

MilkingMale *essence*

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Prologue

“Does this train stop at Farmingdale?”

Funny how the sound of a voice can trigger reflections, a startled Roger Armsworth Todd thinks to himself... and in this case, twinges deep within his loins as well.

He looks up and stares incredulously while a polite fellow passenger answers affirmatively. The woman steps aboard. Roger ducks his head.

Though he has never seen the woman, she has most certainly seen him. More than seen him really. She examined, inspected and palpated his entire naked form. Conflicting thoughts overwhelm as her voice causes memories to cascade. He feels the anger of having been violated. He feels an odd poignancy. He senses rapture. He feels the need to learn more. Something calls for revenge but something inside also suggests congeniality, a need to get closer to her. Deep within he'd like to know her better. But for what purpose?

He knows what a punished dog feels like... there is an instinct to strike in retaliation... there is a sense of acceptance for being deservedly rebuked by a loving owner.

The woman steps past Roger's seat. He looks down to hide his face. She does not notice him.

Roger spies white shoes and the hem of a white cotton skirt beneath her coat.

A nurse! Yes, it is she!

Uniformed woman, naked male... how much time... how many times... together without ever seeing her face or knowing her full name. Nurse Rachel, she suggested she be called. Her moniker mentally morphed to Nurse Ratched... and Roger doubts it was even her real first name.

Roger's stop is nearby Woodside, Queens. Farmingdale is a comparatively long way out on Long Island. Should he stay on the train and seek more?

‘More what?’ he inquires of himself.

He’ll need to pay additional fare. Plus he will be in violation of the terms of his release. Worth the money and the risk?

The train leaves Penn Station in 10 minutes. Woodside is an early stop. Roger has moments to make a decision. Meanwhile he chances, turning his head and glancing back. Though the woman looks down into her purse for her train ticket, he can note the handsome features. Auburn hair, neatly wrapped atop her head, receptive to the cap which would complete her nurse’s ensemble. Makeup neat and not overly done. She is broad shouldered and tall, quite obvious even while she sits. Her image does not precisely match what he imagined during all those times of lying blindfolded and naked before her... beneath her? But it is close, and he is strangely disappointed that she is pretty. He wished her to be a brute, ugly in appearance to match her strict demeanor.

But she is not!

Is he in love? Was he in love during the many stressful interludes with her?

What is this strange attraction?

The psychologist warned of the potential when the experimental program began. A possible corollary of the ‘Stockholm syndrome’, so some speculated.

And now he sits contemplating a gross infraction of the rules... so he can be with her one more time. Curious behavior.

He mind flashes to three years before...

Visit Number One – The Beginning

“The terms of your early release require that you participate in this experimental program. It is voluntary. You may return to Sing Sing Correctional Facility any time. Do you understand that, Mr. Todd?”

There comes a nod. The woman returns the nod without emotion.

“Good. Be on time. Upon arrival, you will go to the assigned examination room. Close the door behind you. Remove your clothing then follow instructions precisely. Be obedient. Answer all questions promptly and honestly. Just as you can volunteer to return to incarceration, for disobedience we can ourselves ban you from the program and have you returned.”

The intonation is smooth and professional, but interpreted as threatening. Returning to prison a felon who has done three years of hard time very much rattles the spirit. Roger calms himself, inwardly promising full compliance as next come the fateful words.

“You will never see or know your tending nurse. You’ll be provided with a first name for communication but she will otherwise have anonymity for her own protection. And Mr. Todd, don’t succumb to romantic feelings. This is all clinical. Think of it as a medical procedure. Opponents to our experimental program have argued the possibility of a modified Stockholm Syndrome result... the well studied incident during which hostages became amorously attracted to their captors. I think that since you’re here voluntarily, that won’t happen.”

Roger, well educated, well read, is aware of the notoriety of the failed Swedish bank robbery. The thieves took hostages for many days. After eventual surrender and arrest, the released women felt a bond with the robbers and demurred in testifying against their captors. One even married a culprit.

“After your session with the nurse you are to return here to my office to be debriefed. Any questions?”

“No, ma’am.”

“Then go to examination room three and remove your clothes,” the psychologist smirks.

In ordering a man to strip naked, the sang froid turns to a wicked look of mirth.

The humbled ex con leaves the well accoutered office and steps to the austere linoleum hallway. A more prideful Roger Armsworth Todd would years before tell the woman to jam

her proposed program of therapy up her ass. But not now. In volunteering to participate in this program for sex offenders, he is out from behind bars. Six years early!

‘The girl said she was eighteen, your Honor!’ Roger recalls his futile plea.

She was not. Statutory rape. Seven years in Sing Sing. Registration as a sex offender. The downfall of 31 year old Roger Armsworth Todd. One time wealthy investment banker. Now a cleaner of toilets.

But worse was being caught violating one of the direst rules of Sing Sing Correctional Facility... masturbation! In the first year of incarceration a female guard caught him pleasuring himself in an area Roger did not realize was under video surveillance. With two more tacked on to his sentence, seven years became nine. There also came further validation that he was indeed a repeat sex offender, and a rather humiliating video permanently placed in his curriculum vitae of sex crimes.

Roger finds room three. He opens the door to see a standard medical examination room, except for one distinguishing piece of equipment. Abutting one wall there is an exam table. At its head there is connected a length of glimmering stainless steel. It transverses the table and both right end and left extend out to the sides. Each end has a padded semi circular opening. In the middle, on the table, is a larger third padded semi circular opening.

Stocks! Medieval in design, contemporary in its fabrication of modern alloy, there can be no doubt the open semi circles are receptacles for neck and wrists. And on the wall above, Roger notes there are hooks with hanging cables attached.

Roger obediently removes his clothing. Strip searches were just about weekly events at Sing Sing. The cavities of prisoners were regularly checked at random intervals. Thus it is without forethought that he quickly peels. As he folds his clothing on a waiting counter, a voice booms over a loudspeaker.

“Very good, Mr. Todd. Now please lie supine on the table, neck in the center of the steel where you’ll note padding, then place the blindfold over your head.”

It is the first time he hears the woman’s voice, that which brings such conflicting memories.

While mounting the table he spies the blindfold. When he lies back he slips it over his eyes and the voice returns.

“Now reach out to the right and left and place your wrists within the padded indentations.”

The room obviously has video somewhere. The woman is tracking his movements.

“Good boy. Now hold still.”

With that comes the whir of small motors. Roger feels his wrists and neck being encapsulated in steel. The stocks are modern indeed... automatic locks! When the hum stops he notes he cannot move his arms. Likewise his neck is firmly but comfortably encircled in padded metal.

He hears the door open. The voice no longer booms through a loudspeaker.

“I am Nurse Rachel,” she proclaims with authority as there come the sounds of the door being latched.

Roger hears the frou frou of a starched cotton skirt and the quiet squeaks of rubber soled shoes on the polished linoleum. He feels fingers about his face. The blindfold is adjusted then buckled behind his head. What little room light leaked through the edges disappears to bring complete darkness. Her fingers lock onto his right ear and tenderly roll the cartilage. It feels good. It soothes.

“I read your file, Mr. Todd. Statutory rape and the gross violation of prison rules. The video was rather graphic. You masturbate with determination,” her fingers rolling as she speaks.

Roger cannot see the polite smile. The choice of words suggests sarcasm but the intonation is quite professional.

“Hopefully our program will change some habits and proclivities.”

Roger feels more fingering. She begins to examine. The flesh on his right arm is gently pinched and kneaded. While inspecting, Nurse Rachel speaks.

“We’ll begin each session with a standard but rather thorough medical examination. We’re going to get to know each other very well.”

She does indeed. Roger recalls his induction to Sing Sing in which every square inch of his body was closely examined... ostensibly for pediculosis... lice... but he later learned from experienced prisoners that the procedure was just one of the guards’ methods for establishing control. Indeed, lying helpless with a woman closely examining everywhere brings a feeling of obsequiousness.

Nostrils, mouth, teeth... Nurse Rachel works her way down. Then comes a stab to the right arm. A blood sample is taken.

“Good boy. We’ll test with each visit. Now, roll for me, as best you can. First to your left.”

It is a command and, though rigidly held, Roger moves his hips accordingly to reveal much flesh of his back and posterior.

“When did you last have sex?” Nurse Rachel inquires as her fingers seem to flutter about.

“I am not permitted to have relations, ma’am.”

“Ah hah. Have you masturbated? When?”

“Two days ago, ma’am.”

“You may call me Nurse Rachel. You understand that your need for masturbation will cease. But I will ask you with every visit. And you will answer me truthfully. Lie and it’s a quick trip up the river. You’re scheduled for a three day cycle. It will be adjusted as we proceed.”

The fingers depart and Roger hears the snapping of latex.

“You will find that certain intimate bodily functions will not be so intimate when we’re together. You’ll perform for me when commanded... and you’ll learn not only to accept it, but possibly enjoy as well. We’ve reviewed all the psychologist’s reports and findings. We’re aware of certain penchants.”

Roger feels the fingers return. Between his gluteal cleft.

“A suppository. Let me know when you need to move your bowels.”

Roger is alarmed. Intimate functions indeed! He is well secured to the table and the governing woman will want him to defecate!

“Please, Nurse Rachel. I’d rather not.”

“Tsk. Tsk. You prefer a full enema? With bad boys, I go very high, hot and a helluva lot.”

As Nurse Rachel speaks, Roger feels a gloved finger pressed well into his rectum. She not only inserts a suppository, but uses the invasion to also check his prostate gland. Her digit most embarrassingly wriggles about, lingering for longer than medically necessary. Roger blushes. All intimacy will be obliterated he realizes. The woman owns his body.

“Okay, roll back supine.”

The finger gratefully retreats and Roger complies. Then comes an order to roll to his right. The gloves are discarded and Roger feels more of his flesh undergoing close scrutiny.

“Roll supine again. Let me know when you need to evacuate.”

Roger rolls to lie flat. Embarrassment turns to intense humiliation as a very thorough examination of his penis and testicles follows. He feels twitches. He begins to engorge. Nurse Rachel is very specific in noting and commenting, heightening his ignominy.

“You’re stiffening, Mr. Todd. Since you’re determined to entertain me, would you mind if I called you Roger?”

Long Island Railroad – Penn Station

“Ladies and gentlemen, this is the 9:23 local train to Ronkonkoma. All aboard and please show all tickets.”

The conductor’s announcement stirs Roger from his reverie. Woodside is a twelve minute ride. He needs to decide. The underlying agreement of his commuted sentence mandates he stay in New York City... more specifically either at work, night cleaning in a large midtown office building, or within a half mile of his seedy apartment in Queens... allowances given for travel in between.

To violate the mandate means a return to Sing Sing, there to serve the remainder of his sentence – six years.

Visit Number One – Continued

“We term this the loop, Roger. Certain males tumefy with the humiliation of being forcefully exposed to a woman. Then in hardening for me there comes more humiliation...which brings more stiffness.”

Her words are pedantic, matter-of-factly offered. Her close presence is noted when a finger dances along the underside of Roger’s standing manhood. Roger feels himself involuntarily waggle with the intense but teasing pleasure.

“But we need to take this one step at a time.”

With that, the fluttering finger retreats and Roger’s cerebral cortex becomes flooded with pain. A full open handed smack to the tip of his erection brings both a whooshing cry, emptying his lungs, and sudden flaccidity.

“You’ll get hard when I want you hard, Roger. Obedience, remember.”

Roger feels the hands move to his legs. Foam rubber encircles each thigh. Then the ankles are likewise wrapped.

“Posey cuffs. Foam lined nylon. Safe, comfortable, completely ineluctable. Don’t bother resisting. I’ve restrained even the most belligerent of patients. Many years in an asylum for the criminally insane... nasty boys with whom you cannot reason. So I kept them all well secured.”

In being blindfolded, the sensory input of sound and touch overwhelm. The bowels of an otherwise speechless Roger begin to constrict. The mission of the suppository begins. As Roger hears the clicks of metal clips he humbly summons the expected words.

“Nurse Rachel, I have to go.”

“Yes, of course you do. And right in front of me. Embarrassing is it not? Lift your legs and hold for me.”

As Roger feels a firm grip about his knee, he dutifully tightens his anus to hold. The hands lift. He has little choice but to assist, contracting leg and stomach muscles to bring his right leg high in the air. More clicks. His leg becomes immobile. Thigh band and ankle cuff have been attached to something, presumably the cables hanging from the wall above. The left leg is lifted and similarly attached. His thighs are well parted. He can only imagine the vulnerability offered by the position in which he is restrained.

Then Roger feels the table shift about. Beneath his buttocks the surface falls partially away. His lower back remains on the table but he feels his testicles dangle.

“There now. Better access to where I’ll need to work.”

Roger is amazed to feel the crisp starched cloth of Nurse Rachel’s uniform graze the back of his upturned thighs. She stands close! Then he feels a hand gently cup his scrotum and lift. Intimate indeed.

“Go ahead and empty yourself. I’m holding a basin under your anus.”

For the first time Roger is glad to be deprived of sight, somewhat easing the degrading procedure of moving his bowels with the assistance of the nurse. Still, he can no longer fight the suppository. He feels his sphincter yield and his heart pound with the shame of performing such a humbling deed with feminine assistance.

“Good boy. And a urine sample please.”

Roger feels a directing hand insert the tip of his penis into a receptacle. Though awkward, his bladder releases along with

the emptying of his bowels.

“Very good. No bladder shyness for you. Now just a little cleaning rinse.”

More debasement. Roger feels a narrow tube inserted into his rectum. Warm liquid slowly flows.

“Just what we term a spritz enema. A few ounces of soapy water. It cleanses and makes your sphincter more receptive for me. Hold.”

No need for the command. A finger is inserted after the tube is slid away. It again wriggles about for a moment, heightening Roger’s embarrassment, then it too slips out.

“And release.”

The many ounces of soapiness join his waste in the basin.

“Good boy.”

East River Railroad Tunnel

“Tickets.”

The conductor approaches. It is decision time. Roger’s ticket is for Woodside, the very next stop. In recalling the mental trauma of being bound and forced to defecate for the commanding nurse, so meekly giving up a urine sample as well, once again there come the many conflicting thoughts and feelings. And overall, a need to understand. Who really is Nurse Rachel? And why did she seem to take such glee in the many demeaning encounters?

“I’ll need to continue on to Farmingdale,” the decision made while offering his Woodside ticket.

The conductor pauses and retrieves his fare book.

“Woodside to Farmingdale. There will be a surcharge for purchasing on the train.”

Visit Number One – Continued

“All nice and clean,” Nurse Rachel announces as Roger feels himself wiped like an infant.

The rubber soled shoes squeak. There comes the sound of rattling as something is rolled to his left side.

“I like to think of myself as a young maiden milking a cow. Every day the dairy cow needs to lactate. Failure to be relieved of the building essence can become quite uncomfortable.”

A hand once again palms and lifts Roger’s scrotal sac to provide access to his rectum. A finger offers lubrication, freely penetrating the somewhat dilated anus, and methodically rotates about to ensure uniform slipperiness. Roger senses himself blushing as there seems to be no haste or circumspection about visiting there.

“And so it is with you males. A constant need to be relieved of building essence.”

The finger retreats. Roger feels something else greet the entrance to his portal. It is hard. Metallic or very firm plastic.

It presses. Nurse Rachel's fingers deftly push, slowly forcing the purse string muscles to stretch and yield. Roger feels his rectum open. He groans.

"Yes, take it like a big boy for Nurse Rachel. Just relax. Inch after inch, Nurse Rachel always gets it in."

It is sizeable. Round and smooth but large.

"The probes come in numerous sizes, Roger. But I always like my boys taking the biggest. Makes it quite hard to reject. Yes, you'll take it and then wait for your Nurse Rachel to help you remove it. Just bear a little discomfort for me. You'll feel better in the end."

Roger groans again as the firm fingers steadily press and the probe slowly slides inward. Finally, the invading circumference tapers and the natural tensioning of the sphincter pulls the entire probe well within his lower colon.

"Swallowed it up like a big hot dog. Very good," Nurse Rachel coos as if encouraging a child.

Connected to the probe is something thin and flexible which exits the sensitive anus. Roger feels a testing tug on whatever emanates from his rectum, seemingly to assure that the probe is inserted to stay. With the pressure on the prostate gland, Roger senses himself engorging. Nurse Rachel also notes.

"And it is now that you can get nice and stiff for your Nurse Rachel. Go ahead... let it blossom. Get nice and hard for me."

With that, Roger is amazed to feel both hands take his swelling manhood. One hand palms the overly sensitive underside and remains motionless. The other begins a steady patting. Not painful, but instead as one would pat a child's bottom, or back to burp after feeding, just open handed gentle slaps to the very tip of the penis.

The action brings a brisance of feelings, greatly awakening Roger's nerve center and making him acutely aware that a woman has taken control of his organ.

Pat, pat, pat. The motion is most mechanical and forces circulation to flow to the penis... whether or not Roger desires it to firm.

“Oh yes. Here it comes. The nice hard on that Nurse Rachel wants.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Yes, all my boys become nice and stiff for me whenever I want. Nurse Rachel knows exactly what you nasty boys most enjoy. You all so much like to show off and perform for a governing woman.”

Yes, erection comes. But Nurse Rachel holds it at quite the awkward angle, pointing straight away from his face and head. With legs raised, the discomfort is greatly enhanced. Roger groans yet his manhood unwillingly continues to harden... and the angle is not to be relieved.

Pat, pat, pat.

There is light laughter.

“Masturbated many boys in the asylum over the years. Not exactly within institutional protocol, but when you have a young unruly male, well restrained in his many Posey cuffs and straps, he’s easily tamed and controlled with a nice long and slow hand job. I could stroke a boy for nearly an hour, completely diverting his attention from whatever nasty deeds he would be conjuring. And in the end, when I decided the boy was well calmed and I wanted him to ejaculate, I could make him explode like a cannon.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Offers a governing nurse quite the level of control. The boys would beg rather than curse and yell and carry on.”

Pat, pat, pat.

Roger squirms. His bonds are amazingly secure, yet so comfortable. Institutional bondage. So thorough, so easily employed. He has no choice but to lie supine, legs high and well parted while this unknown and unseen woman has her way.

“Yes, stay quiet. Be obedient for your Nurse Rachel and she’ll make your little pee pee squirt like a fire hose.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Well Roger, you are a good boy for your Nurse Rachel. You should see how nice and firm you’ve gotten for me.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Please, Nurse Rachel, let it stand.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Oh no. That’s for me to decide. I like it pointing at me.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Now, just like the dairy cow, I think you need to be relieved of all this nasty essence. In departing with spunk, there comes a lowering of the testosterone levels... that wicked male hormone that drives you boys to engage in such evil deeds.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“But to do that you must ejaculate. And that brings pleasure, which psychologically augments the curious sense of male superiority... and induces more buildup... and more evil deeds.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Such as having sex with underage girls... statutory rape.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Or furtively masturbating, only in your case not so furtive,” she snorts.

Pat, pat, pat.

“So psychologically you affiliate sexual climax with doing bad things. More bad deeds, more pleasurable ejaculation. Our little program is designed to keep you well drained of spunk. Disavow you of the notion that ejaculation equals pleasure.

Pat, pat, pat.

“I’m going to milk you of sperm several times per week.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“If that’s not enough, we can go to daily milkings. But your behavior will be modified.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Okay. A little rest for you while I prepare your penis.”

There come final pats. Yet, the angle is not relieved. One hand holds firmly.

“Now just hold your erection for me while I prepare you for ejaculation. A Texas catheter, modified for our program.”

Roger lurches as a small tube inserted into his penile opening. It burns and gratefully only slides in less than an inch. Then he hears the squeaks and snapping of rubber as his engorged penis tip is enshrouded in latex, a very abbreviated condom.

“A little collection tube. The catheter connects to a sample bag. We’re going to measure and evaluate everything I extract from you, Roger.”

“Please, Nurse Rachel, straighten my penis and let me come!”

“Amazing how all you boys grovel, almost all the same words...”

Roger hears some switches flipped. An electrical device to his left begins to hum.

“Now your Nurse Rachel so much enjoys this, Roger. Termed electro ejaculation. First developed to extract sperm from breeding livestock. Later adapted for human use on paraplegic males desiring to sire children. For them the procedure is offered under anesthesia. But for our program, we want you to psychologically associate ejaculation with pain.”

Nurse Rachel laughs.

“For you, a nice jolt of forty volts will cause your ejaculatory muscles to involuntarily contract and you will drain for me. But we don’t cease after one charge. We take our time and jolt you again and again. Poor penis and prostate,” Nurse Rachel lugubriously offers with a cackle.

“And I like to hold a boy’s organs while I force him to perform. That’s why I use the timer. I can feel as you spasm in pain and watch as you shoot. Just think, Roger, something you so much want to do, spend for me and bring pleasure to yourself will hurt instead. It’s delicious.”

Roger feels the free hand return. It palms his testicles, the back of the hand abrading his perineum. The other hand steadily holds the catheterized penis. Roger hears steady electronic beeps to his left.

“Ready. One... two... three...”

Nurse Rachel’s count is accompanied by electronic beeps. The count ends with a final ‘buzz’ and an intense jolt and burning sensation in his loins. He indeed lurches against his bonds, spasming violently. He cries out... shouts... his lungs emptying. The electrical charge only surges into the rectal probe for a moment, yet the result is unforgettable.

Roger slumps in his restraints. Nurse Rachel laughs again.

“All gone. A nice big sperm sample for Nurse Rachel and it only takes a second. You should see what I made you give up, Roger. A shame we have to keep you blindfolded.”

Roger feels the tending hands first slip away the penetrating modified Texas catheter. Then they sooth his penis and balls. A cool and wet cloth begins to sponge an abundance of perspiration from his traumatized form. The hands are surprisingly tender and caring.

Then he senses her proximity. She leans to whisper in his ear. He feels the warmth of her breath on his sweat coated body.

“A little respite. Then you’ll bear just two more jolts for Nurse Rachel. As I said, I will drain you... completely. I am sure a big boy like you can take it, although you have no choice.”

The cooling cloth continues swabbing in preparation for the next jolt.

“You’ll never understand the sense of empowerment, Roger. When the voltage surges, I can feel your most intimate organs and muscles react to my will. It’s as if I have your penis and balls on a leash. Perhaps comparing you to a puppet may be a better analogy. I pull a string... your organs react.

“How do you feel?”

Roger’s voice is most humble.

“Like I’ve been hit by a truck, but I do not feel injured.”

“There are no injuries. The procedure is completely safe. But it will affect your psyche, as intended.”

Long Island Railroad – Queens, New York

“Woodside.”

The conductor’s stentorian voice snaps Roger Armsworth Todd from his reverie. He finds himself quaking with the vivid recollections... being electrically shocked to extract his male seed. Though incredibly painful, with a quick but visceral and gut wrenching jolt to nerves and muscles normally the source of pleasure, his sperm was harvested, time after time, day after day. Each procedure was performed without an iota of compunction... the examination... the cleansing of his colon... the collection of urine... the stuffing of his anus... the beeps... the final buzz... the application of electricity. With each visit there were three milkings.

Was there anything left to offer for the third shock?

Blindfolded he never was to see. Yet Nurse Rachel was intractable. No amount of begging stayed her from the delightful duty of taking complete control of what is otherwise a uniquely male undertaking—the ejaculation of the seed of life.

The doors close. The train resumes its journey. Roger Armsworth Todd resumes his thoughts.

Visit Number One – Continued

Between applications of horrifyingly painful electricity, Nurse Rachel engages in small talk. Casual conversation which Roger had learned to avoid in prison. Thus he reluctantly responds on the first visit. Inadvertently broaching a controversial topic in prison could lead to confrontation. And so as he lays naked and bound, Nurse Rachel talks and Roger, mind recovering from humiliation and trauma, listens... somewhat.

Then after a prescribed time, Nurse Rachel announces it is time for another sample.

“Please no!”

“Oh, Roger. You don’t have to worry about your performance, not being able to get it up. I do all the work, me and the electro stimulator.”

Still lying blindfolded with wrists and neck in the stocks, bent at the waist with thighs well parted and ankles restrained high above, Roger feels the hands once again take his limp manhood. Nurse Rachel again begins the procedure. It is precise. It is mechanical. It is unrelenting.

One hand palms the flaccid underside of the shaft. This time a thumb or finger gently swirls about the most sensitive glans to bring an initial brisance of delight. Then the other hand begins the gentle patting action, forcing circulation into a well drained organ. To Roger’s chagrin, the angle remains uncomfortably pointing towards Nurse Rachel. Aggravating, but seeming to enhance his engorgement as the organ tries to escape her tender but controlling grasp.

Pat, pat, pat.

“Come now, Roger, I want you to perform for me. Let’s get your penis nice and hard for Nurse Rachel.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Help your nurse. Think about some nasty deed.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Think about that unsuspecting girl you raped.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Young and naive. I am sure she was quiet nubile.”

Pat, pat, pat.

“Ah, here we go. You’re getting harder and harder for me.”

Pat, pat, pat.

The taunting yet encouraging words spew forth as the hands methodically work the otherwise depleted phallus. For Roger,

there comes an aching sensation. But as Nurse Rachel demands, there also comes full tumescence pointing so awkwardly downward.

Pat, pat, pat.

“Yes, you’re ready for me. Nicely erect.”

The motion temporarily stops as the curious Texas catheter once again slides into his urethra then rolls to invaginate the swollen penis tip. In an instant the precision handiwork resumes.

Pat, pat, pat.

“I think you’re ready and eager to perform for me, Roger.”

Again the rhythm of the patting hand momentarily pauses and the machine to Roger’s left side resumes its hum.

Pat, pat, pat.

“I like to extend the timing. I prefer that a boy come at my whim... that he fully understand I am in charge... of even this normally sensual deed. In time, you’ll learn to prepare yourself with the sound of the beeps. Your glands will expect release. Sort of Pavlovian. But delightfully Kafkaesque, training a boy to sexually respond by preparing to ejaculate for a machine. You’ll find the beeps to be erotic. Quite dehumanizing, don’t you think?”

Pat, pat, pat. The beeps begin.

“Ready. One... two... three...”

With the count of three there follows the notable buzz as the rectal probe applies another instantaneous electrical charge. Nurse Rachel maintains her governing grip as it is accompanied by an intense jolt and burning sensation in his loins. There is the same reaction. He lurches. He spasms violently. There comes another cry... a shout... his lungs empty.

“Oh that is very good, Roger. Your little ejaculatory muscles contracted quite strongly. I like to feel that. Not much sperm. But that’s why we’re here, to drain you thoroughly and completely.”

Once again the catheter is slipped away. Ironically, the torturing hands begin to sooth and the voice oddly consoles. Her fingers once again manipulate and roll the cartilage of his ear.

“Have I told you about my garden?”

Long Island Railroad

“Jamaica.”

A major stop. Many passengers depart to change trains. The conductor’s announcement and the commotion draw Roger from his recollection. He cautiously glances back. Nurse Rachel, or whatever is her name, reads the evening paper. He remains unnoticed.

‘What is his plan?’ he asks himself. He risks being returned to prison for violating the terms of the commutation of his sentence. Farmingdale is a long way from Woodside. There can be no plausible excuse for the serious infraction of leaving his allowed zone. What does he intend to gain?

The psychologist’s many questions begin to roll through his mind like the credits at the end of a motion picture.

After every visit there came the seemingly endless walk down the drab hallway to her office. Endless due to Roger’s nakedness. He’d carry his clothes at waist level, cloaking his shriveled and well depleted manhood. Most of the professional women ignored his embarrassment. But still his heart pounded until he was invited into the psychologist’s office for final counseling.

Gratefully, the visits were quick... the questions and his answers perfunctory.

‘How do you feel?’

‘Are you embarrassed? Why?’

‘Do you feel the urge to be with a woman?’

‘Do you feel the urge to be with a man?’

‘Do you feel the urge to masturbate?’

‘Are you disconcerted about having a woman take control of your penis?’

‘That is all for now. Get dressed and contact us immediately if you experience any sexual desires or urges.’

And that ended the first visit and every visit thereafter, lying naked on a couch responding to the most intrusive questions of the termagant psychologist.

And the final instruction Roger found to be most superfluous. Nurse Rachel drained him of every ounce of male fluid. He truly was a well milked cow. There were no ‘urges’ other than to rest and sleep.

Doors close. The train’s motion returns him to his reverie.

Visit Number One – Conclusion

“A final blood sample and we’re done.”

Quickly drawn, Roger quietly lies... hit by a truck three times... or so he feels. Nurse Rachel reported obtaining absolutely no fluid with the final charge to the probe in his rectum despite cruelly increasing the voltage. True? Blindfolded, he never would know.

Removing the probe proves to be a chore. Roger is again embarrassed, this time in finding that fear and apprehension have caused his dilated rectum to very much tighten. A knowing Nurse Rachel, sensing the strong resistance of a tensing purse string muscle, reaches to gently toy with right nipple then left as Roger feels tugging on what he assumes to be a wire emanating from his anus.

“Just relax, Roger. Don’t resist your Nurse Rachel...”

The smooth cylinder is finally rejected with a plop.

Thigh bands and ankle cuffs released then removed, the table is folded upwards and restored to full length. Roger lays supine with his neck and wrists secured.

“I will leave you now. You’ll feel the neck and wrist restraints release. You can then remove the blindfold, take your clothing and return to Dr. Grayson’s office. She prefers you to be interviewed without clothing, Roger. Do be a good boy. It’s a short walk and we’re accustomed to our humbled bad boys romping about naked.”

With that, the unseen tormentress unlatches the door and steps out. There comes the whir of the small motors and whatever has encircled his wrists and neck fold away. In removing the blindfold, Roger pauses to become accustomed to the light. He then examines, but whatever padded metal closed over his wrists and neck is not to be seen, as it folds away into the cleverly designed stocks.

It requires many moments to summon the energy to walk. Remarkably, that seems to be the only discernible after effect of the excruciating shocks... exhaustion... as if he had copulated for an entire day.

Finally he gathers his clothes and cautiously steps to the well lit hallway, not knowing whether to run or bear the scorn of passersby.

He compromises in walking quickly. But the answer to his knock on the psychologist's door is heart-stoppingly delayed. A smiling young nurse pauses to giggle then moves onward. Is it Nurse Rachel? Not likely, too young.

It is only now that he knows for sure that it was not.

Long Island Railroad

‘I will politely introduce myself,’ Roger answers himself, cognizance returning to the present.

But will she answer any questions? Worse, will she call the police?

Nurse Rachel, or whatever is her name, is well aware that Roger Armsworth Todd must live his life under the strict agreement of his commutation. Place of employment... train... one half mile radius of his Woodside apartment are his permitted zones... his world. Within, there is to be no contact with women. No contact with children—though certainly not a pedophile. No proximity to schools.

She could report him. During the initial visit he recalls her confident voice explaining that to lie would mean ‘a quick trip up the river’. So she is aware that something as flagrant as appearing in Farmingdale, some thirty miles outside his permitted radius, would result in more than serving out his remaining six years. Perhaps another ten tacked on... fifteen?

The rhythmic clatter of the tracks mesmerizes, returning Roger to his memories.

Subsequent Visits

Roger learns that the sampling of blood, both before the procedure of electro ejaculation and afterwards, is to measure his hormone levels. The expulsion of seed greatly reduces testosterone levels, so he was informed.

“We’re turning you into a lamb, Roger. Though I milk you like cow, you leave here as gentle as a new born ovine. Guess my farm animal analogy becomes somewhat strained.”

Nurse Rachel speaks as Roger recovers from another massive initial explosion into the modified Texas catheter receptacle. Every third day he visits. And on every visit he is shocked three times with Nurse Rachel graphically describing the resulting effluent. The third jolt, always the most powerful, always yields nothing, so she reports. Yet it brings pleas on every visit.

“Please not a third. If you receive nothing, can we not dispense with it?”

Nurse Rachel cackles wickedly with the question.

“I will decide that. You just lie and offer whatever you have. You’re beginning to respond to the beeps of the machine, Roger. Even with the initial hum your organs become primed. Do you realize that? I can feel it in your loins. And you’re starting to enjoy the buzz, aren’t you? Though there is pain in place of pleasure, your reproductive organs want me to harvest whatever there is to have. A nice offering for Nurse Rachel. You are indeed like the dairy cow ready to express milk, desiring lactation. And I so much enjoy taking a hold of your udder.”

The program continued on and on, week after week. Beginning with the adjustment and buckling of his blindfold, the soothing yet tantalizing ear rub. Roger came to quake with the sound of Nurse Rachel’s voice. Her touch brought anticipatory trembling... and laughter... from her. He cringes thinking of the gentle rhythmic pats, the firm grip mandating the awkward angle. The beeps! The buzz!

“You just have to lie there. I do all the work. I do all the harvesting. Imagine yourself as a contented cow.”

The question concerning masturbation, posed with each visit, becomes unnecessary. In being so consummately drained, there was subsequently not an inkling of erotic thought or desire. At least not for two days. It was not until the morning of the third day that Roger’s 34 year old libido returned. But then it was time to visit the clinic... to be drained again... and again... and again.

Pavlov would indeed be intrigued, for when Roger would hear the initial hum of the machine he would feel a twinge. When the beeps began the countdown, he would clench his eyes in fearful anticipation, despite the fact that he was blindfolded. With the buzz there would come the quick burst of agony and the spontaneous cry which emptied his lungs along with his seminal vessels. Sometimes it felt as if he lurched and spasmed before the surge, as if the buzz and electrical charge had become somewhat syncopated.

Nurse Rachel would mischievously laugh at the apprehensive reaction. He became convinced that on occasion she manipulated the timing.

The sound of the distinctive buzz reminded Roger of a sporting event. The end of the period for basketball... perhaps hockey. Instead it announced his forced milking.

And he indeed became a lamb. With the termination of each visit, there was no initial desire to even move much less engage in sexual encounters, even one with his own hand.

“You’re becoming one good little boy,” Nurse Rachel taunted. “But I still want my sperm.”

Long Island Railroad

“Hicksville next.”

‘Nurse Rachel, may I speak with you please?’

Roger hears his own voice... meek, truckling... beseeching his tormentress for an audience.

But is it really she? He is relying solely on his hearing ability in concluding the identification.

Perhaps he should be less presumptuous.

‘Excuse me, ma’am, are you Nurse Rachel?’

But the question so posed would give rise to the opportunity to deny her identity.

As Roger contemplates, he realizes he still has not answered the major self imposed question—what is it he seeks?

The Final Visits

Every third day... month after month... Roger dutifully responds to the demanded appointments.

Restrained, examined, then beep... beep... beep... buzz... jolted and drained.

Nurse Rachel's ability to control his orgasm becomes ingrained. Initially Roger is amazed that he can be forced to give up sperm in such a manner. The partial catheter alone would detract if such was borne during masturbation, not to mention that the penis angle demanded during the terrifying extractions would never permit the spewing of the seed Nurse Rachel so relishes. Roger found that to be quite telling concerning the power of the electro ejaculation. His penis performed as demanded by his governing nurse, the appropriate amount of voltage forcing muscles to contract, his manhood becoming an udder, to be milked indeed.

Still, Roger acclimates and the goal is accomplished. His desire for sexual interludes, whether with women or the lonely coupling of his right hand, dissipates.

Somewhat dispiriting is the walk to his night job after the visits. Energy partially restored, he feels oddly satiated, as if he's had a brisk, satisfying workout. In youth such athletic endeavors forestalled the desire for sex for about half a day. Now as he works to clean office buildings each and every evening, he finds not the desire to even look at some of his fellow workers—pretty young immigrant girls he at one time would covet and perhaps proposition.

It's as if he's been neutered!

As a high paid investment banker, testosterone flowing along with abundant dollars, he'd not think twice about propositioning what he perceived as trollops, girls of questionable character and, hopefully, equally questionable morals. Just a matter of Ben Franklins... how many.

Limited charm, unlimited dollars, the urges that the psychologist made him unveil were easily satiated—up until

his mistake in judgment, the girl who was too youthful and though indeed lacking in morals had parents who were not.

Her stash of crisp hundred dollar bills uncovered, when accused of earning such by dealing in drugs, the girl gave up the source of the generous stipend, and Roger with it.

‘The girl said she was eighteen, your Honor.’

The exchange of money did not aid his case. The tearful girl testified quite dramatically. He has, over the years of thinking back, concluded that her distinguished court performance added years to his sentence. An otherwise innocent girl corrupted! Such was the role she played.

Long Island Railroad

“Hicksville.”

The conductor’s announcement returns Roger to the present. Farmingdale nears. What is his plan? There must be something more than a ‘hello’ to justify the risk of a lengthy return to Sing Sing.

With his emotions bringing such conflict, thoughts are difficult to organize, yet there are some clear goals.

First he would like to look at her. For many months she anonymously accessed every nook and cranny of his body, supervised his most intimate bodily functions, forced him to painfully give up his prized male seed. Yet he could only imagine her appearance. Now he can glimpse. At the Farmingdale station he will stare.

Next, an understanding of the cool delight she seemed to derive from each and every encounter. The examinations, preparations and ultimate extractions required well over an hour. Each visit replicated the first. The embarrassing examination. The blood sample. The insertion of the suppository. The ‘spritze’ enema. The resulting evacuation of his bowels. The insertion of the huge probe. The rhythmic pats to his penis which never failed to bring the demanded erection. The terrifying jolt. Unsatiating ejaculation. Small talk. Another jolt. Another unfelt forced climax—but for the pain. Small talk. A final jolt. Another, another what? Purportedly he was milked dry.

The respites between extractions were some twenty minutes, helplessly lying bound, naked and blindfolded!

What drove Nurse Rachel? What drives her now?

She remains in nursing attire. Still offers her demented skills to someone somewhere.

The doors slide closed.

“Bethpage next.”

In approaching the last stop of his journey, Roger recalls the last stop in the psychologist’s office.

The Last Visit

Having arrived at the clinic precisely on time, Roger lies naked and blindfolded in the examination room, neck and wrists obediently resting in the padded stocks. Normally Nurse Rachel's voice offers a greeting over the loudspeaker and with the whir of the small motors the locking mechanisms close to entrap him. Thereafter she enters and he is to endure the intense humiliation of examination and the bursting agony of the electro stimulator.

But on this occasion, the voice offers instructions.

"Remove the blindfold and report to Dr. Grayson's office," Nurse Rachel's voice instructs.

Roger complies. Normally his dash down the hall is with open arms of folded clothing cloaking a depleted manhood, shriveled, he sometimes thinks of it as electrically frazzled by the merciless charges of Nurse Rachel.

Yet after many months of visits, every third day whether or not such fell on a Saturday or Sunday, the protocol is interrupted. What could this be?

He retrieves his clothing facing new apprehension. There is concern over tumescence, entering into 'the loop' as Nurse Rachel described it, humiliation leading to erection leading to more humiliation and further stiffness. Having been drained of essence shortly before every past hall visit, such was not a concern. But now his organs are ripe, he is the dairy cow, his male 'udder' ready for Nurse Rachel's milking.

And so as he prepares to step back into the hall, he is particularly cautious in using his clothing as a shield. But something triggers a swelling. He feels a twinge and realizes that the very sound of Nurse Rachel's voice has brought expectation, physical preparedness, his organs ready to perform for her. But instead he is to expose himself to the randomness of human traffic in the hallway of the clinic.

He opens the door and peers out. No one. He steps to the hallway and lowers the pile of clothing, shoes with slacks, shirt, underwear and socks piled atop held to cover his groin.

He begins the quick walk of shame he has faced every third day for months. Mere paces. Yet something is different. His essence remains, his hormone levels high. The fabric of his clothing gently grazes his penis, somewhat swollen with the sound of Nurse Rachel's voice. It brings a physical reminder. A middle-aged nurse approaches. He looks down to avoid her scornful gaze. Naked males undergoing sex counseling, she is well aware that he has transgressed somewhere and in some manner. Otherwise he would not be undergoing such dire conditioning.

He humbly slips past. In arriving at Dr. Grayson's door, he spies another nurse approaching, this one young and pretty. Such age and pulchritude would be brazenly offered some Ben Franklins during the better days of wealth and boldness. Now Roger just wishes to obeisantly hide.

Yet, when he frees one hand to knock on the office door, his pile of covering tips, falling to the floor and leaving him completely exposed. The young nurse pauses to assist. In bending she notes his swollen member. She titters.

"Did you miss your appointment with Nurse Rachel, Mr. Todd?"

He is chagrined to find that she knows his name and knows something of the nature of his encounters with Nurse Rachel. This double embarrassment, nakedness and shame, begins the loop. And as the young nurse grabs certain garments, he is helpless to end the confrontation, having to wait while she dutifully folds his underwear, organizes his socks and returns the attire to the top of the pile in Roger's arms.

"We know all about males such as you, Mr. Todd. We watch the tapes as part of our training."

She titters again and reaches to playfully tweak his right nipple. With arms full, Roger cannot resist and the soft somewhat knowing fingers stir full erection. Her physical touch combined with the notion that she has seen him, presumably watching videotapes as he is examined and 'milked', brings a curious combination of concern and arousal.

It is not only Nurse Rachel for whom he has been performing!

There finally comes a call to enter Dr. Grayson's office. This time Roger carefully balances his clothing in one hand while the other turns the knob.

"Chow," the young nurse giggles.

Long Island Railroad

“Bethpage”

Farmingdale is minutes away. Despite attempts to organize his thoughts there comes panic. In watching the passengers disembark, for the first time Roger considers his predicament post confrontation.

‘How will I get back to Woodside?’ it belatedly dawns as the doors shut and the train rolls again.

It’s late. Hopefully there is a train returning. He cannot afford cab fare. Not on a janitor’s wages. And he’ll need to be careful. Even if he returns to Woodside without incident he’d be walking the streets well after the time of his curfew.

There come second thoughts. Such high risk. Perhaps he should have confronted Nurse Rachel back at Penn Station... asked for a phone number... or requested an opportunity to meet at another time, in Woodside where he can somewhat cavort—but not past 10:00 p.m.

Farmingdale is close. The train begins to slow seemingly without accelerating to full speed. Departing passengers arise. Roger stays seated needing to let Nurse Rachel step past him. Then he will follow.

“Farmingdale!”

Roger keeps his head down. The nurse knows his features. With each visit to the clinic he was observed on the video camera before blindfolding himself and lying to await the whirl of the small motors which locked him within the stocks.

The train stops... along with Roger’s heartbeat. For as he determinedly stares at the floor, fingers grasp his left ear and begin to knead and roll the cartilage. The touch is brief. The woman quickly releases and moves onward down the aisle without looking back.

But the communication is received!

After the blindfold was adjusted and well buckled to the back of his head, each and every clinic visit began with the same simple massage. Though soothing, the manipulation also sent

a message, one of instituting her governance. He imagined the message in verbal terms, 'lie and relax, you're naked and bound, I am now in control and there is nothing you can do but endure'.

Roger is aghast that he has been recognized. He is so stunned that he temporarily freezes and several passengers slip by before he can rise and enter the aisle to exit. Nurse Rachel does not look back. She moves with both grace and speed.

Don't lose her now!

The passengers exiting between are frustratingly sluggish. Once stepping to the platform Nurse Rachel can go in any number of directions. Roger panics as an elderly woman cautiously steps out over the gap. Finally it is his turn. Out into the cool night air, he peers right, then left. He catches a glimpse. Nurse Rachel is descending a close by stairway.

Fortunately the many passengers disperse in several different directions into the nearby parking lot. Roger rushes, realizing he will have an opportunity to speak clandestinely, if he can catch her.

At least he now knows for sure that it is indeed Nurse Rachel. But why did she signal him? The telling kneading of his ear happened so quickly he has no time to analyze. She strangely decided to taunt him. Perhaps she believed that he did not recognize her... her voice. That he just decided to stay on the train well past his permitted area of residence and the encounter is happenstance.

Down the stairs he spies her approaching a minivan. A car alarm beeps, the tail lights flash. Her car is unlocked and she can hastily depart. He jogs. Strange that she can hear his footsteps but does not turn toward him.

"Nurse Rachel... may I speak to..."

Nurse Rachel rapidly twists.

Roger's words are truncated as a hand rises. There comes the sibilant sound of spray. Roger feels wetness on his face. There comes instant burning to his eyes. He chokes taking in his next breath. Mace? Pepper spray?

He staggers in shockingly instant pain. His throat swells. He cannot speak.

“Hello, Roger. Guess you’ve missed me. Pepper spray, with my own little concoction added.”

Gasping for breath, there comes Roger’s last cognizant recollection. He is gruffly pushed through the sliding rear door of the minivan. He collapses onto the long rear seat. The darkness envelops.

For now, returning to Woodside is not a concern.

A House, Farmingdale, Long Island

“Fentanyl, Roger. I add just a touch to the pepper spray. The latter quickly incapacitates. The former has a more leisurely but lasting effect.”

One hundred times more powerful than morphine, Roger’s head throbs with the aftereffect of the powerful narcotic.

“The slightest overdose can stop the breathing. I am very careful about how and when I use it.”

He recognizes the voice once again. It is Nurse Rachel. He attempts to move. His limbs are secured.

“More Posey cuffs, Roger. One of the benefits of many years in the medical profession... sometimes equipment goes astray. Comfortable?”

Roger finds himself meekly nodding. Responding to Nurse Rachel is instilled.

“Why?” he inquires, his dry throat bringing forth a rasping attempt to speak.

Nurse Rachel offers a glass. Roger sips water and whispers a polite ‘thank you’.

“I should be asking the questions, don’t you think? You gave yourself away when you requested a ticket from Woodside to Farmingdale. Just as I assume you recognized my voice I recognized yours as well. And then I recalled the terms of your commuted sentence. You’re to remain in New York City.

“‘Why would a felon... a convicted sex offender... leave his area of restriction, risking a return to prison unless there was something to be gained’, I asked myself. Perhaps revenge?”

Nurse Rachel chuckles confidently.

“You had no weapons... just going to choke me?”

Roger is shocked to have Nurse Rachel misinterpret his intentions. His mind begins to clear. He gathers in his surroundings.

There is a sole light above, illuminating his supine form. Yes, he is well secured by Posey cuffs and straps, wrists and ankles, he notes. There is a waist belt as well. And of course he is stripped naked. And once again under the governance of his nurse. At least he can now see her.

He lies on a thin mattress... on a firm floor. Concrete. Probably the basement. Roger rolls his head left and right to note that the straps of his wrist cuffs are tied to eye hooks embedded in the cement. Simple slip knots, to be quickly released for those with use of their hands. Thorough restraint for those without. Though he does not raise his throbbing head to look, he assumes his waist belt and his ankle cuffs are similarly attached.

“Spent much time working in the insane asylum, remember Roger?” Nurse Rachel offers in noting his visual examination. “Done this for many years. You’re here until I decide to release you.”

“I just wanted to ask some questions,” Roger meekly suggests.

Roger looks up to see that Nurse Rachel is attired as expected. Her crisply starched white uniform does little to cloak a finely shaped form—large but with everything in proportion. The breasts must be enormous in projecting so prominently despite the dour asexuality of the uniform. Now that he can assess without inhibition, he stares as planned. Nurse Rachel appears both imposing and alluring standing over his naked form. During all those months of sightless obeisance, responding to the calm, confident voice, enduring the mastery of her stimulating hands, he so often wondered about her appearance.

Now he knows and the plainness of her beauty distresses. As stated, Roger's vengeful mind always told himself she was a repulsive harriidan. Instead it is quite the opposite—a white uniformed succubus.

“The fentanyl caused you to vomit. You should be grateful I assured you didn't choke yourself. Be rather ironic, don't you think? The feeble attempt to strangle me instead resulting in the choking death of one Roger Armsworth Todd. I tossed away your clothing though. Too messy to clean. Instead, for you, a nice sponge bath and some comfy restraints.”

“What time is it? I need to get back to the City! If I don't show at work there will be phone calls made.”

“Yes, you'll be missed. Your permanent parole violated. Been a few years but I remember your file. Six years suspended sentence. But now you'll get a little extra for straying so far outside your location. Plus explaining why should be very interesting, Roger... stalking your former nurse. Tsk. Tsk. That should get another ten years alone.”

Nurse Rachel stoops and reaches down to Roger's left ear. Fingers grasp and roll. The massaging of the cartilage, once soothing, now annoys as he helplessly must lie and accept her tendance. Yet he feels a twinge in his loins, his reaction to Nurse Rachel's touch always priapic. Nurse Rachel smiles in noting his firming penis.

“Your fentanyl hangover is dissipating,” Nurse Rachel notes in continuing to firmly toy with his ear.

“You should consider staying here. I may even insist. When did you last have relations with a woman?”

“You know I am not permitted.”

“Yes, of course. And you last masturbated when?”

Roger demurs. He becomes pensive, the true reason for 'stalking' Nurse Rachel brought to light.

Still he feels an obedient need to reply.

“It's been... well it's been... years.”

Nurse Rachel laughs evilly, releases his ear and rights herself.

“Let me guess, a week or two after Dr. Grayson terminated your appointments.”

Roger nods.

“What happens when you stroke yourself Roger, tell your Nurse Rachel.”

Roger returns to silence.

“Well, I can play this out a number of ways, Roger. First, I can merely call the local police. But for reasons that will become apparent to you, having the authorities here could be cumbersome. And it would take some time to explain why I have a man restrained in my basement and that it is not I in violation of the law.

“Or I could keep you here for a while, then turn you out well after you’ve missed work for a couple of days. The authorities would be looking for you and I would have achieved the same result, less the stalking charge, but also without the inconvenience of having to explain your presence in my basement.

“Either option returns you to steel bars and walls of thick concrete. Yes, Roger, in Sing Sing you’ll be feeling more than Nurse Rachel’s electro stimulator probe pressed between those cheeks.”

Nurse Rachel snickers with the thought.

“Miss Margie, I need to go,” soft words ring out from the darkened area of the basement.

Roger is surprised to hear a young feminine voice politely proclaim a need. And somewhat surprised to hear Nurse Rachel respond. As he always suspected, the name she offered years ago at the clinic was a ruse.

“Come here, Lilly. Show yourself to the gentleman. Don’t be shy. He can’t hurt you.”

Roger hears the tinkling of a small bell.

“Or there is a third alternative... as I alluded,” Nurse Rachel continues in ignoring the presence of ‘Lilly’. “You can stay here. Serve and obey and you’ll not be staring at the world

from behind bars and worrying about dropping the soap in the shower for the next ten years... or more.”

With that Roger gapes as the unseen ‘Lilly’ steps under the rays emanating from the sole spotlight above.

Lilly is young. Well formed. Well tanned. And completely naked. Her most prominent feature however is the fact that she is bald. In fact, as Roger’s eyes quickly scan, he notes that the girl is completely hairless! Slips of inner pink labial flesh peek out between the protecting folds of meaty labia majora, no pubic hair to offer refuge from lustful male eyes. Huge breasts project forth, the perfectly rounded globes embellished by her forced posture. Lilly’s arms are held behind her back. Roger notes that something glints between her thighs... at the midpoint.

“My adopted daughter. Lilly meet Mr. Todd.”

Roger’s sense of helplessness and vulnerability is enhanced in lying restrained and naked beneath the guileless gaze of the ingénue. The size of her mammary glands suggest a degree of maturity. But the glabrous body offers an aura of pre-pubescence. She stares at Roger as Nurse Rachel, Margie, reaches behind the girl and quickly works her fingers. To the sound of a click, Lilly’s hands appear, moving to her front. She’s been cuffed! Her own set of Posey cuffs encircling her wrists.

“Here is the bathroom key. Be quick about it. Don’t let your chimes get wet... and no toying!”

With that Lilly turns to dash off, presumably to the bathroom. Nurse Rachel, Margie, smacks a most amazingly well formed and well muscled right buttock to spark a peal of chiming as the girl hurriedly prances.

“Delicious is she not? Months of searching followed by years of training... mentally and physically. The result is the perfect sex slave,” ‘Margie’ notes in watching the roll of Lilly’s buttocks until such disappear in the darkness. “Well monitored diet and rigorous exercise. You’ll not often see such a wondrous layer of soft, uniformly fattened flesh covering superb muscling.”

Nurse Rachel returns her attention to Roger. Lilly's brief exposition has caused his swelling manhood to complete its rise. Nurse Rachel chuckles in noting the familiar state of arousal. She steps forth and extends a foot.

"I keep her bald, balled and belled. And obviously cuffed when I'm not here. In denying her use of the bathroom, she's quite eager to see her step-mom when I return from work."

As she speaks, the toe of her rubber soled white shoe gently abrades Roger's standing penis tip. Then she slowly presses, smiling with Roger's groan of discomfort as the angle lowers to that forced during his many milkings at the clinic.

"So no women... no masturbation. Seems the experimental program worked. Yet you seem bewildered, and quite randy. Is that why you followed me? In not fully understanding what you've become you seek further, shall we term it counseling?"

The governing foot jostles.

"No answer?"

With his silence, Roger curses himself. All the forethought on the train and he cannot summon any words. Instead he just silently lies as once again this daunting woman takes charge. Her foot keeps pressing until the tip of his erect penis touches the fabric of the mattress. The discomfort slowly turns to outright pain. Yet he remains remarkably firm, his organs strangely ingrained to perform for the governing nurse.

Still, now he can look at her. And in seeing her confident look of authority, the calm demeanor as she cruelly controls that which controls the male, he is even more in awe. Plus her natural beauty does not help. Roger always envisioned her as roguish, a beast slaking vengeance on the male population for attention not paid.

Some of his gnawing questions have been answered. Lilly's altered and bound presence offers many clues. 'Bald, balled and belled' 'Margie' whimsically described her demanded presentation.

"Talk to me, Roger, or are you too much enjoying my slow torment?"

“It was important for me to learn what you looked like. Plus I thought I could get to know you better, better understand you, why you do these things.”

Margie laughs.

“Why you did what you did... to me,” Roger adds in earnest.

“It was a medical procedure, remember Roger. Was I not clinical enough for you? We even took the time to keep you blindfolded so there would be no amorous complications. So you would not fall in love with the image of the woman who so often forcibly milked you of your seed. The intent was to program you such that your psyche would not only consider normal male gratification as superfluous but would associate it with pain and discomfort. Dr. Grayson seemed satisfied with the results. A repeat sex offender rendered harmless. Returned to society to be productive. In your case to clean toilets.”

Margie cackles.

“Please, Nurse Rachel, release my penis.”

The wry smile turns to outright wickedness.

“Here you may call me Margie, Miss Margie.”

Margie pauses then quickly slides away her shoe. Roger’s erection springs upwards.

“So. You want to get to know me better.... understand me... why I do these things. That could take some time. And the more time violating your altered sentencing agreement the more time they’ll tack on to your return visit to Sing Sing when you’re found. If I keep you here long enough then simply offer release, you’ll be caught and returned to Sing Sing. Thereafter, you may never get out, Roger. Having endured Dr. Grayson’s innovative program and stalked your nurse, you’ll be deemed incorrigible. ‘There is no basis to believe that standard therapy can modify this inmate’s behavior’... that’s how it will read in your file. Such a conclusion will most likely result in having you placed in an asylum after that long sentence is completed. But that may make you happy, interacting every day with the likes of your Nurse Rachel, nicely restrained 24/7. We can be quite

calloused in my field, Roger. The incessant pleas of those judged mentally incompetent are as effective as the barks of a dog, the moos of a cow. The farmer learns to disregard knowing that his care is what is best.”

Roger shudders with the bleak summary of his outlook. 24/7 under strict restraint. His care and well being totally relegated to the likes of Nurse Rachel.

“So here’s what I am going to do. I’ll make the decision for you. I will keep you here. Restrained. Then I will train you. And there will be some necessary precautions for eventual release from your mattress. Lilly needs care and attention. What better person to perform such intimate deeds than a mentally neutered male? But the decision to leave will always be yours, Roger. Just say the word and with a little fentanyl and a quick trip to the park across from the local school yard, the police will find an unconscious man propped on a bench. I’ll leave a clue as to your identity. Won’t require much detective work for them to learn they have a convicted sex offender... 30 miles from his area of restriction... and apparently monitoring a school! You’ll be whisked back to prison before you can even utter the words ‘Nurse Rachel’. Sound agreeable?”

An overwhelmed Roger slowly nods as Miss Margie steps away. She returns, blindfold in hand.

“Yes, you do want to get to know me... and you shall.”

She stoops, covers Roger’s eyes then buckles the thick soft length of cloth at the back of his head. Again the left ear is manipulated. Roger feels strangely comforted.

The Basement, House in Farmingdale – Continued

“How long will you keep me like this?” Roger’s tone of voice far from forceful.

“As long as I want. Another spoonful?”

Roger opens as Miss Margie offers more food. For many hours, too many to count, Roger has lain on the thin mattress in complete restraint.

“At the asylum I keep a boy indefinitely cuffed. I like to masturbate them as they must lie completely motionless. Offers a heady sense of control—they squirm, they plead, but they don’t come—until I decide.”

“You’ll do that—to me?”

Miss Margie laughs.

“With you, why bother? You’re well tamed. No, I like the young lusty ones who have feigned insanity in attempting to avoid prison. Seems they think time spent under strict medical supervision is preferable to the penitentiary. Well, Roger, they find out differently, and they find out too late. Once in my spider’s web they don’t get out. Spoon.”

A blindfolded Roger opens again to accept more sustenance.

“Yes, it’s not like they can return to the judge and say, ‘sorry your honor, I’m really mentally normal and I’d instead prefer some time behind bars.’ Those are the ones I keep strapped down the firmest and masturbate the longest, sometimes to completion, sometimes I just walk off and let them linger, throbbing erection waving about. Spoon.”

More food.

“Think of it, Roger, young virile males living out their lives under my tutelage; offering then withholding what most manifests their maleness—the ability to ejaculate. And most ironically, the constant bondage, the isolation, the inability to control any aspect of their well being, ejaculation included, drives them crazy indeed. It requires many months, but I can induce a form of insanity. Then they are curiously forced to play for real the role they attempted to feign. Spoon.”

Another offering.

“So when you ask how long, physically as long as I wish, unless you want to be released. Take that fentanyl induced nap I promised you, then deliver your unconscious form to the park bench across from the schoolyard.”

Miss Margie laughs.

“But if you wish to gain my favor and be released, you’ll let me purchase a little, let’s call it insurance. Spoon.”

“What’s that?”

“A precaution. I don’t want you near Lilly unless I have some assurance. I keep her totally naked at all times. My little pet hasn’t felt the ruffle of clothing since her adoption, and I will keep you in dishabille as well. So I can’t have any, let’s term it unwarranted coupling. Water.”

Roger opens and Miss Margie squeezes a stream of water to his mouth.

“Would you like more mobility? I can offer the run of the house. I will train you as I want you to serve knowing that you’re already an accomplished cleaner of toilets.”

Miss Margie laughs.

“I’ll want to modify some things. You’ll bear some pain for me. But I will be pleased. And I think that’s important to you. And then you’ll be able to frolic with Lilly. But just remember, her sole role in life is to please me—mentally, emotionally, physically, sexually!

“Getting to know me a little better?”

As Roger nods his blindfolded head, Miss Margie laughs wickedly.

The Basement, House in Farmingdale – Continued

“Legs up. Be a good boy for Miss Margie.”

Roger’s many ordeals at the clinic come to mind as Miss Margie releases his ankles and insists he raise his knees to his chest. Having so often suffered the indignity of a suppository and digital rectal exam, Roger dutifully follows directions. Presumably a basin is propped beneath his anus as Miss Margie encourages him to move his bowels. Though somewhat accustomed to performing such a lowly deed before and under her close supervision, the ringing of chimes suggests that Lilly is present. Thus, Roger’s shame is renewed,

feeling as when he first had to perform years before for then Nurse Rachel.

This begins the 'loop', so aptly described, and Roger feels the initial twinge which he knows will bring full erection. After all the years, the reaction remains ingrained.

"Notice the level of obedience, Lilly. He does not want to perform for me but he does. And notice the firming penis. He will tell you he's embarrassed, yet he'll harden for me."

Roger expects to feel an invading finger, but that doesn't happen. Instead his bowels rumble as if on cue. Could Miss Margie's offerings of sustenance be tainted with laxative?

"Good boy. Now just hold like that," Miss Margie encourages as the deed is done and the basin is removed.

Roger finally feels the caring fingers wipe him clean. But there is more. He senses the application of smooth fragrant soapiness.

"As you've seen with Lilly, Roger, hair offers the relief of covering. You'll not have it. Spread nice and wide."

Roger parts his knees. Knowing hands work to shave him. Within minutes his entire pubic area is denuded. The blade works quickly but efficiently, not a nick, and as fingers smooth in final inspection, not a wisp of stubble.

"You'll soon be learning to do this, Roger. I'm tired of shaving Lilly, though most of her follicles have been decimated by depilatory lotion."

Roger is heartened with the understanding that at some point he will be released from the endless monotony of strict restraint and sightlessness. But then he realizes with the proximity of Miss Margie's fingers, his tumescence has continued. A finger pushes against a presumably bulbous penis tip and playfully presses downward, reenacting the many sessions of masturbation and electro ejaculation from the clinic. He expects the mechanical patting to begin.

"Please no!"

“Well that’s an interesting response, Roger. You used to accommodate me so nicely. So eager to offer your Nurse Rachel gobs of spunk.”

“Please don’t.”

“But you’ve not been with a woman in years. And I suspect you have not masturbated either. You don’t want to show off for Lilly? Display how that nice penis of yours offers so much manly essence.”

“I... I... I’d rather not.”

“So be it, Roger.”

A warm wet cloth smoothes away the remnants of soapiness. Then a cool moist cloth is carefully applied to the perineum. Roger’s nose detects alcohol.

“Just a little pain for Miss Margie, the first step in getting you out of restraint.”

Roger feels a hand cradle his balls then lift. He cries out with a sudden jab of pain. Beneath his testicles, forward of his rectum, Miss Margie has stabbed him with something. As the initial pain subsides there comes discomfort as whatever pierces the flesh there is worked about, pressed in and out then rolled to assure a widely uniform opening.

“A common guiche piercing, Roger. We’ll keep it nice and open and clean until I can ring you there.”

Whatever penetrated, presumably a needle, retreats and another object is thrust through. Fingers work then also retreat. The object remains.

“Just a retainer to keep the opening clear while you heal, Roger. A bar with beads to prevent it from slipping out. You’ll get used to the feel of it.”

Roger feels the hand release his scrotal sac.

“Legs down.”

Foam lined nylon enshrouds his ankles. He is dismayed in being returned to full bondage. And yes, there is the feel of

something foreign pressing his inner thighs and beneath his ball sac.

More Basement Antics

Roger stirs from the stupor of partial sensory deprivation. He hears chimes. The energetic ringing suggests that it is Lilly and she must be prancing about like the schoolgirl she appears to be—but for the huge mammary glands. He senses movement. The thin mattress ripples. There comes a giggle. He senses the warmth of nearby flesh. Then he feels sudden compression on his chest. Lilly has seated herself!

“Miss Margie is gone but left me with my hands restrained,” Lilly succinctly proclaims. “She won’t let me be naughty.”

With the words, Roger hears a final ring of the chimes as the baubles come to rest on the skin beneath his chin.

“But you like being naughty... with girls. Miss Margie told me all about you.”

It is a curious duo: a thoroughly restrained and naked male; a partially restrained and naked girl.

“It was an innocent mistake, and it was many years ago. I’ve been reformed. I am no longer naughty, as you say, with girls,” Roger humbly offers.

“But I bet you’d like to be.”

The minx Lilly shuffles her bottom, sliding forward to bring her well shaven pubes closer to Roger’s face. He feels the enticing warmth of her shorn flesh. Then the fragrance of her sex wafts to invade his nostrils. There is also moisture... much moisture.

“As Miss Margie told you, she keeps me bald, balled and belled. Do you know what that means?”

“I can hear your chimes... and I saw your head...”

“And?”

“I don’t know.”

“I am also balled... b... a... l... l... e... d. My chimes dangle from a set of Ben Way balls she permanently inserted into my vagina. Devilishly sensuous. With every step, every movement, it feels as if someone is toying with my pussy. And

in a way someone is. I feel her power and control with the slightest motion, even when I roll in my sleep. By day's end I beg her to masturbate me. She's even better at that with girls. Did you know that Roger?"

"I have come to suspect she enjoys women."

Lilly laughs.

"Quite the devotee of Sapphos. She makes me please her every night. She sleeps with my head between her thighs. That's why she keeps me shaved like this. Depilation cream as well. I will never look normal. And in bed there is rarely anything for me. She says she likes to keep me randy. It helps me focus while I lick her. That's why I am cuffed so much of the time. So I cannot play with myself. I cannot even wipe away the constant flow. I drip. The balls keep me so wet..."

With that Lilly shuffles further and lifts. Her weight eases. The scent of her odoriferous love pouch overwhelms. She squats directly over Roger's blindfolded face. A chime brushes his lips. Roger feels a droplet of her abundant juices drip to his chin.

"I so need what she makes me offer to her," Lilly forthrightly declares.

Roger feels the chimes softly rub along his cheeks as Lilly gently lowers herself. Then his lips are enveloped with warm moist labial flesh. The sensation is initially pleasant to the male kept well bound. But as Lilly continues to lower herself, the many plump rolls of labium... perhaps her clitoral hood?... also enshroud his nose. Within moments Roger realizes his supply of air is curtailed, access denied by the smooth, redolence of Lilly's sex. She knows too well of his plight.

"Lick well and I will offer you some air."

A Faustian bargain!

Roger's sexual exploits, when freely and fully permitted to function, rarely included oral gratification—for his partner. For him it was a quick blow job in constrained circumstances, rough 'doggie style' copulation when opportunity prevailed.

Thus his cunnilingus is unaccomplished. Still, in need of the atmosphere's offering of oxygen, he licks. His tongue finds the thin filament securing the chimes. As Lilly settles further down, he also encounters the first of the described balls. Modestly sized, Roger understands the girl's advanced frustration. The sphere loosely rolls about just where a girl likes to please herself with her fingers, at the entrance of her portal where the oversensitive inner labia beg for the attention of kneading digits. When Roger presses and pushes it about with his tongue, Lilly shrieks in ecstasy. Roger is essentially scratching a long tantalizing itch.

"Flutter the ball about. It drives me crazy all day long," Lilly pleads.

Roger's need for air is great. He complies, thrusting forth with his tongue to firmly press the ball against the nerve filled flesh, left then right, left then right. Lilly's long teased pussy finally receives its due. He feels a deluge of juices. As a reward Lilly momentarily lifts. He gasps, inhaling deeply. Lilly allows him a second breath and then lowers herself again. Meanwhile Roger can feel himself harden. Lilly's taste is sweet, her warmth soft and smooth, her flow refreshing.

"Do my clitty!"

Lilly shifts. A ripe, swollen bud is pressed to his lips. Roger engulfs it. His tongue swirls. There comes a squeal of delight. Droplets roll down his chin. When he swirls again there comes an earnest cry... as if in pain. Yet the gush of hot feminine essence suggests otherwise. Lilly ejaculates in ecstasy!

Then comes a voice.

"Well... the mice are at play!"

It is Miss Margie!

Punishment in the Basement

“You seemed to enjoy tasting it. Now you can look! Spread for the boy, Lilly. Show him all your charms!”

Roger remains bound but his blindfold has been removed. He looks up to see Miss Margie sitting in a straight backed chair. She is quite proximate, the front legs propped on the left side of Roger’s thin mattress. Over her lap lies Lilly, facing his feet, her own feet parted, resting on the mattress at Roger’s shoulders, left and right.

A spread indeed! Miss Margie’s hand lowers and the fingers splay the plump outer labia. The chimes hang freely and ring as there is fully displayed the wet, refulgent inner labia and the vaginal walls. The lower ball, with which Roger’s tongue toyed, appears to be brass. And in being freed of the snugness of Lilly’s pouch, it rolls about to tantalize her pearl-like clitoris.

“Can you see the upper ball, Roger? I planted it so deeply. Shall I spread her so far open that you can see her cervix?”

“Please no, Miss Margie, I’m sorry,” a tearful Lilly pleads.

Roger gapes. The lustful sight brings stiffness. Miss Margie notes and wickedly extends her left foot. She presses the firm shaft down into the mattress.

“You’ll get yours later, Roger,” smiling with his groan of anguish.

Miss Margie’s right hand rises.

“You know how tempting these pudgy globes are. Why do you provoke me?”

The hand rapidly drops to the right cheek. There follows the sound of a crisp smack along with the energetic ringing of chimes. Then there is a howl. Roger lustily notes how the semi gelatinous spheres wriggle and roll. He himself squirms, frottaging his engorged penis between the mattress and Miss Margie’s pressing foot. There is pain but there is also distant pleasure. The view excites.

The hand rises and crashes against the left cheek. A smack, more peals, another howl, more lustful writhing. But for Lilly... agony. Still, it is a most alluring display.

Smack, smack, smack. The perfect sex slave.... bald, balled and belled... howls and squirms.

“Only I am to decide who achieves orgasm here. You’ll only spend when I find it entertaining to have you spend,” Miss Margie sternly lectures.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

Roger’s gaze shifts to the enormous breasts that dangle, bobbing about with each spank, on the opposing side of Miss Margie’s seated thighs. Whatever is Miss Margie’s program, diet and exercise, she has bred Lilly as one would breed a prized cattle. Not fat, certainly not thin, Lilly is Rubenesque, yet the layers of rounded flesh are firm. The result is some five foot three inches of hairless, smooth, warm and soft femininity. She sleeps with Miss Margie, her head wedged between her thighs, tongue and lips apparently servicing with ardor.

Roger also marvels at the tan epidermis. It is as if Miss Margie has selected a hue of golden brown and stuffed Lilly’s naked form into a tanning bed until such a shade is achieved. Obviously her demanded coloring is uniform, evenly colored breasts and pubes evidencing Lilly’s complete nudity and the denial of covering at all times.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

The tan about the buttocks begins to redden. There come three more smacks and Miss Margie terminates her chastisement.

“Now, Roger. Cunnilingus requires two, and that tongue was rather eager to serve. You are to be admonished as well. Only I am to decide who achieves orgasm here. And that is the only one you will ever be permitted to abet.”

Miss Margie twists her foot, painfully grinding Roger’s swollen penis tip into the coarse mattress.

“Your next procedure will be agonizing, Roger. There was to be some relief from the pain. But not now.”

Procedure and Punishment

“Normally, Roger, I ice down the penis before penetration. Prince Albert piercings are quite painful.”

Roger remains supine and bound. Miss Margie toys with his penis. The left hand palms the shaft. The right begins the patting motion. Ominous for Roger, such acts have led to agonizing electro ejaculation in the past.

“No please, Miss Margie”.

“I’m not going to milk you. I just want it stiff. I’ve been told it increases the sensitivity and, after your dalliance with Lilly, I want you to feel the effect of my altering fingers. Matter of fact, I’m going to heat the needle.”

“No!”

“Oh yes. You need to learn a lesson, Roger.”

Pat. Pat. Pat. Roger is to become forcibly stiff. Miss Margie knows too well the male appendage. Yes, it blossoms as the hand encourages the circulation and a wickedly smiling Miss Margie observes.

“Your guiche healed nicely. Can you feel the ring?”

Pat. Pat. Pat.

“Yes, ma’am.”

Pat. Pat. Pat.

“Good. You’re going to get another. Right through the penis tip and your urethra.”

Roger squirms. How many times was he forced to endure the knowing hand of then Nurse Rachel, now Miss Margie? Despite the realization that the end of the process brought gut wrenching agony, he hardened for her time after time. Nurse Rachel... now Miss Margie knowingly brought him to full stiffness, turned on the electro stimulator, and set the timer, her hand callously gauging the spastic muscle reaction as Roger was forcibly drained. Every third day. Week after week.

Pat. Pat. Pat.

Her hand action brings vivid recollections.

Pat. Pat. Pat.

“Okay. It’s getting nice and plump and stiff for Miss Margie.”

A nearby alcohol lamp burns. The patting hand moves to retrieve a needle, sharp and curved. Miss Margie holds it over the flame, gently squeezing the swollen penis tip with her left hand. Her fingers feel good, controlling, offering just enough manipulation to maintain full tumescence while the needle heats.

“Well this should certainly test my Posey cuffs.”

Miss Margie makes the astute observation as the right hand with heated needle slowly moves to join the left hand with Roger’s erection.

“Scream and shout and cry, Roger. No one to hear you down here.”

With that, the needle and penis tip are aligned and Roger watches petrified as Miss Margie deftly spears his penis tip. Into the urethral opening, the intense pain of the heat brings the first wave of agony. Then after gliding inward for a well measured inch or more, Miss Margie adjusts the angle of penetration. The sharp needle point breaks the most sensitive inner skin and Roger screams anew as the tip exits the underside of his stiff shaft.

Roger draws in more air to scream again. Miss Margie just smiles.

“Gotcha. I’m going to be inserting a thick ring so I made the opening well into your penis. Less likely it will ever tear.”

Once again Miss Margie works the needle about to assure a good opening as Roger fights the ineluctable cuffs and straps. The pain hardly subsides. She then releases her left hand and utilizes the penetrating needle to toy with Roger’s manhood. She playfully swings it about as Roger watches in horror.

“Like catching a big fish,” Miss Margie casually notes.

“Sometimes it’s more fun to play the line for awhile before finally reeling it in.”

Precaution

“Yes, I know it was all Lilly’s scheme. After all you can’t make her sit on your face. But you’re going to be burdened with most of my precautions. I want her naked at all times and sexually aroused... for me. So it’s you who will bear the brunt.

“Open wide, now Roger. It will be uncomfortable, but you’ll get used to it—I suppose.”

Miss Margie holds an inflatable dildo gag. A loose strip of rubber attached to a penis shaped main body with an air hose and puffolator for inflation. There are straps and locking buckles. And as Roger stares he is both alarmed and amazed. Wherever would Miss Margie find such a device?

“The gay community uses this to train for oral servitude. This strip will teach you to control your gag reflex. And of course the phallus shape of the main body will acclimate your mouth to accept a nice stiff penis. Meanwhile there will be no more cunnilingus... least not for Lilly.”

Miss Margie’s left hand reaches forth and the fingers pinch closed Roger’s nostrils. He opens his mouth for air and Miss Margie’s right hand awaits, rubber strip aligned.

“In we go...”

The strip is inserted. Having been trained in intubating patients, Miss Margie knows not to hesitate. She pushes quickly and the main body of the gag follows into Roger’s mouth. As the left hand releases the nostrils, the right begins to pump the puffolator. Roger fights the invading strip—thin, loose but effective. Yet he feels the gag expand. Next the straps encircle his head. Buckles clatter. There comes the click of a small lock. Roger is secured into the cruel dildo gag.

“A little more air?” Miss Margie wickedly inquires.

Roger energetically shakes his head, then groans as Miss Margie callously squeezes the puffolator to assure Roger’s mouth is completely filled, his jaw strained.

“Guess you’re going to really appreciate feeding times now.”

Tears form as Roger’s blindfold is replaced.

“You’ve missed work for five nights now, Roger. I am sure the authorities have been alerted and there are bulletins both seeking your incarceration and warning of a sexual predator on the loose. You’ve broken the terms of your sentence commutation and are facing six years minimum upon capture. So lie and enjoy your relative freedom. Your Prince Albert piercing is healing nicely. In a few days I will begin training you.”

Some Diversion

Miss Margie removes his blindfold and Roger is surprised to have to clench his eyes. For the first time the basement is fully lit.

“Some entertainment for you, Roger. It must be quite boring to lie there day after day.”

Roger feels the tending fingers of Miss Margie grasp his penis. As his eyes adjust, he glances down to see her inspecting the metal bar thrust through his Prince Albert piercing. She seems satisfied, for next she holds a receptacle and pushes the penis tip into the opening.

“Psst. Psst.”

Roger’s shyness has been decimated. He indeed needs to go and releases his bladder as Miss Margie directs the flow.

“You’ll be learning to do this—for Lilly.”

Roger’s attention is diverted by the sound of machinery. Though Roger has many times before heard the drone, he has assumed that it emanates from what is normally sheltered in a basement... washing machine, clothes dryer, furnace. Instead he looks over to see the alluring, naked form of Lilly. She’s on a treadmill, walking briskly, wrists cuffed behind her back as always. He notes that her chimes do not ring. Instead the two slim lengths of metal are connected to a cord that is secured to the front stanchion of the machine.

She and the treadmill are one and Roger cannot imagine the dire consequences of failing to properly keep pace with the rotating canvas. He knows the chimes are connected to deeply implanted Ben Wa balls, permanently implanted, hanging from attachments to her vaginal walls.

Miss Margie notes his inquisitive observation.

“As I said, I keep Lilly’s form as I like it. Toned. Adequate muscling. A nice layer of soft fat. I’ve molded her since she’s been with me. Everything that she ingests I monitor. All energy expended is under my tutelage. All so I can have a

pretty little cherub frolicking about my house... naked... eager... sexually servile. Bald, balled and belled.”

Roger watches. The scene is indeed entrancing. The motion causes the breasts to rhythmically bounce. The leg muscles ripple... and of course there are the buttocks... so toned... so shapely... so inviting of the hand that spanked them. And they roll so deliciously.

“Lilly is bisexual, Roger. As you found the other day her preference for sex is not bound by gender, just quantity and frequency, everything she can get, all the time. I’ve created a little nymphomaniac. And whereas keeping her chaste and randy is a chore, the result is a tongue that’s quite eager to serve.”

Miss Margie laughs.

“You’re going to be rutting her for me. When I arrive home from work she’ll be dripping more than ever, and eager to serve me.”

Miss Margie notes that the lustful viewing has brought firmness. She gently pats Roger’s speared penis as it slowly swells.

“Enjoy your erection while you can,” she smilingly advises.

“Now let’s get you out of that gag so I can feed you.”

Freedom!

“Morning, Roger.”

Roger senses fingers working about his penis tip. The retaining bar is slid away. Miss Margie works with aplomb, as always. She inspects and declares Roger’s opening healed.

“Time to ring you, Roger. Would you like me to masturbate you one last time? Perhaps just attain a nice erection and show off for me?”

No words to be offered. Roger shakes his head, the cruel dildo gag remaining in place.

“I’m going keep you permanently chaste, Roger. As you know I have this thing about orgasms—uncountable and unending for me, while few and controlled for my little house pets. So I can’t have you romping about naked and with unfettered access to your joystick.”

Roger feels his ankle cuffs being released.

“Knees to your chest.”

He obeys.

“So your Prince Albert ring will be quite practical, and rather daunting.”

Roger senses the burning sensation of something being inserted into his urethra then exiting his new opening. Then his penis is drawn down toward his rectum.

“It will be attached to your guiche. Hereafter, you’ll need to stay flaccid, and you’ll need to squat to pee. But at least you shall have the key to the bathroom.”

Roger senses hands working about. There comes tension on the guiche piercing and ring at his perineum. There is tugging on whatever has been inserted into his Prince Albert piercing. There comes a pause then a slight mechanical squeak. The hands withdraw, but Roger’s penis remains pulled and pointed downward.

“There. Your Prince Albert ring is inserted, threaded through the guiche and closed tight. Somewhat permanent. It can be cut away, but you’ll not find the tools to do so in this house.”

Roger hears the rip of velcro being loosened. He knows that the clever form of bondage offers his captor the ability to instantly slip away the bands holding his wrists to the hooks imbedded in the concrete floor.

“Remove your blindfold, Roger. Time to begin your training.”

Roger complies, his eyes blinking in the basement lights. For the first time in many days he can freely move. He sits up and looks at his... his what? Owner... protector... tormentor? He points to his gag with an inquiring look.

“Oh no, Roger, that remains locked in place. I want Lilly randy and eager... for me. She licks divinely when she can't achieve her own orgasm. You'll not be offering cunnilingus, although that tongue may be freed for other service.”

Miss Margie reaches and grasps the right ear. The comforting rolling of the cartilage follows as she leans and whispers.

“Certain times of the month, a girl can really appreciate some servile male attention... from well trained tongue and lips.”

The New Protocol

“Just as you had an exacting regimen in Sing Sing, so you shall have one here.”

Miss Margie lectures as Roger sits across from her in the kitchen. The Rubenesque Lilly stands nearby, displaying her glorious nakedness. Roger cannot help gazing. Miss Margie slyly permits him to look all he desires. The initial twinge within his loins, which normally portends tumescence, occurred when Lilly first entered the kitchen. Now he can feel himself engorge, the penis tip energetically tugging at his recently implanted ring. The discomfort slowly increases.

“Every evening you will sleep secured to your mattress. I want you to feel my control for many hours per day. You can think about Lilly and I comfortably snuggling in my bed. Hopefully you won’t tumefy, but your new ring will take care of that. I will feed you each morning at 6 a.m., then release you. Thereafter you will perform the following...

“First you will awaken Lilly. I let her sleep a little late since she spends so many hours licking me while I sleep. I prefer that she visit the bathroom while supervised. Since her hands stray, and you know where, her wrists will be kept locked behind her back at almost all times. Thus you will learn to wipe her after her toilet visits and assure that her chimes do not impede any excretions.”

Roger looks to see that Lilly somewhat blushes.

“Oh yes. You and Lilly are going to become quite intimate.

“Second. Work out time. I want her thoroughly exercised. The treadmill. You will learn to attach her chimes to encourage her to keep pace. And yes, Roger you can stare all you want, watch those delicious rolls of feminine flesh alluringly flop about for an hour or so.

“Third. Bath time. You will shave her. Not a trace of stubble. Anywhere. Check every nook and cranny. Most follicles are gone so it won’t be too time consuming. Then you will bathe her. Matter of fact you can get right into the tub with her. It’s large. I have her there myself on most Saturday nights.

“Fourth. A massage. Most men are clumsy. You will be taught. I want her oiled with her golden skin gleaming.

“Fifth. Breakfast. A special diet for Lilly. High fat. High calorie. Keeps her a little plump. Just the way I want her. With her hands secured, you’ll need to spoon feed her.

“Sixth. House cleaning. You’ll clean. Lilly will just lounge about like the belled feline she is. You will keep the place spotless, Roger.

“Seventh. Every other day... into the tanning bed. As you can see I like a nice bronzed color. Uniform. Make sure every inch of her is exposed. Close supervision. I think you’ll enjoy watching.

“Eighth. My return. I’ll want a chilled Chardonnay waiting. I’ll want Lilly in the cunnilingus chair.

“Infractions will be dealt with. Repeated infractions will result in another dose of fentanyl and a trip to the park bench, across from the school yard.”

Miss Margie’s hand extends out to Lilly standing at her side. Her fingers toy with the dangling chimes then glide upwards to gently pinch and roll a tuft of the exposed pink of her inner labial flesh. Her hand action brings ringing. Lilly squeals. Roger should not be surprised to see the feet move to further separate her thighs and offer better access. Her feminine fragrance wafts.

“As wet as always. When did I last fist you, pumpkin?”

More blushing.

“Now let’s test that new ring, shall we Roger?”

Miss Margie’s hand retreats and she points under the table.

“Lilly, let’s see if Roger can get a nice fat erection. On your knees. Suck him.”

The Regimen Begins

“Do exercise her well, Roger. And by the way, there are hidden video cameras in the house. I’ll know if certain tasks are not completed. And I will also know if certain fingers stray for too long where only I am permitted to play.

“She can be quite the temptress and will certainly offer herself for manual gratification as well as oral,” Miss Margie forewarns.

“Chow,” Miss Margie steps out the front door.

While Roger awoke Lilly and supervised her bathroom visit, Miss Margie ate breakfast and dressed. Now she is off to the asylum. Roger imagines how many inmates she will restrain and masturbate, her hands accomplished, her awareness of the male anatomy thorough, her demeanor so cruel and controlling.

Penis ringed, mouth gagged, Roger must perform in silence and use hand gestures. With Miss Margie having departed, Roger considers his options.

Escape?

No clothing. All closets locked. All towels too small to offer suitable covering. Besides, for how long would his prospective prison term be extended if spotted while walking in a residential neighborhood half naked? A repeat sex offender captured in flagrante delicto!

A peek at the calendar suggests Miss Margie kept him secured in the basement for some ten days. Even the most amicable supervisor at his cleaning service employer would have to divulge his disappearance by now. It was part of the hiring program for ex cons that errant activities be reported.

Yes, he’s a sought man for sure.

Roger points to the basement. The luscious and bald Lilly stands, her breasts so prominently displayed with her wrists cuffed and locked behind her back. She smiles.

“Would you like me to suck some more?” the child like voice teasingly suggests.

Roger is reminded of Miss Margie's experiment in the kitchen. The tongue of bisexual Lilly danced about his ringed organ initially bringing great pleasure until the swelling grievously tugged at the Prince Albert piercing. The pain came, and it was sharp and agonizing.

Thus, after being mentally emasculated at the clinic through the many weeks of electro ejaculation, he now finds himself physically neutered as well.

And so he shakes his head vigorously and points to the basement door. In turn Lilly coquettishly shakes her head. Roger is at a loss. Then he recalls the brisk spanking he was forced to observe. Thus he steps forward and swings his hand, striking the smooth gelatinous warmth with a splat. Lilly yelps then giggles, Roger's disciplinary attempt received as more of a tease than punishment.

Still, when he raises his hand again, Lilly avoids and begins her prance. Her chimes ring and Roger watches most lustfully as her amazing form, rolls of delicious flesh wagging about, gracefully moves to the basement door as directed.

The twinge returns to Roger's loins. It will be a long day. Such mental torment. Such physical trauma.

The Treadmill

Sweat brings a fine sheen to Lilly's glorious golden flesh. Roger watches entranced as the basement lights seem to make her wondrous form glow. His libido is aflame. One hundred ten pounds of well sculpted feminine flesh performs before him. Step after step, Lilly perfects perfection. Each footfall brings a delightful bounce to the huge breasts. A nearly equivalent lustful sight is the buttocks. Roger moves about to observe from one position then another, deciding which angle best arouses.

All!

His pierced penis engorges. The swollen tip fights the Prince Albert ring, permanently trapped in being secured to Miss Margie's guiche piercing. Such a diabolical modification!

Meanwhile Lilly works in earnest. As instructed, Roger has attached her chimes to thin cords emanating from the front of the treadmill. The slightest stutter step will bring intense discomfort, not fully imaginable, but Roger envisions being similarly secured by his balls.

"Please Roger, let me rest and I will lick you... wherever you'd like..."

A gagged Roger cannot answer. He dares not chance being caught on one of Miss Margie's hidden video cameras. His infraction at Sing Sing comes to mind, along with the ultimate punishment for transgression—a trip to the park bench. So Lilly endeavors on and on.

And he wishes instead that he could lick her.

Bath Time

A well worn Lilly is eager for the respite of a bath.

Roger directs her to an oversized bathroom where a huge tub awaits. He follows, transfixed by the buttocks. Each of his footsteps seems to highlight the fact that his swollen penis cannot fully stand... not even move really. In being kept forcibly chaste, observing her workout was frustrating. His mind races in thinking about the forthcoming task: a complete shaving and close inspection of every inch of her flesh. He thinks of all the other times frolicking with femininity... cheap women he enticed with abundant dollars. Every large deal he closed on Wall Street was celebrated with a bacchanalia... much food... much wine... many women.

And now he is charged with the care of a nymphomaniac, one overly eager to serve with tongue and lips. With chimes freely ringing, Roger thinks of the arousal each of Lilly's footsteps must bring. The peals announce the gyration of her implanted balls... the slow and incomplete masturbation of Miss Margie's sex slave.

Roger has Lilly stand near a window. She glows with the morning sun. Shaving lotion. Razor. His excited hands tremble in coating everywhere. Miss Margie will have to do the underarms, having the only key to the wrist cuffs. But otherwise Roger will glide the sharp blade everywhere, then examine her body unfettered.

As Roger kneels, Lilly parts her feet to provide access to her inner thighs. She is both expectant and obedient, having endured the depilation so often. She whispers.

"Can you play with me there? Please! The treadmill makes my balls bounce. I need attention there. Miss Margie is so cruel."

Her plea draws Roger's attention to the fine plump outer labia, veiling most of her charms except for a most enticing narrow strip of inner labia which so invitingly peeks below. The slit of her lips yields to a slim length of nylon that bears the chimes. Roger thrills in contemplating how deeply the cord penetrates her quim, holding in place the teasing lower ball, rising to end

well into her vaginal pouch where a second presumable larger ball also gyrates to bring unfulfilled sexual joy.

From the hip to the ankle, Roger begins with the right leg. There is really nothing to be scythed. As Miss Margie stated, the girl has been well depilated, a lifetime of enduring powerful chemicals.

Still he works, the proximity most arousing. But initial stimulation brings discomfort. Continued stimulation brings pain, attempts at full erection are agonizing. He must concentrate! Not only is he physically emasculated, he must also learn mental control.

Such wickedness!

As Roger glides the razor about, he senses the amazing conditioning of Lilly. Beneath every inch of skin there is a perfect layer of subcutaneous fat. One half inch, increasing to a full inch where a girl most desires curves. Yet beneath that, Roger can feel extraordinary muscling. Miss Margie exercises her sex slave regularly and to a grueling degree.

The legs competed, Roger lathers the chest, his hand once again trembling as the mammoth hillocks seem so firm as to defy the palpation of the blade and his examining fingers.

“But there’s nothing to shave there!” Lilly protests.

Roger may as well have some amount of entertainment. Thus he enjoys the proximity, ignoring Lilly’s remonstrations.

Yes, Lilly’s breasts are unnecessarily shaved, Roger trying his best to steady his hand and enjoy without attempts to tumefy.

Water for the tub is drawn as the head, arms, back, stomach are shaved. Roger leaves the pubes for last. When he points to the floor, Lilly obediently lies. Roger soaps the glabrous triangle of flesh between her hips. Lilly knows to part her thighs to offer access.

“You can play with my chimes? Please?”

Roger indeed must move the slim lengths of hollow metal. But he dares not play. Instead his left hand gently pulls the pair to the left as his right scythes to assure the pubes are smooth and

without stubble. When next he moves the chimes to the right, Lilly sighs with the ephemeral joy of sensing the lower Ben Wa ball caress her labia. Roger ignores her reaction and completes the shaving of Lilly's entire nakedness.

He points again, this time to the warm water in the tub. His penis renews its efforts to stand. Lilly will now be bathed and he will once again enjoy palpating Miss Margie's creation of perfection.

Feeding and House Cleaning

Miss Margie has prepared the special concoction that Lilly must consume. In being locked into the dildo gag, Roger cannot partake. It is just as well. The thick gelatinous mass has the consistency of well chilled yogurt. Yet Roger knows it fattens, and does so divinely. He envisions Miss Margie's efforts as that of a sculptor shaping a masterpiece. What calories were burned in the grueling workout, the glop assures such are restored, maintaining Lilly's softness, the perfect sex slave to have as a sleeping companion.

Lilly's entire form gleams with the massage oil. She will be most presentable when Miss Margie returns from her long day of tormenting and masturbating her asylum subordinates. Roger will gladly add a second coat of viscous liquid shortly before her arrival. Smoothing his hands over her amazing flesh excites, yet his reaction brings pain to his well secured manhood.

Lilly eats without objection or comment, graciously accepting the offered spoonfuls. Though well aware of the concoction's effect on her physique, she has no choice but to indulge. Roger has orders... nothing else but water is to be offered.

"If you play... down there... I will lick your balls for you," Lilly offers to counter the forced chastity of both.

But Roger can achieve no ultimate gratification, and there are those cameras. Miss Margie has vowed punishment for the slightest infraction. He shakes his head in objection as the last spoonful is offered.

Time for dishes to be cleaned. Then the entire house. Miss Margie has left a list of chores. It is long and arduous. Meanwhile, just as the belled cat Miss Margie aptly described, Lilly is free to prance about. The motion of the chimes offers her a distant thrill, but it is evident that the dangling baubles more tease than please. Eventually she curls up on pre-assigned rug where her coating of massage oil will not stain.

Roger just works, struggling not to give in to the temptation of offering his well secured penis to the accomplished tongue and

lips of Lilly.

Preparing for Miss Margie

Roger notes the time. 6:00 p.m. Miss Margie is due!

He dashes about the house stowing all cleaning paraphernalia. This houseboy has tediously cleaned everywhere. Though degrading, he thinks of the curious dichotomy of life in Sing Sing—dull and dangerous. Those deemed to be sexual predators wear marked uniforms and are therefore constantly subjected to ridicule and possible harm from fellow inmates. At Miss Margie's he just safely serves and cleans.

A reasonable exchange?

His last chore is to locate Lilly, give her a quick slather of oil to enhance her sheen then place her in the cunnilingus chair. A glass of Chardonnay will also need to be presented, but Roger suspects that Lilly's well trained tongue and lips are to be the foremost offering after a grueling day at the asylum.

Roger grabs the bottle of oil and begins to search. Gagged, he cannot call out. Instead he strolls about listening to finally hear the distant chiming of the belled sex slave. He bounds upstairs. There he finds Lilly in a spare bedroom, her chimes beginning to ring with zeal.

He steps within and smiles into his gag. Though with bound wrists, Lilly has somehow managed to open a closet door. Whereas all outer door knobs are square and rough, Miss Margie, being well aware of a concupiscent girl's urge to penetrate herself for self gratification, the inner door knobs are round and smooth. Lilly is comically attempting to frottage her quim. The door is pushed open. She backs against it, bending and pressing back with her buttocks. But the door moves further back on its hinges. Lilly continues to move with it, trying to capture the knob between her cheeks. Her chimes signal her frustration. Roger watches until she traps it against the wall, lifts on her toes to position her vaginal opening and then bends and begins to mount in earnest.

He knows from merely manipulating the loose lower ball, which so tantalizingly flutters about her inner labia, that she can bring instant self gratification. And in frictioning her

vaginal walls with the smooth surface of sizable brass knob, she will soon be climaxing. The Ben Wa balls transform her libido into a cache of dynamite ready to explode.

Roger feels the familiar twinge within his loins in watching the nakedness, the fine flesh rippling and rolling about as Lilly endeavors to become one naughty little girl. Yet, knowing there are hidden video cameras, he dares not appear to be abetting while Lilly chances an infraction. As he steps into the room Lilly finally notes his presence.

“Please don’t stop me! It took nearly an hour to find the key and pry the door open with my hands secured like this.”

A silenced Roger cannot reply. Instead he steps forward and utilizes the most effective method for discouraging Lilly’s reprehensible behavior. Just as in the morning workout session when he used her chimes to control her, attaching such to the treadmill, he once again reaches down and palms the pair of hollow metal lengths. His hand closes to carefully grasp. The small surfaces are dripping with her essence!

“No! No!”

In being attached to a girl’s most sensitive anatomy, Lilly knows she is powerless to resist. When Roger offers the slightest tug, the caressing smoothness of the penetrating door knob is quickly forgotten. Lilly dismounts and gingerly follows Roger’s pulls.

“Please be careful of my cunny,” Lilly beseeches as Roger leads and Lilly follows.

Returning Home

Roger marvels at the design and engineering of Miss Margie's lounge chair. At the back, it is hinged, vertically from top to bottom. The surface of the seat splits. And when unlatched, the front edge can separate and open. This enlarges the hole in the seat's surface, from the circumference of a human neck to an opening which more readily accepts entry of the head.

As trained Roger releases the latch and parts the seat, a well oiled Lilly knows to lower herself to the floor and slide feet first under the chair. She wriggles along a towel, placed on the floor to absorb both oil and feminine juices, until her head slips between the parted front edge and resides within the hole in the seat. Roger then carefully pushes together the parted two halves, entrapping Lilly's neck while she sits upright, torso, legs and feet disappearing under the chair, her head popping up above the seat's surface, her hands and arms remaining secured behind her back. She faces the padded seat back. There she knows to await her owner as Roger slathers her hairless head with more oil and arduously checks for any missed stubble.

With Lilly well restrained and prepared, Roger dashes to the kitchen. As he pops the cork on a fine bottle of Chardonnay, he hears the front door unlatch.

Miss Margie has returned.

"Well isn't that nice of my pretty naked pet to be waiting for me!"

Roger's timing is perfect. He exits the kitchen with silver tray and well chilled glass. He is shocked to see that Miss Margie has removed her shoes and is slipping out of her well starched white skirt.

"Been a long day. Had a particularly truculent patient, a young man of color, as we reference the boys from the 'hood.'"

Roger gapes as Miss Margie tosses her skirt onto a nearby couch to stand naked from the waist down. She notes his look of surprise.

“Well, you didn’t think Lilly eats my pussy through my clothing did you?”

Roger notes the well trimmed mons, sizable labia protecting the entrance to her sheath. Though large, a meaty clitoral hood cloaking her feminine pearl, everything on Miss Margie is proportional. Legs Roger knew to be well shaped are somewhat muscular. As Roger continues to gaze, Miss Margie places her hands on her hips.

“Well?”

Roger humbly skulks forward to offer the wine.

“You’re mentally and physically neutered, Roger. Stop aggravating yourself and serve. You can’t even lick pussy the way I keep you gagged, so don’t get any ideas.”

Miss Margie takes the glass. Her free hand lowers to toy with Roger’s restrained penis, emphasizing his emasculation. She then moves to the cunnilingus chair, her right foot lifting to step over the well restrained arms and hands of Lilly. She deftly sits, placing the wine on a table to her right. Both hands then extend to the back of Lilly’s head. She briefly offers massage, first kneading the smooth well oiled baldness then, as with Roger, aggressively caressing both ears.

“I want you licking until your tongue goes numb.”

With that she adjusts her sitting position, somewhat slouching down to sink into the thick padding and sliding her hips forward. Roger sees a tongue extend as the parted thighs close, pressing against Lilly’s ears to better offer her labial flesh for oral servitude.

“Stand there and wait,” she commands, pointing to her left.

Roger hears wet flesh greeting wet flesh. Miss Margie cheerily hums in accepting the lustful greeting. She closes her eyes and tilts back her head, reveling in delight.

“I don’t know why they do it, Roger. Street criminals thinking that a plea of insanity brings easy time to serve. They don’t understand it is a one way street. Once under my governance there are no appeals, no way to escape. Nothing they say will

ever have an effect on their treatment, after all they're deemed insane!"

Miss Margie cackles.

"So a newcomer decides to verbally challenge me. Nicely built black kid, an armed robber who took a hostage and decided that his best out was an insanity plea rather than facing a kidnapping charge. So he's now in my web, and he thinks I'm there to be his maid... food... drink... service on demand."

Miss Margie cackles again.

"When he found out otherwise, he became rather bellicose. So I quieted him—eventually. But not until after I turned his penis raw with a pumice stone then masturbated him with salted mineral oil. A great torment, by the way Roger, every stroke of my hand stings. Never saw a boy beg not to get off the way he did."

"Please stop. Please stop," Miss Margie laughingly mimics the boy's pleas.

"I stroked for an hour or more. With his incessant pleading a number of the girls joined me to watch. When I deemed him ready to come, I inserted a nail file into his urethra and irritated the hell out of the skin there also. So with brown penis reddened to raw meat, and his urethral opening ablaze as well, I brought him off. Right in front of all the other nurses. With his own juices burning the irritated urethral passage, he screamed like no other. But we're used to noises—screams, yells, hollering. No one paid heed except my little audience.

"He'll be more respectful now. And when all that chafed skin heals, maybe I'll do it again. He's quite well hung. Squirts like a fire hose."

More cackles as Miss Margie takes a sip and squirms with the pleasure of Lilly's tongue.

"He's also uncircumcised. So I'll begin to report incidences of phimosis. You know those government doctors, Roger. They'll tell me to snip him faster and with less compunction than swatting a fly.

"I can't wait to see the look on his face."

The left hand extends to palm Roger's testicles. Then the fingers slip between and under the thighs where Roger's ringed penis tip is secured to the guiche. A knowing digit finds then gyrates about the glans penis, that most sensitive male erogenous zone, just where the Prince Albert exits the urethra. Obviously the excitement, Roger's close observation of arduous oral servitude, is enhanced with the physical joy of a well trained finger. His engorgement transforms to an outright attempt to stiffen. He grimaces. Miss Margie senses his plight and laughs.

"You're not going to hurt yourself, are you Roger? It'll only stand for you if the ring tears, and ironically the intense pain and messiness of that will just make you flaccid."

Morning

“You did well to stop her.”

Miss Margie comments as she sits on Roger’s stomach. He lies well restrained on his thin mattress. Gratefully his gag has been removed. It is feeding time.

Though it would be quicker to feed himself, there is a satisfying transference of power in spoon feeding her helpless house boy. Thus with a diaphanous negligee covering her bosom, but offering a slight glimpse of huge mammary glands, Roger partakes in her offering. He can feel the fleshy softness covering her powerful thighs and buttocks. Miss Margie is again sans garments below the waist.

“Lilly services me best when horny. And since I always want her at her best, she will always be horny. What little frottaging she attained on that door knob probably heightened her needs just enough so that she worked my quim with particular passion. So I thank you. Meanwhile I will better hide all the keys, and she’ll be punished on Saturday.”

Though his ability to speak has been temporarily restored, Roger knows to remain silent. Yet Miss Margie notes his perplexed look.

“Don’t be surprised that I know. I told you there were hidden cameras. I reviewed the tapes last night. Lilly should certainly know better after all this time. I suppose she thought the spare bedroom would not be surveiled. But now she will know for certain. I have an all day punishment planned.”

“My I speak, Miss Margie?”

Miss Margie nods.

“Getting to know me better, Roger... why I do these things?”

Roger ignores the question.

“Must I be gagged—constantly?”

“Yes. Most of the time. But as your duties expand there will be times when you won’t be gagged. Yet I suspect during those times you wish you were.”

Miss Margie offers another spoonful. She wickedly wriggles her hips, increasing the pressure of her weight on Roger's bladder. She knows he needs to be rid of his nightly buildup of excretions.

"One more spoonful. Then it's time for freedom, and to replace the gag."

Roger eagerly takes the last offering. Then as indicated, the cruel dildo gag returns, the loose length of rubber sliding to the back of his throat. While he fights the urge to gag, Miss Margie inflates it to fill his mouth then slips away the connecting tube and puffolator.

Roger supposes that there is some clever way of deflating the frustrating mass of rubber, perhaps pressing against the tube's insertion point with a pencil, knife or fork. But to re-inflate it before Miss Margie's return? That has become enigmatic. Thus he accepts the offering... further emasculation at the hands of his... his what? Nurse? Keeper? Warden? Governess?

"Time for the day's chores," Miss Margie announces.

Roger is always amazed at how quickly and easily freedom is offered. The Posy cuffs adhere to wrists and ankles utilizing thick double strips of velcro. Thus the quick tearing sounds of release have come to signify great relief, most satisfying relief. For Roger quickly arises and dashes to the bathroom. There, as Miss Margie has relegated, he must squat to pee, his entrapped penis permanently pointing in a direction that permits no other method of bladder relief.

Miss Margie follows and smilingly observes as Roger relieves himself. He looks up from the toilet, once again noting the well shaped legs, the sheer negligee offering a partial view of the mons Lilly so ardently serviced the evening before.

"When you bathe Lilly today, get in the tub with her, Roger. You need to smell better. So enjoy yourself."

A hand extends. Roger's right ear is sensuously kneaded. Miss Margie knows better than Roger of the psychological effect of her controlling touch, particularly as he pees, squatting to do so as a result of a woman's demanded modification.

“You are going to tell me what happens when you stroke yourself, Roger. It is emotionally painful for you to think about... to talk about... but you will. I am curious to learn of the results of Dr. Grayson’s therapy. Meanwhile you will be kept by a woman, chaste, gagged, bound, and effectively neutered.”

Another day

Miss Margie departs to arrange her own breakfast. Roger knows to move upstairs to the bedroom where an exhausted Lilly slumbers. Stepping into the luxurious sleeping quarters, his nose is overwhelmed by the scent of feminine fragrance. As he witnessed during cocktail hour, Miss Margie is insatiable, and Lilly's tongue indefatigable. When he spies the bulging bed sheets, he knows his penis will soon be once again testing its evil restraint. He peels back a cover and sure enough, the magnificent naked form of Lilly lies, wrists bound, her mouth, chin and cheeks coated with traces of Miss Margie's copious spending.

Roger reaches and gently taps her hip to announce his presence. Lilly stirs, rolling to bring tintinnabulation to her chimes. Roger mischievously grasps the slim lengths and jostles, knowing the effect of his teasing hand will be felt deep within Lilly's vaginal pouch.

A smile unfolds, Lilly's mind stepping from a pleasant dream to return to reality.

"You can play more while I sleep," she proclaims.

Roger's day is packed. Along with daily chores there is added time for Lilly to be sunned, her bronzing maintained. Thus he more forcefully jostles the chimes. Lilly knows to arise. Upon standing her full bladder signals its need and she steps quickly to the bathroom. Roger knows to follow. He is required.

Without a helping hand, Lilly's chimes would dangle into the toilet bowl. Thus as Lilly seats herself, Roger must stand most proximate, lean and again take hold of what keeps Lilly in a constant state of randiness. She sighs as he lifts to assure there is nothing to impede her flow. The lower Ben Wa ball pops into view, its temporary exit offering a brief and satisfying gyration.

"Play with my chimes, Roger. Please. Some nice soft pulls will feel so good."

As Lilly's bladder opens, Roger's mind flashes to Miss Margie's comments concerning the closet door incident. If a

spare bedroom is under surveillance, then for sure all events in the bathroom are duly recorded. He stills his hand.

“Can I lick your balls?”

Roger shakes his head.

“Want to play with my nipples?”

Yes, he does... but dares not. Instead he idly gazes at the naked nymph as she does her business. As her bowels move, he recalls the many embarrassing sessions at the clinic when Miss Margie, then Nurse Rachel, dutifully prepared his anus to accept the electro stimulation probe. And now as she finishes her task, it is Roger’s turn to wipe, use of Lilly’s hands being constantly denied.

Such a foul deed, but such a shapely posterior. Roger first dries the vaginal lips then, as Lilly stands, turns and bends at the waist, more forcefully cleanses the gluteal cleft.

The proximity of his hands, feeling her warm smoothness, brings stirring to his loins. He feels his penis begin to engorge. Hearing Lilly’s chimes peal, he knows she is sensing distant delight. Meanwhile he will soon be in pain.

Miss Margie is most diabolical, leaving the two to frustrate each other day after day.

Yet, it is time for exercise. And as Roger leads Lilly from the bathroom, Miss Margie strolls into the bedroom and removes her negligee in preparing to shower. When she turns to step towards the bathroom, Roger pauses in astonishment. Naked, completely exposed to Roger’s gaze for the first time, Miss Margie proves to be an incredibly conditioned and well figured Amazon. Below the massive breasts, larger than those born by Lilly’s more diminutive frame, there ripple the abdominal muscles of a toned athlete.

Miss Margie laughs as Roger gawks.

“You can only look, Roger—unless I decide otherwise.”

Saturday

“Don’t hurt yourself. Stay calm,” Miss Margie mocks.

Roger feels as if his organs are aflame. The twinges have come and such begin the slow engorgement of his penis. He feels the Prince Albert ring belligerently tugging against the guiche piercing. He needs cold water—ice. Yet, he watches in amazement.

A white uniformed Miss Margie has Lilly strapped into a gynecological examination chair, her feet and calves in stirrups which she has parted to the maximum. The many folds of Lilly’s love nest are separated to reveal in full all a girl wishes to conceal. The chimes hang below to freely ring, the lower Ben Wa ball has popped from its nest and shines with wetness. As Roger is afforded a view of all the pink moisture of Lilly’s sex, there comes a glimpse of the upper Ben Wa ball. Tucked well into her vagina... large... smooth... of similar brass firmness... the sphere must bring unending oscillations with every slight movement.

“Just a few pin pricks for my pretty naked oral slave. Then I’ll want you exercised and you’ll be free to lounge about the house, until you’re ready for more.”

Roger gulps, sensing the deep strip of rubber which serves to constantly challenge his gag reflex, as Miss Margie fills a huge syringe. Despite Miss Margie’s presence, he is kept locked into the dildo gag. On this day the cruel device serves as a symbol of her strict governance more than as a precaution to unauthorized cunnilingus.

“Saline, my pet. 100 ccs into each labium—to start. And I’ll guess that fleshy hood of yours can take more.”

The fingers of the left hand toy with the exposed inner labia, unfurling and stretching the oversensitive strip of flesh to the left of the vaginal opening. Lilly would normally find much joy in the manipulation, but instead appears apprehensive. Roger finds her concern to be well founded as Miss Margie’s right hand approaches with the syringe.

“Labial infusion, Lilly. We’re going to give you a nice big set of lips.”

The needle plunges into the upper surface. Lilly lurches then cries out. Roger grimaces. Miss Margie smiles and gently presses the plunger. The saline flows.

“You like having your cunny rubbed? You like frottaging? Well I am going to make it so it will feel like you’re frottaging all day. This is just the start. As your labium acclimates I’m going to add more. Every two hours. You’re going to have one nice plump cunny to display.”

Roger is amazed as the strip of pink flesh begins to enlarge. The plunger is steadily pressed, the pink flesh turns crimson and expands. Lilly protests.

“No, no please, Miss Margie.”

“You’re such a vixen, unlocking the closet. Mounting the door knob. You know I want you denied and eager to greet me.”

The plunger is fully depressed, Miss Margie withdraws the needle. Roger notes the swollen strip hangs and greets the Ben Wa ball. Meanwhile Miss Margie refills. Another 100 cubic centimeters. The fingers of the left hand toy with the opposing inner labium, unfurling and stretching the oversensitive strip of flesh to the right of the vaginal opening.

The needle stabs. Another lurch. Another cry. The plunger is steadily depressed. The right side of Lilly’s vaginal opening joins the left in expanding to the size of a small red balloon. When Miss Margie withdraws the needle and releases her grip, the pair of swollen lips seems to engulf the lower Ben Wa ball. It disappears from view.

“Now for your hood. The saline will offer some novel sensations there, Lilly. Think of it as my hand gently pressing against your love button.”

Roger is astonished as Miss Margie deftly works and coaxes the fleshy covering that protects Lilly’s pearl of pleasure. As the clitoral covering is loosened and stretched outward, the feminine bud beneath is fully exposed to the room light. So small, so amazingly sensitive, so long untouched. Lilly

struggles in her bonds. It is apparent she so much wants to play there.

Then the needle stabs again. This time there comes a louder cry...and a more paroxysmal lurch. Roger's eyes widen as there appears to inflate a third balloon.

"Yes, my little pussy lapper, you're going to feel like you're one big cunt," Miss Margie snickers.

Syringe emptied, it is stowed. Miss Margie unbuckles the many straps.

"She's yours, Roger. A nice long workout on the treadmill should bring renewed awareness of her servility and my power."

Lilly gingerly steps from the chair. In standing upright, she gulps a breath of air as there comes a brisance of pleasure. The lower Ben Wa ball is sucked back into her vagina. With her inner labia swollen and infused, much bright red feminine flesh hangs well below her pubes, pressing against her inner thighs. A pillow of equally bright red rests atop her mons. Miss Margie laughs as Lilly attempts to walk. She must keep her feet well parted to accommodate the mass of saline filled flesh. Still, as she labors, one foot forward then the next, her chimes ring out, drawing eyes to Miss Margie's peculiar handiwork.

"Better keep the velocity down until she learns how to move, Roger. How do you feel Lilly?"

"It feels like someone is holding my cunny, Miss Margie."

"Yes, I like that thought. Think about your transgression and the power I wield here, Lilly. In Africa, girls get trimmed. Not much left for them to play with down there. Keep testing my governance and you'll go from having a nice set of elongated lips to none at all."

Exercise, Saline and Punishment

Roger supervises the exercise, leading Lilly to the treadmill. The chimes are attached to the front stanchion. Any slight tug

mandates Lilly's performance. Roger sets the pace quite leisurely. He steps back to observe. Added to the lustful view of Lilly's plumped breasts and buttocks are the swollen lips and clitoral hood, incarnadine with infused saline. Yes, Roger watches, transfixed anew as Lilly's sex bounces about with each footfall.

"Please, Miss Margie, it feels... it feels... like someone is toying there."

"Not like someone inserted a smooth round door knob I hope," Miss Margie flippantly replies.

With the pace slowed, Miss Margie demands an extended workout. She too finds the exhibition to be lustful, her Sapphic desires smoldering. So step after step, Lilly is forced to excite herself, the pouches of saline serving as extensions of Miss Margie's manipulating hand.

Step, step, step, the machine incessantly whirs, forcing Lilly's gelatinous labia and hood to frustratingly jostle and caress where a girl normally craves attention. Over time, the results of the slow faux fondling become evident; Lilly's cunny juices mix with sweat, drool to the ankles, there to be flung to the rotating canvass. Roger can detect the fragrance of feminine arousal and notes that Miss Margie knows too well of the effect of her modification. She smiles in seeing Lilly receive more stimulation than she bargained for, slowly suffering from the cerebral overload... tantalizing yet unfulfilled pleasure.

"Just say the word and I'll have Roger stop the treadmill, Lilly. Instead I will offer a long and firm fanny spanking—over my knee—punished just like a naughty girl who secretly masturbates."

Bounce, bounce, bounce. Each footfall jostles. Roger tries to imagine how the infused lips interact with the Ben Wa balls, the lower now squeezed and certainly pressing firmly against the swollen yet most sensitive of feminine flesh. He feels the familiar twinge within his loins. It now serves as a warning that unless he concentrate and calm himself, his well secured penis will begin to firm and bring pain, eventually sharp pain as his penis tip fights the deeply implanted Prince Albert ring.

Roger tries to let his mind wander, yet his eyes cannot.

Bounce, bounce, bounce. Transfixed indeed.

Miss Margie steps behind Roger. Her left hand reaches beneath his buttocks, briefly palpates then finds the ringed and restrained penis tip to gently gyrate with a fingertip. Her right hand extends and her fingers grasp the cartilage of the right ear. She simultaneously kneads both. Her knowing fingers bring a thrill, Roger's flesh turning anserine with the controlling touch, the gesture that began every clinic visit. Calming himself becomes a chore, the wicked Miss Margie adding physical catalyst to the intense visual input.

"You'll forever watch, Roger. But you will forever be denied. I promise you that. Many years molding the perfect sex slave... for me... and only for me."

Roger grimaces as he feels his penis struggle against the guiche. Miss Margie laughs as she slips away her hand, knowing that she has tossed a lit match into the dry kindling of lust. Another moment of caressing the right ear and that hand withdraws as well. Roger's eyes do not move... cannot move.

Bounce, bounce, bounce.

Twenty minutes? Thirty? Lilly finely concedes.

"Please no more, Miss Lilly. A fanny spanking is better."

Miss Margie nods to Roger. He knows to slow then stop the rotating canvass. Miss Margie speaks as the chimes are released.

"Bring her to the chair, Roger. She's to be spanked, then I will add more saline."

Saturday Night Recreation

“Put her under the cunnilingus chair, Roger. I’ll get my own wine.”

Roger notes that Lilly’s finely tanned form has acquired a pinkish hue nicely complementing the vermillion of her altered sex. After exercise and spanking, Miss Margie indeed infused more saline into her labia and hood. Lilly then lounged about the house, wrangling with the mental conflict, telling herself not to move and inflame the lustful sensations, yet ceding to the urge to prance about and feel her massively swollen anatomy bring intense tantalization.

In the end, the need to sense something where neither fingers, tongue, lips nor male organ are permitted to foray prevailed. Lilly perambulated magnificently, at least in Roger’s prurient mind. Certain pronounced movements of her feet seemed to enhance the teasing swollenness in a particularly satisfying way. Most comically, and most stimulating for Roger, the motion that brought a great degree of joy to the entrance of her infused love nest, also caused her well rounded breasts to buoyantly flop about, almost in rhythm with her peeling chimes.

Miss Margie steps to the kitchen as Roger directs Lilly to the curious chair in the living room.

“Touch me there, Roger! Please! I’ll lick your balls for you,” Lilly furtively whispers.

Wrists remaining behind her back, as always, Lilly cannot scratch the obvious itch.

Roger declines, shaking his head. But a thought occurs. What would prompt Miss Margie to review the surveillance tapes recorded while she was home? Both he and Lilly are well supervised. An entire day has been spent under her governance, if not watching in amusement then infusing and spanking. It is highly unlikely that a copped feel would be detected.

Perhaps a chance is to be taken?

Roger releases the latch on the front edge and parts the seat, opening the bizarre apparatus to accept Lilly's head and neck. He points to the floor and Lilly, having so many times sat beneath, lowers herself. Under the pretense of assisting, Roger bends at the waist. A left hand extends to grasp a secured right arm helping Lilly sit on the protecting towel. It is then that a right hand lowers and subtly seeks to toy. The palm gently presses against the engorged clitoral hood. Lilly gasps in delight but knows to remain silent. She also pauses, signaling for more, parting her thighs. Roger's fingers begin to knead, pushing inward between the red balloons of Lilly's incredibly transformed sex—amazing warmth, smoothness, wet with self induced manipulation. Roger's heart leaps with desire. To lick, to taste, to invade with a manhood freed of Miss Margie's overbearing tutelage. Yes, how can the virile male not fantasize in envisioning his stiffness forcibly parting the inviting lips, sensing the feel of such firm softness both enveloping his turgid organ and offering comforting pillowing to his plums.

Roger quickly works his fingers inward. He finds the lower Ben Wa ball and, just as his tongue transgressed days before, his fingers gyrate to bring pangs of pleasure—and unfortunately a squeal of joy. Miss Margie exits the kitchen just as a panicked hand withdraws. When Lilly sighs in partial satisfaction and frustration, Miss Margie pauses and sips in thought. Meanwhile Lilly resumes positioning herself and Roger closes the chair and latches the front edge.

In busying himself with his task, he has ignored his own condition. Discomfort turns to outright pain as his ringed penis reacts as expected. It fights the guiche.

A pensive Miss Margie places her wine glass on a table. She removes her shoes. Roger is apprehensive with her silence. He watches as her skirt and undergarments are also discarded. Once again her puissant physicality impresses. There are feminine curves, though they seem to be molded in iron as opposed to Lilly's frame of firm gelatin.

“You worked her quite nicely, Roger. Slow and easy. I'm sure you appreciated that the sensations for Lilly were close to self

masturbation, just that flopping infused hood alone will bring waves of pleasure to her clitoris.”

As Miss Margie speaks, Roger gawks again. Well rounded, powerful upper thighs lead the male eyes to the feminine portal of desire. His penis renews its attempt at emancipation from the guiche and Prince Albert ring. He grimaces. Miss Margie softly laughs, very much aware of the dilemma.

“Sit in the chair for awhile, Roger. You know Lilly is ravenously bisexual, the little scamp. She’d like to taste you as much as you would her.”

Miss Margie steps forward and once again grasps the right ear. This time she uses it as a lever, guiding Roger to the side of the chair and painfully twisting until he steps over Lilly’s back and restrained arms. He sits. Well gagged, he cannot verbally protest. A convicted felon, registered sex offender, violator of parole, he cannot physically resist. Many years in Sing Sing await any breach of Miss Margie’s commands.

“Now you be a good boy and let Lilly take care of you. I will add a little treat myself.”

Between his thighs, Roger senses the incredible heat of Lilly’s hairless head. Next he feels an alacritous tongue thrust forth and lave his scrotal sac. This fortifies his tumescence, bringing agony to his pierced penis. Yet, despite the growing discomfort, his eyes are diverted. Before him, Miss Margie disrobes, entirely. She has the body of a warrior Amazon. Roger gawks anew.

Miss Margie smirks with his obvious reaction.

“Though I like to keep Lilly soft, I prefer firmness.”

Seeing her well-trimmed body, it is evident that Miss Margie also exercises. And without the substantial intake of the high fat glop that is daily fed to Lilly, her form is athletically forged. The limbs bulge with muscularity.

Miss Margie reaches to her clothing. A set of keys is retrieved. Her attention returns as she selects a small padlock key. A finger playfully taps Roger’s nose. She leans, offering proximity to her massive firm breasts. A slim device is

inserted between Roger's lips. There comes a hiss of air. As Roger suspected, a pointed object can facilely open the air valve. Gratefully the steady pressure of the inflatable gag dissipates. Then his nose is pinched and utilized to guide the face downward, access afforded to the locked buckles behind his head.

"I so much enjoyed those anguished cries of yours at the clinic, Roger," Miss Margie casually suggests.

There comes a slight click as Roger feels the straps encircling his head ease. Finally, the evil contraption is tugged. The tormenting rubber strip exits, the throat freed of the constant prod to swallow.

"Thank you, Miss Margie," Roger gasps, the sense of relief overriding Lilly's aggravating tongue work.

Miss Margie pleasantly smiles as she discards the gag. Then she moves to stand at Lilly's back, pressing her powerful thighs against her secured arms and wrists. She leans seeming to offer her breasts for Roger's delectation.

"Work his penis tip, Lilly, you know how much a boy loves that."

"No, please Miss Margie," Roger beseeches.

Miss Margie's smiles turns wicked.

"You know Roger, at the asylum, the more experienced boys stand for me... and I am not referring to their posture. Yes, lying nicely strapped down, unable to touch themselves, they all appreciate my protocol. Show a nice firm erection and maybe I'll stroke it. Be a really good boy and I'll bring you to a nice satisfying climax."

An evil cackle.

"Yes, a control element. Keeps them quite obedient. But for you, Roger, I can demand obedience without any bargains. You're kept, you're servile, and you're wonderfully chaste."

Lilly's tongue works the secured penis tip. Roger groans, the Prince Albert ring seeming about to tear. Meanwhile, Miss Margie further leans, appearing to offer the pink pebble-like

nipples of her glands. Roger extends his tongue in response. Another cackle as Roger cops a brief lick and Miss Margie leans back just beyond reach.

“So lusty, Roger. Tsk. Tsk. You’re encroaching on Lilly’s oral obligation.”

Roger becomes overwhelmed with the sensory input. Lilly’s otherwise delightful tongue brings both joy and incredible torment. Miss Margie teases, her wondrous form within inches... but not to be touched. The many weeks of forced chastity, preceded by acetic months of self induced abstention, has brought great need.

Yet he can only sit and absorb... a plaything for a woman with disdain for all male pleasure.

“I suspect your hands have wandered this afternoon, Roger. Right behind my back. I’ll review the tapes later and if true, we’ll need to take further steps. It’s probably best that I drain you. Then I think I’ll have to bell you as well, and you won’t enjoy how I do it.”

The naked form of Miss Margie steps away. She takes her wine and wordlessly watches Roger battle as Lilly’s deft tongue works the swollen penis tip. Roger struggles against his tumescence. Slowly, he loses the combat. Lilly is too accomplished. There comes a most anguished plea.

“Please Miss Margie, it will tear.”

And evil laugh, a sip of wine, a command.

“Enough Lilly, it’s my turn to sit. Roger, stand over here and watch. At least I can enjoy Lilly’s oral offering.”

Roger arises as instructed. Miss Margie sits, Lilly’s head seeming to meld into her inner thighs, fitting like a foot into a shoe.

Miss Lilly looks to see Roger’s comically engorged manhood, fighting desperately to escape its ringed entrapment.

“Feel free to play with yourself down there, Roger. Lilly can put on quite a licentious demonstration of cunnilingus. And I’ll ask once more, what happens when you stroke yourself,

Roger? Tell your Nurse Rachel,” Miss Margie’s tone sultry and enticing.

She inquires again, stirring memories of the clinic.

“Tell me about that last visit to Dr. Grayson’s office, Roger. Talking about it may help calm you.”

Indeed, Roger needs to divert his thoughts. After a pause for thought, he narrates, Lilly lapping away, Miss Margie, wine glass in hand, absorbing the apex of sexual power.

The Last Visit

Standing in the hallway with his pile of clothing carefully balanced, there finally comes a call for the completely naked Roger Armsworth Todd to enter Dr. Grayson's office. As the giggling pretty young nurse bids adieu, he cautiously turns the knob and steps within. As always, the dour psychologist sits behind her desk energetically transcribing notes.

"Lie on the couch."

Offered without intonation, the words are always accepted as a command. After all, this is the woman who can have Roger returned to Sing Sing on a mere whim.

Roger knows to stow his clothing on a credenza. He then steps to the couch to lie in silence. After several moments the psychologist speaks.

"Been some nine months. 91 visits to be precise, Mr. Todd. Nurse Rachel has graciously offered her talents to ensure our program succeeds."

Dr. Grayson arises from her desk. For the first time she grabs a simple wooden chair and slides it next to where Roger lies in complete nudity. Her close presence enhances his sense of awkwardness.

The questions come, which is standard, posed at the conclusion of every therapy session. Only on this occasion Roger has not beforehand been electrically purged of his male seed.

"How do you feel?"

"I feel okay. I was expecting to see Nurse Rachel."

"So you feel a need to be with her, or to undergo the therapy?"

"I suppose both, I haven't given it any thought."

"Are you embarrassed?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

“Well, I am naked and all the women here are so crisply uniformed. A young nurse helped me with my clothing at your door and she noticed, well she thought I was stiffening.”

“You were. It’s still showing.”

“I am sorry, doctor.”

“No need, it is expected here from the likes of who we treat. Do you feel the urge to be with a woman?”

“I guess so. I was expecting to be with Nurse Rachel.”

“So you have come to look forward to our therapy.”

“Not look forward. It’s most painful.”

“Yet, it is something you feel you need. To adjust your hormone levels.”

Roger never thought of his being relieved of sperm in such mechanical terms, like a piece of machinery to be adjusted, an engine to be tuned. He remains silent.

“Do you feel the urge to be with a man?”

“No.”

“Do you feel the urge to masturbate?”

There comes a pause. For Dr. Grayson it is most telling. She continues.

“Come now, Mr. Todd, we engage in deviant male behavior here, sexual urges included. It is our stock in trade so to speak.”

Roger demurs.

“I will accept that as a yes, Mr. Todd.”

With that, Dr. Grayson, stands, strolls to her desk then tosses a tube of unguent to the couch. It lands at Roger’s right hip. He instinctively picks it up as Dr. Grayson retrieves a small device and returns to the chair. He notes that she draws it to sit even closer. Having endured the many debriefings, Roger knows the last question and his mind recites the words as it is posed...

“Are you disconcerted in having a woman take control of your penis?”

“I suppose I have become accustomed to it by now. Strapped to Nurse Rachel’s table, there is not much I can do. And she certainly knows how to make a man’s penis stand.”

Dr. Grayson nods and graciously smiles with a matronly look of understanding.

“Yes, I’ve watched the tapes. She is certainly an accomplished masturbator of men.

“Good. Well now I want you to masturbate for me, Mr. Todd. You’ve not had your hormone level adjusted for three days. I suspect there is desire. The tumescence you experienced at my door suggests a need.”

“Right here?” Roger incredulously inquires.

“Consider it part of our program—what is keeping you out of Sing Sing,” comes a veiled threat. “You may close your eyes. I understand you were constantly blindfolded with Nurse Rachel. So just open the tube, grease up that firming penis of yours and stroke away.”

Surprisingly crass words from the otherwise punctilious clinical psychologist.

Roger quickly analyzes his dilemma. Why risk a return to Sing Sing now? For many months he has been the puppet of Nurse Rachel, his penis spouting like a whale and at her whim. ‘Don’t resist’ an inner thought percolates.

“But there is no collection tube,” Roger buys time.

Dr. Grayson chuckles.

“My goodness you are acclimated to our little ritual, aren’t you. Don’t think you can now ejaculate without spewing into a tube? Oh, that is one for our files. Well do not give it another thought. Come now. Be a good boy for me. Stroke, stroke, stroke.”

Dr. Grayson’s tone turns playful, as if encouraging a toddler to eat or go potty.

Slowly, Roger opens the tube. A dollop of unguent is squeezed to his right palm. Dr. Grayson detects his reluctance.

“I can have one of the young nurses come in and watch, Mr. Todd. Perhaps heightened humiliation will help. They are all accustomed to the antics of our sexual deviants. They’re always intrigued. Curious how much it has come to amuse them.”

Oddly, for Roger, the thought of a pretty young nurse spurs a familiar twinge. Dr. Grayson too well knows and understands his psyche. His manhood starts to stiffen before he begins to touch it. He notes a smirk of self satisfaction on Dr. Grayson’s face.

“If you need a woman to be in control, give this some thought, you will not ejaculate until I give the command. Does that help?”

Roger glumly nods as his greased right hand slowly shifts from the tube held by his left. When his palm laves his growing shaft, it seems to spring to life. He has not touched himself in months. All gratification, if spewing his seed by way of painful electro ejaculation can be so termed, has been under Nurse Rachel’s exacting protocol. For the past nine months, by the time any desire for sex has been renewed, there has been a timely scheduled appointment at the clinic. That, of course, has more than sufficiently doused the fire of any randiness, three agonizing purges of his male essence completely draining him for days.

“Yes, that’s a good boy. Some nice long strokes for my Roger’s pee pee,” Dr. Grayson intonation returning to the encouragement offered a child.

Roger senses the long withheld self pleasure and his hand begins to work with zeal. He indeed closes his eyes, the embarrassment mounting as Dr. Grayson observes in silence. Within moments, rock hard firmness is achieved.

“What is it you think about, Roger?” the stillness broken.

Roger initially refrains. Then with his eyes closed he pictures the examination room where for months Nurse Rachel has forcibly extracted his proffered sperm, where he entered, disrobed and meekly lay on the curious table to have his neck and wrists secured. Depictions of an imagined Nurse Rachel

come to mind, though he was not to view her face. Still the eidetic mind places her standing before him, the unseen face donning a look of Schadenfreude as a knowing hand pats away at his firming manhood to ensure the increased penile circulation that brings desired stiffness.

Finally, in halting words, Roger describes his thoughts... the examination room... the table... the stocks... Nurse Rachel.

“So, sexual stimulation brings visions of the clinic, and Nurse Rachel. Excellent.”

Roger continues stroking, his hand quickens and firms its grip. Dr. Grayson notes the fervor, timing her control. Moments go by...

“I’ll want you to ejaculate for me, Roger. Somewhat as you have under Nurse Rachel, but using your own hand. Think you can do that for me?”

Roger nods, his climax pending.

“Good boy.”

Dr. Grayson flips a switch on the electrical device on her lap. It is a tape recorder. There come sounds... and the sounds are disturbing... and most recognizable. It is the hum of the electro-stimulator curiously recorded for Dr. Grayson’s therapy.

“I am sure this is familiar to you, Roger. I think it will help. Now, I want you to ejaculate for me.”

With her words comes the recorded voice of Nurse Rachel: ‘ready.... one... two... three...’. The count is accompanied by the expected beep, beep, beep. Roger cringes knowing what follows. Yet he strokes and simultaneously twists, maximizing the sensuous input in rhythm with the all too familiar cue of voice and sounds.

Finally there comes the distinctive buzz that concludes sporting contests. Roger ejaculates. The impressive spurt is strangely outside of his control. He lurches, spasming violently. He cries out... shouts... his lungs emptying. His reaction is the same so often displayed with the anal probe and surge of electricity. He is amazed to sense not pleasure but

pain! His stomach coats with a healthy offering of sperm. He has climaxed, but he has been offered no pleasure!

He calms himself, his hand sinking to the leather couch, his penis rapidly shrinking. Dr. Grayson chuckles in tossing him a moist towel.

“It sounded as if you were in pain, Roger. How curious!” the doctor’s tone most disingenuous.

Return to Cunnilingus

Roger truncates his story as Miss Margie's thighs close to squeeze Lilly's glabrous head. Though it has been evident that many mild orgasms have been tossed off, Lilly's tongue has apparently forayed to the clitoris to bring outright climax. Miss Margie's eyes clench closed. She stifles a cry of delight, taps the flesh of Lilly's cranium then sits back to sip her Chardonnay.

This signals a respite and Roger remains silent as it appears that a sheepishly smiling Miss Margie needs to collect herself.

Finally, after several moments, the eyes open and the smile broadens.

"I think my infusions have added a level of zeal to Lilly's oral efforts."

Her hand extends and fingers once again toy with Roger's restrained penis tip.

"So, in achieving climax the therapy resulted in you sensing pain in place of pleasure. A curious psychosomatic result: masturbate and feel as if your most sensitive organs have been shocked by forty volts of electricity."

Miss Margie laughs wickedly then sips.

"And that was three years ago. No more contact with Dr. Grayson and the clinic?"

"By phone, Miss Margie."

"Phone?"

"Yes."

"How often?"

"I was instructed to phone a special number whenever I felt the urge... the need to ejaculate."

More laughter.

"And what did that entail? Tell me all the details."

"Dr. Grayson summarized by prognosticating that I would not be able to again achieve orgasm without certain psychological

prompts. That when such were needed, she and the clinic would provide such by telephone.”

“And was she correct?”

A fingertip most sensually gyrates the penis tip then begins the patting motion that always fosters stiffness. Roger gulps knowing that unless she curtails the action it will cause him to further harden and hurt himself.

“Yes. No matter what I did, I could not climax. My hormones began to run wild. I became jittery and couldn’t think straight. My thoughts became distracted. I was screwing up on the job.”

“So?”

“Well, after about ten days, a few attempts to masturbate, I called the number.”

“Clever stuff. That got you off?”

“Yes. I ejaculated every time.”

“Tell me about the call... the protocol.”

“I was to phone the number during the act of masturbating when near climax. After two rings I reached a recording. There came the hum of the electro-stimulator. Then came your voice: ‘ready... one... two... three...’ accompanied by the beeps of the machine. Then there came the buzz, of course.”

Miss Margie laughs uproariously.

“So a recording of my voice and the sound of a buzz became the catalyst for ejaculation? That clever Dr. Grayson took it from the observation videos. And that got you off, no electrical charge?”

Roger nods. Miss Margie laughs again.

“Well it is no wonder you recognized my voice at Penn Station, listening to it so intently. You’ve become the object of a Pavlovian experiment, Roger. Ring the bell and the dog salivates. Sound the buzzer and you’re able to jerk off. Oh, that is grand.”

Miss Margie taps the bronzed skin of Lilly’s head. It begins to bob, indicating cunnilingus is to be resumed.

“How long have you been doing that?”

“Well, no more. For a while I called in whenever the hormones seemed to overwhelm. About once per week I guess. Then, after a few months I stopped.”

“Why?”

“Never became accustomed to the pain.”

Miss Margie’s smug look of satisfaction shifts to one of astonishment.

“So the psychosomatic pain is still felt? You feel imaginary voltage whenever you climax?”

Roger meekly nods as Miss Margie laughs again.

“I’ll have to give this much thought, Roger, Meanwhile, here’s to Dr. Grayson’s therapy. Another sexual deviant brought to heel.”

In a toast, Miss Margie raises her near empty glass then presents it to her lips to drain the contents.

“Well my neutered pet, do bring another glass of wine. And maybe I’ll have you lick my tits while Lilly’s alacritous tongue dances.”

Sunday Morning

Roger lies well bound on his thin mattress. He awakens to the feel of fingers aggressively examining his testicles. He stirs, opening his eyes, lifting his head. It is Miss Margie.

“I reviewed the surveillance tapes last night. You’re quick, Roger...and deceitful. It seems a hand strayed while assisting Lilly under my cunnilingus chair. Couldn’t resist those nice plump lips I imbued. Had to plunge your fingers into my property!”

It is apparent that Roger’s transgression has been caught on video, his fingers slipping past the swollen labia to caress Lilly’s well teased vaginal walls.

“That’s trespassing, Roger. And it will not happen again.”

Roger looks to see that with calipers, Miss Margie is carefully measuring the diameter of each gonad.

“My cameras are activated by sound. That’s why I have Lilly belled. It’s not only mentally degrading to bear evidence of my ownership but the practicality is that her chimes activate the videos. It seems I’ll need to take an extra precaution. You’re shiftier enough to silence her chimes with your hand and then quietly masturbate her. I’ll need to stay one step ahead of you.”

Task completed, she pats Roger’s scrotum and arises. She wears her diaphanous negligee and nothing else, freely exhibiting her charms.

“You’re leaking. That prostate of yours needs to be milked.”

Her hand turns palm up to display traces of viscous fluid apparently drooling while she measured.

“Not good. Too messy. I’ll take care of that after you’re belled.”

With that, she straddles Roger’s supine form to lower herself and sit atop Roger’s full bladder. Gratefully fingers work to release the dildo gag. It is feeding time.

Belled

“If I numb you, you’re less likely to remember,” the white uniformed nurse lectures.

Miss Margie busies herself checking the Posey cuffs and straps, ensuring snugness. Roger knows that in donning her uniform, it does not bode well. His gag has been removed, normally a gesture of grace. But Roger recalls his prior piercings. Miss Margie invited him to scream and he did. She has restrained his feet well apart, another ominous boding. His parted thighs offer access.

“Just a whiff of the ammonia when needed, Lilly. It’s just as well he be a little groggy for the second skewering. But for the first he’ll be feeling it all.”

Satisfied with Roger’s near complete immobility, Miss Margie’s attention moves to the alcohol lamp, propped onto a tray along with assorted baubles.

“Lilly will chime... and you will ring, Roger.”

Miss Margie holds up a cheap, tinny costume bell. She shakes the one inch sphere vigorously and the shoddy metal more rattles than rings. The sound is not at all sonorous.

“I’ll want to know who’s moving about and where. My charming Lilly will chime. And the rotten Roger will sort of rattle,” Miss Margie laughs with her alliteration.

Miss Margie proceeds to heat what appears to be a lengthy knitting needle.

“Hold his head up so he can watch, Lilly.”

Lilly kneels over Roger’s head. Rarely are her hands freed. But on this evening she has duties to perform.

“Now don’t be concerned, Roger. The testicle is actually quite a robust organ. It can take more than most males think.”

As Miss Margie talks, she toys with the left gonad. With his penis ringed and secured to the guiche piercing, his balls are separated. Thus Roger’s scrotal sac is pressed down the

middle by the flaccid shaft, his balls protruding to the left and right of the pubes area.

“It’s only because of the extreme sensitivity that men think these little plums are delicate.”

The left hand palms the bespoken sphere, manipulating to best position it within its nest.

“Just relax and let Miss Margie work, Roger. Stay flaccid for me... it is best.”

Fear helps stay the challenge. But as Lilly bends at the waist, her breasts dangle nearly within reach of tongue and lips. Oh, what he would at one time relish, parting with many Ben Franklins in order to savor, now brings potential aggravation.

“Once again feel free to yell...cry... scream... Roger. No one will hear you down here.”

With that, a gloved right hand holds the six inch needle over the alcohol flame. Roger begins to shake in watching it heat. There can be no doubt where it is to pierce. And Miss Margie has proven to be unflappable in the past, penetrating his penis tip without an iota of compunction.

“I am going to penetrate at the very middle. That will most preclude it from tearing out, not a thought you want to envision much less contemplate.”

An unwavering gloved hand approaches. The fingers of the left maneuver to best present the pink sphere. Roger gasps first feeling the heat and then the sharp needle point.

“Steady,” Miss Margie forewarns as needle greets testicle.

“No!”

Roger’s lungs empty with a horrifying scream. He momentarily fights his bonds then slumps, the intense trauma appearing to have instantly exhausted.

Still Miss Margie remains focused, concentrating to slowly plunge the needle straight through the main body, transversing the very diameter. She presses until the needle exits the opposing side and some two inches of shaft protrude to the left and right of the wounded globe.

“Done. Now just be a good boy and lie quietly while I attach the bell and configure the needle.”

Roger has nearly swooned. Lilly offers a whiff of ammonia as Miss Margie retrieves one bell and a small set of jewelry pliers. The bell is pushed onto the shaft of the needle. Then the two exposed ends are bent downward and pressed together to form a semicircular loop. Miss Margie’s powerful grip squeezes tightly, forcing the needle ends to greet, crimping with authority, assuring that the bell is well attached. When finished, she playfully flicks and smiles with the resulting sound. As noted, the bell more dissonantly rattles then rings, but the objective has been achieved. With every single motion, Roger will announce his presence... for Miss Margie... for Lilly... but most importantly for the hidden video cameras.

“Belled like a cat, Roger. I wonder what your chums in Sing Sing will say... should I ever have you returned...”

“Now, let’s skewer that right testicle, shall we? You so much seem to enjoy the catharsis.”

Milked

“That which remains unutilized withers, Roger. At least Darwin so theorized.”

Returned his dildo gag, Roger kneels on all fours, his forehead pressed into his slim mattress, his thighs well parted. Miss Margie remains uniformed, sitting on a chair behind him, her right hand gloved.

“So in remaining chaste, by way of either my mandate or the psychological transformation of Dr. Grayson, your prostate gland has been neglected. Only counter to Darwin’s theory it becomes swollen, not withered. And in a way it weeps. Ignored and so lonely, it sheds tears—actually prostatic fluid that you would commonly be rid of by way of masturbation or copulation for those normal males not deemed as sex offenders.”

Miss Margie chuckles, reaching below Roger’s anus to flick the newly dangling bells. Still suffering from the soreness of penetration, Roger grunts, his testicles acquiring new tenderness.

“You’ll acclimate in a couple of days,. physically. But mentally it will be deliciously challenging for you becoming accustomed to the fact that a woman forces you to announce your presence with every step and movement, and in such a humiliating manner.”

Miss Margie snickers.

“Wriggle your hips for me, Roger. You too, Lilly. I want to hear you both so I can differentiate the two.”

Lilly, standing nearby in observation, instantly obeys. Roger more deliberately complies, the motion stressing his newly acquired deep piercings.

“Yes, quite distinctively different. I’ll know who’s traipsing about without having to look up from my paper.”

More laughter.

“Now, Lilly, we’ll need to rut Roger a little. Get his reproductive organs primed. Stand over his head as close as

possible. Feet nice and wide.”

Lilly’s chimes hang just above Roger’s bowed head. He cranes his neck to look up into her pubes, an expanse of inviting pink framed by the rich brown of her frequent tannings. The saline infusions have left her inner labia just a tad more exposed, the moist strips of sensitive flesh seeming to beg for the attention of lips and tongue.

“Good. Now Roger, normally I ice a boy down before milking him. That way he stays nice and flaccid for me and feels very little while I force his udder-like penis to slowly ooze prostatic fluid and sperm. But not for you. I am going to torment you. Consider it additional punishment for that roving hand of yours.”

As Miss Margie lectures, the gloved right hand applies lubricant to his rectum. How many times has he felt a finger of then Nurse Rachel penetrate and explore there? Ninety one, to be precise, according to the departing interview with Dr. Grayson.

“You’ve tightened here over the years, Roger. Guess you’ve missed me.”

Miss Margie laughs wickedly as her inserted finger embarrassingly waggles, finally settling on the curious plateau that she knows to be the sought after gland.

“Do try to drip into the pan, Roger,” Miss Margie forewarns.

Placed on the mattress between Roger’s knees is the bespoken receptacle.

“We’ll do this about once per month as long as it’s necessary.”

Roger feels the twinges. With the cerebral input of gazing at Lilly’s well exposed charms, the experienced digit rummaging about, he begins to harden. And that of course initiates discomfort. Yes, the swelling penis tip tests its restraint, the Prince Albert ring proving to be once again unforgiving. Still there is distant pleasure. Unfulfilled, tantalizing yet indeed distant. He needs more. Roger’s penis needs to stand.

There comes a metallic ‘plunk’ as ooze drips to the aluminum pan.

“Ah, the first drop, Roger. And as expected, it is a little swollen back here. I know the prostate gland.”

The inserted finger is joined by a second. Roger groans. More twinges. More penile attempts to spring loose and stand. Roger lurches. His bells ring... the inharmonious rattle evidencing the cheap quality of the alloy. Miss Margie laughs, hearing Roger's ornaments announcing his predicament.

There comes another plunk. Miss Margie's left hand reaches beneath. Roger feels thumb and forefinger grasp his semi firm shaft, forcibly bent by the Prince Albert ring. The digits pinch and then pull, beginning a milking motion. More plunks as Roger groans with the increasing discomfort.

“Most are quite humiliated having a woman control this prized male function, Roger. Do you miss the machine? Prefer to have 40 or more volts instantly rid you of all this nastiness?”

There follows rhythmic hand work, Miss Margie's inserted fingers kneading in concert with the milking motion of the fingers of her left hand. The plunks become steady, Roger cursing the thin aluminum surface which so readily announces his forced offering.

Meanwhile, Roger's olfactory nerves are awakened as he detects wafts of Lilly's feminine fragrance. She is aroused! Yet what brings the stimulation? Roger's degradation? Miss Margie's supreme governance? Certainly not the sight of his nakedness—they romp about the house together sans clothing each and every day.

Still, Roger is indeed rutted. The twinges become stronger. The penis tip fights vainly. The plunks become more frequent. And Miss Margie adroitly works his organ.

“Ah. Pay dirt, Roger. The clear is turning cloudy. That means sperm.”

Roger senses something. But any pleasure is overridden by the pain and embarrassment. And it does indeed feel as though his penis has become a cow's udder as Miss Margie's fingers squeeze and draw, squeeze and draw. Only a teasing down

stroke, never a satisfying upstroke. Squeeze and draw. How many months has it been since he was rid of sperm?

Miss Margie also wonders.

“Goodness, Roger. Such a deluge.”

Serving Dinner

Miss Margie sits. A glass of wine, remnants of an appreciated crabmeat cocktail, she awaits a slice of rare roast beef.

“You’ve proven to be more than an adequate cook, Roger. You’re easily domesticated.”

Roger serves a sumptuous meal every evening, his late afternoons spent in preparation. He dons a slight apron, more symbolical than practical. Yet, if there is prostatic drool, the soft pink cloth becomes practical.

And of course the limited garment does not interfere with his newly acquired jewelry. Thus as he scurries about the kitchen, Miss Margie can hear the satisfying ring/rattle which signifies her authority... the ‘manly’ balls of the subservient male forced to bear her cheap baubles. Adding to Miss Margie’s sense of power is the naked form of Lilly, lying at her feet, licking her calves.

Bells announcing his entry to the dining room, Roger approaches and serves. He then brashly points to his gag.

“Oh, no. You will bear the gag at all times except when I feed you, or want to hear you scream. And you will be fed while you’re well bound on your basement mattress. I like regimen. Strict regimen.”

A disappointed Roger turns to leave for the kitchen.

“Stay!”

Roger turns again to face his governess. Miss Margie cuts into the beef.

“You remain virile, Roger. Quite the healthy sperm sample I made you give up.”

Her fork rises. Roger salivates in watching the succulent offering being consumed. He lives on a foul tasting porridge of some making.

“As suggested, Roger, I will milk you once per month. For good behavior, thorough obedience, I will first ice your penis and balls. That will keep you numbed and flaccid so you won’t

hurt yourself. For disobedience... no ice. Your reaction to the anguish was rather noteworthy. I will repeat such milkings when deemed earned."

Roger nods his understanding. Milkings will continue. It will not be a matter of 'if'... but 'how'.

A hand extends under the comically brief apron. Fingers flick the bells to bring a cacophonous rattle.

"Getting to know me better, Roger? A better understanding... why I do these things? Has your brazen train ride panned out as expected?"

There comes a slight nod.

"It's all about power, Roger. I so much enjoy it."

Miss Margie flicks again to hear more from the altered male organs. With the testicles so deeply penetrated, the slight motion of her fingers translates to instant sharp pain. Roger grimaces, a whoosh of air exiting the breathing hole in his gag. Miss Margie laughs at the exaggerated response to her playful fingers. A fingertip can bring such suffering! A free hand lowers and taps Lilly's head. The naked ingénue knows to rise and slip her face between Miss Margie's thighs.

"I like the leverage the deep piercings offer, Roger. Very delicate fingering brings you such deliciously wicked agony."

The hands return to the beef. Slicing again as Lilly works her head deeper into Miss Margie's lap.

"But your virility is of concern. Males are something for me to torment. It's my job. I spend my days ensuring that testosterone levels are well controlled. I may tire of it here, Roger, although your housework is appreciated."

The fork rises. More beef is consumed.

"It may be the ultimate amusement, my sending you back to Sing Sing. I can only imagine the introductory strip search. Your jewelry would have to be removed though. And the thought saddens me, your virility once again being unleashed."

Roger shakes his head.

“Oh I know Dr. Grayson’s experimental treatment has brought something termed ejaculatory incompetence, the clinical description of the inability to get off. The perceived pain, ingrained by so many electrically forced ejaculations, is something you avoid. Dr. Grayson’s innovative program worked well. But the very potential is bothersome for me. The fact that you may at some point climax and feel pleasure in place of the strange psychological pain your mind as been trained to imbue to the process... well I prefer there be no possibilities.”

The knife cuts. The fork spears. It rises. More of the tasty meal is masticated.

“I will offer you a choice, Roger. Upon your request, you will be sedated and brought to that park bench any time. Freed from my good graces to take your chances with the authorities. But if you decide to stay, I will feminize you. Completely. Thoroughly. There may be advantages. So give it some thought.”

New Shoes

“Very expensive, Roger. I do hope you appreciate them.”

Roger lies on his mattress as Miss Margie releases the foam lined Posey cuffs encircling his ankles. A forceful left hand grips the right foot and lifts. In the right hand is a bizarre fabrication of metal, appearing to be a slipper with cables. Miss Margie slides it onto the foot. The cables entwine between the toes and are then strung to the ankle where such encircle. There comes a click suggesting the looped cable ends have been locked, securing the footwear in place.

“Every girl should have at least one set of high heels, Roger.”

The left foot is similarly encumbered. Then Miss Margie releases Roger from the mattress.

“Up. You’ll need to practice.”

Roger arises as commanded. Yet, he almost topples, bringing laughter.

“Oh Roger, the heels are a little high. You’ll need to be careful in balancing yourself.”

Though the top surface of the footwear is abbreviated, appearing to be more sandal than shoe, attached to the soles are long pointy bars of metal resembling heels.

“Four inches. But changeable. The clever design allows for easy replacement with something higher.”

Miss Margie laughs as Roger attempts a step, faltering to the side before catching himself. And of course the awkward movement brings a cascade of rattles and rings from his pierced balls, just as the wicked Miss Margie intends.

“Walk for me. Around the room. Be a good boy for Miss Margie.”

Roger is aghast, the heels make mobility most difficult. Yet he accepts the challenge. He has earned some degree of covering. Hence, only the tiny apron has been offered since Miss Margie stripped him naked and secured him in the basement.

One step, another, then comes a near fall. He recovers. But the exaggerated steps cause a flurry of dissonance from his belled balls. After several more steps Miss Margie approaches. Her hand lowers to Roger's entrapped penis. It fondles, a fingertip finding the sensitive glans penis where many weeks before she pierced.

"You're firming, Roger. You enjoy being controlled, being governed by a woman. But this physical reaction will change. Since you have not sought freedom, requested a trip to that park bench, I have added to your porridge some strong anti androgens. Do you know what they are?"

Roger shakes his head.

"They deplete your testosterone, making it over time nearly impossible for the male endocrine system to produce what makes you indeed a male."

Miss Margie withdraws her hand and laughs uproariously.

"In time your penis will surrender. Complete capitulation, Roger. Yet think of the advantage. It will not stiffen and bring pain. But you will still enjoy my governance. More of a psychological and emotional enjoyment than the physical. That's because you're going to begin to think like a woman when it comes to sexual joy."

More laughter as a sullen Roger looks to the floor.

"The heels will help. And there will be more."

A Trip to the Cosmetician

“Just a little squirt. You’ll be conscious but not tempted to do anything silly.”

Roger helplessly lies in his bonds. A uniformed Miss Margie holds a spray bottle to his air hole as her free hand pinches closed his nostrils. In remaining gagged, as always, Miss Margie knows that Roger must inhale through his breathing hole for his mouth. Thus, the minor whiff of Fentanyl is well inhaled, offering an instant stupor that will facilitate travel.

“Your first trip outside the house,” Miss Margie gleefully coos like a mother to expectant child.

There comes the tear of the velcro of the Posey cuffs. A groggy Roger moves to arise then stand. Heels in place, he requires assistance... an easy task for the formidable strength of Miss Margie.

As added precaution, Miss Margie takes the time to add a chain to Roger’s footwear, linking right foot to left. Such hobbles, shortening his gait to mere inches. Such also brings a serenade from his belled testicles, the abbreviated awkward footfalls causing a raucous. The sound brings a smile to Miss Margie, reminding her how and where the bells are attached. For her it is a symphony in celebration of her superiority.

“Careful with the stairs. Come!”

With the chain length measured to permit one careful stair step at a time, Roger negotiates with Miss Margie assisting from behind. The bells continue to peal. The sensation of slight tugging on the scrotal sac is still new. He feels the effect of Miss Margie’s altering hands, each gonad skewered like a delicate hors d’oeuvres. He is belled and presented for her amusement.

Moving through the living room to the connecting garage, Roger notes the absence of daylight. It is a very early morning.

The sliding back door of Miss Margie’s van opens. Roger is assisted within. It shuts as his grogginess intensifies, the Fentanyl still taking full effect.

“Yes, you are a good boy, Roger. But in time you’ll be a good girl.”

The driver’s door opens and closes. The garage door opens. The engine starts. The van moves.

Is the drive long? Short? Roger enters a dream world.

The sliding door opens. The cool outside air brings renewed consciousness. An alley way. A nearby door. Roger’s bells ring as he is assisted into a brick building.

“Oh Marge, you’ve outdone yourself! Wherever did you get him?”

The voice is husky yet female. The enthusiasm that of an animal lover greeting a young puppy.

“Long story, Gretchen.”

“He’s tamed?”

“Well under my control... plus a little opiate to calm him. You can work him as you like.”

Gretchen smiles as Roger focuses. A large woman, both in height and stature, her wide frame and stature complements her bold voice.

“Table him here,” she points.

There appears to be an operating table. A switch is flicked and bright overhead lights illuminate a plain surface of Formica.

“Just lie still and let Miss Gretchen take care of you. What’s his name?” the bold voice soothes.

“Roger.”

“Okay, Roger. Welcome to my shop. We don’t get many males here. But the ones that stop in look very pretty when they leave.”

Roger smells the supplies and inventory of Miss Gretchen’s profession. Alcohol. Acetone. Sweet fragrance. He has entered the rear door of a beauty shop.

“His hair will need to grow a tad longer, but I will do my best with what he has. And he’s not overly hirsute. I’ll depilate him

and show him how to maintain hairlessness. The new chemicals are quite strong.

“Nails?”

“The works Gretchen. A facial as well. I want him to look like a woman. He’s soon going to feel like one.”

“Well, the nipples are nice and perky, that’s a good start.”

“It’s the hormones. They’re a little out of balance. But Roger will learn to appreciate that more and more.”

Results

Roger once again feels the firm fingers of Miss Margie pinch closed his nostrils. With the quick sibilant sound of a spray there comes another slight dose of Fentanyl. Having almost mentally escaped to the real world, euphoria returns. When Miss Margie removes her hands, Gretchen holds a mirror over the face of the supine Roger Armsworth Todd. Despite the narcotic, he is shocked!

Having been worked for hours, Roger looks into the face of someone he does not know.

Gretchen smiles with his look, changing from surprised to perplexed.

“Very pretty, Roger. We get our fair share of transgendered males here. All want to look pretty... and by the time they leave, all do.”

Miss Margie, standing nearby to the right, chuckles.

“In time you will enjoy your new look, Roger.”

The hair is parted in the middle and combed straight down to the sides. Not having accessed a barber shop in many weeks, the strands almost cover the ears and Gretchen has given the locks some style, a most effeminate style. Roger has bangs... cute on a boy... far from the desired styling of the adult male.

There is indeed a full facial. Eyebrows plucked and trimmed, eye shadow, mascara, rouge. Gretchen has even worked around the gag to apply lipstick. The powerful depilation lotion remained on Roger's face for much longer than prescribed, long enough for Gretchen to perform a full pedicure as she waited for the burning assault on the follicles to conclude. Thus Roger's face is as smooth as ice.

The same lotion covered Roger's entire frame for an equally inordinate time and despite the Fentanyl, the searing sensation had him writhing on the table, particularly when applied to the scrotum. Then, finally, a wet cloth rinsed away the foul smelling substance and with it every strand of maleness.

Is it the opiate that brings Roger's perplexity to an end? Miss Margie marvels as his look transforms. Roger begins to appear almost enamored. There comes a slight smile. It broadens as Gretchen grasps his left wrist to show him his hand. Bright red nail polish... stylish or lurid?

"You look prepared to go on a date, Roger," Miss Margie quips. "And judging from your smile of satisfaction, I'd say the anti androgens are beginning to work."

The two large woman assist in helping Roger off the table. The bells again rattle as Roger's metal heels find the tiled floor.

"He's well kept... silenced and deservedly chaste," Gretchen comments in noting the Prince Albert ring and the locking cables of the footwear. "And the pierced and belled balls are quite unique."

"My house maid. I like to hear him work. And any bondage offered is well deserved."

Gretchen nods knowingly.

A New Protocol

There comes the glow of dawn as Miss Margie pulls into the driveway and the garage door opens with a press of the automatic control. The Fentanyl has not only served to calm her house maid, but also brought confusion to his surroundings. If there is a house number, Roger's complacent eye does not notice. And he certainly has been incapable of noting street signs. He cannot even name the suburb in which he is kept—presumably somewhere near Farmingdale, Long Island.

“No food today, Roger. The Fenatyl will cause you to vomit. As it wears off, you'll perform your duties for Lilly and be ready for me when I return from work.”

She assists Roger from the back of the van. Into the house, up the stairs to the bedroom where a soundly sleeping Lilly is not yet to be disturbed.

“Over here, Roger.”

With the slight dose of Fentanyl wearing off, Miss Margie directs Roger to a small credenza, stool and table. It is replete with three angled mirrors, small bottles and jars, appearing very much like the back room of Gretchen's beauty shop.

“When I return from work, I want you looking as pretty as you do now. You will henceforth greet me as a maid. Lilly will help. And if you look good I will have her suck on your penis tip for a little while.”

Roger lifts his feet and frantically nods in signaling toward the connecting chain.

“No. I like the way you walk while chained. I'm going to keep you hobbled for now. Makes your bells ring quite keenly.”

With that, Miss Margie departs and a somewhat groggy Roger must start a long day. He begins by gently pulling aside the covers. The luscious naked form of Lilly stirs. A gagged and silenced Roger pats her right hip then utilizes the more convincing gesture of the loose chimes. A tender tug gets her attention. She wordlessly arises, chiming in stepping to the

bathroom. Roger follows with his bells offering more of a clunking sound.

As Lilly sits on the toilet, Roger knows to assist, holding her chimes to assure an unimpeded flow. It is then that Lilly fully awakens and notes the feminized appearance. An initial smile transforms to a girlish giggle.

“You look pretty, Roger. Miss Margie lets you have nice looking hair.”

It is only because his head will never serve between her thighs, Roger thinks to himself. But oddly, Lilly’s words bring him to blush.

Saturday Inspection

“Your dosage is massive, Roger. And it’s working.”

A knowing hand reaches beneath Roger’s belled balls and scrotum. There comes much fondling, the fingers thoroughly caressing, kneading and inspecting the secured penis. Though her touch feels good, it dawns on Roger that the normal twinge which spurs arousal is most limited.

“The anti androgens cause the male organs to wither over time. Did I neglect to mention that? Can you feel your shrinking penis tugging back against the Prince Albert ring?”

The notion brings panic. Roger has indeed felt reverse tension, pulling opposite from when the penis attempts to harden.

“Yes, in time it will transform to the size of a clitoris. And your testicles will shrink as well. Already have in fact. I measured quite carefully before I skewered you.”

In letting this woman slowly emasculate, Roger’s panic brings sudden thoughts of defiance. But what choice has he? Not eat his only meal? She has spiked his porridge with whatever is altering his body.

To end the slow ordeal, he can only request a visit to the park bench, a onetime occurrence, renouncing his obligation to serve, his desire to serve? And the result...a return to prison. Would she leave him drugged and in makeup and heels?

“Well you’ve kept yourself quite pretty for me. Have you enjoyed it? You’ve used quite a lot of depilation lotion. Skin nice and smooth. How am I to interpret that?”

Gagged, Roger cannot reply. Yet does Miss Margie desire a reply?

No, she wants to spur thoughts. And her efforts are effective.

In the ensuing four days since visiting Gretchen’s shop, Roger has experienced strange pride in keeping himself presentable. He dashes through his afternoon cleaning so he can primp and preen, sitting before the credenza, staring into the mirrors, fervently applying makeup, lipstick and grooming his lengthening hair. Lilly has assisted. Though her hands remain

secured she offers both encouragement and criticism to ensure that a feminized Roger radiates as best as a transformed male can.

What is happening?

The result has been for Miss Margie to be greeted by most curious sight. Belled, penis entrapped, high heeled and hobbled, a ruggedly beautiful maid meets her at the door with a silver tray and well chilled glass of Chardonnay.

Miss Margie laughed uproariously the first time Roger curtsied. It was spontaneous. Why did he do it?

‘This certainly puts me in the mood for the cunnilingus chair,’ a well humored Miss Margie exclaimed in initially complementing the subservient feminine gesture.

In removing her skirt and undergarments, the tension of a long day, partially masturbating truculent patients, came to a relaxing and most entertaining end. And so it has been almost every evening.

The inspecting fingers move to the pierced gonads and renew fondling, caressing and kneading. Roger hears a snicker and his thoughts are diverted from the dread of chemical castration.

“Yes, Roger, there is much more of the penetrating shafts exposed. Your little plums are now the size of peanuts. It may very well be time for the next step.”

With that, Miss Margie steps away and returns with a syringe. Roger must helplessly lie in bondage as blood is drawn.

“Let’s check that testosterone level, shall we? If well depleted, we can get you out of this basement. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

Roger nods with the enthusiasm of a child promised ice cream.

Construction

“Carpenters, Roger. I’ll release you if you want. They will be working upstairs. Perhaps you’d like to serve them coffee,” Miss Margie humorously suggests.

A gagged Roger shakes his head vigorously.

Though normally freed for amusement, on this Saturday Roger remains bound on his mattress. Lilly freely roams about. But both are to remain in the seclusion of the basement as Miss Margie has visitors.

“I’m going to do some shopping while they work in the bedroom. Since your blood test shows an incredibly low testosterone level, it’s time for another step. And that’s best undertaken in my bedroom where some preparations are being made.”

Miss Margie raises her foot. The toes of her shoe jostle Roger’s bejeweled male package—once male package. His bells rattle in response bringing a wicked smile.

“Maybe you should meet the carpenters, Roger. You could sit and show them how you apply makeup and make yourself pretty for me,” the inflection of her voice mocking.

Roger’s head shakes again as Miss Margie’s attention turns to Lilly.

“No funny business, pumpkin. Not with Roger, not with the carpenters. I’ll be reviewing the tapes.”

Miss Margie departs. Within minutes comes the distant buzz of power tools and banging of hammers. The carpenters work with focus. On occasion there comes the heavy plodding of work boots along the basement ceiling as presumably supplies and tools are retrieved from their truck.

Roger just lies in the extreme monotony of thorough bondage. Normally he sleeps but since it is late Saturday morning, slumber does not come. Instead he gazes at Lilly’s nakedness, fine gelatinous flesh that he accesses each and every day, something that formerly brought desire. And now his own reaction perplexes him. There comes not the twinge in his

loins but instead a curious sense of envy. Is it because Lilly is free to move about like the house feline, the belled cat?

Roger watches as Lilly becomes naughty, in boredom standing with feet well apart and slightly squatting. She then rocks her hips. Her chimes peal. Viewing Roger's supine and semi effeminate nakedness becomes a catalyst. She attempts self masturbation and Roger knows the action manipulates her implanted Ben Wa balls, bringing a brisance of delight... however unfulfilled. This conduct is permitted, almost encouraged by Miss Margie. She knows Lilly's futile efforts will just bring more concupiscence and spur better oral servitude at day's end.

Plus, Miss Margie will be amused in viewing this segment of tape, Roger concludes.

But then, as Lilly energetically humps the air in motion replicating copulation, the footsteps crossing above pause. Lilly does not notice and her intense efforts along with the loud chiming continue. The footsteps then resume, changing direction. With the sound of the basement door opening, Lilly dashes for hiding, ducking behind a storage locker as the footsteps descend the stairs.

Her impassioned attempts to bring climax have instead brought attention!

Meanwhile Roger lies on his thin mattress, secured as always in his Posey cuffs and straps. Miss Margie was particularly attentive with her bondage on this morning. All restraints are snug. He cannot move other than fingers, toes and head.

"Whoa!" a husky male voice blusters.

The guttural reaction is understandable. A hammer bearing carpenter moves to stand over Roger's supine form. Naturally he visually examines him as Roger closes his eyes in intense shame. With hair coifed, parted in the middle, combed over the ears and bangs cutely covering the forehead, with the remnants of yesterday's makeup applied most attentively, with shriveled testicles gravely pierced and bearing cheap costume bells...penis tip not to be seen...gag buckled in place, feet

encumbered in metal heels, Roger's nakedness is quite the sight.

"Hey Alice. I think I just figured out what we're building up there," the burly carpenter calls out.

Roger cringes as the bellow draws the attention of the second carpenter. Another pair of feet descends the stairs. Roger has more company.

"Wow! Is it alive?" a woman's voice inquires.

"I heard those bells ringing. And it's breathing... heavily."

Yes, Roger's heart pounds. He wants to cry out in his humiliation. He wants to arise, slink away and hide. Yet he must lie in forced silence.

"What do you think, Ed?"

"Some kind of sick dude... like a transvestite who likes bondage. Look at his nuts! And not a hair on his entire body..."

"Well, the woman said she was involved in therapy. Guess it takes all kinds. Should we do anything?"

Ed shakes his head.

"Let's finish the job, get paid and get out of here. No wonder she's willing to offer us so much."

"We're probably doing this guy a favor. Get him out of the basement anyway. Think I know where he'll next be strapped in place," the woman suggests with irritating humor.

Both carpenters laugh as Roger's circulation rushes and he feels his hairless flesh turn bright red.

Gratefully, carpenter Ed turns toward the stairs. But carpenter Alice lingers. She cannot help extending her booted foot to the bejeweled scrotal sac. Just as with Miss Margie, the toe gently jiggles to bring a clunky rattle. With her visual inspection she notes the slender piercings holding the bells in place. Then she bends for a closer look and in spotting the secured Prince Albert ring understands why the flaccid penis shaft disappears

and the penis tip is held in place below the scrotum. She also notes something else which brings a knowing smile.

In feeling the touch of her toe Roger opens his eyes to note a wry smile. The woman is burly, not at all effeminate. Though the face is agreeable, in being attired as a carpenter she appears almost completely masculine. Her hair is slicked back and shorter than Roger's.

In seeing that he is cognizant of her presence this 'Alice' offers a look of ridicule. In exchanging looks there is silent communication.

"Kept chaste... like a good boy," the woman offers in a soft voice, intended only for Roger's ears. "And you enjoy it."

She withdraws her foot and her mocking transforms to an abrasive snicker as she follows Ed. Both trudge back up the stairs and the door closes. Roger slowly begins to calm as Lilly exits her hiding spot.

"That was close, Roger," the ingénue exclaims somewhat giggling.

Lilly approaches and kneels to Roger's side.

"But look at you. You're embarrassed and blushing."

Then Lilly notes the most significant evidence of Roger's reaction.

"You wet the mattress, Roger. There's lots of goo under your bottom."

With wrists secured behind her back as always, Lilly can do little more than describe the abundant flow that oozed from the organs of an excited Roger and now resides beneath his emaciated maleness. In fact he himself begins to feel the moisture as the fluid is slowly absorbed into the cloth.

What fostered such strange stimulation?

And more embarrassing, this carpenter Alice also noted the stream of effluent. The wetness was accepted as a message.

Roger's New Bindings

“So you made some new friends, Roger.”

The inflection of Miss Margie’s voice is pleasant yet one of derision. She has reviewed the observation tapes and with the noise of Lilly’s zeal in self masturbation prompting the camera, the entire scene of Ed and Alice’s visit was recorded.

“It is no wonder that Alice suggested returning to assure your new frame is properly functioning. I was not sure to what she was referring until I saw the tapes. She guessed quite well as to its purpose.”

Miss Margie playfully pushes on Roger’s forehead. The action causes him to swing in his bindings and brings rattling to his testicle bells.

Roger’s prostrate form is suspended within a rectangular frame of wood made of four sturdy vertical posts connected at the top by horizontal planks, front, back, left and right. More Posey restraints have been added to his bondage ensemble. Thus not only are ankles, wrists and waist belt secured to cords leading to the planks above, but thighs and biceps as well. The result is that Roger dangles some three to four feet off the bedroom carpet, his face just below the level of Miss Margie’s chin.

“Comfortable?”

Reluctantly, Roger nods, though with the buckling of his dildo gag secured as well to the overhead planks and restricting head movement, his affirmation is barely perceptible. He is most disconcertingly comfortable indeed. And exposed, with the sizable rectangle holding his feet and legs well apart, thus offering unfettered access to his once male organs.

“Good. No more basement mattress, Roger. You’ve earned a place in my bedroom.”

Hands reach forth. Fingers right and left gently pinch each nipple and most sensuously tweak, roll and knead. Oddly, Roger, for the first time, realizes how intensely good such manipulation now feels. Something is different, for his hairless skin turns anserine, the goose bumps evidencing his enjoyment. Miss Margie smiles knowingly.

“Newly acquired sensitivity, Roger. Feels good, doesn’t it?”

Another reluctant nod.

Each grip slightly increases and the fingers begin a downward drawing motion. Miss Margie lowers her head, almost whispering in Roger’s ear. Her warm breath, her nearness, brings added delight.

“I have some things you’ll be wearing for me. And I think you’ll learn to like them.”

The fingers work for a few more moments then withdraw. Miss Margie retrieves some glinting objects from a nearby table.

“Nipple cones. For you. I bought a rather extensive set.”

The hands return this time to only the left nipple. More tweaking, rolling and kneading. Then Roger feels metal. Then comes a twisting motion. Then comes tightness turning to discomfort. He flinches causing his testicle bells to rattle. More twisting. More tightness. Miss Margie speaks as her fingers work.

“Precisely milled, the interior diameter of each cone is threaded like a bottle cap. Screwed on nice and tight, they’ll stay in place.”

Within moments the fingers cease and Roger feels a most bizarre set of sensations. The attached cone, some three quarters of an inch in diameter, feels as if someone is continuously pinching and pulling his left nipple, tolerably but most noticeably. But then the tip of Miss Margie’s index finger flicks, and Roger realizes that the cone does not completely cover his pink nub. The very tip of the nipple is exposed, the cone open at both ends.

“This starter pair are only one inch. I’ve got a complete set which over time will bring your nipples to four inches, Roger. It will be slow, but all skin stretches. You’re going to have nicely projecting glands. Make you feel very girlish. And I’m adding to your hormone therapy something that will greatly assist. A sizable daily dose of estrogen with some domperidone for good measure. In preparing your endocrine

system for lactation, these wondrous male nubs will finally be put to good use.”

Miss Margie laughs wickedly, the terrified look on Roger’s face found to be quite amusing.

“And, each cone has a little eyelet embedded in the circumference.”

With that, a pleasantly smiling Miss Margie hooks a bell to the nipple cone. Despite the slight weight, the bauble augments the strange sensations. Miss Margie playfully flicks away and Roger hears a ring/rattle which is identical to his testicle bells.

“Now, let’s work on that right nipple.”

Acclimating

“Be careful swallowing, Roger. Slow and thorough. Don’t choke. Make sure it all goes down to your tummy.”

Yes, Roger is fed while hanging prostrate within his frame. Miss Margie demands that, though he must be freed of his gag for his daily nutrition, he will not also sense the freedom of movement.

‘I want you to feel utterly owned and controlled,’ Miss Margie succinctly explained.

And he does.

The consistency of Roger’s porridge has changed notably. More whiteness and thicker, Miss Margie offers a special diet formulated for lactating mothers. Lactose... calcium... vitamins. It’s creamy and somewhat sweet. Is it Roger’s imagination that he is plumping?

Roger dutifully swirls the glop around his mouth and as instructed carefully swallows. In knowing that the special formula augments his forced hormonal change and physical transformation, there is concern. But since it is his only permitted meal of the day, he finds himself forced to partake ravenously. Such wickedness.

“Yes, such a good boy. You’re so obliging in helping Miss Margie transform you into a girl, Roger. Taking all Miss Margie’s special nutrition... yes you are.”

Miss Margie snickers.

“Estrogen works nicely once you’re depleted of testosterone. And in lacing your porridge with domperidone, I think you’ll soon be letting down for me. The drug induces lactation.”

As Miss Margie coos words of encouragement, a fingertip extends to the right nipple, the very tip exposed and peeking beyond the metal cylinder of his nipple cone. Once again the ephemeral touch is welcomed and well received. Roger finds himself giggling, indeed like a little girl, with the goose bumps returning. He quivers, the slight motion bringing the sound of

clinks to his testicle and nipple bells. Miss Margie smiles and joins in the giggles.

“See how much you can be made to enjoy strict bondage, Roger. And it’s so much easier to milk you when you’re hanging like this.”

To Roger’s chagrin, Miss Margie has greatly increased the allotted portion of sustenance as well as laded it with additional hormones. Thus the morning feeding takes time. And though freed of the frustrating dildo gag, Roger feels no urge to speak. His forced silence has become ingrained. Yet he has a request.

“Must I be blindfolded, Miss Margie?”

In moving to the bedroom, a hood is used to cover Roger’s head at bedtime. With Miss Margie receiving unending oral worship throughout the night, she sleeps nude. Treating Roger to glimpses of her sublime femininity, her wondrously puissant femininity is something she chooses to offer in parcels, limited parcels.

“For now, yes. I’ll decide when to offer a visual treat. You like to listen though, do you not?”

Roger nods. The sounds of wet flesh, passionate moans, correcting slaps to Lilly’s well rounded buttocks, offer curious arousal. The fragrance also excites, Roger can only imagine the gushes of feminine essence, Miss Margie’s cries of ecstasy continuing well into the night.

“And I like seeing the consequences of my power: you helplessly hanging belled, naked and undergoing slow alteration. It’s marvelously stimulating for me.”

The large bowl consumed. Miss Margie puts it aside to free her hands. As with each and every morning, it is time to tighten the nipple cones. Left thumb and forefinger first gently pinch the exposed tip of the nipple then pull. The fingers of the right hand slowly but inexorably twist the metal cylinder. The cone gathers more flesh of the chest, seeming to suck more skin into the hollow and threaded interior diameter. This action serves to expose just a tad more of the pink nipple.

“You’re almost ready for the next sized nipple extender, Roger. From one inch to an inch and one half. In only ten days. And the process will get faster as your skin becomes accustomed to being stretched. You’re going to have udders!”

With Roger’s beleaguered psyche, the notion is oddly acceptable. That Miss Margie will have more sensuous pink flesh with which to toy is a cause for strange celebration. The hormone barraged mind and body is being modified... accepting of the forced change.

Capitulation?

Each and every morning each cone is twisted, first left then right. The action seems to gather and gobble more skin and push such out the exposed end, there presenting a highly sensitive nub of normally useless male skin for the amusement of Miss Margie and for Lilly as well. Though the change is only measured in millimeters, Roger can feel the constant tension, the slow transformational change, the hand of his governess slowly and whimsically altering. And of course should he endeavor to put the horrifying thought out of his mind, there are the bells serving to remind him with every slight motion that he will be transformed, that he is hers to toy with, to mold and to sculpt.

Look at Lilly!

“Time for my breakfast. Be good to Lilly today.”

With that, the gag is replaced and inflated. Then the ankle cuffs and thighs bands are released, permitting Roger’s feet to lower to the floor. Then comes the waistband, biceps and wrists, reversing the nightly binding.

Suckling

“Three times per day. Ten minutes on each nipple.”

Lilly nods like a little girl.

“I’ll be watching the videotapes. There will be punishment for disobedience.”

“Yes, Miss Margie.”

Given Lilly’s entrenched penchant for oral servitude, Miss Margie knows there is little likelihood she will disobey.

“And Roger, you will not resist.”

A gagged Roger nods.

“Good. I will be home at the usual hour. You may as well begin. Then more sucking at noon and another session at mid afternoon.”

A uniformed Miss Margie departs to begin her tedious day of tormenting and masturbating her miscreant patients. Roger sits, the only time permitted to do so is when Miss Margie is not present.

“I’ll start with the right nipple.”

Wrists restrained behind her back as always, Lilly steps to Roger’s front and lifts her right leg. Roger is surprised when she begins to mount his lap. He was not expecting such intimacy. Still he extends his arms and hugs to assure she safely straddles his thighs then sits.

As Lilly bows her head, Roger senses the first wave of joy. The warmth, the softness, the expanse of sculpted and gelatinous flesh seems to enshroud his entire nakedness. She leans and her breasts press against Roger’s belly. Then her lips envelop the exposed right pink nub peeking out past the one and one half inch cone. As the amazing tongue swirls, the action causes the bell to clink, almost residing on Lilly’s chin. The brisance of pleasure comes in a second wave, the highly sensitized flesh spurring a spontaneous sigh. Then Lilly begins to suck... firm... firmer. Even more flesh is being pulled into the cone, augmenting the process of forcibly stretching the

male nubs. Roger cries out. Surprise? Ecstasy? The left nipple bell peals, seeming to sound in envy, beckoning for the attention offered the right.

It will come.

Roger's hands rise to hold Lilly's head as a mother would cradle a nurturing infant. The tongue and lips which have indefatigably served Miss Margie's quim, night after night, week after week, month after month, now devote unwavering attention to Roger's glands.

Within his loins Roger feels a twinge. But it is different. There comes not the call to stiffen. His penis does not move. No, it is quite different. There is joy, but nothing within reacts to summon tumescence. Roger is shocked... Roger is pleased? that there is no discernible response of normal maleness.

Should there be a moment of silence for the demise of his virility?

Roger closes his eyes in thought. He has been thoroughly emasculated and not a hand has risen in resistance or objection!

Dr. Grayson's regimen opened the mortal wound; Miss Margie has brought the coup de grace.

But most disconcerting, Roger has not only let it happen, he has succumbed without battle.

Why?

Roger feels the back of Lilly's head press against his hands. The steady joy curtails as her lips release.

"Now the left."

Tongue and lips move to the bespoken nipple. As the pleasant twinges resume, Roger puts aside thoughts of remorse.

Progress

“Oh, Roger, such wonderful glands for me to play with.”

With an abundance of pink projecting, the one and one half inch cones are deemed superfluous. Roger hangs in his frame as, for the second time, Miss Margie twists counterclockwise to unscrew the incredibly tight cylinders. The attached bell clinks away as the left nipple becomes fully exposed. Not freed in seven days since the one inch cones were removed, Roger senses the coolness of the room air.

The lengthy strip of pink flesh is amazingly sensitive!

The right nipple cone is likewise unscrewed and Miss Margie playfully flicks the well presented strips of flesh.

“Over one and a half inches, Roger! Such a good boy, stretching like that for Miss Margie.”

Not to mention the daily sucking, Roger thinks to himself. Lilly’s oral efforts have brought wondrous delight to an otherwise grueling process. Her strong lips have forced much pink through the cone. Roger senses odd pride as Miss Margie marvels at the results.

“Let’s have a little test.”

Miss Margie turns to a jar on a nearby table. She coats her hands with cream and returns.

“Used for milking dairy cows. Special cream. Clean, slick, water based, those poor cows get quite sore when milked daily. This soothes and alleviates the friction.”

Roger quivers in pleasure as his left nipple and right are coated. Then each hand grasps. With Roger hanging prostrate, his nipples indeed become udders, somewhat diminutive, but Miss Margie has not yet completed her bizarre modification.

“Here we go.”

Each hand tightens, then the left draws down on the right nipple. Quickly following is an identical motion with the right hand. Miss Margie giggles girlishly. But when Roger moans

into his gag, her giggle transforms to a snicker. The irony amuses. She knows he enjoys.

“Yes, Roger, can you imagine your pleasure when I get these nubs to a full four inches? Perhaps longer, would you like that, some nice long cow’s udders for Miss Margie? And I suspect there will soon be some colostrum to be had. You’ve been deluged with estrogen and domperidone. And there is barely a smidgeon of testosterone in your system.”

The right hand temporarily halts, reaches further under Roger’s form and pinches at the belly to gather a thick tuft of skin.

“Noticed a little change, Roger? I’m plumping you. Your system is primed for lactation. Lots of prolactin. And I am sure you’ll soon be letting down for me,” Miss Margie sardonically suggests as her right hand returns and the milking motion resumes.

The words distress, but the feel of the sensuous hands is to be savored. Roger moans again. He’d like to protest. Something deep within, some remaining crumb of maleness, suggests combat.

But he yields... mentally... physically... emotionally. Sing Sing beckons the belligerent.

“Time for the two inch cones.”

Roger’s nipples are cleansed of the excess lotion. He is chagrined to feel the larger cones twist on, seeming to gobble up the flesh on his chest with little resistance. As Miss Margie prognosticated, the stretching is becoming easier as Roger’s skin cells seem eager to surrender.

“I really will undertake to purchase a five inch pair,” Miss Margie taunts as the bells are attached.

The Quest Continues

Roger has found that physics dictate the longer the nipple cone, the louder and more continuous the ringing.

With the bells attached to the end of each cylinder, at three inches the gravitational pull caused by every footstep brings a momentary dip to his nipples which in turn causes the baubles to totter and sound off in proclaiming not only his motion, but his abject subjugation as well. The testicle bells join in, and since the hobbling ankle chain remains in place, his steps are many and most unsteady. Thus the house cleaning chores create a continuous racket as Roger moves from room to room... dusting, vacuuming, scrubbing.

Lilly lounges about. Sometimes napping after a tedious morning workout, sometimes amusing herself in viewing Roger's naked servitude.

Then comes time for the afternoon suckling, twenty minutes which under Miss Margie's strict mandate is not to be neglected.

It is 3:00 p.m. The afternoon will conclude with suckling, dinner preparation time, and then prettifying for Miss Margie while the meal cooks. Roger stows the cleaning equipment and, whereas he initially approached the respite with Lilly as grotesque, somewhat freakish, the interludes have become acceptable.

Physically he is being prepared to lactate. Mentally, he knows Miss Margie will not waver, having the knowledge, means and determination. Thus emotionally the curious quest has earned a degree of acceptance.

Plus, there is the distant joy he is beginning to sense.

Lilly hears Roger approaching the living room where she lies on the couch completely naked, wrists bound, scheming as always to bring some form of satiation to her constantly tantalized labia and vaginal walls. In being gagged Roger must communicate silently. And so he shakes his torso to bring a burst of rattling from the nipple bells then points to the three

inch cone enshrouding his right nipple. Lilly smiles, sanguine with her household standing.

Roger seems to becoming more and more eager for the feel of her sucking lips.

“Kneel here,” her childish voice commands.

She sits upright on the couch as Roger assumes the demanded position. His left hand cups his left nipple cone, presenting the exposed nipple tip rather beseechingly.

“You’re almost ready for longer cones,” Lilly mockingly suggests in spying the abundance of pink that many days of twisting and tightening has produced.

She leans and engulfs. Her tongue swirls and Roger moans. Then she begins to draw, sucking more and more of the exposed and most sensitive areola out of the protecting cone and into her mouth. The pulls are strong and regular, Lilly’s advanced cunnilingus skills serving her well, serving Roger well, in the task at hand.

Miss Margie has demanded a full ten minutes and the duo knows the deed is easily observed and timed. And so as Lilly works her mouth, Roger absorbs what has become joy. And the twinges come, deep within his loins. But there is something different. Again, his penis stirs not. Rather than fighting its entrapping Prince Albert ring to harden and stand, he instead feels it pulling back in retreat. The flaccidity seems to increase! Is he shrinking?

The left nipple is released. Roger presents the right nipple. Lilly pauses to comment.

“Definitely longer cones, Roger. Look how much more nipple I drew from you.”

Roger peers down at the wet left nipple, sucked to the color of crimson. Indeed, a full three quarters of an inch of nipple flesh extends beyond the perimeter of the cone. The sight brings a peculiar smile of satisfaction.

Advancing the Process

The three inch cones are removed. Then hands lubricated with udder cream extend and slather the pink lengths. Miss Margie expertly massages, drawing up large tufts of breast flesh, kneading then pulling... kneading then pulling... stimulating circulation to the glands.

“Your muscles are atrophying, Roger. In place of masculinity you’re growing some nice plump breast flesh. I can feel it. The anti androgens are amazingly effective. Your body now craves fat and tucks it away under this nice soft skin. You’ll soon have some very presentable hillocks beneath these elongated nipples.”

The words at one time would horrify. Yet the hands feel so good. In finishing, Miss Margie retrieves the next size cones. She invaginates the left nipple and twists... firm... firmer. Then the right. She tugs each to assure tight adherence.

In donning three and one half of inches of nipple cone, Miss Margie’s eagerness burgeons. The protocol changes. She decorates with other than the bells.

“Yes, I know it hurts. Just an hour tonight. Then a little longer tomorrow night and then longer still the night after.”

Roger helplessly hangs bound in his frame. Miss Margie has declined to attach the nipple bells. In their place—weights. She marvels at the design of the extending cones.

“Amazing the amount of tension the threading permits me to apply, Roger. I can definitely add more weight. The cones are well attached. And nice and snug.”

With that, she flicks the weight attached to the right nipple and a horrified Roger watches peripherally as the lump of metal swings about increasing the tension on his transforming male gland.

Miss Margie notes the look of concern. A hand extends and grasps the right ear. She rolls the cartilage bringing the simple soothing which years before preceded every session at the clinic.

“I really need to have you at more than four inches Roger. I want to show you something.”

Having days before been delivered a large unmarked box, Miss Margie strolls to the locked closet, inserts her key and opens. Into the room light she wheels an electrical machine: tubes, clear plastic cylinders, a motor, a collection vessel.

“A goat milking machine, Roger. Bought it on Ebay. Just the right sized for the human teats.”

Roger’s flesh evidences horripilation, goose bumps abound.

“Oh, don’t look so concerned. You’ll learn to enjoy it. You will soon feel fulfilled in lactating for me, Roger. Lilly can’t suck you while she’s servicing me, and this machine can. And just as I drained you so well at the clinic, you’ll also be well drained here. I suspect you will soon be letting down for me just looking at this machine. You’re susceptible to Pavlovian conditioning, Roger. Think about Dr. Grayson’s treatment, and the results.”

More Capitulation

A long day winds to an end. Lilly has been well exercised, cleansed and oiled and she sits in wait beneath the cunnilingus chair. On three occasions Roger's protruding nipples have been suckled, ten minutes left, ten minutes right. The house is spotless. A pheasant slowly roasts in a low oven. Some fine white wine chills. It is time to prepare for Miss Margie's arrival.

Roger sits on the low stool in Miss Margie's bedroom. Before him are the mirrors. An array of cosmetics. He inspects. Lengthy hair well groomed, eyebrows plucked, eye shadow, mascara, and lipstick carefully applied—the latter as best as the cruel gag permits.

As Roger stares at his transformed reflection there comes a sense of pride. Absent the hideous gag and the four inch cylinders of metal with bells adorning his chest, Roger finds himself attractive... no, really somewhat pretty. He has endeavored to so look for Miss Margie and this brings a beaming smile.

A hand wanders below. It strays to the jewelry so painfully attached months before. Fingers palpate. The pierced emaciated testicles are tiny. The long needles, so perfectly measured when Miss Margie skewered his balls, are now too wide. The attached one inch bells are huge in comparison to his shriveled gonads.

Then Roger further reaches below. The Prince Albert ring remains attached to the guiche, only now it tugs in curious surrender rather than challenge the guiche in manly pride. For many weeks there was remorse in sensing the slow dissipation of his virility. Now there comes a poignant warmth.

He belongs. He is owned.

Roger's smile broadens. A thought occurs. He reaches for the rouge.

The Mental Transformation Complete

Miss Margie arrives home. A day of tormenting hapless males has, as usual, brought needs, sexual and controlling. She is warmed to see Lilly's bald head confined by the seat of her special chair. Then she hears the clatter of Roger's bells and the tap of his metal heels on the tiled kitchen floor. He enters the living room. Silver tray. Glass of wine. Miss Margie smiles then laughs in noting Roger's augmentation.

"Your idea?" she playfully inquires as she takes the offered glass.

Roger nods as Miss Margie's free hand extends and grasps his ear to graciously roll it about.

"Very pretty. Very effeminate. You're transitioning wonderfully, Roger."

Her words bring a coy smile and a frisson of odd delight. Then as the free hand lowers and cups the left nipple cone, Roger outright shudders in joy as she lifts to inspect.

"Rouge. It so nicely highlights your nipples, Roger. And you've done your little balls as well. How pretty."

Yes, Roger's talent for applying makeup has extended. The tips of the amazingly elongated nipples have been coated with a lurid red, a sultry shade attuned to night club strippers. And for his balls, organs which for the past month he sheepishly avoided looking at, Roger found a purplish shade of eye shadow and turned the shrunken plums to the color of...plums.

"So you want to draw attention to the organs I am transforming. You're making a statement, Roger, that a woman has chosen to alter you and you concur. You have pride in your subjugation."

Miss Margie sips her wine. Her comments place Roger in deep thought. He had not thought of the impulsive application of cosmetics in such a manner.

"Time for me to sit."

Miss Margie returns the wine glass to the tray. Roger watches with envy as she disrobes. He is disappointed to see that her

brassiere will remain. But she otherwise denudates, steps over Lilly's waiting nakedness and sits. The talented tongue immediately extends in greeting. The lips engulf meaty labia majora. With Miss Margie sensing the warm wetness, there comes a spontaneous sigh of satisfaction.

Roger steps to her side, dutifully holding the tray, knowing another sip of wine is to be demanded.

"You want to please, Roger. I think you're eager to let down for me, and I don't believe the threat of Sing Sing remains a factor in your servility."

An Experiment

It is Saturday morning, Miss Margie awakens refreshed. After a long night of multiple orgasms, she has slept late with Lilly's head wedged between her thighs and leaving Roger hanging blindfolded in his bonds. The warmth of Lilly's hairless cranium brings comfort. As Miss Margie awakens, she reaches down to tap the smooth globe in preparation. When she feels stirring and the well trained lips work to part her inner labia, she lies back sensing a morning euphoria enhanced by her supreme governance. She then opens her bladder. Lilly's lips await. The elixir is welcomed. To the sound of slight gulps Miss Margie relieves herself of all. Then the tongue obediently swirls to assure not a drop has been missed.

"I have a task for you this morning, Lilly. You're going to suck some cock, though at this point I doubt you'll find it much different from a clitoris."

Miss Margie throws off the covers. The flesh of the completely naked duo greets the soft morning room light and Miss Margie firmly smacks the right buttock to prompt wakefulness.

"Come. Bathroom."

It is Lilly's turn to empty herself. And in fulfilling Roger's role, Miss Margie grasps the dangling chimes to lead her. Lilly sits on the toilet, while Miss Margie gently lifts the chimes to offer assistance while the ingénue does her business.

"I stopped by the clinic yesterday and visited with Dr. Grayson. Months ago, the police alerted her of Roger's disappearance and resulting parole violation. When I explained his true circumstances, she was quite amused, and quite helpful."

Lilly just smiles. In a way Miss Margie is merely thinking out loud.

Lilly is wiped and Miss Margie returns to the bedroom. Roger, having heard the duo awake, wriggles within his bonds to bring a cacophonous peal of nipple bells and testicle bells. He also must go. A receptacle is held beneath his emaciated penis.

“Psst. Psst.”

Roger knows to empty himself.

“I want to try an experiment, Roger. While you’re rejuvenated from your night’s rest.”

As the flow curtails, a nurse’s knowing finger taps the final droplets from the entrapped penis, assuring neatness. The receptacle is cast aside.

“I want you to ejaculate for me.”

Roger squirms, endeavoring to shake his head, the buckling of his gag, secured above, inhibiting most movement. He fears the psychological pain induced by Dr. Grayson’s therapy.

“I know it mentally distresses. But you’ll do it for me. Bring back some pleasant memories... for me. I’ll even remove your gag.”

Miss Margie works to release the cord holding up Roger’s gag and with it his head. Then she unbuckles, releases the air of the inflated mouthpiece, and pulls to slide away the cruel length of rubber tantalizing his throat.

“Thank you, Miss Margie. May I see?” the hormone altered voice pitched higher than many months ago.

“No. I am naked. If you’re good, perhaps later a glimpse.”

Miss Margie steps away and prepares.

“Lilly, kneel there, under his pubes. I’m going to show you how I spend a good part of my day at the asylum,” Miss Margie says pointing to the floor beneath Roger’s hanging form.

With that, Miss Margie returns, her hands coated with udder cream normally slathered on Roger’s chest. The pleasant fragrance causes him to squirm in expectation, anticipating the removal of his tight nipple cones. Instead, Miss Margie reaches beneath his hips and finds the shrunken male organs... skewered testicles... ringed and tightly stretched shrunken penis.

“Not much here, Roger. The cyproterone acetate works slowly but steadily, a relentless anti androgen. You now have the organs of a child,” Miss Margie snickers. “But it matters not. Such are useless... to you. They’re now for my amusement.”

Miss Margie slathers the organs, offering expert massage and manipulation. The touch, soft but knowingly firm where the male most relishes attention, is something Roger spent many dollars in procuring during his lucrative days on Wall Street. Now the feel is meaningless... akin to rubbing an itch.

Sensing no physical response, not even a twinge, Miss Margie moves to Roger’s front.

“Lick his balls, Lilly, what you can find of them.”

With that Miss Margie grasps Roger’s ears. She first uses as handles, raising his head. Then as she presents her left nipple to his lips, she begins the familiar kneading and rolling of the cartilage.

“A little treat for you,” Miss Margie proclaims as Roger’s tongue and lips instinctively begin to nourish her breast.

Roger moans with the cerebral input, Lilly’s swirling tongue and lips, the expert and much relished manipulation of his ears, his own lips savoring the warmth of pink feminine flesh.

“Anything Lilly?” Miss Margie inquires.

“No, Miss Margie, it’s really soft.”

“Take in the penis tip as best you can. Pretend it’s my clitoris.”

Lilly obediently complies, instantly moving her oral efforts to the trapped penis tip and engulfing indeed as best she can.

Roger moans anew, having experienced so little sensual input there, only the pain and irritation of fighting the Prince Albert ring.

Meanwhile Roger treats himself. Enthralled to be permitted the privilege of fulfilling Lilly’s role, his lips suck with ardor.

“Any change?”

“Still soft... but some goo, Miss Margie.”

“Prostatic fluid. It’s because I have not milked him in a few weeks.”

Miss Margie steps back, the nipple slips from the lips of a most disheartened Roger.

“It’s dead, Roger. Useful only for urinating,” Miss Margie firmly declares with a wicked snicker. “But there’s a fortunate aspect to the demise of your virility.”

Miss Margie retrieves a set of formidable wire cutters.

“Your guiche piercing is now superfluous.”

With that, Miss Margie taps Lilly’s head, a signal to withdraw. The fingers of the left hand locate the guiche, penetrating the perineum just beneath the rectum. A powerful right hand aligns the cutting blades. With the discernible sound of a snip, the circle of metal is cut. As fingers pull to remove, Roger for the first time in many months no longer feels the tension of Miss Margie’s controlling piercing. His tiny ringed penis flops freely between spread thighs.

“Thank you, Miss Margie. Thank you.”

“You’ll still squat to pee for me. I insist.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“And now... you will ejaculate for me.”

With that Roger feels fingers lubricating his rectum, bringing memories again of the clinic. Then a firm cylinder is pressed to his anus. Fingers gently push... then more firmly. Roger’s bells, both testicle and nipples, ring out as Miss Margie’s endeavor causes Roger’s nakedness to humbly swing in its bonds.

“No, please, Miss Margie,” Roger expecting the electro stimulation probe.

“You’re tight back here, Roger. I have neglected over the months to keep your rectum receptive for penetration.”

Indefatigable, the efforts of Miss Margie are not unrewarded. Roger’s tight aperture finally swallows the all too familiar cylinder and Miss Margie smiles in confidence.

“Now I will show you how I spend much of my day, Lilly.”

With that, the masturbation of Roger Armsworth Todd begins. A warm left hand, oddly welcomed, palms the ringed but now freed penis, the right begins the patting motion which resulted time after time in forced stiffness, followed by a most painful forced climax. Roger grimaces.

“Please no.”

“Oh come now, show Lilly how you used to perform for me, lying there in the clinic, all trussed up, nice and stiff. Bring your penis up for me, Roger. Be a good boy.”

Oddly, Roger becomes embarrassed. There remain remnants of manly pride. He cannot achieve tumescence... far from it. Yet Miss Margie taunts, mocking his impotence.

“I think you can perform for me... and Lilly. She has so rarely watched a man get off, and one as pretty as you should offer quite the exhibition.”

Miss Margie momentarily interrupts her handiwork, reaching for a small electrical device.

“I stopped in the clinic to visit Dr. Grayson the other day, Roger. She has been informed of your disappearance and was quite happy to learn you’re safe and not roaming the streets. That you have not relapsed and rejected her attentive therapy. She also gave me something for you.”

Miss Margie pushes a button on the electrical device. Unbeknownst to Roger, it is a tape recorder. With a faux probe deeply penetrating his rectum, Miss Margie has very much replicated the conditions under which he was so many times electrically stimulated, to be pillaged of his sperm. And so as Roger hears the recorded hum of the stimulation device, he lurches in apprehension.

“No, please. No shocks.”

“Oh come now, Roger, I have not milked you in weeks. What better way to rid you of all that nasty male essence, what leads to such naughty behavior.”

The hands return, the patting motion resumes. Roger's tiny penis feels like a slippery worm... limp... moist... completely unresponsive to Miss Margie's deft stimulation. Whereas normally she takes pride in forcing the male organ to respond to her unyielding touch, knowing that Roger's sexual fecklessness is as a result of her neutering nutrition, spoon feeding a daily dose of chemical castration, stokes her furnace of feminine sexual power.

"Okay, Roger, here come the beeps."

Though his penis does not, Roger's form stiffens in terror as Miss Margie slowly counts along with the beeps.

"One... two... three."

There comes the buzz. Roger not only bellows in anticipation but his buttocks clench, his muscles reacting as if charged by the forty or more volts so often applied at the clinic. But of course there is no real pain, for there is no real electro stimulator and charge of electricity, only the sounds and the faux probe stuffed into Roger's anus are real.

Still, there is effluent. And Lilly watches in amused amazement as Roger is psychosomatically emptied of male fluid. Miss Margie collects an abundance of goo in the palm of her right hand.

"Clear as spring water, Roger. Completely sterile, not a spermatozoa to be seen," Miss Margie laughs with satisfaction. "Along with your mental emasculation, you've been physically castrated as well."

Miss Margie whisks away the blindfold, holding for Roger's visual examination her cupped hand laden with the extracted prostatic fluid.

"No more blindfold for you, Roger. There is no longer need for feminine coyness. You're now more one of us than male."

There comes a wicked cackle in noting that Roger basks in the glow of a climax he never felt and enjoyed. Though he sensed nothing, neither pain nor ecstasy, the episode brings physical lethargy. He closes his eyes reveling in a strange feeling of

accomplishment. He is both dejected and pleased. He has lost something... forever... but he has also gained.

The Sculpture Completed

“Well over four inches, Roger. You must feel so girlishly proud!”

With the metal nipple stretching implements removed, Miss Margie announces that her task is completed. Roger looks down, for the first time in many, many weeks noting in his peripheral vision that the cylinders of metal do not adorn his chest. Before, only when well restrained in his bonds were the cones removed. Now he stands freed of his bonds as Miss Margie first measures then inspects, rolling both lengthy pink protrusions between the thumb and index finger of right hand and left.

“Feel good?”

A gagged Roger sheepishly nods. His once male breasts have gained a curious degree of sensitivity.

“Go ahead and play with them yourself, Roger. You used to hire harlots in order to cop a feel. Now it’s free.”

As Miss Margie laughs, she unhooks one of the bells formerly dangling from Roger’s nipple cones. She bends and attaches it to the Prince Albert ring of his now freed penis. The weight is slight, but just enough to offer a constant reminder of Roger’s alteration.

“And a little chime for that clitoris of yours,” Miss Margie adds with a wicked giggle.

Meanwhile Roger’s hands rise to touch for the first time what Miss Margie has focused upon for well over a month. As intended the pink flesh of the areola has been grotesquely lengthened, stretched to protrude well beyond the plateau of his chest. As he toys, the nubs stiffen and seem to stand... like his penis formerly did.

Feeling further, Roger notes that what would once be termed pectoral muscles have been transformed to pedestals of soft fat. Nowhere near the voluptuous curves of a well breasted young woman, but there is a definite anatomical difference.

Miss Margie notes Roger’s look of concern.

“Yes, my concocted diet is working well, wouldn’t you agree? The estrogen makes your system very receptive to high doses of domperidone. You’re secreting prolactin like a dairy cow, and all that lactose and fat adds a nice layer of curvy flesh. You’re definitely ready to let down for me, Roger.”

A right hand extends and caresses Roger’s left ear. Despite the mental duress, as always, Miss Margie’s touch feels comforting.

“Lilly will still suckle you, three time per day, ten minutes on each nipple. You’ll remain gagged when not being fed or relieved to entertain me with pleas for grace. And you’ll sleep in bondage each and every night. For what more would a girl of your ilk wish?”

A New Sense of Fulfillment

There is a novel balance of power between Lilly and Roger. There is the command that Lilly suckle three times per day. But who is responsible for the task's oversight? Who endures punishment if Miss Margie reviews the videotapes and notes that the demanded deed has not been undertaken?

Neither naked subservient dares inflame the stern governess of the house. Yet, Lilly cannot resist a cat and mouse game. Thus on occasion she withholds her attentive tongue and lips, mischievously insisting that Roger perform for her before condescending to tend to his breasts.

"Play with your clitoris for me. Make it hard," a devilish Lilly taunts. "Then I will suckle."

Male brawn dissipated, Roger's barraged psyche offers little objection. And besides, using his hands in attempting to please himself is curiously not forbidden. Before, with penis secured to the guiche piercing, any attempt was futilely painful. Thus Miss Margie formulated no rules prohibiting attention to Roger's shrinking penis. And after emancipation from the guiche, Miss Margie's expert hands satisfied herself that the once male appendage is... as noted... as limp as a worm.

Thus, Miss Margie's attitude seems to be, 'go ahead and frustrate yourself'.

And so with Roger's chemical induced timidity, he is given to concede to Lilly's licentious request. He dares not be the party deemed disobedient. So in seeking the demanded interval of suckling, he plays indeed.

Lilly sits on the couch. Hands secured behind her back as always, she instructs Roger to kneel and spread his thighs.

"Wider, Roger. I want to watch you get hard," the tone of voice derides in knowing of his incapacity.

And so Roger looks up at the amazing oral sexual servant... body molded... temperament forged... tongue and lips trained... all solely for feminine pleasure. Still the sublime nakedness allures the male libido. Yet Roger lusts no more. Instead there is envy and an interesting desire to please. Thus

the fingers of his left hand humbly find the Prince Albert ring with bell attached and tug, extending the flaccid shaft to its fully diminished two inches. The fingers of the right hand find the sensitive underside of the penis tip where Miss Margie months before pierced. Lilly giggles as Roger begins to work with fervor, futilely attempting to counter dose after daily dose of the powerful anti androgen which ended his sexual brawn. He rubs, his fingers gyrate, even stroke, somewhat, but he endeavors in vain. Deep within there is a remnant of maleness that wishes to counter the mocking giggles with an enormous and stiff display of virility. As a result his belled testicles peal in rhythm to his hand action and Lilly watches with glee.

“I think it’s getting a little firm,” she pleasantly offers, disguising her sarcasm.

And it does, the physics of Roger’s motion forcing a degree of circulation that at one time was daunting enough to have Roger brandished as a sex offender. Yet the organ is no longer to be feared. Instead it is languid. And a dismayed Roger has found that the normal male delectation has succumbed to concern, that attempts to ejaculate will bring pain, entirely psychosomatic, but pain. Added to the ordeal is the humiliation of having to perform with such inadequate results... for she who is bald, balled and belled.

Lilly finally tires, realizing that Roger’s penile flesh will abrade long before his organ stands.

“Come closer, Roger. Time to be suckled.”

Roger shuffles his knees and Lilly slides to the edge of the couch. She leans and her lips engulf the long right nipple. Roger senses the new found brisance of pleasure from his transformed nubs. No longer enshrouded in metal, amazingly, with Miss Margie’s modification, the nipple tip slides to the very back of Lilly’s mouth, to her throat. More than four inches of highly sensitized flesh now feels the warm smooth wetness of a most proficient oral servant.

She sucks. Roger moans.

Whatever delight has been deprived of his male organ seems to have been bestowed on the once useless ornamentation of

male breasts.

Then Lilly begins swishing and swirling her tongue. It is nimble, dispensing amazingly sensuous joy along the entire length. An overwhelmed Roger nearly tumbles over in reaction. Lilly giggles, her stifled vocal eruption oddly adding to the cerebral input, but sucks without respite. She with the ability to offer unwavering cunnilingus for an entire night can certainly replicate the act of nursing for a mere ten minutes.

The lips purse about the base of the nipple. They tighten to compress. Roger feels welcomed tension. Then Lilly's head slowly recedes, her tight lips drawing down the entire length of the nipple toward the tip. The oral action is akin to the expensive fellatio Roger would arrange, concluding an evening of bacchanalia with Wall Street clients. But it is not his stiff penis which is the recipient of such mind boggling delight.

Lilly's lips release and her head moves forward again, the nipple tip again entering her throat. She tightens her lips, compresses and slowly withdraws again, imitating the action of milking an udder. Twice more and Roger nearly swoons. Then Lilly resumes the slow sucking, complementing by swishing and swirling her tongue to maximize the pleasure.

With the completion of the demanded ten minutes, Lilly releases Roger's nipple. The wet length is refulgent, an incredible shade of crimson. It somewhat stands like the hard on Lilly moments ago teasingly solicited.

"You taste different," Lilly casually notes in moving to the left nipple.

For another full ten minutes, Roger's opposing gland endures an identically wondrous oral assault. Upon completion, Lilly sits back on the couch and Roger slowly topples in a curious state of languor.

He lies on the rug sensing a glow of fulfillment, both elongated strips of flesh plump and firm... almost standing in satiation. The inability to perform as a normally functioning male followed by the deluge of new pleasure offered by Lilly's mouth, tongue and lips bring thoughtful repose.

“You’d better begin dinner and make yourself pretty for Miss Margie,” Lilly’s distant words of advice heard through a mental fog.

Ready to Express?

“Got a new one at the asylum today, Roger. So belligerent, so unaware of my power. Young, virile, another ‘master’ criminal feigning insanity to avoid jail time. He truly believes I am there to coddle. After I fed him, he requested, somewhat demanded, a hand job. Well, it will be the last time he asks. I turned his penis raw with a pumice stone, released his right hand from the Posey cuff and offered him a wide selection of lubricant for self satisfaction. It was quite fun watching him hurt himself when the slightest touch caused his joystick to burn like a grilled sausage.”

Roger nods. With blindfold deemed to be no longer necessary, bedtime has become one of his favorite times of the day. He lies prostrate in his frame of course, hanging helplessly bound as Miss Margie parades about in complete dishabille, fully displaying her sublime feminine puissance. Yes, she exhibits power, muscles rippling in a most attractive manner, not an ounce of excess fat. Then there is the equally naked Lilly prancing about to offer thoughtful contrast. Tanned, plumped, curved... completely hairless... sculpted and transformed to be a human pillow, when tongue is not slithering past welcoming labia.

Miss Margie steps to stand directly before Roger. Both hands reach forth. She works his ears.

“Lilly reported that you tasted different today, Roger.”

Her hands sensuously slide down his face then move to the plumped breasts—one time termed pectoral muscles. She palpates and smiles in satisfaction, noting the roundness. Then the fingers glide lower to the incredibly stretched nipples dangling below. There she palms then slowly closes her hands to offer a gentle grasp. With Roger’s new found sensitivity her touch brings an amazing frisson of delight. When she leans closer, her enormous breasts almost enveloping Roger’s head,

the joy of her proximity brings goose bumps. She whispers in his right ear, her warm breath adding to the sensual input.

“You gave up some colostrum, Roger. That is what Lilly tasted. I think you’re ready to let down for me. There will be no more suckling. Physically you’re ready to express. But psychologically, I will want a gesture... a signal of your complete capitulation and that you want to please me. In a day or so, deprived of Lilly’s oral caresses, your glands will require attention. You are not to touch yourself in the meantime, Roger. And when these fine male breasts are in dire need, you will indeed let down, in celebration of my presence, to the sound of my voice. It is only then that I will milk you.”

Miss Margie leans back and ripples her fingers, gently kneading the long strips of flesh. Roger moans into his gag with the delightful manipulation. When she releases well before any sense of fulfillment can be had, futile words of protest are lost in the silencing mass of rubber invading Roger’s mouth and throat.

“Night, night, my pretty lactating girl.”

Three Days

“I’m sure these nice glands of yours are throbbing, Roger—a continuous dull ache.”

Miss Margie kneads his ears as Roger hangs in his frame, put up early as Miss Margie has a leisurely Friday night of cunnilingus planned.

Most vexing for Roger is that Miss Margie’s words are so apt. There has been complete neglect for the transformed male anatomy which for many, many weeks received the thrice daily attention of Lilly’s ardent lips. Roger’s ‘pump’ is primed and Miss Margie knows it. Thus as she stands naked and offers the oddly soothing ear rub, Roger experiences great desire. But despite Miss Margie’s sublime nakedness fully exposed before him, it is not for normal male gratification. Instead, there is a great to need to give, to offer of himself, to please. Yet well bound and hanging in nearly complete immobility, what is there to do? How can he please?

The hands move lower to his chest. Roger feels the fingers knead and examine... not touching the overly sensitive nipples. No, Miss Margie inspects the main body of newly acquired male mammary flesh... soft... well plumped... rounded pedestals for nipples so meticulously elongated at her whim. Roger moans, pining for more of her knowing touch, the fingers which he knows can so deftly offer relief.

Miss Margie smiles and withdraws, bringing a groan of disappointment. She leans forward, her warm breath again bringing sensual joy.

“Why not be a good girl for Miss Margie? I know you want to perform for me...”

Miss Margie leans back, smiles and diddles the right ear. Roger senses his flesh turning anserine. The throbbing of his glands somewhat dulls. In place he feels tingling within the long strips of flesh adorning his chest. Then Miss Margie’s smile broadens. Her hand lowers. Roger quivers with her touch, setting off his testicle and penis bells.

“Here we go... look down as best you can, Roger.”

The buckling of his gag secured above, Roger can barely comply. Yet in his lower peripheral vision he struggles to see Miss Margie's fingertip ever so lightly touching the very tip of his right nipple. Moisture oozes clear, somewhat viscous.

"You're letting down for me, Roger. So sweet of you to entertain."

Miss Margie snickers.

"And oh! Here comes the left nipple as well."

Her finger shifts to again barely touch, this time the tip of the left. Then she raises her hand to hold her finger directly before his face. It glistens with traces of his bodily fluid.

"It appears I will need some udder cream. And here I had planned a long evening with Lilly."

A Thorough Hand Milking

“Remember how I massaged your breasts when I removed the one and one half inch cones?”

Roger nods as Miss Margie pushes a table beneath Roger’s dangling nipples. On it she places a thin metal dish, somewhat like a pie plate. Next she opens the sizeable jar of udder cream.

“Yes, it felt good, didn’t it?”

Roger must agree. He nods again.

“Well good girls who let down for me get to feel good,” Miss Margie lectures as if to a child.

Roger’s chest is slathered. Then the hands press and smooth, pushing about now even more abundance of soft, thick and fattened flesh. As she kneads, the action serves to relax the diminished muscling and increase circulation. After a few moments the knowing hands clench closed to gather large rolls of softness. Then they draw downwards, seeming to press an accumulation of flesh and subcutaneous fat towards the dangling nipples.

She repeats and repeats, not yet touching the elongated strips which had begun to secrete. A gagged Roger moans with the overwhelming input, wishing the hands to lower and work his nipples. But Miss Margie is most deliberate, ensuring that Roger’s first milking will be memorable.

“For good behavior, you’ll be hand milked once per week, Roger. Otherwise, you will be regularly drained by the goat milking machine.”

Miss Margie begins to draw closer and closer to the nipples, each firm two handed caress drawing down further and further. Roger’s moans of bliss become continuous. Finally the hands glide down all the way to the four inch plus strips and the fingers close to tenderly grasp. Roger quivers again with the joyful touch, his bells ringing. Then Miss Margie ripples her fingers and a burst of essence jets into the waiting pie dish. The spurts bring a ‘ping’, making a singular metallic sound, quite noticeable, which also brings a knowing snicker.

“Your first offering, Roger. First of many.”

Miss Margie ripples again, only her left hand. With great dexterity, first the index finger followed by the middle finger, ring finger, and pinky, each curl to press closed in syncopation against the length of pink and rhythmically squeeze to bring forth another spurt. Then the right hand replicates to produce more. Then left, then right again. With each ripple comes a simultaneous energetic tug.

“So here are the rules. When I put you up for the night, this pie dish will be placed under your nipples. When I hear you let down, offer some droplets, express some male essence, I will milk you. If you do not perform for me by letting down, you’ll not be milked.”

Miss Margie snickers again.

“I think you’ll find yourself making lots of dripping noises for me, Roger. Once we begin the cycle, these fine glands will be throbbing, aching for my attention. You will be very eager to perform for me.”

With that, Miss Margie wordlessly begins to milk in earnest, the silence broken only by the pinging sound of Roger’s essence forcibly splashing to the waiting dish.

The dull ache slowly transforms to a glowing warmth. He closes his eyes... in ecstasy... in humiliation... in complete surrender. Again there are thoughts of shame in not challenging, in not protesting, an evanescent remnant of subconscious maleness. But such perceptions dissipate, for as the milking drains him of essence, it also drains him of energy. Besides, the hands feel too good to offer even verbal resistance.

Roger’s breathing slows in new found satiation. When he does reopen his eyes, the room seems darkened.

To the sound of one last spurt, Roger swoons.

Change

“How do you feel?”

A kindly Miss Margie inquires as she carefully slides away the dildo gag. Roger stifles the natural reaction to choke as the frustrating rubber strip triggers the reflex it is designed to constantly stimulate in messaging her control. Freed of the hideous mass of rubber, Roger swallows, prompting his unused vocal cords.

“Tired, Miss Margie,” his voice pitched comically high.

“Yes, lactation depletes the body of much energy. But you’ll soon become more accustomed. We’ll build stamina, just like as in an athlete. Make you the Olympic star of lactating hermaphrodites.”

Miss Margie laughs with the thought as she stirs an enormous bowl of white porridge.

“Obviously you’ve learned what I look like, Roger, if I properly recall your goals in following me to Farmingdale. Do you feel you’re getting to know me better as well?”

Miss Margie inquires as a large dollop of white gelatinous mass is heaped onto a spoon and offered as morning sustenance.

“Yes, ma’am,” Roger politely answers as the laden spoon is taken.

“And you better understand me?”

Roger nods as he swishes the glop about his mouth and carefully swallows. He has learned that ingesting while lying prostrate can be somewhat treacherous. In daily countering his penetrating dildo gag, it would be ironic to choke while freed of it.

“You don’t like men,” Roger bluntly offers.

Miss Margie laughs, surprisingly pleasantly.

“Oh, I like men, but only when properly stripped, bound and presented for my amusement.”

“And that is why you do the things you do.” the transformed voice notably meek.

Miss Margie nods and offers another dollop.

“In life one tends to gravitate towards one’s level of aptitude, and skill set. But perhaps there are questions you should be asking yourself, Roger. You did not offer much resistance in submitting to my protocol. You had a decision to make and there did not seem to be much thought about it. Can a few years in Sing Sing be that bad, compared to being neutered and transformed to serve as a woman’s toy?”

“I did not know it would be like this.”

“Well it is. And now? What are your thoughts? Sing Sing still beckons, Roger. You’d make quite the sight in the shower room.”

Miss Margie laughs with the notion. Roger’s nipples may slowly shrink, absent the hormones and daily attention. But his male tidbits have been decimated, normal virility never to return.

“I can’t go back. Couldn’t before. Impossible now.”

Miss Margie nods and spoons another offering.

“Good. I have found your transformation to be particularly stimulating, Roger. Now that I have a taste, I want more. The fact that you docilely lie there, completely under my governance, and wile away the many hours slowly creating essence to be expressed for my pleasure... well it excites. I found Lilly’s tongue to be quite satisfying last night. I have not climaxed so thunderously in years. You pleased me.”

“Thank you, Miss Margie.”

“So I’m going to make some changes. You most obediently let down for me. But it was not an overly abundant offering, understandable under the circumstances. That I want to change.”

Miss Margie spoons the final mass of white into Roger’s mouth.

“How do you feel about lactating for me?”

Roger hesitates in thought as Miss Margie steps away to stow the bowl.

“It felt odd, but good. Strangely soothing. My nipples are so sensitive! The act of giving was satiating, and it never has been before. I performed for you...and it was meaningful. There was a not-before-felt feeling of fulfillment.”

As Roger’s words gush forth, Miss Margie smiles. Body deluged with estrogen, Roger overflows with new found emotion.

“Most meaningful in knowing that you pleased me?”

Roger nods. His head freed of the restraining gag, his reaction is both humble and enthusiastic.

“That is good. I am going to afford you many more opportunities, Roger. Hence you are relieved of your household duties. You’ll need your energy to lactate for me.”

My Ling

Roger hangs most docilely. A long day nears end. His male breasts throb suggesting a dire need. Hooded, he finally hears other than Lilly's chimes as she saunters about the abode like a house cat. It is Miss Margie returning after a grueling day of work. And for the first time in many, many months he does not greet her with silver tray and filled wine glass.

No, Roger's new role is to instead lie in bondage and slowly and doggedly produce the essence which will please his governess.

Voices are heard. Greetings are exchanged, Lilly very politely offering words of welcome.

Who could be so graciously introduced to she who is bald, balled and belled?

Miss Margie's voice approaches, climbing the stairs. She is offering a tour. The spare bedroom. The bathroom. Finally her voice booms within the master bedroom.

"And here is our patient."

With that, Miss Margie whisks away the hood which has served to mandate an unending day of darkness. Roger blinks, his bells pealing as he lurches with the surprise of being forcibly introduced in an interloper.

"Roger, meet your new caregiver. This is My Ling."

Roger's eyes adjust to look into the face of a middle aged Asian woman. Dour, thin, almond eyes, short black hair, donning a white uniform as is Miss Margie.

"Fully trained as a nurse in China. Unlicensed here. She's been doing menial work at the asylum. I hired her... for you... Lilly... and household chores."

Other than the carpenters, Roger has not before been put on display. His bells ring again as he shudders with embarrassment. But is it because of his naked feminized appearance? Or that he has not had opportunity to prink and preen? He knows his makeup to be a mess.

“As you can see, My Ling, I keep him gagged and bound at all times. Stripped as well, of course. And you can see the subliminal reaction to my presence. Delicious is it not?”

With the latter comment, both pair of eyes shift below Roger’s partially made up face. He closes his eyes in humiliation as he hears the ping of a droplet splashing into his waiting pie dish. Yes, on the table below, aligned with his nipples awaits the collection vessel... that into which he was milked the prior night. And with Miss Margie’s presence, his nipples let down in anticipation of the slow and wondrous milking offered the night before.

“He a girl man,” My Ling exclaims in broken English.

“Yes, but not by his choice. By mine. You know how I feel about males. Couldn’t have one romping about my house.”

My Ling nods in understanding and smiles... quite wryly.

“Roger, My Ling will be caring for you. Since I want you to produce for me... lots... you’re not to expend any energy in moving about, not even to visit the bathroom, and certainly not to bathe. I think you’ll find her care adequate but harsh. She was a prison nurse. One can only imagine the level of empathy afforded in a Chinese prison.”

As Miss Margie explains, My Ling disappears from view, stepping towards Roger’s feet. He hears a chuckle as she evidently notes the decimated organs. Then he feels fingers grasping his ringed penis. My Ling has picked up a receptacle for Roger’s excretions and insouciantly holds it to align with the tiny organ she has commandeered.

“Don’t you like the way she steps in and takes control?”

Roger attempts to nod as he complies in opening his bladder.

The Lactation Regimen Begins

Roger hangs in place, listening in the early gloaming as Miss Margie wishes to toss off one more orgasm before arising. The dull room light offers a silhouette of Lilly's head bobbing about under the covers. Miss Margie cannot be seen, but there come husky whimpers of joy to evidence the continuous ecstasy as Lilly plies her craft.

Finally there comes a guttural cry. Miss Margie commands 'enough' and the room momentarily returns to silent stillness. Roger's knows the quiet interval is when Miss Margie empties herself availing of the well trained human receptacle. Within minutes, as Miss Margie basks in the glow of a massive orgasm, there comes a soft knock on the bedroom door and My Ling enters. Hands full, she transports implements. Roger notes she remains attired in white, her uniform fresh and crisply starched. She nods a greeting to Miss Margie in proceeding to Roger's frame and hanging nakedness.

There is no greeting for Roger. My Ling ignores and works, placing a stanchion to his right side. It stands upright, the peak some one foot above his head where the metal curves to form a hook. From this My Ling hangs a large clear vinyl pouch. Within, Roger notes a reservoir of thick white liquid. Below there is connected a clear coiled tube which My Ling proceeds to unravel.

As she works, Roger notes the tube ends with a rounded soft and floppy nozzle. Just as dawns its purpose, My Ling grasps the buckling of Roger's gag with her left hand and takes the nozzle in her right. With daunting silence, the nozzle is aligned with the breathing hole in Roger's dildo gag. He squirms. His bells peal. In protest, he groans as loudly as the gag permits. But the nozzle is insouciantly pressed into the oral opening and a horrified Roger watches as the calloused nurse pushes. Not fast, not slow, she feeds the tube inward with marked deliberation, ignoring the deep wrenching sounds as Roger's long tantalized gag reflex is convincingly triggered. Tears well and flow to his cheeks as he helplessly lies and feels the tube continue onward to the depths of his viscera.

My Ling wordlessly turns away and releases a valve on the bottom of the vinyl pouch. The thick white flows through the tube, reaches Roger's mouth and the relative coolness is felt deep within as the unknown substance siphons down his intubated throat to his stomach.

As My Ling aloofly dabs away his tears, Miss Margie throws off the bed covers to arise.

"You're to be continuously fed, Roger. When the pouch empties, My Ling will replace it. Lots of good stuff for my lactating pet... hormones... lactose... calcium... vitamins. There are high performing athletes who won't receive the nourishment you will, 24 hours per day, seven days per week."

Roger peers with envy as Miss Margie's divine nakedness approaches. She smiles, reaches out and taps his nose.

"Not as personal as a leisurely spoon feeding, but precise and abundant. And all that you need to do is lie there, ingest and produce for me."

Both hands lower and diddle the extensive nipples. Her touch brings the expected brisance of delight and Roger quivers to bring more ringing to his bells.

"And don't you worry, My Ling will make you pretty for me. After every sponge bath she'll groom your hair, apply some makeup. So you'll look good when you let down for me."

As Miss Margie speaks, Roger notes that My Ling leads Lilly to the bathroom, a morning task which was once his province after his feeding time.

Having already emptied her bladder, Miss Margie dons a robe and leaves for the kitchen and her breakfast.

"Tonight, you'll be machine milked, Roger. As stated, good girls get hand milked on weekends."

Bath and Beauty

With the unending tedium Roger has both slept and day dreamed. Various noises offer hints at the numerous domestic activities, vacuum cleaning, scrubbing, the metallic dissonance of pots and pans in the kitchen. Lilly's chimes suggest she prances about, mischievously scheming some form of forbidden self satisfaction no doubt.

Roger estimates that sometime around mid day, My Ling entered with a second well stuffed vinyl pouch of nutritious whiteness. She also held beneath his penis a receptacle and firm fingers aligned so he could relieve himself. He did, most obeisantly.

About the only acknowledgment that Roger is other than livestock in need of rudimentary care is the heed afforded his testicles. With each visit, My Ling clinically examines every inch of his nakedness... poking and prodding. But the shriveled gonads capture inordinate attention, her fingers pausing there to pinch, knead and caress. The deed highlights Roger's inadequacy, spurring a 'tsk, tsk' as My Ling softly chuckles, amused at the simple but slow alteration performed at a woman's whim.

As the angle of the sun's rays suggest the long day is coming to a close, My Ling enters the bedroom wheeling a cart. After having been thrice examined, there comes a thorough sponge bath offering a fourth palpation of his entire form. Gratefully, the velcro binding of each of Roger's Posey cuffs is temporarily released, the skin beneath cleansed while limb after limb momentarily frolics in freedom. It feels good. Though Miss Margie's bondage is disconcertingly comfortable, the muscles pine for the opportunity to move.

"You become used to strict bondage. All boys turn to lambs in time," My Ling prognosticates in a rare display of her broken English, her prison experience apparent.

A warm wet chamois cleanses. My Ling carefully sponges the breasts, avoiding any meaningful contact with the long, ripe nipples. As she gently pats about the plumped body of the once male mammary glands, Roger realizes there has begun a

dull ache. A relentless Miss Margie has brought a bizarre want. Whatever it is siphoning into his stomach seems to create great need... to have the substance sensuously trickled from his breasts. And a knowing My Ling is most cognizant, meticulously avoiding the slightest contact with that which craves the relief of secretion but would settle for her simple touch.

Roger demonstrably wriggles against his bonds, attempting to signal in making his long nipples flop about. My Ling just smiles, well aware of the acute need.

“You be milked... later. For Miss Margie.”

With that the chamois is discarded. Roger’s lactation dish is pushed aside and a tray of cosmetics is placed on the low table beneath Roger’s breasts. There follows the detailed grooming which Roger once performed on late afternoons before each and every reappearance of Miss Margie. His long hair is combed and set with a modicum of hair spray. The eye brows are plucked. Eye shadow, mascara, rouge. A steady hand works around the dildo gag to apply lipstick. When finished, My Ling holds up a mirror so that Roger can admire himself.

His effeminate appearance pleasantly shocks, but his emotional acceptance surprises more. Roger glows with pride and as a smirking My Ling assures a leisurely visual examination, there comes enhanced need, a psychological desire joining the physical, to perform, to so humiliate and let down for his governess.

My Ling puts aside the mirror and notes the moisture forming on Roger’s nipples... yet she touches not.

“Miss Margie, she be home soon. Then you be milked.”

Machine Milked

“Lilly is rather disappointed. I left her in the chair after only three orgasms. But I’ll be back for more.”

Had Roger a tail, it would be wagging. Miss Margie, having returned home from work, finally enters the bedroom after a brief interlude of cunnilingus in her special living room chair. She dons a brassiere but has otherwise discarded all covering to accept Lilly’ deft oral tendance. Roger’s admiring eyes scan every inch of her powerful puissance as her hands reach forth and palm his burgeoning breasts. The long floppy nipples are cupped.

“Nice and weighty, Roger. Full. Lush. I think you have something to offer me.”

Roger nods, the buckling of his gag inhibiting the attempt to show more enthusiasm. The warmth of her hands is most welcomed. What the hormone laced concoction primed during an entire day of gastric feeding My Ling has frostily neglected. Roger’s eyes close in sensing Miss Margie’s welcomed touch. Despite the guileless nature of her greeting, the ephemeral transference of affection feels wonderful.

Miss Margie smiles in noting the reaction. Her hands withdraw to bring a groan.

“Are you going to let down for me, Roger? Come, show Miss Margie how much you want to offer yourself.”

Roger whimpers. He whines. He needs to feel something. Then comes the sound of the distinctive ‘ping’ as a rivulet of lactate oozes down the long expanse of his right nipple and splashes into the waiting metallic dish.

“Good girl,” Miss Margie sarcastically encourages.

She stands arms akimbo. Her powerful form seeming to tower over the prostrate naked and bound Roger.

“Come. A little more for Miss Margie.”

The cerebral input begins to overwhelm. There is the mental brisance brought by Miss Margie’s presence. The throbbing of his breasts. The frustrating tickling sensation as a second

rivulet forms on the left nipple and begins its slow roll to the nipple's tip. He wriggles against his bonds trying to dispatch the tantalizing droplet. He attempts to speak. With gag and gastric tube, the words are indiscernible but the emotion is communicated.

Miss Margie smiles wickedly as there comes the slight ping of a second droplet.

"Yes you are eager to let down for me, aren't you Roger? Well, I have just the machine that will help."

The closet is unlocked. Miss Margie rolls out the goat milking machine. Tubing, wiring, motor, collection vessel, she pushes the wheeled collection right under the table for Roger's dish. Roger finds it ghastly that it will be used on him. He squirms, signaling his protestation. Miss Margie notes his concern.

"Oh, Roger, in time this will become like a favorite comforter, something with which you will look forward to curling up. And on weekends, there will be nice long hand milkings. But the machine is essential to ensure the process proceeds. It will thoroughly drain you, more completely than any hand milking. That will prompt your breasts to produce more... and more... and more."

Miss Margie slathers the right nipple with udder cream. Roger's ganglia transmits a jolt of pleasure to his cortex. Then her fingers coat the left nipple and the long pink strip reacts to dispense the same message.

"The teat cups are perfectly sized, Roger."

Miss Margie holds up a shiny stainless steel cone very similar in shape to his nipple extenders, except in place of the open end which permitted Lilly to suckle, there is instead a clear tube attached. Roger's eyes follow the tube to the sizable collection vessel. Then he peers at a second connecting tube, black, which leads to the motor, presumably offering the suction which will meticulously drain him.

Miss Margie presses a button and there comes the whirr of a motor and the quiet hiss of air. The right nipple is enshrouded first and Roger is amazed at how, with air being constantly

suctioned through the tube, it seems to effortlessly swallow the entire four plus inch length of his nipple. The left quickly follows and Roger's overwhelmed cortex becomes deluged in thoughts and sensations. The tantalizing tingling which precedes each expression of lactate becomes notably stronger and more pleasurable. Roger gasps, the gastric tube stifling any verbal response.

Miss Margie leans to adjust a dial. The motor becomes quieter and the suction eases.

"Nice, long and slow, Roger. There is no hurry. What My Ling spent an entire day propagating will be methodically extracted. As you can see the tubing and the collection vessel are of clear plastic. You can watch as you slowly express, for me.

Indeed, Roger's euphoria transforms to horror as he peers down to see the clear tubes slowly fill and a thin grayish-white liquid trickle toward the collection vessel. He is being drained of essence... yet it feels so good. And as the horror wears there returns the sense of fulfillment... that he is offering... giving... letting down to please his governess.

Miss Margie coyly feigns misinterpreting his mortified look.

"Don't look so concerned. Your production rate will improve. Soon, My Ling will have you gushing for me."

Stupor, Unconsciousness or Sleep?

At what hour was the goat milking machine finally turned off and the teat cups stowed for the night?

Miss Margie relishes the extraction. Turning the machine on and off throughout the evening. Once to eat dinner... another time to return to Lilly and the special living room chair.

Finally commanding Lilly into bed, the machine was set extremely low and Roger watched and listened to ardent cunnilingus well into the night as he forcibly secreted into the suctioning tubes. Darkness finally overtook, and it was not the lack of illumination. In being leisurely drained, Roger either went into a deep stupor, fell unconscious or sleep gratefully overcame a body mechanically depleted of energy.

He stirred when My Ling later entered, switched off the machine, gently removed the horrifying teat cups, and laved his overused nipples with more soothing udder cream. She then replaced his feeding pouch and, as Roger slipped back into blackness, he was oddly glad to feel the replenishing nourishment begin to once again slowly siphon into his gastric tube.

Yes, deep within he wishes to be ready to produce again, to let down for Miss Margie. And he knows more hormone laden nutrition is required. But is his emotional and mental acceptance of significance?

Physically he will perform, that he has come to realize. My Ling will ensure it... mandate it. Her implacability is apparent... that he has learned after only days of being subjected to her care.

Finally Hand Milked Again

After a long week of forced sustenance, endless tedium and nightly machine milkings, Saturday has arrived. Denied on Friday evening, by mid day Roger lets down into his dish, each pinging droplet a reminder of his abject subjugation. Well past noon, My Ling enters with a fresh pouch of hormone laden liquid. She replaces the near empty one then offers a receptacle for Roger's penis. He knows to obediently empty himself. A sponge bath follows, the intractable Asian woman examining every inch of his nakedness for sores and chafing. Each Posey cuff is supplanted with a cleansed replacement, the nylon and velcro smelling of herbal laundry soap and remaining warm from the clothes drier.

The shriveled testicles receive their allotted attention, fingers toying then gently squeezing to bring a playful level of discomfort, causing Roger to lurch within his bonds.

"In China, we clamp. Bad boys become very good, or become girls," My Ling uncharacteristically cackles.

She notes the moist nipples and traces of effluent in Roger's pan.

"No clamp needed for you. You good girl. Meek, like a cow," she mockingly offers in broken English.

Roger ignores the taunt, his throbbing breasts very much yearning to be relieved. Accustomed to nightly extractions, well over 24 hours of neglect has brought great need, thus his untouched nipples slowly secrete.

When My Ling wheels the makeup cart under his chin, Roger's heart leaps in expectation. Being prettified is solely for the benefit of Miss Margie. Grooming is only at her behest and for her enjoyment. Thus her presence is soon expected and Roger's gloominess lightens.

Hair straightened, eyebrows plucked, mascara, eye shadow, rouge, lipstick applied, a curious pride ripens within Roger as My Ling labors to enhance his femininity. Finally the mirror is offered and Roger beams, momentarily forgetting the constant dull ache emanating from his transformed glands.

“She be here. You be milked.”

My Ling wheels away the cart and departs. Despite the mental distress, her visit has brought physical relief. Roger is clean, the sponge bath offering a modicum of welcomed motion to cramping muscles. Dulled nerve receptors in the skin have been awakened. The mirror revealed a very presentable appearance, feminized to conform with his altered physique.

And so as Roger lies, he peers downward. In his peripheral vision he notes the elongated strips of flesh, two udders dangling in the bright room light. Bright pink, moist in slowly letting down lactate, he recalls the long ago train ride that precipitated his incarceration and alteration. During some nine months at the clinic, he had always wondered what Nurse Rachel looked like. On the train, he found out, but that was not enough. He needed more. The insatiable curiosity to better understand his tending nurse, why she did the things she did.

There have been many months under Miss Margie’s tutelage. There has been complete capitulation... mentally... physically... emotionally. What has he learned?

Ironically, there can be no more questions. The dildo gag has not been removed in many days. Will it ever be removed again? He cannot even use hand gestures to communicate. He moans, groans, wriggles and lurches, his sole method of signaling approval or duress. And he lactates, oddly communicating his contentedness, ‘meek like a cow’, My Ling suggested.

Has he really subjected himself to this solely to avoid a return to Sing Sing?

Roger’s thoughts disperse as the bedroom door opens. Miss Margie enters! Attired informally, she carries packages. An afternoon of shopping has ended. My Ling follows with a tray, chilled glass of Chardonnay prepared.

“So nice of you to wait, Roger. Busy day at the mall.”

Miss Margie stows her purchases. She takes the wine, noting the dish as My Ling departs.

“You’re letting down for me. Thinking about a nice long hand milking?”

Roger nods as best he can as Miss Margie approaches. His heart pounds in anticipation. Another ping sounds as a rivulet from his right nipple drips to the waiting pan.

“Well, you certainly deserve to be well drained,” Miss Margie offers with mocked enthusiasm.

She reaches to place the wine glass at the nape of Roger’s exposed neck. The chilled glass brings a shudder, and an admonishment.

“Hold still, Roger. Don’t spill my wine.”

Miss Margie steps away to retrieve the udder cream. When she opens the jar, the fragrance fills the room like a fine perfume. For Roger, the redolence precipitates all milkings. The olfactory nerves deliver a message of preparation. Roger feels a tingling in his neglected glands. He is amazed when another droplet splashes into his dish. As Miss Margie coats her hands another droplet quickly follows. His flow increases! A Pavlovian response to Miss Margie’s presence.

“My goodness, you are expressing for me,” Miss Margie exclaims.

Coated fingers work to slather the main body of Roger’s newly plumped breasts then slowly work downwards toward the base of the overly sensitive nipples. Roger involuntarily squirms with the tantalizing delight, trying to suppress physical movement and not spill the wine. Miss Margie applies no pressure, the fingertips ever so gently smearing the viscous unguent along the entire length of each nipple. The touch teases. Roger needs to feel pressure, needs the digits to squeeze, to offer comforting compression. Yet Miss Margie merely coats, smiling in observing Roger’s fervent attempts to remain motionless.

She steps away! Roger moans.

“There. Now you’re ready,” the tone of voice coquettish as she wipes her hands.

More droplets of lactate let down as the wine glass is retrieved... a sip imbibed... then returned.

“A little treat for you, Roger.”

Miss Margie proceeds to disrobe. Roger energetically moans, his only form of encouragement, as shoes, skirt, sweater are discarded. Undergarments follow, and Miss Margie turns to stand before the well bound and hanging Roger completely nude!

“Now, let’s see if you can fill that pan for me.”

Another sip of wine and the glass is replaced. Then the hands begin. Each four plus inch nipple is grasped. Roger coos into his gag... perhaps a whimper of joy. He feels the fingers slowly close, reveling in the compression he so covets. The left hand begins. The index finger curls followed instantly by middle finger, ring finger, pinky. With the syncopated squeezes there comes a simultaneous pulling motion drawing the entire length downward. Roger is gratified to hear an explosion of liquid dash into the waiting pan. Miss Margie giggles. Then the right hand replicates the action and there comes another formidable spurt and another giggle. Roger squirms with intense pleasure, the physical delight of letting down, the psychological joy of performing for Miss Margie.

“Don’t spill my wine,” Miss Margie forewarns. “Any sloppiness and your milking is over.”

Relishing the satiation, yet having to do so almost motionless, adds a level of subjugation. He is to lie and soak up the gracious offering of Miss Margie’s hands and fingers. He is not to respond, not move a muscle. Roger is a vessel overflowing with Miss Margie’s desired essence, to be emptied at her whim. Mentally, Roger is to hang in suspension and observe as a bystander to her supreme governance.

The left hand repeats. With the pan filling, the sound of the metallic ping becomes instead a rush of liquid, the sound of an open faucet. Right hand, left, right. Roger looks into the pleasant face of his benefactress, so ostensibly angelic yet so wicked. She so much enjoys the process... the power... the

notion of modifying and transforming a male to be displayed in thorough bondage, to be made to perform at her whim.

Left hand and right, Miss Margie pauses.

“My goodness, you’re are so eager to let down. Has the aching subsided?”

Roger offers a slight nod. Miss Margie turns away, wipes her hands and retrieves the wine glass.

“Well, there’s no rush, and you’ve made me quite eager to use Lilly.”

Her voice calls out. Agreeable, but Lilly knows she is commanded. When the bedroom door opens, the naked cherub prances in and laughs, noting the milking dish filled with abundance. My Ling follows.

“A little respite, My Ling. Can you empty the dish while Lilly munches a little.”

Roger is to have a treat as Miss Margie lies on the bed before him and opens her thighs to offer her quim. Roger gawks... in lust? In envy?

Lilly crawls onto the bed, kneels and lowers her head. In full room light, the naked duo will engage in the delights of Sapphos.

Sunday

Roger finally exits his coma. Having been milked for hours, exhaustion brought deep sleep. Miss Margie drained him... slowly... meticulously... thoroughly. Her level of enjoyment was frightening. Roger knows it will not be his last hand milking. He is oddly appreciative, but dreads the wait until the next extraction.

He opens his eyes as a robed Miss Margie stands before him. Behind, he feels My Ling grasp his penis and align it with a receptacle. As he opens his bladder, Miss Margie reaches to close the valve on the pouch of sustenance that oozed throughout the night to partially restore his well depleted energy. He is heartened to see the hand rise, grip the clear plastic tube and gently pull. He feels the soft rubber tip move deep in his stomach. Then, just as uncomfortable as its insertion, the hand action triggers his gag reflex as the tube exits. Miss Margie smiles, noting that no matter the time acclimating to the gag, Roger still humbly reacts to the feel of her controlling hand.

The gag is deflated. Roger chokes again as the cruel mass of rubber departs his mouth.

“Thank you, Miss Margie,” the voice faltering, the words high pitched.

“Have this all cleaned while we speak,” Miss Margie commands in handing My Ling the tube and gag.

My Ling holds up her hand. It is coated with viscous fluid, evidently emanating from Roger’s shriveled manhood. Miss Margie nods in noting the moisture then turns to Roger.

“Two pints, Roger. Quite the performance.”

“Thank you,” Roger’s voice struggles to squeak again.

“I won’t keep you intubated constantly Roger, just most of the time. Extracting then replacing the tube offers more torment than just leaving it in, and hygiene requires that it be sanitized from time to time.”

Her grace is conditional.

“Getting to better understand me? Why I do these things?”
Miss Margie sarcastically inquires.

Roger nods.

“How do you feel?”

“Tired. Drained. But it’s strange. I feel okay.”

“Satiated?”

Roger nods again.

“You let down quite a lot for me. And your eagerness was most telling. You must have quite the sense of fulfillment. Do you remember the fourth milking?”

Roger shakes his head.

“Understandable. You swooned, but there remained a nice steady flow. Takes a concerted effort to ensure you’re emptied during a hand milking. The machine is much more efficient in that respect. But I think you enjoy my touch.”

“Yes, Miss Margie. It’s... it’s...”

Miss Margie snickers as Roger searches for words.

“Like a hand job, Roger? Remember how I spend a good part of my day... teasingly masturbating virile young males. Your nipples are no challenge, and it’s fun draining a boy of something other than spunk. The sense of power is heady. Surely that is easily understood.”

Roger complacently nods.

“Yet, have you given thought to your own station, Roger? So eager to better understand me, why I do the things I do, yet what about you?”

Miss Margie pauses as Roger appears perplexed. Then she asks a most pertinent question, one broached by Roger himself but remaining unanswered.

“Is all this preferable to a return to Sing Sing?”

Roger has no reply. Miss Margie playfully taps his nose.

“That trip to the park bench can happen any time, Roger. Meanwhile, you’re secreting more than just lactate. That

useless prostate gland is causing you to drool. It needs to be taken care of—with the next machine milking.”

My Ling returns with a well scrubbed feeding nozzle and tube.

“Gag him and intubate,” a heartless Miss Margie commands.

Pensiveness

Returned to gag and gastric tube, Roger docilely hangs watching as the white substance ebbs through the tube. He can feel its coolness leach into his stomach. He knows it slowly alters, bringing hormonal change, plumpness and the extreme need to be drained, pumped of the building essence. Along with the physical need comes a curious desire... a psychological craving to offer... to provide.

The thought of forced transformation brings occasional horripilation and Roger has learned to let his mind wander to calm himself. Miss Margie's words... 'giving thought to his own station'... return in his attempt to concentrate on other than the slow modifying liquid constantly oozing into his viscera. Introspection diverts.

Throughout the long process of subjugation and capitulation, Roger had not before given thought to his own motivations other than the musings and recollections during the deciding train ride to Farmingdale. Thereafter, control was lost, ceding all to his succubus, directed down a long path, one small step at a time. And leading to?

The many months at the clinic, the experimental therapy for sex offenders, robbed Roger of the physical desire for sex. Being electrically stimulated... shocked... three times... every third day... purged him of normal lust. Within months, there came the psychologist's desired association... normally gratifying ejaculation came to signify pain... something which to avoid.

Yet the human psyche demands some form of release. In place of the brief but needed emotional catharsis of sex, Roger was left with nothing. Hormone imbalance led to continuous depression. There was his dreary apartment, his allotted radius in a seedy Queens neighborhood, a daily train ride to work, evenings of serving as custodian, a cleaner of toilets. No contact with women, and no money for clandestine frolicking with hookers as in his profligate Wall Street years, though his impecunious state was obviously not the only deterrent.

Day after day, Roger's lifetime parole eroded the soul, until he heard the voice: 'does this train stop in Farmingdale?'. It did, she did, he did. His gloom stopped as well.

Thus the tedium is over, Roger's existence offered new meaning. A humbled cleaner of toilets has become a being of significance. A treasured pet. A sexual jester.

Roger thinks of the look of gratification on Miss Margie's face as he hangs being machine milked while Lilly's tongue labors between her thighs. She is given to glare. His well bound nakedness, transformed at her whim, slowly pumped of bodily essence, serves to bring a crescendo of lust. As his energy depletes his eyes close to enter a curious stupor of rapture. But he hears the sighs, the moans, the gasps as Lilly ardently licks. His offering triggers ecstasy, paroxysmal clenching of thighs, stifled shrieks of delight, and a dichotomous emotional release for himself. Does his flow rate increase while Miss Margie tosses one of a dozen or more orgasms?

He cannot measure, only watch as the clear collection vessel of the goat milking machine slowly fills. At a low setting his tingling nipples express for well over an hour. It feels good, horrifying but good. And it seems that as his body acclimates, the intervals become longer. A long distance runner in training for a marathon, Miss Margie is most accurate in her prognostication concerning his production; the unending flow of hormones and specially formulated sustenance seems to spur an unending flow of lactate.

Thoughts of being drained in order to amuse and entertain bring the mental frustration which he wishes to avoid. Roger squirms in his bonds, the foam lined Posy cuffs offering such disconcertingly comfortable restraint.

Yet, what is the alternative? Images of a park bench flash. A groggy Roger Armsworth Todd returns to full consciousness just as an alerted police officer arrives to loom over a shabbily dressed transvestite, reported to be lurking near a school yard. The first step in a quick journey back to Sing Sing.

Miss Margie would do it. He has no doubt. He can envision a quick application of makeup, hastily donned women's

garments, some cheap costume jewelry, a quick squirt of fentanyl and a return to the back seat of Miss Margie's minivan.

A ride to freedom; or to a life of incarceration?

My Ling enters to end Roger's reverie. A fresh pouch of transformational juice. His penis is pressed into a jar for bladder relief. A commanding hand kneads his right ear, causing Roger to teeter within his frame. With the Asian woman flaunting the supreme level of her governance, thoughts of Roger's many visits to the clinic are renewed.

Machine Milked

Though his burgeoning breasts ache, Roger stirs from a boredom induced stupor as the sound of the front door opening and closing announces the return of Miss Margie from a day at the asylum. Slow controlling hand jobs bring concupiscence. Thus Roger knows Miss Margie will not dally before visiting.

She needs Lilly's tongue and lips. She needs the more unfettered feminine governance offered by Roger's bound and suspended nakedness.

Within minutes a smiling Lilly enters the bedroom, her chimes announcing her travels well in advance. Roger marvels at the divine glabrous flesh, tanned, fattened to perfection, curvature honed by hours on the treadmill. She humbly moves to the bed, awaiting command.

Miss Margie follows.

"Good evening, Roger."

Roger feels the familiar tingling about his nipples. The sound of her voice begins a frisson of expected delight. Within moments comes the first ping of the thin metallic dish as Roger's right nipple begins to express. A second ping follows as the left nipple joins in celebration.

It is milking time!

"Yes, I am going to milk you. Be patient. I know your glands are throbbing."

Roger notes a tool in Miss Margie's hand. She steps to his side and reaches beneath. Roger feels fingers working about his unutilized penis, now serving only to drain his bladder.

"So tiny..." Miss Margie quips with a laugh.

There comes tension on his Prince Albert ring. The testicle bells ring. There follows the sound of a snip. A burning sensation. A jab of pain. Then Miss Margie steps to Roger's front. She holds up the ring, cut open and removed.

"Your clitoris is freed. This wasn't doing much good since you can't masturbate, can't even get it up," a smiling Miss Margie

taunts. “And you’re ready to let down for me,” she adds in noting the small pool formed by the anticipatory droplets in the pan.

The closet is unlocked, the goat milking machine rolled into the room light. Roger’s nipples tingle in earnest, the aching somewhat subsiding in psychosomatically feeling the expected suction.

The jar of udder cream is opened. As usual the fragrance further spurs the flow of lactate. Miss Margie coats her hands, smiling with her supreme governance, the heady sense of control, complete dominion over a transformed male, draining him daily at her whim.

The body of each mammary gland is slathered, kneaded and massaged. The fingers slowly work down, ever so gently coating the long dangling pink nipples. But then Miss Margie steps again to the side and reaches under Roger’s hanging prostrate form.

The fingers work his penis!

“I just hope the smallest teat cup is not too big for this little thing,” Miss Margie comments with a chuckle.

The shriveled strip of flesh starved for attention, Roger experiences the irony of sensing the same tingling within his once virile manhood as that felt in his nipples. The fingers withdraw and Miss Margie returns to stand before him.

“We’ll take of that prostate, Roger.”

Miss Margie turns on the milking machine. The whirr brings more tingling, more expectation, more droplets oozing to the nipple tips, splashing with a ping to the pan below.

Meanwhile My Ling arrives, tray and wine glass, chilled Chardonnay. Miss Margie accepts and sips gazing as Roger’s nipples slowly secrete.

“You are eager to perform for me, Roger,” an exuberant Miss Margie notes with a laugh.

With Lilly awaiting, clothing is discarded. Miss Margie strips naked, further heightening Roger’s need. But for what?

Mentally neutered, chemically castrated, Roger can only please others, never again himself.

A return to the closet, Roger watches intently as the well muscled physique moves about. Her large, firm breasts barely ripple with her motion. She approaches, small metal teat cup in hand.

“For young goats, and emasculated males...” more laughter.

She steps to the side. Roger feels more rummaging about his penis.

“I think it will work.”

She returns to the machine. A third pair of tubes waits. A clear collection tube. A smaller black hose for the suctioning air. The small teat cup is attached.

“Yes, I am going to drain you of more than just lactate tonight, Roger. Can’t have that useless prostatic fluid drooling to the carpet.”

The longer nipple teat cups hungrily suction in Roger’s four plus inch nipples. He sighs with the amazing sensation, the compression and slight tension instantly relieving the ache. Then Miss Margie steps to the side with the third pair of hoses and the tiny teat cup. Roger’s third udder is likewise engulfed, the suctioning cup drawing in the well greased shriveled organ.

It feels wonderful. Little has been felt there other than during intervals of urination. But there is apprehension.

“Just relax, Roger. You can no longer ejaculate, therefore there will be no imaginary pain,” Miss Margie advises in sensing Roger’s concern. “Just lie still and let Miss Margie’s machine slowly drain you. You know how much your performance amuses.”

With that, Miss Margie moves to the bed and a well trained, obedient Lilly moves to lie prostrate between her thighs. Roger glances at the nipple collection tubes. Once again they slowly but steadily fill with grayish white which trickles to the collection vessel. And the third... Roger is horrified to see

traces of clear viscous fluid, his prostate suctioned of superfluous juice, also trickle.

To the sound of Lilly's fervent slurps, Miss Margie begins to laugh uproariously.

"You're flowing wonderfully, Roger. I had My Ling increase your dosage of domperidone."

Alice Revisits

“He’s cute. But what’s with the udders?”

A bashful Roger Armsworth Todd closes his eyes in shame. Alice, the mammoth carpenter has returned, tools in hand and she gazes in amazement at Roger’s hanging nakedness.

“He’s lactating for me. Since he can no longer exude male essence, I’ve transformed him so he can offer me something else,” Miss Margie blithely explains.

Alice nods watching intently as a well timed droplet splashes to the waiting pan.

“He lets down to the sound of my voice and my presence,” Miss Margie adds.

“Quite the sick dude,” Alice suggests with a snicker.

“We all have our proclivities. Roger is fortunate to have my guidance concerning his.”

Gagged and intubated as always, Roger cannot contest Miss Margie’s glib description of her dominion.

Alice’s huge hand, which has driven thousands of nails, reaches out and pushes Roger’s forehead. The action causes him to swing within the frame, bringing forth a clatter from his testicle bells. Alice smiles. Miss Margie divulges her awareness.

“I have to disclose that my home is surveilled with dozens of concealed cameras, Alice. I am aware that you and Roger had a previous encounter.”

Alice smiles sheepishly.

“There were noises in the basement. I felt it best to investigate.”

“No harm. When keeping a boy in strict long term bondage there need to be precautions. The cameras are not intended to spy on others. But I noticed a certain attraction. You seemed fascinated with the modifications of his male package.”

“Forcibly kept chaste and belled. The alteration does intrigue. By your hand?”

Miss Margie nods and steps to Roger’s side. Alice follows to observe as a knowing hand reaches under his thigh and palms the emaciated penis and testicles, better presenting for examination.

“Penetrated by heated needles. This sterilizes as well as instantly cauterizes to limit bleeding. But I have since removed the penis restraint. As you can see, he’s neutered. Not a tinge of testosterone in his system thus his testicles no longer produce. And kept in Posey restraints, he can’t toy with himself.”

Miss Margie notes Alice’s broad smile.

“I know you’re one of us, Alice. That’s why I asked for your help, without your partner Ed.”

“Well, I do on occasion enjoy the company of a male, but under my tutelage. As you stated, we all have our proclivities.”

“Let me guess, double dildo?” Miss Margie muses.

“So many males enjoy penetration. Who am I to deny?” Alice postulates with curious pride. “I’m a bit of a chicken hawk. Certain private clubs in New York can be quite diverting on weekends. The gay boys are always coy and somewhat prissy. But by evening’s end they all strip, bend and spread for me.”

The women laugh as Miss Margie’s hand retreats.

“May I?” Alice inquires.

“Of course.”

Alice’s massive, callused right hand reaches under. The testicle bells peal as she gruffly palms the pierced scrotal sac. Then a thumb smoothes to judge the size of the remaining organs. It presses and the pain brought by the moderate pressure causes Roger to lurch.

“Still sensitive, just shriveled to the size of peanuts.”

“Continuous doses of anti androgen. The male organs slowly wither. Not to be reversed. And once the testosterone level is

depleted, the male system will react quite notably to induced female hormones.”

As Miss Margie explains, the hand glides up the perineum and most embarrassingly splays Roger’s already parted cheeks to bring room light to his rear aperture. The fingers work to fully display the puckered anus. Alice’s experienced eye visually examines as Roger moans in discomfort and embarrassment.

“Tight. Not used much. With my gay chickens in the City sometimes it’s like looking at the entrance to the Lincoln Tunnel.”

The women laugh. Roger squirms in attempting to free his sphincter of Alice’s fingers and examination. Alice finally retracts her hand.

“Quite entertaining. But what is it you need?”

“These rear posts. I need to have them higher. He’ll better lactate with his feet high and his head and nipples low.”

“You want to hang him upside down?”

“Not quite. Just able to raise his feet during milking times. That will draw more circulation to his breasts and augment his flow rate.”

Alice nods.

“Easily done. A three foot extension of his posts should do it. Pulleys at the top so you can raise his ankles. Sturdy connecting brackets to ensure that the posts and the extensions are inseparable.”

“Reasonable cost?” Miss Margie inquires.

Alice smiles in thought.

“Materials will be minimal, and as for my labor, well, as discussed we all have our proclivities. When this hawk visits the club it costs me \$50.”

Miss Margie cackles.

“Well this chicken can’t be worth much more. And I think Roger will enjoy a bit of a reversal, serving in the role of trollop.”

Intensified milking

“You flow like fountain now,” My Ling taunts as she grooms.

Roger has been sponge bathed and his limbs released and massaged. So despite the deriding words, he is complacent with muscle movement temporarily restored. He is also heartened in knowing that primping and preening precedes the evening visit from Miss Margie. Thus as he calmly lies naked and well trussed, he puts aside thoughts of the throbbing of his breasts which constantly signal their need for tending hands. Instead he imagines the flow of lactate and the encouraging expressions of joy from his governess as he lets down for her.

My Ling finishes applying makeup and holds a hand mirror before Roger’s face. He examines himself, barely recognizable features, more than passably girlish. Below, long pink nipples augment the aura of femininity. He smiles inwardly as My Ling smirks.

‘This sexual pervert derives pride from his forced transformation,’ she thinks to herself with self satisfaction. The alteration of males was much more overt at the Chinese prison where she formerly worked. The punishing testicle clamps would eventually crush the virility of the incorrigible male. A quicker process but much more physically painful.

Appearance deemed adequate, My Ling lastly adjusts Roger’s hanging form. The cables securing his ankle restraints and thigh bands are released and reconnected to cords threaded through Alice’s recently installed pulleys. Then Roger’s waist band is loosened. With the pulleys attached to the high posts, well above the level of Roger’s head, My Ling slowly pulls. Roger’s feet, calves and thighs rise. Next My Ling adds slack to the cables securing his biceps, wrists and dildo gag. Thus his head and chest slowly dip. The result—his naked hanging form is angled such that his breasts are the lowest segment of his well exposed anatomy.

As My Ling adjusts the flow of the feeding tube to a dribble, insuring that the hormone laden sustenance will not be regurgitated back into Roger’s nearly upside down throat, he

feels the throb of his breasts deepen. With the circulation enhanced by gravity, Roger's need for attention builds.

The table bearing the dripping pan is moved to better align with his nipples. My Ling softly cackles, observing the pinnacle of feminine supremacy. A reprobate male has been altered to fulfill such an otherwise distinctly female role... and he has been psychologically transformed as well to enjoy the process.

With that comes the distant sound of the latch of the front door. Roger hears the chimes of the bald, balled and belled Lilly. There are verbal greetings exchanged. The sound of her voice! With that comes the ping of the first droplet, Roger's right nipple as always. My Ling's soft cackle bursts forth.

"You letting down," she announces between sneering snorts.

Yes, Miss Margie's forthcoming presence, the sound of her voice, spurs Roger's flow. And the trickle triggers great need, the rivulets tickling his amazingly sensitive nipples, his burgeoning breasts aching to give up lactate. He wriggles in his bonds, his motion quickening the otherwise slow roll of a droplet from his left nipple. It too falls to bring a ping.

Then Miss Margie enters.

"How long?" she simply inquires.

"I just move him," My Ling replies.

Miss Margie steps forth, reaches down and grasps Roger's ears in the all too familiar greeting.

"Thirty minutes, pumpkin. Lilly will pleasure me while I wait to ensure your breasts are well nourished by the increased circulation of your angled posture. Then I'll offer a nice, long and slow machine milking."

When the goat milking machine is rolled from the closet, Roger's throbs quicken and his flow increases. Miss Margie notes the forming droplets, smiles confidently and steps away to join Lilly in the cunnilingus chair.

Compensation for Alice's Labor

Roger is glad to once again be relieved of his gag and gastric tube. But Alice stands before him, most ominously. She holds in her left hand an enormous dildo, smirking as her lubricated right hand strokes, the action emulating the masturbation of the male phallus.

“Lots of lube for my chickens. I only want enough physical discomfort so that my power is sensed and my little toy is well humiliated.”

The formidable dildo harness strapped about Alice’s waist is at the level of Roger’s eyes. A triangular patch covers her pubes. A good size hole obviously will accommodate what Alice now adoringly strokes. Roger notes that where the left hand grasps there is a bulbous mass of firm rubber, well crafted to gratifyingly manipulate the feminine love pouch as the marauding cylinder plunges into the tight male aperture.

Roger gulps, feeling akin to the condemned watching as the gallows are built, perhaps as the firing squad leisurely loads. Below he spies his dangling nipples and the drip pan which awaits expectant lactate. It is mid day. His breasts throb not, but by afternoon’s end he will be most desirous of Miss Margie’s attention.

Meanwhile, Roger raises his head to better gaze at his executioner. Short hair slicked back, shoulders bare and broad, a tight spandex halter encircles the torso and strains to capture huge breasts. Various muscling of the biceps and forearms ripple and roll as she assures the implement of his shame is well coated. A layer of firm fat covers her uncovered midriff, disguising thick abdominals.

Legs and buttocks bare, the muscling there conforms to her powerful physique. Alice is a bull dyke lesbian, very much enjoying the comeuppance of sodomy offered to gender confused males.

“Every boy should have an occasional good fucking,” her stentorian voice lectures. “It humbles, though in your case you may sense some degree of perverse pride.”

The shaft well slathered, Alice grips the slick tip, releases her left hand and presents the bulbous bumpy female end to

Roger's lips.

"Do give my boy tamer a good licking for me, Roger. You'll learn to enjoy its taste."

Roger indeed meekly licks, adding the lubricant of his tongue and lips to complete Alice's preparation.

"Good boy... or should I say good girl?"

With that, the dildo is withdrawn and well experienced hands work to slip it beneath the harness, simultaneously pushing the male end through the opening and sliding the female end into an eager love nest. A gracious smile beams as the bumps and ridges abrade where a woman most enjoys attention, the urethral sponge welcoming the tantalizing pressure.

"A perfect fit, as always," the voice effusive with delight.

Alice steps to the right, out of sight. A hand smooths down Roger's torso, buttocks and thighs as she moves to his rear.

"You're nicely plumped, Roger. Not a muscle to be felt. Now you just lie and take it like a good girl. Remember to squeeze with each penetrating thrust and maximize the back pressure for me. Thereafter you'll feel better releasing each time I withdraw."

Though My Ling spent a good portion of the morning forcing enormous quantities of cleansing liquid into his colon, followed by abundant lubrication, Roger fears for his virgin sphincter. But for Miss Margie's... Nurse Rachel's... electrical probe, Roger has not before been used there, fortuitously avoiding such common prison interplay during his few years in Sing Sing.

"Please be gentle," the words spew forth as would the squeak of a mouse.

Roger's many months of forced hormone therapy have brought a notable change in timbre to his voice. It is meek, high pitched and without vitality. And the plea brings forth a brawny guffaw from Alice.

"Another reluctant sodomite. You all plead, but in the end are all so depravedly satiated. You will enjoy Roger. Though the

pain is ephemeral, the humiliation of deep penetration is so lastingly divine.”

Alice ducks, stooping to step within the rectangular frame serving to hold Roger’s prostrate form at waist height. Measured beforehand, his restraining cables and straps have been adjusted such that his parted thighs expose his rectum at a level which perfectly aligns with Alice’s lubricated faux phallus. There comes a snicker as once again the decimated pierced balls are palmed and caressed, the gruff hand sending a message of impotence and power—his impotence...her power.

“Wasn’t it nice of Alice to modify your frame so you can better produce for your Miss Margie? I’m told you’re now expressing like a dairy cow, and well contented in doing so.”

She laughs, her hands rising to part the buttocks and widen the gluteal cleft. It gleams with the slickness of My Ling’s unguent.

“Well it’s time I be paid for my efforts.”

With that, masculine hands grasp at the waist belt. The rubber tip presses against the welcoming sphincter. There comes a groan mutating to a girlish yelp as Alice slowly thrusts, the purse string muscle yielding to her inordinate female strength. Then, as the pleasant kneading brought by the back pressure magnifies the sensations offered by the female end, Roger’s outcry of shame is joined by the sound of a feminine sigh of joy. Ignoring Roger’s response, Alice keeps plunging, both the lubricant and experienced, firm muscling making his rectum incapable of resisting. It widens... it yields... it sickeningly seems to welcome the feminine assault.

Alice, all in, pauses, her hips pressed to Roger’s buttocks. She jostles, her motion transferring to Roger’s hanging form and rattling his dangling testicle bells. Alice laughs, releasing her grip on the waist belt.

“Good girl. Took the entire length. Now nice and slow, respond to my rhythm. You’ll find it is best. And then, just like my New York chickens, you’ll soon be pining for more of Miss Alice’s tender fucking.”

Her hips withdraw. A disconcerted Roger indeed finds it is best to release, relaxing his sphincter as best he can as the long shaft slithers out. Then, just as the tip is about to exit the rectum, Alice pauses. A moment. Two. The hands reach forth and grasp the ears. The cartilage which Miss Margie so often uses in greeting become handles. Fingers tighten.

“Squeeze!” comes the reminding command.

There comes another girlish yelp as another thrust begins. Slow. Inexorable. Roger cannot resist... only accept the shame and humiliation as the length deeply slides within. Yet he does obey and tighten, enhancing the back pressure his penetrating partner so covets.

Why does he so obsequiously comply?

“Ah,” comes a sigh of satisfaction, Alice’s deep voice mixing with Roger’s pitiful high pitched protestations.

The action repeats. Alice withdraws then begins another thrust. Roger tightens. Bells rattle. A girlish male whimper. A female yet brawny sigh of pleasure. Withdraw then thrust. Again. Again. Alice slowly increases the tempo.

“You’re opening for me. That’s a good girl.”

Yes, the barraged sphincter slowly becomes more pliant, permitting quicker withdrawal. Roger’s quickly trained aperture complies with each penetration, tightening to maximize Alice’s delight.

Thrust, thrust, thrust. There finally comes a powerful plunge. Alice cries out, her well kneaded vaginal walls oscillating in a massive orgasm. She pauses. She leans and whispers.

“You must be greatly missed in Sing Sing, Roger. You’re quite the fuck.”

Alice slowly enters again then rests, her legs and gluteus maximus muscles well exerted.

“Now you can fuck yourself, Roger.”

Remaining stable, Alice grasps the waist belt and pushes Roger forward against the many cables from which he hangs.

The dildo completely exits then presses against the puckered rectum, the hands holding Roger in place.

“When I release, you can either tighten to deny entry by keeping your fuck hole closed, or you can relax, open your rectum and your body will swing back toward me, offering good penetration. You decide, Roger. More fucking or denial. It’s as simple as opening yourself to me, or keeping yourself firmly puckered.”

Alice releases the waist belt. As described, gravity causes Roger’s weight to swing back, his anus pressing against the dildo tip. It is sizable, but Roger’s tight sphincter has quickly acclimated in accepting it. The long and thick phallus can be accommodated. Does Roger want it?

“Yes, just keep that purse string muscle tight and you’ll avoid another thrust. But relax and you’ll nicely swing back and fuck yourself.”

There comes a pause. Roger closes his eyes in shame. Then he loosens his opening and, to Alice’s mocking cackle, opens himself to one more penetrating thrust.

“Yes, my little chicken, all naughty girls protest, but they all so much enjoy being sodomized.”

Alice pushes forward again and the dildo exits and presses against the well greased rectum. The scene repeats. Remain closed, or accept the lengthy cylinder which Alice has so many times driven home.

Roger meekly opens again. His naked and bound form swings back. His sphincter swallows the entire length. Alice laughs again.

“Oh, you are a randy little vixen. Given the opportunity to end the shameful debauchery, you choose to once again feel the friction of my boy tamer. And Roger, there is more than just the psychological thrill of watching you debase yourself. My end brings such nice pulses to my quim. So I can feel your degradation as well as view it.”

Fully in, Alice pauses again and leans, her massive form resting on Roger’s spine. He can feel the spandex halter and

the firm softness beneath pressing against his shoulder blades.

“Now, just wriggle a bit. Hips back and forth like you were fucking instead of being fucked. Make your bells ring. Be a good girl for Alice.”

Firmly offered instructions, Alice wraps her arms around Roger’s arms and shoulders. As Roger begins the demanded hip action, the scruffy carpenter’s hands find the elongated nipples. The cerebral cortex overwhelmed with input, the psychological trauma has brought pronounced throbbing. The time of day for Roger’s milking nears.

Why should he feel such self loathing when he impulsively lets down to Alice’s gruff touch?

Yes, the thumb and index finger of each hand easily locate a male udder. With a brusque squeeze to the right nipple, a jet of grayish white streams to the pie pan below, the sound of the ping announcing the capitulation of Roger’s glands. The left nipple is next, and Alice snickers, her vaginal walls basking in the gentle rhythm of Roger’s hips. Her psyche reveling in forcing such subjugating performance.

“Yes, you are a sick one, Roger. Offering yourself so thoroughly. I can feel your submission, your rhythm so humbly bringing pleasure to my love pouch. And then to let down for me, performing like a cow. Your pleasure denied, you enjoy that of others.”

There come more squeezes, more spurts of essence, right nipple then left.

“Yes, I could fuck you and milk you all day long, Roger. You’d whimper. But knowing I’m pleased... you’d enjoy.”

Roger remains silent, simply rocking his hips in response.

It Is Time

As a captive, constantly naked and well bound, Roger's sense of time is long lost.

How long has Miss Margie entertained herself?

Many months. Certainly more than a year.

But even the most fascinating of toys brings eventual weariness.

"Roger, it is time. There is too much of an opportunity arising. Got a most truculent patient at the asylum who is going to have a penectomy. Seems his manhood somehow became infected and it must be removed. Can't imagine how that happened," Miss Margie gloats, making her nefarious plot obvious.

"He's quite young. Nice big set of balls. Spouts like a whale when I masturbate him. After his operation, the frustration of no longer being able to achieve normal sexual gratification will be daunting for him. And so, I've volunteered to offer individualized care and counseling, at least that is what the hierarchy at the asylum believe. In actuality, he's going to be my new maid, challenging but he will acquiesce. In not being able to get himself off, he will need to rely on Miss Margie. My Ling is familiar with the necessary protocol and treatment. Seems removal of the penis is an old Chinese torture with the inability to balance the hormones through ejaculation a delicious mental burden."

Miss Margie playfully presses against Roger's forehead, making him swing in his bonds and bringing forth the ringing of his testicle bells.

"So you're out. Besides, milking you has become cumbersome. And in neutering you, there's no zest to counter and torment in rebuke."

A gagged Roger cannot reply. Tears well. Miss Margie smiles at the reaction. A hand extends. A fingertip brushes away a droplet of moisture. Then the hand lowers and a fingertip diddles a long, well used right nipple. A droplet forms there as well.

“Oh Roger, you’re letting down and it’s nowhere near milking time,” Miss Margie pleasantly laughs.

“Just think, you’re going to have clothing, and you’ll be able to move. Prison can be endured. And you’re going to make some cellmate very happy. You’ll adapt, though I should have offered fellatio training,” she snorts.

“That videotape of Alice sodomizing you will forever be treasured. I suspect you’ll be bending and spreading often at Sing Sing. You seem to enjoy...”

As Miss Margie speaks, she turns and retrieves a small spray bottle. Roger has glimpsed it twice before, in the parking lot of the Farmingdale train station and before his trip to the beauty parlor. He winces.

“No pepper. Just a little fentayl to calm you.”

The thumb and forefinger of the left hand pinch closed Roger’s nostrils, his only access to air. Miss Margie holds, letting Roger’s need for oxygen build. Then when she releases, the press of a finger introduces a fine mist of opiate as Roger gasps for breath, inhaling deeply. Her dosage is well measured. There comes instant grogginess and Miss Margie nods to My Ling. The gastric tube is slid away. The dildo gag deflated and removed. Then for the first time in many, many months, more than one restraint is simultaneously loosened. The velcro straps for ankles, thighs, waist band, biceps, and wrists are all torn open. Miss Margie’s strong arms guide a swooning Roger to the floor.

“He looks very pretty, My Ling. You’ve outdone yourself.”

Yes, a final makeover has Roger appearing as effeminate as ever. Augmenting his appearance will be appropriate clothing. Tight, brief, sultry and suggestive, Miss Margie holds Roger sitting upright as a special brasserie-like garment is donned. It is of tight latex and strapless, resembling a tube top. There are holes cut to accommodate the incredibly stretched nipples and, with the delusional effect of fentanyl, Roger feels as if he’s being hugged and that hands are clasping his breasts.

A diaphanous blouse follows, designed to reveal in direct sunlight the underlying lengths of pink beneath. No other undergarments, Miss Margie draws Roger upright as My Ling quickly encircles his waist with a frilly red silk skirt, the hem barely covering his dangling testicle bells.

Roger's special shoes return. Curious steel with ungainly high heels. Miss Margie slides the slipper-like footwear onto the right foot. Cables entwine between the toes and are then strung to the ankle where such encircle. There comes a click as the shoe is locked in place. The left foot follows.

"Good girl!"

Miss Margie lifts. Roger cannot resist, the fentanyl inducing a pleasant euphoria. Yet he attempts speech, the slurred words an apparent verbal plea to remain in naked bondage.

"No Roger, you're finally taking that ride to the park. It's going to be a warm sunny day. You'll have a little nap as the fentanyl works its magic. Then when you awake I am sure there will be a new world beckoning. Think of all the challenges ahead."

To the garage, Roger half stumbles... is half carried. Once again the sliding rear door of the minivan offers ease of entry for the semi conscious. Roger's languid form sits. On this ride he is determined to note an address, some geographic reference to navigate a return, inform the authorities of his captor's whereabouts. But as the vehicle backs from the garage, his narcotic induced stupor brings further dreams. He hallucinates toppling over to lie... to nap... to slumber... the soft, caressing feel of his brief apparel bringing comfort and unfamiliar sensuality.

The End

Roger slowly returns to the real world. A final spritz of fentanyl was probably unnecessary. But the morning was quite early, and Miss Margie did not want him regaining consciousness before activity in the park commenced. Thus, in nearing midday, Roger stirs and hears the commotion of young children recreating. A nearby dog run offers the barks and growls of canines. Birds chirp and across the walkway an elderly woman, apparently quite nearsighted, feeds pigeons, ignoring the curious sight of a luridly crossdressed Roger.

Head clearing, he remains unnoticed, and quickly closes his legs, his peeking testicle bells ringing as he tries his best to cloak his altered jewels. His skirt is dysfunctionally short!

His nipples are teased. Drawn through his special brassiere and thus caressing the smooth inner silk of his gaudy blouse, they begin to harden and stand, ironically much like his penis formerly stiffened. With the tightness of the latex, it feels as if hands are pressing against his breasts, the base of his nipples gently pinched. Roger peers down at his bizarre shoes, sandals of steel really, but with high and narrow heels to make all movement ungainly.

Taking a deep breath, a rare gulp of outside air, Roger's subconscious does not celebrate his freedom. Instead there is concern. Where is he to go? And if a destination comes to mind, how is he to get there?

Miss Margie's threat to have alerted the police seems to have been either a bluff or has been retracted for there is no sign of the authorities.

And so as Roger acclimates, a right hand furtively slips under his skirt. Freed of restraints, with no undergarment to hinder, he for the first time in many, many months examines himself. His heart skips a beat. Though the covering flesh remains sensitive, beneath there is very little, months of anti androgens causing his male organs to wither. Pierced but shrunken gonads; his bells ring as he finds that his penis can barely be located.

Chemically neutered! It has not been a nightmare!

But there is more. In his lower peripheral vision, he notes that his gaily colored diaphanous blouse is stained, a large blotch darkening at his breasts. Moisture!

He is letting down! And the wet garment clings to perfectly outline a long right nipple!

And worse, coming into view in the distance, patrolling along the long landscaped walkway, is a policewoman! She saunters, no apparent alert of a wanted parolee. But will his effeminate garb pass visual inspection? Some element of Miss Margie's chosen attire is sure to muster unwanted attention.

Moistened blouse most revealing. Skirt pornographically short. No identification. Gender questionable. No plausible explanation for the who, why, where and what of his presence, his emancipation may be miserably short.

Should he arise and attempt to vacate?

The shoes required much balancing effort when worn about Miss Margie's house months ago. And now, with muscling atrophied through drugs and disuse, the effect of Miss Margie's narcotic lingering, traces of fentanyl probably remain in his system. He feels somewhat inebriated and has little hope of undertaking as few as three steps before stumbling.

Questioned and arrested... will he be strip searched?

He can feign sleeping. Yes, just close the eyes and pretend to be enjoying the fresh air and sunshine. But that may spur an even longer visual inspection by the passing officer. She can stare without compunction and without drawing his attention. Surely his breasts would be noticed with any more than a glance.

Roger notes the policewoman appears to be casually strolling. But her trained eye is attentive, seeming to be taking a visual snapshot of every passerby.

What to do?

There comes panic... thoughts of his greeting upon being returned to the dank concrete of Sing Sing... of that

introductory strip search. So intentionally degrading when he was masculine, he cannot now imagine the reaction.

“Hello pretty girl,” a husky yet female voice greets.

Roger snaps his head towards the source. It is Alice!

She sits to his right. Roger hears the wooden frame creak and pitch in yielding to her inordinate size. With his terror, he searches for a greeting, finally uttering a meek ‘hello’.

“Such a nice day for a leisurely sit in the park, Roger.”

A gruff right hand crosses over to pat the well exposed right thigh. Her left arm reaches behind to rest across Roger’s shoulder. It appears that old friends are enjoying fresh air and sunshine.

“So you’re free at last. Your Miss Margie tired of all the antics.”

The right hand creeps up under the loose skirt. The near sighted woman notes the duo, but the brazen reach is apparently out of focus. With short hair slicked back, loose denim work clothes, the unfocussed silhouette of the brawny Alice appears to be a male acquaintance.

Roger stifles a yelp as her hand glides upwards and fingers find the tiny pierced balls. They gently pinch. He hears a slight rattle of his bells as she toys... and sees a knowing snicker from Alice.

“Left you pierced. Bull’s-eye penetrations of both balls. You won’t be going through metal detectors without attracting attention, Roger.”

The left hand slips beneath the flimsy blouse to find the curious latex brassiere.

“And your breasts are enshrouded in a milking bra. Makes your nipples protrude marvelously against the thin silk.”

The left hand lowers to move beneath the blouse, downward from his shoulder. Fingers cop a feel of his left nipple. Roger is chagrined to feel his gland give up lactate as the nipple is lifted and gently kneaded. With the emotional stress his system seems to react by expressing!

Alice feels the resulting spurt of essence and snickers more noticeably.

“And she left you already in need of milking. I’m sure by now you’ve observed enough times that you know how to relieve yourself—now that your hands are free. Just slowly draw down and squeeze. But how are you otherwise going to exist? Margie told me you have a rather questionable past. That you’re quite a naughty boy who has done some time.”

Roger sheepishly nods as Alice peers down the walkway.

“And here comes a policewoman. Oh, this will be interesting, Roger! A transvestite, a wanted sex offender sitting half naked in a park with children playing...and a nearby school. You could be this officer’s next promotion.”

Alice cackles in emphasizing a thought that has already occurred.

Meanwhile, her fingers push the hem of the skirt higher. Thumb and forefinger find the tiny penis, his clitoris as Miss Margie termed it, and Roger’s bells peal more noticeably as she palpates, glinting beneath the partial covering offered by Alice’s huge hand.

“Move and I will give you up, Roger. Your fate will be sealed. I think it best that you listen and consider. You really don’t have much of a choice.”

Roger glumly nods. He does not.

“I prefer women... most of the time. But you’re passable when all prettied up. And I enjoyed our little tête-à-tête the other day. Fucking you and milking you is heady stuff.”

Roger recalls his own reaction to the overpowering encounter. There was a curious sense of fulfillment.

“So when Margie suggested she was somewhat jaded, I began certain preparations. Don’t do much carpentry for myself, but I’ve made some furniture for my bedroom.”

Her left hand again finds the left nipple beneath the smooth silk. The fingers work, and Roger emits an involuntary sigh of satisfaction as Alice, while toying with his penis, slowly draws

down the length of the nipple and another spurt soaks the flimsy cloth covering.

Milked and masturbated—in public!

“Surrender to my governance, Roger. Offer complete capitulation, as with your Miss Margie.

“Most of the time you’ll be kept restrained. You enjoy it. And what remains of your male psyche welcomes stern dominion. I made a set of stocks for your neck and wrists. Thick wood, I’ve been polishing it in anticipation of your eventual arrival. It’s nice and smooth and some padding within the openings will keep you comfortable while you’re held kneeling. When I arrive home and enter the bedroom you will part your knees and arch your back, offering that tight backside of yours for penetration. And I suspect, just as with your Miss Margie, you’ll let down for me. For only when I sodomize you will your breasts be relieved of all this building lactate.

“Oh yes, you’ll need milking. Margie offered the name of the drugs stimulating the production of prolactin. I’ve learned such are readily available.”

As Alice speaks, both hands continue to caress and massage. Despite impotence, the many nerves of the flaccid clitoris-like nub continue to transmit signals of joy. And the burgeoning breasts seem constantly in need of attention. Deep within, despite the soaked blouse, Roger wishes she could work the right nipple as well.

“So Roger, our friendly policewoman approaches. She appears to have a rather wary eye and I doubt you will pass muster on your own. But agree to join me and I’ll assist. You’re going to be bending and spreading somewhere—in my bedroom or in prison. It’s your choice. My truck is nearby.”

Roger cannot fathom how his untoward ability to lactate will be received by Sing Sing’s supervisors and guards much less the rank and file inmates. And then there are his decimated male tidbits.

Though time for consideration is lacking the decision seems obvious. There really is not much of a choice. The blue

uniformed officer nears, casually swinging her nightstick like a beat veteran.

“Take me home... with you,” the humble high pitched voice concedes.

Alice smiles, retracting her hand from under Roger’s skirt.

“Very wise. Your new bondage will be harsh, yet even more mentally daunting knowing that it’s consensual,” Alice snickers.

“I purchased something for you expecting your decision. Nothing extravagant, just from the tackle shop.”

Alive reaches into the pocket of her overalls. She extracts lumps of gray metal.

“Fishing weights. Small but heavy.”

The hand further pushes up the short skirt to bring into the bright sunlight Roger’s entire pubes.

“No, please.”

Alice ignores the pleas and attaches the ponderous lumps, one right, one left, to the testicle piercings.

“These will encourage you to part your knees and spread for me while kneeling in the stocks. In such a pose, the weights will rest on the carpet and not tug on your tiny testicles. With me, as long as there are balls, there will be weights. I want you to always be reminded of my governance. When you no longer have balls, you will no longer have weights. Getting snipped is something I want you to always be thinking about.

“If and when you are to be finally castrated, it too will be consensual.”

Alice’s huge frame shields her quick handiwork as the officer comes most proximate. Weights attached, she rights the skirt, drawing it down to barely cover Roger’s altered pubes just as the policewoman stops and stands, towering directly above, her authoritative presence looming.

Alice’s left hand recedes from titillating the left nipple. She turns her head, looks up and smiles.

“What do you think, Emily?”

The policewoman returns the smile.

“Not as cute as some of the young chickens you’ve fucked in the City. But if he is indeed emasculated, in the long run he’ll better take to being shafted. Not as much prissy fuss as with the gay boys.”

Alice nods and brazenly lifts Roger’s skirt, fully displaying the tiny male appendage and withered and weighted balls. The policewoman laughs then reaches forth with her nightstick. The tip brushes the silk blouse where the nipples protrude. Her gentle but authoritative gesture brings an unexpected brisance of delight to Roger’s glands.

“His blouse is wet. Great stuff.”

Alice rights the skirt. Her hands then reach and lift the flimsy silk blouse. Roger blushes as the latex milking bra is revealed, his long but firm bright pink nipples pointing like pencils. In being forced through the tight openings, there is constant squeezing which readies the glands for extraction. He is primed to be milked.

Officer Emily smiles wickedly, noting that the sensuous touch of her nightstick has brought forth droplets.

“I will have to stop by and inspect, Alice. Meanwhile, better move on before someone calls this into the desk sergeant. As a woman, he’s passable, but in a way too passable. He looks like a half naked street walker.”

The policewoman turns and moves onward. To a distant spectator, it appears that she has dutifully warned the couple to disperse from the park.

“You see how quickly I could have you whisked away, Roger. Come, you’ve made your decision. Time to make sure you fit into my stocks.”

The brawny woman stands and turns, her powerful hands reaching down to grasp Roger’s arms and pull him to his feet. For the first time, Roger feels the additions to his testicle jewelry, the fishing weights dropping to dangle exposed at mid thigh. The tension brings an initial stab of pain followed by

more dull throbs as they constantly pull at his remaining maleness.

His weight supported by Alice's mammoth frame, the imbalance of shoes and narcotic allayed, he is guided from the park much as Miss Margie assisted to guide a drugged Roger to the bench. His bells ring. His weights click and each labored step brings new discomfort. He begins to realize that henceforth, only in kneeling in Alice's stocks will the tension on his balls be relieved. Oddly, the thought brings comfort.

His metal sandals clink, but passersby shrug with nonchalance, avant garde footwear acceptable, the small locks unnoticeable.

"Emily is one of us, Roger, as you have probably ascertained. That nightstick has brought to yield many a tight rectum," she quips as the pickup truck nears.

Roger is heartened when he notes equipment shamelessly stowed in the rear. It is the goat milking machine—three sets of hoses, the small penis teat cup included.

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed.
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About the Author

Chris Bellows, a nom de plume, is single and on the north side of middle age. He lives a astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write some ten or more years ago when he found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into 'mush'. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of 'Lady Constance', he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the present day release of Milking The Male Essence, book number thirty-three with Pink Flamingo.

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s..., has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to 'work outside the box'.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including 'first person female'. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting Dominance with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more suitably conform his writings to their envisioned 'box' of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably..., readers with an interest in D/s who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Chris enjoys reading and responding to readers comments. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.