

A Gift From James



Chris Bellows

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A Gift From James

by Chris Bellows

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James

I remember the first time the subject arose. We had just completed a lengthy, torrid session of lovemaking. By my count, D had three major orgasms judging from the spasmodic squeezes of her thighs and the sudden attempts to clench a non-existent handle of flesh on my back. And once again her sighs of gratification had involuntarily rolled from the depths of her throat. That was what always brought me to climax, listening to her husky but feminine voice turn to animalistic cries of passion.

Well, we were wrapped in the afterglow of wonderful sex and I wondered how I would recover the energy needed to dress. D dutifully reached down to remove the condom from my penis. She was very neat, and before I would move always responded to concerns about wetting the sheets with a timely concession to tidiness regarding the unfortunate messy details of lovemaking.

“Ever think of getting a vasectomy?”

The subject was thus introduced. She knew I hated condoms. And my distaste became more evident each time the revelry of satisfying sex had to be truncated due to the obligatory disposal of the slippery, semen-filled pouch.

So her timing was exquisite, fully aware that I preferred to remain semi-catatonic, lying next to her over heated, naked body, inhaling the familiar but pleasant aroma of combined perfume and musky feminine arousal rather than dealing with mundane sanitation. But alas, her concerns forced her to gently slide the wet rubber from my flaccid but still excited manhood, pinch off the opening, and trudge to the bathroom. Thus, the seed concerning vasectomy was planted at that particular point in time when the use of a condom seemed most inconvenient.

The retrieval and disposal signaled the end. I knew from countless Friday night dalliances that she would not return to bed, that the toilet would flush, that a fluffily robed D would quietly pad to the kitchen, and that the resulting

smell of fresh brewed coffee was really a signal from her to commence my departure.

As I dressed, I called to the kitchen.

"You know I've never had children. Rather not close off that option right now."

My pitched reply sounded more like a futile protest rather than a steadfast 'no'.

My voice always came across as wimpy when I spoke to D. Not sure why. Probably because of her firm, no nonsense demeanor and the confident manner in which she carried herself. And there was her physical beauty, which also seemed to fill a room and deplete the oxygen required for speech.

I crawled out of bed and began to dress. By habit I always folded and placed my clothing atop the large, curious dog cage in the corner of D's bedroom. I had known her for over a year and had rarely heard her mention her old pet, nor had I seen pictures of him.

She told me it was a large male mastiff that she had sent to a cousin's farm, having finally deemed the suburbs too congested.

"Never had him fixed," she explained. "He was all right with me, but some neighbors moved in with children. I didn't trust the situation."

I found it interesting that she never referred to the mastiff by his name.

When I picked up my slacks my fingers touched the strong steel bars. He must have been a very strong dog if it indeed required some two hundred pounds of steel to confine him. And the relatively large spacing between the bars was an ominous indication of his size. I felt relieved that he was sent away.

Each time I saw the cage, memories from childhood began to cascade. At one time my father raised minks. Beautiful but vicious, I was never permitted near the cages as a toddler. When my sister was born two years after me,

mother became even more concerned about safety. Father kept at it until one day he commented that the market was soft and feed was expensive. The remaining minks were sold by the time I was four or five. But the cages remained in the yard and became great playhouses for my sister and me.

And for Eve. Yes. Any memories of the cages brought back thoughts about Eve. She was a neighborhood girl of my age. Many afternoons she played with my sister and no matter the activity, Eve and my sister always seemed to gravitate to our back yard where the cages became a fantasyland for childhood play. A castle. A cavalry fort. A large doll house.

Eve was a beautiful little girl. With her bright eyes and infectious smile she easily enticed me into playing along. It was quite a feat for her at that age. Boys didn't normally participate in 'girl's games' and although she promised not to tell anyone, afterwards she always did.

I was always given some demeaning role to play. The butler serving tea. The groom for the imaginary horses. And then there were the times Eve became the Queen of some feudal land and I became a serf. And most times a naughty serf for whom Eve would find need to punish.

"Take him to the dungeon," she would roar in the mock authoritative voice of a ten year old. And my sister would lead me to a cage, close the door and report to the Queen with mock gravity, "The prisoner awaits your sentence."

The first time I played along and just stepped out of the cage when I tired of the game. But the second time the game was proposed, the mischievous Eve, unbeknownst to me, had brought her bicycle lock. My enjoyment quickly turned to anger when I found myself locked away by two girls.

Yes, I suppose I could have torn my way out, the wood and wire mesh having deteriorated over the years. But that

meant explaining the damage to my father with the possible result of permanently losing use of our play land.

So I sat while my fate was determined. And Eve could not help calling over more friends to form a jury, giggling away while my anger turned to frustrating embarrassment. Eve's play always seemed to include some aspect in which she took devilish delight in degrading boys. Most boys would not play with her.

Strange to think back, as angry as I was concerning Eve's deception, she convinced me to play again. She always wore the prettiest smile when she organized her games...

"When you want to get out, just ask," was her simple suggestion. I did not realize that her definition of 'ask' was making me beg in front of my younger sister.

Yes, she had tricked me again and the bicycle lock was finally released when darkness signaled the end of a long afternoon of play. No one wished to incur the wrath of our parents by being late for dinner and Eve removed the lock and ran off before I could exit the cage.

I think that was the night I first masturbated. But the chronology of events becomes faded over the years.

I put aside old reminiscences and moved toward the kitchen where D awaited, simultaneously slipping into my shoes and walking.

"Do give it some thought, James. I'm as put off by condoms as you are. Consider it as a gift."

She handed me coffee as she spoke. It really came across more as an ultimatum than a suggestion.

"I have a friend who can do it. We used to go to a winter spa together. It's possible to combine a vacation along with the procedure. She can do it at the spa."

She?...D noticed my reaction.

"Don't be such a male chauvinist. There are many good female doctors. The procedure is more akin to getting a hair cut than a complicated operation.

“And the spa is wonderful. It’s in the Canadian Rockies. Built by the railroad many years ago. The only way in and out of the facility is by train. They never dug any tunnels for roads and in the winter nothing gets over the mountains. The snow accumulates to amazing depths.

“So you’ll get snipped, relax at the spa, and no one will infringe on your privacy.”

D smiled with the thought. When she did so it always highlighted both her beauty and her strength. It was not a silly, mirthful smile. It was instead one of confidence, signifying hidden knowledge and wisdom, somewhat condescending, but in a pleasant way.

We talked over coffee and I promised to give the vasectomy more thought. She hinted that it would make feasible longer, uninterrupted evenings. Afterwards, I again found her timing in making this suggestion to be exquisite. For thoughts of spending the night languishing in her warm bed and pressing against her hot body came to mind as the howling Midwest wind chilled me, while crossing the street and the car’s heater subsequently refused to function on the drive home.

D

James looks like a puppy and makes love like one. I always found it comical that in finally bringing myself to orgasm, James would quietly take credit with a childlike look of smugness.

Little did he know what fantasies I had to conjure in order to achieve an orgasm with him. But letting my mind wander to find lustful thoughts was the easy part. The hard part was trying to endure the assault he manifested between my thighs in ‘attacking’ my love nest with his pusillanimous, semi-erect penis.

Still I liked him. But not for the reason he thought. If he only knew that the fantasy which most often brought me to ecstasy was one envisioning him in my dog cage, naked and well bound.

Yes, James. D is for Dominant. The concept of having a vasectomy at my behest is only a start. Those puppy dog eyes of yours will soon belong to just that...a puppy.

James

The next few encounters with D became increasing decadent. The following Friday evening, in the middle of copulating, she wrapped her arms around my shoulders and rolled us over, my erection remaining firmly implanted in her sheath. She then pinned me down by the shoulders and rode on top!

Her strength amazed me. First displaying the powerful finesse of a wrestler in rolling me over then riding me like a cowboy, wearing a wicked smile and making taunting comments until I ejaculated. Strangely, when I later thought about the pleasant encounter, it was not her actions but instead the timbre of her voice that haunted my subconscious.

"Wouldn't you like to come for me, James?" she cooed. "Be a good boy."

Spoken as if to a child by a forceful mother, I amazed myself with my own spermatic eruption, which filled the dreaded condom. On reflection, it seemed as if D had coaxed me to the edge and then finally permitted my spending with a simple suggestion of her authoritative voice.

The following week she produced a blindfold and giggled evilly when I began to place it over her head.

"I don't think so, James," she cautioned with admonition, her giggly voice quickly turning to an astonishingly commanding tone.

"It's for you."

She placed it over my head and we made love, with her again straddling my hips and pinning me to the sheets. It was different and delightfully sordid, but I missed watching her gorgeous breasts ripple with the thrusts of passion. In the darkness, her deep, smooth voice echoed in the caverns

of my mind and again, on her verbal cue, she coaxed my climax.

The following week she again placed the blindfold over my eyes. This time I removed it mid session, preferring the view of her firm torso and jiggling breasts to darkness. She stopped.

“No. No, James.”

With the curtailment of the pleasure, I let her replace the blindfold. Her message was received. No blindfold, no sex. But then I heard the clinking of metal, the feel of cold steel on my wrists, clicks, and pressure.

She handcuffed me!

“This is for bad boys, James,” she declared in an even but matronly tone.

She dismounted and pulled my restrained wrists over my head. Her soft laughter comforted me and I allowed her to play her game, my erect penis eagerly anticipating her renewed attention. More sounds and a slight tug indicated my wrists were tied to the headboard of the bed.

Then she disappeared, leaving me in my darkness with my erection, wet with her essence, pointing to the ceiling.

Rather odd, I thought. But my years of love making with numerous partners had imbued me with tolerance. If it turned her on...it turned me on.

She eventually returned and we consummated our coupling. Again, she voiced her permission and I emptied myself on cue. I didn't seek to fully understand the power of her command. After all, the pleasure consumed me and it became an enjoyable means to an ecstatic end.

There was no explanation of her period of absence and conversation during our post-copulation coffee returned to the subject of my vasectomy.

“I spoke with my friend. She's available for two weeks in February and would very much enjoy returning to Canada. She says vasectomies are regularly performed on an out

patient basis. A health spa is as good as a doctor's office in her mind.

"It would be a nice present and you have some vacation time coming. I can block out my calendar..."

I demurred and changed the subject noting that her resolve made her both a good lover and a pain with whom to discuss issues.

But she was relentless on the subject. And curiously, each week she modified our routine to slide further and further into a libidinous abyss. I played along. Her pleasure heightened with each added toy and routine and her orgasms began to result in climactic paroxysmal squeezings of her Kegel muscles. I had never before experienced such a sensation. It was incredibly pleasurable. It felt as though my member was being manipulated by an extraordinarily strong, soft, and moist hand. But her newly found prowess caused some degree of consternation as I began to question the relative intensity of her prior orgasms, which I thought she found gratifying.

During one steamy encounter, she shaved my groin and subsequently reshaved me each week. She said she liked the look of my organs and the feel of my smooth hairless scrotum.

"It appears wonderfully vulnerable, James," was her notable comment, as she gently but firmly drew down on my eggs, forcefully stretching out the pink sac.

She began inserting objects into my rectum. Bigger and bigger. Each time making humiliating comments concerning the excited reaction of my manhood and the prostatic fluid pressured from my urethra. Then she would leave me lying there on the bed, blindfolded and bound, for how long I would never know. On one occasion I glanced at the clock before and after our session and was shocked to see the process expanded to over three hours.

The anticipation of her return became a torturous mental game with my engorged penis eagerly pining for her deft

touch, expecting that at any moment she would firmly grip it and guide the tip into her warm, moist grotto.

Kinky jewelry began to appear from nowhere. She trained me to ride through the agony of well-clamped nipples, laughing when the strange combination of pain and pleasure brought me to explosive, voice commanded ejaculations.

Finally, one night, the blindfold was replaced by a latex hood with a single opening for my mouth and nose. I was bound to the bed, naked of course. She put headphones over my ears, gently stroked me to full erection while inserting a huge obdurate object into my back passage, turned on a tape recording of static noise and apparently...she left.

I don't know how long I laid there. I could not see. The static was not loud but completely blocked my hearing. Strangely, it felt as though my erection strengthened judging from the throbbing. Whatever object she had inserted, it apparently stimulated my prostate even more than the others.

I guess I slept. I'm not sure. I think I heard her voice through the headphones after what seemed like hours of nothingness. Then the voice faded and the noise returned.

Finally, I felt her presence. Not straddling my hips but instead my head. Her feminine aroma became stronger and stronger until the warmth and wetness of her sex met my nose and lips. I dutifully licked...and licked...and licked.

Her voice briefly interrupted the noise through the headphones by way of some type of voice activated microphone. Softly but firmly the alto pitch instructed me in the art of cunnilingus. When a particular motion of my tongue pleased her, the very tip of my penis received a barely perceptible brush of a feather. Conversely, her displeasure was evidenced by the twist of one of my nipple ornaments.

She was insatiable and, with her persnickety neatness, I was strongly encouraged to take in every drop of her essence.

"You know I don't like wet sheets, James," she cautioned me, and my tongue learned to capture every drop of her spendings.

That night, for the first time she did not bring me to climax. After some dozen of her own orgasms her voice again interrupted the static to explain she was tired.

"And I'm out of condoms, which brings me to the subject of my gift you don't wish to discuss."

The vasectomy arose again.

She stepped off me and released one of my wrists. By the time I finished removing the cuffs, headphone, hood and untied my ankles, the sound of running water told me she was in the shower. No smell of coffee greeted my nose, but instead my adjusting eyes spotted a hurriedly written note requesting that I be sure to engage the lock on my way out the front door.

Removing the anal insertion was a struggle and I was shocked at its size and shape. Where would D find such an object?

The drive home was miserable and lonely. My testicles ached. I was frustrated. D had never left me hanging before...but I also felt a strange inner satisfaction. Like a dog knowing that sooner or later Master would feed him, I felt the same with D. She would take care of me.

The morning newspaper lying on the front seat was dated December 5. If there was to be a February trip to Canada, it should be arranged soon.

D

James was so laughable. He had no conception of his own submissive psyche. I had introduced many males to sexual servitude, but none fell into their subordinate roll so quickly.

A male's erection is like a barometer. And James' manhood continued to forecast excitement despite my

heightened level of control and the increasing applications of pain and humiliation.

And his receptivity to sensory deprivation was wonderfully amusing. Over time, I think he'll find himself encountering longer and longer periods under the hood. On one occasion I left him bound and naked in my apartment and left to work out at the gym. He never realized I was gone for over an hour and that my subsequent strong fragrance and wet skin resulted from a vigorous workout, not from the arousal of observing his helpless naked form.

There was, however, a level of pleasure in sitting back with a cold drink and watching him squirm his buttocks against the special butt plug I inserted. I always found it interesting how few males understand their own organs. That the prostate begs for the attention afforded by a firm controlling female, yet the rectum resists, futilely in James' case since I've worked him well open over the weeks.

Well, James will learn more about his own male promiscuity. The trip to Canada has already been scheduled. I called his boss and told him I was planning a surprise vacation for James. The boss acknowledged he needed time off and graciously arranged to accommodate James' absence.

Meanwhile, I visited my self-storage locker. The steel handcuffs were too uncomfortable for truly long-term sensory deprivation and my dildo harness beckoned.

I always purchased quality paraphernalia and sure enough when I opened my locker the collection of sturdy fur lined wrist and ankle cuffs was as good as the day I purchased them. And the harness still fit, somewhat tightly, but I attributed the snugness to my extensive exercise program and the resulting thickened layers of muscle.

"Oh, James," I thought, "what a trip you're going to have."

Lastly I grabbed my medical bag. I had never told James that my bachelors' degree was in psychiatric nursing. A

suitable entree for my Ph.D. in psychology, working nights in a loony bin imbued me with much background concerning long term bondage. Some patients I had to restrain for days...

James

It became evident on the following Friday afternoon that a decision concerning my vasectomy needed to be made.

D called my office and suggested I leave a little early and come right to her place. Her tone of voice was luridly suggestive and after being sent home sans relief from the week before, she knew I needed attention. I knew she needed an affirmative answer on the procedure and the trip. And it was fair. Some women are perfectly willing to use a condom. D was an exception and I should appreciate that, I reasoned to myself.

What did a little snip to some small ducts really mean? And she did consider it a gift.

At 34, the notion of having the patter of little feet running throughout a well-mortgaged house was becoming less and less attractive. And marriage was a long way off. Steamy sex with D was one thing. Pledging a lifetime of devotion was another, not to mention the day to day drudgery of raising a family.

So on the drive to D's apartment, my decision was almost made.

Upon arrival, she looked marvelous as always. Something about her intelligence enhanced her natural beauty. Never with a glitzy show girl smile, D displayed a 'come hither' look that made men ogle. And it blossomed with maturity. Whereas the teenaged cheerleaders of our youth suffered with the menace of the years, time seemed to enhance D's persona. On each occasion when our paths crossed, I had the insatiable urge to genuflect and kiss her hand and, had she been wearing a crown, perhaps her feet.

"Special plans tonight, James. Let's get settled."

She nodded toward the bedroom, which I immediately approached with glee. Like a pubescent boy my mind could not help wondering if, after an extra week without sex, I would come with twice the load of sperm, or better, twice the degree of pleasure.

I stripped as instructed and it was only when I was completely naked that I noticed D was not removing any garments. Also, it was then that I awkwardly noticed she was dressed for a social occasion, not in her normal professional office attire that I usually encountered on our early evening rendezvous.

She noticed my concern.

“Yes, James. I’m going out. But I think you’ll still be here when I return.”

Another confident smile flourished with her forceful prognostication. She held in her hands strange strips of leather with thick fur attached.

“Supine position please. Make yourself comfortable.”

Spoken as a command, I found my reaction to be inexplicable. I quickly obeyed!

Within minutes D cuffed wrists and ankles, tugged the latex hood over my head and set the headphones over my ears. All this I had encountered before, but the speed and craft with which I was secured, blinded and deafened was frighteningly efficient. No longer did she appear as a coy lover experimenting with kinky wares. Instead she moved deftly and professionally and when finished, I found myself completely immobile with strong cords making me part of the bed frame.

The familiar static noise filled the headphones. D merely had to brush her finger against the underside of my frenulum and I felt my erection spring to life. This left my testicles as the only impediment to my anus and when I felt them gently lifted in the palm of her hand I knew what was coming, my butt plug.

It was shocking how large it felt yet how easily it slid into my backside. Then the voice activated microphone briefly cut off the noise and transmitted the sound of a sardonic laugh. It was not D’s voice and it was not female!

Completing the stuffing of my backside, D released my scrotum, affectionately patted my penis and also laughed

into the microphone.

“I’ll be back later. Robert and I are going to dinner. You think about that gift and how you can better be of service to me. This may help focus your mind.”

I felt her fingers on my lips and nose. They were wet. When I inhaled, the strong, familiar feminine fragrance of D’s sex filled my nostrils. She had obviously reached under her skimpy cocktail dress and retrieved a good sampling of her essence. Panties had evidently been deemed superfluous for her evening date. I flushed with jealousy, but my penis reacted differently. I felt it obsequiously waggle in reaction to the tantalizing scent and heard the male voice laugh again.

“Be a good boy.”

And she left.

D

Robert was usually my Saturday night date. Since I intended to spend much time with James over the weekend it was a better scheduling to tie down James and spend some social time with Robert, leaving Saturday free. Better scheduling and an incredibly arousing scene. Displaying the well-bound and naked James to Robert was quite the turn on. And if James had any idea of his excitedly flushed color and how his penis reacted so obediently to my taunts, he would understand how beautifully he was falling into his future role.

Robert was quite amused. He’s not submissive but seemed curious concerning the interaction with James. Other than some voyeuristic tendencies, Robert is a normal but well endowed male. With my week chock filled with counseling disgusting, wealthy and self-centered depressives, I need a few hours with someone as vanilla and even-tempered as Robert. Nothing serious, just some amusing conversation and incredibly satisfying sex with Robert skillfully using every one of his eight inches.

After all, whereas bringing James under my control is most entertaining, in a way it adds to an already busy week another night of plying my psychological craft. Robert is a welcome change. And with James, Robert played his role perfectly. His laugh can be most disconcerting, and James seemed to react accordingly.

So while I have a nice dinner, James will sink into a deep revelry and within a couple hours my tape-recorded voice will begin. A very soft recording, barely perceptible to the ear except to someone in extreme sensory deprivation, will give James guidance. A set of subliminal messages I spent much time scripting with the assistance of obscure texts on interrogation techniques from the KGB archives. The CIA doesn't publish theirs.

James will become mental putty. Then I will begin to mold and his gift will be mine...

James

Even with the static noise, I could hear my heart pounding. Here I lay naked and tightly bound and D was showing me to a guest. Damn my reaction, I thought, penis standing like a telephone pole before D's male friend. And my reaction to her aroma couldn't be helped. I so much enjoyed bringing her pleasure with my tongue and it had been two weeks without relief. I envisioned some tall handsome guy, clucking his tongue, suggesting as I squirmed in my bonds that D needed real male companionship.

The thoughts enraged me and I let my mind wander in order to settle down.

It was apparent that the vasectomy subject had to be addressed. The message was clear. A 'no' would mean an end to our relationship. I couldn't let that happen. Being with D, even with her kinky habits, initially had punctuated my week, but now punctuated my life.

Delaying the decision would evidently result in a level of sexual frustration approaching torture, judging from my

current status. D was dressed for dinner, so I knew I would lie helplessly for at least a couple of hours. But then what? Last week I was dismissed without gratification. Would D do that again? She may just be satiated by whomever it was laughing into the microphone. Mr. Dinnerdate. Again I pictured a well built, dark haired gigolo with his hands working their way under D's dress. And no panties to hinder his efforts!

Okay, James, settle yourself.

A 'yes' means a pleasant trip to a winter wonderland. D's doctor friend must be quite experienced if she is willing to perform the operation at a health spa. And I have read where it's a rather simple operation considering it's intended as a gift...

I don't remember much after that. I believe I fell asleep despite my throbbing erection. I think, but I'm not sure, that pre-ejaculatory fluid was flowing down my swollen shaft.

Was that D's voice? Was she back? I called out but I could barely hear my own voice. No feedback through the headphones. D must have turned off the microphone leaving me to the static noise, which drowned out everything.

I returned to sleep and again heard D's voice. It was far away, as if calling me from a distance. I could not fully understand what she was saying. My frustration mounted. My nose itched and without the ability to scratch it drew my attention to D's fragrance which I could still smell.

Again I slept. Then awoke. I completely lost track of time with my day dreaming and my naps.

I amused myself with a vision of D's beautiful naked form and found that if I clenched my buttocks it caused my butt plug to move and pressure my prostate. This in turn produced a most tantalizing stimulation, which further engorged my erection. I was certain my fluid was flowing abundantly. Then I found that if I concentrated I could

waggle my sizable erection. At least it felt like it was wagging.

I found it curious that, when completely immobilized, the ability to make such a small motion would be so importantly amusing. D secured me tighter than ever before. The cuffs were comfortable but incredibly strong. Where did she learn to secure someone so tightly?...and so quickly?

I could not move my head. That was a first. The hood had eyelets in a couple of places. D must have hooked my hood to the headboard. How devious! The headphones made it clumsy to turn my head in the last bondage session, but now I couldn't move at all. Not an inch!

D

Robert was such a gentlemen. The type of man mothers want their daughters to marry. Yes, I could take him home to mom, settle down and then, but for mind blowing vanilla sex, be bored for the rest of my life.

Robert was not submissive. Far from it. But he was well equipped and even a Dominant girl needs a good stiff penis on occasion. Even if it means assuming the dreaded missionary position.

But on this Friday night, I've added some spice. With two drinks and some wine I've convinced Robert to return to my apartment, even though the sight of a naked, well-bound, and shaved James is not his cup of tea. But I know every man is willing to try something once. So upon returning I find myself moving the living couch to where I can lie down, turn my head to the side and watch James through the open bedroom door. Then I can look down and see Robert's fully erect eight inches prepare to enter my love pouch. What a glorious evening! James is still discovering his prostate and even in the dim bedroom lights I can see him squirm and self manipulate his frustrated erection by way of the nasty butt plug. And unbeknownst to James he's amusing both himself and me with that wagging pink rod.

Yes. James will be ready for me in the morning. But for now I'll just watch him struggle in his bonds, waggle his cute little erection and enjoy the impassioned, firm strokes of a real man.

James

What is the difference between a dream and a hallucination? Without sight, sound and the ability to move I cannot determine if I am awake. I believe I can still detect the fragrance of D's fine femininity, but that may be part of the hallucination. I don't recall ever smelling something in a dream. And, yes, I can smell D. Is she nearby? Or am I hallucinating?

My thoughts ramble uncontrollably. Sometimes I wonder about the time. But then convince myself that the time of day or night does not matter. It is the time relative to when D decides to release me that is pertinent. So, do I have an hour left? Two hours? Three hours?

But then I realize...even if I could determine the remaining time in bondage it would not mean anything. I had no way of keeping track. So if I concluded now that I had two hours remaining, I would just fall asleep again and lose track. So time didn't matter after all.

Then there is the question of the voice. It is D's voice...if there is indeed a voice. But it is possible there is no voice. Which means it is not D. Except if I'm hallucinating. Then it would be a hallucination of D's voice.

And if it is D's voice, what is it saying? I resolve to remain breathlessly still next time I hear it, or think I hear it. That way I can hear what it is telling me, if indeed there is a voice.

My circular analysis is interrupted by an urge I had not considered. My bladder is full. With my swollen penis, controlling any inadvertent flow is not a problem. But the fullness begins to occupy my thoughts. At some point I will need to empty myself, I realize. And I have to wait for D to return...or the unthinkable alternative...wet her sheets.

I find it interesting that once the situation becomes apparent, I can not put it out of my mind. What should I do? D will be very upset to return to a messy bed.

D

Well, all good things must end. Robert took me three times, the dear boy. And with James displaying himself I nearly fainted from my own orgasms. Quite a scene being penetrated by one phallus while watching another that's completely under my control. Heady stuff.

But alas, I was tired. I made coffee for Robert and he asked me about James. He was hinting at something so I suggested he stay for a while longer. Maybe he was not as vanilla as I thought.

James

Yes. It is definitely D's voice.

This time her stentorian voice comes through with clarity as the endless hours of static suddenly disappear.

"Wake up time, big boy."

I am so relieved. I think tears of gratitude form. But with the hood covering my eyes and with my hands restrained I cannot determine with certainty.

D toys with my erection. When she gently frigs it with two fingers, her action confirms that I have indeed remained erect for the entire ordeal.

"You'll need to relieve yourself, James. I'll get a bowl."

My bladder is bursting and but for my erection holding back the urge, I probably would have emptied myself long before. The torment of not knowing how long I had to hold back is indescribable.

But a bowl? I speak and suggest that it is easier to release my wrists and ankles and a quick trip to the bathroom would be more timely.

"No, James. We're not done."

With her brief reply comes a vicious swat to the tip of my erection. D must have swung her hand from well above. I yelp and feel my manly pride shrink with surprising

suddenness. Then I feel the bowl between my thighs and the gentle grasp of her fingers as she guides the flaccid penis tip over the edge.

“Try to be quick, James. It’s late and I want to go to bed.”

I am both heartened and humiliated. Heartened to learn that D will be joining me in bed. Humiliated in being required to relieve myself at her behest and with her directing my penis into the bowl.

Nothing happens.

“Relax and let the flow begin, James. Be good. Fill the bowl for me.”

Her voice changes from one of aggravated haste to being smooth and firm. The tone and soothing patter are similar to that which she has used to encourage my climax. My bladder really is full and with her comforting remarks and gentle prodding I began to urinate. It would be much easier just to release me, I think. But D seems to enjoy her control, despite professing to be tired.

“All males are just little boys. Their true nature is always trying to manifest itself.”

Is D talking to me?

Urinating while lying on a bed is a challenge. After all, from childhood one is trained not to wet the bed. But I succeed in emptying myself and D dutifully shakes the last drop and carefully wipes the remnants of excretion from my penis tip. She does this with such alacrity that more questions arise concerning her prior experiences.

“I’d like to get that vasectomy. Your present...”

It just blurts out, a complete non sequitur in the middle of her removal of the bowl. But I want so much to please her and it is the only thing I can think of to say.

“Yes, James. I know. We’ll talk in the morning.”

I hear the bowl empty and the toilet flush. Then the closet door opens, closes and a chain rattles.

“New rules, James. Whenever you’re here I want you restrained, leashed or caged. I have these proclivities. I’m

sure you'll learn to humor me. There'll be rewards for you."

She moves to my side as she speaks and I feel her fingers in the area of my neck. I instinctively lick her hand, signaling my needs.

"Not tonight, James. Robert and I made love for a good part of the evening and I don't think you'd like what your tongue would encounter. Robert's had vasectomy, you see."

Why do I find this so disconcerting? When a woman dresses to kill but chooses not to wear undergarments, there's only one conclusion that can be drawn concerning her expectations. And D has to get in another dig regarding the vasectomy.

She finishes her business. I am collared and she tests the leash with some gentle tugs.

Then I feel her working about my feet. The headphones are removed and my wrists released.

"Bring your hands down to your waist slowly for me, James. Yes, that's a good boy."

She fiddles with something then I feel a strong tug on my neck collar.

"Come," is her pleasant but firm command.

It feels wonderful being free. Still hooded, I sit up to follow the leash and through various tugs determine that she wants me on all fours. That's when I find my wrist cuffs to be tethered. Not tightly. But some type of cord runs from wrist to wrist, which allows only limited motion. Then as she pulls toward the end of the bed I find my ankle cuffs to be similarly tethered. I can move but such is quite limited.

"Stay on all fours now, James. It's safer. Your hands and feet are restrained. If you try to stand you may fall."

She draws me to the edge of the bed and stops. Her fragrance is strong and when she places one hand behind my head and gently guides it down and forward, the aroma of her sex fills my nostrils and I feel the heat of her abdomen. D is naked. I thrust forward my tongue, find the flat smooth flesh at the top of her well-trimmed pubes. I lick.

"You *are* a randy one, James. But I don't think you'll like what your tongue finds. Come. Down. Be careful."

Realizing that I am to vacate her bed, I lean down until my hands find the soft carpet of the floor. I then lower my feet and feel the leash tighten as soon as I resume my position on hands and knees.

"Come. Follow the leash."

I comply. It has been a long evening. I figure if I obey, D will have her fun then I'll be released. She said she is also tired. Therefore my freedom is close.

I am wrong.

She seems to take great relish in guiding me about the apartment at the end of her leash. I become embarrassed by my reaction. I tumefy. Yes. My erection returns and I attribute it to her strong scent, which seems to be getting stronger with the proximity of what I know to be her naked body. But the butt plug also works its magic. Crawling about reawakens the odd pleasurable sensations which I'm sure assists in my tumescence.

Finally, after several rounds, she seems satisfied. On the last lap I do not bump into anything, and she coos some compliments about my quick reaction to tugs and commands.

That's when I heard some loud clanks and felt my hands and knees being guided over a low threshold. The tension on the leash disappears. I feel her loosen my wrists.

"Spread your arms for me."

I do and am shocked to feel the bars of the huge dog cage.

D unsnaps the leash and tugs on my hood. I attempt to move my hands to assist her and find they are secured. She peels off the latex covering and as dim as the lights are, my eyes still hurt from the lengthy period of darkness.

"You'll have to get used to having your hands restrained, James. Naughty boys are known to masturbate and that's not allowed."

Before my eyes can focus, I hear a laugh. It is the same male voice I heard so many hours ago. Mr. Dinnerdate!

I flush with rage. D's game has gone too far. She has lead me about her apartment naked and on all fours while her male friend watched. Instinctively, I pull on my arms only to be reminded that D has clipped the soft but strong wrist cuffs to the bars, left and right.

My eyes adjust and I look up to focus on the beautiful, completely naked form of D. Across the room is the smiling Mr. Dinnerdate. And my inner rage grows more when I realize he is just as I have imagined. Tall. Athletic. Well dressed. Well groomed.

I begin a verbal tirade in protest but before I adequately express my anger, D reaches into the cage with her fist, gathers my nose between the slot of her middle and ring fingers, and twists. The pain jolts me and my words of protest turn to a pitiful yelp.

"Behave yourself, James. Robert is a guest. You're going to have a long night if I have to gag you."

Bound and naked. Well restrained and locked in a cage. My feeling of helplessness overcomes the venting of my anger. I return to silence.

Robert, who had been insouciantly leaning on a dresser, steps forward.

"Time to go, Sweets."

He tenderly kisses D, gives her naked, perfectly rounded buttocks a tender squeeze then turns to me.

"Have a good night, stud."

He reaches between the bars, tousles my hair and softly chuckling, calmly sashays out. D laughs at my obvious look of disdain.

"We *will* work on your manners, James."

With that I hear the front door click shut. D moves to the front of the cage. My face is inches from her sex and despite my anger, I feel my erection stir. Incredibly, my penis has

remained engorged during the entire ordeal. D leans over to look for herself. She too notices my stiffness and smiles.

"You doth protest too much, James."

With her paraphrase of Shakespeare, her fingers disappear between her thighs. When they return they glisten in the light, covered with Robert's semen and her own lubrication.

She then mischievously coats my nose, lips and chin. She takes her time, as if applying makeup and twice returns to her love nest for more in order to paint my cheeks and forehead. The realization that her sex has been abundantly filled by Mr. Dinnerdate makes me seethe, but my silence is mandated.

"Tomorrow, James, you're going to learn many things. Manners included."

She steps to the rear of the cage and grasps my testicles. Using my organs as leverage, her free hand begins to pull on my butt plug.

"Push for me."

I comply and the large rubber implement is expelled with a plop.

"If you have to go during the night, do so. It is you who will clean out the cage."

She turns off the light and enters the bathroom. The running water tells me she is cleansing herself. For the remainder of the night, I will smell like the sex organ of an aroused female, while trying my best to sleep in the steel cage. She will sleep refreshingly cleansed resting in her comfortable bed.

D

Sleeping was difficult. I was as giddy as a schoolgirl looking at James kneeling in his cage with that forlorn puppy dog look.

Yes, James, you're going to provide that gift. And more.

Feeling Robert's massive phallus splitting my tight vaginal lips while gazing at my naked pet was exquisite. The

power and control combined with the sensation of a hot, rock hard manhood frictioning my precious love pot sent me into heaven. And Robert! He has possibilities. He seemed to enjoy watching me tug on James' leash and lead him about. Some men like a controlling female but just don't want to be controlled. So for Robert, I guess, I put on quite a show with my performing animal, James. And his obnoxious laugh certainly obtained results. As angry and as frustrated as James became, his erection stiffened when he suddenly comprehended the humiliation he underwent for Robert's amusement. I remind myself, the penis is a barometer, and James' little instrument forecasted some amusing 'weather'.

Tomorrow, Dr. Alice is flying in from St. Paul. She's getting ready for our trip and wants to introduce herself to James. That should be interesting, James meeting the woman who will permanently alter his fate...

James

Sleeping was difficult. There was foam padding in the bottom of the cage but my weight caused my knees to push right through to the hard steel surface below. Besides, humans don't usually sleep on all fours.

After an hour or so, I learned that I could twist to one side, lower my hips and lie down, despite my wrists being secured. It was then that I slept.

Sometime in the middle of the night D arose. She went to the bathroom, came out and threw a blanket into the cage. A bowl of water was retrieved from the kitchen. When she slid it through a small slot in front I craned my head as far as I could and kissed her hand in gratitude. She smiled knowingly, patted my head and returned to bed.

I awoke often. The blanket had slipped away and did not quite cover me. Frustratingly, I was unable to right it with my wrists secured. Not only was my position uncomfortable, but I was hungry. D had not provided dinner. I found myself lapping from the bowl to stave the sounds of my growling stomach.

Finally, as the bedroom began to glow with the rising sun, I again awoke and instinctively knew that I could not return to sleep. The hunger pains combined with the awkward position just would not allow me further rest.

So I returned to my kneeling position and watched D sleep. She was gorgeously angelic in slumber. Her rich black hair flowed over her pillow framing a face, which in its quiescence seemed to have been chiseled by a master sculptor. She stirred from time to time and for awhile the sheets fell away and exposed to my gaze her breasts. Perfectly formed, not small not large, I recalled the first time this beautiful kinky woman permitted me to indulge in their charms, licking and nibbling at nipples I found to be wonderfully tactile.

Then I felt deep in my lower belly the twinge of that magic male valve, and when I looked down could once again

watch my penis slowly stiffen. Looking at it caused its swelling to hasten and I realized how randy I had become, tumefying even without the aid of the butt plug.

So there I knelt. Calmly waiting for D to end her somnolence. Wondering when I would be fed and what strange things I would have to endure in order to be relieved of my abundant hormones. And my bladder filled once more...

D

On Saturdays I let myself sleep late. And on this Saturday, I slept well.

With the morning light, I twice awoke to catch a glimpse of James patiently kneeling in his cage waiting for me. With such a comforting vision of my power and control, I rolled over and soundly slept more.

I knew he was hungry, having deliberately not fed him the night before. I also knew that he could not bring himself to soil the padding in the cage. Therefore, when I rolled over I imagined a very hungry and bladder-filled James eagerly greeting me when I chose to arise. I flushed with the thought and re-entered a deep sleep.

Finally, with the bright morning sun illuminating the bedroom, I glanced at my clock. It was after 9:00 a.m. and there were things to do.

Dr. Alice's plane was scheduled for a noon landing and James did require attention.

I sleep in the nude so when I slid out of bed I knew James would get quite the show. But I was not shy, and adding to his torment was enjoyable. He could look but that was all. I wondered when he would realize that his little penis would not be entering me for quite some time.

Well, better to let the anticipation linger, I thought to myself. His training will progress much better with the eventual expectation of copulation. Which he will have, but under new terms. My terms.

So I eased myself out of bed and gave the puppy a gracious smile. His eyes followed and I was happy to find that my command of silence was being obeyed. Slowly I walked to the bathroom. I knew he likes my breasts and to my amusement he's already stiff. My tape seems to be working, I think to myself, and after only two sessions. My analysis is correct. James is quite susceptible to subliminal suggestion.

I leave the bathroom door open and urinate providing more suggestive sounds. Then the show ends as I don my robe and return to the cage.

"How about a walk?" I suggest, knowing that cramped muscles must be exercised.

He nods eagerly and I pick up his hood, collar and leash from the dresser. That reminds me of my harness, which lies close by in the top drawer of the dresser.

Yes. An ominous message, I think to myself. I retrieve my favorite toy and step to the cage. There I wordlessly hang the harness on the front corner. Firmly attached to it is the 'man stretcher', my pet name for one of the largest rubber phalli obtainable.

It's deliciously evil, and James looks at it with despair. Did I hear him gulp?

But he's not ready for it yet. Days of stretching and opening his backside still need to be undertaken.

Some would find it strange that he cooperates as I slide his hood back over his head. But what choice has he? No hood, no walk. There's no urgency for me to open the cage. The urgency is for him.

So again he is hooded, then collared and once he's sightless, rearranging his wrist cuffs is effortless. And even if he struggled, the cage is well pad locked.

When I tether the wrists I provide a connecting cord which is less than a foot long. Same with the ankles. It serves as a constant reminder that he's in bondage, since almost every movement is restricted by the short cords. It

provides for a wonderfully humiliating crawl, since he can only advance his knees and hands by the short length of the cord. And off course, provides an element of security for me, should James decide to prematurely end our little game.

I lead him around the apartment for a time, then take him into the bathroom. There the bathtub serves as a likely place for ablutions and grooming. He struggles somewhat to crawl in, but I assist with pulls on the leash.

“Just use the tub James. Do your business then I’ll wash you down, shave your pubes and we’ll select a nice sized insertion for you. My doctor friend will be visiting. I want you presentable.”

James

Emptying my bladder while lying supine was difficult. Kneeling in the tub was surprisingly easy. I guess I was becoming accustomed to D’s control. She stood by and encouraged both acts of excretion and again sounded like a mother, this time potty training a toddler. I felt myself redden with the embarrassment, but I needed to relieve myself.

Afterwards, she turned on the shower and gently soaped my entire body while the remnants of my bodily functions disappeared down the drain. She had wonderfully skilled and soft hands and took her time washing every nook and cranny. My cuffs got wet but she suggested that I not be concerned.

“Plenty more sets to work with,” she commented.

My groin and anus were left for last, and she attacked those areas with an aggressive application of soap and firm hands and fingers. It didn’t take much for my erection to return and when she inserted two fingers into my pliant rectum, I felt my already stiff penis spasm.

“My, my James. You are the randy one today.”

With my scrotum well coated with soap, I next felt the glide of a razor. She moved me about, even having me roll to my left side then instructed me to raise my right thigh.

This exposed me completely and I heard her laughing while she quickly worked the sharp instrument. Quite deftly. And when she smoothed her hand over the finished surface, I could tell from the lack of friction that she once again turned my pubic area and scrotum into a surface resembling a baby's buttocks.

Again I asked myself where she would have acquired such a skill. Shaving one's self in such an area is difficult enough, but to be able to so quickly shave another, with speed and without mishap, is most curious.

She guided me back onto all fours and rinsed me. Then there was the application of a large fluffy towel and she gently and affectionately dried me. A slow crawl back to the cage followed.

D

Treatises on submission suggest that even the most basic bodily functions should be controlled and supervised. Having James relieve himself in my tub with my verbal encouragement is just part of a process. Not exactly sensuous, but observing James reach for the mental fortitude to perform for me is not only entertaining, but is a necessary function of his subjugation.

Back in the cage I replace his wet wrist and ankle cuffs with dry ones. I again secure his wrists to the sides. This time I have him spread his legs and also secure each ankle cuff to bars on the side of the cage. This separates the buttocks and leaves his testicles hanging freely and deliciously exposed. I leave his collar and hood in place. Observing my nakedness will become a rare treat in the near future and I wish to dress without affording him any further sultry glimpses. And without sight, he'll also listen better.

James needed to be fed and I needed to bath and prepare for a trip to the airport. I spoon some mush into his mouth, again controlling a basic function, then decide to begin a very important part of his transformation.

Something as simple as an orange can be very helpful. Having purchased a half dozen large and juicy navel oranges, I cut four slits into one, from top to bottom, and hang it on a string in James' cage.

"Something for you to eat," I suggest. "You'll find an orange hanging just in front of your nose. If you're patient, you can hold the surface by sucking it with your lips, then extract the juice and pulp by working your tongue through the slits. Enjoy."

Little did James realize that the oral strength and dexterity needed to eat an orange by sucking out its contents without use of his hands would greatly facilitate his oral skills. His cunnilingus was adequate. But I wanted perfection and stamina and he would develop it.

Hunger dictated that he make the attempt. And I became satisfied with his initial efforts. Just holding the large sphere in place so that his tongue can penetrate the slits is difficult. But to collect the juice and gather up the pulp will require much practice. Fortunately, I have many oranges and James has much time.

The hanging orange also imbues James with the ability to properly position his head while performing cunnilingus. Standing before the kneeling, naked male while he obsequiously parts my labia with a strong but supple tongue can be a deliciously powerful sensation. Thus, I want his neck muscles well acclimated in order to maintain such a pose until I'm satiated.

I shower and dress. The bobbing orange can be fun to watch as the thrusts of James' tongue cause the fruit to escape the grip of his lips. But as stated, he'll learn and with his need for nutrition he will involuntarily develop indefatigable tongue muscles.

By the time I'm finished, James has consumed about as much of the orange as possible, though a good portion of the juice appears to have dribbled down his latex covered chin.

Well James, I think, you'll just have to do better.

Before leaving for the airport, I remove the orange and place the headphones over his ears. I also fasten his neck collar to the right and left side of the cage, and string some cords from his hood to various places on the bars. This restricts the movement of his head. The headphones will remain in place. The hood deafens him somewhat, but the static noise will penetrate. And the programmed subliminal message will be just the right volume. As I turn to leave I'm chagrined to see I forgot to plug him. It is easily rectified and of course as I insert James' favorite new toy, I avail myself of the opportunity to apply the most subtle of strokes to his penis, instantly bringing it to full blossom and leaving him something to think about.

No good byes are required. He cannot hear anything but the monotonous noise.

Dr. Alice

I haven't seen D in three or four years. We used to spend much time together. Although her base knowledge was extensive I taught her much about male anatomy. She taught me much about the mental aspects of the male animal.

Together, we broke many a male. Few were able to withstand the combined mental and physical aspects of our dominance.

But in the long run, one must put aside recreational pursuits and make a living. Thus, I took a position in a St. Paul medical facility, leaving the Chicago area and my good friend D behind.

When D called and said she found a gem I was happy for her.

"This one I'd like to keep forever, Alice," she effusively explained on the phone. "His psyche is quite malleable."

So I couldn't refuse a friend. The idea of revisiting the Canadian spa intrigued me. It was very enjoyable in our younger days of experimentation. Fun for a few years,

wearing for too many, but the thought of an occasional return seemed refreshing.

The plane landed on schedule and D was waiting for me. The years have been kind to her, although at 31, that's not to suggest she is old. But she is graced with a type of beauty that the passing of time seems to enhance.

We spoke on the drive back to her apartment.

"We're just about through phase one, Alice. He's displaying dependence and a need to please me. After two sessions of sensory deprivation with subliminal recordings, he requested the vasectomy. Of course I had some unexpected assistance last night. A vanilla stud I like to ball from time to time. He turned out to be a rather interested observer and just by happenstance pushed James' buttons just right."

D giggled like girl. I could tell she was fascinated with her acquisition. She recounted the entire evening and we laughed together like old times.

"I'll want to do a complete physical, D. As simple as the procedure is, it's important we learn everything we can about James. The information will also assist in his transition."

D nodded. As usual we were on the same wavelength.

For the remainder of the drive the conversation turned to old times. No more needed to be said about James.

James

Again I was immobile. The static noise filtered through the hood. I was blinded. After sleeping off and on since early the previous evening, I was alert. And kneeling on all fours makes sleep nearly impossible.

So this time, I wait for D's voice, determined to once and for all ascertain what it is saying, if in fact there is a voice.

Interesting how sound or the expectation thereof so pre-occupies the mind when all other senses are limited. Of course I can taste and smell orange, which thankfully was better than the mush D had spooned into me. And feel. Yes,

I can feel the butt plug. And I assume I'm erect since D nicely stroked me before leaving, if in fact she left.

Or is she watching me? With Mr. Dinnerdate!

My mind again begins to foment recalling the antics of the prior evening. Being lead about naked, erect and on a leash for the amusement of D's male friend was most humiliating. And worst of all it didn't lead to the passionate love making that I expected.

The voice! It's somewhere in the background of the static. This time I will listen very carefully and determine what it is saying...

D

Alice and I return to my apartment and decide to let James mellow out with the subliminal tape for a while longer. It has only been two hours and the dear boy's penis indicates he's enjoying himself.

While I prepare sandwiches, Alice circles the cage looking at my new plaything.

"Yes, D. He is lovely. A nice sized sac. Under sized penis. Appears to be in good physical condition. I assume you're going to exercise him more?"

I nod.

"The penis size fits the typical profile. But you're more aware of that than I am."

If only James knew that two women were discussing his body as he helplessly knelt, completely exposed to our gaze. I felt some moisture between my thighs thinking about it. I often wonder if Alice feels the same in these situations.

We leisurely eat lunch sitting about my bedroom. James begins to waggle again which causes Alice to laugh, fully aware that he is essentially trying to massage his prostate by flexing the male muscles against his butt plug.

"They're all the same," Alice commented with a smile.

"That coffee table in the living room looks useful, D. Do you have any sheets?"

I smile and laugh. The table to which she was referring I had purchased especially for these occasions. It is simple and strong and only Alice would notice the camouflaged eye-hooks I had embedded into the sides. The casual observer would think such was part of the decorative design. But instead I used them to restrain naughty boys and put them on exhibition. Alice's mind works like mine. A male form kneeling on the table could be secured with his torso and buttocks at just about waist height, leaving him quite vulnerable to the inspecting eyes and the penetrating hands of the curious female.

"I'll put on a white smock, D. I think something provocative and brief for you, covering the areas the male finds pertinent but still alluring."

Yes. Dr. Alice has done this so many times.

I strip and begin to rummage in my dresser drawer. A nice tennis outfit should do. With no undergarments the short pleated skirt should be very suggestive...and provide access should I desire James' tongue.

I glance over my shoulder. Alice has removed her clothing and is unpacking her bag. Still in wonderful shape, no one would guess she's in her mid forties. Daily exercise does wonders, I think to myself. And she still shaves her genitalia.

Sometimes the aging process enhances the dominant female. Dr. Alice used to line up the boys for 'short arm' inspection and it was very comical to watch her barking commands to a group of naked males. Now with the commanding presence projected by her maturity, I believe they'd be jumping to submit. Simultaneous cunnilingus and anilingus was her favorite recreation. How she could remain standing with one young male kneeling to her front and one kneeling in back was beyond me. Superior will and leg strength was the only answer. She enjoyed the male tongue so much I believe she designed her workouts just to develop the muscles needed to overcome the fatigue of extensive

oral service. She was insatiable and could outlast most tongues...

The tennis outfit is perfect. I had it shortened years before, and it just covers my pudendum, except when I move. Then in the front it flashes some pink between my thighs and in back it bounces off the lower buttocks displaying some crack between the cheeks.

Dr. Alice's smock is the epitome of professionalism. It even seems to flatten out her magnificent breasts. But alas, that is her role, the ascetic, genderless physician.

I find a set of white sheets. While Dr. Alice drapes the coffee table I turn on the microphone. James is awake but in a deep reverie, similar to a daydream. The sensory deprivation has that effect. Bringing him back to reality takes a moment and to me it's an arousing scene. The subject is always so grateful and compliant. If James had a tail, it would be wagging.

"Dr. Alice is here James. She wants to examine you."

He stirs and attempts to move, forgetting how carefully and tightly I bound him to the cage bars. Within a minute the hood is removed. The cuffs are released from the bars and tethered together. While James' eyes adjust I snap on the leash. It's quicker to have him move while sighted. And I want him to see Dr. Alice in action. There is nothing more humiliating than one of her intimate physicals.

Dr. Alice

Obedience to authority is an interesting phenomenon. With my introduction by D, James exits his cage and mounts the makeshift examining table with a degree of obeisance that is comical. James appears to be a clumsy child, trying to please but finding it mentally and physically difficult to do so.

I gently but firmly instruct him to move about on the table. There is no real purpose for this other than to establish my control. He immediately responds and I

manage to hide my smile of satisfaction. For the next hour, he's mine.

I have him kneeling on all fours with thighs well spread. In deference to D's recent regimen of full time bondage, his wrists and ankle cuffs are quickly clipped to the table's numerous eye-hooks. His collar is removed. I want nothing hidden from view, not even his neck.

I begin with a rectal thermometer and of course encounter one of the huge butt plugs that so enthrall D. I cluck my tongue in feigned admonishment and give it a tug.

"Push for me James. I'll need access to your rectum."

It glides out.

I deliberately over lubricate the thermometer and James cannot hold it in place, particularly since D has so stretched the sphincter.

"Head down, arch your back James. Yes. Point your anus upwards so the thermometer doesn't fall out. Remain motionless."

I reinsert it and see D stifling a laugh. The forced posture pushes his scrotum back and the deliciously pink and smooth sac is completely exposed to two pairs of lustful feminine eyes.

While James struggles to hold the awkward pose I circle the table poking, pinching, prodding. It's as if I am inspecting a side of beef. James becomes erect as expected. D certainly has selected well. The humiliation of being stripped naked, bound and displayed before two women arouses him. He cannot help himself, the dear boy. He may hate himself for it but he is stuck with his submissive psyche. James is unaware of his own proclivity. Uncovered by D, it will be hers to utilize as she sees fit.

Ostensibly, I feel a degree of sympathy for James. But then, one must understand that D will take him on a fantasy-like trip to the ultimate utopia of submission. And deep down James will enjoy every moment of the journey.

I stop in front of James and hold a stethoscope to his chest. His heart is racing. His flesh is somewhat moist. Breathing is shallow and rapid. These are symptoms of sexual arousal and are solely due to his psychological make up. Submission, humiliation, bondage equates to a sexual encounter for James.

I look into his eyes. Some tears are beginning to form.

Well my pet, I think to myself, there can be many reasons for these tears. But strangely, there will be a time when you will look back to these moments as some of the happiest. Such irony.

Next I have him open his mouth. I could care less what's inside. Again, the importance is that I command. He obeys. I jam the obligatory tongue depressor down his throat. He gags. What fun.

I toy with his nipples. I can see where D enjoys tormenting them. Nicely formed and perky for a male, I cannot help but to simultaneously pinch both and listen as James cries out in pain. Yes. He knows who's in control.

I move to his side smoothing my hand over his naked flesh. James does not have much body hair, which is preferable for most dominant women and he has a good build. Obviously a good athlete in more youthful times, there is evidence of past exercise.

That will be re-instituted under D's tutelage and it is comforting to know the growth plates have been established in his formative years. Dominant women have been known to make strong demands...

I retrieve a tape measure and ask D to record various measurements of James' anatomy. There can be use for such at some point in time, but the process affords me another opportunity to evidence my control and make humiliating comments concerning his physique. When he bows his head in shame, I know I'm being effective.

So, by the time I return to the thermometer, which James has dutifully held in his rectum, I smile to see it pointing

straight upwards with James' thigh muscles straining to maintain the strange position.

I slip it out and read the temperature to D. Next come the latex gloves. Slowly and noisily I slip them over my hands. The obligatory snap causes James to flinch. He knows what is coming.

James

Dr. Alice amazed me. I had never been examined by a female doctor before, and the experience is most humiliating. Totally naked, helplessly bound to conform with D's new edict, I knelt there and felt my manly pride slowly sink.

I was already erect when her gloved hands reached between my thighs. I expected her to work around the embarrassing problem, but instead she very subtly stroked my turgid phallus and pulled it back and down toward the table. Then the tape measure reappeared and I flushed when she called out my penis length to D with a tone of disappointment.

"At maximum tumescence, length is 5 inches," she concluded.

Then a pause while her hands moved.

"Circumference is adequate, however, 4.5 inches."

Then she discarded the tape. It was time for my testicles.

I have never before experienced such a thorough and extensive examination of such small organs. She squeezed. She pulled. She twisted. I again cried out and was ignored. D moved to my front. Her thighs were at the level of my face and she was wearing this brief tennis skirt which revealed the entire length of her magnificent thighs. With Dr. Alice working away my thoughts were diverted to my desire to once again rest my head between the soft but firm flesh and have my tongue revel in the charms of her sex.

D tenderly stroked my forehead to comfort me and divert my attention. Then came a jolt of pain as Dr. Alice brutally squeezed my left gonad. My thoughts were no longer distracted. Gripping tightly she pulled with one hand and with the other began pinching within my sac various connecting vessels, ducts and nerves.

"Good firm testicles with a sizable sac, D" she noted with satisfaction. "The nerves should be lengthy. Think you'll be pleased with the results."

I looked up to see D smiling with something akin to pride of ownership. She gently pushed my head further down and moved a little closer. There was nothing under the brief pleated skirt. I could just see a set of pink lips with that marvelous slit between. The bottom of her vulva was ever so slightly exposed when she lifted her arms to hold my head. Her excitement in witnessing my extreme humiliation was evident as her feminine aroma filled my nostrils.

The prostate exam was next. Dr. Alice used her smaller feminine hands to advantage. Having been stretched by D over the weeks, the doctor worked my rectum with one finger, then two, then three, and finally a fourth. She took her time and at the point when she withdrew her three fingers in order to introduce the fourth, she grasped my rock hard manhood and again pulled it downward toward the table.

"We don't want any accidents, James," was her comment.

The angle was tormenting. I arched my back further to minimize the angle and therefore the pressure, but Dr. Alice merely pulled back further.

"Stay James. The penis cannot function in this position. I do not want you to ejaculate."

I obeyed. With me thoroughly bound to the table and completely exposed, and with her penchant for dispensing pain, there was no alternative but to listen very carefully and follow her commands.

"The prostate is a little swollen, D. Apparently underutilized. After the operation you'll need to monitor it. He'll have less use for it then and it does need to be activated from time to time."

Again I looked up to see D wearing a distant smile. She was dreaming about something and it was apparently rather pleasant.

Dr. Alice began to manipulate. At first it was painful and I spasmed. But her knowledgeable hand soon found a

magical spot and I felt a very strange but enjoyable sensation. She was massaging my prostate. I lowered my head and looked between my spread thighs. There was a stream of fluid dripping. Dr. Alice had placed a small specimen dish on the white sheet. She was collecting what she was milking from my gland.

Twice I could feel myself 'pull the trigger', attempting to activate the muscles for ejaculation. Nothing happened and amazingly, Dr. Alice felt the muscles move both times.

She laughed.

"He's quite oversexed D. He's trying his best to embarrass himself by climaxing right here in front of me, the naughty boy. But he'll learn over time.

"This is not yours to control any more." This comment was directed to me and emphasized with an incredibly firm squeeze of my erection.

Finally, there was nothing left for Dr. Alice to inspect. She had completely removed any remaining dignity and opened me in a most humiliating manner.

Deep down, there was a strange feeling of satisfaction beneath the superficial emotions of anguish and degradation. I knew then that I was owned.

D

Watching the tears form on James is both heart rendering and arousing. This reaction to Dr. Alice is exciting to watch. A grown male has knelt and given her unfettered access without uttering a word of protest.

Yes. James is ready to make his gift. And he seems to enjoy Dr. Alice's handiwork so much that I think the operation will be performed with only local anesthetics. James will be able to watch.

The examination ends and I continue to soothe James while Dr. Alice packs away her paraphernalia.

It's late in the afternoon and I'm sexually excited. I always feel wonderfully decadent when the urge for sex comes in daylight and the thought of a matinee looms.

Alice looks at me with a knowing smile. We've done this so many times we can read each other's thoughts.

"He'll be ready for your toy in another week the way you've opened him so far," was Alice's observation.

So many times she has observed me with my harness standing over a helpless male while I methodically lubricate the 'man stretcher'.

No male ever thinks I can make him accommodate it. I always prove him wrong. But as Alice knows, it takes time. Damage must be avoided, and a well-stretched backside will actually beg for more attention if properly introduced to the delights of anal penetration. So, I patiently open the male in stages. And the interim oral gratification is more than acceptable.

I locate James' collar and decide to give him a treat. While I loop it around his neck I ever so slightly separate my thighs and make sure my brief skirt is hiked up a little more.

Sure enough, my subservient friend cannot resist. His forehead moves to my abdomen and his tongue thrusts out, just able to lick the lower portion of my outer labia. It feels good. I am somewhat moist from watching Alice ply her craft and having the hot wet tongue obsequiously lick is not only physically enjoyable, but the mental aspects of the act of submission bring a satisfying smile.

I'm going to need more. And I cannot spoil James.

I let him lap away and look to Alice. Her hand disappears underneath her smock. She also is aroused by my pet.

We nod to each other. That's all it requires.

James

Holding the pose for Dr. Alice was exhausting...buttocks up, thighs spread, and head down.

But her massage of my prostate was oddly both satisfying and frustrating. I greatly needed to ejaculate. When D began to replace my collar I could not help but humbly lick her charms. Perhaps I can inveigle her to take

me to her bed, I think to myself. But meanwhile I lick...and lick and listen to Dr. Alice softly laugh.

Alas, it was not to be.

Although greatly aroused, D curtails my oral efforts, snaps on my leash and leads me back to my cage. There the wrist and ankle cuffs are secured. She disappears and returns with another orange, slit in four places. I do need the sustenance and I am grateful when she dangles it in front of me.

I suck with my lips and thrust my tongue through a slit.

As I work the delightful juices, I hear the sounds of sighs and kisses. Then the sound of a zipper. Next, the two women, completely naked, prance into the bedroom. They're holding hands and laughing as both crawl atop D's large bed.

D lies down with her back to me. Dr. Alice positions herself facing me but with her feet on the pillow end of the bed. Completely ignoring me, their lust is apparent. Sappho would blush watching the hungry, simultaneous oral attacks perpetrated on the two sets of beautiful pink labia.

I feel my erection stir. The dangling orange partially blocks my view and I find myself nosing it out of the way, only to have it swing back.

After several minutes, D arises and approaches my cage. My eyes are transfixed to her nakedness as she crosses the fully lit room.

"You need to be hooded, James. But I'll let you listen."

D

I never think of myself as bisexual. I guess sexually opportunistic would be a better term. Dr. Alice knows all the right buttons and watching her work James was too arousing. I could neither let her lust nor mine wane. And utilizing James did not fit into my program of complete abstinence. So, I made sure Dr. Alice was satiated. And I in turn climaxed noisily, thus adding another dimension to

James sexual frustration...listening to the delights of lesbian passion.

It was dark before Alice and I became too tired to move. She had a flight back to St. Paul at 9:00 p.m. So we showered together and talked while dressing with James listening to all.

We agreed to February 5 as the travel date to the spa. James and I would fly to Calgary from Chicago. Alice would fly there directly from St. Paul. Then we would pick up the special train to the spa.

Some more mush for James was in order. Then Dr. Alice and I left for dinner and the airport.

Before leaving, James was again hooded, a new tape begun, and a nice sized butt plug was inserted. This one was just a little bigger than the last. His rectum swallowed it as if it was hungry, which brought a knowing smile to Alice's face.

I returned hours later and left James in sensory deprivation for the remainder of Saturday evening and Sunday, except of course for the morning ablutions, which he performed for me back in the bathtub and with the obedience of the puppy he was becoming.

I released him on Sunday night, saying nothing. He left my apartment deep in thought, completely confused about his sexuality and his inability to manifest his male drive.

And that's how the weekend concluded.

James

For the next few weeks, time passed quickly during the week. Slowly during the weekends. As curious as my relationship with D was becoming, something told me to return...again and again. You're close, something inside told me. She'll make you happy...yes, and Eve will let you out of the mink cage, my alter ego retorted.

Just as with the weekend where I was introduced to Dr. Alice, each subsequent workweek ended with me driving directly to D's apartment on Friday.

Sometimes she was alone. Sometimes an unctuous Mr. Dinnerdate would be making cocktails and displaying an irritating smirk of self-confidence. It made no difference to the routine. D would just smile and nod toward the bedroom where I would strip naked.

My time in the cage extended on each visit. Mush and oranges were the sole nourishment. The bondage always felt tighter with each visit, although that may have been my imagination.

I was hooded constantly. Except on one or two occasions when, in what was probably the middle of the night, a naked D would slip off the latex covering and I would then watch her make love with Mr. Dinnerdate. Those occasions caused pain. I found myself involuntarily counting her throaty sighs of passion, Mr. Dinnerdate apparently bringing her to multiple orgasms.

In the throws of intense copulation she would glance my way, a diabolical smile would appear and another verbal emission of ecstasy would erupt, my well-bound naked and helpless body seeming to spur her to new heights of pleasure. With her teasing glance my desire would overwhelm and cause me to wrench against the tight cords. With this, she would laugh, causing Mr. Dinnerdate to also look my way, and join in her merriment.

After the steamy intercourse, D would return to the cage, let me sniff her hot, wet and fragrant sex, coat my nose and lips with love juice then once again slide the hood over my face. The replacement of the headphones signaled that my mind was to return to the black, static filled world of daydreams and hallucinations. Observing D and Mr. Dinnerdate was a maddening respite...listening to sounds of clamorous lust, watching the ultimate gratification of the woman for whom I pined, and then smelling the aftermath of the seemingly unending fornication. And it ended with a wanton feminine smile, a teasing application of her fragrant essence and a mere tug on a latex hood. The weeks went by

with continuing chastity and the abstinence was most frustrating. When permitted to speak, I groveled for attention and her touch. D would merely reply that the trip to the spa would take care of my problem, seeming to hint that the gift of my vasectomy would conclude with relief.

Meanwhile I was permitted to service D with my tongue. When she secured me in the cage with my head close to the front bars, it signaled her desires. She would push her hips against the bars, stand with feet spread and arms akimbo and my newly strengthened tongue would meekly thrust forward and lick. By the third weekend after Dr Alice's visit and every weekend thereafter, I was hooded during my oral servitude. It seemed that less and less was I permitted to glimpse at D's marvelous flesh.

So I learned to savor D. When she permitted my tongue to work long enough, she shuddered with numerous small orgasms. I felt a glow in servicing her. Not as powerful as an orgasm of my own but quite a comforting feeling. Something about being of service to this beautiful woman of strength and confidence provided me with the temporary antidote to the acute sexual frustration. And my male appendage felt as stiff as steel. I'm sure I was remaining nicely erect for her. Although D would just diddle my frenulum and laugh.

Then, within nine days of the February trip, my life changed completely. I hit the lottery!

Not the biggest of jackpots, but the good news was I was the sole winner. So some \$24,000,000 was mine. \$100,000 per month for twenty years!

The results were confirmed on a Thursday. I immediately announced my resignation from employment and just as quickly called D.

"Stop over, James. I'll have a nice surprise for you."

It was closer to a command than an invitation. And for some reason I envisioned myself where I had last observed

Mr. Dinnerdate, frolicking in D's bed and vigorously pumping between her wondrous thighs.

D

James' pleasantly surprising phone call was great news but caught me somewhat flat footed. The well thought out program of sensory deprivation and subliminal messaging was progressing nicely, but with James' newly acquired economic freedom, I had to alter the scheduling...and quickly.

I canceled all my appointments for the remainder of that Thursday and rushed to a medical supply store. I also stopped at the bank and obtained papers for opening a joint account.

James would soon find himself a very impoverished millionaire, I thought to myself. And our trip to Canada will be made in style!

Returning to my apartment, I was just finishing the first revised subliminal tape when James rang at the building's front door. What timing.

Consistency is important in behavior modification programs. So despite James' display of both excitement and his winning ticket, I merely smiled and nodded toward my bedroom as I did on every prior visit.

He immediately became silent and marched to my room. There, under my watchful gaze, he removed his clothes and looked back to me for instructions.

I stood with a forceful pose, stifling a laugh. James' little penis began to stiffen just from my imposing stance and visual inspection. I pointed to the bathroom.

"In the tub on all fours. Remain motionless."

Yes. A rather strict welcome considering James was a newly made millionaire. But I reasoned that I might as well find out sooner rather than later if his newly found flightiness over the lottery winnings would usurp his weeks of training.

When he silently and sullenly turned and sauntered as ordered, I knew the completion of my program was on firm ground.

Deep in a bottom dresser drawer I found one of my old nurses uniforms. I changed.

The uniform was not only symbolical of the role I was about to play, but also functional. James would effectively be a patient over the next few days. Since he had quit his job, no one was expecting him anywhere and with nine days until our trip, some intense applications of psychological dominance would become the coup de grace for James' remaining ego.

I let him stew in the bathroom while I laid out the newly acquired items from the medical supply store. I also located the lottery ticket which a rather cavalier James had quickly stuffed into his trousers before disrobing. Strange that I treated this small square of paper with more reverence than him. But perhaps I was more aware of what a wonderful change in life style it would bring him.

James

I waited for D as instructed. My thoughts were running wild and I realized she was the remaining thread of consistency in my life. No more job. No more financial concerns. I could do anything. Be anywhere.

Tell Dr. Alice to get her shears ready, I thought of communicating to D. And after that it would be I making D happy. Maybe I'll hire Mr. Dinnerdate to drive my limousine, or better, shine my shoes, I mused.

Then D entered wearing a white uniform and carrying a large rubber bag with tubing. She did not appear to be sharing in my joy and my thoughts returned to her.

"You're too excited, James. This will calm you. We have much to do over the next few days. Our trip is in nine days."

D

James had obviously never had an enema before. I have been known to make them quite challenging, but emptying

his bowels was a real need. Thus, I professionally lubricated his rectum, inserted the bardex nozzle and inflated it.

Hanging the bag on the shower rod, James' reaction to the massive quantity of warm water was rather amusing.

Yes, James, I think. The bowels expand much more than you would believe. You will take it all. Again and again.

A thorough cleansing was more important than time and watching James squirm under the pressure added a degree of entertainment to the otherwise sloppy procedure.

While he filled, I shaved him and made a mental note to have him depilated. There were staff at the spa that were quite proficient at such. And although expensive, money was no longer of concern.

Within minutes, James' bulging belly told me he was ready, but instead of immediate release I instead turned off the flow and let the feeling of intense pressure overwhelm his thoughts. Not too long. When he began to grovel I released the nozzle. Normally I'm not so accommodating, having a reputation for utilizing the liquid torment for lengthy sessions. But a long evening was planned so I let the first application spew into the tub and I refilled the bag.

James looked aghast as I repeated the procedure. But his bowels needed to be absolutely cleansed.

During the third application I mixed an emetic into a glass of water. He drank. He vomited. The tub collected all and when I released the bardex nozzle, the last remnants of what solids James had in his system flowed down the drain.

I turned on the shower and gently soaped and washed his entire body. The little erection stood nicely for me. Such a tribute, I thought. But more homage will be shown. The thought brought a smile to my lips.

"I'm going to need evidence of your devotion if we're going to keep seeing each other, James. I have been very good to you."

I planted the theme of the new subliminal tape. When he began to reply, I ordered silence and turned on the shower

to rinse.

“You’re going on a long trip, James. The first step is to your cage. Kneel in front of the door and wait for me.”

I turned off the water and dried him. When he meekly crawled out of the tub and approached his weekend abode, I knew I had him. The leash and collar were not needed and watching his hairless scrotum bob about between his thighs made me moist.

There were things that still needed to be arranged. I let James wait before the cage and watch me perform my ominous preparations.

First another inflatable nozzle for his rectum. A little different than the enema nozzle, this one was designed to slowly feed liquid into the lower intestines. In this case liquid nourishment.

“Spread for me. Head down.”

It slid in effortlessly. He was squeaky clean there and nicely lubricated. While his forehead was on the rug I used the occasion to grasp his erection and pull it back toward me between his thighs.

Yes, I catheterized many males at the psychiatric ward, all under varying circumstances and conditions. An erection adds a degree of difficulty, but also a degree of enjoyment. And for poor James the foley was sitting right there on top of the cage. There was no sense waiting for flaccidity to return.

Normally with young males I take my time. But there was much to do. Thus James escaped the slow torment, which can be applied in catheterization, but the tip still took its toll. Particularly when it passed through his excited prostate gland. I could not help laughing when he jumped.

He could not do otherwise. The little inflatable tip was pumped with water making it impossible to expel from his bladder. James would not need to consider bathroom trips for awhile.

Wrist and ankle cuffs were next, then his collar. He was accustomed to the routine.

“Into the cage James. Face to the front bars.”

He complied even with the tubing and I secured his cuffs to the bars. This time I wanted him squatting on his haunches with his wrists drawn back and just above his shoulders, a much more comfortable position than kneeling.

But there was one more item, a good sized, Teflon gag-reflex tube which remained atop the cage unnoticed among other items.

I rolled the hood over his head. As usual he began to lick my hand and I was ready. I pinched and held his tongue with the fingers of my left hand. His extended tongue left him unable to close his mouth, my right hand inserted the gag-reflex tube.

A male can fight it for a while, but when the tube knocks on the esophagus two or three times, the reflex almost always causes concession. So when I felt the throat open, I pushed. The soft flexible hose easily slid to his stomach.

Cruel? Yes. But James would need sustenance. And my program required that I control it. I sat back and surveyed my toy. Every aperture was under my domain, except his nose, which was needed for breathing and would also be used to entice him with the fragrance of my excitement.

I secured his hood to the bars along with his collar, completely immobilizing his head. When finished, goose bumps formed with my giddy reaction. The power was thrilling. Complete subjugation of the male beast. And the thought of the newly acquired money was pure icing atop a delicious cake named James.

While I connected the tubes to various bags and receptacles, I explained to James his situation.

“You’ll feel liquids entering your stomach, James. It’s a slow drip of nourishment. You may feel the same in your intestines. That again is nourishment combined with a very mild sedative introduced through your rectum. Since you’re going to be in your cage for quite a while, the drug will help you settle and relieve any potential muscle cramps.

“You’ve obviously been catheterized. Thus, there’s no reason for you to leave the cage. And since you’ve been internally well cleansed, you won’t experience a bowel movement for days.

“The sedative may cause you to hallucinate more than usual. My advice is to ride with it. Let your dreams flow. Since you’re now wealthy, more can be realized than ever before. Think of how well you can spend it in serving me and what a nice gift you’ll present to me at the spa.”

With my last statement, I opened the valves of the clear plastic bags of specially formulated liquid. Alice had left me with a prescription for the sedative, which was easily introduced into the maze of tubes. A collecting bag in the back of the cage began to slowly fill with the excretion from James’ catheter.

My last function was to place the headphones over his head and turn on the new tape. Whatever doubt I had concerning his receptivity to the subliminal messages had long past. The malleability of James’ mind had been exhibited nicely over the past few weeks. The question was how much I could interject in a short period of time.

It was January 27. James’ good fortune brought about a myriad of new ideas. The first was our trip. The Canadian spa was only accessible by train. With James’ recently acquired extensive cash flow, why not travel in style? I brought the portable phone into my bedroom, not wishing to leave James in the initial moments of his long journey. I began a long string of calls.

First. A call to an interesting establishment which leased private rail cars. This was simple, many opulent private cars of the late nineteenth century had been restored and were available for lease, particularly in mid winter.

I chose two. A sleeper and a lounge car. The cost compared to James’ new income was a paltry sum.

A call to Amtrak revealed a train left Chicago for St. Paul on the following Thursday, February 2. The private cars

could be attached and a surprisingly pleasant coordinator suggested it was possible to hire a locomotive to take us across the border to Calgary.

With a call to the spa, I arranged for our private cars to be connected to their private train departing Calgary on February 5.

As the pieces fell together, thoughts of traveling across the countryside with James serving me as he approached his sexual Waterloo aroused me. By the time I called Alice, my fingers had worked under my uniform and were endeavoring to quench the sexual thirst my fantasies had developed.

"Alice, be ready to leave early. We're traveling in luxury and it's all on James."

I took Alice through the set of events and the revised plans. She also became excited.

"Alice, what was the name of that Chinese woman from San Francisco with the specialty in handling certain males. I think I will require her assistance."

Laitai

Mother was older than her years. Early childhood in China had been harsh under the Communist regime. The body can withstand only so much hardship and mother found herself very much incapacitated in her early sixties despite having lived in the United States for the past twenty years.

So when the phone rang on that eventful Thursday night, I answered it on her behalf, as a dutiful daughter.

The voice introduced herself as Dr. D, a noted psychologist from Chicago who had met my mother at a seminar sponsored by the American Society for Behavior Modification some ten years ago.

I explained my mother's circumstances and sensed the disappointment on the other end of the line, when her unavailability was comprehended by the firm but pleasant interlocutor.

“Do you know of someone with your mother’s talents?” the smooth but seemingly desperate voice inquired. “I realize it’s short notice, but with this assignment I can afford to be generous,” the voice added.

I paused and contemplated. Mother had adequate support from many local family members. I had always desired to put to work all that she had taught me from the old country. After a moment of thought, I divulged my background and training.

After I explained who I was and how I could help, Dr. D’s relief was palpable. An airplane ticket would be forwarded immediately, she informed me as her pen recorded my address.

“Please be in St. Paul on February 3, Laitai. I think you will be intrigued and I assure you that your talents will be most useful.”

I hung up and briefly explained the call to mother. She smiled with her recollection of Dr. D and encouraged my participation. I then went to my bedroom and began to carefully pack my large collection of bamboo canes for shipment to St. Paul.

James

I had become accustomed to the hours of black, static filled nothingness over the weeks. But the addition of the tubes and the new position dictated by D was a challenge.

My arms were pulled back and up which forced my head down. But with my thighs and buttocks resting on my calves the overall posture seemed tolerable.

With the catheter, I felt the constant need to urinate though it obviously wasn't necessary. The inflatable butt plug, feeding into my colon the described fluids was indeed inflatable. D had given it that last firm squeeze and its presence was felt despite the weeks of stretching.

But it was the esophagus tube that was most uncomfortable causing me to constantly swallow as if something was stuck in my throat. The slow infusion of liquids could also be felt...at both ends. The room temperature nourishment felt cool upon initial inducement to my stomach and colon then slowly warmed as my body heat absorbed it.

After several minutes I was able to put aside these discomforts. Whether it was the static of the tape, which over the weeks had become oddly soothing, or the sedatives D had mentioned, I did not know.

I did find myself anxiously awaiting the distant voice. It would break the monotony and this time I was certain I would be able to comprehend it. I knelt attentively anticipating the first sound.

D

Watching James passively kneel in his cage, exposed and completely subject to my whim brought back memories from my youthful sojourn in the psychiatric hospital.

I was just out of school and although the job was demanding, it paid better than normal nursing. And the duties fit nicely into my own psyche and make up, particularly on those evenings when some troublesome

young male would be dragged in by the authorities after an arrest for drugs or a problem with alcohol.

Typically, the more senior personnel worked days, leaving me at night as the tenured staff member to coordinate the induction, admission and processing of the liquored up or high prisoner.

It was like delivering a fly to a spider's nest.

The induction room was a bondage aficionado's heaven with straps, cuffs, straight jackets, and innumerable other restraint devices. I had orderlies under my authority. There was no unruly brute too strong or too large to be brought under my control. And the biggest and strongest became the most fun. For those I would merely stand and bark orders while the recalcitrant lad would be stripped, inspected, and I mean inspected everywhere, and made to succumb to my treatment. If I liked what I saw, I later reserved days of special 'one-on-one counseling' after his initial submission.

I suppose that's where I developed my penchant for the leash.

James' extreme bondage and sensory deprivation aroused me. The reminiscences sent me over the edge.

I retrieved the portable phone and called Robert.

While waiting for him to arrive, I completed the forms for a joint bank account. I also found an old power of attorney concerning one of my patients. It was a simple matter to retype it for James' signature. Within a few hours, James would sign whatever I wished, but as a challenge I gave myself modest powers. The cat enjoys playing with the mouse.

Meow, James.

James

The noise diminished. Then came the voice. It was D. That I can remember.

But what she was saying, I cannot.

And strangely, D's voice began to change into that of a little girl.

Yes. Definitely. It was Eve's voice.

"I'll let you out when that bump in you pants goes down. Look at your brother's bump."

My mind wandered. I was back in the mink cage begging Eve to let me out. She noticed my youthful erection through my trousers. She was laughing and also ensuring that my sister saw it too.

And as they taunted me, the bump became bigger and wedged against my underwear. To fix it, I needed to put my hands where girls shouldn't see and that would cause more embarrassment. The thought of the girls watching while I righted myself made the bump bigger.

And so the afternoon of entrapment continued.

"Make the bump go away, James."

I couldn't...and deep down, it seemed as if I didn't want it to...

D

Robert was fantastic.

I do think watching a naked James humbly bowing in the cage turns him on. And my tubing seems to have added a certain degree of spice for him. He seemed bigger and stronger than ever before.

He left early, having to face a full day of work the next morning.

I coated James' nose and lips with the sticky evidence of our coupling then rested comfortably. My grand scheme had become grander and was falling into place so nicely.

The next morning I played with James for no other reason than my own amusement. I turned off the valve to his catheter and emptied the contents of the collection bag. But instead of replacing it and turning the valve back on, I instead hooked up a bag of saline solution.

James was forcefully receiving my nourishment, gastrically and anally. So why not demonstrate my total control over

every aperture?

I placed the saline bag on top of the cage with the others and fully opened the valve. I also increased the flow on the other two tubes.

James would soon feel his bladder begin to fill along with his stomach and colon.

I felt deliciously powerful.

I ate a sumptuous breakfast.

James

The sensation of my catheterization tube moving brought me out of what seemed to be an endless stream of reveries. There was no voice. Just the static. Then I felt something in my bladder.

Was I beginning to swell?

Yes. My stomach was also enlarging. The cool drip seemed to be steadier. And my intestines!

I could not speak with the gastric tube. What was happening? Then I heard D's voice.

"A little bladder irrigation for you James. Might seem somewhat uncomfortable, but it's very healthy. Do you understand there is now nothing in your system that I didn't put there? Everything inside you has been forced into you by me."

She began to gently knead and massage certain muscles. I began to thank her. With the esophagus tube, the words would not come out.

"I'm going to release your right wrist. I need you to sign some things. Then I'll let you empty yourself and you'll have a nice day thinking about my gift and how you can serve."

She guided my hand downward. Whatever it was, I signed. And signed again. And signed again. I had no choice. But I pondered, if given the choice would I have refused?

The static returned. I felt my bladder empty with a gush. My apprehension passed. With the relief my mind seemed eager to return to a far away land.

D

I left the apartment with the papers in hand.

First I stopped at the bank and opened the joint checking account.

Then I visited the lottery office with the winning ticket. James had endorsed it but I produced the power of attorney and an instruction letter from James. When the officials understood that he did not want a check but instead desired to have the funds wire transferred to his account every month, they were agreeable.

No one asked if it was a joint account and I did not offer.

Groceries were next. James would need oranges in a couple of days.

Lastly, my storage locker.

Years of collecting and experimenting had left me much equipment and with limited space in my apartment. And besides, I did not wish to scare off vanilla lovers with a wall draped with whips, crops, spreader bars, etc.

So it was all in storage and whenever I visited, wonderfully kinky memories came to mind.

I gathered up paraphernalia conducive for use in a train car including one of my favorites, a suspension harness. James would look deliciously sweet swinging with the swaying of the moving train. The familiar feeling of moisture between my thighs developed.

I returned to my apartment. The nourishment bags would need to be replaced. Another subliminal message tape needed to be fabricated. I also decided to read a good book. James did need to be monitored and watching between chapters as my nourishment dripped into his stomach and bowels was soothing.

James

I was amazed at my own recollections. The mind sharpens when completely isolated and is not burdened even with the smallest of functions, such as moving a limb or digit.

Eve had me back in the mink cage. This time my sister was not around. Mother had taken her to the dentist.

Another game was being played and she tricked me into the cage again. I made certain the lock was not present and, before agreeing to step in, had searched everywhere for it. She assured me everything was okay.

But again she took advantage and the lock appeared from some hiding place. This time I was doubly embarrassed. Not only captured by a girl, but allowing it to happen being fully aware of her penchant for this peculiar form of play.

She began to laugh at my distress.

"Is your bump going to show?" she taunted.

And I hated myself when my young penis did indeed begin to engorge, and she laughed more.

This time she just stepped back and watched with a smile and a look of curiosity. Too late, I found out there was no other part to the game. Just her looking at my forlorn face and my growing bump.

After several minutes she made a suggestion.

"Show me what's under there, James. Then I'll unlock the cage."

I guess I had deleted the incident from my memory, or tried to. I had not recalled it since childhood.

"Show me, James. Let me see it."

I couldn't move.

"Show me what causes the bump."

Children get to know each other very well. And I knew Eve. She wouldn't change her mind and release me. That I understood.

She threatened to go out to the neighborhood and bring others to look at me. She knew the bump was not under my control and would remain until she returned.

So finally, I yielded. Again I hated myself. But I unzipped my trousers and Eve stepped closer. Presumably it was her first glimpse of the excited male appendage.

She made me hold it out and move about so she could see all sides and angles. I was ashamed but my little erection seemed to grow under her gaze and even more when she giggled...

That night I masturbated again. There was no emission of sperm. I was too young for that. But stroking my penis felt good. And although I did not fully understand the strange phenomenon, I learned it was the surest way to make it go limp.

D's recorded voice returned and my long lost memory faded away.

D

I kept James in sensory deprivation all of Friday. On Saturday morning, in an uncharacteristic mood of compassion, I released him...but just for a while.

I left the esophagus tube in place but disconnected it from the bag. The inflatable rectal plug also remained in place. Again, the tube was easily disconnected. He remained hooded and catheterized. As he slowly backed out of the cage, I cautioned him that his penis was still connected.

I snapped on his leash. Holding the collection bag in one hand and the end of the leash in the other, I walked him about my apartment. He was grateful for the exercise and tried to lick my shoes despite the tube emanating from his mouth. I laughed. The subliminal messaging was quite effective. His desire to serve was overwhelming. Possibly stronger than my desire to feel that trained tongue between my thighs.

"If you're a good boy James, I'll have a special treat for you tomorrow."

His docility told me I was about a day ahead of where I expected to be. That meant I could soon curtail the extreme sensory deprivation and switch to other training. I had purchased many oranges.

James

I had this insatiable desire to show my devotion. D was so kind to take me around the living room. My muscles were not as stiff and sore as I expected. The sedative was working but I wondered how I would feel after it dissipated.

The tube in my mouth was annoying. I wanted so much to apply my tongue to D's warm smooth flesh. And the catheterization tube could be felt. D amused herself by using it as a second leash.

After several laps, she led me back to the cage. In just minutes I was back into the strange world of static and dreams.

Eve again stepped into my thoughts. Another shocking recollection bubbled up from deep in my memory. Something that I had chosen or forced myself to forget.

It was a week after she had wheedled me into exposing myself. After the incident, I felt timid around Eve, she having ordered me about so she could so carefully inspect my tiny erection. And she seemed to assume a newly assertive role with me. I avoided her as best I could but she lived close by and the neighborhood was small.

It was a Saturday morning when kids are given much latitude while parents do chores. Eve encountered me exiting the back door of the house. When I think back, I believe she was waiting for me.

"Are you going to show me Little Dicky again, James?"

She asked in a loud voice. I panicked knowing that my mother was in the kitchen on the other side of the door I was just closing.

Eve had taken it upon herself to name my underdeveloped manhood. She followed her question by suggesting she was going to tell the entire neighborhood about my exhibition and how excited I got when locked up in the cage.

It was blackmail. There was no other way to describe it.

Thinking as an adult, it would have been so easy to call her bluff, then merely deny the incident. Or simply retort by

asking why she was so curious about my 'bump'. Or why she chose to lock the cage, etc.

But at that age, I suppose eleven, clarity of thought is not a strong attribute.

I meekly forced a smile.

"Yes, your sister will be quite ashamed, James, finding out that her brother likes to unzip himself. And your mother will probably find out..."

I stepped away from the house very concerned about being overheard, which would probably augur a worse result than if Eve intentionally blurted out the story.

We talked. Why could I not be more forceful? She was a little girl. I began to stammer and lose my words. Eve knew she had me.

"Let's go in back of the garage, James"

It was an ominous suggestion, but I did want to take the conversation away from the house.

In everyone's childhood there is a secret meeting place. In our neighborhood it was the area between my family's garage and the neighbor's garage to the rear. The area could not be observed from any nearby house. One had to walk around some bushes to enter the ten foot wide alley way. In so doing, the sound of his/her approach would give adequate notice to the perpetrators of whatever childish mischief was occurring. Enough time to hide any evidence, or scatter out the other end, or both.

As we strolled toward the secretive corridor of mischief, Eve continued talking with authority and I suddenly realized my bump was returning!

Again I panicked. Since it was the main subject of our discussion, Eve was sure to notice!

I told myself to stop. Concentrate...think...but still it grew. It was beyond my ability to control.

Sure enough, after negotiating the thick bushes, Eve again began to lecture and peered downwards as she did. She laughed.

“Does this happen often, James. How do you stop it?”

All her words and questions wouldn't come back to memory. I'm not even sure I was listening at that point since I was concentrating on my embarrassing problem. But finally she suggested what I feared...and it was stronger than a suggestion, actually.

“Show it to me.”

I paused but did. I was so ashamed. So embarrassed. Yet so excited. I flushed but unzipped as instructed.

Eve stooped to look closely. There was no cage wire to impede her view this time and the swollen purple head of my small erection fascinated her.

“How do you make it shrink?”

Naturally, it was her next question. I was in a funk. I demurred.

My recollection was interrupted by D's voice. I listened carefully. Her authoritative voice repeated and repeated. The reiteration was the only way to determine that it was more recording and not actually she.

D

It was Sunday. James needed a bath. I wanted to test the efficacy of my program. If it was not working I could easily tuck him away in his cage for another day or so. A visit to the office was required on Monday, but it wouldn't take much time to cancel more appointments and return.

I had mixed feelings releasing James. The sensory deprivation, feeding tubes and catheterization was the ultimate in subjugation and watching him meekly kneeling in his cage was delicious. But I needed to be serviced. One cannot eat her cake and have it too.

The gastric tube easily slid out. I released his wrist and ankles and led him to the tub. There the anal plug was removed and I was heartened to see some of the nourishing liquid drip into the tub. That indicated his rectum was well stretched and pliable. He had to concentrate to close the sphincter. Excellent.

Removing the catheter is always fun. It's interesting that to maximize the enjoyment, one just has to do the opposite of what is taught in nursing school. Pull slowly and with an occasional twist.

Quite ironic, I think to myself. Had the old time teaching nurses not been so specific in communicating the level of pain felt by the male as the tube frictions the urethra, particularly as it passes through the prostate gland, I would never know to be so devilish with the removal.

So once again James spasms with the pain and feels the discomfort and embarrassment of my controlling hand.

I treat him by removing the hood. The light is uncomfortable for him, his eyes have been covered since Thursday. I shower and shave him and he peers at me in my crisp, white nurse's uniform with a far away look. Yes, the subliminal messaging is working.

But I need gratification. Although Robert was very good on Friday night, my hormones are flowing having James' naked flesh completely subservient to my deviant mind.

I lead him to my bed. No hood or tethers, it's quicker and with the acceleration of the messaging he is most compliant. I place him on his back with his buttocks just on the end.

"Good boys get a treat, James."

I restrain his wrists above to the headboard. My dresser drawer yields nasty nipple clamps. Nothing he has not faced before, except these clamps have eyelets attached.

"Legs up, James. Knees to the chest."

Now things will become stressful for my newly trained pet.

I obtain two strips of fur-lined leather and some cords. The strips circle James' thighs, just above the knees. The cords are used to secure the thigh restraints to the eyelets on his nipple clamps. James must keep his knees up. Failure to do so will rip the clamps from his sensitive nipples. And

he will find that keeping his knees well up will relieve the tension on the cords.

This leaves his buttocks wonderfully exposed. And the well stretched pink sphincter invites my attention...which it shall have.

One last touch. A spreader bar is attached to each thigh restraint. When I work him, there will be a natural tendency for James to squeeze his thighs together. This will not do.

“If you’re a good boy, I won’t hood you.”

James is struggling to keep his legs up for me. Attaching the spreader bar took up much of the slack in the cords and to alleviate the stress on his nipples he must work diligently to keep his knees up.

Knowing that he’s under duress, I slowly remove my uniform. Going forward, these will be rare moments for James and he seems to realize that my preference for keeping him hooded will probably be more common than allowing him to view me.

But in subjugating the male, one must provide an incentive from time to time. And besides, he’ll soon be paying for the brief pleasure.

My harness has been hanging on the corner of his cage for weeks. It is time. He’s been well stretched and there is nothing in his system other than some of the special liquid nourishment. I lubricated him after the shower, but since this is his initial introduction to the ‘man spreader’ I kindly give it a light coating of viscous oil.

I decide to let him watch the preparations. This builds the anticipation and I want him to fully comprehend this step of his transition to subordinate male.

I strap the harness around my waist and move to the bed. At first he is transfixed by my breasts but turns his attention to the long tube of rubber as I detach the female end of the man spreader. Just looking at it makes him cower and this excites me. My end is a rather hideous looking plug of rubber but is designed to gently abrade all the sensitive

feminine parts when the phallic end is plunged deeply into the male joy hole.

“Give it a good lick please, James. You’ll be taking very good care of this from now on.”

Yes, James’ curiosity is piqued but he licks with trepidation. And he is right to do so. He continues to look at my breasts. He likes them and I’ll use that desire to my advantage.

I reattach the female end, briefly spread my thighs and insert the wonderfully designed plug of rubber into my vagina. Yes, it hits my ‘G’ spot perfectly and a little extension also tickles my clitoris. Years ago, after purchasing several disappointing implements, I had it specially designed and manufactured for my genitalia, a comparatively large but most satisfying investment.

The business end of the ‘man spreader’ is pushed through a sizable hole in the front of the harness. It juts out from my flat stomach some 13 inches and bobs about as I reach between my thighs and grasp two straps dangling underneath.

James is now afraid. When I run the straps back between my thighs and buckle them to the back of the waist belt, the size of the man spreader is now accentuated and stands larger than any normal male. And with the cleverly placed bumps, ruts and furrows, no male ever believes his rectum can accommodate it.

James pulls against his wrist cords in fright, however I am amused to see him carefully remain widely spread and open for me with the nipple clamps and attached cords nicely performing their function.

“Yes, James. I’m going to open you up. The phallus is specially designed to irritate so each thrust will serve two purposes. It will cause pain and when you resist or react to it your movement will in turn cause a most enjoyable sensation on my end.”

I line up the bulbous tip of the man spreader with James' pliant, pink sphincter. Knowing that he is stretched and lubed, I just thrust. And thus begins a glorious Sunday morning of lubricious pleasure.

James

D's strange rubber implement hurt. The furrows abraded the sensitive skin about my rectum. The bumps pressured the prostate gland. I indeed tried to resist and as I did so D let out a noticeable sigh with every thrust, my efforts apparently adding to the arousing motion of her end of the implement.

And then my penis engorged. More than just engorged it hardened and stood straight up defying the discomfort and bringing a sardonic laugh from D. I became incredibly aroused. Was it her power or once again viewing her perfectly shaped breasts as she ploughed my aperture.

"Yes, James you'll stand very nicely for me knowing you're giving pleasure."

With her next thrust she grasped my scrotum and used it for leverage. As she worked her hips forward she pulled on my testicles. I gasped with the pain and she laughed again.

"Can you take it, James? Being split wide open and sodomized by a woman?"

She taunted me and pushed until her hips rested against my thighs, my anus swallowing every inch of the huge phallus.

My manhood turned purple. A familiar goo oozed from my urethra. The huge penetrating cylinder of rubber was forcing pre-ejaculatory fluid from my under utilized gland. D watched with an amused look. She was milking me.

D

Using James like a whore produced a most sordid scene of sexual power and dominance. He lay there helplessly with his ankles in the air and his thighs well spread for me. When the conflicting sensation of humiliation overrode the pain, he tumefied, an expected result from the subservient male. I pumped with my hips. The resulting friction against my little bud began a series of small but very pleasant clitoral orgasms. My end of the phallus was performing as expected.

Then after some two dozen firm and deep thrusts, I rested. Physically, my legs began to weaken with the waves of ecstasy. Mentally, my control overwhelmed.

While I paused, I squeezed and twisted James' testicles, careful not to touch the penis. There would be no respite for my male harlot.

I began again. Letting his penis just stand. Alone. Begging for attention. Its neglect added to James' torment. His eyes moved from my breasts to the glistening rubber shaft then back when its full length disappeared inside him.

Then I resumed my verbal taunts. How does it feel to have your backside reamed by a female, James. Your penis tells me you're enjoying it...etc.

All part of the process.

I continued until I was exhausted. A vaginal orgasm came, then another and my arousal continued to excite James, the notion originating from hours of subliminal messaging tapes implanted in his subconscious. Overtime, ensuring my gratification would become his only desire.

Completely satiated, I decided to give James his treat.

With a final deep penetration and strong tug on his scrotum, I gave the command.

"Wouldn't you like to come for me James?"

His untouched penis exploded.

I laughed. James turned crimson with his shame.

James

At last D allowed my orgasm. It felt oddly pleasurable despite the pain and humiliation. The eruption of sperm covered my stomach.

She rested, then detached the harness leaving the male end impaled in me. The female end was disconnected and she reached up and stuck the wet, odoriferous end into my mouth.

“One of your duties will be to clean my toys.”

She silently stepped to the bathroom. Despite my climax, I could not help watching her beautifully proportioned buttocks glide across the room. I felt a twinge in my penis, but was helpless. She had not released me and I continued to maintain the knee-chest position in deference to my nipples while holding D’s fragrance laden implement in my lips.

My long lost, forgotten encounters with Eve, having come back to memory in the static filled darkness, again came to mind. This time while I was fully conscious. D’s program produced interesting alterations in the mind.

While the water ran in the bathroom and D took a leisurely shower, a most meaningful encounter with Eve vividly came to life...

Eve and I were once again behind the garage. After that Saturday when she insisted that I expose myself, our meetings became more frequent than I desired. She did not successfully coerce me on every Saturday. Sometimes I arose early and escaped to a friend’s house. But it wasn’t lack of effort on her part, for on many Saturday mornings she greeted me at my back door and under threat of divulging my lewd conduct, directed me back to the hidden outdoor corridor.

On this memorable morning, she too arose early and caught me exiting the back door just as she had on the first occasion. Whenever she encountered me, I knew two things would happen. First, that she would stand with a look of determination and point to the garage. Second, that I would

begin to tumefy as a result of her authoritative demeanor and with the thought of undergoing the humiliation.

The meetings occurred often enough so that it became a wordless ritual. I knew what she wanted. She knew that by the time the march to the back of the garage ended, I would be erect and ready to expose myself. Nothing needed to be said.

It was on the third or fourth 'inspection' that Eve again harped on the question, 'how do you make it shrink?'

This time she insisted on learning, and over the months since I first masturbated, I had indeed become rather proficient in making it shrink. But knowing how and showing Eve were two very different things. Did I want to further complicate our peculiar relationship? Her hold over me was great, at least I thought so at that age. She was constantly threatening to tell. And we were at the age when parents and teachers were warning all the children to be wary of people who engaged in the very acts that Eve was insisting that I perform...exposing the private parts. Whenever I hesitated in obeying her, she mentioned the police detective that had lectured us in school. My explanation of her complicity would never be believed, she would offer with a smirk.

With Eve's reference, I recalled the detective's remarks and his adamant comments concerning the punishment and incarceration of offenders.

With that thought, I lowered my pants. Under Eve's riveting gaze and with my fear and humiliation, my young penis turned to rock.

D

After my shower I released James. I pointed to the bathroom and told him to clean the 'man spreader' then return to the cage.

He was patiently kneeling in front of the cage door when I returned from the kitchen with his orange.

I put him on all fours, restrained his wrists and ankles, slid on his hood, then dangled the fruit. He was hungry. I wanted more training for his tongue. After his display of obeisance in ejaculating upon my command and without physical manipulation, the need for further sensory deprivation would be limited. Perhaps as little as 8 hours per day.

James attacked the orange. On Friday night, an errant swipe of his tongue had gathered in some love juice from my fingers. Otherwise he had not tasted anything since Thursday.

I returned to my book.

James

The sweet juice was wonderful when I was able to hold the orange in my lips. But often I thrust my tongue too firmly and the fruit escaped and swung away. Then I would patiently wait for the string to steady, and again crane my neck and suction the sphere between my lips.

With the strained procedure, I estimate it took me between thirty minutes and an hour to suck as much juice and pulp as possible, given my restrained hands.

Occasionally I heard D laugh as the bobbing orange escaped me. And when I finished the first she silently replaced it with a second. So went the remainder of the day.

With the tedium, my thoughts returned to Eve. Even after the many years, there always came an electric like shock to my hippocampus when I recalled her. And with the many Saturday morning rendezvous, the one where I first showed her how to make my embarrassingly stiff penis shrink, stood out among all the others.

I had lowered my trousers as stated but only to mid thigh. It was Eve who stepped forward and pulled them down to my ankles.

"It's warm enough," she smiled with a shrug, and stared at my tented underpants.

And I said nothing. There wasn't much she hadn't seen on previous Saturdays. However, I didn't like the idea of having my pants tangled around my ankles. Before I could protest, she again stepped forward and pulled down the remaining garment. I stood more exposed to this cute little girl than ever before. The brief 'peep' shows of the past were left behind us at that point. For the first time she was free to inspect my scrotum and testicles, which she did. And I remember shuddering with the realization that with each one of our encounters, Eve had taken me just a little further down a path which ended I knew not where. But there was no turning back.

"Show me James. You must be able to make it go back to normal."

And so I began. My early masturbatory habits involved stroking myself with my right hand and tickling and pulling on my scrotum with my left. I closed my eyes as Eve giggled, watching my hands and fingers very closely. Her childish voice made me even more excited. Unbelievably, as the waves of self pleasure rolled through my mind, I envisioned Eve!

I imagined that it was Eve who was stroking me. With that fantasy and knowing she was in fact nearby and laughing at my humiliation, I soon experienced the 'dry' orgasm of youth. I let out a sigh and moments later my penis became flaccid. Eve watched it go limp, then ran off, laughing loudly, with me standing half naked, struggling to pull up my pants.

D

Monday I visited the office and took care of only the absolutely necessary appointments. Many of the week's patients I called to switch to a colleague. My calendar was clear for the weeks of the planned trip and with James' new wealth I decided to take off even longer. Perhaps I would never return to my practice, or maybe over time I would resume my practice with only the most amusing clients.

Those that I could both help and torment for my own entertainment. I wouldn't even need to charge a fee...

I sent James home to arrange his affairs. Before leaving I gave him a personal check so he could negotiate the termination of his lease and cut off all utilities and telephone. He returned in the afternoon and I immediately put him into the cage. For the next three days, if he wasn't in sensory deprivation, he would be either working on an orange or demonstrating his new prowess with his hooded head between my thighs.

On Tuesday I handled some brief appointments in the morning and checked with the bank. The first monthly payment of \$100,000 had been wired into our joint checking account. 'Joint' in title only. James not only was denied blank checks, he didn't know the account existed. The statements were mailed to my office address. I suppose at some point in time, he would ponder where his wealth was going, but for the short term, he would have other things to think about.

On Wednesday morning, I sat through my last appointment as a psychologist. Goodbye, Mrs. Jones, and your dreary tales involving low self-esteem and overindulgence. Just lose some weight you cow!

I could not say it, of course. But why do so many seemingly complicated problems have such simple solutions? So I just listened and thought about the prior evening when James had so ardently applied his lips and tongue to my steamy, moist slit. And he didn't miss a drop, the dear boy. Capturing and sucking the dangling oranges were a most effective form of exercise.

Wednesday afternoon I looked at houses. All large and old, I wanted something dramatic and that I could restore without raising the curiosity of nosey neighbors. Building a large exercise and discipline room in a newly constructed home would draw attention. Gutting a turn of the century mansion was an accepted process. Delivery and installation

of equipment, no matter how eccentric, would not give rise to questions.

I found a gem and put in an offer.

James

Is interesting how life and one's outlook thereon can change so quickly. Having my week planned and knowing where I would be and what I would be doing was an ingrained habit before D began her program.

Since then, I don't think or plan at all. I just react. Quickly. Humbly. Obediently.

Most times, I don't know what day it is. And being hooded so much of the day, I judge time by relating it to D. Where she is, what she's doing and what she wants of me.

But I still dream.

And strangely, most dreams are of the neighborhood girl who's brash curiosity frightened me more than anything I remember from my youth. Eve always seemed to get what she wanted. A great manipulator, she always had the newest bicycle, the best toys, got the highest grades. She was the benchmark for every parent's assessment of their own children.

"If you're good like Eve, you'll have a nice Christmas present," I had heard so many parents say.

We all knew better, her friends and acquaintances. And I in particular knew of her duplicity.

But she was the child Queen. And to paraphrase an old adage, if you're planning to kill the 'Queen' make sure you indeed kill her.

Thus, no youngster dared attempt to tarnish Eve's 'good girl' image. Any effort would earn her wrath, the consequences of which could be substantial. Those who crossed her found themselves receiving a good strapping when their parents learned of smoking or skipping school. And it was Eve who always informed the parents of the forbidden conduct, thus further enhancing her 'good girl'

image and raising her status to that of nearly untouchable within the community of kids.

So, a couple of weeks after Eve watched my ignominious display of masturbation she was waiting outside my back door at a particularly early hour. She had apparently become aware of my early morning escapes and assured herself that I could not vacate my house without her interception.

But there was no avoiding her on this bright, warm Saturday. No, Eve awaited and was holding a camera. Rather expensive for a girl of some 12 years, but it was a recent addition to her 'good girl' plunder. Her ingratiating parents had purchased it for her birthday. Instant photography had become easy to use and Eve was eager to demonstrate one of its more useful functions. Accumulating blackmail.

Her words still stung and rattled my mind.

"I want to see you do that again, James. You know, behind the garage."

It was not a suggestion. It was a continued part of our journey down this strange, unknown path. There could only be one reason she carried the camera. It was to assure I could not turn back.

Laitai

I find myself somewhat mesmerized by the puffy white clouds streaming slowly under the wing of the plane. San Francisco to St. Paul is expected to be a trip of over 3 hours, so I settle in and try to relax despite my excitement.

My thoughts turn to mother and all she has taught me over the years. At 23, turning such knowledge into a steady flow of income has been difficult for me. Some in the D/s scene consider me to be more than talented. In thigh high leather boots, matching leather skirt and a frilly but loose fitting white blouse I am considered evilly alluring by those that choose to endure my skills. I have come to find it amusing that some initially react with a degree of aloofness

due to my young age or perhaps my slight 110 pound frame. But those are the ones I particularly enjoy making sing. Securely strapped to a padded leather bench, in time they all break. My challenge becomes the matter of the timing to utilize in maximizing the mental torment and what pattern to leave on their exposed flesh to most amuse observers. And for those who are initially aloof, listening to their pleas turn to high pitched, unintelligible bursts of air passing over strained vocal cords, is gratifying. I always think of the sounds as song and overall, those that sing the loudest are the ones that later return and display a newly found level of respect.

The D/s scene in San Francisco is active, but in some ways too active. Professional handlers of submissive males compete with amateurs and worse, people just experimenting and entering the scene as a lark.

Thus Dr. D's offer of a well paid, lengthy assignment could not be ignored.

As a little girl I watched mother ply her craft, the disciplining of the subservient male. She in turn had learned from her mother who learned from her mother. The passing down of this knowledge went back for countless generations and it all began when my ancestors served the Emperor of China. In those ancient days and continuing right up to the beginning of the twentieth century, the Emperor was served by eunuchs, males who by tradition had sacrificed their genitals for the privilege of serving royalty.

The care, training and disciplining of the Emperor's young eunuchs was entrusted to my great-great-grandmother. Perhaps the connection went even further back, for it seemed the daughters, granddaughters, etc. continued their service right up to the last Emperor, by whom my grandmother was employed.

Eunuchs have special needs. All of which my mother explained to me in long lectures. But one particular skill that was required for their care, mother continued to utilize and

had taught me. That was the firm caning of the buttocks and other receptive areas.

It is well known that Eunuchs cannot experience sexual pleasure in the normal sense. What is not well known is with most altered males there is a very common psychological transition that substitutes the desire to experience pain for the loss of the ability to achieve sexual gratification.

In the Emperor's palace, there developed a ritual where the firm crack of the cane and the resulting overwhelming signal of pain became the preferred substitute to normal sex. And to have the ritual performed by a young attractive woman added a dimension that the Emperor found to be amusing.

Mother used to revel me with stories told to her of the special room in the Emperor's palace where sexually frustrated eunuchs were stripped and firmly caned by our ancestors. Large and well equipped, the high ceilinged room was used to restrain the altered male in any number of positions. And the Emperor's balcony afforded an unimpeded view of all, the antics of the groveling flagellant being a common form of entertainment for both the Emperor and a carefully selected naked and orally gifted concubine. All the Emperors were appreciative of my ancestors' talent and made certain the craft was passed by mother to daughter for many generations.

The skill involves more than just swinging a thin strip of bamboo. The flagellator must know the optimal areas of the flesh, how to maximize pain without breaking the skin, how to bring the eunuch to the highest level of pain without permitting him the ironic mercy of passing out. But most importantly, she must be relentless.

One cannot display the slightest degree of compassion and be an effective flagellator. No. The eunuch must understand he will be caned firmly and steadily. Once begun, no part of a session is within his control.

The talented flagellator is closer to being a machine than being human.

And mother imbued me with assiduous talent and ardent desire to inflict.

I looked at the picture of James, which Dr. D had sent me with the plane ticket. The submissive male always had that certain look and I saw it in James. Like that of lost or stray pet, an imploring look, as if seeking to be taken home and sheltered.

He's considerably older than me, I think. Probably approaching his mid thirties. It's the perfect age, still young enough to withstand the rigors of the cane, but with the added maturity that will make the humiliation of his subjugation to a girl of 23 to be that much more mentally stressing. Dr. D indicated he took nicely to the leash...

D

Packing was a challenging experience. So much equipment along with thick winter clothing and ski apparel, all of which had to be stowed. The winter climate in the Canadian Rockies is extremely cold with bright sunny days turning to nights of sub zero temperature.

When finished, the numerous bags and trunks forced me to call the cab company and have them send a van rather than a regular car.

James was not much help. He had expressed some reservations the evening before and I had to immerse him in darkness with another tape. Doing this was difficult for me. I was excited by the trip and needed attention. Robert was not available on such short notice so I relieved some frustration by standing before the cage and letting James lap away at my sex through the bars. This also proved to be a effective way of monitoring his progress, his tongue becoming more attentive as the evening wore on, thereby providing an indication of his level of submission.

By early Thursday morning he was pining to be let out so he could better service me. The timing could not have been

better. Our train left Union Station at 2:10 p.m. I wanted him groveling in order to get him into the private cars by noon and without incident. Depriving him of food and assuring that his bladder was well filled helped speed the matter. Eventually his needs overcame his reluctance and when I finally deemed him ready for release he scrambled to the bathtub like an energetic puppy released to do his business.

I prepared my apartment for a long period of absence, emptying the refrigerator of just about everything and turning down the thermostat.

Then I just lounged in my favorite chair and had James lick my boots while waiting for the van. I needed to keep him in the right frame of mind and I gently brushed my fingers across the front of his trousers. Yes, the bulge indicated his penis was nicely turgid as he made the black leather shine. As planned and suggested in the hours of subliminal messaging, the act of serving me was becoming a significant source of arousal for him.

Right on schedule, our driver quietly pushed open the door which I had left ajar. A very pleasant black woman stepped in and smiled when she saw James kneeling at my feet with his fortified tongue ardently applying long laps up and down my right boot.

"I have one of those at home," she announced with a wry smile.

It was nice to learn that I did not need to explain the large dog cage when she stepped into the bedroom to pick up some luggage. And when James stood, the rather prominent erection pushing through his pants was likewise not in need of explanation.

With the van loaded, our trip began. A stop at the bank provided an enormous windfall in the form of James' cash.

Then it was off to the train station, where our luggage was taken to our private cars. I made a simple request of our delightful cab driver, which she immediately understood and accepted without hesitation. She was subsequently well

tipped, with James' money course, and I took down her phone number for the return trip. Her name was Angela and I was sure she would be very interested in inspecting James after his visit to the spa and his appointment with Dr. Alice.

Stepping into the private lounge car made me pause for breath. The restored opulence was magnificent. The late nineteenth century car had an open platform in the rear, sizable lounge with cocktail bar, galley and small office with phones and fax.

The connecting sleeper car was more modern. At one end was the master bedroom with shower. Two smaller but spacious bedrooms, which a shared second shower, comprised the opposite end. In the middle was a glass domed observation section, which protruded above the main body of the car. This provided for a panoramic, three hundred and sixty degree view of the countryside and the sky above.

Under the dome were four well-stuffed lounge chairs, designed to provide the occupant with the capability of swiveling in order to observe all passing sights. I was heartened to see thick carpeting on the floor. Obviously intended to absorb the noise of the moving train, it would also provide long term comfort for my kneeling subjugant.

I sent James back to the lounge car suggesting, in a firm manner, that he ensure the Champagne was well iced. This provided me with the opportunity to arrange the master bedroom and tend to the luggage.

I also met with the conductor. The train would be under his control. Therefore, although I had private cars, he had the responsibility and the authority to inspect and tour our facilities.

I showed him our tickets, which included some crisp greenbacks tucked inside the travel pouch.

"We'd very much prefer to be left in privacy," I suggested with a smile, but with hands placed on hips in a portrait like stance of dominance.

His 'yes, ma'am' reply and meek look suggested that he may well be inclined to drop in for reasons other than his professional duties.

But when he returned our tickets, I noticed that the greenbacks had disappeared. Our privacy would be respected unless, of course, I invited him in for a talk...

In one sizable trunk I located the expensive suspension harness I had purchased years before. The lounge appeared to be a likely area for its use and I decided to divert James' attention by showing him his new restraints.

I returned to the lounge car to find James dutifully preparing the Champagne with, of course, only one glass. Since it dampens the libido, I had denied James all alcohol for weeks and he knew not to even ask for a sip.

With just a nod he poured a glass and I gave the lounge a closer look.

The rear of the lounge car had wonderful fenestration providing the occupants with unimpeded views through oversized windows. In the center of the ceiling, a few feet from the door leading to the observation platform, I noticed some sturdy hooks, apparently at one time used to secure a ceiling fan before the car was refurbished with air conditioning.

How serendipitous. The harness is comprised of wide nylon straps, originally designed for use in bungee cord jumping, with comfortable ankle cuffs sewn to the back of the waist belt and wrist cuffs sewn to the top, rear portion of the shoulder straps.

Modified by a certain kinky San Francisco cobbler with access to heavy duty stitching machines, his thoughtful alterations provided a combination of safety and comfort which is perfect for long term bondage. The harness is ineluctable and with my experience in the psychiatric ward, I used it with enthusiasm for many years before tiring of it.

But for James it will become the perfect traveling restraint device. First the occupant is buckled into the wide

waist belt. Then a pair of straps run from the waist belt, circle the inner thighs in the upper area near the groin and back to the waist belt. Then two shoulder straps are buckled up, running from the waist belt, crossing the chest, running over the shoulders, crossing the back and attaching to the rear of the waist belt. Then the wrists are drawn behind the back and firmly encased in fur lined cuffs.

The cobbler added extensions to the top of the shoulder straps. These extension straps have large rings at the top from which the harness and the occupant within hang.

In the lounge car, suspending James will be just a matter of having him stand under the ceiling hooks, running cords from the shoulder rings to the ceiling, tightening them to an appropriate level of tension, then lifting one foot into the waiting ankle cuff, then the other.

James will hang. Naked. Completely immobile. Perhaps blindfolded.

I can feel my arousal visualizing the train flashing through the small dairy towns of Wisconsin with the blinds drawn up, providing the unsuspecting inhabitants with delightfully lewd glimpses of my subservient plaything. And a nice inflatable butt plug will add an element of spice and serve to remind him of his role by keeping him nicely erect for the journey to the spa.

My watch indicates it is just after 1:00 p.m.

"Well, James...your journey has begun," I think to myself, as I lift my glass and sip, looking directly into those beseeching eyes. He silently looks down to my boots in well-ingrained obeisance. Then his eyes move with trepidation to the harness.

James

The private cars are beautifully arranged. I am so happy that D can enjoy herself and my fortunate monetary circumstances.

After serving her Champagne, she selects a video tape from a collection she has brought from her apartment. My

role is to stand to her side and replenish her glass as she enjoys a rather well produced 'X rated' movie. She doesn't speak. She just occasionally extends her glass and I humbly pour.

The large windows in the lounge area provide a view of the busy station platform. Most people just scurry by, but others pause to look in, the exterior of the car being most decoratively painted and its nineteenth century design being quite the attraction.

D just calmly sits in the stuffed chair and continues watching. The curious onlookers do not know that she's viewing a most decadent scene from a rather avant-garde Greek film involving pony play, with a pair of naked muscular males straining to pull a heavy cart under the whip of a female Goddess.

After a time she looks at her watch.

"James, go to the master bedroom and remove your clothing. There is attire on the bed for you. Bring it back here with the clothes you're wearing. Nothing else."

I wordlessly obey, filling her glass before leaving.

As I retreat, I realize D's stern voice seems to thrill me. I can feel a strange form of arousal knowing she has chosen to divert her attention to me. I feel privileged when she speaks to me.

But my smug feeling of comfort wanes when I reach the bedroom and spy the attire.

There on the bed lie my hood, an inflatable butt plug, and a strange implement of soft leather and cords. There is nothing else.

My mind goes into a funk. There are people on the platform. It's crowded. It is Union Station! She must have left some form of covering for me!

And I further panic when I open the closet and see D's collection of garments and none of mine.

I don't have time to think. A far off voice tells me to obey. 'Let D take charge', it whispers. While it is a most

overpowering suggestion, the thought also produces the strangest feeling of comfort.

I remove my clothing, gather everything up and humbly return to the lounge, moving quickly past windows that look out onto the station platform.

D

James may as well find out sooner than later that his luggage didn't quite make the train. With the sizable gratuity to Angela, she was entrusted with James' clothing and whatever else he had packed. Henceforth, what he wears and when will be my decision.

Waiting for his return I ensure the harness is ready. A few hours in suspension should put James in the right frame of mind and I unfurl all the straps. Moving a nearby stool I step up and hang the foreboding contraption from the ceiling hooks.

As James humbly enters the well-exposed lounge, I turn and calmly smile at his panicking face. His look evidences his reluctance to stand in the center where I beckon next to the freely swinging harness.

"Come, James. The station passengers may enjoy a little show. Hands on head."

Just as he summons the courage to approach, I notice his penis begins to twitch and swell. The humiliation, the reaction to the controlling female, being naked in unfamiliar surroundings...for the submissive male, all are incredibly arousing factors, and James' inner psyche will not let pass an opportunity to demonstrate his subservience. It's like a puppy wagging its tail.

I laugh with the wonderfully decadent combination of his discomfort, his initial resistance, his rapid tumescence and his ultimate obedience. With his hands held high, grasping his garments and selected paraphernalia, his erection juts forth as he steps forward.

My timing is superb. The car jolts slightly. We are on our way to St. Paul, sparing James of the sordid exhibition he

both fears but oddly desires. I do, however, notice two young girls who stop and stare through the windows as the car slowly rolls down the platform. Most fortunately, James also notices and in reaction his erection rises even further to brush against his lower abdomen.

James

D takes my clothing and the implements from me. She motions me to stand near the harness.

"Turn and face me."

The waist belt is buckled around me. My wrists are drawn back then up to the waiting cuffs. Thigh straps encircle each leg and are then snugly attached to the waist belt.

D is impressively quick. Almost professional. And most of all thorough. The motion of the train swaying as it passes through curves and switches does not impede her efforts. Within a minute I stand before her encased in the harness. She seems to deliberately allow my enormous erection to frottage against her silk dress as she shortens the straps leading to the ceiling hooks.

"On your toes, please James."

Posed as a request, her words are enunciated as a command. I comply and the connecting straps are shortened to where I cannot return to standing on my feet.

D steps back and surveys. We both look to my erection, which uncontrollably waggles under her brief observance. She laughs.

"I think you're going to enjoy the harness, James. It can be most decadently comfortable for the obeisant male."

She pauses to watch my penis stir. It seems to harden more and she laughs again while stepping to my rear.

"Relax and let the harness take your weight."

D lifts one foot then the other. My ankles are brought up behind me and secured in soft cuffs on the back of the waist belt.

She is correct as always. The harness is most comfortable and I swing helplessly with the gentle motion of the train.

As expected the butt plug is next. She has come to know my aperture very well and the narrow rubber tube effortlessly slides into my rectum. Three rapid squeezes expand the plug and it fills my lower colon. Again my

erection seems to harden more. I look down to see prostatic fluid begin to form on the tip.

D returns to my front and again surveys her work.

"I think you're going to enjoy the trip. You won't be needing these."

She picks up my garments and steps behind me. I hear the door to the outdoor platform open. I feel a draft of cold air. I hear the door close.

My clothing has been donated to the next Amtrak maintenance crew, which happens along the track. The closet of the master bedroom comes to mind, filled with D's garments and none of mine.

'Let D take charge', a comforting inner voice again suggests. And my alter ego retorts, 'what choice is there now?'

"Hood time, James. I want to finish watching the movie."

As D slides the covering over my head she graciously and tenderly smooths her fingers over my face. I strain to kiss her hands.

Then I feel the headphones being placed over my ears. She has not left anything behind. I return to my dark world of static.

D

Such a good boy, James, calmly hanging, naked and erect as I sip more Champagne. The 'man spreader' is packed, but not far away. Maybe I'll entertain him with it after the movie and a nap. Then he'll serve me a nice dinner.

We're scheduled to arrive in St. Paul at 10:25 p.m. where Alice and Laitai will join us. From there it is onwards to Montana where our cars will be separated from the Amtrak train, and we'll await our own locomotive to take us into Canada.

Without clothing for James, getting through customs will be a hurdle, but I'm sure something can be arranged...

James

There is something unusually titillating about full body suspension and the male anatomy. With the straps comfortably holding my weight, my spinal cord sends peculiar signals of pleasure to my lower body. My erection seems to flourish and feels as if it is no longer connected to me. It just juts forth and gently wags with the motion of the train. With the shifting car the position of my butt plug continuously pressures my prostate. Licentious reminiscences cannot be avoided...

I think about the two young girls who peered at me through the moving train windows as we left Union Station. In displaying my nakedness and my tumescence, I became sickened by my arousal and I again think about Eve.

Eve has the camera. We have retreated to the backyard corridor, which we frequent in order to engage in forbidden childhood behavior. It is Saturday morning. I have silently lowered my trousers. Eve no longer has to command such, but this time she wants my shoes and socks removed and after giving the command she waits with a look of impatience. Never within her authoritative demeanor is there a hint of concern that I will not do her bidding. And that's what always made it so easy for me.

'Of course you're going to remove your shoes and socks, silly. Eve told you to'. My subconscious speaks and justifies my odd penchant to comply. And I find myself obeying without hesitation.

As I bend to do so, I hear the first click of the camera. I am surprised, thinking that Eve would just want to highlight that part of the male anatomy that most interested her.

But afterwards, I realized, she wanted a collage of me performing for her. Obeying. Responding to direction. There could later be no doubt that I was reacting to her and the camera. With a stand alone photo someone could subsequently argue it merely represented an isolated snapshot of an unsuspecting adolescent in a solitary

embarrassing incident. But with a sequence, no such explanation could prevail.

No. The devious Eve was going to have a scrap book of James. An obedient James. A naked James. An erect James. A masturbating James! And it would begin with me taking off various articles of clothing under her direction. And end...where?

My penis was turgid, of course. Both Eve and I had come to expect that. And after my shoes and socks were cast aside she instructed me to step out of my lowered trousers and under pants which encircled my ankles.

The camera clicked as I set the garments atop my shoes. She paused to let the film eject and the 'ready' light to return to green.

"Show me again how you make it shrink, James. I liked that."

And I did. Standing nude from the waist downward I worked my hands and fingers. The camera clicked. Again. And again.

Eve was laughing but managed to hold the lens steady. And when she moved in for a close-up of the purple, enraged tip, I closed my eyes in shame. In doing so, I once more visualized Eve. Again it was not *my* hand so vigorously pumping my young penis. It was *Eve's*. She was manipulating and controlling my appendage and my body and my mind.

The clicks seemed to come in an endless progression and then...it happened. That familiar yet overwhelming wave of pleasure, the sensation of my legs weakening, and then Eve let out a disgusted 'Yuk!' as the camera clicked once more. I felt wetness.

I opened my eyes. For the first time a white goo had erupted as a result of my firm, feverish strokes and Eve's camera managed to capture this seemingly strange event. That Saturday morning a boy's puberty had manifested itself and, by happenstance, this unyielding, dominant

young girl witnessed my passage into manhood, the sight of my genitals spewing the effluent of life.

Eve let out another 'Yuk', but took the time to record my wet hand and the dribbling remnants of my ejaculation.

I often wonder if she understood, at the time, what had happened. In school, the girls were taking separate health courses and there was a prevailing rumor among the boys that the curriculum included detailed discussion of the reproduction system of boys. And indeed, but for the verbal exclamation, she was undaunted by the seemingly strange white mucous which initially shot out in an arc to form a small puddle on the impacted soil and moments later turned to a drool which slithered down my right hand.

So she remained and clicked away as my penis shrank and I felt a new and heightened sense of shame and humiliation. Her last shot was of my reddened face and sheepish look of embarrassment.

Then she picked up my pants, threw them up onto the garage roof, and merrily skipped away with the photographic chronicle of my first ejaculation.

I was left naked from the waist down. After a minute or two to recover my energy, I stealthily climbed a nearby tree, reached over to the garage and retrieved my pants.

As I dressed, something told me my life would never be the same.

Deep down, there was an unexplainable sense of enjoyment in performing for Eve, however wrong it was. But I again rationalized, perhaps all too conveniently, that I had no choice but to obey. And even at age 13, I had the sagacity to realize that, with her pictures, Eve's demands would soon become relentless. And after that morning, indeed they did.

D

The train is speeding through the Wisconsin countryside. James hangs most docilely and I feel my sex drive slowly simmering. The movie ends and I found it to be well done.

Watching the dominant Greek Goddess work her naked charges then glancing over to observe my helpless, naked and erect James gently swinging in harness adds quite a dimension to my arousal.

The shades are drawn up and on two occasions the train slows to pass through local stations. Some folks waiting for commuter trains seem to gape, but it is difficult to determine whether it's the site of the nineteenth century rail car or my well-bound traveling companion that draws their attention.

My fingers slip between my thighs and gather the moist evidence of my enjoyment of both the movie and his delicious submission. I move to my harnessed plaything and tenderly apply a fragrant coating to his lips and nose treating him to a sampling of my arousal. He stirs and licks my hand then thrusts his hips forward in a vane attempt to frottage his erect penis against my skirt.

I decide it's time for the parachute. Alice wants has scrotal sac stretched a little. James brought the simple device from the bedroom and the leather strap with attached cords is easily secured. With James' penis standing out of the way, it's just a matter of drawing the testicles down and encircling the top of the sac with the short strip of leather. Then the cords hanging beneath need to be gathered and an appropriate weight attached. For James, I rig a small cloth basket into which I can casually toss various objects to increase the weight. I start with a cocktail glass from the bar. After placing it into the net, it occurs to me that a simple method to add weight would be to fill the glass with water. Easy enough.

He takes to the parachute well. In the mind, the pain and discomfort apparently homogenize with the input from the subliminal message. Thus, other than an initial groan, James remains docile, despite the weight hanging from his precious organs.

Yes, I conclude, I'll open him up before dinner. He's been good. And in another hour, the subliminal message tape will have run out. He'll then be ready to accept whatever I wish to give. I'll have him dangle atop the man spreader and give him a good reaming, a suitable follow up message.

After an hour or so the Champagne takes its toll and I sleep, curling up on a nearby couch and drawing over me a thoughtfully placed afghan. I cannot help but pleasantly dream. The world is a subservient oyster named James, and what a pearl I found within.

James

The suggestive voice again calls out from afar, barely perceptible within the static. I listen intently. Whatever it is saying, I want to learn since it's D's voice. And with the scent of her sex on my nose and mouth, I settle into my bonds, listen and inhale the pleasant aroma of the woman who owns my soul.

Then Eve steps into my reverie. Another mental return to my adolescence begins to unfold. This time it is late afternoon. School is out and as stated I try to avoid Eve. Her increasing power frightens me, although with puberty, I find myself masturbating constantly to thoughts of her and the strange trips to the back of the garage.

She is not in any of my classes so most times I can evade her by leaving the school building through a little used door and walking a circuitous route home. Usually these precautions serve to successfully avoid her. But on this occasion our paths cross. I recall pondering at the time whether she had long known of my unusual departure route and, when the desire to confront me arose, merely waited for me to walk into her trap.

So there she stood outside as I carefully pushed open the rarely used exit door.

She looked radiant as ever, not experiencing the pains of puberty as with others our age. Her aura did not suffer from the awkwardness that inflicted so many of our classmates.

Her complexion was clear and her breasts were beginning to develop in a most attractive manner. Unlike her peers, her body had filled out with neither the plumpness nor the disproportional growth of limbs so prevalent in the early teens.

She displayed that infectious smile which adults found charming, but her acquaintances knew masked a remarkably devious 13 year old mind.

Thus, I could not help but find her alluring despite her duplicity. I often compared my attraction to her to be akin to my thoughts of the local amusement park roller coaster. The mind recollects the ride as pleasant. But in actuality it was scary.

So it was with Eve. And on this day, as she beckoned with her finger, my level of anxiety was similar to sitting in the front seat of the roller coaster as it was slowly drawn up that first high incline. It is ironic that the view is best just before the precipitous, stomach churning fall.

"Mom's taking my sister to get new shoes. No one's home and I have some pictures to show you. You may carry my books."

It was not a suggestion. I humbly joined Eve for the walk to her house.

As stated, she lived near my home. Therefore no one would question our fraternization. But I began to tremble, fully cognizant that association with Eve always involved her extracting whatever she desired. And what she desired invariably meant my engaging in some bizarre activity designed for her pleasure and my extreme embarrassment.

But was I trembling from fear or excitement? The anticipation of her first demand?

When we turned the corner and stepped onto Eve's street the inevitable occurred. My young penis began to harden. I moved the books lower in my arms, hoping to cover the telltale bulge, but Eve knew all too well what was happening. After all, it had been some two or three years

with many strangely libidinous rendezvous since that first fateful encounter in the mink cage.

When I shifted my arms she smiled, revealing how well she understood me and my youthful organ. Just the act of carrying her books, serving her, precipitated an odd form of arousal and she knew it. She planned it. She expected it. And I found her to be frustratingly correct in her unannounced assessment...that a part of my psyche enjoyed serving her...being with her...performing for her...yet fearing her.

We entered her house by way of the side door.

"The basement, James. I'll be back."

She pointed down a flight of stairs then took my books and hers. I stepped down into darkness. After three steps the lights came on from a click above and I could see to weave my way past various cloth draped items of storage.

I had been in Eve's basement before but always when her mother was home and when we were engaged in some form of harmless play on a rainy afternoon.

Now the circumstances were more earnest.

In the far end, I knew there was an open area and I instinctively moved there. Eve would want some space. And it is interesting to realize in my reminiscence that the particular section was the best lit part of the basement, with a large fluorescent light fixture above and a comfortable old shag rug on the floor.

Why did I stand there without being so directed?

I looked about at Eve's nearby doll collection, which filled the shelves of an old bookcase. An interesting juxtaposition, I thought. The toys of Eve's childhood situated where she was about to display a most precocious level of sexual curiosity.

After a moment, Eve came down the stairs. She carried a notebook and as promised it was filled with photos. We sat on the rug and she opened the cover.

“I’ve made copies which are well hidden so don’t think you can run off with these,” she cautioned. “But I can make more copies for you if you’d like.”

Eve’s offer was ignored as my attention quickly turned to her camera work. My face flushed with shame as she turned the pages. Unfolding before me was the entire photographed sequence, some of which was unfamiliar to me since on that Saturday morning I had closed my eyes with the overwhelming combination of humiliation and ecstasy. And of course, as each photo became progressively more sordid, my ‘Little Dicky’ responded as expected, which Eve was waiting to see. She noticed me fidget as the sensitive tip became entrapped in my underwear.

“No one’s home, James. You’ll feel more comfortable showing it to me. It’s so cute when it stands for me. You can take off all your clothes down here. Mother won’t be home for hours. No one will see you but me.”

I hesitated.

“You know you’ll feel better if you do, James. And of you don’t these photos can be mailed just about anywhere...”

Yes. I stripped. Naked. Completely. Nothing, not a stitch did she permit me. I tried to stop with a couple of undergarments remaining, but Eve wanted me completely naked. And what Eve wanted, Eve got. That I knew. Why I attempted to keep some covering I don’t know.

And when I finished, Little Dicky seemed to be larger and firmer than ever before, bringing a broad smile from Eve.

On that afternoon, Eve drew up a chair and calmly ensconced herself for the duration. There were no furtive glances needed as a precaution against neighbors or other interlopers. No one could interfere with her antics. Eve knew we were alone, that we would remain alone without interruption, and that she was in control.

“Move your hands away, James, I want to see it.”

So I just stood under the bright fluorescent lights and under went her thorough visual examination. My penis stood

so straight for her...and once again the more I tried to avoid the shame of my tumescence the higher it seemed to stand.

Eve no longer giggled. I suppose over the years she had become seasoned. For her, my display no longer satisfied a girlish curiosity. Instead it seemed to be fulfilling a sexual need. A desire to observe and learn of the opposite sex. Unlike other girls, for Eve with this desire came the urge to control, to demonstrate authority not to mention the obvious enjoyment of my shame.

After a few moments she instructed me to turn to the side. I suppose the profile view highlighted my state of erection even more. And in complying with her demand, Eve seemed to take even more relish in her authority, realizing anew that the possession of the photos was an unlimited source of power over me. And I suppose they were.

She just made me stand there and I closed my eyes and subconsciously moved my hands to my sides.

"Why not just put your hands on your head and leave them there James. I want to look at your entire body."

I guess I moved my hands so quickly that she was again impressed with her own power. For she began to make me move, to turn my back to her, spread my legs, bend over, kneel, and stand again.

A younger Eve would laugh and giggle with girlish trepidation of being in the presence of a nude boy. This Eve did not. Her orders were crisp, directed with clarity, and verbalized with the expectation that she would be obeyed. Which she was.

And 'Little Dickey' reacted in its characteristically embarrassing manner, standing at full attention the whole time.

D

I awake revitalized and still aroused. When I look over and see James fidgeting, I become more aroused. His cute erection remains standing which indicates to me that he is

dreaming or hallucinating. He has found the harness to be comfortable, as expected.

I retreat to the sleeper car and change. James has not before seen me in black latex, and my skintight slacks and halter make quite the impression.

The thin halter perfectly forms to my breasts, clinging to my nipples. The slacks have folds, which can be pushed aside to form an opening at the crotch, allowing me to wear my dildo harness with the 'man spreader' attached.

I unpack the necessary supplies: dildo harness, 'man spreader', my delightful insertion, lubricant, and towels. A quick glance in the bathroom mirror brings a smile.

A rather imposing figure, I think to myself. At 31 I've worked hard to stay in shape and the effort shows. The light reflects off the shiny latex and highlights my muscles. The abdominals appear to be impressively masculine, and each movement of my legs stretches the rubber slacks in a very suggestive manner.

I retrieve a pair of special nipple agitators then return to the lounge not wishing to leave James alone in suspension. I draw the blinds down. A scheduled station stop is approaching, and our activity will most likely be deemed inappropriate by the inhabitants of the small dairy town.

I remove the headphones and hood. I want James to watch. A beautiful dominant female is going to painfully penetrate his well-stretched backside and thoroughly enjoy herself, as he begs for both mercy and attention to his libido. He'll receive neither.

'Well, James, it just isn't your day', I think with a diabolical chuckle.

He hangs at just the right height. With his ankles drawn up and attached to the waist belt, his buttocks are not entirely accessible. But the man spreader is a very long phallus, and I'm confident that the bulbous tip can be inserted followed by enough of the furrowed shaft to give James a good work over.

I insert the female end into his mouth. He graciously lubricates it while I stand before him and slowly smooth an oil covered hand down the lengthy male end. His eyes widen with the sight of me in black latex.

Yes, James. A little different side of me. Not the prissy psychologist you dated months ago.

As written, he has a thing for my breasts and he gapes with an amusing degree of sexual fever. The thin latex halter presents my mammaries in a manner that is as close to being uncovered as imaginable. He would be very disappointed to learn that it's as good a view as he'll get, until he presents his gift, of course.

"It's time James. Do be a good boy."

The ingeniously designed female end is retrieved, attached to the male end, threaded through the harness, and then it's time for the fun. My personalized toy is slipped through the slit in the crotch and between my lips. I'm in heaven. Already wet in anticipation, the little phallus gently kneads the walls of my vagina. And a clever burl tickles my clitoris. It's enjoyable just to walk about and feel the implement work its magic. And to have it perform its magic while impaling the waiting aperture of my male toy makes me wet with anticipation.

I decide to leave the parachute attached. The weight hanging from his scrotum will produce an interesting counter movement to each of my thrusts, and watching James cope with the double pain will be most amusing.

I pick up the nipple agitators and step behind him. He's ready, if the male animal can ever be termed ready for sodomy.

The nipple agitators are intended to obtain James' attention. Sometimes when placed in overwhelmingly painful and humiliating scenarios, the submissive male fails to listen, with the pain signals blocking out perception. An agitator is comprised of two simple pieces of serrated surgical steel hinged together. The nipple is placed between

the pieces, which are gripped in the palm of the hand. A squeeze of the hand squeezes the nipple, most painfully.

I'll use them to guide James through his ordeal. He will not forget who is in control. Despite the possibility of distraction from the unbearable pain, if he does not follow direction, he will endure more.

I stand behind James and 'knock' on his back door with the tip of the ,man spreader,. I then reach around with each hand and carefully encase each nipple in an agitator. When I ever so gently pressure the agitators, James jumps in his harness.

"Open nicely for me, James."

Yes, I have his attention. His rectum seems to swallow the hideous male appendage. The back pressure sends a wave of pleasure through my love pot, and the slow heavenly sodomy of my toy begins. We have hours of time. The only constraint is the endurance of my leg muscles, which I trust are up to the challenge.

James

D is an amazing woman. Here I hang completely helpless while she chooses to use me in a most demeaning manner. My role is to react, to respond to each of her thrusts and the incredibly painful pinching of my nipples. But there is a strange level of enjoyment for me in listening to her throaty moans of pleasure.

She is teaching me how to please. And I find myself a very receptive student, particularly when she gently closes the palms of her hands and the steel objects within send a jolt of pain.

But I soon learn the rhythm. First, a pinch tells me she's about to thrust, and I concentrate on pushing myself open for her. Then, it is apparent after full insertion, with the accompanying strangely pleasurable pressure on my prostate that she wants me to tighten my sphincter as she withdraws.

Judging from her sighs of ecstasy, attempting to hold in the 'man spreader' as she withdraws provides a most gratifying sensation on her end. She casually comments at one point that the manipulation of her clitoris is indescribable.

I look down to see that despite all the discomfort, my manhood remains in full stand with fluid dripping down the lengthy shaft. The pain from the weighted parachute is not discernible. Any such signals to the brain are apparently ignored, overridden by the nipple torture and the painful sensation of the furrowed 'man spreader' working open my abraded rectum.

On occasion I break the rules and speak. Beg actually. A particularly deep thrust forces me to cry out in agony. But my entreaties are ignored. D is sedulous in thrusting the 'man spreader' and my pleas seem to spur her energy.

As the pain of the initial nasty thrust subsides, for some reason a deep need to please manifests in my mind. And there is an oddly warm feeling knowing that with each

painful squeeze and thrust, I am helping D bring herself to climax. I am being of service and it is difficult for me to understand why it makes me feel so good, in view of the overwhelming suffering endured by my nipples and anus.

The pacing of her thrusts becomes slower but deeper. The nipple squeezes moderate, mercifully, as I endeavor to precisely time the opening and closing of my backside. Her gasps indicate a heightened level of enjoyment. Then her pace quickens and she lets out a final cry of lust.

She stops.

“Hold,” is her final command, as her hands pull away from my nipples and she releases the long phallus from her harness.

I look over my shoulder to see the divine, latex-clad feminine shape retrieve my hood. She returns me to darkness and as expected the headphones are slipped over my ears.

The ‘man spreader’ remains inserted. I feel my testicles begin to ache. The more subtle pain signals from the parachute resume.

D

Not bad. As I have long suspected, James is quite the male whore. He tried very hard to please and his response to direction was adequate. It can be improved and after our visit to the spa he’ll have a lifetime of opportunities. It’s the attitude that counts more than anything, and he put my enjoyment well above the level of pain he had to endure. He’s learning that his suffering pleases me. And he’ll soon be put in a position where he’ll suffer often and the only pleasure he’ll receive well be vicariously through mine.

I pour a refreshing glass of Champagne and return to the couch, sipping slowly while watching James swing in harness and while relishing the afterglow of a most wonderful orgasm.

It’s nearly 5:00 p.m. I reamed James’ backside for over an hour. Time passes so quickly when engaged in

passionate recreation...

I'll let him hang a while longer. The galley has been well stocked with food. I'll begin to mold James' serving skills in another hour or so. Four hours in suspension is pushing the envelope for the initial episode. But over time, he'll find himself comfortably hanging for many hours. Of course Laitai will be in charge going forward. She will determine the level of discipline and control required.

James

It feels as if I have just completed a most satisfying session of sex and I am perplexed. D did not touch my penis for the entire ordeal, just letting let it bob about as she thrust into me.

There seems to be no feeling of physical frustration in failing to achieve my own orgasm and mentally I feel somewhat invigorated knowing that D has used me to achieve hers.

The static of the headphones brings my thoughts back to Eve. There seems to be developing a mental connection between my state of darkness and static and long lost remembrances of the irritatingly assertive little girl of my adolescence.

I'm back in her basement reliving one of my many subsequent visits. The bright fluorescent lights seemingly illuminate memories I have tucked away in the dark corners of my mind.

It's a few months after Eve had me strip naked and then inspected me in the first home visit. Her photo album was growing, for at times she would bring the camera down the stairs with her and snap some most embarrassing shots which she would then gleefully add to the collection. And add to her level of control, for she used the evidence of my sordid exhibition to the hilt, absolutely commanding when I would make an appearance and perform for her.

Eve's mother had found a job, deeming her children mature enough and responsible enough to be left alone

after school. Little did she suspect how mature Eve was.

Well, one can imagine to what uses Eve could put the quiet secluded area of the basement, knowing no one could possibly interrupt. No one that is except Eve's younger brother, who thankfully was home after school three days per week.

But on Friday, Eve's brother had band practice after school, and when my precocious tormentress would stop me in the school hallway to 'invite' me to her house, I would tremble in anticipation for the remainder of the day, knowing I would be hers for some two hours.

Obviously at that age, it was not physically possible to masturbate for the entire period. So Eve thought up the most lewd games to play, all with her fully clothed and me stripped naked for the remainder of the afternoon. Sometimes with camera. Sometimes without. The common theme being extreme exposure and humiliation. It was only the pending dinner hour that curtailed the ordeal.

And it was only at that appointed time when she allowed me to pleasure myself, tossing a towel to the floor and taunting me to aim carefully and thus ending the afternoon in a most demeaning climax.

She had taken to removing my clothing from the basement. Hiding it I knew not where, she reveled in the control it provided her. For without covering I could go nowhere, not that it was possible to disobey without threat of a photo being mailed home, or to my father's office. Yes, Eve was that shrewd, well aware that mail sent to my house could be intercepted, she often showed me the envelope, pre-addressed to dad's office, where I could only guess who would open it first and glimpse my naked, obedient body standing or kneeling in some perverse manner.

Taking possession of my attire gave her an added thrill. And after a time, each session ceremoniously ended with her 'gifting' to me my own garments, in mock

condescension. In her own humorous way indicating that, but for her munificence, I would walk home naked.

"You may dress now," her gracious consent vocalized with firmness.

Our deviant escapades progressed over several months of weekly meetings. She was fascinated looking at my developing body. The spreading patch of pubic hair made her quite curious and she gazed raptly at its weekly growth. And, of course watching me masturbate highlighted the afternoon. I think she knew that I ardently stroked myself to self-gratification with not only a mental image of her but also fantasizing over the touch of her hand.

So my memory of the progression of events was punctuated by that afternoon when she no longer just watched.

"I want to feel you shoot that stuff," was her girlish phraseology.

At the time, she had me kneeling and bent over backwards with my legs tucked under me. The back of my head was touching the carpet. She often commented that 'Little Dickey' looked so big in that position and she often insisted that I assume it, as awkward and difficult as it was. It was in that position that she would measure me, as my purple pride stood straight up toward the basement ceiling. She seemed fascinated by the fact that it grew ever so slightly from week to week.

Well, she was sitting in her chair observing closely as always. She had learned that a short skirt assisted in arousing me, and as I lay on the floor, I could look up to catch flashes of her frilly underwear and her soft, smooth upper thighs. The later recalling of which, I may add, caused many a pleasant twinge of passion during late night masturbatory sessions home in my bed.

"Sit here, James. It's my turn to play."

As I responded to her rather forceful suggestion, she reached for the towel and laid it on the floor in front of her.

This always signaled the beginning of the end and I quickly arose and stepped toward her.

“Face away from me, spread your legs and sit down on my lap.”

I complied and as I lowered myself she hiked up her skirt. I was in heaven. My naked legs were permitted to touch her creamy smooth flesh! Straddling her legs, she positioned me just about at her knees. She told me to stroke, a command I heard so many times, and I obeyed.

But for the first time, as my left hand toyed with my scrotum and my right dutifully smoothed its way down my youthful shaft, she reached under and between my buttocks and kneaded my perineum. I jumped. She laughed.

“Settle down James. That couldn’t have hurt.”

True. Far from pain, the divinely devious Eve had found an erogenous area I had never explored before and the touch of her fingers felt shockingly good. I resumed my efforts and she replaced her fingers. She laughed softly, apparently feeling something, probably the very root of ‘Little Dickey’ and the various male glands preparing to erupt for her.

The sensations were too much for my young system.

“Wouldn’t you like to come for me, James?”

Yes, she said that. Or at least she said something close to that. And I of course responded with the expected eruption of semen.

Over the weeks she had trained me to spurt on the towel. There was to be no evidence left on the shag rag. And besides, I think Eve enjoyed directing where her plaything should leave the evidence of her demented endeavors.

So the cloudy white goo shot forth and landed squarely on the towel. Eve was pleased and besides the obvious ecstatic physical relief that I felt, I was pleased that she was pleased.

My recollection ends when I feel a tug on the ‘man spreader’. I respond to the signal by pushing with my

sphincter and for the first time in hours, I am no longer impaled.

D

Dinner went well. James has possibilities as a cook and maid, and he seemed to relish his time out of suspension and sensory deprivation. I even let him have a small plate of normal food. He will learn that good service has its rewards.

It's a little after nine p.m. The train is speeding toward St. Paul, and I had James set up under the observation dome an ice bucket with a delicious after dinner wine.

As I sit in the stuffed swivel chair, a hooded James kneels with his head between my thighs, his lips methodically working my outer labia, nibbling ever so slightly as I have trained him. Over time he'll slip his tongue in and lap upwards on my inner labia until he encounters my clitoris. Then he'll suck in earnest. It's nice to know I can relax and he'll perform as expected.

The glass surroundings provide a romantic evening view of the moonlit countryside but also make the temperature a little cool. So as a concession I have draped a blanket over James' naked form. When we arrive in St. Paul, Alice and Laitai will join me. Their inspection of James will be that much more dramatic when I snap away the blanket.

Laitai

Dr. Alice and I wait on the St. Paul train platform. She had picked me up at the airport in the late afternoon. We had shopped, gone to dinner and talked.

I was heartened to learn of her experience and her penchant for applying her medical skills to the benefit of the submissive male. A very magnanimous person, Dr. Alice, and I felt confident I would enjoy working with her on James.

Dr. Alice told me of the fortunate lottery winnings and suggested there would be no expense spared in bringing James to the ultimate submission.

So, when we shopped in a quaint area with numerous small shops, she suggested I acquire any equipment

deemed suitable to our pursuits.

With that in mind, I could not pass up a curious leather-padded piece of furniture in the window of an antique store. I immediately recognized the utility of its design, but the 'vanilla' shop owner insisted it was a footstool, despite its rather large size.

Its highest point stood some two and one half feet off the floor and its top surface was sloped from left edge to right with a concave between the near and far edges. At the high end the vertical surface was not flat, but instead an upside down 'V' was shaped into the padding with a space at the very apex.

"Rather ungainly for a footstool," explained the proprietor, "but it's designed for people with leg problems."

I managed to hide my smile. It was a birching stool, probably designed and built in Victorian England in an era when flagellating the buttocks of truculent boys was a common practice. The exceptionally low price evidenced the shopkeeper's frustration in selling it. I thought it ironic that, placed in the proper store in San Francisco, it would sell for hundreds of dollars, if not more. And in this antique furniture store in St. Paul, the price was fifty dollars for anyone willing to carry it away.

Without having to explain anything to Dr. Alice, she quietly extracted the required cash and placed an extra twenty dollar bill on the counter.

"Send it to the train station this evening," she firmly instructed the delighted owner. "Have it held for the westbound 'Empire Builder' arriving at 10:25 p.m."

I examined our purchase as the proprietor wrote down the instructions. Sturdy iron eyelets, possibly early steel, were well secured into the heavy exposed oak wood corners. Many wrist cuffs and thigh restraints had been fastened to them. The scratched metal surfaces evidenced the futile struggles of boys who had chosen a life of belligerence and paid heavily for their transgressions.

I smoothed my hand across the concave top surface. How many tormented torsos had lain there, the curved sides hindering the natural tendency to twist and squirm under a firm, feminine hand wielding the chastising strands of birch. I envisioned the head of a struggling youth positioned at the low end, which forced the buttocks to perch atop the high end, forming an irresistible target. I moved to the high end and continued to brush my hand across the 'V'. This was designed to force apart the thighs as the lad knelt. The missing apex provided a convenient gap where the penis and testicles dangled off the edge, the humiliation of thoroughly exposing his privates to the flagellator was deemed to be an appropriate addition to the catharsis of the physical punishment. And of course for the especially incorrigible young scamp, the well spread thighs also served to make vulnerable the most sensitive parts of the male anatomy to a simple flick of the castigator's wrist.

It was designed for boys. But by simply raising the height it could easily be adapted for adult males.

The purchase gave us something to talk about at dinner and Dr. Alice seemed fascinated by my skills and family background.

"Generations of handling altered submissive males," she commented in wonderment. The gleam in her eye signaled her eagerness to watch me ply my craft.

Likewise, I was eager to observe her.

James

The train pulls into the St. Paul station. D instructs me to remain kneeling between her thighs. My lips are wrapped around her swollen bud and she's experiencing one more clitoral orgasm after an endless string.

After the train stops, I can hear voices and porters bringing in luggage. The elevated dome section is well above the platform and cannot be seen by the station passengers. D casually sips her wine after pulling up the

blanket to cover not only my naked body but also her thighs.

She calls out and I soon hear the voice of Dr. Alice. Ignoring me, they exchange pleasantries.

“Beautiful viewing space D, but we’re going to need some room.”

Dr. Alice calls out, evidently to the porters and I feel the frustration of the hood. I know my uncovered feet and legs show. And the noticeable bump formed by my head on the surface of the blanket leaves no doubt as to my endeavors. But like it or not, I listen as Dr. Alice has the chairs moved while she and D make small talk.

“Put that leather piece right here in the center. The canes over there.”

The men work in silence. Their thoughts concerning our sordid pose will remain unknown. With D apparently reaching for a considerable number bills, the men thank her profusely and leave without comment.

With their departure, the voice of a third woman can be heard. More small talk ensues as D reaches under the blanket and rolls up my hood. My eyes slowly adjust and D folds back the top of the blanket.

A smiling Dr. Alice says hello, and I bow my head when she addresses me as D has instructed.

Also introduced is a very cute Asian woman. She is young and dour. When D arises, she removes the blanket leaving me kneeling, completely exposed to Dr. Alice and this girl I am to call Miss Laitai.

As much time as I’ve spent without clothing, being in the presence of three pairs of inquiring feminine eyes is embarrassing. My already erect appendage twinges and D gives the command that she explained at dinner.

“Present yourself, James.”

I stand, part my feet and place my hands on my head. I never realized how I could feel so exposed with such a simple posture.

Dr. Alice just smiles, being intimately familiar with me. But Miss Laitai looks at me as if I am a side of beef. I would soon found out why.

As opposed to the reaction of most women her eyes move to my backside rather than my stiff penis. She steps forward and palms one buttock than the other, seemingly interested in the thickness of the flesh and underlying muscles. She also pointedly requests that I lift one foot than the other, carefully examining the soles and instep.

"He likes showing off, D. You've worked him nicely," interjected Alice.

"Laitai spotted this interesting piece. With the private cars, I thought it would come in handy."

In the center of the high ceilinged dome section is this strangely shaped leather covered stool. Two of the unoccupied chairs have been removed, evidently carried away to the car's baggage room. The third has been pushed into a far corner.

"James, move this chair, to the other corner. Laitai will need the space."

D

The remaining leg of the trip was exhausting. The train left St. Paul on schedule for Shelby, a trip of some 18 hours. It gave Laitai a good opportunity to get to know James.

I was happy to engage her services. Washing and shaving James was initially fun. But I was wearying of it over the past few weeks and henceforth that became Laitai's chore.

She was also responsible for assuring that he remained chaste and was in the proper frame of mind to serve. The act of physically serving was not sufficient. I insisted on complete mental capitulation, and watching Laitai work, I was comforted to observe the zeal with which she executed her responsibilities.

I wanted James to be completely obedient, humble and to revere me. I also wanted him to fear Laitai, so much so

that he would pine to have his head between my thighs and lick and suck my sex with relish rather than feel the wrath of Laitai's hand. Serving me would become his only refuge. And those seemingly endless sessions impaled and reamed by the 'man spreader' would become welcomed recreation for him. Something he would beg for, given the privilege of speech.

And so, James was introduced to the amazingly effective trauma of not only facing the cane, but one wielded by a young but skilled and relentless woman.

Laitai began that very evening. By the time the train resumed its western journey, James was strapped to this interesting device that she and Alice procured. It was quite the procedure to observe. James' buttocks were forced well into the air and well apart. His precious pink parts hung off the end and were perfectly exposed, held in place and dangling most temptingly between his thighs, which were forced apart by the well designed leather padded struts built into the rear vertical surface.

The thigh restraints, wrist cuffs and rounded surface held James absolutely motionless as Laitai gently smoothed a special lotion over his flesh.

"When did he eat last?" she was curious to know, her training mandating the question. For the novice, receiving the initial mind-altering stroke of the cane can be physically cathartic. Not that the experienced recipient finds the overwhelming pain to be any less so.

It had been some four hours since dinner, but Laitai still placed a towel on the carpet under James' head, as a precaution against the release of his stomach contents. The gesture was a portent of the night's activities.

Alice inquired about the lotion, which Laitai was applying with the touch and concern of a mother tending to her newborn.

"A very old Chinese mixture formulated hundreds of years ago. It prepares the flesh by adding suppleness, thus

James will be able to take more strokes without the skin breaking. It also contains a rare nerve stimulant, which serves to make the covered portion of the body much more sensitive. And amazingly, it aids in the healing process without permitting the flesh to become desensitized. He'll feel the pain of subsequent canings just as much as the first."

Alice and I sat in the large comfortable chairs and watched. I left James unhooded. I wanted to see his face as the first searing stroke broke what little manly will remained.

Laitai let the suspense build by casually choosing a cane from an incredibly large selection. She commented on the characteristics of each length of bamboo, and Alice and I learned that length and flexibility are apparently important attributes in maximizing results.

Finally, she began.

James

From whence did this woman come?

I would never have believed the hand of such a young and slight girl could deliver such agonizing punishment. The bamboo cane caused fire.

I screamed with her first stroke and louder with the second. Tears rolled and I could not help breaking my mandated silence to beg D to make her stop.

The sounds of a caning can be frightening. The swish. The splat. The scream. The choked pleadings for mercy.

But D and Dr. Alice just sat and watched with pleasant looks of interest, as if visiting an art gallery. With my entreaty, Dr. Alice's hand extended from her chair toward D. D responded and their fingers touched in a strange form of communication, as Laitai applied a third stinging stroke to my helplessly exposed and upturned buttocks.

"So you like singing for me, James? It's a song I've heard many times."

Her tone reminded me of a dentist methodically suggesting that only a little more drilling was necessary,

only with Laitai such words of moderation were not offered. Only the tone was soothing. Laitai's voice was firm, even and without emotion.

The pauses between swings of her delicate arm were remarkably long. And while waiting for the fourth, I came to realize that in allowing the pain from the previous stroke to completely dissipate, the agony of each subsequent stroke was maximized. How was it that a girl so young came to so skillfully yet evilly ply her trade? Yes, I quickly concluded she was a professional, and when I realized she had been hired by way of my fortunate lottery circumstances, my frustration became pronounced.

After a sixth horrifying blow, my voice broke, causing D and Dr. Alice to smile. Laitai paused. Amazingly I jumped with the touch of her hand. Her fingers felt ice cold on my chastised buttocks and she casually toyed with my testicles and penis.

"He's semi-erect," she summarily reported to my observers.

D glanced at Dr. Alice with a knowing look, then nodded for Laitai to resume.

She did.

D

I would have loved watching Laitai all night. But even after the long orgasmic afternoon with the 'man spreader', I was too aroused to remain seated.

When James nearly swooned on the eighth stroke, Alice and I used the lengthy pause required for his recovery to exit to the master bedroom. We stripped and spent the night cuddled together naked in the large bed. Our eventual sleep, brought on by numerous ecstatic climaxes, was interrupted by occasional cries from the observation dome.

Laitai had great stamina. I'm not sure when she finished with James. But when Alice and I arose the next day, James was hooded, hog tied and naked on the floor of one bedroom compartment, while Laitai slept in the other.

Judging from the marks, Laitai concluded her introduction to James with some crisp strokes to the soles of the feet. Those are well remembered, I thought to myself.

I made coffee and Alice and I watched the countryside flash by. As the hour approached 10:00 a.m., Alice expressed desire for breakfast. I returned to Laitai's bedroom. She was just stepping from the shower and I informed her that James was needed to serve breakfast.

"Yes, ma'am," was her polite reply. "In the future, mornings for James will begin much earlier. The late evening was necessary to establish my authority."

Aptly stated.

For the remainder of the day, James served Alice and me. He remained naked and walked gingerly. The tenderness of his feet was evident. Laitai stood ready with her correcting cane, with James glancing her way with trepidation whenever she moved or spoke.

She chose to cane James at regular intervals. Directing James to kneel on the leather stool, the punishment was brisk, thorough and wordlessly executed. I began to understand why the instrument of bamboo was preferred by so many knowledgeable dominant females. No male, no

matter his level of subservience or masochism, no matter his tolerance to pain, could possibly become accustomed to its bite. For James, the third and fourth submissions to its brutal sting burned just as much as the first, and his entreaties and antics so evidenced.

Yes, James indeed 'sang' for Laitai, and whereas the intra day sessions were not as lengthy as the initial evening, the pain, however brief, was excruciating. And I of course was always present to dry James' tears, to encourage him to display proper homage to his new keeper, to mock his child-like pleadings for relief.

"Laitai is here to help you, James. She'll make it easier for you to serve me."

Alice and I began posture training and introducing James to the deportment expected of a servant. It was interesting to observe that he never became totally comfortable serving us nude and his penis was delightfully beyond his control. His efforts were wonderfully awkward, which we were meticulous in drawing to James' attention and the clumsiness provided ample opportunities for correction.

Alice pointedly remarked in James' presence that his forthcoming operation would assist with his efforts to learn proper service and I of course agreed, putting James' gift in a positive light and planting in his mind the need for Dr. Alice's attention.

"Some physical alterations serve to focus the mind," Alice stated with chilling gravity.

And so the day passed as the train whisked through countryside which I had only before seen on picture post cards.

By 5:30 p.m., at the time we reached Shelby, I was napping in the lounge car. Alice had a hooded James in the dome observation section. She stood while our kneeling servant received instruction in the art of anilingus. His tongue was becoming very useful.

A watchful Laitai observed nearby. Dour. Ardent. Resolute. Her cane at the ready.

Alice

In Shelby, our private cars were disconnected from the Amtrak train and left on a siding. Word came that the locomotive hired to pull us for the 150 mile leg to Calgary was delayed. Heavy snows had blocked the tracks.

This provided time for D and me to explore the small town, which was a comparatively vibrant community for the nearby ranchers. Laitai remained in the cars to fulfill her responsibilities of ensuring James' discomfort.

While walking from shop window to shop window, D had the opportunity to purchase many leather items, crafted for the care and restraint of livestock but easily converted for use with recalcitrant males. After a time, D and I decided to have dinner in a wonderful steak restaurant. The wine flowed abundantly.

On the return walk to our waiting private cars, a cattle supply store was still open. The window display spurred some deviant thoughts. I could not resist stopping in to purchase some items. The resulting package was heavy but the remaining walk to the train was short.

I never realized branding irons weighed so much.

D

Alice and I returned to our private cars from a sumptuous steak dinner. It was comforting to see that Laitai had fed and bathed James and was just completing his 10:00 p.m. caning.

James was very agitated as expected but very pleased to see me. I had Laitai take him to the master bedroom and secure him supine and hooded on the bed.

In our younger days, Alice always enjoyed watching me open up the male backside and with the wine we had imbibed, some form of recreation was needed.

So we gave Laitai some well-deserved time to herself, as I retrieved the 'man spreader' and Alice stripped for a long

evening of sex and male submission.

The bedroom scene became marvelously sordid. Alice sat on the bed facing me with her thighs straddling James' head. She pulled back on his spread knees holding them against his chest to best expose the sphincter, while receiving James' tongue. I ploughed away with the 'man spreader', thrusting deeply between the well caned buttocks. Laitai had lubricated him quite nicely, but the ridges and furrows performed their function.

When we both leaned forward we could kiss. Below our steamy oral caresses was James' neglected erection, appearing to be sitting up and begging for attention like a hungry dog.

Our licentious play went well into the night. We let Laitai sleep. James missed his midnight caning.

James

Dr. Alice and D used me well into the night. It was painful yet strangely satisfying.

On two occasions I reached to play with my turgid erection. D's phallus was putting tremendous pressure on my prostate and I desperately needed relief. It was denied.

"Shall I have Laitai join us with her cane?"

With D's calmly posed question I quickly removed my hand. Fortunately, tending to Dr. Alice's needs provided a diversion to the pain and I found that my backside was automatically responding to D's thrusts in the desired manner without forethought from me. Thus, my concentration turned to Dr. Alice with my tongue working first between her thighs and later between her buttocks. She seemed to most enjoy strong laps to her crinkled rear opening while her fingers worked her sex. She was adamant that I receive all her juices and seemed to be challenging me with her abundant flow.

My tongue and lips worked for hours.

At some point the women tired. Wrist cuffs were summarily attached and secured behind my back. I was

brusquely pushed to the floor. There I spent the night.

Laitai

Breaking the male to my will takes time but with experience is rather simple. And the level of enjoyment never diminishes.

That morning in Shelby, I awoke early. Henceforth, James would be an early riser and would prepare breakfast for his Mistress. For James, sleep would become a privilege bestowed by Ms. D, not a necessity.

I quietly entered the master bedroom. Dr. Alice and Ms. D were wrapped in each other's arms sleeping naked with their breasts touching.

A hooded James was on the floor, also asleep but in an awkward fetal position with his hands cuffed behind his back.

In the palm of my hand, I held the smallest and most effective item of restraint and correction known, a set of nose clamps.

Said to be developed by the Japanese, I was certainly well trained in its use by my Chinese ancestors, so to me the historical roots of its usage were unimportant.

The device is really just a set of upturned, serrated tongs that can be inserted into the nostrils and squeezed by the controlling hand. With the close quarters of the train cars, clamping the tongs into James' nostrils and pulling provided the same effect as a leash, only with convenient proximity and a much more painful consequence for failing to respond.

Naturally James awoke as I slid the steel prongs deep into his nostrils. Most do not realize how many nerve endings are in the nose area and how sensitive they can be when squeezed and tugged...James found out.

"Just follow, James," I whispered, "we don't wish to wake Dr. Alice and Ms. D."

The response to the slightest tug on the nose is marvelously efficient. James hurriedly arose to his knees

and shuffled behind me as I walked. I kept him kneeling as a demonstration of control, and although it took time, we eventually arrived in the domed observation room. There, I wiped the tear stained cheeks and had James perform exhausting calisthenics. I then caned him...slowly, methodically, and painfully. Quite a stimulating way to start the day.

I led him to my bedroom compartment. After a most humiliating inspection, shaving, internal cleansing and shower, he was eager to work in the galley.

I decided to add a level of challenge to his training by strapping his feet into a pair of high-heeled shoes. His forlorn look was amusing and I made a note to shave his legs.

Dr. Alice and Ms. D awoke to a well-prepared breakfast served by a naked and most humble maid, struggling to walk with the alacrity my cane required.

D

James served us well, and Laitai's touch with the high-heels provided amusement and some thought. So after breakfast I worked in the small office as James cleaned up. I made a new tape while Laitai harnessed James and suspended him in the lounge. She was quite adept for a young dominant.

Within 30 minutes, I completed a new subliminal message and the timing was good. The locomotive from Calgary had arrived to take us to Canada.

I hurriedly returned to the lounge area to set up the tape. Laitai dutifully stood nearby and I showed her how to operate the recorder. As I placed the headphones over James' ears the door to the rear observation deck opened. There a burly, middle-aged, bearded railroad worker stood, momentarily transfixed by the sight of my semi-erect, naked man servant. He quickly recovered himself despite James' embarrassed squirming.

“Thought I’d warn you. You’ll be feeling a bump when we connect the engine...guess he won’t notice,” he added with a smile and nod toward my freely hanging James.

“My name’s Jake. From the looks of things, I assume you’re all going to the spa by way of Calgary. The trip will be slow due to the snow. And we’ll have to stop in Canadian customs in about an hour. Your friend’ll be getting quite a welcome,” Jake laughed with his observation.

“Luther and I will be in the cab if you need anything. Enjoy the ride.”

Jake closed the door and Laitai and I burst out laughing. James turned crimson. Laitai turned on the tape and I fixed some drinks.

James

The humiliation was overwhelming, hanging helplessly naked before a railroad worker. But it was interesting how quickly he surmised our destination and was able to cope with D’s unusual scene.

Shortly after the door shut, the static filled my ears and I became immersed in thought. Events were happening rather quickly and my introduction to the cane and the constant attention of Ms. Laitai were traumatic. So it was nice to settle into my harness and wile away some time.

Then Eve returned.

No longer a precocious teenager, these recollections had her approaching womanhood, more rapidly than others her age. The frequency of my basement trips had slowed after several years. Initially she inspected, used, experimented, discovered, manipulated, etc. with impunity and with me always stripped, her fully clothed. But on occasion she was sans underwear, finding my tumescent reaction to the flash of her blossoming sex to be a source of amusement.

But over time she became jaded and despite an occasional game, where she would hide my clothes somewhere in her house and laugh as I ran about with ‘Little Dickey’ pointing straight up attempting to find covering as

her mother pulled up the driveway, her interest waned in extending 'invitations' to attend Friday afternoon encounters.

Whereas the sessions were emotionally stressing, I felt strangely neglected on those Friday afternoons when left to my own. Particularly when it became evident that she was busy preparing for a date with the likes of a star football player, and I faced spending an evening not only alone but without experiencing the decadent yet gratifying sensation of masturbating for her.

However, in those increasingly rare times when she indeed commanded my presence, her demands reached an ever higher level of depravity. It was as if she had fantasized about some sexually lewd scene then decided to act it out in reality, with me as the guinea pig, the unwilling participant, or perhaps the reader may suggest the benefactor, of her lewd and deviant whims. And though she possessed the photos, I was so frustratingly willing to ride her roller coaster...

Sometime in our senior year, Eve's parents decided to move. Eve's father had progressed in a successful business career and our little suburb was apparently too provincial for a man on the rise.

The decision was announced with little fanfare and well in advance. So in anticipating graduation both Eve and I realized we would probably not see each other after matriculation. Not only would there be the obstacle of attending distant colleges, but also the hurdle of returning to parental homes that would be many miles apart.

And so in the spring of our senior year, Eve seemed to fully comprehend not only the negative but also the remaining positive aspects of our relationship. That is she understood that although she would no longer be able to vent her sexual proclivities on my naked body, for whatever did occur in the interim, she would most likely never again

have to face me and account for or explain her actions. Thus, our meetings resumed in earnest.

Eve had always dictated that my hands remain out of the way. Not only was I denied the modest covering they provided, but she insisted that I not touch myself, which when excited I was wont to do well before she permitted me to stroke myself to ejaculation.

So she began to use some old silk ties which her father had apparently discarded. The half dozen worn strips were hidden behind her doll collection and they were ceremonially retrieved as I quietly stripped. My hands were then tied behind me and 'Little Dickey' would begin his inevitable rise with the excitement and Eve's proximity. She always seemed to position herself so that my penis brushed against her as she bound my hands. Her wry smile evidenced her enjoyment of watching the sensitive engorged tip thrust forward as she moved away.

Naked and bound she would step back and survey her toy and 'Little Dickey' would fully rise solely from her inspection. Then she would gather up my clothes and leave, with each visit hiding the garments in a different place.

Upon her return the games would begin. Sometimes utilizing the remaining neckties to tightly bind me in the most awkward and embarrassing of positions, closely observing the reaction of my penis. She seemed to recognize the aroused responses...but was it the bondage or the touch of her controlling hands that so excited me?

Not even I knew the answer.

Everyday household items became a source of amusement for her. Over the course of one afternoon, clothespins were attached to every sensitive area she could find. When my penis reacted with renewed firmness, Eve was spurred to add more and on occasion she had to dab away the pre-ejaculatory fluid accumulating on the tip, lest it drip to the rug and leave a telltale sign of our play.

Eve discovered that erogenous zone so particular to the male. If her mother only knew to what uses certain vegetables were put, thankfully well lubricated but still painful yet strangely stimulating. One of my duties became disposing of the objects on my walk home.

"Unless you'd like to eat them, James," I remember her weekly taunt.

Then came graduation week. Eve had me kneeling on the rug, wrists tied together behind me under my back. I was bent backwards, legs under me with the back of my head resting on the rug. As stated, this position highlighted 'Little Dickey's' stiffness and I indeed was standing nicely for her as she placed clothespins on my young nipples.

She increased my level of torment and frustration by telling me about having wonderful sex with an athletic classmate and what lewd activities she planned after the weekend graduation dance. While she spoke she retrieved a zucchini, already lubed, then stood over me. Under her short skirt she wore nothing, and my eyes glued to try to catch a glimpse of her young pink flesh.

"Now, I wonder why I brought this?"

These were the times when I felt particularly ashamed, for I found myself parting my knees, perhaps subconsciously, perhaps consciously and perversely presenting my separated buttocks for her attention. Eve laughed.

"Yes, now I remember."

She continued to narrate as she leaned over, found my puckered aperture and began to insert the sizable green cylinder.

"Open nicely for me."

Over the weeks, she had taken the time to slowly stuff things in that most embarrassing of places. She always took her time, enjoying the reaction of my turgid manhood, and making humiliating comments with every push and twist.

On this occasion, she explained how satisfying her recent dates had been, and how my penis was so small in comparison to others. I flushed with rage but could do nothing. I was physically bound and the blackmailing photo collection had grown enormously.

After several minutes the zucchini was inserted to the desired point and Eve stepped away to survey her handiwork, continuing to regale me with stories of her sexual relations with this 'Mr. Wonderful'. She diddled the clothespins on my nipples, then gathered up more.

For the next 20 minutes she gently attached more clothespins, this time to the shaft of my erect penis. It was unusual for her to touch me there. But I surmised that her recent sexual experiences had emboldened her. When finished, three pins had been carefully clasped onto each side of the shaft, the effect was to turn the head to an unusually deep shade of purple.

"Oh, we must add to our collection."

The camera appeared and she snapped away, aligning herself to ensure that the frame included the colorful scene of protruding green zucchini and purple erection along with my reddened look of sexual torment.

With her last shot she lifted the front of her dress with her left hand, when I craned my neck to finally glimpse her beautiful sex, the camera flashed and she laughed as the skirt was released.

"You like that, don't you James?"

The camera and photos were put aside and another necktie appeared. This one was used to encircle my testicles, which she then used as a leash.

"Come, let's walk."

She took a step back as I struggled to arise and follow. The zucchini felt huge and the gravitational tugs of the dangling clothespins caused a strange sensation on my nipples and penis. She continued walking backwards,

pulling, watching and laughing as I tried to follow her and amazingly, I seemed to become even more aroused.

Up the stairs, around her house, the fear of someone arriving home unexpectedly added a dimension of excitement, probably as much for her as for me.

She relished her control and my complete humiliation. I was being led about by a girl my age. Naked. Bound. My anus stuffed and with the clothespins forcing my penis to stand harder than I ever imagined possible.

Up to the second floor we toured the bedrooms. At one point she feigned hearing a car in the driveway and laughed as I pulled in panic against her firm grip on the leash.

Then back to the main floor where she played by pulling upward, forcing me to walk about on my toes.

Finally, the dinner hour approached. It was back to the basement where she had me resume the preferred position of kneeling and bent backwards. When the familiar towel appeared I knew it was time. She draped it over my chest.

“Be a good boy and come for Eve.”

She held the necktie leash in one hand and began nudging the zucchini with her left toe, pressuring my prostate. My hands were still tied beneath me, making it impossible to stroke myself.

“Does this help?”

With her question she began jiggling the leash with her right hand, effectively fondling my testicles, and with her left raised her skirt, holding it to her waist. She was standing very close and with no underwear I had my first prolonged, unimpeded view of the excited female genitalia. When she stepped forward and straddled my waist, her flushed labia were inches from my face. The aroma of her own arousal filled my nostrils. With her legs spread, her trimmed pubic hair hid nothing from my overly curious teenaged mind.

“Come for me.”

She renewed pushing with her foot and jiggling the leash. My untouched penis exploded. The resulting sardonic

laughter was the last time I heard Eve's voice.

She slipped the knotted necktie off my wrists and hurriedly traversed the stairs, still laughing. By the time I removed my scrotal binding, extricated the zucchini, finished the ordeal of painfully unclasping the clothespins, and wiped away the remnants of my spending, I found that she had summarily tossed my hidden clothes down the stairs.

As I picked up my garments, a car was indeed pulling into the driveway. I quickly dressed and with zucchini in hand exited the side door as Eve's mother entered the back.

D

James really does enjoy the harness. I watched him swing for a while then instructed Laitai to attach the parachute.

It was time to retreat to the observation dome with a carafe of Mimosas and watch the snow covered Rockies pass by. Alice was there and it gave us an opportunity to plan the details of James' conversion. We spoke at length. I poured from the carafe and as usual our thoughts concerning James became aligned.

After a time, just as Jake had forewarned, our short train slowed. The tracks converged with a nearby road and formed a crossing point for U.S.-Canadian customs. There were cars stopped to await entry, and I wondered if Laitai would bother drawing down the blinds.

James had no clothing, so upon stopping I returned to the lounge to officiate our entry and find some covering for my pet, while our papers were reviewed.

I was too late. A large uniformed customs agent had entered by way of the observation deck door. She was standing before my naked James, as he hung blindfolded and deafened by the headphones. Judging from the aroused state of James' penis, he was recalling or dreaming about some debaucherous event.

Laitai stood nearby in her customary white blouse, short leather skirt and high boots. The knowing smile on the agent's face suggested there had been an exchange of comments.

Laitai spoke. "Ms. D, this is Agent Rawlings. Our engineer apparently radioed ahead as to the size, nature and purpose of our traveling party."

Agent Rawlings was close to six foot tall with massive shoulders. Even facial features, blue eyes and wisps of blond hair stubbornly escaping from under her cap indicated that under the bright red uniform was a large yet appealing woman. She seemed undaunted by the sight of James and asked for our passports in a calm and professional manner.

She moved to the bar and began stamping away. She spoke, anticipating my question.

“Jake suggested there was no problem with your group and an expedited approval would be appreciated. Many of the spa’s visitors use this crossing point. It’s nicely secluded for the likes of James.”

She referred to my helpless, free-swinging plaything with a degree of disdain. And as I watched her large hands shuffle through the paperwork, I could not help trying to envision what this sizable and powerful woman did for recreation. As a psychologist, I understood the make up of females who had a proclivity for uniforms and Agent Rawlings fit the typical profile.

She returned our documents then stepped face to face with James who continued to docilely hang without knowledge of her presence. She surveyed his naked flesh then reached forward and viciously pinched his left nipple with a simultaneous twist. James groaned but his semi-erect penis also wagged in a most submissive response. Agent Rawlings was peering down at my toy’s phallus and after watching it obediently bob about and grow in size, she turned to me with a look of satisfaction.

“Yes, he’ll enjoy the spa.”

Then she bid good day. As she stepped out the door, the back of her uniform revealed a broad expanse of red cloth stretched flat from shoulder to shoulder by her underlying muscles, impressing upon me the nature of her unusually powerful physique beneath.

Within minutes we were underway again. Before returning to the observation dome, I stopped in the master bedroom and counted out a sizable quantity of cash and placed it in an envelope for Jake. Whenever a person uses terms like ‘would be appreciated’, I have learned how I am expected to express such appreciation.

I could not help wondering what an Agent Rawlings would do to or with a naked, helpless James, given the

opportunity.

With the noise of our roaring locomotive our trip resumed. I suggested to Laitai that James undergo another hour of suspension with subliminal messaging and returned to the observation dome. The countryside grew in beauty and the seclusion of the track right of way invoked a feeling of serenity as the automobile road swerved away and we entered a tunnel.

When we reached the egress there was nothing manmade to be seen for miles. The view was captivating and Alice and I sat in an awed silence, which was finally broken by James.

He humbly begged our pardon and entered with a tray. Laitai had again placed him in high-heeled shoes with the added feature of a pair of well shaven legs.

James served us delicious sandwiches with a fine white wine. He struggled divinely to maintain some level of comportment. It was the effort and attitude that was meaningful. The new tape was having effect.

After lunch, a hooded James found himself kneeling between either my thighs or Alice's, switching back and forth. When it came time for his 4:00 p.m. caning, I left to make some phone calls in the office. Alice stayed and watched Laitai swing a particularly long, thin strand of bamboo. She really did have talent.

Alice

James served us dinner and we reached Calgary well after dark. It was very cold but D and I decided to take a walk and see a bit of the city.

Many stores remained open so we did some shopping to fulfill our plans as discussed over Mimosas. James would eventually need clothing. We could not rely on encountering an American 'Agent Rawlings' on our return journey.

With most shops beginning to close, we ambled back to the train station where our cars occupied a far platform. Laitai was about to give James his 10:00 p.m. caning, and

we decided to watch. He proceeded to sing well for Laitai. As noted, no one ever becomes accustomed to the cane. And Laitai brought out the best, with James fully struggling against his tight bonds from the second stroke until conclusion. D used several tissues, otherwise James' tears would have soaked the carpet.

Once again the display of Laitai slowly and methodically tearing down James' wall of masculinity stimulated our carnal appetites. A hooded James was taken to our bedroom and hog-tied on the floor. Laitai added a nice touch by attaching his scrotal parachute then drawing back his feet and attaching the stretching device to his ankle cuffs. James spent the night listening to D and me bring each other to numerous orgasms as his own leg muscles slowly stretched his sac. Very devious.

The next morning, our cars were shunted to the special train for the spa. The final leg of our journey began. We headed northwest beginning a full day of traversing some of the most scenic countryside I've seen. The tracks skirted Banff National Park and later Jasper National Park. After serving us breakfast James was caned and suspended with D's new subliminal tape emphasizing his new role. He spent the afternoon in the observation dome again alternating between me and D. His tongue was developing good stamina.

D

After an entertaining day of unending ecstasy, the train entered the tunnel that signals the end of the journey.

Originally dug by the railroad to access a lush valley of timber, it is the only entrance to the bowl shaped area occupied by the spa. Formidable ridges and peaks surround the facility and the main building sits on a lake, which collects the rain and melting snow from the surrounding slopes. Due to the limestone beneath, the lake slowly drains into numerous underground caverns formed by thousands of years of erosion. Not fully explored, it is believed the

collection of tunnels flows to the west and joins the headwaters of the Columbia River.

The harvesting of timber ended at the turn of the century but provided dozens of natural trails. In the hurly-burly economy of the 1920's, a wealthy entrepreneur purchased the entire valley and built a large lodge as a ski resort, then promptly went broke.

After years of disuse a secretive wealthy woman, said to be the entrepreneur's granddaughter, refurbished the facility adding several distinctive features.

The skiing is better than average, with the curious attraction that no matter which trail is chosen, it ends at the lodge, situated at the lowest point in the valley. This provides an appreciably distinct advantage for the wealthy indolent enthusiast...no long trudge for a hot toddy at day's end.

But it is not the skiing that brings so many women to the most private and secluded resort in the Western Hemisphere. It is the service.

The facility's staff is comprised of the most obeisant males and females found. There is no sexual whim or request that goes unfulfilled at the spa, which as one can imagine in a hidden and secluded valley, can become quite sordid and quite deviant in nature.

It is said that when an employee signs his or her one year contract, their clothing is surrendered for the spa's brief, revealing uniform. Thus, any decision to prematurely terminate service involves a long walk in deep snow over impassable mountains...and without benefit of covering.

But if there had been any defections over the years, it was not known. Most of the staff are eager to serve and very appreciative of the demands of the dominant female guests and the challenges they provide.

James

I cannot describe much of the spa. When the train entered the tunnel, D pushed me from between her thighs.

Ms. Laitai, seeming to always be nearby, stepped forward and hooded me. To my wrist cuffs, connected behind me as always, Laitai added my collar and ankle cuffs. Then as Ms. D pushed my face forward into rug, Ms. Laitai parted my cheeks and slid a butt plug into my anus.

When the train stopped, I felt a tug on my collar. Laitai's passionless voice instructed me to follow and I felt the sharp sting of leather on my buttocks, rather tame compared to the cane. I was leashed and with my first step found that my ankle cuffs had been tethered. I stumbled and received another stroke and a stronger tug. Then the butt plug grew. It was inflatable and I heard the air and felt the pressure as either Ms. D or Ms. Laitai squeezed the connecting bulb.

"Concentrate."

I did. Without sight, the bearer of the leash became my guide and with my ankles closely bound, I stepped quickly and carefully.

Laitai led me out of the car evidently onto a platform. It was cold and I was completely naked. I heard many feminine voices, some making comments about me. Despite the temperature I became flushed and I felt my penis twinge with my embarrassment and with the sensation in my stuffed backside. I was apparently in a crowd of people joining those from the other cars of the train.

The lack of wind and the nature of the sounds told me we were in a building, most likely a train shed. My feet stepped on wood, rapidly, as Ms. Laitai was walking quickly and I had to take many small steps to keep up.

She kept tugging to encourage haste, then finally came another slap on my buttocks and a command. "On your toes, James. Knees nice and high for me. Prance."

I complied instantly. My movement resembled jogging in place and I heard the giggling laughter of women. But my vigorous steps warmed me and it became easier to keep pace. And of course, my newly lengthened testicles swung about causing my twinging penis to further harden and

become the source of more comments, which in turn caused more tumescence.

The wood turned to concrete and after a pause to enter a doorway, the air became warm and the softness of carpeting could be felt. Eventually as we moved onward, the noise and laughter of other people diminished and we arrived at a suite of rooms. I could feel the tip of my erection touching my lower abdomen.

And so went my arrival at the spa, putting on a display for the benefit of an unknown crowd, naked and capering at the end of a leash like a show horse.

And I felt so strangely satisfied knowing that Ms. D was also watching...

D

I decided that until James legally consented to his gift the less he knew of the spa the better. The large number of dominant women being pampered and serviced by submissive employees could be very distracting. Thus, outside of our suite of rooms, he was kept hooded at all times. The guests and servants were free to gaze at his nakedness, but he would not be free to return the looks. There were too many female submissives wearing the brief spa uniforms. And whereas it would have been delightfully entertaining to compare his modest penis to the massive phalli of the carefully selected male servants, such dalliances would have to wait for another time.

Our plan was to immediately introduce James to the notion of his alteration, inveigle him to sign the necessary documents, then let Alice conduct her business. In hastening the procedure, the period of time for recovery and adapting to his new status would be maximized.

So on the very next day after his morning caning, exercise and cleansing, Alice and I gave Laitai the morning off. We leashed and hooded James and took him to the spa's operating room. He walked somewhat gingerly as Laitai had

ever so lightly practiced some bastinado, but in time we arrived and upon entering removed his hood.

The room was standard. Bright white walls. Tiled floor. Stainless steel sinks, counter tops and cabinets. It was the special operating chair that was noticeable and observing James' reaction to it would forever become a memorable moment. The device is quite similar to that used in obstetrics only the back is raised so that the patient is sitting almost upright. A short little seat supports just a portion of the buttocks, leaving the male genitals to hang in full view to both attending medical personnel and patient.

A little peculiar, but it was the restraints that most caught his attention. Heavy but comfortable straps, combined with the wrist cuffs in the back and adjustable boards designed to hold the legs in any desired position or angle, gave the initial viewer much to contemplate. Particularly with the realization that it would be his own organs that would soon dangle from the chairs edge.

Yes, James' look could be compared to the condemned prisoner viewing the death chamber for the first time. The cognition of the permanence of the planned undertaking shakes the psyche and rattles the confidence. With the ineluctable straps, he realized there would be no going back. The mouse would be thoroughly restrained in the cat's lair.

Alice and I smiled at each other, and I stifled a laugh when he noticeably gulped.

"Tomorrow, James. But tonight we shall have some fun."

Was I dangling a cool jug of wine before a restrained man dying of thirst? Or was it best to highlight the positive?

James

The evening after visiting the operating room I was scared. The chair was ominous and despite my desire to please D, the straps and restraints were foreboding.

Ms. D seemed to sense my circumspection. What was this all about? A long train ride with two other women just

for a simple operation?

When I asked for permission to speak, Ms. D anticipated my reluctance. She just smiled and called for Ms. Laitai.

“Harness him, Laitai. Alice and I will have dinner and return later. You know how to work the recorder.”

And that was it. Not a word could I express questioning her plans or the curious events of the past three days. Or the snickering female voices I heard in the hallways of the spa. Or this dour Chinese woman who so relentlessly caned my backside.

It seemed almost too easy for Laitai to suspend me. What kind of resort has strong eye-hooks imbedded in the ceilings and walls?

The static began. Over the past few days I learned not to fight the harness. It held me absolutely motionless and unless I pulled and tugged with futility, it was eerily comfortable.

Ms. Laitai attached the scrotal parachute and inserted a butt plug. I felt my penis rise in obedient response. And of course ruminations about Eve began to unfold...

After the last meeting, where I cautiously exited the side door with zucchini in hand, I never spoke to her again. The following day was graduation, where I watched Eve receive her diploma. Even in the clumsy, archaic cap and gown she looked enticing. I later noticed other parents wanted to photograph their children standing with Eve. As if Eve's presence and proof of acquaintanceship was an imprimatur to their own son or daughter's esteem.

If the truth be known...

Sometime after Eve, I walked up the aisle to receive my diploma. My well-reamed backside made walking rather difficult. Everyone assumed my labored stroll was the result of a sporting injury. As I returned, there sat Eve with what most would describe as a bright smile. But I knew it to be a mocking look. Knowing the cause of my gingerly stride, she signaled with her look the enjoyment of having evidence of

her dominant antics manifest itself in public. Given the opportunity to address me, I'm sure she would make some subtle reference to my complete degradation of the prior afternoon. But words were not necessary. And on the most memorable day of my young life, I flushed with a combined inner rage and frustrated embarrassment.

I never saw Eve again.

In all those encounters, in all those years, my fantasy had never been fulfilled. This beautiful, authoritative girl had never actually touched my penis, stroked me to climax, as I so often fantasized in my masturbatory daydreams. How many times had I ejaculated with her, for her, because of her? While she stood over me and I cowered below bringing myself to orgasm by imagining her devious smile, her bright eyes, her stern demeanor, her commanding voice, but most importantly the touch and feel of her fine effeminate hands around my throbbing young manhood.

With these thoughts, the distant voice begins. Another message. Is it perceptible? Yes, somewhat. It is D's voice and I obediently listen.

D

We returned to our suite from a wonderful dinner. Food at the spa was more than adequate and the service was most entertaining. A young, striving but starving actor was our waiter. As referenced the male servants were selected based on size, and Alice could not help applying the briefest of caresses to his long penis and watching it grow. After which he served us erect for the entire meal, with Alice applying occasional, what she termed, maintenance strokes.

We gave Laitai the remainder of the evening off. There was a very active nightclub within the spa, and for the dominant female of her age, the night was young and the available submissives many.

James was hanging as we had left him, seeming to be intently listening to the tape, which is expected in

suspension. There is nothing else to do. Even if he were to dream, the subconscious mind absorbs the message.

I promised him a treat and the relationship I was building demanded I be very careful to do precisely as I indicated, both in reward and punishment. Henceforth, James would understand that my word was final. My decisions were the ultimate. My judgement unquestionable.

So we undressed. Alice could not help but fondle and kiss my breasts before releasing James. And I in turn hugged her in my arms crushing together our mammarys. Viewing James' naked torso with attached parachute and his neglected penis thrusting out was distracting yet served to heighten my arousal.

It was difficult but we finally we got down to business

I released James from the harness being very particular to ensure that he realized my state of nakedness. I let the tip of his erection touch my abdomen and thighs and even pulled down his hooded head to allow him a lick of my breasts.

The 'male barometer' wagged and both Alice and I smiled. The male submissive was so predictable.

I removed his parachute, carefully recuffed his hands and led him to the bedroom. There I lay supine, and let James follow the sound of my voice until he found his treasure. Within a minute my hooded plaything was kneeling between my thighs feasting on my aroused love pot. It was like watching a hunting dog sniff down his prey.

His tongue really was divine. Supple yet strong and when combined with well trained lips that gathered up and pulled on my labia with such gentle but ardent sucking...well...all my efforts were rewarded.

As planned, Alice knelt behind him. She had donned well-lubricated latex gloves and James was in for the treat of his life. Unbeknownst to him...the final treat. The consent forms and a pen lay on a table I had moved just inches from the bed.

When Alice initially touched his rock hard penis, James just about jumped off the bed. Nothing had touched it for days and the sensitivity built by weeks of chastity must have been overwhelming.

“Relax, James. Let Dr. Alice take care of you. She knows more about your orgasm than you do.”

With these words his tongue attacked with renewed vigor. James understood that weeks of built up frustration would end. What he didn't know was that a lifetime of frustration would begin. Alice gave James a few strokes with her experienced right hand. A sample, Alice used to term it, in her more active days.

“Once the male fully understands what awaits, he's yours,” she used to lecture me.

“And by intermittently stroking then stopping, plus varying the firmness, you establish control. He'll become docile, waiting for the next stroke. Expecting more. But understanding that the timing is not his to dictate.”

And so James found himself in the hands of a most accomplished masturbatrix with the added thrill of being permitted to utilize his newly acquired oral skills.

Alice stopped stroking and merely held James' penis, pulling in downward and using it as a handle while the fingers of her left hand began working his anus. Slowly, gently, she worked her way inwards, careful to make the penetration as sensuous as possible. This was to be James' night of pure pleasure and before the ending, James would have every erogenous zone stroked and caressed.

With three fingers inserted, Alice announced the prostate was hers and that James' flow of pre-ejaculatory fluid was abundant. Meanwhile, James was bringing me to several vaginal orgasms and my clitoris was patiently awaiting the first touch of his lips.

James was sedulous in taking in my juices. Much training and encouragement had taught him that wet sheets were a

punishable offense and the attention he gave to his efforts reminded me of a mother cat attentively licking her kittens.

Then Alice proclaimed full penetration. Her small but knowledgeable hand had completely disappeared, engulfed by James' puckered pink sphincter and he groaned with that strange combination of pleasure and agony that the prostate gland so mysteriously provides.

Meanwhile Alice firmed her grip around the dripping, turgid manhood and pulled further downward. James could not ejaculate. Not with Alice at the helm of his pleasure boat.

He began to moan. Alice's unseen hand was working deep in James' colon, the underutilized gland receiving long over due attention, begging to be relieved.

James spoke. In violation if the rules but expected. He could not help himself. He begged, beseeching me for relief and wrapping his lips around my clitoris as a proffer for pleasure.

"Would you like to come for me, James? Yes, I think you would."

I paused letting Alice demonstrate both control and determination in preventing his climax by pulling down even more.

"Well, if I'm going to release your hand, there are some papers here you can sign first, then you can show off for us. Masturbate like a boy and stroke yourself for Dr. Alice. She likes to see naughty boys abuse themselves."

I reached down and with a simple click released the clamp securing his wrist cuffs together. As planned, the legal papers acknowledging the need and desire for his alteration were ready with a pen nearby.

Alice continued to hold and massage the prostate. Without inquiry and with amazing haste, James signed where I guided his hand and he quickly moved his hand to his penis.

“I’m going to hold my hand here, James. You stroke away for Ms. D. She too enjoys watching naughty boys.”

Alice slid her right hand down to his perineum. I knew from experience that she was pressing his urethra. James could stroke himself for a week without climax. Little did he realize, even with his hands free, he still did not have control over his own functions.

James

Ejaculating became critical. I signed whatever was needed and urgently moved my hand to the incredibly large and throbbing pole so diligently held by Dr. Alice.

As permitted, I stroked. My senses were overwhelmed with Dr. Alice’s hands, one deeply penetrating my backside the other held under my scrotum, the taste and smell of Ms. D, the feel of her naked flesh touching mine.

She had taunted me to climax. Long overdue. And as I stroked, I thought about Eve. Yes, I would indeed show off for Ms. D, just as I had for Eve so many years ago. I wanted to satisfy her need. I wanted to please her...and nothing happened.

My mind and body craved to spew the pent up supply of sperm. I was pulling the trigger on this overloaded gun and nothing was happening.

Dr. Alice began to laugh.

“What’s the problem, James? You seemed so eager. Maybe if you stand.”

Still hooded, I slowly slid off the bed with Dr. Alice moving with me. Both her hands remained in contact. I resumed stroking and began toying with my scrotum just as I used to do for Eve. Again I felt my ejaculatory muscles working and again Dr. Alice laughed.

D spoke. “Maybe if you ask nicely James, you’ll be allowed to entertain us with your climax.”

And I did. Humbly asking permission to ejaculate, Dr. Alice removed her hand from my perineum and then expertly timed the motions of her penetrating left hand,

massaging my prostate to coincide with my final long, powerful strokes.

I exploded and sunk back onto the bed to the sound of feminine laughter.

D

It was so easy to coax James' signature. And for a brief moment afterward, I considered returning him to bondage without relief.

But one has to have some degree of compassion. After all, it was his last orgasm, and watching Alice control the process from start to finish was amusing.

We hog-tied an exhausted James and left him on the floor. I slept soundly curled up with Alice.

Later, Laitai returned and dragged him away.

The next morning James would arise early and Laitai would prepare him for a visit to the operating room.

Alice

It has always amazed me how easy it is to remove that which the male finds so precious and holds so dear.

D felt that James should watch, and I could not have agreed more. No general anesthesia would be used. Watching feminine fingers open up the proud scrotal sac and slip out the reproductive organs is a ceremony no male forgets. And in having him watch, the level of submission and humiliation could not be surpassed.

It is the ultimate act of submission to the dominant female. Watching as the gonads are whimsically extracted, perhaps to be saved as a souvenir, the lifetime remembrance will assist in making James the malleable pet which the dominant female most desires. Henceforth, D's needs and sexual pleasure will be all that James thinks and cares about. His ability to achieve his own will be forever curtailed.

Laitai has secured James in the special chair. He sits upright with his arms restrained by cuffs in the back. His legs protrude straight out in front of him encased in splint-like boards. They are so well bound that the numerous straps almost cover every inch of skin.

As I prepare the topical anesthetic and test the laser, Laitai turns a crank and James' legs slowly part. The splints

can force the legs to very painful angles, but I don't want to induce too much pain. Therefore when a knowing Laitai feels pressure and James grimaces, she stops. Still, I can easily stand between the splints and the short seat upon which James is propped allows his stretched and hormone filled sac to dangle most enticingly.

With the excitement, his erection slowly blossoms and I can't help smiling. It is saluting. Even in distress the submissive male cannot control the reaction to being under the thorough control of the dominant female.

I step to James' front, smiling professionally. In my gloved left hand is the jar of special ointment, a mixture of glycerin and procaine. I gently swab James' well shaven sac. He stirs with the coolness, but the erection stiffens. After a moment I pinch the thin flesh. Observing no reaction, I know the ointment has penetrated and numbed the skin.

D arrives. She has deliberately dressed in a most alluring manner. Her magnificent breasts are marvelously highlighted and James begins to whine with desire. Her thin silk dress is translucent and he knows too well what charms are beneath. Her attire provides quite the contrast to the medical uniforms worn by Laitai and me.

James' wanton gaze is fixed on her mammaries.

"You may enjoy these glands even more after alteration, James. After today, you're going to have a heightened sense of respect for women."

My words of comfort have no effect, as expected, and I return to test the laser one more time.

Laitai pushes a small table under James' low hanging scrotum. D steps directly in front and whispers in James' ear. His overly sensitive, long neglected penis touches her silk dress. D ensures that the purple head gently caresses the smooth fabric. It's the final tease. It waggles in an amusing signal of both gratitude and frustration.

James seems somewhat comforted by her words and she steps away and nods to me.

The operation, as stated, is a contrast of fright, simplicity and brevity. Frightening for the recipient of course. Simple and brief for me. Holding the ripe sac in my left hand, I pull it forward with a slight twist. With a push of a button and a slight motion of my right hand, the laser scalpel effortlessly opens up the left side of the sac. The skin is thin, and those few blood vessels encountered are instantly cauterized by the intense but localized heat.

James looks down in a strange combination of horror and fascination. I have deliberately made the incision small. The depilated flesh of the castrated male can be diabolically pleasing to the Dominant female. I'm sure D will enjoy displaying the unblemished but empty sac to her friends. Thus the planned small cut to the side will not be readily discernable and within two or three months will heal completely and all but disappear.

Laitai takes the laser and frees both my hands to gently push one testicle out the small incision. The egg appears tiny and helpless in my hand. I've often contemplated how much hormonal influence such a pusillanimous organ has over the male. I look up into James' face. He's in mild shock, and he should be. He is open. Vulnerable. A dominant woman is holding his most prized possession. Yes, James is facing the horror all males fear in their darkest nightmares. And in this dream, three smiling females are taking his maleness. He struggles. Even Laitai begins to laugh. Only his head can move. And his imploring words, so beseechingly enunciated in his final moments as an intact male, are amusing, but spoken in vane.

The nerves and connecting vessels are curiously elastic, it's nature's design, allowing the testicle to move about within the scrotal sac. I slowly place the still attached organ into the stainless steel pan. D's recent efforts in stretching the scrotal sac are evident, as the nerve is long and pliant.

Within two minutes I tie off all the connections. I am careful to clamp the nerve very close to the testicle. This

will leave James with much nerve tissue and therefore much sensitivity within the empty scrotum. Since I have suggested to D that a special addition to James orchidectomy be later performed, leaving as much nerve ending as possible will assist with my plans.

When finished, I nod to D. She steps to James' side holding a pair of stainless steel scissors. With a pleasant smile she positions her hand, looks into James' eyes...and casually snips.

James screams. The procaine was only topical and the quick snip of the nerves and blood vessels is felt, probably more mentally than physically. Laitai removes the pan with the testicle. I tuck the vessels and nerves into the sac and begin to sew. Very small and proximate sutures. As stated, I want no scarring.

"Well, what a wonderful present for me, James We'll wait and decide on the right at another time, Alice. We'll see if James' testosterone level becomes more suitable for submission. If not, he can present the other to me in a few days.

"I think his attitude will improve."

And so we conclude. James' right testicle has been given a reprieve. The clock indicates the procedure took fifteen minutes. I've done better.

D

Alice did a marvelous job on James. He healed quickly and Laitai began his exercise program with zeal. With the diminished testosterone level came psychological and physical changes. His subservience came more naturally. But with the new hormonal balance, Laitai needed to apply occasional strokes of a handy crop to counteract laziness.

Long sessions on the spa's treadmill kept his weight down and although his stamina increased, the toning of his muscles began to change, slowly becoming more supple.

I enjoyed sitting over his face and playing with his remaining gonad, teasing him that Dr. Alice was eager to

complete his alteration. His reaction was to lick and suck with renewed vigor. It was marvelously effective. Whatever James had thought about my games in the past, he learned that I was in earnest.

Alice and I skied daily while James was exercised. Afterwards, he was turned over to the spa's skilled staff where he spent hours and hours being depilated. Costly yes, but the daily shaving was time consuming and tended over time to toughen the flesh. This would not do, and depilation has the advantage of being permanent.

Evenings, a humble, mentally feeble James labored with his tongue for hours and hours. His penis would stand, but whenever he touched himself I would warn him.

"Dr. Alice awaits, James. Your chastity is mandatory, otherwise your right testicle will join your left."

Laitai was somewhat disappointed. After all, a lifetime of training was only being partially utilized. Her frustration was illustrated by her unyielding hand and her crackling cane.

Then it happened. Laitai caught James masturbating during morning ablutions. Despite constant supervision, she momentarily left the cleansing room to get more towels. Upon returning, Laitai reported he was stroking himself with the zest of a schoolboy. His fate was doomed.

It had been two weeks since the first removal. Perhaps I knew all along that I would complete his alteration. But no matter, James would pay dearly for his disobedience...another gift. I informed Alice and she scheduled the special room for the next morning.

James spent the evening beseeching me. He had the temerity to break the rule of silence, such is the level of desperation to which the doomed male will sink.

And, as if to grant the condemned a last request, I let him speak. His pleadings would go unheeded, but listening with the realization it was my prerogative to complete his alteration, that James was effectively my ward, to suffer the

slings and arrows of my whims, that what only mattered was my own gratification, provided most heady satisfaction.

Meanwhile his oral ministrations were unsurpassed. His last act as an intact male was to bring me to orgasm after orgasm. A fitting end.

The next morning, it required a mere eleven minutes for Alice to capture the right gonad.

Laitai

With James' castration complete, I was free to practice my skills.

Eunuchs don't initially understand their changed circumstances. Perhaps there is a psychological denial that such a permanent alteration could be performed so quickly and easily. Perhaps there is a stubborn life long build up of male self-confidence that does not easily dissipate.

Whatever the reason, I lectured James daily during his exercise and ablutions.

"Your hormone level will be changing drastically, James. You must exercise every day otherwise you'll become fat. Thus my crop will work you to exhaustion.

"You will also find yourself becoming easily confused. The lack of testosterone will affect your brain. That is why it's important that you listen to me and follow instructions. My cane will help. Pain brings focus and the sting of my crisp strokes will serve to bring your mind back to the simple tasks required of you.

"You'll no longer experience the physical ecstatic pleasure of orgasm. You've had your last. You'll become sexually frustrated, even more than before your castration. It will become apparent to you that serving Ms. D will assuage the frustration. That and more caning.

"Yes, James. There will be times when you will ask to bear pain, and I will be there to assist. It will be meted out at Ms. D's whim. But I suspect she will be generous, given your gift of sacrifice.

“You’ll find that your body will change. First, you’ll most likely notice that your nipples will become increasingly sensitive. Yes, James. It may shock you, but you’re closer to being one of us than being a male. And if desired, I can show you how to induce the growth of a very passable set of female breasts with Ms. D’s permission. There are many simple drugs that can be used, some available without prescription...”

My words were overwhelming. And with his funk, I repeated the information almost every day to ensure the shocking messages were perceived.

Dr. Alice tested James’ hormone level every morning. It was sinking rapidly, which she relished in pointing out to him.

Afterwards she went skiing with Ms. D and James was mine for the entire morning. I worked him relentlessly.

For lunch, Dr. Alice and Ms. D returned and I supervised while James honed his serving skills in our suite. Ms. D was enthralled with the look of James in heels, and the practice continued.

Afternoons, a naked James was led to the spa’s beauty parlor where the time consuming process of depilation continued and with his diminished male hormones, the removal was permanent.

His hood was no longer deemed necessary and an emasculated James was free to gawk all he wished at the spa’s nearly naked female staff. While all his body hair was being removed, he stared with lust at the beautiful young girls who closely inspected his skin and zapped away the numerous offending follicles. His keen interest reminded me of a recently neutered dog that continued to mimic the impossible act of fornication, his alteration not fully comprehended.

James’ empty scrotal sac became quite the center of attention at the spa and Ms. D instructed that I allow any and all to examine it. During those interludes, even I felt a

degree of pity for the newly altered James. A callous dominant female guest would toy with the fleshy pouch and comment, humiliating James to no end.

“What happened?” was the typical mocking taunt. And James would just bow his head in shame.

But I must confess to a deep feeling of fulfillment despite the pity. I was continuing in the family tradition. In the Chinese culture, that is important.

Alice

With the second removal, I stayed another two weeks. I was stretching my stay and had a doctor friend cover for me in St. Paul. D was in heaven, and I could not help but stay and revel with her in finding the most perfect of male subjugants.

With James’ wealth, D no longer needed to work and in a way I was envious but also happy for her. And James’ analingus was improving rapidly.

But alas, it finally came time for me to part. I scheduled the operating room for one more procedure than reserved a seat on the afternoon train to Calgary. From there I would fly home.

Yes, James found himself strapped once again into the chair and his wild look of apprehension indicated great concern for his remaining male appendage.

Not to fear James. I had promised D a rather unique modification, and I made it a parting gift.

The long nerves remaining within the sac would be put to use. Since D did like the look of withered scrotal flesh on the altered male, and left to time the pink bag would indeed shrink from sight, a small addition was required.

I had purchased some heavily gauged gold rings and with another application of procaine, I carefully pierced James’ hairless scrotum making sure that on both sides the penetrating circles of gold intercepted the still sensitive nerves. It took time, but it was worth the effort. When finished I attached a pair of cute bells then permanently

closed the rings. When I flicked them with my fingers a pleasant ringing sound was heard and James' penis ever so slightly twitched, indicating that I indeed attained the objective of stimulating the two nerves.

James was now belled like a cat. His every movement would cause the relatively weighty bells to move and remind him of his altered state. And the slight pulling would serve to stop the scrotal sac from atrophying.

I stepped back with a smile to admire my own work. It's always interesting being face to face with a male I had recently castrated. Curiously, the hormonal changes diminish the rage and anger you'd expect to encounter. James just looked at me like a puppy, patiently waiting to be released.

"Not yet, James. Another memento. Those were for D. But these are from me to you."

I retrieved two more rings. This time I skipped the procaine and merely stepped between James' forcibly spread thighs, pinched his left nipple and plunged a needle through it.

James screamed.

The newly sensitive, more feminine than masculine pink nubs invited attention and I could not resist. With another plunge and another scream, I pierced the right, then attached a pair of rings with identical bells.

Again I stepped back and surveyed my work. With the nipples symmetry is important and I had not lost my touch. They were perfect, the ornaments hanging at precisely the same level.

"You won't soon forget me now, will you James," I cooed in a soothing voice.

"With every step you take, with every motion you make, the sound of your bells will remind you of Dr. Alice.

"Laitai will take you back to the suite...au revoir."

I simultaneously flicked both scrotal bells, then gently slapped my hand across his chest striking the nipple bells.

He yelped in pain. I strode out listening to the satisfying sound of my ringing handy work.

D

Well, all good things must come to an end. But with the financial resources at my command, not necessarily as quickly as need be.

After Alice left I made some phone calls. How much could a locomotive possibly cost?

And sure enough, it did not cost that much. I leased one of reasonable speed and power and specifically asked for Jake and Luther as my crew. They were scheduled to arrive in three days, which fit perfectly with the progression of James' training and cosmetic transformation.

And so for the last three nights, Laitai and I poured over maps, seeking places to visit which were accessible by train. And, of course, an important criteria were stops where we could show off James.

During the last week, I was introducing James to the thrilling look and feel of feminine silk on his newly sensitized skin, Alice and I having made sizable purchases of lady's garments for him in Calgary.

And it was amusing to see him take to the frilly and brief attire we had selected. I suppose for James it was better than nothing, which is exactly what he had before my generosity. But still, when permitted feminine covering, there appeared on his face a most convincing look of satisfaction, despite the concern over the slight sound of bells beneath.

So when traveling, my effeminately attired James became Jami. His only other choice was to go naked and display to the world the remains of his bejeweled genitals...so he chose to travel as Jami, and he listened attentively to instruction on passing as female.

And so it came to our last evening at the spa. Jami had taken every meal in our suite with Laitai insisting on a

special diet. As a treat, and a bit of a test, I decided to take him to dinner in the formal dining room.

I dressed him like a cheap hooker, and was even able to find a skirt short enough so that the very bottom of his scrotal bells hung below the hem, thus proving a wonderful cacophony as he perambulated into the spa's crowded cocktail lounge.

After some four weeks, most of the guests and staff had encountered Jami, so his initial visit to the lounge and adjoining dining room was not too shocking. But one very handsome woman kept looking at us. She sat at the end of the bar and was known to all the staff. And judging from the manner in which she spoke and they listened, she was a person of authority.

When our barely clad waiter came to serve us, I discreetly inquired about the woman.

"That's the manager of the spa, madam," was his polite reply.

I excused myself to Jami and left to introduce myself to the woman. We talked then I returned.

What a small world!

Jami and I proceeded to have a wonderful meal. I ordered for him, of course, and knowing all the foods he disliked, made certain his plate was filled with all the spa had to offer.

Jami

We returned to our suite after dinner. Ms. D had been drinking wine and was very relaxed. Over dinner she was constantly slipping her hand under my blouse and toying with my nipple rings and bells. It was quite embarrassing, particularly when the newly sensitized areolas erected under her touch.

For some reason she had Laitai strip me and put me in suspension. I had not been so constrained since the second removal, Ms. D deeming my time better spent with head between her thighs. Or lying supine, knees to chest and

watching Ms. D's beautiful and firm breasts as she thrust the 'man spreader' into my waiting aperture.

So I knew something was afoot. But there I hung, helpless, sans hood but with wrists and ankles cuffed behind me. The configuration highlighted my missing testicles and the bells hanging in their place continuously rang with every slight motion. I indeed thought about Dr. Alice and her skilled but evil hands.

Then a knock came at the door and a large waiter entered with an ice bucket and bottle of wine. He looked at my nakedness, glanced down to the source of the ringing and smiled. He opened the bottle and as a sort of gratuity, Ms. D stroked his massive penis to erection and fondled his intact scrotum. She did this while looking at me with a sardonic smile. I flushed with the degradation of being so taunted, forced to watch as an intact male obediently tumefied for my owner.

Then he left leaving the door ajar, much to my chagrin.

Ms. D spoke. "We're going to have a visitor, Jami. She says she knows you."

Within ten minutes a woman stepped through the door without knocking. She was of my age. Trim. Confident. Handsome. She said hello to Ms. D, and was introduced to Ms. Laitai as the manager of the spa.

Then when she turned and looked straight at me, her mischievous smile simultaneously rocked my cortex along with the recognition of her name.

It was Eve!

"Well, James. Long time no see. Or should I call you Jami?"

Then she laughed. And it was such a familiar laugh. The timbre was matured but the staccato was the same, which most found pleasant, except if they were the target of her derision, in which case the sound could be most irritating.

And hanging helpless, naked, and newly emasculated, I could not help but feel her ridicule, particularly when my

physical reaction to her presence caused my bells to ring.

She poured herself a glass of wine and stepped closer. Laitai had had me spend the entire afternoon in the spa beauty parlor. Over the past four weeks, just about all my body hair had been removed and my cranial hair, approaching the length of a page boy style, had been meticulously coiffured. My effeminate appearance was being enhanced each day, and Ms. D insisted on what she termed 'mirror time', where I was placed before a mirror and forced to perceive each progressive step of my transformation. Ms. D would stand beside me and effusively compliment me on any recent change, such as my plucked and trimmed eyebrows, further tearing down what little male psyche that remained.

"You look as young as when I last saw you Jami. But you've changed in other ways."

I seethed and struggled against my bonds, as Eve laughed at her own joke and the loudly ringing bells. She then reached out and toyed with my scrotal bells to emphasize the change. And more frustratingly, I felt my penis stir. I closed my eyes afraid that Eve would notice, and of course she did.

"Goodness. Some things don't change though."

She laughed again and this time Ms. D joined in the mirth caused by my embarrassment. I felt the blood pumping throughout my body. I opened my eyes and looked down. 'Little Dickey' had risen again. The rage was indescribable and yet, I felt oddly servile. As angry as I was, if released I would probably have found myself trying to masturbate for her, this time in vane and under the most humiliating circumstances imaginable, without the ability to perform and ejaculate for her.

The women talked. At length. About me. About my childhood experiences with Eve. About life. About Ms. D's plans for me. About Eve's wonderful job as manager of the most elite yet sordid vacation destination in North America.

The two women got along famously with me as the common denominator. And I just hung in my harness, physically comfortable but psychologically tormented.

The wine bottle was about to give up its last drop when Eve turned to Ms. D, sanguine with their compatibility.

"You know D, there was one thing I always wanted to do. Well, to be honest more than one thing, but perhaps you can humor me."

Ms. D nodded, seeming to know what it was.

"Go ahead, Eve. I doubt if he'll complain."

Eve put down her glass, arose and approached with that appealing smile which she had used to con so many. She stood before me and laughed softly. My penis was still semi erect.

"It's my turn with Little Dickey now, Jami."

And she began to play. Her fingers were experienced. Firm yet soft, she knew the male organ. She also seemed to realize that the scrotal rings were a source of arousal and she toyed with them with impunity, seeming to take great delight in the sound of the bells.

Life is filled with irony and I had suffered through so much. But this could not be exceeded.

A lifetime of fantasy was coming true. The beautiful little girl, to whom, for whom, with whom, I masturbated from the beginning of puberty, actually since before puberty, reached out and stroked my weakened, hormone deprived manhood. And it felt so good!

"It always was small, Jami. But so delightfully obedient to the whims of a firm woman. You're going to miss your nasty habit of displaying it to girls."

I closed my eyes and she worked silently. Had I not been harnessed, I probably would still let her play, as humiliating as it was, her manipulating fingers were fulfilling a lifelong fantasy. All the reminiscences came back. From the mink cage to graduation. I concentrated. I so wanted to perform for her one more time, only this time as I had so long

fantasized...with the pleasure of her touching and feeling the male organ that so attracted her youthful curiosity. I so much wanted her to squeeze the very last drop of male essence from me. For 'Little Dickey' to manfully erupt and soak her with the puissant semen which I had for so long mentally stored for her eventual return. To impress her with my power and potency.

I felt that special valve open and then...nothing happened.

"Wouldn't you like to come for me, Jami?"

Eve's mocking words, carefully chosen from our childhood rendezvous enraged me. She fully understood my impotence.

But Ms. Laitai had warned me. Her words echoed in my mind.

"When aroused, the castrated male will feel as though he is about to sneeze but cannot. Each time it will be an initially pleasant but then increasingly frustrating sensation. For the rest of your life in every sexual encounter, you will experience the feeling that you are very close to climaxing but never will. And when you feel that way, as the mental torment grows, at your request, I will cane you, mercilessly. The pain will become your only relief. And you will ask for more and thank me for it."

I had no reply to her taunts and could not satisfy her, yet Eve would not stop. I ground my hips toward her. She reached up and played with my nipple rings. I tried so hard to ejaculate for her. There was nothing. Not even the 'dry' climax of prepubescence.

Finally, I opened my eyes and looked into Eve's. Beautiful but evil, we just stared as she smiled and stroked. I thrust my hips toward her in one last futile effort. She laughed harder and said again, this time in the feigned voice of the 13 year old girl in the basement...

"Wouldn't you like to come for Eve, Jami?"

I turned to Ms. Laitai. There she stood, dour, perfect posture, white blouse, black leather boots and skirt. She looked back at me without expression. I never thought I would think of her canings as refuge, but I mouthed the words she was expecting. She in turn looked to Ms. D for guidance. My merciful owner granted me relief from the 'sneeze' that wouldn't come.

"Eve, perhaps you'd like to watch Jami being caned."

Laitai

Yes. My skills were at last put to the ultimate use.

Jami's penis was 'cliff hanging', a term used by sexologists for the inability of the aroused organ to achieve orgasm. So common is it in the castrated male, and so mentally torturous that most seek to entirely avoid situations where arousal may occur.

Avoidance was not possible for Jami.

Fortunately, I possessed the antidote.

With Ms. D's suggestion I released Jami from his harness. With the spa's thoughtfully designed rooms, it only required a few minutes and some simple lengths of cord to secure Jami prostrate on the floor. In deference to my observers, I positioned him with his head at their feet.

I made sure to restrain his ankles, so as to widely separate his legs. This configuration serves to part the buttocks and maximize the area of flesh exposed to the cane.

As a treat for Ms. D and Ms. Eve, Jami's wrist cuffs were released from behind him then attached to cords hung from ceiling hooks. As I tightened, Jami's arms were raised, then his shoulders and head until his face was at the level of Ms. D's lap.

Even before I began, Jami's nipple bells began to ring with his movements, and Ms. Eve smiled with the sound.

I selected a particularly long and thin cane. Such wears quickly, but the pain is most excruciating. And I did have a large collection from which it could quickly be replaced.

Jami

I discovered that evening how thin a line there is between pleasure and pain. And how being placed in the most debasing of positions, naked and prostrate before my childhood friend, can serve to so enhance the physical pain of a thorough caning. The mental trauma approached the level of the physical.

Ms. Laitai's quick work in restraining me left my head just inches from Ms. D and Eve. I could almost lick their knees and could see that Ms. D wore no undergarments. With my arms held above, my spine was uncomfortably arched backwards but it would soon be of little consequence.

I only had to hold the position as Ms. Laitai anointed my buttocks with her special lotion. Then she began and the relative discomfort of my arched back paled in comparison to the searing heat.

My fortitude always seems to endure the first stroke. It's the second where I choke back a scream. And of course with the third, I begin to 'sing'. Loudly.

Once I can no longer hold back, the air just rushes past my vocal cords with gusto and with the start of my serenade, Ms. D always smiles.

On this evening with the tormentress of my youth sitting beside her, I involuntarily sang with particular volume, as Ms. Laitai forcefully applied the nastiest of implements.

As Ms. Laitai had explained to me, the catharsis chases away the frustration of the unachievable orgasm. And when Ms. D noticeably enjoyed the sound of my ringing bells and cacophonous song, I felt an odd gratification. I was serving her, pleasing her. And so when she hiked up her skirt and opened her thighs to reveal to me her beautiful pink pudendum, I sang to her with added zeal.

By the sixth or seventh stroke Ms. D extended her hand and dabbed away my tears. The tenderness with which she performed this function was always interesting when

juxtaposed to the firm, painful strokes delivered by Ms. Laitai.

I licked her hand in gratitude. Eve laughed.

I nearly swooned somewhere near the twelfth stroke. I never count. It is Ms. Laitai who decides the final blow. Counting would merely add another dimension of frustration in attempting to anticipate a final stroke.

When my restraints were released, I crawled closer and placed my head between Ms. D's thighs. There I licked and sucked as I had so ardently been trained. Ms. D's sex was wonderfully fragrant, Ms. Laitai's skill seeming to arouse her time after time.

Eve, impressed with my servility, laughed again, reached over and patted my head.

"He always was so eager to please."

My childhood 'friend' arose.

"I still have photos of you masturbating for me, Jami. Perhaps I'll send them for D's enjoyment. And for you too, as a reminder that you really haven't lost anything of consequence."

Her irritating laugh faded as she stepped into the hallway.

It was the last time I saw Eve. The next morning we packed. Our private cars awaited...

Epilogue - D

Laitai, Jami and I toured western Canada and the northwest U.S. for many weeks. Jake and Luther left us to our own pursuits and were very helpful in scheduling and routing our 'train of debauchery' and suggesting places to visit.

Alice had purchased those branding irons in Shelby and I had fun showing them to Jami and thinking aloud as to where he should wear my mark.

It was humorous to observe his most effeminate reaction to the thought of his smooth, recently depilated and newly softened skin being scarred with a searing hot iron. Hormones do so much make a difference.

When we returned to St. Paul, I indeed bought that large old house and refurbished it to best suit Laitai and our needs in caring for and training my new pet. Money was no object and many of the subtle things found at the spa were included in the renovation, such as convenient eye-hooks and other preconstructed devices of restraint and discipline.

With the large house, I contacted my cousin and had her return my dog. There was now plenty of room for the large mastiff, which I affectionately named 'Gonads' or 'Nads' for short.

Yes, as the reader may guess, since Nads was never 'fixed' he had a very sizable pair of plumbs hanging under his tail. And I had great sport with Jami, referring to Nads as the 'man of the house' and making clear to him that, in the household order of priorities, Nads was to be treated with the same respect as Laitai. It was Jami who would serve as pet.

Within a few weeks, Eve indeed sent some photos from Jami's youth. Such a wonderfully precocious and diabolical girl she must have been! Jami trembled looking at them, and strangely, he also tumefied to the point where he requested a visit with Laitai.

As a return favor, I sent a 'family' picture back to Eve. Me standing, regally attired and holding a leash in each hand. One emanates from Nads, sitting upright in a chair to my left, his wonderfully large and purple testicles draped in front of him on the white upholstery. The other leads to a collared Jami, kneeling to my right, his hands submissively placed atop a beautiful head of styled hair, a small erection standing and his spread thighs positioned to highlight his empty scrotal sac, rings and bells to the camera. Such a provoking contrast...

I might add that whereas I can control Nads, since I've known him as a puppy, he does get a little feisty at times and can be particularly truculent with Jami. I've theorized that the behavior results from Nads demonstrating his male dominance of the household. It is during those periods that I am glad to have kept the large cage. Yes, for his protection I open the door and with a snap of my fingers, Jami reluctantly enters. I keep him caged while Nads freely roams the house and satisfies himself as to Jami's inferior status. And the look on Jami's face is priceless, particularly when Nads pushes his snout through the cage bars, forcing Jami to move and cower at the opposite end. There he sits helplessly until Nads calms down and I decide to release him.

Robert has become Jami's financial advisor, which irritates my plaything to no end. The appointment provides many opportunities for Robert to stop by the house. Typically Robert narrates a financial report while Jami kneels before him shining his shoes. He details item by item how quickly and extravagantly I am spending Jami's lottery income. Then we retire to the bedroom, throw off our clothes and make passionate love, with an emasculated, naked and collared Jami watching, of course. If he becomes aroused, I call for Laitai.

And I am happy to report that with Jami's alteration, his aptitude for service greatly improved. For example, no

longer does he express reluctance in providing oral service during my delicate time of the month. And I can move about my boudoir naked yet comfortable that a subservient Jami will not assume my nudity to be a prevarication for having sex. Thus, I can have him help me dress without incident. An intact male would become too aroused.

Also, to better serve my male friends, I have suggested that Jami learn the art of fellatio. In a curious surprise, he expressed no objection. Robert will just have to put aside his homophobia if he expects oral sex in my household.

With Jami's softened hands he has learned to provide great massage and one of my favorite ways to spend a Saturday evening is to be immersed in the large tub I had installed, along with a naked Jami who's duty is to massage me. Toying with his rings and watching his penis twitch as he soaps me is very amusing. When it stands I always ask, 'Shall I call for Laitai?'

On so many occasions, as the frustration of the 'cliff hanging' orgasm builds, he will nod affirmatively and I, in turn, gain another opportunity to listen to his song and dab away his tears.

It is amusing to arrive home on Friday evenings and find a humble and naked Jami, lying supine on my bed in the knee chest position. Lubricant glistens in the area under his empty sac and the 'man spreader', carefully lain out and equally lubricated, awaits my adornment. Yes, Jami has learned that despite his alteration his prostate still craves attention. In so posing on the bed he reminds me of a dog sitting up and begging for food. Most times I accommodate him. But if I've had a trying day, I merely call for Laitai and have him caned instead.

But during those times when I so deeply ream his backside, I dearly enjoy listening to his bells and using his scrotal rings for leverage and control. Toying with the latter causes him to slowly erect. It is small and amusingly soft,

and I cannot help but taunt, “wouldn’t you like to come for me, Jami.”

Epilogue - James

"And step, and kick, and step and kick, and on your toes, and kick again, and time your bells."

The horrid instructress barks orders with a thick accent. The cadence of her voice is in time to the music. And I follow, closely. Very closely, having experienced on too many occasions the wrath of her nasty, short quirt.

Yes, Ms. D has mandated dance lessons. Every week Ms. Le Treau comes to the house and the large gymnasium, installed with my money, is turned into a dance studio. Typically ballet music blares and Ms. Le Treau, being a traditionalist, has Ms. Laitai dress me in a short tutu which fails to cover any pertinent parts of my remaining anatomy. It's abbreviated length ends just below my waist.

It is challenging, the purpose not only to maintain stamina but also to develop coordination and finesse.

"I want to be served with grace," was Ms. D's directive to Ms. Le Treau, when she was first engaged.

And endless Wednesday afternoons are spent attempting to please this most demanding insatiable woman from the Alsace Lorraine area of Europe.

Her affinity for both corporal punishment and tender oral caresses she explains through the German and French influence in the small region where she was born. Alsace Lorraine borders the two countries and through hundreds of years of conflict has been ruled by both France and Germany. Thus, her odd accent and seemingly conflicting penchants for sexual pleasure.

"My Teutonic heritage tells me to flog...my French ancestry craves the tongue of the submissive male."

And so here I am, dancing, kicking, and pirouetting...hoping that when finished the French influence will prevail and my tongue will be permitted to gratefully bring her to multiple orgasms without need for the sharp bite of her quirt. I can only hope.

Ms. Le Treau uses the bells to determine the proper timing of my movements. Attached to my nipple rings and scrotal rings, they tintinnabulate with every movement and the demanding woman can turn her back or close her eyes and still determine whether my untrained, semi-graceful motions meet with her exacting standards.

Sometimes Ms. Laitai watches. Sometimes Ms. D stops by and the level of degradation becomes particularly heightened when she has a male friend with her. It's one thing to serve as a maid. It's another to dance before a man when half naked in a pink tutu.

Still, the exhausting afternoons with Ms. Le Treau are more acceptable than Fridays, when Ms. Laitai takes me to the beauty parlor.

There I put on quite the show, stripped naked while a bevy of cosmeticians, all heavily compensated by way of my sizable cash flow, work to ensure that my body hair remains completely depilated. That my shoulder length hair is impeccably coiffured, and that the pedicure and manicure meet Ms. D's standards, not to mention the facial make up of Ms. D's choosing.

The younger, inexperienced girls titter at my altered state. And sometimes Ms. Laitai amuses them by toying with my scrotal rings and showing them the resulting tiny erection, which I can still achieve.

And I sit and take it. Yes, I know it pleases Ms. D, and it's my lot in life to please her and amuse people at her behest.

And during the stressful activities I am reassured knowing that in time, I will be back in her bed or perhaps kneeling before her. Permitted once again to not only gaze at her perfect feminine form, but when she deems reward is due, permitted to serve her with my tongue. To lick and savor her fine sex. To bring her to orgasm. Our orgasm. The one that I can no longer achieve but can smell, taste, see and feel through her.

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