



# A SADIST'S STORY

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BELLOWS**

**A Sadist's Story**  
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## **Ms. Monique**

“Are you going to cane Miss Julie?” my naked hermaphroditic toy inquires  
“Of course, Danny Boy, that's what I do.”

Sitting on my workout bench, I reach out and palm the lad's empty scrotum, pressing upwards on his perineum with my middle finger to pressure the urethral passage beneath. I also gently knead his withered penis with my thumb. He smiles and giggles, the simple pleasures of the castrated male can be so easily orchestrated and be so amusing for a woman like me. It's a wonderfully ironic contrast, the vulnerable fleshy pink being manipulated by my forceful black fingers. To me, the power, and the reminiscence of the night I put it to ultimate use on Danny Boy, brings a grin of my own, one of contented wickedness.

“What happened here, Danny Boy? Something's missing.”

Though the lips remain upturned, the smile turns somewhat forlorn. He'd rather not recall the loss of his precious little gonads, but it is something I constantly force to the forefront of his cerebrum; term it mental exercise for the subservient male.

I feel the little penis stir, trying to rise in a futile resurrection of his male pride. I know very little will happen, Danny Boy has had his last stand as an intact male. But watching the tiny tube struggle to engorge and reinforcing his emasculation is psychologically important. He serves so much better in being made constantly aware of his altered state and of the implacability of the woman who manifested it

He steps forward. I withdraw my hand and he presses his little organ against my left thigh, sweaty and overheated from vigorous exercise. Now I laugh. To me it's a mirthful laugh, but to Danny Boy I am sure it sounds so evil, and perhaps it is. The frustration—his frustration—so delights

While he subtly grinds his hips, small pearl white hands extend to offer the warm, fluffy towel mandated after every workout. Danny Boy gently dabs perspiration from my forehead. Though sitting, I look directly into his clear blue eyes. I stand six foot two. Danny's growth was truncated when I placed his hormonal balance into disarray. He's a little over five feet

I place my hands to my sides on the workout bench and let Danny Boy tend to his task. After pumping hundreds of pounds for many repetitions, I need pampering. I have a full night of work ahead; therefore it is time for a massage and a nap. Danny Boy, my defacto maid, begins with a toweling while I catch my breath

Keeping about a castrated male—one long denied of clothing—keeps me in the proper frame of mind. I am a sadist...a very stern and exacting sadist...and I make my living dispensing pain, physical pain Therefore I need to be well conditioned, which daily workouts imbue, and my demented

libido needs to be kept honed, which interaction with Danny Boy provides. Yes, watching Danny Boy's cute buttocks prance about my living quarters, knowing that between those rounded girlish cheeks is an opening kept well lubricated at my behest, spurs my own proclivities.

I am given to deep anal penetration, reveling in both Danny Boy's

heartfelt pleas and the feel of his soft body, altered by my hands, as it squirms and shudders with every thrust of my strap on dildo.

After all, I am a sadist...that's what I do.

Danny Boy lowers the towel to dry my shoulders then smooths it down my left arm. It is apparent that he is marveling at the size and potency of both forearm and biceps. In lacking such strength, he envies mine. And I often imagine his thoughts... that the proximity to my sculpted muscling constantly brings awareness that any possibility for achieving equivalent strength was plucked from his little pink pouch by my cruel fingers.

No, Danny Boy, I sentenced you to a lifetime of pusillanimous servitude. You will forever be weak and servile, a mind and body crafted to suit my needs

Grimly, he must step away, depriving his penis of the faint pleasure of my warm flesh, to fulfill his task on my right arm. He tries to press against my right thigh and I playfully deny him, instead reaching to pinch the once ball laden empty sac. I smile once again in feeling and pulling on the little warm puff, which I so callously emptied years ago. Using my grip to steady my hand, Danny Boy towels my arm as the loose flesh unfurls and reminds of my marauding fingers. Thereafter I turn to straddle the bench and move my hands to lean back. The towel passes over the Spandex sports bra, which seals my firm and massive breasts to my torso. It glides over the ripples of my abdominal muscles, drying there and then to my thighs, described by some as tree trunks.

Here Danny Boy's innate maleness becomes apparent, the snips to his testicles not completely stripping him of the instinctive enjoyment of the feminine sheath. Yes, I exercise nearly naked. Only the utility of the sports bra is required. I forgo all other covering. There is no need for modesty. Danny Boy's been fixed and appearing before him in complete dishabille is akin to taking off my clothes before a dog... a neutered dog.

Any truly male physical reaction has been denied him. I've rendered him harmless. Let his eyes feast.

He reverently pats thighs and calves. Then he also straddles the bench to sit facing me. His hands move to my well-trimmed pubes and I spread, advancing the tantalization. I know my odoriferous scent fills the room. It imbues such a wonderful tease, also adding to his frustration. My open thighs completely expose the dark brown and pink of my outer labia and my clitoral hood. Danny Boy's hands work there gently, reverently. There is also moisture, and not entirely from perspiration.

"You take such good care of me, Danny Boy. So attentive to my needs. Do you think if I had left you intact you'd be so heedful to my demands?"

I teasingly flick Danny Boy's right nipple as he ruefully shakes his head. The tactility of the tender pink nub brings forth the reaction of a little girl, a childish giggle erupting as the areola crinkles and sits up in quest for more attention.

Meanwhile, Danny Boy knows to gently part my lips and press the towel within the opening to my vagina. I taught him that... for no other reason than for the enjoyment of watching the castrated male pay homage to my superior genitalia... organs that not only fully function, but mock his inability to achieve gratification. He also enjoys pressing upward on my mons, lifting my clitoral hood to reveal my oversized clitoris. To his feeble mind, with the hormonal balance greatly affecting his thought processes, he must think it's bigger than his male appendage, as he exhibits an expression of awe.

Whether my aroused bud is in fact able to achieve more girth than his tiny penis is questionable. But in Danny Boy's mind, it is large and potent; that's more important than what any actual measurement would unveil. Term it a reverse penis envy.

Still his tender hands provide pleasure. And in compensation thereof, I sit up and entwine my arms around his naked alabaster form... hugging most strongly and drawing him against me. It is important that all

physical contact with Danny Boy seem to overpower. It is part of the subjugation process and I squeeze until I hear the rush of air from his lungs. Then my hands lower to palm his cute buttocks, smooth as a baby's.

"I want a warm wash, rub down and then a rinse," I decree.

And to emphasize the firmness of my demand, index and middle finger slip within his gluteal cleft and find that well-lubricated opening. My digits glide in facilely, Danny Boy having been so often sodomized, and I find his little prostate. The walnut-sized gland is his last vestige of maleness; the withered penis so comically small that it is troublesome to describe it as evidence of his gender.

He smiles, Another brief moment of pleasure brought to him by the woman who forever changed his life. Meanwhile my free hand moves to his front. I begin a masturbating motion, knowing that the remote sensation will do little more than humiliate as the tiny penis meekly attempts to firm. Still I work both hands, pumping the prostate gland to build frustration and bring fluid oozing forth.

Then having brought him as far toward climax as he will ever get, I withdraw and abruptly stand. "The table."

As a dejected Danny Boy swings his leg over the bench I firmly smack his rounded globes, knowing that the peculiar pleasure of stroking the withered penis and the stinging pain to his backside is all he can receive in sexual fulfillment; that, and my strap-on manipulating his prostate, but that's for another time

He prances, as I have taught him to do. Danny Boy never walks, and I follow watching the cute posterior roll with each quick and dainty footfall. Connected to my small but adequate workout room is a sizable bathroom with special rubber-padded massage table. Soft, comfortable, waterproof, I will be doused with tranquilizing warm water and Danny Boy's trained hands will knead every muscle.

As he begins to adjust the temperature and flow of the water, I peel off

the sports bra. We are now equally naked, but my puissance overwhelms... just under two hundred pounds of sinewy muscle, with the only hint of feminine fat being huge but firm breasts visually enhanced by a limited waistline.

Though it is a daily ritual, Danny Boy gawks. The envy of the castrated male... so charming; so soothing to my Dominant psyche...he tells himself that it is a privilege to be in my service... and it is.

I lay prostrate, arms at my sides, feet slightly parted, the padding seeming to swallow my weight. I feel the gentle spray begin and close my eyes as Danny Boy offers his servile attendance. The moist pink of my genitalia deliberately peeks back below muscled buttocks, an inviting gesture to the intact male; a message of feminine power to that which has been cruelly altered.

Let him look. Let him fantasize. Let him try to masturbate over that which he must so fervently service.

With the tranquility I think about the evening I castrated Danny Boy. I promised I would make it memorable for him, and I did... the recollection of his beseeching cries having a becalming effect as a very soft chamois begins swabbing my back with fragrant soapy water.

Yes, the male is easily altered. The difficulty is in performing the deed in such a way that it not only affects the physical but also the mind, The male must not only know that he has been forced into nature's most significant transformation but also that a woman has been the catalyst.

And so with Danny Boy I looped thin strands of steel wire around each little gonad and secured the ends most tightly to the bottom of my bed frame. And then I took him doggie style with the largest strap on he could physically accommodate. My end of the double dildo was most comforting. Danny Boy's seemed to abrade his tight little aperture, judging from his pleas. Or were such as a result of my thrusts, each one serving to tighten the loops of wire around his testicles just a little



more?

Yes, I slowly deprived the little organs of circulation, the wires eventually crushing the nerves and unfortunately relieving him of the final agony. But after a long night of anal penetration, plundering his backside again and again, his testicles were rendered useless through my sodomizing of his anus. I climaxed numerous times and let Danny Boy play with himself for one last ejaculation. It was pathetically weak

Later I opened up his sac and snipped away to avoid gangrene. But that procedure was anticlimactic. No, it was the forceful thrusts of my thighs and hips that did in Danny Boy's life as a male. And I smile in pleasant reverie as the hands of the very male I castrated now pay homage by bathing, kneading and massaging those very thighs

Life has such wonderful ironies.

## **Danny Boy**

Ms. Monique is very kind, letting me touch her beautiful body. It has such a wonderful combination of vigor and grace, like a champion racehorse. Yes, I am a groom to what I think of as a Triple Crown Winner!

My soft hands smooth all over. I get to feel wherever I want as long as every pore and every muscle is properly bathed, cleansed and massaged as Ms. Monique so instructed me years ago.

So after wetting and soaping her long muscular form, I lave it with a chamois, careful to keep the temperature at 106 degrees; just where Ms. Monique insists. And I begin at her neck, down her arms, then over to her back, then to her legs, so amazingly developed. Throughout there is a thin layer of softness backed by what in some places feels like steel, in others mere firmness. I compare to my body, her chiseled contour to the formless shape of a child. But that's what Ms. Monique promised me when she announced her decision to take my little balls...that I would be forever young.

I reach her feet, cleanse and then it's back up to her behind, Two hillocks of firm flesh. Unlike mine, there is pure muscle beneath and I gently clean. Between is a special area where Ms. Monique demands much attention so I swish the cloth until she parts her feet just a little more. That's my signal and I mount the table. Ms. Monique once suggested I moved about like a little monkey—her little monkey—and I blush with the recollection of her comment and being granted special proximity. I gently part her amazing cheeks and lower my head. Now that I have been properly trained, Ms. Monique lets me put my tongue there. I hear her softly laugh as I begin and I too am gleeful. It is a special treat for me.

### **Ms. Monique**

Yes, there is no more exquisite a sensation then receiving analingus from a Caucasian boy altered by my hand and trained ad nauseam to please with his tongue.

"Deeply, Danny Boy. And thoroughly. We have time and I will sleep."

His tongue slithers into my crack and finds my sphincter. Hours and hours of oral discipline have implanted unsurpassed skill. Danny Boy will work with tongue and lips until I give the command to stop; timing his breathing so that no untoward rush of cooling air tempers my pleasure.

And when I awake, I will turn and he will complete his task on my front, anointing my nipples and then moving to the vaginal sheath he has come to worship. There his stretched tongue will bring orgasm after orgasm, inspiring me for this evening's exhibition, the caning of Julie. It will be her first and after weeks of preparation, goose bumps form in thinking about my severe black hand bringing searing pain to the various erogenous zones of the petite alabaster blonde.

I work for a wealthy group of libertines, all sexually stimulated by exhibitions of overwhelming dominance, power and pain. When I interviewed for the position, it was explained that the group at first met

informally in various swing clubs. Over coffee one morning, after sharing a sleepless night of debauchery, it was decided that a more permanent and befitting facility would better suit their needs. Anonymity would swell their ranks; many socially prominent profligates not wishing to be identified in public arenas would participate in the demented hijinks.

And so a sizable building was purchased with exhibition hall, training facilities, food and beverage service areas, private 'meeting' rooms, dormitory rooms... and of course my capacious apartment on the top floor.

In my hiring, the deal was sealed when someone like Danny Boy was promised as a lifetime companion. And as part of the arrangement, I was never to ask where the members procured my naked nymph whose balls I plucked away like fruit. I have always assumed he was orphaned years ago in some far off land and life at the club, though chaste, would be a welcomed alternative after a childhood of cold and hunger.

But with my pets... those I whip, flog and cane at frequent membership gatherings... I am very much aware of the procurement process..., the hiring of latent masochists in need of quick and substantial cash..., and perhaps needing to fulfill desires long lingering in their psychological makeup.

'Miss' Julie, for instance, suffers from the economics of a declining modeling career. Having discovered the harsh cruelties of the fashion world... abundant largesse when her 'look' was in vogue, comparative impoverishment as the demand for her features wanes in her early twenties... the members offered her a very lucrative arrangement. Thousands of dollars for a monthly appearance at the club. A six figure bonus when her 'tour' ends after one year. An annual stipend thereafter for maintaining silence.

And after pocketing the substantial emoluments, her modeling career may resume. For the club desires no long-term flagellants, and my practiced hand and a highly advanced healing process insures that there will be no

permanent marks, despite the severity of her ordeal.

The piercings for rings will be the only remaining evidence of her sojourn at the club; all my pets forced to wear a ring set deep into the cartilage of the nose. And for the female pets there is a ring in the perineum. Male pets suffer the indignity but not the pain of having their scrotums ringed. Otherwise, when their terms at the club end, their every day lives continue normally yet financially enriched with no markings or other evidence of the monthly cruelty. Except perhaps there are mental scars of the trauma. But for the true masochist such are best described as reveries.

Danny Boy's tongue arouses. I awaken after a brief catnap, reach to push up his face and turnover. He giggles in childish delight as my breasts come into view and I tantalizingly spread my thighs. As stated, Danny Boy's been fixed. Let him bask in the aura of my superior nakedness. It only adds to his subjugation.

The chamois returns; 106 degrees with fragrant soap. He washes and naughtily steals a kiss from my left nipple. Anyone else would be severely punished for such a liberty, but this is Danny Boy; the proximity and access to my fine nakedness just adding to his frustration. Thus the purloining of a smooch leads to its own consequences, the heightening of his unquenchable desire

I am rinsed and once again Danny Boy scurries onto the table with the alacrity of a monkey climbing a tree. The soft hands massage, working about my chest and breasts and working downward to the abdomen, thighs and calves. Then I once again widen my thighs and Danny Boy knows to resume his oral endeavors. He will suck my clitoris while his tongue deeply explores my vagina.

The tongue of the castrated male can be so attentive... so sensuously tactile. My pleasure becomes his.

I again enter a dreamlike state, knowing that Danny Boy will continue to assiduously bring orgasm after orgasm until I command otherwise.

## **Danny Boy**

Ms. Monique is wonderfully orgasmic this afternoon. She is very moist and I carefully lap all her juices as I have been trained. I am sure she is thinking of Miss Julie and caning that most wonderful feminine form. Though I am not permitted to observe, I do overhear talk of her performances and I am in awe, as I am with everything Ms. Monique does, in learning second hand of the thoroughness of her floggings and the level of torment she imparts.

I only hope that after she finishes with Miss Julie I will be permitted to service her. Many times I am instead 'wrapped', Ms. Monique's term for the peculiar sensory deprivation which she insists aids in my servility.

## **Ms. Monique**

There is a knock on the door leading directly from the wash room to the hallway. "Show time in one hour, Ms. Monique. Julie is prepared." It is Gladys. Nurse. General assistant. One time flagellant. A man-hating lesbian.

I know she would like to enter and watch; the scene of a castrated male being forced to service the superior female certain to kindle erotic passions. And of course she would also enjoy copping a glimpse—perhaps more than a glimpse—of my fine form. When I flogged her years ago, she always peered at me with such a rapt gaze.

"Suspend Julie on her toes, Gladys. Come back in half an hour for Danny Boy" I reply through the door, visualizing the naked pet perched well up on heels and dangling from her nose ring.

I know Gladys will be disappointed in being denied entry. But she'll

have Danny Boy in her clutches while I earn my keep in the exhibition hall. That will mollify her needs, the man-hating segment anyway.

Awakened, I squeeze off one last massive climax, paroxysmal clenching Danny Boy's head between my thighs and drawing his face inward with my hands. It is difficult to describe the extreme strength exerted in so doing, But trust me when I suggest that Danny Boy's breathing is curtailed until I release, and such control heightens my pleasure; knowing that he is slowly suffocating while I bask in the glow of one last orgasm. There can be no greater sensation of power for a woman..., to know that some pusillanimous male can be slowly smothered while servicing the feminine pouch. And amusing epitaphs come to mind while Danny Boy meekly lies in wait, fully trained not to struggle for oxygen until I absorb my pleasure. He does not move an inch!

‘Here lies Danny Boy. Though lungs were deprived, his tongue and lips feasted to the end’

Finally I relax my grip, chuckling with my own humor. And he gratefully inches away, draws a breath then extends his incredible tongue to lick away the remnants of our coupling. He smiles as one who barely escaped an early but befitting end.

I extend my hand and tweak his wet nose

"Show time, Danny Boy. One last rinse, then get my uniform ready. Gladys will take you tonight. I want you wrapped."

He dismounts with a most lugubrious look, pouting like the child he is, from a hormonal standpoint. "I can stay here and clean,"he suggests. I know he does not like to be wrapped, which is one of the reasons I insist upon it.

"No. I am going to have a visitor. A male visitor. And you know how your presence affects intact males, Danny Boy. And you know how envious you become."

I have learned over the years that when I engage in 'vanilla' social interaction with the opposite gender, having a neutered male prancing about can put a chill on any discussions or any possibility of a relationship for that matter. So I put Danny Boy away. The facilities at the club are well equipped for long term bondage. And when I later have him retrieved he is wondrously subservient.

I am rinsed with a warm spray and toweled. Then with another crisp smack to his buttocks, I send Danny Boy prancing to the bedroom. I follow and primp a little while he lays out my uniform

It does not take long to prepare sartorially for a stint in the exhibition hall. Working a naked pet requires exertion, which suggests cool attire. Thus my 'uniform' is a skin tight black leather bodice, short, black pleated skirt, knee high black leather boots. With my arms, stomach and thighs remaining uncovered, and with no undergarments, cooling air will waft where I will overheat the most.

I stand before a fulllength mirror. At age 35 I am in my prime as a sadistic Dominatrix... physical prowess remaining at its zenith, knowledge of the subordinate masochist and how to ply such for the amusement of deviant voyeurs just beginning to peak

Danny Boy approaches cradling my crop. More symbolic than functional, still I wield it as a reminder of my position of authority. And applying some playful wats to Danny Boy's little penis can be diverting

He looks at me most admiringly and then kneels to kiss my boots. I swat his buttocks knowing that his act of devotion is a ploy. He does not wish to leave me.

"You're to be wrapped. I'll have you released in due time."

A knock on the door indicates Gladys has returned. Danny Boy rises and I stroke again, landing a stinging blow to his right cheek. Though I know the well-aimed swat to be agonizing, he giggles. The attention is appreciated and pain has become a replacement for the pleasure he will

never experience.

## **Gladys**

Visiting Ms. Monique's apartment is stimulating. I cannot help recalling my tour as a flagellant, one of her pets as she whimsically calls her scribes. Early days of unmitigated terror combined with the joy of having the supreme woman ply her craft..., turning the human body into an artist's canvass of bright red stripes and welts..., are remembered with a strange fondness now. To suffer at her hands was a religious experience. So refreshingly cathartic that after my tour, though financially secure, I sought to stay as an attendant. My nursing background could obviously be well utilized in a facility the sole purpose of which is to excoriate human flesh.

And there is Danny Boy. Such a wonderfully deserving fate for the male gender..., to be altered and forced to serve as maid to his castratrix!

But I am jealous of his proximity to Ms. Monique. It is ! who should be serving her feminine sheath with lips and tongue. And so in taking charge of the blond hermaphrodite, I will slake my own revenge on each and every occasion.

Danny Boy opens the door and looks at me with trepidation, as he should, Cute is the word that always pops into my head when visually examining. Just over five feet, tresses of fine blond hair covering his ears, bright blue eyes, as always he stands naked, not possessing any clothing that I have ever seen, and he projects an aura of youthful innocence. Ms. Monique has insisted that he maintain certain cosmetic enhancements..., closely clipped eyebrows, extended lashes, eye liner, trimmed but painted finger nails..., all of which at first blush make Danny Boy appear effeminately attractive. But then my eyes scan to the emaciated penis flopping about over the puffy empty scrotal pouch. One must also stifle a giggle at that point.



He bows his head; in seeing me his joviality quickly fading and then steps back and to the side to draw the door fully open. His motion sets a dramatic staging for Ms. Monique who sashays through the living room to greet me.

“Everything prepared, Gladys?”

I cannot help admiring my queen, the regal Ms. Monique. So potently beautiful. I feel pride in knowing that I once bore the sting of her cane-wielding hand. I visually gather as much of her as possible without interjecting an awkward pause. Then I reply.

“Julie is hooded and balancing herself on toes in the staging room. She's quite excited about her opening night.”

I describe Julie's anticipation with sardonic inflection. The girl is scared witless. Under the rules of the club, flagellants are presented with full bladders and empty stomachs, the assurance of which is part of my job. For Julie, I barely needed to induce an emetic. What little food the girl had ingested was ready to be given up.

But she will put on a fine exhibition, the anatomical thinness inured by her modeling career yielding of late to wonderfully feminine fleshiness. We have her on a special diet. And the skin, so white and unblemished! I wish I could be present for Ms. Monique's first stroke of the cane.

“Wrap Danny Boy. Use lots of lotion. I want him blinded and deafened. The usual tubing. Stretch the tongue. I'll let you know when I need him back.”

Yes, coded words for long term sensory deprivation. Danny Boy may be under my spell for days and when released not have any idea of time, space or what has transpired during his physical and mental absence. But he expresses such delightfully submissive gratitude when finally unwrapped. And the lotion does wonders for his skin, his hormonal imbalance seeming to relish the softening effect.

“Come along, Danny Boy.”

I speak in a matronly voice, as if addressing an infant, and offer my hand. Danny Boy is frightened and he should be. I have complete control, and absent marking his child like body, I can do anything to him. He pauses and pouts then takes my hand, His demeanor is that of a contrite but irascible adolescent being led to the woodshed for punishment.

“Be a good boy for Gladys,” Ms Monique calls out as we head for the elevator.

Oh yes, Danny Boy will be good, I think to myself with a chuckle.

## Miss Julie

I feel like a cow waiting for slaughter! How did it come to this?

Ms. Gladys has me strung me up so that I'm struggling to stand on the tips of my shoes, my nose ring secured to a hook high above.

Though my hands are free I cannot reach where the chain is attached.

So I just stand perched on these suggestive

high heels. How devious! I know that the club has handled so many flagellants in the past that it is futile to resist. There is no escape.

No second-guessing. No last minute recanting, I have spent a month being prepared and will entertain.

But jeez, I have to go to the bathroom! Ms. Gladys forced me to drink gallons, denying access to the facilities. Then after asking if I had to go, and I nodded, she smiled and handed me another tumbler of water.

Oh, the waiting.

I am both eager and afraid..., my big moment on stage. Though I spent a good part of my youth modeling, this is so different. My entire body completely exposed; my face covered by an evil black hood. It's the opposite of my career on the runway and before the cameras. There all wanted to see my face.

I just hate the weight thing! I have been fattened. Some special diet has added pounds to my bust and hips. Some may find it alluring, but resuming my modeling career will take work and much self-control.

Finally Ms. Monique enters and I experience an odd combination of relief and new concern. She is dressed in black, her muscular arms and thighs exposed and a skirt so short that her mons flashes with certain motions.

“Hello, pretty girl” she begins I try to nod, adding to my discomfort and instead utter a brief and meek ‘hi’.

“Opening night. Well you know what to expect. And the flogging area is well drained, should you have an accident.”

She presses against my lower belly, feeling the distension of my full bladder and also adding to the pressure. How devious! Ms. Gladys’s offerings were intentional. They want me to humiliate myself!

Ms. Monique's hand smooths down to my shaven pubes. One finger and then a second slides into my vagina. She diddles, smiles, and softly laughs

“So afraid, so concerned; yet so aroused. You're soaking wet.”

The hand withdraws and the fingers extend to my upturned nose. She brushes the moisture onto my upper lip. “Let's get started. You have a long night ahead of you, pretty girl”

My nose ring is released and in its place a six-foot pole with a short cord is attached. Ms. Monique raises it and of course my head follows. The flat tip of her crop slaps at my outer labia, a ‘reminder stroke’ Ms. Monique termed the painful application during the month of training. And it does serve to bring my thoughts in line

I place my hands on the back of my hooded head and thrust out my chest to obscenely present my breasts, as trained

“Good girl.”

Though my vision is limited, staring at the ceiling, I follow the pole, stepping carefully in the awkward five-inch heels. Fortunately, I have a great deal of experience as a model, but with my only covering being the hood and the heels, nothing can prepare a girl for the utmost in exposure..., which I am about to endure.

## **Danny Boy**

I know where Ms. Gladys is taking me and I know that she does not like males, though in being castrated, her particular dislike for me is somewhat tempered. After all, as Ms. Monique constantly reminds me, I am almost one of them.

The procedure known as ‘wrapping’ begins with much discomfort and continues ad infinitum into a bottomless abyss of nothingness. With the extreme boredom one is given to dreaming, and one can imagine of what it is that a castrated male dreams.

“This will hurt a bit,” Ms. Gladys always forewarns.

The caring tone of her voice is straight out of nursing school and I envision her cruel hands nonchalantly catheterizing young males and stifling mirthful giggles as the tip of the rubber tube passes first through the sensitive prostate and then into the bladder. But I dutifully stand with hands on head as she delivers her warning and the catheter plunges into my urethral passage.

An inflatable enema hose is inserted next. And lastly, I am intubated, my gag reflex surprisingly under control with all the fellatio Ms. Monique has insisted that I perform

"Good boy," Ms. Gladys gushes, most sanguine with her expanding control over my body.

Then comes the lotion, that which Ms. Monique finds most important. The thick creamy white substance is a concoction of unguent, skin softener and depilatory. The result of long term exposure to the substance is amazingly feminine, moist and soft skin which is totally devoid of hair. And though my follicles surrendered years ago, Ms. Monique takes no chances. After many hours, even days of exposure, the touch of my skin will please her... and that's important.

So Ms. Gladys swabs the thick whiteness everywhere and, just as with Ms. Monique, she takes particular delight in handling my empty sac. Her fingers knead and massage, pulling downward to expose the remnants of my maleness to her gaze. She laughs with delight, I suppose the loose and empty scrotal sac is found to be similar to labial flesh, and refreshingly demonstrates to her satisfaction the frailty of the male gender.

When finished I am lathered in white and Ms. Gladys steps back and cackles. Then she walks me to a waiting bed, It is a mattress filed with water, the gelatinous composition making long term 'wrapping' tolerable in minimizing muscle cramps

"Arms at your sides and feet together."

Then the wrapping begins. Heavy clear plastic, used to wrap pallets of cartons and other freight, is unraveled and wound and wound around my ankles, calves, thighs, and hips. Ms. Gladys works around the tubing, ensuring that the free ends remain accessible. Then it's the stomach, torso, arms and chest.

"Comfy?" she mockingly asks, knowing that I cannot speak.

My feet and legs are wrapped together. My arms pinioned to my sides. She demands that I extend my tongue. It is clamped with the tip forced to remain well beyond my lips. Then my eyes are covered, my ears plugged, and my head is similarly wrapped. My nostrils remain clear for air. And lastly, I feel a gentle push and topple like a felled tree onto the bed. Hands work to connect the tubes. Over the ensuing hours nourishment will be pumped to my stomach by way of the gastric tube, my bowels will be evacuated by way of the enema hose. My excretions will drain through the catheter, though Ms. Gladys has been known to reverse the flow, pumping I don't know what into my bladder.

And so I am 'wrapped' as Ms. Monique demanded and will remain so for countless hours, completely immobile but with no need to move. It is the

pinnacle of feminine control. I must rely on Ms. Gladys for all that one normally takes for granted..., air, food, water. There is no sound, no sight, no taste, no smell... and my sense of touch is limited to the abundant squishy lotion slowly depilating my already hairless body

But my mind is free to wander, and of course I think of Ms. Monique. I can dream and my dreams are of serving the ebony giantess with aplomb and being duly rewarded with the return of my testicles.

### **Ms. Monique**

It is little matter that show time at the club can be as often as three times per week, I still feel a thrill performing before an audience of sexual debauchees. And though it is a Wednesday evening the crowd is notable, comprised of some two dozen couples. Since it is Julie's debut, the curious onlookers are eager. A program guide divulges all there is to know about Julie therefore her modeling career is known. And the guide also has photos...most revealing...warming the members to the prospect of watching me well into the evening as I cane the budding masochist.

Yes, while Julie is accustomed to photo shoots, she found the pictures required for the club's bio program to be most disconcerting, Stripped naked of course, she was commanded to stand for the camera in a series of poses, which are identical to the montage the club maintains on every pet. Subsequent review of such archives can not only stir fond memories but can be quite useful in influencing former flagellants and assuring that their monthly stipend for silence remains well earned. And occasionally, if a flagellant attains notoriety, the club will invite him or her to return for a visit.

There can be no greater entertainment for the members than to observe the caning of a haughty politician or obnoxiously wealthy businessperson who tries to place himself/herself above others, putting their stint at the club and their latent masochism out of mind. That's when a plain manila envelope arrives at their home or place of business with copies

of the lurid photos and an invitation to return for one more demeaning night of corporal punishment.

In the back of every program guide the series begins with a full frontal shot, arms impassively placed at the sides with feet apart, then profile poses right and left, and a rear shot. Then there begins a series of obscene poses crafted to reveal the flagellant's genitalia..., both outside and in.

Tears sometimes form as spread shot after spread shot is taken, and even the vaunted model Julie, quite accustomed to the exposure of a career on the runway, was brought to tears as she most submissively laid on her back, feet high in the air and well spread, her fingers holding open her labia for a

most colorful photo of her newly shaven pudendum highlighting both clitoris and vagina. The taking of the photo of Julia kneeling, face to the floor, thighs parted, buttocks high, brought sobs. I could feel her pitiful gasps for air as I held apart her cheeks to ensure the camera captured all aspects of her feminine crevice.

In general, the buttocks of each flagellant are well documented of course. Since the program guide is sent to all members about a week before the show, aficionados of firm discipline can be enticed by surveying an inviting pair of globes and imagining what exquisite torment my heavy and unrelenting hand can wreak

So even on a Wednesday night, the exhibition room is well filled and the expectation is high. New girls break so divinely.

We begin with a little parade. Julie dutifully keeps her hands folded on the back of her hood and meekly follows her nose, held quite high by the cord attached to her nose ring which in turn is controlled by the stick in my left hand. I keep just enough tension on the cord to ensure that she knows who is in control and that the slightest misdeed or moment of reluctance can result in very deep anguish



As stated, the nose ring is set well into the cartilage. It will not tear away, but a firm tug will impart pain...unbearable pain. And I further underscore my control by occasionally tapping with my crop. Nothing forceful, but reminders to the nipples and mons that resistance can be met with swift retribution. These taps also serve to entice my audience and increase the blood flow to Julie's charms. And indeed, her pinkness begins to turn crimson with my well-tempered strokes and her deep humiliation

So it's out of the preparation room to the adjoining small stage where I circle twice to the cheers of the members. Julie balances herself nicely on her high heels. Obviously she has had experience exhibiting herself, though I doubt the tension has ever been as great. And that trained walk is so alluring! She swaggers as if modeling at a Seventh Avenue show, exaggerating the motion of her buttocks. The crowd jeers.

Then there is a short ritual, which for a new girl can become extended, where Julie is better introduced by leading her into the audience.

The exhibition hall is typically arranged cabaret style with dozens of tables set for refreshments and even dinner if desired. So down the few steps we go onto the main floor where members may inspect Julie and her apprehension can seethe

"Meet Julie everyone," I cavalierly announce, tapping away at her mons as she struggles in extreme heels to negotiate the stairs

Keep in mind the membership of the club is comprised of libertines. And what libertine could ever resist having his/her way with a naked girl, one whose nose is convincingly secured, one who has spent a month being trained to please, and to please in a most licentious manner.

And so as I direct Julie from table to table, hands inspect, eyes examine, fingers explore. Yes, Julie's wetness, her aroused response to the scene of debauchery, becomes known to all who care to sample her charms. And with my controlling hands, holding her head high and applying an occasional crisp stroke to a nipple, Julie bears all,

demurely standing with thighs parted as member after member plumbs the depths of her vagina.

“Welcome to the club, Julie,” the gleeful members suggest, diddling within her pouch.

Yes, Julie, welcome indeed.

## **Gladys**

I suppose a normal woman would feel sorrow for Danny Boy, robbed of any opportunity to attain masculinity. But he serves admirably, and of that I am jealous.

So in watching him helplessly lie swathed in plastic, the clear covering comically pressing against his skin and highlighting his empty and loose sac, I feel no compunction. Instead I bask in the sensation of authority... complete control. I can do anything I wish to Danny Boy. Every tube leads to an important aperture and I decide what flows in and out of every one.

His vulnerability is enticing. And though the various machines are designed to ensure a degree of comfort... supplying sustenance to the gastric tube, gently evacuating his bowels, draining his bladder... I amuse myself by overriding the system. A good dose of cold water should remind Danny Boy of his subservient status. And so the flow is reversed and I slowly have Danny Boy filled..., bladder and colon. And watching him helplessly squirm brings such delight.

I wonder what he thinks about, lying in silent darkness so encased in gelatinous white. His body warms the lotion and the plastic holds in the heat. Therefore, he does not really even experience the effects of temperature. So in nothingness I imagine he thinks about his days of virility, when he was intact, many years ago.

Perhaps I should not torment him so, that I should allow the mental anguish to flourish by letting him linger without any sensations at all, that he best be left to suffer with his recollections.

But then again, why should he ever be denied experiencing the controlling hand of a woman?

I turn the valves to cease the flow to colon and bladder. In due time I will open drainage valves and provide relief. But meanwhile I must prepare for Julie. She will be in great need of care. And Danny Boy can lie in unending discomfort, wondering when the controlling hand will return to provide relief.

## **Julie**

So many hands! So many penetrating fingers!

Everyone is wont to explore where a girl is most bashful. And I become wetter with each grope, which in turn begins a strange cascade. The humiliation arouses! And both male and female club members seem to be most aware and do everything possible to heighten my ignominy.

Ms. Monique leads me to every table. It's as if I am a piece of beef being sold at auction and everyone wishes to inspect the quality of my flesh,

The nose ring affords amazing control, for Ms. Monique merely pulls downward and I find myself bending to present my posterior to all who care to examine me from the rear.

"Part your feet," she admonishes with every stop.

And in feeling the nips of the crop, I do indeed spread. Then my buttocks are rubbed, massaged, and pinched before the fingers glide inward

And to be explored there by another woman! “Interesting labia. I like the protruding lips,” offers one woman.

Yes, my inner labia have dangled somewhat ever since puberty and I had plans to have them surgically tightened. But to have such a personal trait called out to the entire audience makes me blush beyond crimson.

And of course thereafter, every set of fingers pinches there and pulls, seeming to aggravate the looseness.

Finally, as I am led back to the stage, I feel my feminine essence escape my sheath and begin to stream down my inner thighs. And of course, Ms. Monique notices and after mounting the stairs, smooths her hand to gather the wetness then holds it up for all to see. With the bright stage lighting, the evidence of my arousal is apparent. All laugh.

It is then that I realize that my bladder is bursting. All the cerebral input becomes overwhelming, and I must concentrate to listen to Ms. Monique, as trained.

“I will take you through the ordeal. But you must listen,” Ms. Monique reiterated so often during the week after signing the agreement. “I will be there to help.”

Such ironic dogma, I thought at the time. She spoke the words often..., as I was being shaven..., as the opening for the perineum ring was painfully made..., as I was being examined by the club doctor. The same statement. I was being indoctrinated.

But now with all the people, my nakedness, my arousal, being led about by my nose ring..., now I understand. I am overwhelmed and the more laughter, the more wetness, the more I need to concentrate on holding back my excretions, with all the harrowing distractions, the more I understand that it is indeed important for Ms. Monique to bring me through the evening. I am in a funk.

So I become an obedient puppy, on a leash, seeking encouragement from my master.

One would think that floggings at a prestigious club would involve elaborate devices and equipment. Instead the stage is bare with a single cord hanging from above and a nearby cabinet stocked with every imaginable instrument of flagellation.

Ms. Monique releases my nose ring and quickly ties it to the overhead cord. She moves to the far wall and adjusts, pulling on the opposite end and forcing me to stand well up on the bizarre five-inch heels.

“Keep your hands on your head at all times, Julie,” she reminds me.

It is so curious to realize that I will be disciplined with no other restraint except the simple cord. “Ladies and gentleman, for Julie's debut, I will begin with the breasts.” And it begins.

Should I describe the resulting sounds as shrieks, screams, and bellows? I am not sure there is an apt term. For Ms. Monique repeatedly slaps my breasts with the crop. I try to stand still for her, the initial strokes being surprisingly bearable, but she slowly increases the velocity and firmness until I find my torso twisting in a comical combination of anticipation to the next stroke and painful reaction from the prior. Ms. Monique begins gaming me, feigning a stroke and laughing as I twist which causes my breasts to thrash about, greatly entertaining the audience.

“Concentrate on me, Julie,” she rebukes, reminding me of my training.

But I was never cropped, whipped or flogged in training. We just walked through many of the expected steps. The actual flagellation would be saved for this first night.

‘The members so much enjoy a girl's reaction to that first stroke, it was explained.

And now I am reacting. Forced to stand and watch as the amazing powerful woman toys with me like a cat before executing a mouse.

More slaps. My breasts are ablaze. The audience is laughing. Twice I inadvertently lower my hands, only to have Ms. Monique reach out to threateningly tap my bald mons. I quickly move my hands back to the mandated position. No strokes there for Julie.

Several interesting things happen when a girl like me is secured naked and cropped before a crowd of onlookers. My heart pounds. My cerebral cortex is overwhelmed with pain signals. Whipped by adrenaline, my circulation roars, which assists in turning the color of my mammary glands to a remarkable crimson. But what is the reaction of my psyche? When Ms. Monique threateningly taps at my mons, I realize I am even wetter than when examined by the members. And just as when I model in a show, knowing that the dozens of pairs of eyes focus on me provides a strange comfort.

And so as the endorphins blunt the slaps of Ms. Monique's exacting hand, the pain of each crop stroke slowly subsides. And Ms. Monique knows it! She in turn slowly increases the velocity of each application. The sound of leather on gelatinous flesh becomes louder!

As trained, I breathe deeply, trying to time the intake of each lungfull with the strokes. A smiling Ms. Monique toys, faking a stroke then executing as I exhale, causing the air to rush and me to lose control of my vocal cords. She is most masterful in entertaining the members, forcing involuntary sounds, which prove to heighten the level of enjoyment of the onlookers.

Finally she stops, seemingly more out of boredom than compassion.

"Would you like to try the cane, Julie? You'll find its bite to be convincingly deep. The crop can be rather superficial. Wouldn't you agree?"

The audience laughs as I meekly try to nod without tensioning the cord and aggravating the nose ring "Well then, you'll have to accept the

ball. Every girl dons it here at the club.”

I am finally to learn of the utility of the ring piercing my perineum. Ms. Monique suspends the cropping and moves to the cabinet. From a bottom draw she retrieves a curious round object and it does appear to be a ball. But its surface is not smooth. It is instead permeated with dozens of needles..., and the sharp ends are pointed outward!

Ms. Monique carefully holds the sphere by a short chain and approaches. “Buttcks toward the members. Give me a nice spread,” she pleasantly commands.

I obey of course. But in spreading my feet there is added tension to the nose cord. I begin to pull my feet back together when the pin-covered ball is summarily hooked onto my perineum ring, It hangs most proximately between my soft inner thighs and just the slightest touch causes irritation on the sensitive skin there. Thus I find myself spreading more as Ms. Monique softly chuckles in watching a naked and helpless girl adjust her posture to avoid being pricked. And am chagrined to find myself not only assuming the desired pose but obliged to maintain it

“Ensures proper deportment, Julie.”

I can imagine the salacious view afforded the members. Forced to stand spread, all my charms are exposed with my protruding labia dangling in the room air. I can feel my extended pink lips abrade the small links holding in place the ball. I am partially open and the wetness, streaming down my inner thighs, becomes more evident, both to my observers and me. I can hear murmurs of delight from those at the nearest tables.

“Now, let's select a good length of rattan...”

**Ms. Monique**

So Julie, you enjoy the admiring looks of others. Well, just as with your stylish jaunts down the runway, this evening you will be admired indeed, but certainly not for your pretty face. No, our members prefer the more expansive displays of flesh and watching such slowly being transformed to a refulgent pattern of stripes and welts.

“If I allow slack, Julie, I'll want you bent at the waist for the audience. Will you be a good girl for me?”

Though the nose ring is deeply set and will not tear, I do not want tension there to distract from the agony I am about to bestow with the cane. So after selecting a thin and resilient length of bamboo, I adjust the cord leading to her nose ring to add slack and she dutifully lowers her head to bend more at the waist.

“Arch your back for me, Julie. Yes, that's good girl.”

Julie does not realize that the proceedings are recorded in full color high definition. With several hidden cameras capturing every angle, copies of her flogging will be sold worldwide. Therefore, notwithstanding the carnal delights of our members, I demand the most salacious view of intimate feminine flesh for the camera set in the stage floor. And so I direct Julie's pose, making her pinkness seem to fill the small stage. As she stands, her crimson breasts are thrust forth and the spreader ball enticingly dangles below her perfectly rounded globes. Her outer labia are well parted with her clitoris flashing those fortunate enough to be at the nearest table. Her protruding inner labia are admirably displayed... so humiliating for girl her age. Most consider such a sordid attribute to be childhood signs of furtive and frequent masturbation

Well, the secretiveness of your fingerings is no more, Julie, I think to myself. The evidence of adolescent self-love is placed before the inquisitive eyes of our members and awaits the inescapable attention of my relentless hand.

The apprehension is palpable.



The cropping of her breasts was mere play in terms of the level of torment. As an experienced flagellator, I know to warm up the pain receptors of the cerebral cortex, just as one would stretch and warm up muscles before an athletic endeavor. In so doing, Julie's psyche will be much more receptive to the searing, biting strokes I am about to bestow. Beginning her exhibition without such prerequisite slaps to the nipples would most likely result in her swooning with the very first introduction of the cane.

That would not do.

After all, our members wish to view a screaming Julie... a pleading Julie..., a squirming Julie..., a beautiful struggling girl, shuddering with each stroke yet forced to stand and endure the horrific pain by way of the simplest of bindings. And for all, it is so comforting to know that deep down, Julie will enjoy the entire ordeal..., the nakedness... the forced obedience..., the humiliation..., the seemingly unbearable agony. Yes, Julie is very much the addicted masochist. And just as with Gladys, she will revel in our narcotic; the abject groveling and display of all she has to bear.

I return to the stage and lower my hand to press on Julie's lower belly, distended by her bladder. Gladys has filled it nicely, as mandated, and pushing with my fingers not only heightens her need for relief but calls attention to her own fullness.

“You don't want to embarrass yourself before the members now, Julie. Hold it all in while I work you Concentrate on something else.”

I know full well that I have drawn attention to her dire need. And sure enough she begins to clench her thighs, momentarily forgetting that the spreader ball inhibits any such attempt at both modesty and self-control. The needlepoint's prick and she quickly returns to the demanded pose..., obscenely showing all. But her futile movement serves to warm the audience.

“Please begin,” Julie beseeches me. And I laugh with her curious eagerness. Is she truly anxious to begin the process, or does she feel the need to bask in the cathartic suffering, or does she believe that a quicker beginning results in an equivalently expeditious end?

It does not matter. I control the timing, the location, the crispness, the velocity, and the degree of torment of each swishing application

But it is time and every journey must begin with a simple first step

I step back and to Julie's left, raise my hand and stroke, landing with the sound of a swoosh and vicious splat a formidable opening thwack on the meatiest portion of her left cheek. Julie's mouth opens in silence and then comes a scream. Such wonderful music. The members so much enjoy being serenaded and Julie's melodic voice will entertain for hours. There is no need to hurry.

The timing of a good caning is paramount, probably more important than the force or velocity of the rattan. For there is some phenomenon in the nervous system that initially resists any reaction to the shocking pain. I liken it to a floodwall or dyke which initially stands up against an overwhelming surge of water but when finally acceding to the force of nature does so in a complete and dramatic fashion, collapsing and being swallowed up in a sea of froth

And so it seems that the nervous system at first denies entry to the searing wave of pain, but after a moment ceases all resistance and inundates the hapless flagellant with unbearable messages of agony.

So it is best to deliver a good opening stroke, then step back and watch the floodwall disintegrate. And so it is with Julie, there is a discernible pause..., possibly in disbelief, and then full realization that her fine flesh is to be excoriated..., slowly..., deliberately..., relentlessly..., and before a crowd of onlookers.

‘How humiliating, Julie!’ I cannot help thinking with sardonic delight.

‘Flogged by another woman while so many watch with such amused nonchalance’

When the pitiful sounds subside, I deliver stroke number two, expertly placed on the right cheek and aligned with the first to mark the perfection for which I am noted. Another pause... another scream..., this time the cacophony following a little sooner. The floodwall is engulfed

With the third stroke my hand returns to the left cheek, working lower. Later I will revisit to leave my signature on the upper portion of her buttocks. But in the initial stages, the meaty thwack derived from caning the lower portion of the gluteus maximus is more entertaining. And judging from the cheers and laughter the members are indeed entertained. And of course Julie's serenade continues. I often wonder if it is in fact the pain that gives rise to such catharsis. After all, with her pink wetness so wondrously exposed for all to view, the mental anguish must approach that of the physical. But is not that which every masochist desires....the psychological trauma along with the physical suffering?

With stroke four Julie's tears flow in earnest and she summons the temerity to remove her hands from her head in an attempt to offer comfort to her striped flesh. For her it must feel as if her buttocks have been set afire, as her hands futilely endeavor to extinguish the conflagration.

“Tsk. Tsk,” I rebuke in a mocking matronly voice. “Bad girl Julie, you know where your hands are to be placed.”

With my admonishment I slip the tip of the cane between her spread thighs and diddle the exposed inner labia. With each stroke, the vermilion strips of flesh have been thrashing about like a turkey's wattle, just above the spreader ball. She lunges in feeling my instrument of pain toy with impunity. The precious feminine genitalia are so vulnerable...., so exposed.

Her hands return to her head. Such touching obeisance.

In awaiting the fifth stroke I begin to detect a systemic struggle. As with all flagellants, Julie tries to clench her buttocks in a strange but consistent reaction amongst the condemned. I suppose it is some defense mechanism that suggests that firming the targeted area will somehow lessen the pain. But the spreader ball serves to inhibit closing her cheeks and instead the action results in the cutest rounding of her fleshy globe. For me it seems to beg for attention, and so I laugh and swing, graciously accommodating the perceived invitation to soften that which Julie's muscling endeavors to make hard

I will flatten that which her muscles shape into saucy roundness.

The sixth stroke results in a better understanding of Julie's fidgeting backside. With a beseeching groan of embarrassment, she is no longer able hold Gladys's offering of water. Right there, on a well lit stage..., before dozens of members..., for the benefit of full color high definition video, Julie's overwhelmed muscles concede all, and her bladder empties in a most telling moment of ignominy.

The crowd cheers and I must stifle a laugh in scolding what I have reduced to a recalcitrant child. "Goodness, Julie. Such a bad girl."

We plan for such humiliating events, of course. But for the flagellant, the sheer mental trauma rises to a level deemed exquisite. And to heighten the member's amusement, she tries to curtail the flow by clenching her thighs, which the spreader ball inhibits with prickling effectiveness, and most comically adds to her torment.

With the pause, choked sobs begin. Interesting how such do not materialize until there is a respite, as if the mind cannot mourn the intense suffering while the body undergoes the painful ordeal

I step to Julie's front, feigning concern and cooing as if to a naughty child.

“Well, you've soiled the stage, Julie. For shame.”

I know beneath the hood is a very embarrassed girl. Even areas of her flesh not kissed by crop or cane are flushed to a bright pink. And tears stream from the eye openings. There is more than mere physical grief to be endured.

I bend at the waist and lower my hand, cupping the girl's well shaven mons. She is hot and wet, and the moisture is more than just from the surrender of her bladder. My fingers toy with the loose strips of labial flesh then slip within to explore and further humiliate. Yes, with Julie we have chosen well. My crop and cane have served to arouse and we know from experience that for the budding masochist the initial realization in learning that pure pain can stimulate brings curious emotional reactions. The body resists, but the mind craves. Pain becomes a narcotic and I am the notorious neighborhood dealer. Our encounter results in a high of intense humiliation

And all is augmented by the dozens of observing eyes. For Julie, discovering her masochism is such an intimate moment of epiphany, yet forcibly shared with so many.

I hold up my hand. Julie's moisture makes it gleam in the stage lights. The membership collectively laughs, knowing that Julie's love pot is broiling with desire, with the need for stimulation, and that such stimulation will come in the form of well placed and crisp applications of rattan

“You need more,” I succinctly announce in a calm voice of aloofness.

And so we begin again. Call it a choir performance; call it a ballet; term it a sporting event, whatever; I command, I control. And Julie responds. She sings; she dances; she obeys her coach.

Overall, her response is to so wondrously debase herself before the libertine members, all immensely enjoying the scene..., such anguish..., such humiliation..., so glowingly degrading.

## **Danny Boy**

The darkness and the silence provide time to think. And I let my mind wander, dreaming of serving Ms. Monique and pleasing her with my tongue..., with my lips. But then Ms. Gladys does things to me. I'm uncomfortable and there is nothing I can do. Coldness enters my stomach and it swells until it feels as if it will burst. So instead of pleasant thoughts and fantasies, I lie wondering when it will go away.

Then pressure in my bowels begins, Something is filling me there too. There is a wicked hand toying with the valves, reversing the flow. I can think of nothing else.

When will the pressure be released? When will I again see light or hear something? When will I see the divine Ms. Monique; feel her warmth; taste her flesh?

## **Ms. Gladys**

The buzzer signals that Julie's ordeal has ended. A quick look at the clock suggests she has been entertaining in the exhibition room for some three hours, either being examined or slowly caned. The members certainly get their money's worth

I open the valves to release the massive buildup in Danny Boy's bladder and colon, set the machinery to normal and watch as the wrapped castrate's discomfort slowly dissipates. Now his mind will be permitted to enter a dreamlike state of sensory deprivation. I can picture the gratitude his tongue will express when Ms. Monique finally decides to have him released. I wish I had such proximity.

For now, I must tend to my duties. I check on the temperature of the healing vat and leave for the exhibition room.

Nearing the chamber, I hear laughter and applause. Ms. Monique speaks in her confident voice, thanking all for attending, I know that amongst the

members, a full night of debauchery will follow, many having arranged for private rooms at the club, others living in the area will return to their homes and apartments. But wherever, Julie's naked caning will serve as a catalyst for a great deal of sadomasochistic interaction.

I carefully push open the service door to the stage area, not wishing to draw attention. I see that Ms. Monique has Julie's nose ring hooked to her stick and triumphantly leads her about the room. With the spreader ball in place, Julie must frog step about, hands on head, her feet widely parted. Ms. Monique holds her nose low, forcing her to bend at the waist to most lasciviously display her striped buttocks. And so the fashion model, trained to so graciously present her charms, now presents more than ever her complete nakedness, her excoriated nakedness.

My professional eye admires Ms. Monique's work. There is not one half inch of skin on the buttocks and thighs which is not reddened and welted. The breasts are an incredible shade of mauve; I recognize the workings of the crop. And certain pinpricks between the inner thighs suggest that Julie has not quite

mastered the skill of donning the clever ball, which forces her to spread and reveal all she has to the audience.

As the members curiously caress Julie's flesh, the presentation of chafed and abraded skin always proving to be attractive to the consummate libertine, I recall my initial ordeal. Julie will find that the exploring fingers will feel ice cold, the difference in temperature between glowing, searing buttocks and normal skin quite noticeable.

I spy one couple whispering to the manager and know there will be a brief encore. For an extra charge, a member may have unfettered access to a flagellant. And the revenue from such dalliances is known to pay a good portion of the overhead.

The manager nods to Ms. Monique and I know I will be provided a treat while I wait.

Julie is led about, stumbling in her high heels as she keeps buttocks well projected. Meanwhile the couple clears a table of all glassware and dishes and when finished Ms. Monique leads Julie to the sturdy white clothed top.

“Up we go, Julie,” the flagellator's voice sternly suggests for all to hear, patting the tabletop.

Julie meekly places her left knee on the table then removes her hands from her head to grab the far edge while her right knee follows.

“Head down, buttocks up now; be a good girl. You're going to have a treat.”

Ms. Monique releases the cord on the nose ring and steps away. The male half of the inquiring couple comes forward, standing at Julie's front. He reaches under and I see Julie wince as he palms her tender, well-cropped breasts. Meanwhile the female half of the libertine duo moves to the rear. The remaining members gather round, some having left for their rooms in varying states of concupiscence.

"Spread nicely" the woman strongly suggests, the command really being superfluous as Julie is obviously working hard to minimize the effects of the spreader ball.

And with that, the woman carefully works her hand around the spreader ball to nestle Julie's dangling labia in her left palm. She caresses with her thumb and then smirks “Your fingers were quite busy when you were young Julie. Such well used lips. Did you try to pull them off?”

The crowd collectively laughs. Under the hood, I can imagine Julie's face turning to the color of her breasts.

“And you're so wet! You find a good caning to be arousing.”

The fingers of the woman's right hand slip between the lips. I know from experience that the Sapphic touch can be so teasingly effective. Another woman knows precisely where to manipulate. And as the digits



circumgyrate within Julie's vaginal opening, the left thumb moves to press the clitoris

For her final humiliation, Julie will be masturbated, kneeling naked, before dozens of amused eyes. And she must endure the embarrassment while avoiding all movement. The needle covered spreader ball remains to punish the slightest movement. Yet experienced Kegel muscles seem to grip the penetrating fingers with entertaining enthusiasm. Ah, the emotional conflicts of the masochist.

With the painful ordeal ended, there is a very ecstatic release to be had. I know. I have also knelt to be similarly masturbated, but not before a crowd. Julie's humiliation will be most public.

The breasts are massaged. The woman works quickly. Julie begins to moan. She is not only defenseless, she wants to come; her need for degradation is boundless. Within minutes the moans become throaty gasps. Her back arches in a symbolic gesture of complete submission. Then comes the shrieks of reluctant joy and there is wry laughter amongst the crowd. Finally comes a torrent of feminine essence and gleeful encouraging quips.

Julie is an ejaculator. A vaginal release soaks the tablecloth, much to the amazement of the crowd. The collective awe turns to murmurs of delighted approval.

For a final display, the woman's busy fingers pinch a reddened vaginal lip in each hand. She pulls back and apart then steps aside to allow all to gaze at Julie's steaming sex, so wet, so hot, so unabashedly satiated. The clitoris is swollen, erect, and purple. There is no more of Julie to be shown.

I smile smugly. The demand for Julie's services will be great, as will the demand for the high definition videotape of this ignominious submission of her libido, so naughtily climaxing before the snickering crowd, and so coyly enjoying herself.

**Julie**

I am sore. There is not an inch of skin on my backside and thighs that Ms. Monique has not chastised. And now this irritating girl in white leads me by a cord on my nose ring. At least she could remove the spreader ball so I could walk faster!

Instead I must saunter, carefully placing one high-heeled shoe widely out to my front then shifting my weight in order to pull forward the other. This Gladys girl occasionally looks back with a smirk, her icy fingers occasionally pinching a heated breast.

"Come," she so unctuously encourages. "You're going to have a nice rest."

We enter a large room and despite the trauma of my ordeal I stare in awe. Ms. Monique's little servant Danny Boy lies wrapped in plastic with tubes running all about. I gulp with concern realizing that this girl in white is in charge, complete charge.

Then I see a huge vat. The rim stands over my head. The curved metal skin is stainless steel with the smooth shiny surface interrupted by a number of window-like frames, which hold in place thick slabs of Plexiglas.

"Your new home for a few days," the uniformed girl suggests. "It's filled with special gel which will rapidly heal all the stripes and welts, And while you're contemplating that most degrading exhibition you put on, think about next month..., another gathering..., more pain..., another opportunity to show yourself. You may be masturbated again if a member is so inclined to accommodate."

The girl laughs wickedly and I remain silent in my shame.

Yes, that's what the contract reads. I can be summoned to the club at all times at the behest of any member. But at a minimum there will be a monthly public exhibition.

The girl stoops and gratefully unhooks the spreader ball. Instinctively I draw my feet together. Strained muscles in hips and thighs relax to

celebrate the release. But the girls fingers explore my mons and she giggles in feeling the moist remnants of my spending

“If it were me, I'd crop you here as well” she softly but threateningly advises. “Have you been intubated before?” I shake my head

“Yes, I think you'll learn to enjoy the sensation. For a girl with such divine masochistic proclivities it will mean giving up complete control. I shall be deciding what you breathe and what enters your stomach for a few days. And you'll just peacefully float until I decide you're healed.”

She laughs, her fingers pinch my labia with abandon, and I wince. She reaches to my head “No need for the hood.”

She peels it off. The room air feels cool as my facial perspiration dries.

“On the examination table.”

She slaps my incredibly sore buttocks. I yelp and instantly obey. After the hours in the exhibition room, there is no hesitation. After having everything I own examined by a crowd of gleeful libertines, all reluctance has eroded.

“Lie down on your back, ankles to your ears.”

I comply, lifting my legs and thighs in a pose I would not dream of assuming weeks ago. I feel the wicked girl's fingers spread my labia. I am quickly catheterized and lurch as a narrow latex tube enters my bladder. I hear a small trickle of remaining excretion exit to a waiting pan under the table.

"Good girl. Legs down. Now you will take a gastric tube for me. Just relax and swallow. I know you models have deep throated so many erections. It should be very easy.”

Spoken with irritating haughtiness, I dare not refute her observation. Instead I follow her instructions and shift so that my head hangs off

the top edge of the table. By craning my neck as if to look upwards, my throat is aligned to the nurse's satisfaction. A large but soft rubber tube slithers into my mouth and to the command of 'swallow' I feel the rubber slide down my esophagus to my stomach.

"Good girl; deep breath." I summon the fortitude, fighting the odd sensation that my air passage is blocked, and inhale. "Good. Now just lie for a bit and become acclimated. Hands on head."

The woman busies herself while my peripheral vision inspects. My once beautiful breasts, the envy of the girls in the changing rooms, are a hideous color. My nipples are purple with bruising. And my buttocks sting with the simplest contact with the neoprene-coated examination table.

Within minutes I am instructed to turn on my stomach. My ankle straps are unraveled and my heels are removed. An enema is administered..., and another..., and another. The woman is relentless. And I cannot help thinking that with the emetic causing me to wrenchingly empty my stomach before the caning, there cannot be an ounce of digestive matter in my system.

But alas, such is the intent. "We'll determine your nutritional needs for the next few days."

After expelling the third enema, a different tube is inserted into my rectum. The merciless girl inflates it to the point of bursting. She laughs as I moan with the discomfort.

"We don't want anything leaking into our gel. It's quite a costly formulation." "Up. Follow me."

I am led up a flight of metal stairs next to the vat. It is a strange sensation moving about with tubes dangling from mouth, anus and pubes. I am happy it is only this nurse present.

At the top, we stand on a grating with the open top of the vat below. I stare in disbelief as the tubes emanating from my vagina and rectum are

attached to waiting tubes connected to a large machine.

"Don't play with the mask, Julie. It can be very hazardous. It's your air supply."

A breathing mask is slipped over my head. The gastric tube is slipped through a precisely measured opening in the mass of rubber, then it is also is connected to a waiting tube leading to the machine.

I look down into the large vat, filled with a substance with the consistency of Jell-O.

"You'll be able to swim about a little. Most girls do at first. But be careful not to entangle the tubes. They're your lifelines. And feel free to open your eyes. The gel won't hurt." With an ungracious shove, I am pushed into the vat. There is no splash; it is more like a splat. I slowly sink, the tubes unraveling to permit slack. At first I hold my breath in panic. I know how to swim but the gelatinous mass is thick. And it stings all the welts and abrasions. It feels nicely warm, the gel obviously heated to perfectly align with my body temperature. I hear laughter from above which subsides as I sink lower and lower. I struggle to rise. I cannot. Finally I inhale and am reassured when my lungs fill. Then I feel liquid entering my stomach and the rectal tube expands to suggest something is being pumped into my bowels. The nurse is flaunting her dominion.

I am both amazed and horrified. I can barely move and all I need to subsist is siphoned through various rubber tubes. I summon the courage to open my eyes. There is a little sting which quickly subsides. As my vision adjusts I look to see the smiling face of the stern young nurse peering at me through one of the thick Plexiglas windows. She has a look of Schadenfreude and mockingly waves to me. Then the light disappears. A covering closes over the window and the vat goes dark

I am left floating in murky gel. Within minutes the stinging subsides and I feel nothing at all.

Within hours, the boredom and nothingness overwhelm. I begin to miss the searing strokes of Ms. Monique's firm hand.

## **Ms. Monique**

With Julie's salacious performance ended, the members disassemble. Some will depart for private rooms at the club where a naked subservient of preferred gender awaits their pleasure, most of whom are former pets who seek to continue to assuage their masochistic desires through occasional dalliances. Returning to the club can be most therapeutic for them. Seeing them tremble when they cross my path is reassuring. It is nice to be remembered

Yes, the little soiree I host is just a beginning and the concupiscent crowd will spend the night further satiating their proclivities..., some at the club as suggested..., others will journey to nearby homes and apartments where a more permanent live-in subordinate will feel the stimulating aftereffects of my session with Julie.

For me, I need sex. And with my sadistic propensities, I need to have sex under my control, my auspices.

So last night I struck up a conversation with some nice looking guy at the local tavern. Most times, my reputation greatly precedes me, with males avoiding contact. But there was this 'Steve' at the end of the bar, tall, blond, alone, and, as it turned out, from out of town. I pounced before the bartender could whisper in his ear. And once an attractive woman of color makes an impression, no guy is going to demur from chatting.

Thereafter, the bartender knew to suppress any urge to forewarn Steve. I leave good tips, and besides, he himself once endured my playful side. No one wishes to aggravate and feel truly correcting strokes spurred by irritation

As with all men, Steve found a powerful woman to be alluring, and I

confess to being able to turn on the charm when needed. I have long realized that on occasion I need someone like Steve: young, handsome, virile, naive.

So after working Julie's flesh for many hours, just as with the members, I too am randy and stroll with alacrity toward the elevator, riding crop in hand. If all has gone as planned, a young page, fully dressed for propriety, has escorted Steve to my apartment where he awaits with a cocktail. As with all priapic males, he thinks we will engage in sex. And in a way he is correct, but Steve does not realize how I like my sex and the toll to be paid by those accommodating my desires.

No male I ever met has ever resisted spicing up an evening of carnal pursuits with a little kinkiness. And once Steve's wrists are comfortably secured in fur lined cuffs of thick soft leather, he's all mine

If my psyche did not so much revel in the power and control, I would almost feel sorry for Steve.

I step out of the elevator and punch the special code into the apartment door lock. I enter and there is Steve, sitting on my couch, sipping champagne, dressed in cashmere sport jacket and a crisp clean shirt open at the collar.

"You got in with no problems?" I aphoristically begin, allowing Steve pause to gape.

I smile as he takes in the sight what for him must appear to be an ebony Amazon. My stomach muscles, well flexed as the result of Julie's caning, are exposed, rippling, and most firm. The same can be said of my arm muscles. The dew of moderate perspiration brings a sheen to my dark skin, highlighting the sculpting. And as I approach, the ruffling of my brief skirt makes the lack of undergarments obvious and diverts attention from the crop in my right hand. My tight bodice makes my firm mammary glands stand even firmer and Steve is so distracted he is momentarily speechless.

“Yes, the boy was quite helpful,” he finally blurts.

He arises to stand, looking slightly upwards as my boots enhance my distinctive height. I decide to set the agenda from moment one with a forthright hug. He feels my strength and is so stunned that it takes a moment for him to return the embrace. My forceful clench brings the exhalation of air and when he begins to inhale, Steve's nose flares in my scent, a redolent combination of perfume, perspiration and feminine essence exuded during Julie's ordeal. The short skirt cloaks very little.

I break his hug with an equally powerful push and place my hands on his shoulders. Though crop remains in hand, he still has not noticed the instrument of correction, yet it is inches from his face.

"Nice jacket; why not fold it over that chair."

I could tear it away in less than half a minute, but it is cashmere, and Steve will need covering when he leaves.

I step back and for the first time he notices the crop. He stares at it as he peels and I let his eyes take in the little symbolic length of leather. Cool and casual, I smile and remain silent. Let him ruminate on a puissant image of Dominance, I think to myself, a woman of power wielding a symbolic instrument of discipline.

As instructed, he steps away and lays the garment on the straight-backed chair. When he turns back I coyly wave the crop at eye level

“This seems to have your attention, Steve.”

He gulps, trying to find words. I recall my reply when he inquired about my occupation during our initial conversation, I had creatively suggested, ‘entertainment director’. My own wry humor brings a smile to my lips

“I've been entertaining...the members," I divulge in breaking the awkward gap in communication



Steve suffers from the belief that the club is an upscale social organization with dining and recreation facilities such as swimming pool, racquetball, and exercise facility. And such an image is not completely mistaken. Julie has been well exercised and is presently taking a leisurely swim, I sarcastically tell myself. The vision brings another laugh

“I guess you would not believe we have an indoor riding facility,” I suggest with smiling nonchalance

So...the stage is set. Let Steve think some more. I step away in search of that champagne, knowing that the short skirt flashes portions of my lower cheeks with each footfall. Thirst is easily quenched. But to satisfy my hunger will take time

**Danny Boy**

The pressure in both bladder and colon slowly subsides and my mind wanders into nothingness. I cannot hear, see, taste or smell. Even the feel of the ointment has dissipated. I can only think. And of course I think of Ms. Monique. As I helplessly lie bound in tight plastic, my mind focuses on her being with a man; an intact man, one with a normal and fully functioning organ. And Ms. Monique is correct. I am envious. I savor her warm wetness and the feel of her smooth pink flesh on the tip of my tongue. I so much enjoy sucking on her enormous bud. And instead., a virile man is pleasing her.

Bringing Ms. Monique pleasure spurs such oddly palpable sensations. I seem to glow with pride whenever her muscular body shudders in ecstasy. And now I just helplessly lie while a better man, an intact man brings her to climax.

In my frustration, I try to thrash about but can move so little. I must remain still, as Ms. Monique demands.

**Julie**

I float. On occasion a toe touches the bottom of the tank...or perhaps it is the side. Otherwise I remain completely suspended in the strange gel. The substance seems to warm my flesh and it tingles, somewhat irritating but after enduring the pain of the excruciating caning the sensation is comparatively comforting

I can hear myself breathe. Liquids slowly siphon through my gastric tube. The tube in my rectum seems to both drain my colon and fill it.

How long will I be kept like this?

I believe I have my eyes closed but cannot be sure. The gel at first stung my eyes a little, but not for long. Then the nurse covered the porthole and when the light disappeared so did all references. I could be floating upside down. The outside world is gone. It is only my mind and body, and I am not so sure about my body. Though I can move there is no discernible sensation that I have moved. Nothing changes. I think of the hypothetical question concerning a tree falling where no one will hear, does it make a sound?

If I move my hand and I cannot see or feel the change, have I moved it? Ms. Monique Steve slumbers heavily. He's had a long night and so I let him lie in repose.

Not that he has much choice. I have him thoroughly restrained. He is supine and spread-eagled on my bed. As you can imagine the choice of apparatus for a woman of Dominance, imbedded in the frame are any number of hooks and eyelets where limbs can conveniently be rendered useless.

And so I sit back with early morning coffee and adore the Adonis from whom I extracted multiple orgasms. My libido can be most demanding and excoriating Julie's virgin flesh seemed to spark particular sexual needs. Still I am not satiated and so I pick up the house phone. After several rings Gladys answers. Her shift is just about to end, having tormented her charges throughout the night.

“Bring Danny Boy up.”

Since Steve is hooded, and will remain so, the presence of my castrated friend will not cause alarm And besides, I have wrung from his body all that I desire. If there is anything left, I will leave it to Danny Boy.

I make toast and amuse myself by lightly slapping Steve's scrotum with the crop. Having discovered a degree of masochism this slowly brings my resting stud to a full stand. He stirs, somewhat, rolling his head. That's about all that can move.

Steve proved to be nicely built and I spent most of the evening sitting on his hooded face and encouraging his tongue and lips while cropping his testicles and penis. After numerous orgasms I took pity and rode him like the stallion he wanted to be...after securing rubber bands around the base of both his scrotum and erect penis, of course. No male ejaculates until I deem it appropriate. And well into the night I finally cut the bands and let him squirt inside my tight and overheated vaginal pouch

Yes, part of my exercise program is to work the Kegel muscles. When I choose to please a male companion, he is indeed pleased

Steve came like a volcano at the appropriately deemed moment. Some have described vaginal intercourse with me as a giant hot and wet hand milking the vaunted male organ of every drop of seed.

Hmmmm, yes...I like that description.

A knock indicates that Gladys has been particularly celeritous in releasing Danny Boy from a long night of sensory deprivation. I open the door to see my little castrate smiling with joy. The puppy returns to

his master, and I almost expect him to jump up and lick my face. Instead he steps forward and steals a kiss from my left nipple

I am completely nude. With Steve hooded there is no need for covering.

Meanwhile my Sapphic friend Gladys stares in admiration, probably equally glad to see me after a night of debauchery in the infirmary has fomented her juices.

“How is Julie?” I inquire, the initiation of small talk seeming appropriate. “In the tank and healing.”

I know she wants to enter. But she would find Steve's presence to be offensive, unless of course I was caning him. Then she would enjoy watching

“Thank you for releasing Danny Boy. He has some chores that need attention.”

At another time I will satiate Gladys's needs. But mine are now paramount. I close the door on the disappointed nurse. Danny Boy falls to his knees and begins licking my feet. The sensory deprivation has such a wondrous effect. And his body, having been wrapped in ointment for many hours, is fascinatingly smooth and soft, and hairless, of course. I lean down and grasp a handful of gluteal flesh. He giggles.

“I have something for you, Danny Boy. “Come; crawl for me.”

He indeed crawls like a little doggie and I playfully smack his buttocks and lead him into the bedroom where our well-secured Steve lies with erection pointed to the ceiling.

My little Danny Boy looks on with disheartening admiration; the level of the castrate's natural envy for the intact male is amplified by Steve's virile stand; the ability to replicate such I long ago plundered from Danny Boy. And of course the massive plums also impress. After all, Danny Boy has none.

"He's different from you, isn't he Danny Boy? So big and strong...he's a man. A complete man. If you're good, I'll let you explore and you'll be

able to feel the stiffness of the intact male,” I emphasize in a mocking tone.

“You'll be able to sense the potential of the power I have deprived from you. And you'll always wonder just how big and potent you could have become had I not decided to tie off those little gonads and snip away.”

“Come, I first need to be serviced,” I encourage with a throaty laugh.

I lead a dispirited Danny Boy to my favorite chair, which is large and well padded. I sit and drape a thigh over each arm opening my sex to his gaze and to his tongue and lips. He needs no further inducement. Danny Boy slinks forward on all fours to fulfill his life's endeavor, that for which I castrated him

“Lick me and see what Steve tastes like. Savor the essence of a real man, Danny Boy.”

Yes. The muscling of my powerful sheath has held within Steve's copious spending, There is no better illustration of complete supplication than to have one male's essence orally removed by another, better still a male neutered by my hand. The thought causes me to begin to orgasm with the merest touch of Danny' Boy's tongue. I find it incredibly stimulating. My neutered lamb licks with such affection

Later, I'll have Danny Boy fellate Steve. Though the notion of intimate male contact will probably haunt Steve for his remaining life, it matters not. He's well secured to the bed and will have no choice. I may never see him again as a result. But the male beast is something with which to toy. And as with all toys, others can be found. Meanwhile, the servile tongue finds the first trace of Steve.

“Swallow it all, Danny Boy.” Ms. Monique

On holiday weekends the club is closed. Most members leave the city and past experience has shown that Saturday exhibitions are not well attended. Thus as Memorial Day approaches, I am afforded a respite and

Danny Boy and I can spend together some quality time. Castratrix and castrate...such a warm and loving relationship. He needs constant care and discipline. I need subservient oral attention. The mutual devotion is glowing.

For travel, it is most practical to dress Danny Boy as a girl. And whereas his many years of forced nakedness have so wonderfully transformed his psyche, getting him into any clothing, much less frilly blouse, short skirt and pumps, is a most amusing chore. He just cannot conceive that his little purse should match his shoes, and close supervision is required so that his appearance does not draw unwarranted notice during chance encounters with the prudes of the vanilla world

And so after a few moments of helping fix his comically smeared makeup, I make my bashful Danny Boy admire himself before a full-length mirror. Then I take his hand in mine.

“To the farm Danny Boy; come.”

His look is of wonderment. The hormone imbalance causes a myriad of conflicting thoughts in times of mental confusion. His hand grasps mine and he draws closer to me, the woman who snipped his little testicles. He presses his face into my bodice. I smooth my free hand through his curly blond locks.

"I have no bumps," he dejectedly exclaims. His forlorn words are uttered from bright red but lugubriously down-turned lips.

He refers to his breasts of course, or rather the lack thereof, “Little girls don't have ‘bumps’, Danny Boy. And you're more like a little girl than a woman.”

It is a chronic exchange. With the paucity of testosterone, Danny Boy's quest for gender identity is unending. There is an amusing mental havoc...a hormone driven consternation

"Come," I smilingly suggest, knowing that Danny Boy will embrace such as

a command

I step away taking his hand in mine. I find smug irony in having Danny Boy clothed and prettied for travel. It so accentuates his altered state.

I tug and Danny Boy's normally naked feet commence to clop. He struggles in shoes. The heels are moderate, the height selected to provide challenge but practical enough so that he can traverse the building and the sidewalks with only modest clumsiness. A nice sized anal plug mandates an exaggerated footfall and swaying of his hips. So cute.

And so when we step out onto the sidewalk, passers by assume that an imposing six-foot ebony au pair is dutifully tending to an adolescent girl, a pretty little blonde, prinked for an excursion to Grandma's.

I carry very little baggage. One overnight case contains all I require, having a complete wardrobe at the Club's farm. Danny Boy will be stripped upon arrival and be returned to denudation for the long weekend. Thus there is little attire required for him

"You'll have fun frolicking naked in the sun, Danny Boy;" I remind my little pixie companion. His blue eyes dance as he girlishly squeals with visions of prancing through verdant forests and fields of purple heather.

Tucked away in the Adirondacks, the Club members purchased a sizable retreat many years ago. Bucolic seclusion can be a most relaxing change in practicing the lifestyle of Dominance. And the resources afforded to me are an important perquisite of employment.

"We'll be working Big Fred; won't that be fun?"

Danny Boy giggles. He finds merriment in the thought of helping me exercise an intact male, one whose mammoth manhood stands in tribute to my controlling hands and encouraging crop. Big Fred is essentially a beast of burden whose inordinate strength is used for both conveyance and amusement. For Danny Boy, palming and caressing the organs he no longer has provides a curious diversion. He becomes noticeably caring

with the plums that Big Fred displays but is never permitted to touch.

The huge steed is kept wickedly chaste and eager to be exercised

Penn Station is close by and it's a nice day for a walk. Danny Boy occupies his naive mind by plunking his pumps on the sidewalk with deliberation. He replicates the sounds of the hooves of an urban horse drawing a carriage. This in turn draws the attention of the morning pedestrians and I find myself smiling with the scene: the juxtaposition of their perception, caring governess and nurtured child, versus reality Dominant castrator and feeble-minded, cross-dressed castrate.

And to think that Danny Boy's rectum is so well plugged.

Though the train ride is just 6 hours, I always book a cabin for privacy, relative privacy, that is. The conductor and crew must have access to tend to their duties. But since Danny Boy and I make the trip some half dozen times per year, train personnel have come to overlook certain unorthodox interaction. I have learned that when it comes to the sexual behavior of people, there is a little kink in most. And besides, for me, watching Danny Boy fellate a burly trainman can help while away time during the less scenic segments of the trip.

Our timing is perfect, arriving at the station as the train is announced ready for boarding. Our priapic trainman spots us and the 'red carpet' treatment begins. I know him to be fairly well endowed and cannot help smiling with past visions of Danny Boy's dainty chokes as he dutifully deep throats Amtrak's dedicated employee.

"Cabin 6, Ms. Monique. Cabins 5 and 7 will be empty from here to Albany."

Yes, after spotting my name on the passenger list, my friend has rearranged the accommodations to ensure that the reaction to the sounds of thumping walls does not give rise to interruption. Some men become quite animated during oral gratification.



Maintaining my grip on Danny Boy's hand, we journey to the end of platform and enter the special sleeping car. The single bag is stowed and I decide to make Danny Boy comfortable. The blouse must go.

“Hands on head.”

Danny Boy reluctantly stands as I unbutton the back of the frilly blouse. He faces the window and I intentionally leave up the window shade. There are only a few people using the far end of the platform and those who care to look may do so. Danny Boy's chest is wonderfully undeveloped and forcing him to display his tiny nipples, his missing bumps, provides an entertaining degree of bashfulness.

“Stand still; face the platform.”

As people pass by, some look to see me standing slightly stooped, my hand exploring under the loose skirt of a young girl, most probably righting her knickers. Of course there are no undergarments; I am actually toying with the butt plug, stimulating the little gland which serves as the vestige of Danny Boy's maleness.

“Feel good?”

With a coy smile, Danny Boy nods. My free hand tweaks his little nipples. The nubs begin to crinkle just as a matronly woman in a uniform glances through the train car window. Danny Boy squeals at being so publicly exhibited. His head bows, but he obediently remains standing as the woman pauses to watch

My exploring hand slides forward between the thighs. Danny Boy knows to part his feet as I gently knead the empty scrotal sac and then find the withered penis. It futilely tries to harden, pulsating with Danny Boy's excitement

I smile at the woman. I am tempted to lift the front of Danny Boy's skirt and show her the evidence of my power: the pink puff I emptied, leaving the tiny sac to so much resemble the hairless mons of a

pubescent girl

‘But what is that tiny tube of skin?’ I imagine her vexatious query upon spotting his emaciated penis.

No point making too much of a scene; instead I have Danny Boy turn toward me and unhitch the skirt. It drops to the carpet leaving him nude except for the pumps. I will leave those in place. Wearing only shoes will enhance his sensation of nakedness.

Danny Boy's girlish buttocks now flash the platform and the woman poises to watch, slowly lowering two bags, her eyes glued to the scene in the window. Can she see the exposed end of the butt plug? I have little concern. Danny Boy's gender—or rather the lack thereof—remains concealed.

Danny Boy knows the woman gawks. She stands within feet of his smooth hairless form. But for the glass partition of the window, she could almost touch Danny Boy's cute rump.

"You're aroused Danny Boy. You like showing yourself, don't you?"

A smile and another squeal as I gently pinch a perky nipple. Perhaps it's my control that so stimulates the neutered hermaphrodite. As stated, it's a known fact that the hormonal imbalance of the castrated male affects the ability to concentrate. For Danny Boy, it's easier just to react to my demands rather than to think. He's a lost lamb in search of direction.

Out of the corner of my eye, I spy the woman grab the bags and scurry away. A moment later the train begins to move. I have to chuckle with the notion that Danny Boy's little striptease almost made her miss the train.

Now it is my turn to be comfortable. I snap my fingers and Danny Boy knows to enter his role as maid. He kneels and removes my boots then carefully reaches up under my skirt to lower my panties.

"Get your crotch piece from the bag, Danny Boy. You know the conductor and trainman will be checking tickets and you have to ear your fare."

There is no pecuniary problem with buying a ticket for Danny Boy. I make a good living. But it's so much more satisfying watching him ear his way. I have been told that fellatio offered by the altered male is particularly sensuous, the envy of such oral homage surpassing that of the adoring female. And in past train rides, Danny Boy has certainly earned his fare.

But since most males are homophobes, a simple 'G' string will suffice to make them more comfortable. In past encounters I have explained that the brief covering serves as a reminder to be

cognizant of 'Danielle's' virginity. Thus with smooth and soft hairless skin, shoulder length coifed blond hair, lipstick, mascara, polished nails—both fingers and toes—the train crew conveniently accepts my companion—indeed known to them as Danielle—as a budding Lolita

Danny Boy locates the tiny garment in my bag. I must laugh, noticing his tiny erection. It so cutely stands but is so short and lacks any degree of normal girth. No woman would feel its penetration and I must smile with pride knowing that any opportunity for normal male puissance was plundered by my hand

'Snip, snip Danny Boy; I think to myself, recalling the events of his alteration He draws the brief garment from my bag and holds it up for approval "Come," I suggest, nodding

I sit and watch the pumps awkwardly propel him toward me, the moving train augmenting the ungainliness of his gait

I take the offered garment and tie one set of strings around his waist, assuring that the small patch of satin covers his tiny penis. Some remnants of his scrotum can be seen below, but our train crew of satyrs will assume that the flash of pink is the labial flesh of a young girl.

Rather than repulse, it will instead enhance their lust.

Then a second set of strings is secured about Danny Boy's right thigh and a third about his left. "Turn."

Unfortunately, it is time to remove the anal plug. Access will be required. Oral sodomy alone will not suffice for our virile train crew. And after all, there is not much they can offer to Danny Boy's rear aperture that my strap-on has not provided

"Bend."

Danny Boy complies and I grasp the plug's exposed ring. Sized to keep his rectum supple yet tight, I gently tug and use my free hand to caress the patch covering Danny Boy's erection. He sighs with joy as the bulbous sphere causes his sphincter to dilate. And I must smile with delight. So easily controlled..., so subservient..., so docile. I have trained him to accept penetration as pleasurable

The initial portion of the journey is boring. When the train is not dashing through tunnels, the window only affords views of urban poverty and decay. Thus I am glad to hear the expected knock on our cabin door before we have entered the scenic Hudson Valley.

Our crew must be particularly lustful this Friday morning, I note.  
"Tickets."

I open the door and the huge bearded trainman enters. I note a bump beneath his zipper. I smile thinking that on one trip, I just may purchase a ticket for Danny Boy and deflate all expectations

I offer my ticket. In a well-rehearsed dialogue I announce that 'Danielle' is a child traveling with an adult, intimating that a ticket for her is not required.

"The child must be under age five to ride free, ma'am." He plays his role so seriously, closing the cabin door behind him and securing the

lock with practiced alacrity. Then he smiles, opening his zipper, “But I believe other arrangements can be made.”

For the first time he looks at my naked toy, It is a look of hunger, of need “Well Danielle, how are you going to pay for your ticket?” I coyly suggest

I smile, pause for a reply and then snap my fingers. A silent Danny Boy, not having the wits to otherwise interject himself into the role-play, falls to his knees in response to my unspoken command.

“That's a good girl”

The trainman sits and I take a seat opposite him. Part of the enjoyment for me is watching. And for the trainman, I believe that to have a woman observing adds ‘spice’ to the scene. After all, I can only imagine how many furtive blowjobs have been offered by destitute girls seeking free passage home. Yes, it's the added sordidness of having the fellatio performed by what is perceived to be an underage girl and one under the tutelage of her governess that so allures our dedicated Amtrak employee.

Danny Boy is most accomplished at the expected task. His small manicured fingers complete the release of the burgeoning manhood. The belt is unbuckled; the trousers folded away, undergarments pushed aside. Our trainman is nicely sized and I hear Danny Boy gulp.

“Pay homage, Danielle,” I admonish, pronouncing his new sobriquet with mocking intonation.

He licks the tender underside of the penis tip, knowing to bring the organ to full blossom for me. I

enjoy viewing the erect penis, especially one under my authority. And in demanding that my subjugated castrate provide oral service, I have a curious degree of tangential control. Though altered, Danny Boy knows where to apply his tongue. I have many times been told; fellatio by the male cannot be surpassed.

And with Danny Boy's envy of the huge plums, our trainman will experience quite the reception

The cabin is of modest size. Thus I position myself to observe the proceedings and cannot stifle a smile as Danny Boy works the sizable manhood to a firm stand and then slowly takes it into his mouth and throat. It's like watching a python swallow an outsized rodent. But there is no struggle; Danny Boy has been welltrained

But the trainman has not. He squirms and I giggle in observing the extreme ecstasy. If he only knew 'Danielle's' true gender.

Having acclimated his throat and gag reflex, Danny Boy begins to bob his head....up down..up...down. His little hands cradle the testicles in a strange gesture of reverence, seeming to worship that which years ago I so cruelly ligated and removed from his pouch.

He gurgles on the more extreme downward thrusts and the trainman seems keen to join the muted sounds with moans of pleasure

Meanwhile, I decide to add a little to Danny Boy's own enjoyment. I lean forward and pinch the girlish buttocks. Though Danny Boy knows always to kneel with knees parted, he also recognizes the signal to spread even more. And he does so now. Such obedience

I slip my fingers under the small patch covering his penis and scrotum. Yes, the little pouch remains wondrously sensitive and he stirs when I gently pinch between thumb and forefinger to knead and roll about the smooth skin. It is ironic that the manipulation is so similar to masturbating a girl. And my handiwork nicely highlights Danny Boy's castration, forcing him to service the intact male while I tantalize that which I altered, and with the very same hands

Our trainman is clueless, of course, thinking that I am indeed stroking the labia of a young girl. And I smile with the irony.

If he only knew.

After several minutes, there are modest choking sounds, but Danny Boy's lips remains arduously wrapped about the organ. Yes he's well trained, recovering from the initial flood of semen to dutifully swallow and milk the proud organ of its entire offering

I have heard stories of certain organizations which train in the art of fellatio by placing the subordinate on a diet of sperm...ie. for the entire period of training all sustenance comes by way of the male seed....hunger being satiated only by satiating others. The vision of subordinate males begging to obtain food—to perform fellatio—amuses.

The recollections bring a smile and Danny Boy seems to most hungrily take all that the trainman can offer. There are the sounds of swallowing as the gratified trainman tousles 'Danielle's' golden locks

“A good little cocksucker; she's been well trained.” Yes, Danny Boy knows the male appendage, I muse as I nod in agreement.

The now flaccid length of flesh returns to the light of the cabin. Danny Boy tenderly cleanses all remnants, so obsequious. His admiration is apparent.

Our trainman stands. There is a broad, wicked smile. In his mind, he has gruffly sodomized the throat of a young girl. And he's so proud!

I return the smile. Mine is one of irony. The burly man has just had perverse relations with a male—or rather a one-time male. And I have my own pride in so evilly arranging the encounter.

“Well that covers the fare to Albany. Think the conductor will be checking tickets from that point on,” he haughtily declares

I smile and nod, making a mental note to ensure that Danny Boy's backside is well lubricated. The conductor is also well endowed and on

past trips he has so much enjoyed parting 'Danielle's' cheeks, engaging in deep anal penetration as the rocking train weaves through the secluded Adirondacks.

"Thank you sir," a demur Danny Boy meekly utters.

Our virile marauder reaches down to again tousle the golden locks of my kneeling Danny Boy. His hand then glides to an undeveloped breast and gently pinches. "You're going to be a very popular girl when these begin to grow."

Our proud trainman withdraws, unlocks the door with equal alacrity, peeks down the passageway and

steps out. When the door closes, I begin to laugh. Such a comic display of the male libido. Thoughts of dressing up a sheep and presenting such as 'Danielle's companion' flash into my imagination. And my own laughter becomes uncontrollable as I wonder which aperture our train crew would first assault in extracting train fare from an ovine.

With the train entering the Hudson Valley, the sizable cabin window is transformed to a moving panorama of green framed by the light blue sky above and deep blue of the river beneath. It's time to relax. I press the button for room service then sit back, hike my skirt and part my knees. For Danny Boy, I merely need to point. He crawls forward and as he nestles his head between my thighs and I lift my feet to place them atop the small of his back. It is now my turn to receive the homage of Danny Boy's lips and tongue and I become most sanguine with the cognizance of his advanced training. A lengthened tongue, most sensitive lips, extraordinary breath control, and an unquenchable thirst to be of service, to bring the ultimate in pleasure and to never receive

If he grew another set, I'd castrate him again.

Within minutes my neutered cunilinguist brings a series of small orgasms, and he has not yet worked my clitoris. Such a treasure.



So inopportunately comes a knock on the door. Room service can sometimes be too prompt

I call out entree', pushing down my loose skirt and draping it over Danny Boy's head. I expect a male porter and am prepared for another kinky encounter. I am surprised when a woman steps within...it is the matronly uniformed woman from the platform

Her look is one of both astonishment and relief, as if she was hoping to be of service to the occupants of the cabin who had so curiously entertained her at the station.

Before I can order, she speaks. "I am Lisette. Perhaps a blanket for the girl, Mademoiselle?"

Her eyes are cast on Danny Boy's derriere, nicely poised, pointed skyward with the small of his back arched to accentuate the fine feminine curvature. It's a posture upon which I insist and as always his knees are well parted, exposing the gleaming pink rose of a lubricated rectum

"I would rather have him exposed. Danny Boy's shyness can amuse. And the humiliation nicely stimulates, don't you think?"

"Ah," the woman smiles, nodding in response. "An inverti. And he enjoys le jupe, yes?" "Yes, since his operation, he has developed many curious penchants, including women's clothing."

That's as much information as I care to divulge and move the dialogue to order a well chilled mimosa for me and a pitcher of water for my orally gifted travel mate

The French woman, probably from Quebec, nods again and departs. I wonder if she will divulge the secret of 'Danielle' to the trainman.

I once again raise the hem of my loose skirt as Danny Boy shifts to find my clitoris. Having worked my labia both inside and out for many minutes, it's amazingly engorged by the time his lips suck it in and he begins to gently nibble. I sigh loudly and my wetness flows with abundance.

The cabin door opens, the female porter deeming a knock to be superfluous on her return trip. She pauses in watching Danny Boy's blond tresses tossing about between my muscled brown thighs. Her timing could not have been better as I squeeze off a massive orgasm and clench Danny Boy's head with what I am sure she finds to be a shocking display of strength

Lisette closes the door without show of emotion and places the tray of drinks on a table near the door. Though Danny Boy is nowhere near finishing his task, it is time for a pause. I remove my feet from his back as the servant turns to depart.

"You may stay if you wish, Lisette. Danny Boy's shyness can be entertaining." The invitation could not be more warmly received

"Thank you, Mademoiselle. We have few passengers. Most will be getting on in Albany."

I snap my fingers. Danny Boy obediently arises to retrieve the mimosa, Lisette is impressed "He serves in other ways," she notes. "Such obeisance."

"He serves in every way I demand," I cunningly reply with a smile. "The male can be easily tamed... with the appropriate alteration."

As Danny Boy hands me my drink, the woman's hand extends to caress his right buttock,

"So smooth. And you have made him look so pretty. Polished nails, lipstick, mascara."

Danny Boy blushes. The combination of nakedness, groping feminine fingers, and reference to his effeminate appearance overwhelms.

"Water, Danny Boy. Drink."

Danny Boy pours and drinks. I always insist on proper hydration. It is best. And my body salts do create thirst.

Lisette sits and we talk. I have Danny Boy drink more and I notice her inquiring eyes, as if she is trying to see beneath Danny Boy's only covering...the small patch of satin cloaking what remains of his gender.

"He serves you in complete dishabille?"

"Yes. But when traveling some modesty is best. I do prefer to maintain some form of decorum. A governess and her female charge attract less attention. It's not often Danny Boy is attired and I find it easier to dress him effeminately. He becomes Danielle in public."

My neutered charge smiles bashfully. "And he's sometimes naughty?"

"Not often. He's quite docile and if bad I have a special punishment which not only leaves the flesh unmarked but also enhances his softness."

I refer to Danny Boy being wrapped. But again, too much information is unnecessary and I decide to change the subject.

"Do you need to go potty?" I firmly inquire of my blushing companion

Yes, Danny Boy nods as expected. After all, I watered him a bit before we left the Club nearly two hours ago. He becomes sadly taciturn when I address the subject

"Perhaps Madam Lisette will help. The train bathroom is different and confuses you Danny Boy. She knows how to use it."

Danny Boy is not permitted to visit the facilities alone. And this

Lisette seems so curious! What better excuse to access the patch?

The matronly French woman beams "Just pull at the ties," I suggest, referring to the bowknots holding the string about his thighs.

My shy castrated friend knows to offer his hand but he is dismayed in being accompanied by a stranger.

"Come," the maid suggests in her accented English. "We shall use the cabin down the corridor. It is empty and I wish to inspect you."

Danny Boy

Ms. Monique is very kind to allow me to use the bathroom. Sometimes she makes me wait so long that the pain makes me beg. But here I am nearly naked before this strange woman! Now I must go with her!

This Madam Lisette opens the cabin door, glances about; then takes my hand. "Come. We help many little girls on the train."

The shoes are so strange! I plop my feet scurrying to follow her into the corridor... nearly naked... my breasts completely exposed, as is my backside.

She steps quickly and with purpose. My feet struggle in heels and with the movement of the train and the tugging of my arm I awkwardly follow. There is the sound of passengers at the opposite end of the car just as she inserts a key into a cabin door. She pushes it open and steps inside as I glance to my side and spy a middle-aged couple. The woman stares as I rush through the door. I blush anew when Madam Lisette fails to close the door behind me

Madam Lisette turns on the lights and opens a very narrow door within the cabin. A hinged seat is unfolded and she bends to untie the strings encircling the tops of my thighs. The patch, my only covering, is loosened. Over the loud pounding of my heart, I hear a woman's voice speaking through the open corridor doorway.

“The poor girl has no clothes?”

The tone is of surprise but inflected not with shock but amusement. I dare not turn to look, fearing that the loose patch will fail to cover that which so shames me. Then there would be shock

“I am helping her change, madam. Her clothing has been soiled.”

As Madam Lisette explains, her right hand slips beneath the patch and tenderly diddles my little penis. I assume that to my onlookers it appears she is adjusting my only garment. Instead she toys with me and I cannot help sighing with the feel of her tender touch. The fingers then slide down to my tiny pouch and explore there. I shudder with the exquisite sensation; my exposure to strangers, the controlling hand of a strange woman.

Satisfied that my care is in appropriate hands the couple moves onward. Madam Lisette uses the loose strings as a handle to lift the patch and examine.

“So small, Danny Boy. Or perhaps I should call you Danielle.”

Her tone of voice is one of pleasant surprise as she gawks at the evidence of what was once a male organ. To me it always appears so child like, its development trapped in time by Ms. Monique's altering hands.

“And there are no little peanuts. What's happened here, Danielle?”

She kneads my empty scrotal sac. The flesh is so sensitive, Ms. Monique once explaining that she kindly left intact many nerve endings. I both thrill and shrink with the peculiar sensation of kind touch but cruel, humiliating words.

“I want you to perform for me. Like a little puppy, yes? A very obedient little dog.”

The unfolded seat has a basin in the middle. There is no misunderstanding its purpose and I do indeed have to empty myself, But Madam Lisette's hand continues to caress. I feel myself stiffen as I so often do when serving Ms. Monique.

“Make it nice and firm for me, Danielle. It is so very cute. I want to it stand up nice and straight.”

My hands move to the top of my head and I spread my feet. It is an ingrained posture, learned over the years and intended to give Ms. Monique unfettered access to that which she chooses to examine.

"Very good. A big erection for me, Danielle. We're going to have some fun. You're going to entertain me, yes?"

I slowly rise. She comments on my little organ's size. I feel the warmth of my skin as my heart pounds and my circulation rushes

“That's it, Danielle? That is as large as it gets?” nod, the humiliation bringing tears, though her touch is divine.

Madam Lisette retrieves a small stool and places it before the unfolded seat. She orders, "Kneel Knees spread.”

The position places me facing the basin, the brim an inch or two above the level of my erect penis.

“A game I used play at the orphanage. So many boys. So many visits to the bathroom. When in charge, I used to make them earn the privilege of unlocking the bathroom door. I had the only key.”

Madam Lisette laughs with her recollection.

"So many little penises. So much begging. The call of nature can be most persistent. All had to learn of my preference. My little fountains, I called them. All those little fountains performing for me. Soiled trousers received most painful punishment. There was not much choice but

to perform as I demanded.

“And now here you are, Danielle. And once again I shall have another little fountain, no? Perform for me. Be a good girl, back straight, head up... Here, I will assist you.” From my rear, I feel her left hand reaching between my thighs to take a tuft of scrotal flesh between thumb and forefinger. Her right hand grasps my erect penis. In order to strike the bow! I must arch my flow over the edge of the seat and brim of the basin.

“It is good discipline. And using the abdomen muscles can be challenging.”

I feel myself blush more. The cabin door is wide open behind me. And here I kneel in nakedness with a strange woman fondling my hairless genitals and assisting in one of nature's most humbling demands

“Concentrate, Danielle. Come now, a nice flow for Lisette.”

I did not know that it was possible to empty the bladder when erect. Now Madam Lisette teaches me otherwise.

I remain kneeling for several minutes while her right hand assures relative full tumescence. Finally, to end the ordeal I press and am most embarrassed to see a flow begin. Madam Lisette is correct; the abdominal muscles can be quite challenged in meeting her demands. And as I peer down to see my flow arch over the seat, I do indeed appear to be a little fountain. She laughs as she directs the stream into the

bowl.

I at last finish after much verbal encouragement. Her servant's hands graciously dab away excess moisture. As I kneel and she reties the strings there is the sound of motion in the corridor. Then another feminine voice at the doorway.

“Oh, what a cute little girl!” Madam Lisette looks up and smiles. She tweaks my right nipple “The girl needed assistance.”

I cannot help pondering what her comment would have been if I had been seen moments earlier performing as Madam's little fountain.

Ms. Monique

I must temper my deportment as the train waits in Albany station. The schedule mandates that we meet the east bound train from Chicago to Boston and it is late. During the interlude, rather than close the blinds, I find it more entertaining to leave such open and watch the reaction of onlookers passing by on the platform. For though Danny Boy does not kneel with his head between my thighs, I instead have him standing on a stool facing the cabin door, his little rump exposed to all who might glance through the window.

I have temporarily removed his patch, deeming it superfluous while the crew is otherwise occupied. Thus the threat of suggesting that Danny Boy turn to face the occasional gawking passenger is deliciously entertaining. The shyness concerning his alteration is unending and as he stands in a disciplinary pose...hands on head, shoulders back, feet apart, the small of his back arched to better display his girlish buttocks. I intimidate by suggesting there is a cute little girl on the platform looking at him and he should politely turn to wave.

This brings delightful consternation. As stated, the perspicacity of the castrated male is clouded by the hormone imbalance. Therefore in Danny Boy's mind that is no doubting that I would expose his nakedness to a prepubescent girl, which of course I would not.

Still, the threat is of such concern that he begs, and his entreaties include pleas to return his head to my powerful thighs where his tongue and lips so admirably serve

As the activity on the platform wanes I arise and stand to Danny Boy's front. I palm the little empty sac with my left hand and with my right stroke Danielle's clitoris—yes, that's what I term it when I desire to demean my little charge. And it's amazing to see him further blush. Yet



the penis stirs in tribute, his supplication to and adoration of the woman who castrated him so charmingly entrenched,

Bringing Danny Boy to full tumescence—if a manhood the size of my pinky can be so described—I withdraw my hands. His skin is flushed to a deep pink.

“Turn, Danny Boy. Show your proud erection to the crowd,” my firm words spoken as a command.

There is no crowd of course, the conductor having called ‘all aboard’. But watching Danny Boy struggle with the choice, being disobedient or ignominiously showing his altered state to the vanilla world, is divine

He obeys, of course, carefully turning on his pumps just as the train lurches to continue its journey toward Montreal. His relief in noting that the crowd has dispersed is palpable. Yet there are gawking station workers who catch a passing glimpse of my naked, neutered hermaphrodite, his standing tiny appendage hinting at the potential of a virility that could have been, had it not been for my castrating hands

Watching Danny Boy mentally struggle, trying to accept his role in dispensing pleasure but never receiving, learning to serve as the impotent toy for the lauding female, all bring renewed lust. After all, power arouses the Dominant female, and there can be no better manifestation of such power than to gaze at male organs which I have so succinctly trimmed, depriving all masculinity from a potentially virile male. He struggles because I so mandated

Yes, viewing Danny Boy's empty sac excites and I lift my skirt to expose to Danny Boy's eyes that which he so much savors; that which he can adoringly service to spawn the pleasure that he's been denied.

He steps down and I quickly encircle waist and thighs and tie off the strings to hold in place his patch. The conductor will soon be passing through and Danny Boy...Danielle...will once again earn her fare.

With covering in place, I wordlessly point and he knows to kneel and resume his lifelong task. As the train rolls through the outskirts of Albany, idyllic scenes of the Adirondacks approach. And for a woman of Dominance there is no better way to appreciate blue sky, crystal clear lakes and fir-covered mountains than to be orally serviced as the glorious sights of nature form a panorama and roll across the window.

## **Julie**

It is Friday morning and the designated cell phone rings. After a stunned pause, I approach with apprehension, press with thumb and meekly announce myself.

“Yes, ma'am.” It is the Club's concierge.

“A special session for you tonight, Julie. It seems you've made an impression on Madame Cravache Be here at 8:00 p.m.”

There is a click, cutting off the voice. Since I have not before used the phone—it cannot transmit calls and is blocked from receiving those not originating from the Club—the brief exchange is a novelty. I suppose I will become accustomed to it

Though disappointed in losing a night off, it really has no impact on my social life. With the sizable nose ring, dates are limited. Whereas I could find a blind date and avoid explaining the odd jewelry, such interaction is too ephemeral. And to explain the ring to friends and acquaintances in the fashion business is wearing, I would have to lie about my circumstances and then remember to whom I lied and what story I concocted

Yes, perhaps a visit to the Club will break up the long weekend. And besides, my contract is most explicit: I am on call for the duration of the agreement, to be summoned to the Club at the whim of any member.

It's not all bad. The monthly stipend is most timely wired to my account

without delay. Thus the poverty has ended, And though that initial session with Ms. Monique was excruciating, both mentally and physically, something about being controlled by such an overpowering woman-to be forced to perform, to be so deliciously exposed—all seemed to stimulate something within

I feel as if a deep hunger has been partially satiated

And I have no marks! When I was released and I returned to my apartment, the calendar indicated I was gone for three days! The healing was rapid.

Three days floating in nothingness....no light, no sound, no smell, no taste, and even the sensation of touch seemed to disappear in the warmed gel

I have lingered about my apartment wondering what the other pets do during the intervals when not being put on display. And now I know. One just waits in trepidation for the special cell phone to ring.

The contract mandates that I always have it within reach and that I be prepared to respond to a demand within hours. It's like an electronic leash. And I feel a strange sort of arousal in being forced to return to the place of such pain and ignominy.

Who is Madam Cravache? The notion of being at the beck and call of another female also stimulates I prefer the company of men...or do I?

Time crawls and I clean my apartment for the third time in a week. Groceries arrive and I tip the delivery boy quickly while he stares at my nose ring. Maybe he recognizes me from fashion ads. Though the circle of metal is large and formidable, it cannot be that much different from the body mods seen every day in Greenwich Village.

Still, his reaction reinforces my decision to remain somewhat reclusive. And I must begin to wonder about the ring's eventual removal. There is the possibility of returning to modeling when my contract terminates. Hopefully the thick gauge will not permanently change the shape of my

nose. Looks are everything in fashion.

The hour finally comes. I don simple apparel knowing that at the club I will not long be clothed. I call for a cab and dash through the building lobby avoiding eye contact with neighbors. The ensuing ride is short and the limited amount of fare irritates the cab driver. Though the Club is within walking distance my shyness dictates privacy. I leave a good gratuity for the driver but not one of exceptional size. I do not care to be remembered.

A young page escorts me to a floor I have never before been. The Club facility is large with many floors of private rooms. When I exit the elevator the young man, boy really, announces that I am expected in room 717,

“Your clothes.” His extended hand emphasizes that I must strip. I know the rules but was not expecting to have to disrobe before a mere teen. With all the modeling it should be easy, but at the Club it never is. Here the purpose of complete nakedness is one of tawdriness whereas in fashion nudity is functional and brief.

The boy gapes, of course. Though my previous model thinness has been forcefully transformed to the

preferred voluptuousness of the Club members, my body still commands attention.

“You must contact me for your clothing when you leave,” the pert page succinctly states. Then he stares as I sashay down the hall, completely naked, skin turning to anserine, checking the room numbers and hoping to quickly locate room 717

I knock and hear a command to enter. The door easily yields to a twist and a push and I step into what appears to be a conventional hotel room. But there is certain bizarre furniture and one wall is covered with implements of correction. Having recently experienced being the recipient of the intense agony such devices can imbue, I cringe in

knowing anticipation

"Good evening, Julie. So nice to see you again." turn. A woman sits in a large chair behind the open door. She pushes it closed "I am Madame Cravache."

Ahhh, yes. She witnessed my caning. Or at least I think she did. As trained, I was focused on Ms. Monique during most of the ordeal, heedfully responding to her commands. Thus identifying the individual members is difficult

"I am glad to see you recovered so nicely."

I blush. All the years appearing in public, most instances in skimpy attire, and the stare of this handsome woman, visually inspecting me as if for sale, brings awkward shyness

"You're a very pretty girl, Julie. You enjoy being looked at, as did I when I worked the runway."

She pauses, correctly assuming that I will appraise her looks. Yes, this Madame Cravache has the remnants of stylish good looks and the éclat which I first admired of the experienced models when my career began. She has grace and though her black hair is streaked with threads of silver, such do not detract from an undeniable handsomeness. She is simply dressed. In white cashmere turtleneck sweater, a short pleated skirt, it appears she has played, or will be playing, tennis this cool evening

Whereas the years may have somewhat depleted her physical beauty, a quiet self-confidence has more than bolstered her stature. Madame Cravache arises from her chair and her fluid movements suggest that she has style. For fashion models, I cannot help wondering when and how life's transition takes place, from ostensible poise cloaked by sheer beauty to one of admirable confidence and assured self-esteem. She at one time commanded attention with looks. Now she does so with both pulchritude and presence

Her right hand rises in a practiced gesture to allow her fingers to explore. I move my hands to the top of my head, the weeks of Ms. Monique's training commanding obeisance; silent obeisance

Thumb and forefinger deftly pinch my left nipple and tenderly roll the pink flesh. It hardens and I feel wetness begin between my thighs. Dominant women have that effect, a fact unbeknownst to me before I signed my contract.

“We all have our little proclivities, don’t we Julie? You were quite entertaining last week. Did you know you could dance so well? Or beg so grovelingly? And such animated reaction to the pain! Exquisite.”

Her unctuous words have the desired effect. I blush again with the recollection and of course the scene in which I soiled the stage needs not be mentioned. The embarrassing trauma automatically comes to mind.

“Yes, and mine is to watch. Observing the masochist at her zenith...or should I term it her emotional... abyss. You bore such pain and humiliation, and you so much enjoyed it.”

Indeed, the memory of reacting with a powerful climax, ejaculating to soak the tablecloth before dozens of peering eyes, puts me in a mental funk. Three days of floating in gel caused me to relive the trauma time after time. But was it truly traumatic?

Both elegant hands rise to cup my breasts, shapely and enlarged through weeks of special diet comprised of all dairy products, the fattening sustenance which I had for years denied myself

“But there are times when a special girl comes through the Club and I want to do more than watch. Special girls like you Julie...ones of extraordinary beauty.”

The left hand works my right nipple, the right slides down my belly and dexterously finds my denuded mons. I part my feet by rote as the fingers

glide into my vaginal sheath with embarrassing ease.

She coos, “So wet, my dear. Such a facile love channel. And yet we have not begun.”

She withdraws her moist fingers, glances at the glistening coating of feminine essence and sniffs. My odoriferous juices bring a smile, one which slowly turns to wickedness. I tremble under that look. She knows so much about me and I so little about her. But I fear I will soon be learning.

“Come. You should be in restraints. You'll feel better.”

Madame Cravache guides me by my elbow. I am taken to a curious piece of furniture...a horizontal board covered in padded leather propped on four legs some three or four feet off the floor. I kneel and stare as furlined cuffs, seemingly ubiquitous at the Club, find their way around wrists and ankles. I look up to see the surface of the horizontal board has a hole in the middle. It is the size of a human neck

“Just some precautions while I work,” Madame Cravache pleasantly suggests.

The cuffs are tightened. Madame moves to the odd furniture. She flips a latch and it parts, opening the hole

“Come; squat...neck right here. Face the curtains.”

She pats the leather surface, smilingly inviting me to have this peculiar device visually separate my head from my body. I have no choice but to comply. I have signed the contract.

I step forward, squat, and watch as the two halves of padded leather close around my neck. My wrists are drawn behind me and each secured to a leg. My ankles are likewise attached to a leg. She latches closed the surface halves. The strange piece of furniture and I become one.

“So lovely; the essence of submission.”

I am helpless and must quietly squat and listen to the sound of Madame Cravache assemble I know not what. She finally returns carrying a tray.

“But in some regards, too lovely. The truly submissive need a humble look. You shall have it.” She steps to my front, scissors in hand

“The hair, for example. Such covering for a girl stimulated by nakedness. You will feel deliciously exposed without it.”

I am aghast when her hand approaches. “No!” I shriek in violation of every rule.

She laughs, and ignoring me, begins to trim...to shear, really. Large chunks fall to the leather surface as she snips and snips.

“Your last vestige of pride, Julie. We'll make you look as we please here. And think about how much cooler you will feel under Monique's hood.”

Tears roll as I realize she will not stop. When she begins to collect the locks in a bowl, the length and quantity suggest that my head has been completely shorn. After a few moments of additional short, quick snips, she steps back

"Yes, a lovely bald girl. The look doesn't really become you, Julie, but it does tend to highlight your nose ring.”

She laughs maniacally as she steps away with the bowl. When she returns the hair has disappeared and the bowl is filled with warm soapy water. To add to my humbled look, I am to be shaved. For this I close my eyes in both shame and shock. Madame casually speaks as she soaps my head and the straight razor glides across my head

"Guys won't be finding you very attractive, Julie. But you probably wouldn't be dating much any way



with your duties at the Club. I am told that learning to enjoy severe pain, a girl's attention is refocused, as are her wants and desires.

“Even with pretty hair you would probably find socializing with ‘Mr. Plain Vanilla’ to be unsatisfying. You’ll never get ‘out there’ what you find in here, Julie. We know how to keep a girl of your ilk happy.”

My heart pounds wildly when she soaps my eyebrows. I think of how much time and effort makeup artists would spend on those well-manicured strips of hair. And now with four whisks and a flick of the wrist, the expressive wisps join the sudsy contents of the bowl.

“There now, completely hairless. And what a look of supplication.”

Madame mockingly toys with my nose ring and laughs as the pain forces my head to turn with her controlling fingers. She then smooths her fingers upward over my forehead, and gently caresses my smooth-shaved head, driving home the effects of her depilation. The sensation is strange. It is oddly titillating to feel cool room air and the friction and pressure of her warm fingertips, where before I only felt the occasional bristle of a hairbrush.

“Not so pretty now Julie, but so nicely vulnerable. Not a strand of hair covering left.”

Her tone is sang-froid, so matter-of-factly emphasizing my transformation. I cannot imagine what I look like, but I am to find out.

Madame Cravache withdraws, steps back and smiles. So pleasantly evil, reveling in her power to trifle with my looks. She cocks her head to one side, appraising her handiwork. There is an irritating self-satisfaction.

“Want to see?”

Would it behoove me to say no?

She moves to the curtains, which have been the subject of my focus all the while the scissors and razor plundered the remnants of my false hubris. A simple tug draws aside the folds of thick cloth. Where I assumed there was a window, instead, is a mirror. My eyes widen in shocked dismay. An alien sphere of flesh appears propped on a platform of black leather, as if my head is on a platter, humbly presented to the cruel Madame Cravache. She laughs at my reaction. She knows that she has removed the only remaining symbol of a life of style, dignity and grace.

I am a pile of flesh... masochistic flesh...squatting totally helpless and restrained, meekly awaiting the mercy of an envious and diabolical superior.

Now the tears began to cascade, rolling past my chin and wetting the leather. Madame Cravache offers mocked sympathy,

“There, there, Julie. So sad. You should have envisioned all we would take before you signed the contract.” She laughs, a deep chortle, which serves to heighten my remorse.

She approaches and tweaks my right ear. "Did you really think you would be left with anything? The catharsis will be complete, Julie. We're going to tear you down and begin again. And if you do return to modeling, it will be on different terms. There will be no haughtiness, I can assure you. Henceforth you'll earn your opportunities to be paid to parade about before the camera.”

She lifts her right leg and smoothes a highly polished boot against the inside of my left thigh. For some reason I obediently spread to accept the unusual caress. Sometimes I hate myself.

In welcoming the boot, it slides to my mons and she presses the pointy toe against my labia. She then begins to frottage my pink feminine flesh. Despite all the trauma she has inflicted on me, it feels good. I sigh. She laughs even more.

Then there is a knock on the door. Madame Cravache casually calls out 'enter', evidently expecting a visitor, withdrawing her foot. My shame will be deepened in being so presented before a visitor.

In the mirror I see the reflection of a man. He closes the door and looks at me, naked, squatting within this strange contraption, newly shorn of hair. I close my eyes as he joins Madame Cravache in laughter.

"Done so quickly, Marie? I had thought to enjoy the scene."

The handsome man carries a paper bag, steps forth and embraces Madame Cravache. He is some ten years her junior, most athletically built, and before my career waned, the type I would date and torment with my practiced 'hard to get' routine. Dark hair, most meticulously slicked back, dark eyes, the assertiveness of his hug hints at considerable strength

"You have brought the make up. Excellent." Madame Cravache speaks with enthusiasm, frightening enthusiasm. She takes the bag with great anticipation and peers within. Over the past hour I have learned that what inspires Madame Cravache cannot be beneficial to me

Meanwhile, the man steps to my front. I am to be inspected. What normal man would not avail himself of the opportunity to examine a restrained and naked girl?

"Hmmm...,becoming....," he muses, "but so is the awkwardness of a newly hatched duckling."

He laughs with his comparison and reaches to play with my nipples. I blush with his touch. He is indeed handsome and I regret having been rendered so...so awkward.

"Come, Henry. First we shall enjoy each other's company. I shall finish with her later."

Henry smiles, provides a final more painful pinch, withdraws his hands,

and begins to remove his jacket

“She's aroused, Marie. Can you smell her fragrance? She's totally naked, secured and nicely spread, and humiliated beyond any degree she could ever imagine. And what is her reaction? The tart becomes stimulated...so wet and fragrant.

“The Club has selected well with this one.”

Hot tears roll down my cheeks, but with my heated loins spread for inspection, my odor indeed fills the room. It embarrassingly signals to all the perverse reaction to Madame Cravache's cruel regimen. Like the devilish smile of a seemingly contrite naughty child, who though apologizing for opprobrious behavior,

glows with merriment, my fragrance evidences the enjoyment of the latent masochist. Despite my tears and look of remorse, there is something about being controlled and humiliated that rouses. And such realization brings both shame and the odd stimulation.

Ms. Monique

The conductor took Danny Boy so deeply that last evening I did not utilize my strap-on. Such resulting soreness dictated that I temper the normal penetration. Instead Danny Boy spent the night with his head between my thighs. I slept well. Danny Boy's assiduous tongue never stopped, or so it seemed. But I will permit him a catnap or two during the day.

I awake to regretfully release Danny Boy from the grip of my thighs. Sleeping with a neutered male is so comforting. With the constant wrapping in special unguent, his skin is as smooth as a baby's. He wears the uniform of an innocent child...nothing other than soft, pink skin

My little monkey crawls from the bed and I smack his cheeks as he runs to the apartment's kitchenette. The firm but playful spank focuses his mind and he giggles with the attention. Without the constant reminder

for the castrated male there always seems to be a tendency for the mind to wander. There is a wistful loneliness, a never-ending quest. I have supposed it's some inveterate mental search for his balls, though I have assured him time and time again they belong to me and will not be returned. Still the brief interaction serves to renew the bond between subservient castrate and his Dominant castratrix.

[oll back against the pillows, mentally planning the day while the smell of rich freshly brewed coffee perks me from my slumber. I'll exercise Danny Boy a little bit. The farm has a good-sized patch of soft grass where we'll play fetch. Watching Danny Boy's girlish nakedness crawl about entertains the staff and the diversion is good for their morale. Later we'll take Big Fred for a grueling cart ride in the hot sun

The fragrant brew so nicely beckons that I finally arise and visit the bathroom. As I sit on my large bidet to empty myself, an adoring Danny Boy enters, carefully clenching an oversized mug in both tiny hands. I take the offering as he drinks in the sight of my bronzed nakedness

"You enjoyed the conductor's attention, didn't you Danny Boy? So big and strong. His manhood gets nice and stiff and stands so tall, doesn't it? Not like your tiny penis. And you so nicely licked it clean for him."

I chuckle as Danny Boy nods. He has a mesmerized look, as if recalling the deep penetration, the certain pain, the subsequent pressure on his little prostate, the satisfaction he must have felt having a real man explode inside him. His look tells me he is reliving the experience.

Danny Boy patiently stands as I slurp the hot coffee. He wants something and, though I know he too needs to use the facilities, there is more than that to his look.

"Okay, I know you're sore."

I guzzle the cooler dregs in the mug and put it aside. Then I push my backside and thighs further back on the bidet.

“Come on; up.”

Danny Boy giggles and extends his arms. I reach out under his arms and lift as he pushes up with legs and feet. My overpowering strength, his pusillanimous body, I lift him off the floor like a doll as he spreads his legs. I lower him onto my thighs, parted as I sit on the bidet. His legs are spread further outside of mine, the smooth child-like calves forced in a wide split. It nicely exposes his pink parts. He knows to wrap his arms around my neck for balance and support, leaving my hands free to toy.

"You were also a good little girl for the porter, yesterday, Danny Boy. You tinkled for her?" Danny Boys nods, his cute golden locks tousling with the movement of his head. "She let me go standing up..., well kneeling," my little hermaphrodite gushes with pride

I insist that Danny Boy squat to pee, and just as now, occasionally allow him to experience the joy of the bidet

I grasp the tiny male organ. Danny Boy knows to perform while I hold it. I so much enjoy toying with the sweet little thing; it's a powerful boast to my psyche. After a pause his flow begins.

“Well, I think your little rectum may be sore, so let's soothe it with a little water.”

My left hand finds the valve. Danny Boy squeals and grinds his hips to ensure that the nozzle's warming spray finds his worn anus and perineum

Ah...the delights of the castrated male. Finding pleasure in sitting on a bidet...and under the control of the woman who snipped him

After several moments I pull Danny Boy's head toward my breasts. He knows to curve his lower back and move his rump. In leaning forward, the warm spray douses his empty scrotal sac, said to be as sensitive as a woman's labia. He squeals again and giggles joyfully.

Danny Boy-or should I say Danielle—is being douched Later it will be my turn, and then Danny Boy will gleefully lick me dry. Such obedient homage. Julia

This most handsome Henry and Madame Cravache engage in steamy sex well

into the night. For hours I humbly squat within the platform and its four legs and listen. The passionate groans and moans become wearing but also keep my quim moist. Some of the sultry action I can see in the mirror. All sheets have been cast aside. The two are completely naked and each coupling ends with Madame Cravache sitting astride Henry's erect penis and riding with verve and delight. Why would I think that a woman of Dominance would fornicate any other way?

Even as dawn approaches there are more moans and finally a feminine shriek and a manly groan. I feel moisture escape my sheath. I too need attention but my wrists remain bound and I know that there will be no satiation offered. I squat in frustration

The two mellow in one last mutually comforting embrace. Madame Cravache finally stands and steps into the short pleated skirt

“Good, as usual,” she offers to her lover while coolly securing the single garment about her waist.

Her even-toned words of encouragement are mindful of an athletic coach assessing a mundane performance.

She turns and her breasts appear to fill the mirror in front of me. For a woman I estimate to nearing her mid-forties, her mammary glands are both large and firm, seeming to diminish mine. She catches my stare.

“Yes, Julia. Time away from modeling enables a girl to develop the look and profile of a normal woman. But you won't yet learn that..., not while serving here.”

She grasps the bag brought by Henry and approaches where I squat. She leans down to pinch my right buttock and laughs with my futile attempt to free myself as she squeezes. I shriek. She laughs more.

“Now that I am in the proper frame of mind I'll complete your new look. I think you'll find it quite chic.”

The bag is opened and Madame Cravache begins placing its contents on the leather surface. Jars are aligned to my right, various brushes to my left. Not understanding her intent, I squirm with discomfort.

“There, there, Julia, I'm just going to add a little color. That immense bald head needs adornment.”

The jars are opened. The brushes unwrapped and Madame stands before me as if surveying an artist's canvas. “Ah, these should do the trick..semi permanent dyes. Eventually the skin will return to its normal

coloring. The lighter colors perhaps dissipating within weeks. But the darker shades will remain for months. You're going to look very pretty...”

She dabs a brush into a jar. I watch as her hand nears, then disappears from sight. I feel the cool wetness of liquid atop my head. Madame begins to giggle uncontrollably, a cackle really. Her breasts shake with the throaty laugh.

“Oh, yes, pretty girl. You won't be modeling for a while..., at least not in the fashion world.”

Tears again begin to flow as the handsome woman daintily dabs away, frequently switching brushes and colors. Since she stands to my front I cannot see my reflection, but the hideously gaudy colors of the brushes are enough to gauge her intent. It feels as if she's creating broad circles of sunshine yellow, bright orange and the most bizarre shade of red. I cannot help but stare at her breasts while she works. And despite the mental shock, I find myself envious of her firm and even glands. It is curious how destructively jealous she seems—or should I suggest



seemed—of my beauty, and now how I find myself admiring her form

She pauses and steps back, assesses her work and laughs again “The ears, oh my dear, what should we do with those ears?”

Another jar is opened...an appalling purple. I cannot help but think of her comment about the darker colors. I shall have purple ears, and they shall be purple for quite some time

Next she dabs away my tears, mocking my mournfulness.

"I know you'd prefer to feel pain, Julie. Such are the desires of the masochist. But when I'm finished, you'll want to feel pain even more...every time you see your reflection...and do try to keep your cheeks dry. You'll dilute the dye.”

I cry out..., I beg..., I beseech, "Not my face!”

“Oh yes, Julie..., all the way to your neck. Henceforth you will be finding much comfort wearing Ms. Monique's hood.”

More jars, more brushes. Reaching my forehead, the circular motions become smaller and transform to elliptical swaths of chartreuse, yellow and blue on my face. With my eyes crossed, I watch in horror as my nose becomes orange..., I imagine like a beak. My neck is turned a shocking red right down to where it is encased in the platform. Indeed the completed line of coloring is where the hem of the hood will cover my head, as she promised

"Yes, Julie I think you're going to feel more comfortable hooded and being caned for the duration of your contract. You really didn't think any one here desired to look at your beautiful face did you?”

Her left hand constantly dabs away tears with a tissue. I cannot stop bawling with the imagined results. I keep telling myself her wicked handiwork is temporary, but how can she, or any one, be so sure there will be no permanent discoloration?

And how will I live? I have been reclusive in bearing the nose ring; now I must completely retract from normal society.

“Ever think you'd be ashamed to have people looking at you? It will be quite the change for you. No more secretive inner pride in being the object of attention. Yet you will in fact be the object of much attention, Julie...”

The evil Madame Cravache steps to the side, no longer impeding my reflection. I am grateful that she has finished but the comical head resting on a platform is not mine; it is a clown's!

“You'll have even more onlookers now!”

My heart lurches and I sob outright while Madame Cravache cackles in glee. Henry steps to my front and joins in her mirth. His deep manly laugh frustrates even more.

“What about her body?” he inquires.

“No, Henry, that would detract from the marks of the whip, crop and cane. It would not do to deny the Club members a clear view of Monique's welts and stripes. No, Julie will find herself insisting on wearing the hood and be glad that only views of her buttocks and breasts are in demand here.”

Madame Cravache steps closer to test the dye with her index finger. “It dries rapidly. Time for the lotion.”

Another jar is opened, this time thankfully containing a clear viscous solution, in which both hands of my wicked tormentress are immersed. Then she applies the slippery solution to my head, gently massaging. The sensation is unique, never before being bald. Within a minute I again feel cool wetness everywhere from my neck upwards,

“Yes, my pretty clown. You have one more indignity to bear. “The chair,

Henry.”

Her handsome lover slides a chair to the side of the platform. With Henry holding her hand, Madame Cravache steps up on the seat and uses it to mount the platform. She carefully balances herself, towering above me, smiles and grasps the hem of her short skirt.

“I so much enjoy oral service after sex. But Henry has this prudish thing about tasting his own semen.”

She lowers herself as she speaks, placing a thigh on each side of my head. She sits facing me with her feet and calves dangling over the back of the platform

“But I am sure a nice girl like you would not object.”

Against the slipperiness of my bald head, Madame Cravache presses her trimmed pudendum against my cranium. She wriggles her hips, pressing her mons against my forehead. She then adjusts her position and I smell the pungent remnants of her steamy sex, still redolent with the recent expulsion from Henry's manhood. I feel her tremor with sensuous joy.

“Oh, she's nice and warm, Henry, and deliciously slippery. Now...where's that tongue?”

Ms. Monique

Though it is a cool morning, the sun is bright and I have my riding crop which can provide warmth. Danny Boy skips along as I walk. Smiling handlers nod in greeting, some pinching Danny Boy's cute derriere as we pass

The Farm was purchased years ago to augment the Club's urban setting. There are any number of D/

s activities which are best engaged in outdoors...from riding, hiking, swimming, to just enjoying the mountainous vistas.

Thus there is a fulltime staff overseeing a number of subordinates who clean, cook and entertain.

Whereas I look forward to working Big Fred, bringing the big steed to a lather is best done in the heat of the day. Therefore Danny Boy and I will recreate until lunchtime, then have a sumptuous meal and have Fred harnessed for a grueling afternoon

Some hundred yards from the Farmhouse, there is an open field of grass where it appears there once was a croquet court. Since members of the Club are not given to such activities, the grass has grown to normal length but the softness of the turf remains and it is an excellent area to exercise Danny Boy and get him some sun

Keeping the castrated male trim is important. With the hormonal imbalance, a sedentary Danny Boy will tend to accumulate fat. And though I strive to keep his skin tender, hairless and smooth, I also like his girlish shape.

So we play games and of course the games involve discipline, obedience and humiliating subservience. That's what makes the games fun

As we stroll to the open field a merry Danny Boy frolics, enjoying so well the outdoors after many weeks of indoor servitude. His little feet patter and he amuses himself by jogging around me in circles as I walk directly to the open area.

“You'll need suntan lotion, Danny Boy, and your special gloves, so you don't cheat.”

I coat his entire body to make it gleam in the bright sunshine. He giggles when I smear a sizable dollop into his cleft and insert my index finger into his rectum. Some of the handlers notice and begin to stroll toward us. All love to watch me work Danny Boy and of course a cute castrated male is quite the attraction for women of Dominance

“Hands,” I command.

He offers such without delay and I retrieve from my pocket thumbless mittens. When donned and tied off at the wrist he cannot remove them, the rubber-coated cloth rendering his fingers useless.

“Have a special challenge for my little doggie today, Danny Boy.”

From my pocket I retrieve a special anal plug which I had made in a Bohemian New York City sex shop. It can be inflated after insertion and has an extension attached which curves upwards. It's my doggie's little tail

Since Danny Boy is all too familiar with our game he falls to his knees and begins licking my boots, already getting wholly into the canine mode.

Danny Boy's well-opened rectum easily yields and the plug is inserted and pumped to an adequate level of pressure. The firm plastic extension points upwards like a hunting dog's tail and the observing handlers begin to laugh before we have even begun the game

“Now Danny Boy, my little puppy. Keep the tail standing straight up all the time. Show off for the girls.”

His flesh is warm but goose bumps of embarrassment begin to form. The plug manipulates his prostate, stiffening his little penis. I slap his left cheek with my crop. He momentarily quivers with the stinging pain and then I throw a spongy foam rubber ball out onto the grass.

"Go get it, boy. Go fetch.”

Danny Boy bounds off crawling on all fours, his thighs widely parted as trained. I apply a moderate upswing of the crop and nip his empty scrotal sac peeking back under his tail. He jumps and the handlers laugh. I too must smile. He will capture the ball in his mouth and eagerly crawl back and then I will toss it again and again. I feel moisture between my thighs and wonder if I will be able to properly work

him before the attention of his tongue becomes paramount.

Still, watching his naked rump crawl about gives rise to a most sanguineness sensation. And the tail waggles with each thrust of his thighs. There can be no more heady a feeling, except perhaps if I were to castrate him again

## **Julie**

“Be a good girl and keep your head shaved for us, Julie. If not, it will be done first thing when you return to the Club for sessions.”

Having thoroughly cleansed her vaginal passage of all traces of a long night of sex, Madame Cravache lectures me as she packs her things. Henry is long gone. Madame stayed to shower while I remained well secured within the platform. I smell of Madame's feminine essence. She reveled in rubbing her vaginal lips all over my head, forehead and face.

"So smooth, warm and slippery" she commented more than once. Henry was greatly entertained watching Madame have her wanton way with my colored cranium "I'll probably summon you in a couple of weeks. Some of your colors may need enhancing."

With those distressing words, Madame unclips my wrist and ankle cuffs. She has been gone for quite awhile by the time I extricate myself. With hands free I eventually find the latch holding closed the two halves of the platform and after many hours I can finally stand, gingerly and unsteadily, and thankfully get away from the mirror which has forced me to either stare at my bizarre appearance or close my eyes

Needing clothing I quietly tiptoe into the hallway. On Saturday morning most Club members would be sleeping late, particularly after a long night of debaucheries, And I certainly do not wish to wake and draw attention. Madame was most diabolically correct about that.

A button near the elevator labeled 'service help' seems the most likely way to summon the page. And sure enough the sound of motors indicate a timely response to my press.

The doors open and an uproarious laugh follows. It is disheartening but expected. Though naked, my strangely colored head and face draw all attention from breasts and shaven mons.

"Well, I have your clothing, but am not sure it's all that you need. Come."

The young page gestures me into the elevator. Though apprehensive, I have no choice but to obey. I want to go home and cannot walk the streets naked

The elevator descends, skipping the main floor. The doors open to an ominously darkened hallway. I demur from stepping out. We are deep in the basement with no windows and limited lighting. The page laughs at my reluctance.

"A little late to be cautious. What aspect of your well being remains to be sheltered?" The page steps out and crooks his finger for me to follow.

"There is a locker room where you can dress, And the basement connects to the garage exit."

I have no choice but to follow. And the notion of surreptitiously exiting through the garage attracts

He leads to a nondescript door that easily yields to a simple push. It is indeed a locker room..., well lit with bathroom facilities, lockers and benches.

"You smell rather enticing, Julie. And my shift has ended. Perhaps you'd like to earn a ride home?"

Yes, even I can smell the remnants of Madame Cravache's long orgasmic night. My head is covered with a mixture of her juices and Henry's

spendings. I need a shower.

"Why not just straddle the bench and lie face down. You won't get your clothes without expressing some form of appreciation, I assure you. And we can make it quick and as comfortable as possible for you. There's some liquid soap for lubricant if you have not before been opened there."

Ms. Monique

Curious how in some respects Danny Boy enjoys showing off and in others he can become quite bashful With the girls laughing as Danny Boy bounds after the ball, he seems proud to be performing for me. But then after one return trip, while waiting for me to extend my hand and accept his prized offering, one of the handlers, a nurse, stoops behind him and palms the little fleshy sac which once held his manly jewels. The girl giggles most mirthfully, I suppose never before having handled a castrate, and Danny Boy becomes somewhat dejected in realizing that his altered anatomy is an object of derision

"It's so attractively smooth and pink" the girl gushes. "But you can hardly see it."

"The skin tends to wither over time," I inform the nurse. "That's why it requires kneading and manipulation on occasion."

She nods knowingly, and after I give the ball a long toss, releases her tender grip to permit Danny Boy

to begin his crawl. "I think I can be of help," the nurse proclaims with enthusiasm

She strolls off leaving Danny Boy's audience to three others and me. When my puppy returns he drops the ball in my palm and fidgets somewhat.

Over the years I have come to learn the cause. Danny Boy's bladder needs to be emptied and he is too shy among the handlers to ask permission.



That's when a confused castrate needs the guidance of a firm woman. No matter the circumstances, the call of nature must be answered, And since Danny Boy seems to be enjoying his canine replication, and we are outdoors, there is no need for special facilities.

I take the ball. "Come, Danny Boy, over here." He is fixated on the foam rubber toy and follows me to a nearby tree "Well, girls, there are no fire hydrants, but this should do."

More laughter as I position my puppy so he can raise his left leg, I stand behind, knowing that without the feel of my touch he will have trouble. It's been many years since Danny Boy went unassisted and so I bend to hold his left knee in my left hand, reach under and grasp his tiny penis with my right. It's somewhat engorged, comparatively speaking of course, from the manipulation of the anal plug.

"Psst. Psst. Come on, Danny Boy. Don't be shy."

The handlers move to better watch the show..., a Dominant woman manifesting the ultimate in control.

"Come now, don't disappoint."

It takes a moment but Danny Boy does not disappoint. To the sound of feminine cheers he begins to tinkle and I impress the young handlers by directing the flow here and there about the tree.

"Good boy." As I shake the tiny shaft of the last remnants, the nurse returns. "What timing, Monique. Can you hold him like that for a minute?"

She has in her hand an enormous hypodermic needle filled with clear fluid. She moves to stand beside me.

"Normally used to drain fluids from cysts and joints," explaining the practicality of the evilly large implement. "But it can be used to do the reverse. Wonder if Danny Boy remembers what a weighty set of balls feels like?"

I move aside, continuing to hold up Danny Boy's left thigh. The nurse bends, grasps Danny Boy's scrotal sac in her left hand, draws it back and lowers the needle

"Saline solution. Completely benign. It will dissipate within a day. But meanwhile, Danny Boy's sac will be nice and plump."

There are murmurs of glee from the three handlers and I smilingly nod approval as the needle penetrates and Danny Boy flinches. With my free hand I caress his golden locks to comfort.

"There, there, Danny Boy. You'd like to look like a complete male, wouldn't you?" I am amazed to see the sac slowly fill as the nurse presses the plunger. "About twenty cc's should do it."

As the flesh expands, a closer look reveals the two small incisions I made years ago in order to plunder his gonads. The sight brings pleasant memories

## **Julie**

"I'll stop in twice per week with groceries," my new best friend declares. "You probably won't want to leave here to shop."

Mike the page nicely drove me home to my apartment after sodomizing my backside in the locker room. My rear aperture still stings from the liquid soap and the stretching of my sphincter.

"I suggest you be a good girl and be ready for me."

Though he cannot have yet reached his twenty-first birthday, the young page is emboldened by his manly performance and my meekness. The mental trauma has broken me. I just nod, avoiding looking into the mirror over his right shoulder.

“You know how I like it. Be stripped naked and bending over a chair. Leave the door unlocked. Pose for

me; you know...thighs spread, butt nice and high. If you're prepared we can make it as unobtrusive as possible. Don't have to tell you to be lubed. But not too much.”

Certainly not. After the anguish felt in the locker room, my rectum will be lubricated..., and with a non irritant.

Mike reaches out and tenderly pinches my nipple. Just to augment his power he had me strip in the apartment elevator, gambling that on Saturday morning few of my neighbors would be traversing the building. He was right but I must have put on quite a show dashing down the hallway to unlock my apartment door before anyone could spy the naked, gaudily colored super model. I completely forgot that I had no key. An amused Mike sauntered behind me and eventually unlocked the door. But the moments of waiting naked, bald and hideously colored in my swanky upscale apartment building were harrowing,

There was a time I would refer to a man like Mike as a ‘prick’. And I believe under the Club's rules he could be fired for his temerity in dealing with me..., Club property in the eyes of the members. But it did not take long for me to realize that Mike will be my only contact with the outside vanilla world until my contract lapses and my skin returns to normal color— if it returns to normal color.

And so I demonstrate obeisance. I cannot be seen and will indeed need food. I will also need transportation to the Club when summoned for an exhibition or private session. And the price? Well, just a little more pride.

Ms. Monique

Infusing Danny Boy's ball sac with saline was most enlightening for both Danny Boy and me. It was interesting to note that the pressure of the fluid facilitates erection, and with the inflatable anal plug my naked

puppy moved about with an engorged little penis that was closer to that of a virile male than at any time since I snipped him

And for Danny Boy, he most comically crawled about with a confused look, trying to understand what was flopping about between his thighs, the sensation of possessing a burdened little pouch having long since escaped his memory. He constantly shook his buttocks thinking something had been attached to his scrotum

Though the girls were greatly entertained, after a half dozen more long tosses of the ball, appointed duties beckoned, and lunch time approached

And so here I sit, eating a cold lobster sandwich in the Farmhouse's quaint dining room, Danny kneeling at my boots. He stays in his canine role and I reach down, hand feeding him to fulfill the intended sustentacular purpose for our respite. I am wearing my special jodhpurs, designed to open widely at the crotch. With his food consumed it becomes time for another purpose for our rest. I part my thighs and open the long folds to reveal my overheated sex. Watching Danny Boy perform has been most stimulating. I am quite moist and need the attention of his tongue and lips.

Since libertines own the Farm facility, receiving oral gratification is well within acceptable rules of deportment. And so I finish my sandwich, snap my fingers, and sit back while Danny Boy moves his head and face into the demanded position

“It’s going to be quite warm this afternoon. We’ll take Big Fred on a nice long run.”

Danny Boy looks up and smiles. If there is one thing that a subordinate relishes it is being placed in a position of control over another subordinate. With Danny Boy there is the added factor of envy in his enjoyment of Big Fred, a very well endowed steed. He is given to tugging so harshly on the restraints

Melissa, our waitress, brings coffee. She's a mousy little thing, a

college student employed for the summer months. Her body appears to be not yet fully developed. And with her pubes shorn of all hair, she has a pre-pubescent aura. This of course enthralls the members and though her duties at the farm are limited to being seen..., totally naked..., and waiting on tables, but not to participate in the more sordid activities, one can quickly surmise that her masochistic prociivities are piqued.

Upon graduation, I am sure she will be asking for a contract and performing at the Club. The sexual squalor of big cities has that attraction for country girls.

My hand extends to Melissa's mons and my index and middle finger slip between her labia. Yes, she is youthfully tight but also quite moist from observing Danny Boy service me. I have no doubt that her arousal is in fantasizing that it is she kneeling between my thighs; not, as most would suggest, that she craves Danny Boy's tongue.

I diddle a bit and she obediently parts her feet. When I feel a slight vaginal spasm I withdraw. At the Farm such tantalizing manipulation is the equivalent of a tip.

“Can you make sure the stable is expecting us, Melissa?”

“Yes, ma’am, she politely responds, disappointed with the curtailment of my bold caress.

The girl needs much attention and some day she shall have it. But for now, partially masturbating her will assist in her decision. Though the Club cannot offer a career path, the likes of Melissa can be well compensated for twelve months of servitude as a pet.

And she will not have to wait tables.

Another cup of coffee and more diddling would be enjoyable. But Danny Boy and I have a full afternoon and attention to Melissa will come another time.

The stables are an easy walk, quite pleasant in late spring, I take Danny Boy's hand and he skips, his bare, hyperactive feet trained to prance at a pace quicker than my walk

Having tossed off a few small vaginal orgasms over coffee. I am mellowed but know that the sight of Big Fred will revitalize my libido.

Fred offers a lifetime of servitude to the Farm. Though most would consider a strict regimen of bland food, tight bondage and grueling exercise to be wearing, Fred's alternatives are few. And he considers himself fortunate for his care.

Fred is a criminal, never convicted, but with DNA evidence that situation can easily be rectified. An inebriated Fred decided to have sex one night with a girl who was not quite of age. Though he swears she consented, her level of sobriety and limited years made consent legally impossible. Thus her father, a prominent judge, was upset enough over the premature loss of his daughter's virginity to swear out an arrest warrant, Fortunately, Fred never gave the girl his correct name. And so a quiet manhunt ensued and in Fred's desperation he came to me for help. And I very nicely suggested a stint at the Club's farm would be an ideal place to temporarily hide

But, as stated, there is DNA evidence permanently sealed away and waiting to be matched to the perpetrator. Since the statute of limitations does not begin to run until the true identity of the suspect is known, Fred is in a predicament.

So...with such a cloud of legal matters the length of Fred's stay is indeterminate. Yet the handlers ensure that he is never bored and serves well. And I have promised him that if and when he decides to stop serving, / will ensure that he never rapes again

‘Snip, snip Fred; I so much enjoy admonishing during less than adequate performances. And with Danny Boy's empty sac so prominently displayed, Big Fred knows my threat is no bluff and he could be mere moments away from becoming ‘Frederica’, Plus we have plenty of Fred's DNA to share

with the appropriate authorities. So a stint in prison would be an interesting way to introduce 'Frederica' to life's new role. Yes, such a harsh response to disobedience may seem cruel, but as opposed to the Club's pets, handling Fred is serious business.

We turn the corner of the stable and there stands the magnificent beast 'Big Fred'. Though his height is some six feet six inches and he sports a very lean two hundred and fifty pounds, it is not his stature that earns him the moniker of 'Big'. A flaccid manhood dangles close to his knees and a pair of massive plums—apples really—are being palmed by Lydia, his handler. I smile with the incongruous sight. The cute but nasty little girl appears half his size yet has complete control over the giant beast.

"Good afternoon, Lydia. Fred appears nicely trim."

It's a compliment and young Lydia beams with pride. Having graduated college with a degree in physical therapy and a penchant for Dominance, the employment offerings of the vanilla world had little appeal for Lydia. A visit to the Club resulted in a quick interview and a job offer. A year later, when the farm was purchased, Lydia thought she had died and gone to heaven

Big Fred is her main charge, other human ponies enduring only seasonal sojourns. With the seasonal steeds, good conditioning is mandated, but Lydia's high standards cannot be achieved in mere months. It is with Fred, forced to serve night and day under Lydia's exacting tutelage, that superb physical fitness can be attained and Lydia's talents and hard work are displayed

Lydia looks up and smiles, withdrawing her hands. Fred's ball sac unravels and swings heavily between parted thighs.

"Oh, yes, he's run ten miles a day. High protein, high complex-carbohydrate diets. His caloric intake preciously equals his daily caloric burn

“And he's kept chaste, as you well know. There's something about overabundant hormones that keeps a male eager to perform.”

Lydia can be loquacious about her profession and the handling of her charges. The pride exudes.

Meanwhile, as if responding to a cue, Big Fred begins chafing at the bit. It is either my presence or that of Danny Boy that makes him stir in harness. Plus, his huge penis begins to engorge, which can be quite the sight to behold.

How charming, It's nice to be remembered

Big Fred is well harnessed to a chariot-like vehicle. Whereas sitting in one of the many pony carts can be more comfortable, I like standing. And if I so choose, the roofless design enables me to swing without encumbrance a long, single-tailed whip. Plus Danny Boy can kneel before me on the wheeled platform, which can result in very pleasant cunnilingus while sauntering along mountain paths on a clear evening

There is something about watching a man's balls sway while laboring in the waning sunlight that proves enchanting

But this afternoon I do not wish to saunter. I am in as frisky a mood, as is Big Fred. “Split his balls and strap ‘em, Lydia.”

Indeed, there's no better manner of encouraging a male's performance than to have his precious gonads well restrained and subject to the whim of a firm and demanding feminine hand.

As Lydia retreats to the stable for a suitable length of leather, I inspect while Danny Big enviously ogles Big Fred's rising erection

Fred is extraordinarily well muscled, as am I. But whereas my feminine chemistry dictates some degree of soft layering, his abundant testosterone enables Lydia to practically eliminate all body fat. Being devoid of all hair, the smooth skin appears to be mere coating and



assists in evidencing the miles of daily running. A perfectly flat stomach and impressive arms, well secured behind his back, indicate that Lydia's physical therapy involves more than just roadwork. Pectoral muscles form a mountainous base, upon which projected nipples seem to beg for the crop. Overall, feminine guile and control has crafted a body of indefatigable steel. Yet, poor Fred is not conditioned for personal recreation. He is instead shaped to impress the admiring female; a nicely sculpted carnival animal and, of course, conditioned to be worked

Still, it is the erect penis which measures nearly ten inches that proves to be Fred's most alluring attribute.

I turn to select a whip from the rack. I test several. A few sharp snaps draw the attention of all present in the corral area, vacationing Club members, handlers and steeds. When I turn back, I see my rambunctious Danny Boy kneeling before Fred, lips savoring the enormous purple plum of a penis tip, tongue swishing with usual alacrity, tiny hands each cradling a testicle.

laugh. Such a charming scene; my little castrate engaged in an act of adoration, lovingly caressing the balls he wishes he had. It is a fascinating psychological study, for as much as Danny Boy appreciates the organs, he has a somewhat malicious envy for Fred the person..., or rather the steed

Big Fred would prefer to demur but has no choice but to accept the mischievously offered fellatio. He knows that ejaculation is not only forbidden, it is paralyzingly painful. A rather clever doctor, a Club member, implanted a fascinatingly sophisticated electronic chip near Fred's prostate. Intended for sufferers of various spastic maladies, it was originally designed to electronically shock and numb appropriate nerves to ward off seizures. Some simple recalibration changed its function to that of chastity device. In sensing pending climax, Fred's naughty reproductive organs receive a much more powerful jolt, agonizingly painful, and most effective in abridging any release of sperm

And so I watch with amusement as Big Fred not only suffers the indignity

of being fellated by a genderless antagonist, he must also withhold ejaculation in order to avoid the resulting crippling shock

Of course, Danny Boy is aware of this. And so he licks, sucks and caresses with zeal, tormenting a virile male who, though well endowed, is as factually sterile as himself.

A warning jolt, transmitting a stern message to Big Fred that the various sperm ducts and vessels are prepared to explode, has our naked steed suddenly lurching in harness. He knows within seconds, given his heightened state of arousal, that a second crippling jolt will follow. He pushes back in harness against the chocked wheels of the chariot. His incredibly long erection escapes Danny Boy's throat and lips and glistens in the sunlight. It is a wondrous sight to behold: the vaunted male organ standing so strongly yet being subjected to the whims of a prettied castrate.

The agitation is delightful, the state of chastity begging to be broken, yet the underlying avoidance of shock overriding his carnal demands. Big Fred is befuddled and in his confusion his need to remain chaste wars with his need perform; doing what he has been trained to do for months and months and months: to labor under the whip of a firm woman

Despite my Danny Boy's exquisite oral skills, Big Fred does not ejaculate and will remain in dire need

to climax. And such a tormented state will result in exemplary physical performance. He is ready to be worked.

Lydia returns from the stable with a scrotum strap. The strong length of leather ends in a narrow strip that splits in two. Danny Boy continues to palm the apple-sized glands but knows to cede his tender grasp to Lydia. The experienced handler deftly jiggles the massive scrotal sac and utilizing the narrow segment of the strap forces the gonads to the sides. She then circles the right egg with a split end and buckles it back onto the main strap. The left testicle is similarly strapped and our demanding smiling handler hands Danny Boy the loose end

“Want to walk him around a little, Danny Boy?”

With evident glee, my enthused little neutered toy takes the offered strap. He stands, tittering like a schoolgirl. Lydia's booted foot kicks away the wheel chocks and Danny Boy steps back, facing Big Fred with a devilish smile and drawing up the slack on the scrotal strap. The massive testicles meekly rise, the tension on the leather forcing Big Fred's ten-inch erection to stand even straighter. As Big Fred steps forward and his huge muscular form is forced to follow the teasing tugs of my castrated servant, I feel a twinge in my loins. My libido is indeed revitalized. It's going to be a wonderful afternoon

## **Julie**

As instructed, I have bathed, cleansed myself with a moderate colonic, and slicked my anus with enough KY jelly to minimize my discomfort, but optimize Mike's pleasure

It's only Sunday and I already had to call Mike and avail myself of our new arrangement. There is very little food in my apartment. And of course I cannot go out.

So here I stand in my apartment, bent over a straight backed chair with my once famous backside pointing toward my unlocked apartment door.

With my feet widely parted and my back arched to enhance a salacious view of all my intimate charms, I cringe with the thought of some stranger or neighbor unwittingly entering the door. There is nothing to prevent such a shocking mishap. Yet, it is Mike's demand that he is so greeted and I am most compliant to his wishes

He is my lifeline to the outside world. I must eat.

The waiting... the apprehension..., is gnawing. I resolve to dutifully bring Mike to climax, gently squeezing my buttocks to heighten his pleasure

Meanwhile the clock ticks, my heart pounds, my legs tire, but I dare not move and be disobedient.

Finally there is the rattle of the door latch, a waft of air where a girl can feel the most, and an unanticipated feminine laugh

“See, I told you what to expect.” It is Mike's voice but to turn to greet him would violate his strict mandate. But who is with him?

I hear whispering and more giggling then finally a girl, probably not yet out of her teens, strolls around the chair to stand before me. I crane my neck to look up, my hands folded behind my head as Mike instructed. The pretty teen has a look of both surprise and amusement

“I kind of recognize her, but she looks more like a clown than a fashion model.” She laughs with her own comparison. Mike joins her. “One of the members decided she was a little too proud.”

Speaking before me as if I am not present adds a frustrating level of humiliation to my naked presentment. But my silence is mandatory and I feel myself flush with the shame of my lewdly displayed nakedness, my hairless head and my gaudy coloring.

“But she has a nice body.”

Young hands reach out, each caressing a breast, hanging like udders waiting to be milked. I close my eyes. Tears form with the degradation..., but she does have a curiously sensitive touch. The girl seems to enjoy stroking a woman's sensitive parts. With her examining look, it is evident that she is bisexual, if not a devout philogynist.

It is apparent that Mike has brought her to be entertained, seeming to be most proud of his control over a one time successful career woman and desiring to flaunt it

The girl steps to my left side and smooths the tips of her fingers down

my spine. Her touch causes

me to tremble. It is so different, so surprisingly knowing and self assured. She expects a certain reaction and I am chagrined to provide it as my flesh turns anserine, my nipples crinkle even more and I shift my feet

"She spreads even further, this one," the girl mockingly taunts as the finger tips reach the top of my buttocks.

"And her fragrance suggests she is quite moist." Yes, I am. And I curse myself for my obvious reaction to being examined. She moves to stand directly behind me and I feel the hands part my cheeks

"Yes, the inner labia are quite pronounced, Mike, just as you said. The loose lips dangle nicely below her quim. Her fingers must have been quite busy as a little girl" she announces, evidently stooping for a most unimpeded view of my feminine portal

I feel the slightest touch on my pink and moist inner labia, dangling indeed between parted thighs. "And she has nicely lubricated her little rosebud for you... as if she desires to be anally penetrated." She laughs sardonically. Mike joins her.

"The Club selects very wisely, Mary. She has all the expected proclivities."

"And you say she squirts?"

"That's what some of the members reported on her opening night. Soaked the table cloth."

"Well..., we shall see."

Despite my ostensible concerns with the subject of the conversation, I sense my thighs spreading even more. Mary notices the subtle move and snorts with the irony. She will masturbate me..., and I know it..., and

despite my silent reserve, she is aware of the zeal of my furtive anticipation

Ms. Monique

I could run big Fred until he dropped. But I always manage to refrain from the temptation. After all such would mean that I could not run him again..., and again..., and again..., which I fully intend to do.

So Danny Boy and I directed Big Fred along some very hilly paths. I swung the whip; Danny Boy held the scrotal strap, which was pulled back between the steed's thighs and threaded through a ring on the front of the chariot

For the first mile Danny Boy could not resist tugging vigorously which, though quite entertaining, slowed our journey as Big Fred interpreted the painful tension as a signal to slow or stop

This of course provided me with an opportunity to crack the whip and command more pace.

Watching those huge well restrained balls jiggle beneath buttocks which received welt after welt eventually placed me in a state of concupiscence. I finally tied off the scrotal strap and had Danny Boy kneel and service me. The chariot's movements added a delightful sensation to Danny Boy's efforts.

With views of clear blue skies and deep evergreen mountainsides illuminated by bright sunshine, a woman of power becomes mesmerized. The hormones flowed and much attention was required.

When we reached a grassy field, I pulled the scrotal strap in earnest and we stopped to rest. I was both amazed and amused to see that my whip and controlling hand on the reins placed Big Fred in quite a state of tumescence, his ten inches seeming to reach for the sky. Such is the well ingrained reaction to being under the control of a Dominant woman.

It excites. And the sight of a cantering Big Fred proceeded by an erect penis the size of a pogo stick must be most enticing. I regretted having my view blocked by his backside.

I watered our steed, unhooked him from the cart and with wrists remaining bound behind his back, tied the scrotal strap to a high branch:

Standing on toes, his scrotum slowing stretching, Big Fred watched in envy as I removed my jodhpurs and received Danny Boy's tongue and lips. Viewing the huge but useless erection can be incredibly stimulating and Danny Boy had never been better. Big Fred twice lurched as his electronic chip signaled its warning of pending climax. And after a dozen or so of my own climaxes, I had Danny Boy deep throat Fred just to add to his frustration

The chip worked well.

In returning to the stable, Lydia marveled at the array of perfectly patterned welts and stripes. Though the Club's indoor facility inhibits the use of the single tail, my touch remained

“And I've never seen him so completely engorged,” the young handler commented. I just smiled; fully cognizant of the masochist's aroused reaction to pain, control, humiliation.

Saturday evening, after a wonderful dinner, Danny Boy massaged me and I sodomized him well into the night with a wellribbed, firm rubber phallus. Pressing against his softened, hairless skin can be most soothing. And the little girlish squeals as the bulbous tip works his prostate are exquisite to hear.

Sunday morning the weather began to turn as I had Danny Boy, sore from the deep penetration, once again crawling about and entertaining the girls. Another jaunt with Big Fred had to be cancelled as rain began, and reports circulated that the inclement situation would worsen

A glance at the train schedule suggested that an early return was

possible. So after lunch, I had a handler dress Danny Boy, and we called for a taxi

When the usual cab driver arrived, I placed Danny Boy in the front seat without any objection from the driver. Before we exited the farm's gates a demure Danny Boy offered,

‘May I suck your penis, Sir?’

Our livery man drove with comical caution as he received a perfectly timed blowjob from my cute ‘little girl’ companion, resulting in forceful ejaculation just as the Port Kent train station came into view.

Danny Boy's skilled tongue and knowledge of the male appendage combine to make such coordination possible

When I noted that the station was in sight, I know he pressed his lips and zealously swished his tongue along the overly sensitive underside of the glans penis to terminate the undertaking. This ensured there would be no delay in exiting the cab. It's another example of Danny Boy exercising a degree of authority of his own.

Conrad Applegate

Taking the train to New York is time consuming, but the vistas are worthwhile and enduring customs at the border can be more tolerable when one is seated with a cocktail. My official curriculum vitae always creates alarm within the immigration authorities, and casually sipping on a Champagne cocktail while a bureaucrat labors to communicate with various channels in the Department of State and numerous intelligence agencies provides a more genteel atmosphere.

But alas, I make it through every time. Every Foreign Service organization is better served in providing me with access, and I know that when I reach New York, I will have a variety of visitors surreptitiously knocking on my hotel room door. All will be flashing impressive credentials, and I often wonder if they ever literally bump



into each other while traversing the hotel lobby.

This trip is no different, but my thoughts fade as the train crawls into the Port Kent train station, There, standing holding the hand of a little blonde girl, is a large woman of color. The sight of any sizable black woman brings back daunting memories, and my thoughts concerning hotel intrigue quickly dissipate

I calm myself by reasoning that I should not cathartically react to the sight of every tall dark skinned woman. But the well muscled calves and the perfect posture suggest otherwise. And when her head turns somewhat in my direction to watch the approaching train cars, her face is all too familiar.

My mind enters a funk. Can it possibly be her?

The train stops. She firmly tugs on the hand of the golden locked ingénue and lifts a single overnight bag, The handle stretches to indicate ponderous contents, yet the woman slings it about without discernible effort. She is of imposing strength.

This concludes the quandary. It is indeed she..., the woman known to me as Ms. Monique!

## **Julie**

The groceries are greatly appreciated. Mike brought enough food for a week. Nothing elaborate, of course. But I suppose the humble sustenance coincides with my circumstance.

The priapic Mike then split my backside while this Mary observed with a look of Schadenfreude Though painful, she seemed to be amused by my groans and pleas. Midway into Mike's sodomy, she even caressed my breasts. Overall she seemed aloof to the barbaric manner of copulation. It seemed to stir some degree of curiosity but certainly not lust

After Mike spent copiously, I orally cleansed his manhood, a de rigeur

obligation of the recipient, according to Club rules. While so doing Mary graciously gathered what sperm oozed from my rectum and introduced it to the cleansing process. I swallowed all

It was then that Mary masturbated me. Her fingers were soft, gentle and knowing. She seemed

fascinated with my protruding labia, at one point treating such as cow's udders. She penetrated my vagina, finding my 'G' spot with the alacrity of an Ob-gyn, and used something cleverly stimulating on my clitoris. Though somewhat mechanical, her manipulations brought a thunderous climax, with Mike closely surveying and commenting as I once again ejaculated, this time soaking my carpet

Mary was quite accomplished

Now I saunter about my apartment naked and with an ankle cuff attached to a long chain secured to the base of the toilet. I can reach all parts of my bedroom and kitchen but only half the living room. The spare bedroom is out of range as is the apartment door.

Mary ransacked my closets and moved all clothing to the spare bedroom. At least I presume that's where such are stored

Though initially distressing, the absence of clothing really is not a problem. With my head dyed to resemble that of a clown, leaving the apartment is really not an option. But the realization that my captivity is now 24/7, and the only respite will be when taken to the Club to be caned or engage in some other lascivious activity, the confinement is disheartening

Ms. Monique

I strip Danny Boy naked, removing his feminine attire and reaching for his patch. After all, he has to earn his return train fare. As I tie the collection of strings, there is a knock on the cabin door. Rather soon

for the conductor or trainman, I think to myself But male lust can be most mercurial. Perhaps there are marital problems, which can partially be assuaged with oral satiation.

Since no key rattles the lock, it cannot be a member of the crew. "Yes?" I call out in response after a suitable pause, "Who is it?"

"May I have a word? I believe I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance in the past." It is a male voice, cultured, educated and Old World in its inflection

"I am changing my charge. Do you mind if she is not entirely presentable?"

Introducing a nearly naked Danny Boy to complete strangers can be a thrill. He becomes so girlishly giddy.

"I have so often performed the same duties for my niece, I am sure not to be offended."

I snap my fingers and flip my wrist, signaling to Danny Boy to bend at the waist. There is the small matter of his anal plug. I give it a swift tug and tuck it away. There is no point in

overwhelming this gentleman, whoever he is.

I unlock the door. The man enters and I see that the voice belongs to a gentleman indeed; nicely attired, tall, though not as tall as I, reasonably well built, though certainly not as strong either. He is handsome, a hint of gray suggesting the onslaught of middle age has begun, though certainly not long ago.

"My name is Conrad Applegate," the man introduces himself.

He seems vaguely familiar. And I believe I have read of the name in the business press. But there have been so many men. The Club alone has hundreds of members, all financially prominent and all are given to bringing guests from time to time. He reacts to my look of perplexity.

“And you are Ms. Monique...twelve years ago, Virginia, a special government facility...”

My heart leaps and I very subtly step back in caution, leaving room for a swift karate kick should I perceive any threatening maneuver. Bringing a man down is simple if one has the mental conviction; I certainly have no compunction about placing a man in pain.

He stands perfectly motionless, seeming to allow for deliberation on my part I pause, thinking rapidly. Reminiscences unfold,

Overall, my sojourn in Virginia was a very enlightening period of my life. I had graduated college, summa cum laude, University of Virginia. I had some interesting job interviews but when I mentally extrapolated the potential of the positions, none seemed to excite. When I tried to envision where I would be in ten years, no offer assured placing me where I endeavored to be, except one, as an interrogator for the National Information Agency.

"You were a guest of the Agency?" I inquire, cautiously wording the question so as not to divulge anything

There are dozens of ‘agencies’. The NIA happens to be very small and its function kept very secret. "Yes. You interrogated me. Remember?" The meekness. The puppy dog look. The underlying quest, the need for resolution

Yes, I probably interrogated him. His lifelong reaction is typical. After all, the treatment at the facility was intense; an experience not to be forgotten

"So, Mr. Applegate, you have questions; you wish to talk. Had you been more forthcoming years ago, you would not have had an opportunity to meet me, to be placed in my care.”

lintonate mockingly and smirk, driving home the irony. Had he indeed

told the NIA what was needed, he would never have fallen into my clutches. My job was to maximize duress, and I did. “Well, what is it? You may talk before Danny Boy. After all, you have something in common.”

Conrad Applegate

So it's a boy! I should have guessed that a woman of Ms. Monique's ilk would demand such degrading subservience.

I close the compartment door. We will talk. In divulging the gender subterfuge of Danny Boy, Ms Monique has accepted me into the fold, so to speak. But I am sure there is more intrigue to follow.

“He's very pretty,” I offer, cloaking any disdain

The blonde actually blushes and I cannot help thinking that there is no end to her cruelty, a mere child. She seems to read my mind in response.

“A servant, and a good one, Mr. Appleby, though a particular alteration has imbued him with certain shall we say...proclivities. And by the way, he's in his late twenties in case you find his youthful appearance to be repugnant. I like to keep him looking young.”

So boldly phrased, I think to myself. And he stands stripped naked with his hands so obediently placed behind his head, awaiting orders or a hand gesture; perhaps even a snap of the fingers. There is a paucity of muscle structure. The patch at his pubes would be insufficient covering for most males..., and that chest, so underdeveloped, so feminine. Passing Danny Boy as a girl must be effortless

Yes, as dominant as Ms. Monique proved to be with the NIA, it is obvious that she has since excelled to unimaginable levels.

“It's Applegate; Conrad Applegate. May I sit down?”

She nods and sits opposite me. Danny Boy plunks himself on the floor

seeming to follow a very subtle hand signal. Given a collar, he could be a well-trained dog

“You've probably read about me in the papers. Made some money. I'm no longer in the information business.”

Ms. Monique, former NIA interrogator, will know that the information business is a euphemism for espionage. Yes, I was a spy. Well educated, a very cultured upbringing, when I turned twenty-one I received a congratulatory handshake and the very disheartening news that every trust fund had been depleted

So how does one live in the proverbial life style to which one has become accustomed?

I sold information. At first my efforts were ungainly and tainted with patriotism. The British Empire was my home. I had an affinity toward the democratic side of world affairs. I loyally work one side. But money is not only fungible it is a great diluent of ideals. Selling the same information twice... sometimes three times, possibly four..., can be most lucrative. I turned. Thus I was able to sustain my lifestyle, and though it took a few years, a moderate level of wealth was restored,

But then things changed. As the walls of Communism crumbled, former foes

began to cooperate; a very distressing circumstance for someone perceived as loyal yet in fact offering intelligence like a cheap whore. Some organizations actually found that documents deemed extremely sensitive by the originator, and highly costly to the recipient, were precise duplicates. Imagine that! I guess I should have been more careful in disseminating secrets.

A concerted counter intelligence effort commenced. It did not take long for various trails to lead back to me. I had no cover, no place to hide. I was the whore who gave all concerned a sexually transmitted disease. The entire fraternity was infected. No one rose to my aid

A sting operation was set up. A certain branch of the American military reportedly wanted architectural drawings of important buildings in Iraq. I, of course, immediately went to the Iraqis, explained my need and was given both false plans and a nice wire transfer for duping the Americans. And being the whore, I looked forward to receiving another sum from the American side upon delivery.

Though unsophisticated, and knowing that eventual discovery was probable, my livelihood was faltering. I needed the money. When the KGB and CIA begin to cooperate, what is a greedy double agent to do?

I made the drop without incident. After all, my antagonists needed time to ensure that the docs were in fact fictitious.

It's when I later acted on instructions to retrieve payment, furtively pulling a fat envelope of cash from a post office box, that some very unsavory characters flashed credentials and 'invited' me into a waiting SUV.

That's when I became a guest of the National Information Agency.  
"Whatever happened to the girl, Ms. Monique?"

"The girl?"

"The one sealed in a cage."

A warm smile, a thoughtful pause. The fact that a beautiful, young naked girl, hanging some five or six feet off the austere concrete floor of the facility, produces no memorable impression on the daunting Ms. Monique speaks loudly to her psyche.

"She served a purpose, Mr. Applegate. Her presence was most effective, wouldn't you agree? But she was not the focus of my attention and therefore I do not know when she was released, if ever." She laughs.  
"She was there to rut, as they refer to some breeding animals. And the fact that you have such stalwart memories means she rutted well

“Is that your question? Why you chose to summon the courage to knock on my compartment door?”

She is brazen but astute. After my ordeal she knows how difficult it is for me to stir the cauldrons, reflecting on the gallimaufry of emotions from years past.

“To be frank, I don’t remember you, Mr. Applegate. There were so many and as you can imagine, the faces have become so irrelevant over time. What was your number?”

Ordinarily I would refrain from any drama, particularly with a young girl present. But the ingénue’s true age and gender have been established. And Ms. Monique will certainly not be shocked.

I unzip my trousers and spread my thighs. Reaching within my undergarments I cradle my scrotum, pushing upwards to expose the underside and then pulling outwards as far as possible. There, in dark blue, permanently tattooed into the soft and pliable scrotal flesh is my number.

"So your number was fifty-six. You certainly weren't my first."

She has no compunction in viewing a male's privates. Instead, she is flippant and laughs. I suppose others could deem it as a pleasant laugh, but I cannot. It's evilly mirthful

Her laugh turns to a smile, feigning mocked concern. "Tsk. Tsk. I guess it's painful to have it removed I suppose that’s why they numbered you there. The Agency's psychologists were quite effective, wouldn't you agree Mr. Applegate? After all, here you are years later cowering before a woman and humbly displaying your privates without circumspection, as if fulfilling an obligation."

Her observation is irritating but true.

"Do you enjoy it? Exposing yourself to a woman? Perhaps there is just a



tinge of thrill? I see you keep yourself shaven even after all these years..., enjoy feeling like a young boy? I suppose when you masturbate the sensation of hairless flesh brings back fond memories..., true?"

She is again assuming the role of interrogator. I wonder if she notices that I am trembling

"Perhaps thoughts of the girl in the cage still excite? So very pretty..., helplessly hanging day after day. She was most frustrated, you know, having her wrists constantly bound and being so eager to have sex. She would have enjoyed being penetrated by a big, handsome man. Is that what you fantasize about? Stroking yourself and envisioning finally having your way with the caged girl?"

"Oh, but I forgot. You don't do that any more."

More mock concern. And a cruel taunt. The trembling definitely becomes noticeable. I feel my blood rush. I know my face is flushed to crimson

Yes, I do think of the girl. How could I not? The barred window on the cell door was most times covered. The only view was through the one way glass of the window on the opposite wall. It looked into a spacious court, well lit, which was surrounded by the mirror-like windows of the one way glass of other cells. There appeared to be a dozen. In the middle was a steel cage hanging from an ominously thick length of

chain. In the cage was a beautiful young girl, stripped naked, shorn of all hair, her wrists extending outside the bars and cuffed together.

And there she hanged..., day after day. My only diversion was to watch her..., when she was fed..., when she received a brief hosing of cold water..., when she urinated..., defecated..., even when she experienced her monthly cycle. The open bars at the bottom of the cage revealed evidence of all her biological urges. Her slightest movement caused the cage to sway about. Sometimes it took hours for it to cease swinging

To my knowledge she was never released during my entire visit, which

upon eventual release, I learned, was many weeks.

On occasion a mischievous guard would poke her firm rubber nightstick through the bars and allow the girl to penetrate herself on it. But just for a moment; just enough to heighten the frustration; never to relieve it.

So when Ms. Monique references the girls acute need and her possible enjoyment of being penetrated, yes I was more than aware of the girl's concupiscence. And such in turn augmented my own carnal needs.

As Ms. Monique suggested, the facility's psychologists were quite effective.

There is a pause while she studies my reaction to her questions. She does not expect a direct response. Her point has been made.

"Why did you do it, Ms. Monique? I divulged all. There was no possibility of more deception. My effectiveness as an agent had been compromised. A simple prison term would have been just."

Ms. Monique smiles coyly; her thoughts leading to an uproarious laugh.

"I'm beginning to recall, Mr. Applegate. You should be aware that I did so many others too. You should know that none of my superiors knew you had divulged all. I did not pass that on to them until afterwards, after your humble—shall we term it—‘sacrifice’."

I am stunned. She laughs more at my silent reaction and perplexed look

"So upsetting, is it not, Mr. Applegate? To realize that the duplicitous was duped. Yes, I gathered your information, archived it and then recommended to my superiors that I be more persuasive. I informed the psychologists that you had initially responded well to the intense control, bondage and humiliation but then subsequently became acclimated to it. That you had come to strangely enjoy it and were challenging your interrogator to go to the ultimate step. That you were in fact calling the bluff of all

“Just think, Mr. Applegate; all those highly degreed top level analysts in dire need of what you had to say, and I, just years out of college, fooled them and you too, of course.”

More evil laughter. My shock turns to a forlorn shame.

Meanwhile Ms. Monique leans down and deftly releases bow knots securing  
Danny Boy's patch to his thighs.

"We practiced in the procedure during training and I became intrigued with it. But whereas it's one thing to perform surgery on a cadaver, I found the thought of performing it on a real male to be deliciously arousing. And so I conspired and worked toward implementing the procedure on you and others.

“And I've developed a sort of penchant for it..., and other modifications.”

Her hand lifts Danny Boy's sole garment. The effeminate ingénue knows to spread his thighs to show himself. Beneath the little patch is the withered scrotal sac of a castrate. More shock, though I suspected such. But I did not expect her prideful reaction. She radiates with power. For Ms. Monique, altering the male beast is a passion. And she seems so buoyant in displaying her work.

“You were conned, Mr. Applegate. It was I who sentenced you. I became judge, jury and executioner. I was enthralled with the power then, and still am.”

She glances at Danny Boy's shriveled penis in emphasizing her last point. My eyes follow hers and her hand reaches down

“Show the nice gentleman that we can still make it stand, Danny Boy. Nice and firm for me.”

Her index finger diddles the underside of the emaciated appendage. It

indeed stirs and her words and actions bring back the nightmares. Over the years Ms. Monique has become my succubus, visiting in my nightly dreams to recreate the daily interaction at the NIA facility.

Naked and bound I had to face her every day and pay homage. She was in complete control and there was no denying her presence. I was catheterized, arms, wrists and hands held behind my back in a soft but

inextricable single glove, a stiff leather collar served as a further reminder of my imprisonment. With full bladder, Ms. Monique was the only person who would release the valve and allow me to empty myself; at least partially.

I never realized that one could attain an erection while catheterized. But each morning I found out otherwise with Ms. Monique's stern but pleasant words..., 'make it stand, fifty-six..., nice and firm for me:

Full names were never used and mine was unknown to her. She was just 'Ms. Monique.

There is something about the buildup of uremic acid that affects the mind, a condition that was obviously intentional. And each morning I found myself responding more and more to this imposing giantess in attempting to inveigle her to open the valve sooner and let the flow continue longer. To do that required that I perform tricks; me the naked subordinate, she the white uniformed Dominant. And strangely, as Ms Monique alluded, there were in fact times when I felt an odd enjoyment.

She diddled the underside of my catheterized penis, just as she does now with Danny Boy, and with the weeks of chastity, it did not take much effort for my manhood to arise to her cooing words of encouragement. I would flush with embarrassment but told myself I must please her in order to mitigate the fullness. For it was only when I stood fully that she would release the valve and allow what is normally thought of as the simplest of excretory functions

Urinating for her became a cathartic form of relief. And it imbued her

with an astonishing level of control. One must empty oneself at some point in time, and Ms. Monique seemed able to take me to the brink of bursting each morning

I would crawl across hot coals for her and she knew it, and she so much enjoyed knowing it.

And sometimes I did indeed crawl for her. She deemed it exercise and would attach a leash to my high stiff neck collar and then we proceeded out the cell door and along the corridors. Other interrogators, all female, laughed with the amusing sight. Some commenting that my tattooed scrotum nicely revealed my number between parted thighs

Now in later life, the reminiscences return every night. In my dreams I perform for Ms. Monique. And now here I am in her presence. Will my trembling cease?

The NIA system was most patient in extracting information. After I became accustomed to performing for Ms. Monique, becoming erect, crawling about, displaying myself to numerous guards and interrogators at her behest, begging for the simple opening of the valve..., it was then that the flow of information began. I knew she was 'wired', espionage lingo for wearing a microphone, but I told all with glee. Strangely, making Ms. Monique happy made me feel good. And such feeling was rare when constantly kept bound and catheterized.

It took many weeks, but every operation, every tidbit of information; every exchange of documents for money was fully divulged in every detail I could recall

And after each particularly enlightening snippet of my deceitful undertakings, Ms. Monique would reward me by opening the valve long enough to allow the contents of my bladder to fully pass.

So simple, yet so ingenious and so effective.

But after many weeks I ran out of escapades. This initially upset Ms. Monique and I paid a price in the form of renewed torment. The valve was never opened for long and in terminating the flow prematurely there was indescribable anguish. I begged, I groveled but this extraordinary woman was most firm. She thought there was more yet there was really nothing left to tell

Finally, Ms. Monique announced that I would be released in a number of days. As stated, I thought after interrogation I would be imprisoned. But the NIA was a very secretive organization and I suppose placing me in the mainstream inmate population was risky. And one assumes there would have to be a trial

My recollections fade as Ms. Monique proudly announces that Danny Boy is fully standing. The neutered form sheepishly looks up at the woman whose dexterous fingers so knowingly bring the hormone deficient organ to firmness. There is such a look of adoration on his face and I am reminded of a trained animal that awaits a treat after a satisfactory performance.

But the 'full stand' is miserably inadequate for any carnal pursuits. It is the organ of a small child. "How does it compare, Mr. Applegate? Danny Boy is nicely showing off for me. Why not you also?" Such a taunting suggestion! But in my cerebral cortex, her words are still received as a command

Ms. Monique

Mr. Conrad Applegate appears to be so sophisticated and erudite yet, he squirms about as a child being scolded by a stern governess. It's quite comical to behold.

He is reluctant of course, his mind has spent years trying to forget. His psyche has been trying to heal itself, and now here I sit, once again demonstrating my feminine power by having my naked, girlish oral servant show himself to highlight his adoration and subservience and

then strongly suggesting he do the same.

“Come now, Mr. Applegate, you cannot be that shy about it after all these years. You have nothing I have not seen before..., or handled with impunity, for that matter. Just make yourself comfortable and show off for me.” My words are unctuously phrased but intoned with firmness

I turn away to demonstrate confidence that my pleasantly spoken command will be obeyed. Danny Boy's patch needs to be re-tied, as the train crew will soon be knocking. I give his little erection a solid and painful slap and smile as it obediently deflates. As I work the strings my unzipped friend slips off his shoes and stands. His slacks easily slide to the floor. His hands grasp the elastic waistband of his underpants and thrust downward. He exposes himself with a curious combination of reluctance and joy

He studies my face for my reaction. I cannot help smiling, stifling a giggle. With the humiliation of my focused gaze his shortened penis engorges, the round shaft fattens and rises to reveal the glory of my handiwork. I glance to see Danny Boy staring in awe.

“Mr, Applegate's penis was partially de-gloved, Danny Boy. He was naughty, so I punished him.”

The once-proud manhood rises to full stand, its girth still impressive but its length not much more than four inches.

"You must admit I did a good job with the suturing, Mr. Applegate. And as intended, the erectile chambers remain functional. Is there much sensation?"

He gloomily shakes his head.

“Oh, tsk, tsk. I guess your masturbatory habits have changed a bit.” Now I outright laugh, no longer able to disguise my deep enjoyment.

Yes, the NIA trained me in performing the ultimate persuasive procedure

for interrogating recalcitrant 'guests', removing the ultra sensitive skin of the penis tip. I remember the words of the woman who trained us

'Leaves a man virile and potent but with very little feeling where the male most enjoys manipulation Since the testicles are left intact and producing testosterone, the sex drive thrives, but the normal ecstasy is transformed to a disappointingly dull sensation. The ultimate response to a woman's caress or vaginal frictioning does not lead to climactic release

'It's a life sentence of frustration' And so I sentenced Mr. Applegate...and others, of course:

"Why did you leave anything, Ms. Monique? Why not have just taken it all?" Mr. Applegate beseeches It is an appropriate question. And I asked the same of the psychologists during training

I explain. "A complete penectomy will prohibit all sexual activity and contact. That is too simple. And there is the problem of incontinence, though personally the thought of permanently forcing you into diapers and having you squat to pee provided a certain visual gleefulness."

I laugh more and reach out to my half naked interlocutor.

"Hands on head. Be a good boy. You've fantasized about this meeting for a long time now. Another aspect of the procedure which the psychologists explained."

Mr. Applegate has indeed kept himself cleanly shaven about the pubes. Odd what the altering hands of a woman can manifest. Below the waist he wants to appear like a boy. I suppose in his mind the look of hairless crotch and balls conforms to his shortened penis.

My dark brown hands contrast so nicely with the pinkish Caucasian skin. I cup his testicles with my left and gently diddle his tipless erection with my right. My mind relives his fateful day, though I cannot mentally distinguish his de-gloving from the dozens of others. There were so many.



“Now, what is it exactly that you want, Mr. Applegate?” Conrad Applegate  
When Ms. Monique's hands approach I shudder in fear and with the  
recollection of that fateful morning

“Come, come,” she so agreeably suggested. “You're going to be a little  
doggie for me.”

As stated, with bladder full, her morning visits were looked upon with  
both pleasant anticipation and fearful trepidation..., anticipation in  
being granted the simple relief of opening the valve..., trepidation in  
what I would have to undergo to earn the quick twist of her thumb and  
forefinger.

So on that morning I was leashed and thought I would merely crawl! about  
for her. But after entering the austere hallway, my knees shuffled on  
the bristling carpet as she led in a different direction. I was taken to  
a room I had not before seen.

It was a medical facility of some kind with a chair for gynecological  
examinations prominently placed in the middle. I was soon sitting  
upright with feet in stirrups and my privates more than ever exposed to  
my giant antagonist.

“I want you to watch very closely Fifty-six. I think you'll enjoy the  
aura of my power as much as I do.”

My catheterized member was stretched out before me and injected with a  
numbing fluid; Novocain I assumed. And when satisfied that there was no  
feeling, one large gloved hand picked up an electrical device and the  
other further stretched my penis well down the tubing,

“Laser scalpel,” she succinctly commented.

Within seconds one circular cut was made about the urethral opening and  
another around my flaccid shaft just below the sensitive glans. I  
watched in horror as the skin of my penis tip was slid off the shaft,

down the catheter and over the valve at the end. There was little bleeding; I subsequently learned that the laser cauterizes as it cuts. After the laser was discarded, the remaining flesh was pulled down and meticulously sutured around the urethral tube.

As Ms. Monique described the procedure, I was de-gloved; so swiftly, so callously, and yet, with such evil skill

“There, now. See how simple it is to alter a man's life? It's best to cooperate. There's so much more that can be removed...”

And with that statement, I was released from the stirrups and she led me back to my cell.

At the time I did not understand the intimation of those words, nearly the last I heard from her. I had been cooperating, every morning telling as many details of my life of espionage that I could possibly remember. Why did she do it?

And now years later, in an Amtrak train compartment, I am beginning to understand

After a couple days of healing a smirking Ms. Monique entered my cell for the last time. She gruffly pulled out my catheter and with a flick of her finger unsnapped my confining single glove. She then placed a jar of lubricant on the feeding table and without a word stepped out

I was left to extricate myself from the glove.

Free at last! Or least relatively free. The cell door remained locked. But after the weeks of incarceration, complete chastity, and total frustration watching the naked girl hang in her cage, to have my hands available to serve my over heated libido was heavenly. I grabbed the lubricant, fully aware that it was most likely placed there as a ploy. I dabbed my fingers and turned to the hanging cage. The girl, beautifully shaped, but haggard as usual, seemed to be looking at me!

Thus reveling in the freedom and the opportunity to take advantage of fulfilling my fantasies, I stroked

But I felt almost nothing!

Behind me, the window on the cell door opened. It seems that I was to be observed in my first encounter with the frustration that would become a lifelong challenge, but that did not deter me. I stroked more... nothing..., and more

I heard laughter. My penis stiffened, more due to the humiliation then to my own touch

Ms. Monique's unique and unmistakable laugh wafted through; then another chimed in..., and another. I was aware that all the women of the facility took turns peering through the small cell door window as I feverishly tried to bring forth a long overdue ejaculation

Though I knew I was serving as an entertaining pawn for this collection of deviantly domineering termagants, gratification was more important to me. Yet there was none to be had.

That event ended my stay. I was later blindfolded, driven into the middle of Washington and released In hindsight I now realize that after conspiring to de-glove me, she was through with me and only then the information I had divulged was provided to her eager superiors and my release was ordered.

Now, in the train compartment, the presence of Danny Boy and the absence of his testicles explain a great deal. My interrogator was and is a sadist. She had little interest in the information I could provide

Under Ms. Monique's tutelage, I was doomed no matter my level of cooperation.

But still, though peculiar, I crave her attention

Ms. Monique

The power in cupping a man's hairless balls, particularly when so docilely standing under my command, is thrilling. The skin is so delicately soft, so sweetly vulnerable. My knowing fingers slide under the scrotum and press the perineum. Mr. Applegate's prostate gland is incredibly swollen. Prostatic fluid begins to ooze from his stiff but truncated member. He has obviously been chaste for quite some time and I begin to understand the trembling. With the hormonal imbalance there is an elevated reaction to emotional situations.

The poor dear needs to get laid; there is no simpler diagnosis for his emotional humbleness and his physical discomfort

My right hand strokes the short but stiff shaft while my left feels at the base of his manhood for a nerve response. None is discernible. He experiences minimal pleasure; the de-gloving has removed most all normal penile sensation

I glow with a pleasing diabolical pride. My cruel hands have surgically forced Mr. Applegate into a lifetime of defacto chastity. There can be no normal coitus and no normal carnal delectation. And now he so meekly stands, exposing himself, once again subjecting his genitals to the touch of the woman who so succinctly deprived him of life's ultimate reward... ecstatic sexual release.

"You need to masturbate. How long has it been?" He demurs; males usually do when asked about their nasty habits. "I don't... can't."

I smile and feel a satisfying glow. He probably experiences innocuous nocturnal emissions and I know such are probably spurred by thoughts of my overpowering hands tugging at his leash, kindly turning his catheter tube valve to provide relief, slowly sliding the most delicate of epidermis from his penis. Or perhaps he dreams of the naked girl hanging in the cage, the one pining for the phallic penetration he can no longer offer.

There is a knock on the compartment door. I gesture for my saturnine, half-naked companion to pull up his trousers.

‘Tickets,’ the authoritative voice demands. The trainman has arrived and will be expecting his oral emolument.

“Can you wait one moment please? Danielle is undressing,” my voice rising to call through the door.

I know the vision of a naked Danielle will be warmly received and the requested interval will provide time for Mr. Conrad Applegate to get his clothing back in proper order.

Meanwhile, as belt buckle is fastened and zipper is closed, I reach for a business card.

“Danny Boy has an obligation to fulfill, Mr. Applegate. Contact me in New York during the week. I think I can find you to be of service.”

## **Julie**

The first to arrive is Mary. She nicely releases my ankle cuff and supervises ablutions. She definitely enjoys the look and feel of the naked female form and when a large bath is drawn, she appears eager to join me. Instead, after shaving my head and pubes, she smooths a soft chamois everywhere, including places where a girl prefers privacy. She has me standing well spread in the tub, hands behind my head when Mike arrives. Her left hand soaps my rear crevice; the right dosing the wonderfully warm water on the dangling labia she has come to so covet.

“Another good, firm caning for you tonight, Julie. Ms. Monique is back from the weekend at the Farm and she appears impatient to apply pain. You'll soon be singing your song for her.”

Mike carries a bag of groceries. In spite of my gratefulness, I notice that his selection in food is becoming increasingly Spartan. I suppose one can live on boiled potato, but the taste buds wane from disuse. For

my beverage he insists I drink heavy cream just to ensure that my newly acquired plump roundness is maintained. Mary, smiling cruelly, assures that I gulp a pint or more at every visit.

Mike stows the goods while Mary dries me and lubricates my rectum. Then she playfully swats my

buttocks and I know to quickly skip to the living room where the straight back chair awaits. There I assume the position: feet parted, bent at the waist to rest my hips on the chair back, lower spine arched to properly present my love canal and reveal all, hands behind my back

And then I wait. I become only an object while Mike finishes his duties in the kitchen and Mary drains the bathtub. Finally I hear soft footsteps on the carpet behind me, feel firm hands on my hips and a warm stiffness abrade my blatantly exposed cleft. Mary, never one to miss viewing my anal defilement, steps from the bathroom. She loves to hear and see a girl undergo the ultimate in degradation. And with Mike's beginning thrust and my initial moan, one suggesting both pleasure and pain, she pulls a chair to my front, sits and palms my breasts "Squeeze for him each time he withdraws, Julie. You will find it spurs deeper and deeper

penetration."

Ms. Monique

The remaining train ride gave me time to think. 'Poor' Conrad Applegate has been sentenced to a life of nomadic affection, constantly searching for the woman who can relieve his loins of the male essence. But she would have to be a very special woman

I can imagine a normal girl's reaction if and when that wide but stubby, headless manhood initially introduces itself for carnal interaction. I not only shortened it but the bulbous tip, which in the healthy male swells and pressures the love canal where a girl most covets frictioning, is gone.

When erect, Mr. Applegate's appendage slims at the end like the point of a pencil. No girl would feel its entry or exit, much less the desired pressuring of the vaginal walls

No, though it's been some ten years since Mr. Applegate left the NIA facility, it is highly unlikely he ever summoned the courage to seek commonplace female companionship.

The laughter would not stop. So that leaves the less-than-commonplace

I am probably correct about the nocturnal emissions, but cannot believe he has been staining his sheets each and every night for some ten years

No, my altered friend has sought and occasionally achieved comfort in some manner and I have to smile with the thoughts of the deviate engagements he must undertake to relieve himself of the burgeoning supply of sperm

Upon arriving back at my apartment, a grateful Danny Boy arduously tongued my quim while I patiently searched the Internet for information on Mr. Conrad Applegate. I was pleased to find that his reference to having 'made some money' was vastly understated

Conrad Applegate is quite the international speculator, having timely purchased large chunks of the industrial might of the former Soviet Union. He is wealthy and renowned in the business world, apparently utilizing his one time clandestine contacts for more pecuniary quests. And to think that I snipped him! Not in the same manner as Danny Boy, but certainly with equally deleterious effects on the male libido. I surmise that my little alteration imbued him with certain focus. After all, it is unlikely that any amorous pursuits would lead to sexual satiation. Therefore it is wealth and the acquisition thereof that has become the substitute for the normal carnal needs

As I lie face down on the padded massage table and Danny Boy works deep within my gluteal cleft, I cannot help wondering if my puppy-eyed

speculator will telephone. He has my card; is staying in New York, and it was he who sought me on the Amtrak train. Though he appeared vaguely familiar, I would never have any inclination to initiate contact with him. Subordinate males are a dime a dozen, glumly treading about in the vanilla world, trying to please overbearing wives in order to receive one more climactic release. I would not bother to so much as raise my crop in acknowledging such drones

But Conrad Applegate..., now there could be an interesting acquaintance. Educated, cultured, handsome, and moneyed...! wonder if he has a suitable tongue.

Conrad Applegate I am at the Waldorf Astoria, glum and lonely.

Normally when I am in New York, the well bribed, or should I suggest 'compensated', hotel staff will be of great assistance in ushering various special guests to my room. As long as they are demure and plainly dressed, I have never, in my entire world travels, encountered a hotel where a gentleman's 'companion' will not receive some degree of welcome. But as a result of the recent cathartic meeting with Ms. Monique, my enthusiasm for thumbing through my red address book, so colored to denote the sultriness of its listings, is

greatly diminished

I attempt to entice myself by reviewing the names and my cryptic phrases denoting each of their specialties: Kelly—dog walker, Holly—nurse, Susan— bondsman, Laurie—trainer.

Though thoughts of the numerous morning encounters of being leashed and walked about naked in my huge hotel suite are normally stimulating, on this visit my mind transforms the face of the woman tugging away to that of Ms. Monique. And whereas I am accustomed to visualizing her pleasant but diabolical face when I later attempt to masturbate, usually it is the fine face and form of Kelly...or Holly, or Susan, or Laurie, which serves as catalyst to the times when my warped libido allows me to step down the path of arousal and toward some form of sexual satiation.



The cost of the depraved companionship is meaningless. I pay double and for that the girls completely ignore the condition of my 'joy stick', as the young Susan terms it, and the numbering on my scrotum. And of course each id secretly grateful that she does not have to provide sexual contact. When one girl, no longer on my list, performed her role perfectly but later referred to my 'preferences' as truly bizarre, unfavorably comparing my requests to her usual role play—jaded guys who were merely experimenting with new ways to get their rocks off, I began to realize how lonely one can be despite the wealth, notoriety and influence.

The girls know that my manhood is undersized and misshapen. They do not know it is greatly desensitized and certainly have no inkling of how such came to be. Since none are ever permitted to touch it, except Holly who replicates the NIA's catheterization, my secret affliction, which clinicians term 'secondary impotence', the ability to achieve erection but not to ejaculate, is well kept.

As I put aside my red address book, I pick up Ms. Monique's card and realize that it is only she who fully understands my condition. On the train, she had me standing firmer and with less role-play effort than any of my paid 'companions'. And to have her closely inspect that which the girls are instructed to ignore, so heightened the zest, the carnal emotions. In having the woman who forced me into this life of sexual dysfunction, her hands returning to the very place of alteration, I trembled in both abject fear and anticipation. She stimulated mind, body and soul. Could a gratifying climactic release have been possible?

I curse the trainman's knock on the compartment door.

Yet, to finally find the answer, to understand that I am living a life of sexual turpitude because my sensitive foreskin was surrendered to the lascivious guile of a Dominant woman, well..., no session with a dog walker, depraved nurse, bondage aficionado, or perverted trainer will ever redress my mental turmoil in pondering that,

My hands shake in thinking about it. As I return to Ms. Monique's card and reach for the phone, there is the recurring vision...that of a smiling face; of a firm ebony hand pulling me about on a leash; of the painless laser device cutting a man's most precious organ; of gloved hands sliding away my penis tip and down the catheter tube; of being released to futilely celebrate by trying to masturbate before the caged girl...of the feminine enjoyment in ending my life of normalcy.

SHE has it...that tiny, but most sensitive, part of the male anatomy. I cannot help wondering if I can humbly earn it back

Ms. Monique

Just as I turn over the phone rings. Inopportune, but Danny Boy can take a moment away from his oral endeavors to retrieve the cordless phone.

"It is Mr. Applegate," he announces, his effeminate face shiny from my juices.

I take the phone and point for him to resume. He crawls onto the tabletop and I spread my thighs as his lips move to my labia and hungrily suck in my hot and wet inner labia

Such soothing attendance "Yes," I firmly proclaim in my condescending stentorian voice.

"Ms. Monique, I am still in New York and would like to see you...to talk. It was very kind of you to receive me in your train compartment."

I smile as I suppose a spider smiles when a plump fly becomes entangled in his web

"It's Wednesday, Mr. Applegate. I have an obligation to fulfill on most Wednesday evenings. But I am available tomorrow night. You have the address. Plan to spend some time. If our conversation on the train did not address your needs, then obviously we'll have to have quite a lengthy discussion."

I give the term ‘discussion’ special inflection and it seems to provoke thought. There is a pause. I

smile knowing that there is no actual indecision and that the thoughtful interval is the male libido, rather warped in Mr. Applegate's case, ruminating on what the term ‘discussion’ means to a woman of Dominance.

“Yes, ma'am," a polite and humble reply finally comes back. He hangs up and I press the ‘end’ button

Sometimes I marvel at my own level of control. Danny Boy's earnest tongue was deeply exploring during the brief call and though experiencing waves of mild vaginal orgasms, my composure remained.

Meanwhile Gladys knocks to suggest that Julie is properly restrained and watered, humbly standing on toes and awaiting my cane.

Danny Boy knows to curtail his oral onslaught. I let him momentarily suckle on my breasts in quick tribute to my feminine superiority. Then he gently rinses me and I firmly smack his girlish buttocks, sending him after my caning attire.

“Tonight you'll clean, Danny Boy. I'll want the apartment spotless. When I return, have the harness ready and the number ten dildo..." At this his face brightens. “Yes, little monkey; your favorite.”

My little oral servant squeals in delight. Thoughts of Mr. Applegate have percolated a special desire to dominate the male. And Danny boy is the closest thing thereto.

It is curious that Mr. Applegate waited more than two days to contact me. The mental trauma in once again meeting the woman who forever changed his life must be intense. I am sure he reflects on the simplicity of the procedure: the callousness, the absence of any concern or remorse on the part of his antagonist. It haunts him, yet he cannot resist me. Just as Danny Boy so loyally serves he will also come to a

peculiar level of adulation. But how shall such adulation for the woman who modified his coveted organ be manifested?

Pamela W. Coulson

I cleared Thursday morning's calendar as Ms. Monique demanded. Since I always look forward to her visits with particular delight, it really is no inconvenience. The legal work for two Fortune 500 companies can wait. My boss, Oliver T. Cartwright, Esq., can work late to make up the time.

My idol arrives on schedule. The ebony giantess makes quite the impression in the offices of a staid law firm. I am sure Mr. Cartwright's partners always have questions when she visits. The answers are left to my boss to conjure. After all, it is he who signed on to become a pet at the Club a number of years ago. His tour there was followed by a free Ivy League education in law and a lifetime agreement with the Club to provide legal services upon demand.

I am assigned to ride herd over the obeisant little twerp. Mother is a member of the Club and when I graduated secretarial school, she suggested that as a budding Dominant, she had the perfect starting position for me. And it has indeed been perfect.

"You may go right in, Ms. Monique. I have him prepared for you."

"Would you mind sitting in, Pamela? I need some documents drafted. Oliver can dictate while you transcribe and I encourage proper form and diction."

Such a thrill! I grab a pad and follow the most Dominant Ms. Monique into Oliver's inner sanctum. Upon her arrival, it really becomes that of Ms. Monique.

Ms. Monique

Nothing like spending a morning at a dreary law firm to cure insomnia. But playing with the elite jurist, Oliver T. Cartwright, has its

moments. And of course impressing the cute little Pamela can also be fulfilling

Pamela indeed has the diminutive attorney prepared for my visit. He's been de-panted, the obstreperous vixen demanding his slacks and underwear and tucking such in her desk drawer in the reception area, For the entire morning, Oliver has been industriously lawyering behind his desk, naked from the waist down. I wonder how many visitors he has had this morning

The Club graciously furnished Pamela with certain pictures of Oliver T. Cartwright which were used to ensure her employment and which she uses to continually control her boss. I believe the one where I have him bent over with a sizable strap-on parting his cheeks furnishes the most alacritous response to her commands. In complying, I am sure Oliver fears what the reaction of the law firm's Executive Committee would be if shown the photo for failure to perform. Thus Pamela, the pretty blue-eyed, blond, twenty-year- old secretary, armed with a pile of glossy photos, is in complete control

Aware of the true pecking order, I brazenly enter his inner office without knocking. He abruptly stands

and I am greeted with the comical sight of custom-made, starched cotton shirt, hand painted silk tie and complete nudity from the waist downward. He humbly says hello and I know to stare at the small penis, which so conveniently coincides with his stature. It slowly stiffens.

"Glad to see me, as always, liver. It is possible that little worm has grown?"

He squirms and Pamela laughs, enjoying the boss's discomfort.

"Got some legal docs I need drawn up. And they have to be tight; legally tight and binding "Il sit there. Step aside."

Our meek and silent Oliver moves from behind his desk and I sit in his

impressively large swivel chair. I open my purse and extract latex gloves.

"Pamela will take short hand. You will dictate. First a blanket power of attorney..."

As I narrate my list of demands, I beckon Oliver. The docile little subservient comes to me eagerly as if he misses me...my touch... my cane...my soothing rewarding hands for adequate endurance in the Club's exhibition hall. When I hike up my skirt to expose the muscular smoothness of my thighs, he knows to straddle my legs and sit facing Pamela. Years ago, when he was a pet, this is how I rewarded him for an adequate performance, letting his naked, well-caned flesh frottage against my powerful thighs.

Pamela is allowed to sit close enough for an unimpeded view of his privates. For women of Dominance, sometimes the puny male organ can be most entertaining, particularly when properly gripped in the controlling hand of a woman.

As my sagacious but submissive attorney begins to dictate, I retrieve a small tube of lubricant. With the fingers of my left hand penetrating his rectum to manipulate his prostate, and the firm grip of my right hand stroking his undersized penis, Pamela will be treated to the most interesting process of how I choose to receive legal advice.

The trick is to frustratingly tantalize and time his ultimate release with the conclusion of the task at hand. This requires keeping his stubby erection pointed downward. In establishing such control Oliver knows there will be no happy ending until the last 't' is crossed and the last 'i' dotted. And he works so nicely under pressure...having his cute secretary watch as his prostate is kneaded and he receives a slow hand job for services rendered

When finished I will right the angle of his stiff phallus, give his tiny shaft a firm wank and have him ejaculate all over his highly polished walnut desk. Pamela will decide when he gets his pants back. She has suggested that two large clients need attention. Oliver will work late

and then receive a phone call from Pamela as to where he can locate the key to the drawer holding his slacks

Mr. Conrad Applegate

The address on the card is nearly on the same cross street as the Waldorf, though across town. Funny, but my vague recollection of New York City suggests that Ms. Monique's location is near the Hudson River piers, where there are old warehouses.

As the cab proceeds further and further west, the sidewalks become more barren and the buildings seedier. In crossing Tenth Avenue all retail establishments disappear from view and as expected warehouses with attending trucks are indicative of the predominant activity for the area.

The driver stops before a particularly nondescript industrial structure.

“Are you sure this is it?” I must inquire.

He affirmatively replies, his English accented by some language unknown to me. “Please wait and assure I can enter.”

With heart pounding I pull open a decrepit door and behind me, I hear the cab roar away.

I am surprised to enter an ornate lobby, walled in expensive marble. A young man in a smart uniform stands at a reception desk. The interior of the building can be compared to the lobby of the Waldorf, I think to myself, the exterior to something awaiting the wrecking ball

After spending those psychologically stressing weeks at the NIA's Virginia facility years ago, I cannot help but be concerned. The deliberate contrast is ominous. Someone has taken great pains to ensure that the outside of the building does not attract attention amongst the neighboring deterioration. Yet the inside is pleasantly appealing and opulent.

“May I help you?” the obligatory question echoing within the walls of smooth marble.

“Ms. Monique. I am here to see Ms. Monique.”

“Ha, you must be Mr. Applegate. She has left special instructions. Please proceed to the third floor where Gladys will assist.”

Now there is more to be concerned about. I was expecting to knock on Ms. Monique's apartment door, be offered an aperitif, talk; perhaps endure another inspection. But instead I find myself in a strange building with instructions to present myself to a woman unknown.

Still, tis not my party, as the colloquialism suggests. Thus I stroll in the direction of the page's nod and find the elevator. It is equally well decorated but slow and noisy, indicating that it at one time probably served in lifting freight and the building was indeed used for industrial storage.

The grinding motor stops at the third floor. The doors slowly slide open. The sight that greets is surprising...beyond surprising... more like shocking

What greets my eyes is a medical facility, accoutered to resemble the wing of a hospital! I recoil with thoughts of the stark white room where Ms. Monique changed my life. I freeze in terror!

"You may as well step out, Mr. Applegate. I have pressed the emergency stop button. The doors will not close and the elevator will not move.”

A woman's voice, emanating from the right. I comply and enter the bizarre ward. Strange apparatus is everywhere. There is even a large tank with viewing portholes and a platform above

I draw away my attention to focus on the voice. To my right stands a woman, nicely shaped; ordinary but not displeasing features. She wears the starched white of a nurse. I am horrified to see she holds a high



neck collar and long single glove.

It is the 'uniform' of the National Information Agency; that which I wore during the weeks and weeks of interrogation. That which I wore while Ms. Monique de-gloved the tip of my penis.

My consternation is apparently obvious. The woman laughs at my reaction

"Yes, Ms. Monique told me it would bring back memories. I am Gladys. Ms.

Monique demands some preliminary procedures before any further discussion with you. You will wear the glove, Mr. Applegate. Otherwise you've wasted your time in coming here."

I pause in thought. All the years of frustration and mental torment. And then to finally meet the woman who can provide relief..by pure chance, a coincidental encounter on a train. My psyche tells me to cooperate, to finally obtain mental allayment. Yet this woman cannot physically overpower me, and I should defend myself from further harm

She patiently waits for me, evidently fully aware of the cause of my vacillation. All the time and money spent meeting young women from my red address book, and with such sporadic satiation, and so nominally felt when achieved

It is only Ms. Monique who seems to understand my condition. She asked about masturbation and such percolated thoughts about all the kinky dalliances with Kelly and the others. So rarely do the sessions end with a climax. Kelly seems to genuinely relish her work with the leash. But the others are going through the motions and are motivated more by the money than enjoyment. None have the aura of dominion projected by Ms. Monique. And of course from a psychological standpoint, none have or will ever have the power, fortitude and resolve to alter a man's phallus...and with it his life.

It is apparent that for further contact with Ms. Monique, I will have to comply with her ground rules. One of which is submitting to the unknown

of this nurse named Gladys.

So many thoughts rush during my brief pause. I have trepidation, but the fear of continuing to live a life of forced chastity, broken only by furtive masturbation after much time being a leashed or placed in bondage, or subjected to bizarre medical play; that fear pervades.

I step toward the waiting nurse. She smiles, acknowledging my compliance. "You'll need to remove your clothing and place your hands behind your back." Of course.

Ms. Monique

Some would term it a smirk. I would prefer to term it a smile of self-satisfaction. Whatever the term applied to my look of smugness, I cannot help feeling sanguine in viewing the wealthy but helpless Ms. Conrad Applegate as he lies wrapped, effectively trapped in my spider's web

Gladys has him catheterized, intubated, and rectally stuffed with her inflatable enema nozzle. He is hooded, deafened with earplugs transmitting constant static and wrapped in the clear plastic which Danny Boy experiences several times a week. It is extreme sensory deprivation with the added feature of having

the skin saturated with the depilating and softening cream

The stiff neck collar and single glove, specially purchased to replicate that worn at the NIA, keeps my toy well secured, How long I will keep him like this I have not decided. I will release him eventually, when the whim strikes me.

"An interesting penis on this one, Ms. Monique. Almost looks like someone did surgery on it, very precise surgery. And a numbered scrotal sac...how curious..."

I smile broadly and knowingly with Gladys's observation.

“Just let him mellow for a few days, Gladys. Then if you want to play, feel free. For his first sensory dep session I'll want him to go deep. Later we'll put him in the tank.”

Gladys nods with approval, fully understanding my reference to his experience as falling into a very deep pit. Though I know that she would very much like to exert control—filling stomach, bladder, and colon to near bursting—she knows that the desired state of complete subservience, turning the mind to putty, requires a long period of nothingness

“Will anyone be looking for him?”

"I doubt it, Gladys. I called his hotel and checked him out. Then I sent a page over to gather his belongings. Mr. Applegate's clandestine business dealings have mandated that he travel anonymously and without fanfare. I doubt if he is expected anywhere. He is not given to announcing his travel intentions.

"What few acquaintances he has will most likely assume he is in secret negotiations to acquire some gargantuan industry.”

Gladys joins me in an ironic smile. The manner in which Conrad Applegate has chosen to live has facilitated his undoing. Since no one ever knew where he was, with whom he was meeting, what he was doing, his furtive life was untraceable. And now..., well, now it will be even more surreptitious

Conrad Applegate

This is not the meeting I had envisioned! I took the cab ride planning to talk more, to try to better understand Ms. Monique. Though realizing as a result of the train conversation that my penis tip was sacrificed, unnecessarily, in amusing a domineering sadist, I needed to know more.

What drove Ms. Monique to engage in such deception and torment at an age

when most women are contemplating marriage and children, houses with picket fences surrounding wide grassy yards?

The answer, I realize, shall not be forthcoming. For now I lie completely immobile, wrapped in this curious lotion. It mildly itches. But otherwise I hear only static, see and feel nothing

Wearing the neck collar and single glove, replicating that borne at the NIA, has a devious element. Ms. Monique is sending a message

The lotion eventually stops its subtle irritation leaving nothing to experience. My own breathing cannot be heard with the constant static. I am left to my thoughts. And being so restrained, my thoughts focus on Ms. Monique, my cell-like quarters where we interacted, the morning interrogations, the long hours of feeling my bladder slowly fill while gazing at the caged girl, wondering when the catheter valve would next be opened, hoping it would be fully opened

Immersed in my own thoughts, forced by nothingness to rely on only my mind for diversion, my dream-like state becomes incredibly surreal. There is strange enjoyment in mentally reliving the torment...being patiently obeisant in order to experience her touch...firm, gentle, knowing; so caring when my words sufficiently flowed, so cruelly callous if an enlightening episode was not forthcoming

I revealed so much in anticipating the pleasure of her controlling hand

In my forced euphoria, the huge woman time after time enters with her leash and clips it to my neck collar. Then she encourages tumescence, or as she says, a 'nice firm stand', and when satisfactorily stiff, I am 'walked'. Her term, of course, for I am forced to remain kneeling and the single glove does not permit use of my hands. Thus I crawl about, shuffling on two knees as quickly as I can.

'Spread your knees now. The girls like looking at your number!

Whether the other interrogators could in fact view the blue digits

adorning my scrotum I shall never know.

In my reminiscences she once again encourages me to talk. And I do, telling all in endeavoring to please her. For in pleasing her, the valve will be opened and an entire night's collection of bodily fluids will finally pass.

I suppose the extreme isolation so long ago, watching the caged girl, being kept chaste and

humiliated beyond comprehension, takes a toll. I remember her hands so vividly: large and powerful, and yet, at times so compassionate. 'You've been a good boy this morning' she commented after another incident of intrigue has been divulged. And then before a group of other interrogators, a large brown hand twists the valve. Such a simple act but providing such wondrous relief. Typically she palms my scrotum during the flow, highlighting her control to her cohorts and laughing as my nearly bursting bladder creates a torrent and fills a waiting basin. Another hand soothingly caresses my face, perhaps kneading my nipples. In hindsight I realize how much such seemingly congenial gestures reinforced my vulnerability, my dependence, on Ms. Monique for something as simple as urinating. Yet, there was created a bond, a reliance. I learned to perform and with satisfactory obedience could be the benefactor of such a modest gesture as the simple turning of a valve. So arduously earned; so casually granted.

Now, being deprived of all input in this odd wrapping, strange thoughts transpire. I relive the simplicity of those many weeks, being relieved of any and all responsibilities, the total reliance on the imposing and domineering Ms. Monique for all sustenance and bodily functions, even excretions. In my forced and restrained repose, her touch becomes tender and caring more than controlling. The feedings—gruel spooned into my mouth from a steel bowl—become acts of devotion. And in my reverie, when at one point I again decide to refuse food, she diddles my penis with one hand and uses the overwhelming sensation of pleasure to encourage me

to ‘open like a good boy’ and resume nutritional intake.

The same soothing hand guides me about daily on a leash.

I realize now that toward the end of that incarceration, I relished Ms. Monique's company. Telling her of the illicit activities punctuated my day. I would spend evenings watching the caged girl and planning the next day's tale of intrigue. Hoping perhaps that in pleasing her and having the valve opened, she would touch me where a man most likes to be touched. Yes, such an uncomplicated life compared to one of espionage, just languishing about waiting for events well beyond any ability I had to control, and hoping—hoping beyond hope—that perhaps a sponge bath was scheduled

Always performed while facing the caged girl, a caring Ms. Monique bathed every square inch of my nakedness. And despite being catheterized, the resulting erection would take nearly an hour to subside.

My wandering mind shifts from the NIA facility to the train; then to the altered Danny Boy. Again such devotion; such tender care. Ms. Monique first cruelly castrates then protects Danny Boy. With his mental development skewed by hormonal imbalance, she becomes a tiger protecting her cub. And she puts him on display like a proud mother showing a newborn.

Am I envious of Danny Boy? In observing, I perceive it to be a bizarre but heartfelt relationship.

Gladys

Controlling a man when so completely restrained, tubes filling every aperture, is facile.

I unwrap my charge and marvel at his hairless body. For an adult male to acquire the soft smooth skin of a newborn babe is pleasantly amazing. The depilation seems to nicely affect the psyche, part of the take down

process, in effect sending a signal that the subordinate male can and will be transformed. In removing the plastic wrapping, there is a metamorphosis. Our Mr. Conrad Applegate is a pupae in the process of becoming a beautiful butterfly. But he will never fly freely. Instead he will be mounted in Ms. Monique's display case

I unhook the tubes and connect a leash. He has obviously spent time in collar and lead before as he dutifully follows my tugs and directional slaps to his buttocks. After three days of being wrapped, Ms. Monique wants him in the tank. Though normally reserved for healing flagellants, Julie has been sent home after her Wednesday session and for a time the tank will be not be needed for the Club's well-whipped pets.

Up the steel stairs, Slowly. I reconnect all the tubes to new sources of air, food and water. I assure that the static blocks all discernible sound. Then give a gentle shove into the vat. He lands in the gel with a splat then slowly sinks. The deprivation will even be more intense as the gel will seemingly suspend him in nothingness

I wonder when Ms. Monique will have him released?

Conrad Applegate More nothingness, but now I float. How long?

Between the recurring thoughts of the marvelously domineering Ms. Monique come mental snippets of the lonely but financially rewarding past ten years. With some money in the bank and my career as

double agent ended, the breakup of the Soviet Union became monetarily intriguing. I was familiar with many of the players, had sold dozens of industrial secrets to the petroleum and aircraft manufacturing industries, and thus focused on various pecuniary opportunities as the revitalized Russian government disposed of one-time centralized businesses

I invested wisely, understanding better than most Westerners which factories and facilities were worthy of acquisition. And thus I became rich.

It is now ironic that the same governments and their respective agencies, which once either wished to prosecute me or 'debrief' me, now approach with reverence. And yet there are overhanging repercussions from my days as professional turncoat. There are those still seeking revenge and thus I travel in anonymity, on many occasions utilizing unusual means of conveyance, such as rail, and never divulging planned destinations.

As hour after hour passes in floating darkness, paranoia interrupts the idyllic thoughts. My covert travel habits become of concern. Since no one knows to where I am traveling no one will ever know I have entered and am being held in Ms. Monique's lair!

She has me! And the neck collar and single glove are irrefutable evidence of her intentions.

In not being able to see, feel, hear or touch anything, my thoughts become exaggerated, seeming to fill my hippocampus to bursting. I enter a funk, but ameliorate my distress by reminding myself of the soothing caresses, the firm but caring hands of Ms. Monique...and the ten years I have spent hiring uninspired professionals in attempting to replicate her touch

I am drawn from my dreamlike state by a distressingly familiar sensation. My bladder fills. The catheter no longer drains but has instead been reversed. I am filling and the discomfort and pressure are all too familiar. A feminine hand controls. I am helpless to protest or resist.

Yes, I have been cast back into the NIA facility and know I am to suffer in patience awaiting the relief of Ms. Monique's powerful but caring hand.

Ms. Monique

With Wednesday's exhibition concluded, having caned Julie until she danced and sang with joyful animation, I have Thursday and Friday to toy with my latest pet. Mr. Applegate has been in deep sensory deprivation



for a week and I have read studies that suggest further isolation may induce permanent mental damage.

So, I have Gladys retract our floating multi-millionaire from his seemingly interminable interlude in darkened silence. In a staged pageant, I wear a white uniform, one which is sure to bring back both pleasant and terrifying memories, and stand before him some twenty feet away. I hold a leash, another memento from times past. As expected after a week without psychological stimulation, he is happy as a puppy to experience light, sound and touch as he kneels and Gladys rinses the thin coating of gel from his body. Though he remains catheterized and collared with arms entrapped behind his back in the single latex glove, there is no rectal or gastric tube. He relishes the relative freedom, even attempting in gratitude to kiss and lick Gladys's busy hands as she dries. Curiosity forces her to expend inordinate time about his numbered scrotum and altered penis. His belly protrudes, Gladys having devilishly kept closed the valve draining his bladder.

Surely this must bring old sensations back for Mr. Applegate; that same discomfiting fullness, and the longing for my hand granting long sought relief.

Then as his eyes become accustomed to the light, he focuses on me. I smile as he freezes in reaction to my imposing form dangling a familiar leash and awaiting a final application of the drying towel. My upturned lips reveal that I am amused. Then when I notice his shortened pencillike penis slowly engorge, defying the catheter tube, my smile broadens to display a full array of teeth and obvious enjoyment of my power.

"You're going to be a little doggie for me," I ominously announce waving the leash, intentionally bringing to mind harrowing words from the past

He gulps; I chortle. Gladys knows to step away despite being enthralled with the rising catheterized penis, one in which she has no carnal interests other than to torment and mock

I stand in wait and wriggle my finger in beckoning him. He thrusts forward his right knee to begin to shuffle so humbly, so bashfully. He indeed becomes a timid canine, which given a tail, would sheepishly be dragging it between his legs.

Yes, it's a slow process, I could instead have him walk upright. But watching, his hairless numbered balls swinging between spread thighs and his altered penis rising to full erection, arouses. I feel a twinge in my loins and wetness form. Later, Danny Boy's tongue will be quite busy. But for now I must simply enjoy

the scene He finally reaches me. I laugh as he bows his head to kiss my shoes and I clip the leash to his collar. "Miss me?" I mockingly suggest

A throaty 'yes' is barely discerned, the unused vocal cords struggling to form a simple word and pass it through a throat long filled by Gladys's gastric tube.

turn and snap the leash, gruffly taking in the slack and symbolically exerting my authority. As I lead, Mr. Applegate, renowned and wealthy speculator, one-time money-grubbing spy, knows to crawl. His head seems to lower in reaction to Gladys's laughter, yet I notice that his erect penis waggles. The free end of the catheter tube provides an interesting barometer of male stimulation

Yes, Mr. Applegate, unworthy fly; welcome to my web. Conrad Applegate Once again I experience the frustrating feel of a bursting bladder with no ability to empty myself.

So humbling, so humiliating, yet so thrilling. The level of arousal in hundreds of sessions with paid women of Dominance is nothing compared to that under Ms. Monique's tutelage. The firmness of her guiding hand, the pleasant but simple words, the haughtiness and swagger of her proud walk as she places me on display at the end of a leash. Knowing that after a time, upon a whim, she will so graciously twist the valve to begin the torrent of relief.

And all before Gladys!

We circle the room, fully establishing her subtle signals and commands—heel, sit, lie down, waggle. Oh, how Ms. Monique loves watching  
as I cause my stiff penis to move the catheter tube! Gladys's laughter becomes wearing. Yet when Ms. Monique commands 'head down' then stoops  
to reach between my thighs and pull back my testicles, I quiver with her exquisite touch

“He's number 56, Gladys. I assume you've seen this decorative handiwork? A woman chose to have him marked, permanently.”

Yes, my tattoo is most prominently displayed when bent at the waist, forehead on the carpet and knees widely spread

The annoying giggles turn to loud laughter; yet my firmness seems to heighten.

Another trip about the expansive tiled floor and I find myself adoring the amazingly sculpted calves. As she strides, I lower my head to sneak peeks up the folds of Ms. Monique's loose skirt. Her massive, dark brown thighs, so appealing to my maleness—perfectly round orbs and smooth as satin—project such feminine power.

During a second pause I cannot help but extend my tongue and lick, tasting her exquisite flesh near the ankle and smoothing my pink wet appendage up to her knees. She joins Gladys in laughter.

“Well, Mr. Applegate, such a nice expression of gratitude. I know you'd like me to open that valve and with such a display of subservience, I must consider keeping you in the tank more often...and perhaps longer.”

I protest. Her laugh shifts from pleasant to diabolical. She knows any remonstrance is futile. She owns me body and soul

Another firm tug and the exhibition continues. I am heartened to see a floor drain and Ms. Monique leads me toward it

"Up!"

I know the command is to right myself at the waist as she stops and pulls straight toward the ceiling with the leash, The tension is incredible and I cannot help thinking that with her inordinate strength she could hang me off the floor by my collar; a most slow and ignominious execution

She moves to stand behind me, stepping between my calves. Then she leans over my shoulders, reaches down and my heart leaps as she finally opens the valve to permit my flow. Her nearness is wonderful and as the sensation of relief overwhelms, she holds my desensitized but incredibly erect penis in her right hand and tweaks my left nipple with her left

"Feel good?" I nod vigorously.

"See what nice things I do for you."

I pray she will let me fully go, and there flash remembrances when at the NIA facility she playfully curtailed the flow; for her an entertaining deed; for me most cruel comportment.

Gladys moves to stand before me as my bladder floods the floor drain. Her gaze is one of curiosity, completely lacking compassion. I imagine the same look on the faces of workers at the slaughterhouse..., all sentiment for the condemned animals having long ago dissipated

She stares at my truncated and catheterized manhood, de-gloved and desensitized so many years ago. For her it appears to be an object of amusement. There is no feminine adoration, not the slightest hint of yearning to experience the potential thrill of its thrust. Her look is so institutional that it brings a chill

“Id like to watch,” she appeals to Ms. Monique “Of course. It can be quite entertaining.”

Finished with my chore, the valve is closed and Ms. Monique steps away, once again snapping the leash

“Come,” she smilingly commands.

Gladys walks ahead followed by Ms. Monique with me in tow. At the far end of the room the uniformed nurse pushes open double doors. Our parade of three enters an austere brightly lit operating room. In the middle of the floor is a gynecological chair. I freeze in horror bringing tension on the leash.

Memories of the diabolical chair at the NIA facility cascade and flood my mind. With my motion stopped a powerful hand tugs firmly.

“Oh, come now, Mr. Applegate. Isn't this really what you seek?” Ms. Monique

It is fascinating that even after a week of extreme sensory deprivation, the haunting memories of Mr. Applegate's last moments as a normal male overpower the ingrained submission brought forth by hours and hours of darkened nothingness.

He resists, but not for long. Strong pulls on the leash and a merciless grip on his balls soon have him sitting in the chair like a good boy.

Gladys straps him down for me—ankle cuffs, thigh straps and a broad chest band quickly immobilize my little doggie. And I detect tears; imagine that!

I retrieve a cart from the corer of the operating room. I often wonder how many noses have been ringed, perineums pierced, and testicles adorned in the Club's secretive medical chamber. I am sanguine with thoughts of the anguish doled out, the doctor instructed to use a modicum of local anesthetic when modifying

But alas, I want Mr. Applegate to once again watch as my hands alter with impunity. It is a very important psychological part of the process, thus Novocain sits within easy reach. To ensure that the pain of the incisions do not distract his attention and diminish the mental horror, I must deaden the targeted flesh.

I wheel the cart between the well spread feet, calves and thighs. In sitting upright, my pet can see the hypodermic needle and laser scalpel, very similar to the one used years before

And of course he begins to plead so beseechingly. "Well, we have not yet begun our discussion," I admonish, replicating the inflection used on the phone

I laugh as his limited vocabulary, words constricted by a mind dulled by sensory deprivation, formulates a monosyllabic series of 'no, no, no's'..., as I don my latex gloves.

I step forth with the hypodermic needle and my left hand grasps the catheter, using it as a handle to present the shortened penis

"So let's discuss..." I say, as I inject Novocain at various locations.

"Your seeking me, humbly knocking on my compartment door; following up with a phone call; suggests you have needs, Mr. Applegate. No sense in denying it. I came across a red address book taken from your hotel room

"Oh, yes, don't be surprised; we packed up your things and checked you out of the Waldorf. All is in storage, though I doubt you'll ever again have need for anything

"So tell me...who are Kelly, Holly, Susan, and Laurie? And what do they do for you? I suspect the answers are rather evident, Mr. Applegate

"Are you able to climax for them—after you've paid them so handsomely?

“Yes. The purpose of numbers in the address book are somewhat obvious..., though you had the

discretion to withhold dollar signs.”

I cannot help laughing at Mr. Applegate's reaction to the realization that someone so easily broke his coded book of trollops. And using the Club as a reference I was able to talk to two of the girls and debrief them concerning the nature of Mr. Applegate's trysts. Very enlightening. It seems he has a penchant for being walked about on a leash. One girl professed to having medical training and had frequently catheterized the ‘little stump’, as she termed it. And as expected, none of the girls could recall Mr. Applegate ever ejaculating despite their feverish attempts to comply with every aspect of his deviant preferences,

"So you just cannot pull the trigger. The testosterone must build to tremendously frustrating levels." I discard the hypodermic needle and hold up the laser scalpel

“An interesting dichotomy...your desires. You have such a penchant for feminine power and control Yet in your scripted scenario of supplication, employing naughty women to tantalize and humiliate, you cannot achieve the ultimate gratification, Under what circumstances do you ejaculate Mr. Applegate? When? What finally causes the build up to release?”

My gloved left hand palms his hairless, dangling scrotum and lifts to reveal the blue tattooed numbers.

“Or should I call you ‘Fifty-six’?”

I cannot help grinning with the heady sense of dominion. In wearing the white uniform and wielding the laser, memories of the halcyon days at the NIA facility bring pleasant thoughts. There, for the first time in my then young life, I was able to effectuate my desire to master sniveling subordinates like Conrad Applegate. It was then that I

realized such latent masochists needed the likes of me..., a sadist who finds delight in every aspect of control and meting every application of pain and humiliation.

But I cannot revel in memories. I flick the laser switch. Mr. Applegate squirms with the humming; to me it is the soothing sound of power.

“Just a little alteration to manifest my sincerity.”

I stretch the now flaccid and numbed phallus down the catheter and lift. With the tip pointing upwards I make a quick circular incision around the urethral opening. Then I circle the remaining shaft, the laser quickly incising. I am undaunted by Mr. Applegate's pleas and screams for mercy.

If he would take the time to focus he would notice that the second circular cut is only about one quarter inch down the shaft. No where near the inches of flesh, extremely sensitive and nerve filled flesh, which I so cavalierly removed years ago.

It takes less than one minute. And I find the brevity and ease to be marvelously ironic. To so quickly change a male's life

The tiny strip of skin is slid down the catheter and removed. Then it is time so suture, pulling the remaining penile skin toward the urethral opening and reattaching.

I have again shortened his once proud manhood; this time the effect is physically meaningless. But for a time he will feel an unusual tightness and think of the tension as the pressure of my controlling hand. And judging from the trauma he evidences, my message is initially well received. He will obey or have is penis slowly removed...one quarter inch at a time

“There, all done.”

I push away the tray, remove the latex gloves with an efficient snap,



and move to stand to his side. In a kind motherly gesture, my firm hands press his cheeks just above his high neck collar, soothing the wounded esteem of a hurt child. I tenderly brush away tears with my thumbs,

“Just a little trim, Mr. Applegate. But I want you to consider how much I could have taken and will take if you're disobedient.

"Years ago you seemed to enjoy talking to me and I would encourage that practice to resume. It will be in your best interests. So every week we'll have a little chat. You're going to divulge details of every kinky encounter with the likes of Kelly, Holly, Susan, and Laurie, fully describing your desires and how you have manifested such. I'll want to know how you express the semen that must so frustratingly build with your inability to achieve normal climax

“And then we're going to get into the secrets of that vast fortune you've accumulated. I'll want to know bank account numbers, stock ownership positions, details of voting trusts, and anything else I need to know to shepherd all that wealth. After that, I have some documents that will need signing—powers of attorney making me trustee and guardian of your affairs.

“Until all that occurs, I will bring you here every month at the end of my leash. If you have been good, I'll trim just a little. If you have been uncooperative, I will trim a lot

“It's your decision Mr. Applegate..., how much of this useless appendage you would like to save. But I will assure you of this..., at the end of the process you will be castrated..., financially castrated. I will control everything..., every aspect of your life. And you will serve. And you will enjoy doing so...”

## **Epilogue Julie**

It's boring, but more tolerable than sitting about my apartment chained by the ankle and certainly more endurable than the monthly canings

I just hang suspended in a cage on the stage where. on many a given evening at the Club, my nose ring is tied above and Ms. Monique plies her craft with a horridly whippy length of rattan

And though I am naked with wrists restrained through the bars, I am somewhat comfortable in being hooded and not being the center of attention. That is afforded to this distinguished gentlemen who seems to be Ms. Monique's latest toy and acts as a foil to Danny Boy; 'Connie', Ms. Monique calls the collared and groveling form which is led about on a leash.

He has a misshapen male organ and his scrotum is tattooed with a number. He is paraded about before a group of onlookers, comprised of four young and pretty girls I have not before seen. Some of the female Club members also observe, and I have to marvel at the obedience displayed. The man does everything canine except bark.

For these curious soirees, Danny Boy is dressed as a little girl, and it is 'her' dainty hand which tugs on the leash, the normally demure voice commanding the crawling form to heel, roll over, sit

When Danny Boy brings him close to the bars, I have been instructed to most obscenely display myself. And with the many weeks of experience at the Club, I certainly know what is required in spreading my thighs to reveal all things pink, odoriferous and moist.

He sniffs about and the crowd laughs as his partially engorged penis fully rises. But when completely erect, the tip slims to a point and I myself must stifle a giggle in imaging attempts at copulation and how disappointing any resulting sensation of penetration must be.

Danny Boy entertains, commanding the poor thing to sit up and then extending his soft hand. Before the observing group, he tenderly strokes the shaft making the peculiar appendage stand taller but also bringing another round of laughter from the cruel women

Then Danny Boy will lift the front of his short skirt and the faux pooch

will approach, tongue extended, and begin to lick. Such girlish giggles result.

"Good doggie," an ecstatic Danny Boy gushes. "Would you like to show off? Climax for the girls?" A more coquettish Danny Boy then inquires in a mocking voice, standing aside to afford an unimpeded view of my nakedness.

And I am always pleasantly surprised with the restrained nod. It is strangely comforting to have my form used as a catalyst to spur such demented lust. It is heartening to think I can still attract the discerning male eye, though Connie's sexual penchants are questionable.

It is then that Ms. Monique joins in the escapades. Wearing a skin-tight black latex body suit she sports a sizable strap-on, and moves to a low table. Normally used to display timid pets, the collared canine is made to kneel atop facing the gathering of women while Ms. Monique opens his rectum and plunges his rear portal. A smiling Danny Boy stands to the side and resumes stroking, his blue eyes swimming with fascination in being afforded control over a deformed yet fully functioning male appendage.

The crowd jeers when long stowed sperm finally erupts from the pencil thin tip. Yet whatever sensation Mr. Applegate feels must be intense, for afterward, the kneeling form invariably faints

In six weeks my tour at the Club ends. Madame Cravache has curtailed 'freshening' her artwork and though my head is kept shaven, the coloring is beginning to fade, thus a degree of normalcy will return. Money is no longer a problem for me and the continuing monthly payment to ensure my silence will pay for the rent and a modicum of food.

As to future employment, well weeks ago Mary decided to further fatten me, forcing even more intake of heavy cream. At my age it is unlikely that the model-like slimness can again be achieved. and I doubt I could possibly fellate enough randy fashion executives to 'earn' the opportunity to once again achieve notoriety. Therefore returning at my

age to a Seventh Avenue career is not an option.

But there is this strip club near my apartment and I have become accustomed to displaying my nakedness. For customers with special tastes, perhaps an exhibition of spanking can be arranged.

Conrad Applegate

My body slowly rises. The harness is comfortable, the rope strong. A most efficient pulley enables Danny Boy, the meek and effeminate Danny Boy, to pull with gusto and cause my form to be suspended above Ms Monique's bed. It took many nights to become accustomed to the arrangement and of late I am sanguine in finding that I can finally sleep through a good portion of the night. Suspended over Ms. Monique's bed is how I spend every evening

The first hour or two I will be most alert, however. For women of Ms. Monique's ilk, time spent in bed is dimidiated between slumber and carnal undertakings, thus hanging bound and naked I will become part of her nightly feast of debauchery.

Wearing a stiff neck collar, the ubiquitous single glove entrapping my arms and hands behind my back, a web of furlined straps encircling torso and thighs, I am hoisted over Ms. Monique's mammoth bed where I will be afforded a bird's eye view of her demented antics

The thigh straps keep me posed in a kneeling position with knees parted to the extreme. Both Ms. Monique and Danny Boy enjoy watching my dangling balls, with Ms. Monique finding added amusement in viewing my altered penis

Two more firm tugs bring me to the desired height and the rope is firmly tied off. Then the naked giggling ingénue jumps up onto the mattress to begin what has become an almost nightly ritual

He kneels and I helplessly look down at the pretty blond locks, coifed to cover his ears and curl forward at the jaw line. A modicum of makeup

has survived the long day and, but for the tiny remnants of his maleness, one would revoltingly suspect he was in the presence of a naked underage nymph

Tiny hands cup and palm my hairless scrotum. So tenderly, he displays such reverence for the very organs Ms. Monique pillaged from him years ago. He toys, his soft manicured fingers exploring every inch of vulnerable flesh, gently squeezing my plums with noted envy. He smiles with joy, able to control that which was long ago taken from him. In his mind, he is handling precious gems

Then begins the humiliation. The cute girlish face lowers, the golden locks tickle my thighs and my desensitized penis, oddly erect as a result of the suspension, feels the slippery and warm wetness of his lips.

Ms. Monique so often remarks that the fellatio of the castrated male cannot be surpassed, And I most regretfully have to agree. Tongue, lips and fingers work with such passion—such awareness of the male erogenous zones—that despite my innate sense of disgust, my diminutive penis further hardens and feels as if it stands at ten inches. One hand thrillingly glides under my sac, kneads my perineum with aplomb then finds my rear portal. To add to the ignominy, Danny Boy penetrates my rectum, insinuates a single digit within and curls it forward to knowingly work my neglected prostate gland. He performs as would the most accomplished harlot, mentally declaring fellatio and the dispensing of oral pleasure to be the sole calling of life

He knows that I have great difficulty ejaculating and my condition, manifested by the same cruel hands that forever altered his organs, affords him an interminable opportunity to tease. He can lick and suck forever, sanguine with the notion that the ultimate pleasure denied to him has also been denied me; unless of course I am leashed, penetrated and humiliated before a crowd of Dominant women.

“With most men, Danny Boy has to control his gag reflex. But your erection barely touches the back of his mouth.” It is the mocking voice of Ms. Monique, ready for bed, but not yet to sleep. “That’s one of the

reasons he so much relishes toying with you.”

The bronzed giantess, my defacto owner, steps into view. She is completely naked. My heart leaps and I feel a heightened twinge in my loins, a curious response, considering Danny Boy's fastidious oral efforts

In all my life I have never seen anything that compares to her! Such a body—an amazing combination of feminine curves and potent muscling. Legs

ripple as she walks, yet the incredible breasts yield neither to motion nor gravity. A small patch of pubic hair does little to disguise a beautifully fashioned mons. A protruding clitoral hood evidences a feminine bud that receives inordinate oral attention.

I gape in awe. Despite this nightly display, her physique so impresses

“Comfortable?” she inquires, smirking with my obvious envy of her form

I humbly attempt to nod as she sits on the bed behind Danny Boy. She slides her right hand between his thighs as he continues sucking my penis. A smile flourishes, occurring whenever she revisits the site of her plundering, and just as when handling my altered penis

"You've once again excited my naughty boy, Connie. His little peepee is hardening. He so enjoys servicing a firm penis.”

Danny Boy sighs, his vocal approval of Ms. Monique's touch adding a degree of stimulation to the oral assault on my phallus

“Tomorrow perhaps I will have you return the favor. Danny Boy's little empty sac needs attention.”

Yes, Ms. Monique has trained me to please Danny Boy, if the castrated male can indeed be pleased in any sexual sense.

Her sensation of power must overwhelm. Two altered males, indentured into lives of servitude, humbly amuse her with exhibitions of homoerotic

trifling. What more fitting way to entertain a woman whose financial means now equals that of her domineering psyche?

And yes, I signed the documents. Every single one; right down to bank transfer forms, which every month continue to be imprinted with my swirling signature. I did what I had to do to save what remained

As a result, Ms. Monique has castrated me financially as well as physically. Every drop of cash is sucked from numerous operating companies and graciously ‘gifted’ to her personal accounts. On paper, I am wealthy. In reality I am a penniless pawn

In gratitude, Ms. Monique assures that my ‘impressive’ four inches, for now, will remain at four inches. But the laser scalpel awaits any intemperate refusals or indiscretions.

And, if I am deemed worthy, I will on occasion be pumped dry of the building male essence, the riddance of which has controlled me more than I have controlled it. But the process by which I am ransacked of my seed is disconcertingly elaborate. And so between such awkward scenes, I must hang in suspension and patiently observe while Danny Boy tantalizes and humiliates me before my Goddess, hoping for eventual climactic release in the exhibition hall.

I have learned over the months that Ms. Monique controls the timing of all encounters. And on this evening she just sits and toys with Danny Boy's withered sac, watching with a smile of satisfaction as his head bobs with zeal between my restrained thighs. Meanwhile I hear and feel Danny Boy occasionally swallow. With his manipulating finger pressing my prostate gland and the formidable sucking there is caused a constant flow of prostatic fluid which he savors. I must admit, there is the slightest sensation of pleasure in giving it up. And I have learned as well as I can to mentally part with the ooze. It does me no good and pleases Danny Boy, which as Ms. Monique has mandated, is my most important role

Yes, I have learned to suck his scrotum with the same ardent abandon

formerly applied to the female genitalia in my younger days of sexual normalcy.

Finally, bored with the exhibition, Ms. Monique leans forward and with a grin whispers in Danny Boy's ear. With his mouth still working my appendage, his squealed reaction brings an ecstatic vibration to my organ. He withdraws to leave me most erect, once again frustratingly close to the climactic reaction I so rarely achieve. The cool room air wafts my moist manhood. My balls hang in a prominent and ignominious display. As Danny Boy vacates the bed, a smiling Ms. Monique shuffles forth to inspect the results of his efforts. She owns me; it is her right. And the humiliation she forces me to suffer so pleases her.

“I think I will invite the girls in next week. The exhibition hall isn't being used on Tuesday. I'll have our naked Julie caged for you to watch while Kelly, Holly, Susan, and Laurie observe Danny Boy and me doing our thing, You'll have a happy little penis.”

She palms my sac and taps the referenced organ as she speaks

Though her last words are comically intoned, I am most heartened to know that I will be brought to ejaculation. Ms. Monique has decided to afford me release once per month. Weeks ago, in addition to my cadre of professional girls she pays handsomely to merely watch, those from my red address book, some members of the Club also attended. The public humiliation, the viewing of Julie's nakedness, Danny Boy's soft dainty hand and Ms. Monique's special strap-on provided the required stimulus. Yes, naked before the crowd of Dominant women, Ms. Monique sodomized my anus while Danny Boy masturbated me. The gender obfuscation, the role reversals triggered something deep within. With my psyche overwhelmed, I zestfully exploded with Danny Boy timing to perfection the strokes of his knowing hand. As Ms. Monique penetrated me, I even felt a degree of pleasure in so doing

I swooned with the relief and was most grateful. Perhaps all the millions have been well spent.



Ms. Monique

Though I'd like to observe Mr. Conrad Applegate being teased for hour after hour, Danny Boy's supple and knowing lips sucking while his nimble tongue dances to bring delight even to his desensitized phallus. Alas, my own needs build.

It's time for my pleasure

Danny Boy will retrieve the strap-on harness and the double dildo of his choice. Mr. Applegate will have a fitting end to the night's entertainment. He can watch my powerful thigh and gluteal muscles flex as I thrust to open Danny Boy's anus and revel in the friction brought to my love canal by the special feminine insertion. Designed to both knead the vaginal walls and tantalize my clitoris, I will thrill in utilizing my puissance to ream Danny Boy's tight, welllubricated rear aperture. Just the feel of his hairless, smooth and warm flesh, softened to that of an infant's by way of Gladys's wrapping, brings ecstasy. But listening to his pitiful yelps as I drive home the bulbous tip time after time, knowing that Conrad Applegate helplessly looks on in frustration, deluges the senses.

And for Danny Boy, it nicely brings memories of his castration so many years ago.

It is a wondrous exhibition of pure power, his forcibly feminized body yielding, giving all to pleasure mine and having Mr. Conrad Applegate, my financial slave, my little doggie, watching in frustration

And the torment and pain...both mental and physical? Danny Boy knows that in dispensing it I am pleased, which means he relishes accepting it. And Mr. Applegate is learning to enjoy. Since anal penetration is one of his needs in achieving climax, I suspect he's becoming envious of Danny Boy.

For me, with the mental and physical suffering of Danny Boy and Conrad

Applegate I have attained bliss. After all... am a sadist...that's what I do.

Feel free to email Chris with your comments.

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