



**PENANCE
CORPORATION
OF AMERICA, III
FORCED TO SERVE**

CHRIS BELLOWS

Penance Corporation of America, Book III

Forced to Serve

by Chris Bellows

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

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Forward

When a government penal facility is turned over to a publicly traded corporation and run for profits instead of the rehabilitation of the inmates, the rules of incarceration change dramatically. Care and treatment are designed to maximize revenue and minimize costs. Extravagances such as food and exercise are reduced to minimal levels, making prisoners as docile as possible. Once acclimated to the severe restraint of restricting cages, inmates find that parole and early release are rare occurrences. Once tamed, a prisoner best serves forever – like an annuity for the greedy shareholders. This is Penance Corporation, the latest advance in penal facilities.

When Antoinette Del La Corte, an unscrupulous federal prosecutor, overplays her power, she finds herself joining the many male prisoners at the Penance Corporation facility, contained in her own special unit where drastic measures have been used to ensure her cooperation. She has information that federal judge Patricia Wilmot desperately seeks, however, her final disposition is still unsettled. It is at this point that Book Three: Forced To Serve begins.

The Epilogue of Judge William T. Dennison

From Book Two – The Judge's Revenge

“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 Court of Appeals 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.

Penance Corporation, Book III

Forced To Serve

Judge Wilmot leaves my office. She is pleasant but disappointed that I did not approve the writ appointing her as legal guardian of both Antoinette De La Corte and her 'issue', as forthcoming children are legally labeled. She expected me, in the hurley burley of acclimating myself to my new position of chief judge, to 'rubber stamp' this seemingly less important matter in order to focus on those matters more germane to smoothly transitioning the affairs of the late Judge Hopkins to my auspices.

Well, having received that package and phone call, nothing concerning Judge Wilmot will be rubber stamped.

With the post meridiem hour of five approaching, the administrative offices begin to quiet. If there is anything one can rely on in government it is the determination of bureaucrats to minimize the length of the working day. Thus I know activity will begin to wane and I can contemplate without interruption.

I open the credenza of my predecessor to find a small cache of spirits, glassware included. The late Judge Hopkins will not object to me pouring myself some of his fine single malt scotch.

My robe is discarded, putting to an end a hectic day. With feet up on the desk, I lean back in the large swivel chair and excogitate.

Judge Wilmot was most likely a frequent visitor to the Brooklyn dungeon of Antoinette De La Corte, as was I. Judging from her age as she appeared on the tape, it was many years ago. Now in her mid fifties, I judged her naked form to be that of some thirty years, the close up of her offering of oral gratification revealing a face with alluring but fading youth. An apparent twenty year interval has lapsed since the scene was taped.

For me the painful humiliating sessions began as a result of interning some ten years ago in the office of the U.S. attorney while in law school. Antoinette De La Corte was a promising senior assistant attorney, known more for her tenacity than jurisprudential excellence. Yes, she was aggressive, in the prosecution of law, in interaction with the staff and with

life in general. It was not the first encounter with the woman to whom I reported which remains permanently etched in memory. But I know it was in the very early weeks of my internship. One tends not to forget supplicating to such power...

“Come into my office, Willie,” she commanded late on one afternoon.

Office visits were unusual for Assistant U.S. Attorney Antoinette De La Corte. Her style was to step from her office and bark commands to those serving at the pool of paper laden desks in the noisy cathedral-like well of clerks and assistants. She enjoyed exercising authority, even in demanding coffee. Sending a recent law school graduate on a menial errand seemed to bring glee, bringing forth a wry smile as her instructions ended with her standard closing admonishment... ‘and don’t dawdle’.

So to be called into her office meant she either intended to bestow praise, quite rare, or one’s infraction was so sizable that a private rebuke was deemed compulsory... usually followed by a public declamation of incompetence to add to the intensity of the retribution.

“I prefer Bill, ma’am,” I humbly beseeched in stepping into an office notably devoid of clutter.

“Well, we’ve got a couple of ‘Bill’s’ in the office. You’re going to be Willie for me.”

I shut the door as every private session mandated. Then, as usual, I found myself gazing in awe at the woman who made men tremble. I suppose she was in her early thirties at the time. Her hair was dark, parted in the middle and trimmed to hang straight down at the jaw line. The simple style and the athleticism exhibited by a curvaceous body which dour pant suits could not cloak, suggested a devoted exercise regimen. I pictured her working out during lunch breaks with a quick shower and brief comb sufficing to return her appearance to the mundane of office work. Little did I realize in what form she expended most of her energy.

She leaned against her desk, crossing her shapely well muscled calves as well as her arms. Her movement caused me to divert my eyes, never passing an opportunity to glimpse at such displays of formidable femininity. She caught me. When I glanced back to her face, that wry smile appeared, just as when it did while she dictated instructions to grown men as if they were errand boys.

“Yes, that’s exactly why I needed to speak to you. You have this wayward gaze about you, Willie. All men sneak peeks, but you stare. A counter productive habit for those charged with upholding the law.”

I gulped, not realizing my peeping was so evident... which it wasn’t with other women. There was something particularly alluring about Ms. De La Corte. The combination of demanding persona, physical power, and handsome good looks provided quite the aura. More beauty would have oddly detracted from her imposing demeanor, though that is not to say she even approached unsightliness.

“I’m sorry, Ms. De La Corte. I did not know it was so noticeable.”

“It is. Do you look at all women like that?”

“No, ma’am. I don’t think so.”

“Good. I am comforted in knowing that I won’t have to bail you out of the Brooklyn jail on some charge of lewd behavior.”

Her smile broadened and she lowered her hand to ever so slightly clasp a fold of her skirt at the waist. The subtle motion caused the hem to rise, showing just a little more calf, which, in cursing myself, again diverted my gaze. She looked straight at me as my eyes once again roamed to the now expanded show of muscle and feminine allure.

I could not help myself... and she knew it. It was like that old childhood game of telling someone not to think about an object... knowing that such a suggestion will completely distract the attention.

“Want to see more? You seem incorrigible, Willie. I’ve had pet puppies display as much obvious fondness for my legs, humping away... but that’s

when I had them snipped.”

She snickered and lifted a little more. I could not deny her visual offering and in turn gaped more. Her words rang with sarcasm and irony... that a male canine would find himself earning a quick trip to the veterinarian for the untoward conduct I was exhibiting.

“You have eight weeks remaining before returning to law school, Willie. Perhaps we can ameliorate your annoying habit without drastic surgery,” her words pleasant but stern.

I just nodded, not knowing how to respond. In interacting with this woman, who was some ten years my senior and very much in charge, silence seemed to be best. Internships are wonderful learning experiences unless one earns less than a glowing performance review. In such case a career in jurisprudence can quickly disintegrate.

“You’ll have coffee and fruit waiting for me every morning, Willie. Make sure you are here before me and wait sitting in that chair. Do not bring anything with you to read or write. Make sure you display proper posture. You are to focus on my arrival and politely arise when I enter. Then you can further stare at me at the beginning of each and every day. It will make your veiled adoration a little more obvious to the staff, but there are lessons to be learned. Understood?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I humbly acknowledged just wanting to end the embarrassment.

And that was my real introduction to Antoinette De La Corte... previous encounters being ineffectual in understanding her *raison d’etre*... not that such could ever be fully comprehended.

Yes, for the ensuing two weeks I waited each morning in her office like the puppy she had fixed. Not there to hump her leg but instead to offer coffee and morning sustenance as a playful canine would offer a stick to be thrown for retrieval.

A ringing phone draws me from my thoughts. In order to answer, the feet slide off the desk and my right hand relinquishes its affirming grip on the glass of scotch.

“Judge Dennison.”

My voice is direct in communicating the annoyance I feel. The private line is newly installed, replacing the number used by the late Judge Hopkins. Therefore I know the call to be incorrectly dialed. I have not divulged the number to anyone.

“So you’ve begun to administrate. Good.”

Yes, it is once again the aging female voice. I am shocked with both the capability of obtaining the phone listing and the temerity to call me in my chambers.

“I want you to intercede concerning the Antoinette De La Corte matter, as I am sure you have suspected. You are not to make it obvious but you should subtly investigate. As you can imagine from the package you have received, there is much at stake, much to be lost by many influential people. Yours and Judge Wilmot’s were not the only quivering, subservient forms captured on film and tape. “I assume you will help?”

“Yes,” my voice trembling, “but carefully. There is much to lose as you suggest.”

There comes a wicked sneer.

“Oh, yes. Willie the bureaucrat. Never one to be brazen. That is why I sent the package... to bolster your fortitude. Well, there is another package sent to your home along with instructions, Willie. Follow them to the letter... otherwise your tenure as chief judge may be the briefest in the history of the judicial branch.”

“Who is this?” my words of frustration accompanied by the click of finality

as the caller hangs up.

I guzzle the remaining scotch, heartened in knowing that as a bachelor, whatever the incriminating or embarrassing material that has been sent to my home will only be opened by me.

A normal leisurely drive home now becomes more frantic... interspersed with flashbacks. Once understanding that my encounters with Antoinette De La Corte were photographed, probably videotaped as well, the memories become more vivid. In place of the reserved smile that usually accompanies my recollections of the episodes of kinkiness, consternation instead overtakes.

I was young, inexperienced with women, not to suggest that I am now more gregarious with regard to the female gender. A confident and authoritative Antoinette De La Corte saw something... something she secretly desired... not as one would covet a lover. But more as a child is wanting of a fascinating toy... and one that he or she is given to breaking in attempting to understand how it works.

Yes, during the ensuing two weeks of my internship I arrived every morning with coffee and various fruit. I was instructed that it was only for her. If I was to partake, it was before Miss Antoinette. During those morning meetings, I was present to serve not to share.

“Do you like my dress?” she would typically inquire, insisting on a humble compliment.

Sometimes it was the hair, though it never noticeably changed. Or the make up. Nails. Jewelry. My internship became more training in comportment and polite verbal folderol than the complexity of the law.

“You look very nice today, Miss Antoinette,” was my rote reply.

“Yes you do enjoy looking, don’t you Willie?” she would mock in sitting back and extending a leg for my visual examination, sipping on hot brew.

She would correct my posture, demanding that I remain sitting upright in a straight backed chair while she leisurely had her fruit.

“You discipline well, Willie,” I recall her observation later in that first week. “Quite obedient. Here waiting for me every morning... coffee hot... fruit fresh. What do you think about when you wait for me? Dream about looking at my legs? Giving my gams the visual humping my little puppy once tried. He only frottaged once before I had his balls removed. After that his entire attitude changed.”

“I think about how nicely shaped they are... strong but with curves. Quite athletic,” my words well chosen but seeming to squeak forth with her more graphic description of her puppy’s fate.

“There is more than just legs. I stay in shape. Lot’s of exercise. Do you exercise, Willie?”

“No Miss Antoinette. Probably not as much as I should.”

“That means never. I can tell. With guys like you it’s never. We’ll need to change that. You’d do that for me wouldn’t you, Willie? A little exercise? It would please me.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Ostensibly, I needed a few weeks in the U.S. Attorney’s office to just get by. Then return to my third and final year of law school with the *de rigueur* recommendation, which hopefully my demeaning morning chore would earn.

But as Miss Antoinette so astutely noted, and I had not addressed, there was a need, a deep innate wanting, which belied my superficial reservations about being made to sit in the imposing woman’s office and act as *de facto* butler. She was a woman of authority and governance and one not with whom to trifle. That I quickly learned... and rumors of her pending advancement served to ensure my homage.

‘She’s a lock for the corner office,’ more than one of the career professionals prognosticated. And thus I cowered each morning, assuring indeed that the

coffee was hot and the fruit fresh.

In the third week came an invitation, verbalized as more of a command.

“Willie, bring a change of clothing to the office tomorrow. We’ll work out together. I want to see your legs. You’ve certainly had the opportunity to observe mine. Remember... you agreed to exercise.”

And then came another step in my submission. ‘A change of clothes’ was further detailed as attire for the gym, a Brooklyn establishment owned by an acquaintance of Miss Antoinette.

“We’ll leave after work. I prefer morning workouts but with the first visit it’s easier to show you how to get there. Thereafter you can find your own way.”

Miss Antoinette proved to be correct. The quaint building occupied by the gymnasium housed a women’s clothing store on the first floor, which was the owner’s main preoccupation. On the second floor was the gym with an entrance and stairway in the rear of the building. To access, one had to negotiate a narrow alleyway, which even in the daylight of a late summer evening gave rise to concern for safety.

“Don’t be afraid, Willie. I’ll protect you,” Miss Antoinette offered in jest as she boldly stepped between two old brick buildings.

I had indeed paused and learned a little more about the handsome finely shaped woman. Her aggressive nature expanded beyond the prosecution of the law. She was bold and tenacious in all things.

“Come. My workout includes practicing judo. I will protect you. If there’s an assailant lurking about, I’ll just begin my workout a little early.”

I traversed the alleyway without mishap then it was up a flight of stairs and through a door that opened into the rear of a surprising well equipped room of exercise machinery and weights. At the front was a wide open area with mats apparently intended for stretching and calisthenics. A large picture window, installed when the space was converted to a gym, overlooked the busy Brooklyn street below. Passersby on the opposite sidewalk were clearly

visible as were we to them.

Two rough looking characters were flipping weights like pan cakes. There was a young woman energetically pounding her feet on a treadmill.

“Change in there,” Miss Antoinette commanded more than suggested.

She nodded towards the men’s room then stepped through a door marked ‘women’. I changed... tee shirt, long shorts, running shoes. Never having been athletic in school, I suppose my level of discomfort was apparent. Yet anyone would appear to be anxious when in the presence of the amazingly calm and cool Antoinette De La Corte.

When I exited Miss Antoinette stepped from the women’s locker area moments later. Her comments about her puppy came to mind, for I indeed had the urge to hump her leg... or at least cop a feel of chiseled feminine muscling.

She wore extremely brief shorts flaunting thighs that were more impressive than her calves. Her mid section was bare. Rows of abdominal muscles could be counted with ease. Her arms were sculpted, rounded where one expected to see evidence of power on the male beast... impressively rare on the female. Above she donned a tight sports bra, which obviously served to strap down mammary glands that become cumbersome during physical activity.

Once again I gaped. Once again she noticed.

“There will be a trip to the vets for you yet, Willie,” she announced with sardonic wit.

My body felt shamefully pusillanimous standing near her and for the first time I was sorry for the many years of neglect while completing college and facing the travails of law school.

“I think on your first visit here you’ll need some light weights and then the treadmill. I’ll spot for you, put you on the treadmill and then you can help with my judo.”

Her tone was direct and firm. Antoinette never made suggestions when communicating with an underling. And with her shoe in appointment to U.S. Attorney and me as an intern, I was as far down as an underling could find himself on the Eastern District pecking order.

I think back now and wonder how contrived the introduction to the gymnasium was. For everything I did, every weight lifted, every machine tried, was under her direct auspices. I did not notice that she was working lightly and I was being put through the mill, so to speak. Since she was buffed in a physical sense, everything she did seemed effortless. And with me completely out of shape everything brought rapid tiring... which after an hour brought complete exhaustion.

Darkness loomed through the large window overlooking the street when Miss Antoinette finally announced she was limber enough to practice her judo. We proceeded to the mats and the first thing I noted was that with the bright overhead lighting and the elevation of the second floor it almost appeared that we were on a stage... the audience being the pedestrian traffic below on the busy sidewalk only some hundred feet away.

“Now just relax, Willie. The padding will break any fall and I will try not to hurt you.”

With that warning began the most humiliating experience of my life... up to that time. In my exhaustion I felt like a lifeless puppet as Antoinette De La Corte, the incredibly powerful Antoinette De La Corte, began a series of martial arts holds and maneuvers, each ending with me entrapped beneath her. The ignominy was augmented of course by the many passersby on the sidewalk. For after each time she let me up, I looked out the window to see that a small crowd of observers had formed, tittering at seeing a well-conditioned woman toss about a man like a rag doll.

Finally after six or seven impressively swift take downs, she paused, sitting on me where, sans covering, couples unite in procreation.

“Think you need a rest, Willie.”

Well, though indeed tired, the response of this 23 year old male was priapic.

And the wicked Miss Antoinette wriggled about in apparent knowledge of my bulging reaction. She reached up and grasped each forearm to pin me to the mat, her action detracting from the lustful gyration of her pubes resting atop mine.

She felt my burgeoning hard on and leaned down to whisper.

“Let yourself get nice and big for me, Willie. Be a good boy and I’ll let you stand nicely tented for our audience. You may enjoy showing off for me.”

I was grateful to be wearing a jock strap for her incessant wriggling brought about a continuing engorgement towards complete stiffness. When she presumed I was fully erect, her right hand released my left arm and slid to feel the front of my gym shorts. My eyes bulged and I dared not move knowing that my shorts were tented as she intended. Besides, with my limited interaction with women, extremely limited with females of Miss Antoinette’s ilk, I became catatonic, not knowing how to react or what to do. Yet her brief feel felt good... strangely controlling but good.

“You’re in a bad situation here, Willie. Your penis is about to bulge out of your jock. Want me to get up so you can move about?”

“No. Please. No more, Miss Antoinette.”

“You protest but I think you enjoy yourself. Men like you have a certain thing about women like me. Over the many years I have learned to see it in their eyes. Sad, puppy dog eyes always seeming to be wanting something.”

She wriggled her hips most suggestively.

“Perhaps this is what you want? To be overpowered and brought into submission. Better than just looking at my legs, isn’t it, Willie?”

I had no answer and I was ashamed that I had no answer... or any snappy move... or clever counter hold. Other of course then to accept her offer to let me up and display to those remaining in the gym and those who would certainly be gathering across the street that a young priapic male was quite oddly enjoying his exercise. That would not do.

So I placed myself into the hands of Miss Antoinette. Acceding to her judgment and her course of action. Not the first time and not the last that this woman of governance took control of a situation on my behalf.

She graciously slide down so her hips and powerful thighs no longer rested directly over my pubes, ending the constant dry humping she was affording. Then she leaned to whisper again.

“I think you like working out with me, Willie. As stated I prefer the mornings. Bright and early. So I’m going to give you my key to the gym and you’ll be here waiting for me at 6:00 a.m. We’ll be alone and there won’t be the embarrassment you feel now... though I think deep down you like it.”

Her left hand released my right arm and brushed my cheek as one would offer encouragement to a child.

“I’m going to slide further back and you can sit up nice and slow and let yourself soften. Then we’ll shower and leave. But I think you have something to think about. Ponder how quickly and easily you become stimulated when a woman is in control.”

My reverie ends as I pull into my driveway and step out of the car in great anticipation. As the anonymous caller suggested, there is a thick package waiting inside the screen door. ‘W. Dennison’ printed in block letters with no indication of a return address or even a method of delivery. The origin is untraceable.

I glance about and determine no one is watching then enter my modest bachelor home. I cannot help tearing open the sizable padded envelope. Inside is another eight and one half by eleven glossy of me undergoing a caning in the basement dungeon. This one shows the common tears that streamed freely sometime after the fourth or fifth stroke of the searing cane of Miss Antoinette De La Corte.

Soft but firmly spoken words are recalled.

‘Are you going to cry for me like a little boy, Willie?’ the taunting question ever so heightening the intensity of the humiliation I had to endure.

Along with the clear photo of my bound nakedness is a sheet with instructions, printed from an all too common word processor.

Saturday July 15. 2:00 p.m.

Check into the Moon Lite Motel in Far Rockaway.

Room 255 will be waiting for you.

Strip naked.

Have the enclosed cable ties around each wrist and ankle.

Wear the enclosed blindfold.

Lock but do not chain the door.

Wait lying supine and spread eagled on the bed.

Remain silent.

The four simple strips of vinyl fall to the floor. The clever design permits the slim but strong lengths to be looped and tightened and never to loosen... only to be cut away for removal. The referenced blindfold is actually a full hood with an opening only for the mouth and nose.

Only a person with much to lose would consider adhering to the treacherous instructions. It is apparent that with the room number being preset, I will receive a visit from someone with a duplicate key. Someone not to be seen and someone who will most facilely bind me utilizing the cleverly simple wrist and ankle restraints.

Few would place themselves at such peril. But I do have much to lose... as the youngest district court chief judge ever... and one seeking to avoid having

the briefest of tenure. I have no choice but to plan my Saturday accordingly.

The recent events, positive with my prestigious appointment, negative in receiving lurid reminders of youthful indiscretion, forestall slumber. In lying awake, picturing the forthcoming visit to a motel with such dubious appellation, I allow my mind to wander in attempting to welcome somnolence. And with the flurry of activity all of which encompasses the early encounters with Ms. Antoinette De La Corte, it is understandable that recollections of my internship continue.

The forceful woman, both intellectually and physically, wanted something. And a woman of Antoinette De La Corte's ilk was given to taking what she wanted... never asking or pausing for something to be generously bestowed. A feminine Visigoth, she plundered and foraged and she enjoyed herself in so doing.

And because she wanted me... seeing something in my puppy dog eyes... she extended the already firm grip she had over my life. Needing the modest paycheck, certainly needing to avoid anything other than the standard flattering recommendation at the end of my summer internship, I found I had no choice... first meekly sitting in her office every a.m. with coffee and fruit... later arising at a most inconvenient hour in order to open the second floor gym and await her arrival.

As stated, the owner of the building and first floor dress shop was an acquaintance. Thus, entrusting Ms. Antoinette De La Corte with the key to the second floor door in order to facilitate her preferred early morning workouts was simple. And so it was passed to me.

Two days after the embarrassing work out, I was instructed to have the gym door unlocked, the lights on and be waiting for the boss lady to arrive. And I was to change and be ready when, within minutes, the physically imposing assistant U.S. Attorney arrived after me.

That first morning is recalled...

“Willie, you truly look ridiculous with those long shorts. Way out of fashion. New material, briefer style is the thing for workouts these days.”

She tossed me a bag.

“Put those on and lose the shorts. Don’t even use them to wash your car.”

I returned to the men’s locker room while Miss Antoinette changed. In opening the bag I found a sleek but all too brief garment. The material was indeed of space age synthetics... thin, almost diaphanous. When I slipped my feet in and pulled up it felt like I was wearing a set of young boys jockey shorts... only the back portion did not completely cover my buttocks. The outline of my jock strap showed through. My old shorts may have been out of fashion, but at least afforded modesty!

Still under orders, I stepped back into the gym where Miss Antoinette soon joined me. A quick assessment drew a clucking tongue and a shaking head.

“Come. Let me show you.”

I blushed when she pinched my ear and dragged me back into the men’s locker room. Brazen, yes, but we were the only persons present at that early hour.

“Peel them down and step out of that jock strap. The material is designed to offer support and make the strap unnecessary,” she lectured.

I was horrified! Being commanded to expose myself before this comely woman.

“Hurry. You’re using up our workout time!”

Well. I peeled. Then I stepped out of the jock strap, which she took and tossed, into the trash can.

“You’re not to wear that again.”

Naked from the waist down I stepped back into the shorts with noted celerity. She then reached forth, grasped the waist belt of the garment with both hands

at the hips and forcefully lifted. Her action drew the silk like cloth upwards cinching the material to look and feel like a loin cloth.

“There. See how it supports your balls.”

I endured further humiliation as she gently patted the indicated area then smoothed her hand to my rear to playfully slap my now fully exposed right buttock. Her strong pulls had gathered the material into my gluteal cleft leaving both cheeks to show.

“Yet there is much freedom of movement for the treadmill.”

In hindsight, I believe it was a ladies athletic garment, more commonly seen adorning the well muscled buttocks of champion sprinters.

“I can’t go out there like this,” I protested.

And that’s when I further learned of the determination and resolve of the amazing boss lady.

“I agree. Remove your shirt.”

As seedy as the Moon Lite Motel is, Far Rockaway is crowded on a summer weekend and when I call for a reservation I am surprised to find that it is easily obtained. As a result, I quickly conclude there is a preset scheme when I specify Room 255 and learn it is available. Someone I am sure has guaranteed payment otherwise it would long be reserved and occupied.

With the instructions arriving on Thursday and Friday being a busy day on the court calendar, there has not been much time to contemplate the recent events. So the late Saturday morning drive to Far Rockaway provides time to return my mind to the task which is forced upon me... investigating the events which have led to the curious state of non compos mentis for my one time mentor in the office of the U.S. Attorney.

Ms. Antoinette De La Corte forced me onto a pathway of subjugation some

ten years ago... though in hindsight 'forced' might be a term subject to question.

Arising predawn is not easy for a 23 year old law student. The rigors of law school most often mandate late nights, acclimating one to late mornings of recuperating sleep. Therefore the drudgery of awaking in the dark and scurrying to the gym to ensure all is waiting for the boss lady left a lasting impression. But it was just the beginning.

Prancing about in the skimpy shorts is something never to be mentally acceptable... shirtless as demanded. With the second visit, Miss Antoinette could not fathom the need for socks and running shoes. And when she stepped from the ladies locker room in her becoming athletic attire, the strong hands lifting at the waist line of my shorts, cleaving the material into my gluteal cleft, became the signal to begin the morning's workout.

Gratefully, there were no others working out at that hour. But as the morning progressed the opposite sidewalk became busy just when Miss Antoinette deemed it time for judo practice. Though I was slowly developing stamina, that merely meant that I was relegated that much longer to the treadmill. Therefore it seemed I was each morning reduced to the rag doll, which the powerful woman tossed about on the mats, gracefully bestowing the most indignant of holds.

When she removed her footwear, the first time I marveled as it further highlighted strong yet shapely gams. But when I learned it was to practice kicks to the buttocks, stomach and groin, I cowered in fear of permanent damage. She was swift and accurate, quickly and easily rendering near immobility. On occasion my testicles would pop free of the tight nest made by the skimpy garment and it seemed Miss Antoinette would then work doubly hard and fast in denying me an opportunity to right myself.

Each judo session ended with Miss Antoinette standing over me while I crawled about trying to escape an excruciating arm lock or some other ineluctable hold. She insisted that I beg for release... and I cursed myself ... but I did on each occasion.

At the end of the second week, a new garment was tossed to me.

“Something better. With sweat bands for your wrists,” she announced.

Same material, but lower at the hips to reveal more of me. The garment closely resembled the jock strap she threw away in terms of offering cover. And the sweat bands for the wrists wrapped about utilizing Velcro. I should have been suspicious when I exited the locker room and along with squeegeeing my shorts well into my butt crack as usual, she assured that the Velcro bands were tight. Curious that I did not notice the metal ring attached to each band... not until I found myself on the treadmill under her careful supervision.

“I’ve noticed you’ve been slacking a bit, Willie,” she pleasantly announced in drawing my hands behind me.

“Hold still. I’m going to offer encouragement.”

I heard two clicks and found she had clipped my wrist bands together.

“Pain can become a great incentive,” she further explained in drawing two clamps from somewhere I had not noticed.

With that she toyed with my nipples, forcing them to pencil points and then cruelly applied the clamps.

“I cannot think of why else men have these other than to offer a woman the potential to inflict pain,” she glibly suggested as I gasped in anguish.

“So you’re going to jog long and hard for me. Otherwise you will suffer.”

With that a small chain was connected to the left nipple clamp, looped about the bar which one normally holds for balance, and then strung back to connect to the right nipple clamp.

“Ready to persevere for a change?”

Her hand reached to the control knob and turned to slowly but steadily begin the rotation of the treadmill. I walked, having no choice other than to endure agony, and then brought up my pace to most obediently begin the forced workout.

Fortunately no one was present to see the humbling experience, though I am sure some curious onlookers on the sidewalk peered up to observe. But that would change, as each day Miss Antoinette lowered me further into an abyss of servitude.

“Room 255.”

The motel clerk hands me keys with comical pride and ceremony.

The Moon Lite Motel is surprisingly presentable for a seasonal establishment not affiliated with a national chain. Far Rockaway attracts beach goers and fishermen with the warmer seasons. Otherwise one can only imagine the demand for rooms.

With instructions in hand I proceed to the room. As with most low cost motels, the rooms are comprised of two rows, right and left of the manager’s office accessible directly from the parking lot. There are no hallways, just a series of outside doors and I am not surprised to find that room 255 is the furthest from the office on the left side. I return to my car and drive the fifty or more yards, park, turn the key in the door and enter.

The familiar musty odor greets my nostrils. I always wonder why cheap motels all smell the same. I suppose it’s a combination of cigarettes and the industrial cleaners used to sanitize rooms used for purposes other than sleep. I spend a moment to draw closed the thick curtains, adjust the air conditioner and strip.

As instructed, I encircle my ankles with the vinyl strips, pulling tightly with one finger inserted under the loop. When I pull away my finger there is provided just enough slack for comfort. No chafing... no impeding of the circulation. I do the same with my wrists, needing to pull tight the loop with my teeth.

I panic in noting the clock reads 2:05. My more accurate watch stills my

concern, suggesting I have five minutes until... well until what?

So I don the hood. It is of quality fabrication, completely separating me from the light and sights of the outside world. And with that I lie back on the bed... supine as instructed. Then I spread my legs and move my hands to the corners of the mattress.

I wait... asking myself questions. How the receipt of an anonymous package can result in having the Chief Judge for the Eastern District lying naked in a gloomy motel. How an unknown voice can bring back such cathartic memories.

But then comes the answer... how else would I have attained the office of chief judge but for becoming the loyal and obedient servant of Assistant U.S. Attorney Antoinette De La Corte?

Memories of my internship, where it all began, cascade in my self imposed darkness...

Morning encounters at the small but well equipped private gym instilled in me obedience... stamina and conditioning too... but such were for the enjoyment of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte. She was an artist creating a portrait... a sculptor creating a Greek statue.

Unfortunately her sculpture was to be as all Greek statues... nude!

It was a July heat wave that served as catalyst. The gym had no air conditioning and a particularly hot night had not provided the usual cooling effect. So when I opened the second floor door shortly before 6:00 a.m., I was greeted by a billow of damp warmth rather than the usual cool brought by many hours of darkness.

I changed, struggling to get into the tight shorts then encircling my wrists with the dual purpose sweat bands for my wrists. I stepped from the locker room to find that Miss Antoinette had just arrived, greeted by the same heat.

“Yick,” was her reaction. “And I wanted you to do an extra two miles this morning.”

Instead of two firm hands squeegeeing the thin but tough material of my shorts, an index finger hooked the front elastic waist belt.

“Come. You’ll be too hot in that.”

I followed her tugs back into the men’s locker room. There she took the time to peel down the only garment I was wearing.

“Keep your hands on your head,” she commanded as she stripped me naked, the flimsy but tight material requiring quite the effort to pull down past buttocks and thigh muscles recently thickened with exercise.

“There. Now you’ll be cooler.”

I wore nothing but wrist bands and did not know what to do. As stated, though age 23 my experience with women was quite limited. I had no suave remarks to make, no calm reaction. I just froze... other than to feel a twinge in my groin area, nothing would move. And I remember closing my eyes and pleading with myself... ‘no, not now’.

Yes, strangely, only my penis reacted... I was otherwise catatonic in fright... mentally extrapolating on what a long morning I was about to endure.

“Please don’t make me do this, Miss Antoinette... not like this.”

“Oh, Willie, such a typical reaction of the subservient male. You verbally say no but you physically find stimulation when in the presence of a woman of... well let’s say a woman of authority,” she laughingly declaimed.

With that the index finger that tugged me into the locker room extended to oh so gently caress the tip of my penis. I opened my eyes with the unexpected but pleasant sensation to understand the source of Miss Antoinette’s merriment. I was stiff and rapidly becoming stiffer.

“Internships with the U.S. Attorney’s office are difficult to attain, Willie, and prestigious in completing... assuming one departs with a laudable

recommendation. Do you wish to explain to forthcoming employers that you worked the entire summer without achieving praise?”

I again closed my eyes in not knowing how to respond.

Miss Antoinette was right, of course. Leaving without a letter of recommendation was worse than not having earned the appointment in the first place. If she was to quash a letter of praise, I may as well list my summer activity as robbing banks in forthcoming resumes.

“Come. You’ll find that you will enjoy performing for me. Think of yourself as a circus animal to be trained. Just concentrate on me, my voice, my commands, and everything will be okay.

“Come, Willie. I like you like this and a boy with your psyche will find that, my enjoyment, to be more important than anything else.”

She stepped behind me and once again small but effective implements appeared from no where. She gently drew my hands down from my head and clipped together the small rings of my wrist bands. I gasped as she applied nipple clamps. Then she playfully slapped my right buttock and that drew me from my catatonic state. Her voice became calm and kind as if offering encouragement to a reluctant child... a first visit to the dentist... perhaps a toddler awaiting inoculations.

“Let’s get you exercised. The longer you delay the more chance someone will come in for a workout. It’s embarrassing enough being naked in front of me... your boss. How will you feel if someone else arrives?”

The large picture window overlooking the busy Brooklyn street was not to be considered, of course. I just hoped the workout she had planned for me would end before the hour of commutation filled the opposing sidewalk with gawking pedestrians.

“That’s a good boy,” she kindly offered as my bare feet seemed to prance to the waiting treadmill.

A key rattles the lock of the motel room door. It opens. It closes. The links of the chain lock clink to assure an added layer of privacy to the secured latch.

No words are spoken. But I smell fragrance, not strong but a feminine body wash.

Soft fingers tug at my right wrist. There comes a click and I know the thin but strong strip of vinyl has been secured in some manner. Left wrist, left ankle, right ankle follow. I am made one with the bed. Obviously someone took the time to subtly add eye bolts to the underframe... only to be noticed and used by those who know of the furtive modification.

The mattress moves under someone's weight. Then I lurch but remain silent when fingers begin palpating my genitals. The mattress again moves, suggesting my visitor has stepped away. Water runs in the bathroom. The weight returns. I feel wetness then smell the fragrance of shaving cream. Warm soapiness surrounds my scrotum. It feels strange but good and I know I am to be shaved, my masculine parts denuded of all hair. It has been many years since the groin of a young attorney was so defoliated upon joining the U.S. Attorney's office as a recent graduate.

Some women like that look... and the woman for whom I once worked, the newly appointed U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, was one of them.

I feel the glide of a razor's edge and suspect it is a straight razor yielded by a woman of professional achievement. The blade works swiftly and I dare not move. Complete vulnerability, gleaming sharpness and a woman of purpose with disdain for the male can be a daunting combination.

I meekly let her finish her task. There is nothing to be gained in offering resistance.

There is a message being sent, transcribed by the anonymous caller and delivered by the soft knowing hands of my clandestine visitor. In time, I will more fully understand. As always with the loyal and obedient... patience...

patience... patience.

In my hooded darkness I again let my mind wander, returning to that most traumatic day in the gymnasium. One during which I was to learn that some women understand male wants and proclivities better than the male...

My first naked workout was not my last. As stated, not only was physical strength and stamina to be developed, but obedience as well. If Miss Antoinette wanted me to display myself naked, then I was to be so exhibited. I found my tumescent reaction to feminine power to be startling but strangely welcomed... and certainly welcomed by Miss Antoinette.

And so it was on to the treadmill where she ran me for nearly half an hour. With my back to the window my exposed genitals could not be seen by any passersby. Not directly. For in front of me was a mirror where I could see the reflection of the opposing sidewalk. Those who did take the time to look up and spy me running naked were only afforded a glimpse of my rolling buttocks, dripping with the sweat that would otherwise be absorbed by the missing shorts.

As promised, Miss Antoinette ran me an extra two miles bringing the workout to six while she herself moved about on the various equipment and weights. Fortunately the exertion brought flaccidity and Miss Antoinette seemed disappointed when she returned to slowly turn the control knob and end the exhausting ordeal.

“Judo practice,” she succinctly announced, gratefully removing the cord and nipple clamps to free me from the demanding machine.

“Please not like this, Miss Antoinette. The mats are too close to the window.”

She just stood arms akimbo while I looked down in shamed apprehension, my wrists remaining secured behind my back. And despite the thirty minute grueling jog, that unwanted twinge returned. She was just too alluring in her limited workout attire... and too authoritative... though at the time I did not

understand how that served to inaugurate my priapic response.

“You will be more obedient, Willie. You’re going to learn to react, not to think, when I command. I just may walk you out into the street like this... naked with wrists bound. No one will question who is in control... who is in charge of a boy led about in his birthday suit.”

She paused. Her index finger once again found that which defied me...that which firmed and stood despite my humiliation.

“And I think you’d like that... matter of fact I know you’d like that. I know boys like you. You’d take pleasure in pleasing me... and displaying yourself under my governance.”

Her soft, firm words had the incredible effect of fostering more stiffness. She was correct. Deep within I was embarrassed to have to admit it... at least to myself. As I imagined the utter humiliation of her suggested scenario, a brisance of secretive sexual fantasy continued the engorgement of my penis. By the time she led me to the mat, I was fully erect and she was smiling knowingly.

I never would be so grateful as to receive a powerful kick that lowered me to the mats, down to a level below the angled viewpoint of the increasing foot traffic on the opposing sidewalk. She masterfully tossed me about, applying moderate kicks and blows. With each one I knew she was holding back, offering just enough force to control but not to harm. She knew and I knew that at her whim, limbs could be snapped and organs quite harmed.

And I learned something about myself while sensing the combined feminine constraint and power... with the stimulation, my erection never wavered.

The razor ceases. A warm wet cloth soothes. A gentle hand smoothes over my penis and balls in inspecting for errant hairs. When it withdraws in apparent satisfaction, I know I am shorn.

Next I hear metal clinking. The mattress moves. I smell rubbing alcohol. The sensation of soothing warmth turns to wet coldness. The most sensitive of male skin is being further cleansed and sanitized. Then comes an unexpected sharp pain. I am being pierced. I cry out, breaking the rule of silence. The soft hand turns menacing, grasping a testicle and squeezing. It is a warning and with wrists and ankles secured it is a warning to be heeded.

Three more painful pricks follow. The woman is direct...callous... without relent. My muffled cries do not stay her from her duty... whatever that may be. Then I feel the cold of metal encircling the bottom of my scrotum and the top of my pubes. Something surrounds my entire male package. The hand jostles and adjusts then comes the sound of clicks. Next, fingers grasp my penis. I again must fight to suppress a scream of agony as something slides into my urethra. It is obviously tubular as it invades further and further. I struggle against my bonds fighting the urge to beg. The woman is without mercy as something bulbous continues to slide within until the odd pain/pleasure of prostate manipulation tells me that whatever has been inserted is deeply embedded in my urethra.

“More pain. Very quick,” the voice is calm to the point of callousness.

The warning proves to be superfluous as the sound of a click and an agonizing jab accompanies the word ‘quick’. Something has pricked the tip of my penis, the pain intense.

Then the feel of more metal surrounds my penis. There comes another click. A hand gyrates. I can feel pressure... pulling. Whatever adorns my maleness is being tested for fit and permanency.

Two fingers pinch my nose. Within a moment I open my mouth to breathe. Then the scariest loathsome deed of all occurs... a pill is slipped into my mouth. What is it! A knowing hand covers both my lips and mouth obviating the ability to spit it out. I envision the rugged matron of an insane asylum working with patients who refuse medication, forcing ingestion.

I need air. When the hand withdraws and I open my mouth to gasp for oxygen, no longer concerned with the inserted pill, a waiting glass of water fills my mouth. To gulp the required air I must first gulp the water and with it

the pill.

Cruel, calloused, calculating... whatever was placed in my mouth is ingested. And the woman masterfully forced it upon me.

The silence is evilly diabolical yet the ordeal seems over. Then a plug is inserted into my ear. I hear the dull clicks of a cell phone keypad. There is ringing in my ear. A call has been made and a voice answers.

“Good afternoon, Judge Dennison. Monica’s call tells me that she is finished.”

It is the aging female voice. Call number three. My silence continues. I meekly listen.

“I’ve had her adorn you with a little device to assure your cooperation in this matter of great importance. I realize you are busy with your recent appointment as chief judge but I think Monica’s handiwork will bring my request a little higher on your order of priorities.

“If you’re listening Monica, you may remove his hood.”

No sooner said then the thick dark spandex cloth is whisked from my head.

I blink my eyes in acclimating to the room light as the voice continues.

“Monica is a rather talented surgical nurse, as I am sure you have already concluded from her handiwork. In the past thirty minutes she has placed you in inescapable chastity. I spent quite a bit of money having a special cock cage fabricated of high carbon steel. I trust you’ll appreciate the expense, Judge Dennison. Extreme perhaps, but my many years have taught me how best to draw the attention of the male... it’s by way of his penis.”

The voice laughs. As my eyes adjust I find myself looking at an incredibly beautiful woman. Blonde, blue eyes, mid thirties, quite shapely and she is totally naked!

She smiles. But it is not a warm smile of introduction or invitation... it is wicked... it is knowing... and it is controlling.

It is a look of gotcha!

“Monica is not overly fond of men, Judge Dennison, so do not misinterpret her nudity. You may think it is a prelude to sex, being in bed in a fleabag motel. But I think you will find your remaining afternoon to be more painful and frustrating than pleasurable.”

More laughter. Evil cackling really.

“If you can draw your eyes to where Monica has plied her craft you will learn that you can no longer see your penis. Under my order she has you locked away. The thick heavy ring surrounding your male package is attached by way of steel pins inserted into your flesh... I am sure you felt the piercings. They are covered by the ring and while all locked up cannot to be removed... other than by complicated surgery. Locked onto the ring is the cock cage. The lock cannot be manipulated and Monica and I have the only keys. To empty your bladder and ensure your ongoing torment, a flexible Prince’s Wand has been inserted into your penis and is held in place by a common Prince Albert piercing. No ring, just a padlocked post inserted through the cock cage, through the new penis piercing and threaded into the wand. The exposed end of the wand is designed to perfectly fit the cock cage. I’m sure by now your prostate has made you aware of the depth of its penetration. Monica is quite skilled. She finds the gland every time.”

As the voice narrates, the expert hand of Monica reaches forth to mockingly manipulate the described assemblage. I am helpless to prevent her diabolical taunting. She smiles again and jostles as a child would casually play with a toy. The manner of her action is one of ownership.

“So now that I have your attention, Judge Dennison, I want it to be focused on Antoinette De La Corte. Find her... quietly and auspiciously... but find her and report. You will have weekly meetings with Monica right in that room and we will communicate just as we are doing now.

“And Judge, that pill was a nice heavy dose of Cialis, the drug for erectile dysfunction. It will begin working soon and Monica will release you from the bed when she finishes playing. Enjoy the afternoon and do not forget your

task.”

I am scheduled to have weekly appointments at the Moon Lite Motel. Saturday afternoons I am to report to room 255, strip and bind myself. The enigmatic Monica showed me how to take the self imposed restraint to the next step. Locking chains emanating from the four corners of the bedframe will await my next visit. The vinyl strips, which I am to again place around wrists and ankles, will be easily clutched by clever spring clips attached to the chains. Once each vinyl strip is secured I will not be able to free myself. The difficult part will be to ensure I can align my wrists after securing my ankles and donning the hood.

In having sacrificed my libido to the cause of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte, hopefully temporarily, it is indeed time to move the matter higher on my order of priorities, as the voice suggested. So on Monday morning I instruct my clerk to have Judge Patricia Wilmot report to my chambers for a late afternoon chat.

“Note on my calendar that it is to be an informal meeting concerning district policy,” I inform my clerk.

I do not want the matter formally logged. We will meet and I will indeed address district policy fully aware that Judge Wilmot will change the subject. After all, it is she who is eager to have the writ approved appointing her as the legal guardian of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte. It should be simple to renew the discussion.

Meanwhile, though a busy day occupies my thoughts, I can not help thinking about my long Saturday afternoon of ingeniously subtle torture.

The voice hung up. With the enforced silence ending, this Monica, she of gifted surgical hands, removed the ear piece and discarded the cell phone.

I could now concentrate on this marvelously proportioned woman. Apparently in her early to mid thirties, she was trim with outsized breasts,

gorgeous and vivacious. She sat next to my naked and supine form smiling down at me. At any other time, under different circumstances, a guy would think he was entering heaven in being together with her in a secluded motel room. Except I was not only well bound, that which was most eager to be introduced to the tempting morsel of femininity was quite well locked away as well.

As one can expect, with her proximity, with her divine nakedness, the twinges of arousal began... and began strongly. The pill was vigorously enhancing the cycle of stimulation. I could feel my circulation pulsing through the capillaries about my pubes. This frustrated. But what frustrated even more was that this Monica, physically beautiful but psychologically irritating, knew it. Behind her charming smile there was evil. She leaned, toyed with my left nipple while taking the right into her mouth in what ordinarily would be a most welcomed seductive prelude to steamy sex. Yet I could do nothing other than to helplessly lie and feel the blood begin to surge in my erectile chambers.

“No, please don’t,” I beseeched, her otherwise welcomed advances doing nothing more than stimulating the erection I could not achieve.

“What’s the matter, Bill? You don’t mind if I call you Bill. Most guys like my attention.”

Her voice was sultry, cooing her words most seductively and indicating to me that she has not spent her entire career as a surgical nurse. If she indeed was not overly fond of men, she cloaked her scorn very well... as do most harlots.

That was just the beginning. There came a full body rub. Then she laid atop me, pressing her entire nakedness against mine. She had me lick and suck nipples that turned to tasty morsels of stone. My session, for which most men pay dearly, ended with her pelvis perched over my face, encouraging fervent oral service as she toyed with my newly installed cock cage. The Prince’s Wand proved to be perfectly inserted. As the voice suggested, the bulbous end that I felt sliding the length of my penis, lodged in the prostate, further urging the erection I could not achieve. It was the ultimate in sexual frustration. I truly wanted Monica... and she knew it and used it to tease and taunt.

“It’s quite amusing to see it trying to get hard, Bill. If you lick me real well I will get you some ice.”

Lick I did. I earned my ice.

The time neared 6:00 p.m. when Monica deemed herself satiated. Her orgasms were many. She dressed, still smiling wickedly, and packed her instruments into a black leather bag.

“See you next week. Remember to have yourself well secured to the bed. Otherwise there will be consequences.”

With that she tossed four more vinyl strips on the bed, obviously for next weeks rendezvous, and snipped the vinyl strip on my left wrist. She then quickly placed the small cheap scissors just beyond my reach and saucily laughed as she exited.

It took some maneuvering but I was finally able to reach the scissors and snip the remaining strips. Ironical, how I could find myself so ineluctably bound with pieces of plastic costing mere pennies.

There comes a knock on my door.

“Judge Wilmot to see you, sir.”

A curious juxtaposition, the respect received from my clerk versus my thoughts of a most disrespectful Saturday afternoon.

“Thank you for joining me, Pattie,” I use the diminutive while standing to wave my hand towards a chair.

I will forever wonder whether the recently installed cock cage is detectable under my slacks. It weighs considerably and constantly tugs on my organs. Its presence is most apparent to me and I need not be reminded of my appointed task.

Small talk ensues. We indeed address district court policy and the small changes I want made from the tutelage of Judge Hopkins. When the hour of five passes, I graciously offer a cocktail.

“I believe Judge Hopkins was in violation of federal guidelines, Pattie. Yet, in his memory, I believe it is best that we just dispose of the evidence.”

With that humorous segue, I open the credenza where I know there are spirits to be imbibed.

“Gin, vodka, scotch?” I call out in reading the labels.

“Two fingers of vodka for me, Bill.”

I smile politely and remove two glasses. I amaze myself in maintaining my composure. Not only am I wearing a cock cage and locked up at a woman’s whim, I pleasantly converse with a woman whom I have seen receiving the most thorough of canings. And the oral satiation so humbly offered thereafter rivaled my Saturday afternoon escapade.

Yet, my attention is diverted. When I begin to pour the vodka, something glints in the glass. I pause and pluck from the bottom a key.

“Judge Hopkins seems to have misplaced something.”

I hold it up and note that Judge Wilmot shifts uncomfortably in her chair.

“Have we noticed anything under lock in need of a key, Pat? Curious place to stow something of importance.”

“I’ll take that, Bill. Probably nothing. Whatever it unlocks cannot be important, but I’ll investigate.”

The response of Judge Wilmot does not pass the smell test... at least not with this former prosecutor. *The lady doth protest its unimportance too much*, to paraphrase Shakespeare.

I pause, continuing to hold the key, ignoring her extended hand.

“It may be connected to the Antoinette De La Corte matter,” she coaxes in attempting to claim jurisdictional possession.

“Yes, Antoinette De La Corte. How is she?”

“The same. There really should be someone appointed as her guardian. She is with child as the paperwork details and decisions will need to be made.”

Curious that this simple sliver of metal has led both of us to where we wish to go in our discourse.

“I’ve been reviewing many of the open matters in Judge Hopkins logs, Pat. Is the De La Corte situation related to all this secretive Patriot Act stuff... the unnamed person incarcerated due to national security.”

It’s a stab, but the awkward reaction of Judge Wilmot to the orphan key, all the time spent on this mysterious Patriot Act case, and now the rush to be personally appointed as legal guardian to the allegedly insane former U.S. Attorney, somehow seems to tie.

I slide the vodka across my desk and note that a trembling hand accepts it and quickly sips. She is flustered and being fully aware of her sexual preference, I wonder if she is ‘getting enough’, to phrase the quest for sexual satiation in male parlance.

“You’re going to have to confide in me if you want that writ approved, Pat. You do know that I used to work for Antoinette De La Corte? It was her recommendation that got me transferred to the Southern District and then the bench. Where is she? Will she recognize me if I visited?”

She is surprised. She does not remember that I was a loyal and most obedient assistant. It has been a few years since I served in the U.S. Attorney’s office for the Eastern district. So many lawyers... so many cases. She has forgotten.

Judge Wilmot pauses in thought. She calms and then smiles to herself, sipping in anticipation of a thoughtful response.

“Bill, the more relevant question is... will you recognize *her*?”

I remain silent, knowing that she will not conclude her response to me with a question. She takes another sip, obviously bolstering her confidence for

further dialogue.

“We had a problem with Antoinette De La Corte... Judge Hopkins and me. If you in fact curried favor from her, Bill... actually received from her a recommendation... I think you may be aware of what Judge Hopkins and I encountered.”

Touché!

Judge Wilmot is not aware, of course, that I have received an old tape of her submitting to the anonymous flagellatrix. If I audaciously show her the tape and suggest I know of Antoinette De La Corte’s ‘hobby’, I would need to explain how I know that it is the former U.S. Attorney holding the cane, her quim receiving the long laps of a tongue seeking mercy.

But Judge Hopkins is... was... also involved in these undertakings? How interesting...

“Antoinette De La Corte extorted, Bill. The underpinning for her entire legal career was due to blackmail. She was brash and cruel and needed to be stopped. Judge Hopkins and I did so, and probably saved many people much embarrassment.”

The cat is out of the bag. It is now my turn to contemplate a response. Since she has mentioned extortion, it is now that I can explain the package I received. I reach into my top drawer. There is a small strong box that I unlock. Inside is that videotape sent last week by the aging female voice.

“In mentioning blackmail, you may be familiar with this, Pat. A video tape sent to me anonymously. You were younger, but there can be no doubt as to who is the star on this video recording. There is another woman whose features are not shown. Shall I play it?”

The face turns ashen. I do not think there is enough vodka, gin or scotch to fully return Judge Wilmot’s color to normal. She shakes her head then bows in ignominy. She is shamed, guessing with reluctant accuracy about what it is I have viewed.

“I was young and experimenting. I cannot truthfully say it was the only dalliance. But I can say there was only one visit that was voluntary. The others... were coerced. As I said, Ms. De La Corte had a predilection for extortion in terms of getting what she wanted... and unfortunately she was quite ambitious. Not only in her career but her sexual demands as well.”

On that point I can certainly concur. I had no idea the U.S. Attorney’s sadism and penchant for dominance and control crossed genders. I guess self flattery had suggested that it was only my youthful and naive form that she enjoyed placing into thorough subservience.

“We all have youthful indiscretions,” I pedantically lecture to this noted judge some twenty years my senior.

She nods and sips.

“Care to tell me more, Pat? I cannot and will not sign the writ without full knowledge.”

Judge Wilmot extends her glass. I arise, extract the vodka bottle from the credenza and place it on my desk before her. She pours her own. It is more than the two fingers she has consumed.

“Where to begin? My stories are many, and do not even include those of Judge Hopkins. Then there are the others... unknown but we guessed to number in the hundreds. Many years of accumulated extortionary material. Judge Hopkins and I both felt it was best that it be located and destroyed...”

I have not the heart nor the fortitude to inform Judge Wilmot I have come to the conclusion that amongst the stash of material there most likely are included images of me as well. As stated... we all have youthful indiscretions.

On my drive home I think about the long meeting with Judge Wilmot. The story was fascinating... is fascinating. During our dialogue, I did not divulge my complicity, the calls from the aging female voice and certainly not my

humbled status of forced chastity.

But as the tale continued... the Penance Corporation facility, the energetic handler who found the long missing tape, turning the tide on the powerful Ms. Antoinette De La Corte, the insemination leading to the amazingly degrading method of interrogation... just the vengeance element alone could intrigue a novelist... and the hunt for the missing photographs and tapes. Clever to obtain an FBI report on the movements of Antoinette De La Corte's late mother.

And as I listened, many pieces of a long unfinished puzzle began to be laid before me. A still missing piece is... who sent me the tape and photo? I did not tell Judge Wilmot of the phone calls and personal contact. She thinks I only received a package in the mail. She postulated that, as feared, a confidante is acting on long sealed instructions devised by Ms. Antoinette De La Corte as protection... to be executed in the event of her disappearance. That such confidante, unknown to all, is in possession of the vast stash of material.

"Our interrogation was thorough. Antoinette De La Corte endured much duress. If she indeed withheld the whereabouts of the tapes and photos she proved to be quite stoic. We apparently concluded wrongly that she did not know," was the last memorable tidbit of Judge Wilmot's lengthy elucidation.

Now my mind begins to put much together... the many pieces... most fitting nicely.

I myself never realized that the curious dungeon in the Brooklyn brownstone was one segment of a large bordello operation. At the time of my introduction, Antoinette De La Corte was the U.S. Attorney with a full time job and a promising career. Most of her extortionary material, as Judge Wilmot surmised, was accumulated in her quest to be accepted to law school, be admitted to the bar, obtain employment in the U.S. Attorney's office, and then extort her way to the top... which she did with noted aplomb. Thereafter, once achieved, why bother continuing with the sordid mess?

Then I recall when Ms. Antoinette De La Corte seemed to doom my fate. Though I told myself I would gut out the summer internship, take my

favorable recommendation and move onward after completion of law school, I became otherwise convinced.

The end of my internship approached. Putting aside the morning antics, I learned much about the practical side of the law. Thanks to Miss Antoinette's attentive governance, I was certainly in better physical condition. But probably most memorably, I learned things about myself.

One morning in that final week Miss Antoinette entered the men's' locker room while I was changing... well actually while I was stripping naked to prepare for her amusement. She had arrived early and knowing that we were the only occupants of the gym at that hour, she just entered the male domain without reservation.

"A treat for you today. I'm going to teach some judo to Susan."

She spoke as her firm hands pulled my arms behind me. With my look of both perplexity and alarm she elaborated.

"You know, Susan, from the secretarial pool."

"No!"

"Oh yes. Every girl in this city should learn some basic moves for protection."

Susan was a cute minx right out of high school. With her youth and naiveté, she was about the only person in the office of U.S. Attorney to whom I felt superior. She had started employment just as I began my internship. Therefore I was comforted in observing her struggle in learning such simple things as office decorum.

And now she was to join us in the strange morning ritual!

"Let me wear something, please, Miss Antoinette," I begged.

"Oh, Willie. When will you overcome your feigned bashfulness? You enjoy performing for women, why deny it? And what better way for a boy like you to perform than without a stitch of clothing. Look at your reaction."

With that, the all too familiar index finger brushed the tip of a penis that was already firming... just the thought of exposing myself to the pretty young blonde brought the priapic reaction I could not forestall.

“Come. I will give you a treat.”

I cringed as the obligatory nipple clamps were deftly applied. Then the slim chain which normally secured me to the treadmill was attached and became a leash. Out into the gym, across the way and into the women’s locker room I was led like a dog.

“I know you like to watch.”

The chain was easily looped about a vertical pipe and I received my treat. Ms. Antoinette De La Corte changed into her gym attire. Yes, while standing naked with wrists bound, she removed her office attire, momentarily stood naked before me and then began to don her tight and brief workout attire.

As much of her as I was privileged to visually examine in the past, the all too quick show proved most provocative. I had always suspected the athletic halter offered support for pendulous breasts and I was wrong. Sizable but firm, nipples reached for the ceiling adorning mounds of finely carved stone. The rippled abdominal muscles drew the eyes downward and led the gaze to a elegantly trimmed mons. Between fine outer labia there nestled the pink strips of sensitive flesh which brings the male to salivate.

As I gawked, Miss Antoinette for the first time pleasantly giggled.

“I knew you were a watcher from day one, Willie. I never get that wrong.”

She turned slightly to thrust a leg into her skimpy workout shorts. The profile view accentuated the curvature of buttocks which rivaled the roundness of her breasts. She pulled up the shorts and thrust her arms into her halter. I was most disappointed as she zipped it closed.

She smilingly approached.

“I thought you’d enjoy the show. Susan is going to be quite entertained.”

She unhitched the chain and pointed. I looked down to see the firmest erection I could ever imagine.

“You see. You’re learning things about yourself which a woman like me has long understood. Watch this.”

With that she pulled upward on the chain. I gasped with the intense zing of pain to my nipples and brought myself up onto my toes to relieve the tension on my sensitive pink nubs. The index finger returned and diddled the underside of my upturned penis.

“Pain. A woman is applying torment. Exercising her control. And what is your reaction, Willie?”

She laughed while awaiting an answer. Then, with my abashed silence, finally offered her own.

“It’s to become even stiffer.”

With that her finger hooked over the top of my upstanding penis tip and drew it downward. I cringed and then she released it. I was most chagrined when it snapped back up to thump against my lower belly, proving her point in a most humiliating fashion.

“Hello. Anyone here?” words called out from the gym.

It was the young mellifluous voice of Susan.

“We’re in here, Susan. Willie is ready for you... just like I told you he would be.”

Miss Antoinette smiled wickedly and pulled on the chain.

“Come, show time, Willie. Be a good boy for me.”

The sense of shame I still cannot describe. I had become accustomed to my nudity with the boss lady. I guess I reasoned with myself that since she was in charge, and my role was to obey, prancing about naked before her was

some how okay. I was there to assuage some odd predilection she had. I never thought that it was mine being appeased.

Yet, I was indeed stiffer than ever and with rapid heart, skin turned to an incredible pink hue, Miss Antoinette led me out of the locker room to where the fully clothed Susan stood. She giggled most irritatingly. Miss Antoinette paused and raised the chain in her left hand to return me to my toes.

“The male barometer of enjoyment, Susan.”

With her explanation, her right hand lowered to cup my scrotum, serving to further display that which I shamefully preferred not to show... or did I?

“I run him first. Tire him out so he can be tossed about like a pillow.”

With that I was led to the treadmill and a mesmerized Susan watched as I was secured and the control knob turned to bring me to a steady jog.

“Why not change and stretch out a bit?”

No such luck. Susan watched, amazed by my naked form being exercised at the behest of a woman. My erect penis bobbed about. It would not waver and seemed to further stiffen as Susan giggled. Finally, as my energy level depleted, it slowly de-tumefied and a disappointed Susan finally stepped away to change.

Later, no longer concerned with the possibility of people watching from the sidewalk across the street, Miss Antoinette lectured and flung me about, indeed as one would toss about a pillow. Susan watched as she demonstrated various aspects of judo. I once again became erect as she paused sitting atop my pubes while lecturing.

“Notice, Susan, how in some men the reaction to pain and feminine control is the opposite of what you’d expect. They find stimulation in the humiliation factor. As a young woman you should keep that in mind. If you want to be happy, find at least one guy like Willie here. He will serve you well.”

Miss Antoinette’s lecture proved fateful. Stirring in me thoughts and

emotions I had not before addressed. Ostensibly I hated the mandated morning meetings, greeting a governing woman each day in complete and embarrassing subservience.

Yet, as Miss Antoinette astutely pointed out, my male barometer suggested otherwise.

By the end of my third year of law school, I interviewed for a permanent position with the U.S. Attorney's Office, despite the modest government compensation. The newly appointed U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, Ms. Antoinette De La Corte, interceded on my behalf.

In my final interview, my interviewer uncharacteristically read from the margin of my resume which had been circulated throughout the department for comment and feedback.

'Displays the attributes I most seek in a man... and enjoys doing so', she puzzlingly scrawled adding her initials in letters large enough to offer challenge to he or she who would oppose my employment.

Only I fully understood the double entendre.

Arriving home, my phone rings just as I enter. Is someone watching the house?

It is the aging female voice.

"Enjoying your chastity, Judge Dennison?" the voice mocks.

It has only been two days, yet the libido has a way of percolating when it knows it is to be denied ultimate satisfaction. This morning's nocturnal penile tumescence was particularly excruciating.

"I will visit Antoinette De La Corte on Thursday," I offer in ignoring the taunt.

“Where is she?”

“Being held in a penitentiary on Long Island. It is not far.”

“A penitentiary? I did not know there was a women’s prison on Long Island.”

“There isn’t. It’s a male facility.”

“Does that not raise your curiosity? Or is all you think about is having the access to your penis that I have denied you?”

“It does. But Ms. De La Corte was engaged in illicit activities... deemed too delicate to handle publicly.”

I feign sympathizing with the plight of Judge Wilmot and the late Judge Hopkins. In truth, I am not at all sanguine with the way the matter has been handled... utilizing the Patriot Act... and now this writ of non compos mentis.

“Be prepared to report fully on Saturday,” the voice ominously insists. “Be a good boy and Monica will take care of your needs.”

Well, at least I have something for which to look forward.

The phone clicks.

I draw from my pocket the information provided by Judge Wilmot.

Penance Corporation of America

Facility 14

Warden Peggy Blakely

516- 555-7834

Hempstead, L.I.

The call from the aging female voice prompts me to ensure that I make contact... as she has suggested... putting the matter higher on my order of priorities.

With my privates under lock and key, and having had two doses of Judge Hopkins' fine scotch while listening to Judge Wilmot's tale, more alcohol is of need. Hopefully I will sleep, despite being locked in denial. Despite that fact that the slightest stirring of my penis greets cold hard steel.

So I bring a snifter of brandy to bed, disrobe and lie in amazement. A cage of high carbon steel surrounds my penis. A Prince's Wand impales in assuring my chastity. Formidable locks hold the configuration in place, securing it to a finely crafted ring circling the top base of my penis down and around my scrotum. My testicles are exposed but are pressed between the cock cage and the ring, turning the thin scrotal flesh a fiery reddish pink.

I have thought about cutting away the lock. But what of the consequences? I have only received one photograph and I am sure there are many to be distributed in retribution for such temerity.

No. As the loyal and obedient protégé of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte I will follow instructions and remain so as the aging voice strongly encouraged.

Despite the scotch and brandy, the phone call brings more thoughts which obviate sleep. Recollections of my return to the U.S. Attorney's office roll through my mind as I stare at the darkened ceiling of my bedroom...

"Welcome back, Willie."

I did not have to look up to know the voice was that of the imposing U.S. Attorney, newly promoted and appointed and even more fully in charge than during the prior summer of my internship. It is only she who refers to me as 'Willie'.

She sat on the corner of my desk. Her right hand subtly hiked the skirt of her

business suit just as she did the year before in suggesting I had a disturbingly wandering eye. She again taunted, showing a finely shaped calve. I again took the bait, my roaming eye scanning to partake in muscle and smooth flesh... enticingly strong yet alluringly feminine.

“Have you missed your morning workouts?”

Yes, I had. But was too embarrassed to admit it. Interacting with Susan, she who witnessed me being led about like a dog, naked and erect, had been cathartic enough. But I did not think she would remain employed, her attention to detail and work ethic well below what I would consider acceptable. Yet she had been one of the first to greet me on my first day of full time employment.

A set up? A message from the boss lady that I had voluntarily returned to ignominy? An appropriate return welcome to the gynecocracy I strangely sought?

With Ms. Antoinette De La Corte in charge, one must be circumspect about seemingly chance occurrences.

We talked. An inconsequential exchange. Am I disappointed when there is no invitation, no command, to be waiting at the gym at 6:00 a.m.?

The meaningless utterances ended with Miss Antoinette leaning closer.

“Susan really missed you,” she whispered in a sultry voice, bringing forth the blush of embarrassment that I hated but strangely enjoyed.

She strolled away and yes, my eye continued to wander, her gait as authoritative and confident as always.

Weeks went by before I again saw the boss lady. U.S. Attorney is a high profile position. Much press, much politics. Was I to believe her escapades had ended? Or had another summer intern earned her attention, surrendering his male pride in curious asexual recreation.

Yes, asexual. After all, Ms. Antoinette De La Corte never came in intimate

contact with me... other than an occasional touch of a turgid penis gone awry.

How, I wondered, did she attain sexual gratification? Odd to be asking myself that after an entire summer of gymnasium hi-jinks.

But I guess in graduating law school, with the sense of accomplishment, the relief from late night study, the balancing of the economic equation in terms of money flowing in for a change, I became awakened to a world outside of academics. A world of people, not classrooms and law books.

After performing for Miss Antoinette for an entire summer, I had not a clue as to what made her click... her psyche... her *raison d'être*... not even her sexual desires.

Perhaps her scheme was to let me broil... though stew may be the better term. Almost daily contact with Susan served as a constant reminder of my mornings of degradation. And she had her own method of teasing, frequently inquiring about what I was doing to stay in shape.

Then after some four weeks Susan handed me note.

"From the boss," was her succinct explanation.

But her smile, assumed to be innocent by any who observed, was wicked, almost as if she knew both the content of the note and its ramifications.

I opened the sealed envelope. From the boss, as Susan suggested, and it was an invitation, more of a demand, to have dinner!

My heart leaped. After weeks of inattention, Ms. Antoinette De La Corte, U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, commanded me to dinner.

The restaurant was a small Italian establishment, called Little Nero's, one block off Flatbush Avenue and well away from the hubbub of Brooklyn politics and the federal courthouse and offices. A stern woman serving as bartendress seated us. She and Miss Antoinette seemed to exchange knowing glances, the bartendress suppressing an evil grin. Otherwise, though seen

almost weekly in the news, the U.S. Attorney was not to be recognized, at least not as an influential government official. The basement facility was homey. The ceiling low. The walls covered with photos of celebrities who had partaken of food which apparently was renowned beyond the neighborhood. When seated a waiter came to take our order.

“I’ll have a glass of Merlot, he will have water... unchilled.”

It was a hot summer evening and I was to have nothing but warm water to drink. Our curious relationship seemed to resume with the simple imposition of ordering for me. I remained silent, even more in awe of her governance now that she was firmly ensconced in the corner office.

“Don’t bother looking at the menu, Willie. I will take care of everything,” she further announced as the waiter went for the drinks.

“The morning workouts aren’t as easy to schedule with the new position. I assume you have missed the exercise as much as me?”

“Er... yes, ma’am.”

I am disappointed with my inability to formulate a forceful reply. The woman knew how to set the atmosphere, first taking command of the agenda... in our case the food and drink... then reminding me of the most humiliating morning escapades from the prior year.

“And I’m sure you have missed other elements of our get-togethers. Boys like you have special needs, Willie. Remember I see it in the eyes. I can list the innate desires.”

I meekly nodded as the waiter delivered her wine and my water. It was distastefully warm.

She sipped. I tried, but found the liquid to be thoroughly unrefreshing.

“But most prevalent is the control factor... ceding it to a woman who is admired. Perhaps there is an element of infantile need for maternal care. Perhaps it is a need to be relieved of the tension... life’s constant demand for

making choices and decisions.

“Do you like it when someone makes choices for you, Willie? Relieves you of the burden of thinking... of making a decision when you know many times you will be wrong? And there will be consequences.”

I nodded but also shrugged, suggesting I had not given it much thought.

“Yes, there comes a propensity for placing complete confidence in she who seems to nurture... to take command... to relieve the subordinate male of ever being wrong... of having to decide then finding the decision brings misfortune. A desire to shun complication. It is a preference, made by those with latent weakness. Not necessarily physical weakness, but a certain ambivalence of the psyche.”

The waiter arrived.

“I want a salad as does he. Linguine with white clam sauce for me. Raw oysters for him, only a half order. And bread... my friend likes bread.”

I hated anything raw. I wonder to this day whether somehow Miss Antoinette knew that.

“As I was saying... with the ambivalence, this tendency to cede to a woman of perceived superiority, comes guilt. The male is raised to be strong... to assume the role of superiority. When that is not accomplished... shunned... self doubt arises. And curiously that leads to more of the innate desire to have another in control. To raise your hands in surrender, yearning to simplify. The attitude becomes ‘I can’t handle it, help me.’”

The salads arrive. I recall being grateful that the small restaurant was nearly empty. Miss Antoinette’s lecture was penetrating, stirring long held secret feelings, and astonishingly on point.

“Sit up, Willie. Left hand on your lap,” she admonished.

I changed my posture accordingly and she continued.

“Left undressed is the guilt factor. It’s easy to simplify. One constantly sees

highly qualified males performing menial tasks. The PhD driving a cab with his spouse bringing home the bacon. The highly educated professor who decides to devote his life to writing poetry while his significant other pays the bills and makes him clean the house. So the simplification need can be easily fulfilled.”

She munched on a forkful of crisp greens.

“But the guilt then metastasizes... like a tumor. It spreads, indeed making decisions more difficult... something to be avoided in that a wrong decision intensifies the sense that someone else should take over. Letting the guilt fester is not good, Willie. It renders a boy useless, ineffectual. The mind becomes addled and dependent on the governing woman.”

With the salads consumed she paused. She looked me straight in the eye. She smiled as I avoided her direct gaze.

“You’re not feeling guilt, are you Willie? Susan says you avoid her in the office. She enjoyed seeing you under control, obeying a woman. It enlightened. What did it do for you?”

I mumbled.

“I got in shape.”

I was immediately embarrassed by the lack of thought behind my terse reply. Miss Antoinette snickered.

“Ah, yes, the guilt shows. You avoid Susan and you cannot express yourself to me... explain your enjoyment. Yet you must question why you submitted your resume to my office. The reason you chose to return. You did not find your internship to have been *that* traumatic, otherwise you would not be here. I know the U.S. Attorney’s office was the only institution to receive your resume, Willie. My intelligence is pretty good. You declined to seek employment elsewhere. You’re searching for something. And I am offering to help you look.”

The waiter plunks two plates before us and hurries onward.

“Eat an oyster.”

As stated, raw I have always avoided. I was grateful to have only half an order of the slimy bivalves. I partook, but found the cool mass slithered to the back of my throat before I could chew it, forcing my gag reflex to send it to my stomach with the sound of a ‘squish’.

Miss Antoinette heard my gulp, noted my distaste and laughed.

“Well, have another and then eat the bread.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I found myself humbly but gratefully acknowledging.

She waited until the second oyster entered my mouth, then resumed.

“So what should we do about the guilt, Willie? Your conflicting feelings concerning your innate desire to cede all to a woman of governance... and to so much enjoy it. Your Judeo-Christian upbringing tells you that enjoyment itself is wrong. Such feeling is ingrained. There is a reason boys secretly desire punishment for intemperate behavior. It provides guidance and is purgative. It restores. Boys know that. They always want to get caught. The prisons are full of them. I know... I put them there.”

Her words were spoken with much thought... giving rise to reflection. I reached for the bread. The pungent taste of oysters was not tolerable. Miss Antoinette was devilish in leaving me with warm water and bread. Her linguine smelled delicious and made me hungry. I wondered if there was stale bread available she would have me eat it.

Silence ensued as she completed her meal. I was not to speak unless spoken to, that was made clear.

“I’m going to leave from the rear of the restaurant, Willie. There is a patio in the back and across that is a door to another building. You may leave out the front, or if you care to you may follow me, cross the patio, open the door and lock it behind you. In following you will strip naked and proceed to a second interior door. It will be black and appear quite secure. Knock and enter. I will be waiting for you. It is there that I will address your need... the fact that the

guilt may metastasize. As stated, it clouds the ability to make decisions. I would hate to have an ineffectual boy working for me.”

More silence ensued. Then I noted that when the waiter brought the bill, Miss Antoinette merely signed. No cash. No credit card. She then silently arose and as suggested walked to the rear of the restaurant. I leaned and saw the patio as described. Then she disappeared leaving me to my thoughts... her words... the ceding of control... the enjoyment... the guilt. She was masterful in justifying our rendezvous... not wanting an ineffectual ‘boy’ working for her. She also made it quite plain as to the choice to be made... and that making choices would be my weakness... but for her governance... her maternal care and control.

I arose from the table. And yes... I followed.

A couple were sipping aperitifs, sitting in this patio oblivious to the world. Verdant with shrubs and vines growing up and overhead on lattice work, it was a garden and I could not help thinking about biblical allegories... particularly the tempting of Adam in a place termed Eden.

Strange in thinking back... had the couple looked up from their drinks and noticed me I probably would have fled, turning back in concern that my guilt was exposed. But they were engrossed with each other and did not even glance as I spied the described door and strolled to it. It led into a brownstone which faced the street on the opposite side of the restaurant block. That would be Flatbush Avenue.

I arise in intense pain. Once again nocturnal penile tumescence has caused my engorging penis to painfully greet the steel grid of my cock cage. The bulbous insert of the Prince’s Wand abrades my prostate deep within my urethra. I dash to the bathroom and turn on the shower. The relative cool assuages the need to stiffen and I also empty my bladder right there in the bathtub. I look down in curiosity and watch the flow of excretion stream out the diabolical tube which doubly assures that I am rendered chaste.

The well crafted device is a constant reminder of my loyalty and my obedience... of my new order of priorities.

A quick breakfast and I am off to the courthouse. The car ride affords an opportunity to make a clandestine cell phone call. The number is the private line of Peggy Blakely, warden of Penance Corporation of America Facility 14.

The woman proves to be pleasant but stern, an attribute one would expect of woman in charge of a sizable men's prison. I introduce myself and as politely as possible request a visit with inmate 021507, Judge Wilmot having provided me the number of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte.

"She receives special care, as I am sure you are aware. Judge Wilmot has so advised? I believe she is the legal guardian of 021507..."

"Not the legal guardian yet, Ms. Blakely. That is the reason for my visit. I will see you tomorrow."

With a major task of the day completed, the drive becomes more relaxing despite annoying traffic and aggressive drivers. My unburdened mind reverts to the thoughts that finally brought the somnolence I sought. Returning back to that time years before...

... Yes, I opened the rear door of the Flatbush Avenue brownstone. Was I opening Pandora's box? Or continuing into a garden of Eden?

I closed the door behind me and latched it. I was standing in a hallway and found the typical basement scene of laundry room, stored equipment, closet doors. I disrobed as instructed, trembling... in frightful apprehension... or desire? Desire to address my guilt... or once again enjoy myself in surrendering to the feminine power which had so intrigued me the summer before.

I knocked on the secured door. It opened. I entered. It was a room to which I was to become all too familiar, one instantly recognized when later viewing the video tape of Judge Patricia Wilmot and the photo of me kneeling well

bound over the whipping bench.

Dark, walls painted in deep crimson, the evil equipment and instruments of pain evidenced its function. The whipping bench was centered in the middle. Well padded, short in being designed to accommodate only the torso of a kneeling supplicant, its assortment of straps and fur lined cuffs made me quiver.

“Welcome to my office, Willie. Where I do some of my most notable work.”

The voice was of Ms. Antoinette de La Corte at her coolest. Smooth, calm, sultry. I shivered even more and felt goose bumps. Again... fear?.. or expectation of delight?

As my eyes adjusted I saw my idol standing in a corner even darker than the room. She stepped into the dim light and the goose bumps broadened, sending a brisance of emotion up my spine. It was fear!

As she moved to the door and latched it, I noticed a set of combination locks. I was not to leave... not of my own volition.

Then her attire, or lack thereof, distracted my thoughts. Tight black leather bodice, the briefest of black leather panties, leaving her arms, mid section and legs bare, I would normally gawk at the display of feminine pulchritude and power. But in her hand was a length of rattan... a cane. And I quickly surmised what a woman of power and determination intended to do in brandishing such a painful instrument before a naked subservient male.

She turned and approached.

“You’ll note how comfortable the bench is. Long term bondage ironically requires such comfort. Padded surface, fur lined cuffs, straps of soft but strong leather. You can lie there for hours without having the skin pinched, the circulation impeded. And see how it separates the thighs so you can display for me your male package? That which you so brashly showed last summer in the gym. You enjoyed that, Willie, didn’t you? Delighted in giving up that which the male is taught to otherwise covet... pride... strength... ascendancy... control. You ceded it all to a woman and reveled in so doing.

And that began the cycle of guilt... thus your visit here... your quest for absolution.”

She stepped to the bench and patted the soft top surface.

“Tummy down. Be brave for me. Miss Antoinette will take care of you,” she spoke as if to a child.

I obeyed. Having willingly entered her lair, what choice did I have? And wasn't that what it was all about... the propensity of the subservient male to renege... deny his own ability to govern over his existence?

Knowing hands worked with alacrity. My wrists and thighs and ankles were secured and I was indeed most comfortable in kneeling with my stomach pressing against the padding and my knees well parted. A thick but soft leather strap forced me to arch the small of my back. Then she buckled a high, thick collar around my neck, forcing my chin up and head back. This, brought the most telling of reactions. I felt my penis stiffen. It abraded against the back side of the bench and I quickly concluded the resulting forced erection was as designed, a diabolical posture, awakening the spinal nerves, devised by someone with intimate knowledge of the male anatomy. For a soft but firm hand reached down and adjusted my male package to assure that my stiffening penis pointed straight down to the floor.

“It forestalls ejaculation,” the calm, knowing voice explained. “The male organ cannot spew when restrained at such an angle. I want you nice and stiff for me and you can remain like that by humping the soft padding of the bench, just like the puppy I once had. It adds to the intensity of the humiliation, wouldn't you agree? Besides, you enjoy showing it off to a woman. You impressed Susan.”

Miss Antoinette moved to my side and smoothed her hand all over my nakedness. She felt my trembling and I was embarrassed to realize she knew of my craven reaction.

“You'll be coming here often, Willie. And in time you will be quavering even before you arrive. You will find yourself trembling just while looking at me in the office.”

With the fright, I lost self control and I began to cry. I cursed myself because I did not understand my effeminate emotional response, did not understand my own reaction of catharsis as well as Miss Antoinette did. She knew me better than I knew myself.

“Oh... such tears already. It is best that I begin, Willie. You’ll feel better about crying if you have some pain to accompany your remorse... stop the guilt... impede the metastasis.”

And so I received my first caning. Ms. Antoinette De La Corte proved to be prescient in limiting my food intake. Sometime after the fourth or fifth searing stroke, the oysters hurled forth. Fortunately she sensed my pending regurgitation and had a bucket waiting. But my vomiting did not hinder the task at hand. She just laughed and continued.

I was skillfully caned... slowly... methodically... thoroughly.

Yes, there were pauses. She would step to the rear, cup my balls and toy with my penis, noting that it remained obediently hard. Then she would sit to my front and rejoice in the sound of my rasping, entreating voice as I begged for no more.

But there was no mercy... such was hers to dispense but only at her whim... not for me to beseech. However, she did let me kiss her feet. It was the first act of affection she permitted and I was strangely happy to see her look of joy. I coveted her flesh... but more importantly... I was pleasing her.

I am treated like royalty in arriving at the Penance Corporation of America. Since my experience on the bench has been in the Southern District, in Manhattan, I am relatively unfamiliar with the institution and its fine reputation. I know it to have a contract with the government under which the publicly traded corporation houses convicts... a vocation at which the Penance Corporation seems to excel and the government chronically fails.

Warden Peggy Blakely greets me in the lobby. She is a mammoth woman,

and not in terms of girth. Six foot, if not more, with the shoulders of a wrestler, her grip is manly and I quickly determine she deliberately refrains from applying inordinate tension while shaking hands.

As a judge, I am not taken through the metal detectors... a security procedure which my steel cock cage would certainly alert all to my forced chastity.

“Let’s chat in my office, your honor. I think it’s best you have an understanding for what you are about to see.”

The first thing one notices about the facility is the quiet. Barely a sound to be heard, and those that are discernible provide no clue that the concrete walls incarcerate hundreds of recalcitrant males.

I so comment, requesting that Warden Blakely call me Bill.

“Well, Bill. I would like to think the silence is because the inmates have nothing about which to complain. Happy as clams, we humorously suggest. But actually it’s as a result of a well thought out program which keeps the prisoners most docile. Violence brings costs and inefficiencies... as does escape attempts which goes without saying. We have eliminated both... as you will see.”

I am led into a large office and shown to a relaxing chair. Peggy Blakely steps behind her desk, presses a button and sits.

As one would suggest in the entertainment business, ‘let the show begin’, I think to myself as there comes a humble knock on a side door.

“Enter.”

The door opens and in saunters a naked form... almost naked. She/he/it wears only high heels, has notably long hair, and sports an emaciated penis, held in the upright position and pressed against the lower belly. But that is the only evidence of maleness. The remainder of the form is decidedly effeminate. And it curtsies.

“Coffee, Bill? Tea?”

“Coffee,” I find myself mindlessly replying, my attention completely diverted.

“Tea for me, Bobbie.”

The form disappears. The warden notes that I am aghast.

“A trusty. Bobbie’s been in the system for many years. Before being transferred here he had a bit of a squabble a few years back and lost that which a man considers most precious. With the testosterone level depleted he’s become rather effeminate... but wonderfully servile... as you can see.”

“Kept naked?” I manage to feebly utter the pithy but pertinent question.

“That’s why I thought we’d have a little chat before touring more of the facility, Bill. Clothing costs money and infuses dignity. As stated, we want humble lambs. An inmate here has never seen or felt a stitch of clothing... considered to be absolutely superfluous and counter to our goals.”

I am surprised when the naked form returns with alacrity... coffee for me... tea for Ms. Blakely. I cannot help further inspecting. The form is completely hairless other than the elaborate coiffure. A waft of air suggests a mild perfume and as he/she strolls about there is an effeminate roll to the girlish buttocks. Someone has taught ‘Bobbie’ to walk like a woman, gingerly placing one foot in front of the other to exaggerate the movement of the hips.

He/she moves well in the highest of heels and it requires a moment of inspection before I move to the face. Reddened lips, eye shadow, and earrings complete the faux female ensemble. Peggy Blakely smiles and sips her tea in letting me visually examine. Despite Ms. Blakely’s statement that he has been in the system for many years, Bobbie appears quite young.

When finished serving the form steps to the side, places manicured hands atop its head and patiently awaits orders, blushing somewhat, I suppose in being forced to display altered nakedness in the presence of an intact male. Peggy lets him/her fester in embarrassment.

“Rather alluring is he not? I am told he sucks a good cock. If you have such a

predilection we always strive to accommodate the judiciary. I can certainly attest for his cunnilingus... it's well practiced and superb... isn't it Bobbie?"

The naked form blanches and manages a humble affirmative reply.

My eyes divert to the tiny penis. It is not turgid yet presses against the belly in a flaccid state. Peggy notices my perplexed look.

"It's been sutured there... his penis. With its reproductive capability rendered useless as a result of his castration, I had him fixed so he now squats to pee through a new opening in his perineum. It's a simple operation. Then had the penis sewn out of the way. Can't have him prancing around with a male thing swinging between his legs. That would be quite unsightly for a girl, wouldn't it Bobbie?"

The form squirms with the uncomfortable subject matter then forces a meek smile.

"So his days of looking like a male are over. We inject female hormones and that of course affects the psyche, rendering him quite docile, as we like our boys. And now he has a clitoris... there's still a little joy to be had."

With that, a meaty hand reaches out and an index finger applies a tantalizing caress to the underside of the upturned penis. Bobbie giggles and squirms again, this time like a little girl.

"Don't feel sorry for Bobbie, Bill. When this little thing of his fully worked he used it for no good. Assaulted the underaged, that's why a vigilante group of his fellow inmates plucked away his little gonads. I had the pleasure of taking it one step further."

I watch and sip my hot brew. I am speechless. Then I watch the fingers lower to the empty puffy folds of hairless flesh, dangling loosely below the sutured penis. The empty sac is rolled between thumb and index finger and brings forth a girlish squeal of delight.

"Something missing here Bobbie. What happened?"

Bobbie cannot help stepping out of reach to curtail what is obviously a very tantalizing fondling of that which once held his balls.

“Without proper attention, the scrotal sac withers a little each month. So I like to unfurl the empty pouch and give it a gentle tug. It reminds the lad of his misspent youth. And just as with the labia, there is a sense of delight in being caressed there. So in a way, Bobbie has a little pussy I can toy with.

“You may consider our methods harsh, Bill. But such are very effective and ultimately the taxpayer benefits. Our track record is without equal in terms of keeping our boys naked, happy and helpless.”

A long finger beckons and an obeisant Bobbie knows to step forward within reach. The hand slides to the buttocks, smooths and caresses, again bestowing delight but without the animated reaction as when toying with the empty scrotum.

“Be a good girl and check on Igor. Some water and bladder relief.”

With that Bobbie prances to the far side of the capacious office. Unnoticed by me due to the hermaphroditic display is a cloth draping over what I presume is a planting or large bird cage. Bobbie’s cute hands whisk away the cloth and I am appalled with what comes into view.

It is indeed a cage, some three feet by three feet, hanging from four chains, one at each corner, which angle toward the ceiling and join to form one length which is secured to the concrete above. The array of steel bars dangles a few feet off the floor. But what shocks is that which the cage entraps.

Within is a human form, without covering as I am beginning to understand the Penance Corporation protocol, and curiously compressed to fit inside the limited space. It sits upright with the knees folded and pressed against the chest. The head is hooded and is thrust through a hole in the top of the cage. The wrists are cuffed to the bars right and left. But what most makes the male viewer cringe is that below, dangling some six to eight inches beneath the bottom bars, is a massive scrotum with two sizable testicles swaying about as a result of Bobbie’s movement in removing the covering.

Warden Blakely notes my look of shock.

“Igor is a sort of pet,” she declares with sheepish pride. “At one time he was rather incorrigible. Demonstrated unacceptable behavior no matter the attempts to modify. At one point he spit at me! Imagine that. So I had him permanently caged.”

Yes, as I look I note there is no door or opening from which this Igor can be released. His body has been welded within the confines of ineluctable steel bars.

I observe as Bobbie retrieves a bowl then tenderly reaches in and grasps the penis. Something inserted into the urethra is removed and the caring fingers direct the long flaccid shaft to hang over the edge of the receptacle.

“Psst. Psst,” Bobbie encourages a flow to begin.

“When I caged him, I told him he has a big set of balls in defying me. That gave me the idea of stretching those nice plums. Thus you’ll notice how low his testicles hang. Makes Bobbie quite envious.”

The business completed, Bobbie slips something back into the penis tip. He then disposes of the bowl and returns with a water bottle. The hood is removed and for the first time I can see the face of the caged form. It blinks in the room light and attempts some utterance not to be discerned. The head is hairless and in poking through the top of the cage, appears detached from the body confined below.

“I keep his tongue clamped. Igor becomes rather crass. No more spitting for him.”

With the tenderness of mother tending to child, Bobbie holds the water bottle as Igor struggles to anxiously imbibe, the clamped tongue working in frustration.

“How long?” I succinctly inquire.

“How long has he been in... or how long will he stay in?”

“Both.”

Ms. Blakely extracts something from her desk and arises as I inquire.

“Igor’s been caged for nearly six months. At some point I’ll tire of him and hang him somewhere where the other inmates can see him. The sight of him will improve moral... and obedience. But there is no reason to expend the effort to release him. He’s in for life. Besides, we’d have to torch the bars.”

She strolls toward the cage. In her hand is what appears to be a ruler.

“How’s my little birdie?” she mockingly inquires, as Bobbie knows to step aside.

With that she brings her hand to waist level, draws her arm out to the side and swings. With the sound of a hideous splat, the tip of what I thought to be a ruler strikes the free hanging testicles. Looking closer I note that the devilish instrument is a simple stick of wood with a whippy length of flat rubber attached to one end.

The moderate stroke brings a gurgled cry of agony from Igor and a spastic lurch. I believe he pleads but with a piece of metal clamped to his tongue the words are indistinguishable.

“Oh, Igor is singing for me. Isn’t that nice of you, Igor.”

The cage swings about as a result of Igor’s wrenching reaction of intense anguish and Ms. Blakely’s casual swing of her arm. Another stroke brings more agonized blusters and a wicked grin from Warden Blakely.

“Yes, Igor, you sing for me so nicely. And you don’t spit any more, do you?”

I gravely note the punishment for something as simple and relatively harmless as spitting.

There comes another swing of the arm. I cringe. Igor howls, if the garbled sound can so be described.

“Hood him, Bobbie. That’s enough light for today.”

Ward Blakely gestures towards the door.

“Now that you have a feel for our methods, Bill, I am sure you understand why the taxpayer’s dollars are so well spent. We’ve never had an escape. Perhaps we should now visit 021507.”

I nod, cloaking as best I can the intense fear and awe which the imposing warden can so easily impart. She reaches to Bobbie, tweaks a nipple which is puffed in hormonal obfuscation then gently pats his buttocks.

“Be good a girl.”

I follow her out of her office into the maze of concrete walls.

“We have over one hundred cells,” the warden explains as we walk. “Each contains a minimum of twelve inmates, more than double the spacing density of normal prisons. Exercise is quite limited. The diet is carefully calculated and monitored to ensure there is no waste and that energy levels are kept depleted. I would wager that if... a very big if... an inmate were to somehow wander off, he would not have the strength to walk across the street, much less run in flight. For psychological purposes, the inmates are kept naked and vulnerable at all times. All the handlers are female, further serving to erode the male pride which can give rise to obstinacy. Igor is quite the exception, but my abject cruelty nicely sends a message to my lambs. That is... no matter the circumstances of incarceration, I can make it worse.”

Warden Blakely stops at a solid steel door, presses some electronic buttons and holds her fingers to a pad. The door lock clicks and she steps through.

“This would be a typical cell.”

I step to the doorway and peer in to see one dozen coffin like cages. Four sets, stacked three high. A young woman in white blouse and denim skirt sits reading in a chair. She looks up and smiles. Inside the cages lie naked and well bound males of varying ages. Each is hooded with ankles cuffed to one end of the low cage, wrists cuffed well overhead to the opposite end. Some are supine. Some are prostrate. All are silent and motionless.

“After a time, the severe restraint, the enforced silence and the constant blindfolding take a toll. The psyche becomes meek and docile. Gloom overwhelms. We have few problems in handling even the most belligerent of convicts.”

We step out and the door closes. I too am overwhelmed, more in trepidation than gloom.

“In being female, and in her condition, we have a separate cell for 021507.”

More hallways to traverse. Finally Ms. Blakely pauses before a similar door of steel, taps the electronic keys and holds her fingers to a pad.

“Never thought we’d have a maternity ward in a men’s facility,” she ironically asserts pushing open the door.

We step into a similarly sized cell, sans cages and drab concrete. The walls have been gaily painted in various pastels. Cabinets line the walls. There is much medical paraphernalia and a nurse in obligatory white uniform bustles about. She is tending to a naked form which is kneeling on all fours on a table. Connected to the table, rising from the sides to form arches above are three curved metal pipes with numerous eye hooks... one over the head... one over the mid section... one over the bent knees. Dozens of taut cords stretch from the eye hooks to the form below where I am shocked to see that the flesh has been pierced with dozens of large stainless steel rings. The arms, legs and torso are connected to the three arched pipes to the sides and above. With the tautness of the cords, apparently of elastic material, the naked kneeling form is held almost immobile. It is distressing to see... but more distressing is that the naked form dons a shiny steel mask, completely covering the head. A clear tube connects to a mouth hole. Pasty white liquid siphons downward from a plastic bag hung over the front arch, forcing some form of liquid into the throat.

Peggy introduces the woman in white as Nurse Joanie Jones.

“Welcome. You’ve arrived at milking time,” a cheerful Nurse Jones announces.

I nod and further inspect. The kneeling form is notably plump. It is not only the expected child that has brought girth. There are abundant layers of fat on the legs and arms... on every square inch of epidermis. Certainly not the Antoinette De La Corte whom I remember. But the thought of being in her presence brings the odd frisson... the reaction of the submissive male which only Miss Antoinette seemed to fully understand.

The nurse is preparing a machine with two hoses and clear plastic suction cups. The purpose is apparent and the apparatus forces me to look at the low hanging breasts, incredibly pendulous compared to the firm athletic mammary glands I once glimpsed, at that time defying gravity. Dangling some three inches below the rounded globes are finger-like nipples which resemble udders.

021507 appears to be a dairy cow forcibly held in a stall for milking. The stretchable cords permit some movement but it is most limited.

If the form is indeed Ms. Antoinette De La Corte it has been drastically transformed. Judge Wilmot's Monday evening admission omitted many details of her treatment. The mask of steel, the deep piercings, the forced feeding.

And, as I step closer, I note that not only are the eyes covered, but the ears as well. Antoinette De La Corte is being held in long term bondage which includes thorough sensory deprivation, a most cruel method of incarceration. It is little wonder why a writ of non compos mentis has been drafted. Any one so held would eventually become insanely despondent.

The nurse lubricates the nipples and applies the suction cups. The form stirs, seeming to fight against the dozens of cords. A switch is flipped. A motor hums. I am amazed to see cloudy white liquid begin to coat the clear suction cups then be drawn into the hoses.

"She prefers to be hand milked," Nurse Jones offers in explaining the futile resistance. "But that's a once a week treat. This goat milking machine is more efficient."

With that the nurse moves to the rear. A gloved right hand grasps a small

electrical device. There comes another hum as it begins to vibrate. When I move to observe, I am further shocked to see that some half dozen slimmer elastic cords stretch from the rear arch to connect to labial rings. The naked form's labia are kept spread, apparently at all times, graphically displaying the many complicated layers and folds of the female genitalia. And the nurse nonchalantly applies a vibrator to the vaginal walls with an occasional teasing application to the clitoris. When the form quivers, the vibrator moves to less sensitive areas, the nurse seeming to know exactly how to maximum pleasure without triggering orgasm.

"This teasing touch of joy maximizes the yield. The mammary glands open and produce abundantly for me with just the slightest tantalization."

I am in awe and note the plump belly hanging below. There is no doubt that a child is forthcoming.

"When is the due date?"

"I check the cervical dilation often. Spread her wide open with a speculum and measure. It's not necessary of course, but the procedure is wonderfully degrading. If you'd like to wait she'll be well milked in about an hour and you can watch while I open her nice and wide and measure her for you. My guess is the dilation will be modest indicating she'll drop in another ten weeks."

"She cannot hear?"

"No. We keep her in thorough sensory deprivation. No one knows who she is and she cannot communicate. We remove the eye covering and the ear covering on occasion... but not often. Whatever information was needed from her has apparently been obtained. She just breathes, ingests and lactates now... and keeps that little bun warm, of course."

"Do you ever remove the mask?"

Nurse Jones shrugs in contemplating a response.

"There is no need. And besides... it's locked in place and we don't have the

key.”

The key! Judge Wilmot explained that Judge Hopkins was involved and contributed to the plot to preclude further dissemination of the blackmail material! And what did I uncover in that cocktail glass while imbibing with Pattie Wilmot? The discovery gives rise to thought.

I continue to watch in both fascination and horror as Nurse Jones works to tantalize the clitoris and the machine works to drain 021507 of all feminine essence. Reservoir tanks attached to the machine fill with lacteal output. The yield is impressive, the process having begun with the ingeniously wicked manner of interrogation of the former U.S. Attorney.

Then it dawns, I have absolutely no way to determine if the human cow is indeed Antoinette De La Corte!

I spy a nearby drinking glass.

“May I use that?”

“If you need water, I can get you some,” Warden Blakely replies.

“No. I would like to take the glass with me.”

“Certainly.”

I pick up the glass and move to the front of the table. There I lift the right hand of 021507 from the surface. I note that the elastic cords are strong. But with my two hands I tug firmly and the right arm rises to where I can have the hand grasp the glass. The form is strangely compliant, all resistance long having dissipated. I wrap the fingers around the crystal clear surface, obtaining imprints. As a federal government employee, former employee, the fingerprints of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte will be recorded in the FBI database. I will soon be able to confirm whether it is in fact the former U.S. Attorney who is pregnant and being so cruelly held... naked... bound... and humiliatingly spread for all to examine.

I decline waiting to observe 021507 being spread even further open with a

speculum. But I can imagine the intensity of the feeling of vulnerability such an act must impart... to have such deep intimate feminine anatomy available for inspection by any and all at someone's whim.

I announce it is time to depart. On the walk back to the reception area, while I carefully clutch the glass, Warden Blakely speaks, apparently currying favor.

"We work very closely with the judiciary here, Bill. Keep in mind when you proclaim long sentences the inmates here serve such in earnest. We don't mollicoddle as in other facilities. And I might add, anytime you wish to visit, we have special rooms where we can make any inmate available for 'interview'. You'd be surprised how many enjoy the company of well bound and naked males, compliant, docile and willing to please in return for something as simple as a dollop of extra mush. The rooms are equipped for a variety of activities depending on your... well your tastes. There can be oral gratification... anal. Most of our inmates are experienced and quite meekly accommodate the various needs. But if you prefer something young... and shall we say tight... I can alert you to new arrivals."

Yes, the Penance Corporation of America. Judge Wilmot alluded to its many offerings.

The drive back to the Brooklyn courthouse offers time for reflection. Seeing Miss Antoinette, if it was indeed she, spurs thoughts... the physically strong, the mentally demanding, transformed to a breeding, lactating animal.

Memories of the evening of my introduction to the Brooklyn dungeon flash.

That first encounter ended with my backside methodically caned... row upon row of nasty welts... my throat sore from cries for mercy... my pride not broken but instead completely ravished. My tears flowed, and yes I cried like a girl. A reaction which Miss Antoinette was very specific in highlighting.

"It does mollify the guilt, does it not Willie?" she kindly inquired as I afterwards continued to lie bound and naked on the bench.

She sat before me in an odd chair, low with a back angled to place her almost in recline. She cradled my head as if comforting a child... which in a way I had become in enduring the fiery applications which she so expertly applied.

“Yes, you so much desire to submit to a woman of governance, Willie, to give up all authority, relieve yourself of the burden of fulfilling society’s expectation of being a man. To no longer be in charge, not of your life... not in your job... not in your relationships with women. Yet there is conflict in that it is distasteful for you. What manly pride remains wants to resist, suggesting that you should not submit. It’s not masculine. But you do want to, Willie. You so much desire to concede to the commanding savoir-vivre of a firm woman. It stimulates. Do you realize your penis stayed nice and firm for me through the first dozen strokes? Then the endorphins flowed to override the arousal. But in time, as you lie on my bench for me again and again, you’ll stay hard throughout the entire ordeal. And that will please me... and you so much desire to please a strict woman, one who challenges you to be obedient.”

Her thumbs wiped away more tears. I still do not understand why I continued to blubber. I guess the psychological distress continued, my limited manly pride obliterated.

She arose and stepped to the rear of the bench. The same hand that unmercifully caned me smoothed over the dozens of rows of what I later found were incredibly even spaced welts covering my entire buttocks. As stated... slowly... methodically... thoroughly.

I could tell she was admiring her work... reveling in her empowerment. She seemed to relish the serenade I offered, actually encouraging my squeals and screams in suggesting that the room was well sound proofed.

Then her fingers lowered to my genitals. They palpated. Tenderly. I was amazed to feel myself stiffen. I had not the strength to stand, my energy consumed. But her gentle touch, emanating from the same hand that had cruelly administered such suffering, brought a frisson of delight. My penis surrendered just as had my male pride. Miss Antoinette enjoyed seeing it stiff, so again it obediently began to firm.

She fondly kneaded my testicles, I imagined her watching in glee as my phallus engorged for her. Oh, such power.

“Hair, Willie. You don’t have a lot, but any is too much. I like looking at these plums while I work your backside. I do not care to have my view impeded. We’ll do something about this for your next visit.”

A salve was applied. Miss Antoinette cooed more words of encouragement. I was a punished child in need of consoling. My pride was vanquished but her words were not intended to restore any modicum of hubris. No, not by any means. Her soothing words were instead to explain why I no longer was to have any male conceit or vanity... not when it came to interacting with women of purpose... those who reveled in control and male degradation. I was to become a toy... to be summoned and played with as a woman saw fit... at her whim.

“You discipline well, Willie. You’re obedient and grovel nicely. A woman like me finds that to be quite entertaining. And your role is to amuse and entertain.”

The Velcro straps of the wrist cuffs were peeled with the alacrity of popping open a soda can. Then I heard the tumblers on the combination door locks clatter.

“You can release yourself and find your way out.”

With hands free I did manage to remove the spinal strap and neck collar. The Velcro of the thigh and ankle cuffs easily peeled away and I gingerly dressed and reversed my steps back to the patio of the restaurant. I walked with difficulty, my underwear abrading my flaming backside. The waiter, noting my awkward gait, gave me a knowing look, and the bartendress, in closing out the cash register, gave me a sneering ‘good night’. I heard her laughing as she closed and locked the door behind me.

I return to the courthouse with enough time remaining in the workday to

organize my thoughts and have my clerk summon Judge Wilmot. The fingerprinted glass is carefully packed and sent to the FBI.

While awaiting the end of the day meeting, I open the credenza and locate that odd key which previously occupied the bottom of a highball glass.

It is ironic that there is a key in search of a lock, and I bear beneath my trousers a lock in search of a key.

Pattie, Judge Wilmot, arrives at 5:00 p.m., her timing such that she apparently assumes we will once again partake in post meridiem cocktails. I make sure the orphan key is in plain sight on my desk.

“Vodka, Pattie?”

She nods. I pour.

“I spent the morning at the Penance Corporation facility... with Warden Blakely,” I begin.

“A marvelously contrived system for administering social justice, don’t you think, Bill.”

“Efficient and I suppose effective. With such a system one does not have to consider recidivism... I am told once incarcerated one rarely ever leaves.”

“And you should avail yourself of the special release opportunities, Bill, as I am sure Warden Blakely explained.”

I smile wondering what an avowed lesbian such as Judge Wilmot would do in being introduced to such licentious circumstances. And then it dawns... Antoinette de La Corte was interrogated there. Obviously the ‘special release’ facilities have the means to apply whatever is required and extract whatever is needed from the human form.... no matter the gender.

“Difficult to ascertain whether I was actually viewing the former U.S. Attorney, Pattie. She’s changed... more than as a result of pregnancy. You did not tell me about the mask. Rather cruel wouldn’t you say?”

“Judge Hopkins’ idea. It was imperative she not be able to communicate. You evidently saw my tape, my secretly recorded moments of degradation. Imagine there being similar sordid material involving ranking politicians and officials. I think we handled the matter well. Sign the writ, Bill. Appoint me as legal guardian of her, the child and her possessions. That way we have the power to marshal her assets and anything and everything ever to be located will come under my auspices. The matter will forever end. We will force her to communicate with whomever sent you that tape and retrieve whatever he or she has... legally claiming it all to be property placed under the control of the guardian of Antoinette De La Corte... me.”

“Is she lucid enough do to that, Miss Antoinette....er rather Antoinette De la Corte?” I catch myself in a Freudian slip.

“She pines for a long steady hand milking. Her craving to have those glands express by way of gentle fingers instead of that rough machine induces her to divulge much. Perhaps we have not asked the right questions. She so much wants to cooperate and let down lactate.”

I sip my scotch, feeling the steel cock cage under my zipper. If I am ever again to see my penis, other than by embarrassing, expensive and painful surgery, I must tread carefully with regard to the Antoinette De La Corte matter.

“I took her fingerprints, Pattie. Give me time to confirm her identity. Meanwhile the mask will stay and her incarceration will continue. She looked as happy as a clam,” I humorously quote Warden Blakely, realizing the irony in leading similar existences.

We imbibe and socialize over one more drink, then I curtail the meeting.

I have much to ponder.

The continued chastity begins to throw my hormone levels into frustrating imbalance. I cannot sleep. I am frisky and in need of climactic relief, yet I know it will not come.

There is however the scheduled meeting with Monica at the Moon Lite Motel on Saturday. What was it the aging female voice suggested... ‘be a good boy and Monica will take care of your needs’?

Still I stare at the ceiling, my mind again reeling back to the genesis of the whole complicated affair. Yes, my thoughts return to that first encounter in the Brooklyn dungeon...

I left the basement dungeon and restaurant with the distinct sense that I was not the first ‘boy’ whom Miss Antoinette assisted in dealing with the guilt... addressing the unmanly desire to cede to the authority of a controlling woman. The departing look of the waiter, the sneering laugh of the bartendress, the lack of questions and surprise in seeing me reappear in the restaurant patio hours after dinner.

Well, the next day Susan noted my difficulty in sitting, the fire extinguished but my buttocks remaining quite sore. She taunted of course, seeming to be aware of the details concerning my inability to comfortably recline in a chair.

“It almost seems like you’ve had a spanking, *Mr. Dennison*,” enunciating my name with mocked derision. “Have you been spanked?”

And such went on for days. As I slowly healed, each morning began with another question, usually whether I would be spanked again soon. I endured the ridicule, I had no alternative, and during that time I had no contact with the boss lady. That was probably as perplexing as understanding my furtive enjoyment of the encounter.

Why was I being ignored?

Then Susan stopped by with another note. My heart leapt when she said it was from the corner office. The pretty minx irritatingly stood before my desk as I eagerly tore it open.

Willie,

A slight change in hierarchy. Since Susan has more experience than you, having completed her first year in the department versus your recent start, you are to report to her. She is to be respectfully called 'Miss Susan' and you are to obey her wishes. Though there is an acknowledged age difference, I think this arrangement will better serve a boy with your *inclinations*.

Miss Antoinette

I was shocked, Susan was an eighteen year old secretary and not a good one. I was a law school graduate, honors, with my undergraduate degree attained summa cum laude. With the term 'inclinations' underlined, there could be no doubt as to the reference... my budding penchant for servitude.

"Got the message, *Willie*?" Miss Susan repeated, my first name now given the mocked derision by the pretty but pert girl.

She stood over my desk arms akimbo, relishing in her newly found power.

"We'll need to talk over things. Drinks at Little Nero's. I am told you like warm water..."

Little Nero's was the restaurant with the sneering bartendress and the patio of intrigue. The reference to the drink chosen for me was more than troublesome... it was consternating. Susan for sure had details of my demeaning dalliance with Miss Antoinette. How much detail?

That evening, the hostess nearly laughed in seeing my return. When I sat at the bar the bartendress smiled, wordlessly pushed in front of me a warm glass of water then quickly moved onward before I could protest. Within minutes Susan arrived... Miss Susan.

“So nice of you to join me, Willie. Or should I say how obedient of you?”

“I’d like to get a drink,” I impolitely began, ignoring her annoying question.

“You can have water. Those are the instructions I gave Gail. Remember the new hierarchy.”

Gail the bartendress returned with a glass of wine, for Susan, while my new supervisor reached into her purse. I was dismayed to see her pull out the wrist bands I so often wore the summer before during my workouts. Fabricated of strong but absorbent cloth, the strips appeared innocuous, not even the modest metal rings sewn into the fabric would draw attention or suggest wicked intent. But once encircling the wrists, the Velcro held the simple lengths quite firmly. And as Miss Antoinette had so aptly demonstrated, clipping together the rings placed the hands into effective restraint.

“Take off your jacket and put these on for me,” Miss Susan commanded.

She sipped wine. I noticed there was a mischievous gleam in her eye as I complied. While I adhered the Velcro she reached out, loosened my tie, then pulled the end through the knot to remove it. Then she unbuttoned my collar and her hand dexterously continued downward to open the next three buttons.

“The weather is good but the patio will be a hot and will therefore be secluded. Come. Leave your jacket. Gail will take care of it.”

The restaurant was doing a brisk business. But as noted, there was heat which kept the patrons away from the outdoor patio. Susan led to the rear door and I followed, acutely aware of the wrists bands which gratefully no one else noticed.

At age eighteen, I suppose all girls have a degree of cuteness. In Susan it was something I had come to ignore I suppose because of her irritatingly saucy demeanor, not to mention the prior summer’s traumatic workout when she mocked as I was exercised in the nude.

But as I followed, her shapely form began to bring attraction. And now that she was in charge, what I brushed off before as the childish deeds of

adolescence now had new meaning. I was to report to her!

The patio was empty as she anticipated. She pointed to a chair facing away from the door to the restaurant.

“Put your glass on the table, hands behind you and sit,” she commanded.

As I lowered myself she guided my hands through open spaces in the chair backing. When I heard an all too familiar click, click I knew that not only were my wrists secured together but also attached such that I was one with the chair. Susan sat adjacent to me. Looking to her left she could see the patio entranceway. To her right was what I faced, the rear of that brownstone where somewhere, tucked away in the dense shrubbery, was the hidden door to the basement and the dungeon. In being restrained and looking at the structure where my buttocks were so mercilessly excoriated, I began to shake. Miss Antoinette proved to be prescient in describing my reaction to her power. Just the proximity to the dungeon brought forth the conflicting thoughts of fear on one hand versus the joyous sense of pleasing an authoritative woman on the other.

“Yes, it is hot out here,” Miss Susan remarked.

She completed the unbuttoning of my shirt. I was stultified to see her push it aside and slip it over my shoulders, exposing my chest. She felt my trembling.

“Quivering in joy, Willie? I know you like performing for a woman. I liked that display last summer at the gym... your erect penis showing off like that.”

As she spoke she unbuckled my belt and pulled it away. Then I closed my eyes in shame as she unhitched the front of my trousers and drew down my zipper.

“Make you as comfortable as I can in a public place. Lots of people behind you in the restaurant.

“Some water, Willie. You will drink. It is best to be well hydrated in moments of anxiety.”

I opened my eyes to see that she held my water glass in front of me.

“Come now, drink it down for me,” her free hand reached for a nipple and gently twisted.

Not a painful pinch, but the message was received. I symbolically had to bow my head to drink.

Susan then bent to remove my shoes. My socks were easily slipped away and all the dislodged attire was piled on the table.

“Men like you have trouble making choices, Willie. So you need help. From women like Antoinette... and now me.”

Apparently Miss Antoinette, the appellation ‘Ms. De La Corte’ to be used by Susan only in the office, had been lecturing Miss Susan as well. But the thought ended as I panicked in hearing the door behind me open. It was the waiter and Miss Susan gratefully tossed a napkin onto my lap to cover my open pants.

“Another wine for me, and please bring a large pitcher of warm water for my boy... and can you give these to Gail.”

The same waiter who served Miss Antoinette and me smugly stood over us. He ignored my open shirt and restrained arms. I was most disconcerted to see Susan hand him my shoes, socks and belt!

He turned to leave and Susan’s hand returned to my lap. The napkin was pushed to the side and she reached in to find my penis. For some reason it was partially engorged and I again closed my eyes in shame.

“Come now, Willie. You know you enjoy this. Relax and make it nice a big for me.”

With that she completely dislodged my organ from the folds of my underwear and pulled it through my parted slacks!

“There. That’s better for a boy like you. We know what stimulates. Putting you on display. Not completely naked as you prefer, but I suspect you’ll be

wanting to disrobe before evening's end."

She talked. The door opened again. I waited in dread for her to replace the napkin. She deliberately paused until the annoying man was quite proximate then covered my semi erect manhood. I am sure he caught a glimpse of my exposure but said nothing as he put down the water and glass of wine.

"Come back every few minutes to check on us please."

Susan continued to talk, refilling my glass and presenting it to my lips. A second glass, a third. With each helping her free hand toyed with a nipple and in a child like voice described how my penis continued to grow. She took much pleasure in the humiliating exercise.

When the waiter returned, the napkin was again returned at the very last moment but I am sure he spotted the bulbous tip before I was completely covered. And the cloth tented over my lap. My priapic condition was quite apparent.

A full pitcher was delivered and the empty one removed. Another glassful was presented for consumption. My bladder filled. Then I began to better understand the game. I needed to relieve myself... but how? And if released, where? I would have to return to the main dining area barefoot... if Miss Susan graciously released my wrists. Awkward but not mentally objectionable.

Halfway through the second pitcher I proclaimed my need.

"May I visit the men's room, Miss Susan?"

"No. I want you to hold it and drink more."

And for some reason I did. She seemed pleased in holding the glass... and I was pleased in pleasing her.

How did Miss Antoinette describe it... a desire to cede all to a woman of governance?

Miss Susan was manifesting her control. I would not choose when to visit the

men's room... she would.

So I drank and drank. And I became incredibly erect as my bladder filled. Something about the male anatomy fosters that... 'piss proud' is the vernacular I have heard.

The second pitcher disappeared. Miss Susan leaned forward and pressed a finger to my lower belly. She pushed hard, assessing the pressure. I was full. She knew it.

Then I heard the door behind me open and I expected to see the hand return to flip the napkin over my rock hard penis. It did not! I closed my eyes and the trembling returned. Miss Susan was having me expose myself. Then I heard a feminine giggle.

"Here's the check stub for the jacket, shoes and socks."

I opened my eyes to see Gail the bartendress smiling in standing over Miss Susan's shoulder.

"Not badly sized," she flippantly commented in staring directly at my erect manhood.

"And he's quite trainable," Miss Susan responded. "Plus he so much enjoys being put on display... entertaining what he perceives as superior women. Trying to draw their attention."

The girls... women... continued to talk as if I was an object. I again closed my eyes feeling my circulation pound and every inch of skin redden in blush.

"Will he do it for you? Right here?" Gail mysteriously inquired.

"He's quite full. He can't move from the chair. He's already asked once if he could go and that was three glassfuls ago. I think he's beginning to face what I will demand. And he'll very much enjoy himself if you stay to watch Gail. He is one of those, you know. Just as I told you."

"Please, Miss Susan, I do need to go."

“Then go. Right here. Right in front of us. You know that I will just make you drink more until you do. Remember your role. It is to entertain. For you it is fulfilling to humiliate yourself before women.”

Miss Susan poured another glass. The sound of splashing water heightened my need.

“Gail wants to see you degrade yourself. The patio is stone and cement and can be easily hosed. Though you’ll wet your pants.”

She poured the water back into the pitcher to create more splashing. Then she filled the glass again while cooing words of encouragement. I began to understand my predicament. But I also felt that strange frisson ...in exposing myself before the two pretty young women... in knowing that I was indeed entertaining... that I was bringing glee with the brazen display of my erect penis. The water continued to splash as she poured back and forth. It all overwhelmed. I closed my eyes and pressed. Despite my engorgement I managed to begin a flow. It burned in being forced through my turgid shaft. Gail began to cackle. Miss Susan laughed. And yes... I wet myself, turning into a fountain. And it felt strangely good... the warmth... the easing of the distension forced upon my overwrought bladder... the humiliation. And that was another lesson I learned. The demeaning deed was both psychologically devastating... and oddly enjoyable.

“Good boy, Willie. See, you are obedient and eager to please. I’m going to now make you sit in those soiled clothes while I have dinner and you think about how you’re getting out of here... all wet and smelly like that. Plus, Gail has your jacket and shoes, and I am not sure she will give them up easily. You may have to earn dry clothes and grovel a bit for your shoes.”

I was in fact quite wet and smelly. I was embarrassed. But physically I was relieved.

Then this Gail reached and pinched my ear between thumb and index finger.

“Yes, he’s good boy. But I’d spend some time potty training him.”

Her playful pinch became firmer and she laughed as she twisted and I futilely

tried to escape her grasp. I was helpless to resist her daunting grip.

“I’ll send the waiter out to take your order.”

Fortunately, I slowly de-tumefied. But Miss Susan did not bother to replace the napkin with the waiter’s next visit. I just sat there in my excretion, exposed while Miss Susan ordered food for herself... and more water for me.

“I’m going to have you do that again, Willie. It was marvelously debasing.”

And so as she ate, I was forced to imbibe. And in time my erection returned. I cursed myself... yet there was a sense of fulfillment as suggested, in performing as this woman in charge desired. By the time dessert arrived, I once again was full and the waiter was afforded an unimpeded view of my standing manhood. No effort was made to cover me.

“You’re going to make quite the puddle if you can’t hold it, Willie.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I had to agree.

“And you’ll be soaking wet.”

“Yes.”

“If I release you from the chair will you go for me... be potty trained as Gail suggested.”

The urge once again consumed my thoughts.

“Please not again, Miss Susan. My slacks will be even more drenched and we have to leave some how.”

“Okay. I am going to rearrange the wrist bands so you will be free of the chair. Then you’ll be able to stand. But be careful that your pants don’t full down. No belt. Zipper open.”

Miss Susan arose and stepped behind me. To the sound of click, click, my wrists no were no longer connected and my arms were released from the frame. She deftly pulled my shirt further down over my shoulders, and slid it

off my arms. Then with another click my wrist bands were again connected remaining together behind my back.

I felt thoroughly exposed despite the loose pants.

“Why not use those bushes, Willie. Probably won’t kill much shrubbery.”

I stood and shuffled carefully, concerned with both the patrons inside the restaurant and my pants falling down. They did. To my ankles and Miss Susan laughed as I desperately shuffled toward the garden.

“Let me help you, Willie.”

With that she followed, stood behind me and reached around to take hold of my penis, aiming it where my flow would be absorbed into the soil. Her free hand toyed with a nipple.

“You are a mess, Willie. How will you get out of here without a bath?”

I endured the ignominy of having a woman hold my precious manhood as once again the overwhelming urge countered the great embarrassment. I urinated as Miss Susan’s controlling hand directed my excretion into the soil and she had fun bringing my nipples to points.

Finally the flow turned to a dribble and she stepped away.

“Tell you what. There is a decision to be made and that’s where boys of your ilk have trouble. You’re flustered. Quite humiliated. I could feel your circulation pounding as I held that throbbing phallus you so enjoy showing off.

“So I am going to help. I am going to step away and you’ll have to make up your mind what to do. Follow me... endure more of what you’ve experienced. Or shuffle with your pants down back into the restaurant where someone may release your wrists and you can cover yourself while explaining your smelly wetness. If you follow, lose the pants and underwear. I will want you naked... completely.”

With that, Miss Susan gripped my wet underwear and pulled the elastic waist

band down to my ankles to join my slacks. Then she stepped into the shrubbery and disappeared. My heart pounded because I knew where she went and the ramifications of following her. She knew of the secret door leading to the Brooklyn dungeon!

Just as with Miss Antoinette, I could willingly follow or somehow gather my things and depart, this time a stinking mess.

I followed, awkwardly stumbling and trying my best to release myself from the wet garments entangled about my feet. Miss Susan wanted me naked.

Friday went quickly. A quick confirming phone call was received from the FBI. Otherwise the day was uneventful.

I am relieved to find myself on Saturday driving to the Moon Lite Motel for my 2:00 p.m. rendezvous with Miss Monica, hoping that there will be no more surgery and instead most welcomed climactic relief.

As instructed I proceed to room 255, strip and encircle wrists and ankles with the vinyl strips. On this visit I note that chains await on the bed, already connected to the eye bolts embedded into the frame. I obediently connect the ankle chains, one wrist chain then don the hood. I feel about in darkness and then clip the remaining chain to my free wrist. I can somewhat move about. There is slack in the chains to permit self bondage. But the clever one way clips at the end of each chain cannot be opened. Not by me. So I lie back and wait, fantasizing over what the female aging voice proclaimed before completing last week's call that the beautiful surgical nurse, she of noted concupiscence, 'would take care of my needs'. I strongly suspect I will take care of hers.

Within minutes the door opens and closes. Then it is latched and links of the security chain rattle. Then I feel tension as there is more rattling. Each chain is tightened to spread me wide and helpless. The bed moves. In silence I feel hands working about the cock cage. The main lock clicks where the cage connects to the ring. Then I hear the smaller padlock click where the post

penetrating my Prince Albert hitches to the cage. I feel the confining mesh at last being slid away. My penis celebrates. I know it hardens. I can feel the Prince's Wand fight my tumescence. I am hoping that it too will be removed. Within moments I am disheartened to conclude that it will remain. The woman is without mercy and as my stiffness grows the bulbous end of the wand deep within can be more prominently felt, abrading an awakened prostate gland. The inserted tubing seems to augment my ability to engorge.

I feel warm wetness and there comes the fragrance of soap. The cruel neglect of my libido is to be juxtaposed against a tender cleansing. The knowing hands of the nurse dabbing away with a soapy cloth to soothe a scrotum which has been rubbed raw in being trapped between the large ring and the cock cage. She is most attentive and I am grateful but disappointed in not feeling the firm controlling strokes which would bring me to a long over due ejaculation.

"You stand nicely when a woman is in control. I have heard that about you."

These are the only words offered as once again a pill is slipped into my mouth and I futilely resist swallowing. I again lose to this dispassionate woman who so effectively makes a man do her bidding. When water is poured into my mouth, I ingest.

The ear piece is slipped into my ear. I hear ringing. The aging female voice comes on line.

"I trust there is progress, Judge Dennison. I know you must have been eager to have Monica free that useless pecker of yours."

I feel sudden sharp pain, coming with the sound of a thwack. I bellow into the phone and hear laughter through the ear piece. The knowing nurse Monica has applied a vicious slap to my penis tip. I know her smack must have brought deflation as I feel the cock cage returning to entrap my prized organ once again.

"I suspect Monica is returning your penis to its cage. Hope you appreciated the rare moments of freedom. Now give me a full report before the Cialis once again places you in agony."

I disclose all. The where, how and why of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte's cruel incarceration. That she is forcibly milked, with child, held in the strictest of sensory deprivation, donning a steel mask that cannot even be removed by her captors, held in complete anonymity with most of her tending handlers not knowing who she is. That she has been fattened like a hog destined for slaughter and held immobile with steel rings piercing deep layers of flesh.

"What is the concern of those who hold her and how can you free her?"

"It's the blackmail material. Like the stuff you sent me. It needs to be located and destroyed. There is belief that many people of influence have been filmed and photographed. Based on what you have sent, it is not an unreasonable concern."

The voice snickers.

"Would not a reasonable person conclude that if the intent was to publicly disseminate the material, to release all the feared tapes and photos, it would have happened years ago?"

"Ambitious people can become paranoid," I offer, feeling the pill begin to work, the circulation in my pubes area beginning to rush.

"Can't the cock cage be removed? I have performed for you as desired."

"No. I want the child of Antoinette De La Corte. I want the key to the mask. You're making progress but it is not enough. Contrive a deal. A bargain. Meanwhile you're to suffer to assure I have your complete attention. Monica needs to have her amusement. And when you leave there is an envelope for you that you will find of great interest. Handle it with the strictest care and in complete confidence. Meanwhile report next week, same room, same time. For now, have fun with Monica. She may at some time develop a fondness for men... but meanwhile you'll just need to be patient."

There comes a click. There comes pain as my penis slowly engorges and greets the cock cage. There comes the soothing hands. I am going to receive the sensuous massage which will place me in agonizing hell. I strain against my bonds as she begins. Silent agony. Hours of it. Only to end when I

assiduously offer my tongue in bringing the beautiful insatiable woman to orgasm after orgasm.

In arriving home, having showered in the motel room after Monica left, I was coated with her endless flow of feminine essence, I open the slim envelope the aging female voice instructed Monica to leave behind.

Though expecting more blackmail material, instead there is a simple piece of paper with a very long and complicated internet address. A second line reads 'code: sdfg894he45ppk'. I dutifully type in the web address of seemingly random letters and numbers, noting that no one would ever mistakenly stumble onto the sought web page.

When finally finished, I double check the input and hit enter. Onto the screen, through the marvels of the internet and high speed data transmission comes a full color web page. It is a picture of me!.. recent and fully clothed with my full name, address and unlisted phone number!

In bold letters are the words 'Obedient/Subservient/Enjoys the humiliation of serving a strict controlling woman/Tumefies with a good caning'. In smaller letters there follows a complete biography, date of birth, education, employment. I note there is a box requesting a code. I type in sdfg894he45ppk and a popup box appears with tabs to be clicked for more information. That's when I feel my blood pressure rise and my heart pound. The code avails the viewer to click on dozens of pictures, in flagrante delecto in the legal parlance, of me engaging in servitude to Ms. Antoinette De La Corte. And there are others which suggest the dungeon was not the only room affording furtive photography. It is a complete array. And the stash seems endless as I click on numerous dated tabs. There are even photos which I know to be taken during that initial encounter with Miss Susan. The camera or cameras were well concealed and apparently recorded automatically.

I am aghast. Absolutely disconcerted that it is all posted on the internet... heartened that the long complicated address and code obviates accidental discovery.

The phone rings. It is the aging female voice

“You see the power that could have been unleashed and never was? All that material you seek is available by way of a complicated address, access code and a click of the mouse. Provide a name, I can and will provide the corresponding coded address. Tell this to those holding Antoinette De La Corte and then negotiate. I want her child. I want the key to the mask she wears.”

There is a click as the call ends. Evidently my viewing of the web page prompts an alert and the aging female voice knows I have entered the site and am viewing the numerous pages of debauchery... all depicting me.

I back out of the site. My mind becomes frenzied. With the simple communication of this web address and code, anyone could instantly access material that could end my career on the bench.

Yet, the aging female voice is correct. If there was intent to use it, the reams of material would be plastered on the pages of every tabloid newspaper. The material can obviously be downloaded to make hard copies. The offering is a warning. Judge Patricia Wilmot will no longer be sanguine in holding captive the cherubic naked form of her one time antagonist when she learns of this development.

But how do I tell her without acknowledging the existence of the page marked ‘Obedient/Subservient/Enjoys the humiliation of serving a strict controlling woman/Tumefies with a good caning’?

Cold showers have become frequent as my hormones continue to build. I take one.

I once again find myself staring at the ceiling in waiting for sleep to overtake. The memories flash as always when I restlessly turn from side to side, hoping that once somnolence overtakes my penis will not awaken me again with the quest for nocturnal penile tumescence that cannot be achieved.

After wandering about, my addled mind focuses on that second visit to ‘Little Nero’s’ where I again entered the secret door to the basement dungeon.

Having been made to wet myself, my odorous underwear and slacks bunched about my ankles, I hurriedly found that door nestled behind the shrubbery...hurriedly being a relative description, since the alacrity of my movement was well restricted by lowered garments and secured wrists that made righting myself impossible.

In being hidden from potential interloping restaurant customers, I paused to work my feet, squiggling about my toes to trap one cuff of my slacks under my left foot and permitting me to tug my right out of the disheveled smelly mess which at one time served as office attire. With foot free I used it to push on the door. Luckily Miss Susan had left it ajar. I could enter!

Then her explicit instructions came to mind... ‘lose the pants and underwear.’

Right foot worked and left foot was more easily extracted from the heap. But in finally tugging it free, I lost my balance. Without the use of my hands I stumbled, falling into the door, which unfortunately yielded, permitting my naked form to continue into and then onto the floor of the basement entrance. As I scrambled to right myself I paused in hearing laughter. I looked up to see Miss Susan standing over me. She had changed from her alluring office garments. She oddly wore what I would describe as bathing attire.

“Antoinette explained to me that in the end, they all want to obey,” she aloofly offered.

She stooped to gather the pants and underwear in her left arm and leaned over and gathered my scrotum in her right hand.

“Come. You’ll not be sent home like that. Good boys get a reward.”

I began to tremble. Miss Antoinette warned of my reaction to her presence and thoughts of that whipping bench. I expected to be strapped down and leisurely caned, earning back both my clothing and permission to later dress. But instead Miss Susan used my balls to urge me to first stand then as a defacto leash in drawing me through a door to the side of the ominous well

secured entrance to the dungeon.

We entered a laundry room. In one corner was a shower stall. Hanging from an overhead pulley was a cord with a curious clamp attached to the end.

“I’ll get you nice and clean and you’ll feel better,” Miss Susan cooed in encouragement.

Meanwhile her hand had attained the expected result... my penis once again stood for her, performing as she would suggest.

Into the shower, I soon learned the utility of the single cord and clamp as Miss Susan had me stand in the middle of the stall. She reached up and took the time to insert the clamp into my nostrils. I shook my head in resistance, the only resistance to be offered, but it was too late. She released her fingers and I cried out in pain as the small teeth bit into the most sensitive of skin.

Miss Susan then reached to the side where the opposing end of the cord allowed her to pull and tighten... which she did, forcing me to my toes.

“Turn and face me.”

I of course complied. It was then that I had a better glimpse of the skimpily attired girl. Sans drab office attire, Miss Susan was even more ravishing, putting on display her sleek but well curved eighteen year old body. I gawked in lust until she commanded again.

“One quarter turn to the right.”

After a few moments commands came to face away then complete the turn to offer the opposite profile view and return to facing her. Her voice was firm, no nonsense and I found myself obeying this teen without delay. With wrists bound, the discomfort of the nose clamp hinted at both her power and her resolve in using it.

Ironically, it required more than ten years to finally understand her demands that I pirouette. For I similarly was commanded twice more to so turn in the shower stall. And it was not until viewing that website that I realized my

naked and restrained form was being photographed.

Yes, an entire series appeared on the coded site, documenting my ignominy that evening in obeying the audacious but gorgeous Miss Susan.

After that initial turning during which I was unwittingly photographed, she twisted the faucet handle and adjusted the water to a soothing warm. She then stepped into the shower with me and I was pleasantly surprised when young soft hands began to bathe me... everywhere. Next a safety razor appeared. The water was turned off and I was lathered. She took the time to shave me... my entire body... and approached my pubes with particular zeal.

“Antoinette wants these absolutely hairless, Willie. We’ll take care of it here but I also suggest you make shaving here as much a ritual as your face.”

Well, I suffered no flaccidity as she worked and laughed at my obeisance. Then she rinsed me and stepped out. Again came the commands to turn while standing on toes at the end of the cord... perplexing at the time but now fully understood. More photos. Before and after.

“Very nice, Willie. It offers such vulnerability, being hairless.”

And then came the most subtle but wickedly domineering deed of the long evening. Miss Susan proceeded to dress me... as a woman!

“We have no men’s clothes here, not that I would share such with you. And your pants are a mess.”

And with that, she applied gaudy make up, teased my hair to appear as effeminate as possible, hooked on cheap earrings, and slipped my feet into shoes as awkwardly high as those worn by Bobbie in Warden Blakely’s office.

In finishing, enshrouding me in tight short skirt and frilly blouse, she stepped out of the shower stall and I was again commanded to pirouette, pausing with each quarter turn.

“Leave the wrist bands. Take your pants. You can find your way out. Gail

will offer you the rest of your things. But you'd better be wearing your earrings when you ask."

With that, Miss Susan unclipped my wrists and promptly left. By the time I released myself from the nose clamp she was long gone. I meekly removed the wrist bands and began summoning the courage to return to the restaurant and request of Gail my shoes and suit jacket. It was an expensive suit and its cost was material to my means... as were the shoes.

One's confidence can quickly erode knowing that somewhere in cyberspace is a vast collection of embarrassing photos. Without more than basic knowledge of the internet, I realize that the computer hosting the huge montage could be located anywhere... well outside my jurisdiction and ability to apply influence. Even if I could devise a plan to have the government authorities intercede without calling attention to my own sordid images, I doubted the electronic source could be adequately abrogated.

I did not even know the location or identity of the aging female voice!

The situation requires planning and thought... and the cooperation of Judge Patricia Wilmot. With the demand for the child of Antoinette De La Corte and the key to her mask, my approval of Pattie's writ to become legal guardian would be ill advised. I need to reason with her without exposing my own forced complicity in the long past affairs of Ms. Antoinette De La Corte.

Thus another session over end of the day cocktails...

"Pattie, you've been assuming that in loading our guns legally, becoming the guardian of Antoinette De La Corte and her issue, the material with which you are so concerned will more or less fall into your lap. How do you know you can get it... wrap you arms around it, so to speak?"

The otherwise bright jurist pauses in thought, sipping her vodka.

"Someone has already provided evidence of having access... that video tape,

Pattie. Would it not be prudent to accept a more conciliatory approach to this matter?”

“Nothing about Antoinette De La Corte was ever conciliatory, Bill. Judge Hopkins and I dared not ever release her. She is cruel, vicious and of course tenacious. Once freed, she would never concede without eliciting full revenge. It could be the sending of that tape was a one time effort. Someone entrusted with a package, contents unknown, with instructions to mail it in the event of the disappearance of the former U.S. Attorney. We may never see more...”

I know her assumption to be grossly incorrect, but I cannot tell her why without explaining the website.

Yet, perhaps I can devise something, some course of action to extract all from this curious stand off.

“Tell me more about the FBI report and your thoughts, Pattie. The Bureau is usually quite thorough...”

“The Brooklyn bordello, the source for all the extortionary material, was owned by Marie De La Corte, Antoinette’s notorious mother. She retired some ten years ago, placed her belongings in storage, sold the brownstone and traveled. She returned to New York for a time, then apparently in removing her personal effects from storage, left for Malta, her ancestral home. She died without leaving a clue as to the material. And leaving more of a mystery than just the whereabouts of the mountain of tapes and photos.”

Pattie pauses to sip more vodka.

“She is missing.... that is to say her remains. The family crypt in Queens, expensive and elaborate, did not contain her body. We instead uncovered the remains of a curious individual who forcibly lived a life as a transvestite, a former ‘associate’ of Ms. Marie De La Corte.”

I nod, acknowledging that there is indeed a mystery.

“Any continuing efforts?” I inquire

“Other than attempting to obtain legal guardianship, no. You can imagine the attention to be drawn in making public the discovery of a transvestite improperly interred.”

My turn to sip and think.

“How do we know Marie De La Corte is in fact dead, Pattie?”

“A Maltese death certificate. And the testimony of Antoinette de La Corte... offered while enduring incarceration at the Penance Corporation of America facility. That acknowledgement could be questioned. But our unique method of interrogation placed her in a... well... shall we say a frame of mind where she was quite eager to be forthcoming.”

Yes, the forced lactation and the hand milkings... described by Warden Blakely as quite the treat and most welcomed after repeated harsh machine milkings.

Yet the Maltese death certificate has an odor to it. On how many occasions have false papers been submitted in the persnickety U.S. courts, in a country with good security regarding counterfeit documents?

“When was Marie De La Corte born, Pattie?”

“She was captured by the Germans during War World II... as a teenager. So I would suspect in the mid nineteen twenties.”

I nod in circumspection. Marie De La Corte would currently be in her early eighties... her continuing existence certainly not beyond the realm of possibility. The owner of that aging female voice has much knowledge...

I quietly sip then make my pronouncement.

“No writ to be signed, Pattie. There are too many loose ends. Our clumsy attempt could backfire and bring disparagement to all of us.”

“You’ll be hanging me out to dry, Bill. I have been a victim throughout this entire ordeal.”

I remain silent in suppressing any reply. Yes, she is a victim, but one who has illegally conspired to extract the cruelest of revenge... no matter the wickedness of the antagonist.

During my drive home I reflect on what I knew of the Brooklyn bordello before being immersed in all this intrigue and being locked into chastity.

Those two memorable visits, first to be caned, the second to be stripped, showered and shaved, were certainly not the last of the excursions to Little Nero's restaurant and the clandestine doorway to sadistic debauchery. Miss Susan would often hand me a note in the office, approximately once per week, just a long enough interval to be healed from the previous visit. The small sheet of paper contained written instructions to present myself naked at the secret door, standing in the shrubbery of the outdoor patio in trepidation of being seen, holding my clothes and waiting for Miss Susan to allow entrance.

Then I was examined, showered and shaved by the pretty minx... a prerequisite for the slow methodical canings to be administered by the boss lady waiting in the adjacent dungeon. Miss Susan would watch in glee, listening with fervor to my girlish squeals which such a fiery instrument can extract from even the most masculine of bound flagellants.

The two women mocked and ridiculed, heightening the humiliation. Susan laughed and taunted, my erection seeming to please. And yes, just as Miss Antoinette predicted, my strange arousal never wavered despite the trauma and the agony. With Miss Antoinette in her revealing black leather flogging attire, and Miss Susan adorned in skimpy bathing attire, I became both voyeur and exhibitionist.

But most of all, as Miss Antoinette had proclaimed my role... I performed... I entertained.

Later it was back to the stall shower where I was bound by wrists and nose clamp and soothingly washed by Miss Susan. Then I was sent on my way to

face the sneering looks of Gail at Little Nero's... a rather engaged bystander in my weekly comeuppance.

"How do those cheeks feel tonight?," she would laughingly taunt in noticing my labored gait.

Yet, I was never aware that the facility, the building above, was a bordello. If strolling Flatbush Avenue I could not even have identified the facade of the structure where I spent many long and painful evenings as the well caned toy of Miss Antoinette De La Corte.

And in being some ten years past, my visits must have been at about the time when mother De La Corte's career as notorious Madam of Brooklyn's classiest cathouse was coming to a close. Perhaps that should be given some thought?

Meanwhile, there is one person who can add illumination to the many events which, with the passing of time, have faded into darkness. I am apprehensive in making contact. But the aging female voice holds a strong hand, in poker parlance, and I am not as ambivalent as Judge Wilmot in calling her bluff. Besides, it is my pubes being denied the light of day... and denied the climactic relief the virile male covets. This matter needs to be resolved.

So, the following morning I make the phone call, with apprehension as expected.

"Well hello, your *Honor*," the voice pleasant but enunciating my title with derision. "Back in the Eastern District... and in charge. Need help with a decision?"

I ignore the taunt.

"I'd like to talk to you. Some information you may have could prove to be most helpful."

"You can buy me lunch. I assume you desire some place quiet and discreet... and I know just the place. You know where. Half past twelve. And don't be late. I cannot leave my boys for too long. They may dawdle."

Yes, my apprehension is well founded. The vibrant voice brings memories, using the word 'dawdle' just as Ms. Antoinette De La Corte would admonish so many years ago in sending a young attorney for coffee.

I have not seen or talked to the woman in years. Now some 29 years old, she runs an entire department, advancing rapidly under the tutelage and guidance of Antoinette De La Corte despite her limited education and training. And in running the records department, she has reputedly imputed much discipline into a once lackadaisical wasteland for government dole. I understand she has transformed the gender of the typical clerk from female to male. And I am forced to ponder whether any have spent time at Little Nero's...

The walk is long, but since the weather is mild for August I decide to depart well before the appointed time and walk... to Little Nero's, of course. Where else could the mischievous minx, Miss Susan, impart the discomfort she will enjoy? I am glad she does not have access to the De La Corte blackmail material lest I fear this chief judge would suffer the renewed indignity she so much thrilled in bestowing.

Out of the courthouse, a left and a right and I am on my way. Thoughts and memories once again cascade.

I believe that had human flesh, my flesh, healed quicker, I would have been visiting the dungeon and lying even more often on Miss Antoinette's bench. As an experienced flagellatrix she seemed to intuitively know when my backside could endure another ordeal and not blister. And of course her intuition was aided by the frequent office lunches.

Yes, Miss Susan would on occasion hand me a note which contained a lunch order. Usually a large salad for two, or sandwiches, I would be sent to the appropriate delicatessen as messenger boy. The note always ended with the phrase 'don't dawdle', the words serving as a defacto signature for the boss lady.

I recall shaking in entering the spacious corner office of the U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of New York. As Miss Antoinette prognosticated, her presence brought fear, ingrained by way of dozens of methodical strokes of rattan.

As I served Miss Antoinette and Miss Susan, I was ordered to remain silent and be obedient while the women talked... about gossip, office rumor... and me.

“See how he quivers, Susan? The firm hand of a woman is never forgotten by the likes of the Willie’s of the world. He’s apprehensive... but he serves and obeys.”

The young Miss Susan rejoiced during the ‘working lunches’ and took it all in like a sponge. When finished serving, Miss Antoinette would announce ‘corner time’ and I knew to move to a chair in the far corner. There I, loosened my belt, let my slacks drop, pulled down my under shorts, and turned to face the wall as would a punished child. My hands would go to my head and I would wait exposed from the waist to my ankles while Miss Antoinette and Miss Susan partook in lunch.

The vivid stripes from the latest caning would prove to be a topic for much conversation and that’s one way Miss Antoinette could determine the timing for the next visit to Little Nero’s. If a knock on her office door came, I was instructed to sit, my buttocks removed from view and the chair partially impeding the sight of my crumpled trousers. I am not sure what those who entered thought of the scene, a young male sitting, hands on head, facing the wall. ‘Aren’t his legs exposed?’ I am sure some questioned to themselves. Yet with those underlings who knew Miss Antoinette best, I am sure the sight of me being rebuked as would a child merely brought a knowing smile... the U.S. Attorney’s predilection for bestowing discipline well known and a source of much entertaining hearsay.

Typically those interruptions were brief... and usually by a close staff member. I wonder to this day whether such were contrived. And since the gender of the visitor always seemed to be female, I also wonder if Miss Antoinette was in a way teaching her staff, instilling in the ‘kinder’ gender that she was most in charge and males were to be subject to stern direction and training.

Then there came the lunch time wager... feminine frolic and frivolity.

“It’s in full bloom,” Miss Susan would usually challenge.

“Not yet, but I will get it there,” Miss Antoinette would reply with nonchalant confidence.

With that, the women would approach and my heart would sink as I struggled to control the trembling. With Miss Antoinette typically standing to my right and Miss Susan to my left, the woman would peer at that which brought speculation... my erection.

Yes, just the presence of the two, my partial nudity, the random visitors and standing or sitting at their command brought stimulation. The prescient Miss Antoinette usually won the informal wager, intuitively knowing the status of my priapic reaction to feminine governance. And sure enough with her proximity my penis would further stiffen to salute in full stand.

“You see Susan, I know them better than they know themselves. Superficially, he does not want to perform and embarrass himself in front of women... and yet deep within he becomes stimulated and his penis cannot help shamefully engorging. Observe... see how it further rises as I talk and watch. His psyche reacts to feminine authority. He’s wired that way and his penis is wired that way. He cannot control it... but I can.”

Typically I closed my eyes with the intense humiliation and when a knowing hand brushed the fading welts on my buttocks, goose bumps would form as I felt my penis tip further rise to touch my lower belly in achieving its full stand.

“Send him an invitation to Little Nero’s in two days. The skin here will be ready for more chastisement and as you can see his penis is most eager to perform.”

My thoughts fade as Little Nero’s comes into view and I feel my pulse increase. It has been years since my last visit. Those weekly trysts became less frequent after a few months. I suppose Miss Antoinette tired of me, the ‘invitations’ becoming more sporadic as she most likely welcomed another trainee or intern into her demanding world of feminine governance. All visits finally ended after a year.

I supposed at the time that she deemed me trained and broken, leaving her

mark as searing hot metal leaves a permanent brand. Thus she moved onward to ply her dominance, both physical and psychological, on the next male underling whose penis served as a 'barometer of enjoyment'.

But this is what I need to determine and hopefully Miss Susan can assist... just when did the dungeon close and why? That would provide clues as to the treatment and status of all those tapes and photos.

I am both amazed and chagrined to see Gail still endeavoring behind the bar, relieved that though looking at me with circumspection she evidently does not fully connect my face to those late departures from the patio. In not wanting her memory to be jogged, I decide to move out of sight and request a table on the outdoor patio where many years before I was forced to wet myself.

There I request a wine spritzer and wait, calming my building alarm in revisiting the place serving as reception area for so many painful and humiliating nights.

I have not seen Miss Susan for many years. Miss Antoinette arranged for her promotion to head the records department over many qualified male candidates and some two years later I received a promotion and transfer to the Southern District, much later to be appointed as district judge.

I recall my parting meeting with Miss Antoinette...

"You're attentive, loyal and obedient, Willie... responding well to both the desires and hand of a firm woman. I arranged your transfer. I like to spread my trainees about, seeding the legal system with men who quiver to the sound of my voice, tremble to my touch, come quickly and submissively to my beck and call.

"I've trained you like a dog. It's something you will never forget."

With that she reached to pat the front of my trousers, ignoring the others at the small gathering to say goodbye.

"And this will not forget either. You will find that it will firm in response to

something as simple as my phone call.”

And of course, I was chagrined to find that my penis indeed began to stiffen right there before the gathering.

My thoughts curtail as Miss Susan enters the patio. Not yet thirty, she has matured without aging. Though no longer to be considered a minx, the years have added charm and grace and not detracted from her ability to turn heads... and her ability to bring forth a brisance of fear and adoration within me.

“Thought meeting here would bring back memories,” she offered, her smile ostensibly pleasant but I know to cloak a most wicked mind.

I stand as she sits before I can pull out a chair.

“Gail could not quite place your face. I had to remind her.”

Before I can formulate a suitable response the waiter comes. Sparkling water for me. Miss Susan orders wine.

Small talk ensues. I am congratulated on my promotion to chief judge and humbly accept her offering.

“And all because Antoinette so much enjoyed your response to governance. Some would find that a most curious foundation for a career in jurisprudence...”

I nod and smile politely.

“Yes, Susan. It is humbling.”

“Let’s stay with Miss Susan. And I’ll call you Willie. ‘Your honor’ seems so stuffy during social moments.”

Our drinks arrive. Miss Susan proposes a toast... to old times. I do not bother expressing reservations, the cruelly painful and humiliating encounters impacting my psyche somewhat differently from hers.

“About those old times, Miss Susan... what have you learned of Ms. De La Corte?”

“Officially... she resigned to pursue other interests. Unofficially... I think she finally got snared by her peccadilloes. Don’t have to tell you how brazen she was when it came to her predilections. Though the years had diminished her cravings somewhat.”

“Diminished? How would one know?”

Miss Susan laughs.

“If she couldn’t latch onto some trainee in the U.S. Attorney’s office, she’d call me. She had this ability to see something in their eyes, but on occasion would miscalculate. So I’d pick one of my boys... young, soft puppy dog eyes, inexperienced, desiring to please... and have a file delivered directly to her office. I hire quite frequently and clerking in my department requires limited skills and higher education. So typically I assure that each of my boys has some juvenile record which can be used.... let’s just say to assure good behavior. Nothing that would preclude him from being hired under federal guidelines, mind you, but enough adolescent mischief so that the powerful Ms. Antoinette De La Corte feels that an ‘interview’ is required. She was insatiable... as you are more than aware.”

She giggles in stating the obvious and I squirm.

The waiter returns with more drinks. Sandwiches are ordered.

“So the secret patio door was not so secret,” I prompt.

Miss Susan shakes her head.

“Many knew of the door, some were boys who worked for me. But it is no longer used. The building was sold. Antoinette used it for a while before the new owner completely refurbished the place then finally plied her hobby elsewhere.”

Miss Susan extends her hand and places it over mine for emphasis.

“With my promotion I was able to move to better digs... spent a little hard earned cash on a discipline room of my own. You know how much I like to watch...”

Yes, I do. And now I understand the reason for the accolades bestowed on Miss Susan’s otherwise modest administrative capabilities. Miss Antoinette De La Corte indirectly benefited from any undeserved advancement.

Her hand remains on mine. It is an unassuming gesture... discreet.... subtle... strangely inviting. Perhaps I *have* been trained like a dog which never forgets. I feel my manhood press against its cage thinking about the times when I resisted but ultimately performed for the pretty girl sitting across from me. Yet, since the conversation is conveniently flowing in the direction I desire, I carry on without diverting to the subject matter the hand is signaling.

“I always found it curious to be drinking or dining in a public establishment one moment, entertaining privately the next. What was the connection?” I innocently inquire.

“The man who owns this restaurant was a client of the cathouse. I am sure by now, Willie, that you realize the brownstone was a noted bordello. The secret entrance was originally intended just for him, the restaurant owner. Antoinette’s mother owned the brownstone and on occasion had her more illustrious client’s use the secret door. Those who could not be seen walking down Flatbush Avenue without drawing attention... much less disappearing into a nondescript brownstone. They could however be seen entering and leaving a restaurant.”

“Why was the bordello sold?” knowing the answer but prompting more information

“Madam retired. Antoinette’s mother amassed a pile of cash over the years. She had enough. I think Antoinette would have taken over but for her high level job. Plus, to be properly established, she needed the... ahh... well... the records... and Madam would not release them.”

A clue! The faltering choice of words suggests a topic stumbled upon unintentionally. Yes the U.S. Attorney's position is prestigious and empowering but not permanent. Antoinette De La Corte could have made more money, caned more buttocks, by inheriting the Brooklyn brownstone bordello. Yet it did not come to pass. I strive onward...

"But the records cannot be that important."

Miss Susan pauses and sips her wine. The alcohol is having its intended effect, the loosening of the tongue.

"One needs protection when engaged in a business such as Madam's. The records to which I refer made the place bullet proof. Depictions going back fifty years of high level politicians and law enforcement types who, if trouble arose, could quite quickly be reminded that the public forgives sinners but deplores hypocrites. Those reminders were most important, had to be treated delicately, and Madam would *not* pass them on to her daughter. She believed, hoped actually, that daughter Antoinette would settle down and use all the opportunities, coerced recommendations, cajoled reference letters, as a stepping stone towards a vanilla life... a husband... grandchild... house with white picket fence. All the stuff one cannot picture Antoinette doing... not for a second."

"She must have been disappointed... Antoinette... in not obtaining the records."

"Yes, she and the Madam had quite the row about it. Madam prevailed. Antoinette never got the records and Madam sold the place and moved."

"What was her reasoning?"

"Madam thought it would force her daughter to go straight. Madam bent a lot of rules, expended a lot of cash, so that her daughter would never have to make a living pressing her backside against a mattress as she did in her youth. And Antoinette never did. The problem arose in that she too much enjoyed pressing tummies against padded leather... I am sure you can appreciate my gist?"

With that, Miss Susan's hand slips from mine and disappears under the table. Before I can protest or move, teasing fingers press against my zipper. Her quick grope brings first a look of surprise and then outright laughter as the hard steel mesh of my cock cage communicates an embarrassing situation.

I try to divert attention, knowing my forced chastity will spur questions.

"How strong was the disagreement?"

"Quite contentious. But I think the forum for any further discussion needs to be changed."

With that, silence ensues and Miss Susan focuses on her sandwich. She smiles wryly and giggles in thought, but not another word is forthcoming concerning Madam and Antoinette De Le Corte.

The waiter returns to take the plates.

"May I have a piece of paper please," Miss Susan commands more than requests.

She smiles devilishly, the cock cage changing not only the subject matter but the tone and atmosphere of our conversation.

"Antoinette trained you well, Willie. She planted many seeds over the years and you're one that has blossomed as well as any. It's now my turn fertilize the flowers."

The waiter returns with paper and Miss Susan extracts a pen from her purse.

"I'd like to think of this as an invitation... but for a man of your ilk you'll find it to be more of a command. You've been trained to obey my notes, haven't you?"

She snickers and writes, then slides the paper before me.

"My address. Be there tonight at 7:00 p.m. There's a foyer where you'll strip naked... as far as you can anyway," an apparent reference to the steel permanently covering my pubes.

With that her hand returns to the front of my trousers and this time firmly grips the cage beneath my pants and underwear.

“Ring the doorbell and wait.”

Miss Susan smiles, seeming to stifle more laughter, arises and departs.

I remain and pay the check. At least with tonight’s rendezvous I am not to stand in a public garden hoping that a secret door will open before being detected, I think to myself.

Cash covers the meal. I do not want a charge from Little Nero’s appearing on my credit card. When I leave the patio and enter the back of the restaurant, I see Susan just stepping out the front door. Delayed by a trip to the lady’s room?

Then I note that bartendress Gail is visually examining me with a look of smugness which turns to a wicked smile as she catches my gaze. She and Susan have evidently been talking, for her eyes divert to my zipper in apparently attempting to detect a bulge.

I ignore her brazenness and continue towards the door.

“See you later,” she casually calls out.

Later?

On this Saturday, I drive to the Moon Lite Motel with more purpose. I have a plan but will need the assistance of the aging female voice. As I drive I review my goals to assure my plan addresses all.

Number one is to be freed of the cock cage. For that I must obtain the keys and somehow reverse the process by which the large ring is surgically attached to my pubes.

Number two, the key to Antoinette De La Corte’s mask and the forthcoming

‘issue’ must somehow be offered to the aging female voice.

Number three, I... actually ‘we’ since Judge Wilmot’s concern over the photos and tapes will need to be addressed... will need to have control over all the material. Fifty years of embarrassing images.

The goals are clear. It is the execution which must be carefully formulated... beginning with convincing Judge Wilmot to alter her writ of non compos mentis.

In entering room 255, I am becoming adept at self bondage and easily restrain myself and don the hood. At 2:00 p.m. the door opens, closes, is latched and chained. I feel the chains tighten to assure completely immobility. Fingers rummage about. And then, with my sigh of welcomed relief, I hear two clicks and the cock cage slips away. My penis celebrates as the fiery flesh of my scrotum is tenderly massaged with a salve.

“Don’t have to ask if you’ve been a good boy,” Monica humorously suggests.

I am cleansed, shaved, my penis permitted to stand in glory. I feel oddly detached from it, as if I am carrying about something belonging to someone else. As Monica moves her warm flesh brushes against my standing penis tip and I picture the mammoth breasts of my tormentress swaying about and providing evanescent joy to my neglected pecker.

“Are you going to take your pill for me like a good boy? Or do I need to offer my usual guidance?”

I do not want the Cialis, but have not yet been able to resist. And the deprivation of air and then the forced water is uncomfortable. I nod and the evil tablet is placed in my mouth and water is offered. I swallow it.

“You’ll talk and then I’ll take care of you.”

I have learned that ‘being taken care of’ is a completely different matter than what the priapic male expects. Still I have no choice.

The ear piece is inserted as I feel ice being applied to my genitals. I have

been spared the vicious swat that instantly brought flaccidity during our last rendezvous.

“Have you made any progress?” the aging female voice blurts as the connection instantly completes.

“I think so. I have a plan. But I need to convince a cohort that it is best we concede to your demands.”

“That goes without saying. You saw only your web pages. There are many.”

“So I understand. Can you provide me with the page information for Judge Patricia Wilmot? She is the judge assigned to the Antoinette De La Corte matter. It is best that I have her concurrence and that I not override her decision and actions.”

“You are indeed a wimp, Judge Dennison. You have power but do not know how to wield it. You shall obtain the web address and code for that carpet muncher. Yes, I know of Judge Wilmont’s proclivity.

“A simple envelope will be sent. Then what?” the irritated voice prompts.

“You will have what you demand. But what of all the material... the posted photos?”

“What of it?”

“The concern is that if it continues to exist, many careers could be jeopardized. How can we be assured that won’t happen?”

“It has not happened before. But I will give it consideration. Enjoy your afternoon with Monica.”

During our brief conversation, Monica holds an ice filled cloth against my penis and testicles. I can barely feel the cock cage being returned, but recognize the dreary sound of the clicks which return my penis to forced chastity.

“Now, you’ve been good. And if you continue to be good, Nurse Monica will

address what your glands need most.”

I feel the chain holding in place my left ankle loosen.

“Relax, let Nurse Monica do her thing.”

The mattress moves and I feel my leg lifting. I do indeed relax, having no choice but to let her guide my ankle until my leg is well off the mattress, foot high in the air. Then I realize she is securing my ankle chain to the top corner near where my left wrist is attached. I groan with the awkward forced split.

“Just a moment. I won’t leave you like that.”

Next my right ankle chain is released and my right leg similarly pulled up in the air where the chain is reattached to the opposite top corner. I am bent at the waist. Thighs well parted, ankles held well out to the right and left of my head. I feel the soothing hands of Nurse Monica brush over the intended goal... my buttocks with my widely opened gluteal cleft well displayed between the cheeks.

“My goodness, Bill. You’ve been flogged. A rather crisp caning I suspect.”

Monica vocalizes the obvious in spying the remnants of the recent visit to Miss Susan’s Greenwich Village loft.

I remain silent as I feel unguent applied. When two fingers penetrate well into the rosebud opening of my rectum, I quiver.

“You’re tight here, Bill. I like tight men.”

With that, Monica whisks away my hood.

“You should watch. I am told I am quite good.”

I would normally be excited to see the ravishing Monica in complete nudity. But a formidable leather belt encircles her waist with a flap dangling over her mons. She holds in one hand a frighteningly large double dildo, the female end adorned with well placed bumps and bulges. Her free hand applies lubricant.

“My favorite. It snuggles into my love canal wonderfully and this little nub makes my clit want to scream with ecstasy.”

She pushes the business end of the dildo through the flap and coos in delight as her end slips well into her vagina.

“Now, that prostate of yours needs some stimulation. You’re well numbed by the ice and if you’re a good boy for me, squeeze those buttocks to please me, I will keep you numbed. Resist and that dose of Cialis will make for a very long and uncomfortable afternoon.

“One way or the other, I’m going to take my pleasure and give that prostate some long overdue attention. Your choice as to how you want to take it...”

I work hard to provide the tension needed to please and earn my ice. Watching those ample mammary glands ripple with each thrust proves most enticing. I receive deep anal penetration with Miss Monica occasionally gathering my flow of prostatic fluid on her finger tips.

“See how nicely I’m milking you of all that nasty build up.”

She pridefully offers soothing words of encouragement as the fluid turns cloudy.

“We’re coming together!”

Then she thrusts most firmly, gasps in climactic ecstasy and pauses in spent exhaustion.

“I hope that was as good for you!” the sardonic wit apparent.

Other than my worn, abraded anus, the numbing ice precludes me from feeling anything.

The drive from Far Rockaway proves both physically and mentally frustrating. I have trouble sitting, my buttocks still sore from caning, my anus

having been forcibly opened and reamed. And the sight of the gorgeous naked well endowed blonde, Miss Monica, having her way with me while I must lie helplessly bound, numbed to uselessness, proved to be the pinnacle of ignominy.

But I am sanguine in the progress made. I will soon have the means to convince Judge Wilmot to relinquish 021507 from our jurisdiction. And I am confident, after further discussion with Miss Susan that my plan will work.

Yes, two nights ago I arrived at the curious digs of Miss Susan... a loft in the Greenwich Village area, probably better described as a converted warehouse, actually closer to the former industrial area termed TriBeca.

As an old freight elevator ground away to bring me to the top floor, I asked myself why I was visiting. Did I really need to talk further?.. or as suggested, was I ingrained... trained as a dog to respond to the commanding beck and call of a governing woman?

The motor stopped. I lifted the bulky elevator door to see indeed that a foyer greeted the few visitors who would ever find their way into what appeared to be an abandoned factory. A bicycle, foul weather gear, storage boxes, umbrellas littered the dark area, painted at one time a color no longer distinguishable.

As instructed I stripped, a routine with which I was all too familiar in dealing with Miss Susan. I wondered if she would greet me in the skimpy bathing attire worn while inspecting, cleansing and shaving me so many years ago.

The glint of my steel cock cage ensured that there would be no shaving that night. Yet I was sure the curious and ineluctable device would give rise to much inspection.

I pressed the door bell. In the seclusion, there was no trepidation concerning casual onlookers as at Little Nero's patio. So I waited in relative comfort, if any encounter with Miss Susan could be so described.

Finally the door unlatched and opened. My heart sunk when a curiously dressed Gail stepped to the opening.

“I took the night off. I hope you’re worth it. Susan says you can be most entertaining.”

In her hand was a length of rattan which needed no explanation as to its purpose. Before I could say a word her hand extended and the tip of the nasty instrument tapped the exposed portion of my scrotum under the cock cage.

“Come, come. I have waited for this for quite some time.”

Though the application of rattan was quick and slight, I of course jumped as any male would when untoward attention is afforded that most sensitive area.

As I hurriedly stepped in, I noted more closely Gail’s attire. Dressed to play tennis, or so it seemed. Thin straps held in place a low white almost diaphanous halter top. A pleated white skirt, really too short for athletics without the flashing of feminine charms, completed the ensemble. She was shoeless and my visual inspection ended as more taps, thankfully to the buttocks, directed me through a vast area serving as a living room, past a couple of doors to a black door the appearance of which was disgruntling. It closely resembled the dungeon door of the Brooklyn bordello.

“Prance for me, Bill. Move those feet.”

A firmer ‘tap’ had me prancing. I stepped through the door to enter a room eerily accoutered as was the Brooklyn dungeon... complete with well padded whipping bench.

What had I stepped into?

“Tummy down. I think you know the procedure.”

Gail the bartendress quickly had me secured just as Miss Antoinette so often strapped wrists, thighs and ankles. Even a broad leather strap was used to replicate the arching of my back. But with cock cage in place, the posture did not... could not... foster tumescence. High carbon steel obviated that.

“It’s most disappointing!”

It was Miss Susan’s voice. She approached unseen from the rear.

“No firm penis to greet me!”

I felt hands examining between my spread thighs, smoothing over the shorn but chafed scrotal sac then moving to the cage cock... that impressively fabricated mesh of shining metal. Fingers smoothed upwards to my perineum, pressed and then rubbed.

“Caged and partially catheterized. I can feel the beaded end of the tube residing within the prostate gland. Someone has you seriously locked up, *your honor*,” my title mockingly sneered.

The hands were withdrawn and Miss Susan stepped to my front. In her left hand was the last item of Miss Antoinette’s standard caning configuration – the high and thick neck collar. It was curious to see her wearing an outfit identical to Gail’s. Low white halter with narrow straps. Short white pleated skirt exposing most of her thighs. As she moved I faintly detected flashes of pink beneath, though the dim lights precluded full observation.

By rote, I found myself meekly craning my neck to facilitate application of the collar. Miss Susan laughed.

“You see how eager they become, Gail. He does not want to bear pain... but he does want to please. He wants to wear the collar for me... just like a good boy should. And I assure you he’s as disappointed as we are that he cannot show off his erection for us.”

How frustratingly correct.

Miss Susan encircled my neck and buckled the thick leather to further tension the nerves in my spine. I felt my penis fighting the cage and moaned.

“Oh, goodness. He’s hurting already. Well we’ll try our best to help, *your honor*,” Miss Susan again sneering my appellation of esteem.

Miss Susan stepped away to push a low chair in front of me. Just as at the Brooklyn dungeon, the back was angled such that the occupant was reclining as much as sitting. Meanwhile, I felt Gail behind me, her hands smoothing

across my exposed buttocks in what felt like inquisitiveness and eagerness.

Miss Susan sat in the chair and leaned forward.

“You must forgive Gail’s brashness, Bill. All your visits to Miss Antoinette’s tends to pique the curiosity of a woman with Gail’s proclivity.”

Yes, Gail was there on almost every visit to mock my gingerly walk in departing Little Nero’s. Now it seemed it would be her turn to bring forth the awkward promenade.

Miss Susan tied a cloth over my eyes and around my head. Then I sensed the chair moving even closer, heard her sit, then felt her bare feet at my shoulder blades. She had reclined, using my bound and naked form as a footrest.

“First we’re going to loosen that tongue a bit... for two purposes.”

With that came the sickening sound of the whoosh of the cane. Then the splat. Then the searing hot signal of pain as my nervous system sent its message of excruciation to my cortex.

I of course screeched. It makes little difference the level of experience with canings. The pain cannot be tolerated. I heard Miss Gail laugh and Miss Susan joined in the merriment with words of derision.

“You still scream like a girl, Bill.”

Then I felt a layer of cloth atop my head, warm smooth flesh brushing my cheeks and ears. The scent of feminine fragrance filled my nostrils. Miss Susan was sitting quite close and had lifted her skirt. My head was beneath the front hem. I felt the hot steamy moisture of her sex at my nose and lips.

“A little part I always wanted to add to the ritual, *Willie*. Something to which Miss Antoinette was adamantly opposed but of which Gail and I are quite fond.”

Two hands pressed the back of my head. My lips met feminine lips... warm, moist, fragrant with arousal. As I heard another whoosh I knew to begin licking. I was to offer forced cunnilingus for an entire evening.

So I endured another caning. But I also learned. Miss Susan enjoyed a degree of discourse between orgasmic twinges and so information was offered.

Antoinette De La Corte's sexual gratification, physical sexual gratification, could only come as the result of oral servitude... and oral servitude offered by the female gender. It seemed governing the male merely served as a prelude, a catalyst for lustful escapades in which a subjugated woman later humbly licked and sucked. The tape of Judge Wilmot offering her nimble tongue was just the tip of the iceberg in terms of Miss Antoinette's sordid adventures.

"Servile men turned her on... but it required a servile woman to get her off," Miss Susan summarily described Miss Antoinette's sexual exploits.

This upset Madam De La Corte. She wanted a grandchild and in realizing that it would never come, decided in retirement that she would no longer facilitate Miss Antoinette's prolific yet expanding proclivity. This in turn, Madam's refusal to pass on the extortionary material, infuriated Miss Antoinette.

By the time the Brooklyn brownstone was closed and put up for sale, mother and daughter were estranged. It now appears that Madam Marie De La Corte faked her death in order to thwart the attempts of Antoinette, quite powerful as U.S. Attorney, to gain control of the extortionary material.

"Madam was not one to be outfoxed or scorned," Miss Susan lectured. "As bright and tenacious as Antoinette is, the material disappeared, moved somewhere beyond anyone's reach."

Thus another piece of the puzzle fell into place between Gail's spirited strokes and Miss Susan's gasps of ecstasy. The words of the aging female voice were recalled... 'I want the child of Antoinette De La Corte. I want the key to the mask'.

Gail eventually deemed my buttocks un-canable, if the English lexicon has such a word. Mercifully, the strokes ended. But I was not summarily released. Remaining restrained and blindfolded I listened to torrid Sapphic embrace, the attire of the two women evidently designed to facilitate access. I

imagined from just where the sounds of licking and sucking emanated. And despite the fire and anguish of my caning, my penis continued to fight the cock cage.

Within an hour things quieted. I felt the various straps being released. A low voice, becalmed by multiple orgasms, suggested I could find my way out.

“And Willie... who has you locked up?” Miss Susan’s satiated voice inquired as a hand once again tested the ineluctable cage of steel.

“Madam Marie De La Corte.”

As promised a slim envelope arrives... from somewhere. It awaits inside my screen door on Tuesday evening. I open it to find another long and complicated internet address. Another long and equally complicated access code.

Am I invading the privacy of Judge Patricia Wilmot in meticulously typing the string of letters and numbers?

It is frightening to think the information floats about, residing electronically... but residing where?

As Miss Susan suggested, Madam was not one to be outfoxed. The physical material has been destroyed, that is a certainty. What must have once filled a room, hours of tapes, reams of glossy photos, has been reduced to electromagnetic impulses... and a simple code book to be easily concealed... listing a name... a complicated address... an access code. Many pounds of embarrassing information condensed to ounces of paper.

Or perhaps not. Perhaps there is only a master index web page. Yes, one where all the names, web addresses and codes are listed. In that manner Madam Marie De La Corte, assuming it is in fact she behind all the intrigue, only needs to memorize one address page with perhaps a code to open it.

Fiendishly clever. Posting the information in cyberspace allows her freedom of movement. The ability to travel worldwide, and not be burdened with hundreds of pounds of material nor the fear that Miss Antoinette will discover the cache of dangerously conflagrantly depictions.

I type and press enter. Just as with my own, Judge Wilmot's page contains a fully clothed picture and is entitled, Submissive/Lesbian/whimpers delightfully when caned/will reluctantly offer proficient oral service of the highest caliber.

Her vanilla biography... Yale Law School education, information available from Martindale-Hubbel directory of attorneys, and the box requesting the code... fills the page.

Dare I enter such a private domain? The tape sent weeks ago serves as a precursor and I can guess with reasonable certainty the nature of the libidinous interaction. Yet, if I am to use the information to convince Judge Wilmot of the efficacy of my plan, I must be sure the material is in fact convincing.

I again meticulously type. Random numbers and letters entered one careful keystroke at a time. Upon hitting enter, the screen comes alive. My surreptitious web pages contained only still photos, I presume because at the time of my visits the bordello operation was winding down.

For the web page of Judge Patricia Wilmot, full color is offered with sound and video of the highest quality.

Though there is no need to further trample on Judge Wilmot's privacy, I cannot help clicking where the web page encourages further viewing through prominent display of numerous dated 'play' buttons. That first visit to the Brooklyn brownstone may in fact have been voluntary, an experiment as Judge Wilmont professed. But there appear to be so many subsequent visits one must conclude that the grip of Madam and Ms. Antoinette De Le Corte was quite firm. And the dates are listed sequentially, one week apart. Miss Antoinette was quite ritualistic, I am sure finding her craving for oral attention to build ravenously while commanding her cadre of servile males... the thirst for climactic gratification only to be quenched by feminine tongue

and lips, as Miss Susan so aptly described.

I pick a date in 1987 and click. It is a year in which Judge Wilmot is 36 years old according to her bio. And from what I know of Miss Antoinette she is a 24 year old law school graduate just beginning her career in the U.S. Attorney's office.

The screen flickers, the static page transforming to sound and motion...

"Nice of you to visit, Pattie. Are you comfortable?"

The voice... young, smooth, confident... narrates from out of camera view. The lens shows the well bound form of a naked woman. With Miss Antoinette's penchant for rituals, a handsome Judge Patricia Wilmot lies kneeling over the padded leather bench. Wrists, thighs, ankles are restrained. The broad soft leather strap forces arching at the small of the back. The thick high collar immobilizes the head. Whereas in the male flagellant, the posture fosters erection, in the female I note it encourages a most prominent display of the forcibly opened vagina. The screen view switches to the rear to show the parted gluteal cleft, the crinkled tight anal aperture and below the opened love canal outlined by moist pink inner labia and framed by the meaty folds of the outer.

A hand comes into view, the fingers further splaying open the genitalia to reveal the pink pearl of the clitoris. It peeks back, I am sure Miss Antoinette quite sanguine in having her plaything offer all for the camera.

"Such a nice display for the camera, Pattie. Obscene folds of pink spread hideously wide. And you're divinely wet. You protest and whimper with every visit, but your arousal is apparent."

Two fingers penetrate and fondle bringing a moan from the judge. In withdrawing, the glistening tips evidence indeed the embarrassing level of stimulation. She protests but she submits, with something within finding forbidden joy. And she knows she is being taped, having been presented with the blackmail years before... that needed to land Antoinette De La Corte acceptance in law school and later an offer from the U.S. Attorney's office.

“Let’s get started, Pattie. Sing for me with zeal then you can relish your favorite meal.”

I cringe with every stroke. The whoosh, the splat, the scream, the pause, the resulting pink stripe turning to a reddish purple, the tender flesh keloiding to form a welt.

Miss Antoinette is without mercy, as I know all too well, her strokes crisp and precise. And I know one feature of her canings which serves to heighten the sense of helplessness and vulnerability is that the recipient knows exactly where the next stroke will be borne yet can do nothing to shield or avoid the forthcoming agony.

The show goes on and on, brought to my den office by way of the high speed network of fiber optics termed the internet, the millions of digital bits of data stored in some unknown corner of the world, beyond my reach, beyond Judge Wilmot’s reach, beyond anyone’s ability to intercede.

The only barrier to viewing is the complicated web address and the long string of numbers and letters required to permit access. The ability to offer instant access to anyone at any time places he or she photographed in a very precarious position. One’s career is hanging by a thread. To end such, it requires not the slim envelope used to unveil the licentious escapades of the Honorable Judge Patricia Wilmot. No, not even the price of a stamp would be required. Instead, the cheap and speedy medium of email would provide the same information, provide the same digital key which would unlock the same doors.

It is no wonder that Judge Hopkins and Judge Wilmot pursued the De La Corte matter with such unbridled earnestness, bending the rules, breaking the law, to counter she who has flaunted her position for personal pleasure.

The caning ends. The camera view returns to the front where Judge Wilmot’s tearful face comes onto the screen. There can be no doubt as to the identity. The hidden cameras are well positioned and focused. It is curious that someone has taken the time to edit the opposing camera views, splicing and assembling concurrent recordings to make one continuous and revealing conflation. The archives, the huge collection of extortionary material, has

been assembled and organized with the care and diligence of a punctilious curator.

The hand that unmercifully caned tenderly brushes away an unending stream of tears.

“More?” the voice inquires with noted nonchalance. “Or would you like to partake?”

The head attempts to shake, the high neck collar impeding most motion.

The low chair, its utility so ably demonstrated days ago by Miss Susan, slides into view, its front edge directly under Pattie’s chin. Strong feminine calves and thighs enter the frame. Having so often been exposed to me, there is no doubt as to ownership. Then hands can be seen pulling down tight leather panties and more of the form comes into view as it moves to sit in the low chair. There comes a side view of rounded muscular buttocks. Hands grasp the back of the flagellant’s head, pulling the face between thighs of attractively contrasting shape and brawn. Yet the head and face of the flagellatrix are never shown.

“Be a good girl. You can be quite pleasing if you try... and I know you want to please,” the voice taunts in further pressing to nestle the collared head well out of sight.

The only face shown disappears between the thighs. There comes the sordid sound of wet tongue and lips being applied to moist flesh. The head moves up and down, encouraged by firm directing hands. Many minutes of cunnilingus ensue... many cries of delight... many clenches of powerful thighs. Impressive abdominal muscles ripple with the more potent climaxes.

The captioning of Pattie’s main web page comes to mind... ‘will reluctantly offer proficient oral service of the highest caliber’.

I return to the main page and click other dates. So many videos. Small diversions from the repeated ceremony are occasionally shown. Pattie’s breasts receive loud smacks from a rubber slapper in one video offering. Nasty clips... I know exactly how nasty... adorn nipples and labia from time

to time in others. But each recording encompasses a caning and ends with ardent oral servitude. As Miss Susan suggested... the servile male turned Miss Antoinette on... but the tongue and lips of the servile female seemed to be required to get her off.

With my entrapped penis fighting for freedom, a cold shower beckons. The naked flesh of a young Patricia Wilmot is alluring. Observing the power of Miss Antoinette forcing reluctant submission excites.

I carefully fold the received cryptic piece of paper and tuck it away for transport to my chambers. Unfortunately it will be my task to convince Judge Patricia Wilmot that our hand is much weaker than she perceives.

“Please, no more, Bill. You know how much it distresses me.”

I turn off my computer screen and slide the paper with the web address and code across my desk.

“Take the code and destroy it, Pattie... or put it away for another time. Not pleasant viewing, I realize. But now you understand our untenable position... your untenable position.”

We sit once again over cocktails, Pattie having viewed just minutes of the many web pages available to anyone having the code. I of course do not reveal that I have my own pages of shame.

“Having yourself assigned as legal guardian will not provide the comfort and control you seek, Pattie. The source of what you have viewed, the digital file, can be located anywhere in the world, well beyond our jurisdiction even if we could locate it.”

“What do you suggest, Bill?”

“Change the writ. Leave the names for the guardians blank. I will deliver it to the source, the person who seems to have access to the material which

concerns us. A name or names can later be inserted. We will offer legal guardianship over Antoinette De La Corte and her issue in exchange for assurances that the extortionary material comes under our control. An exchange. And we throw this into the arrangement.”

I toss a key onto my desk. It belongs to the lock for Antoinette De La Corte’s mask.

“But Bill, that is what keeps us safe... the anonymity... her inability to communicate.”

“I suspect her new guardian will deal with that.”

Judge Wilmot is not aware of the enmity, the falling out between Madam and Antoinette De La Corte... that it is highly unlikely mother would allow daughter to resume her life of depravity, particularly as a new mother.

And I do not inform Judge Wilmot that I need to exchange the key for one I desperately seek. A key for a key is my interest, however carnal that interest is.

Patricia sits back sipping her vodka.

“I suppose that if there was intent to do damage all this would have come out years ago.”

I nod and repress a smile. She gets it! I may see penis again, hold it and be able to stroke away with male masturbatory zeal.

“But it’s unusual to have a blank writ approved by the court, Bill.”

“Pattie, think about how many corners have already been cut with regard to all this!”

And think about my hormone laden system!

“Bill, let’s have one more talk with inmate 021507. She enjoys a good hand milking and she is delightfully plumped, as you well know. Thursday night is the usual time.”

My initial reaction is to take issue with the ‘delightfully plumped’ comment. The once shapely form, a unique combination of feminine curves and impressively powerful muscling, gave rise to much sexual fantasy and served as the catalyst, the inspiration, for my career within the federal justice system. But for my attraction to the provocative feminine governance of Antoinette De La Corte, both physical and psychological, I would most likely be enduring the drudgery of corporate law.

Yet, I must concur, though it is possible in the fog of her extreme sensory deprivation that nothing more can be learned. Hopefully, 021507, the most pregnant Antoinette De La Corte, will confirm the animosity between her and her mother... and not divulge my own level of participation in the sordid mess.

My home phone rings. It is the aging female voice, calling as expected.

“Did that web address help?”

“Yes. It is agreed. We will concede the legal guardianship of Antoinette De La Corte and that of her child by providing you with a blank writ of non compos mentis. You fill in the names of the guardians... if desired one for the mother... one for the child. We will relinquish the key to her mask.”

“Very wise of you.”

“But you, madam, must provide us with control over the material... all the videos and photos. And of course the key to my own predicament.”

For the first time, the aging female voice expresses glee. A throaty laugh.

“I knew your chastity and Monica’s tendance would help focus your attention.

“Years ago I would decline your proposal, to give up control of fifty years of potential blackmail. But I personally no longer need the insurance. And as for

Antoinette, her climb has ended. Her meteoric rise in law flamed along with her homosexual lust.... but has finally burned out. For her, there is no required use for the material... other than to stir depraved memories.”

There comes a thoughtful pause.

“Keep your Saturday appointment with Monica. Have the key with you along with the writ. She will have what you demand.”

“Have you thought about utilizing the special release rooms? A visit can be most cathartic. The possibilities are limited only by the imagination. The Penance Corporation is discreet. And the inmates are all deserving, mind you, of anything and everything that can be inflicted... though I understand there is a question of preferred gender...”

Judge Patricia Wilmot speaks so casually of a process by which influential persons of authority can avail themselves of naked, obedient and well bound forms... amusing themselves, filling the coffers of the Penance Corporation of America, and I suppose continuing society’s retribution on some wretched miscreant. As an avowed lesbian, she does not understand the homophobia of the typical straight male. Thus, but for Antoinette De La Corte, there is nothing to be offered in the special release rooms that would be of interest to me.

So as I drive to Facility 14, I nod when appropriate and change the subject when I do not agree.

“We will need to keep our interview short and to the point. Pattie. I am told the issue of inmate 021507 will soon be forthcoming and with the immense flow of induced lactation our Antoinette tires quickly.”

Having put my colleague on notice, interrupting and curtailing strayed conversation will not appear disingenuous. Once we are identified and Antoinette De La Corte is permitted to speak, one can only guess what she will say.

We arrive. We are expected. Warden Blakely takes us to special release room number three. I happen to know, receiving reports as chief judge, that Judge Wilmot has continued her weekly visits, apparently experiencing some degree of gratification with the continuing vengeance despite the prohibition of bringing physical distress to an expecting Miss Antoinette. It seems that a firm and controlling hand milking pleases both parties.

“We can no longer suspend her upside down for you, Pattie. She’s too far along,” the warden apprises. “But I think you’ll have her flowing for you all the same.”

We enter the dimly lit special release room. The walls are covered with a vast array of instruments of correction. There are cabinets and the mind extrapolates what items of pain and suffering are contained therein. But one’s assessment of the accouterments is truncated by the bizarre sight of a naked female form, centered under bright spotlights.

The masked and prodigious body of 021507 hangs horizontally, some three feet above the floor within a wooden frame. Numerous cords secure her many rings and hold her prostrate in mid air. In deference to her girth, a broad cloth sling supports her hips, seeming to also hold in place a belly laden with child. Thankfully for Miss Antoinette, it appears that the cloth bears most of her weight, the well secured rings serving only to minimize her movement.

The eyes are drawn to the breasts. The huge glands dangle half way to the floor with freakishly long nipples extending another three to four inches. Bowls beneath collect droplets of lactate.

I am again stunned to think this is the athletic woman who some ten years ago tossed me about the gymnasium like a doll. But there is no doubt. The fingerprints confirm the identity.

By arrangement, the warden departs. We are to interview Ms. Antoinette De La Corte, anonymous inmate 021507, alone and in secrecy.

Chairs are at the ready. One is low and as proximate as a milking stool to a cow, which is as expected. Pattie sits and I take the regular chair, out of reach but within hearing range.

“Good evening, my fine cow,” Pattie taunts in removing the ear coverings and padding beneath.

I am amazed to see the layers of foam which serve to deafen our charge. So many hours spent in silent darkness with only the sickening feeling of saturated fat slithering into the esophagus for sensory input...

Then I note the nipples begin to express in earnest, the sporadic droplets becoming more frequent to collect and form a thin stream of white which streams to the bowl.

“She’s letting down for me, Bill. The mere sound of my voice triggers the psyche to give... to provide... both sustenance and information. You cannot imagine the sense of revenge and power enjoyed in having such control over her of having her impregnated and stuffed with fat and hormones, in transforming this once firm and sculpted physique into a blob of soft fat, one that can only lie about and become fatter.”

Pattie reaches and releases the clasp holding in place the circular metal mouth piece. She deftly unscrews, obviously many times before releasing our lactating cow from her silencing feeding tube.

“I’m going to milk you and you’re going to talk for us, 021507. There’s an old colleague here with me... William Dennison. Now chief judge for the Eastern District.”

I am prepared to immediately interject should Antoinette De La Corte, Miss Antoinette, offer the slightest hint of the bizarre nature of her tutelage over me in the U.S. Attorney’s office. Yet, I believe she assumes Judge Wilmot knows of my years of subservience... of my rise due to the ability to accept a caning rather than any ability to offer scholarly legal efforts. Because of my soft brown puppy dog eyes and penchant for loyalty and obedience...

I note that the eyes remain covered. There is no reason to keep Antoinette De La Corte blindfolded other than caprice. Sight is just something else to be denied in an existence of denial.

Pattie dips her fingers into a waiting bowl. The digits emerge coated with

gooey yellow and the domineering milkmaid rubs her hands to coat both surfaces then holds her right hand before the nostril openings in 021507's mask.

"Butter. We butter the breasts to best afford long sensuous squeezes."

The comforting scent of the warm unguent seems to further prompt the glands, increasing the flow of droplets and causing 021507 to squirm in her bindings in expectation. Large drops fling from the elongated nipples and splash into the bowl.

"Oh my, you are an impatient one, 021507. So eager to let down for me. You so much enjoy the hand milkings. But we want you to offer some information before offering us your milk. Tell us of your mother 021507. The Madam. We know she passed on, but what was your relationship at the time she sold the bordello and moved?"

Prompting the breasts then withholding the sensuous manipulation so desired... so demanded... appears to be the most wicked form of subtle torment. I hear squeals. Pleas? Emanating from the mouth hole. I slide my chair closer.

"Talk and I'll slowly drain you of every drop." Pattie encourages. "Nice, slow and firm squeezes."

The sound of a wearied voice emanates from the mouth hole.

"Madam and I were not talking. She was disgusted with me. She wanted a grandchild and I just laughed. My answer upset her... the way I answered upset her."

"And all the blackmail... the tapes and photos... you were to have it?"

"Yes, ma'am. It was promised to me but Madam changed her mind. Please just a little squeeze. I am aching!"

"I had the staff withhold the machine milkings for two days, Bill. She really needs to let down for me," Pattie explains in turning towards me.

“And that’s why she’s so eager to talk. So eager to give.”

With that, Pattie reaches forth, her right hand grasps the body of the left mammary gland at the base. The slippery hand grips, applying moderate pressure, and then glides downward to the nipple. There the long strip of pink is palmed and then the fingers ripple to gently but quite firmly squeeze toward the tip. I am amazed to see the pink areola, extending below her hand like the business end of an udder, erupt in an incredible spurt of lacteal essence which explodes into the waiting bowl.

The left hand reaches to the right breast and replicates the action. It is apparent the brief but knowing hand action brings relief. 021507’s pierced body seems to relax and slink lower in her bonds of cords and cloth sling.

“So Madam reneged and withheld all the material. You could not find it?”

“She sold the brownstone out from under me and had the tapes and files moved. I never knew what happened to it all. So much stuff. But she had contacts and people who could be trusted to keep silent... even when dealing with me as the U.S. Attorney. When she died, I stopped looking. Any trail disappeared.”

Pattie turns to me and smiles.

“Confirmed?”

I nod. Antoinette De La Corte genuinely believes her mother is dead, the material forever gone.

“She’s tiring. It’s best that you replace her gag and finish her.”

My command would seem heartless, but it is what she most desires. And I want no more talk, lest my own secret be revealed.

I sit back and watch in fascination as Judge Patricia Wilmot continuously extracts both her revenge and the bodily essence of 021507. Long streams of lactate splash into the waiting bowl. The belly is most plump and the due date is quite near. I find myself strangely pining for the return of the commanding,

authoritative and physically imposing Antoinette De La Corte.

And I know that ironically the naked and suspended form hanging before me is aware of my curious desire. After all she knows the likes of men like me, with soft brown puppy dog eyes, better than they know themselves.

It is Saturday. I have the key to the mask. I have the writ ordering a person or persons unnamed to be legal guardian for Antoinette De La Corte and her issue. It is signed and, as Judge Wilmot suggested, is highly unusual.

Whose ever names are later filled in will have complete authority over the 'insane' former U.S. Attorney and her child. It is an imperfect solution in a most difficult situation.

I have informed the Penance Corporation of America that there is a pending change in the circumstances of 021507. Thus when the guardian visits Facility 14 and presents the writ, he/she will be expected. Difficult to picture the fattened Antoinette De La Corte free to waddle about. But I suspect mother Madam will keep her on a tight leash. There will be a child to rear.

Meanwhile, I find the timing to be quite serendipitous. I awoke this morning in need of another cold shower, the nocturnal penile tumescence causing my penis to fight its cage with abandon... and to no avail. The littler pecker really needs its freedom.

So it is onward to room 255 where by rote I lie and bind myself.

At 2:00 p.m. the door opens and closes. I smell the faint body lotion of Monica and try not to arouse myself in picturing her exquisite nudity... not until I am finally freed.

I am surprised when she takes the time to unlock me.

"A little recreation first," Monica announces in letting my penis stiffen.

I smell shaving lotion and feel its soothing softness. I am shaved and cannot

help wondering why when I am about to be offered the key. I can only surmise that Miss Monica, her aloofness towards male needs noted, too much enjoys the subtle torment offered by her controlling care.

The ear piece is finally inserted and with one ring the aging female voice comes on line.

“Do you have the paperwork.”

“Yes, in my jacket pocket.”

“Good. Monica take it and hold it out the door. My operative is there. It will be reviewed while we talk.”

I feel the mattress move. My jacket rustles. The room door opens and closes. Then the mattress moves again as Monica returns.

“A little treat for you as we wait, Judge Dennison. I understand male needs. Received an education I really did not want in that regard at a young age. But overall it served me well.”

I feel a hand slip under my freshly shorn scrotum. Lubricated digits glide along my perineum, fondle where the Prince’s Wand ends in the abrading bulbous bead, then continue to my rectum.

“Monica really can be tender, Judge Dennison. When she’s in the mood and she knows an attentive subordinate male will reciprocate and tend to her needs.”

Two fingers penetrate my anus. I gasp as the tips effortlessly find my prostate and begin to manipulate. Last Saturday, Monica’s dildo massaged the gland of much build up, but there has been a week of neglect. I sigh with the expert touch. I cannot see, but know once again I am offering much viscous fluid.

I squirm, her massage is both gratifying and teasing. My erect penis just stands, seeming to beg for a firm grip and stroke... that which will not be afforded by a woman like Monica.

I hear the sound of a phone ringing in my ear piece. The aging female voice

excuses herself. Monica continues her wicked caress and the voice returns within moments.

“That was my operative on the other line. It appears the writ is in order. Signed by Judge Wilmot, approved by you. Do you have the key to the mask?”

“In my right pants pocket.”

I am chagrined when Monica must withdraw her fingers to retrieve the key. I can feel my standing manhood wagging in the room air as she acknowledges possession to the aging female voice.

Then I am shocked with the command offered.

“Go to the bathroom, Monica. You know what I want done.”

The bathroom door opens. I hear a splash. I hear the toilet flush. I hear raucous laughter in my ear piece as the sound of the rushing water travels the phone line.

“Don’t be too alarmed, Judge Dennison. It may seem harsh, but I really wanted that key to assure that Antoinette De La Corte was not afforded any untoward mercy. You never know when, in a moment of weakness, someone may actually unlock her mask. Neither party in our arrangement here can benefit from that.”

The only key to the cruel and formidable steel mask of Antoinette De La Corte has been flushed down the toilet!

“Monica will now have her due, Judge Dennison. Then you will be released. Waiting for you is an information packet providing the main web address and access code which will lead you to the most thorough photographic collection of shocking debauchery ever assembled. Included are instructions concerning how to change the secret codes. I presume you will no longer want me and other potential outsiders accessing all the material. There is also the location of the computer server. Keep in mind there is a back up location.”

The phone clicks. The call ends. There is no mention of the key to my cock cage!

Meanwhile the mattress moves as Monica changes her position. My senses tell me what my next task will be – there is feminine fragrance, and warm moisture near my face. Soft flesh covers my nose and lips. There comes a squeeze to my testicles. I groan but know to begin licking.

“You just take care of me and serve as a man like you knows best,” Monica admonishes. “There is a key waiting for you. But I think you will miss me....”

It is eerily contrasting. Dark, damp, the timeless aura of granite and marble formed hundreds of thousands of years ago, chiseled from the earth to mark a resting place for the once living... yet stored within we know there to be the electronic wizardry of the modern age.

Judge Patricia Wilmot and I visit the Queens cemetery where the De La Corte crypt stands, ostensibly as the resting place of Madam Marie De La Corte, but which we know to instead inter the remains of Gerhard... Gertrude?... Strunk. And now we know to also houses the computer server which connects millions upon millions of bytes of incriminating and embarrassing images to the internet.

The mausoleum door opens with ease. We enter the main chamber, a surprisingly spacious area. Three facings on the far wall, one engraved ‘Marie De La Corte 1925-2005’, two remaining blank for the yet to be departed, suggest a final resting place. We now know otherwise.

“Try that one first.”

Pattie is prescient. I tug and the facing easily slides from the formidable stone wall. Connected to it is a coffin like box. It rolls from within the wall into the chamber. But it is not for the departed. Wires betray its true purpose. When I open the lid, blinking lights and the low steady hum of electrical current

reveal the server which holds fifty years of blackmail. That which once filled many file drawers and closets has been scanned... reduced to a few pounds of sophisticated electronic storage.

“Well, Pattie, it’s confirmed. Maria De La Corte spent months digitalizing the many photos and tapes, destroying the hard copies. What remains is all ours. We can pull the plug.”

“Or can we? There’s a back up server somewhere, Bill. And the location is not known. Destroy this and the backup keeps the records intact. And in shutting this down we may lose control. This server we can access. The backup we cannot... only through this one can we manipulate the data.”

Pattie is correct. The software is programmed so that the backup mirrors the main server, automatically exchanging data at preset intervals. If the main server fails, the plug pulled, we have no assurance that the backup will respond to our program commands.

“So we’re stuck. Like it or not the data will reside somewhere on the internet... if not here then connected by way of the backup.”

Pattie smiles wryly.

“We’ve changed the access codes. The backup will replicate the changes. But we can never be certain that if we delete files on this server, the files will be deleted from the backup. Computer memory can be over written, but only special programs truly eliminate files with any assurance. What we delete here may just sit in the backup server and never be fully erased.”

“It appears we’re going to have to maintain this facility. The notes suggest that a technician comes and does monthly maintenance.”

It is consternating to travel such a long path and not have full resolution. I push to slide the box back into the wall. Pattie’s FBI report indicated that Madam De La Corte spent some hundred thousand dollars on the mausoleum. It’s true purpose was and is the clandestine retention of that which keeps Madam Marie De La Corte safe from prosecution... embarrassing depictions of politicians, law enforcement personnel, influential businessmen and yes....

judges. All no longer needed with the passing of many years. Add to it the cost of the server, digitalizing all the material, programming costs, heat and power for the facility, and the sum results in a very expensive insurance policy.

Yet she has been able to live in peace... somewhere. And over the weeks of anonymous contact, I have learned she has incredible power and connections. So many photos... so many favors to be requested and dutifully fulfilled by those depicted in flagrante delecto... right down to a computer technician who finds that it is in his interest to visit cemeteries and remain devotedly silent.

And to balance the tranquility of her golden years there will soon be the grandchild she so much desires.

Pattie and I depart and return to the car.

“You know, Bill, life sometimes seems to be nothing more than a series of ironic moments. Extorted into offering myself to the sadistic bull dyke Antoinette, I am finally empowered to turn the tide. Then Victor Hopkins dies, shortly after promising performance reviews which would finally clear the path to the Court of Appeals for me. And for him to be replaced by someone as young as you shuts the doorway to the chief judge’s position. Plus I have the overhang from the De La Corte matter... I have *her* but not the ultimate material used to control me and so many others.... until now.”

I remain silent. Not sure where the discourse will lead. We enter the car. I start the engine.

“And you’ve been so helpful. So understanding concerning the whole mess. I know as a protégé of Antoinette you’ve been more concerned about these matters than an outsider would be. I have always felt it to be heartening to have a supervisor who can so graciously overlook all the legal peccadilloes and shortcuts Victor and I orchestrated.” She pauses. “At least I thought so until coming across this...”

Pattie slips a large thin envelope from her purse.

“Have a look before beginning the drive to the courthouse, Bill.”

I leave the car in neutral to take the envelope. It is unsealed and an eight and one half by eleven glossy easily slips from within. I am shocked and disconcerted to see that it is a photo of me!

“You graciously presented my web page for me to review. In returning the favor I was able to locate yours before you had an opportunity to change the main page and the access code.”

It is my image, printed from the website and one in which I am presented in a most humiliating manner... not that any of the material gives rise to dignity. Judge Wilmot certainly knows to go for the throat, to extract the marrow, to use another metaphor.

The photo, one of dozens upon dozens, and obviously downloaded before I could complete the laborious process of rearranging the listings and the codes, depicts me standing bound in the shower stall on the traumatic night during which I was introduced to Miss Susan’s curiously humiliating governance. As stated, Miss Susan had me pirouette for unknown reasons, later to find that I was surreptitiously being photographed. The series of photos numbers some dozen... four each of before I was shaved, after I was shaved and after I was attired in women’s clothes.

The diabolical Pattie chose to print that one, me in full make up, blouse and short skirt shortly before I was released to return to Little Nero’s and beg Gail for my jacket and shoes.

I close my eyes in shame.

“Your cooperation and ostensible magnanimity concerning my career gave you away, Bill. When you reminded me that you once worked under Antoinette De La Corte, the brain waves began to activate. To my knowledge, few in the position of underling to the U.S. Attorney ever escaped her clutches. Particularly those with soft brown puppy dog eyes.”

I return the photo and start the engine. I search for words to say. My position is not completely untenable. After all, with Pattie’s threat of dissemination of any of my material, the disclosure of hers will soon follow. We’ll both be thrown under the bus.

“It appears we have a stand off, Pattie. I hope you appreciate that I could have used your tape to end your career weeks ago. I still can.”

I begin navigating the narrow roads of the cemetery.

“Oh, Bill. You must think me quite the termagant in suggesting a threat like that. You’re looking at this the wrong way. I downloaded and printed the photo so I could encourage you to let me help you... return the favor so to speak...”

With that her hand goes to my crotch. In driving I am careful not to lose control allowing Pattie to freely grope my pubes area. She finds the cock cage of steel and playfully taps it. Then her hand quickly withdraws.

I am again shocked, this time to find that she knows of my forced chastity.

“Yes, Bill, that voice called me just yesterday. She who forwarded you my tape. I was given permission to continue visiting inmate 021507 in the special release room. Seems that as long as she cannot, will not, be released, her new legal guardian believes my visits to be palliative.

“Then she brought up the unfortunate circumstance of your locked up penis. It seems her girl Monica pulled a fast one. A very nasty trick...”

It seems every cat is escaping from every bag.

Yes, that final Saturday encounter after Miss Monica snipped one vinyl wrist restraint and then hurriedly left the motel room, I released myself to find the envelope offered by the aging female voice. Also left behind was a key... as promised. But it did not fit the lock to my cock cage!

I have been in a quandary ever since with no way to contact either Miss Monica or that aging female voice.

“So, Bill, we need to help one another. I know how to contact this Monica. The voice provided the information.”

I feel strangely relieved. The alternatives are glum... to either live forever with my manhood locked away or find a discreet surgeon to remove the ring

attached to my flesh and holding the cock cage in place.

“And you may be interested to learn... the legal guardian for Antoinette De La Corte is a woman I am told you know... a Susan Peterson. Seems she worked in the U.S. Attorney’s office with you and is now the department head of the records division.”

Miss Susan!

“I have some news... and we need to talk. My office this time.”

It is Judge Patricia Wilmot on the phone and in being newly empowered, having photos which neutralize my authority, I am to go to her office.

So there will be another post meridiem discussion. I take the time to remove scotch, vodka and glassware from my credenza and place all in my brief bag for transport. There is no reason to deny ourselves refreshments. And besides, the alcohol stems the jumpiness induced by my continuing chastity.

“Antoinette De La Corte had a baby girl this morning at 10:00 a.m.,” Judge Patricia announces upon my arrival in her chambers. “Both are doing fine. It seems the child is well nourished.”

Judge Wilmot cackles. 021507’s abundant flow was indeed impressive and I join her in smiling.

“Warden Blakely called. The guardian for the child has already contacted her and will be making arrangements to have the infant removed from the custody of the Penance Corporation of America and from Antoinette as well. He’s an attorney from Malta. Not much of a surprise there.”

Pattie, now to be referred by me as Judge Wilmot, smiles, making the announcement with a degree of self esteem... I suppose in being the person to arrange for the insemination of Antoinette De La Corte some months ago there is some matronly pride.

I empty my bag, open and pour the vodka. Two fingers to start.

“We’re having a get together on Friday night, Bill. Term it a friends of Antoinette De La Corte party. It will be at Susan Peterson’s place... Miss Susan to you. I am told you know how to get there.”

I nod, repressing my surprise. The abandoned TriBeca factory!

“Instructions,” Judge Wilmot offers in pushing an envelope in front of me.

“Just a small gathering. You will probably know most of the attendees.”

With a nod, she graciously offers me a seat.

“Pour yourself a scotch. You’ll be happy to learn that a woman named Monica will attend. Did you know she once worked for Madam De La Corte, Bill? I am told she is attractive... and skilled as a nurse.”

In bearing the fruit of Monica’s expertise, that encapsulating my penis, I must nod in agreement. Her past employment does make sense, the way she so masterfully handled me in the motel room. I can certainly envision her earning her way through nursing school in accommodating the carnal desires, however singular, of men who cannot attain lustful comfort at home.

As with many women who choose the way of harlotry, over time the male gender is held with insouciance bordering on disdain. The endless afternoons of humiliation at the Moon Lite Motel approached such disdain. Her switch of the key to my cock cage most abhorrent.

Judge Wilmot notes my beseeching look. She reads my mind.

“Yes, Bill, she has promised to bring the key to your little cage. That’s why I think it is in your interest to attend.”

Now I can relax and enjoy my scotch. The cold showers will end. Soon I will awake restfully rather than be forced from slumber by the intensity of pain... sensitive soft but firming penile flesh greeting cold hard steel.

The elevator grinds. It takes a full minute to reach the tenth and top floor. In passing the many lower levels, the mind wonders whether the remainder of the ancient factory is occupied.

Is it Friday evening, late October. It's Halloween, but that's not the theme for the party and I will not be wearing a costume. The instructions as provided by Judge Wilmot are that I will not be wearing anything.

The elevator stops. I push open the heavy industrial door amazed that Miss Susan so exerts herself each day in entering and exiting. The foyer greets me and, as per the instructions, I begin to disrobe. I am apprehensive. Having finally brought many embarrassing photos under my control I fear there will be new material accumulated. After all, it's a 'friends of Antoinette De La Corte party'... and the development of such extortion would not be antithetical to her memory.

Will I be photographed? Videotaped?

Included with the invitation were a pair of familiar vinyl strips resembling those I routinely donned at the Moon Lite Motel. Miss Monica's touch no doubt. And I find it simple to encircle my wrists without hindering circulation. I have had much practice.

Then my apprehensiveness turns to trepidation. Resting on the floor, at first unnoticed amongst the clutter, there lies another envelope denoted 'Bill'. It is attached to high heeled shoes... ghastly red with straps to entwine the calves. A quivering hand opens the envelope.

Bill,

Gail so much enjoyed you in effeminate dress. Others want you naked. We compromised on shoes. Miss Monica

The reference, of course, is to that evening many years ago when Miss Susan showered and shaved me then sent me home in women's attire. Gail, at Little Nero's, had possession of my suit jacket, shoes and belt, expensive items for a recent law school graduate. And really she had the only dress footwear I could afford.

Well fortunately, at that late hour, the restaurant was nearly empty and those remaining were either deep into drink or focusing on amorous pursuits. Still Gail just giggled at me, making me stand in humiliation as she tried to 'remember' where she had placed my things.

"I like the earrings. But you will have to learn to walk better in heels," was her parting comment.

In the darkness I was able to hail a cab without more embarrassing fanfare. The public exposure in performing for Miss Susan and later appearing in effeminate attire before Gail made for a harrowing evening.

The high heeled shoes prove to fit perfectly, obviating one excuse for not wearing. So I entwine my right ankle and calve with the long red straps, crisscrossing to just below the knee. There I tie off the ends to each other and do the left. When I rise to stand, I find that, as opposed to my only other occasion in heels, the straps add support and security. I cannot 'step out' of the shoes and my ankles do not twist and turn.

I reach for the door bell and ask myself if, but for the cock cage and the woman on the other side of the door who hopefully has the key, would I be doing this?

Antoinette De La Corte would reply 'yes'. That I desire to perform and please a woman of authority. I in turn would like to think I would merely like to obtain my key... see and touch my penis again. Yet as I feel my penis stir, begin to stiffen, I realize that Miss Antoinette is probably correct.

I feel my heart pound, waiting for the door to open. My circulation surges and I know I am beginning to blush... and this is all before encountering anyone! Monica, Gail, obviously Miss Susan, Judge Wilmot... how many others?

Once again it is Gail answering the door. And once again she wears the curious white uniform... the utility of which was demonstrated weeks before.

“Our maid is here,” Gail calls out.

She beckons me in and I hear music. Before my eyes adjust she hands me a serving tray.

“You’re to both entertain and serve tonight, *Willie*.”

I take the tray and Gail reaches to her pocket. Clips appear and each slim strip of vinyl encircling my wrists is secured to the handles of the tray.

“Just a little precaution. Monica’s idea.”

She then bends. A short cord is attached to the straps at the ankles, partially hobbling me.

“Nice dainty steps tonight. The short cord will limit your ability to move. Men like you enjoy some form of restraint. It excites. And it will help you walk like a girl. I remember how bad you were at it.”

And with that, Gail steps back to inspect.

“The caterer is in the kitchen. She’ll fill the tray. You just have to circulate with drinks and food.”

With that she pinches my right buttock and points.

“Be a good boy for me.”

My first step suggests any movement will be dainty indeed. My right foot extends mere inches before the hobbling cord tightens and ends my motion. I must plant and then lift my left. Gail watches and giggles just as she did so many years ago.

“Quick tiny steps. The girls will go hungry and thirsty if you can’t move faster. And place one foot in front of the other. It will sway your hips.”

Somehow I make it to the swinging door leading to the kitchen. With hands constrained, I back in using my bare rump to push open the door. As with every room in the converted warehouse, the kitchen is huge, I suppose the high ceiling contributing to the visual impression.

“Over here, boy.”

A woman speaking the staccatoed English of the Caribbean calls out from the far side, standing over a wooden counter. Her bright white uniform contrasts notably with her dark complexion. She smiles in watching me struggle in heels then returns to carving crudite with a large and apparently very sharp knife.

“You will learn to get about. They all eventually do at Miss Susan’s parties.”

I judge her accent to be Jamaican, though the Cayman Islands is a possible source.

“And someone’s got you nicely controlled. Most come in here sporting a nice big hard on under the tray.”

The woman has noticed my cock cage. I suppose it is a natural observation since the steel mesh and ring afford my only covering.

“I am Letitia ... Miss Letitia to you. You’re Willie?”

“Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Err... yes, Miss Letitia,” I stammer.

“This is a female dominant household, Willie. Every boy from Miss Susan’s department comes here to learn how that works. You look a little older than most.”

I quickly conclude that the records department seems to be the new training ground for young males with the ‘soft brown puppy dog eyes’ who Miss Antoinette once recruited.

“Hold the tray up, at the height of those useless nipples. Don’t use it to cover yourself. You here to display yourself, serve and amuse.”

Miss Letitia begins filling and arranging an assortment of vegetables as I dutifully stand in wait. When finished, a dark hand lowers and brazenly rubs my exposed ball sac.

“I hope someone has your key. The girls like to see a good stiff penis.

“Now turn, extend your arms and bend. Spread as best you can and don’t you spill any of Miss Letitia’s crudite. Stay nice and still for me. I carved something special.”

I obey and feel wet fingers part then invade my gluteal cleft. Something presses. With the short cord connecting my shoes I can spread no further. Still, Miss Letitia works, patiently rubbing something wet up and down the cleft. When she finally determines the location of my anal aperture she presses more firmly. Something wide is being forced within and I grunt in struggling to accept her offering and keep the tray level.

“Miss Letitia fixed a nice piece of ginger for you. A nice fat root carved and shaped so my boy can’t push it out. It will keep your concentration where it should be.”

The root is apparently tapered as my sphincter stretches then contracts to hold in place what feels like a sizable anal plug.

“Off you go.”

Miss Letitia provides a playful slap to my right cheek sending me on my way... one short footstep at a time. As I reach the swinging door, I feel my rectum begin to burn. Miss Letitia notes my look of concern and laughs.

“I don’t know if I’d bother catering these soirees if I did not have a chance to fig a white boy.”

By the time I return to the huge living room the burning has me in tears. But I have enough concentration to note that the many women are all dressed

approximately the same. Miss Susan observes my discomfort and smiles. She is speaking with Judge Wilmot and a very pretty athletic blonde girl. Gail listens nearby.

“Bill come over here and serve us. I want you to meet Muffin Brown from the Penance Corporation,” Judge Wilmot using the diminutive appellation of the courthouse.

I know the name... from the discussions with Judge Wilmot. She is the handler whose actions precipitated the downfall of Miss Antoinette De La Corte

“If I know Letitia she’s figged you, hasn’t she Willie?” Miss Susan presciently notes.

I nod and present the tray.

“Ginger. It burns the sentient pink parts. Works wonders during canings. With ginger root in place, clenching the buttocks increases the burn. So it encourages a nice relaxed posterior and the flesh better accepts the strokes,” Miss Susan explains.

She turns to me.

“Don’t worry, Willie, Monica is here with the key. I suspect you’re soon going to be very eager to get out of that cage.”

The women titter. When Muffin, Miss Muffin to me, partakes in some raw broccoli, I note she wears heels.

“The ginger not only burns, it stimulates the circulation in the pubes... doesn’t it Willie?” Miss Susan inquires.

I must agree. Not only is my rectum on fire, bringing forth tears, but my penis is stirring... even more than when I am put on display. There is an added degree of physical arousal to that provided by my psyche!

I do indeed need that key!

I am heartened when Monica steps into the living room. She wears the same short pleated white skirt... and nothing else. Her enormous breasts are plainly presented for all and I note looks of desire amongst the foursome of admiring women.

I look on in equal adoration. Miss Monica returns my stare, smiles and holds up her hand. In it is my key.

“I knew you’d miss me, Bill,” she laughingly declares on approaching.

“Perhaps you’d like to show me how much. We like it when a man puts himself on display. Would you like to show off for us?”

I nod like a child offered ice cream. Miss Monica laughs and approaches. She tweaks my nipples. With my wrists secured to the tray I am helpless to resist.

“Yes, I think you’re ready for us.”

She looks me straight in the eye as her hands lower. Her left deftly grasps the cage and the fingers of her right insert the key into the small padlock without needing to look. In shame, I humbly look away as she draws the lock from the penetrating post.

“Watch this ladies,” she proclaims in drawing the group’s attention to that which has all of mine.

The key next slips into the main lock, clicks and the cock cage slides away. I do not have to look to know that my penis celebrates its emancipation. Feminine giggles accompany its steady rise, the tip of the inserted Prince’s Wand is drawn to the ceiling as if by a magnet. And just as Miss Letitia suggested, I find myself raising the tray to permit better viewing. I do not understand my own action.

All watch in silence. The tray obstructs my view, but when I feel the tip of my penis abrade my lower belly, I know I have achieved the rock hard erection of an adolescent.

“Chastity does wonders, does it not?” Judge Wilmot notes. “You’re as randy

as a teenager, Bill,” her remark paralleling my thoughts.

“You must stop in at the Penance Corporation more often, Pattie. I deal with this every day,” Miss Muffin mischievously offers.

With that the door bell rings

Gail swiftly moves to the door. With tethered shoes, I have insufficient alacrity.

“Welcome!”

I turn to see Warden Peggy Blakely enter. With her is Nurse Jones, she who I met tending to our masked and expecting inmate 021507. Strolling in behind, at the end of a leash, is a collared Bobbie. I am chagrined to find myself gawking at his ravishing nudity. Hair coifed, nails polished, make up meticulously applied, jewelry a bit gaudy, perky hormone enhanced nipples covered in rouge, his upturned, useless and sutured penis, also comically coated in rouge, the only thing evidencing his original gender.

His hermaphroditic beauty distracts. I finally note that the warden and Nurse Jones also wear the low white halter and short white pleated skirt. With the similarity of garb, the entire collection of women appear to be in uniform.

“You look very pretty tonight, Bobbie,” Muffin’s compliment fostering a blushing response.

“Thank you, Miss Muffin,” Bobbie obsequiously replies.

It is curious that inmate Bobbie is permitted release from the Penance Corporation facility. Yet, in being closely supervised I assume he has limited opportunity for escape. And a naked castrated male has few options if he were to somehow evade his superior.

I offer crudite. Nurse Jones jostles my erection as a parent would pat a child’s face.

“Nicely controlling, the Prince’s wand,” she offers with professional admiration.

The tray empties and I am sent back to the kitchen. In pushing open the door, Miss Letitia is pleased to see that I have been unlocked. She marvels at the shiny steel ring which remains surrounding my pubes, taking the time to closely inspect.

“Surgically attached. Girl can lock you up any time. And you can’t get to the piercings once the cage covers the ring. And I like the tube insert. Doubly controlling.”

She concludes, just as I did weeks ago, that the well designed cock cage, once locked in place, inhibits access to the four places where Miss Monica more or less pinned on the ring.

Her hand feels good in massaging my chafed scrotal sac. With the many days of rubbing against the cock cage, the relief is welcomed. Miss Letitia seems quite comfortable in handling the naked male, particularly one subordinated to her will.

I am returned to the living room with a tray of Champagne glasses. The women are all confabulating, Judge Wilmot’s hand has slipped well under the skirt of Miss Muffin, who smiles in accepting whatever tantalizing manipulation is offered. There are adoring glances to Miss Monica’s divine breasts. Hands freely explore. It is apparent, the sexual preference of the gathering. Miss Monica busies herself with Bobbie, her fingers fastidiously palpating the empty ball sac. She smiles mockingly and moves a finger to diddle the forcibly upturned penis.

“So they castrated you, Bobbie. No more naughtiness from this little thing,” she declares with a laugh in more energetically fondling the sensitive underside of the upturned tip.

“No more nasty urges.”

Her hand lowers back to the empty sac, pulling to unfurl the tuft of loose pink flesh.

“And no balls. All gone. But I know how to make it feel like you still have

them... for a while.”

Bobbie stands hands on head with a look of shame in both being reminded of his transgressions and the penalty extracted.

Miss Monica’s fingers rise to tweak a nipple and Bobbie’s look of contrition transforms to a smile followed by squeals with delight. It is apparent that the hormonal imbalance has obfuscated the male erogenous zones. Doses of estrogen augment the transition, I am sure.

“Do you mind, Peggy? Joanie and I can have your Bobbie crawling about and you’ll not need the leash.”

Warden Peggy shakes her head and the two nurses take hold of the length of leather to guide Bobbie into what I learn is the bathroom. Meanwhile, Peggy, Muffin, Gail, Miss Susan, and Judge Wilmot converse. Hands freely grope beneath both the flimsy halters and the short white skirts. On occasion there comes a flash of pink as Muffin’s youthful charms are shared in brief exhibition. She is young, well proportioned and obviously comfortable with lustful women. For numerous reasons, my erection does not waver, the weeks of restraint bringing forth the need to celebrate. I am chagrined to admit that it enjoys being put on display, as suggested.

The burning sensation in my rectum dissipates somewhat. But the anal plug continues to abrade my prostate. And the herbal irritant seems to keep flowing the circulation in my pubes area. The input, mental and physical, keeps my penis hard, to be enjoyed by all, but never to be permitted the ultimate enjoyment.

Within minutes, Miss Monica and Nurse Jones step from the bathroom. Crawling behind is the radiant castrate Bobbie. Nurse Jones laughs and tugs on the leash.

“Don’t expect anything male to begin working. It only looks like you have a large set of balls.”

With that, Bobbie is led to the middle of the room, crawling most gingerly. All eyes lower to the cause of his infirmity. The withered scrotal sac, now

huge, crimson and bulbous, hangs precipitously between widely parted thighs. It is the size of an overly ripe melon.

“Just a little infusion of saline to make Bobbie feel like he still has something between his legs,”

Miss Monica informs.

She reaches down, palms the mammoth bag and carefully draws it back and up for better viewing.

It appears to be a water filled balloon, the circumference extending to partially block the view of his thighs. In attempting to walk the liquid filled mass could not hang between the legs. Bobbie would either need to hold the bag in his hands in front of him or, as Miss Monica demonstrates, push the massive sphere back between his thighs.

“Gee, Bobbie. Looks like we infused a few too many cc’s. Trouble standing with all that weight between your legs?”

The women collectively cackle as I reflect on my own encounter with Miss Monica... the surgically added ring used to lock in place my cock cage. In watching Bobbie’s torment and humiliation, I find myself feeling fortunate that Miss Monica’s tendance was moderated by the aging female voice. It could be me infused to the point of immobility!

Bobbie indeed cannot stand. Nurse Jones removes his leash and he is directed to crawl about and kiss feet.

In being so expanded with the infusion, the evidence of two incisions appears on each side of the gelatinous pink melon. I cringe with the thought that some years ago, Bobbie’s maleness was callously slipped away. Warden Peggy suggested it resulted from the cruel retaliation of vigilante prisoners. If so, someone had a surgeon’s touch. And after that visit to Warden Blakely’s office I have no doubt that the story of Bobbie’s castration is fabricated... a cover for the quick scalpel of Nurse Jones.

With my tray empty I prance to the kitchen. In returning I note that Judge

Wilmot and Miss Monica are engrossed in a private conversation. A key seems to be the topic of conversation... my key! Miss Monica nods and smiles as the hands of Judge Wilmot extend. She palms the enormous mammary glands then both thumbs rise to caress the nipples. Miss Monica's breasts seem to swell and lift in response. Peggy leans to offer each nipple a kiss then after reaching for a glass of Champagne the duo disappears into a side room, amorous intentions quite apparent.

Meanwhile, a game of fetch provides amusement, the women very much enthralled in watching Bobbie's ball sac bob as he crawls about retrieving various objects. Miss Monica was generous with whatever fills the plundered scrotum... the saline solution.

Miss Susan and Gail cross examine Miss Muffin. Hands slip down to lift her skirt and a well trimmed mons is displayed between athletic legs. Then I note Nurse Jones and Warden Peggy are closely examining Bobbie's swollen ball sac.

"We can do more," I overhear Nurse Jones. "It would be simple to equip one of the special release rooms... perhaps as a small amphitheater to accommodate many observers. It is a disappointingly quick procedure, but so delightfully traumatic for the male. Rape victims would pay generously and a sizable fee would be required. After all, unlike the regular torment, I can only do this to an inmate once. So we'd need to maximize the revenue."

Warden Blakely nods in agreement, the Penance Corporation constantly seeking to maximize profits.

With another trip to the kitchen. Miss Letitia compliments me on my unwavering erection. I feel strangely proud. I am pleasing... serving as the catalyst for a room of lustful daughters of Sappho. There is also a curious degree of self esteem in being the only intact male, one who serves under feminine governance, but one whose organ fully functions.

The tray is loaded with a punch concoction. I can detect the fragrance of rum and tropical juices as I carefully saunter, one foot drawn in front of the other, back to the living room.

The lights have been dimmed. Miss Muffin sits on the couch. Her halter raised to expose fine firm breasts. Gail sits on one side, Miss Susan on the other. The pleated white skirt is bunched at her waist exposing all she has to offer. She giggles as four hands work to knead and caress all things pink. Miss Susan lowers her head to lick a nipple, then greedily engulfs it to a sigh of gratification.

I look to see Nurse Jones and Warden Peggy continue to amuse themselves with Bobbie. He is encouraged to kneel upright, thighs well parted due to his infused sac. Nurse Jones reaches down and palms the mass with two hands, lifting as the warden guides Bobbie to his feet. The pink/reddish sphere is too large. In high heels, Bobbie's widely parted feet do not permit him to fully gain his balance. When Warden Peggy steps back and Nurse Jones lowers her hands, the weight of the many cc's of saline comically cause Bobbie to lose his balance and he must return to his knees before outright falling.

I suspect there will be many forthcoming scrotal infusions at Penance Corporation of America Facility 14.

I serve the punch. Mixing with the odor of rum and fruit comes the fragrance of feminine arousal. Gail's fingers have brazenly slid past Muffin's inner labia, Miss Susan's lips continue to work right nipple then left. I look back to see that Bobbie's face has disappeared under the loose skirt of Warden Peggy, the bobbing head evidencing his oral tendance.

A disheveled Miss Monica returns, righting her skirt... her look of satiation apparent. Judge Wilmot follows, equally disheveled and equally gratified. She smirks at me, then reaches to my tray to take a drink, holding up the key. I recall her web page... *will reluctantly offer proficient oral service of the highest caliber.*

Perhaps not always so reluctantly.

"Won myself a prize, Bill. One must sacrifice from time to time to advance one's career. I think we'll need to talk... about the recommendation I received from Judge Hopkins."

Our conversation is truncated when our hostess tears herself away from

tasting the cherry morsels of Muffin's nipples.

“If you'd all get a drink and step into the next room, Willie is going to entertain us... well strapped and tummy down. You will find his penis to firm wonderfully with the pain and humiliation... and Gail can be quite adept with the cane...”

I am appalled... but also expectant. How else would such a gathering entertain itself with a male? And I must recall the fateful words offered by my own web page... ‘tumefies with a good caning’.

Judge Wilmot leans to whisper.

“Don't worry, Bill. No cameras, no tapes, no photos will be accumulated as insurance. Yet I think you'll be back to entertain us often. I have my own approach for assuring loyalty and obedience...”

She holds up the sliver of metal obtained through proficient oral service of the highest caliber.

The key!

Epilogue - Judge Patricia Wilmot

Yes, as I offered to Judge William Dennison, sometimes life can be nothing more than a series of ironic moments.

Susan Peterson and I are at Teterboro Airport, standing in the small but impressive terminal of a jet chartering firm. Just a few feet away the engines of a sleek, expensive Falcon Jet spool and begin to whirl. On board is the daughter of Antoinette De La Corte and her trustee... ostensibly to be whisked to Malta... but perhaps elsewhere. Grandmother De La Corte is known for her subterfuges.

Though only several weeks old, the infant must leave the United States. She is bound for a country where, for a reasonable sum, a birth certificate can be issued postpartum with few questions to be raised. No birth certificate has been issued in the United States. Her anonymity will therefore be complete in being registered with a name unknown to us, as being born in a country unknown to us and well beyond the tentacles of Antoinette De La Corte should she ever free herself.

“Congratulations on your appointment,” Susan offers. “Willie came through for you.”

“Yes, he assured that the recommendation of the late Judge Hopkins continued through the system. He can be most loyal and obedient, given the proper incentives.”

Susan and I both laugh with the understatement, enjoying the recent announcement of my appointment to the Court of Appeals. There is also merriment in knowing that the secretive and powerful Madam Marie De La Corte is mollified, the evil and equally powerful Antoinette De La Corte is permanently held in clandestine sensory deprivation, and Chief Judge William Dennison, the only possible interloper, is compromised by some easily transmitted web pictures and access to a certain key, much desired but very sparingly offered.

“How is 021507?” I inquire, not daring to utter her name.

I have not seen her in weeks. My proclivity for milking those elongated nipples has dissipated, my enjoyment of gazing at the once trim now fattened form has waned. She now has nothing I need.

“She’s back in Muffin Brown’s cell and Muffin assures me there is almost constant sensory deprivation. As guardian, I have instructed Peggy Blakely to offer her for special release sessions. A girl should have *some* stimulation. Seems some very libidinous men have a penchant for taking her anally while squeezing lactate from those enormous breasts. They pay handsomely for the privilege and we can both appreciate the revulsion someone of 021507’s gender preference has for the process.”

I smile thinking of the once cruel dyke lesbian being so cruelly used... milked and sodomized. Yet there is more curious irony. Inmate 061505, aka Bennie the Bumper, he who brought the tapes and photos to the forefront, remains languishing in his cage. Though U.S. Attorney Antoinette De La Corte promised him so much during his prosecution and interrogation, he is never to be released. He knows too much. Still, he squealed and never benefited... quite unfair. So I have recently issued an order contrary to the policy of the Penance Corporation of America. Bennie is to have his cock sucked... nothing overly elaborate or sensual. Once per month my Muffin will place 021507 in her cage lying supine, Bennie above in his cage lying prostrate. The mouth tube will be removed from the mask. With the male package dangling through the bars, Muffin will then align the penis with 021507’s opening which serves to nourish.

Ms. Antoinette De La Corte sucking on the male phallus! Not easily coerced... except Muffin will place her fingers over 021507’s nostril tubes to deny air until Bennie’s entire length, Prince Albert ring included, is fully engulfed. It is then that the male ‘udder’ will be milked.

Someday I will have my Willie afforded the same pleasure. But currently, it is more enjoyable to have him serve at one of Susan’s soirees and perhaps be prostate milked by Nurse Joanie if he obediently remains erect during his caning. As stated, he requires proper incentives.

“How is it you were chosen as 021507’s guardian, Susan?”

“Before beginning work in the U.S. Attorney’s office, I interviewed and briefly worked for Madam De La Corte. She liked me... as did Antoinette... said I had the proper attitude towards men to be a very engaging courtesan. But it was just at the time that she decided to retire. Antoinette took me in to work for her in the U.S. Attorney’s office, but I remained in communication with Madam. She understood the unusual friendship between me and her daughter and felt I was a stabilizing influence. My preferred scenes were somewhat more moderate. Though Madam was never overly attracted to the male gender, she did not condone the sadistic loathing Antoinette exhibited. For her, any relations with the male beast were business... proclivities gratified in exchange for cash. She felt Antoinette’s antics would at some point draw unwarranted attention to herself, the ill gotten wealth, and the illicitly procured influence used to arrange Antoinette’s acceptance at law school and offer of government employment. Thus resulted her decision upon retirement to clip Antoinette’s wings... so to speak... denying her the tapes and photos which could both augment her power but also bring a calamitous downfall. One can only imagine what Antoinette would have done with it all. Madam did not... does not... want to be concerned with the repercussions of her daughter’s recklessness during her remaining years. Plus there was the desire for a grandchild... the thought of which nauseated Antoinette.

“When Antoinette resigned her office and then disappeared, I contacted Madam with my concern. You know the rest...

“What will you do with the material on the website, Pattie?” a curious Susan inquires.

My smile broadens thinking about my treasure trove of smut... so many graphic photos and videotapes. Using possession of the key to the cock cage, I wrested control of the site from Bill Dennison, forcing him to give up the new access codes. Much of the material I have found to be outdated, but much involves ranking political types whose influence has in fact blossomed since their youthful indiscretions at the Brooklyn brownstone.

“I’m still reviewing it all, Susan. An amazingly prolific collection. I may work with some discreet computer programmers to determine if the website

can be removed and permanently the material erased with assurances it will not ever be accessible.”

Susan politely smiles and nods.

“Or, I may keep the site operative... all those lurid depictions just may help me be nominated to the Supreme Court.”

With that Susan laughs, then dreamily muses.

“A wonderful thought... one of us... on the highest court,” she exclaims with enthusiasm.

Chris Bellows encourages thoughts, feedback, and comments.

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