

# Sweet Sex Slaves



**Susan Sweet**

An "Adult TV" Novel



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# Sweet Sex Slaves

By Susan Sweet

## INDENTURED

I sat at my desk in a cold sweat as I worried about the trouble I might be in.

I had become addicted to playing poker in one of the city's nearby poker clubs and although I had been winning some, I was losing more. I had made the mistake of borrowing enough from the company's slush fund, which was under my control, to cover my poker debts. I fully intended to return the money as soon as possible, but now the company had pulled a surprise audit and I knew that my financial juggling would be discovered sooner or later.

I was awakened from my worrying by the voice of the company president, Jacky Brown.

“Would you step into my office for a moment, Mr. Petti?” she asked. It was not a question.

I looked up to see her standing in her office doorway about thirty feet from my desk. Jacky was big for a woman, standing about six foot two inches tall and weighing about two hundred and ten pounds, most of it hard muscle! The word around the office was that she had been a professional wrestler in her younger days and I didn't doubt it a bit, She kept her black hair short and tended to wear business suits most of the time. And incredibly intimidating presence for a woman. The unpleasant expression on her face caused me to jump up from my desk.

“Yes, Ma'am!"

As everyone in the office looked on, I walked quickly into Jacky's office. She shut the door behind me as I entered and pointed to a leather chair in front of her desk.

“Sit there, Mr. Petti,” she said brusquely.

I sat in the chair she had indicated and noticed that we were not alone in the office.

Mr. Devon, the company comptroller, was sitting in another chair by Jacky's desk and regarding me with an intense stare. Mr. Devon was also tall, about six foot four inches in height. He was a bodybuilder who worked out with weights every day and he liked to wear tailored suits that showed off his muscular body. He wore his blonde hair in a severe crewcut. In a way, he was Jacky's male doppelgänger.

Jacky took a seat behind her desk and an ominous quiet filled the room.

“Well?” Jacky demanded.

“Well, what?”

“Why don’t you tell us all about the money?” Mr. Devon suggested. “And don’t say, ‘what money?’, Mr. Petti, because we have found your signature on cash transfer forms. amounting to forty-eight thousand three hundred and twenty-two dollars!”

“You are in deep doo-doo, Mr. Petti,” Jacky noted. “If you want to avoid going to prison for illegal embezzling of the company’s funds, you had better start telling us the truth, right now!”

My cold sweat broke out again as I realized that I might very well be spending the next several years in prison. I have always been rather on the small side for a man, standing only five foot three inches tall and never seeming to weigh more than one hundred and fifteen pounds. That with my slim waist, plump bottom and girlish features with a sweet, high voice, had been the bane of my life! I felt like a gnat standing at the foot of twin Mount Everests.

The very thought of the brutes they had in prison and what might happen to me there was going through my mind.

I was suddenly terrified at the position I had gotten myself into.

“We have all the evidence,” Mr. Devon said. “Speak! Or we’ll call the police right now!”

Hoping that an outright confession would somehow make them feel more lenient towards me, I sat on the edge of my chair and told them the whole story. The gambling. The loan sharks. And how I had juggled the books. It took me about fifteen minutes to get it all out as they sat and silently listened to me.

“Look, Mr. Devon, Ms. Brown, I didn’t mean to keep the money. Honest! I was going to put it all back just as soon as I could and I will! Every cent! Perhaps you could take some money out of my paycheck every week?”

“And how long would that take on what you earn?” sneered Jacky derisively. “Honestly, Mr. Petti, I don’t see that we have any alternative under the circumstances except to turn you in to the proper authorities.”

I dropped to my knees in front of her desk.

“Oh, please! Please! I’ll do anything you say, just don’t call the cops! I’ll do anything to keep from going to prison! Can’t we work something out? I’ll do anything you say! Please!!”

“Do you really mean that, Mr. Petti?” Mr. Devon demanded, looking at me strangely.

“Yes, oh, yes! I would do anything! Please don’t send me to prison!”

“You would do anything? *Anything* at all?” asked Mr. Devon. The grim expression on his face was suddenly very intense.

“Yes, anything! I’ll do anything you ask of me! Just don’t turn me in! Please! Please! Please!”

“What do you have in mind, Bob?”

“Stand up, Mr. Petti, and turn around very slowly,” Mr. Devon ordered.

Wondering what he could have in mind, but hanging onto the hope that somehow there was a way out for me, I stood up and did as he had requested.

“Now walk over to the door, turn and walk back,” he said.

Growing even more mystified, I again complied with his request.

“I do believe I have an idea that might indeed save your little fat ass from prison, Mr. Petti, but only if you are really serious when you say you are willing to do anything to stay out of prison,” Mr. Devon observed.

“Oh, my ass is *not* fat!” I objected, then, “But, yes, I mean it! I really do mean it! I’ll do anything at all! Oh, gosh, do you mean It? Do you really see a way out for me?”

“Perhaps,” Mr. Devon mused aloud, raising my hopes enormously. “There are a number of things that I have to check out first, and of course, I must discuss my idea with Ms. Brown, as it involves her as well. For the moment, we will withhold the evidence from the police while I investigate the feasibility of my idea.”

“Oh, thank you! Thank you, Mr. Devon! You can count on me! Honest! You won’t be sorry! I promise!”



“I want you in this office at eight o’clock sharp tomorrow morning,” he said. “And don’t think of leaving town, Mr. Petti, because if you are not here on time, we will call the police immediately!” A chill ran up my spine.

“Don’t you worry, Mr. Devon, I’ll be here!”

I left the office with mixed emotions; fear over the fix I was in; hope that Mr. Devon might have a way for me to avoid prison; and curiosity about what his idea might be. There was, after all, still the matter of the embezzled money...

I spent the evening trying to drown myself in scotch at my favorite bar, slept badly, and at eight o’clock sharp the next morning, I knocked on Jacky’s office door.

Jacky opened the door and looked at me with a funny little smile on her face. “Come right in, Mr. Petti, I’m so glad you’re on time,” she greeted.

I entered the office and was directed to sit in the straight backed chair again.

Jacky closed the door behind her, then both she and Mr. Devon came and stood in front of me.

“I think you will be pleased to know that my idea has worked out. There is a way that we can save your little fat ass from prison,” Mr. Devon noted with a happy little smile.

“Really? You mean it.? ”I asked, ignoring his remark about my ass being fat. [It isn’t at all!] “Oh, thank you! Thank you, Mr. Devon! I’ll do anything you say.”

“Not so fast,” said Mr. Devon. “There are some things you should know first. I’ve talked over my scheme with Ms. Brown and she is in complete agreement with me. Isn’t that so, Ms. Brown?”

“Absolutely! I’m all for It!” Jacky grinned at me.

“First, you should know that I’ve checked with a friend of mine who is a judge. She says that the mandatory sentence for grand theft, embezzlement, in this State is twelve years at hard labor with no possibility of parole. That is what you face if you refuse to go along with my plan,” he stated.

“Don’t you worry none, Mr. Devon, I’ll do whatever you ask if I can stay out of prison.”

“What I propose to do is to replace the money you took from my own personal savings. The money will then be properly on the books and your little fat ass will be off that hook, so to speak.”

“Oh, Mr. Devon, would you? I mean, could you? I mean, that’s a very generous thing for you to offer!”

“Yes, it is” he agreed. “Of course, there is something that I shall expect from you in return.”

“Whatever you want, I’ll do it!

“Very well,” he responded. “I will replace the money you embezzled and for the next four years you will belong to me in toto, entirely, body and soul.”

“Belong to you? I’m not sure what you mean.” I’m sure they could see the puzzlement on my face.

“It’s plain enough, Petti,” Jacky explained. “You will sell yourself to Mr. Devon for a period of four years. To put it another way, for the sum of twelve thousand dollars a year, you will agree to become his slave!”

“Slave? What do you mean by ‘slave?’” I couldn’t believe what they were proposing.

“Exactly that,” Mr. Devon stated. “S-L-A-V-E, thrall, vassal, bond servant, chattel, slave. You will be my property. You will do whatever I tell you to do, dress in the clothes I tell you to wear, and act and behave in any manner that I dictate. is that clear enough?”

“Well, yes... but...”

“No! No ‘buts!’” said Mr. Devon forcefully. “That’s the deal. I am buying you just like a new car or a suit of clothes. For reasons of my own, I wish to own a slave, and if you wish to avoid twelve years at hard labor in prison and all that implies, you will sell yourself to me for four years. That’s only one-third of the time you would have to spend in prison, and I can assure you that my plans for you will be far more pleasant than your life behind bars would be.”

My head was spinning. This was madness! Sell myself? Go to prison? Four years versus twelve years? What a choice!

“Might I have some time to think it over?”

“What is it that you have to think about?” he demanded sarcastically. “Do you want to go to prison for twelve years?”

“No.”

“Perhaps you are afraid that I might hurt you. Well, I shall punish you If you are disobedient, but I want to enjoy your services, not harm you in any way. Are you afraid of me for any reason?”

“Well... no... I guess not...” Except that I *was* afraid of him! Petrified actually

“Then I don’t see your problem, Petti. It’s an even trade. Think of yourself as an object of value. You sell your self to me in exchange for the money you embezzled from the company. The only other option open to you is prison. So, choose!”

“But why do you wish to own me? What is it that you want from me?”

“Does that really matter?” he asked. “I wish to own you, that’s all you need to know. As my property, you will have no say over any aspect of your life. I will take care of you and in return, you will simply obey my commands without question. Again, choose and CHOOSE NOW!”

At that moment, I knew I was trapped. Whatever he might have planned for me, it had to be infinitely better than twelve years spent in State Prison, which I might not even survive, given my physical strength, or rather, my total lack of it!

I hung my head in submission, utterly defeated.

“Very well, Mr. Devon, If that’s the only way I can avoid prison, then I must agree to your terms as I see no other way out. Yes, I will agree to become your slave.”

“Excellent!” Mr. Devon responded, smiling broadly. “Come and sit at the desk in Ms. Brown’s chair. There are some papers that you must sign before we can begin.”

He crossed behind the desk and took some papers out of his briefcase. I followed him and took a seat in Jacky’s executive chair.

“This first document is a full confession of your embezzlement with dates, times, and amounts,” he said, handing me a three page summary. “Initial it at the indicated lines on the first two pages and sign your full, legal name on the bottom of the third page.”

With a sinking feeling in my stomach, I signed the confession. Then, I watched as both he and Jacky signed as witnesses to my signature.

“That is to ensure that you will carry out your end of our bargain,” said Mr. Devon. “If you run away or refuse to do as you are told, this document will go straight to the police. But, if you are a good little slave, I shall give this back to you at the end of the four years.”

He handed me another document.

“This is a contract stating the terms. and conditions of your servitude to me in exchange for the money. Initial above the amounts where indicated, and sign it at the bottom.”

“Without reading it, I initialed the four amounts and signed it.

He and Jacky signed as witnesses.

Then he handed me a third document.

“This is a power of attorney that will give me complete control of all your legal affairs until four years from today. Initial it here and here and sign it there.”

I Initialed and signed as instructed; they witnessed my signature, and I watched as Mr. Devon put all the papers into his briefcase.

“Well, now, it’s done!” he said happily. “It’s now 8:30 in the morning. Four years from today at 8:30 A.M., you will be your own person again, but for now, you are all mine! From now on, you must learn to have no will of your own. You will take no initiative and simply do as you are told. I have big plans for you, my little sissy slave, but first I want to lay out some ground rules. You must learn not to speak unless you are told to or when answering a direct question. You will address me as ‘Master’ for the time being and you will address Ms. Brown as ‘Mistress,’ as she will be taking part in the training I wish you to have. is all this understood?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Very good,” he agreed. “You will have some adjusting to do when you learn what I have planned and I’ll give you every chance, but I’ll send you straight to prison at the first sign of disobedience or rebellion. is that understood as well?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Fine,” said my new Master. “Now, I have a lot I have to accomplish today, so I’ll leave you in your Mistress’s capable hands. Do you have today’s agenda all worked out, Jacky?”

“Yes I do, Bob,” Jacky noted. “I’ll have your sissy slave ready for you tonight as we discussed.”

“Then, I’m off. Be sure to obey Ms. Brown as if she were me!” Mr. Devon said, then he kissed me lightly on the lips!

I was so surprised that I didn’t even try to fend it off.

“Good bye, little sissy slave,” he whispered, patting my bottom familiarly. Then he picked up his briefcase and left the office.

“You know, Honey, this is going to be fun, at least for me!” Jacky stated. “I think Mr. Devon’s plans are perfect for you. But we have a lot to do today, so come with me now.”

Jacky led the way out of her office to the elevators. We went down to the garage level; she opened the door of her car and had me get in. She buckled me into the seat belt, got behind the wheel and started the motor.

“Where are we going, Mistress?”

“That is your first mistake, slave!” she said angrily. “Don’t you remember what your Master told you about not talking?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Remember it then! You must remain silent at all costs!” she said. “I’ll overlook it... for now, but you’d better not make the same mistake again or I shall be forced to report to your Master about it!” Her voice

was powerful and I knew better than to question her order.

I was full of questions and feeling very frustrated over not being allowed to speak as Jacky drove out of the garage and headed across town. What were Mr. Devon's big plans for me, and where were we going? I was dying of curiosity about what was going to happen to me, but sat silently as we drove along.

After about fifteen minutes, we pulled up in front of a shop that had a small neon sign in the window that said: "Cynthia's Body Shoppe."

Jacky got out and opened my door.

"Come with me," she said.

I unbuckled my seat belt, got out of the car, and followed her into the shoppe where we were greeted by a short woman in an oriental sheath dress. Her long black hair hung in a ponytail below her ass and she greeted Jacky by kissing her square on the mouth!

"Oooh. It's so good to see you again, Jacky!" she gushed, then she looked at me. "Is this the one you told me about?"

"That's the one," Jacky responded. "What do you think?"

The short woman took my face in her palms and slowly turned my head from side to side.

"Very good material," she said. "You will undress for me, please. Everything off." What?



I hesitated and looked at Jacky.

“You will do as Cynthia instructs,” said Jacky. “She is a very dear friend of mine and she is going to help me to achieve your Master’s plan for you.”

Seeing no alternative, I took off all my clothes and was soon standing naked before the two women, my cheeks burning with embarrassment.

Cynthia began to poke at my naked body. She felt my legs and arms, poked her finger in my chest a few times and squeezed my ass, which caused me to gasp with the shame of it all.

“Yes, I was right,” said Cynthia. “Very good material indeed. Definitely. It’s good that the hair is so long. I know just the right color for it.”

“Is everything prepared?” Jacky asked.

“Yes,” said Cynthia. “All of my girls are excited and looking forward eagerly to this project.”

They were talking just as though I weren’t there and it was beginning to annoy me. Was I just an object to them?

Jacky pulled a tape measure out of her purse.

“Hold still for me while I take a few measurements,” she ordered. “I have a lot of shopping to do for you today. Mr. Devon was very specific about the way he wants you dressed.”

I stood still as Jacky measured my body in every conceivable direction and dimension, making notes

in a little note pad. She finished and Cynthia handed me a short yellow terry cloth robe.

“Put this on,” Cynthia demanded.

I put the robe on, glad to have something covering my nakedness.

“I’m going to leave you in Cynthia’s care while I go shopping for some suitable clothes for you to wear. I’ll be back to pick you up later today,” she said.

“Come with me,” Cynthia ordered.

I followed her down a hallway and into a room that had a table, several strange machines, and three young girls.

The girls all giggled when they saw me.

“This is our subject for today, girls, please prepare to begin,” she said. To me, “You will lie on the table.”

The girls went about some tasks I didn’t understand as I climbed up onto the table and lay on my back, feeling very uncertain about what these women planned to do to me.

Cynthia came over to me with a white cloth in her hands. She smiled at me and placed the cloth over my mouth and nose.

“Breathe deeply, Honey,” she said.

I took a couple of breaths and the room began to spin. I felt like I were falling into a great hole in the Earth, then everything went black.

I woke up feeling very strange. It took me several minutes to get my bearings. I finally figured out that I was sitting in some sort of recliner chair and I was naked again. I closed my eyes because the room was still spinning a little bit and I tried to take inventory of how I felt. My skin felt sort of funny, kind of tingly all over. My ears and my chest hurt a little and my hair felt like it had a tightness all across my head. I shifted in the chair and an involuntary moan escaped my lips.

“Oh, good, she’s awake,” Jacky observed. “Let’s get her dressed. There isn’t t much time left. How do you feel, Honey?” she asked, putting her face next to mine.

“Kinda groggy.”

My eyes opened wide and I sat up in the chair in shocked amazement.

“What s happened to my voice?” I squeaked. I sounded like one of those ditsy blondes in the old gangster movies.

“Take it easy, Honey,” Jacky urged, gently pushing me back in the chair. “We have made some changes in your appearance and raising the pitch of your voice was part of the package of services that Cynthia provides.

“A simple procedure, really. Your vocal chords have been temporarily shortened to give you a lovely girl’s voice,” Cynthia noted. ‘You will have to return every three months for maintenance or your voice will return to the way it was.”