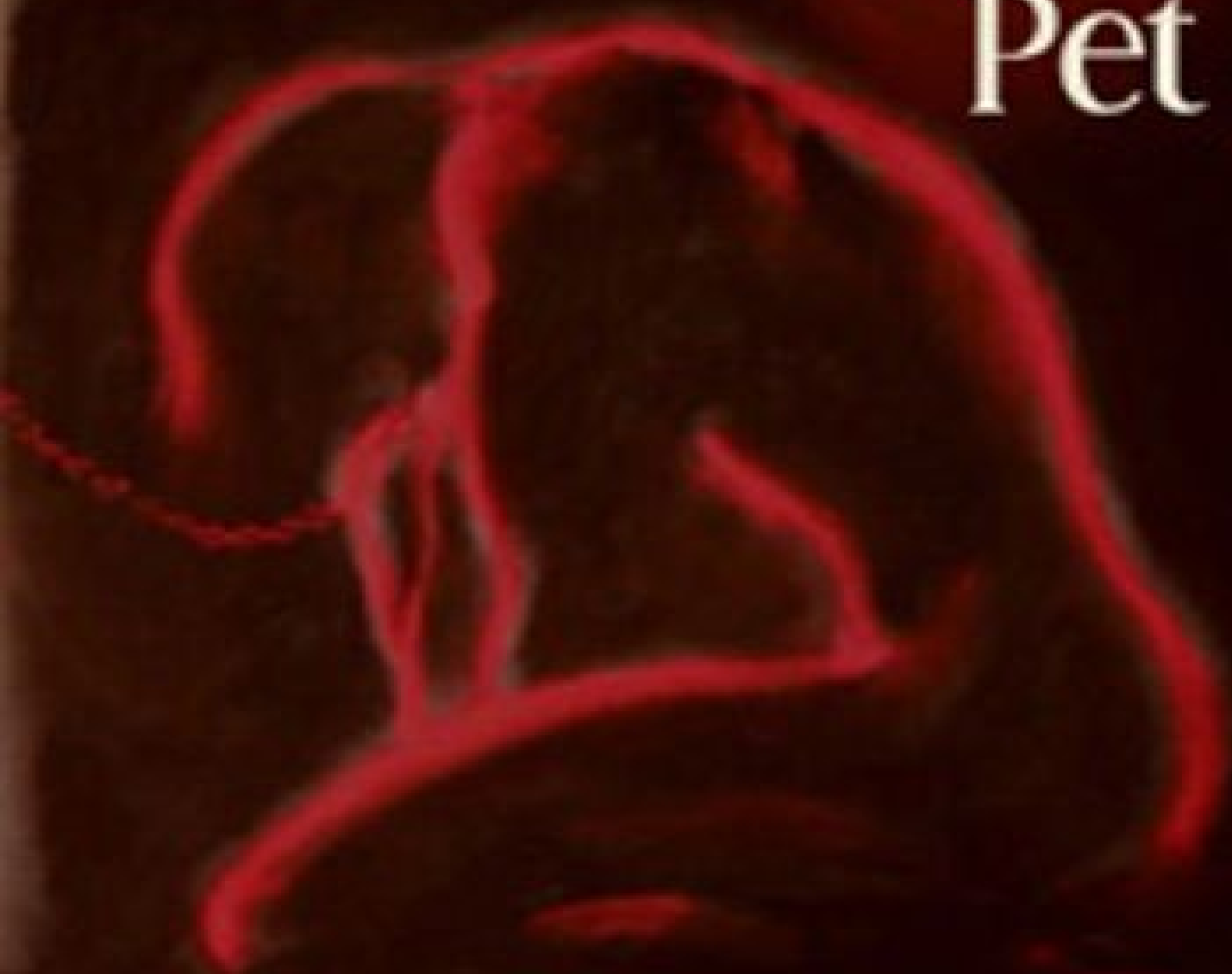


Becoming *Miss Ashley's* Pet



A D/s Divorce, Femdom Erotica by
Chris Bellows

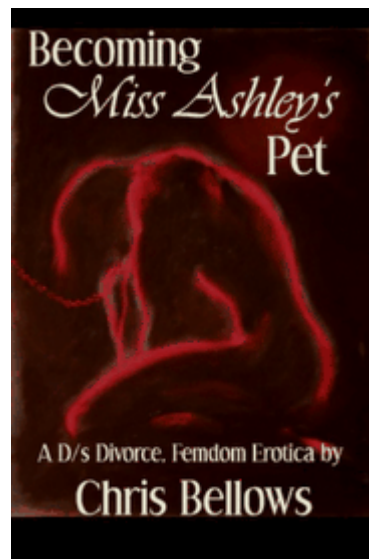


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Becoming Miss Ashley's Pet
A D/s Divorce
By Chris Bellows
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Prologue - Corky.

The sleek jet turns to make its final approach. In the crystal blue sky of the Caribbean the rays of the afternoon sun cause the smooth white surface to scintillate, spawning a provocative glint in announcing the arrival of civilization on an island secluded from most things manmade.

“Miss Duval, she be here soon, Corky.”

Big Sam’s deep staccatoed voice narrates the apparent. The mammoth island native seems to assume that my dumbness transcends to blindness or general unawareness. Thus he vocalizes the obvious in a constant string of aphorisms. Most concern the weather, which in the equatorial climate rarely changes. Yet in Big Sam’s mind, every sunrise requires a welcoming proclamation, lest the expected radiance demur and fail to spread its glorious warmth.

“You be happy to see her.”

Big Sam’s language skills are rudimentary but complement well the limited functional level of his naive intellect.

Happy? Of course, I reflect. Any misgivings have long been driven from my consciousness. With Miss Duval’s arrival the island will come to life, the small native population scurrying about to please their Queen. Miss Duval owns the entire 5,000 acres. And though technically part of the French Lesser Antilles, Montserrat, the nearest island, is twenty miles away. There has been no government intervention on Miss Duval’s enclave for years. As stated, she is royalty, a defacto Queen.

The landing gear extends. The flaps lower to make the silhouette of the Citation X, reputedly the fastest private jet in the sky, transform into that of an aquatic bird preparing to break the mirrored surface of a still pond. As the tires chirp with the friction of initial rotation, I feel the expected tug.

“You know how Miss Duval like you, Corky. She bring guests.”

A black hand the size of a coconut tightens on my leash and pulls. The thick steel neck collar, the interior diameter spiked to

assure instant supplication, performs its function, transforming the wearer into the obedient dog of a controlling Master. I right myself at the waist, no longer idling on knees and elbows. If Big Sam wants me kneeling upright then upright I will be. I have long learned that resistance is futile... complete obeisance inviolable.

“Good boy.”

Big Sam’s left hand slides down the length of chain to hold the leash close to the collar and steady me. I feel his powerful thumb soothe my neck at the cortex in a guileless gesture of reward. In his right hand is the obedience stick, which in Big Sam’s grasp appears almost dainty. It is a two foot length of bamboo, decoratively wrapped in leather, with a thin strand of hide dangling from the end. I have learned to fear its application, the simple six inch strip of rawhide can sear intolerably when used for correction... particularly on the more sensitive areas of the male anatomy.

“Nice and big for Miss Duval now.”

Big Sam can be incongruously tender at times. His right hand lowers and uses the dangling strip to caress the underside of my neglected penis, beginning the expected process of tumescence.

In being completely naked and forced to crawl about on knees and elbows, a nice firm erection will complete the ensemble of subjugation for the arriving Miss Duval. She likes to impress guests visiting for the first time and Corky the human canine always makes an impression.

“Yes, a nice fat penis for Miss Duval,” Big Sam mirthfully encourages, tapping out a cadence which he knows to be wildly sensuous to my thoroughly chaste libido.

I feel myself stiffen. All reservations concerning homoerotic interaction have long since been driven from my psyche. When Big Sam wants me hard, I will become hard. And I find myself augmenting his efforts by gingerly moving my head forward and back. This action, though irritating the flesh of my neck, is known to gyrate the slim chain running from the back of my neck collar, down my spine to where it slips into my gluteal cleft, connecting there to my combined anal insertion and faux doggie tail. Thus I can anally stimulate myself, to a point. Since a second shorter chain connects from the tail and leads to a metal band encircling the base of my

scrotal sac, I cannot be too exuberant in manipulating my control chain, as Miss Duval has come to describe it. Still, I can hear my testicle bells chime in response to my motion. The sound always brings a smile to Big Sam and he laughs that deep throaty laugh. Something about observing well restrained balls affords a sense of relief to he whose gonads remain free.

And something about having a Caucasian male on a leash, one under his control, brings constant amusement. At one time I felt frustration in being under Big Sam's tutelage, particularly when he showed me off to the women of the island. But such feelings of reservation are long gone, just as I recall Miss Duval implying...

"Some very expensive psychologists have assured me you'll be completely broken, Charles," Miss Duval insouciantly suggested before anointing me with the name of 'Corky', her childhood pet. "I'm sure you won't disappoint."

As I spread my knees to prepare to better display my altered male package, I can honestly report that her cadre of demented psychologists have not been dissatisfied.

"Nothing like a steady stream of homoerotic encounters for the virile homophobic male. The shock, the horror, the revulsion. So nicely cathartic. He'll be barking for you sooner than you think," I overheard one highly educated woman propound.

Woof, woof, doctor.

The nearing jet engines muffle Big Sam's baritone laugh as he rhythmically pats my penis. I peer down to see it rise to point skyward, the relationship of Master and obedient human canine imbuing Big Sam with an intimate knowledge of my anatomy. He likes it when I am made to stand at his behest. And he knows how to facilely bring forth the demanded priapic reaction.

The aircraft taxis to within a few yards. The turbines spin down and the cabin door opens. A smiling copilot steps to the tarmac and extends his arm. A hand appears to take it. There follows into view the exquisite limb of my owner and benefactress, the woman I married... the fabulously wealthy Miss Ashley Duval.

I tremble with a tinge of frisson as she steps into the bright sunlight. A finely manicured hand rises to don sunglasses, disappointingly covering the blue eyes I adore. Still her magnificent

form exudes a confident beauty, which I have never seen in a woman of such limited years. She wears a flowing white cotton pleated skirt, a sleeveless silk blouse adorned with a pattern of tropical flowers. And there are of course the boots... white soft leather gracefully rising to her knees where such gratefully end to leave uncovered shapely knees and a hint of the wondrous thighs, which I foolishly assumed, would be forever mine to covet.

At age 32, Miss Duval is one of the wealthiest women in the world. But it is not her pulchritude and limitless financial resources that so excite one who is naked, well restrained and led about on a leash by another male. It is her *power*... that for which I now have such unfathomable respect. I feel goose bumps knowing that my penis stands in salute to her dominion.

Yes, she has the power and I have none. On her island paradise she reins and I obey... the hierarchy such that a native male of limited education and intellect decides all the where, when and hows of my existence. And only Miss Ashley can change that. She rules.

But it is too late for me to pay the homage I should long ago have bestowed. My fate is sealed. As her pet, any such offering of deference is now superfluous... it is now something which is demanded and taken... not meekly tendered as I should have humbly offered years ago.

Yes, years before I trifled... attempting to play a game in which I thought I knew the rules and had the upper hand.

I lost.

Prologue - Miss Ashley Duval

Big Sam does such a wonderful job with Corky.

Left to his ways, the ingenuous native, barely able to read and write, dotes over my pet as he would his own. And to view the interaction, Master and dog, is both heart warming and amusing. The team of psychologists were very specific about breaking my reprobate husband and as it turns out it was easier than expected.

“Many times, the highly educated succumb the quickest... the realization of futility coming soonest to those who are most aware of the gravity of absolute vulnerability combined with constant torment. It leads to a complete collapse of mental resistance,” Dr. Stella explained.

And with Charles’ Ivy League law degree and annoying intellectual pomposity, she proved to be correct. A steady diet of semen quickly transformed my scheming husband into a groveling pet.

And to think he planned to profit from divorce!

It seems a prized legal education does not prepare one for every challenge in life.

Charles J. Barrington, Esq. is now led about on a leash by a man who barely has the intellectual capacity to write his own name. Yes, it is Big Sam who directs and governs and it is Charles Esq. who must obey.

As always, the perception brings moisture to my loins. In stepping from my plane I have planned a delightful week in the tropical warmth. And rest assured, Corky may continue to scheme but it is most likely a plan by which he can skip his mandated nightly portion of sperm before being afforded his Alpo.

Yes, I insist he practice fellatio. It does wonders for his spirit. And the island women so much enjoy the exhibition... a crawling Caucasian so humbly beseeching dinner, knowing that only after tongue and lips nimbly service the male organ will sustenance be provided.

“Hello, Sam,” I call out to my smiling man servant. “You have Corky looking very tan.”

He demurely nods with respect as I step forth to take the leash. I have given instructions that Corky be staked out daily in the sun. The radiant heat turns his neck collar, control chain and testicle trinkets to a searing hotness, providing a suitable reminder of his transformation.

As Sam hands me the obedience stick, an enormous pink and wet appendage thrusts from Corky’s mouth to eagerly lick my hand in greeting. I laugh and playfully tap his nose, reveling in the notion that along with suturing his vocal cords I had certain alterations made to lengthen his tongue. No longer needed to enunciate words, certain ligaments were severed to allow dexterous and soothingly alacritous movement. Rather self serving on my part, but wonderfully prevenient for the oral gratification I demand. And the frustration I know he experiences in losing an attorney’s most forceful weapon, his voice, makes me quiver with joy.

“Been a good boy, Corky?”

I take the leash and turn back, keeping him upright on his haunches. Sam has him hard as a rock and I have guests stepping from the plane who have not before visited my island paradise. To assure Corky’s tumescence is noticed, I lower the obedience stick and diddle his erection. When his testicle bells ring, there is collective laughter as the sound causes all eyes to follow the motion of my hand.

“He’s happy to see me,” I zestfully announce.

Corky whines with the intense humiliation. It is a plaintive sound, seeming to implore me not to put him on display. But I casually ignore.

What is a pet for, Corky, if I cannot show him off to friends?

In holding firmly on the leash, I can feel Corky’s trembling apprehension as he is forced to confront my guests stepping from the plane. With me is an eclectic gathering... Reginald, a well hung new boyfriend, Dr. Helga Reinhold, whose impeccable reputation as a surgeon belies her deviant affectation for altering men, a physical therapist with noted disdain for the male gender, one of the prominent psychologists, Dr. Stella Corrothers, who years before

helped with Charles' behavioral transition, and a lovely couple whose enjoyment of kinky encounters and thorough subservience always makes for stimulating company.

"There are no cars on the island, folks. But the plantation house is a short walk. The flight crew will assure that your luggage finds its way."

Sam steps away to assist the crew and I relax my grip on the leash. An attentive Corky knows to lower himself to his elbows where little doggie legs extend. Since his arms are forcibly bent and encased in thick latex, his hands are useless. Likewise, his folded legs are surrounded with similarly strong but comfortable material ensuring that Corky moves on all fours. So with a brisk tug and a command of 'heel', my loyal canine follows as I lead the entourage to the plantation house. And of course I cannot resist lightly snapping at those balls with the single strand of the obedience stick. Corky's animated reaction to my playful nips brings forth both the sound of his bells and laughter from my amused guests. My strokes serve to establish control and since Corky knows that the whippy shaft of the firm obedience stick can also be applied to the upturned soles of his feet, complete obedience is assured. He has had enough bastinado for a lifetime. Some experts suggest that my cruel method of indoctrination into dogdom may forever have obviated his ability to again walk normally.

I wonder if Corky will ever have the opportunity to find out whether that is true.

Chapter One - Charles

How could such a perfect scheme go so awry?

As I obediently heel, vigorously shuffling on all fours to stay in position at the precise location behind Miss Ashley's right side, listening to the humiliating chiming of my testicle bells, I reflect back. Occasionally glancing upwards under Miss Ashley's flowing skirt, I catch glimpses of the fine smooth pink flesh about which I first fantasized some five years ago. Miss Ashley is known to forgo undergarments when relaxing with friends and the view from down here, head and shoulders just above the level of her knee, brings memories.

It is New York, 1997. A fine spring day in Battery Park I am enduring the drudgery of apprenticing in the legal profession after many years studying at Columbia University School of Law. I am young, handsome, attracted to the fairer sex but with little time. I am at a point, after some three years as an associate at a prestigious law firm, where I cannot envision spending my life reviewing legal documents for the missing dotting of an 'l' or the failure to cross a 't'.

I steal time for a quick hot dog in the park. And there sits a beautiful girl. She wears a loose skirt and unwittingly flashes a hint of her charms when she switches the crossing of her legs. Quickly thinking, I decide to approach and act the role. A chance meeting in the park of handsome young attorney and nubile young woman. Her decorum, her attire suggest she is seeking companionship but doing so in that most coquettish yet judicious way, avoiding eye contact, pretending not to notice that I have noticed.

I sit and of course comment on the weather, a warm and sunny day after many weeks of snowy March rain. She nods aloofly also playing the role. We talk. She is demure, seeming to pose as a mere secretary or lowly member of a typing pool. What she does not realize is that I know her to be Miss Ashley Duval. She spent the morning in the offices of Samuel L. Brackett, the estate attorney of our firm. She did not notice me but I of course noticed her and her

divine appearance mandated that I undertake the bachelor's investigation.

The secretary of Samuel L. Brackett, the punctilious Miss Priscilla Peck, divulged all, explaining that the aunt of Miss Ashley Duval had passed on and she, as sole heiress, was there to learn that many more millions would be heaped upon Ashley Duval's already moderate wealth and layer upon layer of trust income.

"The poor girl has no one," the frumpy Priscilla asserted, seemingly with genuine sympathy. "All living relatives are gone."

"Tsk, Tsk," I recall empathetically offering in disguising my zeal.

Yes, with financial resources approaching the range of ten digits, possibly well into the ten digits with sizable blocks of stock discounted for estate tax purposes, I could only express gratuitous pity.

Where would all that money go?

So when I spotted Miss Ashley Duval in the park, I schemed. Other than her prettiness, she blended with the masses. It quickly became evident to me that she either did not desire to flaunt her new wealth or had not yet learned to do so. But that's New York... the density offers concealment... the anonymity of the many providing camouflage for the celebrity of the few.

I don't recall everything I said but certainly did not reveal that I had knowledge of her name and 'unfortunate' circumstances. 'Ashley' was her simple reply when I introduced myself as Charles. Still I turned on the charm, scheming from the very start. After all, those millions upon millions needed to go somewhere. Why not to the benefit of a jaded attorney?

We exchanged phone numbers. And why shouldn't she be forthcoming? It was reasonable to assume that every date she had was with some gigolo pursuing her money or some foppish trust baby in evening jacket and ascot, pushed by an overbearing mother to attempt a relationship. In her mind, I was someone different... attracted to her person, her looks, which I was. But countless millions certainly improves one's appearance.

Thereafter, we talked on the phone several times. I went slowly, never revealing that shortly after that encounter in the park I

took the time to review Samuel L. Brackett's memos floating about the steno pool. I also pumped away at Miss Priscilla Peck. A graying spinster of some fifty years, the lonely old gal seemed delighted that a young handsome associate would choose to engage in casual conversation. Any attention she received brought a warming smile and a subtle expression of gratitude. And on occasion her eyes would flash revealing a hidden lust, possibly for me, possibly for any virile male. When not working, one envisioned her sitting alone on cold evenings wrapped in a shawl and sipping a cup of herbal tea, reading some cheap romance novel.

With her hidden desires, I played her like a fiddle. So she talked and talked revealing much confidential information to a person she perceived as a trusted young attorney with empathy for the orphaned Ashley Duval, the naive and unsuspecting Ashley Duval, the fabulously wealthy Ashley Duval.

Within a week I knew more about the finances of Ashley Duval than she did. Even the ownership of the tropical island, which our cagey estate lawyer had listed as nominal in value.

'No comparable valuations', Sam had noted in summarizing the appraisal of the island in the lengthy list of Miss Ashley Duval's assets. I could only imagine the true value of 5,000 acres proximate to islands known to be the most expensive vacation destinations in the Caribbean. My eyes gleamed at that point. Miss Ashley Duval was by far the richest unmarried woman in the world, and she was alone, and pretty, and seemingly detached from the cognizance of her fiscal circumstances.

She needed me, I deduced. And admittedly, it was a self serving conclusion.

"Corky need to go?"

Miss Ashley's question snaps me from my reverie. The plantation house is within sight and Miss Ashley asks the obligatory question. With my modifications, relieving oneself outdoors is neater than requesting the assistance of one of the household maids when indoors or imposing on someone to take me out for a walk.

I sheepishly nod, causing the collar to somewhat aggravate my neck.

“Over here,” Miss Ashley directs, drawing me from the well worn path into some low growth vegetation.

“Position,” she simply commands.

I part my elbows and lower my face and head to where my chin touches the soil. I widely part my knees then arch my back as trained thrusting my buttocks upwards. I feel the tender fingers of my Master, Miss Ashley Duval, graciously detach the small chain connecting the metal band encircling my scrotal sac to the anal insertion and tail. This serves to reveal my pee hole, the surgical opening in my perineum where my urethra now empties the contents of my bladder.

Yes, I now squat to pee.

Miss Ashley stoops and uses the obedience stick to push forward my balls, permitting my flow to splash to the ground unimpeded. Her free hand caresses my neck in relaxing me. Though her divine touch stimulates I know to concentrate on the task at hand. I do not need to turn my head to know that the many visitors watch with a combination of amusement, curiosity and Schadenfreude.

“Come, come,” Miss Ashley gently encourages. “Be a good boy.”

Having been well watered by Big Sam shortly before the jet’s arrival, my bladder is indeed full.

With Miss Ashley’s verbal inducement I do not disappoint her guests. I flush with embarrassment but perform for my Master. Goose bumps again form as my flow splatters to the soil. I am indeed a good boy.

Chapter Two - Charles

“Stay, Corky,” my pretty Master commands, stooping to reattach the short chain from anal insert to scrotum band.

Her soft warm fingers, working where I no longer touch, feel good.

Then with a brisk snap of the leash, the devilish spikes on the interior diameter of my collar abrade my skin and instantly draw my attention to the stern holder of my leash.

“Heel,” comes the next command as Miss Ashley rises and turns to resume the journey to the plantation house.

I bound onto the path to follow, my testicle bells once again chiming with the movement of my thighs. My subservient reaction, the renewed ringing, the shuffling of my elbows and knees to keep up, all bring tittering from my enthralled audience. The entourage follows, most likely transfixed by the scene of a naked male on a leash with sizable balls and erect manhood displayed for all.

The boyfriend strolls forward to Miss Ashley’s side and leans over to place a kiss on her cheek, apparently impressed with her handling of my leash and my ingrained obedience. She smiles, seeming to know that the observance of her control excites him. Does he know that it is my wife he is kissing?

I think back to when I first expressed such similar sentiment, in New York, after several casual phone conversations, the first date. I craftily invited Miss Ashley for an unpretentious meal at a small Greenwich Village bistro, still pretending not to know of her vast wealth.

There we kissed, a mushy kiss reeking of sentiment. I thought I did a credible job of expressing an initial level of romantic attraction to her. And I actually told myself it was not the money. In hindsight, at times I actually believed myself.

But it was the money. Despite her beauty, despite those perfectly proportioned breasts, nicely shaped legs, disregarding the blue eyes and raven hair that made for a striking presence. Knowing

that her bank account burgeoned while mine was woefully empty, but for two paydays per month, drove me to attraction.

And so I courted her, ostensibly with true affection, actually with a level of sentiment akin to drafting a merger document. There were steps that I had surmised. And one such step was being subjected to a degree of due diligence, as with any merger. But there was nothing she could learn or find out about me or my background that would harm my chances. On paper I was in earnest. And at age 27, reasonably handsome, college educated with a law degree from Columbia University, I had pedigree. And I was careful. Nothing I did or said would prejudice her against me, belie my displays of affection. After all, she could not read my mind, could not assess the mendacity, the conniving, the true motivations.

I wanted money.

So we dated and we had sex. It was good. Ashley was an attentive lover. But she was also demanding and in my fervor for enrichment I was somewhat blinded to the nature of her vigorous demands. So many times in the midst of coitus, she coyly announced that the missionary position was so blasé, or it cramped her back, or that I looked bored.

She would then wrap her arms and legs around me and roll forcefully, with surprising power, until it was I on the bottom and she on top. I did not resist or complain. Those perfectly proportioned breasts would dangle over me, jostling most enticingly as she proceeded to ride my manhood. I enjoyed the sex, of course. No male refrains from such opportunities. But it was a means to an end... a part of a process... one chapter of a plot, which would end with me rich and no longer dependent upon the drudgery of the law for subsistence.

Yes, while the gorgeous Miss Ashley Duval rode herself to climax, I found my own pleasure in envisioning a brokerage account stuffed with quality bonds and monthly wire transfers of alimony, which would afford chartered jets, yachts and endless recreation in warmth and sunshine.

After all, New York is a community property state. No advisor would permit the fabulously wealthy Miss Ashley Duval to marry without a prenuptial agreement. And what better person to draft one

than Charles J. Barrington, Esq.? And who could be more devious in assuring that the terms of such agreement inordinately benefited Charles J. Barrington, Esq. than me?

Lifetime use of that Caribbean island should be a suitable part of any divorce settlement, I recall thinking during one of my daydreams. Its description in one of Samuel L. Brackett's filings stirred envy. To think that one woman owned it all outright. But I could assure myself use of the facility. Without a prenuptial, I would legally be entitled to half of everything. So what's the harm in insisting upon a few million to dissolve a marriage? Plus an annual stipend, and a few other perks...

The daydreams kept me inspired during the rocky road of romance. Sometimes in undergoing some of the more mundane activities, Ashley enjoyed opera for example, to the dulcet strains of Puccini I would mentally draft the agreement, which would be signed in a fog of romantic bliss but serve to emancipate me from a lifetime of servitude to the law.

Yes, I schemed and schemed, dragging myself to morning's labor after a late night on the town. I paid most of the tabs, mentally allocating the expenditures to 'investment'; investment in an immensely wealthy fiancé, the first step to marriage and financial independence.

There is more laughter as Miss Ashley guides me up the stairs to the plantation house. Having spent many months forced to move about as a dog, the steps provide no obstacle but the exaggerated motion of my thighs does serve to further animate the movement of my well exposed balls. I can feel the jewelry brush against the inside of my thighs as I lift each knee and the tension on my control chain wriggles my tail, which in turn kneads my neglected prostate gland. I am ashamed to realize it feels good and judging from the comments of the more observant female guests, the effect of the manipulation is apparent. My stiffness waggles to their amusement.

Chapter Three - Miss Ashley Duval

I wonder if my wetness will begin to stream down my thighs. Leading about Corky, formerly known as Charles, brings a level of arousal I cannot describe and there forms within my love pouch a river the exposure of which would normally prove to be disconcerting. Still, it is *my* island, and whereas my guests are quite diverse in backgrounds, education and pursuits, all have delightfully libertine viewpoints. Let the moisture flow, I conclude.

The stairs leading to the house are few and Corky obediently heels, nicely showing his privates to my guests who follow. The scene of thorough Dominance sets the stage for the ensuing week, as intended. And my voyeuristic companion, Reginald, seems particularly impressed with my handling of the leash. With a couple of hours until dinner, perhaps a matinee is in order.

One of the island maids, Lotta, greets us at the door with a radiant smile. My many millions assure that all on the island are well cared for with the dozens of families wanting for nothing. Even a free college education awaits the children. Thus the loyalty is both absolute and genuine, leaving me free to engage in the many idiosyncratic desires, which intrigue a person of my ilk. It is a privilege bestowed upon the fabulously wealthy.

So Corky, despite his bound nakedness, has the run of the island, so to speak, as long as he obeys Big Sam. And all my people, the island's inhabitants, have been instructed to treat Corky as a canine... my pet.

They have fallen into the role marvelously, providing care and wonderfully augmenting the mental torment, which I have long planned for my conniving husband, my ward, my pet, my oral servant.

I've aggregated many hours in the Citation X since committing Corky to a dog's life, visiting my island paradise often. Where else could I walk a naked man on a leash? And where else

could Corky be left to frolic in the sunshine and contemplate his sins, his mendacious scheming, his deceitful plot to extract funds from the bottomless Duval coffers?

And in terminating his ability to speak, as Dr. Stella suggested, Corky must confront daily the frustration of never being able to confess, never able to seek my forgiveness, never being able to beg for mercy, never even able to request an explanation for his treatment or how it is I decided to place him in such dire bondage.

No, Corky will just serve. And he will do so without fully understanding why, just as would a dog. Dr. Stella suggests that may be the pinnacle of all his torment... the intelligent male having his intellect so confined, so limited, so nicely stifled by silence.

"Let's all freshen up for dinner. Lotta will show you to your rooms," I announce.

"Come, Corky."

I lead. Corky follows and I coquettishly beckon my companion, the well hung Reginald, to follow us up the stairs.

I may seem notably succinct with my guests but we all talked in the plane over Mimosas and strawberries, so further conversation would seem iterative. And most are tired. Except me. I need satiation.

Thus I pull with vigor and thrill as I feel Corky spasm in reaction to the pain of my governing hand jostling his spiked collar. Control is so delicious.

We enter my bedroom where well placed latticed windows catch the tropical breezes, filling the room with the fragrance of the floral bouquet of my lush gardens. Corky obediently stays behind and to my right as trained. I turn and open my arms to my trailing cheri, Reginald.

As I well know, the scene of me manifesting such absolute power... Masterful woman... subjugated human dog... has Reggie panting. As we embrace I can feel the bulge of his erection tenting his pants. We kiss and I pat my right leg with the obedience stick. Corky lunges forth to instantly begin licking my boots, objects of my supremacy that he has covetously eyed since I stepped from the plane.

“You’re amazing, Ashley,” Reggie burbles with the glee of an aroused voyeur.

“Take off your clothes, Reggie. Corky’s well trained and won’t bite.”

We both laugh at my jovial prompt as Reggie disrobes with alacrity. The male gender is always so eager to shun garments. With Reggie a woman is best served in not detaining the flailing hands as belt is unbuckled, zipper is lowered and buttons are pried open, for in Reggie’s case the results of many hours of strenuous exercise are most pleasing to observe.

Yes, Reggie’s body is cut from stone and his manhood a gift. And to further endear my handsome Reggie to the female gender, he is polyamorous.

Stripped naked I find as expected, that my imposing governance has aroused him and I smile at the sight of his semi erect ten inches.

“I’ll want a quick ride before dinner,” I announce, knowing that Reggie responds to authority.

And with that I snap my fingers and point to Reggie’s slowly rising manhood. A very chagrined Corky knows what I demand.

“Bring him up fully for me Corky. Nice and hard. But don’t bring him off.”

Oh, the sense of complete power as a reluctant but completely subjugated Corky shifts on knees and elbows to approach Reggie.

As stated, Corky is trained in fellatio. The psychologists explained that it was the most demeaning act one could demand from the normally homophobic male. And I can barely stifle a giggle as Corky suppresses his gag reflex and the penis of my huge cheri slowly disappears into my canine husband’s gullet.

To add to my thrill, I slide my hand down the leash to where it connects to his collar. There I push a little on the back of Corky’s head and listen for the telltale gagging sound as the bulbous tip of Reggie’s stiff penis greets the depths of Corky’s throat. Reggie sighs with the extreme sensation of Corky’s warm and wet tightness. Ah yes, the control.... bringing pleasure to one man... ensuring maximum humiliation to another.... such heady stuff.

I smile and reach to pinch Reggie's cheek as he struggles to maintain his composure.

"I think you're going to enjoy your stay here," I teasingly suggest.

"And it will soon be time for my ride."

As Corky knows and Reggie will learn, I like being on top.

Chapter Four - Corky.

“Take him all the way in now. Yes, good boy. Now swallow. You know how good that makes a man feel.”

While my wife’s hand guides the collar and the back of my head she softly coos instruction in her most sultry voice. I hear the rustle of clothing and know that her free hand is unbuttoning her blouse and unhitching her skirt. Meanwhile I endeavor to deep throat the man who is courting my wife. And though I have long ago learned to suppress gagging, this Reggie approaches the size of Big Sam.

Miss Ashley always preferred size in her men.

With a particularly energetic forward thrust of my head, adding a most sensuous degree of wet friction to my oral endeavor, I feel Mr. Reggie quiver in ecstasy. Miss Ashley knowingly draws back my head.

“Enough,” she commands, pulling at my leash.

Mr. Reggie’s stiff penis makes a discernible plopping sound as I quickly draw back, truncating any premature male discharge. When freed of my lips it instantly snaps upwards to thump against his stomach, bringing soft laughter from Miss Ashley. Firm tugs draw me to the bottom of Miss Ashley’s oversized four poster bed. Rapidly moving hands secure my leash to the bottom right post. I remain on knees and elbows, as always, and look to admire the exquisite nakedness of my wife, her white boots remain and add a sordid quirkiness to her sublime form.

She snaps her fingers and points. A smiling and most erect lover steps to the bed and lies supine. Yes, just as I learned many years ago, Miss Ashley prefers to be on top... demands really.

So here I am, cuckolded again with the irony that I performed the foreplay, orally stimulating Miss Ashley’s lover to the point of volcanic eruption.

As Miss Ashley joins her handsome and well hung lover, the catharsis of the interaction sets in, causing me to quaver in an odd combination of envy, lust and hate. I glance downward, careful not to

cause undue tension on my control chain, to see that my own male organ remains hard and has perhaps further stiffened.

As intended with the many modifications, my hormones roar with normal release having been long obviated by the scalpel of the demented Dr. Helga Reinhold. And as I watch Miss Ashley straddle Mr. Reggie's stomach, it dawns on me that the island visit of the noted surgeon does not bode well.

I remember the touch of her altering hands.

The operation to divert my urethra, forever ending ejaculation and the pleasure associated therewith, was performed utilizing a local anesthetic.

"I'll want you to watch closely as the hands of a woman end all possibility of climactic release, Charles," I recall Dr. Corrothers counseling as I begged for clemency.

"And understand it is your wife who has approved the procedure. She controls."

I can still hear Dr. Helga's cackling under the surgical mask as I felt the ironically painless incision.

Later, the evil woman sutured my vocal cords. There would be no more begging.

My thoughts return to the present as my wife's lovely derriere lowers, her spread thighs nicely serving to flash her feminine pinkness. Miss Ashley's mons is kept well trimmed and whereas normally a priapic male would revel at the arousing view, such stimulation only serves to heighten my frustration. I want her and can sense her hand gripping Mr. Reggie's massive erection and rubbing the tip against the portal of her love nest, just as she did with me during the months of courtship.

Next she will emit her little sigh of pleasure as the engorged tip splits her inner labia. Her hands will move to pin Mr. Reggie's arms to the mattress. Then she'll lower her hips and impale herself, her fine sheath swallowing her lover's phallus as would a hungry snake. And she will moan, soaking up the sensation of physical delight and the mental satiation of control... a man's erect penis under her total governance.

Yes, I can feel her warmth, her wetness. And I think back to that first time. Bells of warning should have rung when my ostensibly

demure companion first rolled on top and begin to fornicate with the energy and knowledge of an experienced whore. But I was too wrapped up in my scheme, blinded by visions of breaking into the Duval vaults and whisking away bags of cash. I did not understand that in plotting I was sealing my own fate.

So I watch as Miss Ashley pumps and the room fills with the fine fragrance of the aroused female sex. There come moans and groans, the intermingling of the sounds making it impossible to discern the source. And I listen and sniff the air. There is the stimulating fragrance of tropical flowers and feminine aroma as Mr. Reggie pleasures my wife as a normally functioning man, an obligation long ago denied me.

And I find that just as the dog I have become, I strangely whine. A plaintive whine... pitiful... but it is the only expression of my feeling that I can muster.

Miss Ashley hears yet continues pumping, my beseeching noises seeming to spur her to renewed efforts. She giggles, her mirth arising from knowing that I watch in total frustration. But perhaps it is the pleasure of Mr. Reggie's hot and hard erection abrading what I perceive to be the very entrance to her womb.

I see muscles clench then Miss Ashley's hands, continuing to pin Mr. Reggie's arms to the mattress, move to his nipples, pinch and then painfully twist. There results a paroxysmal bucking, which Miss Ashley absorbs like a rodeo star. Yet she shrieks in ecstasy, extracting from her lover a powerful orgasm.

Then I see her thighs squeeze and she slaps his face.

"Come," is her simple command.

And another giggle evidences that her well hung lover accedes to his lady's wishes.

"Yes!" Miss Ashley hisses, her shoulders slumping forward to rest her firm breasts on Mr. Reggie's chest.

My heart pounds. I can feel the rush of blood bringing a burning to my face. I strain against my leash. Such humiliation... yet I am aroused.

Miss Ashley rests in her glow then finally rolls to the side.

"I'm going to need you, Corky."

him?

Yes, I think to myself. But does it have to be before

Chapter Five - Corky.

“He likes the taste... I know he does,” Miss Ashley attests to a chuckling Reggie. “He’s been well trained.”

The man annoyingly laughs, standing close by, arms akimbo as my Master, my beautiful Queen, positions herself in her special chair. The padded seat has been partially cut away to accommodate my neck collar. Miss Ashley has removed my leash and clipped eye rings on my collar, right and left, to the seat of the chair. She sits, wearing only her boots, and her steamy well frictioned labia are presented within inches of my nose and lips. As she settles, she lifts her boots and props her feet on foot stools to my right and left. Then her buttocks slide a little toward me and my nostrils fill with the odoriferous scent of a woman who has engaged in vigorous sex. Traces of Mr. Reggie’s spending are few.

“Reggie spent quite deeply, Corky. I had him climax on a most intense downthrust... perfectly timed I might add. That tongue of yours will be quite challenged.”

Mr. Reggie resumes laughing and Miss Ashley joins him.

Yes, after dutifully cleansing Mr. Reggie’s semi flaccid penis of all elements of copulation, knowing to gently lick the newly sensitized organ, Miss Ashley guided me to the chair. Here I will perform the ‘cream pie clean up’, the most humiliating of acts required of a supplicant. And before this irritatingly potent Reginald!

I begin. It is a privilege to serve my beautiful booted owner... but under the mocking glare of her well hung gigolo?

I circle the outer labia with my tongue, sensing the incredible heat. I always wonder whether such is generated externally by friction or internally by the pulsating circulation of a concupiscent woman who thoroughly enjoys fornication.

What little juices I gather I eagerly swallow. Some would say it is a most revolting act, but the psychologist, Dr. Stella, ensured all that after weeks and weeks of training, something about B. F. Skinner and operant conditioning, that I would serve orally and learn to enjoy it. So after cleansing the outer labia, my long and specially

altered tongue slides within Miss Ashley's exquisite portal to likewise service the inner labia. I hear her sigh, basking in the glow of a wondrous orgasm and now humbly licked clean by her subservient pet.

My lips surround the sensitive inner labia and suck. My tongue thrusts, slithering well into Miss Ashley's vagina. I begin my chore in earnest. My collar will not be released until Miss Ashley is cleansed and I have feasted on all that Mr. Reggie has presented.

"He does have enthusiasm for the task," Mr. Reggie jokes.

"Yes Reggie, as I said, he's trained. I won't tell you the cost, but you spoke to Dr. Corrothers on the plane. Imagine what months and month of her time is worth? And the clinic! One of the most expensive in New York.

"But nothing's too costly to save a marriage. Corky wanted a divorce. Can you imagine that?"

More laughter as Miss Ashley's comments bring memories. I shudder with the mention of the New York clinic, an ancient facility once used for the warehousing of the insane. Its current reputation as a psychiatric facility belies the cruel and unusual treatment I was afforded.

To properly spur my oral efforts, Miss Ashley grips the obedience stick. In a well practiced form of unspoken communication a dexterous snap of her wrist causes the whippy six inch string of leather to split my gluteal cleft and sear my scrotum. The pain is unbearable, yet I know this to mean thrust deeply with my tongue. When she extends her arm to my side and taps the head of my penis I know this to mean suck more forcefully. Brisk taps on the soles of my upturned feet mean attention is needed on her clitoris. Satisfactory efforts are rewarded and encouragement bestowed with gentle tugs and occasional jostling of my control chain. Yes, such action serves to waggle my tail, which in turn manipulates my anal insertion. As Miss Ashley well knows, such caressing of the prostate gland, particularly in the chaste male, affords a degree of pleasure... ephemeral... fleeting... but pleasure all the same.

So yes, I lick and suck with zeal. After all, I have been well trained.

“You can use this chair anytime, Reggie. As you have seen, I’ve had Corky trained to service both genders.”

Deep within my Queen’s quim my tongue finally encounters the abundant juices deposited by the virile Mr. Reggie. The laborious task begins and I work methodically knowing that I will not be released until Miss Ashley is cleansed. Time is not essential. Miss Ashley has been known to wile away an entire afternoon in her chair and over the years my tongue and lips have developed stamina.

My mind reels back to our courtship when I first went down on the ‘coy’ Ashley Duval. In considering myself experienced, I recall tenderly kissing Miss Ashley’s knees then working my way up her thighs as we lay in repose in my modest apartment. Some women are initially shy concerning oral matters so by rote I went slowly. But again there was a clue that I did not perceive. As tongue and lips neared her mons, Ashley became more authoritative, opening her thighs in greeting and reaching down to cradle my head. She was far from bashful and as she pressed my face into her pubes, her actions became mechanical. At some time, somewhere, someone had introduced Ashley to the delights of cunnilingus. As I worked tongue and lips, the expected girlish squeals were instead explicit instructions and commands, Ashley seeming to know that every woman has different areas of sensitivity and not wishing to pass time while I discovered hers.

And whereas some woman have difficulty in achieving an orgasm during an initial contact with a lover, Miss Ashley was most orgasmic. During that long night she came frequently, had me gasping for air on occasion, and at the end claimed exhaustion when I suggested some form of relief was in order for me.

“Just stroke yourself while I watch,” was her suggestion.

And again the firm tone, her stern manner should have raised concerns. Yet the dollars blinded me. A life of leisure awaited, so I thought. So in a fully lit room, I performed the normally lonely ritual and masturbated while she indeed watched. Her authoritative look of amusement cannot be forgotten.

Chapter Six - Miss Ashley Duval

Though Corky's tongue is long and sedulous, what really is going to rid my uterus of Reggie's copious spending is the phenomenon that every woman experiences after intercourse. That is that the natural inner workings of the female organ commence certain contractions that reverse the normal tendency of the vagina to absorb. So what really happens when I insist on Corky's attention is that the manipulations of his tongue accelerate this process and within minutes Reggie's deeply implanted ejaculate will flow downwards and be presented for Corky to savor.

Yes, he won't miss a drop. And in demanding that he perform such a demeaning task, in feeling the warm wetness of his exquisite tongue and lips, in gazing over the chiseled physique of my naked Reggie as he gloatingly watches, all combine to indulge my need for power. As a string of mild vaginal orgasms begin I feel Reggie's sperm ooze downward to greet Corky's long pink and wet appendage. And there is the wicked thought that Corky will consume every drop. Such ensures that the cascade of climaxes will continue.

"My boots, Reggie. Be a dear."

Watching Reggie's semi erect ten inches flop about while he moves can be entertaining. So when he approaches to remove my tightly fitting custom made footwear, I playfully raise my right leg, point my toe and press with my foot to flick the long tube of flesh, giggling as it swings about like an elephant's trunk.

Reggie smiles with my taunting and I watch amused as one naked male tends to my only garb and another assures vaginal hygiene.

"A quick shower, Reggie. Corky's almost done. Run the water please."

I nod toward the bathroom door and my man turns, knowing to prepare the flow of the numerous showerheads so that I will step into a deluge of water perfectly warmed to 106 degrees.

Meanwhile, as Corky attentively locates and savors every drop of slimy ejaculate, my mind wanders somewhat... reflecting on

how I came to own such a wonderful pet.

Dating Charles J. Barrington, Esq. was entertaining. And I must admit on some nights as he awkwardly stumbled his way through romantic dinner conversations toward comical hints of intercourse, I was somewhat charmed. Something in those beseeching eyes told me he was searching....searching for change... guidance... to be saved from a life of boredom and one without purpose... seeking to be offered some goal other than to proofread some sesquipedalian legal document for the fourth and fifth time.

So I played along, very much aware that Charles knew of my wealth. Oh yes, Priscilla the astute secretary of Samuel L. Brackett let it slip. She seemed to think that I was distraught over the death of my Aunt Meredith and needed cheering.

"One of our young and handsome associates has been inquiring about you," she conveyed during one phone call before connecting me to attorney Brackett.

I groped for more, and as Priscilla continued, immediately realized that the associate was Charles, the guy I exchanged phone numbers with in the park.

Thereafter I played along with Charles' courtship, waiting for the time when he would divulge to me his knowledge of my circumstances. After several dates and a few rolls in the hay, he never did. In my mind, his lack of disclosure began to become odorous. After all, I was not going to go first. A girl just doesn't suddenly announce that she's one of the wealthiest women in the world. And besides, as an attorney, some notion of ethics would suggest that he disclose to me his employment at the law firm that handled my aunt's estate.

When nothing was forthcoming, my suspicions grew.

Yet, I had nothing to lose, and slowly introducing Charles into my style of love making became an interesting diversion. After a time he learned to silently assume a supine position on the bed, knowing that I'm always on top and I always control when I want a man to climax. This transcended into nipple play... his... and later clamps and strict training to teach my subordinate male that ejaculation

would not occur until I decided, gripping firmly and twisting on those useless male nubs to signal my consent.

Was Charles genuinely submissive or just patiently tolerating my proclivities in order to obtain the money? I didn't know then... and really don't care now. It does not matter. Charles... Corky... will submit... a totally subjugated male. His penchant for Dominance, real or feigned, has no relevance now.

I lean forward and snap the obedience stick, applying a nasty little lash to the crack of his buttocks, nipping those forcibly exposed balls. I thrill with the resulting feel of a paroxysmal thrust of his tongue. I absorb the pleasure, wait a moment then flick the shaft of the obedience stick right, left, right, left on the soles of his upturned feet. There follows the feel his tongue withdrawing and his mouth moving to provide more clitoral stimulation. This is how I like to end ardent sessions of cunnilingus, subordinate male lips firmly wrapped about my feminine bud with strong suction applied until I nearly faint with ecstasy. With Reggie's semen dutifully sucked away, my own juices flow to quench what I perceive to be Corky's thirst. I always wonder how much the flavor changes.

"Enough," I summarily announce as one more orgasm will sap me of the strength to attend dinner.

And Reggie awaits with a soothing hot shower.

I release Corky's neck collar from the chair and clip on the leash. To heighten his frustration my chaste pet can watch as Reggie and I bathe.

"Come," I simply command leading him by his leash into my cavernous bathroom.

There I secure the leash to one of the many wall hooks. I pat the top of his head then gently pull on his control chain to tease his prostate and stoop to diddle the tip of his erect penis.

"Good boy, Corky," I coo as if talking to a child or cute puppy.

The organ waggles noticeably. The sight of my nakedness, the taste of my essence mingling with Reggie's fertile spending, my ephemeral touch all have my chaste Corky in quite a priapic state.

"Just a little more effort and I'll have you fed. You've earned your sustenance," I graciously offer in keeping with Dr. Corrothers mandated regimen.

Corky only eats after he's indulged in 'sperm appetizers', as the girls joked at the clinic in New York where he was first trained.

I beckon to Reggie who steps forth. I merely point and Corky knows to lick my plaything's balls and return him to full engorgement. Full tumescence for an organ of Reggie's size can be somewhat distracting. But when I shower with a man, I like to be entertained.

Chapter Seven - Corky.

So here I crawl about on elbows and knees, as best as my leash allows. Through the glass walls of the sizable shower stall I watch with both envy and lust as the gigolo Reggie and my beautiful wife Miss Ashley Duval shower. There seems to be an understanding that washing oneself is taboo as Mr. Reggie's hands deftly swab every inch of Miss Ashley's body with soap and soft cloth. He stands behind her while a smiling Miss Ashley faces me. I know him to be pressing that massive erection into her soft and warm body while his hands encircle her torso and kneads her breasts and nipples. The look of pleasure on Miss Ashley's face grows as she notices me straining on my leash. It should be I whose hands so lasciviously caress. She is my wife.

Satisfying herself that I am closely observing, the taunting Miss Ashley turns to wash Mr. Reggie. She takes the cloth and her hands lower to lather Mr. Reggie's huge standing penis. It appears that by the time the ablutions end, he will have a layer of skin removed from penis and testicles... Miss Ashley working diligently to assure that her living dildo remains erect for the entire process.

As my wife soaps Mr. Reggie's scrotum and reaches for a safety razor I am reminded of the morning when she introduced me... coerced me really... to the notion that pubic hair was ungainly. As she slowly strokes the razor about Mr. Reggie's already hairless pubes, the memories return.

We were approaching the first anniversary of our meeting in the park. Just a month or so earlier Miss Ashley had backhandedly disclosed her financial circumstances when I questioned her about a credit card bill. Knowing I had skipped a payment on a card that was burgeoning with the charges resulting from romancing Miss Ashley, I opened the envelope with a degree of apprehension. I expected to see a huge minimum payment due plus the usual computer generated warning about maintaining good credit and paying regularly. Instead there was no past due balance and nominal charges for the month. With my tardiness making the card being just

about unusable, so I thought, I had switched to another for the month of wining and dining.

A brief examination showed that a sizable payment had been made, wiping out my balance but for minor charges for flowers purchased early in the month and a modest dinner at some midtown restaurant. The amount of the payment crediting the balance was in the thousands... a considerable amount for a law associate four years out of school.

Miss Ashley stepped into my apartment as I stared at the serendipitous statement and, having provided her with a key months before, I suspected she had intervened.

"The credit card company's made an error," I jovially announced then explained the credit. "But do I dare use the card not knowing when they'll correct it?"

"No mistake," she replied. "You left last month's opened statement on the kitchen table. I thought how it must be annoying for you to make all the monthly minimum payments, so I knocked off the balance."

I smiled, feigning surprise concerning her resources. Up until that point, ostensibly I knew her to do charity work a few days a week and to be otherwise unemployed. So here was my chance to officially learn about her wealth... to superficially ascertain all that I already gleaned from Samuel L. Brackett's memos and correspondence. I questioned her and with a coy smile she bashfully explained that she had inherited some money.

Just so that I no longer had to pretend to have limited knowledge, I cross examined her further to officially learn what I already knew... that she was most likely the wealthiest single woman in the world.

"So you're *that* Ashley Duval," I blurted with a voice that again feigned surprise.

And that's when I went into the academy award performance I had long planned. The one where she guardedly inquires whether her vast wealth will make a difference in our romance. Where I hug her and profess that my love and admiration accedes all levels of materiality, that for all my life I will cherish her and adore, yes, adore something. I can no longer remember the list I had memorized.

Adore her mind, her thoughtfulness, her grace, her presence. I laid it on thickly.

And Miss Ashley Duval soaked it all up.

Unbeknownst to her, I was already drafting a prenuptial agreement, and I had not yet even proposed marriage. It was a daydream type of thing... like when a guy envisions himself catching the winning pass in the Super Bowl... or sinking a birdie putt to win the U.S. Open... facing a worthy opponent to take the Wimbledon title. It seemed every time I became frustrated with the drudgery of law I would add imaginary terms and conditions to further enrich me, knowing that under New York law, once married, it was the only way Miss Ashley Duval could deny me half of the fortune. In essence a prenuptial agreement becomes a payoff.

So that night we made love with rekindled enthusiasm... me lying beneath not my 'meal ticket'... no, the vernacular to be used might better have been my 'retirement plan'. But this time as I patiently lay in wait as trained, she brought a towel and a bowl and straddled me backwards, facing my feet.

"Would you mind using your tongue a bit while I make you more presentable?" she calmly inquired as she lowered her buttocks over my face.

So while I performed cunnilingus, she shaved me, completely denuding my groin area of all hair. And I have been kept that way ever since, here on the island a native maid examining almost daily and applying foul smelling hair removal lotion with the feel of the tiniest stubble. I suppose in Miss Ashley's mind she had paid for the privilege of altering my appearance to her liking. That remittance to the credit card company was nearly in the five digits.

And now I am made to watch as Mr. Reggie receives Miss Ashley's tendance. The same caring and gentle hands that shaved me on that most relevant night, now shave another man. She finishes and puts aside the razor then turns to look at me through the shower glass. Miss Ashley kneels, the flow of numerous shower heads splashing against her nakedness. She cradles Mr. Reggie's long hanging scrotal sac in her left hand. Her right grasps the enormous shaft, pointing straight upwards which moments before I licked to a full stand. She strokes, the abundant soap imbuing hand

and erection with sordid slipperiness. She smiles wickedly, extends her tongue and flutters it, mimicking one of the actions taught to me in performing fellatio. She knows that my forced chastity has my hormones running wild. I feel myself flush with envy... with desire. I feel my own erection waggle, the sight of Miss Ashley's divine form keeping my manhood at full tumescence, her lascivious action heightening the shame of being so blatantly cuckolded.

Under Miss Ashley's governance, the scalpel of Dr. Helga Reinhold long ago relieved me of the ability to achieve normal climax. With testicles remaining intact and producing both semen and testosterone I remain as randy as a billy goat. Yet, there is no release, as Miss Ashley intended.

"He'll live a life of wonderful frustration," Dr. Stella advised after the urethral diversion was deemed a success and my vocal cords were sutured.

And the noted psychologist has been correct. As I watch my wife pleasure another man, young, well hung and with classic physique, I strain against my leash to tension my control chain. By design, my tail wags and manipulates my prostate. Such is the only sexual relief afforded to me.

Chapter Eight - Corky.

“Feed him and you can have Big Sam’s full attention tonight. Corky’s had his daily ration of sperm. I’ll want him well watered and posed during dinner.”

A beautifully dressed Ashley Duval hands my leash to Lotta. As I am led from Miss Ashley’s bedroom I hear her sonorous voice address Mr. Reggie.

“My male guests don’t need clothing here, Reggie. It’s an informal rule. The islanders are comfortable with the naked Caucasian male. There’s no contact with the outside world and no one will reveal anything.”

Yes, Mr. Reggie stepped from the shower to realize that his luggage never arrived from the plane and that for cleaning Lotta had dutifully carried off the garments in which he arrived.

So the studly Mr. Reginald will go sans clothing during his stay. From what I have gathered from his deportment while I fellated him, such will not faze Mr. Reggie and Miss Ashley will be entertained. And as I have learned over the years, Miss Ashley’s entertainment is paramount.

Miss Lotta is very kindly to her superiors but gruff with the leash. Once leaving the presence of Miss Ashley she tugs unmercifully causing me to lurch in pain and my bells to ring raucously.

Having ingested my daily ration of sperm, I will be permitted my one daily meal. Dog food of course, but nutritious, and I have learned to savor the offensive smelling concoction.

In arriving in the kitchen, a busy cook and assistant prepare a lavish meal for Miss Ashley’s guests. Lotta must join in the preparation and hands off my leash to her daughter, Miranda.

“He’s been served his ‘appetizer’,” Lotta instructs in extending the use of the crass code word, that which began with the women of the clinic in New York, indicating I had ingested my daily semen. “So he needs to be fed. Miss Ashley wants him well watered

and he'll be posing during dinner so give him a good inspection and sponge bath."

I must learn to ignore the wafting aroma of fine cooking. Things are roasting, a rack of succulent lamb, I suspect. And it appears the talented chef will bake a soufflé. I will partake in none. For me its dog food.

A gleeful Miranda takes the offered loop of leather at the end of my chain. The minx relishes guiding about a subservient Caucasian male. In being nearly ready to attend college in the fall, I often wonder what stories she'll be telling her new classmates who will most likely be much more sexually provincial than the girls maturing on Miss Ashley's island.

"Come Corky," Miranda politely encourages.

I look up into her pretty brown face and cannot help admiring the smooth and soft coffee colored skin. In the tropics, with the temperature rarely descending below 80 degrees, Miranda's attire is brief. And in walking about on all fours I long ago learned that the frisky island girls consider undergarments to be an annoyance. Thus I follow her lead with alacrity, glancing up to catch flashes of nubile pink femininity when the hem of her short and loose skirt flutters with each step.

There is an area of the busy kitchen, known as 'Corky's corner', where I am fed each day. Miranda slips the end of the leash over one of the ubiquitous wall hooks. There is not a room in the plantation house that has less than half a dozen. Miss Ashley insists that I always be secured when not being led about on the leash. Only when my Queen chooses to run me on the beach am I relieved of the leash and the ever present sensation of being controlled.

"Stay," my young Master commands, stepping away to open a can of food.

I have long learned to wait patiently. After all, it's a dog's life, as Miss Ashley insists. And since my altered vocal cords obviate prandial discourse, I occupy my mind with more thoughts of Miss Ashley and our marriage.

Where did it all go wrong?

Within weeks of that night she shaved me, it was time to pop the question. Though Miss Ashley nicely paid down that one credit

card balance, there were others. I found my modest associate's salary to be strained by the continuing 'investment' in courting the world's richest available woman. Plus the grueling legal work was becoming more ponderous. In finishing up the drafting of documents for one arcane merger, I decided that a timely announcement would preclude me from being assigned to another.

So I asked and Miss Ashley said yes. The prenuptial agreement I had mentally been drafting was turned into a formal document. I strongly suggested that Ashley obtain separate counsel, really a necessity on my part. Dozens of prenupts have been torn asunder when it has been shown that an allegedly injured party was not adequately represented before signing such a document. So, though a necessity, I phrased it as a suggestion and hoped Ashley would indeed do the right thing. She did. Stopping into my office and placing the signed document before me within a week.

"It's been reviewed by an attorney. Here's your copy signed by me. Just sign this one for my records. Miss Peck can witness."

The nearby Miss Peck witnessed my signature with this airy look. I interpreted it as envy, the old gal wanted me, I was certain. Ashley took her copy with a buoyant smile. Having read the document so many times, I just tossed my copy into a drawer. I never thought that assuring a lifetime of leisure would be so easy, yet I disguised my elation, for it was then time to move on to the more pleasant aspects of union... discussing the details of ceremony and honeymoon.

Since she had no family and I only had a long estranged uncle on the west coast, it was agreed to keep things simple. I explained that the opening in my work calendar suggested a timely ceremony was best. Miss Ashley concurred.

"I'd really enjoy a couple of weeks in the Caribbean," I suggested, fully aware of course, of the 5,000 acres upon which I now ironically frolic, frolic that is only when Big Sam walks me or Miss Ashley takes me to the beach.

A pensive Miss Ashley beamed with the thought, nibbling at the bait.

"There's this island where my aunt took me every Christmas when I was a girl," Miss Ashley offered.

Yes, of course there is, I evilly thought. The hook was taken and I stifled a wicked smile. My first foray into the benefits of the Duval coffers was a three hour flight on a chartered jet and a two week honeymoon in tropical paradise.

And yes, I didn't wear clothing then, as despite the island's inhabitants, Miss Ashley wheedled me into spending my entire visit without covering.

"An old rule of my aunt's. Males go naked," she mirthfully suggested. "May as well continue the tradition. And you'll be more comfortable."

So naked I went. I cannot help smiling in recalling the first time she applied sun tan lotion to my shaven pubes. Oh, the trivial delights of newlyweds.

Yes, those soft hands slathered my pink parts and kept kneading away until I found myself aroused and lying on the secluded beach completely naked alongside Miss Ashley's fine body, modestly covered in a rather priggish bathing suit. She brought me to a full stand giggling as her right hand stroked with fervor and her left cupped my balls just as she had done with Mr. Reggie during the late afternoon shower. Miss Ashley's hand jobs were superb, teasingly controlling, but superb all the same. And the afternoon shower scene was a deliberate taunt, forcing me to watch while she afforded Mr. Reggie the pleasure once reserved only for me.

I should have been more direct in attempting to determine where she acquired such skill. But how does one engage in such cross examination on a honeymoon? Instead I just enjoyed.

But then one afternoon as we lounged about on the white sand, Lotta approached with a tray of ice cold pina coladas. When Miss Ashley spotted her in the distance she reached over and began to trifle and trifle where the attention of a newly married woman is most inclined to be expended. I had become accustomed to displaying myself to the women of the island while denudated, but certainly was not ready to exhibit myself with penis in full blossom.

I stirred, trying to roll over, protesting her playful antics. Miss Ashley gripped firmly and I received a becalming reprimand.

"Oh Charles, the women here have seen much. You must cast aside your puritan values and relax. We're married now."

And so Miss Ashley continued masturbating me and insisted that this most handsome island woman watch. And Lotta did, donning a devilish smile while Miss Ashley's hand pumped and pumped.

In hindsight there was a message being sent, the establishment of a hierarchy. On the Duval island, the Caucasian male was more an object, there to entertain, something to perhaps admire, perhaps amuse, and amuse even the natives.

"I can have him come on command for you," Miss Ashley cheerfully announced to Lotta in further introducing me to the libertine ambiance of her beautiful island.

And then Lotta finally nodded, irritatingly giggling as Miss Ashley had me explode into the sand.

Chapter Nine - Miss Ashley Duval

Reggie and I stroll arm and arm into the dining room. He's not wearing a stitch and though his manhood has been well exercised over the afternoon, even after being drained of so much essence the nicely circumcised tip distractingly swings back and forth at mid thigh.

Anywhere else we would make for an incongruous sight, for juxtaposed against Reggie's nakedness, I'm wearing a rather formal silk evening gown, light and flowing and most comfortable in the tepid evenings of the tropics.

Aperitifs are served. Dr. Stella joins us shortly followed by Dr. Helga. Reggie squirms a bit in discomfort, Dr. Helga glancing at his lengthy appendage with odd gaiety. I know her to consider such a specimen as a potential trophy. Within minutes, Mary, the physical therapist, a beautiful girl just a few years out of college, joins our soiree.

We women are dressed formally. The dinner hour is the only time I insist on some degree of decorum during an otherwise licentious week of debauchery. And so when Harold and Pam arrive, the lovely kinky couple, our gathering is complete... and of course so is the incongruity. For Pam wears a provocative but very expensive Dominatrix outfit and though males are normally nude on my island, she has Harold attired in a rather ineluctable chastity device...and nothing else.

"It's termed 'Lori's tube', and I've added some refinements," Pam replies before the anticipated question is asked.

Dr. Helga is the first to inspect.

"How long?" Dr. Stella feels compelled to ask as Dr. Helga leans forward for better viewing.

"Chaste for close to a year, though I release for cleansing once a week," Pam matter-of-factly replies.

“Yes, this should do it,” Dr. Helga observes. “A rather small yet formidable lock thrust through both a Prince Albert piercing and a hole in this steel tube encasing the penis. But there is more... something surrounding the frenulum.”

“A Kali’s teeth bracelet,” an ebullient Pam explains. “Nasty little thing. A simple circular piece of metal with teeth on the inside diameter... precisely measured to slip over the penis tip and encircle the shaft at the most sensitive point. Harold can’t even think about the slightest bit of stiffness without placing himself in pain.

“Makes for wondrous oral service. Harold now seems to vicariously think of my pleasure as his, since he gets none.”

The women collectively laugh as Pam divulges Harold’s oral prowess.

With a second round of drinks served, Champagne for most, the kitchen door swings open and to the sound of chiming bells, Miranda leads Corky into the room. The young island girl has my pet nicely bathed with a coating of light oil to highlight his nakedness. She smiles with pride in being afforded the privilege of handling my plaything and she certainly has Corky looking presentable. She even polished his testicle bells.

“Put him up on the table, Miranda.”

Corky will pose for my guests. And though this afternoon’s little walk was a suitable introduction for my guests, the sturdy four foot high table, higher than most, will place Corky at a level where all can inspect with impunity. This is important for Mary, for she’s not on the island for a vacation. No, she’ll be working Corky every day while my entourage relaxes.

Miranda properly arranges Corky, having him first step up onto a chair, elbows then knees, then onto the table top. A bright light above brings an attractive sheen to his flesh. The leash is secured to a nearby wall hook. Miranda adjusts the control chain, knowing to take in a few loops to facilitate Corky’s pose.

“May I inspect?” the ostensibly shy Mary inquires.

“Of course, he’s here to amuse.”

Miranda checks the leash and departs. I join Mary. My human pet kneels on all fours, the table placing his torso at eye

level. Such a delicious sight, pure male submission, complete, thorough, everything subservient to the examining female.

“He’s in good condition...well exercised,” Mary observes with a knowing eye.

“A strict diet and Big Sam takes him on long hikes. Numerous paths weave throughout the island offering miles of idyllic scenery. Corky enjoys being walked.”

Effeminate but forceful hands begin to smooth over Corky’s flesh, kneading, caressing, pinching, ascertaining muscle structure and development. To the Sapphic Mary, Corky is a slab of beef being inspected for sale. The nature of her touch... cold, aloof, calculating... suggests I have engaged the right woman for the job.

Though young, Mary is an accomplished physical therapist, graduating just three years ago from one of the finest universities to offer a degree in Sports Medicine. Since matriculating she has worked for a major university in training its various sports teams. My investigators, spies really, report that she is hard working, loyal, knowledgeable, attentive and with really only one attribute which would impede her rise to the top of her field of endeavor. She likes to see men suffer.

Thus when Mary barks out commands, extracting improbable performance from otherwise incorrigible young males, she relishes the knowledge that she is bringing torment to the gender she so much disdains. Thus muscles are unduly stretched, limbs awkwardly bent, legs run to exhaustion, and, in general, entire teams worked into sudoriferous frenzies all for her secretive enjoyment.

This being the off season, I engaged Mary to spend some time with us on the island. In alluding to Corky, her proposed ‘trainee’, I described his basic circumstances and that seemed to seal the deal.

So I am pleased with my selection as I watch young Mary ply her craft with the sang-froid of a butcher at a slaughterhouse.

The hands move to the thighs and with a playful but firmly mechanical slap to the buttocks Mary positions herself at Corky’s rear. There the shortened control chain serves to keep my pet’s balls well displayed and of course no woman’s inspection of the male gender would be complete without spending ordinate time there.

“Nice presentation with the bells,” Mary comments palming the scrotal sac and twisting for examination. “And the piercings, straight through the gonad.”

I see Corky tremble somewhat as Mary’s observation reminds him of a day he’d like to forget but never can. Dr. Helga steps forward to edify. It is her work.

“Akin to an acupuncture needle. But I assure you the pain was much more intense. The punctures for the two needles are symmetrical penetrating each gonad at its widest point. A jeweler friend looped a small decorative chain from the points of each protruding needle so the bells hang as if from a trapeze bar. Then the needle ends were folded over so as to hold the chains in place and not abrade or scratch. Thus Corky not only hears the bells ring, he feels the slightest movement and feels such where normally a man enjoys a woman’s touch. But instead the jewelry serves as a constant reminder of his supplication.”

Mary nods in apparent appreciation of Corky’s diabolical modification. A firm hand then reaches forward, grips Corky’s semi erect phallus and forcefully draws it back between his thighs for inspection, making him squirm in discomfort.

“Reasonable size. Foreskin nicely cut. It firms nicely to my touch, but otherwise with the rerouted urethra, it’s rather useless, is it not?”

A very practical observation. I cannot help but smile and merely shrug.

“Yes Mary, but it serves as such a nice symbol of who is in control. Term it an ornament.”

My guests collectively laugh. The dour Mary refrains from joining and sums up her initial examination.

“Overall, Miss Duval, he’s in better shape than I expected. But I’ll need him out of the canine restraints for a couple of hours each day. The control chain too. The training will be intense and one of your staff should work with me. I’ll train him or her for ongoing sessions to maintain or even augment my results.”

“There’s a large room in the back of the house, Mary. I believe you’ll find it suitable for your needs. I suggest you work him in the mornings and save the afternoon for time on the beach. You

know the ocean water here is warm and crystal clear and there is a protective cove which provides shelter from the wind and serves to transform the Caribbean into a picturesque sand bottomed pond.”

Chapter Ten - Corky.

I find myself trembling with the touch of this Miss Mary. Her hands are soft but there is something unfeminine about the manner, the demeanor, the approach. She pokes and prods with an annoying familiarity as if she knows my body... as though she has before groped, and done so with impunity.

Yes, though the girl is five to ten years my junior, her confident savoir faire belies her age and even if not physically restrained and psychologically molded into complete submission, one would tend to obey, capitulate to her knowing touch and superior air.

She finds fascination in my altered genitals... the deeply imbedded testicle piercings and my urethral alteration. Yet it is not the joy and amusement most women exhibit. Instead it is more a reaction of satisfaction... as when some irritatingly or annoyingly pretentious person receives his/her comeuppance. As if to say 'serves you right'.

With her inspection culminating, Miss Miranda appears with a hot, moist towel for Miss Mary's hands, coated in the residue of my skin oil.

"Ok Corky, a nice pose for my guests now," Miss Ashley politely suggests as Miss Mary steps away.

I know her words to be a command and instantly shift on elbows and knees. Hours and hours of discipline, expended for nothing more than Miss Ashley's amusement, have trained me to spread elbows and knees to a precise pose then lean forward, as if pointing with my nose. I also know to crane my neck, which serves to tension my control chain. Since Miss Miranda adjusted the length, pulling it taut then clipping it to my collar to eliminate a few links, I can more readily manipulate my faux tail. Thus I slowly tension the shortened chain until it pulls the tail to stand straight upwards, the desired pose.

"Good boy, Corky!"

Yes. And of course such manipulation further presses the anal insertion into my prostate. And in already being semi erect with Miss Mary's handling, I feel myself blush as my penis slowly engorges under the watchful eyes of Miss Ashley and her half dozen guests.

Miss Ashley steps nearer to adjust. In gently drawing me to lean just a little further, pointing even more, I must strain so as not to topple forward. This adds pressure to my gland and also serves to pull my testicles more into view, bringing a tittering laughter from the observing women.

"Excellent. As you can see, Corky is nicely erect and will stay that way while posed. Shall we seat ourselves for dinner?"

Miss Ashley reaches to add the final challenge to my pose. A very fine crystal stem glass is carefully balanced on my forehead.

"Hold," comes the simple command.

My Master steps back to survey. I know my tail is pointing vertically, my thighs strain in maintaining the forward pose, the tightened control chain has my scrotal sac prominently displayed between parted knees, my nose points forward with my head tilted back, I remain motionless, the crystal stem glass balanced on my slightly upturned forehead.

"Perfect," a smiling Miss Ashley compliments.

My rapt audience shuffles away, but without great disappointment. The dining table is within view, mere feet from where I pose like the show dog Miss Ashley envisions and the overhead light illuminates all which my audience desires to see.

Whenever being so mentally and physically challenged I have learned to let my thoughts wander. Otherwise the slowly building cramping and a bladder filled with Miss Miranda's offerings of water tend to wear on one's mind.

And, of course, my meandering thoughts stumble upon the halcyon days of marriage.

The two weeks of honeymoon were curious...combining deep relaxation with exhilarating interludes, such as when Miss Ashley masturbated me to Lotta's command. I assuaged my concerns over the ramifications of such deviant behavior, telling myself that we were many miles from civilization, that my law firm,

clients, friends, etc. would never find out, and finally, in the most assuaging thought of all, so what if everyone did?

After all, with the Duval fortune, my newly acquired wealth, I no longer needed employment, clients or friends.

So I became somewhat inoculated to the quirky island escapades. Even more so after one night at the end of the first week when, upon finishing a great meal, Miss Ashley firmly suggested I was to report to bed. Our after dinner routine had been to chat a bit over an expensive port. But Miss Ashley had this insistent look. And beside, I was tired, having hiked many miles exploring the dense vegetation of the tropical island.

“I’ll join you shortly. Lotta will assist.”

So off I went to the bedroom. Since I remained naked, I was not sure with what Lotta would assist. There was no clothing to tend and I was certainly capable of brushing my own teeth. But the fact that Miss Ashley and I had gone the entire day without some form of sexual interplay, the longest interlude of chastity of our honeymoon, made me eager to feel her touch.

I opened the bedroom door and was surprised to see Lotta waiting for me. A handsome woman, as stated, somewhat matronly and some fifteen years my senior. I had learned over the days that despite being the new ‘master’ of the island estate, I was to subtly subordinate myself to her wishes. The affairs of the island were more complex than appeared and she more or less ran things.... all procurement of food and supplies, supervision of some two dozen islanders, cleaning, maintenance, keeping everything in working order with civilization twenty miles away is a chore requiring both attention and foresight. And things ran better without interference or question from a neophyte such as me. So I quickly ascertained where I was on the pecking order and stayed out of her way.

But here she was in the bedroom displaying a pleasant but confident smile. And for the first time since initially exhibiting myself without clothing days before, I felt a strange thrill, an enjoyable chill, in being in her presence, naked while she was fully clothed. I suppose it was the isolation, being alone with her.

She silently pointed to the bed and for the first time I realized there were fur lined cuffs of sturdy nylon lying on each corner of the

mattress. These weren't cheap implements purchased at some kinky sex shop, these were institutional restraints, most formidable. And each was connected to a respective bed poster. The chill broadened to noticeable goose bumps.

"If Mr. Charles will lie down, I'll prepare him for Miss Ashley."

Well what does one say or do? There were not many avenues of protest available. Sleep somewhere else? Call for a cab ride home? Rant? Rave?

"Big Sam can help too," the sly Lotta added, knowing that her physically imposing husband was within easy distance.

With some degree of reservation, I laid down and found that Lotta was frightfully efficient in restraining a man. My initial compliance was not to be second guessed as wrists and ankles were facilely encircled, secured with Velcro strips and the connecting straps tightened until I lay supine and completely helpless in four point restraint. I was concerned, disquieted, but for reasons not evident.

During that morning hike, I had transcended a hill about half a mile from the plantation house. Within an otherwise thick copse was a small clearing, evidently man made in the midst of what can otherwise only be described as a jungle.

It was a small cemetery!

My initial reaction was to console myself... telling myself that the indigenous islanders had to be interred somewhere. But the lapidary of the modest headstones was succinct, disclosing little of the deceased other than first name and date of death. It was apparent to me that beloved family members would insist on something more laudatory. And the names... Chippie... Bernie... Ralphie... somewhat informal in designating consecrated ground for a loved one.

Pets? Large dogs?

Two of the dates of death preceded Miss Ashley's date of birth. The third was more recent, just six years before. So most of whatever happened happened under the tutelage of her aunt without Miss Ashley's knowledge or presence. But the discovery planted thoughts and those thoughts pulsed strongly in my cerebrum as

Lotta tightened the last strap. When she brandished a menacing straight edged razor the thoughts turned to frenzy.

“Miss Ashley want you smooth.”

I calmed myself as the experienced hands of Lotta preceded to shave every inch of my body utilizing a thick and fragrant lathering soap. It was obviously not her first time, and knowing the bodies of her husband and the other island males were not glabrous, where did she acquire such skill?

Still, putting aside my fears, it was quite sensuous.

“Miss Ashley’s Aunt Meredith had me do all her male companions. She didn’t like hair either.”

An offered clue.

The razor dexterously slid about my penis and scrotum and I had to helplessly watch as Lotta used the slippery soapiness as a lubricant to stroke my rising shaft with one hand while continuing to glide the evilly sharp blade with the other. When finished, my manhood stood straight up and seemed to stand in humble salute as this quietly dominant island woman stepped back to admire her work.

She irritatingly giggled and I could do nothing but lie and broil.

There followed a most relaxing sponge bath with scented water. When deemed cleansed, she sat to my left side and two strong brown fingers of her left hand slowly worked their way into my rectum. She smiled and pressed, slowly penetrating, expertly judging her progress by the reaction of my erect penis. When my shaft wagged in earnest, indicating that she found the sought after gland, her inserted fingers somewhat stilled and her right hand began massaging my balls.

There was nothing more. She never touched my erect penis. There I lay helpless while this knowing island woman had her way, occasionally diddling her left fingers, continuously massaging with her right. She giggled as I writhed in ecstasy, my erect but neglected penis amusingly wagging about as she toyed with my most sensitive erogenous zones.

“Miss Meredith, she have many like you,” Lotta offered in explanation, suggesting another clue as to the derivation of her

prowess.

Before I could question, not that I would obtain satisfactory answers, Lotta pronounced me ready.

“See you tomorrow night,” she smilingly forewarned, stepping from the room, leaving me embarrassingly erect with wrist and ankles well secured.

And yes, thereafter Lotta’s tendance became my foreplay for the ensuing days of my honeymoon.

Chapter Eleven - Corky.

A full bladder draws my mind back to the present. Despite the months and months of discipline, the painstaking tutelage in teaching me how to properly pose and to do so until commanded to cease, nature's call cannot be ignored. So in violation of the rules, I begin to wriggle my hips in the midst of dessert. I am careful not to disturb the stem glass, the punishment for its fall being long hours secured to a shortened and well secured leash. The motion serves to make my testicle bells gently chime, and the nearby prandial discussion is interrupted when attention is subtly drawn to my overwhelming need for bladder relief.

"Oh my, Corky must need to be taken for a walk," Miss Ashley exclaims with feigned surprise.

Yes feigned. It was she who ordered me to be well watered, staging a game amongst her guests as to whom would most enjoy controlling my leash.

"Miranda must be having her dinner. Anyone care to assist?"

I carefully turn my head in apprehension, trying to peer at the seven epicures. I anticipate Miss Ashley's thinking... Dr. Helga I already know and fear.... no amusement there... Dr. Stella I know and is a person with whom I am sanguine since I can no longer respond to her penetrating questions.... I have experienced enough of Miss Mary, though I know I am facing a week of her skills.... Mr. Reggie would not care to volunteer.... this Harold character, locked away in some metal tube, has a problem of focus in preferring to handle his own organs rather than mine... and then there is Miss Pam in the alluring dominatrix apparel.

Ah, yes. I can read Miss Ashley's mind.

"Oh Pam! Would you be a dear!"

The request is wordlessly answered as this Miss Pam beams with the thought.

"Anywhere in the bushes...or I'll have one of the kitchen help get his basin," Miss Ashley advises.

A smiling Pam arises to approach.

“The obedience stick is on the armoire and you saw how the short scrotum chain has to be released.”

Pam nods. The stem glass is removed. My leash is unhooked from the wall. The leather clad woman patiently assists me from the table top and I feel the enthusiastic tugs of a dilettante guiding my leash.

“Come Corky, be a good doggie,” the woman encourages.

My bells ring in earnest as I eagerly follow the leash. I need to go, the precocious Miranda having forced much water into me. I will indeed be good and hope this woman will not find herself fumbling with the short chain that needs to be released to reveal my new pee hole.

Out the front door, down the steps, there is sufficient moonlight and glow from the plantation house to facilitate the location of a suitable spot. Miss Pam points. I position myself and part my elbows to lower my chin to the soil, spread my knees, arch my back and wait while Miss Leather releases the chain from my scrotum band to my anal insertion. As expected she has difficulty.

I await her success and I think back to the honeymoon and Lotta.

After that occasion when I was left strapped to the bed, nicely cleansed and massaged, and quite randy, I was, as one would expect, quite eager for Miss Ashley. Except she never came... or so it seemed. And strangely I remained erect, thinking about her exquisite form and her naughty yet clever foreplay, having Lotta tie me to the bed.

One must keep in mind that though I romped about naked, Miss Ashley remained quite properly attired, to the point of me referring to her bathing suit as Victorian. So at the end of the day, when newlyweds unite to do what is expected, it would be the only time during the entire day that I could admire and adore what was really well formed feminine flesh. Miss Ashley was one of those women who blended with the crowd when dressed, but in dishabille was stunning.

So I waited in the fully lit room, unable to move a muscle with the surprising tautness of Lotta's bondage.

Finally Miss Ashley entered, hushed me by suggesting she was too tired to talk and casually removed her clothes. And of course she was as beautiful as I had imagined in the hours of waiting.

I expected her to mount and ride me as she preferred, the four point restraint adding a degree of 'spice'. But instead she climbed onto the bed near my head and I was shocked as she straddled my face.

"You need to learn new things Charles, it's been a week of marriage and I'm bored already."

And with that she lowered herself over my mouth before I could reply. She was facing my feet and my lips found themselves aligned not with the finely trimmed opening to her love pouch but instead with her rear portal. She used her weight and clenched her buttocks to form a fairly complete seal over my face.

Thoroughly secured to the bed...gasping for air...I learned to perform analingus that night. I had no choice. And that was all, no climactic relief for Charles. She deemed that I had had enough.

Thereafter, for the remainder of the honeymoon, Miss Ashley was never 'bored'. Our evening meals ended in the parlor of the plantation house where a glass of expensive port awaited my bride and four fur lined wrist and ankles cuffs awaited me.

I learned to place them about my limbs myself, the Velcro strips making self bondage quick yet comfortably firm.

And we talked while Miss Ashley sipped her port. When the mood finally struck, or perhaps when the conversation became tedious, Miss Ashley would simply suggest, "I think it's time you went to see Lotta."

That 'suggestion' was her command to climb the stairs. Awaiting in the bedroom was the fully clothed handsome island women with the straps needed to secure the cuffs to the bed. A full body shave, a cleansing, a testicle massage with anal stimulation, magnificent tumescence, and then the joyful Lotta would depart leaving my penis untouched and me to wonder.

When would Miss Ashley join me and how will she please herself tonight?

My thoughts curtail as Miss Pam finally finds the small clasp and the short chain falls away. She declines to use the obedience

stick and instead stoops, cups my balls and draws them forward, making way for my excretions.

“Psst, Psst,” the generation of sibilant sounds intended to begin my flow.

I need no such encouragement. I perform, grateful that the darkness cloaks my humiliation in being handled by this unfamiliar woman.

Chapter Twelve - Corky.

Led back into the house, Miss Ashley has her guests in the parlor for after dinner drinks. All offer congratulatory comments to Miss Pam, the level of adulation akin to praising a woman who has successfully tamed some wild beast.

Discourse centers around me with Miss Pam continuing to hold my leash as my wife Ashley toys with Mr. Reggie, slowly bringing him to full stand for the amusement of the women and the envy of the well chastised Harold.

The well hung gigolo seems comfortable in displaying himself, humbly standing with hands atop his head and an oddly proud smile as Miss Ashley gently strokes his long shaft. He is indeed huge.

“So, Ashley, how does one transform a husband into such a noble and obedient plaything?” Miss Pam blurts in steering the conversation.

“Well, Doctors Helga and Stella were very instrumental but I suppose you and Mary would find the story of interest...”

Having lived the tale, I divert my thoughts to more pleasant times...

The honeymoon ended and wife Ashley insisted I greet the chartered jet sans clothing.

“It will make the honeymoon more memorable... naked beginning to end,” she festively suggested. “You can dress on the plane before we land in Teterboro.”

So I did, thinking at the time that there must be something about the island’s air or water that transforms the normally prim Ashley into quite the libertine.

By agreement I returned to my job but with renewed vigor. There’s something about having vast resources which provides a new prospective on things. Plus I was refreshed. Ashley fell into the role of a good wife. The bedroom kinkiness diminished compared to the island escapades but of course Ashley remained on top, controlling the timing of coitus by way of my nipples. Still she was

there, night after night, and in returning home to her I told myself the mental wear of the legal profession was tolerable.

Overall, life was good.

Then I began to work for a new partner, a taskmaster and a tyrant. And the drudgery, or the perceived drudgery resumed... night after night searching for the uncrossed 't's' and the missing dots over untold 'i's'.

The tedium affected my employment thinking and career perspectives even more than before marriage, since during much of the late night hours I envisioned being under Ashley's fine body instead of toiling over documents. As the frustration grew, snippets of our honeymoon antics flashed into memory... the abundant sex, romping naked about the Duval island, being shaved and massaged by Lotta, the deviant but thrilling hand job on the beach.

So added to the mental strain, which I had encountered before, was this sexual frustration. For many times when I began to arrive home late, Ashley was asleep and there was no point in waking her for sex. The urge or desire does not develop in women that way.

It went on for a few months. A first anniversary dinner had to be cancelled and rescheduled to a Sunday afternoon, depriving the occasion of all romantic elements. And I even had to implore for those few hours, the latest project involving a huge spinoff and my partner boss expecting me to work the entire weekend.

So one night, having been upbraided by the boss on some trivial matter, I skulked home, wondering among other things why, with the billions at Ashley's disposal, we remained living in my modest apartment. I normally didn't waken my bride but on that night I did.

"Our anniversary was months ago and we had brunch to celebrate. What do you say we take some time and return to the island, Ashley? Tell the world to get lost."

My slumbering bride rolled to face me and smiled.

"Did you know that Aunt Meredith owned a jet? It was listed as stock in a separate corporation, I guess for liability purposes, and the lawyers just this week got around to learning what 'Aero Duval, LLC' is all about. Guess we should make sure the thing still flies."

I exhaled with relief in learning Ashley was agreeable. She giggled like an innocent young girl and I felt somewhat disingenuous, reflecting on my scheming and the setup job with the prenuptial agreement.

Yes, since the time of my initial furtive investigation into Ashley's financial affairs and resources, I had not paid much attention to what Samuel L. Brackett in the estate planning area was doing with her aunt's estate. Upon return from the honeymoon and the assignment of a new boss, my office was moved two floors away. But Ashley's disclosure did not surprise me. After all, how else would a woman of Aunt Meredith's means travel to her private island?

So the next day I had the pleasure of giving the tyrant boss short notice. And he of course immediately suggested I would be blacklisted from the profession. And I came very close to using the vernacular term that so succinctly described my new financial profile... 'fuck you money'... in reiterating my resignation. And he calmed after being reminded that the estate of Meredith Duval was a sizable client of his partner, Samuel L. Brackett.

Ashley made some phone calls and the day after my resignation a quick ride to Teterboro found the limousine pulling up to a hanger marked 'Aero Duval'. Parked on the tarmac outside the open hanger doors was a polished white Citation X, its engines spinning.

The copilot greeted us and inquired as to luggage.

"My bags are in the trunk. He has none," Ashley was very specific in pointing out.

The handsome young male, somewhat effeminate in his manner, didn't blink with Ashley's emphasized remark. He helped the driver with her bags and led us to the plane.

"The flight plan is filed and approved. With quartering tail winds the flight time to the Lesser Antilles will be less than three hours."

I believe we were taxiing before I could properly adjust the seat belt. When finished I glanced forward into the cockpit and I spotted an abundance of long flowing blonde hair in the left seat. The captain was female.

“Aunt Meredith had her ways,” Ashley leaned to say in spotting my reaction to a woman piloting a \$15,000,000 jet. “Sometimes she had the crew stay on the island and she wanted to ensure proper collegiality.”

Yes, of course. Under her rules, males must go naked and I assumed there was a paucity of qualified pilots desiring to engage in such antics. Wives would tend to question the missing tan line upon return home, I reasoned.

We received clearance for an immediate climb out of New York airspace to a heading directly to the island. The pilot aggressively poured on the power and the amazingly powerful jet climbed like a fighter. I detected Duval influence in obtaining such a flight plan as such a route not only requires clearance through Newark Airport’s space but also that of Maguire Air Force base in southern Jersey.

When the pilot attained a suitable rate of ascent she turned to look back at Ashley and smiled. She was in her mid forties and, though quite authoritative in her manner, rather good looking. Her glance back was apparently a signal.

“Time to put your mind into island space,” Miss Ashley firmly suggested.

“This crew is more accustomed to the island rule than that charter crew returning us from the honeymoon.”

I joined Ashley in laughing over the memory. Immediately upon landing at Teterboro, a frantic copilot rushed from the cabin to assure that I had dressed. After all, we had to go through customs and the rather staid crew was concerned over decorum.

So though this unfamiliar woman was in the cockpit, I stripped, setting the ambiance for the return to our honeymoon.

“Come now Corky, Mary hasn’t seen that tongue of yours work.”

I am drawn from my reverie as Miss Ashley has reached the point in the story of my transition where Dr. Helga altered my tongue.

“Start with Harold. Let’s see how well that Kali’s Teeth Bracelet works when his scrotum gets licked. Be a good boy now, Corky. Big long wet laps.”

The women titter as Miss Pam guides my leash to were a naked and sheepish Harold stands.

Chapter Thirteen - Corky.

Arousing the male gender has unfortunately become rote for me. So many genitals, so much forced tongue and lip work. But working this Harold character could be interesting. No eruption of sperm is feasible, and that spiked ring around his locked up penis will soon have him in agony should he not be able to control his erection.

“Hold the leash close to the collar to control his head, Pam. Just as with Harold’s chastity device it’s spiked and Corky will follow your directions.”

Yes, I will and Pam amuses herself by assuring that Harold’s entire scrotal sac, seemingly enlarged with a reservoir of sperm, receives a warm, wet and soothing application of tongue.

As during most times when enduring deep humiliation, I tend to daydream, and my thoughts return to that escape from toil and drudgery back to tropical paradise.

The amazing Citation jet leveled off at 39,000 feet just as I slid out of my jockey shorts, my last piece of clothing. Miss Ashley picked up the pile and stowed the garments somewhere in the back of the cabin. My nakedness mentally returned me to the lusty episodes of our honeymoon and so it seemed with Ashley also. For as we sat side by side and talked, her hand, known to provide exquisite hand jobs on the island with rarely a lascivious touch in New York, began to toy. And with the many months of stress, long hours and unintended sexual denial, my naughty wife quickly brought me to full stand.

“I’ll have you shaved. It’ll be Lotta’s welcome,” Miss Ashley giggled like a newlywed.

And with that she turned away and picked up a magazine, sending a not so subtle message that as we approached the island a new paradigm also approached.

So there I sat naked and with a hard on while Miss Ashley read. I was chagrined but also found reading material, only to be

interrupted in absorbing an article on snorkeling whenever Miss Ashley became displeased with my flaccidity. That's when her hand returned to rekindle firmness.

"Can you get me some juice Charles?" she inquired well into the flight after applying what she termed some quick maintenance strokes for renewed stiffness.

I arose slowly, cautiously moving to the gallery to ensure the crew did not notice my huge erection. And sure enough was able to surreptitiously return with juice. Ashley rewarded by diddling the sensitive underside of my penis tip.

"I'm sure the crew would enjoy something," she wickedly suggested, laughing as I froze in trepidation.

"Oh don't be shy, Charles. They worked for Aunt Meredith for many years."

So fully erect, I served the crew. The blonde pilot donning a knowing smile in being offered refreshments by a naked and priapic male, and the effeminate copilot looking at me as if he'd like to take me home.

We landed well within the scheduled three hours and taxied to a waiting Lotta standing with husband Big Sam and daughter Miranda, holding a cloth bag. Ashley followed the copilot from the plane and I stepped out thereafter. There ensued greetings, words of welcome, hugs with me standing naked before this family of islanders. Miranda's presence was a new twist, having only seen her and other native children from afar during our honeymoon. I was to learn that she was now deemed of age and, under the regime established by the late Aunt Meredith, required to assist with chores in return for a forthcoming free college education.

"Lotta, Charles is very eager for one of your treatments and I'm going right to the beach," Miss Ashley announced after the obligatory salutations ebbed.

I blushed when all eyes turned to me, still somewhat erect from Miss Ashley's earnest penile manipulations on final approach.

"Yes, ma'am. And Miranda brought what you requested."

The pretty girl stepped forward and opened the cloth bag. Miss Ashley looked, reached in and smiled.

“Think you know what these are about Charles,” Miss Ashley laughingly implied as she pulled one of the fur lined cuffs from the bag. “You may develop an unusual tan, but I think we can work to eliminate most lines.”

Lotta nodded and Miranda pranced forward, stooped and began encircling my ankles with the comfortable restraints. The girl was quick and for the first time in donning the cuffs I heard a click. After firmly pulling taut the securing Velcro strips, small padlocks made removal impossible for all except the keyholder. I found myself offering my wrists and heard two more clicks. A smiling Miss Ashley waved a key.

“New rules, Charles.”

Big Sam moved to retrieve the baggage. Miss Ashley reached down to restore my fading erection. Lotta and Miranda headed for the plantation house. Satisfied with my firmness, Miss Ashley patted my buttocks and stepped near to hug me. Though somewhat mentally overwhelmed, I returned the hug as Ashley smoothed her hands down my arms. I pressed my erection against her body. Having been teased since leaving Teterboro Airport, her warmth felt good. But the tender moments proved to be a diversion as I felt Miss Ashley’s hands push back my arms then fumble about behind me. There came another click and I was shocked to find my wrist cuffs secured together behind my back.

“We may never need to leave,” Ashley observed in planting a provocative thought.

We followed Lotta and Miranda to the plantation house and I looked back to see a naked copilot helping big Sam unload the plane. The blonde pilot must have had him strip upon landing for she stood arms akimbo in a most authoritative pose, apparently barking orders. Something about his pubes area glinted in the sunshine. I would later learn that he was locked into a chastity device with the blonde pilot in control of the key.

It seems there was a second tradition on Meredith Duval’s island paradise, suspended during the two weeks of our honeymoon.

Caucasian males not only went naked, but also had their libidos kept under feminine control.

Yes, there was a new paradigm, unexpected and certainly not offering the total relaxation I envisioned in quitting my job, essentially abandoning the legal profession and jetting some 1800 miles. Yet there were all those millions upon millions that would eventually come my way in the form of the time capsule termed a prenuptial agreement. So I assuaged my concerns as Miss Ashley and I arrived at the house and climbed the stairs to the sizable master bedroom.

Lotta and Miranda awaited and strapped me to the bed as Miss Ashley changed into her bathing suite.

“Shave him nice and smooth now, Lotta. I’ll be back for cocktails in a couple of hours.”

Chapter Fourteen - Corky.

Harold begins to wrench in pain bringing laughter to the group. My well trained tongue overwhelms what mental control he has learned in keeping his penis flaccid within the Lori's Tube and Kali's Teeth Bracelet. Thus he stiffens and pays the price.

"Enough Corky. But my goodness what a long tongue you have," Miss Pam coos in her condescending voice.

Miss Pam draws back my leash affording a respite. Small talk ensues and my mind returns to the second trip to the Duval island where I lie cuffed and helpless in the plantation house.

Miss Ashley left to sun herself while mother and daughter worked my nakedness. The complete body shave involved temporarily freeing each limb in order to smooth the straight edged razor over every inch of arms and legs. I was turned over and the hair of the back and buttocks was whisked away with Miranda permitted to practice on my posterior, deemed to be an area where little damage could be inflicted by a neophyte. With four hands working my naked flesh, my tumescence continued and being worked by the brown skinned ingénue added erotic elements not before experienced. When returned to lying on my back, my penis tip was purple and most bulbous.

"That's why we keep them cuffed, Miranda. Otherwise he'd be doing nasty things right in front of us."

Next came the shaving of my scrotum while I flushed in embarrassment. Miranda watched closely and became even more observant as Lotta playfully gave my erection a teasing stroke and laughed as I frustratingly pulled against my tight straps.

"Miss Ashley she be back and maybe she be kind to you," Lotta taunted with a giggling Miranda fascinated with her mother's control and the lack thereof for me.

"Now I show you how to give a man a treat, Miranda."

Yes, time for my testicle massage and prostate manipulation. Physically exquisite, mentally tormenting, Miranda's watchful presence added to the peculiar sensation as Lotta patiently sat on

my left side and two lubricated fingers slipped between my spread thighs to enter my rectum.

“Lotion your hands, Miranda. Work his nipples,” Lotta suggested as her right hand began my testicular massage.

“Never, never touch the penis for more than seconds. Touching there is for Miss Ashley,” Lotta explained the rules of my tantalization.

Yes, the young Miranda was receiving a Duval island education, learning as so many other islanders have, that the Caucasian male is for entertainment... for diversion. More toy than human.

Well, the two women had their way with Miranda receiving a lesson on the male anatomy. And then perhaps worse than the tantalizing massage, they left me to lie in bondage. There was no way to touch my raging hard on.

“Miss Ashley, she be back in a few hours.”

Well I eventually went flaccid. And thoughts of my valuable time capsule, the one I buried with my wife’s signature, the one that would ensure a lifetime of comfort without all these antics, assuaged my aggravation.

After an hour, Miranda returned, skipping into the room like a little girl. She carried a beaker and climbed onto the bed between my spread feet.

“Mother says you need to go,” she succinctly announced.

And I did have to go. But here? Before her?

Pretty brown hands propped my flaccid penis over the rim of the beaker. I was to learn to go for Miranda... or wet the bed, a messy and uncomfortable consequence.

So I closed my eyes and listened to the girl giggle as I struggled to develop a flow.

After many hours of boredom, enough to wish I was back in New York proofreading lengthy legal documents, Miss Ashley returned and I was heartened to see her remove her bathing suit. But then she augmented my frustration by parading about in the bedroom completely nude while I remained firmly secured to the bed. Her body was exquisite as always, almost desirable enough to

take my mind off the Duval millions, and alluring enough such that I slowly stiffened.

“My goodness, Charles. It seems the island affects you as it does me,” Miss Ashley mockingly observed, as my penis came to stand straight upwards. “My reaction stems from memories of the last few times Aunt Meredith invited me here. She deemed me ‘of age’, but I was still young and impressionable. And in finding why a woman of her means and resources would spend so much time in relative seclusion, I guess certain penchants developed.”

She moved to sit on the bed next to me and ever so teasingly brushed the tip of her right index finger against the sensitive underside of my frenulum where the quick hand of a pediatrician long ago removed my foreskin.

“In Aunt Meredith’s days the Caucasian males coming here weren’t so nicely cut, I least not upon arrival,” she giggled. “Did you know Aunt Meredith kept horses? Yes, most were gone by the time of her death. And the executor sold the last two in settling the estate. But Aunt Meredith very much enjoyed riding... and of course the hunting.”

Ashley paused to fully climb onto the bed.

“You’re so nice and smooth Charles, I cannot resist. And Lotta uses such wonderfully scented oils.”

Ashley sat on my chest facing my feet, her pretty posterior inches from my face. I lifted my head and craned my neck, just able to kiss her right cheek. She giggled.

“Wealth can be so corrupting, Charles. To think about all the good Aunt Meredith could have done in the world, yet she chose to spend most of her time here on the island. Sometimes she entertained guests but it was the summer hunts that most enthused, providing her *raison d’etre*, as she phrased it. And since I was in college, summers free, she invited me to observe.

“You’re old enough to understand these things now, Ashley. You may enjoy, you may not. But old enough understand the eccentricities of a woman such as me,” Aunt Meredith reasoned.

“She had all these rules and procedures. ‘The hunt has to be fair... to be a challenge’ she constantly reminded me. ‘And remember the prey is never really hurt. At least not in the initial hunt.’

“So once or twice per week there was this hunt. With the jet constantly bringing in new ‘prey’ as she referred to her objectives. And I must admit there was a certain level of curious entertainment, though most times I would simply observe the beginning of the hunt and then head for the beach. But in the third or fourth week of that first summer, a most embarrassing thing happened. I stepped into the preparation room to find that the latest prey was a schoolmate of mine from college!”

Ashley slid her buttocks up my chest toward my chin, leaned over and began smoothing her hands over my newly shaven pubes. It felt wonderful. I kissed again in gratitude.

“Don’t think you’ve seen the preparation room, Charles. We can tour it later. But here I enter and caged wearing masturbation mittens, as Aunt Meredith called them, is one of the young and virile athletes from my college football team. I did not know him well, he was a junior, me a sophomore, but I knew of his reputation as being well hung and a womanizer... a misogynist really. As surprised as I was, his reaction was one of consternation, for other than the mittens, he was totally naked.

“The guy said nothing, turning away to avoid eye contact. But Aunt Meredith kept the cage in the middle of the room, so there was no place to hide. Lotta entered and noticed the silent inaction.

“‘This one’s strong and should run nicely, Ashley. I think your Aunt will more and more be selecting athletes.’

“Something came over me at that point, Charles. As the discomfort of the naked caged schoolmate surged, I strangely became more comfortable... yes even somewhat excited. He’d never be able to tell anyone about the incident, I thought to myself at the time, and I could glare all I wanted. Lotta had him completely shaved and in donning the masturbation mittens, I knew he was most randy. So I found a stool, sat and silently watched as my peering eyes slowly transformed his sense of embarrassment to a curious arousal. Yes, within minutes the purple penis tip poked through the fleshy folds of his prepuce and began to show itself for me. It became a very subtle form of feminine power, he forced to display himself. But one which I seemed to enjoy. He was well muscled, virile, and under my control. I began to better understand Aunt Meredith’s propensity.”

“What are masturbation mittens?” I felt obligated to ask, gently licking the smooth flesh of her left cheek.

“Thumbless mittens, locked at the wrist to make removal for the wearer impossible, comprised of what can only be described as a very scabrous material, like sandpaper.... a fine chain mail. Touch any sensitive pink area and you’ll hurt yourself. You’d excoriate the skin off your penis before being able to stroke yourself to satisfaction.

“Well I became emboldened. With the cage being quite ineluctable, and small enough so that no matter where the occupant sat, mind you it was not even high enough to permit standing, one could reach through the bars and touch any anatomical part. So knowing this boy’s reputation, I brazenly stuck my hand through the bars and gently pinched what small amount of the straining foreskin that I could gather.

“‘I think my Aunt Meredith is going to have quite the addition to her trophy case,’ I mocked in an evilly sultry voice.

“And then I knew, Charles, that I had not escaped the genetics of the family proclivity. I felt such wetness between my thighs knowing that the next morning this womanizer would be running about the island, naked, desperately trying to save what Aunt Meredith in the end would get... his foreskin.”

Chapter Fifteen - Corky.

“Reggie may be more receptive to his oral efforts,” a mischievous Miss Ashley suggests.

The voice of my Master draws me from my memories.

Yes, I was concerned with being forced to offer such a display. Mr. Reggie’s massive organ stands straight up well past his navel with my wife’s gifted hand stroking away.

“Ever see a snake eat an elephant,” Miss Ashley raucously inquires of the room of dominant women.

Miranda appears with a tray filled with a second serving of dessert wine and Pam pulls me before the gigolo Reggie.

“Take him all the way Corky, show the ladies your talent,” Miss Ashley commands.

I again divert my thoughts as I watch in envy... the manipulating hand of my wife pleasuring another man, slowly bending the mammoth phallus down to my lips. The tip is purple and pre ejaculatory fluid oozes. I humbly lick it away to begin, the audience of dominant women murmuring approval, thrilled to watch a groveling male be so humbled.

“So nicely trained, Stella,” Miss Pam compliments the lead psychologist.

Meanwhile, I mentally return to less demeaning times, Miss Ashley narrating her story....

“So the next morning, Big Sam wheels the cage out of the preparation room, prey enclosed. All the hunts started right on the front porch and the natives would gather to celebrate the beginning. Watching a naked Caucasian run about is one of the islander’s favorite diversions, as you know.

“Aunt Meredith would have one of her stallions saddled and ready. Leather boots, utility belt, tight fitting sleeveless blouse, she made quite the image. Dart gun loaded, cross bow, and of course attached at her left hip was her gomco clamp, and a bottle of Betadine. Fifteen minutes head start was afforded but before

opening the cage door, Lotta's knowing hand would stroke the chaste prey to full stand. Then she would coat her index finger with pepper oil and assure that the prey's rectum was lubed with fiery irritant.

“‘That's for the entertainment of the islanders,’ a laughing Aunt Meredith once explained to me. ‘He'll exit that cage like a rabbit in heat, making for an exciting start.’

“Well I joined in the entertainment and wished I could be there for the ultimate comeuppance, when Aunt Meredith would track him down and the prey would feel a quick jab in his backside. The precisely designed darts would make the prey fall helpless under the temporary effects of curare. And then, muscles frozen, he would not only bare the pain but be forced to watch as a superior woman took her prize, the foreskin. Yes, Aunt Meredith so much enjoyed her trophies, hunting, capturing and then ‘skinning’, as she termed it, the naked male. Aunt Meredith circumcised men, a delightful undertaking which cost her thousands upon thousands. But such never would deplete her fortune. ‘I have millions of dollars and there are millions of foreskins to be had,’ she used to comment. ‘It's a fair exchange.’

“For their tolerance, the prey received a year's tuition, room and board. Thus Aunt Meredith had an endless summer supply of prey... starving college students. And for those who could elude her prowess for twenty four hours, there was a bonus of \$50,000. But I assure you, Charles, all went home without cash and without their foreskins. Aunt Meredith was quite the accomplished hunter. And when it came to removing what she considered to be superfluous male flesh, well, the moment the prey stepped from the plane, she considered such to be hers.”

Miss Ashley laughed. It was a light girlish laugh as if to find humor in the male beast having the temerity to step foot on the island of Meredith Duval and expect to leave intact.

Meanwhile her lovely hips shifted to cover my mouth with her sex. She was steamy and moist, aroused by her own memories.

“Maybe I'll buy some horses, Charles. They don't have to be expensive horses. I'll ride and you, well now that you're not employed you may as well get more exercise. And the islanders

miss the exhibition, though with you being already circumcised we'd have to think of new rules... a new challenge."

I licked as she spoke, reveling in the taste of her feminine essence. She on occasion teased my penis, providing very precise clues as to what my tongue and lips did that she liked and what she didn't like. She was instructing, teaching me how to orally service her. Miss Ashley's preferences were just a little different, as with all women. And I suddenly realized I was being forcibly denied, and even more... there was some perverse enjoyment in being so treated.

Yes, I accepted it. Knowing that there were millions and a life of leisure ahead, I licked and sucked bringing to my bride numerous orgasms while I remained restrained and chaste.

I counted some four major, thigh clenching orgasms amongst dozens of small ones. A satiated Ashley finally rolled to my side. I of course remained stiff and wanting. She ignored my needs and just looked at me and smiled.

"I'm going to have Miranda feed you at dinner. Your wrists will remain cuffed. It will be humiliating to be fed by a girl her age, but that's what the island is all about, teaching humility to the male."

"You referenced the term 'initial hunt', Ashley," I politely prompted, putting aside my reservations concerning Miranda. My curiosity was overwhelming.

"Yes, there were those very proud males who, during the initial hunt, considered Aunt Meredith's skill to be luck. Those she invited back the following summer for a higher stakes game. One million dollars for twenty four hours eluding capture. Same rules except the ante was higher. I recall Aunt Meredith provocatively asking, 'and what will you put up against my one million?'

"Needless to say her gomco circumcision clamp could not be used for those hunts. But her trophy case expanded all the same."

Miss Ashley reached to knead my testicles, leaving no doubt as to the trophies Aunt Meredith wagered for and won. I lurched with the realization and she laughed at my terrified male reaction.

"This is your second visit here, Charles. Surely you understand the practicalities that the enforcement of conventional laws is charged to those who never come here. Otherwise, the Duval

family rules here, and Aunt Meredith did so imperiously. And I guess I've acquired similar penchants."

Yes, she has, I recall thinking at the time, wondering what happened to all the trophies. Such were certainly not on Samuel L. Bracket's inventory of the estate.

"Could you?" I humbly asked, nodding to my neglected erection.

Miss Ashley laughed, casually ignoring my request.

"You know Charles. The most fun for me was watching Aunt Meredith lead that classmate back to the plantation house, naked, wrists bound, a very prominent bandage covering the tip of his newly circumcised penis. Lotta would remove the masturbation mittens and laughingly taunt, 'guess you won't need these for a while.'

"I often wonder what stories those boys told their loved ones, every one returning home after a week or two in the tropics without their precious foreskin. Yes overall, rest assured, Aunt Meredith was quite proficient. No one ever eluded her. I can only imagine the horror as time after time the prey lay there stunned by the muscle relaxing effects of curare, helplessly watching as a woman carved away. She snipped them pretty clean, you know Charles, tightening the clamp to take in every inch she could gather for her collection. Many a chagrined male left here cut high and tight."

Ashley arose to shower for dinner. Her musky scent overpowered. Despite the terror of her story, I felt a great need for attention... attention where a man most enjoys a woman's touch. But it was not to be. On the Duval island, Ashley was in control. And with her reference to replenishing Aunt Meredith's stable and me somehow participating in such intensely female dominant games, I balked.

It was then that I concluded... time to reap the rewards of the prenuptial agreement.

Chapter Sixteen - Corky.

For two weeks more we frolicked in sun and sand. I was to receive gratification when the mood struck Miss Ashley, and that was never often enough, not for me. And the timing of such incredibly pleasurable eruptions of male seed always occurred under embarrassing or humiliating circumstances, for the only way I was permitted to ejaculate was by her hand, her soft yet firm knowing hand, pumping away, offering ecstasy yet extracting control.

Yes, I found myself strapped to the bed for inordinately lengthy periods and when freed was chagrined to have my wrist cuffs clipped together behind my back.

And yes, the young Miranda fed me on many occasions, use of my hands denied to me for that as most other things.

On the third day I protested, appealing to the more practical aspects of island living which the forced denial inhibited. One must be constantly supervised when so restrained and I could not adequately exercise, one of the motivations that Miss Ashley and I shared when I quit my job and she arranged for the jet.

So after vocalizing my concerns one morning, tied to the bed and watching my beautiful naked wife select bathing attire for the day, Miss Ashley surprisingly acknowledged the impracticality.

"I suppose those long hikes you took during our honeymoon had a salubrious effect. Let's see what we can find for you in the preparation room."

With that Miranda entered carrying a tray of gruel.

"Bring him down to the preparation room after feeding, Miranda. Cuffs attached of course."

Miss Ashley left and Miranda sat on the side of the bed and spoon by spoon offered the tasteless mush. I ate with envy knowing Miss Ashley was partaking in a breakfast of freshly baked muffins made with blueberries picked right in the island.

The young island girl reveled in treating me like a child. She acted as if she had finally come of age, Aunt Meredith obviously having fostered a unique culture among her many island charges.

When finished, my wrist straps were unhooked and I was instructed to sit up. Miranda clipped the cuffs together behind my back. Then my ankle cuffs were freed and I was directed to follow.

"The preparation room is this way," my young handler forcefully suggested.

Down the stairs, past the kitchen to a set of double doors, which were always closed, and I thought led to a veranda. When Miranda dramatically pushed open both doors I found instead that the entrance led to a cavernous room, obviously designed as a dance hall in times when wealthy society passed the nights waltzing in gowns and evening dress.

But it had been many years since fashionably shod feet moved to the music of a small orchestra. Aunt Meredith's preparation room was more dungeon than dance hall.

Miranda stepped away and I silently surveyed the room, darkened with heavy drapes.

In the middle of the room was the cage. Large enough for a human, barely, and I envisioned the naked form of a young male entrapped within, unable to comfortably stand and awaiting the appointed hour for Aunt Meredith's salacious hunt.

My eyes moved to my wife. She stood facing a far wall. Her attention attracted mine, for the walls were covered with dozens of implements, some ancient, some modern, but all designed for the torment of human flesh, muscle and bones. Restraints of iron, steel, leather, nylon. Instruments for flagellation running the gamut of the imagination. And Miss Ashley's attention was focused on a cross bow, prominently mounted next to the dart gun and the gomco clamp which Aunt Meredith evidently used to great effect. All those foreskins...

To Miss Ashley's right was a mahogany case, doors closed. I shuddered to think what was within and ironically wondered again whether Samuel L. Brackett, Esq. had inventoried its contents for estate purposes.

"Come here, Charles," Miss Ashley softly commanded. "I found a set."

Masturbation mittens!

Miss Ashley had most adequately described the curious garb. Basically shaped like bags that slipped over the hands and locked around the wrists, it was the unusual material that proved to effect the garment's purpose. The exterior of each mitten was covered with a material of woven metal, thin strands of barbed wire, designed such that hundreds and hundreds of barbs jutted outward. It appeared that the wearer could sand wood.

"Feel," Miss Ashley exuberantly suggested.

I could not move my hands, of course, but Miss Ashley held it against my cheek and I found that the devilishly roughened surface could be used take the paint off an automobile. And to further demonstrate, Miss Ashley reached down, turned my penis upwards and ever so gently brushed the surface where a man so much pines for warm softness. The pain was quick and sharp, as if a dozen needles were pricking my most sensitive anatomy.

"You can imagine the desire to run for freedom after a few days of wearing these and being locked in that," Miss Ashley smilingly nodded toward the cage.

She unclipped my wrists and I presented right hand then left to be locked into the mittens.

"This is wonderfully nostalgic for me, Charles. You're a dear to oblige. Male denial is a strong tradition here. But in wearing the mittens I can free you to roam. All 5,000 acres."

I smiled but donning those mittens served as the final determinant. Upon returning to New York, I would engage the legal gears to begin divorce. Ashley would be hurt, but I would be free, and wealthy, and should I choose to return to the island, as stipulated in the prenuptial, there would be certain Duval family traditions that would be terminated.

Well the ensuing days of our vacation were much the same. With masturbation mittens in place, I walked the island most mornings, joining Ashley on the beach in the afternoons.

Though Miss Ashley's oral needs were endless, I spent long hours on the beach with head between her spread thighs, climactic relief was only occasionally offered to me and only by hand.

Miranda and Lotta were close observers more than once, with Miranda receiving explicit instruction on male sensuality. The

humiliation of being brought to climax on the cue of a smiling girl cannot be described.

But I was fortunate. The chaste copilot was kept just that way...completely chaste. Never once did I see him freed of the curious device locked about his genitals. Yet the blonde pilot used the effeminate lad most cruelly. On one leisurely beach afternoon Miss Ashley and I were given a lustful demonstration of his subservience as the well built blonde pleased herself utilizing a double dildo, splitting the yielding anal passage of her cohort with deep powerful thrusts.

"It's actually to his benefit, Charles. One cannot neglect the prostate for extended periods. You'll see semen oozing through the cock cage. Since it is not to come off, it's the only stimulation his gland receives."

Chapter Seventeen - Corky.

“You really are a good cocksucker, Corky. Look at Reggie’s entire erection disappear. Where do you put it all?”

Miss Ashley’s mocks me of course, her sonorous words chosen to amuse her guests. She knows that many weeks of training and indoctrination were needed to overcome the natural revulsion of orally pleasing a man. The cost was enormous but I suppose she is pleased with the results. I know Reggie is. I can feel him spasm with pleasure as the huge swollen penis tip squirms past the narrow choke point of my throat where I have been trained to control my gag reflex.

As I extend my tongue to swish it across Reggie’s scrotal sac, heightening the exquisite sensation of warm and soft wetness, I ironically recall the first time Miss Ashley called me a cocksucker.

The two week vacation on the island ended. We returned to New York relaxed and refreshed though I was somewhat frustrated by the denial and limited climactic relief. As I promised myself, I began the divorce proceedings.

“You’re a cocksucker,” Ashley sibilated upon receiving the papers.

I remained calm, in no way wanting to personalize the complaint. To me it was business, just another spinoff. Ashley would be left with her billions and I would receive a tidy couple of million per year, plus other assorted perks I had thrown in the prenup after the many daydreams.

Well needless to say, the vanilla sex I had come to enjoy, if constantly being under Ashley is considered vanilla, ceased. After being served the papers, Ashley disappeared for days on end, I presumed returning to her small apartment from which she never fully moved. And I returned to the life of a bachelor. Just the spillover of the Duval fortune into an old checking account was enough to keep me going until things could be amicably settled. My lifestyle had really not changed much. I just had a couple of more zeroes on the monthly ending balance that I had never before had.

I did not expect much trouble in effectuating the divorce... from a legal standpoint. But did expect an emotional response, which other than Ashley's hissed initial reaction did not seem to be forthcoming. Nothing happened for days. No arguments. No nasty words. When Ashley and I crossed paths she was stoic and civil.

I assumed the delay in answering the papers was due to the process of arranging for attorneys. Obviously the size and complexity of the assets, trusts and streams of income were considerable in Ashley's case. The fact that Samuel L. Brackett was still wrapping up Meredith Duval's estate spoke to the complications on that side of the family fortune. And though I had no specific knowledge of the size and structure of Ashley's resources before the demise of her Aunt, I imagined such to be equally intricate. That alone was said to be in the hundreds of millions.

But I reassured myself about potential problems by mentally turning the pages of the iron clad prenuptial agreement I had written. I convinced myself that even the most aggressive and money hungry lawyer would advise Ashley to settle for 'no contest' and arrange for the monthly wire transfers mandated by the prenuptial agreement.

Then one evening I returned home after joining some law school friends for after work cocktails. Ashley was there, cleaning more of her things out of an overstuffed closet. Again she was civil, saying hello and not much else. Then came the buzzer for the front door of the building.

"Let them in please, Charles. I need to have some things moved."

So without further inquiry I pressed the button for the electronic lock. Within minutes there came a knock on the apartment door. Ashley seemed to be ensconced deep in the closet so I opened the door expecting workmen. Instead there stood a burly man in a white uniform and a woman.

"Charles J. Barrington?" the woman inquired in an authoritative voice.

I nodded. She held up papers.

"This is a court order to present yourself to the Amsterdam Clinic for a psychiatric examination in preparation for a non compos mentis hearing."

I uttered an expletive and informed the woman that such an order had to be authorized by the closest known living relative. I had none. And therefore there needed to be an appearance by me before the judge.

And that's when Ashley stepped from the bedroom.

"You have a living relative, Charles. The closest defined in law... your wife."

I grabbed the papers. As I read, the burly man in the uniform took hold of my arm. I was shocked to see Ashley's signature on the motion. With attention diverted I was shocked to feel a jab in my arm.

"You're going to be a good boy for us, Mr. Barrington. No more nasty words. We have a nice warm and comfortable place for you and in time you'll have your appearance before the judge."

I began to feel groggy, obviously having been injected with a sedative. Within a very few moments my speech became slurred and within minutes talking became too much of an effort.

Whatever substance was used to subdue me was cleverly intended to physically incapacitate but not cause me to lose consciousness. A conniving Miss Ashley wanted me to be cognizant of what was happening to me but not be able to resist. She was sending a message, I realized. Just as in the bedroom, she was once again on top. I was to be controlled and in knowing that I was to be controlled my feeling of frustration instantly flourished. It was as if Miss Ashley was once again slowly masturbating me on the beach. 'Say when, Miranda,' her taunting words began to echo as I pictured myself writhing in the prolonged ecstasy of her thrilling grip, my eyes beseeching the island girl to give Miss Ashley the nod.

"I'm Dr. Stella Corrothers, Mr. Barrington, and I'll be supervising your care. Your wife has been very concerned about your mental state since you lost your job."

Lost my job? I resigned... yet I could not utter a word of explanation or protest.

My introduction to the demented doctor continued while I was gingerly walked to the building elevator. My legs felt like rubber and the white uniformed orderly held me up. I could hear Ashley laughing but could not turn my head to look at her.

"As I said, Charles, I am having some things moved... you."

She laughed at her own entendre.

I was positioned in the elevator. When the burly orderly spun me to face the doors, there stood a smirking Miss Ashley.

“Bye, bye, Charles,” she mockingly waved as the doors slid closed.

I was not to see her again for months.

Chapter Eighteen - Corky.

Mr. Reggie ejaculates copiously, bringing forth a wrenching sound despite my months and months of training. He's a virile one, the hot gush of sperm erupting deep in my throat, even after an afternoon of lustful sex with my wife, Miss Ashley. Still I take all he offers, having almost daily fellated Big Sam, my source of 'appetizer' when Miss Ashley is not visiting the island with guests who require servicing.

His look of divine satiation and my dutiful efforts to swallow all he has to offer bring laughter from the observing group of dominant women.

"Nicely done, Corky. Such a good doggie."

I do not have to look to know the voice is that of Dr. Stella, reinforcing the behavior desired of me. I concentrate to hold the deflating penis in my mouth, sucking the final juices as every man prefers, minimizing messiness by assuring every drop of semen is ingested.

"Yes, ladies, as I said, Corky is a very good cocksucker," a gushing Miss Ashley exclaims.

Small talk ensues. Miss Ashley takes my leash. It is generally agreed that it is time for bed. All have had a long day of travel.

When Miss Ashley is on the island I sleep leashed to her bed instead of tied up in the kitchen. Thus I obediently follow as Miss Ashley and Mr. Reggie climb the stairs. In the bedroom a concupiscent Miss Ashley strips, and I can smell the fragrance of her arousal. Watching me drain Mr. Reggie of his essence has excited.

"I need lots of tongue," she lustfully announces, snapping her fingers and pointing to the floor.

It is obvious that she and the gigolo Reggie have been seeing each other for awhile. For with the snap he falls to his knees and presents his face to Miss Ashley's mons. I feel tension on the leash and know my Master wants me behind her. In calling for

abundant tongue Miss Ashley wants male tongue servicing between her thighs, both front and back.

I lick between her cheeks, my powerful tongue working into her gluteal cleft. I hear a squeal when Mr. Reggie's splits her labia. My prandial display of fellatio has made her quite moist. Power so arouses her. Within minutes my Master shudders with an initial orgasm. It will be the first of many and as I assiduously lick my mind returns to the most fateful evening of my life... an ambulance ride and then admission to the bowels of the Amsterdam Clinic.

Thinking back, what makes the most lasting impression is the atmosphere set by the attending nurses. It punctuates all memories of my many months there. 'Pleasant cruelty' is the only way to describe the treatment and the attitudes. Voices were never raised. There was no physical violence. No infliction of pain. Yet the nurses extracted from me all they wished, mentally breaking me. In the end they owned me and they took such wicked delight in the process.

In the ambulance I was laid on a stretcher and restrained with broad straps across my chest, hips and thighs. Wrist and ankle cuffs, quite similar to those I had worn during the vacation, completed the task of assuring that stretcher and I were one.

"We're taking you on a journey, Mr. Barrington. Miss Duval says you like to travel. Well this trip won't be far but you'll be away for quite a while and you'll meet many new people. Treating depression can take time. But fortunately you have a wife who cares and has the resources to assure you're properly handled... I mean to say that your needs are addressed."

A subterfuge of course. At the time, I did not understand why she maintained the pretense. Since then I have surmised that the burly orderly was not in on what was really a disguised abduction.

The Amsterdam Clinic is on the lower east side of Manhattan, the main building of red brick dating to the late nineteenth century. There have been renovations to the facility with sizable wings added over the years. But the main entrance still greets patients and visitors with an aura from Dickensian England. The main reception area is old and foreboding and not well lit,

ironically serving to cultivate a sense of gloom rather than begin any recuperative process in contending with depression.

Whatever was injected into my arm continued working as I was wheeled through the lobby. The straps were superfluous. I had neither the desire to move nor could I seem to muster the energy. But I was oddly mentally alert and recall being wheeled past a huge bronze plaque thanking Ms. Meredith Duval for her munificence in supporting the Amsterdam Institute for Behavioral Modification. Dr. Corrothers just waved to the nurse at the reception desk calling out the name 'Barrington' as the stretcher trundled straight into an elevator.

That would be the last time I saw the outside world for many months.

Did the elevator go up or down? I do not know. It moved slowly with the doors opening after several moments to a windowless floor with annoyingly bright fluorescent lights. A nurse waited there... blonde, young, ebullient, pretty.

"He was given 25 milliliters of Thorazine thirty minutes ago Peggy. He'll be a good boy for you."

Obviously I was expected as the nurse smiled and used my name, addressing me as if talking to a child.

"Welcome to the clinic, Mr. Barrington. My name is Nurse Peggy and we have a nice place for you. This will be your new home for a while until you feel all better."

She gushed with annoyingly pleasant enthusiasm, as if welcoming a small boy to summer camp.

"Come."

Dr. Corrothers disappeared as Nurse Peggy led down a hallway. The stretcher followed with the orderly pushing from behind. Even under the effects of the narcotic I remember admiring a form that a frumpy starched white uniform could not camouflage. Nurse Peggy's rounded buttocks projected the figure of a beautiful young woman. Soft rubber soled white shoes did not detract from shapely legs. And I imagined the pile of blonde locks that would tumble to her shoulder blades if the obligatory white cap was removed.

It seemed that even the Thorazine did not counter my hormone induced desire. Since serving Miss Ashley with the divorce

papers we had not had intercourse, dating would have endangered favorable settlement terms, masturbation was, well, avoided as rather boring after eighteen months of marriage. I was horny.

So there I was strapped down, physically incapacitated by some drug, and placed under the sole care of an alluring young nurse. Yes, Nurse Peggy and I were left alone. The orderly just wanted his stretcher. After being wheeled into a room and transferred to a table, he wasted no time in departing.

"Well, let's get you out of those things. You'll be more comfortable," Nurse Peggy began after the orderly closed the door behind him.

I could not move and Nurse Peggy knew that. So shoes came off, belt removed, pants slid down in a forceful effort. Nurse Peggy demonstrated that I was not the first male patient she had stripped, for after the challenge of the slacks, a special cutting instrument was used on my shirt and underwear, shredding all and permitting removal without my rising from the table. It did not take more than minutes to begin what would be become a long process of degradation, for my tattered clothes were gathered and stuffed into a plastic garbage bag and I soon laid totally naked in the bright fluorescent lights of the windowless room.

"Oh," Nurse Peggy effeminately exclaimed in noticing that my socks remained.

Such were plucked away without effort and joined my other garments. Then the nurse occupied herself at a cabinet and I rolled my eyes in attempting to survey the room.

It was large, much bigger than the standard room for hospital patients, with white walls and tiled floor. Against one wall, glass-doored metal cabinets were filled with instruments and other hospital paraphernalia. Canisters stood in one corner containing what I assumed was oxygen. There was a stainless steel sink and an array of plumbing fixtures.

In the extreme periphery I could see a sizable box lying on the floor. Had I not been drugged, the sight would have brought shivers. Though white and appearing to be comprised of plastic, it was the size of a coffin.

“Now just relax, Mr. Barrington. I’m going to prepare you for a nice long rest and then Nurse Valerie will be in to assist me.”

Though young, Nurse Peggy worked with alacrity and professional determination. First she catheterized me, plunging a long latex tube into my urethra. The end was tidily clamped to prevent any flow. Next she pinched my nose and when I opened my mouth to breathe a gastric tube slithered into my mouth. She cooed irritating words of encouragement as she worked it in, commanding me to take a breath, then swallow then take a breath until the uncomfortable hose found its way to my stomach.

“We do a lot of men here, Mr. Barrington. Naked as the day they were born. Don’t be embarrassed.”

With that she pushed my left leg off the edge of the table. She then stood to my right and lifted my right leg, placing my heel on her shoulder. This awkward position, one that the narcotic inhibited me from resisting, gave the pretty nurse access to my rectum.

“Just one more tube, Mr. Barrington, then a nice long rest.”

One hand held my balls out of the way while my rectum was lubricated. The last tube pressed against my rear portal and knowing fingers worked it past my tight purse string muscle. A hiss and resulting pressure suggested it was inflatable.

Nurse Peggy pleasantly spoke as she pressed a button on a nearby wall.

“There now, all tubed up. We control your breathing, urinary function, excretions, all sustenance. Not a care in the world for you, Mr. Barrington. You can lie in rest and think. And when Dr. Corrothers wants to talk to you, I’m sure you’ll be eagerly waiting, thinking of what to say.”

The room door opened and a middle aged nurse entered. She appeared dour but smiled upon seeing me helplessly lying naked and intubated.

“He’s ready,” Nurse Peggy proclaimed with a prideful gush.

The women released a breaking mechanism, the table rolled and was moved adjacent to the plastic white box.

“Your new home,” Nurse Peggy smilingly announced.

The table was lowered. In a well practiced maneuver my lifeless form was slid into the coffin-like box. The tubes were

attached to connections within the confines. Electrodes were adhered to my chest. My last vision was of Nurse Peggy's pretty smiling face as she heartlessly lowered the lid. The hinged cover formed a perfect seal against all light. I was entombed.

Chapter Nineteen - Corky.

The river that flows from Miss Ashley's love nest cannot be entirely consumed by Mr. Reggie's relatively untrained tongue. Thus I thrust my elongated tongue past Miss Ashley's perineum to lap the excess, heedfully gathering every drop. Miss Ashley dislikes sloppy cunnilingus. All offerings of her essence are to be respectfully accepted.

There comes a joyful shriek that I know signals the consummation of Miss Ashley's satiation. She snaps her fingers again and Mr. Reggie rises from his knees. My leash is tied to the bedpost. Mr. Reggie crawls onto the mattress to lie supine. A switch is flicked to dim the room and I know in the darkness that my wife and her well endowed lover will entwine, to sleep yet possibly to awake well before dawn so that Miss Ashley can mount a restored Reggie and take her morning 'ride'.

I roll off my elbows and knees to lie on my side, listening to the lovers whisper, Miss Ashley lying on top as always, her words planting seeds of lust in the mind of her well hung gigolo.

Over the ensuing days, Mr. Reggie will find himself drained of every drop of male essence that the concupiscent Miss Ashley can extract.

In the darkness my thoughts return to the longest night of my life, really several days, a time that would seemingly not end.

I soon found that the tight lid of my box not only immersed me in total darkness, all sound was expunged as well, leaving me to listen to my breathing. Still I could feel and liquids seemed to be constantly siphoning through the gastric and rectal tubes to provide water and sustenance. Otherwise there was nothing.

I assumed that I was being monitored, my last vision while sliding off the table being an electronic board on the nearby wall. I later presumed this to display my vital signs to an observing nurse.

And though encased for many, many days I still had no desire to move. It became reasonable to assume that whatever

narcotic had been induced continued to flow into me either orally or rectally.

I became lost in my thoughts. Miss Ashley's face constantly appeared in my imagination. Various memories of the trips to the Duval tropical island flashed... orally servicing Miss Ashley on the sand of the sun filled beach, observing Miss Ashley so reverently tour her Aunt's musty preparation room, Miss Ashley's soft yet firm hand masturbating me to entertain the island women, exploring the island, naked but for wire mesh mittens, that odd graveyard with the simple tombstones for Chippie, Bernie, and Ralphie.

In being entombed, my mind harped on that small cemetery. What was it Miss Ashley said when I asked about its genesis?

"Companions of my Aunt, Charles. The boys who after losing the wager of the first hunt later accepted the challenge of a second. It was long ago and they each wagered a lifetime of servitude, and more, against just one of Aunt Meredith's many millions. They lost."

She was casual in her reply, in no way hinting at foul play. So the matter was dropped. But since I ironically found myself entombed at the clinic, not as permanently as Chippie, Bernie, and Ralphie and though alive, entombed all the same, the memory occupied my thoughts. And being at the Amsterdam Institute for Behavioral Modification, heavily endowed by the same Meredith Duval, furthered the sense of irony. It was as if her hand reached from her grave, seeming to protect the heir to her fortune.

I wondered if Aunt Meredith's curare tipped darts, those used to subdue her prey, had the same effect as the Thorazine so diabolically used to subdue me.

I comforted myself in reciting to myself my legal rights. This subterfuge could not last forever. A hearing would come, before a judge. I would be freed and be very insistent that the terms of the prenuptial agreement be met.

But when? I should be angry. Outraged! But I was not. There was instead a strange sanguineness.

Drug induced? Or perhaps contrition for conspiring for Miss Ashley's millions.

Whatever the case, one cannot live in a box forever... at least I didn't think so.

Then finally there came noise other than my breathing. The lid was being lifted! And I found myself clenching my eyes. Tender hands pressed a warm moist cloth over my face as a blindfold. A soothing voice offered greetings.

“Been a good boy, Charles?” the voice humorously inquired.

No more ‘Mr. Barrington’, the young female voice spoke very patronizingly.

Obviously with gastric tube in place I could not reply.

“Move your right arm for me. Try hard for Nurse Peggy.”

I was surprised to find that if I concentrated I could indeed move, reacting as a child would to a kind but insistent mother. But I needed the prodding, my own thoughts floating in clouds, the circuitry of my brain not seeming to be connected to my body. The soft but firm voice seemed to cut through the fog to momentarily connect the circuits.

“Oh yes, very good, Charles. You’ll find that over time the Thorazine has that effect. It makes the mind very receptive to a controlling voice. Now the left arm, try real hard. Concentrate on my words, what you’d like to do for me.”

It moved and I found myself oddly proud to be pleasing the nurse. I felt a finger tip brush the underside of my penis in a simple but welcomed form of reward.

“In a few more days we’ll have you out of there.”

The blindfold was slipped away and the resulting flash of light was quickly extinguished when the lid was shut. The tedium resumed. My mind reentered its odd space where memories of past events seemed to replay like old movies. Gone were further thoughts of attempting to move a limb.

During the ensuing days there came a new element of boredom. In being nourished through tubes, my sense of taste was rendered useless. Though never an epicure, I experienced this natural human desire to tantalize the taste buds and in being kept in a box I tasted nothing. So fused with the many dreams of Ashley, our marriage, the island, enduring all the kinkiness, came thoughts of food. Such was not driven by hunger. Whatever was pumped into my stomach and colon seemed to quiet the physical need for sustenance. There came instead a psychological need, especially

after the many dreams of eating fine foods. The need to taste cascaded, each hour, each day? Eating moved higher on the mental list of things to do when finally released. The smell and taste of freshly baked pie become a recurring hallucination.

Then something finally changed! The steady hiss of oxygen flowing into the box stopped. I had not really noticed it made noise until it ended. Then I felt the box move. It slightly shook and vibrated. It was being rolled. Within minutes the lid was raised and the same warm wet cloth quickly covered my eyes. There came the comforting but commanding voice of Nurse Peggy.

“Dr. Corrothers would like to speak with you, Charles. If you agree, nod for me please.”

Again her voice cut through the drug induced fog, causing my cortex to stimulate long unused nerves and dendrites. Such spurred my neck muscles and I nodded with all the enthusiasm I could muster. I would do anything to change the days and days of isolation and silent darkness.

Chapter Twenty - Corky.

In being leashed with arms and legs enfolded in ineluctable latex, one really doesn't fully sleep. Depending on how cruelly the leash is tied, lack of slackness can awaken whenever I roll or shift, the chain leash tightening and pressuring my spiked neck collar.

Thus I lie half awake in the darkness and well into the night hear my wife murmur. She knows that Mr. Reggie's sexual prowess is most likely restored after hours before exploding deeply into my gullet for the entertainment of her guests. I cannot help but roll back onto knees and elbows and peer over the edge of the mattress. There in the dim light I see an insatiable Miss Ashley caressing the massive manhood, coaxing it to erection. I am envious. She senses that I am watching, turns her head to me and smiles devilishly, reading my thoughts. At one time that knowing hand worked my member. And now I watch on all fours as it assiduously works the somnolent Mr. Reggie. The handsome, most physically attractive Mr. Reggie. He who I fellated at the behest of my wife and Master.

As I am sure wife Ashley has instructed him, he is to repose supine while she is on top. So a half awake Mr. Reggie knows to lie and accept the graceful touch, repressing the urge to reciprocate and subordinating all urges to his superior.

I can see the outline of his long and thick ten inches as Miss Ashley's hand pumps once more to assure its firmness. Then she rises to kneel astride his hips, holding the engorged shaft and introducing the bulbous tip to the meaty flesh of her outer labia. So many times it was I lying under her. So many times it was my manhood, now rendered useless by her decree, that pleased the warm wetness of her vaginal pouch.

Miss Ashley plunges downward to impale herself with a quick and aggressive motion, her sheath obviously quite well lubricated by the images of some licentious dream. There comes her sigh as Mr. Reggie's erect penis opens her. She will proceed to ride and I must watch and listen, my abundant hormones causing my own phallus to thicken with desire.

A life of chastity, enforced by Dr. Helga Reinhold's scalpel, has assured that all I can do is frustratingly observe. And to add to Miss Ashley's amusement there was the weeks and weeks of counseling at the Amsterdam Institute for Behavioral Modification.

The memories return.

After nodding, agreeing to talk to Dr. Corrothers, many hands worked to disconnect the various tubes leading from penis, rectum and throat to connections in the interior of the box.

My eyes slowly adjusted and Nurse Peggy slipped away the blinding cloth. The dour Nurse Valerie worked with her and those firm seemingly caring hands slowly pulled away the gastric tube.

"We're going to leave in place the catheter and rectal tube, Charles. But the gastric tube inhibits speech and we think you'd like to talk to us. You would, wouldn't you?"

Again the condescending tone, yet after the days and days of isolation and the narcotics, it was no longer irritating. My mind seemed receptive to being spoken to as if a child. The simple, firm words, softly spoken, seemed easier to process. They came through the mental fog and I listened, temporarily putting aside the cascading dreams and hallucinations.

So I managed to nod.

"Good boy. Nurse Valerie will help. You're going to be weak so when we release you from the box just stay on the floor. It's rubber padded and you can crawl for us."

Four hands expertly assisted as I struggled to roll over the edge of the box onto the floor. Nurse Valerie held the catheter to ensure it did not become entangled and I found Nurse Peggy was correct. I was not only extremely weak but disoriented. I was strangely grateful for the guidance as the firm soft voice instructed.

"Come over here. We have a nice shower. Charles needs to be cleansed. Yes he does."

Yes I did. Despite the preciously controlled temperature inside the box, I was coated with days of perspiration. So I gingerly moved on hands and knees detecting soft laughter from the normally dour Nurse Valerie. I looked up to see her holding the end of the catheter tube. It had become a leash and it was evident that she

enjoyed holding it. When I momentarily paused, she gently tugged, bringing an instant of most unusual pain to my penis tip.

“Just a little further,” she admonished.

I was led to a tiled section of flooring with plumbing fixtures on the adjacent wall. Remaining on all fours the nurses doused me with soothingly warm and cleansing water and four hands began to soap and wash every inch of my nakedness. The sensual input after many days of deprivation overwhelmed. Had I a tail, it would have wagged like a happy puppy, I ironically thought at the time.

I was being groomed like a dog, an image that I could not extinguish, and when particular attention was paid to my long neglected penis and testicles, I felt myself begin to stiffen despite being catheterized.

This brought another chuckle from Nurse Valerie.

“He’s a randy one, this Charles. Good thing we have him tubed.”

Nurse Peggy joined in the laughter, her hand reached under my stomach to confirm Nurse Valerie’s finding.

“Yes, the Thorazine dosage has been greatly lowered. His physical incapacity will slowly diminish but there’s just enough to continue mental receptivity.”

While the nurses spoke as if I was not present, my mobility increased and I turned my head about to inspect the room. It was large, windowless, quite sparse with one wall entirely covered in mirrors. There was only one door and it appeared formidably locked.

Large fluffy towels dried me. Nurse Valerie moved towards the door to exit. As she approached there came a buzzing sound and a click. The door yielded to her hand. Someone controlling the lock obviously was watching. The mirrored wall was one way glass.

“Feeling rather peaked, Charles?” a voice seemed to reverberate throughout the huge room. Loudspeakers in each corner carried a stentorian female voice. I recognized it as the psychologist who greeted me at my apartment door. I answered affirmatively in a raspy voice.

“This is Dr. Stella Corrothers. Welcome again to the Amsterdam Clinic. You’re confined in the special ward endowed by a person of whom I am sure you’re aware, Meredith Duval. We treat

sexual deviance here, Charles, a specialty of mine. Miss Ashley Duval has become very concerned over your behavior and had you institutionalized against your will. As an attorney I'm sure you're aware that that's not easily done in recent times, but there are considerable resources at Miss Duval's disposal."

There comes a sardonic laugh and the microphone temporarily clicks off. Then the voice returns.

"Miss Duval indicates you've been rather deviant and disobedient, Charles. Running about without any clothing, performing sordid acts before the help. And being rather self destructive. In being offered a life of leisure, you've instead spitefully filed papers for divorce. Tsk. Tsk.

"Well here you're going to learn obedience. First to the sound of my voice, then to Nurse Peggy and finally to the fairer sex in general.

"Remember, the name of the Institute, Charles. Behavioral Modification."

The microphone clicks off as another sardonic laugh commences.

Then there is another click, apparently inadvertently returning sound to the loudspeakers. It was then that I was provided a clue as to my fate, overhearing comments evidently intended for someone behind the one way glass. Perhaps Miss Ashley?

"Nothing like a steady stream of homoerotic encounters for the virile homophobic male. The shock, the horror, the revulsion. So nicely cathartic. He'll be barking for you sooner than you think."

Chapter Twenty One - Miss Ashley Duval

Riding Reggie is delightful at any time. But in the predawn hours, having somewhat rested and knowing that after climaxing to complete gratification I can roll to the mattress and sleep some more, there is added a most relaxing element to steamy copulation.

And with Corky watching in envy, to the physical stimulation of having ten hot and stiff inches friction my love nest there is added a satiating feeling of revenge.

Yes, I know my thoroughly chaste husband is watching, his penis probably stiff in coveting my naked derriere as I pump up and down. And as much of Reggie as he has already tasted, he'll later be cleansing me of even more semen while I linger over morning coffee.

The thought brings memories of the Amsterdam Clinic where Charles became Corky and the process of operant conditioning began.

I sat with Dr. Stella Corrothers in the observation room where Charles was finally released after many days of sensory deprivation and rectally induced Thorazine. Physically weak, the drug opened his mind, effectively extending a welcome mat to the commands and desires of his handlers. Dr. Stella informed me that though young, Nurse Peggy was one of the best behavior modification nurses on the staff.

"Young, pretty, authoritative, Charles will be immersed, his mind overwhelmed by the conditioning. He'll soon be sitting up and begging for a simple treat."

Oh, the image made me wet.

So I sat behind the one way glass as Nurse Valerie and Nurse Peggy released and cleansed my ungrateful husband and the process began. I had been warned of the time and the cost and shrugged off such as minimal compared to what Charles' scheming would have ultimately cost. And there was the satisfaction of

revenge. Upon being served the divorce papers I realized that my fears were unfortunately correct, I had been set up.

Charles' enthusiasm and insistence on a prenuptial agreement hinted at what was to come. After all, it was *I* who should have been crafting such a document to seek to protect my assets, not *he*.

So this condescending Nurse Peggy, stepping into the role so wonderfully, finishes drying my slippery clean Charles. He remains on all fours, the neuroleptic narcotic affecting his motor skills. Dr. Corrothers suggested that he was not physically incapacitated, it was that his mind was dulled and the nerve signals to move, or do anything for that matter, needed prompting... needed the firm suggestion of a controlling person. In our case it was Dr. Corrothers and Nurse Peggy.

"Charles, I want you to respond to the nice Nurse Peggy. She's been kind enough to release you from your box. And such a warm and soothing bath you've had after lying in darkness. Can you crawl to her for me? No need to stand, I know it's too much effort. And the floor is well padded so your knees won't hurt."

Nurse Peggy positioned herself against the wall opposite the wash area where Charles lingered in his mental fog. She augmented Dr. Stella's strongly worded request by gracefully clapping her hands.

"Here, Charles. Over here. I have something for you."

Oh, I think my moisture began to run down my thighs in watching my theretofore contumacious husband respond so obediently. Charles crawled to the waiting Nurse Peggy. As he neared she moved, stepping to one corner so that Charles had to knowingly and willingly shift directions. Dr. Stella smiled in seeing his reaction. She flipped off the microphone and turned to me.

"Yes, receptive, quite malleable but with some degree of cognition. We have the dosage just about right."

The microphone clicked back on.

"It's been a while since you had solid food, Charles. Crawl a bit for Nurse Peggy and she'll have a reward for you. A cookie. You'd like a cookie wouldn't you, Charles?"

Nurse Peggy teasingly stepped back as a crawling Charles neared. She stooped to show him the cookie, turned and then walked to Charles' left to another corner. Charles continued after her. Dr. Stella again turned to me.

"This becomes rather laborious after a while, Ashley. Nurse Peggy will work him for an hour or so and he'll get his cookie. Then it will be back into the box. We'll withhold food, the gastric tube being rather ungainly to repetitively insert and remove. But that will furnish a suitable system of rewards for desired behavior, he will be most eager to eat and he will not do so until he responds to our commands."

"And his oral training?" I inquired, my thighs inadvertently clenching with the thought.

"Probably will begin in the second session after this. One step at a time, Miss Duval. It will take many sessions and he must be eager to perform for us at each encounter. But in the end he will be conditioned to engage in what he formerly thought of as the most vile of acts. And he'll do so at your command. We've never failed."

I looked through the glass to see the young shapely Nurse holding the cookie in her left hand high over her head. My naked Charles righted himself at the waist, remaining on his knees, in a futile effort to reach for the cookie. Meanwhile the right hand of Nurse Peggy reached to his catheterized penis. Soft feminine fingers gently grasped the shaft and dexterously stroked. Nurse Peggy smiled in feeling the useless organ twitch and harden in response to her touch.

"Let's make it nice and hard for me. Then you can have some cookie. Just a piece for now, cause I'll want you crawling a little more."

I remember wondering if Dr. Stella Corrothers, specialist in sexually deviant behavior, would think it untoward if my hand slipped under my skirt for a quick circumgyration of my mons.

I'd be writing out substantial checks to the Amsterdam Clinic, I realized, but the amusement and satisfaction was worth every penny.

I continue riding Reggie, quickening the pace to enhance the desirous friction. Just as I trained Charles, now Corky, during our

engagement, I reach to Reggie's nipples, pinch and twist with gusto. The pained reaction brings the bucking motion that culminates our copulation.

"Come," I throatily command, twisting more.

In feeling jets of hot sperm erupt, seemingly into my womb, I join my spouting boy toy in one last climax. After many moments my thighs relax and I roll off Reggie's lingering form, reaching to untie the leash.

I know that in replicating the way Charles the husband and I formerly fornicated, I have increased the frustration of Corky the pet, watching in total chastity as I pleasure myself on the handsome and sculpted form of my well hung Reggie. It's so delicious!

"Up on the bed, Corky. Mr. Reggie needs the attention of your tongue."

Chapter Twenty Two - Corky.

With the tropical sun bringing a glow to the shutters of the bedroom windows, I judge the time to be well past dawn. Miss Ashley has arisen and strolls about the room, her naked form radiating in the morning light. My eyes follow, coveting her form. She is beautiful.

A firm hand on my leash directs me to the special chair and clips my neck collar to the seat. In sitting, her thighs press the sides of my head right and left. As she slides her naked posterior toward my face, the fragrance of her semen filled sex fills my nostrils.

“Be a good boy, Corky. Reggie filled me to the brim with that last lay.”

My tongue extends, my lips open and then purse to gather in her labia. My clean up duties continue. As trained, I put aside thoughts of the ignominy of removing another man’s deep spendings from the heated pubes of my wife.

My mind returns instead to the Amsterdam Clinic where under the verbal encouragement of Dr. Stella and the tutelage of Nurse Peggy I received my early oral training. Different than that utilized in normal heterosexual relations, I was trained to be orally obeisant without regard to gender, without regard to my own pleasure, with total regard and respect for he/she being serviced.

I never worked so hard for a simple cookie as when Nurse Peggy had me crawl about the room in a drug induced fog, providing a nibble here and a nibble there in rewarding proper behavior. Despite being catheterized she was also quite adept at having me maintain an erection.

The session ended with a pat to my head and a more firm stroke to my penis. It felt good.

“Very good, Charles. You’re responding well. A few more consultations and we’ll soon have you before a judge,” Dr. Stella’s voice boomed over the loudspeakers.

With that the door opened and Nurse Valerie returned. It was back into my box sans gastric tube, where catheter and rectal tube

were attached to connections and the lid shut tight. The ensuing vibrations suggested I was being wheeled back to the room where I was first encased.

Once again I endured isolation and sensory deprivation. But this time there were no nourishing liquids siphoned into my stomach. Was I to be starved?

I was sure that the rectally introduced Thorazine continued at some level of dosage, for there remained no desire to move and my mind wandered aimlessly, on occasion dreaming of the young and pretty Nurse Peggy and how strangely eager I was to please her.

I believe I hallucinated about food for I seemed to be able to smell cooking. The rich aroma of baking pervaded my box at times and I fantasized about crawling after Nurse Peggy who teasingly offered a plate of freshly baked bread as I endeavored to obey her commands.

Finally the vibrations returned... one day... two days... the timing was not mine to determine. But the lid finally opened and the warm wet cloth covered my eyes as the tubes were disconnected to free me. I had been returned to the room with the mirror lined wall.

Once again it was Nurse Valerie and Nurse Peggy, with the authoritarian voice of Dr. Stella coming over the loudspeakers.

"I have something I want you to wear, Charles. You won't mind, will you? We like obedient men here," Dr. Stella announced.

Still in a fog I voiced my consent as I knelt on all fours and two pairs of feminine hands soothingly washed every inch of my naked flesh.

After being dried, it was then that I was introduced to the restraining arm and leg bindings, which continue to force me to emulate a canine. Both nurses laughed as my right arm, bent at the elbow, was enshrouded in a covering of latex and tightened to make it impossible to straighten my arm. My left arm followed and I found my hands to be useless in such constraints.

My legs were next, bent at the knees, my ankles held adjacent to my buttocks, the larger latex coverings obviated use of my feet. In tightly lacing all the bindings, moving about on all fours was no longer an option suggested by the effects of a narcotic. It was mandatory.

A laughing Nurse Valerie departed, seemingly disappointed in missing my humiliation.

"How do you feel, Charles, all trussed up by women?" the voice commandingly inquired.

I indicated my reservation as Nurse Peggy encircled my neck with a leather collar. I could not stop her. My hands were useless.

"Nurse Peggy will walk you a little, Charles. You need exercise, cramped for so long in your box. And I bet you're hungry. Good boys are rewarded with food here, Charles."

So went my introduction to replicating canine behavior. Nurse Peggy clipped a leash to my collar and around and around the room we went. I could not help thinking about who was observing on the other side of the one way glass. Was Ashley watching? Gloating?

Dr. Stella constantly spoke, asking questions... how does it feel to be controlled be a woman? Leashed like a dog? Are you aroused Charles? Do Nurse Peggy's tugs excite you?

I don't remember all my answers, but the smiling Nurse Peggy stayed in her role most dutifully.

And most oddly, in the end, I was rewarded with freshly baked bread, smelling coincidently like the hallucinogenic fragrance that had wafted through my box.

As Nurse Peggy tore morsels from the delicious, warm and moist loaf and pressed such into my mouth, Dr. Stella's voice complimented as I chewed ravenously.

"You've been a good doggie today, Charles. So good that your new Master, Miss Ashley, wants to change your name. She likes Corky, the name of a puppy she had many years ago. You don't mind if we call you Corky, do you, Charles? It will please Miss Ashley."

I nodded of course, the Thorazine precluding resistance and making me pleased that I had pleased.

"For your next encounter we'll introduce you to a very interesting girl, named Henrietta. You're going to enjoy her company, Corky. She's undergoing treatment here and I think a nice doggie will serve to cheer her."

“You may lick Nurse Peggy’s shoes now, if you’d like Corky. She likes men to lick her shoes.”

So I did... and Nurse Peggy indeed enjoyed my subservience.

Chapter Twenty Three - Corky.

Miranda enters, her timing perfect as I rid Miss Ashley's love nest of the final drops of Mr. Reggie's essence.

"Miss Mary is ready in the preparation room, Miss Ashley."

"Good. Take Corky for a walk first. We'll be on the beach when Mary's through with him."

Miss Ashley takes a final gulp of coffee, arises and steps to the shower room. I am disappointed that I will not join her and gaze at her loveliness as she bathes.

Miranda clips on my leash and releases my neck collar from the special chair.

"Come," the young native girl commands, enthused with her control.

Out the bedroom door, I bound down the stairs, my testicles bells chiming. My bladder is full and I must go.

We find a suitable spot, Miranda releases the short chain and holds my scrotum out of the way with her bare hands. Most of the women use the obedience stick to assure neatness. The coquettish Miranda likes to hold a man by his balls. Her warmth feels good.

As I empty myself, Miranda speaks.

"You're going to be taken out of your leggings," she ebulliently announces. "Mary's going to work you completely naked. No covering."

It is rare that I am relieved of the coverings for any length of time. Moving about on elbows and knees has become ingrained. The cramping of muscles has long passed as my body acclimated to the awkward position with the many days at the clinic.

Yes, the clever bindings at first were taken on and off on each occasion that I was removed from the sensory deprivation box. So the next time I was released, after my bath and a complete body shave, Nurse Valerie and Nurse Peggy effortlessly slipped the latex over arms and legs, securing more tightly. Though a collar was

attached, Nurse Peggy forwent the leash. Instead she began tossing about a sponge rubber ball as Nurse Valerie departed.

“Retrieve the ball, Corky,” a laughing voice encouraged over the loudspeaker.

Thus I was taught more mobility, Nurse Peggy tossing the ball again and again after I humbly crawled after it and returned it to her in my teeth.

Meanwhile, Nurse Valerie returned. With her was a patient, the first person other than the nurses I had seen in many weeks of being institutionalized.

“This is Henrietta, Corky,” a smiling Nurse Valerie cooed, her right arm around the shoulder of a blonde.

I knew from the attire that Henrietta was a patient. A broad nylon belt encircled the waist with straps that served to hold the wrists immobile at the hips. There were high heels, very high heels, which made the appearance comically ungainly. Otherwise the form was completely naked.

There was a smattering of make up and the long locks of hair tumbled over the shoulders to partially cover breasts, which were strangely unfeminine. Henrietta was blushing, obviously uncomfortable in being shown to a male, even one so humiliatingly emulating a dog.

Nurse Valerie noticed my gaze and reached to draw back Henrietta’s hair, exposing the flesh of the entire torso and mammary glands.

“They’re still developing,” Nurse Valerie explained, standing behind and brazenly reaching around to cup the small mounds.

“But after the operation, they’ll grow nicely.”

Henrietta’s head lowered in shame as Nurse Valerie caressed and kneaded the underdeveloped breasts. Her manipulation was mechanical and Henrietta silently stood, bashfully absorbing the glandular massage as if it was a daily occurrence.

“Show Corky what a nice clitoris Henrietta has,” Dr. Stella’s voice echoes.

My eyes moved to see Henrietta’s feet cross in a silly attempt to cloak the pubes area. Nurse Valerie giggled wickedly,

stepped around then reached down to likewise cup and display the genitals. The glabrous region appeared to be pubescent.

"Show Corky your clitoris, Henrietta," Nurse Valerie admonished in the soft voice of a mother administering to a child.

The feet uncrossed and Nurse Valerie's hand found the sought after organ. Henrietta's 'clitoris' was in fact a small penis. A withered scrotal sac held gonads the size of peanuts. Henrietta was male, a very effeminate, slightly built male.

"Henrietta's going to have a little operation to better feminize her package. And thereafter all the estrogen we've been injecting will make those little titties grow like weeds. Yes they will, Henrietta," Nurse Valerie added in a childish voice.

Henrietta's head again lowered in shame, yet there appeared to be a strange glee in contemplating the procedure, which I guessed, would finalize a long process... the transformation of male to female.

At that point Nurse Peggy clipped a leash to my collar.

"Come, Corky, show Henrietta what doggies like to do," the pretty blonde suggested in a soft encouraging voice.

She tugged and Dr. Stella's more commanding voice added.

"We're going to enhance your oral skills, Corky. Within a few weeks you'll be asexual in applying tongue and lips. You'll find our methods to be efficient and firm. And after every encounter there will be a reward. Food. Real food."

Nurse Peggy led me to the shy Henrietta, helplessly standing perched on high heels with wrists well secured at the hips.

"We trained Henrietta to be very receptive to anal stimulation, Corky. After all, in a few days she'll be unable to obtain normal male gratification... since she will no longer have balls. So perhaps you'd like to please Henrietta."

My pretty nurse forcefully tugged until my face was pressed between Henrietta's girlish buttocks. The 'girl' squealed in feeling my breath. The nursing duo laughed and Nurse Peggy shook the leash.

"Lick, Corky, be a good doggie."

The Thorazine made it impossible to resist her gentle commands. Something told me to obey.

"I have a cookie for you..."

Fortunately, Henrietta had been well scrubbed, for my tongue parted the smooth rounded globes and I began to entertain... Nurse Peggy, Nurse Valerie, Dr. Stella, certainly Henrietta and whoever else was behind the mirrored wall.

Later, with the delicious cookie teasingly waved about, I licked Henrietta 'clitoris' bringing the tiny appendage to stand at its full three inches. The women laughed uproariously and suggested I lick Henrietta's balls as well. The barrage of estrogen had shrunk the organs to the size of small pebbles. I shuddered. Despite the dosage of neuroleptic, the realization of the feminine power in which I was kept brought fear. Thus my reaction was one of obedience. Something within convinced me that my subservience, complete and utter submission, would protect me from harm.

It was then that the notion of 'sperm appetizer' was inaugurated, for Nurse Peggy held the leash quite firmly, insisting that tongue and lips return to the tiny erection. Nurse Valerie donned a latex glove and as a swooning Henrietta, overwhelmed with the intense pleasure of my oral service, struggled to stay balanced on high heels, two gloved fingers worked into the rectum that my tongue had lubricated. The overpowering stimulation brought Henrietta to a climax, his thin and watery semen meekly seeping into my mouth.

"We like our patients to swallow here at the clinic, Corky. Be a good boy and you'll have the entire cookie," Dr. Stella's authoritative voice suggested.

Yes, my first sperm appetizer.

Chapter Twenty Four - Mary.

Normally my governance over males is more sexually subtle. Working young, virile and well conditioned athletes provides a thrill for me. I make them sweat and on hot days have them strip down to the minimum so I can gaze at all that muscle under my control.

And when I command 'shirts off' they actually thank me for it.

There are also surprise visits to the shower room where I enjoy watching exposed male flesh scramble for covering and certain sessions where I can have a trim young male stripped naked for various types of therapy. No overt sexual interaction, but a stimulating CFNM (clothed female, naked male) encounter where I am in total control of the most vulnerable and bashful male anatomy.

So when a temporary employment agency called and suggested that a very wealthy and influential woman had a special situation, one that seemed very suited to my talents, the position was of some interest. Then when the woman indicated the size of the fee, plus all expenses paid for a week or more on a Caribbean island, I asked no further questions. I was available.

Then this Miss Ashley Duval called to discuss details and I became wet between the thighs, wetter than when I ride on the back of a punished athlete while I make him to do push ups.

A subordinate male needed highly individualized training, Miss Duval explained.

"I don't permit clothing and he won't resist or complain, I assure you," she added with a soft laugh.

So here I am in this preparation room, as Miss Duval terms it. A ballroom converted to a dungeon with equipment I have only seen or read about in kinky magazines.

Since all males need discipline, my first chore is to decide how I will discipline this Corky. Though his canine replication is cute, I'll need to apply something more than a rolled up newspaper to his nose. On the athletic fields, I demand extra laps after practice or lots of pushups for those who are laggards or fail to properly obey my commands. Here I can be more explicit.

So as I await Miranda and the pooch, I stroll along this wall covered with whips, canes, crops and every imaginable length and shape of leather instrument. Though the thought of applying such to subservient male flesh excites, most are impractical.

Then I spy this simple tapered length of plastic, some one inch in diameter at one end tapering to about three eighths of an inch on the business end. Its forty inches can be easily swung indoors and depending on the velocity, the bearer can apply correcting taps or horribly painful strokes to the naked flesh of the recalcitrant male.

It's a sjambok, a traditional African instrument of correction formerly made of rolled and dried animal hides, and modernized by being produced en masse with special polymers that bend but don't break.

Oh my, I'm going to enjoy this week. I remove the sjambok and swing it about. The swishing sounds bring goose bumps. And to think Corky will face my stern hand totally naked... I can apply the tapered end anywhere, at any time, for any reason.

A brief fantasy comes to mind where I have the entire university football team naked and running for many miles as I apply vigorous strokes with the sjambok to assure that no one dares finish last. And what a scene I'd make for myself in the shower room... well sculpted buttocks bearing the stripes of my disciplining hand.

I am glad I took Miss Duval's suggestion and abstained from wearing undergarments. Such would be soaked with my essence and I have not yet even begun. With my short pleated skirt, I'll let the room air dry the evidence of my self arousal.

I hear bells indicating that Miranda has finished walking Corky and has entered the house with the human dog in tow. I move to the door and see that this muted Caucasian male obediently follows the leash no matter who controls.

"Let's strip him down Miranda," I pleasantly suggest.

I tap the top of Corky's buttocks with the sjambok as his elbows and knees work to follow the leash. Then I close the double doors against the forthcoming noise. Corky may not be able to speak but I think he'll soon be trying to vocalize some form of protest.

Despite the provocative cage in the middle of the room, there is ample space for my training. I find a simple straight backed chair

and sit, parting my thighs to give the kneeling Corky a glimpse of my flashing charms.

“Remove everything, Miranda. Arm and leg bindings, the chains and the anal insertion. And unhook those bells.”

I sit with my stern look of confidence, that which I use when ordering about physically imposing but mentally pliable males. As the latex bindings are unlaced I playfully reach to rub the tip of the sjambok against Corky’s nipples.

“Nicely puffed and tender, Corky. Chastity has that affect on the male mammary gland. It’s the hormone imbalance.”

Oh, I think he’s blushing already. And as suspected, he’s beginning to feel pain as for the first time in days he’s able to straighten his limbs, arms then legs.

“Just roll to your side and let the blood circulate a little.”

I pause and gaze at this completely naked form under my governance. The steel collar cannot come off nor the matching circle of steel around his scrotum, welded in place with arousing permanency. But otherwise he is completely exposed and he’s mine!

The masochistic fly meets the sadistic spider.

“We’re going to do some stretching Corky, limber you up a little. It will be painful but not harmful. There is a goal to be accomplished that will require newly developed flexibility. Attaining such will require determination on your part. I am here to instill the determination.”

A reach out and apply a moderate snap of the sjambok to his right buttock. A rush of air passes from lungs and through surgically altered vocal cords to emit the most pitifully inhuman squawk. Such an efficient correcting instrument. I have his full attention.

This could be more fun than making a normal male scream and beg for mercy. My athletes have been known to implore me for rest during a punishment workout. Corky can’t beseech for such!

“Ok roll to your back. Lie flat. Spread the feet. Further. Further!”

I stand over his head. The end of the forty inch sjambok easily reaches those pierced testicles. When I notice he’s staring up under my short loose skirt where there are no undergarments to offer modesty, I press the tip and threateningly jiggle his scrotal sac,

sending a message no male wants to receive... your balls are most vulnerable and I am most in earnest.

“Pay attention, Corky. There’s nothing under there for you.”

His eyes lower and his feet part in a split that is routinely achieved by the female gender, awkwardly uncomfortable for the male. Miranda looks on, soaking up my dominion. With her years on this island I can imagine her ingrained disdain and aloofness concerning the Caucasian male.

I continue barking commands. Corky obeys nicely yet I apply painful correcting strokes just to remind him of who’s in charge and, of course, to amuse me.

Satisfied that he’s loosened up, I begin the process by which we will hopefully reach Miss Duval’s goal by the end of the week. Otherwise I can stay longer or I will pass the sjambok to the observing Miranda who will continue the procedure.

“Ok Corky. Stay on your back. Arms straight out to your sides. Now knees to your chest. Quickly, quickly!”

A good firm swat to the buttocks as he lifts his legs and exposes his upturned backside.

“Now straighten your legs. Yes, that’s it, feet and ankles over your head. Spread em nice and wide!”

He faces the ceiling, back on the rug, rolled into a ball with his feet over his head.

“Now let’s stretch. Toes all the way to the floor. Curl up like a bug. Lift your hips and butt.”

No male can accomplish such on the first try. But ligaments and tendons stretch and it’s my job to ensure they do.

“Miranda, would you please sit on his left thigh. I’ll sit on the right. Just slowly add a little weight. He’ll bend but he won’t break.”

I know the anatomy. Corky will suffer but incur no physical damage.

Meanwhile as both Miranda and I sit and shift more and more weight to Corky’s overturned legs, the ligaments in his hips and lower back stretch and our goal is slowly attained. The level of Corky’s penis and balls slowly lower to approach his face.

Miranda and I will be forcefully stretching Corky like this every day. By week’s end I am sure I can achieve Miss Duval’s

desires. Corky's ligaments will loosen and he will be able to lick his balls just like every other dog. Miss Duval will be greatly entertained.

And as I slowly shift my weight and force those ligaments to stretch, I notice that Corky can almost lick his penis now!

Chapter Twenty Five - Miss Ashley Duval

As are most on my little Caribbean island, it's a wonderful day to bask in the sun.

Reggie and I are on the beach overlooking this scenic cove, which shelters the water from the wind and transforms the warm and clear ocean to a large swimming pool.

It's late morning. Corky is having his first session with the demanding physical therapist Mary and I'm amusing myself with my well hung toy as I did with Charles before I had him modified to be Corky the dog. Yes, in tribute to me and my guests, I have Reggie standing at his full ten inches, his hairless penis and balls gleaming with a protective coating of sun tan lotion that I applied with enticing deliberation.

My pilot arrives with her naked, chastised companion carrying a beach bag. When staying on the island she has her own cottage where I can only imagine what she does to her effeminate copilot. I am sure that in the bag are adequate toys for a full afternoon of debauchery.

"In keeping him locked up, he's always eager to greet 'Mr. Big Stick'," the pilot once explained, referencing the sizable dildo she dons and uses to split those girlish cheeks.

I wave and notice that the copilot's attention is drawn to Reggie's erection. I smile knowing that, but for the pilot's governance, he'd be sucking cocks in some gay bar. A fascinating relationship.

The thought of sucking cocks brings memories of visiting Charles at the Amsterdam Clinic during the time of his modification. I suppose he's by now guessed that I was behind the one way glass with Dr. Corrothers during just about every session with Nurse Peggy and Nurse Valerie. His release from the sensory deprivation box was scheduled around my availability, so if I was traveling for a few days,

'poor' Corky stayed in his world of nothingness until I returned to entertain myself.

The initial session with Henrietta was cute... Corky's first cock. But it certainly wasn't his last. Thereafter he was introduced to patient after patient, the endowment of each increasingly growing, with Nurse Peggy and Nurse Valerie providing graphic instructions as to how they wanted the male organ to be serviced.

There is no such thing as clothing for the male patients at the Institute for Behavioral Modification and since each wore the nylon belt with wrists cuffed at the hips, the forcibly chaste patients were quite eager to feel the warm and wet tongue and lips of Corky.

In his drug induced haze, Corky found the nurses' commands to be difficult to resist. Plus there was the promise of real food for each cock well sucked, and there were many.

So in referencing Corky's oral endeavors, Nurse Peggy and Nurse Valerie humorously termed the exploding semen as his 'sperm appetizer'. For each sizable load of thick cum completely swallowed, there was the reward of food.

Nurse Valerie assisted in developing Corky's newly found skill by working his gag reflex and teaching him how to control it. Yes many times I'd just sit and watch as one firm hand held back Corky's head while another plumbed the depths of his gullet with a large rubber dildo. In. Out. In. Out. Nurse Valerie's soft encouraging words made it sound as if she was potty training a child.

Knowing that it was being done at my behest and that it was being done to my malicious husband added a thrill for me. I sought permanent revenge and had the time and money to attain it. If a loving Charles had been philandering, it would be one thing. But to romance me, court me, and marry me for no other reason than my money was unforgivable. Love had not gone astray... love had never existed.

Yet watching my scheming husband learn to covet the male organ wasn't enough. So on one occasion when the nurses had Corky choking to fellate one of the largest patients at the Institute, Dr. Stella mentioned to me that Dr. Helga Reinhold would be performing Henrietta's final operation. I became intrigued.

“Helga’s quite the surgeon. Gifted but with a perspective concerning the male that we find quite expedient to our goals here at the Institute. Keep in mind we can modify Corky’s behavior from a mental standpoint, but you may wish to also consider physical modifications. Once Corky’s behavior is modified, I don’t think you’d enjoy listening to a litany of beseeching apologies. And as good as he’s becoming with the male organ, you may wish to give consideration to your own needs.”

Yes, Dr. Stella planted the seed and I found myself interviewing Dr. Helga to ascertain ideas for more steps in my plan for revenge on Charles, the transition to groveling cuckolded husband.

We sat together behind the one way glass and watched Nurse Peggy walk Corky about on a leash then thoroughly enjoyed a session of fellatio as Corky serviced a belligerent young stud who had confessed to some nasty sex crimes.

“That will be the youngster’s last ejaculation,” Dr. Helga noted with laughter. “He’s agreed to the judge’s recommendation and tomorrow will undergo the operation that the male fears the most.”

Yes, I remember thinking, I have the right woman for the job. Dr. Helga pridefully announced her intention to neuter the lad. We exchanged thoughts.

“He can’t be kept on the Thorazine forever, Ashley. The brain will permanently deteriorate. But much of his subservience will be permanently ingrained after the dosage is ceased and I can silence him for you. With some simple augmentations I can also make his tongue long and pliable. Then there’s the question of chastity. And I always recommend some ostentatious alteration that he’ll bear for you. A constant reminder of your governance.”

I wanted Corky to be in constant state of randiness, like a dog in heat. I wanted him forever pining for the satiation I so lovingly and willingly furnished while he so maliciously plotted. I wanted him so overfilled with hormones that his only thoughts would be of me, my soft warmth and my comforting hand, which so graciously offered gratification. And I wanted him to feel rage and frustration every time I achieved climax, which in observing his humiliation would be often.

So we settled on rerouting his urethra to curtail the pleasure of ejaculation and the cruel testicle piercings, turning Corky's male organs into a showcase and adding the chiming bells to ensure all noticed. Corky would pine for sexual gratification yet never be able to achieve such.

"You should have him measured for a collar also. A permanent one. No reason it should ever be removed," Dr. Helga commented as she arose to leave for the operating room.

Later, in selecting a shiny stainless steel collar at an upscale Greenwich Village sex shop, it was the sales woman who showed me the matching scrotal ring.

"It's on sale with the purchase of the collar. And customers say that it's most subjugating for a male to wear such a constant reminder of a woman's control."

How could I resist such a bargain. I had Corky's sac measured.

When it came time for his operation, I showed myself for the first time in months. He was both elated and chagrined and sure enough he tried to apologize and beg for forgiveness. His casual manner concerning deceit stiffened my resolve. I took great pleasure in observing Dr. Helga physically alter him while he watched under local anesthesia. I became so wet I couldn't wait to experience the pleasure of that augmented tongue.

Then it became time for Corky's court date, his hearing of non compos mentis, and my petition to become his permanent ward.

That's when, despite all the sessions of fellatio and all the modifications I instituted, I attained the most satisfaction.

Corky couldn't talk to defend himself, having weeks before undergone Dr. Helga's simple suturing of his vocal cords. But I was aware that the judge, for the record, would endeavor to communicate as best she could and obtain his testimony. So despite the fact that she was most sympathetic to my request, after all I was a caring wife seeking to provide permanent shelter for a deranged husband whose mental imbalance motivated an ill considered petition for divorce, I needed assurance of the desired outcome.

The hearing took place right in the Institute. Charles J. Barrington, Esq., known as Corky amongst the staff, was provided a

skimpy dressing gown. With no buttons or ties his discomfort was assured in that the covering could fall away or be instantly whisked from his shoulders to display him completely naked. No lawyer likes to appear so vulnerable before an August judge, and our jurist seemed to enjoy watching Charles struggle to maintain modesty. Corky's wrists were cuffed together in front, which permitted some use of his hands. But such were comically occupied in holding his sole garment in place.

"Mr. Barrington, I have carefully gone over the Institute's records concerning your mental state and it's obvious there are concerns. The depression, the sexual deviancy, all well documented, the photos are most graphic, lead me to understand your wife's request for stewardship. Yet it's rare to mandate such without your consent. If I reject her petition and your divorce is finalized, how do you expect to support yourself? Lawyers who cannot speak are not good voices for their clients. And I doubt, given what's in your file here, that the bar association will even let you practice."

Charles looked confused as he should have. He didn't know the unending sessions of fellatio were photographed. Yes, to put it in card parlance, I stacked the deck. And I reveled in his initial shock and then in his frustration as he wrote awkwardly on a pad, left hand needed to hold in place his dressing gown. The note was forwarded to the judge. She read and responded.

"But what you've indicated here in your note does not correlate to the prenuptial agreement. You suggest you're entitled to settlement payments in the millions, amongst other benefits. I suggest you reread the agreement, Mr. Barrington. And if you don't understand it then I'll have an attorney appointed to explain it to you."

Charles became even more deliciously frustrated at that point, the judge suggesting that someone be appointed to interpret for him the document that he himself had written, or he thought he had written.

"There will be a final hearing with my decision next week. Next case."

I just shrugged at my 'poor' Corky as Nurse Valerie stepped forward, tightened the slack on the chain connecting his wrist

restraints and led him away. With a mischievous look, she deliberately let the dressing gown flutter about and upon reaching the exit the garment completely fell away to expose Corky's buttocks to the entire courtroom. Fortunately for Corky we had removed his testicle bells for the hearing. When gone an amused judge summoned me to step forward to speak sub rosa.

"His confusion over the prenuptial agreement is prima facie evidence of mental defect, Miss Duval. I think in a more lucid moment he'll agree to place himself in your care. He's lucky to have you."

I thanked the judge, smiling with the irony of her observation. I left as another patient, ineluctably well trussed, was wheeled into her special court. The judge had a tough reputation and I wondered just how many sex offenders she coerced into facing Dr. Helga's scalpel rather than endure a lifetime in a mental institution.

Chapter Twenty Six - Corky.

With the grueling session ending, Miranda slips on my arm and leg bindings as the demanding Miss Mary stands over me with the sjambok. Rarely have I experienced such searing pain as when the firm hand of the physical trainer flicked away and the simplest of motions translated to a swish, a splat, a jolt of agony and a shock to my cortex.

As obeisant as I have become, I quickly learned that Miss Mary was a no nonsense young woman.

For the first time, as I gaze over her imposing form, I realize that the young woman is not only of great mental fortitude but also of great physical strength. Her calves and thighs, though most shapely, appear to be those of an accomplished runner. Her sleeveless blouse reveals arms that a prize fighter would bear... sinewy, not bulky as with a weightlifter, but well developed in that inordinate time and attention has been expended in exercising muscles that even most males do not display.

I tried very hard to please and though extremely uncomfortable in some of the positions she demanded, her resolve forced me closer and closer to her goal. It was both aggravating and humiliating yet being temporarily freed of the constraining latex coverings felt good.

“Let’s take him to the beach Miranda.”

I endure the shame of having young feminine hands replace my tail insertion. Miranda having been taught how to ascertain the proper angle to penetrate my rectum, she slowly inserts the specially designed bulbous end. I grunt with the odd pain/pleasure of prostate manipulation and Miss Mary smiles at my reaction.

“You need to be milked, Corky. I’ll bring some gloves.”

The control chain is returned as is the short chain connecting my anal insert to my scrotal ring. I feel the warm young hands attach my testicle bells. When Miranda attaches the leash and retrieves the obedience stick, Miss Mary returns the Sjambok to the wall. I wonder if my muted sigh of relief is discernible.

The beach is a reasonable walk. A proud Miranda keeps tension on the leash and I rapidly shuffle elbows and knees to keep up with her pace. Miss Mary is due to follow us shortly and I do not understand Miranda's rush. Then the path turns away from the plantation house and we reach a dense area of vegetation out of view of both the beach and the house.

"Come Corky," Miranda encourages in tugging the leash and snapping the single strand of the obedience stick. The slim length of leather rapidly unfurls and nips my scrotum. I lurch forward and follow her into the shrubbery. My instant reaction to the teen's correcting stroke brings a smile.

Miranda seats herself on a log, hiking her short skirt and drawing me forward with the leash.

I now understand the rush. Watching Miss Mary work me, the proximity to my nakedness while I suffered under the therapist's demanding governance, has stimulated the girl. Years of the Duval island environment has cultivated a young woman of dominance. Observing my humiliation has stirred the pubescent Miranda and she parts her thighs obviously demanding the attention of my tongue. The years of observing the subjugation of the Caucasian male has created a craving. In controlling my leash and being unsupervised, Miranda's developing maturity shows, as does her concupiscence.

As stated, undergarments are rare in the tepid climate. Thus in raising her short skirt and spreading her thighs, the wondrous pink, surrounded by smooth flesh the color of coffee, is readily offered. My nose detects her arousal. It is by rote that my tongue extends first to taste, then to humbly lave her outer labia, then to plunge inward as my lips purse to form a bond over her just ripening mons.

I feel her shudder. Her moisture flows. She sighs. Then I feel the obedience stick. The precocious girl knows Miss Ashley's code. A snap to the scrotum... thrust with my tongue, taps to my penis... suck more forcefully, strokes to my feet... clitoral stimulation.

The legacy of Miss Meredith Duval continues. As I gather in the sweet feminine essence of the pretty teen, I think about the names Chippie, Bernie and Ralphie. How did Miss Ashley describe them... companions of her aunt who lost the second wager?

Once the Caucasian male agrees to the final capitulation, submitting to the governance of a Duval woman, do any leave the island?

My thoughts stray to the hearing before the judge... my own capitulation at the Amsterdam Institute for Behavioral Modification. After that initial hearing I was led back to the glass walled room and placed in my canine restraints. Dr. Corrothers kindly furnished me with the signed prenuptial agreement so I could review it as suggested by the judge.

"We located it in your apartment. You'll see that your signature is witnessed by a Miss Priscilla Peck."

Nurse Peggy placed it on the floor. As I read she flipped the pages for me.

The cover page, with the standard preambles, I recognized. But the second page, where I disgorged the payments and emoluments that I would receive upon separation, was altered... significantly altered. And I had unknowingly signed it! But Miss Ashley stated that it had been reviewed by an attorney. What lawyer would change the document without offering the courtesy of highlighting the alterations?

Then there came a voice over the loudspeakers.

"You signed it, Charles... or should I say Corky."

It was Ashley's voice! She was behind the one way glass with Dr. Stella. Probably there for many sessions, as I had suspected.

"You asked me to have an attorney review it and I did. Some changes were made. You should have reviewed it one more time before signing...as any good lawyer would recommend."

She laughed as I stared. The monthly alimony figure from the original agreement was missing several zeros. Gone too were all the add-ons that I threw in... use of the jet, visiting the island, yacht excursions, vacation reimbursements.

It was no wonder the judge questioned my ability to support myself. Upon final separation, I agreed to forgo all claims against Ashley's extensive wealth for payments of \$500 per month. Such a paltry sum would not cover my food bill.

“So, Charles, think about what you’ll tell the judge next week,” Miss Ashley’s voice boomed. “Submit and I’ll permit use of the island. That I’ll offer. Resist my stewardship and you’ll be an impoverished disbarred attorney. Your old firm is still seething over the short notice you gave in departing so there’s no help to be sought there. And there are many photos of Corky the dog servicing many phalli. The close ups of you and Henrietta are lurid. Not much demand for the services of a sexually deviant lawyer. You’ll be broke and living on the streets. But perhaps your new found oral skills will support you...”

The microphone clicked off to the sound of her irritating and uproarious laughter. Nurse Peggy took away the prenuptial and tossed the foam rubber ball.

“Go get it, boy.”

My reverie ends with the sharp pain of the obedience stick being crisply stroked against the soles of my feet. Miranda desires clitoral stimulation. I lift my face and slide my lips upwards. I nestle my tongue against her protective hood and suck in the hardened nub. The girl shrieks in ecstasy. A flood of feminine essence must be quickly consumed.

As trained, sloppy cunnilingus is to be avoided.

Having stolen the moments of pleasure, knowing that Miss Mary will soon be traversing the path to the beach, Miranda stands and rights her skirt.

“Good boy, Corky,” her voice burbles with satiation. “Come.”

Chapter Twenty Seven - Miss Ashley Duval

It's a welcome change to see so many people on my normally secluded sandy white stretch of paradise. Dr. Stella and Dr. Helga have joined us followed shortly by Harold and Pam. The women relax in lounge chairs wearing modest bathing attire while the naked Harold and Reggie kneel or lie in the sand. In the distance my licentious flight crew sun themselves. The penis of my copilot remains locked up and the hormonal buildup has driven him to a delicious level of groveling. He's licking my pilot's feet. We cannot hear his words but can be assured that he's begging for the turn of the key in the small padlock that forcibly transforms his joystick into a most neglected tube of flesh.

Pam amuses herself in having Harold expose his tube to the radiant tropical sun. The direct rays of the Caribbean latitude quickly heat the metal to untouchable hotness and has Harold first fidgeting and then beseeching for permission to take a cooling swim. Very entertaining, but practicality suggests that Harold spend some time sunning his back. Thus Pam grants permission not for a swim but to instead turn over. This allows the Lori's tube to slowly cool. A much better result than the instant relief of cooling water.

Miranda arrives with Corky in tow. Mary follows.

The young therapist carries a small bag and is attired in the skimpiest of two piece bathing suits revealing a muscle structure most would consider ungainly on the feminine form. Her stomach is rippled with abdominal muscles and with each step her thighs seem to explode with power. Her arms are nicely shaped, but not in a girlish way, more in a manner observed on gymnasts. Small patches of cloth barely cover nipples which point skyward... perched on mounds of pectoral muscle more than feminine fat. One can easily extrapolate to envision buttocks of very firm roundness. And the

triangular patch of cloth covering the mons is strained by the bulge of a well formed clitoral hood.

The protrusion is revealing of Mary's sexual preference. I envision the lips of many young college girls being introduced to her notable sculptured form and with it the delights of Sapphos. Or perhaps, just perhaps, her disdain for the male gender is such that she will put aside her disgust and allow one of her athletic charges, blindfolded and well trussed of course, to service her there.

Either way, our Mary's prominent clitoris evidences her demanding penchant for the assiduous application of tongue and lips.

I am handed Corky's leash and receive a report.

"Corky's range of motion is not too bad, considering the many months of muscle constraint in emulating a dog. He's close to being able to suck his penis. If I can't have him licking his balls by flight time on Sunday, his flexibility will be close enough so that Miranda can finish the stretching. Thereafter I recommend mornings of intense stretching once or twice per week. Though it requires him to be freed of his bindings, the sense of relief is limited. I assure you the physical discomfort is intense. It's not much of a respite from dogdom."

We women all smile envisioning the amusing manner in which I will be insisting that my pet exhibit his canine behavior.

"Be careful not to afford too much pleasure, Ashley. His attentiveness to your needs may diminish," Dr. Stella forewarns.

"The control chain will inhibit any furtive autofellatio. He will only be able to lick himself when it's unhooked," I respond.

"He needs milking, Miss Duval. If you agree, I've brought gloves and some lubricant," Mary offers.

I smile in thought. Lotta used to stimulate the odd male gland after she shaved Charles and prepped him for our nightly trysts. Since his transformation to Corky there has not been any such manipulation that I can recall. When excited Corky's prostatic fluid flows to his new urethral opening and down the inside of his thighs.... messy but refreshingly remindful of the frustration of his chastity.

"Well Pam, as long as Mary's equipped, it appears Harold could use some care. And I have no idea how long the copilot has

gone without. Though I believe his prostate is stimulated more unconventionally.”

Yes, what an interesting way to be entertained during a leisurely afternoon on the beach.

“Let’s do all three, Mary. A treat for our collection of chaste males.

“Miranda, please tell Lotta we’re ready for the first round of Pina Coladas.”

I will set the scene for the afternoon. I wave to the pilot beckoning her to join us, knowing that it will be a better show if her effeminate toy is milked before she dons her strap on and engages in one of her endless sessions of sodomy.

“You’re in charge, Mary.”

The pilot joins us with the naked copilot in tow. Mary looks at the wimpish male nakedness with disapproval, her life’s work combating physical meekness.

“Is that a CB3000?” she inquires of the elaborate device, a cylinder of plastic covering an unimpressive penis, held in place by a mechanism locking it to a circular base around the root of the penis and scrotum.

“Yes,” the pilot responds. “Rarely needs removal. He must sit to urinate, the flow passes through the openings. And once a week I cuff him and remove the device for cleansing, but otherwise he’s kept randy and obedient. He begs for the strap on. It’s his only relief. Yet he must concentrate to remain flaccid while I sodomize him. Quite a challenge for him.”

“I’ve recommended such devices to the athletic department,” Mary enlightens. “Too much male energy expended on meaningless masturbation. It affects performance.”

We all titter with the thought of a key bearing Mary, dictating which athletes, performances deemed satisfactory, are released for a reward of climactic relief.

She’s such a Spartan.

Mary takes charge, directing the copilot to an empty lounge chair.

Meanwhile, I notice Reggie, relaxing in the sand yet attentively following the events, is semi flaccid. I remove Corky’s

leash. Just about the only time he does not feel the restraint of someone's hand guiding the leash or feel the constraining tautness of being tied to a wall hook, is while frolicking with me on the beach.

I think his tail wags in a canine form of a 'thank you'.

I snap my fingers and point. Corky knows to crawl to Reggie.

"Bring him up... not off," I command, my female guests very much enjoying the sight of the male organ standing at ten inches.

Mary sits on the lounge chair. Her muscled buttocks are as expected, round and perfectly formed.

"On all fours now. Turn to your side. Yes, now lift your left knee and rest it on my lap."

The obeisant copilot instantly reacts to Mary's commands. Accustomed to directing well conditioned athletes many times her size, she knows that succinct and sharp words leave room for no thoughts of disobedience.

When the copilot raises his leg, as if turning up on a fire hydrant, his puckered rectum is perfectly exposed. Mary reaches to her little bag to retract latex gloves and lubricant.

"I have a bevy of boys I milk at the university. When they arrive as freshmen, if you take immediate charge, stepping into the role of parental authority for teenaged males who are away from home for the first time, you'd be amazed at how easy it is to bring to subjugation young male minds. And once they become accustomed to stripping down and presenting themselves for the subterfuge I term 'necessary therapy', they're mine for the duration of matriculation. So easily controlled."

A gloved and lubricated index finger penetrates the copilot's rear aperture. It glides inward with embarrassing ease and Mary giggles. Her left hand grasps the CB3000, using the device to steady the penetrated copilot.

"This reacts more like a girl's pussy," she jokes, facilely thrusting in two fingers and then three.

"And the prostate is only slightly swollen. He's been well used here."

Mary works methodically. It is apparent that the manipulation is not her first foray into the depths of the male backside. And one can quickly understand the use of the term 'milking' when ridding the

male of excess prostatic fluid, for given a small stool and appropriate attire, Mary does indeed appear to be laboring to produce milk from a lactating bovine.

“He’s trying to firm,” Mary announces, her left hand sensing tumescence.

The copilot grimaces. His overly sensitive penis entrapped in its plastic cage, any stiffening is cruelly stifled. His flesh turns to pink, flushed with the intense humiliation. The pilot steps forward, ostensibly to comfort. The shapely and authoritative blonde reaches to take the pilot’s ears, using them as handles.

“Just relax for us, you know that worthless penis is not going to be released. Male pleasure on this island is at the discretion of women.”

She presses his face into the area of her pubes then sensuously slides her hands down his face to his chest. There she heightens his ignominy, kneading and caressing nipples that in the hormone laden male have become overly sensitive.

“He’s beginning to flow,” Mary proclaims.

Goosey fluid drips from the plastic cock cage and oozes to the sand.

“Corky, that’s enough,” I command, his tongue and lips having Reggie at full stand.

“The copilot’s offering you something that I think you’ll enjoy.”

Chapter Twenty Eight - Miss Ashley Duval

Having drained the copilot, we watch in leisure sipping pina coladas as the talented Mary works her fingers into Harold's rectum. I have Corky ready to likewise scoop any 'milk' emanating from his urethral opening. He took every drop the copilot offered.

"Helga and I took a little walk this morning, Ashley. It appears the many trails were designed for horses as well as hikers," Dr. Stella notes.

I nod.

"Aunt Meredith was quite the equestrienne. Had some very fine riding horses. I used to ride here in my youth. The last stallions were sold shortly after her death. I've been thinking about replenishing the stable," I offer in reply.

Dr. Stella's comment spurs memories. In relaxing with women of my ilk, listening to Harold's pitiful cries as he attempts to withstand the agony created by his own stimulated organ, my mind floats back to a pivotal time in my life. It was the summer before my senior year in college. Aunt Meredith I suppose deemed me 'of age'. And in feeling some degree of responsibility for me, both my mother and father had passed on, she once again invited me to spend the summer on the island.

"It will be a last fling for you. Soon you'll be entering a male dominated world and learning to endure the exasperation of testosterone induced behavior. As you know, on the island you'll find no such influence."

I had watched some of the start of the 'hunts' during previous summer sojourns, the preparation and the beginning when Lotta would stroke the prey to full stand, apply pepper oil to the rectum and then open the cage door to free a fleeing naked male.

But on this summer, Aunt Meredith suggested I join her on horseback.

“At the very least you’ll enjoy a ride. At the most... well you can tell me if the Zeitgeist I’ve sought to create is compatible with your anima.”

Having observed the process by which my proud schoolmate lost his foreskin during the previous summer, I had an inkling of Aunt Meredith’s intentions. Yes, the propensity for the Duval women to enjoy mastery over the male had somewhat manifested in me. But not as strongly as in Aunt Meredith, I told myself. I was not about to devote my life to collecting foreskins like a renegade collecting scalps.

Yet I decided to join in the hunts. As stated the challenge was for the naked chaste male to evade Aunt Meredith’s dart gun for twenty four hours. But with her knowledge of the island and her prowess as a huntress, the hunt usually ended as early as noon.

“I’m hungry and I think a box lunch on the beach would be a good way to wile away the afternoon,” I recall Aunt Meredith commenting some three hours into one hunt.

And with that she spurred her horse and I followed. Within minutes, the naked male prey was flushed from a hiding place, run to ground and Aunt Meredith’s practiced aim caused his right buttock to be speared with a dart laden with curare. The drug instantly immobilized the frantic male but most importantly, consciousness remained.

Aunt Meredith dismounted to inspect, stooping over the vanquished prey.

“Look at the prepuce on this one,” Aunt Meredith exclaimed, tugging at the loose flesh of the penis tip.

I’m sure her gruff pinching of the sensitive skin was painful, yet the victim could not move. I watched in admiration and with concealed lustful enjoyment as the gomco clamp was produced and knowing fingers slipped the bell shaped cap over the penis tip then stretched the foreskin to cover the metal. I grimaced and doubted whether the young male could withstand the agony had he not suffered the indignity of having his buttocks injected with the powerful muscle relaxant. Aunt Meredith was insistent that as much foreskin as possible be plucked away. She considered it to be hers for the taking.

After so many circumcisions, Aunt Meredith slowly tightened the clamp and with much deliberation. There was no need to rush. And to make the male watch in helpless desperation added such a satisfying element of power and control.

As stated, Aunt Meredith relished performing high and tight circumcisions, leaving as little foreskin as possible and trimming the maximum amount of flesh for her collection.

“Watch his eyes as I slice, Ashley. Though he cannot move he feels every ounce of pain as I cut. Imagine the humiliation he’s experiencing... being trimmed by a woman! Can you feel the exchange of power?”

Aunt Meredith’s knife slowly incised the foreskin, pressing the blade into the skin to meet the metal bell beneath. She then circled the frenulum, finely trimming. And yes the lad’s eyes told me he was mentally overwhelmed with both the pain and the ignominy. Yet he could not move or speak.

I thought to myself... what will he be telling friends in the locker room about his altered penis? His girl friend?

“I can do this faster, Ashley. I’ve performed so many. But this is the essence of the hunt. Why rush?”

Such zeal in displaying her control. And I felt a twinge in my loins. Yes the Duval penchant was manifesting. I was intrigued with the notion that henceforth every time the lad masturbated or even simply washed his privates he would think of Aunt Meredith’s cruel hand, and perhaps also think of me, his humiliating exposure to a young pretty girl, observing with rapt curiosity as the male appendage is slowly altered.

The foreskin found its way into a jar. Hydrogen peroxide curtailed the bleeding. Betadine antiseptitized the incision and a prominent bandage became the symbol of the male’s degrading defeat.

The dose of curare, an amazing drug, would wear off as Aunt Meredith clipped together the masturbation mittens and secured a lead line to her saddle.

“Feel anything, Ashley?” my smiling Aunt asked.

I demurred... for I did indeed experience vacillations between my thighs and was too shy to divulge my lustful reaction.

“I’ve got another challenge being flown in next week, Ashley. His second visit. Trimmed him two years ago and he’s insisting on another go. That means he’ll be a little more cagey than the likes of this one. And the wager will be more substantial. You’ll join me?”

I nodded, trying to disguise my enthusiasm.

“You’ll find there’s a tendency for the male beast to try to make money in a manner they perceive as easy, Ashley... gambling, lying, cheating, stealing. Do anything but work.

“As you can see, I make them earn it.”

The prey began to stir. Aunt Meredith mounted her horse and gestured for me to do the same.

“Some get a little ornery in losing their penis tip. Best to keep tension on the line.”

So our vanquished prey was led, somewhat dragged back to the plantation house. There his cage awaited, sitting near the front steps where the islanders could gawk and taunt while the incision healed. In a few days, when the jet returned to transport a new challenge, an imposing Big Sam would ensure that the newly circumcised prey docilely went on his way, with a year of free tuition, room and board to console his defeat.

“You’re going to need this. I didn’t leave much skin for you to play with,” a smirking Aunt Meredith lectured the departing vanquished prey as the jet rolled to a stop.

She reached down from the saddle to hand the lad a tube of lubricant. She knew his masturbation habits would need to change. And for the rest of his life, with each stroke of his stiff shaft, he would remember the horror of watching immobile while a woman slowly trimmed away his precious foreskin. And the agony...

Harold cries out anew and begins to shake with the emotional trauma of trying to subside what the anatomy of the forcibly chaste male is so wont to do, tumefy. Yet Mary has his prostate draining like an unplugged sink. And Corky’s tongue comically dabs away, adding to the unwanted pleasure that Harold desperately tries to avoid.

Chapter Twenty Nine - Miss Ashley Duval

Pam steps forward with a beach towel, tenderly dabbing away Harold's tears as the callous Mary mechanically continues to milk without pity. He manages to keep his penis semi flaccid within the confines of the Lori's Tube and Kali's Teeth Bracelet, yet there seems to be enough engorgement to offset the ephemeral pleasure of the hormonal release with intermittent pangs of pain. So he begs and pleads adding an amusing element to the exhibition of female control.

In looking into Mary's blank face, one of dispassionate focus on the process at hand, I can envision her working young males to exhaustion then informing her special charges, those with whom she established parental authority, that a late afternoon of 'necessary therapy' has been scheduled. Yes, such conditioned athletes would certainly slumber deeply having been well worked by Mary and then relieved of building semen by a penetrating gloved hand.

No meaningless masturbation for those lads. Their energy would be expended for Mary.

Mary has Corky withdraw his tongue from the end of Harold's tube. She studies the waning flow of viscous fluid and declares that Harold is finally drained. Exhausted, Pam graciously permits him to sleep face down without the sun heating his chastity trinkets. As with the copilot, Harold will feel an odd satiation, no where near the level experienced by the male beast after a night of steamy copulation. Instead there will come a sense of ennui in not attaining the pleasure of climactic relief. There has been no climax, only the forced draining of what the male normally so proudly enjoys ejaculating into soft warm and tight female flesh.

And to add to Harold's degradation, he has been so relieved of his essence before a group of observing females, the timing and duration of which has been completely at the hands of a woman.

So he will sleep in great humility as my little gathering sips the delightful rum drinks... Dr. Helga, Dr. Stella, Mary, Pam, my pilot, me. And there's Reggie casually lying to my side, remaining silent and obedient like the boy toy he is. He will not be milked. He's the stud bull we all enjoy watching erupt.

Corky is next, yet there seems to be a desire for a respite. So we talk.

"So when's the last time you rode horses here, Ashley?" Dr. Stella inquires.

She again spurs memories.

"About ten years ago. Before my senior year in college..."

My mind flashes back. Yes it may not have been my very last ride, but it was the last ride I remember with specificity.

The arriving jet, the one that would transport the recently circumcised conquest back to society, he who Aunt Meredith supplied with unguent to precipitate future masturbation, brought more 'prey' as Aunt Meredith whimsically referred to her male adversaries. We sat astride two of Aunt Meredith's massive stallions as the engines of the jet quieted and the cabin door opened.

"Cut this one two years ago, Ashley. He had a foreskin, which now highlights my collection. And he's so large that the dose of curare was insufficient enough to completely subdue him. He was able to squirm a little when my blade began to cut. It was most entertaining. His name's Chip. Graduated from college, after earning a year's tuition, room and board here on the island. But apparently he says he's not happy with his job. Seems he'd like to make another wager and retire."

Aunt Meredith laughed sardonically.

"Always remember Ashley, the male would rather gamble, lie, cheat and steal rather than put in a days work. Well, I believe we'll soon have Chip developing a new work ethic."

From the cabin door stepped an enormous male in his mid twenties. He was handsome, well built and moved with some level of self assurance. But I could tell there was a degree of trepidation in returning to the island. I often wondered how it felt to leave part of your anatomy behind, particularly a most sensitive part, which the male is given to toy with to excess at an early age.

The look on his face was a combination of concern and determination. Yet there was also projected a pathos... as if Chip had mentally entered into a moment of silence for the precious strip of flesh which was so ignominiously ravaged from his manhood.

"You know the rules, Chip. Submission until I deem you ready for the hunt."

Chip humbly disrobes. There is no doubt that Aunt Meredith is in charge and that all comply with her strict rule of nakedness.

"My bankers received your wire instructions. Should you prevail the million dollars will be sent within a day of your release."

The amount was a shock to me. But for Aunt Meredith a pittance. Yet my attention was drawn to the flaccid manhood that hung close to Chip's knees. I could only imagine the delight my aunt felt in trimming such a specimen!

Aunt Meredith reached into her saddle bags and tossed wrist and ankle restraints to the docile naked giant. Chip knew to pick up the implements and voluntarily encircle his limbs.

"When's the last time you masturbated?" my aunt brashly inquired.

"Over a week ago. It's been difficult since you... since you... since the hunt two years ago."

"You mean since a woman chose to snip that pogo stick of yours," Aunt Meredith laughingly sneered. "So that's affected your ability to get yourself off, hmm. Some lads have reported nocturnal emissions while dreaming about my knife cutting away what they so much enjoyed toying with."

"So are you sure it wasn't a wet dream, Chip? In your sleep imagining that devilish hand of yours sliding that missing foreskin up and down during some late night reverie? Yes, I know you've been to see a counselor concerning your impotence."

Aunt Meredith cackles, enjoying Chip's sheepish silence in exposing his lie. She knew her cruel circumcision had made the otherwise virile Chip sexually useless to the opposite sex. Her investigators were thorough and were able to determine that the trauma of her knife rendered him impotent for all dalliances other than those self induced in dreams. Those when he was able to

ejaculate in his sleep while his mind relived the fateful day when my authoritative aunt altered his most coveted male anatomy.

Well... such irony. I thought. It is now Aunt Meredith who covets that which he lost in such a painful catharsis.

"Cage him!" I recall Aunt Meredith's final decree before she spurred her horse. Big Sam and Lotta clipped his wrist cuffs behind his back and attached a hobbling chain from ankle to ankle.

I had to stay a moment and watch as Chip was led to the preparation room. Just watching that flaccid shaft swing about mesmerized a girl of my age. When he stepped passed me, ending the display of his size, I rode off to join Aunt Meredith on a brisk ride before lunch.

Miranda arrives with a second round of pina coladas.

"Corky's next," an eager Pam exclaims, the cooling drinks seeming to also refresh our lustful voyeurism.

Chapter Thirty - Miss Ashley Duval

Mary unhooks the short chain connecting Corky's scrotal band to his tail insertion. She knows that we sexually charged women want to observe the male essence drip to the sand as her penetrating fingers knead the neglected prostate gland. Removing the chain clears any impediment from Dr. Helga's urethral opening.

After two fingers plunge well into his anus, the dour girl smiles.

"Oh this one's swollen to excess," the physical trainer announces in holding our interest. "He's going to gush."

Yes, I suppose I should have Corky drained more often. One should endeavor to keep one's pets healthy.

I lie back and relax. My mind returns to what I think of as the last summer of my youth with Aunt Meredith offering such domineering tutelage.

Chip was caged, a procedure with which he was familiar as a result of his circumcision two summers before. Lotta placed him in masturbation mittens, though with his odd impotence such were probably unnecessary. I made excuses to visit the preparation room, satisfying my girlish curiosity in observing up close the largest penis I had ever seen at the time.

In being naked and caged, Chip was shy. He didn't talk. So I recall sitting and watching while talking to Lotta who tended him. She was shaving his pubes, her knowing hand slipping through the bars and wielding a straight razor. The conversation flowed as if we were discussing a trapped animal, speaking as if he could not understand our words.

"What will become of him, Lotta," I inquired staring at that manhood, the flaccid yet bulbous head so well displayed as a result of Aunt Meredith's slowly incising knife.

"We'll let his hormone level build. We're constantly monitoring to ensure there are no wet dreams. I'm spiking his food

with testosterone. When deemed ready in a few days, your aunt will have Big Sam move the cage outside. I'll bring him up to a nice full stand, oil his rectum and when the cage door is opened he'll dash out like frightened deer and the hunt will begin."

I envisioned an animal being fattened for slaughter, Chip's randiness being nurtured like a new born infant.

"But what's the wager? Aunt Meredith already has his foreskin," I naively inquire.

Lotta softly laughs.

"Suffice it to say, if captured, his problem with wet dreams will end. And if he prevails, manages to elude your aunt for twenty four hours, he'll have enough money for a lifetime of counseling. For the likes of Chip it's not a bad bet."

On the third or fourth morning of Chip's incarceration, Aunt Meredith stopped into the preparation room while I once again surveyed the naked captive. She noticed my fixation with the large but useless appendage. It was interesting to see Chip cower in discomfort with her presence.

"Yes, it's big, Ashley. But only serves to drain his bladder and not much else. If you'd like to see it in full blossom I can have Lotta oblige."

I nodded with moderation, disguising my enthusiasm. But there was insatiable curiosity and a girlish concupiscence that made my heart leap with Aunt Meredith's suggestion.

A smiling Lotta joined us, her left hand holding a bottle of lubricant.

"I thought it didn't work," my naiveté showing.

"Oh, Ashley, I think Chippie boy will accommodate the woman who introduced him to impotence, who trimmed away all that excess flesh. You have to understand the subordinate psyche."

Aunt Meredith reached into the cage and pinched Chip's face. I noticed he was shaking.

"You'll be a good boy for my niece, won't you, Chip? You'd like to show off for her? You want to please me, don't you?"

Incredibly, with the firm intonation of Aunt Meredith's questions, Chip's penis stirred.

“Slide toward the bars, Chip. Lotta has something for you,” the island woman cooed as if offering a treat to a young child.

It was not the first time I observed a domineering woman manipulate the penis of a subservient male. But it was one of the most interesting. Our Chip seemed to realize that the solution to his impotence was being in the presence of the woman who manifested the condition and to perform for her. So Chip better positioned himself to receive Lotta’s touch and a regal Aunt Meredith stood arms akimbo while Lotta pushed her hand through the bars and mechanically began to masturbate this huge shaft.

“You see his reaction, Ashley? Responding so obsequiously to what he perceives to be a superior. He knows his sex life is dysfunctional except when in my presence. And in a few days it will become even more dependent on my whim and desires.”

I watched in awe as Chip’s penis grew and grew. So large, yet so dependent on the dominant woman to sexually function. Aunt Meredith’s trimming hand had removed flesh but instilled a psychological dependence... and she seemed so sanguine with her governance.

Lotta sensed full tumescence and withdrew her hand, leaving Chip incredibly stiff and sitting before three women with no possible relief. My eyes turned to saucers. Aunt Meredith just gazed with a smug look of superiority. Lotta, appearing to stroke the organ of the subjugated male as a routine function, merely stepped away to stow the lubricant.

“He’ll be ready for Saturday’s hunt. You’ll enjoy this one, Ashley. There will be more challenge for both Chip and me.”

Thereafter, something changed in Chip’s sexual makeup. He began to tumefy during my visits, the arousing effect of Aunt Meredith’s dominant aura seeming to inure to me. Again, I began to contemplate the age old proclivity of the Duval women... unbridled governance over the hapless male. And I furtively teased, wearing scanty bathing suits, moving about to assure Chip could assess all my nubile charms. By week’s end I verbally taunted, knowing that the strong bars of the cage precluded any vengeful harm. After dinner on Friday, I sneaked into the preparation room, retrieved a riding crop from the wall and pulled a chair next to the cage. Chip

docilely sat while I pressed a finger to my lips to indicate quiet then reached in and diddled the enormous penis with the end of the crop. He was already beginning to firm with my presence.

“I’m going to enjoy watching this flop about when you’re run tomorrow,” I whispered. “What will you offer Aunt Meredith when you’re caught?”

Chip did not answer but began to tremble. Was it my touch or thoughts of Aunt Meredith?

Saturday morning Aunt Meredith and I conversed over breakfast. She was calm. I was giddy knowing that Chip and cage were being moved to the area of the front porch as we ate a sumptuous breakfast of eggs benedict.

“Eat well, Ashley. Chip knows the island, is familiar with some of my tactics and has good reason to elude me with earnestness. We may be on horseback for most of the day.”

Chapter Thirty One - Miss Ashley Duval

There's a heady sense of power in sitting astride a tall stallion, feeling the beast's muscling between your thighs, sensing the well trained animal obsequiously respond to the slightest tug on the reins or spur of the boots.

But to so repose while the well endowed naked male is slowly stroked to full tumescence brings a sense of sexual power. I feel the resulting moisture within my jodhpurs as Lotta's firm grip brings Chip to full stand and the native islanders gather about the cage to watch.

"Can you keep time, Ashley? Call out the fifteen minute mark after release," Aunt Meredith commands.

Big Sam stands next to the cage door. Chip, most likely experiencing deja vu from his circumcision escapade two summers before, kneels on all fours. Having had his penis stroked as if being milked like a cow's udder, he appears to be a sprinter waiting in the starting blocks. He knows not to touch himself with the masturbation mittens, learning well that the sharp barbs will not foster satiation, only abrasion. Lotta coats her right index finger with blazing hot pepper oil then slips it between his cheeks. He lurches in feeling the initial coolness of the oil, knowing that it will soon bring searing pain. Aunt Meredith smiles with his reaction. I know she is eager to begin the hunt, but also enjoys pausing to maximize Chip's anguish.

When the prey begins to fidget in earnest, Aunt Meredith nods to Big Sam.

"Release him," are her simple words as Big Sam flings open the cage door.

As I observed with every hunt, Chip dashes from the cage like a scared rabbit, his standing penis bringing laughter from the crowd of islanders.

For me it is an amazing sight, seeing Chip's organ for the first time while he is in an upright position. It appears to rise to his

chest and I am given to ask him to pose while I can better take in the humbling display.

But Chip's feet move quickly to a trail leading into the dense shrubbery.

"Call it out at exactly fifteen minutes, Ashley, not before. There must be fairness in the hunt... otherwise it's not good sport."

I stare at my watch and at long last enunciate the words. We begin and I follow, surprised when Aunt Meredith brings her horse to a leisurely canter.

"We'll let him run a bit. He'll head for high ground. That's instinctive. And we'll most likely get there before him even with his head start."

We do. My prescient aunt taking a direct path to an overlook. A copse shelters us from sight, yet we can survey much of the island. We wait in the patience that Aunt Meredith has developed over years and years of hunting the naked male. And as her eyes constantly scan the many acres of greenery below, Aunt Meredith begins a very subtle lecture, not overly pedantic, but informative for a girl approaching an important transition point in life.

"As I've suggested, Ashley, there's something ingrained in the male psyche about lying, cheating, stealing. But there's also a need to express remorse, engage in acts of contrition. An experienced woman can turn that to advantage. Extract a toll for the mendacity, prey on the need for the male to be penitent.

"And of course I'm referring to a woman's needs... sexual needs. Duval women prefer to be on top, demand really, Ashley. I'm sure by now you've encountered your genetic predisposition during jaunts in the bedroom. So in handling the male you should be aware of certain male tendencies and use such to your advantage, to gain your preferred position, achieve your desired status.

"Chip here is offering the ultimate in acts of contrition. It seems since I cut him two summers ago he's been a naughty boy. His impotence has brought deviance, turned him into a sexual predator. Yes, whenever I receive the challenge of the second wager I do full investigations. Chip is one step ahead of the law and is suspected in a bizarre sexual assault. Seems he will need money for legal defense, and possible settlement."

Aunt Meredith curtails her story, her sharp eye noticing movement in the brush. She points to a spot a few hundred yards below. I of course see nothing.

"He's coming toward us. Serendipitous... but we'll need quiet."

Aunt Meredith unsheathes her dart gun and inspects the canister laden with curare. It has been mere hours into Chip's twenty-four hour challenge. I almost hope he turns opposite and saunters off, leaving Aunt Meredith and me to more feminine discourse. Her words are sagacious. But he does not, awkwardly stumbling from the thick brush into the small clearing where Aunt Meredith and I await. He freezes, glances in fear at Aunt Meredith's smiling face then turns to run. It is a mistake, for in exposing his buttocks, Aunt Meredith has direct line of fire to the preferred area for the dart. With the sound of a zing and a whoosh, the meaty and muscular flesh is jabbed. Chip is brought down, his legs instantly turning to rubber.

"It's just as well, Ashley. Though early in the day, harvesting my prize will take some time."

Aunt Meredith directs her horse to stand next to the prostrate and seemingly lifeless form. Chip breathes but cannot move, suggesting the dosage of muscle relaxing drug is perfect.

A saddle bag is opened. Rope and cords are extracted. A proud Aunt Meredith dismounts to stand over her vanquished prey.

"Not much of a challenge, Chip, considering it's your second outing," Aunt Meredith admonishes knowing that, though immobile, Chip can hear everything.

She separates his legs, pulling apart his feet. There lies Chip's enormous penis with a ball sac seemingly ripe with pent up sperm. The testicles are huge, not normally noticed by the female observer due to the prominence of the lengthy manhood.

"Chip will be staying here for a few days after harvest, Ashley. You seem to have developed an affinity for him. Perhaps you'd like him to serve? Without the pecuniary prize he expected to earn today, he'll have a trying time engaging attorneys upon his return to the states. Thus I suspect his eagerness to depart and face his legal difficulties will be tempered."

While Aunt Meredith speaks she kneels between Chip's thighs. I watch in both amusement and horror as she encircles the base of his scrotum with a strand of thin steel wire. She loops a slip knot then secures the end of the wire to a long segment of doubled rope. She stands, looks about and locates a segment of log.

"This will take some time but the results can be worth every second expended."

The log is rolled and with great effort propped under Chip's thighs. One length of the doubled rope is strung over a low hanging branch directly above. Then Aunt Meredith lifts Chip's feet well off the ground and holding them in the air wraps the one end of the rope around and around his ankles. Next, the free end of the rope is likewise strung over the branch and Aunt Meredith pulls it somewhat taught. She lifts his arms over his shoulder blades to wrap the rope about his wrists. In pulling, Chip's large testicles rise between his thighs to protrude between his cheeks and dangle in the air.

Such a wicked and devious form of restraint... a single length of rope is attached to his ankles, strung over the branch, tensions the wire about his balls then runs again over the branch where it ends wrapped about his wrists. Quite an elaborate hogtie.

"And now we wait for the curare to dissipate," Aunt Meredith pridefully announces in stepping back to survey her prey.

With wrists and ankles held in the air and Chip's thighs resting on the log, his torso is bent backwards to form a large letter 'U'. The strand of wire holding up his testicles somewhat tightens with the tension on the rope. Aunt Meredith tests the tautness and smiles in satisfaction.

"As I was saying, Ashley, Chip here will most likely be imploring me for a new arrangement over the next few days. With you becoming of age, one in which a woman needs regularity in satiating hormonal urges, I think Chip will be seeking a new role and can be trained to fulfill it."

I listen, not entirely sure of what Aunt Meredith proposes. But nothing she has suggested in the past has been to my detriment. So I nod in agreement, imagining that the next two months before returning to my senior year in college may be of great fascination. I was correct.

Chapter Thirty Two - Miss Ashley Duval

My guests so enjoy watching Corky forcibly give up his long standing supply of sperm that their laughter brings my mind back to the present.

Mary's dexterous fingers work within my Corky's sphincter and as the resulting fluid streams down between his legs, the women are enthralled with the exhibition.

"It appears to be more vaginal discharge than ejaculate," Pam utters in noting that Corky's erection remains useless.

Yes, it's the mere ornament that I intended it to be, I think to myself, pleased that my guests are entertained.

Corky gives me this beseeching look, the humiliation building to beyond even his level of tolerance. I just smile and lean back, the look returning my thoughts to Chip and the all too brief hunt of years ago.

Aunt Meredith's elaborate hogtie was not without purpose. The slowly tightening strand of wire slowly deprived Chip's scrotal sac of circulation. The bag of flesh began to turn red just as Chip began to move, the effect of the amazing curare having dispelled.

"Well, Chip, you're going to lose them. You decide the timing."

With that, Aunt Meredith rolled away the log holding up Chip's thighs. He cried out as the weight of his own legs caused the rope to become more taut and thus tighten the loop of wire around his precious gonads.

Aunt Meredith sat down and cradled his head. She was surprisingly comforting in smoothing her hands over his face.

"Keep your feet and hands high Chip and save your testicles... for as long as you can last."

I was not shocked to see Chip's tears. A virile young male was slowly being castrated. And my amazingly insouciant aunt, she

who so deftly created the hogtie, offered odd comfort. She seemed genuinely sympathetic.

“Or you can make it quick. Simply pull down with hands and feet. You’ll feel a sudden sharp pain as your nerves send one was last signal of warning, that those beautifully formed testicles are in danger, then you’ll feel nothing as the nerves and blood vessels are permanently crushed, ending your life as a man.”

Aunt Meredith softly caressed Chip’s head.

“He’s a fighter this one, Ashley. Look at him hold up his feet. But the effort is in vain. One way or the other the circulation will be cut off and the testicles will die. He’s slowly being emasculated. By my hand and before two women. You must feel such humiliation, Chip.

“Later I’ll remove the useless plums. Will it comfort you to know they’ll have a nice place in my collection, Chip?” she taunted with a laugh.

She tousled his hair and stood.

“Take off your jodhpurs, Ashley. There’s no need for you to be shy. Chip here will soon be neutered, turned into an asexual beast.”

I did of course, Aunt Meredith was one to be obeyed. I kept on my boots and blouse and soon stood naked from waist to boot tops.

“I’m going to offer you a reprieve, Chip. Not a long reprieve but you’ll remain intact for a little longer if you so choose.

“Sit, Ashley. Let Chip gaze at those young charms. He’s been coveting you in his cage for a week. Let him discover your taste. And I will alleviate your anguish, Chip. But just as long as Ashley cares to experience that tongue of yours, the appendage that seems to have gotten you in trouble with an underage girl.”

Aunt Meredith extended her hand to grasp the rope at Chip’s ankles, pulling it up to add slack. Chip sighed with the relief.

“Yes, Chip. I know about the charges. The parents of the girl won’t defy the authorities forever. There’s a good chance they’ve already had her sign the affidavit attesting to your oral assault. The police will be waiting for you should you decide to return. There’s no

money to offer in settlement now. Today's hunt was your last opportunity and you lost."

Aunt Meredith cackled as I sat, exposing my trimmed pudendum to a man! My college sexual escapades had not been so explicit... groping about in darkened dormitory rooms with an equally unknowledgeable sex partner. There I was exposing myself, but doing so in such a controlling manner!

"Let me know if he displeases, Ashley. I'll release my grip."

Displease? Chip's tongue began to lick where a girl most enjoys warm wetness. And I leaned back and rested on my elbows as for the first time in my life I received oral service from a male of experience. In Chip's impotence, he had apparently learned exquisite cunnilingus. And with the physical pleasure came this overpowering sensation of control. I merely had to nod to Aunt Meredith and Chip would be returned to slowly neutering himself.

He licked with touching fervor, seeming to believe that an adequate performance would save his balls. Yet he was only exchanging time, remaining intact only so long as I was being pleasured by his tongue. And I felt no empathy, only the frisson of realizing that Aunt Meredith had finally awakened the Duval family proclivity once and for all. I relished the power and control!

My sighs turned to outright cries of pleasure and finally a forceful squeezing of my thighs. I climaxed paroxysmally. I could no longer remain propped on my elbows. I closed my eyes and slumped to lie supine, my pink and wet love nest remaining pressed into Chip's face.

I heard a grunt, felt a waft of air on my outer labia and opened my eyes to see that a smiling Aunt Meredith has released Chip's ankles. The air was Chip's last breath as a male. Aunt Meredith leaned to inspect and pronounced the deed done.

"The nerves and blood vessels are crushed. He's finished as a functioning man."

I felt tears trickling on my thighs yet I joined Aunt Meredith in smiling. Chip's tongue had worked so hard to save himself, and it was for naught.

My consciousness returns to see that Dr. Helga has moved to stand before Corky as Mary milks his prostate. Her hands lower to

his chest. She caresses his nipples... palpating. It is not a sensual caress but one of examination and inspection.

“Very sentient,” she observes. “I’ll pierce the very tips, Ashley. Where the nipples have the most nerve endings. Most make the mistake of penetrating too deeply into the areola where there is less sensitivity. I’ll awaken Corky boy’s nipples, be assured of that.”

Once again Mary leans to observe the rate of flow of the male essence. The limited ooze of clear fluid suggests that Corky has been drained as with Harold and the copilot.

“He’s done,” she succinctly announces, ending an afternoon of divine feminine entertainment.

Between Corky’s thighs is a sizable area of wet sand. He’ll also sleep well. As Miranda arrives with another round of cocktails, the girl talk resumes. My mind lapses again.

Chapter Thirty Three - Miss Ashley Duval

Aunt Meredith kept Chip's wrists tied behind his back and released him from his hogtie. The thin wire remained tightly wrapped about the base of his scrotum as she used the rope as a lead line, towing Chip back to the plantation house by his deadened gonads.

"No sense in letting the circulation return too soon," she announced in assuring that Chip's male organs were indeed dead.

But Aunt Meredith was correct, once the nerves are crushed the testicles are rendered useless, except of course as trophies to commemorate another successful hunt.

A tearful Chip was returned to the cage. Sometime early the next morning, Aunt Meredith with Lotta's assistance, opened up his scrotum and slid out her prized plums. When I later entered the preparation room Chip was groggy from some form of anesthesia. A smiling Aunt Meredith was placing a jar in her trophy cabinet. Lotta was cleaning instruments. Chip's scrotum was empty. Sutures directed one's eyes to small incisions on the sides of his withered sac.

I noticed the masturbation mittens were gone.

"He's yours, Ashley. You'll find he'll become more and more docile over the next few days. Mentally in a fog, a form of denial over his loss. But there will also be no more bizarre incidents with underage girls. Chip and I have come to an agreement. He's staying on the island and I've engaged attorneys to settle all matters concerning his sexual peccadilloes."

Her commanding hand slipped into the cage and pinched Chip's cheek.

"Isn't that right, Chippie?" she mockingly inquired.

A detached Chip nodded, despondent as a result of his loss and having to completely capitulate to a woman.

"Lotta will help you, Ashley. There's a protocol in handling castrates. And from now on it's 'Chippie', our new pet."

Aunt Meredith strolled out to leave me with Lotta who once again retrieved a bottle of lubricant.

"Well girl. You liked looking at it. Now it's yours to do with as you wish," Lotta laughingly proclaimed.

Yes, there was no need to deny sexual pleasure to those who could not achieve such, I suddenly realized.

"He'll be able to get it up for a while. But it will be for your enjoyment not for his. I've got one last chore you can help me with and then he's yours. And your aunt has suggested there are things you should learn."

I watched in amazement as the docile and dazed Chippie sat in his cage while Lotta reached in and stroked his huge penis to a full stand.

"Got to make sure he's drained. Sperm will reside in the seminary ducts and other vessels. Come now for Miss Ashley, Chippie. It's going to be one of your last."

The brown hand stroked with Chippie seeming not to notice. Lotta gave the organ a final stroke and twist and withdrew.

"Every woman has to learn to give a proper hand job," she declared handing me the lubricant. "Just make sure it's under your control, not his."

And so that morning I received explicit instructions on controlling the male ejaculate. And to think that when Chippie finally exploded it would be one of his last, added a thrill I had never before experienced. Yes, the Duval penchant was further ingrained as I wrapped my hand about the thick shaft and followed Lotta's counsel. Normally I would refrain from offering such one sided pleasure, engaging in such a seemingly condescending act. But knowing that it was one of Chippie's last, and knowing that his little remaining ejaculate would be expended only under my control, so much reversed the sense of delight.

It was almost as if he didn't want to come, putting off the climactic release, as if he, in so doing, would somehow stay an intact male.

Finally he ejaculated. Strongly but the fluid was somewhat clear.

“Not much sperm,” commented Lotta. “We’ll drain him again in an hour and then again and again until he’s completely spent. Most think of the act of castration as quick, which it is. But rendering a man sterile takes a little time. Chippie probably feels as if we’re bleeding him to death.

“Yes, a little bit of his remaining maleness will dissipate every time you get him off, Ashley. Your aunt always relished that thought in watching others being drained.”

As do I, I began to realize.

By the end of the day, Chippie was completely drained of all male essence. He also began to lick my hand, oddly falling into the role Aunt Meredith had anointed upon him... he was becoming a pet.

Over all, such a glorious summer. In the ensuing days, Chippie indeed became docile. He no longer needed caging. I learned more about Aunt Meredith’s legal arrangement, a display of the power of Duval wealth. She effectively bought the affidavit of the underage girl, holding it as leverage until Chippie satisfactorily immersed himself in his role. There would be no changing of minds. With any hint of resistance, the affidavit could find its way to the authorities and charges could be filed within hours.

Thus even if he could escape the island, he would be incarcerated or live as a fugitive, a neutered fugitive.

So for an entire summer I practiced giving hand jobs to Chippie, knowing that the normally gratifying act just teased and mentally tormented. And one can be assured, to bring a castrate to full tumescence requires skill, perseverance and soft yet firm hands. Words help, with Chippie’s psyche, a constant reminder of Aunt Meredith’s marauding hands seemed to add a strange degree of stimulation.

“What happened here, Chippie?” was my usual reminder, right hand stroking away while toying with his empty sac with the fingers of my left. The question stirred something within, spurring unrequited arousal.

As Aunt Meredith stated, I had come of age and with the ambiance of the island, the Zeitgeist, as Aunt Meredith termed it, I took Chippie to bed with me every night. He was an accomplished

cunnilinguist, and as his penis became more and more useless, his tongue and lips seemed to become more and more sensual.

It was amusing to practice my hand jobs, working to coax the slowly shrinking and sterile penis to a full stand and then mocking the once proud owner, who was becoming ever more bashful each day.

“Come on Chippie, make it shoot for me,” I taunted, knowing full well that those days were over.

Sometimes seeking a more active role, I rode Chippie’s manhood, its length and girth providing wondrous friction. I would reach down and grasp his empty scrotum and taunt, ‘something’s missing’, pumping up and down with my thighs and hips to bring myself to an explosive orgasm as Chippie just enviously looked at me. I relished the exasperation he must have felt, being forever denied ejaculatory climax. Yes, the Duval penchant for being on top.

But by summer’s end, Chippie’s penis became softer and softer, useless to both of us. But his impotence gave rise to better and better oral service.

And to see his large male form cower in Aunt Meredith’s presence was priceless. The male beast never forgets the castrating hand, that I learned unforgettably.

As Aunt Meredith intended, I arrived on the island in June as a curious girl and left in September as an assertive and experienced woman.

I never saw Chippie again. Years later when I inquired about him Aunt Meredith casually shrugged.

“Chippie decided to take a long swim, Ashley. That happens with castrates. Some cannot live with the despair of having to face life as a neutered pet. And I’ll miss his oral attention. He was one of the best... as I’m sure you’ve come to realize over the years.”

Yes, the mental aspects of castration can be burdensome. That’s the only reason why Corky’s balls remain. And even still I keep him well secured and controlled, his leash constantly tied off or held in someone’s hand. Should he also become despondent, I do not want him attempting the long swim.

Chapter Thirty Four - Corky.

The week has gone so quickly. Compared to the relative inactivity, having Miss Ashley present adds such zest to the normally quiet solitude. She always has plans for her guests. And being free of the leash every afternoon is exhilarating.

She runs me on the beach, adding a degree of challenge to moving about on elbows and knees, but with no one's hand directing the leash and tugging on the collar the sense of freedom is divine.

Still I have to face the grueling mornings with Miss Mary and Miranda. Though it's nice to be out of the arm and legs bindings, I must face the discipline of the pretty young woman and her sjambok. And the stretching is agonizing. By Wednesday the awkward position of lying on my back with my thighs and hips folded over me brings the tip of my penis to my lips. Of course both Miranda and Mary sit on my upturned thighs and press their weight to enable such a peculiar pose. But still when commanded, I am able to extend my tongue and lick my penis tip. Miranda laughs and Mary smiles which is rare.

"Keep licking, Corky. It feels good, doesn't it?" Mary forcefully observes.

And it does of course. The two woman titter as I am able to bring myself to full erection, utilizing my talent for fellatio on myself! When I engulf the swollen tip I am ordered to stop.

By Friday my ligaments are further loosened. Miss Mary uses the tip of the sjambok to push aside my penis and my scrotum comes into range.

"Press your tongue out as far as you can," Miss Mary commands as I feel the slowly building discomfort of having both women press fully with their strength and weight.

Incredibly, as Miranda's fingers grasp my ball sac and pull, the soft pink scrotal flesh can be touched! Miss Mary considers the feat to be an important milestone.

More laughter as Miss Mary lectures.

“Remember Miranda, all males are mentally malleable. From this point he’ll be licking his balls tomorrow and lapping away within a week if you continue the daily stretching.”

And of course Miss Mary is correct. On Saturday morning I am able to extend my tongue and lick the smooth soft flesh of my scrotal sac as would a dog.

“Good boy,” Miss Mary gushes.

And I feel oddly proud in performing for her. The few years as a sports trainer have imbued her with an irresistible governance. I want to meet her demands....and I do.

That afternoon on the beach Miss Mary announces for all that I will be putting on a show before the plane departs on Sunday.

“Corky has a new talent,” she smilingly exclaims with pride.

Freed of the leash, Miss Ashley has me posing upright on my knees. The soft sand helps me keep my balance and as I am instructed to look upwards, a dog biscuit is placed on my forehead.

“Stay,” Miss Ashley commands.

And so I remain before her cadre of guests basking in the sun, Corky the human canine entertaining, performing a trick one would teach a favorite pet.

The one meal per day keeps me constantly hungry and thus I am known to beg for treats throughout the day. Any sustenance will do, and the biscuits are not completely without taste.

“I’ll do him tonight, Ashley, during cocktails.”

I do not need to turn my head and drop the biscuit to know that the voice is that of Dr. Helga Reinhold, the wicked woman who took such delight in suturing my vocal cords and modifying my urethra.

What could she be planning?

“Corky... eat!”

Miss Ashley gives the command and my thoughts are diverted. I deftly snap back my head and catch the falling biscuit in my mouth. While the women laugh, I eat ravenously. Miss Ashley extends her hand and strokes my penis as a reward. As always her expert touch feels good. I stiffen instantly, providing more entertainment.

“Take a run then rest, Corky. Dr. Helga has a surprise for you tonight,” Miss Ashley commands.

A ‘run’ is a rapid movement of elbows and knees across the beach, propelling me not much faster than a walk but enjoyable for the women to watch as the exaggerated motion causes my testicles to flop about and my bells to chime as at a church wedding.

That evening, cocktails are served in the preparation room. Miranda feeds me, having ingested my obligatory sperm appetizer, donated by Mr. Reggie, but offered by way of Miss Ashley’s marvelous quim... a copious serving each day of the gigolo’s stay.

I am led from the kitchen to join the group. As I enter the preparation room, Miranda pulling on my leash, I pause in apprehension causing the spiked neck collar to bite into my skin. Dr. Helga is dressed in surgical garb!

“Oh come, Corky, Dr. Helga has some very nice refinements I think you will come to enjoy,” Miss Ashley rebukes in noticing my reluctance.

I am placed on a surgical table. Straps hold me down. My thighs, remain forcibly folded by the bindings and are spread well apart. I whine, signaling to Miss Ashley, my owner, my Master, provider of all, my discomfort in being bound and in close proximity to the demented doctor. She laughs.

“I’m not going to let any harm come to my Corky,” she proclaims in her child’s voice.

The guests gather about to observe, smiling with my squirming within the intense bondage.

“First a little nipple piercing, Corky. Chaste males develop very sentient nipples and I think you’ll come to enjoy the feel.”

I am forced to watch in horror as, without any numbing anesthesia, Dr. Helga heats needles. A gloved hand toys with my left nipple. Incredibly, she callously spears the tiniest pinch of sensitive pink flesh at the very tip of the areola. My scream of pain brings laughter as my sutured vocal cords bring forth the usual sounds of inhuman squawking.

Dr. Helga ignores my reaction and immediately goes to work on my right nipple. She is a machine, once programmed and turned on, nothing stops her from her goal.

Through the two openings Dr. Helga inserts steel bars with chains attached. To the free end of each bar she solders a small steel balls making it impossible to slide the bars back through the new openings. She tugs on the chains. I grimace with the strange new sensation. Not entirely painful, a woman can now manipulate another sensitive part of my anatomy.

Next curious lengths of matching steel are attached to my neck collar... one right, one left. The prongs extend some three of four inches and their utility is quickly realized; Dr. Helga attaches the loose ends of my nipple chains.

"Turn your head, Corky, try out your new trinkets," Miss Ashley strongly suggests.

I do and find that by way of the chains I can turn my head and jostle my nipples. And since Dr. Helga has taken the time to penetrate the most sensitive areas, the feeling is strangely pleasurable.

Miss Ashley notices my reaction of relative acceptance.

"You see, Corky, I take care of my pet. Now just by turning your head you can manipulate your nipples."

And for what purpose? I think to myself. Ultimate climax has long been denied. Tensioning the nipple chains merely results in more teasing... as I am sure Miss Ashley intends.

"And now I'll loop him," Dr. Helga announces as I again cower.

The gloved hands hold a length of latex tubing. Having been catheterized over a year ago at the Amsterdam Clinic I quickly understand the controlling utility of the tube. Yet it is short and there is a bulbous section near one end.

"Just a little discomfort, Corky. Nothing you have not felt before," Dr. Helga tries to sooth me.

Her hands work at my perineum where she had opened my urethra. I feel the tube enter. She pushes gently. I feel burning as the latex finds its way past my prostate then into my penis. Finally I look down to see the end exit my penis tip.

"You're really going to enjoy this, Corky," Miss Ashley predicts.

The tube extends some ten inches beyond my penis when I feel the pressure of the bulb on the opposite end enter my urethra. I grimace as Dr. Helga forces it inward.

"We'll insert it right to the edge of the prostate gland," she declares.

And she does. I can feel the bulb abrade where Miss Mary so alacritously milked me days before.

"Perfect," the demented surgeon announces. "A new handle. What better purpose for an otherwise useless organ."

I do not understand her meaning until she begins to inject a gooey substance into the tube, then she takes the free end, bends it downward past my balls and attaches it to the end at my urethra.

In joining the ends, the tube forms a loop. And she fills the hollowness with glue.

"You've been looped," Dr. Helga enthusiastically declares.

The glue dries quickly and another thin chain appears. This one is attached to my neck collar at my throat with the opposite end attached to the hardened latex projecting from my penis tip.

"Marvelous," Miss Ashley declares. "Corky, every erotic nerve you have is now under control."

The crowd of women step back and I am helped off the table to the preparation room floor.

"Go ahead. Move your head about. The neck collar will tension one of the chains no matter the direction... left, right, up, down."

Yes, in addition to the control chain, which I used to pressure my prostate, motion of my head left or right can now jiggle my nipples. And in the oddest sensation, I can lift my head to tension the small chain attached to the urethral insert. It feels as though someone is pulling my penis, except that since the tube is inserted right through to my new opening, the sensation goes deeper. It feels as if fingers are working within my penis and the bulb provides a different form of prostatic massage.

I just kneel and move my head about, soaking up the erotic pleasures while the women laugh and laugh. Due to the autoerotic manipulation, my penis stiffens and that seems to be the most

humiliating notion of all... forcibly arousing myself before all the observing eyes, yet with no climactic relief available.

Miss Ashley pats my head.

“See what I do for my little pet. You’re really going to enjoy being walked now, Corky.”

Chapter Thirty Five - Corky.

I found Miss Ashley to be correct. Walking about jostled my chains. Thus whenever my collar was pulled, nipples, testicles, prostate and penis were vibrated or kneaded or caressed with every resulting step. For a woman to have me tumefy, it merely required governance over my leash and a few supervised steps about the room. Such degradation, yet such annoyingly teasing pleasure.

There is something about the constant chastity, the abundance of hormones, that actually leaves me wanting for the controlling hand. When tied to one of the wall hooks for hour after hour, I pine for the thrill of governance. That which will release me and though degrade, permit motion that will in turn flood my cortex with the countless erotic messages of my vibrating chains. Such devilishly pleasing torment. To stiffen at a woman's behest, yet never to experience the satiation of climax.

Sunday morning found me in the preparation room where Miss Mary had her last go. After removing all the bindings and chains, I was positioned on my back and found that my range of motion had increased to the point where for the first time I could lick my balls with impunity without the two woman pressing down on my thighs.

This could only occur when the various chains were unhooked of course. When connected the control chain running the length of my spine would not permit me to curl up and bring my pubes area into proximity with my face. So as good as it felt to orally simulate myself where so little attention was received, the controlling women of the island would decide when I would put on the ignominious display of emulating that most crass canine act... licking one's genitals.

In being curled up and performing for Miss Mary I was better able to evaluate the inserted tube, my 'loop' as Dr. Helga termed it. The glue added a degree firmness to the otherwise flexible latex. And with the two ends connected it did indeed form a loop, the exposed part running from my penis tip, curving downward, slipping

past my scrotum and then entering my new pee hole. Since the tube didn't block that part of the urethra that served to empty my bladder, urination was not effected. And as Miss Mary had me rolled up in a ball, I was able to work my tongue around my new modification and lick away at my hairless pink scrotal sac.

After satisfying the assertive trainer that her week's goal had been accomplished, I was told to right myself and Miss Mary then took great pleasure in hooking her index finger through the firm loop of latex and leading me about, as if it was a leash. The conflicting sensations overwhelmed...the bizarre physical sensation of having a female finger tug at something that was so deeply inserted into an intimate male organ, the strange joy as the latex rubbed my most sensitive urethral flesh, the ignominy in having a young and pretty woman using my male organ to control me.

"Put on his bindings and chains, Miranda. It's time for one last afternoon on the beach."

The mischievous Miranda slipped on my bindings as Miss Mary stood over me with the sjambok, ready to stroke with the slightest hesitation should I appear to resist. As the young hands worked to insert my tail, Miss Mary departed the preparation room to change into her bathing attire. Thereafter chains and finally my testicles bells were attached.

"Beach time, Corky," Miranda announced, eager for the daily diversion into the shrubbery where male subjugation and my assiduous tongue would bring the pretty girl to numerous climaxes. With obedience stick in hand we departed the house and quickly diverted into the underbrush.

My furtive oral endeavors began and I noticed that Miranda quickly became wetter than ever, obviously not only enjoying the work of tongue and lips but becoming accustomed to providing the obedient and well trained male with access to her otherwise private parts.

When finished, I lap away all elements of our lustful encounter, as trained, and feel the brisk tug as our journey to join the visiting entourage continues.

Stepping onto the soft sand my elbows and knees sink and I struggle to keep pace. The increased jostling causes my cortex to

be overwhelmed with all the new sensations as my nipples are pulled about, the chain connected to my loop frictions the deeply inserted tube and as always I feel my tail insert waggle about to knead my prostate. The result is a 'stiffy', as Miranda childishy refers to male tumescence. So as we approach Miss Ashley and her relaxing guests, many pair of female eyes look to see Corky the human canine being walked and exhibiting a most erect yet well restrained manhood.

The leash is handed to an amused Miss Ashley.

"I see your modifications are working to achieve the desired results, Helga," Miss Ashley comments as she pulls up on the leash, forcing me to rise onto my haunches.

Righted at the waist and with elbows in the air, my engorged and intubated penis is displayed for all. The collection of women laugh with the sight. And it is more annoying to hear the male voice of the naked and well hung Mr. Reggie joining them.

Miss Ashley notices my chagrined look and tenderly pinches to my cheek mollify.

"Why not romp about a little, Corky," Miss Ashley suggests as she unclips my leash.

As stated, being with Miss Ashley on the beach affords the only freedom I have from the leash. Does my tail waggle in anticipation?

"Go get it, Corky boy."

With leash removed, Miss Ashley tosses my foam rubber ball, so often retrieved by me under the tutelage of Nurse Peggy. I know it to be a psychological reminder of my incarceration, treatment and therapy at the Amsterdam Institute for Behavioral Modification, the clever Dr. Stella suggesting there be constant remembrance of my many cathartic months of transformation to groveling pet.

Still, with the obedience stick handy, I know to comply and bound after the rolling sphere. In feeling the autoeroticism transmitted through the chains to nipples, penis, testicles and prostate there come goose bumps.

"So nicely trained," observes Miss Pam as I grip the ball in my teeth and turn back to the group.

With the ball bringing memories, I think back to the final visit with the judge. After I reviewed the prenuptial agreement and finally ascertained the scope of the document I had signed, I was given a week to think about my circumstances.

I could fight the petition to have me declared non compos mentis and possibly win. But then there was the divorce which would leave me unemployable and with five hundred dollars per month of Miss Ashley's money. I could then object to the prenuptial agreement, attempt to get it overturned and raid the Duval coffers. But there would be a phalanx of lawyers to contest my maneuver. I could not claim forgery. The punctilious Miss Priscilla Peck would attest to my signature without hesitation. It would be argued that I was seeking to negate the very document that I ostensibly drafted. Would that be more evidence of my alleged mental incompetency, denying the terms of an agreement that so many people could testify that I had personally written?

And there was the file stuffed with photos of me engaging in the most prurient behavior... all that training in fellatio practiced on numerous patients at the Clinic. And not a single picture provided the slightest clue that Nurse Peggy and Nurse Valerie were standing nearby to supervise my drug induced actions.

I would be disbarred if the photos circulated and in experiencing the power of the Duval millions, I had no doubt that with a simple phone call a close up photo of my pursed and sedulous lips wrapped about a stiff phallus could be on the cover of any number of daily newspapers.

So in the end, I capitulated, scribbling a rejoinder of 'no lo contendre' to Miss Ashley's petition. I became her legal ward.

"He'll be well cared for your honor," Miss Ashley declared in thanking the judge for her time and her ruling. "He's already responding well to '*counseling*'."

I recall the judge smiling wickedly upon hearing Miss Ashley give that word an odd inflection, as if it was a code word.

The afternoon proceeds with me retrieving the ball for all that choose to toss it. When Mr. Reggie gives it a throw, he makes me lick his balls when I return it.

“Good exercise,” Miss Ashley explains as Miss Pam comments on by labored breathing.

“Time for an early dinner,” Miss Ashley finally announces. “There are no landing lights on the runway, therefore we must depart before dusk.”

Chapter Thirty Six - Corky.

During dinner I am posed on the exhibition table as usual. Miranda shortens my four chains and thus the slightest motion of my head can be felt in every sentient pink part of my anatomy. There is no problem holding an erection to amuse the guests.

"Mary suggests that Corky is prepared to entertain after dinner," Miss Ashley announces. "He's been taught a new trick."

I cringe hearing the words, knowing how I will 'entertain'.

Miranda clears the table. Port is served. Miss Mary approaches to release my leash.

"Let's use the parlor," Miss Ashley nods to the large rarely occupied room across the hall.

Miss Mary leads, obedience stick in hand. I follow into the parlor, knees and elbows pumping, testicle bells chiming. Miranda joins us. I am stripped of my bindings. Strangely, I feel naked without, though such only cover arms and legs. The chains are removed, leaving the thin steel bars penetrating my nipples. My 'loop', the hardened latex tube inserted into my penis remains. My tail and rectal insert are slid away. Neck collar and scrotal band are my only covering.

Miss Ashley leads her guests into the room... Dr. Stella, Dr. Helga, Miss Pam, Mr. Reggie, the chastised Harold. The pilot joins them, dressed in her flight uniform. The copilot is at the air strip readying the jet.

"Mary's been busy every morning as I am sure most of you have noticed. She's taught Corky a new trick, a process every dog lover enjoys," Miss Ashley explains.

On cue, Miss Mary snaps her fingers and I know to lie supine on the rug and extend my arms well out to the sides. I lift my feet off the floor and raise my hips... further... further... until my toes touch the rug over my head. I spread my feet. I know to relax and let my ligaments stretch. My looped penis approaches my mouth. I extend my tongue and lick the engorged tip. It feels good and the women

collectively stoop for a better view. There is laughter... sardonic, derisive. Yet I lick and lick.

“Oh Mary, just as you promised,” Miss Ashley gushes.

“Men can be trained to do just about anything,” the dour Mary observes. “It takes time, perseverance, resolve, and a good rationing of pain.”

The group just looks in silence as my enthusiastic autoerotic tongue works. I feel a fleeting pleasure... like a need to sneeze. I know there is no ejaculatory relief, no possibility of climax yet I lick on, amusing the women as Miss Ashley intends. I flush with the humiliation yet feel strangely proud to be responding to Miss Mary.

“Do your balls, Corky. Be a good boy for Miss Ashley,” Miss Mary commands.

I further lower my hips, amazed by my newly instilled flexibility. I use my nose to push aside the rubber loop. There are gasps of astonishment and girlish glee as I begin to lick my scrotum, careful to work my tongue around Dr. Helga’s cruel testicle piercings.

For a few moments, Miss Ashley watches with a smile and then takes one of the thin chains from Miranda. She stoops and hooks one end to my neck collar just under my chin. She then unravels just enough length, mere inches, to attach it to my scrotum band. She effectively restrains me in the curled up position... neck collar to scrotal band.

“Henceforth, this will be your reward for good behavior, Corky. And perhaps when I am in a good mood I’ll call down here to the island and have Miranda secure you just like that. Let you lick away... penis and balls. You know you can’t climax. You’ll just extend the torment, bring yourself closer and closer to what I’ve taken away, the ability to ejaculate.”

More port is served as I hungrily do as Miss Ashley suggests, torment myself in trying to achieve the unachievable.

“He’ll soon learn that manipulating the loop can also provide ephemeral pleasure,” Dr. Helga lectures. “It penetrates extremely sensitive flesh and as you observed there’s a bulb that kneads the prostate gland. Corky’s going to be one happy puppy.”

My frustration builds. I know I am close to climax, telling myself more licking will bring the ultimate in male joy. When Dr.

Helga mentions the loop, I move my head and grip the firm latex tube in my mouth.

“See, he’s doing it already. Go to it, Corky. Try to get yourself off,” the demented doctor cackles.

With the firm tube clenched in my teeth I pull and push, pull and push. The rubber abrades the most sensitive urethral flesh, bringing a burning that seems to strangely satiate. I can feel the bulb tantalize my prostate. The action amuses my audience. I appear to be exhibiting canine behavior, a dog pulling at his own leash.

Dr. Helga approaches to run her index finger about my perineum. She holds it up for all to view. It glistens in the room light.

“Prostatic fluid,” she explains. “He can milk himself.”

Small talk ensues. I notice that Miss Ashley’s hand reaches to the naked Mr. Reggie and grasps his semi erect manhood. She strokes, and I think of the exquisite hand jobs I once received, still wondering where and how her skill developed.

The awkward position slowly tires me. Despite my earnest efforts there can be no climax, only more and more frustration. My head finally eases back to rest on the carpet. I can no longer strain my neck muscles to reach my genitals.

“He’ll develop stamina over time,” Miss Mary notes. “I’ve taught Miranda how to make a man strive to attain a woman’s goals. Given a few weeks Corky will be able to assume the position ad infinitum.”

There is silence broken by the pilot.

“Well, darkness approaches,” she announces.

Miranda works me back into the bindings. The group retreats to gather belongings. Within minutes I am walked to the air strip and watch while the plane is loaded, providing the guests with a suitable final setting, a perspective of how they will remember their visit to the Duval island paradise, the naked and collared Corky patiently resting on all fours, penis erect, the nubile Miranda directing his leash.

Miss Ashley stands holding hands with Mr. Reggie. The two appear to be teens in love. He remains naked, Miss Ashley as always relishing the notion that the subordinate male leaves the island attired, or rather not attired, as she demands.

She pulls Mr. Reggie to stand before me and points to his semi flaccid manhood. I know to crane my neck and extend my tongue, tenderly licking his balls, expecting to offer more upon Miss Ashley's command.

"Make him nice and hard for me, Corky. It's the best way to leave the island."

I raise my head and take the tip of his penis in my mouth. I hear a murmur of ecstasy and a soft feminine laugh as I feel the enormous tip swell between my lips.

"I'll be back in a month or two," Miss Ashley quietly informs, patting my head. "And maybe I'll bring another male toy, one even bigger than Reggie. You seem to so much savor the better endowed men. And I'll let you watch me enjoy him, of course."

Epilogue - Corky.

I know the island well, but Miss Ashley knows it better. Thus for me to elude there is futility. Yet, I scramble about and hide as best I can. I am here to please Miss Ashley and therefore endeavor to provide a challenge.

It has been a year since that visit when Dr. Helga looped my useless penis. Since then Miss Ashley has visited many times bringing numerous male 'toys' as promised. She has also replenished the old stables, and in having no desire to engage in hunts similar to those apparently staged by her late aunt, she has formulated her own form of recreation... stalking me.

I remain in my bindings, forced to move about on elbows and knees as would a dog. Thus with my lack of celerity, after release I am afforded an hour to rush into the island greenery as best I can and hide myself from the thundering stallion which the regal Miss Ashley rides with aplomb.

On this hunt, she has a new toy... Harold. He's naked and gingerly riding about with Miss Ashley, locked into masturbation mittens and most horny; Miss Ashley having spent the past three days teasing him while keeping him denied of any ultimate climax.

I've sucked on his mammoth penis of course and it does indeed seem that the size of every visiting toy exceeds that of the previous gigolo. The regimen of 'sperm appetizers' continues.

So here I rest, well ensconced in a thicket of underbrush, hopefully able to avoid Miss Ashley for the six allotted hours. In resting, I enjoy the relative freedom of not being leashed. Neck collar remains in place however, with chains attached to nipples, my tail insertion and my loop. Thus I can move about my head and feel the effect of the pleasant jostling on all my sentient anatomy.

I feel myself stiffen and know that if I continue I will soon feel prostatic fluid seeping between my thighs. It is as close to ejaculation as I can come. So I wile away the hours both stimulating myself and frustrating myself.

I hear noise. I peer through the shrubbery to see the huge form of Harold sitting atop a stallion, holding the reins between his thumbless mittens as best he can. He is alone, somehow separating from Miss Ashley. He looks about, obviously lost. The horse steps forward. I move to follow his motion. My testicle bells quietly ring with my movement.

Then it happens, the sound of a zing and a whoosh. I feel stabbing pain. My muscles turn to rubber. I cannot move.

A well hidden Miss Ashley has found her prey, utilizing Harold as a diversion and listening for my bells.

"Gotcha, Corky boy," I hear the confident sonorous voice of my Master, my legal guardian.

The soft firm hands, which can so wonderfully stroke the male appendage, dislodge the curare filled dart from my right cheek. The giant Harold joins in celebrating my capture. A large arm slips under my stomach.

"Bring him out this way, Harold. There's a small clearing."

Though immobile I can strangely hear and feel everything. I know what will happen and cannot move to resist or protest. The consequence of capture is a fate accomplished. There is nothing I can do. Thus I am motionless as Harold picks me up like a small child.

"Prop him tummy down over that fallen tree."

Harold places me stomach down as directed. Miss Ashley unlaces my leg bindings. I feel the smooth warmth of her hand brush my buttocks. It feels good. I welcome her touch.

My control chain is unhooked. My tail and anal insertion removed. I feel Miss Ashley's controlling hands lift one foot and then the other to spread my legs and part my thighs.

"Come here, Harold. Kneel and let Corky see what he'll be taking."

Miss Ashley also kneels and reaches with her left hand to grasp a clump of my hair. She uses it as a handle to lift my head where I am forced to stare at Harold's hairless pubes, just inches from my face. The enormous phallus is somewhat swollen in apparent anticipation. Miss Ashley's right hand moves to the shaft. Her fingers cannot fully wrap about the considerable girth. Still she deftly strokes, the randy Harold most grateful for her tendance.

“We’ll see if your muscles are relaxed enough to take this one, Corky. Harold’s a big boy. I like them big, and I think you do too.”

Within seconds the tip of Harold’s stiff penis seems to tower above my head. Miss Ashley smirks so divinely the control element has that effect, two naked males under her governance. Both forced to endure the degradation of performing for her... displaying, exhibiting, submitting, capitulating.

A pearl of liquid appears to drip from Harold’s excited organ. Miss Ashley deems him ready and stands. She doffs her jodhpurs in a quick and practiced maneuver then sits, sliding her beautiful form so that her nicely trimmed mons approaches. She knows that I pine to suckle her pinkness. Yet, I am paralyzed and instead must look admiringly and savor the aroma, a tantalizing combination of arousal and sweat from a morning’s ride.

I feel Harold step between my spread thighs. The masturbation mittens press against my hips to steady himself. I feel the abrasion of the scabrous fabric.

“Plunge away, Harold. Make it deep. Make it slow. He’s been well lubricated to take the tail insert, and with the curare you’ll find that the purse string muscle is unable to offer resistance.”

Oh the humiliation, the degradation. Yes, the consequence afforded the vanquished prey is to be sodomized, and by one of the largest males I have tasted.

Meanwhile I stare at Miss Ashley’s warm, soft and wet quim, using the wonderful sight to divert my attention from the extraordinary pain of my anal assault.

Miss Ashley’s fingers slip into her portal, moist and fragrant with arousal, the display of her power over the subjugated male beast providing welcomed stimulation.

“A little treat,” she offers, withdrawing her fingers and smearing the odoriferous wetness over my lips and nose. I try to lick and cannot. The curare obviates all movement. The mental frustration begins to overwhelm. I just must lie and feel the inordinate strength of Harold’s thrust, his lust finally released but only with Miss Ashley’s concurrence. And it so nicely augments her sense of power.

Epilogue - Miss Ashley Duval

Watching Corky being sodomized is luscious, particularly by the well endowed Harold. My pet can neither speak to protest nor move to resist. He just must lie and take it... take all twelve rock hard inches.

And I delightfully add to his sense of helplessness, offering the aromatic feminine essence for which he so craves. As I watch Harold briskly plunge... in ... out... in ... out... his puissant thrusts making Corky's bells chime like Big Ben, I dab my fingers into my overflowing love pot and slowly coat Corky's entire face with my wetness. Oh, the power.

"You know, Corky, Aunt Meredith told me on more than one occasion that all men lie, cheat and steal. And most curiously, they all thereafter seek to be contrite, all offer some humbling form of penitence, all seek to engage in penance.

"Years ago, when you clumsily sought to begin a relationship, you were deceitful from the start. You knew who I was, knew of my circumstances. In my mind that's a lie and certainly not within the tenants of your then profession. I was a client of your firm.

"Then after carefully incubating the ongoing lie, you cheated, drafting a rather one sided, unjustly enriching prenuptial agreement. And the result would have been, in my mind, stealing. Entering into marriage for the express purpose of lining your wallet. Heartbreaking, Corky. Even a rich girl doesn't deserve that.

"That's when Aunt Meredith's words came back to me, that is the seeking of contrition and penitence. So here you are Corky, feeling the pain and humiliation of your penance. Being sodomized before a woman. Your little rectum's going to be rather sore for a few days. I'll have Lotta apply lotion.

"But I just want you to know that I have enjoyed not only being the swift sword of penance, but have also have relished the game of staying one step ahead of you. You see, Corky, when I returned the prenuptial agreement and told you it had been reviewed by an attorney, I was truthful. You should know that while you were

studying law at Columbia University, I was a little north and a little east of New York City making law review at Yale. So I took the liberty, as a trained attorney, to make a few changes to your prenuptial agreement, the final one, that which you so pompously chose to sign without reading one last time.”

I detect some movement. The curare is wearing off. This will cause Corky’s sphincter to involuntarily tighten, increasing his anguish along with Harold’s pleasure.

“Yet, I am tiring. Somewhat cloyed. It’s been over two years since that fateful ride to the Amsterdam Clinic. And though watching you forcefully take so much cock continues to amuse, I am considering moving onward. There’s much land here on the island and an entire staff well trained to handle subordinate males. I’m thinking of commencing a camp for disciplining recalcitrant young males. I’ve had discussions with a certain judge and she will offer alternative sentences for naughty boys... a summer here with me instead of reform school. Instilling obedience will require much of my time but it will be well spent. Don’t you think, Corky?

“So I am going to relinquish my stewardship and grant you the divorce. Your petition has been held in abeyance and can easily be reopened. And I certainly won’t challenge the agreed payments of five hundred dollars per month.”

I must pause and laugh. With the slowly returning ability to move, Corky’s eyes widen. Is it in reaction to my comments or the pain of his tightening sphincter as the huge stiff penis of Harold continues to penetrate time after time into the depths of his backside?

“But we must also consider your mental state. You’ve been deemed ‘non compos mentis’ and will remain so until a judge rules otherwise. That means someone must be appointed to take care of you when I remove myself as your ward. And after much thought, I found a suitable person who will oversee a long stay at the Amsterdam Institute for Behavioral Modification. Aunt Meredith left it well endowed so there’s no issue of money. And I’m sure Nurse Peggy and Nurse Valerie will be glad to have you back. I’ve arranged for a tiny room for you, dark with no windows, just a formidable steel door and four walls of austere concrete. And Dr. Stella has

suggested the most interesting regimen for both weekly exercise and to stem the boredom.

“She seems to think that a deep and lasting caning will result in not only a brisk physical workout but can also provide the mental catharsis that will exasperatingly titillate your mind as you helplessly lie in bondage. Each week you’ll be offered the choice... continue lying in unending silent darkness or request to be temporarily freed for caning.

“You will decide whether to stay locked up or be temporarily released to face the pain and physical agony of a thorough caning. The woman I have in mind is most accomplished, able to maximize the torment without inflicting damage that would preclude subsequent canings. If you endure well, grovel for the nurses and are deemed to be obedient, perhaps Nurse Peggy will let you lick your balls and suck your penis as I have so graciously had you trained.”

Harold thrusts strongly and cries out in a guttural proclamation as three days of pent up sperm is deeply injected into Corky’s passage. I know my pet can feel the heat of the explosion of male essence. The thought brings forth more of my own wetness. The timing is perfect as the effects of the curare continue to wane.

Corky will be able to move and offer Harold his tongue and lips for a thorough cleansing of his moist and pungent manhood.

“I’ll have Dr. Helga reverse the suturing of your vocal cords, Corky. At the Institute the rooms are sound proofed and all will enjoy hearing your screams. Nothing will impede your cries for mercy.”

“Yes, Corky. The lying, cheating and stealing male cannot be denied his penance.”

Epilogue - Miss Priscilla Peck

Living a life of subterfuge can not only be fun, it can have its rewards.

As I step from the taxi, the facade of the Amsterdam Clinic brings such lovely memories. As a legal secretary and good friend of Meredith Duval, many years ago I introduced her to the law firm where I work. At that time, she wished to bestow funding on the Clinic to establish the Institute for Behavioral Modification. I suggested that our firm could easily handle the paper work and ensure that her wishes were carried out. I visited the Clinic many times in helping arrange the transaction.

Later, upon her demise, it was natural for my law firm to be selected in her will to handle her estate. My wimp boss, Samuel L. Brackett, was a most competent estate attorney. And I of course made sure there were no measures taken which would be counter to Meredith's wishes.

But my good friend Meredith did have a personal request, expressed during one of my many vacations when she graciously invited me to her island.

"Watch over my niece Ashley, Priscilla. All the legal documents can't substitute for the caring of a trusted friend. I am concerned that the latent penchant of the Duval women will draw her into a trap."

At the time Meredith made her request, we laid on the sunny beach and this tall castrate by the name of Chippie was serving drinks. When not being directed to serve he laid in the sand and licked our toes. I recall thinking what a marvelous penchant it is for the Duval women when one is fabulously wealthy. In being of modest means, engaging in my proclivity required a degree of guile and camouflage. The Duval's... well, here we were on a sunny beach imbibing cocktails with a naked and neutered male at our feet, forced into an existence of docility by way of Meredith's castrating hand.

So after Meredith's demise while working on The Duval Estate, when this hound Charles J. Barrington came sniffing around,

I suspected the trap that Meredith feared. Yet, after much thought I determined that perhaps Ashley's first encounter with a money grubbing mountebank, one with a law degree from a prestigious university, may be one which could become a valuable lesson. Since it was Charles, I could monitor his scheming and intercede if necessary.

So I expedited the process by which Charles endeavored to gain what he sought. And I am happy with the results. Ashley seemingly did not need much assistance and stayed one step ahead of the scheming Charles for most of the relationship. When I witnessed the altered prenuptial agreement, I had to stifle my laughter. Upon separation, the terms were as close to turning Charles into an indentured servant as the emancipation proclamation would permit.

Overall Ashley did learn valuable lessons. She is aware of her power and wields it admirably. She can now more comfortably revel in the Duval family penchant, more confidently engage in her dominion over the mendacious male.

As I pass through the lobby of the Clinic, I return the nods and greetings of the staff. With the many months of weekly visits I am known. Ostensibly, I am the new ward for the mentally incompetent Charles J. Barrington, the sexually deviant former attorney, and that my weekly appointment is to assure his care. Actually, I am present to reap the rewards of my loyalty to the Duval family interests.

The elevator grinds, slowly descending. What an ominous and gothic greeting for the fractious and recalcitrant males who find themselves incarcerated here, I think to myself... to be slowly lowered into the bowels of Manhattan bedrock by a machine that makes sounds only Kafka could adequately describe.

I proceed to a changing room where I begin the transformation from prudish legal secretary. Gone are the silk scarf, designer suit, expensive but modestly styled heels. I strip and cannot help turning to a full length mirror and smiling. Age fifty has passed yet I have kept enticingly trim. And though the projected mental power now exceeds the physical, I am still not bad to gaze upon.

I don sleeveless black leather vest leaving arms bare for brisk movement. There is a most brief skirt, no undergarments. As I slip on knee high black leather boots, there comes a knock on the door.

"I have readied Mr. Barrington for you, Miss Peck."

It is the voice of the cute Nurse Peggy who so devotedly assures that the allegedly deviant former attorney is restrained with pertinent parts of his anatomy exposed to receive my cane. She will have him lying prostrate, strapped down at the waist, legs restrained and well parted to expose those pierced testicles, head and shoulders held an uncomfortable few inches above the low discipline table by wrists cuffed and secured to a cable overhead. His naked form will be presented so vulnerably at knee height.

Yes, my subterfuge is to be the prim and efficient legal secretary in the vanilla world, heartless sadist and unyielding flagellant within the D/s community.

This afternoon I will cane Charles J. Barrington until his raspy voice can no longer beg for mercy. I will begin with the buttocks. Then crisp applications to the soles of the feet will not only intensify the agony but also assure he continues to crawl. Nurse Peggy will observe, heightening the humiliation and mental anguish as she caringly dabs away his tears, offers childish words to stem the embarrassing blubbing and admonishes him to restore his resolve to accept the next stroke. Yes, I flagellate slowly and deliberately, maximizing both the physical suffering and the mental... extending the time for reflective thought, to foster pensiveness, instill penance.

Afterwards, if he satisfactorily licks me to orgasm, Nurse Peggy and I will watch in delight as he is permitted to roll himself into a ball and, as trained, lick his genitals. Observing the resulting frustration, the aroused male with no ability to achieve orgasmic relief, is gratifying. Sometimes it appears the exasperation exceeds that of my caning.

Then his various neck chains will be returned, his wrists firmly strapped into the standard form of restraint at the Amsterdam Clinic, broad waistbelt with wrists cuffed at the hips, and Nurse Peggy will leash him and lead him back to whatever tiny black cell

Ashley has arranged. There the penance of Charles J. Barrington will continue as he lies in silent darkness and uses his neck collar to tug away and jostle nipples, penis, testicles and prostate.

I conclude my thoughts and open the door to the sweet young face of the blonde caregiver.

“It’s so nice of Charles to once again request to be caned, Peggy. That room Miss Ashley arranged must be terribly confining for him to constantly seek my company.”

Nurse Peggy nods and laughs. I join her.

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