

It was Cassie's birthday, and the poor thing was so naive that she thought that was good news.

Cassie was the newest of my sissies, and therefore the least jaded by the rigors of my sadism. Angel, for example, was well used to the disappointment that faith in me would bring, and wouldn't dare to hope after all the times I've pulled the rug out from under her. She just did her job, which started as soon as I woke.

Kneeling at the foot of my bed, she would hear my alarm go off and begin my day with the words "Greetings, Mistress Sery."

I smiled as I sat up, looking at the image of the sissy before me. Who knew why I had these particular inclinations, these desires to create and torture sissies? All I knew was that I was rich enough to actually do it, and the boring estate I'd inherited upon turning eighteen had been spruced up by their presence. What had once been an old fashioned and austere mansion was now...well, it was somewhat of a prison. There was no way around that. The estate already had large brick walls, but cells in the basement, keycard entry and other security measures had been put in place to make it inescapable.

Yawning, I looked to the greatest fruit of that investment: Angel, my longest serving sissy.

I called her Angel because of her porcelain skin, soft blonde hair and other Nordic features, ones that all coincided with my own alterations to give her the appearance of a lovely little snowbunny.

"Greetings, slave. Are the preparations for Cassie complete?" I asked, stretching and making my way out of bed. Normally I wore a rather modest suit, something

professional enough to serve as business attire when I needed to attend to my fortune. But today, I opted for something different, something especially for poor Cassie.

I put on a thin, skimpy, metallic red bikini, and that hugged and clung to my curves as they threatened to spill out of it. Strutting over to the mirror, I did a few poses, admiring my E cups as the top barely contained them. I have a pretty great body if I dare say so myself, and I devote almost as much time to sculpting it as I do to my sissies. If only I was interested in dating men instead of transforming them, I would make some lucky guy very happy.

Alas, this body wasn't meant for that. It was meant to tease.

"How do I look?" I asked Angel, seeing the faintest bit of a pout on her face. And here I thought she'd become an expert at hiding her discomfort.

I could hardly blame her though, not with her current getup. She was nude save for a pair of clear stripper heels and a chastity belt.

That's right.

Not a cage.

*A belt.*

You see, keeping a mansion full of sissies was expensive, and I saved money on upkeep by giving my workers favors rather than cash. For the tasks that a weak sissy such as Angel couldn't do, we needed laborers and they needed to be kept happy. Since I doubted that rugged landscapers would agree to femboy blowjobs in exchange for weekly work, I told them that Angel was my female sub. Her (nonexistant) pussy belonged to me, but she would happily let them use her tush and mouth if it meant free work.

So I locked Angel up in a woman's chastity belt, pushing her balls inside of her and pressing her member flat, so that no one who looked at her would know the difference.

"Perfect, Mistress Sery" she answered, looking down from the sight of her scantily clad goddess.

I smiled, throwing back my dark red hair and taking another look. She was right. I did look perfect.

Poor Cassie.

Cassie had been picked up hitchhiking down a rather desolate road months ago, and had been in my charge ever since. She had always been a scrawny thing, barely five feet seven inches tall and with a delicate frame to match. The only indication that this thing was ever meant to be a boy had been her continued insistence to present as such, and the rather impressive member between her legs.

Even I have to admit I was surprised by it when I first undressed her. She was sedated at the time, after taking my kind offer of a bottle of water for a fellow traveller, so I was free to toy with it as I pleased. It must have been 8 inches when I got it up, which was most unexpected. Unfortunately, I didn't have a cage that big on hand, so I just jammed it into one meant for normal sized penises.

She didn't seem too happy about that, but she soon learned to hold her tongue.

What followed was a rather standard process of full body laser hair removal, feminine vocal training and hair extensions to match her natural raven color. I like taking

my sissies slower than most, and held off on the more extreme alterations for the moment. Instead I focused on training her, and more often teasing her.

You see, she hadn't been released from her cage in months and months and months and months, at least not while conscious. Once her member shrunk enough to lessen the discomfort her cage caused, I put her under and replaced it, going to smaller and smaller sizes whenever I needed to.

Her current cage was on display as I walked down, seeing the darling sissy presenting herself to me. She was wearing a black and white loli dress and a matching headband, looking every bit the adorable little maid. She was cutely made up with just the right amount of makeup and holding up her dress to reveal her bare hips. Despite the ornate stockings and mary jane heels, she had no panties to match. All there was to look at was her bare body, her olive skin and her thimble sized cage.

Her eyes widened when she saw what I was wearing.

"Happy Birthday!" I said, walking over and hugging her, my statuesque proportions making my chest face-height. Wrapping my arms around her, I pulled her in until she was practically buried between my cleavage.

"T...thank you, Mistress."

"As you know, every one of my sissies gets a birthday wish. Obviously, there are exceptions. No asking for freedom or anything as silly as that. But otherwise, I'm ready to hear your wish. So, what do you-"

"Release!" she whimpered, cutting me off. I ought to have bent her over for that, but she was lucky it was exactly what I wanted to hear.

"Ah!" I clapped. "I suppose it has been a while. Bothering you, I suppose?"

“You keep making me watch you ride a dildo...” she replied in a small voice. My lips curled up into a grin. I was glad to see how much that bothered them. And if that bothered them, I could only imagine how bad it had been when I made them wear the dildo, and bounced up and down on them while they felt nothing.

“I see. Well in that case, let me just get your key and we’ll have you right out! I can even give you a handjob if you’d like?”

The previously sullen sissy lit up at that suggestion.

“Really?!”

“Of course! It’s your birthday, after all!”

With that I went upstairs, making sure to bounce my juicy butt for her viewing pleasure until I was out of sight. Then, I made my way back to the bedroom and looked around. There were no sissies in sight and more than enough safeguards in place if one found out about this, but it never hurt to be careful. I opened a secret door built into the wall and looked over the room that waited behind. There were escape routes, blackmail files and most importantly, keys. I walked over to the lockbox that contained them and entered the code. Each key was labeled and so it didn’t take me too long to find Cassie’s...

Good, it was still there.

I took hold of the small piece of metal which held so much leverage over Cassie’s entire being, double checking the label to make sure I had the right one. Then, I walked deeper into the secret hideaway, down towards the system of tunnels that existed under the grounds. My father often joked about turning this place into a batcave, from what I’ve heard, but it found much better use as deep catacombs for my own ends. I could

store practically anything down here, and escape without a trace if anyone got wise to my vices.

But today, these caves only served one purpose. I walked to a deep chasm, who's bottom couldn't be revealed by even the most powerful flashlight, and dropped the key down.

It was ten seconds before I heard the wet *kerplunk* of its landing.

I could have just kept it in the box, but this felt so much better. I nearly shuddered with sublime glee as I saw it disappear into the darkness, and felt a buzz which lingered even as I returned to my room.

Closing the secret door, I took a few moments to get it all out of my system, knowing I couldn't fake a frown with this much joy in my heart. Once I finally had the strength to look disappointed, however, I made my way back downstairs.

"Cassie..." I pouted, finding the sweet little thing right where I found her. I took a moment to relish her adorably hopeful expression. "I'm afraid the key was lost..."

She looked at me as though I'd misspoke. "L...lost?" she asked, all the color draining from her face.

"Yes, so I'm afraid I can't unlock you..." I said, walking close and putting a hand on her shoulder.

"Wha...you can cut it off!" she desperately pled.

"Titanium? Honey, that cage is indestructible."

"You can...pick the lock!" she offered, clearly grasping at whatever straws she could. It was so cute to see her so frightened.

“These locks are military grade, designed to break rather than yield to outside forces” I dryly sighed, as if I really cared.

“But...you said I-”

“I said I’d give you a gift if it was within good sense and my abilities. I don’t have the ability to unlock you so...” I shrugged. Acting as if the case was entirely closed, I made my way out towards the patio. “I mean, there is *one way* you could get free, but I doubt you’d agree...”

“What way?!” she practically screamed behind me. I turned with a grin on my face, taking another look at sweet Cassie. Some sissies were hot. Others were elegant. Cassie was just adorable, even without a teaspoon of estrogen. Imagine how sweet she would look if she was on it...

“Well, the cage is held in place by your balls. If I were to remove them...”

I swear, the look on Cassie’s face when I made that suggestion was the best one yet. She looked aghast at the suggestion and so I just shook my head.

“I could take the cage off, give you hormone replacement to make up for your missing balls and even put implants in the empty sack, so it still looks the same.”

She looked at me like a deer in headlights, and I shook my head.

“You have the day to think about it, of course. In the meantime, can you help me tan?”

I turned and walked to the backyard pool, laying on one of the poolchairs as I waited for her.

Cassie had never been the best of my servants, but she positively took her time as she made her way after me, standing next to the chair with a scared grimace on her face.

“Mistress, I can’t take any more denial. You and the other sissies tease me all the time-”

“Don’t talk about time while you waste mine” I said, undoing my bikini top and laying there with my back bare and chest pressed down on the chair. “Get to lotioning.”

She let out a shrill little whine and picked up the bottle, getting her hands slathered as I idly smiled. Cassie had been led to believe she’d be let out today for months, and teased relentlessly the entire time. She refused any sort of anal relief, even in the face of torture such as this. As I felt her small hands on my back, I wondered how strong her will was.

“You know, Angel has been complaining about unwanted eyes while she serves the men” I mentioned, feeling her hands going lower, and practically feeling her eyes on my rump. “Apparently someone is watching from the window while the laborers use her. I understand, of course. A practically white haired Scandinavian princess like her, with small and pert breasts, her adorable tush, those wonderful blowjob eyes...”

Another whine came forth from Cassie’s lips.

“Just try not to be so obvious when you stare. It’s sad” I said as she moved down to my legs, leaving my butt unlotioned until the very end. When the time did come, she hurried through it as though touching my booty physically hurt her hands.

“Yes, Mistress...” she softly squealed.

Knowing I had her right where I wanted her, I turned over.

My basketball sized breasts were bare for her to see for the first time since her arrival, free as could be under the bright light of the morning sun. I could practically see the pain and anguish in her eyes as she stared at them. Before she could even begin to process what she was seeing, I reached down and pulled off my bikini bottom, showing her my freshly waxed lower lips and laying nude beneath her.

“I don’t want any tan lines...” I grinned, glancing down to the bottle. “Did I tell you to stop lotioning?”

She moved her mouth but no words came, and her knees pressed together as though she were in some unique type of pain. I could only imagine how tight her cage was at this moment, even after being so limp for so long.

Rolling my eyes, I grabbed the bottle and shot some lotion into her cupped hands, grabbing her by the wrists and guiding them towards my stomach.

“Mistress...” she blubbered.

“You know, the doctor is here to see Angel about her hormones. I suppose he could get rid of your balls real quick. And it’s not like they’re of much use to you anyway.”

She was looking at my breasts, wanting to touch them but knowing deep down she shouldn’t. It was like watching a junkie considering a needle, and after a moment...

She reached up and squeezed.

Her hands explored my flesh, traced my curves, enjoyed my body like she was still some hormonal young man. She reached between my legs, twitched my nipples and kneaded my chest, going more and more wild, squirming harder and harder, looking like she might blow a gasket any second.

“Alright...” I sighed, taking her wrists and pulling her hands off me. “You can’t get me any more worked up. I mean, you had me so excited that I wanted you inside me, which is no way for a Mistress to feel about her sissy...” I lied. I had only ever alluded to a handjob, and always acted like any serious intimacy was out of the question. But now...here I was, suggesting he might actually get in between these legs.

A blush covered her cute little cheeks.

“Mistress...will my penis still work without my balls?”

“Of course. And we can give you all the hormones your balls would normally give you via injections.”

She looked down, clearly thinking about it as I sat up.

“And it’s not like your balls have any use. What, do you think you’re going to have children? Here? Right now their main purpose is holding your cage in place, and any secondary use is basically negligible.”

“R...right” she reluctantly agreed.

Standing up, I looked around. “I think I’m going to avoid the sun, actually. You got me so worked up I need to ride something. And since you’re locked, that dildo I have-”

“Wait!” she yelped, her face contorting into a look of shame and guilt.

Reaching down, I grabbed her by the chin and lifted her gaze. “Yes?” I asked, looking into her eyes.

Her downcast stare slowly lifted and met my smiling eyes. “You can...remove them, Mistress.”

I grinned and patted her on the head. “Good girl.”

As if on cue (almost as if he'd been waiting on the other side of the wall, waiting to hear the right words), Doctor Graham made his way in through the back entrance.

"Doctor! I know you came to help with Angel's hormone balance, but I have an extra patient today" I exclaimed, waving him over. "You wouldn't happen to have the tools for an impromptu fixing, would you?"

"As a matter of fact..." he grinned, looking down to Cassie. "A doctor is always prepared."

"Wonderful...you go and get Cassie out of that troublesome cage and I'll..." I paused and turned to Cassie, leaning down to alleviate any second thoughts. "I'll prepare myself for a proper fucking. Alright?"

As if those were just the words she needed to power past her doubts, she nodded, and Dr. Graham guided her off. He took a few glances back at me, and I just rolled my eyes.

Men.

Slowly, Cassie's eyes opened.

I'd been told that it would be like no time had passed, and she would think that she blinked one moment, with the mask on her face, and then find herself here. How lovely it was to think about: her expecting to take me the second it was over, no time passing and then seeing...

Seeing that I was wearing a suit, and looking rather bored.

"Mistress, I'm ready to take you!" she exclaimed.

I just shook my head.

“Unfortunately, the doctor had plenty of work to do. He was needed with an emergency in one of the sissy cells, and had to take some sort of important call from the hospital...then he needed to eat. We went out, actually. A lovely sushi place about thirty minutes away.”

“Wha...what?” she asked.

“Oh, right. The point, and my getting to it. We didn’t get to your surgery until after midnight.”

“I’ve...been asleep that long?” she asked, her brow twitching in recognition. There was the feeling of something down below...

“And since it was no longer your birthday, your wish is void. So we did the surgery and well...we just put the cage back on” I shrugged.

She gasped, reaching down and pulling up her medical gown to reveal...her ballsack, with fresh stitches, and a newer, smaller cage wrapped around it.

“Mistress-”

“You’re going to need weekly hormone injections. Don’t worry, the doctor just gave you your first. I figured we could have replicated your balls’s output, but there’s not much point to that. Estrogen from now on...”

She reached down and touched her balls, which were full but would no doubt feel...odd.

“The mesh they replaced it with is nice and squishy while still being firm. Lovely, don’t you think? I’m going to be using your balls as stress balls from now on, stress balls that are still firm enough to keep that cage in place.”

Little Cassie looked like she might just cry.

“Hey, don’t feel down. You’ll have a birthday next year. Maybe you can get released then. In the meantime, I actually got you a consolation gift. You can watch Angel getting railed as much as you want. I insist. In fact, I order it.” I said, reaching down and tousling her hair.

“Now, get dressed and finish dusting the house. I let you have the day off on your special day but that doesn’t mean that filth stops accumulating...” I explained, before heading back to my bedroom.

“Good evening, Mistress” said Angel, waiting in my room.

“Evening, Angel. I trust that Dr. Graham enjoyed you?”

“He told me as much” she nodded.

“Lovely. Isn’t your birthday coming up soon?” I asked, getting ready for bed.

“Umm...perhaps” she answered.

Smart girl. She knew better than to make a wish.

“Well, you’re dismissed” I said, shoos her off.

I spent the rest of the night watching security footage on my mounted flatscreen tv, relishing each tear that dropped down Cassie’s face as she cleaned the house. As she did her work, I enjoyed a bowl of a new kind of soup, one of my own invention.

It wasn’t very tasty, but I suppose that didn’t matter. It wasn’t like I was going to enjoy testicle soup that often.