”

“Thank you... Irina” said him, smiling at her as he watched her go. *He had to please Irina*. He immediately felt a gratifying feeling.

Alex sat there and began to run the program. He didn't like how Irina treated him. It felt like she was... demoting him, but he couldn't feel like she was right. *He was not a smart... doll*. The program welcomed him and presented a selection of clothes. Alex browsed a bit. It seemed pretty easy, he had no other option but to click on a selection of clothes and as he clicked on a shiny top, an image appeared.

It was a girl just wearing the top he selected, smiling, pretty... the program kept the image on the left side and kept showing him clothing on the right. He clicked on a black t-shirt and the image changed.

The model looked so pretty, so inviting, smiling so happily... It felt good. The program showed him a selection of complements and Alex clicked on a neck chain. The image changed again.

Alex forgot his initial apprehension and began to enjoy how the girl looked at him. Rather than an assignment, that felt like a game. The program presented a selection of trousers, and he clicked on one of them.

A selection of jackets appeared, and Alex clicked on the matching one.

The computer showed a message “You unlocked your first model, Mimi. Congratulations!” A rewarding music accompanied the message. “Mimi is half Asian. Mimi loves hip hop. Mimi loves break dancing. Mimi loves attention. Mimi is happy. Mimi thanks you for your work”. Alex looked at Mimi feeling gratified. He thought that Mimi was attractive, he wouldn't mind meeting a girl like Mimi in real life. He adored her style and the way she smiled at him.

Another message popped “Mimi wants to improve her appearance. Mimi knows a doll must always look her best. Mimi is entering a bimbo phase”. A flashing button appeared on the computer, “BIMBOFICATION”. Alex felt compelled to click on it and so he did. Mimi changed.

“Mimi is very happy. Mimi asks you to progress with bimbofication. Make Mimi happy”. Alex clicked on the “BIMBOFICATION” button again as he was asked to and Mimi changed.

“Well done. Thanks to you Mimi can finally be herself. Bimbofication has made Mimi happy, bimbofication makes dolls very happy. You have unlocked the Mimi Bimbo skin” The computer stated.

Alex began to feel excited looking at Mimi. She looked perfect. She looked happy. He looked at her and began to think that he wanted to be happy too.

It was time for his instruction video, and Alex headed to his enjoyment room. He sat on the chair, and noted some installments on the armrests. He thought that it was odd, but soon the video the virtual assistant materialized and the room began to fill with a sweet fragrance Alex had learnt to love.

“Welcome to the next module on sexual health. Today we are going to learn to keep ourselves controlled while being excited. We are going to be exposed to a series of highly sexual images, but we will not engage in sexual activity. To begin the module, please, place your hands in the armrests installments”.

Alex doubted. He feared what would happen next if he put his hands in there. The inside of them looked padded, but still he was scared.

“Put your hands in the installments. Good employees, *obey*. Be compliant, *obey*. Obedience will be rewarded with pleasure”.

It didn't look like he had much options, so Alex began to put his left hand into the left installment. He noticed the inside was loose, and shaped like a hand. The sweet smell intensified and he got lost in his embrace.

“Push your hands to the bottom of the installments. Don't be afraid, there is no pain, only pleasure in compliance”.

Alex kept pushing until almost half his arm was in. Suddenly, something gripped around his wrist. He tried to push back, but the grip was firm and didn't let him get his arm out.

“What the...!?” Alex exclaimed, afraid.

“Don't fear. It is perfectly safe. It is perfectly painless” the VA said as Alex felt the installment padding fill with air, pressing his hand and low arm, leaving it barely mobile. “Please, insert the other hand in the installment so we can begin” requested the VA.

Alex began to feel uneasy and tried to free his left arm. It was no use. It won't yield. Suddenly he felt an electric discharge on his bottom that made him stop.

“Disobedience will be punished. Obedience will be rewarded. Obey to receive rewards. Obey to receive pleasure. Insert your other hand in the device” Commanded the VA.

Not having much choice and understanding that he faced another shock or worse, Alex gulped and began to insert his right hand in the installment. The sweet fragrance in the air intensified again.

“Well done. Keep going” said the VA.

When his arm was well in, his wrist was gripped just like the other one, and the inside inflated. His arms were trapped. He was at the mercy of the VA, but the sweet aroma invaded him, making him feel like he had done the right thing

“Your compliance is rewarded. Well done doll” said the VA in a seductive tone. “Now relax, and focus on the images. Feel the arousal”.

Alex was exposed to image after image. His member began to expand, and his device to punish him for it. He was submerged in chemical enhanced ecstasy. Aroused beyond reason, he began to fight the restraints on his hands. They didn’t bulge. The only thing in his mind was sex. He wanted to beat his meat hard, he wanted to cum, he NEEDED to cum. He needed it at any cost.

But it was impossible. His arms restrained, and his locked cock made sure of it. He fought trying to free himself and tried to stimulate himself by rubbing his legs and cock, but he was kept in place.

“No, no, no, please, I need... I need it...” he said begging for his fix. Moans began to fill the air, and he got lost in ecstasy, quite there, but not there, frustrated... unfulfilled.

“This is... not fair... it is not fair”

He was there for what seemed like an eternity until the sound stopped, and the screen turned black. Nothing was heard besides his own panting.

...  
...  
...

A few minutes passed and he was able to cool off a little. Then, from the pink mist that floated in the room, a voice surged.

“Hello, handsome. What a day, hm? You look lonely. I can fix that. You look like a good joe”.

A hologram with a pinkish glow materialized in front of Alex. It looked almost real.

“You need it don’t you? You need release. You seek it. You yearn for it. I could fix that. I could make you satisfied. The only thing you need to do is to be like me. To be my doll”

“W-what...?”

“Just say it. Say you are my doll, and I will fulfill you”.

“I... am... your doll...” Alex said, not wholly understanding.

The hologram made a cute laugh and Alex felt how the center of his chair began to rise. He found himself sitting on a bump just under his ass. The sweet fragrance became strong.

“Rub your bottom against it. You will get release”

“I... I...”

“Don’t talk. Obey. I will give my doll what she needs”

The bump began to vibrate slightly. Feeling his arousal rise again, Alex began to grind against it. The ergonomic shape of the bump adapted to Alex's bottom, and soon, he had it between his ass cheeks, invading his crack, pointing at her asshole.

It tickled, and Alex felt stimulated in a strange but nice manner, one that made him horny nonetheless. He began to rub faster, and faster, and...

“Woooo... OOOOW... ooooo...” Alex exclaimed as he exploded in an intense orgasm mix of pleasure and pain.

He was beaten, and relaxing, floated in ecstasy. The hologram looked at him, smiling. “Good doll” was the last thing he heard before falling into a blissful slumber.



## CHAPTER 13

### KATHOEY

Alex began to gain consciousness a couple of hours later, unsure of what had happened. The only thing he knew is that he felt fulfilled, and that was enough. In his mind lingered purple and pink neon colors and the warmness of a feminine tender embrace.

He went to his desk to have lunch. He was not hungry, but for some reason craved his lunch and its particular flavor. Munching his salad mindlessly, he realized that he had forgotten the presence of his control device for the first time since Irina put it on. Speaking of the devil, Irina appeared on her office door.

“Hurry up doll. We have an appointment to meet in the afternoon”

“An... appointment?”

“Yes, my doll. Today we have a surprise for you”

“What... is it Irina?” asked Alex, smelling something fishy. Today was not therapy day, so he had no idea about any appointments.

“You will see. And don’t worry, you are going to love it” said Irina with her characteristic smile.

“Yes Irina” Alex meekly nodded.

No more than ten minutes later, Alex was sitting next to Irina in her car as she fastened his seatbelt.

“I can... do it... Irina”

“No, you can not. Not with the configuration of your seat” said Irina as she finished fastening him. “Go on, try to unfasten it”

Alex tried to open his seatbelt but he couldn’t. He pressed the button hard but it didn't give. He looked at Irina.

“A parental configuration to ensure kids don't play with things they are not supposed to play with. I am the only one that can fast and unfast you. Just for your safety”

Alex felt it was a blow to her ego. Depending in such a way from Irina made him feel weak, controlled. He wanted to protest, to tell her he was perfectly capable of doing things by himself. Instead, he said "Thank you Irina" as a feeling of shame and security for Irina's cares invaded him. Irina was bossy and made him feel unable to do things for himself, but she cared about him. They drove for twenty minutes until they reached a chic shopping mall.

"Are we... going to go shopping Irina?" inquired Alex fearing new embarrassing additions to his wardrobe.

"Hahaha, you would love that don't you doll? You are turning into such a fashion victim. That will have to wait for another day, today you are going to be pampered for being such a good doll"

"Pam-pered?"

"Yes, we are going to receive a nice massage and forget all our worries. A special treat for you. How does that make you feel? Don't you want a nice, relaxing massage?"

"I... yes... thank you... Irina"

"Fabulous. Let's go then" said Irina unbuckling his seatbelt.

Out of the car, Alex began to feel uneasy being seen in his femmy attire. His beautiful but girly pink pants made him very nervous. Irina grabbed his hand, and that made him feel instantly reassured, secure. She led the way and Alex followed. Alex thought people might think they were lovers and that gave him kind of a sense of pride, but Irina knew people looked at them as the elegant, powerful woman she was, and her personal toy. Following Irina, Alex made a pretty complement.

They got to a beauty center where a woman welcomed them. Actually, she welcomed Irina. The two women greeted and talked like old friends.

"My dear Irina! Welcome to your house"

"Kayra, always a pleasure to see you. How is everything?"

"Everything under control, just like everything should be" said the Kayra woman smiling and now moving his gaze upon Alex. "And this little beauty must be... Alex right? But my, isn't he a pretty sight?"

"Yes, he is. A preciousness indeed, but he still needs to be tamed a long way, sometimes he is so naughty"

"Is that so?" said Kayra looking at Alex. "Well that is no good Alex. You have to be good and listen to Irina if you want to be treated nicely. Being a brat will only make you ugly, and we can't

have you looking ugly because you are meant to be pretty and obedient” said Kayra in a condescending tone.

“I... I don't...” began Alex, upset with that woman treating him like a child.

“He will be pretty and obedient” Irina cut him. “And today we are going to take care of the first, right Kayra?”

“But of course!” Kayre responded enthusiastically. “Let's get to it” she said, smiling at Alex. “Huyền!” Kayra called.

Soon a beautiful Asian girl came to them with dainty steps, almost as she floated with elegance and sensuality.

“Yes Miss Kayra? What is your request?” shyly said the girl in broken English.

Alex was impressed with the girl. She was incredibly beautiful. He fought to hide his lust, but his lustful looks didn't go unnoticed.

“This is Huyền, one of my finest, most dedicated, and beautiful masseuses. He will be taking care of you today Alex” Kayra explained. “Huyền, hãy chăm sóc thật tốt cho chú kathoey này và đảm bảo loại bỏ hết lông trên cơ thể nó. Irina muốn biến anh thành một con búp bê xinh đẹp, yếu đuối” Kayra instructed Huyền in a foreign language that was gibberish to Alex.

“Of course Miss Kayra” answered the girl tilting his head submissively, eyes down.

Huyền grabbed Alex's hand and pulled lightly “Nauw you kome with Huyền. Huyền make you feer good”

Alex began to feel nervous, he would have wanted to go with such a girl anywhere, anytime, but today, the pricks on his member reminded him that he was wearing the most humiliating device between his legs that if discovered by anybody, would kill him in shame.

“Irina, Irina please...” pleaded Alex, resisting Huyền's pull.

“Yes Alex? What is it?”

“I... I... uh, could... I talk to you in... private...?”

“About what?”

“I... can't...”

“Oh, I see. You are worried about your little friend between your legs” Irina casually said. Alex froze for a second. He couldn't believe Irina just revealed it. He wanted the earth to swallow him. “Don't worry about it, doll” Irina said, emphasizing doll. “Kayra and her lovely assistant Huyên know about it. Now, go with Huyên and she will take good care of you”

Alex's mouth opened in fear and surprise. He looked at Huyên, who quietly smiled at him, and then at Kayra, who told him “Don't worry, doll. We are perfectly aware. Huyên will be very discreet and professional about it. I can assure you that she might not speak our language, but she understands you very well. Very well indeed... right my sweet kathoey?”

“Yes Miss Kayra. Me understand very wel” she said looking down with a hint of shame in her voice.

Irina looked at Kayra with a stern look, and Kayra's attitude changed from playful to a discreet smile. “Now Alex, go with Huyên, and be an obedient doll. Understood?” Instructed Irina.

“Yes... Irina...” responded Alex with his cheeks beet red as Huyên's light pull resumed and he was softly dragged into the back room.

Huyên took Alex to a warm room with a massage table. A soft chillout music and light, candles, flowers, and incense smell contributed to create a very relaxing atmosphere which calmed him down a little after the revelation Irina publicly made about his device.

Huyên brought Alex a cup with a warm watery liquid that smelled like flowers. She made a gesture indicating for him to drink “It good. Kalm”. Not wanting to be rude with such an attentive sweet girl, Alex sipped the cup guessing it was some sort of tea.

When he was almost finished and visibly more tranquilized, Huyên said in a visible effort to speak his language “You undress nauw. Cloth no, naked”

His shame returning, Alex began to undress, trembling a bit. That incredibly beautiful girl in a room, alone with him, was the most intimate he had been with a girl maybe

ever. Irina told him to be obedient and he needed to please her to... make her plan work... and... and...

“It okay” Huyền whispered, coming very close to him. “Me kathoey, me undestand” said as she began to slowly undress Alex giving him an intense erection. When he was in his underwear Alex tried to cover himself with his hands, but smiling at him Huyền said “No problem. Me undestand. Kathoey has to lock. Kathoey need to lock. Kayra lock all kathoey, me to, all kathoey here, lock to” and then she proceeded to gently remove Alex's baby blue briefs, freeing his control device.

Huyền did not react to his control device, or looked him in the eyes for that matter. A gentle respect and an awkward complicity conducted Huyền and Alex intimate yet professional interaction. She guided him to lie on the massage table, and proceeded to work on him. Her touch was caring and delicate, just like her, while she worked massaging his muscles, and applying products on his skin.

After the initial tension, Alex relaxed and let Huyền work on him. As instructed, she made sure to cover every inch of Alex's body. He was entering a sleepy state when his masculinity began to melt, along with his body hair...

Hiya ;3

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Xoxo

Lara Lynn ;3