

About Ove

Chris Bellows

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About Eve

by Chris Bellows

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Author's Note:

Many readers of 'A Gift From James' have inquired about the derivation of the character named 'Eve'. No matter the age or gender of the reader, my reply is always the same.

"You know Eve," I suggest. "She is that sassy little girl from your childhood. The one whose courteous smile and feigned innocence bestowed her with a level of parental discretion you were never permitted, whose lively eyes and vivacity endeared her to every adult while she cunningly schemed and plotted against her unsuspecting cohorts and engaged with impunity in the most secretive of escapades. Her stature among grown ups was that of 'child queen', nauseating her peers, but imbuing her with alarming power.

"She's the pretty one upon whose remembrance you always ponder, 'I wonder what ever happened to...?' And contemplatively, with a perverse degree of self satisfaction, you answer yourself, 'she has most likely become a powerful political ruler..., or an expensive whore'."

Despite my associative reply, the emails still arrive. So this book is... About Eve

Chapter One

A push of a button and in response the door to my office quietly opens. A tall, mostly nude male servant enters with a pot of coffee. The morning is young and he knows what I need. I smile with licentious smugness. He may interpret my look as being polite gratitude, but actually it is his brief attire, which causes my reaction. A wide and stiff leather collar partially immobilizes his head, restricting his gaze to straight-ahead at me. A leather chest harness serves to hold his shoulders back and thrust forward his pierced nipples where a pair of baubles dangle from two inch rings. A specially designed crotch piece restrains his well shaven scrotum and projects his mammoth plums forward, causing them to bounce off his thighs with each step. His penis, long and flaccid, but beginning to engorge, is pierced by a standard Prince Albert ring and secured upwards to a narrow belt around his waist. I know that the unseen part of his crotch piece, holding in place a sizable butt plug, provides my server with quite the stimulating prostatic thrill with each step he takes.

I cannot help but admire my work. The Spa's uniform for male servants is my design, highlighting to the observer the sensitive parts and transmitting with each of the servant's movements reminders of his own subservience. And it is functional, inhibiting fellatio and intercourse with the female servants, unless the waist belt is unlocked and such antics are supervised.

How to address this servant slips my mind. There are so many, and they come and go with their one-year tours. Although one would think that his lengthy penis would impress me enough to recall his name, all the males at the Spa are selected for their size. This phallus is nicely shaped, but is otherwise unremarkable compared to the dozens of sizable organs displayed by the servants of the Spa.

While he pours, my right hand reaches out and caresses the soft hairless scrotal flesh. The loose supporting strap below, pushing the testicles outward, allows for examination and play. His penis stirs and I cannot help smiling again. The shiny engraved disk hanging from his right nipple indicates that his name is Matthew. Inscribed beneath that is the number '9' indicating the shaft, which is humbly beginning to salute me, can rise to nine inches. A similar disk on his left nipple tells me he is masturbated on Thursdays. So tomorrow, unless of course a guest intervenes, a member of the professional staff will bring him to climax in a most humiliating manner, probably before a gathering of guests in the reception area. And as flushed and embarrassed as Matthew will be, he will thank her. What a wonderful place of employment!

I sugar my coffee and just let Matthew wait to be excused. Sure enough, he indeed begins to stand, the lengthy shaft slowly thickening and changing color. Serving and being exposed to a fully clothed Dominant woman has that effect on the naked submissive male and I cannot help but enjoy the moment.

I sit back, slowly stir my coffee and watch.

After a few moments the pleasure of viewing reluctantly concedes to the drudgery of the day's work. I diddle the underside of the hardened shaft, watch it twitch, then excuse him.

"Good boy."

Matthew bows courteously and silently retreats.

Coffee in hand I swivel in my deep, comfortable office chair and gaze out the window to gather my thoughts and take in the natural beauty of the snow covered terrain.

The Spa is North America's most exclusive resort. Located in the Canadian Rockies, in the winter it is noted for the skiing. The summer season offers swimming, hiking, tennis and equestrian activities.

The Spa's exclusivity is punctuated by its limited accessibility. There are no roads for automobiles. The only practical means of transportation are by private railway train which departs daily from Calgary, some hundred miles to the Southeast, runs through scenic yet desolate Canadian forests and enters the Spa property through a subterranean opening carved through a mountain of granite. One supposes that a hiker could conceivably stumble onto the Spa, but certainly not during the winter when the snow drifts to the level of the treetops. And in more moderate seasons, the imagined trek would have to commence at a logging road some twenty miles away and circumnavigate aggressive bears and impassable mountains.

Originally dug by the railroad to access a lush valley of timber, the rail tunnel is the only entrance to the bowl shaped terrain occupied by the Spa. Formidable ridges and peaks surround the facility and the main building sits at the bottom of the bowl on a lake which in Spring and Summer collects the rain and melting snow from the surrounding slopes. Due to the limestone beneath, the lake slowly drains into numerous underground caverns formed by thousands of years of erosion. Not fully explored, it is believed the collection of tunnels siphon water to the west to join the headwaters of the Columbia River.

The harvesting of timber ended at the turn of the century, but it provided for dozens of trails. In the hurly-burly economy of the 1920's, a wealthy entrepreneur purchased the entire valley and built a large lodge as a ski resort, then promptly went broke.

After years of disuse a secretive wealthy woman, said to be the entrepreneur's granddaughter, refurbished the facility adding several distinctive features. Now in her seventies, I met her during my initial interview for employment at the Spa. Since taking over as Manager, my

only contact has been to transfer to her account the huge profits of the world's most libidinous resort.

The skiing is better than average, with the curious attraction that no matter which trail is chosen, it ends at the lodge, situated at the lowest point in the valley. This provides an appreciably distinct advantage for the wealthy indolent enthusiast...no long trudge for a hot toddy at day's end.

But it is not the skiing that brings so many women to the most private and secluded resort in the Western Hemisphere. It is the service.

The facility's service staff is comprised of the most obeisant males and females found. There is no sexual whim or request that goes unfulfilled at the spa, which, as one can imagine in a hidden and secluded valley, can become quite sordid and quite deviant in nature.

When a service employee signs his or her one-year contract, their clothing is surrendered for the spa's brief, revealing uniform. Thus, any decision to prematurely terminate service and depart involves a long walk in deep snow over impassable mountains...and without benefit of covering, not to mention the forfeit of compensation. Yes, all salary at the Spa is deferred until the end of the period of contract. And then, the quantity of the wired funds is generous. Not only is the base pay considerable, but wealthy women with unusual proclivities can be quite magnanimous. Thus, an employee with a high tolerance for pain, or an equally unusual penchant for deviant activities, can accumulate quite a level of gratuity income, not to mention the possibility of an offer of permanent employment with a Dominant woman.

And so defections are rare at the Spa and none have occurred during my tenure. I have found the staff to be eager to serve and very appreciative of the demands of the Dominant female guests and the challenges they provide.

The submissive who comes to the Spa, confronts his or her propensity for servitude and learns to psychologically accept it, and usually moves on to a permanent arrangement with a satisfied guest. Those who do not learn to fully accept their status provide not only an interesting source of continuous staffing but also a source of wonderment.

I term it submissive recidivism. He or she originally interviews with us convinced that their submissive tendencies are not real or somehow just fleeting. They serve their year, telling themselves that the daily groveling and constant degradation is tolerated only for the money. They prop up their esteem with visions of normality, of enjoying vanilla sex. They fantasize about how their vast earnings, easily amounting to the low six figures, will be spent...most commonly by rebuilding their pride after their tour. The hosting of huge welcome back parties in their hometowns is prevalent. I have also known the latent submissive to pay for long, expensive vacations with sycophantic and parasitic members of the opposite sex in order to engage in normal sexual relations.

Such is futile.

For reality eventually manifests itself. Two months. Three. Maybe after six, they begin to pine for the sting of the whip, the mental conflict of ceding control yet finding comfort in firm restraints. The pleasure of giving pleasure, the need to be of service, the strange psychological gratification of being denied physical gratification so a Dominant woman can best achieve hers. The peculiar inner glow fueled by the abject humiliation of serving naked, with their most intimate anatomical parts prominently displayed.

And, they apply to the Spa again. Yes, many, if not most, of our Spa servants have experienced more than one tour. And when they volunteer to be branded, finally accepting complete subjugation, the image of the permanently

marked flesh makes my own skin tingle with the thought of the finality of their submission to submission. I have always enjoyed the sensation that comes with the contemplation of control and submission, for it is followed by a very familiar twinge and welcomed wetness between my thighs.

I recall the first time it happened as a little girl...

Mother had just finished bathing my little brother. The telephone rang. She was expecting a long distance call from Grandma and rushed toward the kitchen to answer.

"Eve, finish dressing Bobby."

Mother had permitted me to watch the process on many previous occasions. For a girl of some ten years, the sight of the little penis and puff of skin beneath serves to answer youthful questions concerning the difference in the sexes. So I suppose Mother intentionally let me observe, thus obviating the need to explain the curious difference which children wish to understand but instead consistently encounter a covering of clothing and a conspiracy of silence among adults.

On this particular occasion, having me nearby saved her time.

"His clothes are on the chair," she hollered over her shoulder, as her feet thumped down the stairs.

Yes. They were. But I could not help momentarily reveling in my appointed power, however brief.

Bobby, age six if my recollections are accurate, was mine.

Mother had dried him and there he stood without a stitch. Most times his exposure was brief and, with Mother working diligently in a continuous process of washing, toweling and adorning him with garments, my previous glimpses of his nudity were thus limited. And Mother's actions were so quick that normally I don't think Bobby ever thought about his older sister peering at him over a matronly shoulder.

Now, my presence was obvious and I remember silently laughing when both hands slowly moved to his genitals in an amusing gesture of modesty.

My mind was devious, even then.

“No Bobby. You need to be powdered.”

Mother had not done that since he was potty-trained years before, but I wanted to gain proximity and access. Stepping into the bathroom I grabbed the powder and returned. When I had Bobby lay back on the bed and spread his thighs, that’s when I experienced the first twinge. Years later, in similar situations where a male was under my control, the arrival of puberty brought on the wetness.

Mother’s voice in the kitchen was perceptible and the stages of her telephone conversation guided me in my interaction with Bobby. Yes, he would be dressed eventually, but not before I could fully avail myself of the time allotted, which was the length of the phone call.

So Bobby was thoroughly powdered. Despite some initial protests, he began to enjoy my touch and was quick to obey when I instructed him to roll over and again spread his legs. I wanted to view the small pink scrotum peeking back between his boyish buttocks.

It was a very good learning experience, for both of us. But what came next I later realized forever changed both our lives.

Mother had laid out his clothing. And for whatever reason, I concluded it was not appropriate. I ran to my room and got a pair of my frilly, pink satin panties that Mother had purchased during one of our ‘girls only’ shopping trips. Under the guise of assisting him, I slipped the openings over his feet and slid the smooth garments up his legs.

Yes, Bobby began to protest, and I shushed him, making some sisterly threat, which the helpless six year old took very seriously.

But I could tell that despite his ostensible reluctance, he enjoyed being touched by his sister's small feminine hands and I detected a slight smile when the cool, smooth fabric so gently caressed his privates.

He spent the day in my undergarments never commenting to Mother or suggesting a need to change, thus indicating some degree of secretive enjoyment. And Mother wondered throughout the day why I broke into numerous smiles, for every time I looked at Bobby and thought about him wearing girls underwear at my behest, the twinge between my thighs returned.

Chapter Two

My reverie ends with the last gulp of coffee. The day's paper work needs my attention and I have found that it is best to complete it in the morning. The train from Calgary arrives in the early afternoon and as Manager, I have found that the arriving guests like being greeted by the person in charge.

I also bid adieu to the departing guests, which the train will return to Calgary.

Going over invoices I often find it fortunate to be located so close to cattle country. The incoming stream of required leather supplies is endless. Whips, cuffs, harnesses, are constantly ordered and I often wonder if it would be a suitable investment for the Spa to purchase its own herd of cattle.

Medical supply bills can also be material. The Spa has a full time nursing staff with a doctor visiting once per week, arriving on the Tuesday train and leaving on Wednesday. Some of our guests can become quite exuberant with a whip or other instrument of correction and abrasions need attention no matter how minor. Then there is the process of piercing the newly hired servants. And of course all the members of the serving staff are checked biweekly. One week for the males, the following week for the females.

Performed in a windowed room, the examinations can be quite amusing for the guests. There is no level of humiliation comparable to being observed by onlookers as the doctor works between well spread thighs, particularly if the patient is young and unaccustomed to gynecological and rectal exams.

And biweekly prostate exams are also mandatory. The doctor is very thorough with some guests wagering on the largest erection resulting from her aggressive digital intrusion.

Food is handled by the catering staff. I just sign the checks and, of course, such are well piled up since our

guests eat royally and no expense is spared in satiating their appetites, for sustenance and otherwise.

Moving to a quick review of the prior month's financial statements, such reveals that the Spa is once again incredibly profitable. The fifty guestrooms were 95% filled, the vacancy rate resulting from rooms remaining unoccupied is due to guests failing to make the train connection from Calgary.

Since a majority of the Spa's guests own jet aircraft, the owner had discussed installing a private airstrip to mitigate the possibility of late arrival. But this idea encountered numerous problems. The first being that the peaks surrounding the valley were too steep for safe landing approaches and a noisy strip would ruin the ambiance of seclusion. The second being that the territory outside the valley is mostly owned by the Canadian government, thus making the prospect of acquiring suitable land there a formidable obstacle. And lastly, applying for the needed permits to operate a small airport would serve to draw attention to the Spa. This would not do.

With all the hurdles outlined, an informal survey of regular guests revealed that, although somewhat unwieldy, the three-hour train ride from Calgary was deemed to be a most relaxing beginning to exhausting days and nights of sexual debauchery. And most were adamant that the return trip was even more restful, sleep being deemed somewhat mandatory after endless sordid escapades.

And so the train remains the only means of arrival and departure, making the Spa a most exclusive destination but also saddling it with an unwarranted vacancy rate. Unwarranted since the waiting list for a reservation is at times over one year, with a week's stay at the Spa being deemed a very appropriate birthday gift for a woman with a penchant for the whip.

With the paperwork done, I am free to make my rounds. The attributes that make the Spa attractive to the wealthy,

Dominant woman also burden me and the professional staff with the responsibility of impeccably maintaining the facility. Fortunately, there is adequate help. Every member of the serving staff has a daily chore. No matter their anguished individual circumstances in perhaps spending a long night in bondage or at the receiving end of a thin strand of leather, every day between the hours 8:00 a.m. and 9:30 a.m. every inch of the lodge is vacuumed, dusted, scrubbed or washed as deemed appropriate. When I first arrived at the Spa, it was most fascinating to watch the dozens and dozens of naked servants working diligently to clean their assigned section of hallway or common area. The results are more than satisfactory and my practiced eye has learned to quickly ascertain who is applying themselves to the mandated task and who is going through the motions in order to hasten their rest.

Yes, mornings are when the serving staff is permitted a few hours of sleep, most having spent wakeful nights servicing a guest. After the cleaning hour, the servants shuffle to the dormitory area where a few hours of supervised rest are permitted.

In order to ensure that high standards are maintained, each day the efforts of one servant I deem to be inadequate. He or she subsequently finds their rest period to be anything but restful.

My watch indicates it is almost 10:00. Having signed my last check, I arise and retrieve my discipline stick from the rarely used coat rack.

It's unfair. It's mendacious. But I already know whose tidiness will be deemed inadequate. It will be that of a newly arrived female from Southern California. A 'valley girl' who ostensibly came to us just for the money, during her interview I saw in her eyes more than just the quest for financial freedom.

Yes, Muffin or Binky, whatever the little strumpet gave as her name, blushed wonderfully when she was stripped

for committee inspection. And her twenty-one year old thighs and buttocks begged for attention, which I can assure the reader they shall receive.

The duty roster hangs on the bulletin board outside my office. My eyes scan the list and find that it is the girl calling herself Nickie that I want. Over the years, the names mean so little. But after this morning she will be more memorable.

She has been assigned to clean the second floor hallway. Perceived to be an easy vacuuming task, the newly arrived always neglect to dust. Upon climbing the stairs I turn and stroll to the decorative table and chairs occupying a nook in the hallway. Sure enough, there lies a thin gray layer of unsightly powder. I cannot help but to smile and my devious mind begins to ruminate on what infraction I can find for Nickie tomorrow morning.

I pick up the house phone and dial the Dormitory.

"Latricia, has the new girl Nickie been strapped in yet."

The dormitory supervisor, a seasoned member of the professional staff, indicates that she is being showered. Another smile arises with the thought of the little California blond undergoing the indignity of being scrubbed and washed before the male servants.

"Send her to the reception area, Latricia, she's done a sloppy cleaning job and is going to have her first pony ride."

I feel the familiar twinge between my thighs. The sensation of power brings it on and I have learned to welcome and enjoy it.

With a second call, the discipline staff is told to retrieve Nickie from the Dorm.

"Two hours on the pony, Mona. Allow her liberal rest periods as required for a new girl, but tack on the time."

I hang up and resume inspecting. There is room in the reception area to display a male offender also, but I prefer to spread out the punishments, therefore my demanding

eye overlooks some minor infractions as I roam about the building, casually swinging the discipline stick like a cop on patrol. Those doing borderline work will be chastised on another day. Perhaps tomorrow morning a male servant will find himself spending time on his toes and fingertips, as a soft but tight cloth, carefully wrapped about his scrotum pulls his precious testicles toward the ceiling of the reception area.

Some guests have arisen for morning skiing and they receive my professional smile and polite greetings. Most times no one would guess that they have spent the night flogging one of the serving staff or being brought to multiple orgasms by the assiduous oral efforts of one of our experienced cunnilinguists. The typical guest has learned to live a life of subterfuge, creating complex facades for the benefit of the vanilla world of business, employment and social exchange. Thus, it is not surprising that it takes a few days at the Spa for their thin walls of normality to crumble. Over time every guest learns to enjoy publicly humiliating the Spa's subservient staff. Rarely does a dinner hour pass where the CEO of a major corporation or the likes of a very influential Hollywood film producer finds her hands firmly tugging the well exposed scrotal sac of a dining room waiter, or gently coaxing a well endowed servant to fully stand for the benefit of the other dining guests, or deeply exploring the hairless, wet and pink genitalia of a strumpet such as Nickie.

The Spa is where the Dominant women of the world can engage in and display their proclivities with impunity. No cameras are permitted and if a guest so chooses, she will be addressed utilizing a nom de guerre for her entire visit.

And so I am careful greeting the guests. Some are well known, having their photos splashed over the covers of society magazines or business journals. But at the Spa, referring to a beautiful and prestigious actress by her pseudonym, such as 'Madame Cravache', not only serves to

add an element of mystique but places the guest in the proper frame of mind for her stay.

My inspection brings me to the reception area. In many respects it appears to be that of an ordinary hotel with members of the professional staff manning the check-in desk and the concierge arranging for certain guests what we term 'matinee visits' from the serving staff. After a morning of skiing or exercise, many enjoy a four handed, two tongued massage, and it's easily arranged at the Spa.

Then Mona arrives with a naked and cuffed Nickie in tow. Her dour demeanor and the nasty quirt hanging at the ready from her waist belt evidence her role in meting out discipline at the Spa. And a tearful Nickie, so wonderfully cute and innocent with her recently cropped blond hair and lively blue eyes, appears marvelously frightened. With her wrists secured behind her, her breasts thrust out and invite attention.

She arrived on Sunday and watching her display her nakedness in public for the first time was delicious. I watched through the large windows of the examination room as the Spa's nurses soaped her body and gave her a good taste of the humiliation which she would face daily. And when they shaved her, one would have thought she was being executed.

Yes, Nickie not only has a look of young innocence but also possesses buttocks with the rounded perkiness that begs for the attention of the flagellatrix. And after her pudendum was completely exposed, I was pleasantly surprised to see her inner labia peeking out nicely between plump outer lips. So much viewing pleasure for our guests.

Well, it's the wooden pony for Nickie. And I can comfortably say that, although there will be no dust found tomorrow on the second floor hallway, there will be many more opportunities for Nickie to ride and expose her most intimate parts, and I will make sure she avails herself regularly.

I stand and watch Mona begin the punishment.

A simple device, described by many as a Chinese torture, the wooden pony is actually a simple wooden plank, which hangs from the ceiling of the reception area by two ropes. One rope supports the plank at the end, the other in the middle. One edge of the plank points toward the ceiling, the other, of course, to the floor. The height of the plank is adjusted by lengthening or shortening the rope fastened in the middle. The free end of the plank is reserved for the likes of Nickie or another recalcitrant servant girl.

Mona has Nickie straddle the plank then stand on toes on small wooden blocks. The middle rope is adjusted to raise the edge until it meets Nickie's pubes. Experienced fingers then carefully drape those wonderfully exposed pink lips down each side of the plank. Mona steps back to survey her work and satisfied that Nickie is properly placed slowly slides the blocks from under her toes. The resulting pressure and irritation on the genitalia is incredibly painful. Known as 'riding the wooden pony', no girl ever withstands it for more than 30 minutes and Mona will carefully supervise to ensure that Nickie gets occasional respites.

The sessions on the pony serve to quickly build up the calf muscles as the rider struggles to relieve as much weight as possible from pressing her luscious pink parts against the coarse wooden plank. And I insist on a little added feature. Once in place, Nickie's wrists are pulled up behind her back. This forces her head down to nicely display her hanging breasts and changes her posture so that the gluteus maximus muscles are also worked. Yes, those perky buttocks will become even rounder and firmer during Nickie's stay at the Spa and she'll find herself spending many evenings restrained to an 'A' frame as a result.

Mona finishes adjusting Nickie's wrists and steps away. Now it is my turn and I move to Nickie's front. Her bowed

head is just below my shoulders and I can see tears already forming.

Nickie is naked, on display not only for the first time, but in the busiest area of the Spa. Within an hour the activity will increase with departing guests checking out. When the train from Calgary arrives, new guests will be greeted with the delicious sight of a young, naked and innocent serving girl enduring the slowest of torments, laboring to prevent her own weight from painfully squeezing her little bud against the coarse plank. It is a wonderful mental and physical punishment, for with properly conditioned legs, Nickie can minimize her pain. But of course I can also lengthen her ride, so mentally she knows she will lose.

Within minutes Nickie's exertion will cause her to perspire. Her wet, naked and struggling form will greet every arriving guest and provide for a memorable concluding scene for those departing. Thus, a proper atmosphere is maintained.

Meanwhile, it is my turn with Nickie and I find her firm breasts, hanging so helplessly, to be irresistible. The fingers of my right hand toy with a nipple, ensuring that her attention is on me and not her abraded labia.

"Nickie, you must learn to dust better, naughty girl."

Despite the agony, the nipple erects to my touch and my nose detects the faint aroma of feminine arousal as the wooden plank soaks up the moisture of her anguished yet stimulated sex. Yes, we have once again chosen correctly. Nickie will experience much pain and humiliation over the coming months. And she will furtively enjoy every moment. At the Spa, we understand the submissive psyche better than the submissive.

"On your next ride, Mona may just assure that your bladder is brimming. You may notice the floor drain under your toes. We've had so many girls shame themselves here in the lobby that it was installed as a necessary precaution.

The effect is to sharpen the concentration and that can be even further honed with a quick stop at the infirmary. There you may be provided with something else to think about during your next ride, clenching those nicely shaped cheeks to hold in one of the Spa's infamous enemas."

I laugh with the mental image formed by my own words and Nickie's stunned reaction. Yes, we've had recalcitrant girls soil the plank, along with their own thighs and calves. Mona is relentless in her supervision and has never considered a biological urge to be a suitable reason for respite. Thus, I had the drain installed to mitigate wear and tear in cleansing the carpet and informed Mona to utilize whatever technique she found to be effective in punishing poor performance or bad behavior. It was her idea to include an enema for particularly belligerent girls. And with the thought of Nickie struggling to work the muscles of her nicely formed globes to hold in a sloshy quantity of liquid, I make a mental note to thoroughly inspect her work daily.

Nickie remains silent, as mandated by Spa rules, but I know she'll soon be vocalizing her pain as weary thighs and buttocks cave and surrender her clitoris to the plank's 'slings and arrows' of misfortune. And although not watered beforehand, there is the possibility that she will need to relieve herself.

"No gag, Mona. If she wishes to serenade our guests, so be it."

Nickie will be more comfortable without being gagged. My merciful command induces a sense of tranquility. I move onward reflecting on how the infliction of humiliation can be so calming for me.

Chapter Three

Since it is Wednesday, the doctor will be working in the infirmary. Yesterday she checked the female serving staff and I stopped in to view the endless stream of spread thighs parading through the windowed examination room. So much soft, pink flesh...

Today the doctor will be piercing and along with numerous required labia rings a particularly well-endowed male is scheduled for his Prince Albert ring. I like to be present for that procedure so I stroll toward the stairs, which will take me to the basement.

Breaking males has been a lifelong pursuit and as I negotiate the steps I think back to some of my earliest encounters.

Sometime after introducing my little brother to the delights of feminine undergarments, I was playing with a neighborhood girl. Her older brother was my age and sometimes joined us. He seemed to enjoy being told what to do by those of the opposite sex, and even at such a young age, I pounced on the opportunity. I remember thinking up all these games to play, all of which had this boy named James acting out some obsequious role.

Over time I learned to control him and when I reflect back, my perspicacity at some ten or eleven years of age was amazing. There was something in James that coaxed unusual urges from me. And though occurring before puberty, the urges flourished. Thus my desire to control did not begin as a sexual thing. I didn't know what sex was. But controlling a boy, now that seemed like such fun.

With James I did not have to be overly discreet as with my younger brother. We were permitted to play in the neighborhood without supervision and I certainly learned to take advantage of that. And thinking back to those days, my interactions with James during play time and little brother Bobby during those precious intervals when our

busy mother left me in charge, provided quite the training for my life's role.

The youthful curiosity, which spurred my pre-pubescent antics, developed into a very satisfying dominion. As adolescence progressed, I found I could use my ingratiating smile and sweet girlish charms to rein in any number of males. Having James at my beck and call, and Bobby under my thumb at home, emboldened me with boys. To befriend me they had to obey me. If not, my attention would merely return to my two more truckling supplicants.

Some time in my mid-teens, Mother got a job. This left me at home with my younger sister and Bobby. I knew Sis to be a blabbermouth, so I always excluded her from any activities involving Bobby. But luckily, she was also naive, and never fully understood why almost every afternoon Bobby would find himself with soiled trousers or a stained shirt that required changing.

And Sis never inquired as to why a smiling 'Big Sister Eve' commanded him to step into the bathroom, or why at Bobby's age of some nine or ten years, sister Eve had to assist him in removing the offending garments.

She never caught on that there, in the large, turn-of-the-century, tiled wash room, awaited a pair of girl's panties, to be donned only after Bobby was thoroughly cleansed and inspected.

And what a curious but pleasant reaction from little brother Bobby. After a number of spilling 'incidents', his penis would be standing before I could even close the bathroom door. The anticipation of the feel of cool, smooth silk on his tiny penis and testicles excited him. And after a time he also came to enjoy the touch of sister Eve's exploring fingers.

"It's a good thing these panties fit snugly," I used to admonish him, "otherwise I wouldn't be able to slide your trousers over that standing little peepee."

Yes, one of my duties became not only squeezing him into the tight frilly panties, but also toying and adjusting the stiffened young penis, so it comfortably rested within the tight crouch, designed for the plumbing of young girls and allowing very little room, even for a tiny stiffened penis such as Bobby's.

And in so doing, Bobby became even more excited and even at his young age the small but engorged penis stretched the thin silk to form a tent where one would least expect it in a girl's intimate apparel.

Bobby came to enjoy those times with his older sister. So much so that I no longer had to spill food or drink on him or summon him for inspection. He did it himself, and in humbly approaching and pointing to a soiled area of clothing, I would feign concern.

"We'd better get you changed before Mother comes home from work."

With that suggestion, Bobby would scamper to the bathroom and strip naked. Sometimes I paused before entering, letting the anticipation grow. Then I would enter and announce the color he'd be wearing for me for the remainder of the day and express astonishment at his excited state.

When Sis was not home, our games became much less discreet. There were times when I'd just have him run about the house without any clothing. Later, I'd think of various things for him to do for me while naked and partially or fully erect, such as shining my shoes or, as a treat, letting him inspect and feel my dresser drawer full of underwear.

And then there was my camera.

Yes, I had a growing photo collection, Mother having bought me a rather expensive instant camera. And little did she know to what deviant uses a teenaged girl could put such a device.

I started with my neighbor James, demanding that he pose for me in the most humiliating of positions and later performing the most sordid of acts for the benefit of my collection.

Later I introduced Bobby to the camera lens. When I suggested that some make up would highlight the pretty girly underwear in which he so proudly liked to prance, he patiently sat as I applied rouge, mascara and eyeliner.

I still have many of the photographs of his first sitting.

And, what a control mechanism! As much fun as Bobby had dressing up for me, his look of terror when I announced that his school chums would find the photos 'cute' was unforgettable.

So for Bobby, the camera assured there be would no second thoughts about performing for his older sister Eve. Yes, Bobby would dress as I liked him, unless I wanted him nude, and he would learn to perform the most demeaning tasks at my behest.

Mother began to marvel over my ability to control him. As the years progressed, Bobby would not become the teenager given to delinquency, a prevalent problem among boys in his peer group. No discipline problems with Bobby. Not unless he wished to do so dressed as a girl!

As with James, my relationship with Bobby became more sexual over time. There was nothing I could think of that Bobby would not obediently do for me. And on occasion, when I let him masturbate into the silk panties while my camera snapped away, he was ecstatic. I could feel his pleasure. It was palpable and I came to wet my own undergarments, particularly after I trained him to hold back until I gave the command to ejaculate.

And with each stroke of his young hand, my controlling photo album grew. That was perhaps the preponderant source of my own excitement, Bobby's forced humiliation, which more and more manifested my control.

When puberty arrived, our busy working Mother conceded Bobby's care to me. She never fully understood why Bobby rebelled against most authority except mine. But my ability was found to be convenient and a welcome relief, knowing that when she returned home after a day's drudgery, the house was spotless, the kitchen immaculate, and the laundry neatly folded and stowed by our furtive maid. Little did Mother know how hard I worked Bobby and how eager he became to exhibit his feminine side to his older sister and her camera. And how dependent he was becoming on the need to perform for me.

And whereas Bobby's lengthy hairstyle was of concern, Mother took the position of 'if it works, don't fix it', and his grooming was left to me.

Mother never suspected that my grooming included a twice-weekly shaving of Bobby's growing pubic hair.

"We must not hide anything from the camera, Bobby," I so many times reminded him, as my hand glided the razor over his well-lathered scrotum and penis.

And he never objected, realizing that newly depilated flesh felt so cozy and wonderfully sensual when encased in silk. And I had surreptitiously assembled quite a collection for him.

Those were halcyon days, flexing my youthful yet dominant mental muscles. I had complete control over the obeisant James and my effeminate little brother. I enjoyed it and let the power grow within me, unfettered and later to be unleashed onto a world of pusillanimous males.

When I later went to college, I lost touch with James. And my brother became free to exercise his fetish without me, but only for a while.

Mom and Dad died in a car accident just before my graduation. Thus at age 17, Bobby became mine again. I was his legal guardian.

Having spent four years away from home, selling the family home was easier than it would have been had I still

lived there. I had become very content in the New England town where I attended college and post graduation employment had already been lined up.

The transition from student to working girl with the responsibility for my younger brother was difficult. But with the life insurance proceeds and money from the sale of the house, there were adequate funds to complete the last two years of my sister's college education at a prestigious west coast school and more than enough to relocate Bobby and me to a sizable apartment.

With Bobby graduating from high school, he was also prepared for a transition in life. Little did he realize how large a transition it would be.

During my teenaged years at home, I'm not sure Bobby fully understood how much I enjoyed being served by my naked younger brother, or how sexually thrilling it had been to dress him up for after school escapades. Or how moist I became between my thighs while shaving him and applying make up to his angelic face.

Well...he would find out.

During my college years, I had not had much contact with Bobby. While home for vacations and semester breaks, I would notice certain garments missing from my room. Therefore I knew his proclivities had not changed. But since the items would reappear within days, neatly cleaned and folded as I had diligently trained him over the years, I decided to let his effeminate propensities grow and to permit him to fully explore his sexuality.

After all, my photo album was safely stored away. I could easily rein him in whenever the urge developed. I knew that there was nothing like a candid, full color snapshot of a young male wearing mascara, shoulder length hair effeminately coifed, lavender panties pulled down to reveal a pair of hairless pink testicles dangling under a manicured hand gripping the cutest of erections, to obtain a boys attention.

So I didn't expect any discipline problems with my little brother and his ability to adjust to his new status of ward. I would work and pay the bills. Bobby would clean, cook and serve, as any well trained maid would do.

My recollection ends as I approach the medical section. The Spa has a full operating room, antiseptic, well lit, and equipped to deal with every imaginable procedure and emergency. Our guests are quite active, endeavoring to ski in winter and engage in a variety of potentially injurious activities in summer. Therefore the investment is needed for the mundane medical requirements of a resort. The fact that it is more commonly utilized for initiating or caring for members of the serving staff is serendipitous.

Since piercings are performed sans anesthesia, the deep basement area serves to mitigate the earnest sounds of anguish, as sensitive skin is penetrated by heated needles.

Yes, it's a traditional welcome to the Spa. A ritualistic message to the newly contracted serving staff, communicating the notion 'you will indeed earn your pay'.

My arrival is well timed. As I approach the large window of the operating room, I spy our latest acquisition, a well-muscled lad who decided to take a leave of absence from college in order to accumulate funds for his senior year.

The doctor has him well strapped to a specially designed chair, completely naked of course, and a member of our nursing staff has brought him to full tumescence. He is large, as with every male at the Spa, thus I am not overly impressed. But it is pleasant to know that a creature so well muscled and endowed can so easily be controlled.

The doctor is heating her needle and her mirthful eyes reveal the lustful smile beneath the surgical mask.

A Prince Albert piercing is simple and effective, allowing a ring to be inserted into the tip of the penis, penetrating the urethra and exiting the underside near that most sensitive of areas, the frenulum. It can be done quickly and relatively painlessly with novocaine. But not at the Spa. The

doctor has her instructions. All piercings are to be as cathartic as possible, and our good medical professional accommodates most enthusiastically, with deliberative preparations and foreboding discussion with the nurse, thus maximizing the mental torment for our most recent supplicant.

I cannot hear what is being said, but I suspect the doctor is graphically describing the pain which our young male is about to experience and also admonishing him to be particularly careful about subsequent care, lest infection mandate a complicated and humiliating truncation of his proud member.

The perspiration and wide, rolling eyes indicate our boy is ready. Despite his fear and the degradation of being naked and well secured before two females, his penis is stiff, well-engorged and pointing straight up. Yes, he will enjoy his tour here at the Spa. We have seen his type so often...

In a well-practiced choreography, our surgical nurse grasps the bottom of the penis shaft, the doctor encircles the purple head with her gloved left hand, and slowly...very slowly, works the red hot needle into the sensitive urethra.

His scream can be heard. It is loud. It would curdle the blood of the unsuspecting onlooker. A passerby would run to assist, call the police, cry out in sympathy.

At the Spa, no one is fazed. The nurse wafts smelling salts with her free hand. The doctor pauses to ensure our boy is alert and can feel the slowly paced penetration. After the nurse forces open his closed eyes and notes that he has not fainted, she nods and the doctor proceeds.

'Welcome to the Spa', I silently mouth to myself. With a diabolical smile, I note that the massive erection has not subsided one centimeter and the temporary stainless wire, which the doctor inserts into the bulbous purple head is a most attractive adornment to the submissive male organ.

Chapter Four

Watching the agony endured by the young, well muscled submissive has the curious effect of providing me with a glowing sense of pride. Ultimately, it is by my hand that his most sensitive anatomical parts have become mere pincushions for the insouciant enjoyment of nurse and doctor. And more importantly, our guests will use his newly acquired jewelry for the most sinister of pursuits. I can feel my wetness.

With the conclusion of the penal piercing, the nurse prepares a new set of paraphernalia. The doctor removes her latex gloves, speaks and playfully tugs on the left ear of the well bound, naked male. Softly spoken words of comfort, intended to soothe, I'm sure. But most likely received as a taunt. The doctor is demonstrating her power, perhaps offering to insert a pair of scrotal rings which some Dominant women find both attractive and uniquely practical for discipline, and provide a constant reminder of status to the obsequious male. Or perhaps suggesting that the time will come when he will sit in the very same chair and endure an excruciating branding, the Spa's symbol of permanent employment.

Our new servant listens with newly acquired docile attentiveness. He is in no position to comment or object. Having watched the doctor callously skewer his most sensitive male organ with a searing hot needle, he fully comprehends the exchange of power. He has none and the nurse and doctor have all. Having relegated total control with the signing of a contract, what was thought to be a simple and lucrative employment tour, is now envisioned for what it is, a year of thorough degradation, pain and hard work.

The nipples are next. Probably as agonizing as the penis piercing if not more so, I have seen so many that my time is better spent in the lobby bidding adieu to the parting

guests. And besides, when it comes to nipples, observing the female recipients is much more entertaining.

And so as the doctor again dons her gloves and begins to heat another needle utilizing the same deliberative, nerve racking pace, I turn to leave.

On my way to the door, I peek at the medical chart to obtain the name of our newly ringed male. He is called 'Jason' and I make a mental note to later walk him at the end of a leash. I always enjoy being the first to introduce the subordinate male to the utility of the penis ring.

As I head to the lobby my roving eye looks for maintenance problems and general cleanliness. As usual, the facility is disappointingly spotless and I'll have to be quite creative in finding an infraction for tomorrow. After all, it is the policy of the Spa to have a daily display of discipline to greet the arriving guests. Someone will indeed transgress. After all, I make the rules.

In traversing the stairs my thoughts return to Bobby. As stated, after enduring the tragic death of my parents, the period that followed returned the halcyon days of my teen years. Only now I had a job, a pile of money, and Bobby...totally under my command.

During my four years away from home Bobby's penchant for girl's clothing had waned somewhat. He had few opportunities to obtain the preferred frilly silk or satin panties, for Mother's were too large and Sis, being the meticulous individual she was, kept close inventory of her possessions. And I was most disappointed to find that Bobby had not bothered to shave himself!

I realized that in my absence, his fetish had become somewhat transitory. He used the look and feel of colorful women's undergarments as a masturbatory trigger. And indeed my photo album was full of old close up snapshots of his reddened, embarrassed face, taken after achieving the desired ecstatic relief and realizing how much he had humiliated himself in front of his older sister. With his

gooey hand glistening under the bathroom lights, he would skulk to the towel rack, much more cognizant of my photographic efforts. And after his eruption I continued to the click away while clucking my tongue and admonishing him to ensure that the stained frilly panties were properly cleansed.

Yes, Bobby felt the shame of the closet fetishist, knowing that his conduct was reprehensible but unable to help himself or keep his hand from his excited penis once big sister Eve gave him permission to frottage.

I was the only stabilizing influence. Me and my photo collection. But for my interaction, I had no idea what would become of Bobby. Would he sneak about the neighborhood purloining feminine garments from nearby wash lines? Perhaps linger about at the bus station seeking to display his excited state to any women resembling his sister. And how far did this transsexual proclivity go? Would he develop the urge to exhibit his feminine side to men?

He was mentally conflicted, and I was determined to end that. A choice had to be made concerning Bobby's deportment and I was the only person qualified to make it.

Yes, I decided Bobby would put aside any thoughts about living as and all evidence of being...a male.

So upon moving to my apartment, restoration of my years of training became a priority. I decided that complete immersion was the best method.

I had rented the top floor of a two story, two family house. Although there were two bedrooms, closet space was limited. There was no room for two sets of clothing for Bobby, and fully understanding his latent preference for feminine attire, upon arrival I sent all his male clothing to storage without unpacking a stitch. Bobby would be introduced to his new home as the cute girl he so enjoyed being.

It was a logical decision. No one knew him in my college town. His friends were hundreds of miles away. Sis was

even further away and I would have ample notice of any visit. All my neighbors and acquaintances would be introduced to my sister...Bobbi!

I was fortunate to have a landlady willing to assist. Lucretia Palmero was the owner of the house and she lived on the first floor. Lucretia was in her early forties, a handsome woman with very dark but silver streaked hair, piercing eyes and a no nonsense demeanor. She was twice widowed. Local rumor intimating that she worked her first two husbands to death, I never learned whether the gossip suggested a figurative or literal demise.

But I did learn of her disdain for the male sex, and prominently exhibited in her 'study' were numerous instruments of correction, which she made no effort to hide from her acquaintances and kept from the view of the rare casual visitor by merely closing the study door.

Lucretia became my confidant. Initially she was the only person who knew Bobbi's true gender. She took such delight in his forced effeminate status that she not only conspired with me on developing Bobbi's regimen but also served as a needed observer, should an inexplicable urge to revert to maleness overtake Bobbi in my absence.

And so each morning after a naked Bobbi served me an impeccably prepared breakfast, I supervised his grooming and assured that his stiff little manhood was properly tucked away under the briefest of panties. Then he would put on his maid's costume and present himself for final inspection.

In the first few weeks, with his exaggerated high heels, I had to assist as he awkwardly negotiated the stairs to Lucretia's apartment. Later, with Lucretia's strict tutelage, he seemed to glide down the stairs where he limp wristedly tapped on Lucretia's door to begin his day of servitude.

I would leave for a busy day at the clinic, sanguine with the realization that Bobbi was receiving the best discipline and training a teenaged girl could obtain.

A few months went by without event. Bobbi followed all the rules and both mine and Lucretia's apartment were neatly kept, with Lucretia humorously commenting that her kitchen floor had been washed and waxed so often that the linoleum would soon need replacement.

And Bobbi was becoming a very good cook. Satisfying every woman's dream of staying out of the kitchen, he learned to provide both Lucretia and me with tastefully prepared meals. No frozen dinners for this working girl.

I resumed the responsibility for Bobbi's grooming. In teaching him all the tricks of makeup and other cosmetics, he enthusiastically began to apply it himself. And to my amusement he spent much time plucking his eyebrows and was constantly distraught over facial hair.

My role evolved mainly to that of critic, commenting on how pretty my cute brother looked with his short black uniform and shoulder length blond hair carefully tucked under the obligatory maid's cap. Standing before me at attention, I would occasionally point out a smudge of rouge or a stubborn strand of hair dangling outside the frilly cap. But otherwise, Bobbi became quite fastidious about his girlish appearance.

Twice weekly, I continued the chore of having Bobbi strip and soak himself in our large tub so that I could manifest my control by way of full body inspection. Evidence of Lucretia's 'encouragement' was usually found on Bobbi's buttocks, and this always brought a smile, picturing Bobbi, short skirt lifted, panties down, receiving a few brisk strokes in Lucretia's study.

After the bath I shaved his privates. It was then that I allowed Bobbi to stroke himself for me, his smooth, hairless penis and scrotum providing quite the catalyst for masturbation. Beforehand, I was careful to place him in the most humiliating and obsequious of positions in preparation for my camera.

My favorite was having him slip into his highest shoes, don the maid's cap, then stand naked before a full-length mirror. He would tumefy looking at his own reflection. Then, granting permission, he would stroke himself to gratification staring at his own feminine image. Trying to stay perched on the ridiculously extreme heels was a challenge and most times, upon my command to ejaculate, he fell over when his eyes closed with ecstasy. A most amusing sight.

Within a few months, things got busy at work. I guess I skipped one or two masturbation sessions, arriving home late and being in no mood to frolic. I did notice that Bobbi was getting fidgety. He spilled things. His movements in the heels again became strained and reverted to clumsiness. I did not relate this change to a hormonal build up. I too was young and did not realize that although Bobbi's appearance was completely feminine, his male hormones still percolated.

And so one evening I arrived home and instead of being greeted at the door with a glass of wine and a polite but labored curtsy from my pretty maid, instead there was a note from Lucretia on the door summoning me to her apartment.

I stepped down the stairs into the foyer and knocked expecting Bobbi to answer as trained. Instead Lucretia opened the door with a smile and a look of pointed determination.

"Not to be alarmed, Eve. Bobbi's been delayed. Seems he's picked up a nasty habit that needs attention."

She beckoned me to step inside and I followed her into the foreboding study. There was Bobbi, stripped of his maid's uniform and standing in this amazingly clever 'A' frame.

"I stepped out to the store and when I returned he was masturbating! A nasty habit. Luckily I returned in time to

stop him before he soiled anything. My second husband was given to the same weakness but I cured him.”

I had been in the study before but never realized that the two vertical posts resting against opposite walls were hinged at the bottom and could be pulled toward each other and connected at the tops to form an apex over the center of the rug. Once done, restraining ankles, wrists and neck was a simple matter of securing cuffs and collar to the leaning posts.

In Bobbi’s case, Lucretia and placed him in a broad fur lined neck collar which was chained high above near the apex. His wrists were secured behind his back and ankle cuffs tied to the bottom of each post ensured that he stood perfectly still, on toes with legs widely spread. It appeared that the neck collar bore much of Bobbi’s weight judging from his motionless form.

Bobbi’s maid’s cap comically remained atop his head but his long hair was disheveled, apparently from an initial struggle before fully comprehending the futility of resisting Lucretia’s bondage.

I stepped further into the room to the left side. Bobbi’s penis was incredibly stiff and Lucretia had spent the afternoon ‘working’ him. Dozens of nasty little clamps adorned nipples, scrotum and Lucretia even had some strange device attached to his nostrils.

Juxtaposing the excited state of his manhood were tears streaming down his cheeks. His make up was smeared and knowing this, he appeared embarrassed to be thus seen by his sister. Curiously, he seemed ambivalent about his naked and helpless state before two women.

“I have found it’s best to deal with the problem harshly on the first occurrence. Saves time in the long run.”

With her comment Lucretia stepped to Bobbi’s right side and gently flicked a few clamps. The pain must have been extraordinary, for Bobbi wrenched spasmodically and

attempted to cry out. But when he opened his mouth, very little sound emitted. Lucretia and also clamped his tongue.

“He seemed to indicate you approved of his masturbation, at least when supervised.”

I nodded and Lucretia indicated we should talk. I agreed and we moved to the living room for an aperitif, leaving Bobbi to his endeavors.

I put aside my thoughts about Bobbi and Lucretia as I enter the lobby. A dozen guests have assembled. Their attire evidences their departure, ordinary but quite fashionable clothing after an extended weekend of leather, latex or perhaps nothing. Some Dominant women never leave their room, choosing instead to remain naked while straddling the face of a blindfolded member of the serving staff. Yes, we have well trained tongues at the Spa and some of our guests have been known to ride wave after wave of oral pleasure. Receiving simultaneous clitoral and anal stimulation from a male/female duo has become one of the Spa's most demanded services. I even use a sketched silhouette of such an indulgence to decorate the back of the dining room menu. And every room is equipped with the simple but effective 'split' sitting stool to facilitate the activity.

As expected, Nickie has drawn attention. The 'poor' girl is perspiring profusely as her thighs strain to hold her little nub above the plank. Three guests have gathered around to observe. One is graciously fingering her inner labia which drapes down the sides of the plank. I'm sure Nickie is grateful for the momentary pleasure. She remains silent but her nipples react to the caress, strangely crinkling to pencil points in response to the ephemeral pleasure despite the prolonged pain.

Madam Guitteau observes from afar. She is a regular visitor to the Spa, skiing in the winter and returning for horseback riding in the early autumn. Madam is a notorious professional Dominatrix from France, catering to Europe's

wealthy male population. She is strict, discreet, and expensive...very expensive. Specializing in long term bondage and sensory deprivation, a weekend at her chateau is rumored to cost thousands, and the monetary rewards reaped by the demand for her services are evidenced by the sizable jet waiting at Calgary to return her to her debaucherous pursuits.

Years ago on her first visit, I greeted her in the lobby as she retrieved a small electronic pager from the pocket of her skin-tight black leather slacks. Listening intently to my welcome, she deftly pushed on the numbered keyboard, firmly pressed a large button and smiled...evilily.

“An intimate message for a special guest at my chateau.”

Yes, it seems with the advent of the world-wide satellite pager system, Madam Guitteau is able to deliver a barely tolerable programmed series of electric shocks to clients enduring her long term specialty... without need for proximity.

“My assistant makes sure his feeding tube continues to flow. And he will be comforted knowing that his Mistress cares enough to lift a finger to assure he is properly tormented, despite my intention of enjoying a few days respite here.”

One could not help envisioning some influential politician, ostensibly on a long holiday, but in reality hanging naked, thoroughly bound, deafened, and blindfolded in one of Madam’s well designed suspension harnesses. His shaven privates are wired, perhaps with a metallic urethral insert, perhaps with testicle clamps, and he helplessly awaits the capricious push of Madam’s finger on the pager button. One imagines that he is comfortable but wishes for the end of the hours and hours of tedium. And the mental torment builds with the realization that such a desire means wishing for the excruciating electric shocks, received in a place where no male can endure pain,

except when thoroughly restrained and when mandated by a merciless superior.

And so with the jolts, measured in seconds but seemingly felt for an eternity, the mind reverts to hoping for the resumption of boredom. For a return to silence, his own involuntary high pitched screams permeating the ear coverings and being the only sound perceived in the prolonged dark silence...perceived that is since the push of Madam's finger hours before.

During that initial visit, after I finished verbalizing my welcome, Madam politely smiled.

"I need a boy with a good tongue...young and with firm, rounded buttocks. Playing with my pager arouses me and I want to be serviced. I assume the room is equipped with a whip?"

I nodded, fully understanding her needs.

And so after that first visit, I made sure to have available every time she vacationed with us a young looking male with an athletic backside and to have her room stocked with the thinnest of whips. Although she tipped generously, no male servant ever requested to serve her a second time. And an amusing rumor continues to circulate among the professional staff that Madam Guitteau is not only given to paroxysmally squeezing her thighs about the latex covered head of a well whipped staff member, but also gripping her pager with equal zeal. Communicating the carnal delights of her long weekend to a specially prepared set of male genitals hanging most anxiously in the bowels of a French chateau.

I am comforted knowing that Nickie is proving to be an entertaining addition to our staff. And with Madam observing so intently, I wonder if her demands may change a little upon her next visit. I have been told that the desires of the truly avid flagellatrix can be genderless...

Chapter Five

When the train reaches the egress of the tunnel and the bright Canadian winter sun resumes illuminating the cab of the locomotive, by tradition the engineer signals the end of the unique journey with a long blast of his horn. With the acoustics of the bowl shaped valley, the resulting low moan announces to everyone within miles of the lodge the arrival and departure of guests.

Most of the departing guests recognize the sound as a signal to proceed toward the train and those concluding their first visit follow the more regular clients out the lobby door onto the ramp leading to the platform.

A half dozen male servants labor to carry luggage to the approaching train. Although the temperature is well below freezing I insist they undertake their endeavors sans covering. It's amusing to watch them scurry about while their genitals shrivel and turn colors. And the sight provides a wonderfully appropriate welcome for the arriving Dominant women of the world.

Joining a daily scene in which I have so often partaken, I smile, hug, shake hands, and exchange pleasantries with these most gracious but authoritative women. The fact that they have spent the preceding days flogging the young and vulnerable flesh of the Spa's serving staff is incongruous to their dress and demeanor.

But for Madam Guitteau, almost every departing guest has begun to transform herself to her mundane role as executive, high-powered attorney, wealthy spouse, or influential elected official. And later, when they step off the train in Calgary, no one would suspect the proclivity, that oddest but most enjoyable of common denominators, which caused them to gather for a few days of bliss.

A delicious Champagne brunch is served aboard and although the train is not scheduled to leave for another hour the departing guests embark in order to eat, drink, socialize and converse. In so doing, the details of their

sordid stay are exchanged with some having experienced the delight of tormenting the same member of the serving staff. Thus, amusing discussions ensue typically comparing a subordinate's reaction to the whip, crop, scrotal parachute, various nipple and testicle clamps and other implements of pain.

With almost every discussion comes a comparison of anatomy and curiously, the appendage most talked about and compared is the tongue. The debate concerning which gender provides the more pleasurable level of cunnilingus never ends with almost every guest sampling both. And the group usually light heartedly concludes...more sampling will be required.

My duty now changes to greeting the arriving guests. An informal reception line forms on the platform, and I smile and extend my hand. Many are regulars whom I can welcome by name. There are three newcomers, two of whom have notable business careers and I recognize from magazine and newspaper articles. As noted, I am careful to use the nom de guerre under which they have made reservations. This sets the climate and the other guests politely follow my example.

Many times there is a fine line between being noteworthy and notorious. Addressing the former by an assumed name protects her from becoming the latter. Years hence, if someone such as a nosey investigative reporter with evidence of carnal dalliances inquires 'have you met Ms. X', the legitimate reply will be 'no'. For despite licentious reminiscences at the Spa, perhaps with the woman in question wearing a sizable strap on and extracting the most pitiful of pleas from a soon to be sodomized young male, Ms. X's real name was never used.

As I mechanically smile, greet and shake, my thoughts return to that interesting evening with Lucretia and Bobbi.

Leaving Bobbi to suffer in the study, Lucretia stepped to the kitchen and I heard a cork pop. I sat in the living room.

“You know, Eve, every male will engage in such disgusting activity given the chance,” referring to Bobbi’s attempt at masturbation. “Despite his feminine proclivities he’ll seek pleasure as any normal male, no matter that it’s not permissible.”

She was calling out from the kitchen. She paused. I heard the clink of glasses and she reentered the living room with a tray, two wine glasses, and bottle.

I had not before focused on her attire. Lucretia wore a strapless black spandex halter. Her large breasts stretched the tight material and I could see the outline of well shaped nipples beneath. Her bare shoulders and arms revealed a strength that one would not suspect in a woman her age. A short pleated black skirt allowed for easy movement, leaving most of her shapely but muscled thighs uncovered. But it was her uncovered flat stomach, which hinted even more at her unlikely physique. For a woman who had attained her fourth decade, Lucretia had the body of a young athlete and she glided across the room carrying the tray without effort.

Her choice of color was insightful, highlighting the silver streaks in her jet-black hair and complementing her dark eyes.

Lucretia placed the tray on the coffee table in front of me. When she sat in the opposite chair the short skirt hiked up even higher and the pink lips of her trimmed pudendum flashed. She noticed my downward gaze, smiled confidently and smoothed the cloth over her thighs. The lower portion of her meaty outer labia remained peeking back but I politely smiled, pretending not to notice. My thoughts turned to Bobbi. If he was forced to glimpse at such feminine charm throughout a long day of servitude, it was no wonder his hand had involuntarily reached for his male organ when given the opportunity.

“Yes, my second husband had a very active right hand. When I would graciously permit him to explore between my

thighs with his tongue and lips, the randy man would begin to stroke himself. Can you imagine him, placing his gratification on the same level as mine? Well I finally solved the problem. Did a lot of research and finally had him belted."

She paused and noticed my look of perplexity.

"Yes, a chastity belt. There are a number of different styles and models available. With the development of new materials, they are not the medieval devices one envisions. With the proper fitting they can be quite comfortable and very secure. High carbon stainless steel can be ineluctable. And rather attractive when polished."

Lucretia paused to sip her wine. I joined her.

"My wimp husband wore one for his last three years. Of course you have to remove it every week or so to clean, but the 'A' frame in the study kept him from playing with his little worm in the interim."

Another pause. She was giving me time to reflect.

"You should consider one for Bobbi. There's a certain design that would make his maleness indiscernible under clothing. Of course there may be further refinements required. Hubby preferred male clothing so in his case such was not necessary."

I used the reference to inquire about her husband's demise.

"A tragic death. Heart attack. After three years, I finally decided to let him stroke himself. Listening to the entreaties gets wearing over time so I unlocked his belt and let him go at it. He just couldn't take the excitement. He died with this huge erection and I imagine a sizable pool of semen somewhere in his system. The casket is probably filled with it."

Lucretia began to laugh.

"I should have left him locked up. But the insurance covers a lot of remorse."

Her eyes twinkled with her last comment. Perhaps Lucretia did contribute to her husband's death. However, as a criminal matter, what prosecutor would want such a story placed before a jury?

Another pause, another sip.

"You've been very kind having Bobbi perform for me. His services are appreciated...suppose as remuneration I take responsibility for ending his habit. I realize you have probably come to enjoy watching him humiliate himself, but he'll be much more trainable without the normal hormonal release. I think you'd be surprised with his newly found willingness to please."

Lucretia casually opened her thighs and I once again found myself glancing downward. Her public hair had been closely trimmed leaving just above her exposed clitoral hood a small triangular patch, the top of which was covered by the skirt. The movement caused her outer labia to open and reveal her vermilion inner lips. She was quite moist, evidencing a notable level of arousal. Noticing my stare, she lifted the skirt, briefly revealing more of her sex, then smoothed it down to again cover herself. The flapping cloth caused her musky fragrance to waft and it mixed decadently with the bouquet of the wine. There was no doubt that the thought of having Bobbi under her 24-hour control excited her. And to me, the notion was most intriguing. After all, I was just 22 and very much wished to learn from this stern, authoritative woman.

"Time for some weights," Lucretia casually commented.

She arose and walked to the study. I heard a drawer open and close then a muffled cry of pain from Bobbi. Lucretia returned.

"Just a little extra tension on the scrotal clamps. With recollections of this evening, Bobbi's eagerness to touch himself will diminish."

Lucretia smiled with an odd bashfulness, seeming to have pride in her ability to discipline and control the male

but modestly not wishing to display it.

Our conversation changed to a variety of subjects with Lucretia returning to the study every few minutes ensuring Bobbi's continued torment. I became both hungry and giddy from the wine. When Lucretia poured the last drops, I announced my intent to depart.

"Just send Bobbi upstairs when you're through with him," I suggested. "And won't you please allow me to contribute toward the cost of his belt?"

In so affirming her plans, Lucretia beamed with my comment.

"Just consider it as compensation, Eve. He'll earn it."

She snickered ominously with her last comment and I arose to leave. Later, as I changed to put on the silk sarong against which Bobbi so often enjoyed brushing his privates, I realized that my fragrance had also been mixing with the bouquet of the wine.

I was in bed and half asleep when Bobbi finally returned. Lucretia made him carry his pretty maid's uniform, deeming the need for covering for the short trip into the foyer and up the stairs to be unnecessary. He softly knocked on my bedroom door and entered. Remaining completely naked but for maid's cap and heels, he humbly gave me a foot massage then kissed and licked my toes. I fell asleep and awoke to a sumptuous breakfast of eggs benedict. Bobbi remained erect while serving me and indicated that Lucretia requested he knock on her door in the same condition. So I let him kneel to my side and thrust his little purple stiffness into my sarong covered thigh as I ate, cautioning him not to ejaculate.

By the time we were ready to leave, Bobbi was as hard as I had ever seen him and the anticipation of walking outside the apartment naked, tumefied and in heels seemed to excite him more than the use of my thigh. When we knocked on Lucretia's door, she delayed answering so I opened the outside door to leave. As I did so, the morning

light shown off the tip of Bobbi's penis. His pre-ejaculatory fluid was streaming down his wet shaft to the shaven pink pouch below. I stood with the door open for a moment and let the outside air caress Bobbi's exposed privates. Two passersby were on the sidewalk and looked Bobbi's way as I released the door and it slowly swung closed behind me. Bobbi noticed their quick look and impatiently knocked again just as I heard Lucretia unlatch the door.

His impertinence would prove to upset her. He was going to have another long day.

When I returned from the clinic at day's end, Bobbi greeted me with the usual chilled glass of wine, precisely centered on a decorative serving tray. He walked rather gingerly and when I asked him for a recap of his day he explained that Ms. Lucretia, as he called her, had caned him vigorously for his transgression upon arrival, then spent the morning measuring him while sitting, standing and lying in the most revealing of poses. The list of measurements included his male organ, both flaccid and erect.

"She also stuck something in me and in the afternoon applied cream...down there."

Bobbi was still shy about discussing his intimate parts. I was about to extract more detail when the phone rang. It was Lucretia.

"Bobbi's taking care of a toy for me, Eve. He's been instructed to remove it in the morning and bring it downstairs with him. It's an anal plug. He's rather tight back there and we'll need to change that. And by the way, I began to apply hair removal cream. When he's belted, the fewer the reasons to unlock him the better. At his age the few mature follicles will die off with two or three weeks of daily applications. And new ones will cease to develop. I told Bobbi that shaving isn't good for a girl's skin. He agrees." Lucretia laughed.

“His measurements were faxed to Germany this afternoon. I’ve requested some refinements over a normal belt. It will be ready in five or six weeks.”

I thanked Lucretia and she in turn thanked me. Little did she realize I wouldn’t know what to do with Bobbi without her, but she certainly seemed happy to care for him.

Later that evening I had Bobbi strip. Sure enough, each buttock was adorned with six evenly spaced and perfectly identical horizontal welts. Lucretia was quite the accomplished flagellatrix. And firmly implanted in Bobbi’s young sphincter was Lucretia’s plug, providing a constant reminder to Bobbi of her authority and control.

What a wonderful landlady.

My pleasant thoughts fade as the last of the arriving guests saunters toward me from the platform. She is a very large, well built black woman, the wife of a powerful African despot experiencing her first visit to the Spa. My reservation sheet indicates she is to be referred to as ‘Princess’.

In her hand is a leash emanating from the thick neck collar of a young, blond, teenaged boy. His arms are pulled behind his back in an attractive but insufferable single white leather glove. His skin is pierced with countless gold ornaments, which provide him with his only covering. My eyes move to his groin. His penis has been ringed and pierced in so many places its only possible function is for excretion and I question whether that is feasible without assistance.

More ornaments have been attached to his scrotum. They appear to be layers of gold leaf apparently painstakingly attached to the thin scrotal tissue by way of hundreds of small sutures. Thoughts of the young blond enduring the pain of stitch after stitch as each small plate of precious metal is laid over the tender skin gives me goose bumps.

With the testicles so well covered, it is not possible to discern whether or not his reproductive organs are intact. Historically, slaves in Africa are known to be altered, and the country in which the Princess resides, although somewhat modern, has one set of laws...the whims of its ruler and most likely those of his physically imposing wife.

I shake her hand and introduce myself. She acknowledges me with a polite but regal reply and tugs firmly on the leash to bring her toy to my side.

"A gift from a wealthy Swedish businessman wishing to purchase our oil."

She speaks with perfect English. With the slight accent suggesting a British education, I recall reading she is an Oxford graduate.

"He has the proper equipment to serve but needs training...open."

I turn and look at him more closely. He is older than he appears from a distance and I conclude that indeed he probably has been fixed, the hormonal change freezing in time his development. I look into the eyes of a blond and wonderfully bejeweled Peter Pan.

With the Princess's command the boy has opened his mouth and thrust out his tongue. It is frighteningly long and has been pierced with a spherical gold stud at the tip. He is a woman's pleasure machine. With the stud designed for nothing other than clitoral stimulation, my mind wonders whether the Princess sampled different sizes and shapes before having the Royal jeweler permanently install the impressive nub of smooth shiny metal.

I smile and suggest that the Princess has brought him to the right place. Our professional staff includes trainers of accomplished skills. Peter Pan will soon find himself lying prostrate on a training table with his head and face dangling over the end. Below will be a basin of ice water. A rather strong female trainer, wearing a skirt with a wide opening at the front, will sit before him in a special chair.

She will pull aside the folds covering her sex and he will be politely invited to orally partake. With a refusal she will firmly but slowly push his face and head down into the shockingly cold water. Then the trainer will lift his head, tenderly dry his face, and once again graciously extend an invitation for him to plunge his only useful appendage between her labia. Refusal will earn another dunk.

In time he will relent and make initial contact. Then she will begin to instruct him on the finer points of servicing the female organs and insure that his tongue and lips respond timely to commands.

In my first year at the Spa, the trainer explained the utility of the procedure to me.

“The repeated trauma of the incredible cold breaks the will. Once accomplished, over time the water temperature is raised and the dunking becomes a mechanism for breath control, a very important element in performing proper cunnilingus.”

Within days, Peter Pan’s tongue will be artfully darting over the female genitalia, attentively licking and tenderly sucking the most sensitive of places, skillfully bringing orgasm after orgasm and gleefully lapping up the female essence of his superior.

I feel my own moisture thinking about it.

As the Princess leads him away, a glint of the bright winter sun causes my eyes to gaze downward. Reflecting the light are a pair of golden rings deeply imbedded into the muscles of his buttocks. They are large and heavily gauged. I have before seen such piercings. Implanting them into the muscles is a complicated procedure and I quickly conclude that someone has decided that Peter Pan’s young tight backside will be used as a receptacle for the strap on. Much deeper than ornamental piercings, the implantations require investment in much medical talent and thus many dollars. Whether it was done at the behest of the Princess or the Swedish businessman, there has

been expended a considerable effort to assure that the sphincter of this young blond can be used against his will. To open him for proper penetration, the gentlest of tugs on the rings will cause his gluteus maximus muscles to helplessly spasm, thus eliminating the last bastion against an ignominious assault on his anus.

Chapter Six

Having greeted the arriving guests, it is time for lunch. Since I mingle with our patrons every evening in the dining room, eating fabulously prepared meals, I keep lunch simple.

Lotus, my maid, will have a light sandwich and tea waiting for me in my apartment. Peter Pan and the Princess have aroused me and as I stroll into the lobby my pace quickens. Although Nickie's legs are delightfully tired, causing her pudendum to sink precariously close to the plank and the newly arrived find her struggles to be most entertaining, I decide not to linger.

My thoughts return to Bobbi and my landlady.

Lucretia's cream was working wonders. Shaving Bobbi evolved into quick strokes of the razor to remove the fuzz of undeveloped follicles. Bobbi even asked Lucretia to use the cream on his face, a request to which she graciously and affirmatively responded.

At Lucretia's suggestion, I had forbidden Bobbi any further masturbation and although he begged and moaned, I did notice a much more compliant attitude and with wonderful attention to the day to day details of serving as maid.

The maid's uniform became superfluous, although Bobbi carried it down to Lucretia's apartment every morning in case she was expecting visitors or the doorbell needed attention. But otherwise she too preferred him naked and she glowingly reported that his little penis was constantly engorging itself, a situation with which Lucretia found amusing and took the time to deal with it.

"Most pretty maids don't have such protrusions, Bobbi. Whatever are we going to do with it?"

With Bobbi's abundant hormones, he became more and more fidgety. Dropped items became a chronic problem and Lucretia used every single mishap to 'invite' Bobbi into her study. There after a moderate caning, with Bobbi choking

back sobs, Lucretia would pointedly ask, “Now, don’t you feel better, Bobbi...easier to concentrate and control your movements? And your little penis is still standing so it couldn’t have been too bad.”

Yes, Lucretia taught me about the curious psychological connection between pain and pleasure, which the truly subordinate secretly relish. For on some days I would arrive home from work to find that Lucretia had Bobbi in her study for a late afternoon behavior modification session. She would invite me to watch. Observing Bobbi’s initial struggles and pleas, before application of the cane, change to passive sobs and calm politeness afterwards was an interesting transition. And for the remainder of the afternoon and evening he would focus intently on his duties. No muffs, no oversights, just textbook maid service, sans uniform, of course.

And Bobbi recognized the transition also. For within a few weeks, Lucretia would question him after each transgression.

“Do you need to visit the study, Bobbi? I’ve purchased a particularly thin strand of bamboo.”

Surprisingly, Bobbi would nod, somewhat reluctantly, realizing that despite the apprehension of the amazingly sharp pain, Lucretia’s crisp applications were improving his efforts. He was very eager to serve and wished to do so properly.

At the Spa, sometimes a guest desires to watch a thorough and professionally performed flogging. (Sometimes a certain set of buttocks draws the attention of a guest and she cannot help but request that such be well spread, secured and excoriated.) Mona, the discipline supervisor, is summoned. She is a very experienced flagellatrix and I’ve often had occasion to watch her ply her skills upon the selected staff member.

I remember questioning some of the more masochistic members of the serving staff after Mona had given them a

good working over. They were calm, evidencing a heightened level of awareness. All their senses seemed to have been enhanced, more sensitive to light, sound, touch and smell. They reported a feeling of release, as if they had experienced a most satisfying orgasm. Also a sense of relief, realizing that despite having a powerful and relentless woman apply all her strength and stamina to the application of pain, they had survived.

And so it was not surprising to me that Bobbi had also learned of the catharsis of the cane. With masturbation being forbidden, his hormonal imbalance needed attention. Thus, he sought that most irregular form of relief so colorfully described to me at the Spa, the intense, searing strokes of what flagellants describe as the most persuasive instrument of correction known.

It was ironic that when the special package from Germany arrived, Bobbi was dutifully working in Lucretia's kitchen making watercress sandwiches. As Lucretia related the story to me, the doorbell rang and Bobbi stepped into the living to don his uniform, forgetting that Lucretia had taken it to be cleaned.

Lucretia was lounging on the couch reading a magazine and looked up to see Bobbi's predicament. The bell rang again.

"Well Bobbi, the door needs answering. It's a parcel delivery. I can see the truck through the window. You'll need to sign for a package."

As written, Lucretia preferred to be served naked and there stood Bobbi in his ridiculously high heels and maid's cap. Nothing else. Lucretia watched as his penis slowly engorged. Bobbi became aroused contemplating exposure to the unknown driver.

"I can ask the driver to wait and cane you first. Would that help? One way or the other you're going to fulfill your duties."

Bobbi stepped toward the door.

“A nice curtsy for the driver now...”

As Lucretia described it, Bobbi’s face was crimson with embarrassment when he pulled open the door. There in the foyer stood tall, well-built black woman in the traditional brown uniform of the parcel service holding a clipboard and a box. Bobbi pulled his hands to the small of his back and curtsied as trained. The purple penis stood at attention and the driver just paused and stared. Bobbi waited for her to speak, Lucretia insisting that Bobbi never initiate a verbal exchange. She also remained silent.

Finally, with Bobbi’s hairless male organs providing a most unusual contrast to his effeminate make up, heels and long blond hair, Lucretia broke the ice.

“Good morning, Lucy. A package from Germany perhaps?”

With a look more of amusement than shock, the driver moved her gaze from Bobbi’s privates to Lucretia.

“Yes, Lucretia. Need a signature. Glad to see things are going well for you. Haven’t been greeted like this since you lost your husband.”

More small talk was exchanged while Bobbi signed for his own implement of restraint. The irony!

Bobbi took the package, curtsied again then retired to the kitchen with it. The driver bid good bye.

“Stop in for a foot massage sometime, Lucy. Bobbi’s hands are softer than my husband’s and he’s getting quite good.”

The driver left and Lucretia resumed reading. Within minutes, the silence in the kitchen became suspicious. No rattling plates. No clink of glassware. No sounds of the knife popping against the cutting board.

Lucretia put aside her magazine to investigate. When she silently swung open the kitchen door, there stood Bobbi over the sink stroking himself. The excitement of exposing himself erect and feminized was too much. Despite the weeks of discipline and instruction, he craved relief.

He would not obtain it.

"Well, it seems the arrival of our package is rather timely," was Lucretia's understated observation. Bobbi jumped with the sound of her authoritative voice.

When I arrived home from work there was another note from Lucretia suggesting that Bobbi would be delayed and that I should knock on her door.

I did.

Bobbi answered. He properly curtsied and when he bowed his head, tears dripped to the floor. Lucretia had him wearing various clamps again, nose, nipples and I later learned the tongue also.

But what caught my eye was the shining strip of stainless steel around Bobbi's waist with a wider piece covering his groin.

Lucretia approached from behind and informed me of the day's events.

"It seems our little maid gets aroused showing himself off to people. A very cute exhibitionist, in heels and cap.

"Well future arousal will be uncomfortable...very uncomfortable."

I stepped inside and Lucretia suggested we retire to the bathroom.

"You'll need to know how this belt works. It cannot be removed without the key, of which there are only two copies, yours and mine."

She handed one to me then slipped the other into a keyhole on Bobbi's right hip. The belt clicked and opened.

"As you can see, it's very tight but the neoprene lining allows for very extended wear. And I had it specially designed to allow unfettered access to his anus. Prostrate health is important and he'll need massaging."

The belt appeared to be incredibly strong. The polished steel gave the impression that nothing could penetrate it, a fact that the manufacturer indeed suggested in his brochures. The crouch piece was almost flat, forcing

Bobbi's little penis and testicles downwards between his legs. This feature made it very easy for Bobbi to slip into tight girl's panties, but obviously he'd have to learn to walk differently with his reproductive organs so restrained.

Lucretia slipped the device from Bobbi's waist. As she did so, his flaccid penis popped into view. It had been encased in a tube attached to the inside of the crouch piece. The penis had a ring encircling the end of the shaft, right at the sensitive tip.

"The tube has a hole for drainage between his thighs. Henceforth, our pretty maid will be squatting to urinate. And as you can see, I had the manufacturer throw a teeth bracelet in with the order. It fits snugly when Bobbi is flaccid. But upon arousal the sharp little teeth on the inside bite if he becomes engorged.

"Tomorrow, as an added precaution, I'm going to have him pierced just at the tip under the urethra. As you can see, the penis tube has holes in it. A thin bar can be inserted through the tube and the penal piercing, making it impossible to slide off or for the penis to slip out. I also have a urethral insert. Our pretty maid is going to be quite obedient and will learn to control his urges...or suffer. Going forward, erections, or the attempt to achieve such, will be incredibly painful.

"Nice, pristine thoughts for you, Bobbi."

Lucretia laughed with her suggestion.

My feminized brother, hormones abundantly flowing at age 18, in effect became a eunuch. But unlike a truly altered male, his drive would build and his desire would accumulate. With absolutely no hope of relief...except of course the cathartic release offered by Lucretia's cane, Bobbi would have to learn to transform his sexual urges into energetic service for the Dominant female.

The next morning, Lucretia had Bobbi pierced as planned. As a result, when properly locked into his belt, Bobbi's penis was inserted into the bracelet then secured

into the urination tube. Judging from his teared eyes, the pain was unbearable. He had to stop using mascara until he became accustomed to it.

From that day onward, Bobbi became the most obedient of maids. He worked long hours, sometimes arising very early to bake or clean. The slightest nocturnal tumescence awoke him in unimaginable discomfort, his penis trying to defy its captive status. So he was always ready to serve, learning to take short naps to avoid becoming erect in sleep.

Lucretia explained that Bobbi was now truly emasculated and that with his male organs so tightly locked away, there was no longer any need for modesty in Bobbi's presence.

So I followed her lead and took Bobbi into the shower with me every morning. It became one of his daily chores to gently soap and clean my body and later to towel me. Interesting how he learned to control himself, gazing at his sister's nubile body, although I did occasionally hear a grunt as his little manhood twitched from time to time.

Lucretia began to teach him even more intimate service. Her casual household attire of halter top and short skirt were functional. And Bobbi's tongue and lips become a substitute for the organs he could no longer see or touch.

With the thought of oral service on my mind, I enter my apartment. As expected a plate is set with a cup and tea bag waiting. Lotus hears me enter and humbly pads out of the kitchen with a tray containing a BLT sandwich and a pot of hot water for the tea. She is prompt, most servile and completely naked. Just the way the manager of the decadent Spa should be served.

Lotus is a Chinese girl, actually a woman of some 30 years of age. She spent three tours at the Spa, accumulating enough funds to not only finish her bachelor's degree, but afterwards returned twice in order

to fund her masters and Ph.D. Later she again returned and submitted herself to permanent service.

Lotus epitomizes the phenomenon of 'submissive recidivism' to which I previously referred. Having attained a thorough education, Lotus found herself unable to function in the vanilla world of chemical engineering. So she returned to the Spa and I selected her to fulfill the portion of my contract that affords me a servant at beck and call 24 hours per day.

I can't help smiling as her little bare feet gingerly hop across the thick carpeting. I had Lotus's ankles pierced with solid steel rings. A short chain, permanently welded from ring to ring hobbles her movements, constricting each step to a mere eight inches.

Lotus has the boyish physique of most Asian women. Small, firm breasts, smooth skin without a hint of fat, nicely shaped buttocks. I have not pierced her nipples, preferring to instead leave them unfettered so that there are ample areas to apply clamps. Her black hair is kept short. I don't like a tickling mess of long strands moving about between my thighs.

My nose detects her feminine arousal. The many short steps jiggle the Ben Wa balls I had inserted into her vagina. Under my direction, the Spa's doctor took her time in assessing the best location for the special gold spheres. From a small suture near her womb a large ball dangles on a thin line of somewhat elastic nylon. It constantly manipulates her magical 'G' spot. A smaller ball hangs on the same line below, titillating the sensitive inner labia at the egress of her love pouch.

The constant motion of the two balls keeps Lotus in a state of arousal. I like her that way.

My eyes move to the source of the aroma. There a hairless pudendum displays my infibulating steel rings, four piercing each of the outer labia with a fifth centered just above her clitoral hood. They are sizable and quite

prominent. A thin chain is attached to the top ring and threaded through the labia rings. Lotus is 'zipped' closed...tightly, and no one can question the intent of my handiwork. Lotus is controlled, completely. Not even the tip of a finger can work its way to the well-hidden clitoris. It thrills me looking at her. Lotus must endure the pleasant suffering of arousal without relief...until granted by me.

She serves as I sit. Then humbly stands to my side and looks at me beseechingly.

Yes, the key. She needs to be released to visit the bathroom.

Sometimes I make her wait. But with my recollection of Lucretia and Bobbi, I am in a mood to be serviced. I retrieve the key from around my neck and unlock the small padlock dangling at the bottom of the chain between her thighs.

"Hurry back," I admonish her. "I want you under the table."

I cannot help but smile as I watch her childlike buttocks bounce with each tiny step toward the bathroom. The letter 'S', branded onto the bottom right side of the right cheek, evidences her acceptance of permanent servitude.

In zipping her genitalia and restraining her ankles, there is not a minute of the day when Lotus is not aware of her status and who is in command. She has one function, to serve me, twenty-four hours per day seven days per week. Her only respite is her biweekly medical exam. It is only then that she is opened and inspected. And the reader may be assured, it is not a restful interlude. Sitting spread and open, many regulars enjoy watching the doctor and nurse play with her balls. And my poor, shy Lotus must sit and endure.

When Lotus becomes too old to continue serving, her rings, balls and chains will be removed. But she will depart the Spa with the letter 'S' deeply embedded into her flesh

as a lifetime reminder of her submission ...and with a pile of money.

Chapter Seven

Lotus hurries as best she can from the bathroom. She knows that delay will not be tolerated since she is unlocked making unauthorized masturbation feasible.

She dutifully reports to the side of my chair. The small chain has already been threaded through the labia rings and I merely have to give her a quick inspection and ensure the lock is properly closed.

With a snap of my fingers she falls to her knees and crawls under the table. She knows that my slacks have an elongated zipper and her fingers work to open the front to facilitate her oral efforts. I slide forward in my chair and open my thighs. Within a minute the sound of her soft moist tongue joins the sounds my consuming lunch.

She is an expert cunnilinguist and as she works my right labia then my left I recall her first session on the training table and how many times her head had to be dunked into the frigid water before she began to perform satisfactorily. But expending time and having the trainer patiently instruct the proper technique was worth the effort. She has no equal.

The pleasure waves begin to lap at my cortex and as I finish my sandwich I snuggle deeper into the chair and open my thighs wider. Lotus is working her way toward my clitoris and I want to remove all impediments.

Tea is most enjoyable when so posed.

I can feel Lotus gently rocking her hips. The little minx is doing her best to maneuver the Ben Wa balls entrapped in her vagina. Yes, I permit her some modest pleasure. It spurs her tongue and lips and I am comforted knowing she cannot attain a full orgasm. She'll just frustrate herself more.

She used to beg for release when she first entered my service. Now she knows better. She fully understands that I will decide when she will experience her next orgasm...and how...and where.

With her extreme shyness, having one of the nurses slowly masturbate her before a gathering of guests in the lobby is most enjoyable. Listening to Lotus' contradicting entreaties always adds a degree of mirth to the exhibition... "please not here"... "please not like this"... "please not in front of everyone"...and finally... "please more...please faster...please harder."

As my clitoris begins to experience the sensation of assiduous tongue and hungry lips, a reverie of life with Bobbi in that New England town returns.

I alluded to working in a 'clinic'. Modesty precluded me from referring to it otherwise. It was actually a sperm bank, but I found too often that if I used such a moniker, I received glances of either strangeness or laughter.

I was hired by the owner, Ms. Matilda Langley, as a trainee for a management position. The clinic (sperm bank) operated all hours of the day and Ms. Langley, later known to me as Ms. Matilda, needed time off.

The clinic was a most profitable operation, for years of experience and experimentation imbued Ms. Matilda with knowledge of the best methods. With such knowledge came a long list of satisfied customers and when combined with efficiency made her sperm bank the most profitable in the northeast. She had driven the competition away with the best product at the lowest price. As a result she could pick the best employees and more importantly select and procure the most prolific and genetically superior male donors.

Most customers were not familiar with Ms. Matilda's methods. Her reputation for delivering sperm of the most potent variety from physically and mentally superior donors created an atmosphere of 'don't ask'. The superior results spoke for the quality of the product. Therefore no one, other than certain select female friends with curious proclivities, ever inquired about her methods for the collection and storage of sperm.

And the large building abutting the office and storage freezers was also the object of unasked questions. It was assumed by most to be sublet to another business.

"A dairy business," was Ms. Matilda's terse reply on the rare occasion when someone inquired about the space. There was little activity that would indicate such a business was present and follow up questions were avoided when the subject of conversation was quickly changed until the customer finished reviewing the profile of the suggested donor and frozen sperm was purchased.

And few inquired about the abundant number of Asian females mulling about. Young. Quiet. All quite pretty in identical starched white uniforms they were ubiquitous but never interacted with customers. Since it was assumed by most that they didn't speak English, no one availed themselves of the opportunity to address them and learn of their background.

But the young Asian nurses were in fact highly trained, experienced and, those who demonstrated proper technique, were well compensated. Ms. Matilda had run the sperm bank for two years before she realized that two Asian nurses seemed to extract the largest samples. And when she asked the women if they knew of others with similar backgrounds, the resumes of distant friends, sisters and cousins began to cross Ms. Matilda's desk.

All were from a small island in the Philippines where hundreds of years of local custom and culture had taught the women things about the male psyche and anatomy that few women learned at a young age. And all were fearless in handling males. Fearless and relentless. Since the time Ms. Matilda converted her staffing to exclusively include the young Filipino women, she could count on one hand the number of times the cane had to be utilized. Before that, she had to regularly back up her staff with firm applications of the thin, whippy, strand of bamboo to the buttocks and feet of recalcitrant males. The building had to be sound

proofed as a result, an unnecessary expense as the business was currently conducted.

Customers believed Ms. Matilda's supply of sperm was collected from willing donors who received a stipend. This was indeed general industry practice. But Ms. Matilda realized within the first year of business that genetically superior males don't often voluntarily give up or sell their sperm. That left two options to replenish inventory. Increase the amount of the stipend to a ridiculously high level, or accept donations from the dregs of society; drunks, addicts, drifters, etc. Both solutions were unacceptable for the long run profitability of the business.

So one day she read about the horse breeding business and how the sale of the frozen sperm of thoroughbred horses was collected and sold. Effectively the business turned horse feed into manure and valuable sperm, as Ms. Matilda viewed it. Except you needed to start with the right horse. And in the brief years of collecting and selling sperm, Ms. Matilda came to know the preferred 'horse' in human terms. One just needed a system for finding and keeping him.

Thus, the empty warehouse next to the sperm bank was converted to a barn, only its occupants were not equine or bovine but human.

Ms. Matilda developed a system and network of 'scouts' that would be the envy of every professional sports organization. Across the country, hundreds of scouts reported on the physical and intellectual attributes of thousands of high school students. Computer data banks tracked their progress and growth, right down to their physical development

Over time, the candidate list was narrowed as the attributes of some students failed to meet standards. But every Spring, Ms. Matilda had a lengthy list of graduating males with impressive grades, SAT scores, athletic skills, and incredibly...penis size.

How she obtained the latter was a deep secret. But there were rumors that, before being added to the list of finalists, each candidate received an unsolicited offer from some beautiful young trollop who, unbeknownst to anyone, was on the payroll of Ms. Matilda. Many students declined to engage in such a sordid escapade and were simply eliminated from the list. But the hormone levels of most made the offer irresistible and during a quick session of oral sex in the back of a bus, or in the alley outside the hamburger shop, or behind the public library, or in an empty building on the way home from school, or wherever time and opportunity permitted, the size and girth of each candidate's erection was surreptitiously measured. Such data completed the candidate's file and the final decision was made.

By the middle of May, a very auspicious and formal letter was sent to each graduating finalist with the offer of a complete scholarship to a very prestigious university. The offer included an airplane ticket and was conditioned upon the candidate appearing for a week of interviews and testing before the prestigious selection board of the fictitious charitable foundation.

Some declined the offer, but every year Ms. Matilda was able to entice between ten and twenty highly intelligent, athletic and well endowed males into her web. For upon stepping off the airplane, a waiting limousine sped away with the unwitting candidate chloroformed and helpless in the back seat.

Tracks were carefully covered. If there were ten candidates then they flew to ten different cities and from there were forwarded to Ms. Matilda's sperm bank operation. For the first few days of their journey, post cards to parents and relatives assuaged family and friends. Then a professionally prepared letter with a forged signature was sent indicating that the testing had not gone well. Emotional words expressed dismay, disappointment, and

depression and the desire to delay returning home and instead to travel and explore.

It would be the last communication. By the time the letter arrived, the candidate was held deep in the bowels of Ms. Matilda's barn. Stripped naked, bound and beginning the process of genetic servitude.

Thinking back to the 'clinic' with Lotus's face between my thighs brings my first climax. I squeeze her head...hard. She knows to keep sucking, having her lips wrapped firmly about my bud. My reaction cuts off her supply of air, and this is when the training manifests so well. She cannot breathe but there is no panic, just complete dedication to my pleasure. She knows that when the enthralling sensation subsides, her air supply will be restored. But meanwhile she commits herself to my pleasure. It is her only function in life.

I am finally able to relax and can feel Lotus draw a large breath as my muscles slacken. She obediently laps up my juices. Nothing escapes her and there has never been a trace of my spending left on the chair or any garment.

She pauses. I look at my watch then reach down and tap the top of her head. This is the signal to resume. She quietly begins again.

My thoughts return to the 'clinic' and how odd a place it seemed when first visiting there.

On my first interview, Ms. Matilda explained the processes and procedures for the 'donors'.

Upon arrival the status of the candidate changed to that of donor in training. As the anesthetic from the limousine ride wore off, the donor woke to find himself completely immobilized in extreme bondage. Ms. Matilda informed me that she learned over the years that to properly keep a male healthy and ready to produce, complete access to every limb and orifice was required. And so the trainee helplessly hung stripped of all clothing in a specially designed combination of straps and cuffs.

A brief tour was undertaken, with a proud Ms. Matilda speaking and explaining as we walked through the building.

The barn was partitioned into numerous stalls. Each was large enough so that the attending nurse could access the hanging donor from front, back and sides. A strong beam was strung high above the stall from left to right and was studded with various eye-hooks. An observer would describe the helpless donor from top to bottom as follows: Hair had been removed to the point that the donor's flesh seemed to gleam under the bright overhead lights. The head was held high by an overly wide and thick leather neck collar. The collar was secured left and right to the over head beam by two strong chains, which served to immobilize the head. The donor was forced to look straight forward and could not twist his head or look downward.

A feeding tube emanated from the mouth, gagging the donor and supplying nutrients and hormones from a plastic bag hanging from the beam. An occasional guttural sound was heard but nothing intelligible. It is subsequently learned from experienced nurses that over time, certain sounds became a rudimentary form of communication between donor and nurse.

The arms were secured in back of the donor. Strong fur lined wrist cuffs bound the wrists together. The elbows were bent so the wrists and hands were pointed upward with another chain leading from the connected wrists to the overhead beam. The chain held the wrists firmly but not painfully. An attending nurse insouciantly explained that the chains could easily be tightened for behavior modification purposes.

The observer's eyes scanned the left hip. A ring pierced the flesh there and from it dangled a metal disk. A closer look revealed that inscribed on the disk was data regarding the donor. Donor number, birthday, date of entry to the sperm bank. With the donor number all other pertinent

data could be accessed from Ms. Matilda's extensive computer data bank. No names were used. The donors were anonymous to all nurses and visitors.

The thighs were held well spread by two large comfortable cloth straps strung from the overhead beam. Each strap ran from the beam around the mid-thigh then back up to the beam. These straps supported most of the donor's weight.

As written, the donor was held suspended off the floor, for the legs were bent back at the knee with fur lined ankle cuffs holding the feet well up and bent back. As with all other restraints, the ankle cuffs were held up by chains running to the overhead beam. An inquiry to the attending nurse revealed that the feet were well positioned and presented for bastinado, the evil punishment of whipping or caning the soles of the feet. The observer cringed with the thought. There was no way for the donor to avoid such torment, if it be deemed necessary.

Thoughts of bastinado were quickly put aside as the eyes move to between the thighs. Here lay the essence of Ms. Matilda's competitive advantage in the industry. An extremely large penis and two hairless pink testicles rested in a trough. The trough was set on a bench between the thighs, which was adjusted to the proper height so that just the organs lay in within it. Filling the trough was a special viscous liquid, which constantly circulated and was kept at the perfect temperature to induce the production of sperm in the testicles. The nurse explained that the optimum temperature varied among males but ranged between 95.5 degrees and 97.5 degrees. The fine art of sperm production involved ascertaining the perfect temperature for each donor, a tedious process, which required months of experimentation and measurement.

Emanating from the tip of the penis was a catheter tube. The flow of urine was monitored and controlled, explained the nurse. All intake and outflow was measured. And the

process further served to inculcate the subservience of the male donor and the control to be demonstrated by the nurse. A closer inspection revealed that the donor's penis was pierced. The catheter tube covered the moderate gold ring, but a side view shows that it was a common 'Prince Albert' piercing the underside of the urethra. The ring exited under the head of the penis.

A rear inspection likewise revealed a tube inserted into the anus and held in place by an inflatable nozzle. A special machine pumped in water and nutrients into the bowels and also reversed the flow at timed intervals to evacuate the bowels. Between the feeding tube and the anal tube all nutrients were completely controlled. There was no need for solid foods and, as the nurse explained, the constant forced feeding left few reasons to ever release the donor from his bonds.

Having taken in all the details, I stepped back and silently watched nurse and donor. It quickly became evident that the donor could not move except to squirm to a certain degree, and that his existence was entirely reliant on the good graces and quiet, competent compassion of his nurse. He was completely under her authority and control.

Lotus continues to work tirelessly. Years and years of tenderly but firmly working my sex has built the stamina of her tongue and lips to incredible levels. When it comes to cunnilingus, she is the equivalent of an Olympic athlete, plying her skills quietly and competently, and ardently seeking the ultimate goal, ecstatic climaxes and the strong flows of my essence which follow.

Again my thighs clench her head and the orgasmic endorphins overwhelm my hippocampus. My hands move to the table to steady myself. I can feel Lotus sucking in everything my vagina offers.

One element of this gratifying service, so magnanimously included in my employment contract, is that if so inclined I can sit in this chair all afternoon and

Lotus will continue her oral servitude. Presently I rest, but with a mere tap on her head she will resume...again and again and again. She has no other duty to perform, no place to go, no one to visit. But alas, I have other duties and arise.

Lotus cleans the table and her fragrance is very strong. She is flushed and obviously on the brink of her own orgasm. The devilish balls have been working inside her, spurring her toward the ecstatic relief she cannot attain. I am pleased they work so nicely.

Although somewhat satiated, I contemplate Sunday afternoon, when I will indeed lie in bed and have Lotus perform a marathon of oral caresses, as suggested. There I can watch as she frustratingly grinds her hips into the mattress, making my little gold spheres dance within her sex. The notion of her 'hanging' so close to orgasm but achieving mere mental torment, excites me.

Before leaving to return to my office, I strap her elbows together behind her back. In so doing, she stoically confronts the initial discomfort. But I know by cocktail hour, I will step in the door and greet the tear stained cheeks of a very subservient naked girl, eager to be released and ready to serve me.

Chapter Eight

It is interesting how accustomed I've become to Lotus's service. My knees are somewhat wobbly but I recover quickly as I stroll into the hallway. When Lotus first arrived, I was being serviced by a rotation of selected males. They worked hard but had not the nimbleness and dedication of Lotus. Thus, my pleasure was somewhat superficial, and I never 'tapped' for more. When Lotus first knelt between my thighs, the initial level of ecstasy was bewildering. But over time I learned how best to 'ride' with it and, in insisting on seizing all that her skills have to offer, have adapted and come to function normally thereafter.

It is close to 3:00 p.m. and some of our guests are returning to their rooms after skiing. As I pass them in the hallways, I inquire about their day and smile, inwardly reflecting on their various proclivities. One woman for example, a very aggressive attorney from Washington, will shortly be straddling the hooded face of a male staff member. His ankles will be spread high and wide and in her hand will be the classic 'penis' whip which many guests enjoy applying with fervor to well exposed genitals. He will find himself applying his tongue with equal fervor.

My thoughts return to the sperm bank and Ms. Matilda.

During my initial interview with Ms. Matilda she made reference to Miangas, a small island in the Philippines where her nurses were born, raised and trained. It may be apparent to the reader that after my initial visit to the Sperm Bank and barn, my curiosity was piqued by the casual but incredibly firm treatment afforded to the donors by the Asian nurses. And such curiosity spurred a subsequent discussion with an anthropologist at my alma mater. I followed up with a lengthy reading session in a research library to better understand such an interesting culture, which produced such young but competent and authoritative women. The conflicting characteristics and mannerisms such as a nurturing demeanor vs. abject

cruelty; insouciance vs. a complete dedication to the business; a loving, caring touch vs. constant torment afforded to the donor; all such juxtaposed observations from my brief tour needed further elucidation.

The resulting research revealed to me amazing information, generally ignored, perhaps even concealed by a male dominated academic community.

The island of Miangas has a female dominant culture. Spotty and incomplete research indicates that hundreds of years ago most of the adult males of the island were killed in an inter-island war. The fighting left the female population to fend for itself, and the women became very self-reliant. Having learned to live without males, those that were newly born were treated as lower class citizens, even beasts of burden, left uneducated, and living outside the home.

But the females learned that despite their disdain for the male, they needed the seed, which the 'inferior' gender provided. Therefore, on Miangas the procurement of sperm became as commonplace as growing crops or raising livestock.

I found an obscure academic paper concerning Miangas and the pictures included in an appendix were both shocking and enlightening. Written just after the turn of the century there were numerous photos showing naked males on Miangas pulling ploughs in open fields and vehicles similar to rickshaws through village streets. One particularly interesting wide angled photo was evidently taken in the main square of one village. Four males, again without benefit of clothing, were laboring in yoke to turn a heavy stone post. Various ropes and a nearby stream of water suggested that they were endeavoring to pump water from the village well. To the side stood a woman with a whip. A closer inspection of the naked backsides suggested she was using it well and frequently. The sardonic smile she wore may have just been for the camera, but I could not

help thinking that she was thoroughly enjoying her position of authority.

Perhaps even more telling about the culture of Miangas were the little girls shown in the photo as observing nearby. Some eight to ten years of age, they appeared to be closely watching the tormented males and smiling contentedly.

To read the paper was even more telling. The author attempted to cloak the abject cruelty of the island culture in bombastic academic prose, but the chapter explaining how the young teenaged girls of the island were trained to masturbate males with impunity, was shocking. For upon reaching puberty, the reader learned that almost every male was restrained in some manner and normal sexual relief was only to be awarded by groveling or performing some service for a condescending female. And the girls were taught to grant such favors quite infrequently.

It seemed reasonable to assume that modern times had moderated much of the island's culture. I thought to myself that displays of the naked, well whipped buttocks of subservient males could no longer be permitted in the modern world. And indeed the anthropologist, when questioned again, suggested that the aberrant behavior exhibited in the photos could no longer be found on the island. But the anthropologist seemed to think that many of the practices had merely gone underground. With an ironic smile, I remember he coyly suggested that it might be difficult to find any males at all!

My research and conversation with the anthropologist left me with many questions. What then, had happened to the males of Miangas? If the culture was no longer female dominant, how was it that Ms. Matilda could locate and hire so many nurses whose natural demeanor was so superior to the male gender? What type of hospital/medical program would include in its training such precise and exacting care of the subservient male and more importantly of the subservient male's testicles?

At Ms. Matilda's suggestion, within a week of the initial interview and tour I returned to the sperm bank not only for more talk, but to spend an entire day, in order to better understand the operation.

Ms. Matilda and I began the morning talking over coffee. In very polite conversation, this firm but very gracious woman soon gleaned information about me which not only was absent from my resume, but I had rarely discussed with anyone. It mainly concerned my relationship with males. Was I dating? How often? What relationships had I had with males? How did I feel about them? Any commitments? Why not?

It did not take Ms. Matilda long to formulate an understanding of my own level of disdain. And upon so doing she appeared satisfied and quickly but courteously concluded with one last question.

"Shall we begin the day?"

We exited Ms. Matilda's office and I was introduced to one of the nurses. Her name was Nami, and her English was better than the nurse I had observed days before. Ms. Matilda graciously instructed Nami to take me through her shift, and that I should be permitted to observe all operating procedures. I was thrilled to learn that a twenty-one year old donor would be 'milked' at mid-day. An interesting term for obtaining a sperm sample, but I made no comment, deciding to defer most questions until I fully understood the Sperm Bank operations.

Nami was a short, dark-skinned girl, as were all the nurses. I judged her to be thirty, but her stature and lithe body gave her a girlish appearance and, had I not known she was a highly trained professional, I would have assumed her to be a teenager. She was cute with a clear complexion and dark mouse-like eyes. Certain motions caused her well-starched white uniform to strain against her breasts and that view when combined with a glance to

her shapely calves, caused one to surmise that under the uniform was a very charming and feminine form.

In casual conversation I learned that each day a nurse was assigned four donors. It was fascinating to realize that each donor was afforded two hours of close intimate care each day. The barn had a capacity for 64 donors, although rarely was it full. The process of quality control necessitated constant review and culling of the donors.

Entering the barn we turned left and walked past numerous hallway entrances until we reached the far end. I looked back to count eight such entrances and as we entered the selected hallway I viewed eight stalls. The capacity was indeed 64.

Nami entered the first stall. A male donor was suspended as described. He was new and Nami casually narrated as she worked.

Donor 00523 had been in harness for three days. He was blindfolded and, unlike the donor I observed on my first visit, I noticed plugs in his ears with wires attached. Whether 00523 was asleep or awake, there was no way to determine.

Nurse Nami stepped to an electrical control panel on the right side of the stall. There were gauges, dials and switches. She explained each. Body temperature. Temperature of the liquid in the trough. Pressure of the fluid in the intestines. Amount of nutrition fed through the mouth tube and anal tube over the past hour, past six hours, past 24 hours etc. The available data was exhaustive.

"Our experience tells us what is needed for each donor. Over time I'll learn exactly what donor number 523 needs. You'll notice the testicle temperature is close to the body temperature of 98.6 degrees. I'll lower that as sperm samples are taken to find the optimum temperature. The process will take two to three months, but when I've

finished, 523 will produce sperm like a well fed dairy cow produces milk.”

Nami put her finger to her lips to indicate silence and flipped a switch. The earplugs were evidently connected to a microphone as the teenager stirred to a “good morning” from the nurse.

“I’ll bet you’d like to empty that bladder, 523. Well, be a good boy and I’ll open the valve. We have a visitor this morning. We don’t get many, so be obedient and show the nice lady how much you like your nurse.”

The switch was flipped off. Nurse Nami explained that the earplugs pipe a constant hissing sound, effectively deafening the boy.

“I’ll allow him to watch. Yesterday he developed a partial erection despite the catheter. A very good sign.”

Nurse Nami removed the blindfold and the boy blinked under the lights. I stood to his front as the nurse instructed and let the boy gaze at me. Nurse Nami began her daily inspection.

“He’s a good specimen. I may be able to get him to top production in six weeks. You develop a feel over the years as to the optimal feeding level, hormone flow, temperature, etc. It’s more art than science, but the science helps.”

As the nurse spoke she was gently smoothing her hands over 523's body. A slight squeeze of the nipples caused a noticeable jerking motion and Nurse Nami smiled. Likewise a pinch to the soft, hairless flesh of the buttocks produced the same reaction.

“You can see the distended lower stomach here? His bladder is absolutely full. Depending on how cooperative he is, I’ll open the catheter and release some of the night’s excretions. We use bladder control quite a bit here. Every morning I have four very subservient boys eager to see me.”

Nurse Nami dipped her fingers into the rough and pulled up the scrotal sac. As she predicated the boy began

to tumefy despite the catheter. He was also blushing.

“At age eighteen, they haven’t spent much time with females, much less being stripped naked and harnessed. Can you imagine what this organ would do without the catheter?”

The nurse smiled with her thought. I nodded. For an eighteen year old, 523 had an enormous set of eggs. I could feel my arousal as Nurse Nami toyed, fondled and squeezed each gonad with impunity. The pair of male reproductive organs were hers to do with as she wished. She knew it and handled them with the professional confidence of a museum curator.

“Good seminal ducts,” she commented, as she released the hairless sac to let it slide back into the viscous liquid.

Nurse Nami retrieved a shaving bowl and implements. Over the next half hour, each limb was released, one at a time, shaved with a frighteningly sharp straight edged razor, massaged, oiled, and then returned to the restraints. 523 remained perfectly still, allowing Nurse Nami to manipulate the free limb as though it was attached to a rag doll.

“You’ll notice that every inch of flesh is exposed to the razor. This serves to heighten his feeling of vulnerability and with it my control. There is also a therapeutic effect, providing the skin with a very thorough cleansing by removing everything from the surface.”

The razor glided over his torso and then with amazing dexterity she shaved his face and head. Last came his neck, which required the temporary removal of his collar. Nami aggressively pinched his nose with her left hand and pulled up, immobilizing his head while her right hand finished its task.

“He feels nice and clean now. Over time his daily shave will become quite a sensuous experience, being the only physical contact permitted other than milking.”

She pushed the microphone button.

“You like your shave?”

With her question, Nami gently toyed with the teen’s left nipple utilizing the very tip of the super sharp razor. Two contrasting and powerful feelings, the fear of being slashed combined with the erotic thrill of having a pretty nurse toy with an erogenous zone, caused the lad to stir in his bonds. His penis appeared to stiffen.

“Yes, I think he does,” smiled Nami, quite sanguine with the demonstration of her control.

She discarded the razor. The teen’s nipple was erect but without injury.

Next, his back was massaged and finally, in preparation for massaging the chest and stomach, Nurse Nami bent down and opened the valve to the catheter. The contents of the boy’s bladder slowly flowed to a waiting collection bag as Nurse Nami massaged the chest and stomach.

“It’s very important that he relate the tremendous feeling of relief to my actions. He realizes that his nurse has granted him some degree of pleasure, as simple and natural as emptying the bladder may seem. He’ll learn that everything comes from me. Food, bladder relief, momentary freedom and massage. In a few days he’ll begin to respond and be eager to perform for me.”

Nurse Nami stood to the side with a smile of satisfaction and let me observe the essence of submission. Had a tube not been inserted in the boy’s mouth, I concluded he would be smiling.

Nurse Nami closed the valve and 523 kicked a bit. The microphone was flipped on.

“Be good,” she admonished. “You know we don’t allow an empty bladder.”

It was obvious from the boy’s reaction that he needed more relief. But he would not receive such. The nurse retrieved the bag and placed it near the entrance to the stall. It was plainly marked with the date and the number “523”.

“The lab will test it and I’ll have a complete report tomorrow. From that I’ll adjust the nutrition and hormone level.”

The nurse moved to the boy’s side and gently patted his buttocks, which hung at the height of her shoulders. She reached up with a swab and wiped saliva from the boy’s mouth. The sample was included in a separate plastic bag.

“Test for testosterone,” she commented.

“See you tomorrow.”

She replaced the blindfold and smiled caringly. But it was also a smile of authoritative control and firm confidence.

The microphone was turned off. As we turned to leave I noticed for the first time a digital clock on the wall behind me. Nurse Nami saw my look of curiosity as the numbers had no relationship to the time of day and were decreasing with every second.

“That’s the time until I draw the next sperm sample. For 523 it’s 32 hours 5 minutes. He hasn’t been here long enough for it to be meaningful. 356 is next. I believe you’ll better understand the significance of the clock when I milk him.”

The memory of the curious tour is interrupted as I stroll into the lobby. Nickie has been released from the wooden pony and all is quiet. The newly arrived guests have been registered and escorted to their rooms.

Latricia, supervisor of the serving staff dormitory is presenting paperwork to the concierge. It is the list of fortunate staff members scheduled for masturbation. Each afternoon Latricia and the concierge review the list and select one or two members to endure the ultimate humiliation of the Spa...being brought to long overdue climax before a gathering of amused guests during the cocktail and dinner hours. I listen in for a moment, confident that a very charming, well-built male will be squirming under the talented grip of one of our

masturbatrixes and an equally alluring female will be riding a hideous but devilishly pleasurable vibrator for the entertainment of all.

The selected male is one I have not observed before. He measures twelve inches and I make a note to later stop by for an aperitif.

Chapter Nine

Returning to my office, I make some phone calls and write some brief notes to the guests who have just departed, thanking them for their patronage.

A note has been placed on my desk. The Princess requests the pleasure of my company at dinner. I send an affirmative response, picturing her 'Peter Pan' eunuch standing by her side or more likely kneeling under the table.

The thought stimulates my imagination and I convince myself to bring Lotus with me. Perhaps the Princess would consider swapping for a time. I have been told that in ancient times a properly trained altered male could provide more than adequate oral service.

More paperwork is reviewed and with the drudgery, memories of the sperm bank return.

Nami and I left donor 523. The walk to the stall of donor number 356 was short. All of Nami's charges were suspended in stalls within the same hallway to conserve time and insure that she was nearby for emergencies.

As I recall, a glance at my watch indicated that we spent almost two hours with number 523. The time went quickly.

"Number 356 has been with us for a while. One of my best producers but his capabilities are beginning to decline. With the spring coming, he'll probably be culled."

We stepped into a stall and there hung a boy who, with the complete absence of hair, appeared identical to 523, except he had blue eyes. A closer look indicated he was a little older and unlike 523 was carrying a bit of fat. He was not blindfolded and when Nurse Nami entered, he stirred in his sling and the catheterized penis began to show signs of arousal.

"So happy to see me..." Nurse Nami commented, as she moved to his left side and fingered the metal disk hanging from the piercing on his hip.

“Yes. He’s been with us three years. At age twenty one he’ll soon be moving on.”

The switch for the microphone was turned on.

“Be nice to our guest, 356. Why not show off for her? Would you like that? Yes, I think you would.”

Nurse Nami’s tone was that of parent speaking to a young child. She tenderly patted his buttocks as I turned to look at the digital clock. Zero hour and twenty minutes. 356 was watching it attentively.

“The years of isolation and complete restraint take a toll on the mind. With no mental interaction his intelligence level diminishes. He’s effectively a very potent male with the mind of a child. Very obedient but needs nurturing...yes, don’t you?”

The nurse’s fingers toyed with the scrotal sac as she spoke to both 356 and me.

“His bladder is full but it can wait a little more. You’ll want to see him at his full capacity.”

She stepped to his front and with a very firm but professional flick of the wrist, the catheter was instantly pulled out. The Prince Albert piercing came into better view. It was a fairly sturdy gauge gold ring about an inch in diameter. I have since seen many others, but rarely as big and never so deeply implanted in the urethra. It would not tear except under enormous tension.

“356 is on a six day cycle. He should stand very nicely for you. Something to amuse while I perform the daily ablutions.”

I assumed that the six day cycle was the time since the extraction of the last sperm sample. At his age it must have seemed like an eternity, particularly as he helplessly hung naked, thoroughly bound, and forced to watch the clock click away the seconds.

His penis began to slowly rise. It was amazing to watch it blossom to full height and even Nurse Nami stood to the side in some degree of awe.

“Let’s have him put on a good stand.”

Quick adjustments of the chains caused more weight to be borne by the thick neck collar and also widen the thigh straps. The effect was immediate. The penis of 356 stood straight up to the ceiling and began to turn purple. The appendage was enormous, probably close to ten inches with an equally impressive girth. Nurse Nami lowered the bench between the thighs and the two testicles freely hung dripping of the special viscous liquid. The sac hung low with two eggs dangling almost to the knees. As the stall air evaporated the moisture of the flesh, the coolness caused the scrotum to slowly shrink and retract upwards toward the body. Nurse Nami laughed.

“He’s rarely so positioned. We take pictures once a year for Ms. Matilda’s album and then there’s an occasional party, but otherwise the reproductive organs remain in the temperature controlled trough.

“As you can see, he’s ready. I believe your presence has embarrassed him. I haven’t seen him so flushed since his first day. He’s very eager to perform for you, but first comes the inspection, cleaning and massage.”

As with 523, each limb of donor 356 was temporarily freed, shaven, scrubbed, oiled and massaged. Nurse Nami pointed out the bulging lower belly and suggested 356's stand was very much assisted by the fullness of his bladder.

As she worked, pre-ejaculatory fluid began to stream from the tip of the penis. 356 silently gazed at me, the feeding tube remained in place obviating speech.

“You’ll notice I’ve put a nice, somewhat effeminate layer of fat on him. Most people believe that the most virile males are lean and muscular. Not true. The more time you spend with us you’ll notice that the best formulation of nutrition for sperm production is one which diverts cell production away from the muscle development. This boy is like a prize bull. We want all his energy directed toward the production of semen.”

She recuffed the right wrist, which was the final limb. The torso was shaven clean than oiled than massaged as were the back and buttocks. Nurse Nami stepped back and paused.

"There now. All soft and shiny. Just look at you 356. Standing so nicely for us with your skin shining in the lights. I bet you'd like to be milked. Yes, you would. And you're going to show the lady a very large sperm sample, aren't you? Yes. You're a good boy and want to please your nurse and make her proud!"

Nurse Nami moved to the control panel and flipped switches and turned dials.

"This will evacuate his bowels and this begins to cool the trough."

The liquid in the trough swirled with the sound of small motors and pumps.

"The anticipation is important. With the clock ticking away and my presence his body is preparing itself. When I get back the saliva test, it will show an overwhelming testosterone level. Yes, our boy is ready!"

With her comments Nurse Nami palmed the heavy scrotal sac, raised the bench, then released the testicles.

"In we go!"

With a plunk and a splash the pink egg sized gonads reentered the liquid and 356 jumped noticeably in the tight bondage. Amazingly, his penis began to shrink as Nurse Nami deflated the nozzle in the boy's rectum and removed the anal feeding tube.

"The liquid is chilled to 45 degrees. It will numb the testicles."

Latex gloves were snapped on as she spoke. The penis shrank more and a small clear plastic collection bag was hooked onto the Prince Albert ring.

"And numb the penis."

Nurse Nami's left hand pushed the once massive phallus into the chilled liquid, paused then pulled it out. It was

comically small and shriveled and for the first time a guttural sound emanated from the throat of 356. She slid the trough toward the back of the bench. The head of the penis with the collection bag attached draped over the edge. 356's testicles and most of the shaft of the formerly stiff pole were immersed.

“Don’t know if you’ve ever seen a male milked, but it is an interesting process. The cold liquid numbs the testicles and penis. This prevents normal ejaculation and the corresponding sensation of pleasure. It affords me complete control of the process. He will not experience the sudden orgasmic feeling of relief as in coitus. But there will be a mild, glowing feeling as his hormones are slowly released and the prostate gives up its essence.”

With her words, Nurse Nami lubricated her right glove. With thighs widely spread, 356's rear portal was most vulnerable and he seemed to open himself to welcome her two fingers.

“The increased tension I’ve put on the neck collar along with the increase in the thigh separation will serve to delay any possible flow of sperm. If I were to aggressively stroke his penis, he would probably not be able to ejaculate. The posture is pleasurable but awkward for the orgasmic muscles.”

Nurse Nami toyed with 356's left nipple with her left hand as her right fingers slowly moved and stretched the sphincter. As she worked I was the recipient of a very informative lecture about the prostate gland and the male reproductive organs and system. Her knowledge and experience were impressive.

I learned that during arousal, sperm and ejaculatory fluid accumulate in the prostate gland and the nearby ampulla and seminal vessels. Normally the process of arousal involves a few minutes of foreplay, which may include viewing the naked female form or fantasizing in some manner. At Ms. Matilda’s sperm bank, procedures

had greatly lengthened the period of the arousal through the daily treatments and sessions with the nurses, the constant flow of hormones, and the control of the thought process, such as the digital clock which constantly displayed the timing of the next extraction.

"He's quite full. The prostate is very swollen. I believe we'll have a very nice sample. You want to please our guest don't you 356? I think you want to give us a nice show."

Normally the pressure of the building fluid triggered a valve to open and certain muscles to contract causing the ejaculatory reflex. Very dramatic and interesting to observe, as the nurse explained, but rather inefficient. Much sperm and fluid was not evacuated. And there was the objectionable element of pleasure, an element of the process no dominant female wished to impart.

"Our methods produce the largest samples with minimal pleasurable sensations. Plus, our experiments indicate the male organs return to sperm production more quickly after milking than after an ejaculation. Therefore over time more samples can be extracted through milking than ejaculation."

The numbing liquid applied to the testicles and shaft of the penis served to obviate the ejaculatory reflex. In its place, Nurse Nami pressured the ampulla and prostate with her fingers first pushing the sperm and fluid past the triggering valve, which was numbed to inaction, then into the ejaculatory ducts.

Nurse Nami interrupted her lecture with reports of her progress. When her left hand left 356's nipples and began to massage the area of the perineum, she announced the beginning of the first flow.

It was interesting to note that she had not touched the shriveled penis during the procedure and that she was in total control of the process.

"I can stop now and there is nothing he can do for himself. It would be very detrimental to his glands though.

The more thoroughly they're massaged and cleaned out, the more he'll produce next time. Except of course the aging process slowly diminishes performance. At 21, 356 is just past prime.

"I'm now going to start the flow. Here it comes!"

A thick glob of creamy goo dripped impressively into the small plastic bag hooked to the Prince Albert ring.

"Good Boy!"

356 could not see downward because of the thick collar so Nurse Nami embarrassingly described the flow. It reminded me of words spoken to a young child in early potty training.

The initial glob was followed by some clear ejaculatory fluid, until Nurse Nami decided to release more sperm. Slight motions of her fingers were followed by another creamy glob. 356 stirred in his bonds.

"Very nice 356. I think this will be one of your best. Our guest is very impressed. You like showing off for women, don't you. Yes."

I was indeed impressed...on two counts. That the flaccid, chilled penis was providing an amazingly steady flow of fluid and that Nurse Nami was completely controlling the process, including the timing of each glob of potent sperm, as evidenced by her narration.

The bag filled as the nurse continued her manipulation and the humiliating description of what should be a male's most ecstatic moment, which she drew out for ten minutes.

Finally satisfied, the gloved left fingers squeezed the base of the limp shaft then forcefully pulled downward toward the tip with thumb and forefinger closed. The action was similar to that used on a cow udder and the reference to 'milking' became apparent. The final pulling motion caused a final glob to plop into the collection bag. It was the only time during the entire session that the nurse had touched the penis.

"Good boy. I bet it's two ounces."

356 was flushed and closed his eyes in what seemed to be a combination of embarrassment from the lurid and humiliating display and exhaustion. He had been forced to give up his essence under the most servile and obsequious of circumstances and under the control of Nurse Nami. The watchful eyes of another female observer added to his degradation.

The collection bag was carefully sealed. The date and the number 356 were prominently displayed and Nurse Nami pushed a button on the control panel. Within a minute, as the nurse changed the temperature of the liquid, a very young trainee nurse, also of Filipino heritage, entered the stall and retrieved the valuable sample with a smile and a prolonged glance of admiration at our helpless, naked donor.

The session ended with the anal tube replaced, and most cruelly, a sizable catheter being inserted.

"I always use one size larger than needed," commented the nurse.

"The larger diameter is most uncomfortable and the timing of the insertion can be most invigorating for him. I never hurry."

The large tube was slowly pushed into the urethra. Despite the heavy bonds, 356 squirmed and thrashed with every slow inch of insertion.

"Now we'll provide some relief. You've been a good boy this morning 356, I'm going to make you more comfortable."

Nurse Nami opened a valve on the catheter tube and the urine slowly flowed to a bag. She adjusted the trough so that both the testicles were immersed and the head of the penis no longer was draped over the edge. The microphone was switched off in preparation for returning 356 to his submissive reverie. Another click on the control panel and the digital clock was reset to read 144 hours. It began to click backwards one second at a time.

The chains holding his neck collar were loosened along with the thigh straps, returning the helpless donor to his more comfortable original position.

“He’ll probably sleep. Although he has not experienced the normal ecstatic feeling of pleasure, the hormone levels are significantly lower and with the bladder relief he’ll physically feel a nice glow. Added to that is the psychological satisfaction of pleasing his nurse. So he’ll rest as the feeding tubes flood his system with hormones to restore his libido and with that he’ll begin thinking about our next extraction.”

She was gently patting the buttocks as she spoke.

“I’m going to miss him. I’ve earned very nice bonuses from his efforts. But at age 21 his performance will begin to diminish. With a good selection of spring donors we’ll probably cull him to make room.”

I made a mental note to determine the fate of the culled donors.

We left to visit the next two donors. Upon entering their stalls I noted that if they were puppies, their tails would be wagging with the sound of the soft accented speech of the young Filipino woman and the anticipation of her initial caress. Over the next few hours both donors were cleaned and massaged. Neither were scheduled to give up sperm and oddly enough I found myself disappointed. But I learned much about Sperm Bank procedures.

After business hours, Nami explained that two night nurses moved throughout the barn methodically checking each donor, allowing moderate bladder relief and ensuring that the overhead feed bags remained filled. There was also the matter of safety, as with anyone kept in strict bondage. For the most part, the donors remained hanging in place, blindfolded with earplugs providing a constant wall of indistinguishable sound, helplessly waiting for the knowing touch of their regular nurse.

I sign the last purchase order. More restraint devices will arrive. The policy of the Spa is to constantly invest in new and different equipment. There is no part of the anatomy that cannot be restrained, stretched, displayed and tormented at the whim of a guest. And many guests leave with a memento. We have a wonderful supplier of nose clamps and the Dominant women find them to be quite a persuasive implement yet difficult to obtain elsewhere, thus necessitating constant reorders.

The large bell on the roof of the lodge gongs. This signals to all that it is cocktail hour. Many who are skiing in the fading light will begin their last run and have the pleasure of ending it at the rear door. From there it is just a few steps to a hot toddy and a comforting scene of decadence. I drop my pen to join them.

Chapter Ten

The manager's duties at the Spa never really end. Despite the long day as described, I return to the lobby. Many guests have gathered for Champagne and entertainment.

Latricia has hung the male masturbation harness in the corner and a few new guests stare with curiosity.

The harness was designed by me and for the most part restrains a naked male by emulating the position I observed years before at the Sperm Bank. It hangs from a strong chain attached to one of several hooks in an overhead beam. Suspending a prospective male is a simple matter of placing him standing with the numerous straps and buckles to his rear. The penis belt holding the Prince Albert ring in an upright position is removed. This allows for the broad belt of the harness to encircle the waist. Wrists are placed into cuffs sewn into the back of the harness. The neck collar is secured to cords from above, which can be adjusted (mainly tightened) by the masturbatrix. Wide cloth straps attached to the overhead beam encircle each thigh.

When deemed ready for suspension, the ankles of the evening's entertainment are drawn up and restrained in cuffs attached to the back of the harness. This leaves the male hanging in a kneeling position, his weight initially borne by the harness and thigh straps.

Voila! A naked, helpless and hormone laden male ready to spill his seed for the benefit of the gathered guests.

We have learned at the Spa how to maximize the drama of such occasions. With the first glasses of Champagne diminishing, Latricia leads out the prospective male utilizing a leash attached to his Prince Albert ring. This immediately draws attention to the subject matter, and I must say Latricia and the concierge have selected well. Of all the organs I have viewed over the years, this one is huge though only semi-erect.

“Ladies, this is Paul. He’s scheduled for his first masturbation at the Spa, and how better can it be done than by having it viewed by all?

“Paul is 22, plans to attend graduate school after his Spa tour and measures 12 inches. I’m sure most of you will get to know him better during your stay. His oral skills are rudimentary but with proper instruction from a firm woman can improve quickly.”

The crowd laughs with Latricia’s teaser. I hear one woman turn to another and question whether she has brought a set of sounds long enough for Paul. I smile to myself knowing that the Spa has dozens of sets and should she indeed desire to probe Paul’s urethral opening with the long, smooth cylinders of steel, the painful and humiliating procedure can be accommodated with a simple call to the concierge.

Latricia pushes Paul back into the harness and begins buckling the various straps and connections. Meanwhile, a partially aroused member of the serving staff humbly moves about the assembled women pouring a second glass of pale bubbly for each and, for good service, receiving in turn the customary diddle on the tip of his ringed penis. The second pouring signals the appearance of the masturbatrix. Tonight it is Motanda, the nurse from Nigeria.

Again it is a suitable selection. Motanda stands close to six feet and has large, powerful hands. Paul will feel a grip on his manhood that he has never before experienced. I am glad I decided to watch.

The room goes quiet when Nurse Motanda appears and steps toward her ‘patient’. She is an imposing figure, not only tall but powerfully built with the riveting feature of masculine shoulders effortlessly holding up sizable mammary glands which appear to be all muscle. The new guests seem to collectively gasp, and in fear Paul

subconsciously attempts to step back, although well harnessed.

Motanda smiles. Paul would interpret it as diabolical, the women of the Spa as a comparatively reserved indication of her enjoyment.

The show resembles a two-ring circus. In one ring, Motanda moves to the side where a tray stands ready with all the paraphernalia needed to extract a long over due sperm sample from Paul. As Motanda dons a pair of white latex gloves with the deliberate sounds and drama of an executioner, in the second ring Latricia draws up one of Paul's feet than the other and straps them into the ankle cuffs on the back of the harness.

Again, the knowledge I acquired at the Sperm Bank has been utilized to great effect. I know that by shifting the weight from the feet, holding the thighs well separated and having the neck and spine somewhat stretched, Paul will tumefy slowly and beyond his ability to control.

Sure enough when Latricia steps away, the semi erect organ begins to further engorge and, with the crowd laughing and taunting, arises within a minute to its full, amazing twelve inches.

Paul is huge. He is naked. He is completely immobile. And, except for glances at Motanda, two dozen sets of feminine eyes are peering at his most intimate anatomical parts. What other reaction could be expected from the subordinate male than further tumescence? As he does so, the girth of his prodigious phallus seems to continually increase while Motanda snickers, ominously coating her gloves with the traditional fragranced oil specially formulated for the Spa.

Meanwhile, Latricia slides a chair to Paul's left side and retreats. The stage is set. All attention is on masturbatrix and masturbant, only to be diverted by the pouring of Champagne.

While waiting for Motanda to take her seat and begin, my thoughts return to Bobbi.

Lucretia kept my transformed 'sister' locked in the belt for interminable periods. No matter how much he cried and whined it was only removed weekly in Lucretia's study. There, Bobbi was well restrained while the belt was cycled through the dishwasher and Lucretia kindly sponged his penis and scrotum. The hair removal cream had been most effective but after the bath Lucretia used the opportunity to continue applying a precautionary coating of the depilatory.

Smoothing her hands over the sensitive skin of my hormone laden maid had the expected result, and despite the teeth bracelet which was never removed, Lucretia found herself obligated to provide a brisk caning in an attempt to shrink the resulting erection.

Of course this didn't work and time after time Lucretia had to resort to ice packs to bring the organ back to flaccidity.

Such was Bobbi's state. His randiness brought forth an erection, which completely ignored the sharp pain of the teeth and the caning.

The use of ice reminded me of the treatment afforded the males of the Sperm Bank where a tray of cold water was used to control the similar reaction of the donors. As my tenure there progressed I learned more and more about the male anatomy and the functions of the various reproductive organs. And so when Lucretia began having to ice down Bobbi in order to return him to the belt, it occurred to me that his prostate gland, a male organ so well inspected, massaged, and cared for at the Sperm Bank, was completely ignored by us. I became concerned.

So after some six or seven months I engaged Nami, the nurse who so expertly performed the first milking I witnessed, in a conversation concerning my belted maid.

"So you have a cute maid to serve you. How nice. On Miangas all the males serve but we rarely take the time

and effort to feminize. There, it would be like dressing up a mule or other beast. The function of the servant is more important than the presentation and appearance. But I can understand the enjoyment. He must be very pretty.”

The following day I brought in pictures of Bobbi in full feminine attire, make up and beautifully styled hair. Nami and I had a good laugh. When I explained my landlady’s procedure for substituting a good caning for ecstatic relief, Nami smiled but became concerned as I expected.

“That’s not good. His glands have to be cared for. He should be milked. Probably every six to eight weeks. You’ve seen how it is done here. The pleasure can be minimized and the belt need not be removed.”

In further conservation, Nami volunteered to show me how to do it. For her it was the equivalent of a busman’s holiday, but I promised her a well-cooked dinner and some wine, all prepared and served by Bobbi of course. And I determined that she should meet Lucretia. They could exchange much information if not become good acquaintances.

Nami wrote down the suggested date.

“You or Lucretia should have him opened up in the meanwhile. You know where I’ll need to go. At his age he’s probably rather tight.”

Lucretia did have Bobbi perambulate with a moderate butt plug from time to time. But the insert was more designed to make him aware of his walk than to open him, Lucretia suggesting that a stuffed rear aperture made him more cognizant of the tiny girlish steps she required.

With Nami expected for dinner at the end of the following week, I informed Lucretia. She agreed that some form of prostate stimulation was needed. So in preparation we began to ‘open’ Bobbi with relish. His morning trip down the stairs became quite a challenge and the occasional grimace evidenced his penis’s reaction to the pressure. But within a week I was able to easily slide in a

two-inch plug, leaving Nami with a moderate but not insurmountable challenge for her demonstration.

On the day of Nami's visit, Lucretia took Bobbi to the beauty parlor. The proprietor was an old friend of Lucretia's and shared many of her proclivities, thus Bobbi was welcome even though his true gender was apparent to the cosmeticians.

"We have a couple of Bobbi's type for clients. None as pretty," the woman related to Lucretia, as Bobbi blushed.

And so under the owner's supervision two teenaged girls worked on Bobbi. When I returned home from the Sperm Bank with Nami, we were greeted at the door by the most effeminate of maids. Bobbi was alluring in short skirt, stockings and extreme heels. His hair was perfect and his make up, although heavy, was without blemish. In his hands was a highly polished silver tray with two glasses of chilled white wine. With his practiced curtsy, Nami's smile broke into an uncharacteristic giggle as she accepted the offered glass.

"On Miangas, he'd be naked, in shackles with a well whipped backside and perhaps with his genitals clamped to imbue concentration," Nami commented after her first sip.

"But I suppose the results speak for themselves."

Bobbi seemed to shudder with the description and he turned carefully on his heels to retreat to the kitchen.

We sat in the living room and talked. Since Nami referenced Miangas and my brief research had left me with many questions, I asked her about the curious island in the Philippines. She replied at length. In the beginning, she reiterated things I had already learned, but politeness dictated that I not interrupt. And by the time Lucretia knocked and entered, Nami had me enthralled with stories of her early life on the female dominant island.

I learned that the women of Miangas were pioneers in artificial insemination. After developing the ability to survive and later thrive without significant male input, the

masculine gender had very little impact on Miangas social life. Intimacy with the 'stronger sex' was deemed inappropriate and later became taboo.

The system developed after the inter-island war for the collection of sperm from the few surviving males was continued after the males were permitted to repopulate. The women learned to impregnate themselves utilizing hollow reeds, which were carefully smoothed through weeks of sanding and polishing (a dismal task deemed suitable only for males). The collected sperm was inserted into the reed and carefully implanted during ovulation.

As stated, males became beasts of burden unless they learned a higher skill, such as making dildos for the women. Nami's description of the weary Miangas males dutifully working day in and day out to craft implements designed to make the penis superfluous I found to be most ironic.

And what one would assume to be rudimentary restraint devices were actually rather ingenious. The genitals of most intact males were carefully entwined with a thin strand of leather. Known in the D/s culture as a 'divide and conquer' cock and ball restraint, Nami explained that the women of Miangas has been securing the male genitals for generations by painstakingly separating the testicles within the scrotum. Encircling one gonad around the connecting veins and ducts with a single length of thin leather, encircling the second gonad, then back and forth between the testicles. The remaining length of cord was then spun about the shaft of the penis from the base to the tip. There the end was tied off and after the leather was moistened the resulting restraint became the equivalent of a 'Gordian' knot, the shrinking leather tightening about the penis and scrotum making it impossible to remove without cutting.

An open loop on the underside of the scrotum facilitated linking the subservient male to a leash. Nami related childhood scenes of observing a woman on horseback

leading a half dozen naked males through the streets of her village by one long rope connected in a series of 12 pink and swollen male eggs, their destination being the nearby farm.

Recalcitrant males found their leather restraint moistened often, and as the leather slowly dried and shrank, providing pressure and torment on the sensitive male organs, behavior modified accordingly.

Nami smiled with the reminiscence of particularly truculent males with their testicles well tied and comically protruding far to the left and right. The peculiar sight was the equivalent of a 'scarlet letter' forewarning all of the presence of a particularly obstinate male who preferred to slowly sacrifice his organs rather than submit to the Dominant female.

Unauthorized cutting or removal of the genital cord received the ultimate punishment. And after alteration came a lifetime sentence in the yoke where the drudgery of pumping water for the village became life's final pursuit.

All intimate contact was initiated by the female. For a male to merely touch a female without authorization was deemed equivalent to rape, the punishment for which was slow and drastic.

Some of the women preferred the touch of the submissive male tongue and spent much time and effort training and stretching the appendage to suit their tastes. Others merely utilized the highly crafted dildos, sometimes mounting one on the well restrained groin area of a male and riding to ecstasy, the male's frustration of being proximate to the female orgasm yet being denied relief an additional satisfying taunt to the emasculated male.

Nami's stories were fascinating and had Bobbi not announced dinner, Lucretia and I could have listened all night. I particularly enjoyed watching Bobbi's reaction to some of the descriptions of harsh male servitude. He cringed in a wonderfully effeminate fashion, Lucretia

having constantly inculcated feminine thought and mannerisms throughout his days of serving her.

During dinner the subject of conversation turned to Bobbi. Our obedient maid served with perfection and in mid meal Lucretia decided to test our servant's resolve, commanding that Bobbi remove her short skirt. Bobbi blushed like a schoolgirl but returned with dessert sans skirt. His chastity belt gleamed in the light like a chrome ornament, and Nami was spellbound by the extreme level of restraint and control.

"It does appear to be marvelously permanent," she commented, as she assertively beckoned Bobbi to move closer to her chair.

For the next minute the well-trained nurse, still garbed in her starched white uniform, subjected Bobbi to an inspection. Her hands smoothed over the metal, down his bare thighs then back to his buttocks. There, knowing fingers toyed with the butt plug Lucretia had procured for him and she laughed at the reaction, an initial sign of pleasure then a grimace from Bobbi.

"Yes," she concluded with a smile. "His penis is well secured. A little prostate stimulation causes discomfort. Very good."

Nami's right hand slipped between Bobbi's thighs and evidently massaged his perineum. This time Bobbi yelped as his penis stiffened and the engorged flesh met the unseen teeth of the bracelet encircling his frenulum.

Another smile from Nami.

"He needs milking. The prostate seems swollen. I'll know better with a full examination after dinner."

Our embarrassed maid returned to the kitchen, this time with orders to strip completely and return with coffee. I could hear Bobbi begin to sniffle in a marvelously effeminate reaction of bashful reluctance. But within ten minutes he returned, wearing heels, cap, and chastity belt. Nothing else.

“Very nice depilation and his skin is so smooth.”

Nami played with his nipples as he poured coffee. We all stifled a laugh as the pink nubs stood at attention.

“The hormonal buildup is most evident. His nipples react like those of a little girl. Have you thought of having him grow breasts? It’s very easy these days with all the new drugs.”

Bobbi’s ears seemed to perk up and he flushed. His nakedness, standing and serving three women in high heels and maid’s cap, was challenging. But having his anatomy discussed seemed to trigger his latent exhibitionism and a normally well-hidden enjoyment was displayed. Then his little penis must have awakened again and met the teeth and its confining tube. He yelped, curtsied and stepped briskly to the kitchen, his uncovered buttocks bouncing about due to the walk ingrained constantly at the behest of Lucretia.

We collectively laughed.

“It’s best that I begin. He’s overdue and whatever implement encases his penis appears to be most painful,” Nami suggested with exaggerated concern.

She surveyed the room, sizing up each piece of furniture then concluded.

“This table is best. Bobbi, clear it for me then remove your heels...and your cap. I’d like to see your pretty hair...and bring a bowl with you.”

Nami took charge. It was interesting how deftly her demeanor changed from mannerly guest to commanding nurse.

Bobbi jumped at her orders, the table was cleared and his heels tapped a quick cadence to the kitchen. When he returned he was as instructed, devoid of all covering but for the belt of steel.

Lucretia and I slid our chairs back from the table. Since Bobbi was occupied I located a bottle of Gran Marnier. Nurse Nami declined and I poured to two snifters for

Lucretia and myself. The conversation had been interesting. It was about to become enlightening.

“Up. Be a good girl for me. On the table. Hands and knees.”

Nami’s tone was courteous but firm. Bobbi obeyed while our dinner guest retrieved her purse. There she removed latex gloves and a comically large tube of lubricant.

Lucretia and I both smiled and giggled like schoolgirls.

“Spread those thigh and knees for me Bobbi. Yes, that’s a good girl.

“Now I want you to relax as best you can. The bowl is to remain between your knees. Don’t knock it about or break it.”

Nami skillfully removed Bobbi’s butt plug. The last inch slid out of his rectum with a plop.

“Good sized. He’s stretched nicely for a girl his age.

“Do you like having your anus opened, Bobbi? Does it make your penis feel funny?”

Bobbi demurred. Nami knew the answer and lubricated her right glove. The milking began.

My reverie is interrupted by a very obsequious servant, humbly pouring another glass of bubbly. Motanda has taken her seat directly to Paul’s left. Her left hand aggressively kneads the scrotal sac, while the fingers of her well-oiled right begins to assault his rear aperture. She doesn’t touch the mammoth shaft, merely watching it bob about in reaction to her manipulation.

Motanda has a great sense of timing. Never rushed, she casually works her right hand as pre-ejaculatory fluid begins to stream from the urethra. Her experience tells her precisely where Paul’s organs are in the ejaculatory cycle. He won’t disappoint the women of the Spa with any premature eruption. Motanda will not permit it. His role is to provide at least an hour of entertainment, with all the guests anticipating listening to his heart felt groveling as

Motanda brings him tantalizingly close to release then denies him the ultimate pleasure.

Twelve inches of manhood turned into the mere toy of a Dominant woman. It's wonderfully comforting for our guests. The male beast is so easily tamed. And having Paul suspended and gently swinging like a puppet at the end of cords and chain is deliberately symbolic. It's a scene that brings our guests back time and again to the Spa.

When Paul begins to thrust his hips into the thin air, Motanda knows his semen is broiling. She has not yet touched his incredibly stiff phallus but senses his condition. This is when her strength and firm grip are most advantageous. Her left hand grasps the purple tip and gruffly bends it downward, almost pointing it toward the floor.

Our poor puppet produces the most pitiful of cries.

Yes. It is cruel. Knowledgeable women understand that the male organ cannot ejaculate at such an angle and Motanda knows the male organ. Paul will thrash, yelp, beg, whimper, beseech. But he will not come.

With the business end firmly under control, Motanda can now go for gold. The fingers of her right hand probe deeply, feeling for that special area so often overlooked by the typical unwitting female lover. The little gland, so well hidden yet so detrimental to the function of male copulation, belongs to her.

Just ask Paul, I think to myself. I doubt if he could offer any evidence refuting who will truly determine when and how he will spend his seed this evening. Left to his own devices, the blithering helpless male would empty himself in a most embarrassing manner, shaming his proud twelve inches by prematurely splattering whatever his reproductive system had to offer.

No. It will be by Motanda's hand that he will give up his offering. And Motanda knows that it is cocktail hour and the 'entertainment' will last until the dinner hour. Thus,

Paul will indeed 'dance' like a puppet, somewhat sanguine with the knowledge that at some point Motanda will grant him relief and empty him of his male essence but simultaneously suffering with the cognition that the timing will not be his to determine.

Those members of the serving staff having before encountered the masturbation harness, look for the metal pot for consolation. And as Motanda continues her delightful game, she nods to Latricia standing nearby. It is only then that a shining highly polished pot is placed on the carpet before the hanging supplicant and the more regular patrons of the Spa begin to playfully wager on the forthcoming results.

Yes, Motanda will bring Paul to the ultimate climax and she will do so in a manner resembling an artillery officer, loading then calculating that angle of trajectory, which will most thrill and amaze the assembled guests.

Paul's twelve inch 'cannon' is sure to amuse. And as Motanda's knowing fingers bring him to the brink, her left hand permits the incredibly stiff phallus to slowly right itself. With her left hand free, the cords securing the neck collar require attention and she pulls accordingly. The tension on the spinal cord causes the purple pole to spasm and with this motion Motanda provides a perfunctory manipulation with her deeply penetrating right hand, squeezing the prostate.

In a truly amazing display, the virile male squirts his essence to the mirthful screams of feminine laughter. Paul impressively hits the pot then proceeds to soak the carpet as Motanda's left hand begins to stroke him. She now pumps the long shaft with the left hand...massaging with the right. In draining him, Motanda allows Paul to finally attain bliss.

I decide to depart. Lotus awaits and I am aroused. I am as eager to see her as she is to see me.

The Spa has once again provided suitable amusement for the Dominant women of the world. It is challenging, but we try.

Chapter Eleven

When I open the apartment door Lotus is indeed as eager for my touch as I am for hers. With her elbows tightly secured together behind her, the pain of the contortion has built in a delightfully slow manner. As predicted, tears roll down her cheeks but my attention is on her small breasts and her wonderfully perky nipples. The forced posture serves to flatten her mammary glands and cause her nipples to stand up like little pebbles on a smooth beach.

Lotus has had a trying afternoon. Unable to utilize her hands with ankles closely shackled together and her outer labia zipped closed, she has wiled away the hours anticipating my return, bearing growing pain while her bladder slowly fills.

It's nice to feel welcome and with Lotus's forced smile I cannot help but feel wanted. I suppose every pet owner receives a similar greeting.

Lotus is curled up on the living floor and struggles to arise without use of her hands and with her feet chained so closely. I suppose she has found some degree of comfort in the odd position. My nose tells me she has been rocking herself in order to stimulate the balls in her vagina. She is particularly fragrant and seems to have worked herself near orgasm in attempting to offset the pain.

I will need to be careful in handling her. Unsupervised fingers may make trouble.

So I graciously push her back to the floor and unlock her 'zipper'. In pulling the small chain out my fingers encounter moisture.

Such a wanton girl, Lotus, I think to myself.

I spread her labia and the smaller gold ball peeks back at me surrounded by excited inner lips, vermilion in color and glistening with feminine juices.

I smile and take the time to slacken the elbow restraint providing instantaneous relief but keeping her hands immobile.

I pull her to her feet and point to the bathroom. Lotus knows to head for the bidet, and begins her humble walk, on toes, quickly shuffling one foot in front of the other.

The bidet is of special design, higher than normal which allows me to inspect her and properly supervise her functions. She knows to bow her legs at her knees then slide back onto the seat. She is almost standing and I can observe without stooping.

Since her hands are restrained, I lean forward and part her labia utilizing her rings. She has to lean back to urinate. Otherwise the small gold ball interferes with the flow. Being shy, it takes time for her to summon the courage to perform for me. My mind wanders with the pause and returns to that most interesting evening in my New England apartment.

Nami worked her fingers into Bobbi's anus. There was no rush and with two digits easily penetrating him she knew to massage a bit and make him comfortable. After a time Bobbi's young sphincter seemed to welcome a third finger and within minutes a fourth.

She was quite talented and Bobbi soon found himself completely impaled by her small hand with no more resistance than a verbal 'uhh'.

"Yes, the little gland is most swollen. Can you feel this?"

Nami must have found the male 'G' spot for Bobbi spasmed.

"Yes. You need a good massage Bobbi. Relax. Think about something else. If you tumefy it could be most painful."

Nami knew her suggestion was impossible to follow and unbeknownst to Bobbi, smiled at Lucretia and me with diabolical expectance.

It was then that a clear fluid began to emanate from the egress of the tube in Bobbi's chastity belt.

"Yes. He's quite full."

Nami's left hand went to work on the perineum further pressuring the gland and causing Bobbi to cry out. The teeth bracelet and the tube were performing their function, keeping Bobbi's penis flaccid. But Nami's deft hands were providing every reason why it should erect.

Lucretia and I both took a sip of the Gran Marnier, comfortably watching Bobbi's discomfort. The flow of fluid increased along with Bobbi's noisy protestations.

"Do you want him drained, Eve? It's easily done but the pain may be a bit much."

Lucretia and I exchanged thoughts and agreed. We may as well have Nami finish the task. Henceforth, after observing the technique, Lucretia could perform the function as required.

Nami proceeded in earnest. Bobbi hollered but his glands continuously gave up their essence. Her hands resembled those of a carpenter working a piece of expensive wood with power but also with finesse.

The bottom of the bowl became coated. Bobbi began to writhe uncontrollably. Nami knew the end was near but may be unattainable.

"The penal restraint is too much for him. If you have some ice, I'll finish him."

Disappointment, yes, Bobbi would be drained utilizing the simple anesthesia of numbing ice. But Lucretia and I could look forward to future milkings where perhaps mercy would not be so forthcoming. Nami held her position while Lucretia applied bags of ice to the steel belt. Although the neoprene liner served to insulate, the penetrating cold reached the metal tube and from there chilled the penis and testicles.

Nami was able to resume with Bobbi remaining flaccid in the belt. Soon, the clear viscous fluid turned cloudy and Nami announced that Bobbi was giving up his sperm. He felt nothing. Lucretia found the process to be fascinating.

Lotus bashfully opens and begins to empty her bladder. The hesitation partially results from my close proximity and the expectation of what will follow. She has sat propped up on the high bidet too many times not to know.

When the stream of excretion slackens I stand ready. When she finishes I remove my hands and instruct her to remain still. Then I turn on the water valve.

Lotus jumps but settles back down as a spray of ice water douses her pudendum. The manufacturer of the bidet found the demanded feature to be eccentric. Most orders required the water to be tepid. My order was to include a cooling compressor to ensure that my maid received a firm cold cleansing.

I have to laugh at her reaction. Lotus knows I will not allow orgasmic relief and that the biting coldness is coming. And she also knows I will not allow her to patter about the house smelling like a cheap whore with traces of feminine arousal streaming down her thighs.

So I lean over and again open her outer labia, pulling at the rings on her nether lips to ensure that the cold spray cools and cleanses. When I tug forcefully and expose her clitoris to the jet of liquid, she yelps and squirms, but obediently stays seated.

Well, I will not take her to the dining room until her sex is sufficiently calmed. I want her focussed on my pleasure not hers.

I turn off the spray. Nipple clamps await those perky nubs, now standing wonderfully erect from the chilling genital shower. I select a particularly nasty pair, applied brusquely to the most sensitive area then unzip my slacks. The shocking pain does not deter Lotus from sliding off the bidet, falling to her knees and groveling to thank me with her tongue for the bladder relief.

Soon, I will be as clean as she but first I move to the living room, pour my own wine and assume the requisite position in a large, stuffed chair. Lotus shuffles about, her

boyish buttocks bouncing with each abbreviated step, obediently following me until I sit and spread my thighs. She then genuflects to begin her arduous oral endeavor.

The Princess does not expect me for another hour and so I relax with the wine. Lotus's tongue begins to gently caress and I have more thoughts about Bobbi...

After Nami demonstrated the proper milking technique, Lucretia added it to her repertoire of care. She preferred letting Bobbi's hormones build but understood that every six to eight weeks his glands needed attention.

Bobbi's rear aperture needed more stretching since Lucretia had larger hands. And it was curious that over time, less and less ice was needed for his milking. Perhaps he indeed learned to think pristine thoughts as Lucretia had once suggested or he was becoming more and more asexual.

Meanwhile Lucretia continued to teach him cunnilingus and reported that he was constantly poking his head under her brief skirt and partaking in her charms.

Over time Lucretia taught Bobbi social skills...as a girl of course. The curtsy made an impression, but Bobbi also learned how to courteously and effeminately greet people...how to eat in public with charm and grace...how to sneeze...cough...use a handkerchief. The powdering of the nose became a labored learning experience with Lucretia taking Bobbi to lunch in some very proper local restaurants. There she would lecture while plying Bobbi with ice tea. When nature called she accompanied Bobbi to the ladies room as one would accompany a little girl. Bobbi would blush as he was forced by the stainless steel belt to squat and release his bladder while Lucretia supervised, holding open the door of the toilet stall and observing like a concerned parent.

I observed the development of a very interesting bond. Although constantly tormented, there was nothing Bobbi would not do for, to, or with Lucretia. He welcomed her

touch, whether in the form of a gentle caress of his overly sensitive nipples or an aggressive caning of his buttocks.

Privately, Lucretia informed me that Bobbi savored her sex, at times begging to be allowed the privilege of servicing her. Lucretia in turn accommodated him by temporarily removing the teeth bracelet and permitting him to tumefy while the belt was removed for weekly cleansing.

It was a most curious scene with Bobbi tightly secured to the 'A' frame absolutely stripped of clothing. Upon removing the belt, his untouched penis began a slow, steady rise to full erection while Lucretia looked on with a smile.

Bobbi would blush with the reaction but one could detect deep down some level of well hidden male pride, seeming to suggest that despite Lucretia's physical restraints and strict control, an important anatomical body part still flourished.

Lucretia's ostensibly uncharacteristic response was more deviant than a casual observer would suspect.

Her thoughts were that the penis rose to stiffness only because she permitted it. That, but for her munificence, Bobbi's neglected appendage would never see the light of day, much less be allowed to blossom and stand at humble attention.

Meanwhile my duties at the Sperm Bank were growing. Ms. Matilda became more and more comfortable with my managerial talents and began taking time off. Therefore Lucretia's efforts in caring for Bobbi were becoming more than just appreciated, such were essential.

It was nice to know after working late that a well-trained handmaiden awaited me, a light dinner prepared, looking as radiant in the late evening as he did when I started the day. I insisted on the heels, providing Bobbi with the ongoing challenge of balancing and moving about. And the

maid's cap was quaint. But otherwise he served wearing just the belt...nothing else.

Nami had shown us the importance of the perineum, the area between Bobbi's thighs just behind where his tube emptied. It was there that Bobbi earned a caress for services rendered and many a time, while my maid served a late night cup of tea, my hand reached to his smooth, hairless thighs in a wordless offer of affection.

His response was to separate his feet, thus opening his thighs and facilitating access to the curious erogenous zone. If I were not too tired, I would also toy with his nipples and watch him flush and smile with the simple pleasure.

Such was the level of his sensitivity. Just the brush of a Dominant female finger brought goose bumps. But an extended massage of the perineum brought pain when his entrapped penis engorged and met the teeth of the ring and the confines of the chastity tube.

Bobbi's relationship with Lucretia was constantly evolving. Sometime during the second year of his belting, Lucretia began having afternoon 'card' parties. Ostensibly the women gathered to play bridge, but according to Bobbi very little time was expended dealing cards.

No. It was Bobbi that attracted Lucretia's friends and the monthly assembly seemed to take great interest in being served by Lucretia's pretty maid.

I came to learn of each party after the fact, when I arrived home to find Bobbi's nipples well chastised and a set of variegated buttocks perched atop his girlish legs.

Yes, Lucretia's gathering of friends included some very eccentric women, given to strict discipline, oral service and in one woman's case, a penchant for utilizing a sizable rubber phallus.

The first occurrence was noticed when I arrived home and Bobbi stepped from the kitchen moving rather gingerly. He was quiet and served me with his usual grace. But he

was not as receptive as normal to my touch and appeared sullen.

Days later Lucretia and I enjoyed a cool drink on a hot Saturday afternoon. It was then that I was informed of Bobbi's eventful afternoon.

"An old friend, Gladys brought her strap on to the card party," related Lucretia.

"Bobbi can be quite the little strumpet. He seemed to enjoy taking every inch of it, in front of all the girls. And you'd be shocked to know what flowed out of his tube and down his thighs!"

I was indeed somewhat surprised. My shy, effeminate brother bending over and taking his first penis. No wonder he had been pensive. Bobbi lost his virginity to a termagant wearing a ten-inch dildo! And the poor dear somewhat ejaculated, or at least gave up his semen, in a most humiliating manner. It slithered out his chastity tube.

Lucretia told me Gladys did him on the dining room table to the cheers of the three female onlookers.

"I think he enjoyed it, Eve. There was not much resistance."

Lotus's head is bobbing up and down as she applies long laps of her tongue, first to my outer labia, then the inner. She begins to rotate her hips, causing to move within her the permanently implanted balls. The effect of the harsh spray of frigid water has apparently dissipated. I reach down and flick the serrated nipple clamps. Lotus emits a high pitched cry, but her trained tongue never leaves my love nest. She does know to stop grinding her hips. I want her concentrating on my pleasure.

Her lips obediently move upwards to my clitoris. I widen my thighs and feel my pulse quicken.

Chapter Twelve

Stepping from the shower I cannot help but see my reflection in the bathroom mirror. Not bad for 35 years, I conclude with modesty. Despite awakening each morning to the sound and feel of Lotus's lips, I manage to steal away to the Spa's gym for 30 minutes of vigorous exercise. The results are sufficient. The middle aged spread will be forestalled as long as I can muster the energy and determination.

Lotus waits with a large warm towel. She gently pats me dry from top to bottom. When she kneels behind me, her tongue slips between my cheeks. I smile and turn.

"Perhaps over the weekend, Lotus. My company is expected at dinner.

"Get your leash and a pair of training shoes."

I reach down and remove her nipple clamps. She stoically holds back a yelp as the circulation rushes into the chafed pink skin.

Lotus truly enjoys oral servitude and the taste of my cleansed skin, but the Princess is expecting me. Lotus can have her taste of my backside on Sunday.

I dress simply. My role suggests that my attire blend, not draw attention away from the Spa's fashionable guests. I select a black cashmere turtleneck, black satin slacks with the oversized zipper, and a string of pearls.

I turn out the lights and move to the living room. Lotus obediently stands at the door, head bowed, waiting for me to clip on her leash. She rarely leaves my apartment and I know her reticence cloaks a degree of excitement.

As instructed, she has donned training shoes, rather simple flats with spikes inside the sole and heel. This forces her to walk on her toes, else the spikes prick her feet. When combined with the constraints of the short ankle chain, Lotus will find her little feet scampering through the hallways. Her boyish buttocks will ripple with each step and I know the awkward jarring motion will cause her balls

to gyrate wildly within her vagina. She will be panting by the time we reach the table.

When I clip the thin leash to the ring atop Lotus's pudendum, her hands reflexively move to the back of her head. Her training dictates the proper deportment when walking under the direction of the leash. She will carefully follow my tugs with head bowed.

Leading a subordinate at the end of a leash provides a heady rush. As we saunter down the hall, Lotus's little feet move rapidly to keep pace. Her golden balls must be jumping through her vaginal walls, I think to myself. She'll be quite juicy by the time we reach the table.

I smile and acknowledge some of the guests who are returning to their rooms after an early dinner. They smile back, glance at Lotus, then nod approvingly. Though some may have a taste for Lotus, the leash signifies my ownership. I rarely share her talents with guests, just as I refrain from utilizing the serving staff for my own pleasure.

My mind wanders back to Lucretia and Bobbi.

Thoughts of my brother spreading open his cute backside for the pleasure of a woman I found to be amusing.

Whoever this Gladys was, she apparently was a distant friend for Lucretia rarely mentioned her.

But the scene seemed to favorably impress Lucretia. She concluded that if Bobbi's little gland indeed needed attention, what better way to give a proper massage?

Within a few weeks of the Saturday afternoon conversation, Lucretia suggested that I stop in on my way out to the store. Bobbi usually did her laundry on Saturdays and sometimes Lucretia let him try on some of her more intimate apparel before washing. So it was natural for me to assume Lucretia was going to have Bobbi put on a little fashion show while we watched him slip into frilly garments and strut about.

I was surprised to enter and find Lucretia nearly naked, wearing only her spandex halter.

"Thought you'd like to watch, Eve. Gladys sent me a little toy, and Bobbi's rather excited but apprehensive. He's becoming more and more fickle.

"Bobbi, your sister is here. Bring out your play toy...now!"

Lucretia called out pleasantly but ended her announcement with a rather forceful command.

Meanwhile, I glanced over the amazing form of this woman whose battle with middle age was notably triumphant.

Lucretia's legs and stomach were firm and tanned. As I had noticed in one of our early talks, her genitalia were neatly shaven except for a stylish 'V' shaped patch well above her clitoral hood. Her demeanor had always reminded me of that of an athlete and her body certainly confirmed an earlier period in life when the development of both strength and grace were a priority. Lucretia was buffed.

Responding to Lucretia's call, Bobbi rushed from the bathroom as best as his heels would allow. He was also without covering, but for his belt of course. In his hands he held a large, black well-lubricated rubber dildo. Attached was a harness with straps and buckles.

As he approached, I noticed an interesting rubber piece on the inside of the strap. Obviously intended for a woman's enjoyment, Lucretia smiled with my realization.

"Good girl, Bobbi. All nice and slippery. Show your sister what you've learned."

Lucretia separated her feet as Bobbi struggled to drop to his knees, his heels slipping out from under him.

Since his hands carefully held the long phallus, cognizant of its moist surface, Lucretia put her hands on Bobbi's head to steady him.

"Tongue."

That's all she said and Bobbi leaned forward and began to tenderly service her labia.

"Bobbi knows the lubrication I prefer, don't you Bobbi? Yes, he likes to cook and clean and serve in many ways. With his make up and pretty hair, Bobbi's quite the helper."

Lucretia closed her eyes. Bobbi's tongue moved higher and forced apart her lips.

"Just a little more. Yes. Very nice..."

"Now my end of your toy."

Bobbi pulled away his face and dutifully licked the strange female end of the phallus. Lucretia released his head and assumed a forceful pose with hands on hips.

"He's very eager. Look at that tongue move," laughed Lucretia.

Without another word Bobbi gently inserted the well-licked end into Lucretia's sex. She let out a strong breath, then remained still while Bobbi buckled the harness around her hips. When finished, Lucretia stood with this menacingly huge black rubber appendage thrusting outward. Bobbi had to slide back on his knees to avoid being poked. I could not help but smile.

Bobbi was indeed fickle. He appeared to be both afraid of the evil looking implement and wanting of it.

"Into the study, Bobbi. Assume the position."

Bobbi scurried to his feet. The speed with which he moved evidenced his hidden desire.

Lucretia turned to me.

"Well, his little gland is going to be well massaged. Your pretty maid is quite the whore, Eve. I've found him cleaning and polishing the dildo every day since Gladys sent it."

We followed Bobbi into Lucretia's room of discipline. A simple waist high padded bench had been set in the middle. Bobbi was bent at the waist, leaning over it with his feet widely separated. In an obviously well practiced pose, his head was up allowing him to look directly into a mirror on

the opposite wall. His manicured hands were delicately placed atop his coiffure causing his back to arch.

"Gladys showed me the proper position. Bobbi's backside is open and ready.

"Yes, isn't it, you little harlot."

Lucretia laughed and let the expectation build. Bobbi patiently waited, holding himself in place, prepared for penetration with a curious look of both trepidation and anticipation.

Lotus and I reach the cocktail lounge adjacent to the dining room. Many guests are imbibing and enjoying themselves by tormenting the serving staff. Not one male waiter is flaccid, the Dominant women constantly diddling their ringed penises in an unspoken conspiracy to keep them aroused and serving in a most humiliating manner.

The female staff does not have it so easy. Normal bars have matches and ashtrays, at the Spa every table has an assortment of clamps. Thus, various anatomical female parts have attained unwanted attention, and the submissive girls though in pain, serve carefully, not wishing to feel the small teeth of another alligator clip on nipples or lips.

As trained, Lotus looks down. It is considered an affront for her eyes to greet a superior and as a result, she must peer at the numerous excited male members.

You may look but you will never have, Lotus, I think to myself. But then again, perhaps that little sphincter would enjoy a good stretching...?

Without need for words, Matthew hands me my usual drink and I gently caress his penis tip. As I pause to sip, I can once again detect Lotus's fragrant sex, the walk having the expected affect. I cannot remember the last time I had her unzipped and feathered. Maybe over the weekend I'll have Motanda stop in my apartment and we'll spend an hour or so watching her juices flow.

A lively cheer is heard in the dining room. Without looking, I know that the assembled diners are welcoming

the female selected for masturbation. I am undecided whether to wait in the cocktail lounge or join the revelry in the dining room. Then Latricia passes me on her way back to the dormitory.

“You may be interested in watching this one, Ms. Eve. Her name is Mary and she’s a squirter. Young and very embarrassed. That always makes them wetter, as you know.”

I nod and find that my decision is made for me.

Latricia’s reference was the Spa’s vernacular for a girl who ejaculates. When properly triggered, the phenomenon is more common than most would think. At the Spa, when we encounter a girl with such an attribute, we take full advantage and utilize known procedures to best demonstrate it to our guests.

The normal procedure for the masturbation of the female serving staff is rather simple. In the center of the dining room is a raised platform. On it is bolted a vertical stanchion upon which a rubber phallus with an electric vibrator can be attached.

Girls are placed on the little stage kneeling. The phallus, protruding horizontally from the post, is slid up or down to the required height of the girl’s joy opening then secured. The vibrator is turned on. The diners eat, well entertained while watching the naked young serving girl labor to impale herself ‘doggy style’ and work herself open on the vibrating dildo.

Large rubber blocks screwed into floor of the stage keep the girl’s knees well spread. And there is one rule, which is pointedly explained to the fortunate exhibitionist, she must keep her hands on the back of her head, thus best displaying her breasts. Upon failing to do so, the vibrator is turned off. When the hands are replaced then vibration resumes.

I have always been amazed at the energy expended by some of our young female submissives in bringing

themselves to climax, despite the sizable observing audience. It seems that a week of parading about naked and engaging in the most sordid of acts without gratification greatly increases the libido. Therefore at the end of their seven days, they are quite ready for the pleasure afforded by a visit to the platform despite the extreme humiliation. And watching the excited reddened labia strain to swallow up the ridiculously large rubber penis while the breasts flop about is quite the sight. Many of the first time guests are enthralled by the process. The more regular guests know to request special service be performed under their table while viewing.

The vibrator can also rotate, expand and contract in a variety of ways. The experienced girls know this and also know that these special and most pleasurable cycles will begin only when the shaft is squeezed tightly within the vagina. So many times the exaggerated backwards and forwards thrusts of the hips become quite comical as a particularly excited girl earnestly endeavors to pressure the clever device and begin the larger oscillations which will in turn bring forth the final powerful orgasm.

Squirters receive different treatment. Ms. Benz, a seasoned nurse of some fifty years of age, has developed a most interesting procedure, which ensures a fascinating exhibition for our diners with a wonderfully moist climax.

The post for the vibrator is removed from the stage and in its place a simple bar is secured. It is some two to three feet high and is horizontal to the stage. The height can be adjusted to the height of the girl, for its function is to hold up the left knee and calve of the girl while she kneels on the right. This position provides a marvelous 'spread shot' of the female genitalia which some of our guests find amusing, particularly if the serving girl is new and bashful about being so exposed.

Our Ms. Benz needs the simplest of devices for the squirter. A battery operated vibrating egg is inserted into

the anus. A feather is applied to the clitoris with the right hand. The left hand works its way into the vaginal opening. She slowly opens the girl, occasionally moving her feather from clitoris to nipples. Her many years guide her to the 'G' spot and once found, the show begins. The squirter is helpless, simultaneously begging to be released from her humiliation and yet begging for more, as Ms. Benz works to turn on the strange fountain.

Many of the girls who possess such ability can not trigger the unusual reaction themselves. Their fingers are too short or the attempted angle is not right or the 'G' spot cannot be found. But Ms. Benz can pump away and after some sessions the stage is soaked with a girl's essence.

I move to the archway segmenting the cocktail lounge from the dining room. Just the slightest of tugs causes Lotus to begin moving her feet with rapidity in order to follow. The view is not the best but I can stand and watch over the heads of our sitting guests.

Our young submissive has the full attention of the diners. With her left leg raised leg like a urinating dog, she is marvelously exposed and spotlights in the ceiling ensure she is highlighted. More lights recessed into the small stage beam directly up at her excited and well spread labia, ensuring that the action of Ms. Benz's hand can be seen by all those sitting at their tables.

This Mary is indeed rather shy and noticeably spasms when the vibrating egg is inserted. I will have to ensure that she has ample time on the wooden horse, I think to myself.

Just as Ms. Benz applies the first stroke of the feather, the Princess arrives with 'Peter Pan' in tow. She is wearing a single white silk garment, flowing from her impressive shoulders like a Roman toga. There is no question that she is naked underneath. After all, this is the Spa.

Various gold and diamond studded chains and necklaces hang from her straight neck. A ringed right hand holds the

obligatory leash attached to 'Peter Pan's' collar.

The Princess smiles at me. Peter Pan does not acknowledge me, continuously looking up at 'Master' like a puppy seeking direction and affection. His restraints are the same and again in combination with the elaborate jewelry offer his only covering.

I introduce Lotus. When the Princess notices the padlock dangling between her thighs and that she is 'zipped' closed she laughs, then reaches out and firmly pinches one of her nipples.

"She is almost like a boy. But a sexless boy, like Jahn here."

I nod and smile and while explaining Lotus's duties as personal maid, the Princess's hand smooths down Lotus's stomach then to her right hip. Anticipating her desire I pull on the leash, forcing Lotus to step toward me and display her buttocks to the Princess. Her hand pinches and kneads Lotus's gluteus maximus, ascertaining the suppleness of both flesh and muscles.

"Yes, truly like a boy. My husband would find enjoyment here. You have seen Jahn's rings? The King sometimes pulls open Jahn's buttock rings while the boy kneels with his head between my thighs. A most useful plaything. The altered male can become quite dedicated to the pleasure of others."

So my question concerning alteration is answered. Underneath Jahn's layers of gold leaf is an empty scrotal sac.

Chapter Thirteen

The Princess is hungry. We go directly to our table, the location of which provides an unimpeded view of Ms. Benz plying her craft. The Princess finds the scene amusing and the curiosity she exhibits I have many times noticed in observing interaction amongst the races. This large African woman, peering at the Caucasian girl's most intimate anatomy, appears infatuated with Mary's white skin and the contrasting deep pink where Ms. Benz so nimbly works. She immediately directs Jahn beneath the table.

As a courtesy, I likewise pull on Lotus's leash and she humbly follows, making the Princess feel more comfortable in receiving oral gratification so early in the meal.

While well-tumefied waiters bring drinks and deliver menus, the Princess and I converse. She has questions and my answers are occasionally interrupted by a seemingly plaintive cry from Mary. When we look up we find it is actually an expression of embarrassed pleasure as Ms. Benz has again turned on Mary's fountain of arousal and more moisture finds the stage floor.

I answer the inquiries routinely, explaining the Spa's history, our procedures and our policies. I speak but find my mind wandering back to Lucretia and Bobbi.

Bobbi was bending over a padded bench in Lucretia's study. It was quite the practiced position, for his spread feet and arched back presented his rectum at just the right height and angle for the huge phallus that Lucretia wore. I wondered how many times she and Bobbi had engaged in such an activity. Since Bobbi spent each day under her tutelage I could not know, but I had entrusted her with his care, thus I could not claim that she overstepped her role.

An interesting change came over Lucretia. As stated, but for the spandex halter covering her breasts, she was naked. And despite her nudity she became much more aggressive and authoritative. She began to chide Bobbi, barking orders to which he instantly responded, changing

the position of his hands, moving his head up. My eager 'sister' was humbly positioning herself, anticipating the first thrust with a marked degree of sordid desire.

Lucretia knew this. She had referred to him as a harlot, and indeed he so appeared.

After more humiliating comments, Lucretia finally took her position behind Bobbi and placed the bulbous head of the phallus right at Bobbi's puckered rose bud.

"Good girls get a nice reaming, Bobbi. All ten inches. That little gland is begging for attention, isn't it. Go ahead Bobbi. Tell me. Ask for it. Beg."

He did.

Bobbi rarely spoke, both Lucretia and I having mandated his silence unless spoken to and requiring a response. So listening to his entreaties in encouraging Lucretia to impale him with the hideously large dildo was surprisingly pleasant. He indeed sounded like a very aroused woman seeking long overdue attention.

Lucretia thrust. Bobbi cried out. I winced but also felt the familiar wetness I had so often experienced whenever a male was brought to submission

It was evident she had been opening him over a period of time, for the unbelievably fat cone of rubber slid into Bobbi's anus with little resistance.

What followed was a thorough penetration, with thrust after thrust of Lucretia's hips driving the phallus right to the hilt.

'Squeeze you little whore,' Lucretia commented. The friction on her end of the penetrating implement was evidently not satisfactory.

"Head up."

Her two hands reached around his chest and grasped his nipples. She used them as handles, holding on and utilizing to more firmly push.

Her well-muscled buttocks tightened then relaxed with each thrust.

“Yes, Bobbi. That’s better. You’re here to please me.”

Thrust after thrust and heavy breathing.

“Husband number one was not as tight, but he timed his contractions much better. Bobbi will learn over time.”

Lucretia began to perspire but was relentless. After each stroke she carefully pulled back so that the entire length of the shaft exited thus maximizing the frictioning of Bobbi’s rectum with the next thrust.

“Yes. You’re learning, Bobbi.”

Lucretia became flushed. The female insert on her end was working its magic. It required a woman of amazing strength to accept the waves of pleasure and keep on reaming the upturned effeminate backside.

Her hands clenched, squeezing Bobbi’s nipples. Then it happened. Fluid began running down the inside of Bobbi’s thighs. Despite the extreme penal restraints, the teeth bracelet with the special piercing entrapping his withered manhood in a metal tube, Bobbi’s glands were giving up their essence. The phallus had provided a defacto prostate milking.

The fluid turned white and began to reach the floor. Lucretia also noticed. This seemed to spur a final orgasm from her. The notion that she as Dominant female forcefully extracted the male essence in such an ignominious manner triggered her pleasure center. She spasmed and withdrew, leaning back with a smile.

“He is randy and tight. What more can a woman ask?”

I was 22, quite moist and in awe of the demonstration. My feminized brother was 18 and most satiated. It was as close to a normal orgasm as he had had in months.

After that introduction I found the amazing Lucretia to be quite the artist with the strap on. She took what she wanted from Bobbi, riding his naked body like a wild animal and by way of her insert, absorbing each pleasurable response to her deep penetrating thrusts.

That fateful encounter ended the program of the prostate massages that Nami had so nicely demonstrated and recommended for Bobbi's health.

Henceforth, Bobbi's gland would be well worked while bent over Lucretia's padded bench.

After a respite, both Bobbi and Lucretia regained their strength.

"You'll need to finish."

With Lucretia's simple suggestion, Bobbi found the energy to slide off the bench to his knees. There he approached Lucretia and carefully removed the harness. Holding it in his hands like a precious object of art, he then craned his neck forward and began to work his tongue into Lucretia's sex. She opened her thighs and placed her hands on top of his beautiful blond hair.

"Such a sweet girl."

My reverie is interrupted by another cry from Mary. Ms. Benz apparently struck pay dirt with an impressive squirt emanating from the widely opened labia. The diners laugh and Mary's right knee caves in exhaustion.

Ms. Benz wears a warm smile of satisfaction, having worked the girl's clitoris and 'G' spot for some thirty minutes. I recall Latricia's observation and find it to be curiously true. The more shy the girl, the more essence is given up by way of her initial exposure. For a first time girl, Mary's display is thorough, abundantly wet, and most degrading.

She will ride the stage again at some point. But I doubt if she will ever match this evening's performance.

The Princess has enjoyed the show. As stated, the interracial aspects, in this case of having the Caucasian Mary masturbated before the Princess, seem to add spice. I have noticed that our black professional staff relish putting the Caucasian subordinates through their paces. This in turn keeps the guests entertained since they quickly

conclude nothing is staged at the Spa. Nor is anyone just going through the motions.

Our entrees arrive. The conversation slows with the Princess lowering a hand below the table to guide or instruct Jahn in his efforts.

At the end of the meal, her hand disappears for a third time and a discernible 'yelp' is heard from Jahn.

"I will be very happy after his training. He must learn to keep his teeth away from my bud."

I assure the Princess that such will be accomplished. Or, a dentist can be summoned from Calgary.

She politely declines to have his incisors rearranged, but leans under the table and emphasizes..."but I will keep the suggestion in mind."

She rights herself and smiles. I envision a cowering Jahn, savoring the Princess's nest with newly found tenderness. Having already lost his most precious organs to the whim of his Mistress, he fully realizes a visit to a dentist is no idle threat.

Our dishes are removed and the newly pierced Jason stops to take our order for after dinner drinks. Still not ringed, his penis bears the temporary strand of stainless steel wire designed to allow the surrounding skin to heal without closing the piercing. It makes the tip of the penis delightfully sensitive and I cannot help having fun. I reach under the table where Lotus has been casually lapping away any remnants of my arousal. (She knows not to engage in full cunnilingus until I tap on her head). My hand glides to the end of her leash and unclip it. When Jason returns with our drinks, I am ready. I unhook his wire from the waist belt and deftly clip Lotus's leash onto Jason's pierced penis.

In just serving naked Jason's penis is semi-erect. But when his penis becomes attached to the leash and I ever so casually give it a shake, he both winces and slowly erects. The phenomenon will never cease to amaze me. A

controlling Dominant female merely clips on a symbolic instrument of restraint and the submissive male becomes physically aroused.

I explain to the Princess.

“He is new. See how well we’ve chosen? And he’s so nicely sized”

With my free hand I toy with his shaven testicles. Large, firm, impressive. His sac encourages stretching and I know by the time his tour is over his plumbs will be hanging to his knees, a cadre of Dominant women unable to let pass the opportunity to attach various weights. Jason’s ten inches rise to my touch. Only when fully blossomed will I walk him and I patiently enjoy the show.

Finally...“Come, Jason.”

I use that annoyingly condescending tone, as if addressing a child or a pet. When I arise, Jason begins to understand he will be led out by his erection. He appears wonderfully horrified.

“Come.”

This time my command is accompanied by the slightest of tugs and he jumps to follow before the slack again disappears from the leash.

“His bladder is full, Princess. We develop experience in such matters. I will return shortly. Try Lotus if you’d like. Just tap her head and she’ll understand your needs.”

The Princess appears more enthused than concerned by my departure.

I assertively lead Jason across the room. The guests titter at the sight and Jason’s penis is so firm my hand feels it throbbing through the tension on the leash. My wetness flows. Since childhood, whenever a male is under my control it has happened consistently. I am glad Lotus awaits my return to the table.

I lead Jason to the serving staff’s unisex bathroom. Large and open, privacy is never permitted for the Spa’s subordinates and Jason seems surprised.

Did we forget to inform him about this policy?

‘Well, Jason,’ I think to myself, ‘the ability to adapt is important for a good servant’.

In the center of the brightly lit room is a row of custom made basins, designed for both the male and female staff to straddle and do their business. Having not before seen such devices I so direct Jason to straddle and squat. Then I remove the leash.

Jason sits with his hands on his head. It is the rudimentary instruction given to all the serving staff. ‘If you don’t know what to do or you have nothing to do, place your hands on your head’. I am heartened to see Jason do so.

The water in the white porcelain basin should give him a clue as to what I expect, yet he sits with apprehension. I finally speak.

“Relieve yourself Jason. I know your bladder is full.”

He looks at me so beseechingly. It’s a good thing my black satin slacks do not easily show dampness. Lotus’s services will definitely be needed.

I remain silent and let the humiliation build. I know that with his stiffness and bashfulness his flow will not commence. After a few minutes, I raise my hand and snap the end of the leash against the very sensitive, newly pierced penis tip. Jason screams and I smile as the engorged organ rapidly shrinks.

I then resume instructing in my authoritative but smooth baby voice.

“Do it for me Jason, be a good boy.”

He summons the determination and I watch with devilish satisfaction as his bladder begins to empty, cooing during the entire process as the muscles in his lower stomach work to keep the flow going. With Jason’s unusual length, it’s like watching a dribbling fire-hose, the flow not nearly as strong as one would expect. But then, it’s only Jason’s first visit. He will learn.

I have been at the Spa for some ten years. Initiating the newly arrived by way of the most humbling interaction has become irresistible for me. It is just one of the more pleasant aspects of my position.

I lead Jason back to the dining room, release the leash and reconnect his wire to the belt around his waist. He has resumed partial tumescence. As I return to the table, I can't help thinking, 'welcome to the Spa, Mr. Ten Inches'.

I am somewhat disappointed to see that Lotus is occupied with the Princess. But Jahn stands to her side. He has a forlorn look. Could he be envious of Lotus? The neutered blond seems to show emotion as the Princess emits barely discernible sighs of pleasure resulting from Lotus's accomplished oral skills.

How interesting. Perhaps he has entered that unique psychological world of the ultimate submissive, obtaining gratification only by providing gratification to others. With such aptitude, his oral talents will indeed be well polished at the Spa

I sit and sip on coffee laced with Sambucca. I cannot help staring across the table at Jahn's gold encrusted poach glinting in the lights along with the bejeweled but pusillanimous penis.

So much valuable metal and so many precious stones attached to a useless organ. Such irony. But as I contemplate, I understand the Princess's message. 'This organ is mine to decorate and display'. In her home country, her viewing pleasure is sacrosanct.

Perhaps it is curiosity. Perhaps it is a long day ending with a little more alcohol than deemed judicious. Perhaps the jaunt with Jason has me excited. I beckon Jahn to my side.

He looks to the Princess who nods her approval then humbly steps around the table. Upon reaching my side he stands and parts his feet as trained. I now have a much

closer view but am still curious. I snap my fingers and two male serving staff jump to the table.

“Clear everything, leave the Princess’s drink.”

My coffee instantly disappears along with the condiments, dirty napkins and an untouched plate of cookies. I pat my thighs.

“Sit facing me Jahn. I want to inspect you.”

I push my chair back and find it interesting that I do not have to direct or say another word. Jahn lifts his right leg and steps over my lap. I separate my thighs so that when he lowers himself he must part his thighs accordingly.

The position assumed by Jahn takes me back many years to when I first began inspecting Bobby after his bath. His young penis used to rise as I applied powder and toyed with his scrotum. It is amusing that Jahn appears to be no larger in size than my young brother.

With his arms encased in the single white leather glove I am careful to provide balance for Jahn. My hands grasp each shoulder and slowly push to lower his upper torso onto the table. There his arms and glove will rest somewhat comfortably. This changes his posture so that his genitals thrust forward. The light above reflects glaringly from the jewelry. Nothing will escape my inquiring eyes. I widen my thighs. His in turn spread more. He is wonderfully presented.

I look to the Princess. Her eyes are closed, enthralled with Lotus’s oral delights. Thus my bold intrusion in ordering about her plaything is not of concern.

I begin.

Chapter Fourteen

With Jahn's hands and arms restrained behind his back and his thighs widely parted he is effectively immobilized, allowing me to toy and examine at will.

I start by palming his gold leafed scrotum and lifting what little is there with my left hand. My right hand dives under to caress his perineum. If there are any male urges remaining, such will be revealed by my knowledgeable digital manipulation and the resulting twitch of his penis. Even if the appendage does not physically move, I will be able to feel a nerve response, if there is one.

Yes. There is a reaction. I look into his face. He realizes that I have noticed and seems to shiver with concern.

Could it be even the slightest symbol of maleness is prohibited? He twists his hips in futile protest. With his expression of reluctance, I become obstinate.

'It is I who am in control, altered one', I think silently. And I will prove it.

My left hand continues holding the golden scrotal sac. The attached leaf is a fascinating work of craftsmanship. Layer upon layer of thin overlapping sheets of the precious metal, each sutured to Jahn's thin, sensitive flesh to form a covering, which is surprisingly flexible, yet covers every inch of pink skin.

My right hand moves to his penis. It is barely visible and its diminutive size is an interesting contrast to the dozens of massive but subordinate male appendages found at the Spa.

My fingers pinch a ring piercing the underside. I use it as a handle and tug the little worm outward as far as possible. Stretching out the flaccid male organ reveals the ultimate length. Tumescence can add some length, but proportionally not much.

Jahn moans with a look of concerned surprise. It is apparent that he is not often touched there. His penis is the

size of a child. I laugh. Jahn turns his head with embarrassment.

"You were altered at a young age, Jahn," I suggest aloud.

But the thought leaves me as my eyes examine the tiny shaft. Each side has a row of gold studs penetrating the outer layer of skin. The ornate little bars are capped with emeralds. I count five on each side.

When I flip up the penis, I see a series of gold rings piercing the underside with a ruby mounted on each. The Princess, laboring to remain serene under the ministrations of Lotus's busy tongue, is watching and notes my interest. I look up when she begins to speak.

"At home in the chateau, I tell him. The Presidential mansion is very large and I like to know where he is and when he moves about. It also amuses the serving staff."

I envision Jahn with his hands and arms helplessly encased in the white glove, aimlessly roaming from room to room with tiny bells dangling from the rings on his small penis. The sound not only announcing his whereabouts, but also drawing attention to his embarrassingly small phallus and the obscure status of his gonads. The native maids laugh in his presence, a blue-eyed, blond male relegated to the stature of pet. Perhaps the Princess is generous in sharing that wonderfully long and metal knobbed tongue. Or perhaps a maid will furtively direct the helpless and well-tamed beast into a storage room for a quick sampling of his oral skill.

My examining eyes return. The ring nearest the tip, which I have used as a handle, does not have a ruby mounting. Instead a gold loop emanates from the lowest point of the ring, juts forward, bends back, and then disappears into the tip of the penis. It is penetrating Jahn's urethra!

It is no wonder he shivers in fear when I massage his perineum. Depending on what lies within his penis, the

slightest degree of arousal could cause enormous pain. No randy thoughts for this suppliant. He has learned to subordinate all pleasure to the Princess, and from her comments, also to her dictator husband.

I note that Jahn cannot urinate. Whatever impales his tiny tube must be removed to permit excretion. I know from controlling Lotus that such a condition keeps a subordinate wonderfully focussed on his or her role. I admire the simplicity of the device. I will inspect it and perhaps discuss designing a similar implement for use at the Spa.

But now is not the time. I look up to see that Jahn's lower belly is somewhat distended and experience tells me once the penis is cleared such a condition mandates relief. The dining room is not the appropriate place to explore further.

Obtaining a full understanding of Jahn's condition and the various items of restraint and control provides a clear picture of why the Princess brought him to the Spa.

His designated role is to provide pleasure. Nothing else. His alteration and the various piercings are intended to make him absolutely asexual. Whoever performed the operation knew, or so informed the Princess, that castrated males could still attain an erection. The jewelry therefore is a decorative way of sealing Jahn's fate. A forceful way of sending the message, 'don't even think about your own sexuality, pleasure or relief. Erections are denied'.

Thus as discussed, the use of his tongue is to become his manner of sexual expression...and his backside, based on the Princess's comments.

I silently wonder whether the goal has been achieved. There was definitely a response to my caress.

I look up to see the hands of the Princess grip the edge of the table. If Jahn's oral efforts are indeed somewhat rudimentary, then the Princess will find Lotus to be without equal. As stated, I do not normally share Lotus or allow her

to be engaged in the Spa's nightly antics with the guests. But Jahn is special.

When I look into his blue effeminate eyes and scan his short but girlish hairstyle, he in many ways reminds me of Bobbi.

The thought jars me to a decision. Tonight I will make an exception. It is quite evident that the Princess will not miss his services.

I casually remark that Jahn needs to visit the facilities. The Princess nods but reaches down. As instructed, she is tapping the top of Lotus's head for a second or third helping of the Spa's oral dessert. Now is the time.

"Why not take Lotus back to your room, Princess? Jahn will be well cared for and Lotus needs to be reminded to remain walking on her toes. Some bastinado would be appreciated."

The Princess nods enthusiastically.

The bait is taken. I have come to know so many Dominant women over the years that many times I can prognosticate at least one or two of their libidinous proclivities. For Lotus, the harsh application of a short quirt to the souls of her feet will occupy a good part of the remaining evening. And the Princess will be most amused with her polite but strained tolerance and pitiful cries.

Matthew presents the Princess with a voucher. Food and drink at the Spa is included in the \$1,000 plus per day room charges. But gratuities are welcomed and the Princess graciously assigns \$500 to be apportioned by the concierge amongst those serving us.

I cannot resist clipping my leash unto the most interesting ring attached to the tip of Jahn's penis. He looks in horror at my controlling hand. When I give the leash a little shake to test the level of sensitivity he shouts loudly. In any other restaurant his reaction would draw attention. At the Spa it is not noticed, except by me. I am followed out of the dining room by one extremely obedient boy.

I am able to walk faster than with a chained Lotus in tow, though I am careful since Jahn cannot use his arms for balance. A fall would be most painful judging from his initial reaction to the leash. Once again leading a submissive male, or former male in Jahn's case, causes the expected reaction between my thighs. Thus I don't go directly to my apartment, choosing instead to exercise my power and take a leisurely stroll, allowing my arousal to build.

It is definitely my mental comparison with Bobbi, my forcibly chastised brother, which has caused me to take an interest in Jahn. Another memory flashes to mind as I cruelly jiggle the leash and listen to Jahn's anguished cry in response...

Lucretia and Bobbi seemed to become even closer after that Saturday afternoon of dildo sodomy. The amount of time spent together remained the same. It was the manner in which they spent it. Bobbi was spared the drudgery of many chores. Lucretia's kitchen floor was washed weekly instead of daily, the same with vacuuming and dusting. Each evening when I returned home from the Sperm Bank, Bobbi reported eating lunch in a lavish restaurant, or visiting a museum, or seeing a movie.

All the time dressed as a teenaged girl of course. For it was some time in the second year at Lucretia's apartment, while sorting through bills, that the invoice for the storage of Bobbi's male clothing seemed to annoyingly return to the top of the pile. It was not a large sum, but when one receives so little benefit from a product or service, the materiality factor changes.

I reluctantly wrote a check but cheerfully included a note, 'Final Payment, please send all cartons to the Salvation Army'.

And thus the remaining vestige of Bobbi's life as a male was whisked away by my pen.

So all of the afternoon excursions found Bobbi most effeminately attired. He did not own a stitch of male clothing.

Meanwhile my life seemed to be going sideways. Bobbi's nightly massage of my feet and his assistance with my morning shower were enjoyable. But it wasn't sex and I was a young woman.

The job at the Sperm Bank seemed to fill a void. Watching the firm and well-trained nurses from Miangas work Ms. Matilda's 'herd' was quite an experience. Twice per day, if not more often, a harnessed male gave up a large sample to the knowing hands of his nurse. I had certain favorites, and the nurses knew to call me out of the office to observe when such were scheduled for an extraction. They even suggested that the humiliation of being watched by a pretty, fully clothed young female increased the sample size, though this was never scientifically proven.

It was in my third year that a most interesting woman stopped into the Sperm Bank's office, while Ms. Matilda was on vacation. She introduced herself as Mrs. Bennington, and said she was an acquaintance of Ms. Matilda from many years before.

Mrs. Bennington, at the time, was in her early sixties. Very well dressed, very trim, her grace and intellect were instantly communicated. Obviously she was a woman of substance with a good education.

At first she was rather coy, suggesting she needed sperm for her farm. When I suggested that our facility was one dispensing sperm for humans rather than livestock, she nodded with a knowing smile.

"Matilda and I go way back. I understand that she is not here today but years ago she took me on a most interesting tour of the operation here, and I have kept it in mind for my needs ever since."

Mrs. Bennington was hinting that she had full knowledge of the Sperm Bank's unusual methods for procuring product.

"My farm is located in a small country in the Amazon. I have it stocked with the most nubile of young women. But you can imagine how difficult it is to obtain a suitable stud in such an area.

"The isolation does have its advantages in terms of compliance with various laws and regulations. And I do prefer to inseminate the girls myself. Term it an old affectation.

"So here I am..."

We talked further. Mrs. Bennington wanted to explore the feasibility of air shipping frozen sperm to her farm from time to time. I took notes and our conversation concluded with me suggesting I would confer with Ms. Matilda.

The next day Ms. Matilda called. She was sorry to have missed Mrs. Bennington but informed me that with her it would be a simple business arrangement.

"Mrs. Bennington is notorious, Eve. She is not as active as she once was but her farm in the Amazon is for pony girls. Yes, Mrs. Bennington is quite the equestrienne. From what you've told me it seems she's now more into breeding than whipping the posteriors of young girls pulling a cart."

Ms. Matilda laughed with her observation.

"I guess we're all slowing down a little. But her credit is exceptional. In her business she wants no lingering problems and will pay timely.

"Ship whatever she needs upon her verbal orders."

I hung up the phone somewhat mesmerized by my own vision of Mrs. Bennington in jodhpurs and wielding a riding crop.

Two days later, Mrs. Bennington returned to the office.

"I'm returning to my farm, Eve. Anything from Matilda."

I related the relevant parts of our phone conversation. Mrs. Bennington seemed pleased and gave me an initial

order that was the largest I had ever taken.

“Just make sure each sample is accompanied by the donor’s profile. There are so many pony girls I can mix and match as I see fit. We try to breed one a month, but will do more in the rainy season when the girls spend more time indoors and become bored.”

With our business concluded, I engaged Mrs. Bennington in small talk. She descriptively took me through the insemination process; a naked girl, lying prostate with thighs spread, secured to a table which angles downward from feet to head, an assistant feathering the genitalia, and Mrs. Bennington standing ready with a semen filled, rubber bulbed turkey baster.

“When orgasm is imminent, that’s when you insert and squeeze the bulb. The vaginal contractions associated with the orgasm pull the sperm right into the womb. It is amazing to watch. When properly scheduled to coincide with ovulation, and properly timed to inject the sperm at the precise moment of climax, the success rate is impressively positive. Of course afterwards suspending the pony girl upside down for a time helps. And it not only increases the rate of insemination, it’s rather amusing.”

Mrs. Bennington smiled with her comment and took note of my interest. I suppose my natural dominance oozed out with the telling of the story, imagining the boredom of a young girl broken by the act of insemination. She told me more about herself. Then asked about me.

“The women who work here prefer the domination of males,” she noted.

It was a comment begging for a response and indicating it was my turn to talk.

I did.

Jahn and I have toured most of the lodge. He is a very obedient boy and I coo words of encouragement when an inadvertent pull on the leash causes pain.

“Almost there,” I urge. And indeed the door to my apartment is in sight.

His bulging lower stomach indicates where we will stop first. Lotus’s bidet can be utilized for the relief and examination of the male also.

Chapter Fifteen

Jahn is able to sit on the bidet easier than Lotus since his ankles are not chained. Once again I have to ensure he is balanced. I remove the leash, bend slightly from the waist and lift the tiny penis. As described, there is a series of rings piercing the underside of the short phallus. The one nearest the tip has attached at the bottom a loop of gold thrusting forward than bending back in a curve where it enters the urethra.

Whatever is attached to it obviously not only inhibits tumescence but always makes urination impossible.

When my left hand gently holds the appendage and the fingers of my right begin to slide out the curious gold insertion, Jahn winces and then cries out. I continue working, after years of managing the Spa I am anything but sympathetic to the discomfort of males.

The implement is of simple but ingenious design. Removal simply requires pushing back on the bottom portion of the penis ring with the top portion piercing the penis acting as a hinge. This action draws the gold loop out and but for Jahn's grunts of anguish, the procedure would only take a second. Because of his protestations I work slowly.

After a moment I spy the cause of Jahn's pain. As more of the penetrating gold bar comes into sight, so does a diamond mounted on the bar. It is sizable compared to the opening of the urethra and with its extreme cut, leaving many acute angles on the outermost surface, I begin to comprehend Jahn's discomfort. But there is more.

The diamond is fully in view and the end of the bar is not.

I continue pulling and another diamond appears. It is the same size and cut. Then a third appears. Finally, having pulled the ring down and back as far as possible, a fourth diamond exits. It is slightly larger than the others and is mounted on the end of the clever gold bar. Its cut is also

evil with many sharp edges, the design of which is for no other reason than to abrade the urethra.

It is no wonder that Jahn becomes so concerned with the potential of erection. For him to tumefy would mean having the diamonds deeply score the sensitive tissue of his urethra.

With the implement removed, Jahn can now relieve himself. I gently toy with his nipples with one hand then prod his lower belly with the other. He seems accustomed to being so encouraged and supervised. Within a minute his bladder begins to empty. The pain in so doing is evident.

I picture Jahn similarly seated in the Princess's chateau. Two or three times per day a servant slides out the diabolical gold bar, finally allowing him some degree of bladder relief. And what enjoyment they must derive. For a lowly African maid, the feeling of power obtained from controlling an altered Caucasian male must be exhilarating. I think of the price Jahn must pay in order to be allowed to perform a normal body function. I envision a cat playing with a mouse. I consider the daily frustrations of a young nubile maid and, when given the opportunity to vent such frustration, what gratification she could extract from a blond, well bound male placed in her charge.

His business done, I pull Jahn from the bidet using his small limp penis. With the probative bar removed I am now free to utilize Jahn as I see fit.

As with Bobbi, there is no need for modesty. As an altered male, Jahn is closer to being one of us, I think to myself. Therefore I remove my clothing. I think I'll find out what that knobbed tongue feels like...and finish my inspection.

Moving about my apartment naked with Jahn brings back more memories of Bobbi.

Mrs. Bennington had learned much about me on the afternoon when she placed her order. I guess I was somewhat concerned about Bobbi for I told her about his

proclivities. The pictures of Bobbi I had shown to Nami were in my desk drawer and I showed them. Mrs. Bennington was impressed.

“Very cute. Yes, a very effeminate young man. And he appears so bashfully proud...”

Her comments spurred me to talk more. She was very clever in eliciting information without asking. I described the developing relationship with Lucretia. After an hour of talk she left to return to the Amazon.

At the time, my belted brother had become quite the courtesan for Lucretia. On some nights I arrived home to find he and Lucretia were still out. When he did arrive home he looked both ravishing and tired. Bobbi took great pride in his effeminate appearance and it was evident his shyness was lapsing. Lucretia had introduced him to some very demanding women. I could only guess at the lurid activities in which they had him engaged, for the next morning he walked gingerly, and it was apparent his young tight backside had been stretched to its limit.

Mrs. Bennington returned to New England about a year later. Trim as ever, when she stepped into the Sperm Bank office, I could not help but envision her applying crisp strokes of a riding crop to the buttocks of some young girl harnessed and pulling a cart in the tropical heat. Such was the impression made by her firm deportment when mentally melded with Ms. Matilda’s description of her penchant for handling teenaged girls. And then there was that turkey baster...

After giving me another order, enunciated sharply with precise shipping instructions, we again engaged in social conversation.

I suppose it was the morning after one of Bobbi’s late evenings. Lucretia was a good friend but I was growing more and more concerned. In chatting with Mrs. Bennington, I guess my reservations shown through what I thought was an otherwise pleasant exchange.

“Perhaps we can be of assistance to one another,” she coyly suggested.

That was the first mention of the Spa.

Yes. I came to learn that Mrs. Bennington owned this most interesting facility in the Canadian Rockies. And...she needed a manager!

She described the Spa at length. Everything. Since she had full knowledge of the Sperm Bank operations, she knew I did not shy away from the firm and authoritative treatment of males. And it seemed that the stories I had told her about Bobbi encouraged her to boldly explain every detail.

“I need someone with your talents, Eve. Dominant with good administrative skills. More likely to use her head before the whip.”

She was offering me a job!

I was grateful but in hindsight I suppose too astonished to clearly think. I gave her offer a moment’s thought then begged off.

“Bobbi keeps me tied down, Mrs. Bennington. He’s still young and needs supervision.”

I then learned how a woman of Mrs. Bennington’s substance came to be substantial.

“I own a small island in Southern Greece, Eve. It’s a vacation resort. Very quiet. Very exclusive. From what you have told me, I think Bobbi would be very happy serving there. If it makes you feel comfortable, I will give you my personal guarantee concerning his chastity belt. With the preferred activities of the guests at the island, it will never need to be removed.”

She had anticipated my only concern.

Still I was not ready. At 25 years of age, running a business as involved as the Spa seemed daunting. We talked more. I tried to decline. Mrs. Bennington would not accept my ‘no’ as final.

“Please keep the offer in mind, Eve. There is no rush. Current management is adequate, but I prefer someone with your skills.”

She parted. Left on the counter was a business card with a world wide pager number. It was an enticing offer. And as I stared at the card, I realized my supervision of Bobbi was becoming transient. After all, he was near his 21st birthday and certain monies put aside for him at my parents’ death would soon be available to him. I could only guess as to what use he would put such.

I went home but carefully tucked away the card.

Jahn is certainly a night’s worth of entertainment. He looks at me like a recently neutered dog with a forlorn look and a desire to frottage his penis against my leg.

I cannot help wondering how long it has been since Jahn achieved the forbidden erection.

Well Jahn, I think, tonight’s your night. Of course I’m not sure what you’re going to do with it.

Continuing to hold his tiny penis, I lead him to my bed, place him on his back and straddle his head. I face his feet and can easily lean over to play with his privates. As expected from the well-trained subordinate, his lips and tongue immediately go to work. His efforts are energetic but unpolished. However, just having this curiously altered male under my control starts my juices.

I gently caress his penis tip while patiently sitting. On occasion I lower my hips and cut off his air supply to demonstrate my power. In doing so he stops licking, the sign of an oral dilettante. Yes, he definitely needs training, I conclude. And while the first wave of pleasure builds and I await some sign of life in his remaining maleness, my thoughts return to Mrs. Bennington and Bobbi.

Two or three days after Mrs. Bennington left, a very late phone call woke me at home. It was Lucretia calling from the apartment below.

"I have Bobbi, Eve. I think it's best that he spend the night here. He's been bad and I have him in the study."

The 'study' was the code word for punishment. I looked at the clock and turned over. It was just after 1:00 a.m. and the next day was Saturday. In knowing Bobbi was being properly chastised, I slept soundly.

Just before mid morning, I made my own coffee for the first time since Bobbi had begun living with me. I slipped into a bathrobe and shuffled down the stairs to Lucretia's apartment. I knocked and found the door unlatched, apparently I was expected. Stepping in, I encountered Lucretia on the living room couch. She had been sleeping and apparently awoke with my knock.

"Good morning, Eve. Bobbi spent the night in the 'A' frame. I've been adding weights and inflating his plug every hour or so."

A moan emanated from the study. Bobbi had spent a rather restless night. And I didn't need to look to know that weighted clamps hung from every sensitive area of his body.

Eve explained.

"We were at a dance club last night. I caught him exchanging phone numbers with a young male! It was not clear whether the male fully understood Bobbi's circumstances and, if not, whether Bobbi intended to inform him."

It quickly occurred to me that in working late evenings at the Sperm Bank, there were many times when Bobbi was left alone. Leaving Lucretia's charge under the guise of preparing my dinner, with my expanding duties I was delayed more often than not. Thus Bobbi was provided with numerous unsupervised periods of time.

It was a shocking revelation, Bobbi cavorting with males. But deep down it was a fear about which I had ruminated.

"Cane him well, Lucretia, then send him upstairs. I have a phone call to make."

She needed no further encouragement.

Jahn's tongue has slipped between my labia. The huge knob of gold is delightfully smooth and firm against my lips. He begins to thrust rapidly, his tongue emulating a small penis. I smile. It is cute, feeling the castrated males offered substitute for the organ he can no longer use. His energy is to be commended.

Meanwhile my fingers massage his limp, bejeweled phallus. As I have already determined there is life remaining. The question is how much...I coo words of encouragement.

"Show off your little manhood, Jahn. Let me see it stand."

We both know that, if achievable, the beleaguered strip of flesh, no larger than my pinky finger, will be comically small. Thus, he is reluctant, and seems to resist my caresses.

Meanwhile I clench my thighs and toss off my first orgasm. I am impressed with Jahn's dutiful efforts to take in all my juices. He continues licking. He has had early training and knows to stop only upon command.

I let the glow subside than arise from the bed. In a nearby dresser drawer I find an inflatable plug. Lubrication is also located.

"Knees to chest, Jahn."

Jahn's buttock rings shine in the lights and the plug easily slides into his rectum. Someone has indeed been utilizing his backside for it takes several squeezes of the bulb before resistance is felt and Jahn vocalizes discomfort.

I resume sitting over Jahn's face. With the squeeze bulb in my left hand, the fingers of my right continue manipulating what sensitive areas I can locate. Jahn's tongue obsequiously reenters my love pouch.

Bobbi's final days in New England come back to mind.

Yes. With Lucretia's description of Bobbi's abhorrent conduct, I was concerned. I returned to my apartment to locate Mrs. Bennington's card. After dialing the pager number and leaving a voice message, the phone rang within an hour.

"Good morning, Eve. If you hear noise in the background it is because I'm calling from my jet. I obviously received your message. So sorry to hear about Bobbi's transgression."

Mrs. Bennington's casual tone did not seem to match her words of concern. But then, she was eager to acquire my skills, therefore I could understand why she found Bobbi's behavior to be serendipitous.

I asked for more information about her Greek island resort.

"I think, Bobbi will fit in very nicely. The patrons are very wealthy, upstanding gentlemen with proclivities for the tight, shapely backsides of young males. They pay for their pleasure and tip generously, Eve. But discretion is paramount. My guests are famous and their identities are not to be revealed. Bobbi will not be permitted to leave once he's placed in service there. His servitude will be permanent, but I can also guarantee that so will his belted status. He will also be required to undergo training in fellatio, Eve. We require some degree of versatility in pleasing our guests."

As upset as I was with Bobbi, the twinge between my thighs provided my answer. And when Mrs. Bennington went on to more fully describe the Spa, I could feel the moisture gather and begin to flow down my thigh.

She finished and awaited my comments.

"Bobbi will attain his twenty-first birthday in three weeks, Mrs. Bennington. At that time he will no longer be my ward...and more importantly he will have access to sizable funds..."

I paused and there was no reply. Finally Mrs. Bennington's voice returned.

"I just ordered the pilot to turn the plane back, Eve. We'll land within two hours at a nearby airport. Bobbi will soon find his little buttocks exposed to the soothing warmth of the Greek sun. "You wouldn't mind if I had him permanently depilated, would you?"

My thoughts end when Jahn's little phallus rises in salute to my endeavors with the inflatable plug and the awkward strokes of my fingers between the jewels beset in his tiny shaft.

I laugh and strangely, Jahn begins to lick with renewed vigor, in a way attempting to deflect my attention from his humiliation.

The display is fascinating. The numerous emerald studs stand straight up but only a paltry three inches. The green and red from the rubies beneath reflect from the gold encrusted scrotal pouch. The sight of the barely potent but magnificently jeweled male organ brings another wave of pleasure and I again clench my thighs.

Having achieved my goal of making Jahn tumefy, I arise, turn around and lower myself again. I want that knobbed tongue on my clitoris and position myself accordingly. With timely squeezes on the butt plug, I can keep Jahn erect while his tongue begins yet another journey. It has been nicely lengthened through stretching. I believe he can reach my 'G' spot with the proper training and encouragement...

Epilogue

The next morning I place Jahn on the bidet, supervise the emptying of his bladder than replace the diamond studded urethral insert. His cries of pain are fruitless and I soon have his penis well stuffed. I lock a long thin chain onto one of his penis rings to secure him in my apartment. Having well watered him, I leave for the office.

Later, in performing my morning inspection, the Princess emerges from her room. She looks radiant and well relaxed. Lotus has obviously demonstrated both her accomplished skills and her oral stamina and the Princess is complimentary. I nod but note food crumbs on the hallway rug, thus my attention is diverted.

My duty roster reveals that it is Paul who has transgressed. After a call to the dormitory, I hang up the phone comforted with the knowledge that our twelve inch specimen will soon find his testicles dangling from a cloth strap hung in the lobby.

Later in the day, I meet the Princess again. She earnestly wishes to discuss Lotus and I suggest a suitable location to be the lobby.

There, Paul carefully balances himself with his stomach arched toward the ceiling and his fingertips and toes precariously propped up on small wooden blocks on the carpet. Mona looks on dispassionately as a soft cloth firmly wrapped about Jason's scrotum serves to hold his torso well off the floor.

The Princess is mesmerized by the slow torment of the male and the huge erection, which evidences his submissive psyche. Some two dozen feminine eyes are glued on Paul's struggles to remain perched and thus minimize the tension on the strap. She enjoys the scene and speaks without turning her head.

"I would like to propose a permanent trade, Eve. I cannot envision Jahn ever acquiring the skill that Lotus has...but he does come with rather valuable jewelry..."

The precious stones are indeed worth thousands. I nod in agreement and in turn picture a sparkling Jahn walking at the end of a penis leash with well-coifed hair like Bobbi's and perhaps permanently tattooed lipstick and eye shadow. I have also been told it is easy for the castrated male to grow breasts. Also, in thinking back, I always found

Lucretia's enjoyment of and Bobbi's receptivity to the strap on to be intriguing yet had never tried one...

The familiar wetness forms between my thighs. My imagination gallops.

More Femdom Erotic Fiction by Chris Bellows:

LADY CONSTANCE by Chris Bellows

An Interview with Lady Constance on D/s relationships for "The American Society of Behavior Modification" begins with a discussion of the Lady's relationship with "boy", a submissive male who's captive at her European clinic—trained and kept in bondage by Jasmine, a powerful black nurse. The reader follows along through boy's morning ritual—interrogation, inspection, cleansing and milking. In further interviews, Lady Constance tells of the Fem/dom village surrounding the clinic, while a tour of the infamous clinic shows how delinquent young males who have run afoul of the law are rehabilitated into useful submissives. Includes bondage, latex, humiliation, bladder control, masturbation, oral sex, cock & ball torture among this narrative's graphic content, all told in the detached, yet intense interview style, which makes this novel's story so shocking.

CONSTANCIA ISLAND by Chris Bellows

Constancia Island is an exclusive Caribbean paradise designed for the institution of Female Domination and male sub-mission, where troubled young men, destined for lives of crime, are treated as beasts of burden, pony-boys, not only for the amusement of Lady Constance, but as the island's sole method of conveyance. Lady Constance is assisted by well-trained female descendants of an African tribe whose disdain for the male gender is the basis of the island's female hierarchy. Everything has been built and acquired to keep the male beast well-exercised, chaste and servile. In addition, Dr. Reinhold provides the ultimate medical modification of the male to keep them subservient, randy and eager to serve their Mistress. Strong elements of

physical and psychological submission, humiliation, pony play, oral sex, anal sex (strap-on), chastity and denial, bladder control, body modification, and discipline with whips canes and suspension.

A GIFT FROM JAMES by Chris Bellows

'D,' a dominant female, has finally found in James, the male she believes may be her ultimate submissive. After a few dates with 'straight' intercourse, she progressively introduces James to sexual servitude, training him during increasingly decadent encounters where he learns that her pleasure is paramount, and his is not significant. As James' flashes back to his youth, he recalls many humiliating experiences with the authoritative, Eve, which cast in stone his latent subservience, eventually leading to his 'gift'— the ultimate in submission. Now, barraged with lengthy periods of sensory deprivation and subliminal messaging, James' mind becomes as malleable as possible, until he's ready for his 'vasectomy'. His programming has converted his psyche into that of an obedient toy. Even when James wins big in the lottery, his winnings are quickly diverted to D's control, and a trip to a Canadian sex resort is made in style with a hired young Asian Dominatrix, Laitai, on board to ensure that James is never too comfortable. This novel includes graphic S&M content, hoods gags, cages, bondage, caning, suspension, piercing, along with explicit, extreme forced feminization. Not for the squeamish or those looking for an introductory Fem/dom novel.

Other Erotica by Chris Bellows...

PRINCE IMAY'S PALACE by Chris Bellows

Prince Imay is a member of the royal family in an oil rich kingdom. Though the King's successor, his time and vast wealth are spent on his menagerie of exotic animals and expanding his huge collections of erotic photographs and women. Money, perversion, misogyny and absolute power combine to make Prince Imay's Palace a showcase for young women who earn their way through college by

catering naked to his voyeuristic and sadistic passions. Nothing escapes the lens of his camera; no part of a girl's anatomy is sacred when it comes to entertaining the Prince and his guests. Extensive bondage, whips, canes, forced chastity, lactation and extensive body modification are used to convince the Prince's charges that amusing Royalty can be rewarding and lead to a very thorough 'education'. Chris Bellows focuses on the male dominant in an intriguing story of how Middle Eastern wealth entertains itself. Extreme graphic content.

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