



**PENANCE
CORPORATION
OF AMERICA:
MUFFIN BROWN ASPIRES
THE JUDGE'S REVENGE
CHRIS BELLWS**

Penance Corporation of America

Muffin Brown Aspires

&

The Judge's Revenge

by Chris Bellows

ISBN 13: 978-1-935897-83-5

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

Copyright © 2007, All rights reserved

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without prior written permission from the publisher.

For information contact:

Pink Flamingo Publications

www.pinkflamingo.com

P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083
USA

Cover Image © Copyright Roman Kasperski

Email Comments: comments@pinkflamingo.com

Penance Corporation of America

Muffin Brown Aspires

My hand rises and I find my fingers rubbing the finely polished bars of steel. The sense of permanency such a bulwark confers brings goose bumps. As I know after the many weeks, that which is placed inside will never be released... not without my acquiescence and then only under my direction. I can feel the sense of empowerment the well crafted cage of metal bestows. Though age 23, I feel as excited as a young girl at a birthday party.

In training class, the confinement enclosures were of wood, designed to replicate the conditions without the expense. After all, no one would attempt escape during training class. Therefore cheap wooden dowels were used to fabricate replicas of the hardened steel in order to facilitate practice in feeding, handling and caring for that placed within.

“It does imbue one with an arousing sense of governance, does it not? I felt the same when my first tour began.”

I turn my head to the room’s entranceway, a solid door of equally imposing metal, to see that an enormous woman of some forty years has been observing my state of reverie. Whereas I would normally feign some degree of innocence, perhaps even blush, when someone suggested that thoughts of authority could instill arousal, I instead smile devilishly. After all, I know the woman is one of us... one of the many employed by the Penance Corporation of America who thrill with the notion of governance.

“I’m Peggy Blakely, the warden,” she smiles warmly in extending her hand.

“Muffin Brown,” I courteously reply in offering my hand in return.

“So you’ll have an even dozen,” Peggy remarks in counting the stacks of cages. “The thought of so many may overwhelm at first, but it will take a few days to fill each cage. And just remember your training. It encompasses all a

girl needs to know about handling our guests... the truculent male.”

She smiles confidently and with her aura of superiority and knowledge, I feel even more of a joyous glow in contemplating my new employment.

“You’re young and cute, Muffin. With the new prisoners, in the beginning that will be a detriment. But as you’ve learned in training class, your charms will over time very much aid them in embracing subordination.”

I nod, the training thoroughly taking us through the steps which result in complete capitulation, the unwritten goal of the Penance Corporation of America. I recall the instructor’s opening words...

“We could care less about penance, ladies. Don’t let the name confuse you. We want profits. The state pays us fifty dollars per day per prisoner. Thus any amount spent on food and care comes out of potential profits... which affects the bottom line and which affects the stock price.”

That got everyone’s attention. Frankly, the pay level at the Penance Corporation of America is dreadfully parsimonious. The offer of stock ownership in a publicly traded corporation and the right to buy more, is what drove me and the cadre of other trainees to accept employment. Increased profits equals increased stock price equals more remuneration.

“So forget about eliciting penance. We want quiet, docile prisoners who very nicely lounge about, sleeping and eating while the state government remits to us a sizable monthly check. Troublesome prisoners incur costs. Docile prisoners bring money. And remember, this notion of parole and early release diminishes the bottom line. Once indoctrinated, we prefer the prisoner just remain forever. Think of each inmate as an annuity...”

I listened raptly to the lecture and wondered if the government authorities had any real inkling as to how and why a private corporation could hold prisoners more cheaply than the government and without mishaps such as violent acts or occasional escape.

It seemed that no one asked. Therefore one by one, state run prisons have closed, and the Penance Corporation of America has constructed more and

more facilities. The stock price steadily rises.

Costs are everything, so I learned. And to control costs, one needed to control the prisoners. And that's how I have spent much of the time in the last eight weeks of training.

"What's your background? You appear quite athletic."

I beam with pride when Peggy notes the results of feverish endeavor in track and field during my formative years. Though only five foot six, the shortest girl in my training class, I am sure it was my well muscled form that the recruiters found attractive. Handling males, I was to learn in class, can be physically daunting.

"Ran quite a bit. Mid distances. Some soccer in the fall."

"I did the discus and javelin... many years ago," the imposing Peggy rejoins, her size more in line with the other trainees and handlers.

"Education?"

"Bachelor's in psychology with a number of courses in phys ed."

"Yes, that always attracts the recruiters... academic knowledge of the mind and body," Peggy knowingly smiles.

"Well here you'll receive a more practical education. I'm going to transfer in a couple of the long term prisoners to start you out. They won't overwhelm. Gentle as lambs. Then after a few days I'll assign a new prisoner or two. Those will be challenges... but ones which women like us enjoy."

She grins evilly, apparently picturing me indoctrinating a new arrival. This brings a smile to me as well... along with a tremor between my thighs. It that moisture forming?

"Peggy, what about the special release requests? Not much detail in training class. I found it contrary to the overall goal, letting the prisoner out for other than exercise."

Eight weeks of class ended with an aside comment from the instructor, suggesting that from time to time some prisoners will be temporarily released from their cages and that handlers should merely sign the papers and offer bathing when returned. The other trainees shrugged off the comment. For me it stirred curiosity.

The brow of the large woman knits as she searches for words.

“You’ll have a better understanding over time, Muffin. But two things should satiate your interest for now. One, such special requests serve to enhance the profits. And two, you’ll find the prisoner easier to handle upon return... which also enhances the profits.”

Once again, if the government authorities ever realized that the motivation for every procedure undertaken at the Penance Corporation of America was by sparked greed, I wonder what the reaction would be.

“I leave you to acclimate yourself. I suggest familiarizing yourself with the equipment. Make sure you have your key... and check the batteries...”

She turns to leave, reciting the caution that ended every training class. Indeed I raise my left hand where the complicated modified cattle prod gently rests within my grasp. The power indicator suggests it is fully charged. After all, I have only used it once in training on some poor prisoner who was thoroughly bound in the middle of the classroom while each new girl applied a moderate shock. Yes, I recall the trembling flesh of number 062705’s naked buttocks as girl after girl applied her prod.

We giggled endlessly as he writhed with the suffering. The reaction of we girls was quite telling.

Peggy steps out and I move to the cabinets, stocked with that which is required to bind and discipline those in need of behavior modification. Nylon wrist and ankle cuffs are abundant, lined with softness for long term comfort. My training suggests hourly release from such for new arrivals, extending to three hour intervals for those more acclimated to the drudgery of long term bondage. A drawer contains water bottles. Designed to hang from the bars of

the cage, the plastic cylinders resemble canisters found within the abodes of small pet animals.

Another drawer is filled with clamps of all sizes and shapes. The serrated teeth of some bring more goose bumps. Two cans of Sterno imbue the capability to heat the nasty implements. I can't imagine a troublesome prisoner taking too many before the intense pain breaks the will and brings complete supplication.

On the wall adjacent to the cabinets are plumbing fixtures with hoses attached. It is suggested that the stacks of cages, occupants included, be hosed daily with more elaborate individual cleansing afforded weekly. In the corner is the strange toilet where I will supervise bowel movements. Such will come with release from the cage for daily exercise. The fixture is really nothing more than a sizable hole in the tiled floor with a flush handle. Under our auspices, prisoners evacuate their bowels more like a canine than a human. The resulting humiliation is intended. As my training dictates, we break a man both physically and mentally at the Penance Corporation of America.

Sitting in a corner, conspicuous as the only real furniture within the four walls of concrete, is a chair. Simple, though appearing quite comfortable with leather covered foam, it juxtaposes wickedly against the cold impersonal steel that will hold my charges. I imagine it is where I will wile away the hours when not exercising, cleansing or tormenting. I idle to the front and feel a brief frisson of delight in surveying the shape of the seat. Nicely padded, there is an indentation carved into the front edge that can, and I suspect will, accommodate the neck of a kneeling supplicant. As I envision a hooded cranium propped between my knees, the thought brings more moisture.

Yes, there are rewards other than stock ownership at the Penance Corporation of America.

I return to the pile of cages. Each cage is the size and shape of a coffin, though somewhat longer. Those with claustrophobia can be challenged by the confinement. Thus the collection of bars is left open... top, bottom, sides and ends... providing both merciful airiness and cruel access to all a prisoner

holds dear. The bottom cage is propped up on wooden blocks some four or five inches above the tile floor allowing excretions to drain freely from above.

There are two rows, side by side, three high. Abutting these, accessible from the other side of the room, is a similar two by three stack. A total of 12 cages will imprison 'guests' in a room the size of which would normally not house more than four prisoners in a government run institution. Yet the pile, reaching some seven or eight feet, can go higher. It is only because of my inexperience that I will initially supervise only twelve.

The limited use of space is just one of the many efficiencies that leads to the vast profits of the Penance Corporation of America.

There is a movable ramp to be slid about when opening a cage door and allowing the prisoner to crawl out. Since they remain caged either prostrate or supine, crawling is the operable word. At some two and a half feet in height, the cage does not permit a prisoner to stand. There is barely room to bend the knees and draw up the feet.

The many, many hours of confinement with minimal movement make release time quite the welcomed respite... and it is time that I control. Thus amongst those that have spent some time in incarceration, I can expect that the desire to be released will result in absolute obedience. Amongst the newer arrivals... well that's when I will earn my pay.

All seems to be in order as I hear commotion outside the door. Within a moment an experienced handler steps through the formidable steel door, held open by a chain.

"Got your first guest, Muffin. Meet 122299."

It is an experienced handler by the name of Nancy. She assisted in conducting the training class and her cool demeanor in handling the naked male impressed. With a firm tug the leash in her right hand tightens and I indeed meet 122299 as he crawls through the doorway.

The six digit identifying number is the date of incarceration, therefore I know

that my crawling charge has been under our ‘care’ or that of the government since December 22, 1999... seven years.

In responding instantly to tugs and commands, the affect of his long term of confinement becomes evident. He endeavors to please and actually appears somewhat eager to be brought to his new cage. When so enclosed it is difficult to earn the wrath of a handler... something to be avoided.

“Let’s put him on the top, Nancy,” I cheerily suggest in pushing the ramp in place.

The high tech key dangling on a slim chain around my neck is used to trigger the cage door. It easily springs open, the electronics reacting only to my thumb print. If stolen or lost the key will not do a prisoner any good... only earn him punishment for possessing it.

I stand aside as 122299 gingerly follows the leash, crawling with a combination of speed and caution. Though otherwise completely naked, 122299 is hooded and blinded. The tough synthetic leather-like covering envelops the entire head down to the neck where it attaches to a thicker collar of similar material. There is a large opening for the mouth and nose. A rectangular patch, adhering to the hood by way of Velcro, covers the eyes and can be removed.

Metal clanks metal as 122299’s hands, knees and feet negotiate the ramp. Nylon wrist and ankle cuffs are tethered together with chains to inhibit extended motions of the hands and feet. Thus 122299 crawls utilizing little baby steps that serve to enhance both his humiliation and sense of being under complete control.

“Ok, sweet cheeks, turn toward the sound of my voice like a good boy. Lower your buttocks and crawl backwards.”

122299 obeys. The height of the cage prevents him from remaining upright on all fours. The height is so limited that he must hunch lower to fit within. Yet with his years of confinement he knows to scrunch down and shuffle backwards. Nancy unclips her leash and smiles.

“He’s all yours... ready to be secured and scanned.”

My heart leaps! My first toy. I clear my throat to issue my first command in as stentorian a voice as I can muster.

“Lie tummy down, slide so your feet are all the way back, wrists stretched over your head,” I command in swinging closed the cage door.

122299 complies, slithering to the far end. As stated, the coffin shaped cages are long. When his feet touch the furthest most vertical bars, he lies down. In stretching out his arms straight over his head he pushes his hands toward me and his wrists approach the cage door. I reach into the pocket of my uniformed skirt and remove the ubiquitous double ‘D’ clamps that I have carried since day one of training.

The right wrist is summarily secured to the vertical bars on my left... the left wrist to the bars on my right. The connecting chain is removed and returned to Nancy. I then move to the rear of the cage. Though it abuts the second pile of cages behind, there is no problem in reaching through the bars, clipping each ankle to adjacent bars and removing the connecting chain.

122299 is thus secured to the bars within a locked cage. With the weeks of training, it requires less than a minute to have him summarily immobilized while remaining blindfolded. I move to look at his rump where there is tattooed his prison number... 122299. As my eyes are drawn to the male genitals, hanging between the bottom bars and invading the space of the empty cage below, that sense of moisture forming between my thighs heightens.

122299 is mine!.. as will eleven more soon be.

I hold the modified cattle prod to a metal disc attached to a piercing on 122299’s left hip. Data recorded on the disc is scanned into my prod. It is 122299’s entire history of confinement. His original conviction and sentence, his deportment while incarcerated, all punishments endured, his diet. A small display built within the expensive high tech prod allows me to read all I need to know to best confine and torment my charge.

“He thinks he’ll soon be released,” I note to Nancy in learning that his original ten year sentence is nearing consideration for parole.

Nancy laughs.

“You know that won’t happen. Once we have the likes of him broken, keeping him nicely caged and bound is like money in the bank.”

I suppose I should feel sorry for our convicted rapist. He will never escape the clutches of the Penance Corporation of America. We all make too much money in keeping him here.

Meanwhile I note that the flaccid penis of 122299 begins to harden. Stretching him out can have that effect. I also know from our training classes and my abnormal psychology courses that there are those who react with a degree of priapism to authority that humiliates.

I reach out and coax further firmness. He’ll never again experience the ecstasy of orgasm... but I can bring him to frustrating proximity.

“If you like showing off for me, we’ll get along just fine,” I tease in an alluring voice, pulling on his pecker like a cow’s udder.

The hips begin to grind and when I sense noteworthy penile stiffness my hand moves to cradle the hairless scrotum. Pediculosis is always a concern with those in long term confinement, therefore hair is prohibited. New arrivals are deluged with powerful depilatory and delousing chemicals. I know from training class that before donning the black hood, 122299’s scalp was coated with a concoction to kill the hair follicles. Thus the tough synthetic leather covering serves more than one function.

With my tender touch abandoning his penis my naked toy squirms in frustration. I withdraw my hand, step back and a moan of disappointment comes. I suspect there will be many more such sounds of carnal dismay. I gaze at the naked and helpless prostrate form. 122299 looks to be in his late twenties, though the childlike glabrous body may cloak true age. I look to the scanner screen and note his birthday. He is indeed aged 31. I also note the designation ‘CS’.

“He sucks cock,” I note aloud in reaction to the cryptic acronym for ‘cocksucker’.

Nancy laughs.

“I think you’ll find many do. It comes with the process of breaking their pride... I suppose an expression of resistance to the forced chastity... perhaps a form of misguided affection. It’s just one of the many reasons to keep them all well bound within the cages. Unless of course you want to be entertained....”

Nancy chortles with the suggestion that I permit, perhaps force, a display of male on male oral sodomy. And indeed the thought brings a smile. I imagine there will be many endless days together, just me and my dozen naked and bound charges, and boredom may indeed bring a quest for entertainment.

My free right hand glides along 122299’ s hairless torso to find a nipple. I tenderly tweak.

“Would you like to do that for me, 122299? Suck a nice fat cock. Make a fellow inmate happy and bring me a smile?”

My touch teases. Even useless male nipples can become quite sentient with the many, many months of denial. Just the process of securing 122299 to the bars brought tumescence, though I suspect being lead about on a leash kindled the process. The training classes were thorough and explicit in explaining the needs, wants and desires of those kept in long term confinement. Dealing with such and as cost effectively as possible are the goals of Penance Corporation of America.

122299 does not reply. I suppose he is rather sheepish about conduct most males wish to keep secret. Yet his new found skill is permanently recorded on his metal disc and available for the entire staff to read. The moniker ‘CS’ will forever stay in his file.

Nancy departs. I stroll to the drawer with the water bottles, fill one and return to the upper cage to attach the canister to the side.

“Water is to your right, 122299,” I inform in grasping my charge’s hood and guiding his head so that mouth and lips find the small metal pipe that discharges the flow.

A tongue eagerly extends and alacritously presses against the little ball holding back the flow. The practiced action releases the refreshing liquid and prisoner 122299 drinks. I smile with childhood reminiscences of my pet hamster.

By the end of my second day, the upper cages and two in the middle are occupied with transferred inmates. I find my warden, Peggy Blakely, to be correct about their comportment... gentle as lambs indeed. Having spent years blindfolded and secured to near complete immobility the time passes with my charges just lying about waiting for... well, I really do not know for what it is they await. Silence is the rule and I need not use the cattle prod to enforce it. So I sit in the special chair and read a book, refill an occasional water bottle, and shift their positions every two to three hours... basically rolling them from prostrate position to supine and vice versa and perhaps occasionally reattaching the wrists cuffs closer to the door to add to the slow torment of the stretched out posture.

By mid morning boredom ensues and the built in timer in my high tech prod gratefully proclaims a change. It buzzes.

“Exercise time,” I pleasantly call out to the six annuities I have restrained well stretched out and prostrate in their confining steel enclosures.

Yes, the hooded heads bob in a combination of joy and apprehension... joy in knowing that limbs will mercifully be freed to move... apprehension in having to do so under my strict and demeaning tutelage.

I don latex gloves and open a glass jar of suppositories. I begin with 122299, reaching into his cage, parting his cheeks and slipping the gooey cylinder of glycerin into his rectum. He is helpless to resist and I take my time, my index and middle finger thrusting well past that tight purse string muscle and playfully wriggling within before withdrawing.

Yes, it's quite the humiliating procedure. But these are the rules. In having the inmates so proximate, stacked atop one another seven to eight feet high, we must supervise bowel movements. Can't have them soiling each other, the cages and the floor.

My key opens the cage door. I clip a leash to the thick neck collar and release all the double D clamps securing wrists and ankles. With the room door locked, tethering chains are not needed. He cannot run away, only face the

debilitating shocks of my prod should he summon the fortitude to resist. And after seven years, he probably cannot formulate the resolve to do so.

“Come,” I pleasantly coo in pulling on the leash.

122299 knows to lift himself to his haunches and respond to my tugs, gingerly rising to crawl low and slow and exit the confining cage. Yes, he is quite the lamb, offering no opposition whatsoever and finding his way onto the ramp where I direct him to turn and crawl down to the tiled floor.

Yes, once again I feel moisture within my loins, leading about a naked man on a leash arouses. We circle the stack of cages twice before I detect the telling pause. Not resistance, but instead just the effect of the suppository bringing the expected reaction in the bowels.

“Over here,” I direct with a renewed tug.

We approach the simple hole in the floor that serves as a toilet. Gloved hands push and poke until his backside is aligned. Then, to heighten the humiliation, I remove the blindfold. The Velcro yields quite easily and 122299 blinks in adjusting to the room light after many, many hours of darkness.

I stand to his side. My left hand, bearing the cattle prod, takes the leash and holds it high, forcing 122299 to crane his neck. With his vision improving he struggles to turn his head and look at the pretty young woman who controls all.

I stoop and with my right hand find the male package, palm both penis and balls and draw such forward and up towards his lower belly, clearing the way so he can empty himself with a minimal of cleansing required thereafter.

“Spread nice and wide and do your thing for me,” I encourage in words enunciated as would mother to child.

Again I feel him begin to harden with my touch. Peering at my curvy athletic form with blue eyes and blonde hair enhances the expected response of the forcibly chaste male. I find myself smiling evilly, kneading just enough to

bring his neglected penis to complete stiffness, making his own anatomy add to his shame.

He appears to be a dog humbly pausing from a vigorous hunt to answer nature's call. Though I forcefully hold his head high, I know it would otherwise be hanging in disgrace, being made to show himself naked before a woman and performing such a lowly act. Still he completes his deed in ignominy and with the quick swipe of a handwipe his period of exercise can resume. After two more laps, balls swinging with an erection pressed to his stomach, I lift with the leash to raise his head and torso, bringing the hands and arms of my charge off the floor. He sits upright on his knees like a dog begging for a treat, his sad eyes looking into mine like a punished puppy. His erection points skyward. I wonder when he was last able to touch it. 122299 is of moderate size... not large... not small. But ironically, what normally drives the male psyche no longer matters here at the Penance Corporation of America. The function of his phallus is now to amuse others, not himself.

I laugh mockingly, smooth the menacing tip of the cattle prod up and down his shaft and watch him shudder in fear, having so many times felt the excruciating jolt of a domineering woman in control. Then I release the tension on the leash to lower him back to all fours. I return the rectangular patch, adhering it to his hood to blind him and then it's back up the ramp and into the cage. End of the only form of respite he gets.

I secure 122299 in the prostrate position, which fully exposes his erection as it spears through the bars into the cage below. After clipping the wrist cuffs tight and high, forcing 122299 to lie arching his back, his forced posture appears that he is attempting to copulate with nothingness. I cruelly move to the end of the cage and reattach his ankle cuffs, raising his feet as well. His thighs no longer rest on the bars. It is a most awkward and uncomfortable position. Yet 122299 will hold it for me for a couple of hours without a word of complaint. As an experienced prisoner he knows my authority is not to be questioned or challenged.

Plus, his erection will remain frustratingly unruly for him... yet entertaining for me.

The suppository jar beckons for the next prisoner. As inmate number 053001 feels his cheeks being parted, I find that exercise time nicely breaks the monotony.

With six inmates under my tutelage, the bottom four cages are empty, reserved for new arrivals. In the curious hierarchy of our institution, those prisoners with seniority are confined to the higher cages. 'Cattle prod bait', as the new arrivals are whimsically referenced, begin their incarceration at the bottom and work their way up.

I hear the electronic lock on the room door click. It swings open and Peggy Blakely enters, her left hand tightly gripping a leash. She smiles briefly in greeting then turns, lowers her right arm, cattle prod in hand, and utters a firm command.

“Come!”

Her laconic encouragement is followed by a pitiful howl as I surmise her prod has found its mark. With her years at the Penance Corporation of America I cannot imagine that she often misses.

Her large frame steps into the room and tugs briskly. Following her... hooded, blinded, naked and on all fours... is a new prisoner, tethering chains quite short, buttocks bearing the ink and bloated flesh of a recent tattooing. As more jolts bring compliance, the crawling form is brought before me, dragged as much as expending his own power.

I read the keloided numbers along with Peggy’s simultaneous recitation.

“112606. A little Thanksgiving present for you,” she announces in referencing the holiday eight days past.

Her sardonic introduction is accompanied by a tightening of her grip on the leash as her right hand moves behind the buttocks and jostles the hairless testicles with her cattle prod. Even a new prisoner knows not to offer resistance while his most precious male bits are so proximate and vulnerable to excruciating voltage.

“Settle!” comes a quieter but equally stern command.

As always, the deceiving expanse of hairless skin suggests youthfulness. I point my prod to the metal disk on his left hip where the girls in orientation have probably just pierced him. Onto the small screen comes the birth date. It reveals that I am to supervise the incarceration of a lad of 19 years. His crime, a string of convenience store robberies. His sentence, two years. Yet I know under our system he may never again see daylight.

Tsk. Tsk, I think to myself. So young. He will live a long life and become quite the annuity for the Penance Corporation of America.

“I didn’t do nothin’,” comes the diction of a street urchin from below.

I step back and smile. I have not heard an inmate talk in my five days of supervision. And his tone is so belligerent. I feel moisture in envisioning the process facing him.

“That does not matter, 112606. You’ll be treated the same as all of our other innocent guests here. We have many.”

I use a soothing, comforting voice. Peggy smiles at my sarcastic humor.

“I have just the cage for him, Peggy. Your arm must be tiring.”

I open for the first time one of the lower cages. Above in the middle cage is a very quiet but large 070704 and above that in the upper is 122299. Since my new arrival is not broken and has never before been caged, both Peggy and I stand by, pushing with our hands, issuing instructions and threatening with the cattle prods to force 112606 to lower himself and back into his confining new abode. Peggy’s strength comes in handy as a final maneuver a powerful hand pushes against the top of his hood and 112606 glides along the bottom steel bars until his feet meet the end bars. Double ‘D’ clamps attached to wrist and ankle cuffs quickly make him one with the cage and the tethering chains are removed.

“He’s all yours... break him,” the usually pleasant Peggy ominously hisses.

112606 must have offered quite the challenge in being brought from orientation. An irritated Peggy is in earnest with her succinct proclamation.

As with all my charges, the prostrate position has the male package dangling through the lower bars. Peggy stoops, spies the depilated scrotal sac and points with her prod.

“Enjoy your stay,” she hisses again, her finger pulling the trigger mechanism.

There comes a scream and the entire naked form of 112606 writhes in agony

as Peggy applies a sizable jolt to the male's most sensitive anatomy. She laughs at the animated reaction, gives me a silent hand signal of departure and leaves. Her final gesture while I am sure is partially vindictive, it also clears the way for me. I can now soothe and comfort and begin the psychological process of turning this street thug into one of our lambs... he who will earn the Penance Corporation fifty dollars per day... for a long, long time.

Meanwhile, as 112606 calms, he spews a filthy string of vulgarity, all grammatically strained and thoroughly graphic, describing and suggesting actions not really conceivable to the imagination.

Well, I can not let this deportment pass, lest my other charges muster similar temerity. Resistance costs money. The training offered at Penance Corporation of America encourages costs control. And I have a cabinet drawer with implements designed just for that.

I have learned that slow torment imbues the proper atmosphere. Quicker, less endurable pain can send a specific message.

We'll start with slow, fostering a penchant to learn manners. Then I will teach manners.

In a lower cabinet drawer there is a small winch. Portable, sturdy despite its limited weight, propping it against the cage door of 112606 requires only moments. Rigging the wrist cuffs of my new charge to a strong rope is effortless. I then turn the crank and take up slack, check to assure that the ankle cuffs are well secured high to the end bars then pull up my comfortable stuffed chair.

"We're going to have a little tête-à-tête, 112606. Except I'll be doing most of the talking."

Another string of profanities suggests I am to do something unmentionable to myself. How vulgar!

My tongue clucks a rebuke as I release the double 'D' clamps attaching the wrist cuffs to the bars right and left. Then I quickly crank the finely geared

winch to remove all slack and pull the hands toward me. It requires little effort on my part and despite the muscled resistance, I soon have the prostrate form of 112606 stretched more than he'd care to be stretched.

Words I never use nor care not to hear, transform to moans of agony as I slow the crank but maintain the building tension. Then as 112606 attempts to lift thighs and belly to ease the tension, the moans turn to yelps of outright pain.

Oh, I do feel wetness now. His form of communication becomes that which the other inmates use... gasps of breath spasmodically drawn between anguished cries. Yes, now we can talk.

"A rather simple form of a device termed 'the rack' in medieval times", I lecture while stopping the crank.

"You'll survive, 112606. In time I'll grant some slack without bringing any dislocations to the shoulders, knees, and elbows. But you should understand the timing is mine to control. As a matter of fact, everything is mine to control."

I am encouraged to hear the profanities change to inaudible entreaties... welcomed attempts to elicit mercy. But such are really not close to the goal of breaking the will. That takes much more time... and unfortunately for 112606, much more suffering. And then there is the overall protocol of silence, which he is breaking... whether uttering threats or pleas.

With the winch wedged against the formidable bars of the cage door, I set a lever to hold the crank and thus the tautness, rise from my chair and push it to the side of the cage. There, 112606's stomach barely touches the bottom bars, the tight rope forcing his chest into the air. To the rear I have attached his ankle cuffs high which likewise forces his legs and thighs off the bottom bars. His back is therefore uncomfortably arched to add to the slow torment. I pause and once again think what a wonderful job I have attained. To think I get paid for this invigorating amusement.

"Now, let's talk about proper comportment here at our facility."

With that, I lean forward in my chair, slip my hand through the bars and under his hips to find the recently denuded genitals. Though he is nowhere near the level of denial endured by the more experienced inmates, I still detect a degree of randiness as my soft, warm feminine hand grasps that which the male normally seeks to have manipulated.

“You’re nicely sized, 112606. Unfortunately that means very little here.”

I begin a very sensual hand job, tenderly stroking and feeling firmness take root. Yes, despite the slow pain, the male still reacts, never letting pass a perceived opportunity to spew seed. Within a moment, 112606 is admirably stiff. His moans of suffering turn to moans of joy. And me... well the moisture turns to wetness.

Overall, with the wrist and ankle cuffs transferring my induced tension to the ligaments of the arms and legs, my new charge is feeling the results of my weeks of training. A latent penchant has been awakened, stirring a psyche that has always had little regard for male comfort. How the recruiters knew of my proclivity for imparting pain and humiliation on the male gender I will never know. But here I am, thoroughly enjoying myself while 112606 slowly suffers.... mentally and physically. He really does not want to be erect... does not want to display himself so degradingly. Yet he really has no choice. I govern in this little chamber of concrete. And if I want a man to show me his swollen penis, then he will do so. And 112606 is rapidly learning such.

Sensing near climax my stroking hand smoothes down the shaft to his scrotum where I both grip and firmly press my middle finger against the urethra at the perineum. This very simple pressure, the mere tip of my finger, will forestall any orgasm. I am elated to feel the ejaculatory muscles desperately throbbing in preparation of something I will not permit.

“Steady now, 112606. Just settle down and let the pain reach out and begin to modify that nasty disposition of yours. The pleasure I have bestowed, the flow of endorphins, will begin to dissipate, and in a few moments you’ll begin to beg again. That’s what I prefer to hear... if I want to hear anything. Silence is the rule here and you’ll learn it over time... and I will enjoy each lesson.”

I smile when he retorts with another strong suggestion that I do something unmentionable to myself. Oh, this is fun!

“Do you think, 112606, lying well trussed and completely naked in a cage, that there is any level of torment I cannot wreak? Think about where you are and who is in charge. You have nothing. Everything you now need to exist comes from me. Food, water, even hygiene. You’re a guest of the Penance Corporation of America. We are your legal guardian. There is nothing, no limits, in assuring that your term of incarceration is fulfilled and that you are adequately punished for your crimes. You will remain well bound and locked in this cage for nearly 24 hours per day, only to be released at my whim. The cage is in a room with two foot thick concrete walls. The only exit is through a locked steel door only opened by an electronic key which I control.”

I speak softly... but firmly. The endorphins released by my penile manipulation provide just enough respite from the building pain in the numerous joints that 112606 can listen calmly. My warm hand palms the male organs providing a modicum of delight and the conflicting messages received by the cortex serve to bring stillness and silence. There is pain... there is pleasure. But most importantly... both are conferred by me. With the limited cerebral capacity of 112606, he is confused... am I his tormentress... or am I his benefactress?

In fact, I am both... I am everything.

Whatever thoughts are percolating, 112606 calms and I remove my hand as I feel the renewed suffering bringing flaccidity. He moans as messages of pain replace the pleasure signals that my slow hand job sent to the cortex. I smile. In lying quietly, 112606 thinks that I have attained all I want.

His ordeal has just begun. As Peggy strongly suggested... he is to be broken.

I rise, stroll to the cabinet and rummage about. A simple board, dozens of clamps, a mass of short cords, the tools of she who will break the truculent male.

In returning to the cage, I slip the board under the lower belly of the stretched and tormented 112606. It is about four inches thick and is high enough to

provide a modest degree of alleviation from the tension on arms, shoulders and legs. With the induced slack comes a sigh of relief.

“Thank me,” I strongly suggest.

In place of an expression of gratitude comes another vulgar epithet. Little does 112606 realize that such verbal fractiousness merely serves to heighten my resolve.

“Well, it seems you like hanging for me. Then hang you shall.”

I begin applying the clamps, selecting those with the sharpest teeth. Arms, back, buttocks, legs... about every six inches the fingers of the left hand gather a tuft of smooth hairless skin and the fingers of the right open and then release a clamp pinching it closed over the tuft. In some places the nasty teeth bring a whimper. In other places the thickness of the skin negates any reaction. Within minutes my caged toy is covered with small metal implements, each closing tightly and each having an eyelet where I can thread one of the many short cords.

“Your vulnerability will become more and more apparent to you, 112606. Your life is going to change dramatically here in this new little steel home of yours. All your past goals, past ambitions, what you thought were your wants and needs will be forgotten. Over time you will not understand how or why you ever took for granted such simple things as food... or even the ability to lift an arm... move a leg. Those very basic things now only come at my whim... under my governance.”

As I speak, I tie a cord to each clamp and then string it up to one of the bars at the top of the cage, drawing each relatively tight before knotting. I count six clamps on each arm, a dozen on the back, four on the buttocks, eight down each leg. The effort is tedious but that in itself is a lesson. 112606 will learn that there is no limit to the time taken in offering torment and suffering. He’s not going anywhere... neither am I.

“So I am going to introduce you rather abruptly to your new life.”

In tying off the last cord, I step back to survey. Dozens of short cords have

been strung from the clamps to the top bars. I smile in satisfaction and slowly slide the board from under 112606's hips. I feel more moisture as the intense agony causes the air to rush from the lungs of my hung toy. In addition to the renewed tension brought by the winch, 112606 now hangs by his very flesh, each of the dozens of clamps bearing just a modicum of weight. Not enough to tear, but enough to make his skin feel as if I have set it afire.

112606 draws in his breath and initially curses, words to which I am becoming accustomed although I suspect will not be hearing much longer.

"Stop. Please," are words that follow invectives I shall not repeat.

I ignore all and move to the front of the cage. There I reach in and remove the rectangular piece covering the eyes. For the first time, 112606 has the ability to see me. It is important that he note the joy I sense in applying pain that invades every nerve center, every dendrite, every ganglia. 112606 is overwhelmed.

My hands smooth across covered cheeks, wiping away tears. I playfully tap his nose, noting that his eyes have become accustomed to the light and he focuses for the first time on a shapely blue eyed blonde with the animus of an executioner. I smile to assure that he understands my enjoyment.

"How long would you like to stay like that?" I coo with a mocking inflection.

"No more, please," he manages to gasp.

I look straight into eyes which are masculinely beautiful, soft and wonderfully desperate.

"Wrong answer. The correct answer is as long as Miss Muffin wants you to stay like that."

I giggle like a little girl playing with a doll... which at heart I feel I am.

"So. You'll stay painfully hanging by your own flesh until I decide to push the board back under your hips. But if I do, that will only be for a little while. Until I again want to hear you cry in agony, see more tears and listen to more

begging. It is then that I will again take away the board. It's incredibly simple, don't you think?"

Yes, it begins to dawn even on the cerebrally challenged petty thief that I am omnipotent and without mercy... and he is... well he is nothing. I want complete capitulation... and I will have it. Convincing 112606 may take some time... but he is also beginning to realize there is plenty of that.

"Would you like me to replace the board? Ask nicely..."

Such a pleasant way to spend an afternoon...

Well, I've never been one to be overly mindful of manners. But teaching consideration to a rascal such as 112606 can be deliciously fun. Yesterday, within hours of clamping his entire body and dangling his form from the cage bars, he finally began to learn that silence is best within his new home of steel. And when he did speak, the words became more and more polite.

When I finally released him from the hell of the dozens of cords, his agony began anew in removing the clamps... the circulation returning to various areas to awaken nerves which had mercifully gone dormant during the seemingly endless ordeal.

And for me... well there's a certain odd joy in wiping away manly tears induced by my own abject cruelty. My panties were soaked.

And there's something about those young soft eyes, peering so pitifully through the opening in his hood as the afternoon ended with groveling which proved to be emotionally intense.

The profanity ceased.

My special key opens the heavy steel door of the concrete chamber where I rule supreme. It's morning and my dozen charges have whiled away the night, secured to the bars of their locked cages, in an inescapable room which resides in an equally inescapable building, surrounded by high walls and razor wire fencing. I find myself giddy every day when I arrive, knowing that nine thoroughly subjugated males await. It is only by my hand that there is food and release from immobility... however brief. Video cameras monitor the room at night. It's most likely an unnecessary precaution... but the Penance Corporation of America does protect its revenue stream.

With every initial visit, the first thing that strikes the perceptive mind is the smell of a night's excretions. The inmates go when they have to go, and that basic fact of nature explains the system of hierarchy in which the experienced and totally subjugated inmates reside in the top cages. For in entering, I note that 112606 in the bottom cage has been deluged by the emptying bladders of 070704 and 122299.

He is wet and smells. In addition, the guard monitoring the video camera has informed that 112606 broke the rule of silence, apparently protesting to his cell mates as they released what could no longer be held.

Such a transgression alone requires punishment. But as 112606 hears me enter, he has apparently forgotten yesterday's lesson. He speaks!

Yes, he references his cell mates by comparing them to an odorous part of the human anatomy.

This will not do.

"Well, it seems more lessons are needed, 112606. Today you'll lie supine."

He catches himself, apologizing profusely, his words turning to pleas. But the others have heard him. I must maintain discipline and cannot allow his conduct to go without response.

Since there is no point in me enduring the odor, I stroll to the wall of plumbing fixtures and turn on the hose. A cold spray brings shock and soon has my nine naked charges gasping, abruptly ending any somnolence which I am sure was difficult to complete with any degree of recuperation.

There come exclamations, repressed protests, but also cleanliness as I hose with deliberation, soaking all. Remnants flow to the well drained floor and the room air clarifies.

I then fill water bottles and take the time to flip my charges to the supine position. Good boys get a little penis rub and it requires very little effort to have eight stiff erections pointing skyward. But that is all they get.

Then it comes 112606's turn. Whereas the experienced inmates know to cooperate, the changing of position after a night of immobility quite welcome, with 112606 I must zing with the prod. He is slow to respond. And since it is a chore I must perform three or four times per day on nine separate inmates, alacrity is appreciated.

I finally have him lying on his back. When I step away and open a cabinet

drawer I note that 112606 begins to tremble. Yesterday, very nasty things were procured when he heard me rummaging about in the cabinet.

Today will be no different. He is frightened and he should be.

The same assortment of clamps and cords are selected along with two boards on this occasion. I then position my chair next to 112606's cage and once again begin the laborious process of hanging him. I dispense with the winch in a gracious gesture of moderation. 112606 will be in enough pain without stretching the ligaments. Instead I work to slip one board under his shoulders and the other under his buttocks. He's reluctant to cooperate and I don't blame him. But a couple of zings with the prod encourages compliance and I soon have his naked form lying supine and about four inches above the bottom bars.

Then the fun begins. In lying supine, there is the same expanse of flesh to be clamped... yet much more sentient areas are exposed. Yes, my poor 112606 is once again going to hang by his arms and legs, but because of his belligerent return to vulgar loquaciousness, this morning I will also clamp the nipples, stomach, scrotum and penis. Applying the clamps alone brings amazing cries of anguish. Then as he feels the cords first being knotted and then tightened when I secure each to the bars above, the begging begins. Yes, 112606 and I are communicating better today. He knows that I will again be slipping away the boards to leave his entire nakedness helplessly dangling some two or three inches above the bottom of the cage. And it will be his tender flesh which holds him in place.

"How long do you think I am going to hang you today?" I taunt in assuring each of the dozens of cords is well tied.

"Please no, Miss Muffin. I can't take it," comes the beseeching reply.

I note that today I am properly entitled as 'Miss'. An improvement. But 112606 needs to be broken, his pride vanquished, his will quashed, his desire to resist supplanted with a desire to please and obey.

"I will decide that, just as I decide everything for you," I callously reply.

And so I give each of the two dozen or more cords a final gentle tug to assure uniformity then slowly slide away the two boards.

Oh, the result is exquisite. The lungs empty in an amazing howl of agony as the numerous pinches of flesh pull from his frame. The pain of tension on the nipples and scrotum alone seem to overwhelm and I know to sit nearby, ready to replace the boards before my dangling toy swoons. Yes, the penis also rises, on this occasion not in arousal. I have clamped the frenum, right and left, and two cords run to the bars above. Not a lot of tension, but enough to add to the torment and humiliation. A woman toys with his manly appendage like a little puppet and 112606 is helpless to object.

Within a few minutes, the breath is finally caught as 112606 desperately tries to find the words which will bestow mercy. And he now knows that, at the very least such words must be polite.

Meanwhile, as 112606 tries to remain still, frantically attempting to minimize the tensioned agony, I feel within my loins the first twinge of the day. Such wonderful employment, working for the Penance Corporation of America.

My charge becomes perfectly still and I must smile at his dilemma. The pain brings the urge to thrash about, yet in doing so he will increase his own suffering. So more and more he learns to calm himself, accept my offering of torment and just hang. I cannot resist removing his eye covering. I once again want to see the shock and fear in those masculinely beautiful eyes, witness the realization, however slow for a lad of 112606's limited intellect, that his life of independence is over. That I control all. It is only I who offers food. Only I who offers water. Only I who offers the care of the brusque but welcomed morning hosing. Within the thick concrete walls, I am omnipotent. And though the empowerment is exhilarating, the process of enlightening lowly males like 112606 is even more exhilarating.

Tears once again stream and 112606 shakes his head to rid the moisture. I smile and tenderly brush away some drops then once again demonstrate my insouciance.

“You’re moving your head. I should have been more thorough.”

With that, I find another clamp, cruelly insert it into his nostrils and release it to close. Though he screams with the new source of pain, he also knows not to move and heighten the tension of the two dozen clamps and cords. Meanwhile, I diligently knot another cord to the nostril clamp and connect it above, painfully immobilizing his head.

“Those tears belong to me,” I rebuke. “You’re not to disturb them. I want to watch them flow.”

And so, as 112606 suffers, his tears accumulate and I enhance the mental torment by lovingly dabbing away the constant flow of wetness as a mother would comfort a distraught child, cooing words of encouragement. After several minutes, calm stillness suggests that endorphins are flowing, thus I know to replace the boards and provide a respite. Allowing to dissipate the flow of the torturess’s nemesis, the body’s natural antidote to pain, means after several minutes I can again remove the boards and begin the torture anew... and feel renewed oscillations between my thighs as the agonizing process is resumed.

112606 is going to have a long morning.

Feeding time can impart a sense of empowerment of its own at the Penance Corporation of America facility. It is subtle power, not as pronounced as using the prod, clipping wrists and ankles in tight bondage, or hosing my cadre of miscreants with cold water. Yet, the process still serves to manifest my control.

With the objective of cost minimization in mind, the kitchen staff have concocted a bland stew which offers nutrition without much else. The inmates suggest it tastes terrible, and I can attest that it does not smell much better. But since there is no selection of fare, each spoonful of the foul gallimaufry is readily consumed.

The medical staff conspired with the kitchen to calculate precisely the caloric intake required for each specific inmate. Body size and weight versus the energy needed to exist. Nothing more.

Yes, there are no fat inmates at the Penance Corporation of America. The bowls arrive daily. Only one meal. And the inmate's number is imprinted on each bowl. A small quantity for the small prisoners, a larger quantity for the bigger prisoner. The staff has even taken into consideration the modest daily exercise permitted and allowed enough caloric energy to be consumed accordingly.

So, despite the objectionable taste, there is always an obsequious request for more... which is of course, denied. Food costs money. Food provides energy. Energy can foster resistance.

I want docile lambs. And as I spoon feed each hungry mouth, I indeed marvel at how the rigorous system instills the characteristics of the ovine. The physical will to resist is depleted by the precise measurements of minimal sustenance, thus augmenting the lack of mental will which, as I have demonstrated to myself with 112606, is easily broken.

"May I please have more Miss Muffin?" is the typical humble question at feeding time.

I allow rudimentary communication as I feed. It is a concession quickly and

easily revoked with any misdeeds.

“No,” is my typical terse reply. “You don’t need it. You’re to receive just enough food to languish in your cage and be exercised in crawling four laps for me. Nothing more.”

Yes, it is subtle control but quite thorough. I often wonder if I led an inmate five times around the room instead of four. I suspect, with the scientific calculation of input versus output, he would slowly wither to nothing.

But that would not do. My job is to maximize the annuity earned from every inmate. We want long healthy lives, bringing revenue of fifty dollars per day. The diet, devoid of harmful fat, heaped with nutrients, will ensure long, long physical life, however mentally tormenting that may be.

Four days after 112606's first arrival, I have completely broken him. He just languishes in his cage, lying well bound either prostrate or supine, his repose forcibly changing as I choose. And I might add, he is quiet... very quiet. Certain points on his flesh remain tender, where the nasty serrated clamps bit with particular zeal. Otherwise, there are only mental scars remaining from his most cruel and agonizing ordeal. I kept him dangling by his own flesh well after his resolve and his fortitude dissolved. He now better understands my power.

I am pleased to report there are no more vulgarities. No more unauthorized verbal outbursts of any kind.

The deportment of my little lamb now replicates that of my other eight charges. And he amuses me with moments in which I enjoy watching his trembling reaction as I once again suggest I might want to see him hang. But other than to whine, not daring to speak without permission, there is no other reaction.

During feeding, when I grant permission, he speaks politely and most subserviently, usually begging for food but also humbly asking when his term in the cage will end.

"Your sentence is for two years. You will therefore spend two years caged. It's very simple, 112606. The conditions of your incarceration will not waver. There will be no time off for good behavior. We don't need to encourage good behavior here. All inmates exhibit good behavior... they have no other choice."

I laugh lightly as it dawns on 112606 that prisoners are not coddled within the facilities of the Penance Corporation of America.

I spoon forth another odorous glob thinking about the soft eyes tucked away under the patch adhering to his hood. The naked form lying bound and totally under my control is nicely shaped. The nose straight and without excess, the lips an alluring color, yet masculine. Sans hood, I am sure 112606 was a handsome lad before the girls in orientation deprived him of his individuality. Now he is just a well restrained pile of flesh, earning the maximum revenue

for the Penance Corporation of America, and incurring the minimum in costs.

With the excitement of the past few days, acclimating myself to my new role, I have ignored my own needs, many times feeling the effects of stimulation as my loins warmed and wetness formed. With padded chair nearby, the shape of its seat constantly reminding of its potential, the quiet and more repetitive chores allow time to once again sit and read. With the rigid discipline instilled, there are long periods of silence between, hosing, feeding and exercise. Thus I can relax uninterrupted with nine naked and well bound males docilely awaiting my tendance.

Within an hour the door lock clicks and Peggy Blakely enters. I rise and we bid each other greetings. I note she carries paperwork.

“A very good job with 112606,” she compliments.

She stoops and sees that the inmate in question lies prostrate and well stretched with wrists and arms extended straight over his head. She smiles when she spies the penis and balls hanging through the bars below. 112606 is erect. I surmise the priapic condition is the result of the mounting number of days kept chaste, the curious reaction of the male spinal nerves when the back muscles are tensioned, and the mental joy with the absence of pain.

“Rather cute when not being belligerent,” she notes, her assessment paralleling mine.

A firm and knowing hand extends through the bars and smooths along the buttocks, palpating as much as offering soothing comfort.

“Nice cute posterior. We may soon have a special release request for this one.”

Once again there is the reference to activity which in my mind counters the stern atmosphere so painstakingly entrenched in the hundreds of inmates... that of release. But before I can again inquire, Peggy places a pile of papers on the cabinet.

“Infraction reports. I’m sure the need was discussed in training.”

I nod and join Peggy in an evil smile as she explains.

“No hurry. But the girls in admin do like to keep everything current for the parole board.”

Yes, under the guise of maximizing revenue, the staff at the Penance Corporation of America commit what is essentially massive fraud. Reports of rule violations are constantly fabricated and filed with the Parole Board. The results I am told are twofold... with the perceived challenge of unruliness the per diem fee for incarcerating each inmate continues without question... few, if any, inmates attain early release.

As stated, to ensure the vast and continuing profit growth, once a prisoner is broken we endeavor to keep him forever.

I laugh to myself wondering how many years 112606 will really serve for his petty convenience store antics. Within a few months I suspect there will be a report of violence and attempted escape. In the eyes of the Parole Board such ‘vile’ conduct will earn more time with us... beginning 112606 down the slope which will lead to extension after extension of his sentence.

He may never get out!

I graciously accept the chore and assure timely completion. Then I broach a more personal subject matter with my superior.

“Peggy, is it possible to bring up the calorie ration for 112606. There may be an activity undertaken which will require a modest increase in the expenditure of energy.”

Though I am being deliberately coy, Peggy, as an experienced warden, seems to immediately grasp the gist of my request. She smiles and nods.

“I will put in the request. A girl does need a little recreation in the chair from time to time.

“And Muffin, tomorrow’s Thursday. Your cell’s day for the nurse.”

As our conversation concludes, 070704, in the cage immediately above

112606, relieves himself. His flow streams into 112606's cage and drenches him, then drips to the floor and the drain. At some point I will again hose down my naked and bound charges, but for now that's life incarcerated at the Penance Corporation of America. The tight confinement can have its disadvantages, particularly for those not yet earning a top cage.

A soaked 112606 verbally sputters but there are no audible words. That he has learned painfully to curtail.

I note Peggy's smile and I join her as she turns to leave. With her influence, 112606 will have the sustenance needed for the energy to move about more. The nurse's visit, described in training, should be most entertaining. And the stock price is up again. All these pleasantries motivate me to begin the paperwork... 'documenting' the myriad of false rule violations which collectively assures long term stays and steady corporate revenue growth.

The lock clicks and the door opens. Into the room is wheeled a gurney followed by a massive woman of some 45 years. She wears the starched white uniform of the medical profession along with the expected cap. It is Nurse Joanie Jones, an introduction to whom we trainees had in class weeks before.

The gurney is covered in a white sheet and I know beneath the top surface is a broad collection of equipment, most of which has serious uses in tending to the medical needs of the many, many inmates. Despite the torment, we truly desire inmates with long, long healthy lives. One commentator compared our cadre of obsequious males to a herd of dairy cows... the more physically contented... the healthier... the more milk produced.

At Penance Corporation of America we don't desire milk, just the maximum revenue from the government at the lowest cost. Disease and illness cost money. Preventative care is relatively cheap. Thus Nurse Joanie Jones and her mobile medical examination station enter my chamber of concrete to tend to the herd.

"Morning, Muffin. I see you have all under control here."

I smile and return the greeting, my nine naked males bound and lying in utter silence makes quite the impression even on the experienced nurse.

"Let's start with 122299," Joanie recommends in checking her roster.

I slide the ramp before the upper most cage confining the amusingly docile male in question. The many years in tight bondage and partial sensory deprivation have taken quite the toll. When he hears the lock spring on the cage door he stirs. As I free his wrist cuffs he turns his head, cranes his neck and licks my hand. It is a charming and most servile reaction in attempting to curry favor. By now, in his seventh year of incarceration, 122299 knows that the controlling women of the Penance Corporation of America, very much enjoy truckling males. He is eager to display his compliant demeanor... knowing to avoid any perception of resistance.

I release his ankle cuffs and he squirms and wriggles like a child at play.

“Come, 122299. Release time. Nurse Jones is here for you.”

My intonation is kindly, almost as if speaking to a youngster. The many years of idly lying about blindfolded and awaiting the good graces of a governing woman in order to do something as simple as moving an arm or leg have wreaked mental havoc indeed. 122299 is clay in need of molding.

I clip a leash to his neck collar and pull, directing his efforts to slide forward, out the cage and onto the ramp. Again, with the room door locked behind Nurse Joanie’s entrance and with prod in hand, there is no need for tethering together the wrist and ankle cuffs. 122299 has no where to go. Any disobedience will be met with painful shocks.

“A toilet visit first, Muffin. Then I’ll have him up on the gurney.”

I position 122299 on all fours with his butt over the rudimentary hole serving as the cell bathroom facility. Nurse Joanie smiles with 122299’s obsequious responses but needs to intercede. I have not before had my charges examined and need direction.

“No, no. Supine position, knees to the chest.”

122299 wordlessly rolls to his back like a trained dog, drawing up his thighs and legs. When his knees touch his chest, his hands reach around and under his thighs and Nurse Joanie clips together his cuffs, securing together his wrists under his bent knees. 122299 lies rolled into a ball. I marvel at the simple manner of restraint. With one application of a double ‘D’ clamp 122299 can move neither arms nor bent legs, nor can he crawl.

“Good boy,” Nurse Joanie graciously offers.

The woman in white uses her own electronic prod to scan the metal disk on 122299’s left hip. She reads the information and then returns to the gurney to begin preparing various paraphernalia.

“I’ll want a stool sample and urine sample. I’ll remove the hood and neck collar then we’ll cleanse and add more depilation cream. Then I’ll want him up on the gurney for examination. He’ll need some prostate work. The

scanner suggests it's been a month."

She turns and hands me a beaker. A label provides the inmates number and I know to bend at the waist and grasp the lonely neglected pecker of my senior most toy. Meanwhile the gloved hands of Nurse Joanie approach. The left gruffly parts the well exposed buttocks and the right mechanically inserts a suppository into 122299's rectum.

Then she pushes and turns the naked helpless form until 122299's backside is positioned over the hole serving as a toilet. I follow her moves, beaker in hand.

"Psst, psst," she hisses into 122299's ear in encouraging performance.

"If you can't get him to give up a urine sample use the prod," she matter of factly suggests.

I can only imagine the voltage setting required for the male beast to involuntarily open his bladder. To do so the required level of shocking pain must be incredible. Yet the pleasant and smiling Joanie insouciantly makes the recommendation as if I am attempting to jump start a reluctant car engine.

There is something particularly empowering about holding a man's penis while he is attempting to engage in such an intimate function. I feel moisture in my loins and I also feel 122299 begin to firm as he squirms a bit. There is extreme embarrassment and there is the awkward pose, lying on his back rolled into a ball with knees pressed against the chest. It is a difficult task for him.

Still, with his many years of performing as an obedient inmate, he manages to begin a flow and I capture a sample in the beaker. The remainder streams into the curious hole serving as the cell block's toilet.

As I shake from his penis tip the remnants resulting from the humiliating deed, Nurse Joanie inserts into the anus two gloved fingers up to her knuckles. Straining ligaments in her wrist suggest she is manipulating her digits, exploring the rear passage of our inmate turned patient.

“Uggh,” she utters followed by the clucking of the tongue. “The extended chastity really wreaks havoc on the prostate gland. It’s swollen and ripe for milking.”

I withdraw my hands and Joanie’s free hand begins to massage the perineum then slides up and cradles the hairless ball sac. She palpates the testicles, squeezing between thumb and forefinger, brusquely examining, and I note that 122299’s penis twitches and begins to firm in earnest. This is while Joanie’s index and middle finger remain penetrating the sphincter. I note that there are very slow and methodical motions of the digits. Within moments 122299 is incredibly erect despite my having withdrawn my hand to leave nothing touching his engorging phallus.

“They always enjoy showing off, Muffin. Something about the psyche of the servile male responding to feminine authority,” Joanie lectures in observing the engorged organ.

“What do you think you’re going to do with that, 122299?” Joanie mockingly inquires of the engorged penis.

Sensing movement within the bowels, Joanie withdraws her fingers, continuing to palm the balls. Within a moment the nasty deed is done and a sample is captured. I can only imagine the intensity of the degradation felt by 122299 in so performing naked, bound, erect and forced to do so in a most stultifying position before two fully clothed women. When finished a moist towel is used to cleanse his gluteal cleft as if tending to an infant.

Nurse Joanie returns to the gurney. From underneath she retrieves a bathroom scale. Several moments are spent rolling 122299 onto the scale and recording his weight. As noted, the minimum of sustenance is offered at Penance Corporation of America. Any perceived weight gain is immediately countered with an adjustment to the caloric intake. We have no inmates of girth.

“Ok, it’s cleaning time, then I’m going to milk. Can you ready the hose, Muffin?”

Joanie peels back the Velcro holding in place the ankle cuffs and removes.

She then unbuckles 122299's neck collar and slides away the hood. For the first time since I began my tour, I can peer into the full face of one of my charges. But for the wrists cuffs, 122299 is devoid of all covering. Strangely, he appears shy, evidently aware of his bizarre appearance. Under the synthetic leather a coating of the special depilation cream has resided since his last cleansing. The result is a cranium as smooth as glass which glistens and eyebrows devoid of hair. As 122299's eyes adjust, Joanie rubs her hand over the smooth glabrous surface and laughs.

"Don't think much will ever grow back. The chemicals we use are strong."

Joanie steps back, nods, and I know to douse the balled form with a spray of water, this time soothingly warm. It was explained in training class that the comfort bestowed during the weekly medical checks would be the only period, however brief, in which the inmates receive moderation in their care. No hood, no muscles and ligaments tensioned in strict bondage, no cold water showers... only warm feminine hands manipulating and palpating without fetter. The intention is first to form a bond with the tending nurse and second to further entrench psychologically my authority as handler in placing the inmate back in the cage and renewing strict silence and bondage.

And so Nurse Joanie does her thing, retrieving a soft chamois cloth from her gurney along with a sweet smelling soap. For the ensuing minutes, our helpless charge is laved with suds and soothingly washed as would a mother care for a new born. Each wrist cuff is removed and the skin beneath likewise soothingly cleansed. A very obedient and docile 122299 remains rolled up with knees to chest and hands clasped together despite the brief potential of mobility. The cuffs are quickly replaced.

Meanwhile 122299's unruly penis firms to stone and I note that Joanie cleans everywhere but the overly sensitive tip which seems to beg for attention.

"Such a nice big hard on for us, 122299. Celebrating your freedom? Want to show off for us? Give us a waggle."

On cue, the stiffness begins to move about, bringing laughter as Joanie tenderly kneads the scrotal sac with slippery soapy hands. The exchange... the interaction... is curious. The normal male would find Joanie's actions...

mandating the ridiculous curled up pose, her humiliating handling, the supervision of the intimate bodily functions, the penetrating fingers, hands which palpate without constraint... to be objectionable. Yet 122299 strangely seems to relish her touch, reveling in sensing soft hands where nothing has been felt for days.

When tightly bond in the cage, the inmates cannot even scratch themselves. And now this knowing mature woman returns their psyche to times when maternal care was offered. I would not be surprised if Joanie offered a pacifier for 122299 to suck on.

Having cleansed every inch of hairless flesh, Joanie rights herself at the waist and steps back.

“Good boy,” she coos to 122299 as she nods to me.

I know to spray again, rinsing away the soapiness as Joanie retrieves a towel.

“An amazing formulation. The soap not only cleanses it also retards hair growth. With the many years this one has been with us, not a follicle remains functioning. I could not feel stubble anywhere.”

Nurse Joanie pats dry the refreshingly cleansed skin as 122299 watches with this look of adoration. The eyes seem to beg for attention where the male beast normally focuses so much squandered time and wasted effort. But not here at the Penance Corporation of America. Chastity is the strict protocol. The penis is merely for show... an organ for the entertainment of the governing female.

“Time for your check up, 122299. When I unclip your wrists I want your hands on the back of your head and then I want you up on the gurney. You know the rules.”

Without another word, the wrists are freed and hands go to the back of the head as the legs straighten. Then our obedient naked and erect charge rolls to his side and stands. Within moments he props himself supine onto the gurney and knows to once again draw his knees to his chest.

“Hands,” comes a simple command from Nurse Joanie.

The arms lower and once again the wrist cuffs are clipped together behind the knees, resuming the balled up pose.

“Completely vulnerable and providing access to every anatomical area I need to examine,” notes the experienced nurse. “And aren’t you so nice and compliant for us, 122299. Such a good boy.”

A standard examination follows with Joanie checking the pulse, breathing, nose, ears and eyes of 122299, who I note remains erect. In training class, the curious occurrence was explained and referenced as ‘the loop’... the propensity in many males where humiliation leads to arousal... and such arousal heightens the humiliation... which in turn increases the arousal.

“Do not be surprised if, over time, every inmate becomes conditioned to experience ‘the loop’,” the visiting psychologist lectured.

“With the program of strict and intense restraint, silence, isolation and chastity, every inmate can be brought to a state of priapism in response to the governing female... she who offers only a modicum of relief. The prisoner will learn that just a semblance of something as simple as a finger tip gently caressing where he can no longer touch can be quite stimulating. They will pine for your touch. And you will learn to use it for control.”

Yes, I think to myself, 122299 is there... in the loop. Strangely he is both proud and shamed to be curled up naked and displaying himself so ignominiously. Still Joanie ignores his condition and duly records all her findings. 122299 lies in silence evidently anticipating something, as Joanie uses her prod to transfer all her data to the disk on 122299’s left hip. Then she announces.

“It’s time.”

A simple wooden stick of some two to three feet in length is drawn from under the gurney. A gloved left hand holds it against the back of the legs where the buttocks meet the thighs. Her right index finger wraps about the base of the stiff penis and slowly draws it downwards. 122299 squirms, the

erect male appendage prefers to stand straight up. Yet there is no contest, the organ will stand where Joanie wants it... and that is pointing downward, away from the head and face. The left hand slides the wooden stick under the top surface of the extremely hard shaft. When Joanie draws away both hands, the tension created by the penis in trying to right itself holds the stick in place, pressing against the thighs.

“Obviates ejaculation,” the nurse of many years summarily comments.

“Now I can milk him.”

Whereas 122299’s rectum was well penetrated while obtaining the stool specimen, Joanie begins in earnest to insert more digits than can conceivably be accommodated by the tight purse string muscle. Lubricant is abundantly spread about. The perineum is kneaded to relax the ‘patient’. A thoroughly humiliated 122299 helplessly lies balled up on the gurney as two fingers thrust forth, then withdraw, then thrust again. Joanie is copulating with her hand.

“This relaxes and sends the message to the nerves and muscles... ‘here I come’,” Joanie humorously explains.

With much time and care, 122299’s sphincter slowly yields. Three fingers thrust, enter and are withdrawn and thrust again. The woman is both mechanical and tender, working to make 122299 welcome more and more of her manipulation.

“Just relax, let me enter you. You know you’ll feel better afterwards. Miss Muffin will put you back in your cage and you can just lie about, rid of all the nastiness your body seeks to spew.”

When a fourth finger joins in the methodical anal assault, 122299 groans and squirms. Meanwhile clear fluid oozes from his penis tip.

“Oh yes 122299, I can feel your muscles surrendering. I’ll soon be completely in and then you’ll be feeling better.”

The cadence of her hand action slows. 122299 peers at me with this pitiable look. It must be so frustrating to have the many, many days of strict bondage interrupted only by a servile display, complete capitulation and intense humiliation.

“Yes, our boy is feeling that curious combination of discomfort and pleasure as I knead the prostate gland. When I have him completely fisted, I’ll work it until it’s emptied, milking him of all the superfluous male essence.”

I look to see that the captured erection has not wavered and instead has deepened its purplish hue. The flow of goo is steady, dribbling to the white cloth of the gurney.

“Got it,” Joanie declares with a smile as her entire gloved hand disappears well past 122299’s rectum.

She knows to pause, letting the muscles adjust. She diddles the penis tip with the index finger of her free hand.

“It relaxes,” she explains in offering that which is rarely afforded.

122299 turns his head from me to stare at his nurse, she who has invaded his most intimate anatomy. He has an expression of adoring wont. Nurse Joanie toys with and controls that which 122299 so much wishes to grip and stroke. He so much needs to explode, yet he knows that will never again happen... not under the tutelage of the Penance Corporation of America.

“Ok, now let’s see what our boy has to offer me.”

With that, the ligaments in Joanie wrists begin to strain as she kneads the prostate gland with fervor. 122299 yelps. Not a yelp of pain, but of overwhelming sensory input. The flow of fluid turns white as the stiff penis twitches, trying to free itself from the simple yet awkward position mandated by the stick.

“Ah, yes. Here it comes. I must tell you it’s quite the feeling of empowerment, Muffin, forcefully taking from the naked male what he’d prefer to spew in triumphant penetration. So demeaning for you 122299, isn’t

it? The cloudy white is sperm, Muffin. This one is quite virile. Look at that flow.”

It is impressive. 122299’s last milking was a month before. The intervening buildup is quite extensive.

“You’ve been keeping this just for me, haven’t you 122299. As a convicted rapist, I know where you’d prefer to deposit all this stuff. Still, you like showing it to your nurse don’t you?”

122299’s eyes roll with the intensity of having a woman’s hand freely explore and massage that which is otherwise completely neglected. His head lurches from side to side. Then the flow curtails and he slumps, entering a stupor with his muscles going limp.

“All done,” Nurse Joanie pleasantly coos

Her gloved hand slowly withdraws.

“He’ll be very quiet and easy to handle for the next day or so.”

Hard to conceive how the already docile 122299 could be more placid. Yet, as Joanie slathers the depilation lotion over his head and face it appears that he has fainted. The hood and collar are replaced. His wrists released. We must lift him from the gurney to the tiled floor.

“Cage him, Muffin.”

122299 can barely summon the energy to humbly crawl up the ramp. Yet he appears somewhat eager to be returned to the tranquility of his steel home.

“I’ll take 070704 next,” Joanie announces as I replace 122299’s eye covering and deftly clip wrists and ankles to the bars.

122299 sleeps deeply.

Yesterday, in washing and putting 112606 through the degrading medical check up, prostrate milking excluded, there once again came this sense of fondness. Not the feeling of affection between lovers. I would more compare between owner and pet, particularly when leading a leashed 112606 about the cell so Nurse Joanie could observe his gait and his movements.

Then, of course, holding his penis, encouraging a urine sample, tends to embolden and enhance the sense of power which stimulates a woman like me. And I suppose that spurs some degree of affection.

When his hood was removed for Joanie's soothing bath, I found 112606 to indeed be attractive, the soft brown eyes having saddened, transforming his look to that of a forlorn but handsome child. His features proved to be even and symmetrical and in his complete nakedness... no hood, no collar, no cuffs... there appeared to be an innocent youthfulness, which belied his early career as a petty thief.

Quite the toy... yet facing a lifetime of servile bondage to the likes of me and the Penance Corporation of America.

As with 1122299, he hardened for us quite nicely and when Joanie had him waggle for us, his blushing response brought the most remarkable hue of pink to his entire nakedness. I believe the moments deprived of his hood, that which brings anonymity to an otherwise extremely demeaning existence, nurtured an entertaining level of embarrassment. He too entered the loop.

As Peggy Blakely suggested, with new arrivals, good looks can initially be detrimental in asserting authority. The deluge of vulgarities certainly evidenced that.

Yesterday, I was amused to see while leading 112606 crawling about the tile floor, that he kept peering at me with this odd look of devotion. Curious that only a week before he was cursing like a sailor in a shoddy gin mill. So I quickly determined 112606 was forming some bond... outside the physical... the tight ineluctable restraints that find him stretched and motionless in his cage night after night. No, instead there is a psychological bond. As alluded in training class.

“In time, the Stockholm syndrome will become evident,” the visiting psychologist lectured. “Use it to your advantage, girls.”

With the constant arousal experienced in handling naked and wonderfully subordinate males day in and day out, such puppy like devotion is not a bad thing. And the advantage will be used.

“Peggy put in the request to increase this one’s caloric intake,” Nurse Joanie remarked upon departure. “After watching him crawl about, I concur that a modicum of boosted energy will not be detrimental.”

Then Nurse Joanie smiled flirtatiously, the planned need for the expenditure of 112606’s supplemental sustenance quite apparent to her.

“I think you’ll be pleased with the results.”

So on Friday, about noon time, the lock clicks and the food cart is wheeled into my chamber of male subordination. Delivering today is young Laura, an intern spending some time with us during her summer break from college. Though inexperienced, she’s one of us when it comes to enjoying the travails of the servile male. And so it is with a sense of wonderment that she enters and spies nine naked and thoroughly bound males lying stretched and prostrate in their cages, each displaying an engorged penis pointing straight towards the top bars.

She giggles like the nineteen year old girl that she is. I join her with a smile of self-confidence.

“Just a little recreation for my boys. I like to bring them all up from time to time so they better feel the frustration of the chastity and denial we bestow.”

She nods and smiles, placing the cell’s allocation of food bowls atop the cabinets. She momentarily stares at the nine erections and then turns to leave. It is obvious that she departs with reluctance, apparently desiring to stay. But Laura will have to graduate college, interview for a permanent position and go through training before she can be empowered as am I.

Laura bids adieu, wheels out her cart and the door closes.

The feeding process is laborious. Nine mouths each receiving their sustenance only by way of my spoon bearing hand. Permission is given to speak during the sole meal of the day. And in allowing the discourse I learn who has reached the abyss of complete capitulation to governing women and who requires more convincing demonstrations of my power... more than the slow tight bondage. With any hint of resistance, impoliteness, or just a simple word expressed in a manner I dislike, the cuffs are tightened to the point of excruciation, or perhaps the scrotum is clamped and secured to the bars by way of a tight cord.

Since the experienced inmates are aware of my capabilities, that their vulnerability is complete, and my authority unfettered, that there is no end to the slow torment I can confer on he not deemed mentally broken, the conversations are very polite.

With eight mouths fed, it comes time for 112606... my puppy... my toy. I unlock the cage.

“Come,” I pleasantly command in attaching a leash.

Gentle tugs have my charge exiting his home of steel. He is eager to be fed, having listened for over an hour as spoonful after spoonful was consumed in the surrounding cages. With the paucity of nourishment offered, he is hungry, as intended. But for the near hours after feeding, every inmate feels the pangs of craving almost every hour of his limited existence. Its weakening effect minimizes resistance... the modest cost maximizes the profits.

However, with 112606, the Penance Corporation of America can make an exception. I have a new role for my obeisant naked and crawling puppy. And the small expense in affording him the energy required to fulfill it can be overlooked.

I lead him to my chair, leash in one hand, prod and food bowl in the other. I sit and part my knees placing the prod and bowl on the floor. My leash hand draws my naked and blinded puppy towards me until the front of his collar presses the indented padded front edge of the chair.

“Hungry, 112606? You may speak.”

“Yes, please, Miss Muffin. I need food.”

“Of course you do. It is intended that you constantly feel needs... for food and other things. That keeps you polite and easy to manage. You’d like to be easy to manage, would you not 112606? The easily managed are those Penance Corporation guests who get fed and are then permitted to lounge about in their cages like lazy dogs.”

I giggle and reach to the large spoon propped in the bowl of odorous food. With leash in left hand I wave about with my right a sampling of that which the olfactory glands can barely tolerate. My blinded 112606 senses the proximity of nourishment. If he had a tail it would be wagging. Something I can barely tolerate the smell of causes to flow his gastric juices.

“I have some extra for you today, 112606. Three spoonfuls. If you’re a good boy, you’ll have it almost every day. If you’re bad, you’ll only get the lesser.”

“Thank you, Miss Muffin.”

“Well, don’t thank me yet. You have not earned it and so you may not get it.”

I hold the spoon to his lips. His tongue darts forth and curls, purloining a sample like the sneak thief he is. I laugh.

“Such temerity, 112606! I will overlook that if you sit up for me like a good boy. Hands behind your head.”

I feign irritation as I loosen my grip on the leash and his partially hooded face rises. His hands also move accordingly.

“Sitting up for a treat. Just like doggy.”

I laugh again and reward his obedience, pushing the entire spoonful to his lips. He partakes ravenously.

“Now, earn another spoonful. I want to see your penis stand. Concentrate and be good for me.”

I assist in the focusing of his thoughts by reaching to gently diddle the extremely sensitive underside of the frenum. Since I use only the very tip of my finger, the sensation is brief and tantalizing. In kneeling completely naked before a woman of governance, it requires little to once again begin the loop. The organ twitches then begins to stiffen.

112606 slowly but quite steadily engorges. He concentrates on me... on pleasing me.

“Very good,” I offer another spoonful, voraciously consumed.

“And a waggle... for me. You liked doing that for Nurse Joanie, didn’t you?”

112606’s reply is in the form of the comical movement I demand. With more amusement, more laughter, I reward with another spoonful. 112606 is learning to respond in a most degrading manner, perform demeaning acts, just to earn a simple spoonful of kitchen swill.

Oh, what better employment could an assertive girl of my age find? My wetness begins anew. When my free hand tenderly toys with a nipple, the penis waggles again. Yes, I am beginning to ingrain a most degrading response to my touch, training my young handsome toy to react to my control... not to think... just react And the moisture between my thighs evidences my enjoyment. Yet today, I can address my body’s indications of concupiscence.

With the bowl nearly finished, the amusement of having the stiff male appendage perform for me excites but also wears. I pull downward on the leash and 112606 knows to return to all fours. A firmer tug returns his neck to the curved front edge of the chair, his head between my knees.

“Perhaps a little dessert, 112606? You must be tiring of the slop.”

My spoon gathers the remnants of the bowl and is taken with zeal. Despite the extra ration of three spoonfuls, it is evident that 112606 remains hungry. His stomach has not yet shrunk and acclimated to the ascetic existence mandated by the Penance Corporation of America. The constant state of desire for food, the craving for energy-creating sustenance, is just another

component of breaking the will... instilling that *all* is under my control... mine and the other women of the penitentiary. Plus there is the added benefit that resistance requires both will *and* physical strength. With such limited intake, the inmate lacks both.

Two ubiquitous double 'D' clamps are removed from my pocket. It is a simple matter to clip eye hooks on 112606's neck collar, right and left, to corresponding eye hooks conveniently placed under the front edge of the chair. My pet and the chair become one as I stand, slide down my panties and step out of the moist frilly garment.

"I arranged for all that extra food for a purpose, 112606. You've been better fed at my request. It is also within my purview to offer less. And it is also within my power to offer more."

I push my moist panties under his nose. The feminine scent is strong, and I am sure to the naked, forcibly chaste young male it is overpowering. What he has been denied since his arrest is so tantalizingly close. He can smell it. Will he earn a taste?

I hike up my skirt and sit. The soft leather of the chair initially cools my steamy flesh, then warms to skin temperature. Between my knees resides the hooded head of my charge. Between my thighs the odoriferous panties rest on the leather seat, serving to stimulate. 112606 breathes heavily. He partakes as would a small dog in fear of losing a meal of raw savory meat to a large aggressor. His greedy lungfuls bring a smile. I have selected the appropriate treat.

"Now it's time to earn that extra food. Serve me well and you shall have it every day. Fail and I will cut your rations to where you'll barely be able to exit your cage."

I slip the panties over his hood, a suitable place for stowage. Then I slowly slide forward on the seat, my nicely trimmed mons approaching lips which moments before ravenously consumed that in which only the hungriest of creatures would partake. I peer down and smile when the nostrils flare in recognizing the increasingly strong scent. Then the tongue darts forth in a humble greeting, the tip laving my outer labia.

Oh, the joy, the exquisite warm wetness. And to think that such is bestowed by a male brought to complete capitulation by my hand wondrously heightens my heady sense of superiority.

With the slightest additional effort my, entire mons comes within range of first the searching tongue and then the hungry lips. My pet, my toy greedily delves. And I cannot help thinking that each and every day that I keep the likes of 112606 tormented and caged, he will not only orally satiate, there will flow the revenue from his incarceration and the lofty stock price of the Penance Corporation of America will continue to ascend... as will my power.

“That’s a good boy, 112606. Don’t miss a drop.”

I have 070704 at the end of a leash and am finishing his limited exercise. Fascinating how fatigue can be detected after only two laps around the room. Though grateful in being permitted to move, he's ready to be returned to his cage where he'll just lie supine or prostrate and wile away the many hours, the many days, in complete darkness. Just another lamb.

He tries to be so good to me, his tongue lapping away whenever proximate to my hands or feet. His attempts to lick bring giggles and girlish compliments...

"Such a good boy today, 070704."

With a fourth lap completed, I guide him up the ramp to his cage. I secure him prostrate and nicely stretched with his male package dangling below into the cage of my special pet, 112606.

Then, exercising the privilege of authority, the caprice of amusing myself, I reach in and begin to oh so gently rub the underside of the frenum with a circular motion of my index finger.

"I know you want to show off for me?" I coo is a teasing voice.

The slowly circling finger mechanically continues without pause. It is the simplest of motions but soon has the nicely sized organ of 070704 as stiff as a board. He shows off indeed.

"Thank you. You're very obedient in trying to please."

And with that I withdraw my finger. It's all the joy 070704 will ever experience under my tutelage.

With that there comes the click of the cell door. Peggy Blakely enters, leash and prod in hand, followed by Nancy also with leash and prod. The women look at me and smile. As Peggy begins to speak, Nancy leans and applies her prod to something that has not yet negotiated the doorway. There comes a thunderous howl, drowning Peggy's voice. A male voice bellows vulgarities making Peggy's words inaudible. Yet I know I have been offered a simple

‘good afternoon’.

“Got another one for you, Muffin,” she explains as the string of epithets trails off. “Rather a challenge, as you can hear. But you’ve done so well in your first six weeks. Nothing you can’t handle.”

Inmate number ten! My heart leaps. The serrated clamps have not been used in weeks, the repetitive tedium only interrupted by 112606’s oral training. Not having to break one of my charges makes for very boring days of routine torment... days only punctuated by the increasingly arduous tongue of 112606.

There ensues an amazing display of feminine power and futile male resistance as the crawling form of my latest charge is dragged into my chamber. He is double leashed, Peggy and Nanny each tightly gripping a controlling length of leather. And the reason for the precaution quickly becomes evident. The inmate is enormous... and quite vicious.

“Meet 061505. Transferred in from another prison, one not owned by the Penance Corporation. I’m told he has spent the past year or so testifying against his former partners in crime. He’s now known as a rat in penitentiary parlance. A rather fractious beast, this one. Seems the government would rather pay us than keep him in their system. Too many inmates seeking revenge.”

The hooded head suddenly snaps to the right towards Nancy. The sizable handler nimbly steps back, lowers her prod hand and applies what I perceive to be a massive jolt to the buttocks. What was intended as a vicious attempt to bite resulted in pain for 061505 and amusement for we three handlers as the shock causes the leashed and naked form to collapse to the tiled flooring.

“You may want to keep this one caged until you thoroughly break him, Muffin. Otherwise you just may run out of battery power.”

The humor of Peggy’s suggestion is not lost. The prods can apply hundreds of jolts before the power supply wanes. Even a male the size of 061505 would be well fried before that happens. But the point is noted.

“Bottom cage over here,” I point to one of three remaining empty enclosures of steel.

Peggy and Nancy drag as I open the cage door. Constant minor applications of the prods keep the inmate focused on the task at hand. His tethering chains permit only the shortest shuffles of hands and knees. Thus as this vulgar beast reacts to the tugs on his leashes, both Peggy and Nancy apply the prod in a combination of correction and vindictiveness.

“I’ll want this one supine. And he’ll stay that way,” I proclaim with surging boldness and resolve.

Though remaining quite truculent, we three soon have 061505 stowed, lying on his back with ankles and wrists attached to the bars. The tension of his stretching is moderate. Demonstrations of my authority and unfettered ability to inflict torment will begin shortly. There is no hurry other than that the constant vocal outbursts disturb my lambs.

“You may consider using the Sterno cans for this one,” Peggy notes.

I smile and nod.

“He’ll soon break. If not he’ll never again move or see room light,” I suggest, knowing Peggy reads my thoughts.

Peggy and Nancy leave. I use the prod to scan the metal disk on the left hip of 061505. Yes, my new charge is quite the bad boy. Though his date of incarceration is recent, his records indicate that he is a career criminal with half his life of 35 years spent behind bars. With his latest arrest, a capital crime, he turned state’s evidence to avoid the death penalty, ratting out everyone and everything he knew. At the end of month after month of providing testimony, he received a life sentence, one against which he protested the terms and conditions vehemently, if I recall the newspaper articles. It seems the Federal prosecutor reneged on her deal, or so 061505 claimed in being whisked from court. He claimed he was promised a commuted sentence and a new life in the witness protection program.

Well, he must have done something to cross the Federal attorneys...

While I read and learn, there is a continuous string of verbal sewerage streaming forth from 061505. I have not bothered introducing myself, knowing that this is not the time during which 061505 will bond with his new benefactress and also knowing that should he learn my name the general expletives will turn more specific and merely be targeted at me instead of the entire justice system.

So I let 601605 burble profanely as I move to the cabinets to prepare a few things. It's quite convenient that 061505 is uncircumcised... also that he has a large scrotal sac. Whereas most males are quite proud concerning such prominent anatomical attributes, here at The Penance Corporation of America such size really does one no good.

Gathering some things I push my chair to the side of 061505's cage and settle in for a pleasant afternoon... that of breaking the will.

"061505, my name is Muffin... Miss Muffin to you," I declare in a distinct, authoritative voice.

My words, breaking the filibuster of offensive language, startle my charge into silence. Then, after a moment, comes throaty mocking laughter.

"Well, *Miss Muffin*," he sneers derisively, "get me out of here! Get my attorney! Get that bitch Federal prosecutor! I have a deal with her! I want her ass!"

"You're now a guest of the Penance Corporation of America, assigned to my cell, number 113, within facility number 14. Long past are any appeals or any legal arguments. This is it for you. A lifetime to be lived under my care... my governance... my control."

There comes the standard response... once again suggesting, as did 112606, that I go do something crude to myself.

"You're well bound within a cage of high carbon stainless steel bars. Locked within a room with thick concrete walls, in a building of equally thick walls, surrounded by high barricades and razor sharp fencing. But worse for you, 061505, is that you have no power to change that. The sun will rise and set

each day and you will never see it. You will rarely see anything... other than me, on occasion, and the gray cement and shiny steel of this small room.”

I pause and light a Sterno can. My even tone, my descriptive words of the horror of permanent confinement, temporarily bring a respite from the endless string of crass threats. But then such begin again and I must reestablish my purview. So I merely interrupt.

“We have rules here at the Penance Corporation of America. Very simple rules. Silence and obedience... to me... and to every other woman of authority.”

While I speak, a protectively gloved right hand heats a tiny serrated clamp. The alcohol fueled Sterno provides just the perfect temperature for the task at hand.

“You should note that in this cell there are nine fellow inmates. All this noise is disturbing them. They’ve learned it is best to just lie quietly in their cages and let the Penance Corporation dictate... food... exercise... bathing... medical care. Nothing for them to do... nothing for them to think about... just lie like little lambs and please me.”

The little clamp glows in the steady blue flame. As I pause to examine it, 061505 renews his tirade. This must end.

I reach into the cage with my left hand and grasp that most vulnerable uncircumcised phallus. 061505 must be delirious with rage to put me in a position where I enjoy this... enjoy it more than usual that is.

“So, we need to impart some lessons,” I lecture as my touch surprises him.

I bend the flaccid organ toward me. The fleshy prepuce becomes quite the target as my thermal gloved right hand approaches.

“The first is the level of your vulnerability.”

With that I clamp the tiniest tuft of foreskin with the heated clamp. Just the serrated teeth alone would place the male in agony, but in being heated to a

glowing red hot, the effect is excruciating. 061505 writhes spasmodically and hollers louder than ever. Within a moment his lungs empty providing me opportunity to continue.

“You see... its rather substantial... your vulnerability. There is nothing I cannot do. Your physical well being and comfort is totally reliant on my caprice.”

“Please get it off me!” 061505 manages to plead in finally gathering his breath.

His entreaty brings a smile as I heat another clamp.

“Well.” I feign indignation, “that leads us right to the next lesson.”

The clamp glows, I reach into the cage and once again grasp the penis. The sizable uncircumcised tip offers enough flesh for a second clamp. I release it opposite the first.

“No!” my new toy plaintively cries out as the hot serrated teeth introduce the most sensitive male flesh to inconceivable agony.

Too late. Clamp number two joins the first... and with the same result. Perspiration begins to form as 061505’s system reacts to the trauma.

I sit back and feel the familiar twinges within my loins. Oh I so much need 112606’s tongue and lips.

“The second lesson is silence. I demand it. And I receive it. Other than my commands, there is no need for verbal communication. I may permit you to talk during meals. Emphasis on the word *may*.”

Though the clamps mercifully cool, the teeth still bite. And I have many clamps and much Sterno. Oh, this is delicious.

“Which of course takes us to the next lesson.”

And I, of course, heat while I talk.

“Commands and your obedience to them. You will find that it will be in your best interest to obey me... and any other handlers for that matter here at the Penance Corporation of America.”

The third clamp is ready. This one will find a home on that recently depilatoried scrotal sac. It's large and sensitive and 061505 will soon find the sound of my calm, soothing voice, the feel of my soft feminine hands to be anything but soft and soothing. I pinch the sac with the fingers of my left hand and release another small but effective implement of torment.

There comes another pitiful yelp. I do believe 061505 is becoming hoarse... and I have many nasty little contraptions remaining.

With each application of heated metal, 061505 writhes and lurches within his cage, testing the firmness of his cuffs and my ability to bind.

“And about all of this movement, 061505. We do want docile guests who spend their time with us languishing within their cage. Movement wastes energy. Energy is created by food. Food costs money. Therefore unauthorized movement is costly.”

Clamp number four bites into another region of the scrotal sac. Yes he's definitely wearing out those vocal cords.

“So as a reminder of my authority, your obedience, and the rule concerning waste, I am going to bind you so that there will be no possible motion at all. Move a finger and I shall clamp and tie it to the bars.”

My lecture ends, but not the clamping. I spend over an hour heating and clamping, the animated response to which slowly wanes as the pain does not subside but 061505's ability to cry out and move does.

When finished, I have clamps everywhere and just as with 112606 I begin tying each one to the bars... penis and scrotum included. Whereas I don't hang him, I want to apply longer term torment than can be tolerated by the process of suspending him by his flesh. In clamping his foreskin and scrotum and tying such to the bars above, I inflict equal pain.

When finished, 061505 and his cage are one. I even clamp and bind his nose, limiting movement of his head.

“There. Now if I detect any motion, whatever moves will be greeted by a clamp and a cord to counter that which has offended. I have not clamped your tongue, but with another word that can easily be done.

“Welcome to cell 113.”

I stand and survey my work. Dozens and dozens of cords bind dozens and dozens of excruciating clamps to the bars enveloping the naked form of 061505.

“You can’t leave me like this.”

He intends to protest more, but I reach into the cage and pinch closed his nostrils. When he opens his mouth to breathe I brusquely rummage in his mouth, grasp his tongue and quickly pull it beyond his lips before he is able to bite.

“Remember the rules. Silence and obedience. You really don’t want your tongue clamped.”

Nor do I. The procedure for watering a man while his tongue is clamped is laborious. Precaution must be taken in heed of choking and that is cumbersome. It will be annoying enough to have to water him without any clamp... but observing his slow torment is enough of a reward for my effort.

112606 works away, humbly kneeling on all fours before my chair as I, sans panties, sit and absorb the thrill of arduous cunnilingus. He gets better every day... and the days for him to continue improving are endless.

Across the expanse of concrete and tile flooring lies my caged 061505. Cruelly, he has not moved in days, remaining tethered to his cage bars by way of dozens and dozens of clamps and simple but tight cords. By now, he has indeed learned of his limitless vulnerability and my unlimited resolve. There is no squeamishness on my part in applying more clamps... tightening each cord.

The 24/7 immobility means I must water him regularly and, rather than offering exercise and supervised bathroom visits, must hose away the remnants of daily bowel movements.

I am pleased to report that the verbal outbursts have ceased and he is learning the rules. No movement and complete silence, although modest whimpering can be detected as he slowly breaks psychologically.

With his penis comically restrained straight upwards, cords secured to the two clamps are tied to the top bars above and to the right and left, the foreskin is hideously stretched and the huge phallus appears to be a snake about to devour its prey. The cruel configuration makes the relieving of the bladder quite amusing. 061505 becomes a fountain when he finds he can no longer contain the slow buildup of fluids, the excretions streaming upwards and then arcing to soil his pubes, stomach and thighs. And of course on occasion the two inmates in the cages above add to the deluge with 061505 becoming quite wet by days end.

Despite the cold, he seems most grateful when I finally spray with the hose.

It's the fifth day when I hear the cell door lock click. I rise from my chair to greet Peggy Blakely, accompanied by another woman. She is forty-ish, trim, slightly taller than me at about 5 foot 8 inches, with streaks of gray mingling with otherwise dark short hair. Without a word spoken, her no nonsense air suggests a woman of purpose and authority. I note that Peggy's manner is to

be very polite and respectful.

Two things become immediately apparent as the woman surveys my chamber of concrete and my ten naked charges... the first is that she has not visited a Penance Corporation of America facility before... and the second... the sight of well bound, hooded and naked males does not bring any notable level of disquiet.

Her roving eyes momentarily rest on 112606. His youthful nakedness idly kneels, thighs parted, backside toward the door, exposing hairless testicles as his neck collar is hooked to the front edge of my chair. His position leaves no doubt as to the function he was fulfilling when the cell door opened.

“Sorry to interrupt,” a very firm and confident voice offers, repressing a reaction of apparent amusement.

A smiling Peggy intercedes.

“Muffin, this is Ms. Antoinette De La Corte. She’s the Federal prosecutor.”

I look into the eyes of a very stern and authoritative woman. She exhibits a pleasant smile... ostensibly pleasant. For I find myself thinking that a career criminal may consider the look to be daunting if observing it from the defense table of a courtroom. To me, it would send the message... ‘I’m going to get you, and I’m going to enjoy doing it’.

“Thought I would stop in and check on one of my rats,” the voice of confidence quips.

“061505,” Peggy interjects to explain.

Yes, she has interest in my latest acquisition. Should I be concerned that I have him held in such cruel bindings?

“Bottom cage. I am breaking him.” I point to the collection of naked flesh, clamps and cords.

My words are even toned, without emotion or hint of reservation. Ms. De La Corte follows my pointing finger, momentarily focuses on the pitiful mass of

061505's exposed flesh and smiles broadly.

"That must be very painful, having his penis and balls bound like that," her look of amusement belying her words of concern.

She steps to the side of the cage peering downward. The awkward and painfully bound genitals seem to offer enchantment.

"Can he hear me?"

"Yes, ma'am. But he will not respond to you without my permission. He's learning the discipline of silence."

Ms. De La Corte laughs.

"Well it's too bad for his criminal associates that he did not learn that earlier."

I detect the slightest quivering of 061505's flesh. He can indeed hear her voice. Is the reaction the manifestation of hate for the woman who exposed and ended the career of our life criminal?... or fear of she who has banished him to a life of day in and day out excruciatingly slow torment.

"Those little clamps appear quite nasty. Biting and pulling at the skin. And in such sensitive places..."

"Yes, ma'am. That's intentional. But he is almost broken and when he becomes a good boy he'll lounge about just like the others."

Ms. De La Corte steps to my chair where 112606 idly kneels on all fours with my fragrant panties entwined about his hood. As I insist, his knees are well parted, his hairless pink testicles swaying between parted thighs, and I am amusingly shocked when Madam prosecutor leans down, cups her hand and palms the scrotal sac of my oral servant.

"Lounge about just like *all* the others?" she whimsically inquires.

"112606 has earned a special privilege," I quickly explain as both Peggy and Ms. De La Corte laugh.

The free hand pinches the buttocks. 112606's lurching reaction brings more laughter as his balls are released. She handles the naked male as would a rancher handle cattle... raw meat on the hoof.

"Peggy, perhaps there can be an arrangement concerning a series of special releases for 061505. I can always issue a subpoena for him to appear in my office. But any interaction with this thug I'd prefer to have here."

Peggy nods.

"We're very good at processing government paperwork... and checks. We are certainly willing to discuss a discount. But you must realize there are costs involved."

Ms. De La Corte nods.

"He did suggest he wanted your ass... before I introduced him to his new life of silence," I boldly offer in warning, referencing 061505's threats.

"Well, then we'll see whose ass is had," the firm authoritative voice rejoins.

The two women turn to leave. At the door, the prosecutor pauses and once again speaks in a voice which exudes confidence and authority.

"You really should assure that he's thoroughly broken. There's probably no reason to let him out of that cage... other than to be *interviewed* by me."

She smiles wickedly in enunciating the word 'interviewed', then follows Peggy in stepping out. The steel door clanks shut. Despite the many, many weeks of handling males in a most cruel manner, I find her demeanor to be frighteningly chilly. Having never before visited a Penance Corporation facility, never before observed how we transform hardened criminals into gentle lambs, she acclimated rapidly, delighting in 061505's circumstances and seeming to very much enjoy handling 112606's balls.

“You may speak.”

It has been six days since I covered 061505’s entire frame with the many heated clamps. Since completing the agonizing task he has not moved nor spoken without my permission, other than to sneeze... which of course earned him another red hot clamp.

So it is feeding time and tomorrow Nurse Joanie is expected. I need to ascertain whether 061505’s behavior is worthy of release. A very contrite and humble 061505 can earn himself not only a bath but permission to move.

“Thank you, Miss Muffin,” 061505 meekly responds to an offering of odorous stew.

The words sound compliant enough. Nothing like six days of slow torment to instill obedience.

I lean forward in my special chair, loosen the cord attached to his nostril clamp and offer another spoonful of prison fare. As with all the inmates, he partakes hungrily.

“Ms. De La Corte seemed to enjoy your circumstances. I am sure you heard her and are aware of her visit.”

The mention of her name brings a noticeable stirring. It is evident he wants to express himself once again in vulgar terms but has learned to refrain.

“Yes, ma’am.”

Another spoonful. He savors the limited offering and quietly masticates. Such a change from the ‘sturm und drang’ of his arrival.

“Ms. De La Corte wants to talk to you more... but not in her office. Seems she would prefer to *interview* you here.”

I provide the word ‘interview’ with the same highlighted pronunciation as Ms. De La Corte. The term seems to frighten the huge muscular form, something which before the application of serrated clamps would not have

seemed possible. Strict feminine governance can be daunting, as 061505 is learning.

“She also suggested there was no reason for you to be released from your cage. Do you think she’s right? That you should be caged for the rest of your life? It’s easily done here. Most inmates are permitted ten to fifteen minutes per day out of the cage. Collared and leashed of course. That’s time for a bathroom visit and five or six laps around the cell. But it is not automatic. It is earned with good behavior. We can probably keep you permanently caged except for medical check ups.... which could be scaled back to once per month... perhaps every other month. And of course the hood would stay in place. Nothing much to see here anyway.”

I spoon the last morsel of foul smelling stew. I retie his nostril clamp, immobilizing his head. I survey the long prostrate form with numerous clumps of flesh pinched by clamps, stretched and held immobile by the many cords. I have completely broken the once petulant 061505. Despite having permission to speak, there are no more derisive words. No more insults. He has nothing to offer but subservient compliance. He is now just another lamb.

“Yes, 061505. I can keep you in this cage forever. In complete darkness. Never again to see. The lack of vision heightens the senses. The feeling of pain is enhanced. And I like it when I place a man in pain. I feel empowered. Your immobility makes me feel free... free to torment.”

As with every inmate, there is initial disbelief that I would act so harshly. But realization eventually sets in... that life is nothing more than quietly lying as I demand... breathing... eating when I decide... enduring the humiliation of supervised bathroom visits... perhaps some exercise at the end of a leash. As one of the handlers expressed it in training class... ‘our inmates are as happy as clams’. And it is an apropos comparison... yes a clam... kept in the dark with limited ability to move.

I rise from my chair, stroll to one of the cabinets and obtain the simplest item of both torment and pleasure... a feather.

“I’d like to learn more of this Ms. Antoinette De La Corte. You both seem to have strong feelings about one another.”

I return to my chair and slide it adjacent to the middle of the cage. There the massive uncircumcised penis remains hoisted straight upwards, the flaccid shaft distended as a result of my tight cords pulling on the two clamps horribly clasp his foreskin, right and left. Below, the scrotal sac, covered with some half dozen clamps, is stretched up and out in several directions. The thin, taut pink flesh provides quite the amusing sight. Applying heated clamps there proved to be most invigorating. So much skin, and all so sensitive...

“I have a treat for you 061505. It must be earned... with information. More information... more treats. Ms. De La Corte suggests you were quite the rat for her. I'd like to think you can be as forthcoming with me.”

With the foreskin so hideously stretched, the normally hidden penis tip is easily found, timidly retracted into what is normally the tight folds of the foreskin. I reach between the bars and the tip of the feather works within the wide fleshy opening created by the two tugging clamps. I gently whirl it about and 061505 moans with the simple joy. He has felt nothing but agony for more than five days.

“Here are the rules, 061505. You will talk. I will supply pleasure where the male enjoys it the most. You will become erect for me. I like it when a man becomes aroused under my control. You'll show me what a nice hard on you can achieve. But you will not ejaculate... and you will not move. Not an arm... not a leg... not even any motion of the hips. The feather will disappear and such disobedience will earn more clamps... and you don't want that. I suggest instead that if you have the urge to move pull within on the pubo coccygeus muscle, that used to cut off the flow of urine. I think you'll find it will provide a very subtle sense of increased pleasure... and it's sure to increase the stiffness for me.”

And so we begin. The feather dances about and the penis tip engorges to begin a slow journey to show itself. The distended penis shaft begins to swell. And... 061505 talks. There is an occasional interruption as the pleasure overwhelms his concentration... but overall the story unfolds. My caged rat begins to vocalize...

Since 061505 lacks both the educational background and the mental alacrity to string together three words with any degree of coherence and without vulgarity, I must paraphrase and somewhat expurgate the words used in telling his story.

“I grewed up tough,” my ears suffer in hearing 061505 grammatically slaughter the English language.

Yes, tough but with unexpected twists and turns. 061505, known in the neighborhood as ‘Bennie’, begins a life of crime early. The data encrypted on his hip disk does not include juvenile crimes, thus in addition to his recorded 17 years of adult incarceration there are many stints as a guest of New York’s juvenile services division. The usual stuff, petty theft, serving as courier for the local numbers kingpin, boosting a car here and there. Bennie’s Brooklyn neighborhood had the surfeit of criminal intrigue and unlawful opportunity found in every major city. Bennie availed himself of all.

But it was the rather lowly position of messenger boy, janitor, cook for a Brooklyn cathouse that piqued my interest. As opposed to high risk, low reward crime... some of it without any perception of possible economic gain, Bennie’s first ‘regular’ job, one in which he performed chores each day and got paid each day, attracted interest. I plied for details, easily obtained after six days establishing the thoroughness of my governance.

I had Bennie talk, divulging all. He was broken indeed.

The brownstone edifice serving as the cathouse on Flatbush Avenue probably would have been quite the establishment in more fashionable times for New York City’s largest borough. The structure was five floors. A main floor parlor where the madam/owner managed the business affairs and a kitchen where Bennie learned to prepare simple meals for the ‘working’ girls. The three floors above were of modest, sound-proofed bedrooms, some actually constructed as subdivisions of larger rooms. There the pretty young street urchins plied their trade, bringing gratification day in and day out to the dozens of patrons.

A teenaged Bennie cooked, washed the many, many sheets and linens,

cleaned the toilets, took out the trash, the composition of which one can only imagine in a house of ill repute.

With the bordello known by the locals in the neighborhood, Bennie's employment in the busy establishment was actually encouraged by his mother.

"She said it kept me off the streets... out of trouble. She knew the local cops were paid off. Inside I was as safe as if I was in City Hall."

A clever woman, Bennie's mother. Though an illegitimate business, there was organization, rules to follow, steady pay... in cash... protection from the rampant street crime, shelter from the influence of Bennie's former cohort's... those stealing cars for no other reason than undergoing the thrilling risk of getting caught... and something that may or may not have occurred to Bennie's mother... dozens and dozens of girls.

"So it was your job to clean up after all that steamy copulation. For a hormone laden teen that must have been quite the chore... knowing that the girls were so often dispensing what you most sought."

My words give him pause for thought. With the curious silence I pry. He of course resumes talking.

"Lots of noises. I remember whenever walking the halls of the upstairs... moans... groans... squeaking beds... the girls pretending to be excited, tossing off a fake orgasm to please the customers. Later I would get to see the results. Stained sheets, wet towels. My job was to clean up. Like workin' in a motel... only the rooms turned... you know... five times in an afternoon. Lots of laundry. Spent lots of time in the basement doin' wash."

"A big guy like you... being a maid."

My observation brings bristling. 061505 does not appreciate the comparison. He speaks defensively.

"I got some, every now and then. The Madam, she'd just nod to one of the newer girls and I got taken care of... if you know what I mean. Kinda' like

the girl paying her dues for the job. Me and the local cops... an occasional freebie.”

That gives rise to thought. I doubt that the lowly function this young Bennie performed would receive the same level of remuneration as the constabulary who could, in a matter of minutes, shut the operation down. It does not make sense.

061505’s penis stands stiffly and turns the color of purple. I proceed in feathering with caution, aware that the advanced state of priapism is not to lead to ejaculation. I slow the feather to an occasional tease.

I instead pry more.

“So the girls ‘tossed’ you one every now and then. They must have enjoyed your youth after dealing with the old, the fat and the decrepit day in and day out.”

061505 realizes I am challenging his assertion, my imagination not able to picture a young teen being awarded the full treatment afforded a paying client or one of the men in blue bribed to look the other way.

“And it must have felt good, being able to use one of the bedrooms you had to clean all the time.”

The penis begins to quiver in response to the joy of my teasing hand. I withdraw and jostle one of the tight cords securing the scrotal sac. It is a simple signal of my control, his complete capitulation. He knows I want more words.

“Well, the Madam didn’t want a bedroom used. Took too much time to straighten it out afterwards. ’Nother set of sheets...”

“So where did you get this ‘freebie’?”

“Usually in the parlor... you know where Madam had her desk and dealt with the customers... made the arrangements.”

“Must have been rather uncomfortable, getting laid in the parlor. On the floor... or there was a couch?”

Now I have to cross examine. As the business was described, the parlor must have been as busy as a train terminal... rather uncomfortable for intimacy... couch or no couch. So just how did this young ‘Bennie’ attain his freebie?

“And the others?..” I question.

“Others?”

“The other girls, the Madam, any customers. The parlor led to the upstairs... the basement... the kitchen. Not the ideal place for it, taking off your clothes, mounting a naked woman on the rug...”

“Well I, ah... it wasn’t like that.”

“I see. Well I want to know exactly what it was like. Tell me all.”

The more I detect reluctance the more I want to know the details. Intimate information can be quite important in controlling an inmate.

“Well, the Madam.... she kinda liked watchin’. You know I guess it was the age thing.”

“Age thing?”

“She was maybe fifty... seemed quite old at the time. And I guess with everybody getting off all the time, she sorta’ liked watching me. So she watched...”

“But what did she watch... if you were not mounting a girl on the rug... or on a couch?”

Yes, there is definite reluctance. He becomes silent. I reach into the cage and tighten the right nipple cord. He loses his breath with the sudden pain. When I reach for the left... the story resumes.

“No more please,” he begs in receiving my message of earnestness.

“I just took off my pants. Madam said I needed to be quick... in case a customer came in.”

“And...”

“Well she had me kneel... and then one of the girls did her thing.”

“Her thing? What was her thing and where was the Madam?”

“Well, Madam was sitting at her desk. Guess it was to answer the phone. And she gave instructions... and watched me get off.”

“A hand job?”

“Yes, Miss Muffin. The girls were quite good. Very experienced as you can imagine. And I was... well young. It did not take much time.”

“How often?”

“It varied. Couple times a week. When things were slow and the Madam said I did a good job.”

“Always the same?”

There comes a pause. It is a pause of the experienced liar scheming to prevaricate. I again reach into the steel enclosure, this time between the forcibly parted thighs. The clamps and cords have the ball sac distended to leave each testicle resting like eggs in an unprotected nest. It is a very simple matter to grasp the right gonad between thumb and forefinger and slide it about while gently increasing the pressure.

“No!” he shouts then calms himself knowing that all he has to do to avoid the increasing intensity is talk. Tell the sordid story of his misspent youth and his torment will return to barely tolerable.

“Sometimes kneeling... sometimes standing... sometimes sitting upright with my legs straight out and apart. She liked to decide... always something different. She said it amused. Kept the girls in the proper mood.”

“The girls?”

“Yes.”

“So there was more than one. One girl stroking you to climax... and the others?”

Another pause. The story draws more interest as it progresses and I let him gather his thoughts. This interruption seems to be a genuine effort to contemplate.

“Well... the other girls liked to watch too. Had fun guessing how long it would take.”

“It must have been quite embarrassing. Yet you continued. You let Madam give the command and then you just took off your pants each time and let a girl masturbate you in front of a crowd... of women.”

Though hooded with blindfold in place, I can tell 061505 becomes oddly bashful. I know his face is reddened. The hardened criminal is again embarrassed in being forced to reveal and relive those demeaning times.

“So you performed for all the girls. Like a trained animal. Spewing your seed all over the rug while they laughed and cheered.”

There is an attempt to shake the head, forgetting that I have quite firmly secured his nose clamp to the bars of above. 061505 yelps with the self induced pain and gasps.

“There was a dish. She made me go in a dish.”

A very cathartic addendum... and very telling. Madam’s ‘reward’ not only included being masturbated before her cadre of prostitutes but also ejaculating where she so indicated.

Fascinating.

At that age, a street tough kid being introduced to subtle but mentally traumatizing feminine dominance. And all driven I am sure by the hormonal

imbalance... so much seed to spew... so few opportunities.

It is Thursday. Nurse Joanie enters for her weekly visit. The gurney rolls forth and we begin, as with each visit, with 122299. Samples, bath, examination. One by one each of my lambs obediently performs. The life signs are recorded with Nurse Joanie questioning all concerning their health. On this visit she takes the time to milk 070704.

Nine inmates are thoroughly palpated. Then attention is turned to my tenth, 061505, who remains cruelly tethered to the cage bars by clumps of his flesh. Joanie smiles in observing the intensity of the bondage.

“Must be quite the handful.”

She checks the heart rate, breathing and blood pressure, the bars not impeding her deft hands.

“He’s been regular?” she inquires in reference to his bowel movements.

I nod.

“When will he be permitted exercise?”

“I have not decided. 061505 has a story I want him to complete. Otherwise I have broken him.”

“How long has he been blindfolded?”

“I don’t know. That’s how he arrived last week and I have not removed the patch.”

“Ok. I understand the requirement for thorough immobility. But we should permit some vision. Otherwise there will be long term problems.”

I shrug, understanding that Nurse Joanie must fulfill her directive of long term care. My thoughts, however, are that there is really no need for vision. Yet the need to assuage medical concerns prevail.

“Close your eyes, 061505.”

I reach into the cage and slowly part the Velcro strip from the hood. I am gratified to see 061505 extend his tongue in an attempt to lick my hand in gratitude. After removing the patch I hold my hand over his eyes to protect from the light. I can only imagine how comforting my soft, warm skin must feel after the many, many days of pure suffering... which will soon continue, of course.

I part my fingers, letting through some light to slowly force the eyes to adapt. 061505 has been immersed in darkness for many days.

“There now. You may speak, 061505. Thank Nurse Joanie.”

“Thank you, Nurse Joanie,” a meek voice obsequiously responds.

The knowledgeable woman in white continues checking the entire well bound form, occasionally clucking her tongue.

“You’ve outdone yourself with the clamps, Muffin. Some are almost cauterized within the skin. Must have been quite hot when applied. They’ll be very painful to remove.”

“Left to the federal prosecutor, they’d never be removed,” I reply with laughter.

While Joanie continues her task, I take the time to relate the unusual visit and comments of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte.

“Well, if we’re going to keep this one healthy and earning our daily fee, he’ll need to be permitted some form of movement.”

Curious, the practical side of the care extended. Comfort is not a consideration. Instead, the important parameter is longevity... how best to make the inmate suffer and earn profits for as long as possible.

“Would you like that, 061505? Like to be able to move someday?”

“Yes, Miss Muffin.”

I find myself laughing with the feeble and humble reply, removing my

partially covering hand, noting that the eyes have become accustomed to the room light.

He looks at me for the first time. My blonde good looks bring the usual response. With my harsh control, the inducement of interminable suffering, my imposing authority, there comes this look of adoration... the lamb's devotion to the herder of the flock.

I step to the side, my hand smoothing down the naked flesh of my charge. The penis remains tethered to the upper bars, tied upright in the embarrassing and awkward pose. An index finger slips within the folds of the distended prepuce. I diddle the hidden penis tip.

"He was nicely showing off for me yesterday, weren't you 061505?"

"Yes, ma'am" he sheepishly replies.

Meanwhile Nurse Joanie begins applying harsh depilation lotion. I note that her hands also massage and manipulate muscles long held rigid. 061505 appears most grateful.

"Would you like to do that for me again? Such a nice large penis. Useless to you... but big."

While Joanie's knowing hands smooth the powerful chemical everywhere, I gently diddle the extremely sensitive penis tip. As with all virile males kept forcibly chaste, the resulting reaction is as expected. He indeed shows off for us, the appendage begins to swell performing like a trained pet.

"Yes, he's a big one," Joanie notes with a smile of smugness, mindful of the irony... that within the walls of the Penance Corporation of America male pride in size and sexual proficiency is meaningless.

"So tell us more about your youth. 061505 worked in a house of ill repute, Joanie. He was a servant."

061505 sputters words of objection. To suggest that the physically large male fulfilled anything less than a role of importance brings odd protest.

“I was young and needed the cash.”

“So I understand. He was rewarded with hand jobs, Joanie. One of the girls would masturbate him... right in the main parlor... before all the others. And that’s when he was a good boy.”

We both laugh in picturing a youthful 061505 being jerked off, enduring the strange combination of pleasure and psychological discomfort of performing publicly.

“Must have been quite entertaining,” Joanie notes. “What happened when you were bad?”

A reasonable question and thoughtful follow up to what I described as 061505’s reward. Yes, how did the Madam punish? I so inquire, reiterating Joanie’s question.

“I was not bad.”

“Oh come now, 061505. I’ve seen your record of crime. I cannot believe a troublesome youth did not commit some infractions... even a bordello has rules.”

Joanie and I smile at each other. Such a large and powerful being... so humbly tethered... so much suffering at my hand. Observing the belligerent being so well tamed bestows a sense of inner peace.

Meanwhile the massive organ swells to full erection, the purple penis tip thrusting upwards past the clamped foreskin. As I recommended yesterday, 061505 pulls on his pubo coccygeus muscle... the almost undetectable movement being the only motion I permit.

“You should use these special moments to talk, 061505. Tell us how you were punished.”

I retract my manipulating finger. 061505 knows that the brief and distant pleasure will not resume until he talks. Still, there is reluctance. Yet the joy of my soft touch is most welcomed. He resumes his story of working in

Madam's cathouse.

"Yah. She'd get mad every now and then. Sometimes the sheets came out of the wash lookin' spotty. Or her tea wasn't hot enough. She ran a tight place. I earned every dollar."

"And when the tea was cold? What happened? Sounds like you were a butler... or maybe like a maid," I again tease, knowing his reaction yesterday was one of curious irritation.

"That was only when she was really mad!" 061505 blurts.

A clue! In 061505's state of befuddlement, lying naked and bound to the point of complete immobility, two women in complete control, he has let slip what would seem to be a guarded memory.

Joanie and I laugh and my finger returns. My touch quite evanescent.

"So when Madam became angry, you became a maid. Is that how you were punished? How did you become a maid?" my tone is insistent in prompting for more.

While Joanie begins to remove the depilation lotion with a wet cloth, I jostle a cord here and there, heightening the discomfort and sending a message of strict governance, my cajoling words insisting on more. As always, my voice is pleasant but my actions quite firm. 061505 realizes that I want the question answered.

"Yes, Miss Muffin," his tone suggesting reluctance.

"Was it a costume? What did she make you wear? I want a complete description."

The eyes look away. As with all inmates, there is a penchant for lying. But to what end at this point? No matter the details, the Madam had our now hardened convict in women's clothing, that's already been revealed.

"It was a little black skirt.... with a white apron. Kept in the house for some of the customers who liked a certain look. You know... a guy who likes to spice

up his session. A little kink.”

“So Madam made you work in a skirt... with a frilly apron. Must have been an amusing sight... those hairy legs.”

“Not so hairy. I was young... and the girls... well they’d join in and help.”

Well, once 061505 gets into the secret story, the words freely spew forth. I withdraw my finger sensing that such joy, however distance, must be carefully rationed. Joanie finishes her tasks and prepares to leave.

“Like to hear the rest, Muffin, but must move on to cell 114. Do let him move at some point. He can’t even waggle the way you’ve secured his penis.”

Yes, one of our favorite amusements is obviated by the clamps stretching out his foreskin and rigidly holding in place his manhood.

Joanie wheels her gurney to the door and the lock clicks in response to her fingers on the biometric keypad.

“And let him see every now and then,” she again admonishes as the cell door closes behind her.

I just shrug and reach for the patch to return my charge to darkness. Sight empowers. 061505 shall have none of that.

After spending hours with Nurse Joanie, the food cart arrives. Thursdays are busy days.

Still, having released all for the medical check up, there is time saved in not having to offer exercise. Thus the feeding is the only remaining duty. Within an hour I am able to return to 061505. Since he is held tightly, his food ration is most parsimonious, not requiring the caloric energy to move. He is quickly fed.

“So, let’s continue our chat, 061505.”

My tone is even, my words infer, but 061505 knows it is more than a suggestion.

“So Madam liked to dress you up and the other girls joined in on the fun. For a big boy like you it must have been quite the sight.”

“I suppose, Miss Muffin.”

“How did you feel, dressed like a girl? What did the working girls do?”

Another pause. More reluctance. Once again, a firm grasp between thumb and forefinger on the right gonad spurs his thoughts which slowly turn to words.

“Shaved me,” he gasps in enduring my offering of pain and desperately trying not to pull against the many cords.

I release my grip. Even to 061505’s addled mind, the power I wield is becoming apparent. He talks.

“The girls liked that. Stripping me, shaving away what little hair I had, then putting me in clothes... you know... women’s stuff.”

“Yes, I can picture a young Bennie in blouse and short skirt. Heels... make up?”

There comes a gulp. He does not wish to answer but knows he must.

“Yes, Miss Muffin.”

“For how long? Who saw you like that?”

“If Madam was angry, for the entire day. Everyone saw me... everyone that visited.”

“So she made you greet customers like that? Dressed up like a girl?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

I smile in envisioning the young street thug forced to cross dress and respond to the ringing doorbell of a busy bordello.

“Make up? Jewelry? Hair?”

“The girls would throw on some rouge, lip stick, eye shadow. Whatever was available... and if there was time.”

“And your hair?”

“Didn’t bother with it.”

“And... jewelry?”

“Well Madam liked earrings. Big dangling things.”

I find myself stifling laughter... stifling not because it brings embarrassment to my meek and naked charge but because I want him to be as forthcoming with the curious tale as possible. Still he blushes, the abundance of exposed flesh turning red to reveal his intense level of ignominy.

“So when you greeted the customers, it must have been evident that you were a boy. Your hair wasn’t long or styled.”

“That’s right.”

“Well I would think that would serve to correct your behavior, spending a day dressed like that.”

I laugh to myself in picturing the effeminately dressed 061505 opening the cathouse door to a burly seaman. First the shock, then the confusion, then with the yearning to get laid a casting away of concerns as the virile customer mocks the effeminate and focuses on his business.

“So I imagine the sheets were kept well cleaned and the tea hot.”

“Yes, Miss Muffin. I tried as hard as I could not to have to dress up.”

Yes, quite the traumatic punishment. Gender obfuscation amongst the homophobic can be quite cathartic. I am sure a young Bennie repressed his penchant for bad behavior, saving such for times when not under Madam’s tutelage. The woman must have been quite the disciplinarian.

“Tried 061505? That suggests you were not successful.”

“Well, there seemed to be times when no matter what I did, Madam would have me put into the maid’s costume. Particularly on Fridays.”

“Why do you suppose on Friday’s?”

“That was banking day. Madam didn’t like having a lot of cash around the house over the weekend. So that is the day I had a set time to go to the bank.”

I find I must follow up on that tidbit of information. I extend my hand through the bars and slip it between the thighs. There I knead the perineum... a little treat for my talkative caged pet. The pleasant manipulation has the intended relaxing effect.

“So she sent you to the bank every Friday... and that happened to be the day you were most often stripped, shaved and effeminately attired. You dressed before or after?”

“Dressed, Miss Muffin?”

“In your maid’s costume. Dressed up before you went to the bank or after?”

“Always before.”

Now I indeed laugh outright. Walking the streets of Brooklyn in drag... worse, in a frilly maid’s costume... must have been intensely humiliating. When I finally stop laughing I further inquire.

“Why would Madam do that to you?”

“Insurance. She knew dressed as a girl I would not stray and talk to friends. The cash deposits were sizable. She knew the neighborhood, she knew the kids I hung with were one step ahead of the law. Dressed in a skirt, I did my best to avoid them.”

A very canny lady, this Madam.

Peggy Blakely steps through the cell door.

“Special release request... 061505.”

Once again she has chosen to visit as 112606 works his tongue between my thighs. Since oral servitude is considered one of the prerequisites at the Penance Corporation of America, there is no undue reservations. Besides, I am sure a woman of Peggy’s experience has her own highly trained cunnilinguist in the facility and she likewise sits in relaxation from time to time.

I arise from my chair and push down the denim of my uniformed skirt.

“Antoinette De Le Corte, I assume?”

“Yes... an interview. She’ll take him this afternoon at 5:00 p.m. at the end of your shift. Have his wrists secured behind his back. His ankle cuffs bound closely together. He is to be standing in wait. You will probably get him back tomorrow morning.”

Peggy hands me the official papers authorizing me to do the uncommon... to prepare an inmate for release from the cell. After many weeks, it is a first. None of my charges have left the confines of the four concrete walls of cell 113. I have not even let 061505 out of his cage since his arrival ten days ago.

“I’ll begin removing the clamps. It will take time.”

“You can return him to tight bondage later. The method of restraint is completely your prerogative, as you know. “

I nod as Peggy turns to leave. The papers have been authorized by several women of authority at the Penance Corporation of America. For an inmate to be released from his cage for other than brief exercise, bathing and medical examination is rare. To actually step outside the cell... highly unusual.

My watch suggests I have two hours to prepare 061505 for his *interview*. As the cell door shuts behind Peggy’s departure, I return 112606 to his cage, his lips and chin coated with my feminine essence. I note with satisfaction that

he is erect, the proximity to that which he will never again have... in a carnal sense... serving to arouse without sight or touch. Just the feel of my warm wetness, the fragrance of that which he once pined to penetrate, is enough to bring the forcibly chaste young male to notable stiffness.

The cage door clicks shut and I prepare towels moistened with witch hazel. In removing the dozens of clamps adorning so many areas of 061505's body, there will be need for an astringent. As Joanie noted, some of the red hot clamps cauterized the flesh, essentially making the small metal implements one with 061505's body. There will be many small open wounds.

"Your lucky day, 061505," I announce in drawing my chair next to his cage.

My naked and well bound pet stirs from his reverie. The many hours, the many days have that affect, the inmates drifting off into their own world of dark immobility.

"You may speak."

He feels me begin to untie some of the cords, permitting the flesh to return to normalcy. There comes a sigh of relief, rarely heard in cell 113. Arms, thighs, calves, nose, nipples, stomach. The sensation must be incredible after the many days.

"Thank you Miss Muffin. Thank you."

"You will have to thank Ms. Antoinette De La Corte. She arranged the special release."

The mention of the name places 061505 into a state of agitation.

"Please... no!"

"But I thought you wanted her ass," I remind with ridicule.

With all the cords untied from the bars, the process begins of one by one extracting the clamps, the serrated teeth having punctured the skin. As my fingers push and poke to separate each tiny clamp there comes a series of

pitiful whimpers punctuated by an occasional howl when circulation returns to overly sensitive areas such as the nipples.

I find myself smiling in innocently bestowing such agony. Even in removing the nasty implements, there is a satisfying level of enjoyment for a girl with my proclivities. Within thirty minutes his body is rid of all clamps except those on the penis and scrotum. Removing such will be delightfully excruciating.

But perhaps there can be better uses. I instead gather together all the cords, two leading from the penis clamps, six from the scrotum, ravel them into one cord and then twist into a knot.

“Feel better?”

“Yes, Miss Muffin. But please don’t leave me alone with Ms. De La Corte.”

“I have no choice. You will go with her. But what is the problem? You’ve obviously been with her before... ratting out your cohorts.”

As I speak, I release the double ‘D’ clamps holding the wrist and ankles cuffs to the bars. For the first time since entering cell 113 ten days ago, 061505 can move within his cage.

“You have permission to move. You’ll need to acclimate your muscles.”

The many days of motionlessness have caused the muscles to atrophy, as intended. I read where the same is done in producing veal... thorough immobility producing soft meat for slaughter.

While I am not sure where he will be taken, 061505 will, at the very least, need to slide from the cage and begin by presenting himself on all fours. Thus ten days of slow torment need to be reversed. It is disheartening, but I console myself in knowing that when he returns to his cage tomorrow I can begin the process of slowly making him suffer again.

“Want to tell me why you’d rather stay in your cage and endure under my unrelenting governance rather than be released to Ms. De La Corte?”

He remains silent. A degree of belligerence has returned and I am irritated in not being able to properly deal with it. There is little time remaining and placing 061505 in a standing position will require effort.

My special key unlocks the cage.

“When you return, I will expect a full explanation... just what kind of relationship you and Ms. De La Corte have which brings such concern. Slide towards my voice.”

He is weak... he is blindfolded. I have the prod at the ready. When he is halfway out the cage door I command him to place his wrists behind his back and quickly clip them together. When fully out, I likewise clip together the ankle cuffs.

“Stand.”

He tries but cannot. Little food, no exercise, he is indeed a helpless calf about to be slaughtered to produce a chunk of veal.

I let him acclimate himself while I retrieve the hose. A quick rinse makes him more presentable. Then I devilishly extract a leash from one of the cabinets and attach it to the raveled cords dangling from the clamps still fastened to his penis and scrotum. I know it will amuse Ms. De La Corte. And 061505 needs encouragement in his attempts to stand.

“Another try.”

With my command I pull upwards on the leash. There can be no greater incentive for the male beast then to alleviate painful tension where there is normally sought tender caresses. He struggles, his shaky legs propelling his naked form upwards following my tugs. I let him lean against the stack of cages, maintaining a controlling grip on the makeshift genital leash.

“Stay.”

With ankles bound, blindfolded and with arms pinioned behind his back, my command is superfluous. He can only crumple back onto the floor, which his

genital leash will not allow.

“You’ll have a complete story to tell me when you return. I will make it so you will be very eager to cooperate.”

With my ominous threat the cell door opens. Nancy enters pushing what can only be described as a hand truck normally used for transporting boxes. She is followed by a smartly dressed Ms. Antoinette De La Corte... federal prosecutor. She spies me firmly holding 061505 by the genital leash. She laughs.

“You have my rat by the balls. Very good, Muffin. I trust you won’t mind if I take him away for a little chat. Has he been speaking at all?”

“A little. He’s been reminiscing about his teen years.”

My reply seems to bring concern to the otherwise insouciant prosecutor.

“I see. I hope the stories did not disturb. I train my rats to talk... but sometimes they become a little too loquacious.”

I also note that my comment has upset 061505. He begins to quiver as Ms. De La Corte extends her hand and takes the leash.

“I’m going to recommend that he be silenced... caged for the maximum time possible and gagged. One element in our agreement not to recommend the death penalty is that he talk to me... only to me.”

“That’s easily done,” Nancy interjects. “But there is feeding time to be considered.”

“We shall see,” a contemplative Ms. De La Corte notes.

With that, the large, imposing Nancy pushes about 061505 until she has him standing on the hand truck. A strap is wrapped about his waist to make him secure and then Nancy tilts back the truck. The attached 061505 is to be wheeled from the cell. Ms. De La Corte steps back and gives the genital leash a brisk snap bringing a yelp of pain from 061505.

“Come, *Bennie*” she sneers with familiarity.

The procession leaves... led by Ms. De La Corte, followed by the leash attached to the penis and scrotum of a wheeled 061505, pushed by the powerful Nancy.

When the cell door shuts, I note that the time is precisely 5:00 p.m.

Another day, another dollar well earned.

Having partaken in a sumptuous breakfast I trigger the biometric lock on the door to my cell of inmates. The start of another wonderful day. Whereas I am satiated from a hunger standpoint, I know I have nine famished pets who will be happy to see me. I am eager to begin an invigorating day of torment and strict governance. Yet as I swing open the door I spy Nurse Joanie approaching, wheeling her gurney down the dimly lit hallway towards me. As she gets closer I see lying atop the sparkling white sheets is the naked form of 061505.

“Got your special release back.”

I hold the door open and Joanie wheels in a prostrate 061505. He is covered in welts... reddish purple stripes... rows of raised flesh on his buttocks and thighs. He has been methodically caned, probably the most painful of all corporal punishments.

Then I see that his feet are bandaged. Nurse Joanie notes my inquisitive gaze.

“Some aggressive bastinado. It can happen with the special release inmates.”

“But the feet are curled,” I observe in a questioning manner.

“Some quick first aid when it was found there are some broken bones. He’ll heal... but I’ve fixed it so that henceforth walking will be quite the chore... not that he needs to go anywhere.”

061505 is delirious with pain. Somewhat conscious, but not communicative. He proves to be as meek as a new born kitten as Joanie and I lift him from the gurney and slide him into his cage. He must lie prostrate, his backside too raw to lie supine.

“Sign.” Joanie pushes a clipboard in front of me.

My signature documents the return of 061505 to my custody.

“Careful feeding him. A new modification. Ms. De La Corte will be in to explain and provide special instructions.”

With that, the busy Nurse Joanie returns to her vehicle and wheels herself out.

New modification? Special instructions? And who so cruelly and so precisely caned my inmate?

Time for cage release, supervised bathroom visits and exercise. My questions will have to wait.

I have 070704 leashed and feel his strength begin to wane after only three laps about the room. Fatigue sets in quickly with the restrictive diet. The one time hardened criminal is humbly grateful for the ability to move. But I can tell he is ready for return to his cage. The calorie burn in simply crawling about exhausts.

Since I save 112606 for last, his servile tongue and lips offering a mid day respite, my lust slowly builds in handling the naked males.

I am eager for his attention.

Then the door lock clicks. Peggy Blakely enters followed by a casually attired Antoinette De La Corte. She wears a silk robe. Her legs are bare. Her shoes are more aptly described as slippers.

“Some court orders concerning 061505,” Peggy announces.

A smug Ms. De La Corte steps forth, papers in hand.

“By order of Federal judge Patricia Wilmot, inmate Benjamin Balvano, aka Bennie the Bumper, aka inmate number 061505 of Penance Corporation facility 14, cell 113, is hereby ordered to be confined under the direct and specific auspices of United States Attorney Antoinette De La Corte,” the Federal prosecutor declaratively announces with noted glee.

I am handed a copy of the order by the wickedly smiling Antoinette De La Corte.

“He’s mine.”

I glimpse at the paper. Quite the official looking document and indeed signed by the judge. A very nebulous order. Probably unconstitutional. But who is to object? 061505 is as secluded and isolated as a buried rock. What rights remaining to him can be trampled upon without notice. Who would care?

“The feet are to remain as bandaged. The tongue is to be secured at all times except during feeding. He is to be thoroughly restrained,” Ms. Antoinette

authoritatively declares.

“His tongue. Secured, how?.” I must inquire.

Ms. De La Corte moves to the caged inmate in question, removes something from the pocket of her robe and leans.

“While caning him, I had his tongue pierced during one of the respites... an amusing diversion with practical applications. He now bears a sizable ring.”

My prostrate 061505 remains in a state of lassitude, almost a coma. The arm of the prosecutor reaches into the cage. Something in her hand glints as she rummages about his lips to force open his mouth. I hear a click then see a thin chain unravel. With the sound of another click the chain is attached to the adjacent bars, forcing the pink and wet appendage to repose beyond his lips. Indeed, a sizable steel ring pierces the tip of the tongue.

“I assume that as he recovers, you will assume proper bondage and remove all slack from this chain. And whereas before I suggested he need not be released from the cage, I am now demanding it. He is never to be released from his cage and bindings of maximum tightness unless I instruct. He is to remain blindfolded. Never to leave the cage. Never to have that tongue released except for feedings... brief feedings. The judge’s order gives me the authority...”

There come inaudible words, presumably of protest, from the partially conscious 061505. Ms. De La Corte smiles wickedly in ascertaining that whatever is being communicated cannot be understood. As she rights herself at the waist, her robe opens at the front to reveal she wears beneath a tight black leather bodice and what can only be described as skimpy black leather panties. The momentary display of bare flesh is enlightening... a layer of soft smooth skin covering the muscled frame of a bodybuilder. For a woman in her forties, Ms. De La Corte has kept more than trim... she is buffed!

“I am told the feet will set in a few days and those bindings can then be removed. Otherwise I want him immobile and silenced,” the prosecutor reiterates as she further opens her robe, adjusts the folds at the front and reties the waist belt.

The quick motion is telling, explaining the origin of the power required to break bones in the feet and the stamina to cane the naked male into unconsciousness.

“Bye, bye Bennie,” the prosecutor heralds with mocked tenderness. “With my next visit my little rat will sing for me like a canary.”

As Ms. De La Corte turns towards the door, Peggy looks at me and silently shrugs. Whereas such unabashed cruelty is normally the purview of the staff and handlers, we certainly do not have a monopoly on disdain for the recalcitrant male. Still, for a justice department official of Ms. De La Corte’s stature, there are only 93 U.S. attorneys in the country, to focus such attention on one inmate, and one who will never again see daylight, is extraordinary.

Her demeanor, her actions, her orders all pique my curiosity.

The cell door shuts. I release 112606 from his cage. A bathroom visit, a couple of laps, much tongue work. In being permitted to move, 112606 will show his gratitude with arduous cunnilingus. Ms. De La Corte’s visit has me aroused. I am ready for his oral attendance.

Nurse Joanie enters. She is without her gurney... her collection of medical implements for humiliation and torment.

“How’s our boy?”

I am clenching my thighs as the tongue of 112606 penetrates deeply and swirls with zeal. In not rising to greet her, Joanie understands my priority.

“Still languishing. I’ve not yet tightened anything.”

Joanie’s hands thrust through the bars, examining first the bound feet and then the many, many welts. Even rows of keloided flesh... the strokes of the cane delivered with precision and without compunction.

“Quite the flagellatrix, our U.S. attorney,” Nurse Joanie notes. “I see a lot of this resulting from special release. And I can tell you she’s quite good. Certainly flogged before.”

Joanie’s comments lead exactly to where I would like to go. Special release in general... Ms. De La Corte in particular.

“Why is there special release and why do we encourage it?” I bluntly ask, Nurse Joanie becoming more of a confidante than a coworker over the past few weeks.

“For the same reason we do everything else here at Penance Corporation of America... money,” Joanie replies with a chuckle.

“Money? How so?”

“There is a ‘handling’ charge for special release. Usually four figures. But it can add up. Particularly when inmates require extensive medical care. That gets billed extra. 061505’s release was quite profitable for us. Ms. De La Corte’s interview was expensive... of course she just bills it to the government. Others pay out of their own pocket... but there never seems to be reluctance.”

Nurse Joanie laughs, seemingly with a degree of irony.

“Others? Why would someone pay to have these thugs released?”

“The term ‘release’ is a humorous appellation. The inmates don’t leave the facility. They’re merely transferred to a different cell for a few hours. A well equipped room really. We have several, many different configurations depending on the proclivity of the client.”

I remain perplexed, but with Joanie talking freely I believe I will soon better understand special release, the money charged, the need for well equipped rooms... but most of all the term ‘client’ and ‘proclivity’.

“Joanie, I feel I am in the middle of a story and need to go back and better understand the beginning.”

Joanie retrieves a bottle of unguent from her pocket. Knowing hands reach through the bars and begin to sooth the buttocks of the well caned 061505.

“Lets say you’re the victim of a crime. Let’s say you’re angry, that no matter the punishment meted by the justice system you feel the urge for revenge. Let’s say that your financial circumstances afford you the opportunity to act on such an urge. The Penance Corporation of America, in turn acting on its pecuniary interests, can offer such opportunities. Revenue turning to profits turning to higher stock price.”

“So the inmates are rented out... subjected to abuse?”

“Why not? Who will ever know. And who can blame the victim of some heinous crime for wanting just a little more vengeance... to impart pain and torment... feel the empowerment of the whip, crop or cane. Hear the bleating of one of our rogues-turned-lambs as a fiery stroke is applied to vulnerable naked flesh.”

My thighs clench with the combined oral pleasure and envisioned scenario. I repress a moan of ecstasy. 112606 continues to work with ardor.

“But Antoinette De La Corte is not a victim. She has the upper hand and has always had the upper hand in dealing with 061505.”

“Special release is not only for victims. Anyone can pay and play. Money speaks loudly here, as you know well. We have all the inmates catalogued. Revealing photos. Telling measurements. Pick the buttocks to be flogged... the penis to be tormented... the balls to be squeezed. Some of the rape victims have very discriminating tastes when it comes to making the male suffer. Who knows what drives the others. Sadism is rampant.”

I recall Peggy’s remarks during my first day in cell 113...

‘Special requests serve to enhance the profits. And you’ll find the prisoner easier to handle upon return... which also enhances the profits.’

I look at the prostrate form of 061505 as Joanie finishes her tender caresses of skin turned to raw meat. Indeed, though I have him loosely bound for now, he has not moved since his return. Quite easy to handle.

“What will happen to 061505... hooded, tongue restrained, tightly bound, denied all exercise?”

Joanie checks the bandages on the feet... really more akin to bindings. She smiles kindly yet tightens to bring a groan from the otherwise somnolent inmate. Then she approaches and speaks softly.

“Over time, 061505 will slowly enter a vegetative state. I do not fully understand the intent of Ms. De La Corte but she wields much power. You saw the judge’s order.”

An insouciant Nurse Joanie steps towards the door.

“I’ll be back daily to ensure the feet are properly deformed. You realize of course that Ms. De La Corte has issued orders to me as well. 061505 will never again walk. The feet will heal, but she wants assurance that the bones will never mend normally. He is to crawl... if he ever gets out of his cage.”

With her cruel words there comes a frisson of delight. 112606 finds he must redouble his efforts. There is much moisture in which to indulge.

Power excites.

Within days, the excoriated flesh of 061505 heals enough so that I can have him roll to a supine position. As ordered, his tongue ring is then chained to the bars above. I again clamp various areas of his flesh, the penis and scrotum clamps remain in place, and connect all with numerous taut chords. Mercifully I do not need to heat the clamps before pinching the various tufts of skin. 061505 is quiet and obedient... there is no need for my message of pain. I just need to assure he is immobilized and know that he understands that he is well under my control.

I tie the cords firmly but not in suspension as I did with 112606. I want to induce long term immobility not intolerable and immediate pain.

So when finished, 061505 finds once again that he can move nothing... now not even his tongue. Yes, the large piercing ring is secured tightly to the bars above by the little chain supplied by Ms. De La Corte. He is silenced which is as intended but it is bothersome that I have to continue watering him every hour or so since he can not access his water bottle.

The long term slow torment arouses me and 112606 obliges with his service, spending a good portion of the late morning kneeling before me. Still, my curiosity, having been satiated concerning 'special release', now focuses on the extraordinary federal prosecutor and her dire actions.

We treat harshly at the Penance Corporation of America. What could drive this woman to want to intensify the already cruel and barbarous care?

The food cart arrives. Young Laura delivers the bowls and is transfixed by the sight of 061505 in such thorough bondage. I know she desires to stay and watch, her budding penchant in need of satiation. But she dejectedly moves onward with the simple question...

"How long?"

"It's not up to me, Laura. 061505 is under the court ordered control of the federal prosecutor."

She clucks her tongue yet I know she revels in the slow and continuous

agony being bestowed. After all, the Penance Corporation interviews extensively before hiring. No woman here has an iota of compassion concerning how we care for the hundreds of belligerent inmates. I am willing to wager that Laura's panties are as moist as mine by day's end.

Feeding time progresses without incident. Nine docile pets partake ravenously... each begging for more and each receiving the same negative reply. To entertain myself, I bring a couple to full erection then finally move to 061505, sliding my chair to the side of his cage.

Despite the court order and Ms. De La Corte's desires the tongue ring must be released for feeding as she is well aware. With my curiosity running wild I breach the rule of silence. I need to learn more.

"Ms. De la Corte seems to have a disliking for you," I suggest with obvious understatement. "She caned you quite vigorously."

061505 nods as his encumbered tongue struggles to smooth over my offered spoon, clumsily ensuring that every morsel is gathered. Such futility is driven by hunger. No matter the level of energy expended there will be no more sustenance than that apportioned in the bowl. Still, each inmate partakes like a dog, expecting that somehow celerity of intake will result in more allotment. It is amusing to observe such canine like behavior.

"You may speak," I proclaim as the remnants of the bowl are scooped in a final offering.

"Yes, Miss Muffin. As always, she canes without mercy."

The statement is a slip. I cannot let it pass.

"So you have before experienced her touch?"

Despite the hood and patch over the eyes, it is evident that 061505 becomes catatonic. His reply is apparently without forethought, from a mind overwhelmed in enduring the slow suffering of my clamps and cords.

"I must no say more."

“You have my permission. I too am defying Ms. De La Corte’s order. So you can rest assured that anything said will only be between us.”

There is a pause as the addled mind of the well tormented inmate excogitates. Benny the rat has no friends. With his testimony, he has turned against all. I can only imagine his desperation when he finds that rather than being rewarded, the federal prosecutor has turned against him. It is delicious irony and despite my unrelenting hand in binding him, he is in need of someone. He has come to realize that I reward strict obedience, however penurious such reward may be. But that inures trust. As trained, handlers always say what they do and then do what they say. The consistency, however harsh the action, brings confidence... confidence of word and intent.

He finally replies, realizing that despite my strict and painful governance, I am the only ally to be found.

“Yes. She has before flogged. She is masterful.”

The soft words, whispered between gasps of anguish, are reverential... spoken as if referencing a skilled artist... a connoisseur recalling a visit to the Louvre.

“She is quite athletic. Not noticeable in her business attire, but certainly while donning the silk robe. When did she flog you before? Recently?” I gently coax to spur more words.

“No ma’am. My younger days.”

“How long have you known Ms. De La Corte?”

061505 begins to quiver in contemplating his reply. He knows I have the means to derive an answer... so many clamps... so much Sterno... so much time... such abject vulnerability. Still I decide first on another tack. I reach into the cage and remove the clamps attached to his foreskin, those holding his penis straight up. There is an initial yelp as the circulation returns to tortured skin and then a palpable joy as the most sensitive portion of the male anatomy exits the agony of my control.

“Go ahead and celebrate for me. Nice and big.”

My soft words, the relative sense of delight, indeed bring tumescence. 061505 performs, the massive appendage slowly engorging to approach the top bars without the need for the tautness of the cords.

“Very good. Now, information can earn a stroke, one which is more tolerable than that offered by Ms. De La Corte.”

My right hand wraps about the fleshy prepuce and gently begins to manipulate.

“I will not permit you to ejaculate but the experience will not be unpleasant. You just have to tell me a story.”

And he does.

The words of 061505 are strained and laggard. His tongue remains sore from the long hot needle Ms. De La Corte had thrust through the tip while he was ostensibly resting between the stints of her excruciating and seemingly endless caning.

Plus, even without the pain of the piercing, speaking with such a prominent ring of metal constricting the tongue is laborious. 061505 lisps comically. Yet, my slow hand job, most likely reminiscent of his youthful ventures in the Brooklyn bordello, spurs his words.

I learn that there was more than vanilla sex for sale in Madam's brownstone bordello. I learn that the basement, where young Bennie spent much time with the laundry, also housed a special room. And in that room was dispensed what we at Penance Corporation of America offer daily to our cadre of 'guests'... pain... humiliation... strict governance... with assorted other kink for those with refined tastes in the genre of BDSM.

The Madam was a businesswoman... what a customer desired a customer got... for a fee. And those choosing the basement facilities paid the largest fees.

It seems our Bennie was a curious lad, for basement activities were quite discreet and yet he learned much.

Customers utilizing the well equipped dungeon were quickly and quietly whisked through the parlor by the Madam, never to greet other customers nor the young girls working the three floors above. Bennie was always scheduled elsewhere when the basement customers arrived... either cleaning the upstairs or out on an errand. Still he knew there was something behind the well secured door leading to the front half of the basement. Whenever he entered the brownstone he noted that beneath the steps of granite was another entranceway under the stoop, leading directly into the segment of the basement he was not permitted to see.

Over time he would learn by deduction that those who utilized the basement exited that door directly to the street after business was finished, not needing to risk again visiting Madam and the parlor.

And as Bennie's mind conjured more and more there kept repeating the question... with whom were these basement patrons spending their time? Whomever it was must enter by way of the lower entrance, there never being a working girl for whom Bennie could not account.

A chance glimpse of the empty dungeon was revealed to Bennie one morning as he carried dirty laundry down the stairs and Madam exited the well secured interior door, presumably after an inspection.

"Forget what you saw in there Bennie, if anything, or you'll be wearing your skirt and heels for a week," Madam warned.

An elaborate whipping bench had caught Bennie's eye, with an adjacent wall covered with restraints and items of corporal punishment. He meekly nodded to Madam and feigned ignorance.

"Pretty dark in there," was his only comment as Madam secured the formidable series of locks.

Well of course the incident further piqued his curiosity. And still unexplained was a padlocked closet next to the well secured dungeon door. Another piece of an odd puzzle to be put in place.

And piecing together the puzzle is how Bennie, now inmate 061505, got himself into trouble. With his street education, the padlocked closet became a target... something upon which to practice his skills as a dilettante larcenist. Young Bennie picked the lock. Young Bennie opened Pandora's Box. Young Bennie learned how Madam bought herself and her illicit establishment a very tight insurance policy against government intervention.

Within the closet was an elaborate video taping system. Those utilizing the basement facilities were recorded. And those who were recorded and had influence would later become very loyal to Madam's economic interests.

"Did you watch the tapes?" I find I must inquire.

"No. Not there. There was no time. Madam was out and expected to return. I took one and snuck it home to watch," 061505 excitedly reveals, trembling in

recalling the intrigue.

“And what did it show?”

“I guess it would be described as what one would expect in such a facility. Naked, bound customers being humiliated and flogged. The camera was well placed and I imagine well hidden. I suppose only Madam and the flagellatrix knew of its existence. Pretty dangerous, filming such perverse conduct without the knowledge of the john.”

“Who? Who was recorded?” I coax.

There is more trembling as 061505 recalls.

“Lots of men. Most I did not recognize. But if I was to disclose those that I did it would start a major scandal. High level politicians, those who appeared in the papers I recognized. I could only guess that those I did not recognize were equally prominent, otherwise they would not be filmed.

“Madam had a tiger by the tail, and being young and naive I also took hold of it in picking the padlock on that closet.”

I sense pending climax and withdraw my hand from the long, impressive shaft of the well bound charge. He groans in disappointment.

“What did you do with the tape?”

“I returned it. Once you’ve picked a lock you know the tumbler configuration and it’s quick to pick again. But in spying the pile of tapes in that closet, it was tempting.”

“Tempting? How so?”

“My Friday trips to the bank gave me a clue as to what Madam was haulin’ in on the place. She did her own trip on Tuesdays. Though I deposited a lot of money, I figured I saw less than half the take. Course as a kid I did not realize there were bills to pay, payoffs to be made. I just figured I could get piece of what seemed to be an extremely nice pie.”

061505's story becomes more intriguing as it proceeds. Unfortunately I am breaking the rules of she appointed by the court to oversee 061505's incarceration. Ms. De La Corte is not one with whom to trifle. Heed must be taken. Thus I curtail the story as feeding time is long past over. I chain 061505's tongue ring to the top bar, silencing him and cruelly holding the tip of the pierced pink appendage well beyond his lips.

"You'll tell me more tomorrow," I command more than suggest.

As I reconnect the foreskin clamps, listening to 061505's suppressed pleas, I think that it is little wonder why some would want 061505 to be silenced. But the tapes must be long gone, and the events at Madam's house of ill repute are over fifteen years old.... probably twenty. Why would it now be to anyone's advantage to 'bury' any hearsay that 061505 could possibly divulge... assuming he can convene an audience?

'I once saw councilman so and so engaged in debaucherous acts on a long lost dark and grainy video tape.'

Not the type of statement to be taken seriously by authorities nor feared by perpetrators. His treatment does not make sense.

Home in bed, I turn off the lights to sleep. The silence and the darkness bring thoughts in reviewing the day's events... and it suddenly dawns...

In being enwrapped in 061505's story, having become enthralled with the intrigue, my question went unanswered...

When before did Ms. Antoinette De La Corte cane Benjamin Balvano, aka, Bennie the Bumper aka inmate number 061505?

I chide myself in letting pass the most pertinent segment of 061505's storied past.

The following morning I am not in the cell more than five minutes before Nancy arrives.

"Release order for 061505. By order of Ms. De La Corte, United States Attorney, he is to be remanded to the infirmary for authorized procedures. Cleared by the judge."

Nancy hands me another official looking document with the signatures of both Judge Patricia Wilmot and Antoinette De La Corte, Esq.

Whereas I had planned more surreptitious interrogation, it will have to wait.

"Well he can't walk... can't even stand."

Yes, the broken bones in the feet set just as Nurse Joanie intended, making the gnarled extremities useless.

"Joanie's coming with the gurney."

I work to untie and removed the various clamps, freeing 061505 from the interminable bondage of his confines. As Nurse Joanie wheels in, I unlock the cage. Nancy helps me slide out the incredibly languorous naked form. He can barely move, his muscling quite atrophied.

“Remember to stay silent,” I graciously whisper, “lest Ms. De La Corte take more drastic action”.

061505 is lifted onto the gurney and I feel strange apprehension in contemplating what will happen during a day long visit to the infirmary.

Am I feeling compassion for he who escaped the death penalty only by way of turning ‘fink’? Or is my curiosity such that I want to more fully understand the fascinating story of Madam and her Brooklyn bordello of extortion.

I put my thoughts aside. I have nine pets to tend. The cell needs a thorough dousing... there are bathroom visits, exercise... and of course the eager tongue of 112606 awaits.

At day's end, Joanie returns with her gurney. Lying atop is the naked form of 061505. He is somnolent and for that he should be grateful... for penetrating his flesh in more than a dozen places are steel rings identical to that piercing his tongue. Three in each arm... at the wrist, elbow and biceps. Three in each leg... at mid thigh, the knee and mid calve. Each ankle is ringed right through the Achilles tendon. Rings pierce each hip. Then there is a row along the side of the torso right and left. Each heavily gauged ring is set deeply and I suspect that mercifully, 061505 was provided anesthesia.

But that is not all. 061505's penis has been pierced in a common Prince Albert configuration. And somehow a ring encircles each testicle, apparently slipped over the egg and crimped to obviate removal.

He is groggy and lifting him from the gurney back into his cage is like handling a sack of potatoes.

As Joanie departs, there enters a smartly attired Ms. Antoinette de La Corte, apparently ending her day at the office with a visit to our facility.

"Just a little insurance. I'll sleep better knowing my boy is well tucked away," Ms. De La Corte insouciantly declares, obviously referencing 061505's new trinkets.

"Those cords appeared escapable. I prefer something a little more efficient."

She is correct in that an inmate could conceivably tear free of my many clamps. But the agony in so doing would be intense.

Still, she is in charge and when she hands me a box filled with many short chains and dozens of small padlocks, I know what she prefers.

"The locks are duplicates. I'll hold the key. I'll decide when he gets out of that cage."

She observes closely as I secure each and every one of the newly installed rings to the cage bars, smilingly to the sound of every click of the many closing padlocks.

When finished, 061505 lies supine, arms stretched tightly over head. His penis ring holds his impressive organ straight up. Two chains pull at his testicle rings, simultaneously stretching the scrotal sac right and left.

“I know he needs to be fed.”

With that a separate lock and key is handed to me for his tongue ring. There comes a broad smile when I restrain that which Ms. De La Corte is determined to make useless for speech.

“You may consider him broken for purposes of handling him day to day. But I want him taken to another level.”

With that, the stern and smug woman of jurisprudence turns to leave.

“Remember... he only talks to me.”

The cell door closes and I find that her departing words make me more determined than ever to more fully understand 062105's treatment.

The next day, I take a chance, after the many chores are completed. With nine inmates fed, I push my chair beside the cage of 061505. I have 112606 loose, except of course that his neck collar is soon hooked between my thighs. As I finish feeding 061505, I slip off my panties and ensconce myself in the padded chair for a lengthy afternoon of cunnilingus and narrative. With tongue free, and nothing else able to move, it is easy to convince 061505 to resume his story.

“So you found the stash of embarrassing tapes Madam used to ensure protection. You viewed one and returned it. And then you schemed. Lot’s of money to be had...or so you thought...”

I so prompt then relax to feel the ardent tongue of 112606 begin its daily task. The faltering voice of 061505’s ring constrained mouth begins anew...

“No matter how I concealed any attempt to extort dough, I figured Madam would know I was behind it. No one else could get near that closet long enough to enter, take a tape, lock it back up and get out of the building unnoticed. I worked in the basement alone for a good part of the day unsupervised. I had access... I had time. Any anonymous note would be assumed to be from me... or connected to me.

“So after much thought, I burgled the closet again and just took one tape. I snuck it out under my jacket and hid it where no one would find it. Days later, when it was quiet, I confronted Madam. I was blunt. I was stupid. I just told her to her face that I stole a tape, that I wanted more money, that otherwise the tape gets shown... maybe on the evening news. I did not know the guy on the tape but he could clearly be identified. It would lead to big time investigations.

“After all, it’s one thing to view a horny guy getting laid, another to see all that extra action... you know, whips and chains. A political career couldn’t survive that. Nor could the place offering the service. I knew that... and so did Madam.”

He pauses, again trembling with the catharsis of telling a story long tucked away and probably never told before.

“And Madam’s reaction?”

“She was cool. Been around the block a few times... that’s for sure. She had me in the brains department... but I had the tape.

“She said no raise in pay. Instead she suggested a one time payment. Big. That I give up the tape for a lump of cash... and that I then move on. For good reason she no longer trusted me.”

“‘There’s some emergency money in the basement, that’s why the door is so heavily locked’ she said. ‘Half now, half when you bring back the tape’.

“I thought about it. Just for a moment. With some loot I wouldn’t need the job. Would no longer have to worry about running to the bank dressed as a maid. I could buy lots of hand jobs, you know, private like instead in a crowded parlor. I agreed to the deal.”

Another pause.

“So you sold her back the tape,” I further prompt.

“No. As I said, she was ahead of me in the brains department. I followed her to the basement. Watched her open the door to the dungeon and followed her in. She pointed to a heavy trunk in the darkness and had me slide it out.

“‘Your down payment is in there’ she said. She handed me a key. I guess the greed got me thinking bad. While I worked the lock I heard, her laugh and turned to see her step out. She locked the door before I could stop her. I was trapped. It really was a sort of dungeon. The door to the street was well locked too.”

Fascinating.

061505 stops and I ignore the silence to absorb some particularly sentient swirls of 112606’s nimble tongue. He really does get better every day. There comes the joyous involuntary clenching of my thighs and a healthy moan of ecstasy. Then I tap 112606’s hooded head to signal a respite.

After catching my breath I insist on hearing more.

“So Madam quickly got the upper hand. You had the tape but she had you.”

“As I said, I was bold and stupid. She was smart.”

“Finish.”

“I don’t know how long I was trapped. There finally came rattling on the locks of the outside door. Heard a woman’s voice... young. Then there came some street noise and daylight and I was amazed when two policemen entered followed by this trim young woman... strong... in shape. The cops I recognized, the girls upstairs having thrown them any number of freebies over the months I worked there. I started to say an innocent ‘hi’ when they grabbed me and handcuffed me.

“‘Have him straddle the bench then cuff his ankles,’ this nasty girl commanded of the cops. And they did.

“‘Thanks guys. Madam has something extra for you when you’re off duty.’

“And with that they left me alone with this really athletic woman. Wrists cuffed behind my back, straddling the bench I had seen used in the tape, with ankles secured together beneath it.”

“You had not seen her on the tapes?” I interrupt to inquire.

“I only looked at one tape and the face of the woman doing her thing wasn’t shown. A whip, a hand, an arm, but not her face. Her features were out of camera view as she did the guy. It was probably the same girl. But of course Madam did not know that on the tape I chose to take the girl could not be identified. The girl of course did not know that either. They only knew I had a tape. Tough to work back and figure which one. There were many.”

I tap on 112606’s head as a signal to resume his oral endeavors.

“Continue.”

“She was cool for a girl just past being a teenager. Older than me, but not by much... maybe four or five years. Good looking... not a raving beauty but

nothing you throw away. She just let me stand and look. Let the fear build. She was all ice. Guess she figured I could already finger her from the tape so there was no attempt to hide her face. After a few minutes she opened a cabinet, removed her coat and brought out a hood. She quickly pulled it over my head. Then I heard the rustling of clothes... the whole time not a word... and I was too scared to talk.

“When she removed the hood she stood before me in tight black leather bodice and tight black leather panties. Her arms were bare as were her legs. She was all muscle. Her body was chiseled... like a body builder.

“‘It gets a little hot down here when I work,’ were her simple words explaining why she looked ready for a day at the beach.

“Then she finds this razor thing, like you use to cut open boxes and I remember yelping in fright when she began to slash away at me.

“‘You’ll be more comfortable too’, she says.

“I realized it was just my clothes being cut. She shredded everything, tearing away all. I was soon standing naked. With my wrists cuffed there was nothing I could do. I could not move from the bench.”

The black leather bodice. The tight black leather panties. The incredibly toned body. I quickly ascertain where 061505 is going with his story. He is answering my question as to when he was first caned by Antoinette De La Corte. She has not changed her physique nor her modus operandi in many years. I let him continue the story, having already placed another piece of the puzzle.

“‘Nicely sized dick. I can see why the girls have fun with those hand jobs,’ she said mocking me.

“She was playing with my thing when she made the comment. At my age it did not take much for me to get excited, despite the fear.

“‘Lie down for me Benny. On your tummy. We need to have a long talk and

you'll be more comfortable.'

"I did of course. No point in irritating her. I remember thinking that I was now lying just like the guy on the tape. And when she began to add straps, you know, around my lower back, shoulders and thighs, I knew what was coming."

"She caned you. Nothing more discussed?"

"There was no talk. She became a machine. The pain was the worst I had ever felt. I cried. I begged. I offered the tape. But it was almost like she didn't care about it. She knew it would be coming, that in the end I would beg her to take back the tape... but first she was going to enjoy herself."

"And she did?"

"I passed out... twice. I remember my screams... I remember her laughs. Nothing I said could stop her. I was caned for hours."

His trembling voice stops as 112606's tongue again plunges deeply. I let the silence continue as I soak up a woman's just reward for a day's work. Finally 061505 finishes.

"And that was my introduction to Madam De La Corte's daughter."

Now there's a shock! Not only was the current United States Attorney a sadistic professional dominatrix, but she was also the daughter of a woman who ran one of the most notorious bordellos in Brooklyn.

"Antoinette De Le Corte was Madam's daughter?" I must confirm.

"Yes, Miss Muffin."

More silence. It is just as well. I desire time to think.

"And the tape?"

"It was explained that my 'tête-à-tête on the bench' as Madam called it, was only the beginning.

“‘You’ve seen that we have some influence with the police, Bennie. My dear Antoinette truly enjoys a real caning... not the gentle stuff reserved for the customers. You can be arrested and brought here every day by the local police until the tape is returned. Be a good boy and bring it back’.

“The only clothing available was the maid’s costume. I had to wear it home with the agreement that I would return with the tape. Instead I ran off. I was scared that I knew too much. That when I delivered the tape there was no reason for me to stay alive. So I disappeared. I avoided Madam and Antoinette De La Corte for many years.”

“But why now? Why so many years later is Ms. De La Corte so concerned?”

“The way I figure, all she has accumulated is derived from those years in that Brooklyn cathouse. It was not only the money, the influence was huge. I assume the tapes were used to get her through law school, to get her the appointment as U.S. Attorney. It is anyone’s guess as to the number of politicians, high ranking corporate types and even judges who were recorded in that dungeon. Antoinette De La Corte fears it will all become unraveled if I do not tell her where the tape is. All other evidence of her past is gone. The house closed when Madam retired. There can be nothing else that comes to light. Any crimes committed were long past the statute of limitations. She knows that better than me. But still the story could end her career... so she thinks.”

“Thus your strict incarceration and tongue constraint. No one is to know.”

“Yes, ma’am. I used the threat of the tape to deal during my trial. Very carefully hinting in ways her staff would not, could not understand. She kept me off death row, keeping me alive until she could have at me alone. She had to renege on my deal concerning the witness protection program... a new secret life would deny her access to me. If she signed off on that she’d never see me again. Never get the tape. But it’s worse.”

“How?”

“I do not have the tape. It is long gone. I have conceded all, thinking I played a good hand in escaping the death penalty. That once in the program I could

not damage her career and the tape would no longer be demanded. But Ms. De La Corte is too afraid. She has turned the tables and now I cannot recoup my loss. I have nothing to offer. If permitted to speak to the entire world, I could tell no one where the tape is. She is safe, other than from what would be considered the ranting of a disgruntled con. There is no proof. Nothing I can offer to authenticate my story, that the U.S. Attorney has progressed in the legal profession as a result of an extortion scheme and lots of ill gained cash.

“The mother of a U.S. Attorney ran a bordello and the daughter provided the nastiest of services. But there is no proof. Not any more. And even if I had the tape, it only showed that one guy, not Antoinette De La Corte. And he’s probably long retired.”

I laugh with the irony. Antoinette De La Corte will have 061505 suffer a long and excruciating existence under the expectation that day he will relent and divulge the whereabouts of a twenty year old video tape... which is long gone. And when it did exist could prove nothing.

“Your skin is almost healed. I expect to soon be receiving the paperwork for another special release. Ms. De La Corte seems to enjoy your company. I assume all these rings will have an ulterior use.”

“She binds most tightly, Miss Muffin. Always has. She told me in the dungeon that it enhances the sense of helplessness and pain.”

So the puzzle is completed. 061505 has fallen into the clutches of a woman who has power... much power... and she uses it effectively and for her gain and pleasure.

Am I beginning to feel compassion?

As I gaze at the languishing beast, secured by his own flesh within a coffin of stainless steel bars, I contemplate the game of cat and mouse Ms. De La Corte has played.... and done so with effect. Very clever. She assumed that the death penalty would bring forth the tape, that Bennie was smart enough to have instructions somewhere. That upon his demise the tape would be forwarded to the authorities... perhaps the Attorney General. In keeping him

alive, the tape stays where she believes Bennie hid it. Never to appear... unless he tells her where it is located. And she has the added enjoyment of inducing him to do that. A sadist in complete control and able to, at her whim, whip, flog, pierce, modify in any manner, her antagonist. Deep within, it could be that she really does not wish to have the tape. That there is more pleasure in torturing Bennie while he endures pain to keep it secret.

Why should she be the only one having the fun?

As I lock up 061505's tongue, I realize I have much to think about.

"You must not tell Ms. De La Corte we had this conversation."

Two days later came the expected special release order. At day's end, as before, Nancy arrived with the hand truck, This time she brought the key to release the dozen or more small locks and the many chained rings. Then she wheeled away a whimpering 061505. Nurse Joanie brought back the mass of welts the next morning.

Within moments, Ms. De La Corte stopped in to assure that I returned 061505 to his strict bondage. She again wore the robe covering the tight leather bodice and skimpy panties. On this visit she was much more casual, letting the loose folds flutter about, displaying that noteworthy physique as she drank coffee. With her relaxed demeanor, it appeared that she had just completed a satisfying evening of making love, rather than bestowing intolerable agony. Caning 061505 obviously brought gratification. She must miss terribly her youthful endeavors in the basement of the Brooklyn bordello.

In finally leaving I find that I cannot help thinking that for 061505 the endless hours of darkness, complete immobility and slow torment are only punctuated by hours of gut wrenching pain... the muscular Antoinette De La Corte given free rein to indulge in her life long passion, imparting excruciating pain.

And such irony... that 061505 can't possibly escape his circumstances... must bring psychological torment as well..

I recall Nurse Joanie's prognostication, that over time without the daily modicum of release and exercise afforded my other pets, that 061505 will eventually enter a vegetative state. I wonder, given the tenacity of the tough U.S. Attorney, if the canings would then stop.

Does the male in a vegetative state understand pain... or mercy for that matter? Knowing that his skin heals only so that Ms De La Corte can cane again takes a deep mental toll.

Within two days, with applications of Joanie's salve, 061505 is reasonably back to health and I must requisition the key so I can roll him and restore him

to his supine position. I once again risk the throes of defying Ms. De La Corte's orders. After spooning forth the prison fare I leave 061505's tongue unlocked, encouraging discourse.

"Once again it took two days for your skin to heal well enough to lie on your back, 061505. How does it feel to be so severely punished by a woman? Stripped naked, thoroughly bound, completely helpless and made to suffer. Do you beg? You may talk."

"She asks about the tape then locks up my tongue when I have no answer. What sounds I make cannot be described as begging. And how do I feel? It does not matter about my feelings. I become a well bound lump of clay, to be molded, destroyed, however one views it."

"Are you sure about the tape, 061505? That it is lost?"

"During my years avoiding Madam and Ms. De La Cortes, the building where I hid it was demolished. 425 Schermerhorn Street. It was in the paper. Just another old tenement torn down for parking. My mother and all the neighbors had moved out. It was not worth the risk of sneaking back into the boiler room get the tape before the tear down. I did not think I would ever need it."

Food for thought. I change the subject.

"How are you positioned for your caning? Can you see?"

"The room is well equipped. Inmates can be placed in any number of positions. Standing, kneeling, lying. Over the course of the night, Ms. De La Corte shifts me around. And yes, she removes the blindfold. She likes the idea of me watching her work my body. It does add to the fear.

"She wants my balls next. I do not think I will survive."

"You will survive. As long as she thinks the tape exists, you will exist. She must believe that it will appear somewhere upon your demise... from an attorney or a safe deposit box... otherwise she would have striven for the death sentence during your trial. What you thought was a well negotiated deal

was what she in fact preferred. Do not tell her about 425 Schermerhorn Street.”

Again, I find myself assisting his plight... offering compassion. How odd.

Could it be I selfishly want 061505 for myself... not to share his offering of forced masochism?

At home, relaxing after a busy day, restoring my vitality from the waves of pleasure that 112606 wrung from my love poach, I surf the internet. My curiosity once again spurs a simple effort. I place the address 425 Schermerhorn Street into one of the mapping internet sites. It's a hit! It cannot be a parking lot... not now.

Did 061505 give me the wrong address? Has something else been built on the lot?

Brooklyn is not far from my Long Island apartment. But if I am going to undertake the time and risk to go there, I must be sure.

061505 will need to once again talk. I need more information about the location of the tape. If the building remains, the boiler room can be a very large area to search... if someone has not already found the tape.

And what to do after finding it? If Ms De La Corte is indeed not shown it cannot be used against her. The question remains that if it is relinquished to the U.S. Attorney will that provide 061505 with a reprieve. The former whip mistress of that Brooklyn bordello very much appears to enjoy her captive toy... tape or no tape.

With nine inmates fed, I save 061505 for last. With his tongue ring freed I explain that we must talk.

“You will need to trust me, 061505.”

With all my training, with cabinets full of equipment, I know I can derive what I need. I am better at it than Ms. De La Corte. And I have an advantage... I truly want to know... deep down she would prefer to flog.

So, a Sterno can and many, many needles stand at the ready... along with 112606 and his tongue. My *interview* won't be all business. I too can enjoy 061505's cross examination.

“The building, 061505. If it had indeed been torn down then you won’t mind telling me exactly where in that boiler room you placed the tape.”

I have donned my protective glove and begin heating a needle. Though I intend to help his plight, the weakened mind has been trained to shut down concerning the tape. It’s existence has been nothing but trouble for 061505.

“No. I will not tell you.”

It is times like these why I believe the scrotal sac was made to be so vulnerable.

“In training class this was referenced as the porcupine,” I begin in my pleasant yet commanding voice.

The soft, hairless and wondrously sensitive skin receives the first of many red hot needles. As my pet shrieks like a girl, I wonder how many 061505 can take. Has Ms. De La Corte increased his tolerance to pain?

I let the nervous system settle then hold another needle to the flame. The advantage to heating is not only the heightened pain but also the sterilizing effect. Plus since the needle cauterizes there is no messy bleeding.

Needle number two seems to penetrate a particularly sensitive area. I do believe 061505 screams even louder and I know he lurches violently against his chained rings. And during all the commotion I keep talking in a calm soothing voice. It is important to impart the notion that his suffering in no way affects my resolve... that despite observing the agony endured I remain complacent and dispassionate.

“I know you want to tell me, 061505. It’s something you need to get off your mind....” I coo in a sultry teasing voice.

For needle number three and thereafter, maybe he should watch. I remove his eye covering.

425 Schermerhorn proves easy to find. It's just off Flatbush Avenue a long busy thoroughfare which leads to the Beltway and Long Island where I live. With me I have an old friend, Bill, who works for Consolidated Edison, the local utility. With his credentials, inspecting a building for 'gas leaks' will not draw objection. And he has thoughtfully brought an extra Con Ed hard hat for me.

I have concocted a cover story for explaining my search to him. 'Doing a favor for an old friend who left behind some childhood memories,' I evasively describe our quest. And Bill asks no further questions. We dated in our teen years, before I uncovered my propensity for humiliating and governing the 'virile' gender. In engaging in vanilla interplay he particularly enjoyed the feel of my hand stroking his penis while we drove around town. I guess he didn't realize how much I enjoyed the control aspect of the deed, bringing him to near climax and then teasingly withdrawing.

I may reward him with a little reminiscent stroke or two on the drive home and hinted at such as we pulled away from my apartment. Thus his questions are few, instead his typically male mind is preoccupied with envisioning my hand on his turgid shaft.

It is nearly dark and a little cold as we arrive in Brooklyn. As Billie parks, I quickly determine the source of the confusion. There is a parking lot next to 425 Schermerhorn where a building similar to Bennie Balvano's home was probably torn down. But the 425 building sits abandoned, boarded up with a sign warning of asbestos. It was probably scheduled to go next and the environmental authorities stopped the process until the asbestos could be remediated, a very expensive undertaking which obviously was never completed. The newspaper was premature in announcing the structure's demolition.

"Got some tools in the trunk," my prevenient Billie announces.

The simple Con Ed cover works well. No passerby even pauses as a large sheet of plywood is quickly dislodged and pushed aside from the main entrance. Billie has a powerful flashlight at the ready. Though somewhat forbidding, he leads the way into the building and the stairway to the

basement proves easy to find.

“Looks like they started some demolition work. All the doors are gone. And the electric has either been removed or been stolen,” Billie notes with professional acumen.

I am glad that when 061505 finally broke, his scrotal sac indeed resembling a porcupine, he was quite descriptive as to the hiding place of the tape. And that in being wrapped in plastic, it has probably survived the elements, assuming that it has not been discovered by workers or vagrants.

To the boiler room, most of the plumbing is gone, taken away for scrap. But I am heartened to see the old coal bin, unused for decades when the boiler was converted to oil, remains intact. And piled in the corner is the small heap of long abandoned coal just as 061505 described it. No one could use it. No one would handle the filthy blackness. Anything hidden within would remain untouched for many years. With gloves at the ready, I begin sifting through the dusty grime. I quickly come across the carefully sealed shopping bag. Within is the rectangular object of a video tape.

“I have a treat for you on the drive home, Bill, “ I gush with enthusiasm. “But don’t worry, I’ll take my gloves off first.”

061505 proves to be correct about the tape. At least that is my preliminary assessment. A naked male of some forty years of age is well strapped to a whipping bench. The camera has been placed to maximize his features and facilitate identification. In using it for extortion, the victim could not possibly deny who it is lying naked in that dungeon. 061505 said it was a noted politician and by now probably long out of office and public service. It is embarrassing for the recipient of the flogging, with tears streaming and exaggerated motions of the head with each stroke. The cane comes into view with stroke after stroke. And I must agree that the whip mistress is masterful indeed... slow... methodical... precise in aligning the welts in evenly spaced rows.

Yet Ms. De La Corte cannot be identified. Only her hand and an arm come into the frame, along with an occasional flash of the black leather bodice as she changes positions. Why is this tape of concern?

After some thirty minutes my screen goes blank. I rise from my bed to get more tea neglecting to turn off the VCR. I am in the kitchen for a few minutes. When I return to the bedroom I am shocked to see another form lying on the whipping bench. The two hour tape has recorded more than one of Ms. De La Corte sessions!

I grab the remote and reverse to the beginning of the second scene. Young Bennie never watched the tape to the end, assuming just as I did that it ended with that first flogging. And it is easy for me to conclude that is the case, for lying naked on the bench is a woman! Had 061505 seen such unusual activity, he certainly would have divulged it!

I hit play and watch mesmerized while sipping tea.

The woman is trim, in her mid thirties. Ms. De La Corte has her strapped down and the wide padded bench parts her thighs to the extreme, obviously exposing all a woman normally seeks to conceal. The of a young and incredibly fit woman, wearing her black leather bodice and black leather panties comes into view. She tenderly pats the woman's head then draws her long brown hair back into a pony tail and fastens it with an elastic band. Her hand smooths down the woman's cheek, both comforting and taunting, her face remaining out of the camera. I can imagine the words being exchanged, Ms. De La Corte explaining that the naughty woman is in need of correction and is about to feel intense pain for her transgressions.

And that's when another thought dawns on me. Something else that a young and fractious Bennie the Bumper probably did not think to do before hiding the tape in the basement and beginning his life on the lamb!

Back in the cell, I complete my duties. No resistance, nine crawling and exercised naked males humbly visit the crude toilet and crawl about at the end of my leash. Then I can sit and absorb 112606's increasingly vigorous oral efforts while waiting for feeding time when I can release 061505's tongue without drawing notice.

Laura finally delivers the bowls of slop and I rush to get everyone fed so I can converse with Ms. De La Corte's rat.

"I found the tape. Bennie. Just where you hid it many years ago. It's in perfect condition. And I must say, Ms. De La Corte is quite adept with the cane."

"She is a bish," the ringed tongue attempting to form words comparing the U.S. Attorney with a female hound.

"Well the tape proved to be more interesting than you led me to believe. Did you know there were two clients recorded?"

"No ma'am."

"Yes, it goes blank in the middle for a full two minutes then resumes in showing another visitor to the dungeon. I thought you had missed that. Otherwise I believe it would be something you remembered very well."

My hand reaches through the bars and my index finger rubs up and down on the underside of his flaccid penis, held standing by the Prince Albert ring chained to the bars above. The simple touch soothes... teases but soothes.

"And there is another aspect you probably overlooked and is the key reason the tape's owner desperately would either like to have it back... or be assured that it will never be revealed.

"Bennie," I use his name for the first time to assure I have his attention. "The tape has sound. Did you turn up the volume on the VCR when you viewed it? The television control won't do it. You first must adjust the volume on the VCR."

There comes this long pause.

“No, ma’am. I never thought there was sound.”

“And that’s why you’re living the rest of your life chained and caged. The sound reveals Antoinette De La Corte’s identity, something that must never, ever be known. Not if the U.S. Attorney wants to continue in her career.”

The details I need not explain. Bennie the Bumper deserves to be incarcerated. The crimes committed were real. Some form of punishment just. But the hypocrisy is difficult to swallow, the powerful Ms. Antoinette De La Corte leading a double life... fighting crime by day... engaging in sordid acts of sadism by night... and all by way of extortion.

Well, extortion can be a tool to counter extortion.

I am devising a plan.

In my apartment, I replay the tape. When it comes to the female client I hit pause. The screen becomes quite grainy but as stated, with the camera placed to assure that the occupant of the whipping bench could readily be identified, there can be no doubt as to who is about to be caned.

I snap my digital camera and keep my fingers crossed. Will I obtain a decent photo that resembles the naked woman?

Yes. It works. No where near perfect, but good enough so that the person can recognize herself. It is nice to also have in the frame the black leather panties and rippled torso of Ms. De La Corte, whip mistress extraordinaire. Her upper body is out of camera view but the simple snapshot still tells a very interesting story... female on female sadomasochism. Rare. Notorious. Scandalous. Welcomed grist for the mills of the tabloid press.

And if ever revealed, the licentious relationship will bring embarrassing questions and invidious conclusions.

I email the photograph and politely suggest a meeting. The audio of the tape disclosed the woman's name. One which I recognize and itself answers some questions.

I am playing with fire. But Ms. De La Corte is not the only one who can mete justice.

“The judge will see you now,” the clerk announces with regal acclaim.

I enter a capacious chamber, staid and paneled in walnut. The door closes behind me, the judge evidently informing the clerk that privacy is required.

“I do not know you, Miss Brown, but you certainly know how to grasp a person’s attention. Please sit. Your email correctly suggests that we should chat.”

I sit in a large stuffed chair in front of the judge’s desk. She leans back in a leather swivel chair, appearing unfazed in meeting the sender of the shocking email.

Federal district Judge Patricia Wilmot is a prim woman in her early fifties. Her official government biography, available on various legal websites, suggests that she is unmarried, a long career on the bench substituting for the connubial bliss of family and children. She appears reserved, cerebral but demure. Hard to imagine that it is she on the tape, wailing away like a child as Ms. De La Corte’s cane brought fiery pain some twenty years ago.

“The missing tape. It has finally appeared as I have feared for many years.”

She comes right to the point. The many years of jurisprudence apparently brings directness.

“It is safe, your Honor. I have no plans for it... not involving you... directly.”

“We all have youthful transgressions, Miss Brown. But unfortunately a person in my position is allowed none.”

“If I understand what’s occurred over the years, your Honor, I believe you have been adequately disciplined for such offenses... no pun intended.”

The judge smiles.

“I have paid. That is true. Ms. De La Corte was not a bad law student. And she certainly has been a tenacious prosecutor. She may have made it without all the help, all the phone calls, all the favors I called in. But probably not.

There is much competition for the coveted office she holds.

“My regret is that it never stops. You feed the bear and the bear keeps coming back. It always seems that the tape is just a little out of reach... one more ‘interview’, as she terms it, and we’ll have it, she keeps telling me. One more fabricated court order to sign to obtain the inflammatory evidence.

“And I have always doubted it would end there. Who knows what loftier office Ms. De La Corte seeks... what other influence I would be required to offer should she indeed obtain the tape.”

“Have you seen it your Honor?”

“Many years ago when the extortion first began and before it was stolen. The sound was turned off. I did not know that Antoinette’s identity was revealed in the audio. Madam, her mother, was reasonable about it. A little assistance here and there was demanded... a recommendation to Yale Law School... nothing I could not lend without calling notice. It was the termagant Antoinette that used the explicit recording to the point of excess... insisting that I make appointments in the dungeon which I did not desire. After one or two of those canings my masochistic tastes changed, though my sexual preference remains with that of Sappho. She used the tape to demand more visits. She is a true sadist.”

“She enjoys plying her craft,” I observe in concurrence.

“This Bennie Balvano. She adamantly stated that he was in possession of the tape and would be convinced to relinquish it. Now you have it. Has she been untruthful?”

“Mr. Balvano thought it was lost. He dares not tell her that. And judging from his twice weekly excoriated backside, she really does not care to find it... as long as she has this Bennie under her control. She prefers to cane him, enjoy herself and let the tape remain where neither Bennie nor anyone else could come across it as long as he stayed alive.”

“And now you have. It rather throws a wrench into her plans.”

“It could. The tape could end your career, your Honor. But I assume in the unraveling, the unveiling of your tabooed proclivity, you would disclose your partner in the sadomasochistic tryst. Her career would go too. Yet perhaps there is an alternative. She controls Mr. Balvano under your court order. He’s deserving of his incarceration. But what of Ms. De La Corte? Certainly her transgressions should be addressed. Extortion is a crime.”

The judge is indeed cerebral. I know in the silent pause she is wondering whether her unenviable position will worsen with the tape in my hands. Yet she really has no choice, other than to retire in ignominy.

“Perhaps you should visit the Penance Corporation of America facility, your Honor. We handle males so you will not find the tight bondage and strict discipline to suit your... well your unusual penchant. But I think you will better understand our capabilities and agree to my plan. I will not ask anything of you that you have not done before. And my ambitions are less self serving... I assure you.”

On the drive home I contemplate my ambitious undertaking... turning the tide on the dynamic U.S. Attorney. Assuming that I have the judge's assistance I will need other conspirators and I believe the women of the Penance Corporation of America will join me in what could be a very satisfying venture.

The judge's acknowledgment was telling. A life of Sapphic pursuits included what she alluded to as an experiment, one gone awry in the basement of a Brooklyn brownstone. And she has been paying for the error again and again. I cannot help envisioning the end of the tape... a well caned Patricia Wilmot is almost flogged into unconsciousness. A woman steps before her somnolent face, grasping the make shift pony tail. The black leather panties have been peeled away, revealing buttocks of perfectly rounded stone. It is the form of Antoinette De La Corte, shown from the shoulders down, and she is equally naked but very much in control.

"A little dessert for you, your honor," the voice mockingly offers in forcibly lifting the head by the hair. "I think you will like my taste.

"Yes, you've been well caned but I think you'll enter my lair again. A lady like you always wants more."

Judging from the sounds of wet flesh and low moans, it was apparent the session of crisp corporal punishment ended with oral homage, heightening the ignominy of Judge Patricia Wilmot's libertine dungeon escapade.

The judge will agree to my plan. Ms. De La Corte is known as a bull dyke amongst those who refrain from intercourse with the male gender. And there are times when revenge and comeuppance on those portending to be superior is the sweetest revenge of all.

"Of course we can videotape the encounter. Many request it, therefore we've had that capability for many years. The rooms accommodating our special

request clients are like production studios. But Ms. De La Corte is the United States Attorney. We wouldn't tape regular clients without their permission. There is no way we'd record a ranking government official."

Peggy Blakely speaks firmly. And her words are as I expected.

"What if I had a court order. Signed by a judge. A federal judge."

"Well, we are very sympathetic to the courts. After all, much revenue is derived from extensions of sentences... denials of parole... retractions of suspended sentences. We work with the courts."

"Then prepare the cameras for Ms. De La Corte's next visit. I assure you that a court order requesting that we surreptitiously record her 'interview' with 061505 will be in your hands. And I also assure you it will benefit the Penance Corporation of America."

Peggy nods. If there is one common motivating factor amongst the staff at facility 14 it is greed. 'Benefiting Penance Corporation of America' are coded words for revenue, profits and an increased stock price.

I may be overplaying my hand. Judge Patricia Wilmot has not officially bought into my plan. But I must prepare. I fear the state of 061505's mind will not bear too many more canings. A vegetative state looms. The partial sensory deprivation, the limited diet, the denial of exercise, the inability to move, the boredom only broken by the intense pain, are taking a toll. And it is wearing to observe the ostensibly fair minded civil servant so nimbly twist the system.

“Morning, Muffin, You should have heard our pet shrieking last night. Seems he doesn’t like having his balls whipped. Imagine that,” she observes with mocked enthusiasm.

The cruel and insouciant Ms. Antoinette De La Corte once again enters my cell after a full night of tormenting 061505. She drinks coffee and supervises as I padlock the small chains to 061505’s many rings. She insists on maximum tightness. Arms, legs, ankles, torso and tongue... every ring is secured to the steel bars to make 061505’s naked form one with his cage. As before he must lie prostrate due to the dozens of welts. Fortunately his well lashed scrotal sac dangles down between the bars and can heal without further abrading any surface.

On this visit, familiarity further creeps into her otherwise professional demeanor. Ms. De Le Corte is becoming overly comfortable within the walls of facility 14, her comportment that of an overworked executive who is finally granted a full nights sleep at a luxurious spa. Thus her silk robe hangs loosely, the belt unknotted and providing occasional glimpses of the impressive sculpted muscling. As a daughter of Lesbos, I know she is trawling, in the parlance of fishermen, proud of her physique and purposely permitting peeks of something she hopes I will covet. She is brazen. I cast my own bait.

“You certainly stay in shape, Ms. De La Corte.”

“Extensive treadmill work three times per week. Lots of time in the weight room. Maybe we’ll workout together some time...”

Yes, she is casting her net indeed. She does not realize that I dislike her but there is no point in divulging my disdain at this time. Still, I wonder whether my feeling is one of envy, she having the power to treat the entire criminal populace the way I treat my ten charges.

I have no desire to go there, joining her at the gym or in any other activity leading to possible contact. Instead a thought comes to mind... another twist I

will add to my plot.

“Funny how you can exhaustively work a man all night and feel refreshed thereafter. *Interviewing* Bennie is both relaxing and invigorating. I am ready for a full day of work without having a wink of sleep.”

I smile inwardly with her comment. If she only knew that Judge Patricia Wilmot finally delivered the secret court order to record the session, Ms. Antoinette De La Corte, United State Attorney for the Eastern District of New York would feel more invigoration and less relaxation. I am eagerly anticipating turning the tide against her. Her hubris is most irritating and when I remind myself that her successful career was launched as a result of working in a bordello, outright laughter must be suppressed.

“I’ll get the key to you in a couple days so you can turn him,” she proclaims in gulping the last drops of coffee. “Meanwhile... remember... I want him silenced.”

She reaches into the cage and cruelly yanks at the tongue chain with her reminder. I just politely nod as a very worn 061505 gurgles pitiful yet inaudible words of protest.

Once again I sit in walnut paneled chambers facing the humble yet sagacious District Judge Patricia Wilmot.

“Now you have your own sword of Damocles, your honor. A tape you can hold over the head of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte.”

I push the video tape across the desk.

“Recorded as per your order. We’ve edited it, the original recordings are available but total some twelve hours... cameras from three different angles filming concurrently for four hours each. Ms De La Corte torments without haste.”

Judge Wilmot nods knowingly. I forgot she has been there.

“If needed the entire collection can be viewed without interruption.”

“I don’t think that will be necessary, Muffin. I am guessing just a few moments will suffice.”

The judge leans forward, takes the tape and arises from her chair. She strolls to a nearby cabinet and swings open the doors to reveal a television and VCR. As she inserts the tape I suggest...

“If you just want a sampling press fast forward. The end is quite telling. Otherwise the tape is yours to watch at your leisure.”

She presses a button, the VCR whirrs the tape forward. She presses again. The screen lights up. The scene which unfolds would shock another member of the bench, but for Judge Patricia Wilmot it only stirs memories.

Having thoroughly caned 061505, his buttocks again turned to a mass of evenly spaced rows of welts, Ms. De La Corte worked his balls, as she promised. With the rooms well designed for ‘special release’ encounters, Ms. De La Corte sits in a straight backed chair. She wears her flagellation attire, black leather bodice, black leather panties. Surrounding her is a frame, vertical wooden planks to her right and left connected by a horizontal plank some six feet above. It quickly becomes evident to the viewer that the frame

can be utilized to bind a man in any variety of ways, the planks covered with eye bolts where rope, cords and chains can be secured. Yet 061505 is restrained in a most simple but unorthodox manner. The ankle ring of his left foot is hooked to the horizontal bar well over the head of the sitting Ms. De La Corte. The toes of his right foot barely touch the floor. His wrists are secured behind his back and his hooded head lies in the lap of Ms. De La Corte. As the tape rolls, it appears that she is comforting the man she has been caning for many hours, her left arm cradling his head. But in the right hand there is a small whip... a handle with a single strand of leather some six inches long.

“The sound, your honor.”

The judge nods and her hand adjusts a knob on the VCR. Curious how many make the same oversight that an excited Bennie made in viewing the purloined tape many years ago.

“Have something to tell me about, Bennie?”

The soft, soothing voice of Ms. De La Corte is that of mother to wounded child and is curiously juxtaposed against what the camera shows. For in being forced to assume the awkward position, one foot barely touching the floor, the other held high above, Bennie’s legs are split to the extreme, leaving his genitals most prominently displayed, vulnerably dangling some three feet from where the whip is posed at the ready. The penis hangs upside down, causing the diabolical bondage to maximize the exposure of the soft and sensitive scrotal flesh.

In first viewing this segment of the long night of torment, I found it difficult to imagine how 061505 could maintain the pose. His weight could not be not held in place by the ringed Achilles tendon of his left ankle, he could not endure the agony. Nor could it be held by the gnarled toes of his now deformed right foot. It must be that Ms. De La Corte herself, holding the head and shoulders on her lap, bears most of his burden. Thus if she were to arise and step away, 061505 would be left in a horrid split position with incredible tension borne on the Achilles ring which would in turn spur futile efforts to stand on a right foot rendered useless for bearing weight.

“She is a wicked one,” Judge Wilmot notes in making the same assessment of the awkward yet diabolical form of restraint.

“Nothing to offer me... like a video tape,” the voice on the video continues.

With that, the right hand extends out to the side, moves towards the genitals with noted deliberation and then stops with a flick of the wrist. The strand of leather snaps, bringing forth the simplest but most painful of lashes to the scrotal sac of 061505. There is heard a shriek, just as Ms. De La Corte described it to me while I caged 061505 the morning after the tape was made.

“You see where she has placed her left hand. She’s feeling the reaction in his cerebral cortex,” Judge Wilmot observes. “I have felt the same hand. Her modus operandi has not changed in twenty years. Her feel there empowers, sensing the nerves sending their message of suffering. Knowing that she controls, that the message will come again and again after each stroke of her hand thrills the likes of Ms. De La Corte. Whip the testicles, feel the response.”

I remain silent. It arouses me as well.

The Judge watches as three more strokes of the small but effective whip find the mark. She then turns off the VCR to return to her chair.

“I will invite the United States Attorney to visit me and we will watch the tape. Then I will suggest that she resign, which she will. Thereafter you will have your court order. The Patriot Act is quite empowering for a Judge. There are some elements which should be challenged on Constitutional grounds. But Ms. Antoinette De La Corte will not be the person to contest the provisions... not in the next few years.”

I leave the Judge’s chambers giddy with anticipation. On the drive home I think about how little effort Antoinette De La Corte really made to recover the purloined tape. Her questions were more ridicule than genuine cross examination. Having 061505 at her mercy was more important than having the tape. Once the tape was given up, there would no longer be a need to ‘interview’ 061505. She used the missing recording to control the judge as well, knowing that she could not be easily identified but the judge could,

should the tape fall into the wrong hands. Therefore why not enjoy the long evenings of imparting intense pain and humiliation on he who dared to defy the once daunting Madam and her daughter of flagellation and degradation.

I sit with 112606 licking away at my quim, very sanguine with my decision to afford him extra rations. He uses the energy well. I do believe it all goes to his tongue.

I was heartened to read in the morning papers of the resignation of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte, United States Attorney for the Eastern District of New York. Ostensibly she has decided to pursue other avenues, at least that was the nebulous quote attributed to her. With nothing specific mentioned, I know that she had her meeting with Judge Patricia Wilmot and the two reviewed a 'shocking' video tape. Yes, the tide is turning on the sadistic extortionist.

Now she really does need to find the tape that a young Bennie Balvano purloined from that basement closet many years ago. She needs stronger ammunition in countering the evidence which Judge Patricia Wilmot has against her. I can imagine what she would do if she had it, probably not rescinding her resignation, but using it to extort the judge's influence in some other scheme to gain power.

Well she won't get it. I have it tucked safely away, not that she has any inkling that I possess it. No, she will now try to obtain the tape in earnest from the person she believes still has it, or knows of its whereabouts... applying some form of coercion on 061505 not before attempted.

So I will see her again, even if it's to transfer the key to 061505's padlocks.

As I mull over the interesting turn of events, 112606 senses one of many pending orgasms, draws my inner labia into his mouth and sucks until the air rushes from my lungs in a paroxysmal climax. My goodness he is becoming more tenacious with his oral offerings. The hormones must be running rampant. With Nurse Joanie's next visit I will recommend he be milked.

The lock clicks on the cell door. Nancy hurries in, moving with purpose.

“Message from Peggy. Antoinette De La Corte is on the grounds. She talked her way past the guards at the gate in claiming she is here on official business. She is in Peggy’s office now arranging on short notice for a special release for 061505. Apparently she thinks we don’t read the papers. And also believes that the release of the tape to Judge Wilmot was the isolated work of a sole disgruntled employee. She is without reserve, as you suggested.”

I smile with the news. I expected some action from Ms. De La Corte but misjudged the timing and the audacity. She probably possesses something that would allow her to continue posing as the U.S. Attorney. Maybe something as simple as a business card. Her actions suggest a level of desperation with which I cannot completely empathize at my age. Yet, I realize to be forced from a prestigious appointment at age forty something must be dispiriting. She needs to trump the power Judge Wilmot has gained from the recording of her ‘interview’ with 061505. In a ‘Hail Mary’ pass, she will attempt once and for all to learn the whereabouts of the tape which Bennie the Bumper stole from that Brooklyn bordello many years ago.

“I assume everyone is ready?” I inquire of Nancy.

She nods.

“The judge has been notified. Peggy expects that her court order is being faxed, probably as we speak.”

I smile wickedly. The overhang from Ms. De La Corte’s surprise announcement, speculation in the press as to the reason for her departure, lasted only two days. Her notoriety burned out like a Roman candle and with the appointment of her successor, there is no further mention of the transition. Now that she has resigned, her power and influence are quite limited. And I suppose the shock of relinquishing so much so quickly has brought on obscurity of thought.

Though the Penance Corporation of America runs facility 14, the government remains the owner of the property. Antoinette De La Corte has entered restricted government property under false pretenses... I imagine flashing her business card and assuming that her acquaintanceship with the staff would cause her brash deed to go unnoticed.

Except, all have been alerted. When I sat down with Peggy, Nancy, Joanie and the others, they listened to my plan with fascination and unanimously joined my conspiracy. Having Judge Wilmot on my side helped, but over my few months of employment I have ascertained that the women of the Penance Corporation of America are an intrepid lot. Besides, I was not the only staff member irritated by Ms. De La Corte's haughtiness.

Thus our fly has been welcomed to the web by many spiders. The guards deliberately let her enter. Peggy 'graciously' accepted her unannounced visit. She will indeed be shown to a chamber for special release prisoners and there she will wait... ostensibly for 061505 to be brought in for one last 'interview'. But really waiting for the receipt of Judge Wilmot's court order.

As the perspicacious jurist explained, the Patriot Act empowers the courts with the authority to hold certain suspects for many days without trial... and in secrecy, the alerting of terrorist networks to the capture of one of their cohorts not being deemed desirable. And someone entering a government facility under false pretenses?... well that certainly could be designated as a potential terrorist act... and certainly would need full investigation without public disclosure... which would alert connecting terrorist cells... and ruin my plan.

So, Ms. De La Corte is going to become a guest. And if there is one thing I have learned over my months with the Penance Corporation of America, once an inmate falls into our clutches, there is an entire system designed and perfected to keep him. I know. With my weekly reports, 112606, my oral pet, has accumulated some half dozen serious infractions, all false but greatly extending his sentence. The nineteen year old 112606 will be with us into mid life. And to think he entered here on charge of simple robbery...

"Make sure we get the key to these padlocks, Nancy. She'll have it with her," I remind in pointing to 061505's cage. "Otherwise, cutting away all those chains will take time."

Nancy nods, smiles and leaves to join the others.

These are one of the few times when I wish I did not have to spend the entire day tucked away with my lambs. For I suspect Peggy, Nancy and Nurse

Joanie will have quite the morning.

Meanwhile, there are some housekeeping chores. I have decided that 061505 has earned an upper cage. Not a prized top cage but one in the middle where he will not sufferer the ignominious deluge of two inmates emptying themselves.

He has earned the advancement and I will make room for him to move when I obtain the key to his many locks.

There comes the familiar sound of the lock clicking on the cell door. I am exercising 070704 and draw his leash away from the entranceway.

“Come,” I command in pulling him toward the ramp to his cage.

I have the blindfold off, permitting sight, which Nurse Joanie has insisted is required from time to time. My charge humbly shuffles on hands and knees peering up at me with a distant look of devotion... the gaze of the broken male who must depend on the governing female for everything. I know his thoughts... he has so little, yet it all comes by way of my hand. I bathe... I feed... I exercise... I supervise his bowel movements... I protect. The many, many weeks of naked and bound captivity have had the desired effect... another lamb... more revenue... more profits.

Into the cell steps Warden Peggy, leash in hand.

“Got another one for you Muffin. Something different, but I don’t think you’ll be surprised.”

As I guide 070704 up the ramp, Peggy in turn pulls on her leash and another naked form crawls into the cell 113. The raised numbers on the left buttock suggest a recent tattooing. 021507 enters followed by Nancy who holds a second leash. The form pulls violently and both women firm their grip with Nancy lowering her prod and applying a correcting zap. This new inmate is spirited and the charge of electricity brings the expected spastic lurch with muscles temporarily rendered useless. But I note there is no sound... no plaintive howl as air involuntarily escapes the lungs as with most recipients of a strong disciplinary jolt.

A closer look reveals that a large rubber tube hangs from the lips.

“Joanie decided to intubate. This one’s quite noisy,” Peggy explains.

I look to see that 070704 stares intently at my newest edition. I smile and press the blinding rectangular patch over his eyes then work quickly to back him into his cage and secure ankles and wrists to the bars.

“Bottom cage, head in first,” I point for Peggy and Nancy.

Normally the inmate is stowed feet first. But I have certain plans which include moving 061505 to the empty cage above when I get his key.

Peggy and Nancy simultaneously pull and the form struggles, resisting every inch of the way in moving toward the shiny stainless steel collection of bars which will for many, many years be considered home.

My electronic key opens the door and the two large women soon have my new charge lying supine. I attach double ‘D’ clamps to the wrists and ankles as with every inmate.

“The key for 061505’s padlocks,” Nancy offers as I finish my task.

“Good. I’m going to move him to this middle cage. I think he’s earned it.”

Both Peggy and Nancy nod in agreement.

“What about feeding this one,” I inquire in referencing the tube emanating from the form’s mouth.

“Joanie will be in to explain. That’s a gastric tube. Whatever’s introduced into the open end conveniently flows directly to the stomach. And as you’ve noted, it has the added feature of enforcing silence. This one was quite verbal during orientation. Took particular objection to depilation.”

Yes, removal of all hair, head included, can be traumatically degrading. Yet it is a good introduction to the Penance Corporation’s level of authority... which is without limit of course.

Peggy and Nancy depart. I spend the next few minutes unlocking 061505’s many padlocked chains and moving the overly lethargic form to the middle cage above my latest arrival. With the many weeks of more thorough restraint his muscles are significantly atrophied. As a result, though he is mentally compliant, the lack of strength makes the endeavor a bit of a challenge.

Still, I manage and once within I decide to change his position. Whereas most inmates get rolled at least twice per day, the wicked Antoinette de La Corte

insisted on total immobility, expecting that the resulting vegetative state would forever assure that the tape would stay where Bennie the Bumper hid it years ago, and the fact that it would remain missing would provide unending leverage over Judge Wilmot.

Well, that will not happen. I have the key and I am back to being totally in charge. So I arrange 061505 in a prostrate position, that which he is afforded after the brisk and thorough canings.

“Now you can enjoy wetting someone instead of being totally drenched as when in the bottom

cage,” I cheerily inform the recipient of so much anguish and suffering.

There is little reaction to my announcement. He will better understand as I slowly reverse the effect of the endless immobility, renew some degree of cerebral activity and offer limited exercise. And the occasional removal of his blindfold will also help him understand.

Once again the lock of the cell door clicks. It is Nurse Joanie and she enters carrying a tray filled with plastic bottles. There is a large tube attached to the top of each bottle.

“Here’s a few days special supply for 021507. More calories here than a regular inmate receives in a month. You are a devious one, Muffin.”

Joanie places the tray on a cabinet. I count a dozen bottles, all labeled ‘021507’.

Joanie takes one and approaches the cage of my new arrival.

“The tube at the top of the bottle is a drip mechanism,” she explains in leaning to grasp the gastric tube of 021507.

Deft hands slide the end of the bottle tube into the flexible rubber opening of the gastric tube. Joanie then turns the bottle upside down and hooks it to the side of the cage. Through the opaque plastic a thick whitish sludge can be seen sliding into the tube, slowing oozing into the throat and stomach. Within

moments 021507 stirs and Joanie smiles knowingly. It is evident that whatever is in the bottle has flowed from the gastric tube and can be felt entering the stomach.

“100% liquid lard. Each bottle is a quart of pure saturated fat. It will drip slowly. Probably take a few hours to siphon. Then Muffin, you just hook up another bottle. There’s no resistance that can be offered. 021507’s stomach will be filled and the lard digested. On occasion we’ll substitute melted butter, perhaps some palm oil. All will have the desired effect. With limited exercise you’re going to have one plump inmate in couple of weeks. Might have to widen the cage.”

Joanie and I laugh with the comment. 021507’s muscles tighten in hearing of pending girth, the arms and legs fighting restraints we know to be ineluctable. Yet watching the futile struggle can be entertaining... as is observing the slow acclimation from fractious prisoner to docile lamb... in Ms. De La Corte’s case perhaps a fattened calf would be a more appropriate analogy.

“Any reason you’ve got the head at the far end of the cage?” Joanie inquires.

“When 061505 finds who is below, I suspect I will have many amusing moments,” I vaguely respond.

It is a tribute to the system established by the Penance Corporation of America that a female inmate can so efficiently be incarcerated in a facility designed and intended to hold the recalcitrant male.

In being hooded, no one recognizes the 'eminent' former U.S. Attorney. And with her fellow inmates being constantly blindfolded they only receive an occasional teasing glimpse of the finely sculptured feminine form. Since 021507 cannot talk, she can neither explain nor protest her circumstances. Therefore only Peggy, Nancy, Joanie and Judge Wilmot know of her true circumstances. I am told the girls in orientation processed her without mishap, learning long ago to handle the physically more powerful and more violent male and therefore having no trouble succumbing the U.S. Attorney, despite her regimen of fitness.

So once Judge Wilmot faxed in her court order, exercising her power under the Patriot Act to order held suspected terrorists for inordinate periods, the process began. 021507 was stripped, inspected, shaved, tattooed, cuffed and leashed as if she was placed into a giant relentless machine which processes the human form. Which in effect, it is.

A single piece of paper has converted the daunting former U.S. Attorney into a nameless pile of flesh. And though there are limits under the Act, only so many days that a suspect can be legally held without the right to either counsel or release, I suspect that that particular segment of compliance will be cast aside... an oversight in a vast legal system which the noted U.S. Attorney has so often used to her advantage.

It has been two weeks since her arrival and I marvel at the effect of the barrage of saturated fat which is constantly siphoned into her stomach. The proud physique is slowly turning into that of a plump toad. When I playfully press my finger into the mass of exposed flesh, it is greeted with the resistance of a marshmallow, the sinewy muscling slowly disappearing. Those impressively tight and well rounded buttocks are spreading. With the rapid change... from many workouts per week to a completely sedentary existence... the metabolism is overwhelmed. The caloric intake is vast compared to her burn rate. She fattens wonderfully.

Drip, drip, drip... the lard steadily flows. And without movement, it transforms to layer upon layer of body fat.

It is ironic that the Judge has arranged for special releases. Just as with 061505, the cost incurred is billed to the federal government. And it is further ironic that Judge Wilmot ordered that the same cruel configuration of penetrating body rings be permanently embedded into the flesh at the arms, hips, thighs, calves, ankles and torso. In place of the Prince Albert piercing afforded 061505 the judge insisted on a series of labial rings, enabling me to secure 021507 into her cage and keep her horribly spread. Yes, she constantly displays the many folds of pink flesh that a woman normally seeks to cloak. And since we don't douche here at facility 14, we have no apparatus for the procedure, the resulting waft of feminine fragrance keeps my other inmates constantly randy... an added level of amusement which entertains all who visit... especially when I am given to slowly feathering her clitoris... with the same disappointing result as when I tease the male inmates. Denial is a constant. I control everything, as 021507 is horrified to learn.

And so it is now 021507 who is kept constantly padlocked to the bars of her cage. Never moving, just growing fatter and fatter each and every day. Released only to visit the judge in the special release chamber.

Yet most amusing is the subtle revenge of 061505 . In placing 021507 into her cage head first, and with her height limited compared to the tall inmate above, 061505's penis, when lying tummy down, aligns with 021507's face.

Yes, I whispered into 061505's ear, revealing the identity of the inmate below. So since that first day of her arrival, when I temporarily removed 061505's blindfold so he could observe the slow and ongoing comeuppance of his one time antagonist, 061505 has taken great joy in knowing that each time he empties his bladder he is, as he verbalized it when given permission to speak, pissing on the face of his prosecutor... she who reneged on his plea bargain... she who instead sought to arrange the cruelest of incarceration... she who sought to place him into a state of mental lethargy.... she who so often thrilled at caning him into a stupor.

Yes, I have noted that 061505 is constantly draining his water bottle in keeping his bladder filled. And I only regret that the gastric tube obviates the

sound of what I suspect would be a very satisfying verbal protest each time the warm but odorous stream saturates her hood and face.

Epilogue - Judge Patricia Wilmot

I now awake each morning very much refreshed, having slept soundly in knowing that the termagant Antoinette De La Corte is tucked away so deeply that she can never be found. She is an anonymous prisoner in a facility which is not under the direct control of the government. Not even government inefficiency and bureaucratic bungling can result in a chance release or incidental disclosure of her name. It is only me and some very determined women at the Penance Corporation of America who know of her whereabouts and her ignominious circumstances. And it is a curious comment about her lifestyle that no one seems to be looking for her nor care that she has vanished.

I often wonder from how many others she was extorting... receiving either cash or masochistic servitude.

Good riddance.

Still, there is a small item to be cleared up... one which will assure even more restful nights.

Thus I contact this young, beautiful and dauntless Muffin Brown and suggest another meeting... just to tie up the last loose end.

She enters my chambers appearing as radiant as ever. There is something about having unfettered control of several groveling males that imparts confidence in a woman... even in one as young as Miss Brown.

“Did you bring it, Muffin?”

Her pretty hand slides the rectangular object in question across my desk. It is the incriminating tape... really more career ending than evidence of criminal activity. But its release would have the same results for an esteemed federal judge... instant removal from the bench.

“I’m not suggesting you give it up gratis,” I explain. “Let’s term it an exchange.”

From my desk drawer I retrieve a similar rectangle of plastic and push it towards Miss Brown.

“I had your cohorts at the Penance Corporation record our mutual friend. Not, mind you, while I was in attendance during her weekly special release. I don’t want any more shenanigans. But Warden Blakely was kind enough to record her while she was being ringed. Why not give it a preview? No one will disturb us.”

I nod toward the credenza which Muffin knows houses the television and VCR. She takes the offered tape, arises and prepares it for viewing. Meanwhile I put away the simple yet frightening recording, taken in more youthful days in a Brooklyn bordello which served to enslave me for many years. I will later view it to determine its authenticity and then probably destroy it with much jubilation.

The dear Muffin presses the play button and onto the screen comes the naked and supine form of Antoinette De La Corte. She is well strapped to an operating table and gloved hands work all around her. The impressive muscling futilely strains against thick nylon straps. The vainglorious attention paid to form and physique is apparent. I smile to myself knowing that we will use such hubris against her... slowing fattening her like a cow at a slaughterhouse... wickedly eroding a lifelong pride and using it to mentally break her.

I find satisfaction in noting that it is only she who can be identified on the tape. At the Penance Corporation of America, there is much sensitivity about identity. Those arranging for special release, the ranks of which I have recently joined, can rest assured that all activity is anonymous.

No one will ever learn of the depravity undertaken in having an unruly inmate brought to a secret room and offered special discipline... that well outside the norms of institutional incarceration.

And so it is with equal care that the medical staff performing the requested

modifications are not seen. But for gloved hands and shapely arms, only the nakedness of Ms. De La Corte can be viewed on the tape.

A noteworthy howl, emanating from the tape, draws my attention. I look to see that the first of several red hot needles has been thrust through many layers of epidermis, making the way for a permanent ring to be later inserted through the opening in Ms. De La Corte's forearm.

"No anesthesia?" Miss Brown innocently inquires.

"I requested that none be administered," I aloofly reply. "The woman never offered quarter and I spent many years under her thumb. Revenge can be sweet."

I arise from my large swivel chair as a second hot needle brings another delicious yelp of pain. Miss Muffin Brown is riveted to the tape as I casually sit down next to her.

"The tape is yours for the keeping. A fair exchange?" I inquire as I pat her shapely thigh.

She nods and does not protest as my hand remains. It is quite a shapely gam and the firm softness evidences a degree of athleticism which always warmed my loins. I found, at one time, a young Ms. De La Corte to be equally attractive.

"So they'll be inserting labial rings in the same manner?" Muffin asks with pleasant anticipation.

My hand slips under her skirt. The pretty lass neither moves nor protests as my fingers glide up her thighs.

"Correct. The tape runs for hours. Our demanding Ms. De La Corte faints a couple of times. But under my instructions, the procedure was stopped and the staff revived her. I wanted her to feel the searing excruciating pain from each and every penetrating needle."

My exploring hand finds there are no panties. It also encounters moisture. As

I know all too well, there is arousal in observing the suffering, particularly when endured by she so deserving of it. An index finger and middle finger slip past the wet and slippery inner labia. A smile on the pretty lips of Miss Muffin Brown becomes the only discernible reaction as I enter her love nest.

“You’re very good,” she compliments.

“I’ve had plenty of practice.

“Perhaps Miss Brown you’d like to attend a special release some evening. If you like the way Ms. De La Corte reacts to pain on tape, you’ll be quite amused to see her up close and in person... suspended by her own flesh and flogged into the wee hours of the morning. I particularly enjoy having her hung spread wide open.

“And with her special diet of butter and lard, there is more flesh to flog each and every week...”

Penance Corporation of America

The Judge's Revenge

Having exchanged tapes, Muffin Brown leaves my chambers. I press the intercom button to alert my clerk.

“I am not to be disturbed,” I declare firmly but politely.

From my drawer I retrieve the video tape exchanged with the young but refreshingly energetic handler from the Penance Corporation of America, Facility 14. With the movement of my hand the wafting air brings traces of her most intimate feminine scent.

She came quite strongly, her thighs firmly clenching my hand. My fingers remain moist with her essence. She is certainly not shy when it comes to pleasure, I note to myself.

The tape consigned to her was of Antoinette De La Corte, now anonymous inmate number 021507 under Muffin's exacting care. Watching her naked well bound form being pierced time and again, the red hot needles bringing forth excruciating agony, was arousing. We viewed it together. It did not require much effort for my adroit fingers to slip two to three inches past her inner labia then hook upwards to palpate that magic feminine spot and bring orgasm after orgasm. And for a daughter of Lesbos such as myself, freely toying with something as young, warm, wet and tight as the 23 year old Muffin brought arousal to me as well. Though her divine kisses suggest she is one of us, I know the girl to be frustratingly bisexual. Yet it is comforting that her sexual joy in interacting with the male gender is experienced through having control and authority. Thus I can overlook her sexual ambivalence. A girl like Muffin Brown does not submit to the penis. On that point, this lifelong lesbian can feel admiration for the pretty blue eyed blonde.

I take the tape received in exchange to the VCR. Though I have considered destroying it, other thoughts bring hesitancy. Yes, the second half of the tape shows me as a young judge experimenting in female on female sadomasochism, even being forced to orally satisfy my tormentress. Quite the

sordid scene. If revealed, my career on the bench would end. At my age, early fifties, reentering the drudgery of the bar would be traumatic. Thus after many years of apprehension in not knowing of the whereabouts of the embarrassing evidence, I am most sanguine in finally possessing it.

Yet overlooked as irrelevant by the miscreant ‘Bennie the Bumper’, he who stole the tape many years ago, and also overlooked by Muffin for that matter, is that which is shown on the first half of the recording. So I place the tape in the machine, press play and move to ensure that my office door is bolted. The screen alights and there unfolds an old but familiar setting from the basement of that Brooklyn bordello. The sight of the whipping bench once again makes me quiver, the vixen Antoinette De Le Corte so often forcing me to lie there naked and unknowingly exposed to the camera. But my trembling reaction of fear soon turns to one of delight.

There on the bench, strapped down naked, is a male of some forty plus years. As his caning begins and his fortitude breaks, my wry smile broadens. Then when outright pleading begins, a quaking voice begging Antoinette De La Corte for mercy, I find myself cackling.

The form is that of Judge Victor Hopkins, chief judge for the eastern district of New York. My boss and a bigger catch for Ms. De La Corte than me. But evidently Ms. De La Corte never utilized that portion of the tape for extortion. Either Bennie the Bumper stole it before it could be put to use, or it was intended to be held in ‘reserve’... me providing the day to day needs, the extortion of Judge Hopkins to come later should trouble arise.

It is curiously coincidental that the now aging judge... he who initiates recommendations for advancement to the Court of Appeals... my boss... is also a victim of Madam and daughter De La Corte’s vast conspiracy... or would have been a victim had the tape remained in their possession.

As the tape rolls, I recall Antoinette forewarning me when she first showed me the second half to draw me into the conspiracy.

“We have others we film from time to time, with some of whom you are familiar. If you do not help us, obediently ensure that our little business is protected, we will destroy you... your career... then we’ll go to them for

assistance. We have quite the collection of evidence... there is more of it right here on this tape.”

Yes, she hinted and now I know.

With the Brooklyn bordello long gone, it is my turn to conspire. One does not labor in jurisprudence for the pecuniary rewards. One labors for prestige and the esteem of one’s peers. And being recommended for the Court of Appeals would certainly bring prestige and esteem.

As I watch flow the tears of the honorable Judge Hopkins, I note his reaction to Ms. De La Corte’s mocking, taunting voice. It becomes apparent that, unlike me who disdained such distasteful embarrassment after the first visit, the naked form strangely enjoys the humiliation, seems to revel in the control ceded to the then young and physically imposing Antoinette De La Corte.

Well, those days are long over... Hopkins approaching his seventies... De La Corte approaching the physique of a fattened hog.

I turn off the tape and ponder the fate I have mandated for Ms. De La Corte... a sedentary life enclosed in a cage with a constant flow of saturated fat slowly transforming a prideful body to that prized by a butcher... only to be released from strict bondage for my weekly visit.

Oh, I am becoming wet again, the masturbating of Muffin commencing a pleasant flow of moisture which now turns to wetness in envisioning my antagonist of many years suspended naked and well spread in the chamber for special release.

And to think the federal government pays the cost for all that enjoyment...

And now enters the Hopkins equation...

I have been unfairly passed over many times for consideration for the higher court. After displaying brilliance in both law school and as a young assistant prosecutor, I became one of the youngest district judges ever appointed. But then my sexual preference became evident and the ‘esteemed’ Judge Hopkins, now confirmed as a hypocrite, refused to allow the possibility for

advancement.

No promotion is guaranteed in the Judicial branch, but without the recommendation of one's immediate superior, a stifling and redundant career is conversely assured.

That will not continue to be.

But how does one get from here to there? At his age, Victor Hopkins can retire at any time under the federal judicial system. After relinquishing his office as chief judge, in semi retirement he could continue to hear cases at his leisure, earning pay for a lifetime. Long past any possible advancement, an approach by me deemed brash may just provoke that which he has already planned. He may place himself in retirement status and end my career when he shrugs and challenges, calling my bluff by suggesting that the tape be revealed.

Even if my own sordid scene is edited out, how could I explain my possession of the tape without raising many questions... without my own culpability coming to light?

He retires. In having been found to broach extortion, I would be forced to resign. My scheme could backfire.

No I must be clever about this. Victor must be extorted... but subtly. It must not appear that I am coercing favor.

It is not unusual for a judge to request a sub rosa discussion with his or her superior. Many times a case entangles one in a potential conflict or matters of venue or district stare decisis. Therefore my request for a meeting with Judge Victor Hopkins is not met with astonishment. His clerk just finds it unusual when I specify that an hour is needed and I require it to be late in the day.

Yes, the meeting with his ‘honor’ will be cathartic and I suspect he will afterwards be desirous of opening the credenza behind his desk where a half empty bottle of fine single male scotch whisky joins full bottles of gin and vodka.

I have always found it ironic as to what can be cloaked beneath a judge’s robe. Somewhere I read an historical account where jurists in the old west packed sizable six shooters for protection, no telltale bulges to be seen. Thus it is a very simple matter to enter Judge Hopkins chambers with the two tapes tucked under the many folds of black.

“Good afternoon, Your Honor,” I begin with the mandated formal salutation.

“Sit down, Pat. We can dispense with formalities at the end of the day.”

I retrieve the tapes from under my robe and accept his invitation.

“What can I do for you?”

“I have a potential conflict in dealing with a special prisoner... held under the Patriot Act provisions. You know... not yet formally arraigned while she is being interrogated.”

“Yes, I saw the case in your logs.”

“Well, certain evidence came to light in searching her possessions. And I feel it needs to be reviewed to see if, in your opinion, the evidence places the court in a conflict.”

I hold up the older tape, disguising as best I can my shaking hand. Depending on the reaction of Judge Victor Hopkins, my envisioned scheme will lead to either resignation or recommendation for higher court.

“A video tape?”

“Yes. Rather old... but relevant... despite the statute of limitations. May I play it?”

He watches without emotion while I prepare his VCR, a replica of the unit in my office. But he does appear concerned when I bolt his office door.

“Patriot Act stuff,” I hint.

Under the terms of the procedures outlined in the Act, discretion is paramount. In my logs, reviewed routinely by Judge Hopkins, not even the name of she held in Penance Corporation Facility 14 has been revealed. He has no idea that under my court order I locked away the former U.S. Attorney, Ms. Antoinette De La Corte.

I return to my seat just as the dungeon setting comes onto the screen. Then the form of a naked male appears and a very impressively muscled female in tight black leather bodice and black leather panties. Though the woman’s face is never shown, the camera is placed such that when the naked male is strapped to the whipping bench, there can be no doubt of his identity. Even after nearly twenty years, it is obviously Judge Victor Hopkins. I hear his gulp as he feigns unfamiliarity. I know he is squirming and I just let the scene unfold for many minutes, pretending not to recognize him.

“Let me fast forward to the part where I have concern.”

I arise and can feel his relief when his face and form disappear from the screen. As the VCR whirrs I turn and smile. Victor Hopkins has been very icy to me for the past few years. I am not sure precisely when he came to a conclusion concerning my sexual preference but my career has stalled as a result. Still, I must be cordial. It is Judge Hopkins who decides on the court’s calendar. My case load could worsen...

“Here,” I proclaim in stopping the fast forward to resume playing the tape.

Now it is my turn to grimace and relive the suffering of pain and humiliation.

The scene changes to me, district judge Patricia Wilmot, lying on the whipping bench. It appears equally debasing, yet in my mind there is a difference. I was coerced after that first experiment. Judge Victor Hopkins paid handsomely for many encounters and perversely enjoyed every moment.

The young Ms. De La Corte proves to be a woman of rituals, for the exact same scene unfolds in terms of the straps, the taunts and the machine like precision of her caning. And just as I pretended not to recognize Judge Hopkins, he graciously pretends not to recognize me.

Halfway through I again arise and stop the tape before the scene changes to forced oral servitude.

I do not want to drive home his impression of my sexual preference.

“You get the gist, Victor. It gets rather repetitive for the next thirty minutes.”

He nods as I resume sitting then offers his comments.

“Shocking in its depravity. But obviously old and therefore bringing the statute of limitations into question, not to mention that there does not seem to be a breach of Federal law,” Victor Hopkins astutely suggests.

“Except there are two noteworthy items of information which extenuate any concerns raised by the tape. One is that the woman wielding the cane is the U.S. Attorney... or was up until she resigned a few weeks ago. I have a second tape that clearly reveals her identity. And two is that it is she who I am having held under provisions of the Patriot Act.”

Judge Hopkins knits his brow in grasping the gravity of the conflict placed before him. He rises and moves to his credenza, just as I suspected he would.

“A drink, Pattie?”

“Just a finger or two of vodka.”

Five o'clock has passed. Though alcohol is forbidden in federal facilities, it is ultimately we who enforce the rules. Thirst can motivate a jurist to engage in some degree of hypocrisy. Judge Hopkins pours my drink and three fingers of

that fine single malt for himself.

“How long did you know, Victor?” I straightforwardly inquire as he leans to hand me my glass. “How long did you know that the U.S. Attorney was once a professional dominatrix. I will leave you with the second tape if you have doubts as to her identity. But I suspect you do not.”

He pauses in thought, choosing his words carefully.

“As you know, as Chief Judge, I handle few lengthy criminal trials. I take the quick civil stuff to keep administrative time available. Therefore she was never in my court room. But I would see her in the building from time to time. The face was somewhat changed but obviously one does not forget the demeanor... under the circumstances. She was quite young... but quite... shall we say... demanding.”

I nod and sip.

“That tape was obviously made for purposes of extortion, Patricia. Yet I have never before seen it... never knew of its existence. It is embarrassing. Could end a career. But it is not criminal... not at this point. Yet... if one of her victims reacted to the threat of extortion... used influence... performed some questionable acts... now that might be a different matter.”

Yes, Judge Hopkins is leading right where I desire to go.

“Thus this meeting, Victor. It appears we both have a problem. Your reputation... my career. Yes the tape was used on me. Many small favors, uses of my influence, have been demanded and furnished over the years. Therefore in handling this Patriot Act request it could be said I have a conflict. You somehow escaped the clutches... up until now. Therefore can we assume you have no conflict in reviewing my decision?”

“Until now?”

“It will be difficult to hold our dominatrix turned prosecutor much longer. The Patriot Act requires a review of my order if she is to be held in continuing secrecy. If released I am sure she would spill the beans. She has

nothing to lose. And there may be more tapes...”

“So no one knows of this tape and these clandestine rendezvous?”

“Just an inmate permanently tucked away on a capital charge and a rather precocious handler who has every reason to keep this all quiet. To my knowledge no one else has seen the tape... at least not in the past twenty years.”

“Consider your order for continuing secret confinement to be reviewed and approved.”

Victor raises his glass, nods and sips. I smile and join him.

“You can be sure she’s not passing the word to other prisoners?” he inquires in contemplation. “Telling others where more tapes may be found?”

My goodness, I think to myself, how many visits did a young, randy and debaucherous Victor Hopkins make to the bordello? He is concerned that there is more, as am I.

“Perhaps to finalize your review you should visit her, Victor. I think you’ll be comforted by the level of security afforded. But I do not think you’ll be ogling that forceful, well muscled feminine frame again. She is unlikely to fit into those black leather garments you obviously coveted.”

A brazen taunt, but warranted. The sexually submissive jurist obviously envied the powerful feminine form, accepting painful stroke after stroke of the wickedest of implements so he could gaze in masochistic rapture at the chiseled muscling of his perceived superior. Once Judge Victor Hopkins has agreed to join the cabal, I can be much more forthright in our interaction. And I detect a wry smile as he reminisces, picturing that scantily clad young Ms. De La Corte flailing away.

“Now Victor, my personal review is coming up. Surely we can see a way to enhance my performance rating.... it’s been many years...”

On Friday evening, Judge Hopkins meets me in the garage of the federal courthouse building. It is past rush hour. Working late while others confront the vagaries of traffic is a time worn habit for both of us. Most have departed for the weekend, therefore few co workers of significance notice that we together slip into my car. With Victor approaching seventy years of age there will be no rumors of libidinous behavior even if we are spotted. Just two colleagues going for a Friday evening drink.

The Penance Corporation of America Facility 14 is less than an hour's drive east to the suburbs of Long Island. As I recommended, Judge Hopkins will visit our special inmate... she held under the draconian provisions of the Patriot Act... someone who we have conveniently deemed a suspected terrorist and who needs to be interrogated in secret due to national security concerns.

"I reviewed that second tape you left with me. Hope you don't mind if I keep it as a memento."

I smile wondering if at Victor's age he spent a quiet evening stroking that shriveled pecker while once again viewing that amazing physique of an older but even more demanding Antoinette De Le Corte as she works inmate 061505, Bennie 'the bumper' Balvano, during special release.

"It's yours, Victor. I needed it to coerce Ms. De La Corte's resignation. Now that we have her safely tucked away, it is of no use."

"Based on the dialogue, I assume the hooded gent having his balls whipped is the one who reputedly had our tape. But Ms. De La Corte did not make much of an effort to learn of its whereabouts."

I smile in listening to the esteemed judge use such a crass term as 'balls'.

"That's what angered me, Victor. I spent years acceding to her special requests with the understanding that the missing tape was being sought. I interceded in the sentencing of Mr. Balvano under the notion that my concession to Ms. De La Corte's recommended sentencing terms would lead to the location of the tape. Instead, our miscreant became just one more toy

with which she could play. And the tape remained concealed... only to be found on a hunch by an interloper... thankfully friendly to our side of this age-old skirmish.”

Through the windshield, the high nondescript walls come into view. I stop at the gate and show identification as does Victor. We are expected and are waved through. Within, there are many rows of razor wire not to be seen by the outside world. A few hundred yards down a drive there is visitors parking. I stop. We exit the car.

“You’ve been here before, Pattie,” the judge comments on my familiarity.

“Once per week. Usually on Thursday evenings. It’s rather symbolic for me. It was Thursday evenings when our strict friend demanded I visit that Flatbush Avenue brownstone.”

Judge Hopkins nods.

“Mondays for me,” he succinctly proclaims with less vitriol.

Curious how the sentiment of two people can so diversely react to similar events.

The lobby for special release visitors is sparse and empty. The Penance Corporation is quite sensitive concerning the preferred anonymity of those utilizing the ‘special release’ facilities. No one saunters about. No other visitors, just Victor and I waiting near a heavy steel door. Within moments there comes a click and it creaks open. Warden Peggy Blakely steps into the lobby holding open the door.

“Back again, Your Honor. We have 021507 all ready for you. As you’ve suggested the waiting can be deliciously tormenting, so she has been anticipating your arrival for nearly an hour.”

“This is Chief Judge Victor Hopkins, Peggy. Here on an official visit to review 021507's status in being held under the Patriot Act.”

“Nice to meet you, Your Honor. We try to work very closely with the

judiciary here at the Penance Corporation of America. Please feel free to ask any questions. You will see that our facility is safe and very quiet. No noise, no violence, no escapes. You will find that your tax dollars are well spent.”

As Peggy speaks we step through the door and join her in a hallway leading to the special release rooms.

“Room #3 tonight.”

There are a total of four rooms. I sometimes quiver in entering the rooms due to the similarity with Ms. De La Corte’s basement dungeon in terms of austere gothic accouterments and tenebrous lighting. But then I think of the irony of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte... one time professional dominatrix, one time U.S. Attorney, now naked and well controlled inmate 021507... being confined within and awaiting my arrival with such delicious apprehension.

“I have asked Muffin Brown to join us this evening, Peggy.”

The large woman nods.

“She’s already in the room. Her first visit to special release.”

“That’s the handler here who had the wherewithal to locate the tape, Victor. Quite an industrious young lass. I think you will like her.”

Muffin Brown’s form is not as athletically composed as was the U.S. Attorney in her prime, but certainly a match between the ears, her penchant for governance and discipline equally intriguing to a man of Victor’s ilk, I think to myself. Though Victor is aging, I doubt life long proclivities wane entirely.

“Since the handlers here are all female, Victor. I have made a special request of the Warden. Because Ms. De La Corte has so much contempt for the male gender, I have suggested she be *interviewed* by a male.”

“No one who can identify us, I trust?” Victor cautiously inquires.

“He has his own problems with being recognized, Your Honor. All who pass through here have reason to be discrete,” Warden Peggy informs.

It is evident that Victor is concerned, as was I in first visiting Facility 14. But since we all band together in the enjoyment of tormenting the hapless inmates, there is formed a curious bond... a cabal of silence.

Peggy pushes open the door to Special Release Room 3. We follow her into the cavernous dimly lit space and I take special effort in observing Victor's reaction.

Glowing under the luminescence of overhead spotlights is the hanging form of a naked woman. She is hooded. Her flesh has a sheen, having been oiled. There are layers of soft plumpness covering a skeletal frame which still portrays a degree of athleticism. Torso, arms, legs, and ankles have been penetrated by more than a dozen rings. A large soft rubber tube emanates from her mouth. But most noteworthy, and bringing a broad smile to my lips, is that she is suspended upside down, cords running from her rings to a wooden frame to the right, left and above to bear her weight in complete suspension some two feet from the floor. The cords force her thighs to be obscenely spread and reveal shaved genitalia whose well stretched labia have likewise been pierced with rings and bound open with slim cords.

I have often seen inmate 021507 restrained in such a revealing and humiliating position. Thus I focus on the reaction of my colleague, Chief Judge Victor Hopkins.

He is aghast... but his reaction slowly ebbs into a wry smile.

"She's hooded and blindfolded. What's that tube in her mouth?"

I am comforted hearing that his words are spoken with little emotion.

"A gastric tube... ostensibly to ensure she receives the mandated special diet. But it also nicely serves to silence her. We do not permit talking here and being a facility for the male convict, the sound of a female prisoner's voice would be... shall we say, alarming." Warden Peggy explains.

With her words she approaches the helpless form and pokes about, pressing her fingers into flabby softness where there once was impressively firm

muscling.

“We’re breaking her. Lots of saturated fats, siphoned constantly. The once proud physique is forever gone. The slow transformation from slick thoroughbred to fattened hog is wonderfully wearing on the psyche. And there is nothing she can do about it. Just languish in her cage and plumpen as the fats are slowly siphoned through the tube.”

My heart warms in hearing the words. Yet I look to see a degree of remorse on Judge Victor’s face. I am glad I gave him the recent tape of a demanding and sadistic Antoinette De La Corte wearing her alluring flogging attire for the last time in tormenting Bennie Balvano. It is apparent that her new form, that resembling the plumpness of a toad, does not imbue the stimulating nuance of the intense power exchange which in the past has thrilled the judge, as projected by the rippling muscles of the former flagellatrix.

From out of the shadows, apparently also observing the slow torment of 021507 hanging by her very flesh, steps Muffin Brown, the pretty young handler who astutely located the vile tape and ended the career of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte... as both prosecutor and extortionist.

I make introductions and as suspected, the eye of Judge Victor Hopkins roves up and down the form of the shapely girl. The old jurist finds attraction, the blue eyes and blonde hair seeming to brighten a room otherwise illuminated only by the glow of 021507’s greased nakedness.

“We thank you for your efforts,” Victor obsequiously offers, I suppose the setting causing his mind to revert to the Brooklyn dungeon and the aura of feminine power.

Muffin just smiles as the Judge kisses her hand in a charming continental salutation. I can only imagine how many times per day a groveling male offers similar oral greetings at Penance Corporation of America. Muffin politely accepts the osculation, offers quiet words of greeting and steps back. She knows not to divert attention from the task at hand.

All eyes return to what, in any other facility, would be considered a bizarre sight. Yet at Penance Corporation there are special releases afforded nightly...

an endless supply of inmates strung up and disciplined for both amusement and revenge. And so we gaze at 021507 as she hangs like a spider in a web... taut cords streaming from her many rings to the frame of thick wood.

“May I?” a suddenly emboldened judge inquires gesturing with his hand.

“She, as well as every other inmate here, are presented for inspection and amusement under the auspices of the government,” Peggy pleasantly but patiently explains. “They are at your disposal.”

What Peggy conveniently omits is that the Penance Corporation of America bills the government extra for every moment of inmate care outside of the cell block. As far as she is concerned, we could boil every inmate in oil and eat them with the bill of fare serving to enhance the profits of the unique publicly traded corporation.

The judge steps forth, breaking from our little group which has been congregating at the entrance and gaping like impressionable tourists at a museum. He stands proximate to the helpless form. I can imagine that the old lecher is absorbing the strong scent, the ringed labia pulled open to the extreme with feminine hygiene at this men’s penitentiary being quite limited.

“She’s gagged and cannot talk, hooded and cannot see. But can she hear?”

“Yes, Your Honor. She hears everything. It serves to build the sense of frustration... being fully aware of her surroundings and cognizant of what is happening but helpless to protest “

“Well then, I suppose we must extend her period of debriefing under the Patriot Act. After all, she can identify me. I am sure she recognizes my voice.”

With that, the once muscular 021507 lurches in her ineluctable bonds. Her movement is futile, of course, but serves to inform that she indeed understands that her stay will be extended and she knows it is Chief Judge Victor Hopkins deciding her fate. But it also serves to jiggle those once firm titties, now rounded with extra layers of flesh the growth of which were

before inhibited with intense workouts at an expensive gymnasium. The judge notices, the male eye never missing an ostentatious display of feminine charms.

“Nice boobies.”

The judge leans. The hooded face of Antoinette De La Corte hangs at the knee level... her upside down breasts just below the waist. I am both shocked and amused when aging male hands palm the growing mammary glands and begin to palpate, gently squeezing the nipples between thumb and forefinger.

“I am not sure whether I like these better than those firm boyish breasts which so nicely stood at attention while you swung your cane, *Ms. Antoinette*,” the judge derisively sneering her name.

Victor Hopkins chuckles under his breath. I have never before heard him laugh.

“Should these be pierced and ringed also?”

“It can easily be done, Your Honor. But you must understand that the other rings are functional, used to bind and render the inmate completely immobile. Thus nipple rings are deemed superfluous to that end and could interfere with her floggings.”

The judge nods. Having gained proximity, broken the ice in a manner of speaking, his hands rise, smoothing along the plumpness in inspecting the rings, pulling at large tufts of flesh with the tight cords holding the naked form in place.

“Must be quite painful, “ he notes.

“And slow, as intended,” Peggy adds.

I look to see that Muffin smiles and I join her.

“And the purpose?”

“She is here to entertain. And there may be a time when we learn the status of

all those other tapes. She'll break... in time... but hopefully not too soon," my dear sweet Muffin interjects.

"There are definitely other tapes?"

"Our source, now a life inmate here thanks to Ms. De La Corte, informs there was an entire closet full at one time. Though many years ago, you can imagine the potential effect of their disclosure if discovered. There is no reason to believe that Madam, Ms. De La Corte's mother, filmed the dregs of society. It would only have been the influential... only those who would have something to bargain would be recorded. We'd like to find out who and learn the fate of all those recordings."

"Well I guess that makes the decision even more imperative. You are indeed a bit of a terrorist, aren't you *Ms. Antoinette*?"

The appellation is again sneered but this time the judge toys with one of the slim cords attached to a labial ring which holds our defrocked dominatrix spread open to the point of extreme. Then a gnarled finger begins to toy with the vast expanse of pink, the moist inner labia gleaming under the overhead spotlights. Once again Ms. De La Corte spasmodically lurches, her only form of communication. Her motion brings another wry smile for I know that her fruitless gesture of protest only brings added stress to the many bindings and with it increased pain.

I also know that over time... many, many weeks from now... her muscles will atrophy with the strict Penance Corporation regimen of being constantly caged. Should I choose to continue my weekly visits, there will come a time when she will barely be able to contract a muscle. She will just hang and take all meted out to her.

Oh such a divine thought...

The judge's finger momentarily plunges into the forcibly opened vagina. He cackles in sensing Ms. De La Corte's reaction of revilement. In being a bull dyke lesbian I know she normally would physically react to being touched there by a man, perhaps a strong kick to the groin. Her sexual preference serves to heighten the intense ignominy and as the judge comes to understand

this, he defyingly diddles in earnest deep within the cavernous grotto.

“It’s probably something she’s needed more than anything all these years... to be penetrated by a good firm penis.”

“In time, we can arrange to offer much of that here, Your Honor. But not precisely how you suggest,” Muffin humorously offers.

“No. I prefer her to remain gagged and held in anonymity. We in this room are to be the only ones to know her true identity,” the judge replies.

“And 061505,” Warden Peggy interjects. “What of Bennie Balvano, the original source?”

“Mr. Balvano will never be in a position to divulge what he knows. I assume you’ll see to that Judge Wilmot?”

I nod and repress a smile. My plan is working. The chief judge has bought into our program.

“And I have a concern... term me somewhat paranoid. But it appears this hood can be easily removed,” Judge Hopkins observes.

“Yes. Weekly cleansing and depilation, Your Honor, but only by Miss Brown and attending medical personnel.”

“Have the follicles permanently destroyed. I believe there is a laser process which will do the trick. Then we will need something which will better conceal her identity. The government will be billed, of course. After all, the nation must be protected from terrorists... “

For one who years ago so subserviently laid on a whipping bench, the judge certainly seems to enjoy wielding power when it is his turn to do so.

“Now, I was promised some amusement.”

The car ride back to the parking garage of the federal courthouse is initially silent. I do not know if Judge Victor Hopkins is overwhelmed by the evening's 'entertainment', contemplates what he may be deeming as a daunting scene, or is mentally reveling in viewing the comeuppance of a woman of great sexual dominion.

"Your thoughts, Victor?"

"She suffered exquisitely. I wish I could have heard her scream and beg."

I laugh, having often thought the same, the gastric tube inhibiting all vocal response.

"The tube is quite useful though. You can't imagine how much fat is pumped into her daily. Over time the psychological effect will be to our advantage. Whatever tapes remain... wherever they are... will be divulged," I offer in circumspection. "But thereafter, they'll keep her crawling about like a little piggy. It's quite the inexorable system the Penance Corporation has inaugurated. Placing someone into their custody is like pouring something down the drain. It never comes back nor is it ever seen again."

"But my thinking is coming in line with that of *Ms. Antoinette*, Pattie... when she comfortably had free rein to torment this Bennie Balvano knowing that as long as she had him the missing tape was not really needed."

Food for thought. Something I had not before considered... keep Ms. De La Corte in permanent incarceration, forget about any other tapes.

"I am also thinking about an alarming classic novel by Alexandre Dumas..." he pensively adds.

With that, Victor Hopkins returns to his thoughts and I silently drive, comforted in knowing that tonight's scene indeed amused and did not shock. And that Chief Judge Victor Hopkins is firmly on board with our program.

Meanwhile, recollections of the evening's activities continue to flash in my own mind.

After Victor finished his humiliating inspection we all sat and Peggy summoned the 'interrogator', the services for which I am sure the government was billed. But conversely I am also sure the man in turn paid the Penance Corporation for the privilege.

He was large, barrel-chested, masked and stripped to the waist. Upon Peggy's signal, we four sat and watched this anonymous sadist ply his craft, flogging every inch of Ms. De La Corte's well exposed flesh. The oiling of her skin was to enhance the sound of the crisp snap as the man's quirt methodically applied stripe after nasty thin stripe. The breasts and nipples were penultimately whipped. I believe Ms. De La Corte swooned when the penis whip, that used in the Bennie Balvano tape, was ironically used to excoriate the well exposed labial flesh.

I am convinced that the aging pecker of Judge Hopkins was tenting his trousers before he crossed his legs to conceal his reaction. I know there was moisture forming within my loins.

While Ms. De La Corte was being revived, both Victor and I simultaneously looked at our watches. The hour was reasonable but there was an hour trip to confront and then a drive home. We departed as the burly man doused the hanging form with cold water to begin anew.

As I pull into the parking garage, Victor is drawn from his reveries.

"I'll need some very precise measurements taken. Then why not have this Muffin Brown visit us in chambers. She seems resourceful and dedicated to our cause."

I nod and warm to his use of the term 'our cause'. As I thought, despite slowing physically, the curious penchants of the fetishist really never fully dissipate. Chief Judge Victor Hopkins will vicariously enjoy the torment he once shamelessly paid Ms. De La Corte to endure.

“You look very pretty today, Muffin.”

The 23 year old handler once again visits in my chambers. Having weeks before masturbated her while watching the tape of Ms. De La Corte’s indoctrination into the extreme care of the Penance Corporation of America, I feel I can be less formal.

“Have a seat.”

I move from behind my desk to sit next to her. I am heartened when she pulls up the hem of her denim skirt before seating herself. I am further heartened to note that once again she is pantiless.

“You seem to enjoy my touch,” I comment forthrightly.

She smiles, nods and explains.

“The inmates don’t use their hands. I do not permit it. So some penetration is welcomed from time to time.”

Right to the point. I suppose in daily governing so many recalcitrant males, one becomes bold and succinct in expressing one’s needs. Therefore once again my hand lowers to her knee and my knowing fingers begin their journey, as before traveling without resistance.

“We’re due to see Judge Hopkins in a few minutes. You must understand that his involvement in our little conspiracy is key. I cannot be the sole determining jurist in keeping Ms. De La Corte incarcerated. Victor must review and approve my recommendation for continued ‘interrogation’.”

Muffin nods and smiles. I do not know if it is in agreement and understanding or that my fingers, thrusting past the comfortably tight portal of her mons, bring distracting joy as I knead her vaginal walls.

“It’s an arduous and ascetic life, being a judge. But knowing that the likes of reprobates such as Ms. De La Corte are forever tucked away under my edict brings satisfaction. I envy your role in having access to her daily.”

Muffin sighs with the first of many mild orgasms, providing moisture which allows deeper penetration. Though being past the age of such ready concupiscence, I still revel in sensing the Sapphic ecstasy. Thus I look into her eyes, lean and let our lips entwine as three fingers work in earnest.

In continuing my lustful endeavors, there comes a paroxysmal clenching of her thighs and a throaty moan. I withdraw with a sense of gratification, however transient.

“We must depart. And you’ll be amused to find that your scent will add a quaint level of debauchery to our discussion. Come.”

As always, Chief Judge Victor Hopkins prefers to leave discussion of our licentious use of power for late in the day. Therefore as I lead the pretty blonde to the prestigious corner office, most clerical types are preparing for day’s end with some walking the halls to leave. A clerk shows us directly into the chambers. In being distracted by the forthcoming commute home, he does not notice the odoriferous feminine scent emanating from my hand and beneath Muffin’s skirt.

In entering, Judge Hopkins wordlessly nods towards the door. I know to bolt it behind me.

“Good evening, Muffin,” the aging jurist graciously welcomes.

Greetings are exchanged as Judge Hopkins moves to a large drawer in the credenza serving as bar. I must smile when I note that, as expected, his nose detects what the typically houndish male constantly covets. He smells Muffin’s arousal.

“I trust the measurements provided will be accurate,” Victor notes as shaped pieces of stainless steel are withdrawn and laid before us on his desk.

“Nurse Joanie Jones was most careful, Your Honor. She measures 021507 weekly in recording her burgeoning girth. Calipers gauge the growing layers of fat at the stomach, breasts, buttocks, thighs and calves. Ms. Antoinette is a growing girl.”

Yes, I can imagine the frustrating embarrassment in being weekly measured with the level of increasing girth called out for all to hear then recorded for all to review. The hog does not fatten without notice.

“We’ve put forty pounds on her... all where a girl seeks less.”

Muffin’s enthusiastic ridicule brings laughter. Even Judge Hopkins smiles, though conversely I know he has always been enraptured by feminine power and is oddly aroused by its sight.

“Had these accouterments fabricated by a highly skilled metal worker. One who is on parole and I can have put away should there be lack of discretion. All should fit perfectly.”

We all peer at two sizable pieces of shaped stainless steel. When Victor places one on top of the other, the pertinence becomes more than apparent. Facing us from the surface of his desk is a human mask. There are eye holes, ear holes, cheeks, a curved section in the shape of a nose, two holes for the nostrils, and beneath those an opening which replicates a mouth. Curiously, it is not elliptical but instead obscenely shaped to accommodate a cylindrical object. Below that there is a chin and then the silhouette slims to form a covering about the neck.

Chief Judge Victor Hopkins can be quite diabolical.

“I think we all know who will be wearing this,” Judge Hopkins proclaims as assorted implements are also laid out for examination.

There is a custom fitted strip to be attached as a blindfold. Padded coverings for the ear holes. Two small but nasty tube like pieces fit into the nose openings, designed to slip well up into the nostrils. Another evil piece, cylindrical with a rubber hose attached, fits into the round opening at the mouth. There is a small clasp which apparently facilitates locking it in place.

Judge Hopkins picks up the mouth piece.

“I am told this can be both practical yet particularly useful in tormenting. The length of this rubber tube is intended to extend to the back of the throat and

will constantly trigger the gag reflex. Takes many weeks to become accustomed to it. And obviously it is positioned such that anything introduced into this opening will flow through the tube must then be ingested. Thus feedings will continue to be forced.”

The Judge pauses.

“The advantage is that the tube can be locked in place but is much easier to remove than a full gastric tube... for those rare times when one wants to listen to the wearer... should she have anything to divulge... or perhaps just to hear her singing along with the whip.”

I smile with the deliberate selection of Judge Hopkins’ words. I so often recall a young Ms. De La Corte taunting me... inquiring whether I would like to ‘sing’ for her as her cane wielding hand brought fire, vocal protest, and finally pleadings. As a person of rituals, I am sure she taunted the Chief Judge in the same manner.

“And of course this entire assemblage locks in place.”

At the top, above the forehead, the two pieces hinge together. Below, at the neck, two formidable padlocks fit into loops, right and left, securing the back piece to the front.

“Unlike like the leather hood, hearing can easily be curtailed with special coverings over the ear holes. You see there is threading where these can be attached and locked in place.”

The judge holds up two round pieces of matching stainless steel. On one side of each there is a plug obvious designed to be inserted into the ear canal along with a thick layer of foam padding. The other side is flat and shiny. It is apparent that once each ear is stuffed with the plug and padding, the rounded piece is screwed into the ear opening. As he demonstrates, the fine workmanship and milling becomes evident. The covered ear hole disappears with just the slightest circular seam remaining in sight.

“And also, unlike the leather hood, only the holder of the key can permit the mask to be removed.”

Yes, Judge Victor's Friday evening reference to Alexandre Dumas comes back to mind... and his notoriously evil novel.. 'The Iron Mask'. My cohort will force a similar covering over Ms. De La Corte though he graciously affords one not of iron but of shining polished stainless steel. Still, once in place, she will forever be held in anonymity. No one but the keyholder will be able to remove the mask. No one will again hear her words except when a small lock is removed and the mouth tube slid away... and I suspect such times will be quite limited.

As Judge Hopkins assembles all the pieces, there forms on his desk a human head sans eyes and hair. Yet its function is to dehumanize, forever robbing the wearer of identity, communication, even hearing and sight when deemed appropriate.

There is silence as we gape at the finely crafted metal work. Muffin shifts in her chair and it dawns that the thought of her inmate 021507 wearing the evil assemblage has brought about the need for my fingers. Such a randy girl... so controlling... so authoritative... yet unlike Ms. De La Corte... so charming in her governance.

"What does all this weigh? It appears heavy."

"About twenty pounds. Our Ms. De La Corte will not be jumping about with any degree of alacrity."

"And the keys, Victor?"

"I will hold the key for the neck locks. The mask will only be removed at my whim... urr... rather my written order. The handlers at the Penance Corporation will have the key to the mouth piece."

"Has her hair been removed?"

Muffin nods.

"The laser is expensive, works slowly but is very effective. She's permanently bald."

“But what of 061505? He too knows of the tapes’ existence and Ms. De La Corte’s true identity,” Muffin astutely inquires.

“His life sentence is official. Anything he is able to communicate to the outside world, if that ever happens, will be deemed nothing more than the rantings of a convict attempting to draw clemency. It is only the words and knowledge of Ms. De La Corte, the noted former prosecutor, which can end careers. The actual tapes must never come to light... though it would make fascinating reading in the tabloids to learn who was recorded.”

There is another pause. We all feel sanguine and confident in assuring Ms. De La Corte’s fate. Then the scent of Muffin’s arousal, renewed in contemplating the mask, brings lecherous thoughts to the once libertine chief judge. He signals subtly with his hands. Muffin smiles and responds by hiking her skirt to expose much pink, moist and fragrant flesh to our fellow conspirator.

He smiles evilly.

“Anyone care for a drink?”

In opening the credenza, the chief judge suggests that the business segment of our meeting is over.

With Judge Victor Hopkins in charge of the court calendar, it is facile to have scheduled a day off from the bench for ‘administrative’ matters. Thus I find myself once again driving to Penance Corporation of America Facility 14, but this time during daylight.

Muffin Brown suggested that Thursday was the best day to oversee the fitting of the expensive and finely polished stainless steel mask.

“Thursday is cleaning and check up day for my cell... number 113. 021507 will be released for her cleansing and medical exam and Nurse Jones will be present to assist.”

And so a date is set and for the first time I visit the main quarters of the facility. All other visits have been to the special release rooms, a separate wing where the noise that accompanies floggings and torture does not carry to the general prison population.

Warden Peggy Blakely graciously greets me, this time in the main lobby, and with the curious electric prod in hand escorts me to cell 113. Towed behind me in a wheeled travel case are the formidable pieces of steel which will soon serve to permanently cloak the identity our former professional dominatrix, extortionist, and prosecutor.

“This will start quite the intrigue within the walls of Facility 14,” Warden Peggy offers. “Only Muffin, Nurse Jones, another handler named Nancy and me know of 021507's true identity. Therefore a naked woman in a steel mask is sure to draw the same fascination as that in the movie... you know, ‘Prisoner of the Iron Mask’.”

I smile. The story... the movies and all its various remakes... are all fictional. With Ms. Antoinette De La Corte, it will be reality... delicious stark and slowly tormenting reality. Though walking I can feel twinges within my loins. The reversal of power... the revenge... it feels good. It is no wonder that the U.S. Attorney made very little genuine effort to have poor Bennie divulge the story of the tape he thought was lost. Keeping him in wicked bondage was more stimulating.

The halls of Facility 14 are of drab concrete punctuated by an occasional solid metal door, each evidently leading to a cell. There is eerie silence considering the hundreds of truculent males imprisoned within. With every other penitentiary I have visited there is the constant low roar of distraught voices with an occasional threatening outburst and guards shouting warnings of disciplinary action. Here, there is nothing. It is more akin to a mausoleum. And when Peggy works the electronic lock on cell 113 and opens the door, I find my mental comparison to be apropos. Stacked within are cages, the size and shape of which resemble coffins.

The cell door closes behind us and for the first time I meet the nurse, Joanie Jones. Peggy Blakely then bids adieu, the spacing being quite confined with us three women, the nurse's gurney and this loose inmate undergoing an examination.

"Your timing is good, Your Honor. We're just finishing with 070704 and can do 021507 next."

The hooded male inmate is enormous... and incredibly erect. He lies supine with his drawn up thighs pressed against his chest and his wrists cuffed behind his knees. His stiff penis forcibly points down and toward me by way of a board pressed against the back of his thighs.

As Nurse Joanie smiles and greets me, her gloved right hand has many digits penetrating the inmate's rectum and the left hand kneads the perineum.

"It's milking time," she glowingly offers, her comportment that of a woman doing laundry or washing dishes.

My cute Muffin stands at the head of the gurney, ostensibly comforting the humiliated male beast. But in being rid of his blindfold and looking into the face of the blue eyed blonde, I am sure for the forcibly chaste male her comforting words do nothing to sooth. For oozing forth from the penis tip is an impressive mass of white goo which even a middle aged lesbian knows to be sperm. Muffin is assisting in rutting the hapless male so his system triggers the pleasureless flow of male essence. Such ignominy...

"Good boy," nurse Joanie offers as if to a child. "Give me all that nasty build

up and we'll put you back in your cage for a nice long nap."

The flow turns to a clear fluid and the nurse slowly withdraws.

"All done," she pleasantly exclaims as if to a child being potty trained.

The two women help the huge naked form from the gurney back to the floor. A leash is snapped onto his collar and a proud Muffin guides him to the ramp and up into a cage.

"He'll sleep like a baby. After a good milking, his hormonal system reacts as if it's been copulating all day," the nurse lectures.

I observe as the inmate meekly positions himself within the cage and allows Muffin to cuff wrists and ankles to the bars. Then she points to an adjacent middle cage.

"This is 061505."

I know the number to be that of Benjamin Balvano aka Bennie the Bumper. He lies prostrate with his male package dangling through the lower bars. Then the finger points below.

"And this is 021507."

Yes, the supine feminine form of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte lies with cords attached to the numerous piercing rings and tightly connected to the bars of the ineluctable steel cage. The gastric tube stretches from her lips to a plastic bottle hanging from the bars. Through its translucence there can be seen the shadow of thick mucous... lard, butter and palm oil which serves to plump our charge, slowly siphoning without relent so that the proud 021507 suffers the mental torment of building obesity. I am amused to see that her many labial rings have been put to use. Slimmer cords, six in all, tether open her sex, pulling the lips in all directions and mandating that the woman lie horribly spread in a room full of males.

The sight brings a smile and I cannot resist approaching.

"How long?" is the simple question which Muffin intuitively understands.

“Since her medical checkup last week. There is no release. She is not afforded daily exercise. It would defeat the purpose of the calorie build up.”

Yes, now my loins indeed quiver, knowing that the woman who so often took joy in flogging me and extorting favors lies so thoroughly under the control of her authoritative equal.

‘No matter how fast you can draw your gun, there is always someone faster,’ I think to myself in the parlance of the old west. Ms. De La Corte is in the hands of a girl who is equally strict and sadistic yet with the patience to induce the time consuming slow torment which Ms. De La Corte eschewed until later in her career.

With my proximity and the wide open genitalia, I detect the odor of the undouched female. The thought broadens my smile, the scent wafting through the cages, obviously reaching the nearby noses of Muffin’s male charges and serving to heighten their sense of permanent chastity.

With that, a small torrent streams down from the cage above. Our friend Bennie has chosen to empty his bladder and the excretions soak the naked form of 021507. I burst out in laughter as the plump figure wrenches against her bonds. Nothing moves. Nothing can move. She can only lie helpless and get wet.

“It’s time for your cleansing, 021507. We’ll soon have you all cleaned up,” Muffin reaches into the cage and taps her nose in a playful gesture.

“May I?” I politely inquire.

Muffin nods. I have never before touched this inmate whom I have ordered to be held under the Patriot Act. I have many times observed her whippings, but refrained from contact. But seeing her lying so vulnerably, so quietly, I cannot resist.

I reach through the bars. My thumb and forefinger tweak the left breast. It is soft and ample having vastly grown with the special diet.

“It’s Judge Patricia Wilmot, Antoinette. You’re looking awfully fat. Have you been putting on weight?”

Yes, I taunt. What’s the fun of holding her naked and so thoroughly bound if I cannot assure that she is very much aware of her circumstances and who it is exacting revenge?

“Judge Hopkins has reviewed my order to have you held and concurred with my findings. I am sure you remember Chief Judge Hopkins. You also took the time to record him many years ago.”

There comes fruitless squirming and a murmuring sound, the gastric tube squelching all discernible speech.

“I cannot understand you with that tube stuck in your mouth. But that will change. We have something specially made for you and on occasion you will be permitted to talk.”

While I speak, I continue to play with the nipple, making it crinkle and point atop the mound of newly formed flesh. Yes, for a woman of my ilk, my sexual preference, this is a delightful way to spend a morning.

Muffin notes my Sapphic caress.

“You may wish to try my special chair, Your Honor.”

It was kind of Muffin and Nurse Joanie to give me a few moments alone with Ms. De La Corte.

After observing an incredibly humiliating and closely supervised toilet visit, 021507 was tenderly bathed, both Muffin and Joanie commenting and highlighting the many layers of added fat as four hands laved everywhere. Calipers measured the growing thickness of flesh at various points on the arms, breast, torso, buttocks, hips, thighs and calves and our inmate was weighed.

“Another three pounds,” Nurse Joanie announced as would a proud mother doting over a developing child.

Then 021507's neck collar was clipped to the front edge of this curious chair and for the first time in many weeks, the gastric tube was withdrawn. The retching sounds evidenced extreme discomfort and Ms. De La Corte remained silent, kneeling with wrists cuffed behind her back.

“Just press this button if she needs a little discipline,” Muffin explained, handing me her prod.

The two women left and I lifted my skirt and sat as Muffin explained. With the hooded head of my new toy forcibly held between my thighs, I felt moisture before a word was exchanged.

“Judge Hopkins has interpreted the Patriot Act rather staunchly in deciding on your continued incarceration, 021507. He seems to think you can be held and interrogated indefinitely.”

I grasp the hood and pull towards my exposed mons. In sliding a little forward, her lips meet mine, those not intended for the consumption of food.

She remains silent as instructed. After weeks of the gastric tube I am sure her throat and vocal cords are sore.

“Now this is called payback. It's time for you to enjoy my taste. Then we have something for you which will facilitate our control.”

As Muffin suggested, I reach down and apply the prod to the right nipple hanging pendulously from a newly enlarged breast. I press and the resulting jolt is sufficient encouragement for 021507's tongue to thrust forth and begin. Having been incarcerated for many weeks she has learned to respond to the prod. The jolts only become stronger with continued resistance.

“Must be nice having that tongue free for use. It won’t be often that you are afforded the privilege.”

I sit back and enjoy... the physical pleasure... the psychological joy of vengeance... oddly hoping that wherever that cache of tapes is hidden from the Brooklyn bordello, Ms. Antoinette De La Corte will not easily divulge their whereabouts.

With Ms. De La Corte having been the recipient of so much cunnilingus over the years, I am pleased to find that she can give oral pleasure as well. Muffin and Nurse Joanie return to find me languishing in the chair, quite satiated after numerous orgasms... the intensity enhanced by the sight of the once powerful U.S. Attorney humbly kneeling while my hands played with all those layers of soft flesh, gently tugging at the many deeply set control rings.

“Time for your examination,” Joanie pleasantly announces as she closes the cell door.

Muffin releases the neck collar from the front edge of the chair then attaches a leash. She leads her crawling once around the room. Just watching the waddle of that plump bottom, the newly added fat rippling as she crawls about, brings more arousal, despite having just recently climaxed... and so often. Yes, the control element can stimulate. The once trim and physically powerful, legally powerful and therefore socially powerful former U.S. Attorney is being forcibly modified... and my under governance.

Muffin then draws her to the waiting gurney. Assistance is lent to lift the ponderous frame, placing the naked pile of fat supine on the white sheet. As seems to be the standard pose, the legs are drawn up, thighs to chest, and the wrists are cuffed together in back of the knees.

“Keep those knees spread nice and wide for us,” Nurse Joanie reminds.

Vital signs are taken and recorded, more embarrassment meted with thorough examinations of the vagina and anus. Muffin stands observing, toying with the nipples which strangely seems to calm the helpless one-time strict dominatrix.

“Keep your eyes closed,” Muffin warns in working about her neck.

Yes, it is time. The neck collar is unbuckled and the hood slid away. Ms. Antoinette De La Corte can see for the first time in weeks, the eye covering not having been removed since her initial incarceration.

The dull room light indeed proves to be too intense as the eyes remain

clenched. My own gape in rapt amusement at the cranium, the laser having destroyed every single follicle to leave a bizarre smooth and shining dome. I laugh at the sight. It is incredibly alien, for the eyebrows too have suffered under the steady laser beam... the expensive hair removal procedure which results in permanent destruction of the follicles.

Nothing will ever grow back. The process has eliminated one more reason why, once in place, Judge Hopkins' diabolical mask will ever need to be removed. There is no hair that will ever be in need of trimming. For the remainder of her life, Ms. Antoinette De La Corte, inmate 021507, will feel the interior smoothness of the highly polished silhouette of steel encompassing her head and face.

The mask and she will be one!

As Nurse Joanie continues to work about the genitalia, the clenched eyes slowly adapt and guardedly open. Then the mouth opens and words come forth, painstakingly uttered.

"Thank you. Please don't put me back into the hood. No more tube. I will eat whatever is fed me."

My heart leaps in hearing such meek entreaties. But I can only think of my own pleadings twenty years ago as the evil young termagant relentlessly caned away, forcing me to lie and take it lest a certain videotape end my career.

"No more hood, 021507. We have something special for you, instead." Muffin deceptively comforts.

Muffin begins to caress and massage the skin which has long been covered by the black hood. It must feel divine, I think to myself, and indeed simple words of 'thank you' are expressed, once again with such heart tugging meekness.

Meanwhile Nurse Joanie begins to unpack the travel case I wheeled through the long cavernous hallways of facility 14. She is intrigued by the craftsmanship, the shining steel polished like a rare gem.

“Lift her head,” Joanie suggests.

Muffin interrupts her massage to cradle the cranium while Joanie places the back half of the mask on the gurney. When Muffin lowers the gleaming dome of flesh, it fits perfectly into the customized shape.

“Like a pea in a pod,” Joanie notes.

And it is an apt comparison. The spacing, if that is how it can be described, between the epidermis and the interior of the steel shell is almost nonexistent. The measurements were precise, the craftsman’s efforts sublime. The back half of 021507’s head is enshrouded with polished metal.

“What is it? What are you doing?” our poor tearful inmate frightfully inquires.

“Your new covering. No more hood for you. Remember how you wanted to keep 061505 silenced... Bennie the Bumper? Afraid he may talk too much? Well we have similar concerns,” I explain in joining the wicked process.

“The government has spent much money in assuring your anonymity and your continued silence, 021507. No one will ever again see your face. You will rarely see others. You’ll continue to be gagged. And it is undecided about continuing to permit you to hear... so be a good girl.”

With that Joanie connects the front half of the mask, the eye holes covered, to the hinge atop the back half.

“Bye, bye,” she smilingly taunts as she slowly lowers the covering, once again placing Ms. De La Corte in darkness.

“Just as you padlocked 061505 with the only key, your mask will likewise be secured. Only Chief Judge Victor Hopkins will have your key.”

As I explain her fate there comes a click, click with Joanie closing the locks at the neck, right and left.

“And there are some auxiliary items. Designed for no other reason than to constantly torment you, 021507.”

Joanie retrieves the nostril tubes. I shudder knowing where and how such are applied. But the experienced nurse begins without compunction, callously pushing one tube into the left nose opening of the mask and inserting the smooth rounded end up into the nostril beneath.

“Just a little bit of pressure, then you’ll feel a bit of a pop as the bulbous end enters the sinus cavity,” the nurse lectures.

She presses without hesitation, ignoring the pleas and the wrenching as the tube slowly disappears, one centimeter at a time.

“Got it,” she announces as 021507 cries out with most of the tube disappearing from sight.

Then the hand twists. The lower end of the cylinder threads into the nose opening of the mask, holding the sinus tube in place.

“One more.”

“No, please.”

The words are muffled in emanating from the rounded hole about the mouth. I am delighted that we did not insert the mouth tube first. Hearing the entreaties of the once cruel dominatrix truly warms the heart.

The second tube is soon inserted and twisted in place. Do I hear whimpering?

“There. These will help us control your breathing and ensure you’ll have air. Wouldn’t want you to suffocate with a stuffy nose,” Nurse Joanie laughingly explains as her two finger tips cover the openings forcing our masked inmate to draw air through the mouth hole.

“Quite effective, don’t you think?”

As Nurse Joanie prepares the mouth tube I authoritatively speak, promulgating the fate of 021507.

“You’ll continue to be secured in your cage utilizing the rings. Held

motionless. We will continue to fatten you and you will just lie about without exercise. And you will continue to be silenced. This form of restraint makes it impossible for you to be identified. The steel mask cannot be removed, will not be removed. You cannot be recognized and in being silenced you will not be able to identify yourself to others. Your one time protagonist Bennie is caged above you and is here forever, serving a life sentence. Other than some limited staff here, Judge Hopkins and myself, no one knows who you are. No one knows where you are. And if anyone currently cares about your whereabouts, I suspect in time that will wane. You will not be found... no one will look."

I pause to let my dire description of 021507's life of idleness, sensory deprivation and extreme boredom, only to be interrupted by severe floggings, register in a once acute mind that is probably beginning to dull.

"Meanwhile you can be subjected to special release, whipped and tortured without the danger to us in revealing to outsiders who you really are... or telling others where all those tapes are hidden. You're going to be a pile of flesh to be tortured for no other reason than to amuse and entertain. And though excruciatingly painful, I suspect you will come to look forward to it... it will be the only reason for your release from your cage."

I pause, snorting derisively.

"Warden Blakely has informed me that there is great demand for females amongst those requesting special release. Since you're the only one here, you're going to become a busy girl."

As Nurse Joanie inserts the mouth tube, there are inaudible words of response, uttered yet muffled by the mouth hole... I imagine a combination of protest and begging. The tube is comprised of soft rubber which enters the mouth and slides to the throat and a tube of steel at the near end which, like the nostril tubes, is threaded into the mouth opening. There is also a small clasp which can lock the mouth tube in place, the key to which shall be born by Muffin.

"Watch carefully so you learn how to do this, Muffin."

I, too, watch as the deft hand slowly inserts and thrusts then pauses, awaiting the gag reflex, after which it then quickly shoves, assuring the tube enters the esophagus. As she twists to thread the steel end of the tube into the mouth opening, she explains.

“Unlike the medically approved gastric tube, this devilish thing is designed for torment, chafing the back of the throat to constantly provide the sense of choking. It will require weeks for her to become accustomed to it... if she ever really does.”

With that, the sound of a small but significant click announces that the mouth tube has been locked in place. The wrist cuffs are released, the plump thighs lower and the legs straighten.

“Can I walk her?” my excited tone inadvertently sounds like a little girl engaging for the first time with her puppy.

“Of course. She is here to entertain.”

“It truly needs to be random, appearing to the inmate to be whimsical... demonstrating our power, our authority and the total lack of her control.”

I give it some thought. While doing so, the mischievous Muffin lifts the front hem of her denim skirt. I smile, gazing at the nicely trimmed mons. I now realize that the lack of undergarments is constant, the reason dawning as I sat many weeks before in cell 113 and received the most pleasing oral attention possible... warm wet laps of the tongue bringing physical pleasure and the satisfaction of revenge.

Muffin has access to such each and every day. I have wondered how often the insatiable girl sits in that chair.

I offer no rebuke for her flash of pink and instead nod to the door of my chambers. Muffin knows to rise and latch it from any possible intrusion of the outside world.

“Well, your degree in psychology is evident, Muffin. Won’t it make her more difficult to handle?”

While inquiring I too arise, move to the chair next to that which Muffin has occupied and sit.

“We can teach her to react to sign language. Even dogs can be trained to not only obey verbal commands but hand signals as well.”

She returns but I place my hands on her hips before she is able to resume sitting.

“You saw the tape, Muffin. My affection for feminine charms does not need to be forced.”

I know my words seem aphoristic in referencing the video that began this return journey to sadomasochism.

Muffin smiles politely, but with a tinge of coquettishness as my fingers work to slowly lift her skirt. And I also smile as her femininity is revealed. She resists not. My lungs fill with her scent.

“It’s quite secure here. No bugs, no cameras, no unannounced visitors. It’s the federal courthouse, after all,” my words of comfort offered as I release the skirt and begin to unhook the waist belt.

“It is refreshing to get away from all that brawn, however well restrained,” Muffin acknowledges.

Yes, the bisexuality demands a change, my advances deemed invigorating.

My smile broadens as her hands push mine away and work to release the skirt. It falls to the floor to leave her naked from the waist down. My hands return to her now naked hips, smooth to her tummy then glide up to breasts which I have never seen but so long admired.

“I turned up the thermostat before you arrived,” I declare in hinting at my expectations.

“I don’t want to shock the federal government,” the minx responds with that cute smile which can be interpreted in so many ways.

“No one will enter. At this hour the bureaucrats leave quite punctually.”

With that assurance the plain white blouse, the uniform of the Penance Corporation of America, is unbuttoned and soon joins the blue denim skirt on the floor. I help with the brassiere and but for shoes the strumpet stands naked in my office. She is divine. Finely shaped breasts still able to defy gravity, not large, not small, her entire form projecting a feminine athleticism which, though more extremely portrayed, attracted me into the lair of Antoinette De La Corte so many years ago.

Muffin lets me gaze, placing her hands behind her head to better show her mammary glands, then slowly twisting at the waist as if modeling expensive lingerie. She is a devil. I can feel moisture which I know will soon turn to a river.

“Come,” I pat my lap.

She steps forward, parts her knees and sits, straddling my thighs facing me.

For the first time I lower my head, eager to suckle those charms which also serve to nourish. Meanwhile two fingers of my right hand, that which Muffin knows to deftly offer in minutes what the male beast struggles for a lifetime to learn, slip between her inner labia. With her proximity I feel the brisance of pleasure my invading fingers bring, which in turn enhances mine.

“Can you really train her like a dog?” I find myself forced to inquire, the young girl’s penchant for governance so provocatively arousing.

We kiss as I my fingers slip within her pouch, find the magic spot, and knead. Muffin begins to grind her hips in ecstasy.

“We’ll train her and provide you with all the commands. She’ll obey.”

I feel beneath my robes the first of many orgasms.

“So ordered.”

Since Ms. Antoinette De La Corte is incarcerated under my court order, in complete secrecy in accordance with the Patriot Act, I require updates concerning her condition. It is under such guise that the visits of Miss Muffin Brown, handler for Cell 113, Facility 14, Penance Corporation of America, become official.

I can actually have the pretty blonde minx report to my chambers under federal court order. Such a wonderful job!

Yet such a demand is really not required, for the young blue eyed temptress arrives on schedule every Monday promptly at 4:30 p.m. displaying much enthusiasm. By the time she leaves, the building is empty and there is little notice of her tousled hair, her flushed look of satiation and the fact that on one occasion she inadvertently left with her skirt on backwards.

Yes, I mean temptress indeed. Upon arrival her bisexual desires seem to be overflowing after a week of tending her flock of helpless bound and naked males. And though she has under her authority 021507, Judge Hopkins' steel mask makes for limited carnal interaction.

Thus I am needed and know to have the thermostat adjusted for her arrival... her state of dishabille requiring a few degrees of extra warmth.

"You've had a good week. You have that saucy look in your eye," I tease as she steps into my chambers.

Muffin nods and smiles. We have weeks ago dispensed with pretext. As I sit at my large mahogany desk, she releases her skirt and it falls to the floor. I of course admire the twenty three year old charms as she stands naked from the waist down, pantiless as always, and works the buttons on her white blouse.

"Tormenting 021507 is a refreshing diversion. I had her deafened for the past three days but permitted sight. She is learning to obey hand signals. I will show you for your next visit."

Muffin removes her blouse as she speaks. When she bends to pick up her skirt, that smooth rounded posterior is well displayed. I feel the familiar

twinge. In moving about, the trim body exhibits a feminine athleticism which arouses. After hanging up the blouse and skirt on my coat rack she works on the clasp of her brassiere, thrusting forth her breasts to reach behind her back.

She is a darling.

“Shoes on, as always,” I remind.

Though not stylish, the moderately high rubber heels cause the gams to be nicely shaped. So as the bra joins the blouse and skirt, I have a twenty three year old completely nude blonde prancing about my office... in attendance and displaying her charms under my court order. Life too is wonderful!

“You like?” she coquettishly inquires, placing her hands behind her head and thrusting forth her divine chest.

Despite the increased temperature, her nipples crinkle in the room air, appearing like darts.

I nod in reply and circle a finger in the air, signaling for a pirouette. She giggles and turns. But for her complete nakedness, she moves about as if fashioning expensive clothing. When she turns to face away she parts her feet and bends to show all. Then two hands reach back to part her cheeks

Saucy indeed!

Beneath the rosebud aperture there comes a most salacious view of her fine love nest, that which receives so much oral attention but is mine with which to finger and penetrate.

“I do believe the torment of Ms. De La Corte adds a degree of concupiscence, Muffin, you naughty girl. Approach the bench.”

My demand brings a lugubrious pout as she turns and walks towards me, as eager as I am to share in the joy which skilled fingers can impart.

“Why not sit on my desk and tell me all about Ms. De La Corte. That is why you’re here... is it not?”

My question is answered with another girlish giggle as I push back my overstuffed chair and the blonde beauty plunks her pretty posterior onto the polished mahogany. In a move that comes so naturally but others would deem libidinous, she spreads to display in all its glory the fine pink folds which I routinely palpate and caress.

“I have something I think Miss Muffin Brown will enjoy. You did lock the door?..”

She nods with enthusiasm as I open a desk drawer and remove a little battery operated toy, the male’s most ardent competitor. When I flick the switch it hums and vibrates my hand.

“Oh, goodness. Please don’t use that on me,” Muffin feigns concern in mimicking Br’er Rabbit.

I just smile in thinking of the ‘briar patch’ of ecstasy into which I am about to toss the naked beauty. Then I move the phallic device to my left hand and splay those luscious labia with the fingers of my right.

“Now tell me all about my special Patriot Act inmate...”

Complete randomness, unexplained whim, can be quite mentally tormenting, particularly with those having a mind trained in the logic of law.

Thus it is with glee that Muffin lies in a stupor on my desk and describes the hell of 021507's life at Penance Corporation of America Facility 14.

Having applied the vibrator to her clitoris and kneaded that magical spot within her vagina for what seemed like an hour, the girl actually ejaculated, spraying my robe with a geyser of feminine essence.

Now she lies in the glow of many orgasms and I sit back in my chair and admire the youthful nakedness, languishing supine on my desk, and the wonderful scent of what my knowing fingers harvested.

“We’ve begun a new regimen. Each morning the office computer generates a random listing of three digit numbers. The first digit is either the number one or the number two. One means 021507 lies supine. Two means she lies prostrate. The second digit can be a one, two or three. One means she will lie deafened with sight permitted. Two means she lies blinded with hearing permitted. Three means she lies blinded and deafened. The third digit signifies the length of time she will be placed in that position. One hour... two hours... three hours or four. Only I see the listing, of course. So each morning I pick up a randomly generated sheet from the office and if the beginning number reads 234 that means I secure her prostrate, blinded and deafened for four hours. After that period I go to the next three digit number on the sheet and change her accordingly. She never knows why I change her position, when I will change it or why sometimes blinded, sometimes deafened, sometimes both. From my training in psychology I know the indiscriminate attention, the lack of knowledge and control, the unpredictability of how I will force her to spend her time and how long, becomes slow torment. And that’s the best kind of torment. Slow and in not being cognizant of the timing, seemingly endless.”

Yes, the girl is a devil. So pretty, such a driving need for satiation, so refreshingly evil. My hand slips beneath my robe as she speaks. It is my turn to experience joy. And gazing at the fine feminine form and hearing such

insouciant yet controlling words heightens my need.

“So, we decided to taper off her weight gain, unless of course you want more. She’s fifty pounds heavier and with the weight of the mask she can barely crawl... and I believe you’ll want her to move for you.”

I express concurrence.

“And there are the hand signals I have taught her. When sighted and deafened I have trained her to respond to standard signals I acquired from a dog training manual. When permitted hearing she will of course respond to all verbal commands.”

As Muffin lies naked her hands rise in the air. Thoughts of having the once dominant extortionist trained as one would train a canine makes me quiver. Luscious images come to mind for my next special release session.

“Sit... lie down... beg... roll over...” Muffin’s right hand rises above her languishing nakedness to demonstrate each signal.

With each command her hands move about. Though the gestures are logical, I find it difficult to concentrate.

“I find I am a bit distracted, Muffin. You may have to get me that manual.”

My court ordered briefing ends with a tease, the naked form arising from my desk to once again put on a show for me. In being fully clothed in my robe, she with just shoes and no other covering, the girl responds to the salacious setting by dancing for me, grinding away to once again display all. Afterwards, I ensure that her skirt is properly donned before passing through security.

Though watching 021507, my Patriot Act inmate, be strung up well spread and upside down is quite stimulating, I am not one to engage in such exerting physical activity as flogging. And though I have very much enjoyed observing the burly bare-chested man have his way with Ms. De La Corte on many occasions, there is only so much excoriation the human flesh can take. Besides... she may learn to enjoy it... and that will not do.

So activities during my Thursday evening visits become more subtle, the time is passed quietly with just me, 021507 and on occasion the alluring Muffin Brown.

“Have you been a good girl?”

The shining dome of stainless steel nods with amusing enthusiasm. The sensory deprivation, the constant struggle to avoid pain, the endless hours held in complete immobility, all make for a very compliant inmate.

The special release rooms are large, with much more space than the cells. Designed for a variety of activities, all involving the torment of an inmate of course, there is ample space for visitors to observe. I can only imagine the number of libertines who may assemble from time to time for a special occasion, such as a birthday party, with the entertainment being a long drawn out caning of some deserving miscreant.

So I have 021507 alone, a first time, with an electric prod nearby. Also, before leaving, Nancy gave me Muffin’s key to the mouth tube then cautiously clipped tethering chains from ankle ring to ankle ring and likewise with the wrist rings. Therefore movement is limited. And with 021507’s added girth and the weighty mask, any unexpected resistance will be of limited effectiveness.

With one wall of the room dedicated to instruments of pain and torture, it is a simple matter to select a long length of rattan to assure desired behavior. The electric prod is effective but does not offer the drama... the sound of the swish, the thwack, the burn and the trembling response... of a crisp stroke of the cane. Then I return to where the naked, once-athletic form, now comically Rubenesque, is secured by her leash.

“I want you to crawl for me.”

I unhook the free end of the leash and take it in my left hand. The opposing end is attached to a loop on the mask at the back of the neck. She is leashed much like a dog.

“Come.”

I tug and with the incredibly obedient response, the familiar moisture begins to form within my loins. Hands and knees shuffle and the layers of added fat roll with her strained motion. I marvel at the induced transition. Thousands of forcibly ingested calories in the form of nature’s most insalubrious foodstuff, saturated fat, have transmogrified the once muscular physique into a mass of Jell-O... still shapely... still feminine... still somewhat alluring... but in a completely different manner.

The body in which Ms. Antoinette De La Corte took so much pride, once projecting strength, determination, and dominance, is now a slothful mound of softness seeming to beg for the whip and the cane. I cannot resist applying a brisk tap to the broadened buttocks... watching the resulting shudder and listening for the rush of air from the lungs as the burning pain sends its message of torment.

She is blinded but can hear. She certainly knows my voice. The sense of shame, humiliation and comeuppance must overwhelm... crawling about under the governance of a woman she once commanded... who she effectively owned through extortion. Yet I imagine such feelings will dissipate as she learns that her much limited role is now to idly lie in her cage, obey all commands and be flogged for the amusement of others. She has no other purpose for being.

Once around the room, our progress is dismally slow with her tetherings. Still there is no rush. I enjoy the power, the revenge, and 021507 most likely enjoys the relative freedom after many, many days caged and restrained by the dozen or more rings penetrating her flesh.

Another lap, another exquisitely undeserved stroke of the cane, another splat, shudder and rush of air. So delightful.

Still, I note that she lowers her head in exhaustion. Muffin does not permit 021507 any exercise. She rarely leaves her cage other than to be strung up for special release. With limited endurance, she is exhausted.

“Over here,” I tug to bring her under the frame where the mass of flesh has so often been hung upsidedown and spread.

I release her wrist tetherings then pull her hands behind her back and reconnect.

“Roll for me like a good doggy.”

The simple command has her roll to her back. I unclip the ankle tethers.

“Spread.”

I raise each foot and clip her ankle rings to the frame right and left. With calves some two feet in the air and thighs widely parted she appears ready for a gynecological exam. I have fun gathering a labial ring in each hand and spreading her open to the extreme. Yes, that perfectly depilated mons shows her quim to be nicely vulnerable and exposed. Whereas I enjoy bringing delight to that belonging to Muffin, with Ms. De La Corte other thoughts come to mind.

With the room well equipped, it is easy to locate trinkets which assist in the torment and humiliation of the naked and subservient human form. Thus small chains are handy along with various clips and naughty implements found in seedy sex shops.

First, since I enjoy gazing at so much pink, and I know displaying such is mortifyingly embarrassing, the labial rings, three on each side, are attached to slim chains which in turn are attached to the frame. I pull tightly and thus have 021507 horribly spread, much like when she is hung upside down and flogged.

Next, very delicate clamps find that the nipples and clitoral hood are likely places where a woman like 021507 will enjoy the pressure of moderate but constant squeezing. And yes, a slim chain connects the three, tensioning the

delicate areolas and forcing the clitoral hood upward to expose to my increasingly lustful gaze that feminine pearl of pleasure beneath.

An inflatable butt plug proves to add a degree of recreation. Someone has even had the forethought to supply a modicum of lubricant. So 021507's rose bud anus is soon stuffed and I hear the rush of air... both as I inflate the plug and the unusual discomfort causes my toy to grope for lungfuls of oxygen.

Then I locate on the wall of implements the most phallic of phalli. It is a wooden pole, some four feet in length with a rubber dildo, not hard but certainly not soft, mounted on the end.

Oh, I am going to enjoy myself tonight.

I draw up a chair between 021507's raised and parted legs. Then I engage in an act both merciful and wicked. I open the small lock which holds in place the mouth tube and begin to twist. The metal portion of the tube slowly parts from the threaded opening in the mask. Then as it becomes completely unscrewed, I gently pull. The metal tube slides forth and then the soft flexible rubber attachment, that which has served to torment the back of 021507's throat for many days, appears accompanied by the sound of gagging.

There is spluttering. The masked head lurches spasmodically bringing a smile to my face. For the tube will be replaced when I am done toying... and the reaction of desperation will occur again. I am told that the sliding about of the abrading rubber tube provides a sensation akin to that of drowning.

Finally breath is caught and the naked form settles.

"Than' you. Than' you, Mish Pat," humble words of gratitude slip from the round opening about the mouth. 021507 can talk. It has been a long time since we forcibly silenced her.

"I trust you are enjoying the torment as much as when you dispensed it. You were such an accomplished sadist... anything we're missing? Something you'd like to experience which you can suggest. There is time. There is opportunity. There is much resolve. And this special release room and your cell are both well equipped."

Yes, I cannot help the taunt. There is nothing we cannot do to or with the former U. S. Attorney. With Judge Hopkins' concurrence, and the boundless greed of the Penance Corporation of America, Ms. Antoinette De La Corte will spend the remainder of her life being 'interrogated' under the Patriot Act.

Still, there is the question of the tapes. How many? Where are they? If destroyed, by whom and when?

"This little tête-à-tête makes it somewhat official... your incarceration. After all, you are here to be interrogated."

"No more please. The seclusion, the silence, the tight bindings, I will go mad."

The words are barely discernible, passing through the circular opening in the tempered steel.

"Is that not what you planned for 061505? Render the mind useless but keep the body for unending amusement... your preferred form of amusement? It was lucky that the stolen tape was found by someone friendly to our cause. All that time and all those opportunities you had to truly learn of its status and you chose instead to play a game. A very one sided game in which I lose whether the tape is never found and I forever remain under your dominion, or it comes to light and I lose again when my career on the bench ends."

I sit and prepare the four foot long phallus. Just a little lubricant to preclude vaginal tearing. Then with 021507 spread open so widely, penetrating her is as facile as riding a bicycle through the Lincoln Tunnel.

"I have something you have needed for a long, long time."

And so I bring the ultimate in ignominy to the former bull dyke lesbian... deep vaginal penetration. The bulbous rubber tip slips between the spread labia and I am amused to feel resistance. Whereas Ms. De La Corte is not a virgin, she certainly is tight. I hear a shriek of shock and then as I pause and twist there comes a moan of delight. I am opening a passage rarely used.

Only submissive tongues have before caressed its walls.

“This is what a woman of your ilk requires... a good fucking.”

And so I very slowly copulate with the faux penis, carefully sensing for pending climax... for that is sensual input I will not allow. I am sure the sensation is strangely pleasurable... something that this daughter of Sappho has denied herself for a lifetime. I will bring her close to orgasm, cease and then just let her hang. Not all torture involves pain.

“The medications are easily acquired... and easily administered. To induce the body to properly respond, I can teach Muffin some basic techniques... and you of course, Your Honor.

“But long term, there is equipment that is best purchased.”

I sit behind my desk receiving the weekly Monday briefing concerning 021507. On this visit I have requested that Nurse Joanie Jones join in the discussion so that a medical evaluation can be included. The presence of the nurse precludes Muffin’s naked dalliances and she appears as disappointed as I in not being afforded the opportunity to strip, dance and be masturbated.

As the nurse describes the details of the latest plan for the complete degradation of the one time U.S. Attorney, she who extorted herself into high office, my mind wanders to my last Thursday night special release visit...

I have 021507 deafened but have removed her eye covering. Looking through the holes in the mask to see those desperate and saddened eyes brings a very subtle joy. The woman is slowly breaking, the many, many days of severe restraint, only punctuated by random changes in position and sensory perception, are taking a toll, as planned.

So I have fun leading her about on the leash, practicing my hand signals since she cannot hear.

I am very impressed with the results. Muffin has brought the one time dominatrix to a complete state of obedience and compliance. The naked and plump form even wet the floor for me. On cue with the appropriate hand signal, she squatted like a canine and opened her bladder.

Most of the hand signals were culled from a dog training manual. But the vixen Muffin developed a few of her own. Rolling to the back and spreading widely with feet in the air is a command not to be found in training canines but which 021507 has learned to demonstrate admirably. Masked face to the floor, hands drawn back to widely part the cheeks is another.

All in all it is a fun way to spend an evening, though not quite as satisfying as

when the layers of fat shake and quiver with strokes of a whip.

My mind returns as Nurse Joanie finishes her explanation and Muffin speaks.

“It all seems very expensive.”

I smile. She is correct. What she forgets is that the government foots the bill for the incarceration of 021507 and any and all care approved by me. And I am fully aware that the cost of anything purchased under my order will be rebilled to the government at a substantially higher price. The profits of the Penance Corporation of America will be enhanced in augmenting my planned regimen of torment. Thus Warden Peggy will welcome the changes and I finalize the discussion.

“I will approve the procurement of all medications and equipment. We will, however, need to be careful in describing it all. It will need a degree of camouflage...”

The decision has thus been made.

Yes, as I was walking 021507, I noted the now pendulous breasts, plumped to rounded globes with the onslaught of saturated fats constantly siphoned into her mouth tube. When she squatted to relieve herself, she lowered her haunches and thus her chest came into better view. In sitting up she better revealed breasts which have undergone a noteworthy transition. The once impressive, moderate but enticingly firm mammary glands now resemble a woman in the early stages of lactation! The nipples are puffy and seem to beg for attention!

And under my planned new regimen, that they shall have.

“How long will it take? I want to milk her... force her to give up her bodily essence at my whim.”

“A few weeks. I’ll just add the medications to the liquids we pour into her mouth tube. We’ll augment her high fat diet to include much lactose. And of course there will be needed stimulation on the nipples,” the nurse replies.

Of course, I think to myself, there would be no point in inducing forced lactation if one cannot work the nipples to express nature's sustenance.

"It's agreed. Now, Joanie, Muffin and I have more to discuss. If you will excuse us..."

The coat rack awaits Muffin's clothes...

Judge Hopkins graciously grants me another day away from the bench. An inspection trip to Penance Corporation of America Facility 14 has been scheduled. I park my car in the main visitor's area a few hundred yards from the special release reception area.

On official visits, I am to be recognized and the handlers and other personnel acknowledge me. Warden Peggy escorts me to Cell 113 where the secret prisoner 021507, remaining in custody under the Patriot Act and Judge Hopkins' and my auspices, lies naked and bound, ostensibly for continuing interrogation.

"Good morning, Muffin," I greet as Peggy holds open the cell door.

The pretty blonde, she who so lustily responds to my adroit fingers, smiles and returns the greeting.

She is supervising the bathroom visit of inmate 070704, the tattooed identifying number prominently displayed as his posterior hangs over the simple hole serving as a toilet.

"How's our girl?"

With his business finished, Muffin snaps the leash and the enormous male instantly follows the directions of the tugs.

"Moved her to a higher cage."

She nods and I note indeed that the shiny steel mask resides in a middle cage. Muffin has her well restrained, all those deep penetrating rings hooked to cords which are in turn secured onto the many bars confining her naked form. Thus she is held absolutely motionless... probably the slowest, most thorough and mentally frustrating of all torments to be endured.

She is prostrate and as I approach I am delighted to see implements dangling from those overly pendulous breasts which hang well into the cage below.

"Some new additions?"

Muffin leads 070704 up the ramp to his cage. He obediently crawls within, reaches over his head and presents his wrists to be secured to the bars.

“Nipple weights with forming tubes. We’re both stretching and shaping. Our girl is going to have udders. And when she’s not having her nipples stretched I have 061505 below suckle her.”

We both laugh. It is an amusing thought... but I also feel the familiar twinge between my thighs... to think of the double torment and frustration, the long kept chaste 061505 sucking away arousing both himself and 021507.

“ How long will she wear the tubes?”

“For as long as it takes. Joanie says all skin stretches. We’ll just keep at it until we have nice long strips of pink flesh for milking.”

I approach to inspect. After all, that is the official reason for my visit, to assure that the confidential file the judiciary must keep on Patriot Act inmates indicates that a supervising judge examines from time to time.

As usual, the deeply set rings and connecting cords tension the flesh, constantly pulling at the arms, torso, hips, thighs, calves and ankles. I note that the random computer mandated position listing has 021507 not only prostrate but blinded and deafened as well. She is close to being vegetative, no longer seeking to resist the thoroughness of her bondage, just languishing in dark silence.

And so she lurches in surprise when I reach into the cage, palm the left breast and draw it toward the side bars for better inspection. She receives little stimulation.

I note that the nipple has been tightly sucked into a slender rubber tube some one inch long. It stretches to accommodate the pink flesh within and therefore 021507 must feel like someone is constantly squeezing her most sensitive areola. There is a clamp gently but firmly attached at the end. From it hangs a weight... a gray lump of what appears to be lead.

“We have an entire set... tubes and weights,” Muffin notes in approaching.

She opens a cigar box to reveal a row of rubber tubes each longer than the next. When not clinging to a nipple the diameter is notably limited. I can only imagine the effort Nurse Joanie must exert in stuffing 021507's nipples into the cleverly tormenting cylinders.

Below the row of tubes is a set of weights resembling fishing gear, also increasing in size.

The presentation amuses. It as if someone has developed and manufactured a nipple stretching kit... to be purchased at your local drugstore and used in accordance with the enclosed instructions.

“How long?” I again inquire.

“Well, we’ll certainly want the nipples long enough to fit into the milking machine. So I would guess at least two inches. But we don’t have to stop there,” Muffin holding up a tube of some three inches.

Yes, the milking machine. Procured under my orders, billed to the government, its designed use is for goats, a bovine milking machine too large and powerful for the human. Peggy indicated in her authorization request that it would be used to milk the penis of cooperative male inmates... as a reward for good behavior... something which we all smile in envisioning, particularly since in reality strict chastity is maintained at all times.

Instead, we’ll be extracting much essence from 021507. She will soon be living for no other reason than to be milked.

“There is no limit?”

“The machine extracting tubes come in many lengths. Joanie indicates the skin will keep stretching if we keep pulling and we’ll have a sucking tube to fit.”

With that I cannot help but give the rubber cylinder a little tug of my own, bringing a stirring reaction from our well bound captive.

“It’s feeding time, if you’d like to try. A bottle every hour,” Muffin

graciously offers.

Muffin hands me a plastic bottle filled with a gelatinous white substance. At the top is what appears to be a straw.

“Just turn it upside down, insert the straw into the mouth opening and slowly squeeze.”

I reach into the cage and turn the masked head. The well tamed inmate understands and complies so that the mouth opening faces me. There is no resistance. I insert the straw and squeeze as instructed. It is akin to feeding an infant from a baby bottle. The unappealing mass slithers down the straw and disappears. I hear slight gagging sounds. As has been suggested, there is no becoming fully accustomed to the rubber tube. It constantly abrades the back of the throat. Still, the entire contents are ingested... lest 021507 choke.

“Lactose, hormones, special medication, with a more moderate portion of fat. Joanie’s own concoction.”

Yes, I become rather moist in experiencing the subtle power... compelling the naked and vulnerable Ms. Antoinette De La Corte to ingest... particularly knowing that what I am forcibly inducing, I will soon be forcibly extracting through those long fleshy nipples.

Such an arousing sight!

It's Thursday night and I'm making another special release visit. The handlers have 021507 strung up on the frame, upside down, labia deliciously spread with her arms secured behind her back. In clipping together the rings on her elbows, the awkward posture forces her to thrust forward her upside down chest. Thus those plump breasts, nipples tightly squeezed into the stretching cones of rubber, practically beg for attention. She is blinded and deafened and hangs so pensively, the many months have transformed her into an obedient mass of ringed, fattened flesh.

For this initial session, Nurse Joanie joins Muffin and me.

"First you begin by working out some colostrum" Joanie pedantically lectures as she diddles the well exposed clitoris with a feather.

"The pleasure I am bestowing is evanescent but relaxes. Endorphins will begin to flow and make our initial effort easier. Just enough to send a message to the nerve center. Never enough feathering to bring orgasm."

The feather is put aside and the left breast is palmed. Then knowing fingers peel away the incredibly tight strip of rubber from the left nipple. I am amused to see that the nub of pink resembles a small udder, some one inch in length. Then Joanie reaches to a nearby tray.

"Butter," she explains as she dips her finger into a small tub of yellow and greases the entire mammary gland.

"I'll do the left one. You and Muffin will later work the right."

And so the first hand milking of 021507 begins.

"The upside down position increases the circulation to the breasts. Notice that in being so enlarged the glands hang almost below the level of the masked head. That ensures lots of circulation will be flowing."

Joanie begins by kneading the entire greased gland, awakening the vessels which in time will be gushing for me. She begins a drawing motion, tenderly

pulling downward toward the nipple. 021507 stirs in her bonds, the buttery mound of flesh being palpated most sensuously. The hands steadily squeeze and draw, squeeze and draw, with each pass slowly working lower and lower until the fingers begin tweaking the nipple.

“I expect to begin a moderate extraction of colostrum. It will be clear and viscous. We’ll do this every day in her cage and within a week she’ll be lactating for you like a dairy cow. We’ve barraged her system with inducing drugs, lactose and hormones. And the subliminal tapes will begin soon when we obtain the first expression of milk.”

Expert fingers now work only the extended nipple. It appears indeed that Joanie has a small cow’s udder in her fingers as she squeezes and pulls, squeezes and pulls. Finally, the sought after clear liquid begins to drip. And I can feel a similar moisture within my loins, the sight of such humiliating governance bringing heightened arousal.

Muffin smiles most evilly, eager to try her hand on the right breast... as am I.

It is ironic that the ignominy we are forcing on 021507 will spare her much agony. Joanie has explained that in maximizing lacteal output, the severe floggings must stop. It is disappointing but one must make choices in tormenting the hapless extortionist. I want to force upon her the degradation of expressing milk for me. To take whatever I desire from her against her will. And with my voice recorded on tapes, to be constantly played while being suckled, she will be trained to let down milk at the sound of my soothing voice.

Joanie finishes up. As stated, just inducing a little colostrum on this first try. Meanwhile the minx Muffin butters her hands, eager to begin working the right breast.

I disappointingly remind myself that ostensibly our purpose is to learn the outcome of all those video tapes Madam De La Corte once had and possibly that her daughter Antoinette still has. Wherever they are, if still in existence, the crafty former U.S. Attorney has them tucked away quite well. Under court order, I personally ransacked her apartment and car with nothing of interest to be found and everything else tossed into the dumpster. The

mountain of material for blackmail could all have been destroyed with her mother's demise. But I doubt such useful embarrassing material would be parted with easily.

My thoughts terminate when Muffin shrieks like a school girl, as she gently wrenches the expected clear fluid from the right nipple.

It is my turn next.

Oh this is fun!

The hour drive to Facility 14 always provides a respite for thought after a hectic day on the bench. As Muffin has described the process during her latest weekly visit to my chambers, those burgeoning mammary glands of 021507 are suckled at least once per day while she lies prostrate, the pendulous and ripening breasts hanging into the cage below. At that time, earphones are placed over the holes in her mask and my prerecorded voice plays. Joanie had me read from a script into a tape recorder... basically offering kind and soothing words intended to place 021507 in the proper frame of mind to let down milk.

‘Would you like to lactate for me, like a good girl?’

While words to that effect are repeated again and again, gently encouraging a flow, 061505 in the cage below is positioned supine and loosely bound so he can raise his head, draw one of the lengthening nipples into his mouth and suckle. Joanie explained that the warm wetness and sucking action is the most important physical inducement in the entire process... repeated continually for many weeks.

Muffin is pleased to report that, just as the beseeching cry of a hungry infant prompts the psyche to begin the flow of milk, 021507 has been trained to let down to the sound of my voice. Full lactation has recently commenced.

Just thinking about it in the car has me stimulated. I am glad the facility is close by.

So, after many, many months of incarceration... the deep piercings, the abject humiliation, the severe bondage, the agonizing weekly visits to the special release room, and now the forced lactation... I believe it is time to talk seriously.

The extensive random sensory deprivation has completely broken 021507. The process took longer for her than for me when she had me secured to her whipping bench in that Brooklyn bordello so many years ago. What I learned from my own experience is that in my situation the intense yet transitory pain would have had me saying anything. If I was being seriously cross examined,

in begging and pleading for mercy, I would have told a prospective interrogator any lies he or she desired to hear just to end the torment.

Under those circumstances, if information was truly wanted from me, anything offered would be useless. So I have learned. Using duress and torture to obtain information... true and valuable information... must be undertaken with much forethought.

Under my tutelage, my more cerebral methods, the truth will be learned. 021507 will *want* to tell me the truth. She is learning to obey and learning to enjoy it. She will provide whatever I desire... and truly relish doing so.

Therefore, if those videotapes exist, I will learn where. If they were destroyed I will learn how, when and why.

I park the car and find myself rushing to the stark visitors greeting area of the special release wing. The timing, as always, is well practiced as within a minute of entering the austere foyer the large metal door opens and Warden Peggy greets me.

“She seems very eager to see you, Your Honor. She has not been milked or suckled in more than a day,” Peggy offers as we head directly to Special Release Room #4.

Yes, after inducing the need to often lactate, the body yearns to nourish, the unrequited desire providing a deliciously slow torment which I will graciously offer to ameliorate.

I enter the well equipped room and as agreed, Warden Peggy closes the door behind me and leaves. These moments will be mine and mine alone.

Hanging, as always, naked, upside down with labia her widely spread, is Ms. Antoinette de La Corte. The overhead spotlights make her cherubic form appear like a side of beef ready for slaughter. And yes, the twinges return. I find the sight, the vulnerable nakedness, to be most arousing.

As arranged, she is blinded and deafened with her elongated nipples tightly enshrouded in the devilish rubber tubes. It may be that we will never stop

stretching her there, the thought of those pink areolas being slowly transformed to useful udders, many inches in length, and done so at my caprice, I find to be greatly stimulating.

Over the weeks, Muffin and Joanie have slowly worked the nubs to lengths of almost two inches. The sight of finger-like digits protruding from recently plumped and rounded breasts is somewhat bizarre. But knowing that such are shaped at my whim brings a wicked smile.

Where to begin?

I pull up a chair and sit. A small table has been placed nearby with needed paraphernalia. I make myself comfortable then reach and gently flick those rubber coated nipples with my fingers. The transient touch stirs and awakens 021507's mind from wherever it wanders during the endless hours of sensory deprivation. She squirms, ever so slightly wrenching against the many cords which secure her to the frame in such an ignominious position. To move more forcefully would create increased tension, the deep set rings already placing her in a state of mild anguish.

I smile with the level of my control. It is absolute. Then I reach and begin to remove the covering metal plates which hold in place the deafening ear pads.

"The Warden suggests you are eager to see me. Would you like lactate for me like a good girl?"

My words, my tone, my enunciation replicate as closely as possible those on the repeating audio tape. Her masked head moves. I interpret the limited motion as an energetic 'yes'.

Next I need to work the mouth piece, my wicked smile broadening. I find the key on the tray, unlock and begin to twist. There are once again slight gagging sounds as the irritating soft rubber end triggers the annoying reflex, as intended. After many twists it frees and I gently pull. The metal portion exits then the rubber plops from the rounded hole in her mask. A grateful 021507 struggles to offer words.

"Than you, than you."

“It’s been a while since you’ve been permitted to speak. Hopefully you’ll have something to say.”

“My breasts...”

The two words are all that can be uttered as her speech is curtailed by a throat still acclimating to normal.

“Yes, I know. The constant dull ache of the lactiferous female. Makes you eager to give, does it not? You want to offer me something.”

“Yes, please.”

There is a feather on the tray. Just to ensure that 021507 is in the mood which I desire, I spend a moment or two tantalizing her well exposed little bud, that which many years before I was forced to lick and suck. The fingers of my left hand tug at the clitoral hood and the pink pearl gleams under the spotlights. I feather listening to her shriek with the tentative joy I offer and making a note to have the hood pierced and ringed. I find my revenge to be sweet... incomplete... but sweet. For she will not climax. The feather is put aside.

Then there comes another smile as I retrieve the special device used to both encase the nipples and also remove the extremely tight tubes of rubber. Fingers can no longer be used, the longer tubes require greater effort than the digits can muster. Thus what appears to be a set of tweezers with the prongs dulled so as not to abrade and irritate the overly sensitive flesh of the areola, is required. As Joanie instructed, I palm the right mammary gland and carefully slip the ends of the device into the opening of the tube. Then I pull to separate the prongs, stretching open the tight rubber tube so it can be slipped off. The right is removed and the reaction of relief is palpable. As the nipple increases in girth, full circulation returning, I work the left.

After discarding the tubes and the device, I look back to see droplets of milk form on the long, stretched nipples of our prosecutor turned dairy cow.

“Oh, you so much wish to be milked, don’t you. You’re letting down already. So nicely trained.”

I don't touch. I just sit back and watch in fascination as the one time dominatrix involuntarily begins to lactate to the sound of my voice. Then as I note that the steady flow collects to rivulets about to drip, I place two beakers on the floor beneath the plumped glands.

Nurse Joanie carefully measures her output, determined to adjust her diet and hormones until her flow is maximized.

"Now, if you're a good girl I will milk you, Ms. Antoinette. You're quite eager to let down for me and give. You will feel good in lactating for me. But you're also going to tell me a story... to give me everything I want... like a good girl."

Yes, the purpose of transforming our captive into a lactating beast has been to induce a frame of mind where she psychologically desires to provide... a predilection to nurture. And in barraging her psyche with recordings of my governing words, it is I to whom she desires to present not only her nourishing essence, but whatever else I request.

"Tell me a story. I'm going to milk you, just as those ripe glands implore, but I also want to hear about your mother, the notorious Madam De La Corte."

I reach for the tub of butter on the tray and grease my hands. Then my trained fingers reach out and coat the entire surfaces of both fattened, dangling glands. With a simple squeeze and gentle twist, a small spray of white gushes forth from the right nipple. 021507 moans with the subtle joy of giving up what nature insists she offer... that which nature and a very strict regimen of diet, drugs, daily suckling and curious rubber tubes has cultivated for me.

My loins feel a deluge of my own essence in forcing such an intimate reaction. And 021507 begins to speak, her words at first faltering and meek, but strengthening as her throat and vocal cords acclimate.

What follows is a most interesting discourse. While I milk... a grateful Antoinette De La Corte speaks...

The Madam of the notorious Brooklyn bordello was born Marie De La Corte on the Isle of Malta, now the Republic of Malta.

Her father, Antoinette's grandfather, was a fisherman, a very hazardous occupation during World War II when the Axis powers made the tiny island nation a target for invasion. Malta, though small, became key to both Rommel in supplying the German Afrika Corp, and to the British in harboring ships seeking to hinder such supply. Therefore the residents of the archipelago found themselves in the middle of a great war with more bombs dropped per square mile than any other area of Europe.

Fishermen began to serve as an advanced warning system for the numerous waves of Axis bombers. Marie's father was one who served bravely, radioing from many miles out to sea the approach of German and Italian bombers. He brought his daughter along on the excursions. With millions of pounds of bombs dropped daily, his fishing boat was deemed safer than the heavily bombarded island nation.

Unfortunately, father De La Corte's bravery did not go unnoticed. A German U boat intercepted his vessel, surfaced and attacked. Marie, some 16 years of age, was tossed overboard by her father who quickly realized that the Mediterranean Sea offered a chance of survival, staying on the fishing boat offered nothing other than death, as her father sadly found.

The German U boat commander plucked the girl from the sea and Marie became a very young prisoner of war... and one in a precarious position. The Germans threatened her with the charge of espionage, punishable by death. Thus at a very young age, Marie De La Corte had to learn to live by her wits. It was reasonable to assume her captors would not execute her, even the Nazis had scruples when it came to young members of the fairer gender. But she knew her deemed status would deny her the protection of all the conventions of war.

In returning to the German naval base in southern France, it was explained that she could cooperate or disappear into the growing system of

concentration camps.

She used her wits... Marie De La Corte cooperated.

Even at 16, Marie was fluent in English, French and Italian, along with Maltese, a linguistic amalgamation which includes Arabic and Latin. Her German was rudimentary but improving, having spent time listening to Axis radio transmissions on behalf of her father. Therefore, in 1941 Marie was deemed useful as a translator, despite the events leading to her capture.

At age 16 her loyalties were considered malleable, or so the German command believed.

Aiding the decision to make use of the adolescent girl rather than condemn her to starvation and slow death, was the fact that at age 16 there were precocious charms which did not go unnoticed. Marie was becoming nubile. Certain lecherous members of the German command believed, more likely wanted to believe, that their offered kindness with the comfort and relative safety of the translator's duties would be returned, with lascivious favors to be provided at an appropriate point in time.

Marie became a plum with any number of her superiors waiting for her to ripen and be plucked.

Marie went to language school. Marie became an accomplished translator. Marie feigned loyalty to the Axis powers. Marie never forgot her father's death. What ripened was duplicity.

By age 18, Marie De La Corte was mature well beyond her years. As her translating skills progressed, a mind deemed young and sharp was found to be better utilized interrogating prisoners. French to German for the captured members of the resistance. English to German for the downed British and American flyers.

With a transfer to occupied Paris, a young Marie de La Corte entered a world of culture and sophistication. A youthful savoir faire developed. But for those responsible for her father's death, the well veiled hate continued to percolate. Even when she slept with them. Never overtly coerced, it was made clear that

her comfortable existence was not entirely due to her linguistic skills. Yes, Marie learned to offer sex in return for the tangible amenities lacking to most in occupied France.

She also learned to conceal her repulsion.

Still, there was no admiration for the French, her island nation having been occupied by way of Napoleon's treachery many years before. Thus when the thumb screws were slowly tightened on a young saboteur, Marie learned to take delight in viewing the application of slow excruciating pain, quickly learning that a mocking feminine voice in response to gasps of agony heightened the ignominy. Her presence at intense interrogations became routine. Assisting in breaking the will to resist became facile for her. The Germans were pleased, never realizing that Marie's subtle enjoyment was because she envisioned Teutonic thumbs being flattened to uselessness.

With the Normandy invasion came enough pandemonium to slip away from her German masters. But where to go? Not the French resistance whose members she helped break. Certainly not east to Germany. North and West were battlegrounds. She had seen enough combat.

Marie De La Corte went down... underground. With her alluring looks... her mature demeanor... a hauteur that could bring a smile as a German interrogator tightened a testicle clamp on a handsome French freedom fighter, stripped naked and fumbling to find the words to answer her questions... where underground?

Marie De La Corte sought refuge in the only place and amongst the only congregation who could sympathize... those who also were forced to collaborate with the occupiers... the demimondes of Paris.

Marie was accepted into the busy but quiet bordello of Lillian du Borgrave... otherwise known as the Baroness.

The Baroness ran a very refined house, attracting the upper class of Paris before the war, during the occupation hosting the highest ranking of German officers. Secretly she provided the resistance with whatever information she could obtain.... but carefully and discretely. Few knew of her efforts on

behalf of France.

The Baroness took an instant liking to Marie, sympathetic to her forced indenture to the Third Reich. If she could sleep with those she disdained, she could easily adapt to a more lucrative occupation. The Baroness taught her the ways of a courtesan. Thus for Marie there came more valuable lessons learned young... that the sex drive can control even the most focused of males... and that the sex drive could in turn be controlled.

Within weeks, as Paris was liberated, a significant element of Marie De La Corte's continuing education was well under way. She learned to allure, to use her attractiveness in the sordid exchange of feminine charms for masculine money. Her duplicity, her hate for the Germans, no longer had to be concealed. There was fortune in that the age old profession has always had to practice discretion. Therefore, it was not widely known that the Baroness's clientele were the detested German high command. As Paris was abandoned by the Germans and the resistance sought revenge on the collaborators, the sizable abode of the Baroness was left alone and Marie remained safe from retribution.

During the transition, the business of Baroness du Borchgrave did not change, only the language spoken by the clientele... English for the liberating forces. Yet, as Charles de Gaulle marched into a freed Paris a young German officer, dressed in a purloined overcoat to cloak his uniform, humbly knocked on the Baroness's door.

Captain Gerhard Strunk, aid to General von Reichstoven, decided to desert. With no other language spoken than his native German, there were few places of refuge other than the fine quarters where he had so often waited in the parlor while his superior rolled about with the youngest of the Baroness's protégés.

"You missed your train to Berlin, mein Captain," the Baroness whimsically jests in her strained German.

"I need shelter, Madame. I have left the German army."

No longer having to feign respect and fear for the occupiers of her country,

the Baroness laughs with a sardonic glee which surprises the Captain. She had always treated his superior and other German officers with such respect. Now the tide has turned.

“No longer able to afford the best hotel? A little shy about speaking German? Your uniform no longer commanding esteem? Well come in, Captain. I would hate to see such a handsome lad as you in a prisoner of war camp.”

What the Baroness did not know, but Marie did, was that Gerhard Strunk was not the innocent young officer forced into war as portrayed. No, Captain Strunk was the supervising officer in many interrogations, nodding with disguised glee in signaling his henchmen to further tighten the testicle clamp. Despite the aura of his youthful innocence, he seemed to relish bestowing pain.

Yet, in appearance, Captain Strunk epitomized the Nazi's concept of the Aryan aura... blond, blue eyed, square jawed, otherwise even features. It was little wonder why his emblematic looks were not to be risked on the battlefield. When not frolicking in the basement interrogation chamber of the Gestapo, the image of the German army was better served with Captain Strunk nobly interacting with the admiring public.

But now there was no one to offer admiration.

“I'm afraid we no longer accept German marks as currency. Do you have anything to offer, Captain?” the Baroness authoritatively questions in the foyer.

“I can work. I did everything for the general, keeping things organized. Cooking when required. Cleaning when needed.”

All lies. In the parlor is the young Marie De La Corte, her German much more fluent. She recognizes the voice, so many times hearing the command to intensify a prisoner's suffering. She feigns ignorance, not hinting to the Baroness that she is aware of the Captain's true duties.

“You were a maid. Did you shine the general's boots?” Marie interjects with more mocking laughter, her disdain for those who killed her father no longer

concealed.

“Yes, when there was no one else, I polished.”

“And you say you clean. Well we have much to clean here. No uniforms but much other clothing and sheets. But what of your uniform, Captain. It cannot be worn here,” Marie logically informs.

“I have no other clothes.”

Marie has entrapped Captain Gerhard in his prevarications. Her wicked mind, warped in attending the many interrogations where a stripped resistance fighter was cruelly tortured into confession... and more, imagines the handsome young officer dressed as she mandates. Whereas the Baroness's contempt is fleeting, hers is profound.

“Then we will have to make do. And hiding a German speaking male will not be easy. The American army will be looking for deserters and stragglers. Lucky for you, the Baroness suspects our establishment will receive the same level of sanctity as that afforded by your German cohorts, Captain. But that does not mean we can easily flaunt harboring an enemy combatant... no matter his recent political conversion.

“So, Captain... how earnestly do you desire shelter? Once out of that uniform you could be charged with espionage.”

Marie takes a chapter from her captors, coercing cooperation with the threat of a firing squad.

“I cannot go back to Germany now and could not take being a prisoner in an encampment. I will do anything to stay.”

Both the Baroness and Marie smile evilly... Marie finding it particularly amusing that he who treated prisoners so ruthlessly cannot face the prospect of becoming a prisoner himself.

“He's yours, Marie. I have enough with which to deal. Just make sure he earns his keep.”

Marie steps to the humbled officer and begins unbuttoning an impressive tunic, never to be worn or seen again.

“Oh, I think Captain Gerhard will work very hard for us. But it will no longer be Captain and it will no longer be Gerhard.”

Marie’s hands rise to smooth along the youthful cheeks of her acquisition.

“It will be Gertrude. Welcome Gertrude and get out of those things so we can burn all evidence of your past.”

“I will not do that. Do what you will, but I will not pretend to be a woman nor dress like one.”

Marie just smiles with confidence. For the first time, she enjoys watching a man remove his clothes... knowing that hers will remain in place.

“We will see. In time, we will find some women’s clothing for you... and you will learn to enjoy dressing to entertain us.”

As inmate 021507 tells the story of her mother, my fingers work the udder-like nipples, gently pinching and then drawing down the warm and sentient two inch strips of pink to draw modest sprays of lactate from plumped and well buttered breasts. The beakers on the floor slowly fill and the soft and partially muffled words are occasionally interrupted by a moan of subtle ecstasy as the lactiferous Antoinette De La Corte slowly parts with that which her body so much desires to give.

“Your mother was quite the woman... forcing herself to subordinate her will to the hated Germans who killed your grandfather. But certainly appropriate training for her developing craft as a demimonde. And did not our Bennie the Bumper fulfill a role similar to that which I suspect this Captain Gerhard fulfilled?”

I await as another moan escapes the mouth hole in the stainless steel mask. A slight nod answers my question. I stop milking as a signal and 021507 immediately knows I want her to resume her tale. She needs to be relieved of the buildup of essence. It is a physical need. Yet psychologically she also very much wants to provide sustenance...

Thus the story resumes... as do my fingers.

Marie proceeded to wreak vengeance on the hapless deserting German officer. In her mind, he had much she wanted to see sacrificed... beginning with the relinquishment of all male pride.

He was made to strip and his uniform was burned in the coal furnace. His boots were cut to shreds... used in the fabrication of whips for the Baroness's collection of toys for her clientele with more exotic tastes.

“We're accustomed to having our male guests in various states of dishabille. So the girls will not be bothered by your nudity,” Marie explained.

A young and trim Gerhard, destined to be disguised as Gertrude, was not

unpleasing to look at, the regular patrons being overweight officers of rank which had recently transformed back to American officers and Frenchmen of equal girth.

Marie was well aware of the transient nature of the control afforded over the handsome officer. With American and British forces advancing rapidly on Berlin, and the eastern front also crumbling, the Third Reich was doomed. With war's end, her threats to turn Captain Strunk over to the liberating forces, or worse to the newly reconstituted French government, would be moot in a time of peace. Thus her governance had to be manifested quickly and in a manner which would outlast the conflict.

With the city liberated, a clandestine visit to the abandoned Gestapo headquarters, where Marie attended so many interrogations, was feasible and yielded items of restraint. Not the trinkets of role play bondage sometimes requested by the Baroness's patrons, but real and ineluctable irons, cuffs and an assortment of heavy chains. A foreboding cabinet yielded more sinister items, including an iron neck collar, some four inches high, and a formidable iron waist band of similar breadth, both designed for nothing more than torment, pure and slow. In sensing the sheer weight of the bindings, Marie felt the joy of revenge for the first time since her father's demise.

Locks were easily obtained and by the end of Gerhard's first day in hiding, Marie had him well bound. The neck collar forced Gerhard's head high. The waist belt, with numerous eye bolts, proved to offer any number of ways to have him secured. Ankle and wrist cuffs of broad and thick iron were connected together by chains which permitted a degree of motion but, with limited length and proving to be wondrously heavy, restricted rapid movement. Yet most importantly, the array of metal prevented Gerhard from donning pants, shirt and jacket. Should he somehow locate such civilian garb, he could not wear it.

And so, should he choose to be disobedient and scheme to depart, what could better alert the gendarmes to potential suspicious activity than a naked man rapidly shuffling about Paris bearing heavy irons.

No, Captain Gerhard Strunk was to become a prisoner. A servant of the Baroness. A toy of Marie de La Corte. In putting the Captain into the chains

he had so often placed on resistance fighters, the irony was not lost on either party.

“You will shovel coal in the basement. Though it is August, the girls require much hot water. If you are a good boy, I will offer refreshment. And when you tire, I will offer comfort... at a price. And over time you will choose a better life... to serve us in a more refined capacity... as a woman... a maid.”

Without chains, the task is not overly burdensome. But in bearing some seventy pounds of metal each shovelful of coal becomes ponderous. And with the heat of the furnace on an August afternoon, Gerhard finds his new role to be exhausting.

Besides the chains connecting wrists and ankles, a third chain is locked onto the neck collar and secured to an overhead beam. There is afforded slack but lying down in rest is precluded. Similarly, a fourth chain, added for no other reason than to mentally imbue control, connects the waist belt to a sewer pipe. Thus Gerhard's range of motion is restricted to the coal bin and the furnace door, a distance of some six feet.

Marie draws up a chair and watches. Within minutes the blue-eyed, blonde form breaks into a sweat. The black dust clings to his flesh and mixes with the perspiration to form a muddy soot which oozes to the floor. Feeling an odd twinge within her loins, Marie is reminded of arousing times during puberty while watching the bare-chested fishermen of Malta work the nets on a summer afternoon. The thought brings a smile, the repulsion of being in the presence of one of the forces who killed her father is assuaged.

With some twenty shovelfuls, the furnace roars. The bathing water becomes hot and plentiful.

“Enough... for now.”

Gerhard believes he will be afforded rest... which he will. But not as he expects.

Marie, age nineteen but with an insouciance beyond her years, arises from her chair. She unhooks the neck chain from the beam, draws in the slack and

rehooks it. Next she takes in the slack of the waist chain in the same manner.

“The girls will be needing more hot water in a few hours.”

She approaches the befuddled laborer. The fingers of her left hand toy with his right nipple in distraction while the fingers of her left deftly clip the chain on his left wrist cuff to an eye bolt on the waist belt. She smiles.... ostensibly warm... but her German captive senses baleful intent. Then her left hand likewise clips the right end of the chain to the waist belt. He cannot move his arms.

“No playing while I’m gone. We’re rather familiar with that nasty male habit here.”

Marie reaches down and teasingly diddles the penis tip. She chuckles in feeling the expected reaction. Then she exhibits her newly acquired skill in handling the male organ... her fingers work in earnest to bring the young virile officer to full erection. He blushes.

“You’re nicely sized... not that that will mean anything here.”

With that, Marie departs leaving Gerhard forcibly standing with his connecting chains pulled taught, absolutely no slack to permit motion... and a raging hard-on.

That is how Gerhard spent his initial days... either shoveling in exertion... or standing chained and immobile. At night, he was released and bathed, his manly pride further ebbing as two giggling young prostitutes plunked him into an oversized tub and cleansed away the soot, his wrists tightly connected to his waist band to obviate any ability to help himself.

Just as Marie had awoken arousing thoughts in stroking his penis to stand in humble salute, a state of priapism occurred frequently, the saucy girls comfortable with the male reaction... and even more comfortable when it became theirs to control. They teased relentlessly.

Gerhard spent nights chained in Marie’s bedroom, usually sitting on the floor upright to further ingrain a constant state of exhaustion. Restful sleep was

denied as were bathroom visits... unless well supervised. Gerhard passed out more than slumbered.

Within two weeks, the proud German officer began to break, respectfully referencing even the most tawdry of the Baroness's trollops as 'Miss' and learning to be very respectful of the young but authoritative Marie. But he would not agree to be disguised as a serving girl.

"Is this all? I am to do nothing but shovel, eat and sleep," Captain Gerhard beseechingly inquires as Marie fixes him for the night.

Dressed in flimsy night clothes, Marie tends to her plaything, her diaphanous negligee providing quite the tantalizing thoughts for the forcibly chaste young German officer.

The neck chain is tested for tautness, strung straight up to a ceiling hook, Marie assuring that her toy cannot lie down. She smiles in hearing his plea, knowing that the end of male hubris approaches. In once again restraining her naked charge sitting on the floor of her bedroom, she steps back to inspect. His wrists are attached at his sides to the waist belt. His neck collar immobilizes his head, constantly forcing his chin upwards. She has his ankle cuffs, right and left, secured to the legs of her bed, widely parting his calves and revealing in total his male package. There is comfort in seeing under her total control the vaunted male organ... that to which she must succumb daily for money.

Satisfied with the level of frustration which the bindings will impart, she steps to a dresser drawer.

"Would you prefer some of this?"

Marie holds up the diabolical contraption she has so often seen applied under Captain Gerhard's command. It is the finely engineered testicle clamp, retrieved from the cabinet at Gestapo headquarters. Delicately milled threading permits the interrogator to add pressure to the male's most precious anatomy in slight but painful amounts. Marie has seen a skilled torturer take hours, bringing gut wrenching agony, before finally quashing a gonad into numbed uselessness.

In observing interrogations and translating, fulfilling her role in mocking the prisoner's awkward efforts to avoid the inevitable, she found herself strangely appalled... and aroused. And now here sits the Captain with his fine plums so vulnerably exposed... and his attitude in need of adjustment.

"Perhaps you will wear this for me... to remember your place... and help you make a decision."

Marie playfully tousles the hair of her helpless toy then smooths her hand on his cheek. The thought of her fingers being the source of slow torment arouses even more than when she watched.

"American troops entered Germany last night. The end is near. Yet, I suspect you will not be going back home soon."

Marie's bare foot finds its way to the top of the Captain's right thigh. Her toes begin to diddle his manhood. It stirs, bringing a girlish giggle. She silently continues to manipulate until the sizable penis fully stands for her.

"It is of commendable size, Captain, but no longer of use to you. If we are ever to get you out of the coal cellar and into women's clothing such an imposing organ will be detrimental to you. Women do not have such bulges there."

"I will not dress as a woman," comes a firm retort.

"Then you are destined to shovel coal in tight bindings. They are quite heavy, no? We have no other way of hiding a male and ensuring that his keep is earned."

Marie retracts her foot.

"With your bath tomorrow we will begin to acclimate you to your disguise... your new life. The girls will remove your body hair and you'll have a nice long soothing bath in sweet smelling soap. So by day you will work for me in the coal cellar. At night, we will begin to introduce you to the joys of more feminine things."

Marie's foot rubs the underside of the standing penis tip causing the turgid organ to involuntarily waggle. She laughs at the humbled reaction, noting that he squirms to avoid the stimulation. That will change.

"Perhaps it is the thought that arouses and not my toes, Captain. Perhaps dispensing of your irons and dressing in fine silk is not as repulsive to your psyche as your words suggest."

Marie again laughs in introducing the ironic thought... that the handsome yet cruel officer has a propensity which, if disclosed to his Nazi superiors, would have had him placed in a box car to Treblinka along with those he arrested and detained.

"After your bath tomorrow, when we remove your leg irons and place you in panties, you will not resist. If you do I will use the testicle clamp."

Marie holds up the evil device.

"If you doubt whether I know how to use this, just remember how many of your interrogations I attended and how many I witnessed being broken under these slow crushing plates of steel."

The elongated nipples of 021507, the mammary glands of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte... former U.S. Attorney... professional dominatrix... extortionist... offer less flow. Forceful sprays of lactate turn to dribble. I also note her words, in telling the story of her mother, begin to wane.

Being milked not only slowly depletes the body of the essence which can sustain life but energy as well.

My hands retreat and I sit back in contemplation. In feeling the heady sensation of control, to have pumped dry this once powerful woman, at a time, in a place of my choosing, there is gratification. Though hanging upside down and horridly spread, forced to reveal every square centimeter of pink intimate flesh, that which a woman spends a lifetime preferring to conceal, 021507 enters a curious stupor in finally giving up what her body has ached to provide.

“You’ve been well drained. We will resume the story next week.”

There comes a low moan in humble agreement.

“With my next visit, I will have Muffin refrain from milking you for two days. I want these glands prepared and eager to let down for me.”

For the first time, I have the privilege of encasing the lengthening nipples into the tight rubber tubes. I pull one tube over the clever prongs, working the cylinder up toward the hinge to expose the tips. When I pinch the right nipple with the tips of the prongs, there comes the sound of a whimper through the mouth hole. I pull firmly to stretch the pink strip of flesh, then I glide the tube back down the prongs and over the nipple, slipping it firmly over the elongated pink nub which has expressed so much milk. As I carefully slide away the prongs, the rubber cylinder contracts... once again providing 021507 with the sensation that sinister fingers are constantly tugging away at nipples made overly sensitive through forced lactation.

The left nipple follows and I cannot help using my fingers to flick the rubber coated finger-like nipples... udders really. The very tips of the nipples, some half centimeter, peek out the open ends of the tubes. They are ultra sensitive,

having been made to respond to my squeezing fingers for the past hour or so.

My steel masked dairy cow has been well milked, providing much essence. As a reward I reach for the feather and again diddle the clitoris to bring evanescent pleasure.

“I’ll want more next week. More story and more lactate. You’re going to let down lots of milk for me.”

While I speak I insert the soft rubber mouth tube and slowly push to ensure our clandestine inmate will never speak and identify herself. There comes a slight choking sound as the tube abrades the back of the throat. Yet, 021507 acclimates, having felt its presence for many weeks.

I turn the threaded metal end to make the tube one with the mask, then lock the clasp.

Nancy will stop into the special release room, free 021507 from the bondage of her own flesh, and take her back to her cell, returning the key to Muffin.

With that I rise to depart, realizing for the first time that with the evening’s salacious amusement I have soaked my undergarments.

Another sub rosa discussion with Chief Judge Victor Hopkins.

“And how is our Patriot Act inmate?” my fellow conspirator inquires.

“Contented as a cow,” I cannot avoid the pun.

“She is being quite forthcoming... when permitted to speak and while being milked. And it is an interesting phenomenon, the psychological effects of inducing lactation.”

“Learned anything of interest?”

“Nothing specific. But it will come. Antoinette De La Corte is broken. There is nothing she will not do nor tell me in cooperating.”

“Then it appears our decision to hold her in secret is effective. I will therefore approve your order for continuing incarceration and interrogation.”

I smile in knowing that my Thursday night recreation will continue.

“And here is a copy your latest performance evaluation, Pat. Nothing in here which will intercede with a recommendation to the Court of Appeals. How you come to be recommended is another matter. There are even more politics involved at that level.”

I smile even more warmly. With Judge Hopkins’ glowing report, the last impediment for advancement has been removed.

“Thank you, Victor.”

Yes, this extortion game can work. My sexual preferences are now overlooked... just as are Judge Hopkins’ long past visits to a Brooklyn bordello and a young dominatrix.

021507 hangs naked and upside down, her ringed flesh straining to hold her girth. Thursday evening has come at last.

On this visit, I note that Nancy has already placed the measuring beakers under the udder-like nipples. The tips of the rubber coated glands are secreting. There is a smattering of white liquid coating the bottom of each vessel. As ordered, my toy, my dairy cow, has not been milked in two days. She is most eager to feel my firm tugging fingers.

I remove the plates covering the ear holes and pull away the padding beneath.

“Would you like to let down some milk for me?”

The words cause the expected subliminal reaction... the drips increase. I attempt to repress my laughter but cannot. I instead reach for the feather and diddle the clitoris.

“Time to resume the story. And it appears you are eager to feel my touch.”

The mouth tube is unlocked and slid away. Speech is initially impaired but forthcoming. Yes 021507 has learned that divulging the story of her mother brings the comfort she desperately seeks... the ingrained need to provide... to give up the abundant build up of lactate.

“Your mother was dealing with Gertrude... I mean Gerhard...”

For the first time in weeks, Captain Gerhard’s fall into an abyss of bondage is reversed... somewhat. Marie unlocks the chain connecting his ankle cuffs.

“Some covering for you. Some nice frilly panties.”

“I will not wear them.”

“I think you will. The police have been rounding up collaborators. Some are being summarily shot if first caught by the underground resistance. And you,

having worked in Gestapo headquarters. Well you have not much of a choice if we turn you out in the streets. A bullet from the former resistance... or a trial and hanging by the authorities. You won't get far walking about naked and in irons."

Marie holds up the garment of flaming red silk.

"Smooth, soft. It offers a degree of modesty. Surely you'd like to appear before the girls with *some* covering."

With Gerhard's silence, Marie slips the right foot into the panties and then the left. With wrist cuffs secured to his waist belt there is little assistance possible. And resistance is futile, as Marie has described. But for the Baroness's hospitality, however exhausting and humiliating, Captain Gerhard Strunk would probably be dead or held in a cell destined to be hanged.

"There. Doesn't that feel good?"

Marie slides the panties up. The brief garment hugs the hips just under the formidable waist belt. And Gerhard is chagrined to find that, after weeks of the pure hell of forced chastity and donning nothing other than some seventy pounds of iron, there is a strangely elegant pleasure in having the smooth and soft silk abrade his shorn genitals.

Yes, the young prostitutes, who find great amusement in bathing the handsome German officer, have denuded his entire body of hair... genitals included.

Marie stoops to reconnect the ankle chain while her naked captive ponders his situation. When she rights herself she steps back, surveys and giggles.

"You see, Gertrude, your voice says no but your psyche says something else."

Marie advances. Her hand lowers to brush the growing bulge, Gerhard's penis celebrating the wickedly sensuous feel of silk... the neglect of his carnal needs quite evident.

Then, letting the organ firm itself to full tumescence, Marie raises her hand to Gerhard's face. She pinches his cheek as would affection be bestowed on a child.

"You smell good. I hope the girls aren't using the expensive perfume."

Then the hand moves to the golden Aryan hair, not having been trimmed in many weeks. She tousles and draws the long locks out and then smooths such down the sides of his head. With Gerhard in tight bondage he cannot resist or protest.

"You see Gerhard, it is all for your own good. The authorities are searching for men. You will no longer look, act.... or feel like a man when I am through. It is the only way I can protect you."

The hand lowers again. The skimpy panties are now well tented, the sizable manhood pressing in full delight against the smoothness. Feminine fingers briefly caress through the fabric.

"This will become a problem," Marie announces with a strangely evil glee.

"But we can work with it.

"Come. Let's show the girls."

Marie has purchased a decorative dog leash which she clips to Gerhard's massive iron neck collar. She tugs. Gerhard reluctantly follows. The ankle chain, the abundant weight of cuffs, collar and waist belt, make movement difficult... as intended. Yet with much effort and the clanking of metal, Maria directs Gerhard to the parlor.

It is mid afternoon. Most of the Baroness's girls are gathered in the gaudy crimson greeting room, gabbing away in various states of partial nudity, awaiting the late afternoon rush of patrons.

"Our new maid in training, ladies," a gleeful Marie announces. "See how much he enjoys the feel of silk."

All eyes are directed to the garish red garment. Gerhard's unintentional

expression of enjoyment becomes evident to all. He blushes with the tittering reaction.

“We have to get his hair styled enough so we can take him out to the beauty parlor. Then the disguise will be quite plausible.”

The girls collectively nod in agreement.

“And then Gertrude will be trained to clean and cook... among other duties.”

I finish removing the tubes which serve to constantly elongate the nipples. The dripping increases and I devilishly refrain from beginning the fingerwork which will assuage the vast mammary glands of the need to express milk.

“You mother was quite the termagant at a young age.”

“Please, Miss Pat. Milk me. It aches constantly.”

“Of course. That’s intended. We want you transformed... mentally and physically. All that time in sensory deprivation is spent so you can think of ways to please me when I permit you to see and hear. It will only be in my presence when both is permitted... and then only because you provide.... milk and information. I want both.”

I reach out and remove the metal plate covering the eye holes. The spotlights which serve to eerily illuminate her nakedness are too powerful. I peer through the eye holes to see beneath the mask that she is clenching closed her eyes.

“Tonight you can watch me work your nipples while you tell me the story. See yourself giving up such fine essence. Observe as I drain you.

“So this Gertrude was taken to the beauty parlor... “ I prompt.

It required many weeks but the dire reality of Gerhard’s situation finally dawned on a mind addled by the constant torment of heavy bondage, unending exertion and humiliation.

He could not leave the Baroness’s enclave naked and in chains. Nor could he continue to endure the wakeful nights, the constant taunting and the drudgery of the furnace room. The daily task of shoveling coal was a frustrating combination of working with fervor while donning many pounds of metal restraints or standing almost immobile with the taut neck chain obviating the

ability to sit or lie down and the waist chain limiting lateral movement. As the cold of late autumn approached, he realized that more and more coal was to be shoveled... a task quick and simple when not so thoroughly bound in weighted shackles... but physically and mentally daunting with limited mobility and bearing ponderous irons.

Captain Gerhard finally understood that the persistent Miss Marie De La Corte would never release him from his cuffs and chains unless it was to be put into women's clothing... and that was only so he could be further led down that path of dainty servitude. And what confounded Gerhard most of all... he found that wearing the red silk panties felt good... the smooth softness brought arousal to that which Miss Marie ensured was stimulated only for reasons of occasional humiliation. He almost wished for Marie to slip them on again.

Could he lower himself to become a maid? The only other choice was to continue to endure the impossible.

Finally, one evening sitting in the hot bath while the two tittering young harlots soaped his shaven genitals until the tip of his stiff penis broke through the surface of the warm fragrant water, Marie enters and holds before him a mirror. The girls had shampooed his lengthening hair, parted it in the middle and combed it straight down over his ears. The resulting look was crude, but demonstrated that the process would not be overly troublesome.

“With just a touch of make up you will be passable enough for me to get you to the beauty parlor. Then your transition can be better completed.”

Gerhard peers at himself and is disheartened to have to silently agree. His hair is long... and though rudimentarily styled... effeminate enough for glimpsing passersby not to stare as he walked the streets of Paris in women's attire.

“Had enough? Our Gertrude will have less imposing duties. She may even sleep in my bed.”

Gerhard remains silent in ruminating his predicament. Just the thought of sleeping in a prone position for an entire evening makes the offer attractive.

“You have a decision to make, my Captain. Shovel coal until you drop from exhaustion... give me the word to end your servitude and turn you in to the authorities... or dress for me and serve as a maid. Those are your choices.”

Marie pauses, then holds up the feared testicle clamp.

“The shoveling may become more challenging. I can begin using this. I will not be as quick with it as your Gestapo friends, but I will achieve the same results. Your obedience will be offered to me. And in the end, after I am done, you will fit better into the panties I’m going to make you wear.”

Gerhard, soon to be Gertrude, shudders with the thought of added, clenching weight where a man prefers the soft touch of a feminine hand. The choice is made.

The next morning, a relieved Gerhard, hence to be referred to as Gertrude, is freed of the many pounds of metal. Oddly, his penis celebrates, standing straight to the ceiling as he feels truly naked sitting before the girls without his irons. They giggle again in styling his hair and applying make up. Then Gertrude dresses himself under Marie’s supervision. He obeys in donning every feminine garment offered with Marie watching in gratification. She has conquered.

“The girls at the beauty parlor have been forewarned concerning my unusual request, Gertrude. Do not speak. They have been told you are a Frenchman whom I have decided to turn into a transvestite. I will be present to supervise your transformation. The shop girls have been told that you will not speak without my permission. They do not know you are a German deserter and you will not endanger yourself by divulging such. You know enough French to listen and follow their instructions. I will be there but obviously will not speak to you in German.

“You are to have a facial, manicure, pedicure and certain small modifications to assist in your transition and disguise. And a tattoo. We have read of the liberated camps and the German system of identification and I want you to be similarly marked. And Gertrude, you will be naked for the entire visit. The girls need to be amused.”

And so Gertrude became a passable woman. Gertrude learned domestic servitude. After many weeks of training, Gertrude's demeanor became quite effeminate, even learning to walk most seductively in heels.

And to ensure Gertrude's psyche accepted the transition, the last task at the beauty parlor was to pierce Gertrude's flesh and add two rings. The first was a standard Prince Alpert piercing, penetrating the urethra and frenum well down the penis shaft. The second was a deep piercing of the perineum near the rectum. Into both openings were inserted and welded closed large rings of steel.

Gertrude did not understand the purpose until days later when the openings healed. In exiting his bath, Marie demanded he stand and part his feet. She then pulled his ringed penis back between his legs. To the sound of a click Marie explained the function of the rings.

"I'll hold the key to the little lock I just pressed closed. As you can feel, your penis is now secured down and between your thighs. I suggest you refrain from attempting an erection. It will be painful and impossible to fully achieve. The configuration minimizes that embarrassing and telltale bulge... and it will forever change the way you pee.

"I want you thinking like a woman... and each time you need to relieve yourself you will do so squatting."

It was then that Marie, later to become the notorious Madam De La Corte, began honing her penchant for extortion and blackmail. With the war ending, she understood that holding Gertrude in bound servitude, not the restraint of heavy chains, but the captivity of the mind, would become more and more challenging. Threatening him with exposure would become moot. He could no longer be considered a deserter. His exploits with the Gestapo would fade from memory. Popular disdain for the occupying German forces would wane. The threat of turning him over to the authorities would no longer ensure obedience.

How then, does one keep a young, blond and otherwise masculine male in a frilly maid's costume... locked in permanent chastity... destined to perfect the art of fellatio?

Photography.

Yes, coincidental with the liberation of the city came renewed supplies and equipment in fields considered frivolously expensive during times of need. As normalcy returned so did pleasant hobbies and pastimes which had to be forsaken for food and sacrifice towards the struggle for survival.

An energetic Marie set up a small but comparatively well equipped studio in which the once handsome now charming Gertrude would be photographed in all his new finery and cosmetics. Her sequential photographs typically began with Gerhard stripped naked and being prepared for a bath. His entrapped penis belied all doubt as to his true gender. Then Marie would snap away as two young cohort courtesans would wash him, remove male stubble, help him dress and apply makeup. Yes, as the girls assisted Gerhard in becoming Gertrude, Marie would record the donning of every alluring garment and the application of each segment of makeup... lipstick... nail polish... mascara. The coiffing of the hair was particularly enlightening as the image of a forlorn Gertrude was oft times captured staring into a mirror while the giggling girls styled the blond locks.

As Marie's montage grew, there was many an occasion when Gertrude was made to review himself/herself in the growing pile of extortionary material.

"All the negatives are safely tucked away, Gertrude. Should you decide to leave us, I'll give you copies you can present to any prospective employer... or better yet, we can send them directly. And if you don't leave us a forwarding address, we will find where you've gone and I'll personally deliver the photographs. The images of you sucking on a plump, stiff penis will make quite the impression on a new employer..."

Gertrude understood the message. Besides not having papers, well documented evidence of how he chose to elude both the liberating forces and the German Army would forever follow him. Escaping the clutches of Marie and the Baroness would not be easy.

But what would always mystify him was... just how did Miss Marie obtain such a salacious close-up photograph of him sucking his first cock?

“A fascinating story, 021507. It is evidently the genesis for how your mother treated Bennie... making him dress to assure he did not dally on the way to the bank with the deposits. He who began all the intrigue by stealing one of the tapes.

“Oh yes, Muffin has briefed me concerning 061505.”

The steel covered head nods in agreement. Then there comes the sound of a low moan as my fingers bring forth a particularly strong spray of milk which escapes the right nipple and splashes into the waiting beaker.

“You’re flowing wonderfully for me.”

There follows a barely perceptible moan of joy as the left nipple expresses the same. Then I pause in milking the cherubic, once impressively athletic form. I know the disruption annoys, but such is my prerogative.

“What of the tattoo, 021507? How was Gertrude marked?”

Antoinette De La Corte knows to instantly respond. She pines for the gentle squeeze of my fingers.

“The words ‘May I suck your cock’ were tattooed at the bottom of his right buttock... in English. The same in French on his left. Thereafter Mother ensured that any panties worn were brief enough for the invitation to be clearly seen by all.”

“What happened to Gertrude?”

“He was rewarded for agreeing to dress as a woman. Rather than being restrained nightly, sitting in an upright position in heavy chains, Mother let him sleep in her bed. You can imagine how the physical torment changed to the mental, his penis locked in uselessness while snuggling next to a rather attractive and accomplished courtesan. Mother suggested he still was denied restful sleep... but for a different reason. Though locked between his thighs, his manhood kept trying to stiffen. And Mother did nothing to discourage the reaction. What normally imbues pleasure became a source of slow anguish

for Gertrude. He learned that his penis was no longer there for enjoyment.

“If Mother ever did unlock the two rings, she never mentioned it. As the handlers here at Facility 14 will tell you, forced chastity can greatly alter the thinking of the male beast, which she intended as revenge. Probably the most demeaning of any long term torment to be instilled.

“And while forcibly kept chaste, Mother had him perfect his fellatio. It seems the testicle clamp was needed after all in ensuring that he learn to properly lick, suck and control his gag reflex. He submitted after very few twists, knowing that testicles were superfluous and would be mercilessly clamped flat if he did not. Mother told him he’d fit better into his panties, so when it was used he knew she would keep tightening without relent. In seeming aloof as to whether Gerhard... rather Gertrude... kept his precious testicles, Mother convinced him that it was best for him to suck at her command. The patrons did not know of Gertrude’s true gender and his oral services were offered to all in the parlor as a form of foreplay before visiting the bedrooms of the Baroness’s regular girls. What man could pass that up. A little fellatio before receiving full service. By the time the war ended, Gertrude was quite the accomplished sucker of cocks.

“When a patron arrived, the Baroness was given to pull up Gertrude’s panties to better expose the inviting tattoo. ‘A little entertainment while you wait’, she would offer.”

Such duplicitous yet ironic revenge, I think to myself... inviting the unsuspecting male to be orally serviced by another.

“And your mother? She obviously left Paris.”

“Having learned much from the Baroness, she decided her skills were more into the management side of the business. With peace, travel became feasible. As noted, she had no affinity for the French. Within a year of the war’s end she came to Brooklyn under a Maltese passport. The immigration quotas from that war ravished country, the tiny island nation which had endured so bravely, were expanded. Many were permitted to emigrate. She had no difficulty.”

I continue to milk in silence, staring through the mask holes into softened eyes which had, years before in the basement of a Brooklyn brownstone, once brought fear. Her look, if such can be properly interpreted when mostly covered in shining metal, is that of an adoring puppy. She is grateful for the attention of my fingers... having languished in her cage in dark silence, for two days her breasts aching to give, yet not knowing when.

With the transition to human dairy cow, her words pour forth as readily as her nourishing essence. As I steadily milk, her body wondrously responding to a steady rhythm of squeezes and gentle pulls, I am amazed to see that I have almost filled the two beakers. And if I am not mistaken, her nipples seem longer. I will more carefully read the forthcoming medical report from Nurse Jones. Every physical attribute of our clandestine inmate is carefully weighed or measured weekly and submitted to me in a highly classified report, name always withheld.

Is it possible her nipples now stretch to a full three inches?

The following Thursday I arrive in Special Release Room #2 to see 021507's fattened and well bound form hanging in eagerness. Droplets of lactate have already coated the bottom of each beaker and when my lactiferous plaything feels my fingers work to remove the ear hole coverings, the flow increases in anticipation before I have spoken a word. In being hung and restrained upside down, she knows she is to be milked. Thus her glands begin to let down with zeal.

I also remove the eye covering. I believe watching me govern, controlling a most fundamental feminine function, further ingrains my authority over her mind and body.

Overall, her altered mind embraces me as her superior and one who graciously accepts what her body is so eager to give.

She watches as I deftly remove the rubber nipple tubes, the weeks of practice

making the deed facile. When I unscrew and pull out the mouth piece, she is eager to speak. And the information obtained is much more valuable and reliable than that which would be offered as a result of a brisk caning, however much such is deserved.

“So... your mother, Madam Marie de La Corte moved to Brooklyn. She ran that house of ill repute for many years. She must have had many.... shall we term them sympathizers?”

I prompt and that is all that is required as the faltering words begin...

It seems that an energetic and resourceful Madam De La Corte learned the art of extortion and coercion young and rather well. From the outset, arriving in Brooklyn some months after war's end, she established a successful bordello, initially with clientele of more modest means, the hundreds of sailors and soldiers returning from conflict, and later elevating over time to a more genteel element.

And as a result of her experience with Gerhard, destined to remain as Gertrude despite the war's end, she reveled in the more exotic requests and proclivities of those choosing to obtain feminine comfort by way of a pecuniary transaction.

But most noteworthy, Madam no longer had to exchange her dignity for money. She was in charge.

Over time, her success in transforming Gerhard from belligerent Gestapo interrogator to useful and amusing maid led to more elaborate schemes. Cameras, still cameras, were surreptitiously placed about her place of business. Later, the capability for audio recording was added. As technology improved, so did the Madam's ability to collect revealing and sordid evidence of the peccadilloes of high powered men. Her pile of lurid photos grew. Many select regulars... judges, politicians, ranking law officers... had rather thick files, verifying that their dalliances were not one time visits... not erratic urges for carnal pleasures... but instead were regular acts of hypocrisy.

No, by the time a politician or other man of influence was confronted and drawn into Madam's conspiracy... protection for her silence... there was enough evidence to make the victim cringe with the thought of disclosure of his intemperate lifestyle. As in any culture, sanctimony is rarely tolerated, and those drawn into her web were the most sanctimonious.

Madam's cameras were well used and her depleting stock of film constantly replenished. Over time, every normally concealed aspect of a man's anatomy would be captured on glossy black and white photo paper. In flagrante delicto as we say in jurisprudence. With the negatives meticulously dated, indexed and filed, rumored to be tucked away in a safe deposit box, no one she

confronted ever chose to challenge her scheme.

Instead, whereas every other cathouse in the city was receiving an occasional visit from the constabulary, the photo collection of Madam Marie De La Corte made both her and her business impervious to intervention by those who would normally seek to either close her doors or, in a reversal of fortune, forcefully extract funds to remain open.

The Madam, as Marie De La Corte came to be known, became steadily wealthy. And in having dominion over the influential she became influential herself.

A one time fling, just at a time when Madam's wealth and influence was becoming notorious, brought forth the irony of her lifetime... a baby. The father moved on before the child was born. A roving confidence man who duped a few New York businessmen then headed for a sunnier climate, Marie readily admitted to herself that she had stupidly fallen for his glib words and unctuous demeanor.

Still, in her late thirties, financially successful yet facing the tedium of having to work every day, respected but feared, Marie's loneliness impelled the decision to bring the love child to term.

Antoinette De La Corte was born July 23, 1963.

Marie De La Corte took care to separate her daughter from the business. The early years of development and education were unremarkable. Always the best schools. Nannies were affordable. Young Antoinette excelled in all subjects, athletics included. Then adolescence arrived and with it hormone driven changes in attitude and outlook. Nannies, or any other form of direct adult supervision, were not to be tolerated. A young Antoinette became irascible. After school hours, a relatively busy time when Marie's business awakened with patrons seeking a 'matinee', became times when an unattended Antoinette most needed supervision. After unsuccessfully requesting that neighbors assist with Antoinette's after school governance, mother Marie decided in frustration that it was best to have her daughter spend her late afternoon hours in quiet study at the infamous Flatbush Avenue bordello.

At the time, Antoinette was of the age when there is growing awareness of the carnal pursuits of men and women. Friends, television, movies and overheard conversations provided pieces of a puzzle which all young adults are given to assemble in acquiring carnal knowledge. Mother Marie's late evenings 'at the office' without need to arise in the morning at a normal hour had for years provided clues as to her chosen profession. Thus, upon arriving as commanded for her first after school visit, ostensibly to labor at school work and avoid the troublesome antics of her cohorts, Antoinette already had an inkling as to the source of her mother's livelihood. When she was first shown into a secluded room and told to ignore the frequently ringing doorbell and telephone her suspicions were further kindled.

And then at a later time, in stepping into Mother's office during her absence, a break for coffee, recent photos being processed for filing came to Antoinette's attention and confirmed all.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, the snapshots were of a more eccentric nature. Antoinette De La Corte saw photos of the basement dungeon long before she was to labor there, stroking her first crop, restraining her first naked submissive, trembling in delight in hearing her first cry of anguish.

She found the lurid pictures, those taken in the portion of the house equipped for the patrons with more 'refined' tastes, to be arousing. And it was not the sight of naked and tumescent males which gave rise to stimulation. No, curiously it was viewing the exercise of feminine control and governance which spurred wicked but pleasant thoughts. Men strapped to a whipping bench awakened something in the genes.

A brazen Antoinette confronted her mother. The extortionist became the extorted, in a sense. Antoinette demanded more than to idly sit doing homework in a secluded bedroom. She wanted to watch... to participate... to not only see a woman of authority take command but also to hear, to sense... to feel the thrill of power as biting leather met vulnerable flesh. But alas, though Madam's own experiences began in youthful days, she deemed Antoinette too young. Instead, since the 'cat was out of the bag', Antoinette's after school visits to the Brooklyn bordello became more productive than just completing schoolwork. Madam let her daughter do the filing, sorting through the recent additions to her collection, dutifully recording on the back

of every eight by ten photo the name and date of the unwitting patron which the cameras had recorded the day before.

The system produced dozens of photos per day depicting every conceivable form of carnal coupling, with those snapped in the basement dungeon secretly coveted by Antoinette. She noted to herself that the more conventional trysts, those displaying mere fellatio and copulation, stirred little interest. It was those intense scenes of feminine dominion that captured her eye, her mind and her soul. She studied each in earnest. By the time graduation day arrived, Antoinette felt she had spent a lifetime flailing the buttocks of furtively submissive males.

Madam was again approached.

“I want to work my way through college, mother. Work here. I have seen enough and can easily handle these milktoasts who portend to be the stronger gender.”

Another parent would have responded with appall. But Madam Marie de La Corte recalled her own experiences at a similar age, forced to collaborate with the Nazis, to sleep with the men who had killed her father. Daughter Antoinette would not have to do that. Instead she could continue slaking family revenge on the male gender. Young, attractive, athletic, she projected an aura well beyond her eighteen years.

Madam Marie De La Corte consented. Her hired dominatrix moved onward from the basement dungeon to cities unknown. Antoinette took command of that segment of Madam’s business which produced the highest fees, the most salacious of photos and the most useful extortionary material.

It was Antoinette who took the time, effort and money to install the elaborate videotaping system. Thus in the early eighties, when I as a newly appointed district court judge named Patricia Wilmot, spied a very subtle personal ad for persons in need of ‘behavioral modification’, the basement chamber was completely wired to ensure the next victim would be well entangled.

How exciting it must have been for the young Antoinette to find a female upon whom to work her craft. With her disdain for the male gender, my

arrival must have been quite the breath of fresh air... to unleash the fury of her dominant hand and then be able to obtain oral gratification from the less abhorred gender must have made her entire day.

Yet now she helplessly hangs... offering her milk when, where and how I see fit... escaping well deserved canings only because we desire to maximize the flow of what we so much enjoy extracting from her.

“So it was on to college and then law school, cracking naked flesh while not cracking the books,” I whimsically summarize as a particularly forceful spray erupts from the left nipple.

I am extracting... both lacteal essence and information. And Antoinette De La Corte... the hardened prosecutor... the cruel termagant, provides. And what she gives is nourishment... both liquid sustenance and words to sustain the mind... food for thought.

There were many years of college and law school before I wrote, under duress, a letter of recommendation for her to achieve a toehold into the U.S. Attorney’s office. During that time, the number of tapes regarding my visits alone would number in the dozens. And there are those of Judge Victor Hopkins... a more willing visitor... never having been confronted as was I in being forced to offer protection and assistance in Madam’s libidinous endeavors. Therefore the sheer volume must be... must have been... daunting.

“What happened to the tapes, Antoinette? There must have been hundreds.”

My timing is to be rebuked. The flow from the right nipple turns to a dribble. I can barely express a drop from the left. Antoinette De La Corte, my lactating cow, has been thoroughly milked. And just as with one having an orgasm, her mood, the energetic verbal offering which flows along with her precious fluid, curtails in entering a stupor of hormonal expungement.

She is exhausted... literally and figuratively drained.

“Three days next week, Antoinette. I will have Muffin abstain from using the milking machine for three days before I have you brought here to perform. You will be aching to both lactate for me and tell me more.”

In silence I retrieve the prongs, stretch out the worn and reddened right nipple to its glorious three inches and then return the lengthy nub to the rubber tube which serves to constantly tension and stretch. I repeat with the left, then the eye and ear coverings are replaced. The mouth tube is last and in both hearing and feeling the retching reaction as she struggles to once again acclimate herself to the constant irritation of something introduced to the back of the throat, I realize for the first time how wet I am in extracting words and milk from the once domineering blackmailer.

Revenge is sweet. But in realizing how many tapes must have been made, recalling the many years which Antoinette plied her craft in the basement of the Flatbush Avenue brownstone, I now know that they either still exist or someone took great effort to dispose of what must have been a massive collection which commanded a good deal of space. The recordings were made before the days of compact disc technology which would have served to greatly reduce the physical area required for storage. No, I suspect that a sizable box would be required to store just one month's evidence... and Antoinette thrashed away for years before attaining legitimate work post law school.

I decide to take a leisurely Sunday drive. It is Springtime with the flora providing verdant scenes of renewal and the fauna active with notions of proliferation. It is a pleasant time of year and nature's display of vitality relaxes. Still my mind returns to Antoinette De La Corte, idly lying naked and caged, effectively entombed in concrete, only to be released from random alternating forms of sensory deprivation to provide for me... amusement and information.

So somehow the car swings in the direction of Facility 14 and I find myself using the cell phone to call the administrative offices of the Penance Corporation of America to forewarn of my visit. Not to the special release room, just a quick inspection to check on she whose burgeoning ability to lactate so diverts my thoughts.

Within minutes I arrive and I am greeted formally in the main lobby by Nancy who escorts me to Cell 113. Once again I am impressed with the silence. I have visited morgues with more noise. To think that behind the solid steel doors are hundreds of dangerous men... formerly dangerous men... gives rise to thoughtful kudos which should be bestowed on the Penance Corporation of America. And to further think that the organization can incarcerate the dregs of society more cost effectively than the government... I will have to ensure the company is given every consideration for expansion.

Reaching cell 113, the electronic lock clicks. Nancy pushes open the heavy metal door to permit entry then departs.

“Good afternoon, Muffin.”

The radiant blonde looks up and smiles, always pleasant for the one whose knowing fingers bring her such joy.

“Have I arrived at a bad time?”

She stands over a machine on wheels. There is a sizable tank, a motor with hoses and wires suggesting a degree of complication and engineering sophistication. When I spy rubber suction tubes in Muffin's hands I realize it is the goat milking machine, the purchase of which I authorized.

“It is a good time, Your Honor. I am about to give 021507 her last milking until your visit on Thursday. Your order wanted her eager to let down. I suspect she’ll be ready to express like a cow.”

Lying prostrate in her cage, the plump mammary glands of Antoinette De La Corte hang well below into the cage of her one time victim 061505, aka Bennie the Bumper. Since he is well bound he can only helplessly lie watching the dangling globes of induced fat as Muffin prepares the nipples for extraction. I am amused to see that the forcibly chaste male is being rutted by the enticing scene. His large male organ stands stiff and straight towards the ceiling, the minx Muffin using the extraction to torment both of her toys.

Meanwhile 021507 lies motionless, her many rings secured to the cage bars, a position from which she is moved based only on the random computer-generated numbers. Currently she is both blinded and deafened, awaiting whatever... but hoping to feel either the soothing squeezes of my fingers in inducing her to give up what the deluge of hormones produce... or the sensation of suction as the switch to the goat milking machine brings relief from the constant ache and build up of lactate.

There is a bottle of gelatinous whitish goo hanging on the side of the cage. A tube runs to the mouth opening in her steel mask, slowly siphoning that which brings continuing girth and the need to give milk.

I know her mind to be dull and inactive, as intended. Thus my interviews, restoring the ability to communicate however briefly, are welcomed, providing intervals where she must concentrate and gush... gush forth with both information and fluid.

Muffin uses the familiar prongs to expertly remove the nipple tubes. 021507 stirs, feeling sensation where she most needs attention. As the nipples are buttered, a low moan escapes her mouth tube. There is obvious joy with the slightest touch and I am amused to note droplets of milk begin to form. She begins to let down.

Then Muffin flicks a switch and a motor creates the sound of rushing air. When the long pink right nipple is sucked into a clear tube connected to the machine there comes an almost imperceptible grunt of glee. When the left

nipple is likewise sucked into a second tube, 021507 jostles herself, struggling against her many cords and causing her fattened breasts to quiver like Jell-O.

Meanwhile in the cage below, where 061505 has the most salacious view of the well bound naked feminine form, I note that he struggles in an attempt to free his hand, desperately trying to stroke that which drives the male gender into useless depravity.

“Not as pleasurable for her as a hand milking, but more effective. The machine will continuously suck until it senses that she’s thoroughly drained. As you know, assuring that all the lactate is depleted from her means she’ll provide even more with the next milking.”

I smile and nod in agreement.

“And it frees me to do other chores... or sometimes I sit in my chair and watch.”

Muffin smiles devilishly in describing how she reclines in her chair. I know of its gratifying utility. I have sat there myself.

021507 begins to shake in earnest and I am amused to see that all the tubing connected to the goat milking machine is clear, as is the two reservoirs which will serve to hold her expressed fluid. I can watch the flow, the very essence being slowly extracted from her. And I know that nurse Joanie Jones carefully measures her output and adjusts her diet and hormones to maximize what the glands provide. We are all in wonderment as to whether there is indeed an optimum level or that her flow can be continuously increased.

We have taken the level of lacteal output as a challenge, cutting exercise and movement to an absolute minimum so that all energy is expended in producing for us.

“Has she been forthcoming for you?” Muffin inquires as for now her task is completed.

“May I sit?” I reply, not able to get that chair out of my mind.

She smiles in thinking how often I have sat indeed, though in my office, adoring her wondrous charms and bringing forth gasps of well deserved pleasure.

I note that she moves to the cage of 061505 and replaces the blinder over his hood, returning him to darkness.

Just as I pat my thighs in invitation I see Muffin hike up her skirt. We are of like minds. She will sit on my lap and I will finger her to orgasm after orgasm as we watch 021507 let down for us, the relentless machine taking all she has while I glean feminine essence of a different nature.

“Yes, I know the machine milkings are harsh. I realize that your nipples are raw and chafed. But the suctioning is thorough and scientifically precise. It takes all you have, and that is important.”

Once again an eager 021507 hangs upside down and wickedly spread open in Special Release Room #4. She’s ready for me, already letting down as I feather her clitoris to assure she is in the proper frame of mind.

Her nipple tubes have been peeled away. Ear and eye coverings removed. Mouth tube extracted. She is excited with her moments of permitted sensory input... and so wonderfully anticipates giving. With three days of neglect her breasts will yield much... burgeoning with the need to be emptied.

I decide to begin where we left off. Chronologically, an adolescent Antoinette has claimed reign over the basement dungeon. She is young yet forceful and authoritative beyond her years. I am to learn that in working to pay her own way through college, Madam Marie De La Corte is curiously proud.

“Once mother became accustomed to letting me work the dungeon, she reveled in the benefits. I transformed her method of compiling blackmail material from simple photographs to the sophisticated taping system, producing stultifyingly graphic images... both sight and sound... of her unsuspecting patrons... as you well know.”

Yes, I do indeed.

“Can you please begin, Miss Pat. I am aching so badly,” she interrupts herself to beseech while shaking her well bound torso as best she can. Her slight motion causes droplets of milk to fling from the long nipples. I find myself grinning wickedly.

Yes, her plea brings a smile. There is much frustration in going three days without relief. Her entire body seems filled with the induced nourishing liquid. She desperately needs to express.

“So eager to give. I will milk you. Yet there is no rush,” I taunt in gently

squeezing the left nipple to bring forth a modest spray and demonstrate my insouciant power.... that the timing is mine.

“But tell me more... of your mother. Tell me what became of her.”

I need her to focus on her narration... to offer words along with her nourishing liquid... during which interval I will subtly move to the status of the tapes.

So I sit back and listen, occasionally spurring more of the story I want to hear by offering a tantalizing squeeze to the very tip of a nipple, knowing full well that a full firm grasp and long steady draw along the body of the buttered gland is what better produces the flow she desires to yield. Her nipples truly resemble udders at this point. Both the tight rubber tubes and the relentless daily suction of the milking machine have steadily added length over the weeks. As opposed to human fingers, the machine does not tire, mechanically applying suction which is consistent and unending. Thus the process of constant lengthening seems to have taken the nipples to lengths exceeding three inches.

The story resumes and it seems that Antoinette worked the basement dungeon for many years, beginning with her undergraduate years and continuing through law school. The patrons were many and the money flowed abundantly. Antoinette's style seemed to press all the right buttons of the submissive male psyche. Her canings were both exacting and merciless. In donning the skimpy black leather bodice and bikini bottoms she induced the mental torment of lust and desire along with the physical... a feminine form of shapeliness and power... something to be coveted but never touched.

My own visits in those years added a curious rush, Antoinette never having before considered herself a lesbian. It seems my brief experiment in the power exchange side of Sapphic affection, to be unwillingly extended by way of the blackmailing tape, awakened something within her. Yet overall, Antoinette's sadistic urges were genderless. My tongue and lips were deemed less revolting than being serviced by a repulsive male. And so my contributions to the operation as district judge, ensuring legal protection, became, in Antoinette's mind, a close second in terms of what she most desired from me. She most enjoyed my oral service.

Curious to learn how the manifestation of power and the unfettered application of pain can substitute for the ecstasy of sex and orgasms. Antoinette rarely thought about getting herself off until she had my naked form strapped to the whipping bench and after a good brisk caning forced me to offer pleasure.

Thereafter, the threat of the videotape brought forth my weekly encore performances... at her whim and demand.

Finishing law school, things slowed when my recommendation got her the job with the U.S. Attorney's office. There she rose quickly in the ranks, I am sure by way of extortion of some form. According to her story, there were so many visitors to her basement chamber...

Yet she possessed the tenacity of a good prosecutor. That was more than apparent. And despite the hypocrisy of being a product of criminal activity, and paying for her law school education by way of illicit acts, her performance in the U.S. Attorney's office was judged to be adequate.

The duties diverted her from the evening escapades in the dungeon. The nightly floggings became more sporadic, changing to occasional encounters with more weekend appointments. The monetary aspects of the sessions became secondary. To assure Antoinette's steady advancement, and Madam's ongoing protection, blackmail material was always being accumulated and kept fresh. Though the money became superfluous, it was a game they did not know how to end.

Finally, with her appointment as U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, and coincident with Madam's desire to withdraw from commerce of the flesh, it became time to close the Brooklyn bordello. Money was not needed. Antoinette had reached what she believed was the pinnacle of what could be accomplished by way of blackmail and extortion.

Still there was the annoyance of the missing tape... the Bennie the Bumper imbroglio.

Besides the timing, Madam being rich but aging, Antoinette with a promising career, there was the uncertainty that the purloined tape would somehow

wind up in the hands of someone with whom no influence could be mustered... a reforming politician, not subject to the long reach of Madam's extortionary hand. Should that occur, with the basement dungeon dismantled and the Brooklyn brownstone shuttered, there would be little for the press to expose. Without the corroboration of the location, the events recorded on the tape could be passed off as a Hollywood type of production, though the likes of Judge Hopkins and I would have much explaining to do.

So after nearly fifty years, Madam closed the facility and retired.

The words of my lactating toy reach a logical stopping point. Yet, the collection of the tapes is not mentioned and my quest unfulfilled. I grasp the right breast, squeeze and draw down steadily on the well buttered flesh. When my fingers reach the long nipple, a jet of white streams into the waiting beaker. I imagine the sensation to be close to orgasmic, judging from the meek yet ecstatic reaction of my upside down cherub. She whimpers and sighs, the joy bringing the need to gasp for air through the mouth hole in the steel mask.

"Oh, you so much need my attention this evening. Your breasts are as ripe as melons in late August."

A similar draw on the left breast brings forth an identical gush of white and more moans.

"Where did your mother go, Antoinette?" I inquire in withdrawing my hands to end the joy.

"She returned to Malta. There was property there left to her by her aunt. Please keep milking."

I sit back and pause, suggesting that more information, more of the story, will bring soothing squeezes. She understands when I further inquire.

"And the tapes? All the photographs?"

"Mother took them. For protection. Wanted to ensure there would be no subsequent prosecutions. She was worried about having to forfeit all the

money. Said she would take them to her grave.”

I reach out and grasp a plump gland in each hand. As I consider this revealing but disappointing clue, I begin to milk in earnest. With each draw, the right nipple then the left gives up a jet of milk which splashes into the waiting beaker below. Antoinette De La Corte is impressively lactiferous. Nurse Joanie Jones has out done herself in transforming the once trim and athletic form into a naked and helpless Olympic champion dairy cow.

So the tapes are in Malta... beyond the reach of my federal judicial power... as well as that of Judge Hopkins.

But then I do some quick math. Being a teenager during the war now means Madam Marie de La Corte is in her eighties.

“Antoinette, is your mother still with us?”

“No. She died over a year ago.”

I smile with my hands rhythmically extracting every drop my naked toy has to offer. The beakers are rapidly filling.

“And her remains? Where did she choose to rest?”

“A cemetery in Queens.”

In silence I contemplate the offering. Wherever the tapes are, if remaining in existence, at least such are not moving about the world with a peripatetic Marie De La Corte. There are only two places to look, Malta and Brooklyn-Queens. However, one is vast, and the other, though a modest island, probably equally capable of concealing a sizable cache of material. But it is a start.

I finish off the glands, milking them dry and listening to the joyous groans of inmate 021507, she upon whom has been slaked the most satisfying of revenge.

In being drained, I replace all the coverings to return her to sensory deprivation then sit and listen to her breathing through the controlling mouth

piece. As always she is exhausted, the milking having ebbed her energy. The special release room is filled with her feminine scent. She remains undouched, and in being forcibly spread open, feathered and then milked, her folds of well exposed labial flesh have moistened in anticipation of attention not to be offered.

Antoinette De La Corte will be denied ultimate gratification... forever.

Once again I note that her clitoral hood partially masks that with which I like to tease. I will indeed have it pierced and ringed.

“A curious request, Pattie. I assume you believe this is important?”

“The request is with regard to our Patriot Act case, Victor. I am sure the FBI will be discreet and understand that they are not to know more than they have to know.”

Chief Judge Victor Hopkins knits his brow in thought.

“Clever. They’ll think the origination of this would be from the folks at the National Security Agency and you’ve signed the order on their behalf.”

We both smile. It is an amusing situation, using the executive branch to do our bidding. Normally it is the reverse.

“Well it can’t strain their resources. Just a matter of searching public records really,” he reasons.

“And how is our girl? Well confined I trust.”

“You will have to visit her again, Victor. Your mask stays in place. She’s held caged and completely immobile. She’s undergone extensive and frustratingly random periods of sensory deprivation and she lactates for me like a dairy cow. The results have been as desired. Everything she knows concerning the tapes, which unfortunately is not complete, has been offered... and truthfully. Seems the past few years have been a bit of a bluff on her part. The tapes were last seen being packed for shipping to Malta years ago. Madam De La Corte died a few years thereafter.”

“And finding where she is buried will help?” Victor referencing my request of the FBI.

“It’s a starting point, and not a heavy task for the Bureau. If her body was transported from Malta, as suggested, there will be a paper trail. That’s also in the order.”

I am gratified to see Victor lean forth and add his approving initials to my court order.

“Thursday nights? Your weekly visit.”

I beam with his question. It cannot complicate matters to have the chief judge further embroiled into the plot... the search for the missing videotapes... the unending torment of Antoinette de La Corte.

“We can drive together. I’ll remind you to bring the key... to the mask.”

Victor sits back in his chair.

“No need. I cannot perceive a compelling reason to offer any relief. Besides, I honestly can’t think of where I put it,” he adds in shrugging with noted insouciance.

I join Victor in sitting back in thoughtful repose. Antoinette De La Corte has worn the heavy confining stainless steel mask for many, many weeks and still my cohort suggests no respite be offered. It seems his quest for vengeance is on a par with mine.

Having adequately debriefed Antoinette De La Corte, satisfied that she has offered all she knows, my Thursday evening visits turn more to entertainment than the ongoing quest for the missing tapes.

Inmate 021507 is machine milked daily except the day of my weekly visit. Her state of lactiferousness is such that just the few hours awaiting my arrival places her into a frenzy... her enormous breasts aching for relief.

And having tired of having her hung, on this visit I have her leashed with her arms secured behind her back to preclude unauthorized touching. With the many rings embedded into her flesh, it’s a simple matter to clip together those near her elbows and equally simple to release her so she can crawl for me when desired.

Now that there is no further need to interrogate in secret, Muffin can join in the amusements.

“How long has she been here?”

“Nancy took her from the cell at the end of the shift at 5:00 p.m.”

My watch suggests that 021507 has knelt in dark silence for three hours, the leash secured to the frame to assure she cannot lie down. She is blinded and deafened and does not know that Muffin and I have entered Special Release Room #2.

“Why not become more comfortable for me Muffin? It’s rather stuffy in here.”

Since the pretty blonde minx has no compunction about stripping in my chambers, there should be no reservations about disrobing in a room designed for the privacy of special release sessions.

I am heartened to see her garments be cast aside without hesitation, bringing forth palpitations of joy to this lesbian of many years. I have two naked fems with whom to play!

I smile and give Muffin a kiss on the forehead... such a gracious girl and so generous with her charms.

“I wish I had a camera... but documenting these types of encounters is the reason we’ve had to work Ms. Antoinette here so hard... trying to control the damage such evidence can bring.”

As I speak I reach down to where the gargantuan and pendulous mammary glands drape from 021507’s chest. In flicking the exposed ends of the freakishly long nipples, our dairy cow stirs from her reverie. I am amused to see a droplet of lactate form, the gland attempting to express milk despite the tight tube impeding most flow.

My fingers lower to the newest modification, graciously offered by Nurse Jones without need for explanation from me. As I requested, a decorative yet formidable ring pierces the clitoral hood. And the clever nurse has outdone herself in adding another ring, equally attractive, unrequested and just below the navel. A slim chain connects the two, somewhat taut, and serving to

constantly lift the hood under which is snuggled that pearl of joy I so much enjoy tantalizing.

I cannot help reaching down to toy with the devious configuration. Though Antoinette can no longer play or touch, her most intimate anatomy is now available to any and all fingers which seek to tease the most sensitive of feminine charms.

And I am quick to realize that the next time she is hung, the chain can easily be tightened to assure that the pink pearl of pleasure greets all who wish to have access... all who wish to view it being forced from its folds of seclusion.

I jostle and listen to moans of delight emanate from the mouth hole. Nurse Jones certainly knows the anatomy, apparently piercing where there can be no doubt as to the intentions of any fingers directing the chain.

My hands move to the ear coverings, remove and gently pull away the abundant padding that serves to place 021507 in complete silence.

“Eager to let down for me? Want to be milked?”

The shining steel mask nods in a heart warming combination of enthusiasm and humbleness. With mouth tube remaining in place she cannot speak.

Muffin hands me the prongs and I pause to admire her curvy athletic form. Stripped, she has kept on her shoes, just as I like her, and in being otherwise completely naked the expanse of wondrous flesh projects an aura of debauchery. Still I manage to return my attention to my forcibly fattened cherub, slipping the prongs into the right nipple tube, prying it open and sliding it away. The left follows and I am amused to see droplets begin to form in earnest.

“Such a good girl... aching to let down and show me how eager you are to be milked. But perhaps just a little exercise first.”

I reach to unhook the leash then hand it to Muffin. What more decadent scene could I contrive than to have one naked form walking the other. Both perform under my auspices. One willingly... one in need of the coercion of my

milking hands.

Oh, I wish I did have a camera in watching the gorgeous Muffin take control of my lactating toy. She releases her elbows and 021507 instinctively lowers her hands to the floor.

“Come,” she commands in snapping the leash.

The expected resistance, the reaction of intense humiliation, is instead replaced with a display of eagerness...to obey... to move... to have relative freedom.

Meanwhile I take a chair and watch as the refreshingly domineering Muffin walks about leading on a leash the once powerful Antoinette De La Corte. With her smiling carefree demeanor, she appears to be taking out a puppy on a warm Spring day.

Round and round the room I am entranced with the abundant layers of flesh we have forced upon our once trim and powerful antagonist. After a few laps she tires, the added weight, the lack of stamina, quickly bring our charge into a state of lethargy.

“Let’s have a contest, Muffin. You do the right breast. I will do the left and we’ll see who can bring down the most milk.”

Muffin reconnects the elbows, tightly clipping together the rings so that 021507 must obscenely thrust forth her chest. Meanwhile I arrange the beakers and retrieve the feather to assure we have Ms. Antoinette’s attention and she is eager to let down.

With our simultaneous squeezes, both nipples erupt, each sending geysers of white to the waiting beakers.

At last, the FBI report arrives. Though the many pages required weeks of effort, I am sure the tardiness has been due to the low priority placed on my request. And in waiting, I have been paying inmate 021507 her weekly visit to wile away the time. Muffin has joined me on each visit. I do believe controlling the docile and lactating Antoinette De Le Corte enhances her orgasm. She climaxes divinely after an evening of feminine control and debauchery.

The relative thoroughness of the FBI manuscript compensates for the undue timing. For the most part it documents the known movements and significant transactions of the last few years of Marie De La Corte's existence.

In having spent a lifetime staying one step ahead of both the vice squad and the tax authorities, assembling detail has not been easy. Still, real estate transactions, visa requests, travel arrangements and the like all leave a trail. And the FBI has thoroughly outlined all.

I read with interest but there is no smoking gun, no obvious clue as to what could have happened to the mountain of lurid photographs and videotapes which the notorious Marie De La Corte and her equally infamous daughter assembled over some fifty years.

The Brooklyn brownstone was sold in 1997. Thereafter Marie De La Corte traveled, apparently parting with some of her ill gotten gains on a six month world cruise. She returned to New York and stayed for many months at the Waldorf-Astoria. In early 1999 there came the move to return to Malta. And her demise is authenticated in 2005 with a Maltese death certificate, arrangements to transport her remains back to New York, and a burial in a Queens cemetery as Antoinette offered.

The records of the moving company are obscure. Every invoice procured by the bureau suggests that 'household goods' have been transported... never the 'truckload of tapes' I would so hope to see designated on the bills of lading.

Nothing obvious strikes my inquiring eye.

So I work back and review again. I look at poundage. How much weight was

moved to storage upon sale of the brownstone in 1997?

28,220 pounds. I cannot help wondering whether the load included that sturdy whipping bench where a young Antoinette de La Corte so often strapped my naked frame.

How much poundage left that warehouse for shipment to Malta?

25,375 pounds.

Nearly 3,000 pounds remained behind. Held in storage? The warehouse address is in Queens. Easy for me to execute a subpoena and search. But if such is the case, who is paying the bills? Storage cost money, particularly in New York.

Could Ms. De La Corte have prepaid in cash and then passed from this earth leaving behind the pile of blackmail? Over two thousand pounds of photos and tapes.

Why would she chance such a nebulous destiny for a lifetime of meticulously kept records? Leaving all to be plundered in a bailor's auction when the prepaid storage fee expires.

No. For a fastidious businesswoman of Madam De La Corte's ilk, the resolution would be more certain.

I again review the documents. I note that my theory of the tapes being left to chance does not jive with the purchase of a cemetery plot in 1997. People who carefully plan the events and circumstances of their demise do not overlook the destiny of things with perceived value. She would make arrangements to either finally grant a reprieve to all those she extorted in having the material destroyed or to ensure that a suitable heir took command of what must be an enormous pile of embarrassingly sordid depictions.

If destroyed... how, when and by whom? If remaining... where and with whom?

Yet, Antoinette, suffering under as much duress as we can conceivably

imbue, knows not of the tapes final fate.

Credit card charges during her stay at the Waldorf reveal the weekly rental of a car. Yes, a clue. Such rental agencies do not accept cash in signing the base contract, foiling Madam's regular modus operandi of concealing transactions from the authorities by utilizing cash. Insurance mandates a ready method of recourse should there be damages. Thus a partial trail foils movements preferred to be otherwise clandestine.

But to where did she drive?

Could it be the tapes held in storage were moved for destruction one trunk load at a time? The receipts indicate twelve weekly rentals. A slow and expensive manner in which to dispose of something which could be tossed into a garbage canister in one fell swoop.

Wherever Marie De La Corte went, subways and cabs were not deemed useful. And trains and planes did not prove to be convenient. She drove. A lifelong inhabitant of New York found her destination could only be reached by car. Curious.

Then the invoice for the cemetery plot strikes my eye. It is huge! Over \$100,000. The amount demands further perusal.

And that's when things begin to gel.

It is not a plot... it is a crypt... a structure of granite and marble... with utilities. Yes, gas for an eternal flame, electricity for the perpetual lighting of the Maltese flag always to fly overhead even in the darkness of night. Spacewise, the structure is designed for the 'entire' De la Corte family.

Yet there is only daughter Antoinette and with her disdain for the male gender, any further descendants are highly unlikely.

Marie had to drive to the cemetery... a place with no subways... no trains... certainly no airplanes. And an unlikely place to find a cab ride back to Manhattan. The weekly rental, twelve in all, would provide transportation,

some two hundred pounds per trip, in moving the mountain of documents. Not an impossible task, even for a woman in her seventies.

What was Antoinette's response when inquiring about her mother's tapes? 'She would take them to her grave!'

Could it be that Madam Marie De La Corte believed that in death she would rest more comfortably entombed with that which so effectively protected her in life, hundreds of pounds of ill gotten evidence of debauchery?

Once again, I find the Patriot Act conveniently empowers me, if unintentionally. A court order to exhume the body of Marie De La Corte is drafted. With Antoinette as the only living relative, she tucked away naked, bound and incommunicado, there is no one to object. And with the secrecy of the Act, there is no ruckus brought by public disclosure. Opening the crypt requires little fanfare and I refrain from attending the activity to ensure that as little attention as possible is drawn to the deed.

An examiner from the city's Medical Department is drafted to make a cursory review of the remains and report to me. Based on the findings there may be more action taken.

And so here I am in chambers, anxiously awaiting my 4:00 p.m. appointment and the arrival of Dr. Emily Tilson.

She arrives as scheduled.

“Any problems entering the mausoleum?”

“None. These structures are designed to accommodate visitors. The door opened without difficulty. There is a small room inside and crypts for three. It was prying open the sarcophagus marked ‘Marie De La Corte’ which required effort.”

“And?”

“My report,” the prim middle aged woman offers in sliding a folder across my desk.

“You have a mystery on your hands and according to the duties with which I am charged, I am only to report such to you... with no follow up unless you provide another court order.”

Yes, I do wish to control the process for obvious reasons. There are more tapes of me, I am sure. Thus I must proceed cautiously. The prudish woman remains silent suggesting she prefers that I read. I open the folder and scan.

Yes, there is a mystery. The body inside the tomb is definitely not Marie de

La Corte. And ascertaining such did not require a highly trained and skilled medical investigator.

The remains are male, blond of Nordic or Teutonic ethnicity, some seventy years of age, cause of death preliminarily unknown but with no evidence of physical trauma.

Having uncovered the incorrect gender brings shock. I was expecting mention of much superfluous material, such as the tapes and photographs, but the examiner seems to have fixated her findings upon the deceased, and I suppose rightfully so, when the body's gender gave cause for alarm.

Then I note why the woman desires that I read rather than she verbalize.

Under the section entitled 'identifying marks' there is a tattoo described using words which the prim and proper prefers to refrain from repeating. In reading the description I repress a smile.

The words 'May I suck your cock' appear at the bottom of the right buttock. And of course the report notes that French words of identical meaning are on the left.

I have uncovered the remains of the late Gertrude Strunk, serving many years ago as Captain Gerhard Strunk in the Army of the Third Reich.

"Why do you suppose a person would have such markings," I playfully inquire knowing that the prissy Dr. Tilson prefer to avoid the subject and will struggle to reply.

"There is evidence of gender confusion. The hair was extremely long and well coiffed. There were remnants of make up. There was jewelry and the body was wearing a dress."

Yes, it is Gertrude and I cannot help asking a question to which I know the answer.

"And the genitals?"

"Definitely male... and bejeweled. The penis pierced and locked in a position

which would serve to obscure his gender while in women's clothing. And of course preclude intercourse."

So Gerhard Strunk died in forced chastity... his penis kept under strict feminine control to the end. Amazing the tenacity of controlling women...

Yet I think of the Penance Corporation of America where hundreds of males reside in thorough chastity... in a system designed to perpetuate their stay no matter the initial crime or sentence.

"Thank you Dr. Tilson. That will be all. Confidentiality is a must concerning this matter. You have been very helpful and served your country in a matter of great urgency."

I can barely stop tittering with the melodramatic words. The urgency is to assure that my career is not impinged or jeopardized. Yet as the woman leaves, I find a more somber mood overcomes. Not only were there no tapes, but no Marie De La Corte!

And I begin to better understand the genetic makeup of my lactating toy Antoinette. Her mother, along with the Baroness Lillian du Borgrave, vengefully kept the otherwise virile young German in sexual denial for a life time! There was no relent. He lived out his life with his penis locked in chastity by controlling women.

The plot, the circumstances surrounding Marie De La Corte and the vast cache of photos and tapes never seems to unravel. It just seems to thicken, the intrigue deepening.

Now there is the missing body of Marie De La Corte along with the missing blackmail.

The situation requires thought. And it requires what I mentally think of as an insurance policy. I have stretched the provisions of the Patriot Act far, relying on the concurrence of Judge Victor Hopkins for every unethical court order. Should the eminent jurist retire, or worse, depart for a higher tribunal, a new Chief Judge will have many questions.

I need assurance that I will be able to continue addressing this matter. And the prodigious udders which Antoinette De La Corte once called breasts kindle a plan.

Nurse Joanie Jones is marvelously receptive to new ideas. Thus when I phone her with my plan, one to be executed in the utmost secrecy, her initial reservation is quickly stifled by a mind which becomes hyper active when delving into all things medical.

“Of course it can be done, Judge Wilmot. 021507 continues to menstruate. It is not my area of expertise, but one of the advantages of working at the Penance Corporation of America is that we can experiment to our hearts content and the inmates never complain.”

We both laugh, knowing that with the forced silence and extreme isolation just about any horrid procedure could be afflicted without repercussion.

“I’ll need to buy some equipment. And the warden will need to convert a cell. I assume government funds are available to cover the cost?”

“So ordered,” I humorously command in my authoritative voice normally reserved for the court room.

And so begins another phase of my quest and the retribution to be wreaked on Antoinette De La Corte. I suppose at some point I will take pity on the conniving sadist. But each time such feeble thoughts flare, I recall those many long Thursday evenings restrained to her whipping bench, squirming in agony as she caned without relent.

So I put down the phone, sit back and let my mind wander. The late Marie De La Corte, should she in fact be dead, is going to have an heir. And the ‘issue’, as the legal profession designates the unborn, be it male or female, will become a ward of the court. Since I intend to be the presiding judge, all the earthly goods of both Marie De La Corte and Antoinette De La Corte will come under my administration... including the De La Corte family crypt and the remains within.

“It will appear to be both awkward and humiliating, but the device assures that the semen will be introduced into the vagina at the most optimal angle to promote insemination. Immediately thereafter we can further alter the position and angle of the vagina for even better assurance that the sperm continues into the uterus. And then it’s just a matter of waiting...”

Nurse Joanie Jones explains with noted pride the contraption she has purchased and installed in a cell recently converted at government expense. It appears to be a modified operating table, yet its length can only accommodate the torso down to the hips. The head end can be lowered so that as the table moves from horizontal the hips and buttocks are obscenely displayed. In addition, there are vertical stanchions at the sides, resembling the stirrups of a gynecological examination chair, which are designed to hold the turned up feet, ankles and calves of the patient. The odd device makes it possible to place a form lying on the table then shift it head down, feet and legs up until it hangs upside down!

“Note the holes in the surface for the breasts. 021507's glands express with the slightest pressure so it is best to have her lie prostrate with her nipples exposed and hanging through the openings. It is will be good to have access there while we’re inseminating her.”

Penance Corporation of America Facility 14 now has a defacto operating room and maternity ward... well a prospective maternity ward once I have inmate 021507 impregnated.

And whereas the art of artificial insemination is greatly advanced and can remove the emotional trauma of impregnation for she with such inordinate disdain for the male gender, that would not be any fun. I’m going to have the sadistic lesbian fucked!

So I gaze in wonderment at this table and frame which Nurse Joanie has designed and installed. It nicely restrains and holds the female form completely immobile, thighs hideously spread, vulva positioned and made most receptive for penetration. The angle, as Nurse Joanie so enthusiastically suggests, maximizes the depth of any penile intrusion. And holding the calves and feet high, and the head and torso low, any eruption of male seed will result in a bulls eye splat of semen to the opening of the cervix.

Besides the technical aspects of efficiency, I cannot help but marvel at the level of ignominy to be endured by the woman so positioned. Helplessly suspended with all pink parts displayed... waiting as would the condemned await the executioner... in this case the gruesome assault of a fecund penis.

But then, to think that after the traumatic deed the suspended recipient of semen can be shifted... effectively hung upside down, just as she is weekly hung while forcibly milked, provides titillation for the evil mind. In such a manner Nurse Jones can best assure that gravity will assist the feminine anatomical contractions in absorbing every drop of male effluent... that the spermatozoa will not have to swim but instead gleefully ride within the uterine cavity to the waiting egg.

Yes, it is most assured that inmate 021507 will soon be with child... one which will serve to seal my power over all property of the De La Corte family.

“When?” is my simple question to the inventive nurse.

“Her monthly period was last week. She’ll be ovulating in a couple of days. We’re closely monitoring.”

I nod in gleeful anticipation. The well lit room will become a small theater. Judge Victor Hopkins will attend as will Nancy and the warden. And of course there will be Muffin... my precious Muffin... who unfortunately will have to remain clothed in the presence of others.

“You can assure there will be no pleasure experienced by the donor?”

“I have been practicing and can assure you that 30 volts delivered to the anal probe only brings jolts of wrenching agony.”

My smile becomes more sanguine. I would hate to think that my scheme will bring undesired joy to a male long kept forcibly chaste.

“And the recipient?”

“It is best that she feel stimulation. Such will assist with the absorption of the

sperm. The natural reaction of the female cavity is to suck inward during arousal. When sexually excited the many muscles contract to draw inward the male seed and insure a swim to the uterus and waiting egg.

I am dismayed to think that after so many weeks of chaste torment, 021507, the powerful woman upon whom I have slaked so much well deserved vengeance, will experience joy during the execution of my plot.

“Is there any other way other than bringing her to orgasm?”

“I didn’t say stimulation was required to that point, judge. We will control the timing. She will be aroused to awaken her various pelvic and kegel muscles until the introduction of semen. After which all stimulation is superfluous.”

I smile and nod. Nurse Joanie Jones is so convenient.

With an entire facility filled with virile young males, all of whom having given up their spunk only by way of the degrading prostate milkings, I am sure we could find any number of volunteers to father a child, assuming we permit ejaculation. But what better way to enhance the mental torment than to have Ms. Antoinette De La Corte know whose child she will bear?

I find the thought of using as the donor inmate 061506, aka Bennie the Bumper, to be enticing. Yes, he remains tucked away in cell 113, unfairly tried, unfairly sentenced, and unfairly incarcerated. Equity would suggest that I intercede. But he knows too much. So he languishes, his only *raison d'être* being that he empties his bladder regularly onto the masked head and upper torso of his lifelong antagonist, Ms. Antoinette De La Corte. For him it is a small retribution considering his youthful ordeal in service to the lesbian sadist and her mother, which was truncated in having to live a life on the lamb.

In so cruelly having his feet modified under the auspices of Antoinette De La Corte, Bennie can no longer walk. Muffin has him crawl about on a leash when he needs to be moved, which is seldom. So when I mentioned the mobility issue to Nurse Joanie Jones, she thought for a moment and then smiled.

“I’ll have a frame temporarily installed for Bennie. He’ll feel quite uncomfortable, but we only want his sperm... not his concurrence... and certainly do not want to impart any feeling of enjoyment.”

So the time finally comes. These tribulations are events I cannot bear to miss so I decide to observe from start to finish, once more visiting cell 113 where my dear Muffin rules supreme.

I am pleasantly and amusingly surprised upon entering the thick steel door to see that Muffin has her entire entourage lying supine and erect in the confining cages. In a demonstration of her control, ten penises point straight at the ceiling. I must wonder how the dear girl coordinates the timing of the lustful scene. It so nicely epitomizes the effectiveness of the Penance Corporation system to see the pretty youthful girl have so much power over an entourage of hardened criminals.

“Welcome, Judge Wilmot,” my concupiscent little minx welcomes.

She greets formally, not wishing to divulge our relationship of lust to her charges. Besides, Nurse Jones is soon expected along with handler Nancy and the warden.

“Such a welcome,” I cannot help gushing in seeing all those helpless and useless erections.

Muffin has 061506 already leashed and crawling about. 021507 remains caged. I step closer to observe and a vengeful smile broadens to a wicked grin. She lies in her steel mask, eye openings covered along with her ears. Dozens of rings penetrating her fattened flesh are hooked to tight cords making the slightest movement painfully impossible. More cords attached to her labial rings hold her vulva widely open for all to see. Muffin has even secured the slim chain running from her clitoral hood piercing to her navel ring such that her pink pearl of pleasure is exposed to all. The result is that the strong scent of undouched genitalia fills the cell and I am sure aids in spurring the scene of commanded male tumescence.

“Is she aware of what I have ordered?”

“No. Other than Joanie taking her vaginal temperature to determine ovulation, she hasn’t the slightest clue.”

“Then it will come as quite the shock.”

“Yes,” Muffin suggests in joining me in my evil grin.

“And Bennie?”

“Nurse Joanie suggested I rut him. So for the past few days I’ve let him gaze at her nakedness and let him sniff away at all that pink I have kept spread. Bennie becomes quite the hound when sniffing a bitch’s privates... don’t you Bennie?”

The metaphor seems quite apt as Muffin pats the head of her leashed toy. He is unhooded and nods, his sad eyes denoting the many months of intense

behavior modification and firm feminine control.

“You’re going to be a daddy, Bennie,” I enthusiastically announce.

When I extend my hand to also offer a pat on the head, Bennie humbly licks my fingers. The regimen at Penance Corporation is delightfully refreshing in turning hardened criminal to docile lambs.

I step to the side and bend to peer under Bennie’s midsection. A nice firm penis is pressed against his belly, ready to spew the seed we desire.

The steel door opens and Nurse Joanie enters pulling a gurney. Nancy follows, pushing the conveyance which will take inmate 021507 to her new home. Just as with my reaction, the two authoritative women express amused comments in seeing the collection of saluting male phalli. But there is work to be done so after exchanging pleasantries the lower cage containing our lactating human cow is opened while Muffin unlocks the many padlocks which make 021507 and the cage bars one.

There is little problem in sliding the plump form from the small enclosure that I have destined to be her home. She can barely move, the heavy mask, the many pounds of fat, the atrophied muscles all inhibiting motion. The mental burden of the many weeks of torment robbing her of all desire to act. All her energy goes to the production of lactate, which will soon be put to good use.

I decide to keep her in sensory deprivation, the eyes covered along with the ears. And so the once vicious sadist meekly responds to pokes and prods and she is soon hoisted onto the gurney, kneeling on all fours. I find that gazing at the massive mammary glands, the rubber enclosed elongated nipples almost touching the covering sheet, is gratifying.

In merely touching the inner thighs, the kneeling form spreads her knees to display all... the rosebud of her anus and the many bejeweled folds of moist pink which I will soon have penetrated like a hog to be bred. When she moves, the wafting air carries her feminine fragrance and Joanie smiles, knowing that the strength of her scent evidences the optimal time for reproduction. The interval for ovulation is peaking.

“I’m going to be sorry to see the labial rings removed. They are deliciously controlling,” I comment aloud.

“Easily replaced after childbirth,” Joanie informs.

And with that, Nancy and Joanie wheel out the gurney. Muffin follows leading a crawling Bennie and I saunter behind, sensing for the first time the moisture which has begun to flow between my thighs.

The new maternity room is a short distance and knowing that the cost of the room, both rent and equipment, is billed to the government brings a separate feeling of gratification to the ongoings. I am having the one time U. S. Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, impregnated and placed in maternity care under my orders! Good gracious, the power feels so invigorating...

The normally austere and gray concrete walls have been gaily colored. In place of the expected steel cages there is the curious apparatus which will bring to yield the vulva of 021507 and of course many cabinets of required medical supplies and devices.

Awaiting us is my cohort in keeping Ms. Antoinette De La Corte secretly incarcerated, Judge Victor Hopkins. He appears to be heartened that our charge remains masked, unable to be identified by those outside of our cabal, comforted that in being blinded, deafened and intubated she is unable to communicate.

“My goodness you’ve certainly fattened her, Pattie. No one would think that beneath that steel and under all those layers of lard is that nasty whip mistress from the Brooklyn brownstone.”

Though all in the room know of the naked lactating form’s true identity, Judge Hopkins cautiously does not mention her name.

“It will take a few minute to set up if you’d care to sit,” instructs Nurse Joanie in taking command.

We move to chairs arranged for a perfect view of the proceedings. The

warden joins us.

“Muffin, can you place 061506 in the frame while Nancy and I prepare 021507.”

The frame in question lies on the floor behind the special table. Bennie is arranged to lie supine with parallel stanchions of metal to his sides and a third connecting the two above his head. At his feet the parallel bars connect to wheeled mountings by way of hinges. As Muffin secures the many rings piercing his arms, legs torso and nose to the surrounding metal, he looks on in apprehension. Yet his penis has not wavered from its state of engorgement. He probably has never before been so ignominiously displayed before so many. Yet, his state of chastity denies him the dignity of flaccidity.

“That pecker is going to be put to use, Bennie. You’re going to ejaculate for us,” Muffin coos with mocking enthusiasm.

Meanwhile 021507 is taken from the gurney and placed prostrate on the special table. I note that Judge Hopkins gawks when the enormous mammary glands are arranged to dangle through the holes which Nurse Joanie cleverly had cut into the surface. I smile in imagining what his thoughts would be if he ever joined Muffin and me in one of the long Thursdays evenings when we slowly milk the sow of every drop of essence. I myself wonder if pregnancy can possibly increase her lacteal output. Recently, the beakers have overflowed with her forced output.

My thoughts are interrupted as poor Bennie cries out in agony. Having been attached to the frame, Muffin and Nancy raise it so it stands upright. Within the surrounding metal Bennie the Bumper also stands... for the first time since a vicious Antoinette De La Corte modified the bones in his feet.

Yet he cannot arrange his gnarled soles to properly stand upright. His toes accept some of the burden but much of his weight is borne by the piercings in his flesh which, evidenced by his gasping protests, places him in great agony.

“Settle down. The more you move the more you will hurt yourself,” the young, yet calloused Muffin advises.

She graciously diddles the underside of his standing penis which apparently brings pleasure to counter the slow torment. The brief respite from the suffering of the piercing rings is welcomed. Bennie's erection waggles a thank you.

Bennie stops groveling when tips of his toes finally settle to find the floor in a tolerable manner, relieving enough tension on his rings to make his suspension bearable.

Meanwhile Nurse Joanie lifts the plump right calf of 021507 and folds the leg back at the knee. As noted, a stirrup awaits and Joanie takes the time to entwine the entire length in a broad soft but strong strap. The left calve is restrained in the same manner. Then the arms are drawn back and it is a simple matter to clip together sets of the many rings to immobilize the hands and arms behind the back.

With the many, many weeks of confinement and sensory deprivation, there is not much resistance to be offered. 021507 has been long mentally broken. She is a calf being led to slaughter. She whimpers as tender hands work to assure those mammoth lactiferous glands are aligned with openings and the nipples point straight down to invite the attention of a firm milking hand. The Nurse Joanie moves to stand between the knees. She parts the stirrups then uses the labial rings and elastic cords to ensure that the vulva of 021507 is spread to the point of grotesqueness. Our naked cherub moans in feeling fingers work about the chaste genitalia, and I smile when my olfactory nerves detect the strong scent of female organs long denied hygienic douching.

With Joanie applying salve to the entire length of the opened crevice, there come more moans. When I step to the rear for better viewing, I must laugh at the incredibly humiliating position in which the once aggressive U. S. Attorney finds herself. Her vagina is open to the world and I note that Bennie, offered many glimpses of what has long been denied to him, lustfully gawks at the warm, moist and pink folds which all males so earnestly covet.

His penis seems to stiffen.

Muffin meanwhile removes the eye covering and ear pads from the permanent steel mask of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte. Beneath the openings,

the eyes blink in becoming accustomed to the light and I step to the front of the curious table. I note that Judge Hopkins retreats, still concerned with being identified.

“You’re going to be a mommy,” I mockingly declare.

Joanie begins to lower the front of the table as I speak. The head and shoulders slowly dip until the steel mask is at the level of my knees. The hideously spread vulva remains at the level of my waist. I smile, noting that with Bennie secured in the frame, his penis, waggling in attempting to attract more feminine attention, is at precisely the same level as the waiting warm and wet pouch.

I lower my hands and rub the shoulders of our mother to be. I hear the breathing through her tube and decide it would warm the heart to hear her entreaties as Bennie’s turgid manhood plunges where the male phallus has rarely, if ever, been encased.

With my weekly visits, I know to unscrew and slowly retract the gagging feeding tube.

“Please no. Don’t do this,” the entreating words sputter, partially blocked by the round mouth opening of the mask.

“Oh, Antoinette. Even the queerest girl deserves to learn what it feels like to be penetrated. You should find out what you’ve been missing all these years.”

In having similar disdain for the male, I understand her loathing for what I am having done to her... which of course is part of the fun of doing it.

My hands return to again sooth the shoulders. Even there our once trim flagellatrix has attained layers of fat... our diet of lard plumping her like a hog.

“Don’t you want to know who I am going to have father your child? It’s Bennie... he who you had so cruelly ringed and hobbled.”

The steel mask wriggles in protest.

“No!”

“Oh, yes. Luckily for you, his pecker appears to be working just fine. Lots of pent up sperm. His prostate has not been milked in weeks. I think he’s going to shoot quite a load... and Nurse Joanie will assure it penetrates quite deeply. She has you widely opened for mounting. I’m sure you can feel the room air well up that cavern you once called a vagina.”

Yes, 021507 knows how vulnerably we have restrained her.

While speaking, Nurse Joanie moves to Bennie. She smears a cream over the entire length of his raging hard on bringing a smile of satisfaction from the long kept chaste form. But then she retracts a syringe from her pocket.

“Just a little nitric oxide while we work. We want you to stay nice and firm for us.”

Even I cringe in watching her knowing hand jab away with the needle, injecting four times around the base of the penis.

“Limited pain. That’s desensitizing cream I applied. You’re going to stay very stiff... and you won’t feel a thing.”

Yes, it is ironic that Bennie’s long interval of chastity will end and yet he will feel almost nothing... at least no ecstatic relief. For in completing the injections, Joanie moves to the rear where she slips a metal cylinder into the gluteal cleft. As she presses and works her fingers the three inch length of metal disappears... and we all know where.

“It’s an electrified probe, Bennie. Used for procuring sperm from breeding animals and for humans with disabilities. With the touch of a button I can deliver 20 or 30 volts to your ejaculatory muscles. And yes you will indeed ejaculate... like a cannon burst. But only under my control. And most enjoyable for us, you will feel nothing... other than intense pain.”

Oh, I am beginning to like this more and more.

“No please don’t,” comes more pleas from 021507 in hearing Joanie’s explanation.

I gently rub my fingers at the cerebral cortex. The flesh is incredibly gelatinous even there.

“Yes, Antoinette. I want an heir to the De La Corte property. I will be the legal guardian to the child we’re about to create and therefore have legal access to all your assets and those of your mother, should we ever locate anything.”

I am amazed to note that Bennie’s penis turns to absolute stone. It presses against his tummy and appears immovable. Nitric oxide effects the capillaries, apparently allowing excessive blood to flow and the erectile chambers to engorge even more than the normally lustful male would like. And it does appear uncomfortable as Bennie’s eyes bulge in strangely looking at his own organ.

Joanie stoops to tend to the long hanging mammary glands. She uses the familiar prongs to slip off the rubber tubes which constantly squeeze and stretch 021507's nipples. When freed, I detect droplets of lactate forming on strips of pink flesh we have altered to lengths exceeding three inches.

“Now, unfortunately the best way to assure conception is to place 021507 into a state of arousal. This begins a process in which the many muscles in the vagina and those surrounding the uterus begin to contract. If you can imagine turning her most precious organs into one large vacuum cleaner, designed by nature to suck inward the seed of life, you can picture why nature has granted the human female the capability of orgasms.”

As Joanie lectures she begins toying with the clitoris. Her left hand gently tugs on the little chain connected to the hood ring, exposing even more of the pink pearl to the room of observers. Above is the wide open entrance to the vagina... warm turning to hot... moist turning to wet... the once tight aperture now appearing to be the opening to a cave.

Her right hand begins to diddle with what appears to be a small soft brush. 021507 stirs and moans. She has suffered much neglect there. And now to be

masturbated in a brightly lit room before an entire gathering brings the pink hue of embarrassment to her fleshy form.

“Such a good girl. Your little bud is becoming nice and stiff for me. It’s sitting up and begging for more attention.”

Another minute and Joanie steps back for all to see the widely spread opening with the rigid bud standing in greeting.

“The frame, Muffin.”

Muffin moves behind Bennie’s suspended nakedness and pushes. The frame wheels forward positioning our male donor between the spread knees. Joanie grasps a wire emanating from the probe which was slipped in his anus. She hooks it to an electrical control box.

“You’re going to get a good fucking, Antoinette. Something a butch lezzie like you has long needed,” I cannot resist taunting.

Joanie’s left hand rises to hook her index finger through the Prince Albert ring of the incredible hard penis. Bennie groans when she pulls to bend the shaft toward the waiting pubes of our lactating cow. Muffin pushes more as Joanie tugs firmly to align. Her finger releases as her right hand guides.

“In you go.”

“No! Not there!”

Ah, Joanie is such a mischievous lass. She has pressed the penis tip into the puckered ring of Antoinette’s anus.

“Just a little foreplay. In being so little used there will be discomfort. But that will make the vaginal penetration feel so much better when it comes.”

I note that Bennie seems to react only to the forced downward angle. The desensitizing cream affords no pleasure in what the male beast would normally crave... the tight and warm grotto of the sphincter.

Nurse Joanie nods and Muffin pushes aggressively. With an expletive

erupting through the mask's mouth opening , the sizable ring and bulbous penis tip plunge inward, the tight purse string muscle forced to yield to the laws of physics. Muffin's entire body pushes the frame. Joanie's hand ensures the proper angle of penetration.

Once fully penetrated, Muffin begins to maneuver the frame so that Bennie's form moves back and forth, his chemically stiffened penis plunging in and out. The positioning is perfect, scientifically designed, measured and calculated so that both naked and bound parties copulate unwillingly... the knowing nurse controlling and directing Muffin's moves.

I look to see Nancy and the warden looking on with equal delight. Such overbearing governance... forcing anal penetration... brings comfort to women of authority. Watching my one time antagonist endure the utmost in pain and humiliation is exquisite. Judge Hopkins seems shy and somewhat concerned. I imagine he has rarely seen a cadre of women as us. His furtive visits to the Brooklyn brownstone, so many years ago, are distant memories of feminine dominance. An aging judge, no longer a slave to lust, now seems frightened in witnessing the exercise of feminine power.

With the desensitizing lotion, it is apparent that our chaste Bennie feels very little. He helplessly looks on with this aghast look, as if he is having an out of body experience. In his mind, he knows it his organ ravishing the backside of the once powerful dominatrix. But why can he not feel the lustful ecstasy that should accompany that which the male so secretly craves... burrowing deep into the tightest of feminine cavities.

"Can you help us, your honor? I know you can handle those prolific nipples. I have to work the clitoris."

While Nurse Joanie's left hand again grasps the chain connected to the clitoral hood piercing she gives instructions. I am to ever so gently caress the lengthy three inch nipples. Not to milk her per se, but to provide a tantalizing need. Meanwhile Joanie's right hand retrieves a small vibrator, the small rounded tip obviously designed for no other purpose then to tease a girl's most sentient nub of flesh.

"All this sensory input will involuntarily awaken the muscles and organs. Her

mind will be desperately saying ‘no’ but her reproductive organs will be welcoming the flood of sperm I will soon have injected.”

To the whirl of the tiny vibrator, Joanie leans from the side to apply the very tip to the well exposed clitoris. Above the raging penis plunges away... Muffin pulling and pushing on the wheeled frame, continuing the anal assault. And I take the very tip of each nipple and play, knowing that our well bound inmate would prefer that I fully grasp and tug away as if milking a pair of udders.

“Yes, there will be no problems with having Bennie’s semen enter the cervix. All this stimulation will bring what can only be described as a sucking action. Like it or not, Ms. Antoinette’s body is becoming very receptive to the notion of being inseminated.”

And judging from the fact that 021507's verbal protests have changed to involuntary moans of exultation, I would have to agree.

“You’re being delightfully fucked,” I lean to whisper into the ear hole of the stainless steel mask.

And I am delighted as well. As one who has had a lifelong repugnance for the male, I understand Antoinette De Le Corte’s mental repulsion in feeling physical pleasure while a member of the male gender has his way. Ms. Antoinette De Ls Corte’s life of abhorrence... one in which she has wreaked pain and perceived revenge... has been forcibly transformed. She instead is about to become the repository for male seed... and she feels such shame in realizing that her body enjoys it.

Despite the most evanescent of touches to the nipples, the mammoth glands begin to express a steady stream of milk. Joanie so notes and apparently detects other clues suggesting that our Ms. De La Corte is approaching orgasm. That will not do. The naked well bound form is not to achieve climax... only to experience the foreplay which will cause her reproductive organs to prepare for the forthcoming deluge of male essence. Nurse Joanie withdraws her hands and gestures for Muffin to pull back completely on the frame.

“Almost there sweetheart. You’re going to conceive for us,” she coos in a voice which serves to more irritate than sooth, I am sure.

With a plop, Bennie’s turgid manhood exits the tight sphincter. Joanie grabs the shaft and Muffin knows to push forward as Joanie bends and aligns the ring and penis tip before the pierced labia. I cannot help asking myself if it is the first time the avowed lesbian has experienced vaginal penetration, my own history suggesting that it is difficult even for the most diehard of homosexual women to avoid such ignominy during the formative teen years.

“No!” comes another protest as the nitric oxide induced erection slips past vaginal lips long forbidden to all things male.

“Yes,” I retort.

“Are you ready Bennie? Your first ejaculation in a long time,” Joanie prompts while assuring the long shaft is well embedded.

Joanie’s words are mocking, knowing that she controls the process, using Bennie’s body and organs as a cat would toy with a mouse.

“Here we go!” Joanie announces in noting that Muffin has pressed firmly to cause Bennie’s steel like penis to penetrate to the hilt.

Joanie’s hand finds the control box connected to the wire leading to the probe inserted into his rectum.

“One, two, three,” she ritually announces in pressing the button on the control box.

And with that Bennie lurches spasmodically, gasping in agony. Our mother to be groans, evidently feeling the deluge of hot pent up sperm exploding deep into her vagina. Joanie presses again and there comes another lurch. Within moments a third press brings Bennie into unconsciousness.

“Don’t be alarmed. I can assure all of you that Bennie felt nothing but intense pain. The recommended voltage is twenty. I shocked him with thirty five volts.”

Yes, it is ironic that the first time inmate 061506 has been permitted to ejaculate his seed in many months he did so feeling no pleasure...only pain... and at the behest of a controlling woman.

Muffin pulls back the frame. I am amazed to see that despite the forced spending, the nitric oxide still does not permit normal flaccidity. As Nancy helps her lower the unconscious sperm donor to the floor, the penis remains erect... comically stiff with its owner having swooned.

Meanwhile, our knowing nurse quickly works to adjust the table on which inmate 021507 lies well spread... feet and calves bound high, head low. She turns a crank. The angle increases until our masked sadist hangs completely upside down. The angle of her pendulous breasts is similar to that when I suspend her upside down to be milked.

“We’ll let gravity assist. The sperm must pass through the cervix to the uterus where an egg awaits fertilization.

“Did you have a nice orgasm, 021507?” Joanie inquires in a most an irritatingly pleasant voice.

Joanie knows that she ended the penetration with mere presses of her finger, curtailing the desired friction just before the peak of feminine ecstasy. There was no ultimate climax.

“I won’t have a child,” comes an obstinate reply, the voice worn from emotional exhaustion and filled with the frustration of withdrawal just before the very pinnacle of ecstasy.

“Oh, I think you will. We’re going to closely monitor all your bodily functions. And if you don’t conceive, you’ll just find yourself hanging here again next month. We know your cycle. There is nothing you can do to stop us,” Nurse Joanie lectures.

I step back. For the first time I realize how much the moisture has increased between my thighs. Viewing the forced insemination of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte has brought stimulation. Yes, quite the scene, the fattened and lactating Ms. Antoinette De La Corte, hanging stripped naked, first anally

penetrated, then her vagina filled with male essence... and all done under my tutelage.

Just as the U. S. Attorney found amusement in tormenting Bennie the Bumper for so long, I may never really wish to find those tapes. This is enjoyable.

I am reviewing a writ of non compos mentis for Antoinette De La Corte. It legally declares her to be without mental competence and therefore places her under the supervision of the court. As stated, there is only so much jurisdiction to be extracted from the legislatively inept Patriot Act. So I conspire to replace that subterfuge with another. Chief Judge Victor Hopkins will approve my appointment as legal guardian. The court is quite concerned over the mental status of the bound and naked form... particularly since she is with child.

Yes, Bennie the Bumper's forced spurt of male seed resulted in the expected bull's eye to the cervix of our bound and naked heifer. Within weeks, the pregnancy of Ms. De La Corte was confirmed. As I once again review the paperwork appointing me as her legal guardian, and guardian of her issue of course, I cannot help thinking how well nourished the child will be. And how eager my caged and plumped toy will be to breast feed. Yes, I have continued my weekly visits. No more special release rooms. The newly furbished maternity ward has become inmate 021507's permanent home and it is there that I milk her. The delightful Muffin joins me, displaying herself in her divine nakedness and leading about our expecting dairy cow on a leash. Her belly has begun to swell with child, enhancing all the soft roundness which her diet of lard and butter has induced.

Though the missing photographs and tapes continue to perplex, the discovery of the wrong body in the crypt adding to the mystery, I calm myself in knowing that Ms. Antoinette De La Corte will soon be permanently under my control. And with her forthcoming child also becoming my ward, I am assured that any 'property' uncovered, if ever located, will be mine to control.

My pleasant thoughts conclude with abruptness. Though demanding not to be disturbed, my intercom buzzes.

"Judge Wilmot, I am sorry to disturb you," the harried voice of my clerk blares. "Judge Hopkins is apparently having a heart attack. The emergency medical people have been contacted and are on the way."

I grab the signature page of the writ and rush from my office. Hopefully there

is time. A conscious Judge Hopkins may still be able to sign the order.

Epilogue - Judge William T. Dennison

“Sit down, Judge Wilmot. May I call you Patricia?”

“Victor... Judge Hopkins... called me Pattie, Judge Dennison.”

“Well hopefully then, we can dispense with formalities. I’m Bill and I’ll call you Pattie.”

With the shocking demise of Judge Hopkins, I have been appointed as the Chief Judge for the Eastern District of New York. At age 34, I am the youngest person ever to achieve such a lofty position in American jurisprudence. In being just recently assigned to the district shortly before Judge Hopkins’ untimely departure, I need to acquaint myself with the players... my staff and judges. Having served for two years in nearby Manhattan, most are familiar by reputation, if not having met at seminars and conventions.

So we sit in my chambers, those of the late Judge Hopkins, and converse.

I know Judge Wilmot to be open minded, hard working and capable... if somewhat erudite. She has many years experience and would have been recommended for the circuit court years before... but for the nasty rumors of her sexuality.

“I guess the first item to discuss is this order appointing you as legal guardian in the unfortunate De La Corte matter... the non compos mentis writ.”

I smile warmly, prompting discourse. Little does this prim looking woman of some fifty years know that last week, sent to me anonymously in the mail, was a brief videotape of a woman I judged to be in her mid thirties. In the video, she is being caned naked while well strapped to a whipping bench. The forced position most ignominiously displayed her feminine charms... glimpses of a firm but dainty hand and uniquely powerful feminine arm

divulged the gender of the assailant. Even if the label had not so identified the howling victim as Judge Patricia Wilmot, I probably would have been able to connect the two. The tape ended with a scandalous display of oral servitude... forever cementing in my mind the veracity of the rumors concerning the sexual preference of one of my most experienced judges.

“Yes, Bill. A very sad case. The former U.S. Attorney is insane and with child. Judge Hopkins was ready to sign the order when... well when his heart failed.”

I sit back feigning concern. Pattie, Judge Wilmot, expects me to rubber stamp the order... her tone and facial expression suggesting the lacking signature of Judge Hopkins to be a formality easily rectified.

I amaze myself in remaining both stern and silent.

Judge Wilmot does not realize that my career in law began in the U.S. Attorney's office working under Antoinette De La Corte. Judge Wilmot does not realize that I became her loyal and obedient protégé. Judge Wilmot does not realize that the black leather covered whipping bench where she was taped receiving that merciless caning, probably one of many, is very familiar to me.

Included in the anonymous package mailed to me was a similar still photograph. The accouterments of the surrounding basement room had changed, but the bench remained solidly placed in the middle like an iconic piece of sculpture. On it, strapped to complete immobility, was a naked male form... the figure of a briefly clad, superbly conditioned female ominously looming above.

As in the tape, the governing female form remained faceless. But I know who it was... for it was my form lying below.

As stated, I was the loyal and obedient protégé of U.S. Attorney Antoinette De La Corte. And two days after opening the package, I received an equally anonymous phone call strongly suggesting that my loyalty should continue... along with my obedience.

“I think I need to reflect on this writ, Pattie. We’ll give it a couple of days...”

I sit back arms akimbo, my body language implying that our meeting is over.

I am sure there will be a follow up call from the owner of that taunting aging female voice, testing my loyalty... challenging me to be disobedient.

Chris Bellows encourages thoughts, feedback, and comments.

He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.

Also by chris bellows:

Female Submissive Erotica

The Last Pony Girl

The Incarceration of Jennifer

Prince Imay's Palace

Lesbian Erotica

Ship of Remorse

Femdom erotica

Lady Constance

Constancia Island

About Eve

A Gift From James

The Male Concubine

Interview With Mrs. Carlotta Fenwick

Behavioral Modification—Lessons From Constancia Island

Tales From the Estate

A Sadist's Story

Collared & Leashed

The Interrogator

The Predator

Becoming Miss Ashley's Pet

Supplication of the Male Pig

Of Male Chastity

LAURA DAVIDSON: KEEPER OF MEN

She is calloused, aloof, with notable disdain for the male, deriving unbridled glee in the debasement of the entire gender... Laura Davidson serves as warden for the infamous Lockwood Penitentiary, the Federal penal system's final destination for incorrigible inmates. Her new inductee, John Dullsworth Tubbs, may be a tough and dangerous criminal, but he has no idea the methods this imperious female warden will use to ensure his 'willing cooperation'. Her unusual system violates every standard of care mandated by Bureau of Prison regulations. But laudable results in taking charge of violent criminals affords her great latitude. Thus, no questions are asked when the purchase of prison uniforms is declined and instead unusual items are regularly procured to facilitate Laura Davidson's techniques. The warden is left to her own devices incarcerating these belligerent and contemptuous men. Bondage, chastity, Feminine control, forced m/m, unending humiliation and shocking body modification ... consent to which no man willingly gives but all at Lockwood eventually offer ... all combine to make Laura Davidson successful as a Keeper of Men.

THE DECISION by Chris Bellows

The fabulously wealthy Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft acquires a strapping young male, Nicholas Strothers, to be presented to her daughter for her eighteenth birthday. But there is a decision to be made...should the human gift serve neutered or intact? Thus, the male subordinate must suffer the utmost in female caprice...lying stripped naked while his teenaged owner judges whether to snip or not to snip. While awaiting the decision, Nicholas Strothers is subjected to the ultimate in psychological duress...not knowing whether his maleness will survive.

**For a complete catalogue of Erotic
Fiction...**

Pink Flamingo Publications

P.O. Box 632, Richland, MI 49083, 1-877-629-0051

E-mail: catalog@pinkflamingo.com

Website: <http://www.pinkflamingo.com>

Table of Contents

[Epilogue - Judge Patricia Wilmot](#)

[Epilogue - Judge William T. Dennison](#)

www.pinkflamingo.com