Domination

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

The slap bought me back to consciousness with a stinging pain on my cheek.

“Wake up, Doctor Daly.”

My eyes had real trouble focusing as my surroundings seemed so unreal. In front of me was a attractive middle aged woman dressed in traditional dominatrix style, a sort of vinyl outfit with fishnet stockings and heels, her dark hair pulled back from her snarling face.

“What is this? What is going on? Who are you?” I gasped in disbelief.

“Look over here doctor. Don’t you recognise Donald?” She motioned to a timid man sitting behind her, dressed in a frou-frou frock and pale pink stockings. I recognised him as my patient, Donald Haslam – classic anxiety case with major inferiority problems and sexual dysfunction.

She placed a riding crop under my chin and lifted my head. “Who do think you are telling my Don-dons that forced feminisation will never work. He regressed back to maleness and it has taken me two weeks to get him back to where he was.”

I tried to move my hand to my face to rub my eyes, but it was cuffed above my head. I was on a sloping bed in a small windowless room, painted pink with various items of furniture, all in brushed stainless steel.

I was clearly a prisoner, and this did not appear to be a practical joke.

“Look here”, I started. “If this is a joke you have gone too far. You should release me now before you get into serious trouble. I am sure there will be no problem for you if you act properly now. Let me go and we can put this behind us.”

“Oh no, Doctor…”, snarled the woman. “I have a point to prove. When I have done that, you may leave, or you may not.”

“I warn you. This is a serious crime. This is kidnapping. Think very carefully about what you are doing …”

Smack. The riding crop struck me on my left side and I winced in pain. I realised that I was naked apart from what felt like underpants and a strap around my chest. As I looked down I could see that it was not a strap, but a black bra, empty and rather tight and uncomfortable. The crop had left a welt just below it that was coming into view.

“So, you don’t believe that I can turn you into a girl? Or maybe just a sissy?” she mused, stroking the whip. The expression on her face seemed way too serious.

“I don’t. And you can’t.” I was gathering my wits from semi-consciousness, and I was clear in my words. “But you must be aware that whatever you are doing, it is criminal.”

“The process has started. Just how long it takes and how much pain you will suffer, is up to you. But you will be a girl by the time I am finished. Just like Don Dons over there.”

It was becoming apparent to me that this woman was insane, or very close to it. She must be. She knew who I was and that I could guess who she might be. She was clearly in a relationship with the whimpering Donald Haslam. She might even be his wife, a woman that he was clearly submissive to and who had convinced him, before my intervention, that she was slowly turning him into a woman.

“Donald,” I called out to him. “Please explain to this woman that I am not consenting to this. You might find this titillating, but I am the victim of a crime here. If you have a safe word, you’d better use it now. If you don’t act you will be an accomplice to her offending. Do you understand Donald?”

He was crying. This pathetic man in the frilly pink outfit was crying like a baby.

Whack. This time a backhander to my right side. Harder. More painful.

“Do not talk to the other girl,” she commanded.

I decided that silence was indeed the best policy. It could only be a matter of time before either I would be released as she tired of goading me without response, or the opportunity for escape might arise. Best to say nothing. Now that I was conscious I needed to think this through. I watched her, but kept my mouth shut.

She simply left. After scolding Donald for a while she dragged him out and the door closed behind them. I was left alone for some time. Some time to check my surroundings. One door, no windows. Probably a basement. Likely soundproof. Would screaming help? Unlikely.

When she returned I was hungry and desperate for a piss.

“I need to go to the toilet,” I said.

“Pee where you stand,” she said. “There is a bucket beneath you.”

I could not see it, but I went anyway. I was now aware that my penis was in some kind of plastic device and that it was pointed down. I could hear the stream of hot liquid hit a plastic bucket.

“I am not sure what time it is, but I cannot have eaten for a while…”.

“Food and drink are rewards for proper behaviour,” she said. “There will be no rewards for males. Only for girls, or sissy boys. Which are you?”

For however long this was due to last, I needed to go along with it. So I said: “I am a sissy boy.”

“But you want to be a girl?”

“Yes, whatever,” I said in exasperation. It occurred to me that this was probably not quite the way to say it. Her face was dark.

“Very well, Don Dons will release you and dress you, and then you can both have something to eat,” she said.

She left the room and bolted the door closed. Donald came over the release me.

“What is going on here, Donald?” I asked.

“Shh,” he said. “She is listening.”

“How long have you been in here?” I whispered. “How do we get out? Can this woman be reasoned with?”

“You told me to assert myself,” he sniffed. “You told me to refuse her. Now she has taken my balls.” And with that he lifted his skirts and pulled down a pair of frilly panties to show me his small penis and an empty scrotum, with fresh black sutures. He added: “It’s all your fault.”

The enormity of this suddenly hit home. This was no game. This man, one of my patients, had been mutilated by this crazy woman. It was clear that she was dangerous. I was in danger.

I checked my own body. There was a device on my penis that appeared to be locked on with a ring around my scrotal sac and a tiny but robust padlock – but at least my testes were both there. I was wearing a sort of bra, but it was a functional item. I could see that it concealed a line of sutures below each pectoral muscle. Something had been inserted into my chest. It caused a slight raising of the flesh and there was mild inflammation, but that was all. Apart from the bra and the device I was naked, and suddenly aware that I felt cold and overly sensitive. My whole body had been shaved or the body hair otherwise removed.

“You need to put this on,” said Donald holding up some frilly clothes. Panties, a slip, petticoats and a pink dress.

I waved him away. I went to the door, but as I expected it was locked, and was very solid. I checked the walls. Also solid.

Apart from the door, there were two other openings. There was a fixed table on the same wall as the door, with a long but narrow hatch level with the top of it. I judged the hatch too small to squeeze through, but in any event, it was closed and was too solid in construction to force open. And there was a narrow ventilation high on the opposite wall, which was definitely too small.

There were two beds. There was the one I had been cuffed to that was sitting at an angle but could be laid flat as the other one was. The frames for both beds were bolted to the floor. There was a bedside table between the two with some drawers. The top drawer had Kleenex boxes and tubes of lubricant, and the drawer below that contained a small array of sadomasochistic paraphernalia – fetters, and whip and dildoes.

In the far corner there was a toilet pan behind a low barrier in the corner with a basin beside it, all in stainless steel. I took my bucket from under my bed frame and emptied it down the toilet. I adjusted the bed to lie flat.

The small table had two stools attached to it. Everything was bolted down. Nothing useful. Nothing that could be used as a jemmy or battering ram. No way out.

Donald was still holding the clothes, his expression pleading me to put them on. I figured that I needed to play the game while I considered the options. And the air was cool. I was virtually naked. I needed to wear something.

He told me that the bra would lock at the back, just as the device was around my penis, with a small padlock. There was a camisole and a dress with crinolines sewn into it. There were stockings too, and Donald said that if we were to be fed I would need to put those on too. He showed me how.

The hatch by the table opened and a tray of food appeared. It was four cupcakes with pink icing and a sweet drink in a teapot with two cups. Hardly real food, but I scoffed it – two of the cupcakes and most of the tea.

Donald sat opposite me, looking every inch the feminized eunuch that he now was. I had indeed, advised him to stand up to the woman he was in a relationship with, perhaps now my tormentor as well. It seemed reasonable to assume that it was the same woman. I had felt that Donald’s low self-esteem was bad for his mental health and needed to be addressed. Yes, I had urged him to assert himself. How was I to know that the woman was insane?

“When will she come back?” I asked.

“When we are weaker,” he said. “When you are too weak to fight. When you are as weak as I am.”

I looked at him and I thought: ‘Never’. He seemed even more pathetic than when I last saw him in my consulting rooms. I decided that it would be of little use to talk to him about our situation. He was as powerless as I was. My only hope would be to engage with our tormentor when she returned.

Donald wept pitifully. It was inconceivable that I could ever be like him. But then, I had no idea what I was up against.

The following day (or should I say, after the lights had gone out again for us to sleep and then on again before the hatch opened – as we had no track of time) we received the list of rules with our teapot and two cups. It was printed on laminated paper with adhesive tape on the back so we could post it on the wall. The list read as follows:

Rule 1. Behave at all times as girls, if not as ladies.

Rule 2. Dress at all times as women, if not as ladies.

Rule 3. You may talk to one another but only in girly voices.

Rule 4. Keep your legs together when seated.

Rule 5. Urinate sitting down.

Rule 6. Drink all of your energy drink each morning, it may be all that you get.

Rule 7. Failure by either of you to follow these rules at all times will result in suspension of meals for both of you.

Rule 8. Penalties will occur for any behaviour deemed unladylike

Rule 9. Favours will be considered for girly behaviour over and above following these rules.

Donald immediately slammed his legs shut and started squeaking to me in a ridiculous voice. I initially disregarded these rules, but it was true, and we received no food that day. I was not about to give her the satisfaction of starving to death. I was a fighter, back then.

I just thought I would have to wait it out. But it was some time before we saw her again. The food came through the hatch three times a day. We had a toilet and we could wash ourselves in the basin and in the wet area around the toilet. There was soap, and washcloths, and toothbrushes. Just enough to get by.

Boredom was the issue. The only reading material was a stack of magazines targeted at teenage girls – pictures of heart-throb boy bands, advice on hair and makeup, short romantic stories and articles about celebrities and the health and issues of the day. There were the clothes and hair and makeup tools and accessories. Donald played with these things before I did, but after a while we both tried everything on.

He was clearly shaken by what had happened to him, and rightfully so. I felt it was my duty to tell him that when we got out there could be hormone supplements and surgery that could help him function sexually as a man, even though he now had no hope of fathering children.

“Maybe I should just do as she wants and become a girl,” he whimpered.

“That is not possible,” I pointed out. “Even if you looked like a girl, there are physical differences that affect the way they move their limbs, there is the different skeletal structure, the voice, not to mention the genitals. I have treated male to female transgender patients. Even if you accept that they have the female psyche, they usually find the transition incredibly difficult. Are you trans Donald?”

“No,” he replied, “Or at least I wasn’t when I met her.”

He was evidently depressed, and I knew enough about depression to know how it should be dealt with. I tried to keep his spirits up by getting him involved. We engaged in joint activities. We posed quizzes from the magazines. We even followed some of the makeup tips and applied some of the cosmetics we had been provided. It might get us some points. The results seemed inept, but it passed the time.

We learned that talking in Donald’s silly voice was necessary. If we slipped back to own voices then instead of a sandwich, a note would come through the hatch saying that: “Men are not permitted and until I hear ladies there will be no more food.”

The fact is that meals were small until about the 10th day. I thought that the larger than usual breakfast including eggs and pancakes. I wondered if it may have a been a reward for something, but then I realised that we had been visited in the night. We both had swelling in our chests that we could feel, and the mark of an injection in our bottoms. Somehow we must have been sedated for this to be done.

I realised that the surgery on our chests had been to insert empty sacs in our chests which would be gradually filled with gel by syringe to simulate breasts. My guess was that we had also received hormone shots. The intention was clear. We were to be surgically and chemically femininized.

I did not know then, that I had been taking androgen suppressants and female hormones in my morning drink every day. In addition, hormone levels were topped up by injection, and the breast implants inflated with more fluid. Donald would not need androgen suppression.

One effect was that I was becoming weaker, just as Donald said I would. Somehow the idea that I had that I would be able to use my superior strength to wrestle this woman when she ultimately re-entered the room seemed to be becoming less viable. Clearly, she was not about to put herself to that risk. As she somehow had the ability to sedate us at night, things were worse. We could be fettered at any time she chose. Forcible escape seemed very unlikely to succeed.

But there was not any other option. I still believed that she would come back in to the room to view her lab rats at close quarters, and perhaps use her riding crop again. It seemed to me that it was inevitable given the character I had witnessed. We just had to wait it out, and hope that I could do something.

Until then, and for now, the key was survival, and to survive we needed to pay attention to the rules prescribed – dress and behave as if we were female. I was wearing the ridiculous clothes. I had to wear something and that was good enough, but simulating feminine behaviour was not so much demeaning as simply unnatural.

Of course, part of my resistance was test her resolve, our captor. The consequence was no food. Nothing but “the energy drink” with enough sugar to keep us alive, and the hormones of course. But on the starvation penalty, the stomach cramps became unbearable.

It seemed that “Don-dons” (or Deedee as I called him) had no spine at all. If I misbehaved there was no food for either of us, so he suffered as well. In addition to hunger I had to put up with his incessant whimpering and whining.

Like water drops pitting a stone, over time small pressures can force change despite solid resistance. And even unnatural behavior can be learned, more easily if there are two of you to work off one another.

It was partly boredom too. We had to do something, so Deedee and I found ourselves playing two women in a series of long ongoing soap operas. There was a hospital drama, and a high school sitcom, and even a Jane Austen inspired period piece, which seemed to suit the stupid clothes. The dialogue was entirely ad lib, but Deedee was surprisingly good at it.

The love interests were always men who remained forever off stage.

l am not sure why they were men. I thought later that if they were women we might had been able to lure or tormentor into one of or plays, and taken advantage of that. But somehow the idea never crossed our mind. We were acted out fantasies as women, and women fantasize about their Dr. Dreamy, or the football jock, or their Mr Darcy. Don’t they?

I seems to me that if you do something long enough, and it is all that you do, every single day, for a little over a year, that it almost seems real, or becomes real.

Speaking as a psychologist, it is clear that hormones, suggestion and stresses brought about by deprivations, can induce radical behavior change. I say that not to excuse myself, but to explain it.

I remember the day he came in. Deedee and I were sitting on our chairs in the middle of the room, drinking pretend tea in our Georgian fantasy world. We had both put up one another hair, which was by then quite long and very well cared for. We had gone over the top with barrel curls. We wore makeup and the dresses that we had been provided to fulfil it all – dresses with crinolines that also displayed our now substantial bosoms, to the utmost.

Deedee looked one hundred percent feminine, but she was hardly that pretty. To be honest she was getting rather annoyed at always playing the less better-looking of our women, but you cannot argue with nature. I was prettier, and that is that.

The door opened and a man walked in. I almost fainted, which would have been entirely in character. It did not immediately dawn on us that this was not a surprise contribution to our performance, introduced by our tormentor to test us, or perhaps even reward us. We just stared at him, and he at us.

“Are you two ladies alright?” he asked. It never dawned on me that he would not call us ladies. That is what were clearly were. Who would have thought otherwise. Deedee dropped her teacup on the floor and it shattered.

“Are you here to release us?” I asked. I could hear my voice. It was high and feminine, and maybe even had the trace of a British accent. It just came out that way.

“I’m Sergeant Hadlow of the City Police,” he said. “We have had reports … How long have you been here? This door was locked from the outside.”

“Oh, thank God!” It was Deedee’s shrill feminine voice, just like mine, but annoying. She had dropped to her knees, her petticoats spreading out.

“I have no idea,” I said. Maybe a year …”. Now I was feeling faint. Sergeant Hadlow moved quickly to stop me from falling. A faint smell filled my nostrils. Faint and almost forgotten, but pleasant. It was the smell of a man. I put my hand on his shoulder to get closer. The shoulder was hard muscle – big and strong. “Thank you, Detective,” I said.

“Ray,” he said. “Call me Ray.”

“Please tell me this is not a dream,” wailed Deedee.

What was I going to say? I regained my composure and extended my hand as only she would. I said: “Elizabeth Bennet, call me Libby.” I am not sure where the idea came from. He was police after all. You do not give a false name to a policeman. It is just that it seemed so awkward to explain that I was a man, we both were, and that we had been feminized by a mad woman.

“Libby,” he confirmed. “Can I ask why you ladies are dressed like this?”

“We have been kept prisoner here by the crazy woman,” I said. “Have you caught her? Is she outside? She has treated us as her playthings. You cannot believe how happy we are to see you, Ray.”

I took him and I hugged him. I clung to him and I started to cry.

“I’m sorry,” I said. “It’s just that … we had almost lost hope.”

“That’s OK Libby,” he said, putting an arm around my back. “It’s going to be OK. We are going to get you out of here. She may have got away this time, but we will catch her. Now let’s get you upstairs and let the paramedics have a look at you.”

They never did catch her. At least, they told me that if they ever did, they would call me so that I could press charges. And without charges they did not look into me or Deedee. Had they done so, what would they have found.

All they wanted to know was whether they could contact family for us. What were we going to say? I had no family to speak of, and if I did, what would they make of me now? Deedee was pretty much in the same position, but I suggested to her that we keep it all to ourselves.

A victim support group provided us with dresses to wear, shoes on our feet and a little cash. I went to my apartment, and Deedee came with me.

Fred the doorman said I looked familiar, but when I told him who I was, he hardly believed it. “Doc, you’ve had a sex change?”

“Not quite,” I said. “It’s work in progress for both of us. But I’ll need my spare key.” Fred looked at Deedee as if doubting that she could have been a man as well. She smiled at him, modestly.

He said that he had given police access to my apartment many months before, following questions from the State Psychological Association. Fred had been told that I had just disappeared one day a year ago. Questions had been asked, but they never came back. The power had gone off and Fred had emptied the fridge and disposed of the waste. Apart from that, everything was in its place but every dusty.

Deedee stayed with me for a while why I got my affairs back in order. She ended up going out on a date with Fred the doorman, so I guess that explains how much her behavior had been modified. But for me, It was not the same. I could not just slip into the role of a female like that.

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| No, it was not until after the bottom surgery that I really accepted who I was. The drugs had destroyed my male organs anyway, so there was nothing much to lose down there anyway. And then there was the constant badgering by (now) Lieutenant Ray Hadlow to go out with him. You can call me old fashioned, but I think that a girl needs to be a girl before she accepts an invitation like that, especially from one of our city’s finest.  The End  © Maryanne Peters | A person looking at the camera  Description automatically generated |