



It was a regular Monday when Chad Kramer, dressed in an orange inmate's suit and with his wrists and ankles shackled, was guided through the corridors of the *Chainsman Correctional Facility*. Only few members of the staff took notice of his arrival or the hunky, middle-aged man escorting him with a satisfied smile. Since most procedures at the institution were automated, there were not many wardens present to begin with. Had Chad not been registered to start his sentence today, the two men could have left without anyone even remembering they had been there.

To Mitch Baker it was the greatest day of his recently started career as a private investigator. As an attentive observer would have easily been able to tell from the men's body language alone, these two hated each other's guts. There was a deeply rooted personal animosity between them reaching back to when Chad had not been a criminal and Baker had still been working his 6-figures job at a bank. Chad had approached him with a request for a huge credit and what seemed to be a genius business plan. Tempted by the massive bonus the deal would have made him, Baker granted Chad all the money he wanted. Since he was his most important client, Baker had invited Chad for dinner several times to which even Baker's then-wife had accompanied them.

Little had he known at that time all of this was a scheme Chad had been pulling off with several other banks and private investors simultaneously. Baker had been the only one though greedy enough to grant him the full sum he had requested. His regret was only surpassed by the humiliation he felt when his wife, rather happy than sorry, let him in on the fact she had been cheating on him with Chad ever since

Baker had introduced the two of them. Apparently, he was a far better lover than Baker had ever been, and she was not exactly shy to emphasize how well-endowed he also was. Filled with hatred, Baker wanted nothing more but murder the man that had betrayed him. Sadly, he had already left the city and was nowhere to be found. Even worse was the fact Baker had close to zero evidence it was Chad who tried to embezzle all the money. He had a hard time convincing his boss he had not been involved in the whole scheme from the start. From that day on, Baker's life spiraled out of control. He had a messy divorce and started drinking way too much alcohol. It was only a matter of time until his boss eventually fired him – for coming to work drunk, for his increasingly erratic behavior, but ultimately for his poor judgment on the credit for Chad. He had been forced to move away and start all over again.

A few years later, Baker had begun a new life. He had settled in as a private investigator, specialized in the field of fraud and embezzlement and had a few lucrative cases every now and then. Someday, he got a call from another bank. They wanted the detective to acquire some background info on a potential client of theirs who seemed suspicious. Sure enough, Baker found that person to be none other than Chad, using a fake name and ID to pull off the same swindle as many times before. Knowing that bastard's modus operandi fully well, Baker advised the bank to set up a meeting with Chad, making him believe he was close to getting the credit he longed for. After Chad had always been one step ahead of his pursuers, his luck came to an end when he walked right into the set-up conference room, only to be met by police and Baker himself!

In the weeks following Chad's arrest, many of his victims spoke out, resulting in an avalanche of criminal offenses he got charged with. The trial resulted in a life sentence, a surprisingly harsh verdict meant to be an example for anyone considering a criminal career like Chad's. Baker had celebrated for a whole week. What was even better than the sentence itself was the place Chad was supposed to spend it at. There was no prison more nefarious than the *Chainsman Correctional Facility*, a place where inmates were stripped of their dignity and basically treated as slaves. It was run exclusively by females, a measure supposed to humiliate especially those convicted of any assaults or other misdemeanors against women. The activities the inmates had to partake in were also... different from regular prisons. The poor men here were bound, gagged, blindfolded, and put into chastity devices. They either spend their whole time tightly restrained or were forced to do different kinds of hard labor, all the time being supervised and teased by their attractive female wardens. It was a punishment suitable for the most deranged, macho-type criminals – or those who had powerful enemies in politics.

Baker had pleaded with the judge to give him permission to be the one delivering Chad to his new home at *Chainsman*. He wanted to introduce Chad to his new home himself and see his reaction!



When they entered the prison, Baker was not disappointed. The first cell they passed offered Chad a taste of what was in store for him from now on for the rest of his life: two ridiculously sexy women dressed in uniforms were handling a thing that might have been a human being a while ago, but now could merely be described as a creature. It walked clumsily on a pair of ballet boots, its posture a display of humiliation and futile resistance. As it was standard procedure in this facility, the thing was hooded, and its genitals were tightly encased by the unforgiving steel of a chastity device. Even its eyes were blindfolded, which to Baker was the biggest punishment for it prevented the prisoner from seeing its lovely wardens! "See him?", He asked and glanced over to the handcuffed man at his side, "That's you in a few minutes!" He laughed while the wardens dragged the shaking man along, but Chad did not seem to be impressed. He made the same grumpy face he had made since the handcuffs had clicked. Baker knew he was just pretending. Deep down, he feared this hell hole just like everyone else did.



Baker escorted his captive to a room at the end of the corridor where new inmates were to be prepared for "storage". One of *Chainsman's* sexy wardens was waiting there already. "Welcome!", she said, "I am warden Natalie. I'll make sure the prisoner is all locked up and ready to serve his sentence." Baker chuckled. He couldn't help but stare at Natalie's toned legs encased in seductively shiny pantyhose. "Would you like a coffee while I get him changed?", she asked, and Baker nodded. He took a seat right next to them and grabbed a plastic cup from the desk. Taking a big gulp of the hot beverage, he continued to inspect the warden. She was guiding Chad to a corner of the room and proceeded to unlock his handcuffs. "Do you always handle prisoner transfers alone?", Baker asked, "Aren't you worried he might overpower you?" Natalie turned her head to him. "Oh no, detective, not at all. I'm sure he knows what trouble would await him if he tried any funny stuff. Besides, where should he go, anyway? And of course, with a strong man like you at my side, why would I need to worry?" She gave him a wink and Baker smiled back at her. "I caught him myself, you know?", he said. Why shouldn't he at least try to impress her? After all, this was his big day and what better way was there to celebrate than fucking that hot chick? "Wow, that's impressive, detective! You must be so smart and awesome at your job!" Baker smiled and had another sip. He felt strangely light-headed, probably he was drunken with excitement. "Yeah", he said, "You got any plans for tonight, warden Natalie? We could have a drink together, something stronger than this here!" Natalie had freed Chad from all his restraints in the meantime. "Sorry", she said, turning to Baker, "But I'm afraid YOU got other plans for tonight. And the stuff you're drinking is already *pretty* strong..." With a confused stare on his face, the detective looked back and forth between the empty cup

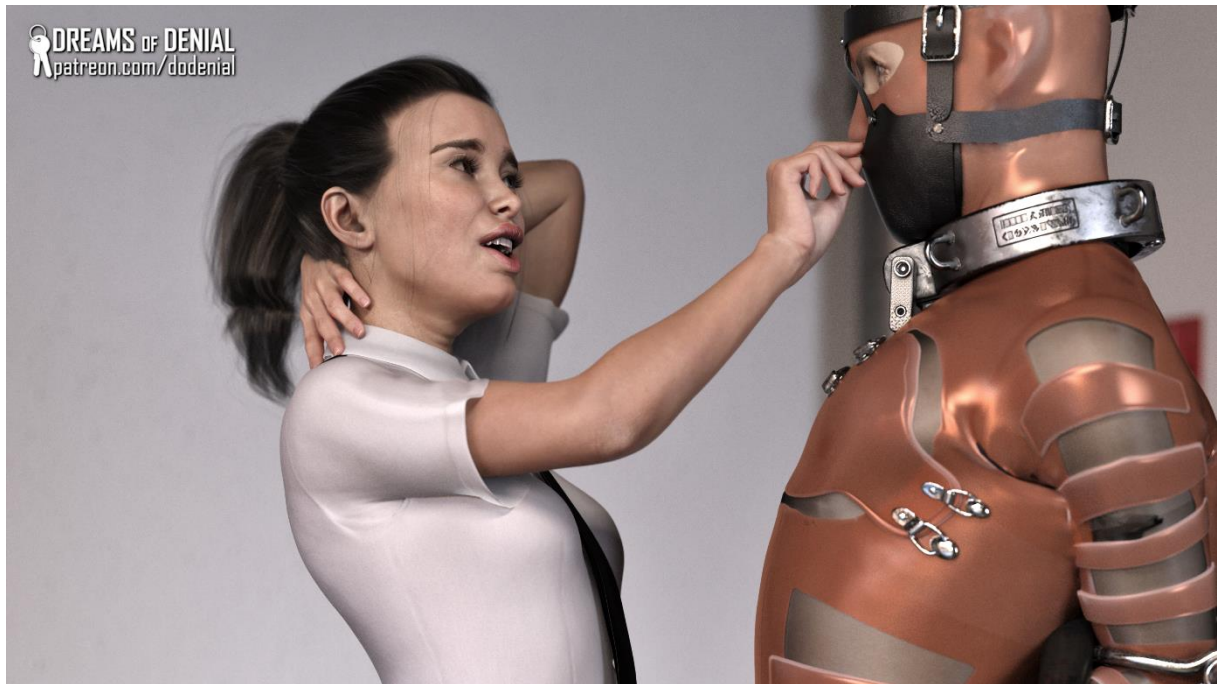
in his hand and the warden's triumphant smile. Before he could say anything more, the dizziness took hold of Baker and he passed out.



Amidst the darkness surrounding him, Baker could hear a voice talking in excitement. "You played along perfectly baby, he didn't see it coming! Now change into his clothes while I strap him in..." From some seemingly distant place, Chad said something Baker could not understand. The sounds of clicking cuffs and straps being pulled tight filled the air. He noticed the pressure around his wrists and ankles, the sensation of being tightly secured by professional restraints, but his body was immobile and powerless to prevent anything that happened.

"Wow, the detective attire suits you... So sexy!" It was Natalie talking. Talking to Chad. What was going on here? What the hell was in that coffee? Slowly, Baker regained consciousness and immediately recognized that something was way off. His skin felt warm, encased in two layers of nylon and latex. He opened his eyes and twitched in shock as he saw the warden standing right in front of him. He found he could move again, but was effectively hindered to do so... He was horrified when he realized the reason for that: he was shackled and fastened to the very same wheel cart that had been prepared for Chad! Given the feeling of nylon and latex on his skin, he was probably fully encased within Chad's prison suit as well. Behind Natalie, he spotted his nemesis, fully dressed in the detective's very own clothes. And

they even fit him quite well! Finally, the revelation set in, and Baker understood: They had screwed him over! A loud, angered scream was muffled by the face mask and gag that was stuffed in his mouth.



Natalie smiled at him. "You've woken just in time!", she cheered, "The other wardens, by which I mean the *actual, real* wardens, will be here shortly to pick you up and I just needed to have a quick talk to you!" Chad ignored them and moved to the door to keep watch for anyone coming. That bastard and his devious girlfriend would never get away with his escape, Baker thought as he kept fighting his restraints. "Oh, relax!", Natalie continued as she noticed his efforts. "I had enough time to get familiar with this kind of restraining and transportation systems. I made extra sure you won't get out. You're stuck now, Mr. Detective!"

Baker gave her a look of pure loathing while the warden playfully traced his muzzle with her finger. Despite the confusing situation he was in, her expression and sensual touch send a tingle down his spine into his groin. Where, to his horror, he felt a hard and unforgiving resistance against his swelling manhood. He moaned in discomfort as he realized she had put him into a chastity device and thereby made his disguise as an inmate perfect. "You see, I hired here immediately after I got word that Chad was convicted and about to be transferred to this place. I never expected it to work, but I was so devastated after he got caught, I needed to try it! Well, turned out the wardens here are rather underpaid, and the prison is always looking for fresh, good-looking personnel. They hired me without any background checks, can you believe that?" Baker was heavily sweating underneath the warm coating he was in. He had to get out of this and inform the wardens! "Well,", Natalie continued, "It was fun playing the mean bitch around here for as long as it lasted, but I guess toady will be my last day. After all, we got to get moving before anyone has a closer look on Chad!"

*You can run, but you can't hide*, Baker thought. As soon as Chad's absence was noticed, the hunt for him would begin again. "What?", Natalie asked, "You don't think we'll get far, do you? Think again, detective. Funny thing is, I just planned to free Chad and somehow smuggle him out of here... I hadn't really planned that through and would have probably improvised... Probably, we would have gotten caught. And then you came along! You see the irony? Since you decided to bring Chad in yourself, you have kind of sentenced yourself to take his place!" Baker just stared at her in disbelief. Their ridiculous plan would backfire as soon as any other warden was present and realized they had been switched! "And you're quite the perfect candidate!", Natalie explained, locking eyes with the helpless detective. "A miserable, failed man like you... I don't suppose there's anyone close to you left, since all your life essence for the past couple years was hunting down Chad. I bet you've torn down all the bridges behind you when your wife left you, lost all your mutual friends... I've seen it happen many times. And, of course, you told yourself your pity life was supposed to change after you'd delivered Chad... Well, it will change! Since, luckily, there's no one out there missing or looking for you, you'll be serving the entire sentence trapped in here!"

Baker screamed into his muzzle, his eyes widening. The cuffs keeping him connected to the wheel cart clanked, but all his struggling was in vain. "Babe!" It was the first time Chad had spoken in a while, and it came from him still guarding the door. "They're coming! You ready?" Natalie smiled over to her boyfriend, then laid her eyes back on Baker. "Don't worry too much", she said, "There's nothing you can do now anyway. The other wardens don't give a damn about who's under that hood, so you can scream and struggle all you want. You might think someone would notice. Well, nope. I've already filed all the paperwork, so Chad Kramer is officially an inmate here now. Once you're bound, gagged, and hooded – as you are – you're just a number, anonymous and indistinguishable from any other inmate. Inmate of the high-security-ward, that is, since that's where Chad was supposed to go to. For the rest of his life. Oh gosh, this must feel so terrible, realizing this is now **your** fate!"



The door opened and three wardens in similar outfits entered to be greeted by a furiously struggling new inmate and two people who could not keep their hands of each other. "Oh, did we disturb you?", one of them asked jokingly. "Sorry!", Natalie replied, "This is Mitch, my boyfriend! He was the one capturing this piece of shit and I thought that needed to be celebrated!" Chad greeted the wardens who, walking elegantly on clicking high heels, circled Baker and scanned him from head to toe. "Welcome, prisoner!" one of them, a stern looking gorgeous blonde, said. Baker screamed as loud as he could, producing only soft, unintelligible noises. He tried to point to Chad, give them signs, but his hands were securely encased in mittens forcing them into useless fists. The warden laughed. "I see you're happy to finally see your new home! Better get used to it, for you will never leave it again!" The happy couple kissed in front of the raging new prisoner, mocking his inability to do anything about it. As the wardens slowly began to cart him away, they turned and happily waved him goodbye. Baker twitched and struggled as if he was electrified, his impotent rage causing the wardens to smile mildly. The muffled screams were gone as soon as the door closed behind them.





On their way through the corridor Baker had walked Chad down when he was still a free man, the wardens engaged in chatter. "God, I've had some super upset guys being delivered to this facility: crying, struggling, fighting their restraints. All of them eventually gave in, exhausted and somehow accepting their fate and the fact they deserved it in the end. But this one here really tops them all! He's going absolutely crazy!"

"Yeah! And what a screamer he is! Thank god that gag is effective! I guess someone has been a very naughty boy and is suddenly realizing what a life sentence means in this place!"

"Aww, poor boy! All this fury and strength going to waste! Hey prisoner, come to terms with your new life! You're trapped in here like an animal and there's nothing you can do about it!"

"Right, prisoner, let this sink in: you're in here for life! You will never be able to move freely again... Never going to fuck a woman ever again. And since you're making all this hassle, I think we'll take you directly to the discipline ward!"