

The Zesty Girl Irrevocable Trust

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by Chris Bellows

Prologue

What is normal?

In my many years as a general practitioner I had often pondered the question. On the surface, my life as a country doctor would be considered boringly normal by many, I suppose.

But then Master Fife took over the farm from the estate of his strange aunt. Gossip ensued among the women at the local hair salon when he arranged lengthy beauty appointments for his concubine, an Asian ingenue known as “Lotus Boy”.

Some of the women knew his aunt and had attended many parties and other functions at the private secluded farm. These women formed a small clique and, due to their participation in the aunt’s deviant activities, an unwritten code of silence was maintained concerning their visits there. All had families and vanilla lives to lead. They justified their weekends with the aunt as mere recreational diversions.

Therefore, as stories concerning his concubine circulated, most were not shocked having heard stories about the aunt. And the few who knew the aunt were rather comforted to know that the eccentric and lascivious proclivities carried out at the farm would resume.

The Adirondack village in which we lived was small. Including the residents of the surrounding farms, the population was not more than 5,000. But within the purlieu of the town there was a hidden sub culture of sophistication that outsiders would never view. Many residents were well educated but disgruntled city dwellers (New York mainly), who sought refuge from the burdens of raising children on an island of concrete and steel.

With the pleasant rural setting, which overlooked coniferous forests rolling from mountain to mountain, came tedious normality. Therefore, the hint of Master Fife’s renewal of the farm’s activities was more welcomed among certain bored village women than most would suspect.

As a professional, I could not engage in nor comment on the gossip. My relationship with the aunt and the farm was confidential. For years I had served as the “veterinarian” for the aunt’s farm, giving the pony boys their annual physicals and responding to moderate emergencies such as twisted ankles and occasional cuts caused by an errant snap of a lunge whip.

So when I arrived in the village in my early thirties, after closing my practice in New York City’s

Greenwich Village, I was astonished, not by the activities at the farm, but that they occurred in such a quiet rural town. And the fact that many residents not only accepted the presence of the aunt, but also found her parties and shows of human pony dressage to be fascinating diversions, was enlightening.

At the time that Master Fife took over the facility, I had not visited the farm in several years. As the aunt entered her seniority, she sold or traded many of her pony boys, fully cognizant that she could not provide the constant and extensive exercise they required and deserved. The need for my services waned and I, for one, missed some of the perverse dalliances. One was watching her trainer slowly masturbate each boy for the sperm sample I required. The large powerful Swedish woman had a special technique that invariably made the restrained pony boy squirm and beg for relief. I marveled at her knowledge of the male anatomy.

Sexuality is given a quick stroke (no pun intended) by a very broad brush in medical schools. Whereas I had studied the mechanics of the male orgasm, the level of sensuality and touch required to bring a man to ejaculation was scholastically a taboo subject. Therefore to observe the trainer maintain authority and control while dispensing the mandatory but minimal level of pleasure needed to obtain a semen sample was most interesting.

She referred to the procedure as “milking”, and indeed when she gripped each pony’s massive phallus (all the males at the aunt’s farm were selected for their extensive penis size) she kept it pointing toward the floor no matter how stiff or engorged it became. I knew from copulating with my husband that such an angle was distressingly painful and made ejaculation most difficult.

But the randy male ponies, who were rarely afforded relief, tumefied under the experienced grasp despite the awkward angle. And the trainer would proceed to draw the organ down toward the floor, squeezing, stroking and pulling as if extracting milk from a cow’s udder.

The combination of pain and pleasure produced a most amusing result and the trainer could hold the pony boy near ejaculation forever, I suppose. It seemed she always tired of the torment before the pony could ever bring himself to climax. For it was only when she deemed it time to gather the sample and move to the next pony, that she slowly moved her hand upward and allowed the erection to point at a slightly more moderate angle. Her free hand held the sample jar under the purple head and with cries of both anguish and ecstasy, the pony boy gave up his juices but only when and where she deemed appropriate. I judged that the boy’s frustration of not being in control was surpassed by the torment of the angled erection and the humiliation of hanging naked and forcibly performing before two women. But the brief pleasure appeared to be welcomed.

My experience in Greenwich Village had acclimated me to many unusual sexual practices. But in that office I had to maintain my professional demeanor, treating both genitals and genitalia, which had been subjected to a wide variety of abnormal use, with a smile and a concerned touch.

But at the farm, I found myself much more engaged, recommending increased levels of exercise and correction for those pony boys that annoyed me or those I found physically proportioned to my liking.

“The buttocks on this boy can withstand more caning, Ms. Fife,” was my oft given medical opinion. And many a time I felt myself becoming moist when the sound of swishing bamboo broke the hashed silence of the surrounding pines as I stepped into my car for the drive home.

Cruel, I suppose. But without ever having to raise my hand, I commanded the respect of the ponies, and the physical examinations went much more smoothly as a result.

So when Master Fife reactivated the farm, I was ecstatic. I was also honored to be named a trustee to the “Zesty Girl Irrevocable Trust”, an entity established to care for the farm, his concubine, and his prize pony, Zesty Girl, upon his demise or incapacity.

Unfortunately, Master Fife’s life ended much earlier than expected in a plane crash. But with his death came the unique (and pleasurable) responsibility of stepping into the role of trustee along with Madeleine Davenport, Master Fife’s local attorney, and Mary Adams, the owner of the village beauty salon.

In the first meeting of the trustees, I learned that the responsibilities were awesome. Master Fife had turned Lotus Boy and Zesty Girl into money machines providing entertainment in the form of videos and photos to a sizable underground audience. The farm was actually a factory for the production of visual recordings of incredibly diverse dominant activities, much related to Zesty’s pony girl status, but Lotus Boy’s training had a very profitable following of its own.

And there were bills to pay and a payroll to meet for Master Fife’s staff (along with trustees fees which Master Fife had set at a generous level). Reproduction was expensive. Film. Tape. Editors. Technicians. Equipment was constantly purchased to increase the variety and levels of torment and thus intrigue our customers. The only nominal operating expense was clothing, although Lotus Boy did occasionally require covering for his trips to the village.

So the quiet, secluded, Adirondack farm was actually a production studio and although lucrative, the revenue stream had to constantly be reviewed and renewed to ensure that expenses were covered. But luckily we were blessed with a first rate facility, dedicated personnel and many devious thoughts.

Chapter One

Each of the three trustees spends at least one afternoon per week at the farm. I usually spend Wednesday afternoons, a doctor’s traditional mid week respite.

Madeleine stops by on Fridays unless she has a court date, in which case she’s found on the track

on the following Monday.

Mary Adams works at the salon during the week (although Lotus Boy provided midweek entertainment with his beauty appointments). She normally spends Sundays in the barn with either Zesty Girl or Lotus Boy firmly hanging in the “A” frame and alleviating her frustrations with a long, thin bamboo cane.

And the judge is given the run of the facility as a courtesy. Judge Constance Mead is an accomplished equestrienne and is able to take Zesty for a late afternoon run around the track if a trial ends early in the day. And of course her assistance is mandatory in keeping Zesty as a legal ward of the trustees and properly maintaining Lotus Boy’s immigration status.

On Sunday evenings the trustees meet to review the week’s filming and photographs and discuss themes for the upcoming week. It is a marvelous exchange of ideas and sometimes the judge sits in and participates. There is nothing to which Zesty Girl and Lotus Boy cannot be subjected. And although we have different specific proclivities, our combined tastes seem to be very much in tune with our customers, and after the first year, revenues increased ten percent.

We didn’t make any drastic changes, but we did modify some of the procedures and restraints.

I, for example, found that Zesty’s tongue/nose ring combination was somewhat cruel and unwieldy. Originally, the piercings were intended to enforce silence and extend the tongue. Well, when the tongue is restrained outside the mouth to the nose ring, ponies drool. In reviewing videos, I found it unsightly, although Nurse Hopkins did her best to keep the pony’s chin dry. And Zesty’s tongue did not need to be lengthened any further. When fully extended it very much resembled a penis and whereas it was important to maintain its strength and dexterity, it’s length was more than sufficient for most forms of oral servitude.

So to alleviate Zesty Girl of the constant torment of having her tongue so attached, one day I had Nurse Hopkins tightly secure her to the massage table and I performed the very quick and simple operation of suturing her vocal chords.

As a result, she can still make basic guttural sounds, which we find most satisfying when she is whipped or caned, but audible speech is no longer possible.

I’m sure some day she’ll thank me for relieving her of the necessity of utilizing the clumsy nose/tongue ring constraint. But that day will have to wait until I have the sutures removed.

And the interesting presentation of the labia has been deemed monotonous. Her former owner had the inner labia stretched so that they hung some four inches below her vulva. A sturdy ring implanted in the perinaeum held the labia together to enforce bladder control. This position also drew the lips back so that a rider was afforded a most salacious view of a pony girl’s most intimate charms when seated in a cart.

Well the problem was this form of control was not always visible to the many video cameras in the barn.

So we conspired and it was generally agreed that when Nurse Hopkins or Sarina, the trainer, were present the labia should be better presented.

With some experimentation we found that elastic straps can be placed at mid thigh and around the waist. Various tethers can be strung from the straps to clamps attached to the labia. The results are most lewd and decadent in that the clamps and tethers hold the long lips wide open. A clamp on the upper part of each labia attaches to the ends of the elastic strap around the waist. A clamp on the lower part attaches to a tether strung from the elastic strap encircling each thigh. The resulting exhibition of flushed pink flesh is most delectable. And as Zesty Girl is walked about, or is exercised on the tread mill, each step causes the short tethers and straps to pull and gyrate the sensitive lips. The configuration also better exposes the clitoris and its ring, a view which many of our customers demand and pay handsomely to observe.

We found unexpectedly that this extreme exposure excited Zesty more than most activities. When we positioned a video camera at knee level in front of the tread mill, her arousal was evidenced by an amazing flow of vaginal fluid. And the coloration of her little bud changed from pink to red to purple as the exercise progressed. No Hollywood production artist could emulate such a scene.

Those exercise tapes are some of our best sellers.

And don't think, dear reader, that we don't need the revenue. Keeping a pony girl in twenty four hour bondage is expensive. She spends much time in the neck pillory, but someone has to constantly monitor her. And anyone who has ever raised or cared for a gifted or promising youngster competing in a sport, can sympathize with the level of expenditures required to keep a well groomed, perfectly trained athlete in top condition. Everything Zesty Girl does is planned and calculated right down the small fruit treats we allow visitors to feed her. Her caloric intake exactly matches the caloric energy we exact from her.

Her previous owner spent hours developing the most amazing set of buttocks I've seen on a medium framed female. They are large and powerful with a layer of fat thick enough to properly accommodate the stroke of a single tail whip but thin enough so that the lash will penetrate and the resulting pain will encourage her to properly obey and react to the hand of her master or mistress. And the protruding globes beg for a dominant's attention. I was told her early deportment training included an extensive amount of time with wine glasses perched on top of her buttocks while she stood motionless contracting her gluteus maximus muscles to emulate a small table top. If so, the results were worth the effort.

Her breasts are sublime. Firm and curved but with no excess tissue. As with her labia, the nipples are stretched and when brought to proper erection protrude three inches from the body of the

mammary gland. In some pony circles, this part of the anatomy is designed to be chastised by a crop for purposes of control. At the Adirondack farm, we prefer to whip the buttocks and when necessary, abrade the exposed and entrapped labia which peek at the rider just under the anus.

Since Wednesday afternoons have become a most welcome change of pace (again no pun) for me, I'll describe a typical session on the farm. . .

As a dispenser of medical care, I must nurture, sympathize, empathize, and in general coddle the young, the old, the sick and unfortunately the hypochondriacal healthy. But when I change to my riding outfit and cross the yard where Sarina awaits with Zesty Girl harnessed to a sleek pony cart, I become a demanding, authoritative trainer of the human beast.

Typically, Sarina has already lathered up Zesty with a half dozen laps around the half mile track. And reader, there is nothing more enticing to a woman with dominant tendencies than to view a naked, well restrained pony girl who is sweating under the sun and champing to run and feel the bite of a nasty single tail whip.

As with every equestrienne I perform an inspection. In my practice I must be careful not to titillate or arouse. But with a pony girl, the act of sensuously smoothing ones hands over the most sensitive and intimate parts of the anatomy when combined with quick, painful pinches establishes communication and control. It's a way of saying, 'You belong to me. Obey and you'll be well exercised. Resist and you'll feel the consequences.'

With Zesty it's probably not necessary. She's the most docile yet hard working pony I every commanded. But the reader must understand, with her years of submission and complete subservience comes an odd eagerness for the lash. And I never disappoint her.

When I enter the cart I crack the whip to the right buttock and follow with one to the left. The sting is penetrating but tolerable by pony standards. She wants to run and she moves with amazing acceleration to the track. Sarina keeps her labia tucked through the perinaeum ring and the pink strips peek back at me between the upper thighs. If I've had a bad day I sometimes endeavor to give them a light snap. It's a game I play and believe me reader, striking the sensitive area in a moving cart when the pony girl's thighs protect the target at the termination of each step, requires a degree of proficiency and timing I do not have. But Zesty understands my intent, and the coy pony girl stutters her cadence to throw off my timing and protect herself. She's quite experienced.

But I do manage to flick her lips on occasion and the response is delightful. She jumps in the harness and attempts to vocalize a protest with complete indifference to her sutured chords and the bit in her mouth. The resulting sound is amusing and is akin to that of a dog attempting to bark while wearing a muzzle. And the cart immediately increases speed and the level of response and obedience rises. If only I could use such a technique on my obnoxious patients.

On warmer days, bringing Zesty to a sweat provides a feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment I can only imagine in other sports. Reeling in a large fish. Placing a well struck golf shot near the pin. Hitting a home run. Catching a touch down pass. When you're female and approaching middle age, having a well conditioned athlete such as Zesty girl under your complete control is heady stuff. I imagine entering a race with her, watching the perfectly formed muscles in the buttocks roll and ripple with each step, pulling the reins as we maneuver to pass other ponies and providing the nastiest of well timed snaps and intolerable stings which spur her to cross the finish line first. Yes, she'll be hurt but she'll heal and be proud of the wounds.

Well, reader, now you understand my enthusiasm for Wednesday afternoons.

If the track is sloppy from rain, I'll run Zesty into the woods. The paths are hilly and rough, but the slower pace gives me a better chance of actually stroking those annoyingly attractive labia. But Zesty Girl stays near the tree line in order to cause the whip to tangle in the branches. There is no overestimating the guile of the human pony.

Alas, we enter a clearing and before Zesty can speed the cart to the proximity of a tree, I move the whip down then flick upwards with a motion of my wrist. A crack, a muffled cry, and the cart shudders. I have the pleasure of watching a small welt form on Zesty's most sensitive pink flesh. Her cadence momentarily breaks as the sharp pain manifests in her cortex. I feel the pride of control and complete authority.

She regains composure and the cart speeds out of the clearing. Another attempt fails as the body of the whip nudges a tree. The thin biting end catches her right buttock instead. She yelps but the level of pain is not comparable to abrading the labia.

She's sweating nicely and I also feel warm. Only my rise in temperature is related to the intense sexual desire building between my thighs. I tug on the reigns. Her change in direction is instantaneous. I make a mental note to work her on the track while blindfolded. Then we'll see if those labia can avoid the whip.

After an hour or so we head back to the barn. The track comes into sight and Zesty accelerates as the ground smooths out. Her legs are pumping vigorously and I'm amazed with the relaxed breathing. I've run her for five miles on hilly rough paths and she's ready to bring the cart to top speed for the final quarter mile to the opposite end of the track. She sees Sarina waiting and wants to show off and I let her. But my tolerance comes with a price. I snap and snap landing six strokes right-left-right-left-right-left. If she cuts, I'll do the suturing and I therefore stroke with abandon.

Sarina is smiling with my enthusiasm and steps aside as I bring the cart to the barn door and pull abruptly. The well trained Zesty doesn't slow until she feels the reign. Then she skillfully stops the cart adjacent Sarina.

Zesty girl is dripping with perspiration. Sarina holds a plastic water bottle, inserts the straw through the bit and begins to water her. I do another inspection, this time checking the muscles and ensuring the knees and ankles are working and not swollen. One must be careful. Zesty Girl cannot speak, so just as with any pet, the rider and trainer must be observant for damage. I check the heart rate. It's amazingly low considering the lengthy run. Her conditioning is superb.

Her rump is well excoriated but the skin is unbroken. The right labia has a welt where I caught her in the clearing. If Madeleine runs her on Friday she may notice some stripes, but otherwise there's no damage.

Feeling her muscles after a heavy run is divine. On female athletes they're firm yet pliable. Nurse Hopkins puts her through extensive stretching every morning and afternoon and the calves, thighs and gluteus maximus have the sinewy feel of those of a dancer. Strong yet supple and quick to apply power.

I once tried an experiment where I restrained Zesty Girl to the point of complete immobility. When I cracked a lunge whip, the sound caused the muscles in her thighs and buttocks to twitch and contract as if she were pulling a cart. It was amusing to observe but quite telling about her extensive training and psychological make up. She is a natural pony girl, and if she could talk would probably be begging to once again compete in races just as she had for her original owner.

Sarina releases the labia. We work together with me gently spreading the lip on one side and Sarina on the other. Then Zesty separates her feet and relieves her bladder on cue. As a physician, I am cognizant of her flow rate, always aware of urinary tract infections. Afterwards, I'll insert one or two fingers into her vagina. It communicates control and authority and also allows me to check for female afflictions. She's humiliated but must stand in harness and accept the penetration.

Master Fife never had her douched. Apparently an idiosyncrasy acquired from her original owner. My medical background tells me that since she's not permitted to have intercourse she may just be better off going natural. The trustees have continued the policy. As long as the staff and others who penetrate her keep their fingers clean, she probably will not encounter problems. But the odor is distinctive. After working all those laps and presumably being aroused by my whip and my inspection, her juices are flowing. She's experiencing more humiliation knowing her fragrance is wafting throughout the barn yard, which in turn causes her to react as all submissives do. She becomes more aroused.

Sarina unbuckles the waist belt and releases her neck collar from the long pole in front of the cart. I help with the bridle and bit. When, removed she attempts to talk, something we no longer discourage since her vocal chord operation. The attempt to form words results in jumbled and meaningless gobbledegook, but I know to unzip my jodhpurs. She wants to express her gratitude and before I can remove my hand her bald forehead is pushing against my waist and the long powerful tongue is slithering between the folds of my riding apparel.

There is no feeling of power like it. The pony girl I've just whipped and run for miles wishes to lick me. I gracefully part my thighs and grasp her ears. If only my husband would be so attentive. But he knows nothing of the female anatomy and his tongue is half the size of Zesty's.

I remain motionless and let Zesty be Zesty. Such a charming pony girl. As I look down at her complete nakedness I wonder when she had last worn clothing. Her only covering is her neck collar.

My fingers move to her nipples. I pull, roll, knead. It's my way of giving back.

She knows women and brings me to my first orgasm quickly. When my second crashes through my nerve center I see that Zesty is wriggling her hips. Her labia are free and I know she's frottaging herself by swinging them back and forth between her thighs. How clever. But I know women too. And that ends the enjoyment for her.

I step away.

Our accountant estimated that a single video of Nurse Hopkins bringing Zesty to a thorough orgasm, one in which she ejaculates vast quantities of fluid before the camera lens, is worth six figures.

No Zesty. We must save it for the video tape. I nod to Sarina and turn to the barn.

Zesty's labia are pushed through the ring, ending her brief pleasure. Such is the life of a submissive pony girl.

Chapter Two

My husband doesn't expect me home until 7:00 p.m. I want to maximize my time with Zesty. He can feed the kids. I'll join him for a late dinner for two. I wonder if he'll ever correlate my Wednesday afternoon appointments with a "wealthy reclusive woman in need of treatment" with my insatiable desire to have sex on Wednesday nights.

It's not a total lie. Zesty, as beneficiary of the trust, is wealthy. He never asks about the nature of her treatment and I never offer details.

But believe me reader, I am ready to copulate all evening. And he doesn't complain when I insist on being on top. I guess the desire to ride doesn't dissipate. He's fortunate there's no riding crop nearby.

So I am privileged to end the day leading Zesty Girl to the swimming tank. She's sweaty and hot from the run but without the leash attached to her nose ring, I'd never get her to the tank.

The water is kept at 50 chilling degrees and overwhelms the system. The tank is long and deep and was designed for real horses.

Zesty must step down into the tank and swim to the far side. Not a long swim, some 25 to 30 feet, but keep in mind her thumbs rings are secured to the back of her neck collar. Her legs must kick with fervor to remain afloat otherwise the nose ring will be utilized to keep her head above water.

After demurring at the top step I pull the leash and cajole.

“Come pony. You need a good bath. You’ll feel refreshed.”

She knows after months of twice daily swims that the water is cold and robs her of her breath. That’s why the leash is for attached. Her original owner had specified that the nose ring deeply penetrate her septum. She will faint from the pain before it tears and I slowly increase the tension until her right foot steps down in submission and she gasps with the intensity of the shock.

“Come pony. Swim time.”

She knows the routine. But I can’t help making the annoying aphoristic statements in feigned assistance.

In truth, I enjoy watching the intensely cold water wreak havoc on her system, causing the air to rush from her lungs with the final plunge and shriveling those marvelously stretched nipples to the narrowest of pencil points.

She will attempt to quickly swim to the far end, but I control the leash. I want to watch those thighs and buttocks move with her desperate kicks to stay afloat. I deliberately pull her head well in front so I can view the cheeks roll with her efforts. If indeed she nears the far side too soon I circle her around and go back. I’m in charge. She won’t exit the numbing water until I deem her bath completed.

What a joy! The flesh contracts and she appears to be all muscle, working under my direction. I fantasize that there’s a way of applying the lash to her firm wet skin while she’s immersed. She would certainly enjoy the warmth and thus welcome the sting. But alas, I just have to let the coldness take its toll and ingrain my authority. I feel my moisture flow again and when she finally nears the exit stairs I lean over and gruffly push her head under, ensuring that her entire body has been rinsed. Her bald head is entirely submerged and the final shock of the cold water causes more air to escape and bubble to the surface. Get me a crop!

Her ordeal ends when I allow her to pony step up the stairs at the opposite end of the tank. No towels are needed. I want my eyes to indulge in the shape of her perfect pony body being tightly hugged by her chilled skin. Her muscles bulge more than when she runs at the behest of my

whip. The nipples protrude straight out and appear to be darts. Her abdominal muscles are formed in neat rows, the moderate layer of fat having temporarily disappeared with the coldness. She shakes herself as a dog attempts to dry itself. I can't help but laugh, inebriated with the sensation of power. She's a beast which I control with a leash.

"You're going to hang nicely tonight Zesty. A good run and swim and now I'm sure Nurse Hopkins will provide a nice massage."

For sure. It was probably the most expensive massage in the Adirondacks.

The highly skilled black woman from the Caribbean specializes in caring for ponies and her talents are much in demand. The combination of medical training with a natural knack for domination and cruelty put her on the top of every pony owners list. Master Fife drew her from the eccentric pony community of Equestra Island with a sizable up front bonus and considerable salary. I am not sure we can keep her at the farm with only one pony girl. Nurse Hopkins could handle a large herd and still complain about her underutilized skills.

If I have time I remain for the massage and lead Zesty to the table. She assumes the starting position, placing herself on well spread knees with forehead touching the table top. I release her leash and Nurse Hopkins arrives with her lotions and oils.

"Good afternoon, Doctor. Did you have a good run?"

We exchange pleasantries as she works. She releases Zesty's thumb rings and her hands are free for the few minutes of massage. She coats the hairless flesh with oil, working the pony's muscles with incredibly strong hands and fingers.

"Spread for me Zesty. Arch your back. Buttocks up! You know how I like to see you."

Nurse Hopkins masterfully establishes her authority. Zesty complies and assumes a pose that hides nothing from view.

I make sure I am not blocking any of the cameras.

Gazing at Zesty Girl while Nurse Hopkins works her flesh produces interestingly contrasting thoughts and images. She is completely hairless. No hair on head. Under arms. On the pubic area. Even the eye brows have been removed. And all done permanently by her original owner. The reaction to this image is one which you would experience while visiting a zoo and observing some rare, exotic beast for the first time. No part of Zesty is hidden from visual inspection. And whereas one normally turns ones head so as to avoid staring at a deformed or unusually afflicted person, with Zesty it is quite the opposite. Since the initial reaction is that of observing a beast, one tends to peer closely. I remember a class trip to a zoo when I was a little girl and it was interesting to note that I was not the only child staring at the genitals of the various mammals.

Visual exploration is a natural trait which polite society deems inappropriate between humans. However, everyone stares at Zesty.

When Nurse Hopkins or Sarina free her labia, an insatiable desire to reach down and touch, feel and explore fixates in the mind. The strips of flesh appear similar to those hanging from a turkey's jowls and as they flop about when Nurse Hopkins massages a limb or twists and pulls a large muscle the movement becomes comical. The nipples hold one in equal fascination. As the massage continues they become firmer and more erect, particularly when Nurse Hopkins' hand approaches the genitalia.

But the longer one looks the more prurient the thoughts. The mind's image of her transcends from exotic beast to human. But she's naked. Without covering. And as she continues to obsequiously kneel and obediently move with every one of Nurse Hopkins' commands, her subservient role and submissive nature nurture thoughts of dominance. . . , control. . . , wickedness.

The first time I watched I recalled a reading from one of my psychology classes where as an experiment students spent a weekend in a mock guard/prisoner relationship. Half the class was designated as guards and given complete authority over the other half designated as prisoners. The prisoners were told to follow the orders of the guards. The guards were given few guidelines as to the care or handling of the prisoners. The open question was what type of relationship and interaction would develop between the two groups over the ensuing two days.

The experiment had to be terminated early. The guards, without regard to gender, social position, physical size, or any known correlating attributes, became incredibly overbearing, callous, and cruel. The prisoners were abused and the originators of the study became concerned for safety.

Well reader, one understands the unusual results of such an experiment when viewing Zesty. She's docile, but her amazingly muscled frame seems to beg for the application of an instrument of pain and correction. The first time I saw her, the urge to see those buttocks firmly chastised, reddened and striped with a good firm cane was irresistible. Yes, as one's thoughts become more diabolical it can quickly be concluded that Zesty will bend but not break. She can be subjected to much torment and her saucy eyes and look of Stoicism seem to challenge her superior. And the dominant endeavors to more than meet such a challenge.

Zesty's image produces slightly different sexual reactions in the male versus female. Whereas most females would normally be jealous, perhaps even envious, of a well shaped naked female, Zesty's alien appearance produces no such effect. I've attended parties where the wives viewed the pony girl as nothing more than livestock, and if their husbands cared to ogle, touch, feel, stroke, etc. they were free to do so. In the feminine world, Zesty was not considered a threat.

And it was common to see Zesty being whipped or pierced with hot needles by the wife of the man she had just fellated. She was a toy, a pet, a large side of beef. She was not a competitor for

the charms of a woman's mate.

And males have an interesting animalistic reaction. Zesty is something for them to conquer and the typical male manifests his superiority with his penis, to which Zesty has been trained to submit and accommodate in a variety of ways.

I always try to guess whether an encounter with a male will conclude with Zesty providing anal or oral satisfaction. Most times it is both, but where a man chooses to ultimately leave his seed is a curious study. I've never been able to identify attributes which would reliably forecast the method of consummating any carnal coupling with Zesty. But observing the bestial manner in which men use her, I have concluded that women are right to not feel threatened by her naked presence.

As the massage progresses, Nurse Hopkins has Zesty assume the position of a split. She sits on the table with her right leg straight to the front, left leg straight to the back. Under strict directions barked by the nurse, she keeps the toes pointed. Her labia curiously unfold and rest on the table top. I notice that a well placed camera captures their position.

"Kiss your knee for me. Touch the toes. Keep your back arched. Yes, that's a good pony."

The suppleness required for the demanded maneuver can only be compared to that of a dancer. And with Zesty's abundant muscle development I'm sure the considerable effort to extend in such a manner is painful.

The next move is to lean back. Zesty's head does not touch the rear leg but she comes close. And the implacable nurse pushes downward to ensure a maximum effort. Zesty cries out. Her pleas are ignored and Nurse Hopkins pushes and holds her until she is satisfied the muscles and ligaments are properly stretched.

The legs are switched. Left leg forward. Right leg back. And again Zesty is bent forward and back at the waist.

Next comes the spread, which I ascertained over the months as Nurse Hopkins favorite. Zesty turns her torso so that her toes are to her sides, pointing of course. Nurse Hopkins smiles, reaches down and toys with the well exposed labia, parting them and laying them out on the table top.

"Hands on head. Arch the back. Buttocks protruding. Be a good pony girl."

The cameras roll, I hope, as Zesty assumes the pose. This, reader, is one of the instances when the two large globes are thrust back and up and the resulting forced contraction of the well developed muscles can accommodate two wine glasses on the level surface formed by the cheeks. When so exposed the naked, pink spheres reveal the traces of my whip from the afternoon run. At some point she should be caned while striking such a pose. I am sure the tape

of such a chastisement would sell nicely and I hold the thought for the next meeting of trustees.

Nurse Hopkins works the arms as Zesty maintains the spread position. She bends each one back, then up, then out.

“Head back!”, she admonishes. With some of the positions I cringe thinking of the anguish. But Zesty goes through this twice per day and the relative pain is received as mere discomfort.

When finished every muscle has been stretched beyond imagination. And every intimate part of Zesty’s anatomy has been exposed for the viewing camera.

“Up.”

Zesty steps off the table and without instruction dutifully pushes her arms in back of her. As she draws her hands up toward the neck collar, Nurse Hopkins deftly hooks her thumbs to the back of the collar. The resulting method of restraint forces Zesty to thrust her chest forward, highlighting the stretched pony nipples.

“Pillory time.”

Nurse Hopkins slaps her buttocks and Zesty Girl pony trots to her neck pillory. She is trained to walk and run on toes with her thighs widely spread. With her labia free of the ring, they swing from side to side in a most obscene manner.

She reaches the pillory ahead of Nurse Hopkins, turns, and backs into the opening of the two polished and thick blocks of wood. The hole formed in the middle of the blocks is lined with foam and covered with soft fur. It is the precise diameter of her collared neck and over the months, Zesty has learned that this is where she will rest and await another day and another opportunity to serve.

Nurse Hopkins pulls together the hinged blocks entrapping her head and closes the clasp in the front. The high pillory hanging from adjustable cables keeps Zesty standing on her toes and I am always amazed to think she has acclimated herself so as to sleep in such a stance. Her labia are pushed back through the ring and Sarina enters with a bowl of slop. Its taste is intended to be foul but I know from reviewing the food bills that the concoction is actually highly nutritious.

I bid farewell. For the next hour Zesty will be fed, watered, feathered to near climax and finally her genitalia, nipples and anus will be thoroughly rubbed with a special cream I prescribed which causes a most stimulating itch. In the morning she will awake extremely horny and eager to serve and run.

I leave, still feeling the exhilaration of power and eager to see my husband.

Chapter Three

The latest meeting of the trustees was representative of our endeavors. After a sumptuous meal, the dining room of the large farm house converts to a conference room and viewing studio. Madeleine, Mary and I conduct business and later review the week's video tapes and still photos. There is a proposal to produce customized images where a customer writes or faxes to us a scene or situation in which Zesty or Lotus Boy is exercised, whipped, cropped, caned, masturbated. . . , whatever. The main themes seldom vary, the requested details can be amazingly specific which require closeups of feet, articles of clothing, restraint devices, etc.

Our marketing consultant has suggested the fees can be extremely high if we guarantee no general distribution of the resulting tape will occur. Deviant collectors want to own the sole copy.

Economically, we look upon Zesty Girl and Lotus Boy as oil wells, depleting assets over time. There are only so many ways of varying their perverse handling in such a manner that voyeurs will continue to pay top dollar.

Madeleine has a corollary thought.

“Why not invite the collectors here to observe the taping. The humiliation of performing before strangers is provocative for both Zesty Girl and Lotus Boy. And at the end of the shoot, we can hand the tape to the collector. He'll know there are no duplicates. We have several spare bedrooms here, and Lotus Boy can serve meals if he meets the collectors proclivities.”

What an idea. A bed and breakfast for perverts!

Madeleine's brain storm passes a vote of the trustees and we empower our marketing consultant to formulate a detailed plan.

Mary informs us that a noted dance instructor has moved to the village in semi retirement. She has a studio and on a part time basis is teaching some of the village children to dance.

“I've spoken with Miss Crushmore in my salon. She's quite demanding and I believe would find Lotus Boy an interesting challenge. She's rented the old lumber warehouse on the far side of town so I'm sure she'll be receptive to some form of emolument to assist with the overhead.”

After discussion, there is a unanimous vote for Mary to arrange for ballet lessons for Lotus Boy. We collectively giggle at the vision of him in a tutu.

Time for the tapes.

Lotus Boy pushes open the kitchen door carrying a serving tray loaded with tea and cakes. He looks radiantly effeminate as always. Both Madeleine and I turn to Mary and compliment her.

We prefer Lotus boy to be stripped of any clothing during the trustee meetings. It sets a decadent atmosphere and I've noticed some of our most perversely clever ideas have been developed while his cute rump sashays around the table performing a service of one kind or another. Sarina has secured his extreme high heels to his feet and calves. The special shoes for the most part force him to move and stand on toes. The motion and posture required to maintain balance are both sensual and amusing. Sensual in that the shoes shape his legs and buttocks most effeminately. Amusing in that he occasionally stumbles, leaving much opportunity for correction.

He looks at me with trepidation and I understand the reaction. His medical history is unique and requires special care. His penis was detruncated by the powerful widow of a Chinese warlord and since his pre teen years he's been trained as a maid. She also had a sturdy gold ring attached to the stub of his manhood. To that she was known to attach a leash which she used to lead Lotus Boy throughout her province.

I have spent much time reviewing his physical condition and have great admiration for the Chinese doctors. They not only removed most of his penis but they took the time to shorten the erectile chambers, a time consuming operation. This enables Lotus Boy to achieve the tiniest of erections with the remaining stub. And many women comment that it's not much larger than a clitoris. (In fact in my practice I've seen larger clitori among women with high testosterone levels).

Lotus Boy's testicles were left in tact by his Chinese tormentress. This serves to frustrate the boy more than if he were completely neutered since he can neither copulate not masturbate. As a result, his male hormone levels build and the estrogen shots required to continue his breast development and curtail the growth of masculine muscle tissue are large and numerous.

It is the inability to bring himself to orgasm through masturbation that allows for his hands to remain restrained. With Zesty, we do not allow a moment when she can surreptitiously touch herself. Only during massage are her hands free, and that happens under the close supervision of Nurse Hopkins. So Lotus Boy's alteration has practical advantages in that his hands may be left free to serve others but not pleasure himself.

Unfortunately for Lotus Boy there is another side effect with which we must deal. When the male appendage is damaged or altered, there is the constant growth of scar tissue within the urethra. Ignoring the growth will eventually make urination impossible. Therefore on a monthly basis I have Nurse Hopkins secure the lad on the masturbation table and I ensure that his urinary tract is well open by inserting a stainless steel sound. The pain and discomfort are considerable but I assure the reader it is necessary. (And incidentally provides another set of tapes which sell moderately well to very particular deviants).

When Lotus Boy finishes serving I extend my right hand palm up. He knows through training to present himself and although he dislikes me, steps to my chair and nestles his little scrotal sac into my waiting hand. He's quite compliant and knows the purpose of the open palm. A female superior wants to inspect and feel the tiny gonads of a beautifully made up boy.

As my right hand cups the sac, I tweak and toy with his nipples. They've been permanently tattooed a scarlet red which matches his tattooed lips and nail polish. Also permanently colored are his blue eyelids and an area at the corner of his eyes emulating mascara. His coifed hair is a simple page boy style, cut at the jaw line and rising at the ears to form bangs which lie straight across his forehead just above his eyebrows. It's the only hair he has. His entire body has been depilated.

One of my first encounters with Lotus Boy was to ring his testicles with a sizable and heavy strip of stainless steel. Originally it was a gift to Master Fife. I give it a little tug with my fingers to test its snugness. It remains in place encircling the top portion of the sac. My tugs pull against his firm testicles and he winces as intended. When he was ringed his gonads were slipped through the steel circle then we crimped it to the shape of an oval. It will never slip off and I sometimes wonder how it will ever be removed since either cutting it with a torch or sawing it would create great heat. To the left and right of the ring I had eyelets welded to the outside circumference. A jeweler polished the metal work and the smooth ring appears to be a delightful if kinky piece of jewelry. But in actuality the eyelets are marvelously functional and not a week goes by when Lotus Boy is not restrained somewhere and in some manner by this ring which encircles the remaining vestige of his gender.

My left hand smooths across his breasts. Their growth has slowed but when his pubes area is covered he can easily pass for a rather cute Asian female.

When I move my left hand to his buttocks, I pinch the incredibly smooth cheeks. He reacts well to anal stimulation and the proximity of my fingers cause his tiny manhood to tumefy. It feels as if I'm touching a baby's bottom and indeed the rear view of Lotus Boy is indistinguishable from that of a teenaged girl.

"You know we like you erect for us Lotus Boy. Keep it nice and firm while you serve, otherwise you'll spend the night with your ring attached in a manner you don't like."

Cruel? Absolutely. We've had Lotus Boy hang by his ring on many occasions so he knows we are in earnest.

I don't need to tell him again. His one inch erection proceeds him throughout the remainder of the meeting. We smile with his obedience and move to reviewing the photos.

It's been a fruitful week. The latest tapes of Zesty being exercised on the treadmill are exquisite. The tethers work perfectly, splaying her lips incredibly wide with each step. It is evident she can

feel herself pulling her own labia as each thigh moves forward. She tries to adjust the length of her stride to ease the tension but that requires more steps to keep pace with the machine. Sarina notices her odd behavior and lands a crisp stroke of the cane. Zesty Girl resumes her normal stride but the vignette showing her trainer's level of control and quick painful correction is deliciously libidinous.

Have I written that sound is included? Our technicians have worked hard to cover the barn with high tech microphones. It's important since many of the finer sounds of good discipline are high in the cycle range and would disappear from inexpensive recordings. We don't miss a cry, scream, swish, or crack. But we do have to carefully review all tapes to ensure no one's identity is revealed. After all, our vanilla lives must continue and we must protect our ward, Zesty Girl.

After examining piles of still photographs, about twenty are selected for reproduction and sale. We never flood the market and thus ensure that only those of the highest quality are released. As nine o'clock approaches a car is heard coming up the long twisting drive from the main road. It's the director and camera men for Tuesday's outdoor shoot.

"Lotus, finish up in the kitchen. There's work to do here."

Ah. Mary has excited herself with the night's review. Lotus Boy scampers into the make shift conference room. His little erection remains and the heavy ring bobs when he moves quickly. I've been meaning to leash him to the back of a cart sometime. A good long run would be interesting to watch as the weight yanks the tiny scrotal sac when each foot hits the ground.

Mary points below the table and Lotus Boy does not hesitate to crawl under. He knows Mary has once again worn a short skirt with no under garments and his oral skills will be tested. I prefer Zesty's tongue, as with most women who have experienced the oral skills of both. But Mary is adamant about teaching him to improve his skills.

"It's boring work but someone has to do it," she often jokes.

My solution is to ring his tongue and stretch it, but I've been outvoted on that suggestion. Judge Mead is concerned about the impression the boy makes during his semi annual appearance before the immigration service, although I am well aware that the approval of his visa relies more on the offering of his cute backside to one of the more libertine government employees than his physical appearance.

Madeleine answers the door and the director and two video technicians enter. Mary says hello but remains seated and I stand and shake hands. Tuesday will probably be the last outdoor shoot of the season and if the weather holds we'll have our first tapes of Zesty recorded from a moving camera in front of the cart. The director is retired from the sports department of a major television network. We were fortunate to learn of his retirement home being nearby and that his proclivities defy his age. We learn that mounting a camera on an electric cart and driving it in

front of Zesty is a relatively uncomplicated matter. His major concern is keeping out of the way of the whip and being able to focus the lens on Zesty's more interesting parts.

We assure him that Sarina is one of the best whipmistresses in the pony world and his fears are assuaged. The schedule is agreed upon along with payment terms. Madeleine hands the man an initial check and Mary sighs audibly. Lotus Boy's skills are evidently improving and the three men politely glance at her but do not have a clue as to the activities occurring under the table. Madeleine and I smile.

The meeting concludes. The men leave and just as I close the door, Mary gasps and a low moan escapes. Lotus Boy is not as quick as Zesty but it seems he eventually attains the desired goal.

Madeleine calls for Sarina who awaits the end of our meeting. The young island girl responds and a pair of shapely legs descend the stairs from the second floor.

Sarina is no more than twenty years of age and was raised among human ponies at Equestra Island. She's amazingly cruel and dominant for her young age, and as with Nurse Hopkins, Master Fife was quite fortunate to procure her services. Controlling submissives comes most naturally to her. I imagine watching the care and training of human ponies since she was little girl made a significant contribution to her psychological profile, but I believe that much of the dominant aptitude is genetic. So for Master Fife to find such a young woman and attract her to the farm was prescient.

We always end the trustee meetings with entertainment. It helps ingrain a sense of purpose and unity among the trustees. So when Sarina's beautiful, but scantily clad body comes into view we smile and the burdens of the evening's business lift.

From the waist up, Sarina is naked. She has the nicest, roundest, firmest breasts I've seen (keep in mind I've seen many) and she experiences no compunction in displaying herself. The show is mainly for Lotus Boy. Straight women are not of interest to the trustees, but she is pleasant to view.

Around Sarina's waist is a wide leather belt, similar to that worn by a weight lifter to protect the lower back. A triangular leather piece covers her pubes. A strap from the bottom runs between her thighs, up between her naked buttocks and attaches firmly to the back of the wide leather belt.

Sarina face is covered with a look of content. We smile knowing that the leather piece over her pubes is holding a rubber penis in her vagina and that every step must be creating amazing waves of pleasure.

"Where's my little girl?"

It's Sarina's style of dominance. She's referring to Lotus Boy of course. Not a day goes by that her psychological domination is not extended further and further. It's her job to continue the subjugation process making sure his appearance is as effeminate as possible

Mary releases Lotus Boy and his cute head pops up from under the table. He's afraid and should be. Before he can scurry to the kitchen Mary slips her index finger through his penis ring. His Chinese tormentress had it implanted as part of his operation. It's attached much more strongly than the usual piercing and when Mary holds the ring, Lotus Boy obediently calms himself fully aware that the holder of the ring completely controls him.

"Come. Come, Lotus Boy. You know you're going to enjoy entertaining us."

Mary stands. Her well trimmed pubic hair is briefly exposed but the short skirt falls to cover her.

Madeleine and I move to the wide archway separating the living room, where we have bid adieu to the video crew, and the converted dining room, where Mary stands holding Lotus Boy.

High on the woodwork are two well secured eye bolts, set deeply into the strong framework of the house. Hanging from the bolts there are barely noticeable loops of thin wire, but Lotus Boy is aware of them and with a forlorn look, watches Madeleine and me loosen the strands and unravel the loops. Mary pulls Lotus Boy to the archway, the boy lowers his head as if being led to an execution.

"You know you're going to enjoy it," offers Mary as she positions the boy in the middle of the archway.

Sarina moves to a cabinet. The strong leather strap separates her nice pert buttocks. Wonderfully shaped, youthful, and so authoritative, there is no doubt among the trustees concerning her talents.

She opens a case. It contains the large rubber phalluses used to stimulate Lotus Boy. The shapes are varied. The sizes are not. All long and thick, they vary by reason of numerous sizable bumps and mounds. Selection depends on how much pressure and manipulation is desired on the sphincter, upon insertion, and the prostate gland after full penetration.

"We'll go easy this evening," muses Sarina. "He's had a long day."

Mary looks disappointed, but we always defer to Sarina and Nurse Hopkins when it comes to the care and torment of both Lotus Boy and Zesty Girl. It's not that they are more sympathetic than we trustees. It's that they understand that total control is best manifested in extremely firm, long term torment.

I recalled Nurse Hopkins' explanation. . .

“The goal is to subject the submissive to the maximum level of physical and psychological torment and correction over a long term period. Short term sessions of exceptionally high levels of punishment may have to be followed by periods of rest and mercy. That sends the wrong message and should be avoided.”

Thus, Sarina choose a phallus with two moderate mounds. Lotus Boy’s backside could easily swallow the one near the tip. Once inserted it would pressure and manipulate the prostate. The second would be thrust in and out of Lotus Boy’s rectum as Sarina pumped. He had taken bigger obdurates, but that was on occasions with special guests.

The selection is held up for all to see then Sarina connects it to the leather piece covering her pubes. A tremulous Lotus Boy watches but there is some degree of eager anticipation.

We rarely provide a subordinate with pure pleasure. The policy of the trustees is that any time gratification is permitted, some form of pain or punishment is also meted, or perhaps just overwhelming humiliation. And so it will be for our prandial entertainment.

One thin wire is secured through the eyelet welded on the right side of Lotus Boy’s scrotal ring. Although thin, the strand of steel is very strong. The other wire connects to the left. Lotus Boy’s hands are free, but he knows from experience that the wires will abrade and cut if he grips them too tightly.

Madeleine pulls the right wire taut. Lotus Boy, already precariously perched on his long, narrow heels, pushes himself higher to relieve the tension on the wire. When the left wire is similarly tightened, the boy yelps. Madeleine ignores him and continues. She is aware of his little game. Lotus Boy knows the wires will be shortened until they painfully stretch the scrotum, thus he has learned to prematurely express discomfort. Madeleine is aware of his deception and therefore continues to tighten.

When done, she steps back. Mary slides a chair behind the boy. Sarina is lubricating the phallus. Lotus Boy is standing very high on his heels. The thin wires hold him immobile and he awaits his fate.

“I think he’s becoming more erect,” suggest Madeleine, “but its difficult to tell.”

We laugh with her observation and all peer at the tiny manhood. It’s red and seems to be standing at its full one inch height with the gold ring protruding more than normal.

“Down you go.”

Madeleine gently pushes the boy’s chest and he cries out in panic. The high heels do not provide balance. He cannot grasp the wires without cutting himself. With no other option, he bends at the knees and his head and upper body fall back. Mary catches him in her arms and slowly lowers

herself into the chair. The wires strain under the weight. Mary is holding some of it but the tension on the wires and the strained little scrotal sac indicate much of his weight is held up by the strands. He struggles to keep his heels on the floor to accept more of his weight than his testicles.

I cannot describe the pleasure we three trustees feel in viewing the feminized male partially hang by his precious gonads. It is the ultimate in control and torment. If Mary lets him fall back further, most of his weight will dangle from the thin wires, and although his hands are free, he cannot use them unless he resigns himself to having them sliced by the wires.

“I think he’s going to enjoy this.”

Sarina moves to stand facing him, the large black phallus projects ominously toward the boy’s thighs. It glistens with oil and Sarina pauses to allow Lotus Boy to gape at her breasts. Madeleine stands to the boy’s right side and I’m on his left. Our movements have been fine tuned over the past few months and in unison we bend and grab a foot. Lotus Boys knows that incredible pain is about to shock his system.

“No. No. Missy.”

His oriental accent remains. He has few opportunities to practice his English and words used to protest some form of torment seem to dominate his limited vocabulary.

We simultaneously lift his feet. The wires strain under much more weight and his little ball sac stretches. He is surrounded by curious females who watch with amusement as the girlish form struggles with the pain. Mary accepts more of his weight and Sarina steps forward as Madeleine and I separate his legs and pull his feet up and back toward his ears.

“Open for me like a good lover,” admonishes Sarina.

Normally a boy would resist such an assault. But with Lotus Boy’s testicles bearing much of the weight of his lower body, his thighs separate without hesitation to welcome Sarina.

It is a rule at the farm that Lotus Boy always be in a state of preparation for anal penetration. Master Fife insisted on the policy and in deference to his memory we trustees continue it. So every morning Nurse Hopkins gives the boy a thorough internal cleansing and afterwards lubricates his rear passage. During the day he’s checked and lubricated again as needed. It adds greatly to his submission, feeling the slipperiness of his cheeks with every step and knowing that anyone easily can penetrate his rectum at a whim.

Watching a male on the receiving end of penetration fills a woman with a great sense of power and revenge. Lotus Boy has no choice but to open himself to the phallus so he can relieve the tension on his painfully stretched sac and let Sarina take the weight. Her harness is very strong

and well secured around her waist. As she pushes in the length of rubber, she smiles. The action frictions her genitalia and the specially designed object penetrating her titillates all parts of her most sensitive organ. I've seen the nub that tickles her clitoris and fully understand how she can so enthusiastically sodomize the boy.

The pink sphincter easily swallows the first mound and the tiny erection jumps as the rubber form slides in and pressures the prostate gland.

We three trustees smile with the reaction. Our little maid with a penis is sexually aroused by being penetrated by a woman, a most interesting contrast. We all play with Lotus Boys bright red nipples as Sarina thrusts and withdraws with firm long strokes. There is no point in playing with the tiny stub. Lotus Boy's Chinese tormentress made sure he was left with limited sensation. The remaining shaft tumefies as the result of stimulation of the prostate. It's the only physical contact that arouses him and the humiliation of receiving it overwhelms him. He tries to close his eyes but his gaze is riveted on Sarina's beautiful chest.

"You'll never satisfy any woman as a normal man, Lotus Boy," I think to myself. "So relax and let Sarina plow open your remaining erogenous zone."

Since he cannot masturbate the pre ejaculatory fluid builds within. After two of Sarina's deep impalements a steady ooze flows from the distorted urethral opening. If his gland were not regularly manipulated by Sarina's phallus, I would probably have to do it with a gloved hand. It's a medical necessity to keep the prostate active. Also, when not used or stimulated, Lotus Boy's organ would drool. That would be an unsightly problem since he spends most of his time naked and working in the house. So Sarina's act of sodomy has its practical benefits.

Mary repositions herself lowering the boy's head and upper torso. The shift results in Sarina penetrating at a different angle and also puts more weight on the wires and scrotum, especially when Sarina withdraws. Lotus Boy pushes back toward her, actually seeking to deepen the penetration and take the weight off his strained scrotal sac.

He's in pain but also feeling the ecstasy of the having his remaining area of sensuality well massaged. His nipples turn to crinkled, red peaks on his developing breasts. The ooze drips to his abdomen. It's a clear, viscous fluid and I know when it turns cloudy that he's climaxing. With the major portion of his shaft floating in some specimen jar (Madame Chang is rumored to carry it in her purse) he cannot ejaculate in the normal sense. The male tissue needed to project his seed is gone. So the effluent of his orgasm merely dribbles out.

Tonight we don't want to drain him. Most times we curtail the manipulation just as the semen begins to flow. This leaves him very frustrated with no possible way of seeking his own relief. And it is best not to release his testosterone and upset the balance of hormones. The dosage of his estrogen shots is calculated to counter a certain level of testosterone, and Lotus Boy's resulting internal chemical reaction produces psychological conflicts which are most entertaining.

“OK, Sarina.”

I announce for Sarina that his dribbling has turned cloudy. She immediately withdraws leaving Lotus Boy momentarily hanging by on the wires. Madeleine and I pull his feet down and Mary pushes up his head. The tension is instantaneously relieved but Lotus Boy briefly provides a vision of the ultimate fantasy of every dominant female. . . , having a male hang by his testicles.

We leave him carefully standing on his high heeled shoes while we have after dinner drinks and discuss the timing of the next meeting. Then it's time to head to the village. At some point Sarina will release the scrotal ring and take Lotus Boy to bed.

Chapter Four

Master Fife's will specified, and the trust agreement reiterated, that Zesty Girl be branded.

To those outside the pony world such marking may seem unusually harsh, but it is common among work ponies, some racing ponies, and for obvious reasons rarely on show ponies.

(I can attest that Master Fife's aunt reveled in the practice. I would observe many brandings while standing by with ammonia capsules to revive, and unguents to soothe.)

The will indicated that Master Fife's initials were to be permanently cauterized into the flesh of Zesty's buttocks. The letter “M” on the left (for Melbourne). The letter “F” on the right.

The trustees were obligated to execute Master Fife's wishes. But the timing remained open and details of the procedure left to the discretion of the trustees.

It put us in an interesting dilemma. The sale of Zesty's videos and photos paid the bills. Lotus Boy's following was strong and growing, but Zesty was 70% of the farm's business. Therefore we discussed ad nauseam as to how the procedure should be carried out and what effect the branding would have on Zesty's presentation and photogenics.

It was decided that we would stockpile much material before she was marked. For an entire summer we worked her hard with many outdoor videos and training sessions. She was photographed from every possible angle. When we decided to have an entire portfolio available of Zesty relieving her bladder under the close supervision and assistance of Sarina, she was forced to consume amazing quantities of water. But the results were worth the effort and we have many photos and videos of Zesty's long lips being held apart by Sarina while her excretion streams to the barnyard soil. The snapshots taken from her side show her incredibly bloated belly hanging as she bends at the waist, indicating the urgency of her need. Photos from the rear show her unblemished backside nicely framing her pink rear aperture. The perinaeum ring shines back at the camera lens in many shots. So for that particular fetish category, we have a good inventory and will continue to supply the market should her branded backside be considered unsightly and

customers lose interest.

We assumed the pony enthusiasts would be sanguine with Zesty's new look. Branding is accordant with the equestrian motif and marking the buttocks with the whip was obviously found desirable so something more permanent would not be objectionable. But our marketing feedback indicated there was a strong subset of customers who enjoyed watching Zesty's amazingly well muscled globes ripple and roll on the treadmill and struggle to remain poised on the wooden horse.

So again we stockpiled videos and photos and Zesty was put through some exhausting weeks.

Riding the horse was also one of my favorites. The torment was slow, painful and drained her energy in such a manner that broke her Stoicism. A goal not often attained in other endeavors.

It's an evilly simple device. A coarse plank hangs edge upwards from a beam in the barn. The far end is secured by a rope. A similar rope is connected in the middle. This second rope can be lengthened or shortened to raise or lower the plank. The near end is where Zesty stands straddling the plank. She faces a metal post in front of the horse which is used to tether her nose ring. Nurse Hopkins has become quite adept at finding the perfect height for Zesty's ride. It can't be too low. If so, there would be nothing abrading the soft pink flesh of her labia and vagina.

If too high, the waves of pain roll too quickly and overwhelm. The viewer's enjoyment is terminated too soon when the pony girl writhes and kicks and the plank must be lowered to prevent permanent damage.

Yes, there is an optimum height that permits Zesty to ride for twenty to thirty minutes in immense but tolerable pain, and Nurse Hopkins knows just such a level.

The video tapes of Zesty riding the horse are the only material I own personally. When my husband takes the kids for a Saturday excursion in the mountains, I extract the tapes from a well hidden suitcase, pour a glass of wine, and gently run my fingers between my thighs as the video rolls.

It's only of interest to dominant voyeurs. But its one of our best editing efforts. We split the screen so on one side is Zesty's face, beautifully animating the level of pain and anguish. The other side of the screen shifts among cameras focussing on her rump, her breasts and each side of the plank.

The side shots reveal Zesty's well stretched labia which, for rides on the horse, are free of the perinaeum ring and carefully draped right and left down the side of the coarse wood, exposing the soft sensitive insides to the board's rough surface. Her clitoral ring is turned up and thus the pink bud below just touches the top of the plank. Touches that is as long as Zesty endeavors to remain high on her toes.

The camera angles displaying the pony breasts are curious in that throughout the time consuming process, Zesty's nipples will become erect, then soften, then harden again. They seem to react to something flowing through Zesty's mind. I guessed that its some type of response to Nurse Hopkins who casually sits in a chair and watches while Zesty's resolve slowly dissipates. Perhaps when the nurse arises, Zesty thinks the session is over and her nipples harden in anticipation of release. It's a guess, but the reaction is amusing.

The camera angle from the rear can be most enticing. To hold her position and minimize the effect of the harsh surface abrading her sensitive pink parts, Zesty must stand extremely high on toes. Nurse Hopkins also tethers her nose ring to the pole so that she is bent at the waist. I suppose I enjoy the tapes because it is in this posture that Zesty's amazingly well developed buttocks must contract and strain. They protrude so far that the first time I watched, I envisioned the wine glasses in the test that Master Fife had explained years before.

Well, I suggested, and it was accepted that we produce at least one tape utilizing the challenging wine glass test. And after releasing it the 30 minute tape became a good seller.

Under threat of severe caning, Zesty must stand on toes, motionless and balance the water filled glasses. It's incredibly difficult, but since the cane can be incredibly painful, she holds the position longer then anyone could guess.

But in the end her legs begin to weaken, the genitalia descend, the rough surface rubs her most intimate parts, that calm Stoic look fades, and the tears slowly form,. You can see her beseeching the implacable Nurse Hopkins with dripping eyes. No. Zesty won't outlast this torment. Nurse Hopkins insouciantly reads a book waiting for the horse to takes its toll, and it always does.

Zesty attempts to talk and plead but little does she realize how comical her guttural pleas sound to her completely unsympathetic audience.

And then alas, the legs fail, the glasses crash. Nurse Hopkins stands, places her book on her chair, retrieves a cane and ends the video presentation with some of the firmest, crispest strokes imaginable. My thighs clench uncontrollably at that point. The severity of the caning is augmented by the fact that Zesty must remain perfectly still on the horse in order to minimize further damage to her genitalia.

So with the planned branding we acquired an adequate supply of such tapes and photos for inventory. The winter approached and with the limited use of the track, it was decided to begin the procedure.

We were fortunate to learn that Nurse Hopkins was quite experienced in applying searing hot iron to pony flesh. It seems that one of her duties on Equestra island was to mark belligerent and aged ponies before they were consigned to the island's pump house. But as she explained, the applications of the iron were quick and although permanent, as desired, many times the marks

scarred uncontrollably over the years and formed unsightly, illegible blobs.

That wouldn't do for our Zesty. We wanted a good clean identifying mark that clearly indicated the flesh was cauterized intentionally (not appearing to be an accidental burn) and one which would properly memorialize that her ownership was Master Fife's legacy to the farm and trust.

So after much research and consultation with skin specialists, Nurse Hopkins and I decided the best way to execute the branding was in stages. The letter "M" would be burned in by dividing the process into three parts, two parallel lines followed with a small "v" in between. We would do one part per week and closely monitor Zesty's healing in ensure the scarring did not spread and make the letter illegible. Similarly the letter "F" would be done by first burning in a single line then adding two perpendicular lines to the right. The six brandings would take six weeks but we relished the extensive pain and the resulting tapes and photos.

And for Zesty, it was akin to facing the death penalty six times. Observing her fear and exaggerated remorse on each day of the procedure was fascinating. Nurse Hopkins secured her to a padded exercise horse, her thumbs rings attached to her neck collar, legs separated by the broad, leather covered apparatus. We tied her feet to large irons rings imbedded in the barn floor, but Sarina cleverly left some play in the cords. Watching her kick her feet about added much drama.

She remained on the horse for hours, forced to watch our preparations while the branding iron slowly heated just inches from her eyes. I would occasionally pat her head, perhaps wipe a tear and offer similar words of feigned encouragement just as I do with her swim in the ice cold tank.

"It will hurt terribly, Zesty. You'll have take it whether you want to or not, so calm yourself. When all heals you'll have something to remember your late master for the remainder of your years."

The dramatic permanence of the markings even sent chills through me. I knew of no form of surgery that could esthetically remove the well placed, expertly applied markings. Nurse Hopkins knew to cauterize several subcutaneous layers which made normal plastic surgery impossible. Zesty would leave the earth with her master's initials prominently displayed on her most seductive pony buttocks.

We decided to brand her on Sundays when the trustees could watch along with Judge Constance. We felt that an audience would add to her discomfort and all were curious to watch. Lotus Boy, however, was positioned kneeling before Mary and could only listen. For each branding he obediently awaited the signal to begin oral service. Mary enjoyed the boy's tongue more than the other women and as a courtesy we deferred to her lustful need for oral attention. She once again wore a short skirt, and Lotus Boy knew what was expected as soon as she entered the barn so attired.

I kept Zesty well hydrated while she gazed at the heating iron. The fear made her perspire and lying on a full bladder made her squirm, action which the cameras didn't miss. Her labia were tucked through her ring and so she could not relieve herself.

Nothing was administered to counter the pain. But I learned that applying a special oil to the intended target area made the flesh more receptive to the iron and better highlighted the results as the skin healed.

Unfortunately, it was my job to stay near Zesty's face with ammonia capsules. So my view was not as good as that of Mary, Madeleine, Sarina and Constance. But when I watched the tapes later, I marveled at how well the broad leather exercise horse separated Zesty's large round globes and exposed her pink sphincter. Below rested her labia encircled by the sturdy perinaeum ring, a delightful angle for connoisseurs of pony flesh.

We once again produced the video utilizing a split screen. On the left side of the screen is a profile of Zesty's prostrate body lying on the horse. On the right side is the aforementioned close up of the buttocks. When Nurse Hopkins retrieved the fiery red iron, she held it close to Zesty's eyes and the viewer can watch her squirm and tug at her bonds from both angles.

But the amusing scene must be curtailed since the iron is cooling. Nurse Hopkins steps to the rear of the horse and standing in a well planned spot to avoid blocking the cameras, applies the searing hot iron with a professional degree of firmness and deliberation.

A scream changing to a gruff howl follows and Zesty's legs forcefully kick against their bonds. But nothing will cause the nurse to relent. The iron is held for the required count and Zesty almost swoons. I open a capsule and revive her. We don't want her to miss anything.

When Nurse Hopkins withdraws, Sarina releases Zesty's feet and I hook my left index finger through her nose ring and smooth my right hand over her bald head. Her skin is moist and she's recovering from mild shock. But incredibly, her feminine fragrance is strong and all present notice. The submissive pony girl has become aroused! Does it result from displaying her complete nakedness before a group of women? The extreme pain? The thought of bearing permanent marks at the behest of her late owner? I suppose we'll never know.

"Good pony girl. Let's show off your new marking."

The nose ring is set deeply through the septum, as written, and when I pull to the side, Zesty obediently follows my tugs and slides off the horse. She lifts her right foot. We all recognize the signal and I reach under her belly with my right hand. I smooth it over her lower abdomen and the swelling and firmness tell me that indeed her bladder is absolutely full.

"Steady girl. . . Lotus Boy, I need the pan."

My professional training dictates that I be gentle as I reach further down and pull her labia from the entrapping ring. Lotus Boy retrieves a special pan which conforms to the curvature of her inner thighs and slides it between her legs. He knows not to place it too high. That would impede the view of the camera lens and other observers.

Zesty will have to relieve herself before her audience and I think about the nice shot her efforts will make at the end of the forthcoming branding video.

But she doesn't demur. It's something she does every morning and as soon as Lotus Boy withdraws, her thighs clench the pan holding it in place. She patiently awaits the feel of fingers holding apart her lips. (She can urinate without such assistance once the labia is free, but it can be sloppy and she's been trained to perform the function only with the fingers of a trainer or rider holding her lips apart.)

Mary lends a hand. Her face is flushed from Lotus Boy's attentive service and she wears a coy look of satisfaction. She stands to Zesty's side and separates the long pink strips of flesh with the fingers of both hands. A strong flow immediately begins and splatters to the pan.

Her bladder is indeed full and the flow continues strongly for a full 30 seconds. I decide to entertain and command her to stop. She complies of course, squeezing off the stream and displaying the amazing degree of obedience she's acquired over years of pony life. She squirms and looks into my eyes beseeching for further relief. I know she can hold it, it's only a matter of how much discomfort she'll experience as I make her wait.

When I nod, the flow continues and the long narrow pan comes close to filling as the stream tapers off.

Lotus Boy carries away the pan and I leave Zesty's labia dangling between her legs. I pull and she follows knowing from years of experience that the nose ring controls her. Sarina moves the camera to follow as I lead her by the ring around the area of the barn so that each observer can look closely at the fresh marking on her prodigious buttock. I hold the ring at the level of my waist forcing her to walk bent at the waist to better display herself. All present have a comment and with the sixth and final branding, the women applaud, complimenting Nurse Hopkins for her diligent efforts and Zesty for her new look encompassing the ultimate submission and devotion to her master's memory.

Zesty nudges my jodhpurs at the zipper. She wants me to open so she can service me. How nice. But her offer of submission must wait. Today she's on display.

Within four weeks the brandings healed. Within eight weeks new tissue grew to fill the indentation of cauterized flesh. This scarring, very much controlled by our precision and judicious use of the branding iron, formed prominent pink bumps in the form of the letters "M" and "F".

We placed a mirror in the barn and Zesty is made to look at herself after each session in the cold water tank. Sarina is adamant in having her turn her head to view the prominent letters. We find it humbles her thoroughly and the pride of our former champion racing pony is diminished with her realization that her master had her most prominent feature marked by way of the grave.

Chapter Five

Little did we know that Mary's idea to better develop Lotus Boy's femininity would open up an entire new category for the sale of videos.

After the trustees agreed to the ballet lessons, Mary introduced Miss Crushmore to the possibility of providing Lotus Boy with dance lessons.

With her next visit to the salon, Mary suggested that Miss Crushmore make the following appointment on a Wednesday.

"I thought Wednesday's were reserved for your special client, Mary."

"Yes, Miss Crushmore. But some women in the village stop in for coffee and perhaps get their nails shaped up or discuss new hair styles. It's very informal and there's entertainment which I believe you'll find of interest."

Miss Crushmore agreed.

The entertainment was Lotus Boy. Every Wednesday morning he arrives at Mary's shop in a hired automobile for a complete make over. It's about the only time he is adorned with clothing. He wears a silk blouse and short skirt. A skimpy silk triangle covers his diminutive manhood.

Master Fife began the interesting procedure when he first arrived at the village. The hired driver, along with most of the men in the village, is not aware of Lotus Boy's true gender. So Lotus Boy appears to be a teenaged girl, the former concubine of the wealthy and eccentric Melbourne P. Fife and currently living as the beneficiary of his trust.

But when he enters the shop, the blinds are drawn, the door is locked and he's stripped of all clothing for the remainder of his visit.

His weekly appointment begins with depilation. He's carefully inspected for hair and other than that on his head, all is removed. Most is permanently gone. His Chinese tormentress had him constantly plucked and that process combined with the high doses of estrogen, has made it difficult to find a remaining follicle. Therefore the hair removal process is more of an inspection with some light fuzz occasionally being found and removed.

Next is a shower and shampoo. It is this procedure that has become an interesting attraction for

the village women. Special friends of Mary are allowed to observe and if they so desire, to assist with his ablutions. It's most interesting how normal, somewhat shy women with families, will eagerly participate in the boy's subjugation and humiliation. As word spread throughout the village about the true gender and curious alteration of Master's Fife's concubine, more and more of these "vanilla" females requested Wednesday appointments. No one divulges the secret. All are having too much fun.

I postulate that every woman has some degree of latent dominance that needs to be vented. And the privilege of washing Lotus Boy, strong matronly hands smoothing over his perfectly hairless effeminate skin, provides a great feeling of power and control. To watch that tiny erection stand as you soap the scrotum and perhaps slip a cleansing finger into his well lubricated backside, creates goose bumps of sensuous decadence on the skin of the fully clothed village women.

After the shower comes a manicure, pedicure and his hair is styled. By late morning, a radiant Lotus Boy appears even more feminine and his little manhood stands with the humiliation of a half dozen women complimenting his wonderfully girlish appearance.

For the remainder of the day Lotus Boy reverts to his role of servant. A most salacious village "coffee clutch" forms, with the naked Lotus Boy carrying a tray of coffee and biscuits. His little scrotum bobs about under the restraint and weight of the sizable steel ring.

And all wait for his request to relieve himself. In his early years, he was trained to urinate only with the assistance of a feminine hand, his shortened penis making control of the process difficult. As a result, he can only go when a soft, warm hand is slipped between his thigh and cups his testicles. The thumb and forefinger grasp the little appendage and direct its flow.

As a medical professional I am fascinated by the deeply ingrained psychological need for such assistance. I reviewed photo albums which Master Fife acquired with the "purchase" of Lotus Boy. And sure enough, there are a series of photos with Lady Ling, Madame Chang's evil flagellatrix, putting a young Lotus Boy through rigorous and extensive bathroom training. The bright red welts on his buttocks indicate early disobedience. A final photo of Lady Ling, standing behind Lotus Boy with her hand between his thighs as he squats facing a toilet bowl with hands on head, evidences the success of her harsh methods.

So the women wait for Lotus Boy's embarrassing request and Mary has been known to keep him well watered to please all the customers.

When it's time to leave in mid afternoon, Lotus Boy is dressed. First comes a short cord which threads from the eyelet on the right side of his scrotal ring, through his penis ring and is tied and tightened to the left eyelet. This detail effectively flattens the pubic area. Over this he wears his special silk piece which Master Fife designed. The top of the triangular piece is held by a thin strap around Lotus Boy's waist. The bottom connects to straps encircling his thighs. The configuration leaves Lotus Boy's backside completely unencumbered and, knowing Master

Fife's proclivities, this was an important feature. For as written, Lotus Boy's rear passage is thoroughly cleansed every morning and kept lubricated for use at a whim.

The women giggle as he's dressed. The short skirt hangs just below his buttocks and the thin blouse outlines the small breasts we've endeavored to develop. But the most amusing part of the subterfuge is the women's awareness that on Lotus Boy's return trip to the farm, the driver will pull off the road and first avail himself of Lotus Boy's oral skills, then have the youngster hike up his skirt and straddle the driver's lap to facilitate penetration of the well lubricated sphincter.

The driver has no knowledge of Lotus Boy's true gender and the ritual began under Master Fife, who's wry sense of humor allowed the practice to continue. He seems to have derived great amusement from the vision of the masculine driver bragging to his colleagues about a back seat rendezvous with the beautiful Asian girl.

And so the joke continues after Master Fife's demise with many of the women also enjoying the humorous vision. All collaborate to make Lotus Boy appear as seductive as possible and, to date, Nurse Hopkins reports that the driver has never passed up an opportunity to leave Lotus Boy's anal passage well used and filled with his seed.

So Mary took a considerable risk in having Miss Crushmore join her Wednesday coffee group. Her reaction could have been one of strong distaste. After all the prim and proper, gray haired lady was an accomplished classical dance instructor and had walked the floors of the world's most famous stages and halls of dance. She had trained the best. And the village buzzed when she chose our small Adirondack location for her studio and semi retirement.

But her stern looks and demanding demeanor hinted at certain eccentricities and Mary boldly decided to tantalize her psyche with the invitation.

On the following Wednesday she arrived just when Lotus Boy's weekly depilation was finishing. The procedure ends with the fortunate woman who is to shower him attaching a thin leash to his penis ring. Mary was locking the door behind Miss Crushmore when one of the more dour and matronly women pulled him off the table with a quick yank and Lotus boy jumped to his feet.

The leash establishes control and whoever holds the end usually leads him about for a time. It keeps him nicely erect and the other women enjoy the display before he is taken to the shower.

Well, Miss Crushmore was most favorably impressed and Mary reported her delightful reaction.

"I've trained many feminized boys to dance," proclaimed Miss Crushmore. "Wealthy owners enjoy the poise and coordination ballet imbues. And my niece Monique is quite a good dancer who has aspirations to also instruct. I believe with the proper financial arrangements we can help build Lotus Boy's character."

She stepped forward and palmed Lotus Boy's heavily ringed scrotum.

"I don't know about these. Have you ever considered completing his alteration?"

Mary was ecstatic at that point. We had found a valuable jewel in the midst of our tiny enclave.

Lotus Boy began his lessons the following week. The driver was pleasantly surprised to learn he would be driving the "girl" into town on Monday afternoons and returning at dinner time.

Mary purchased special clothing for him. She also had some outfits custom made by one of the women from the Wednesday coffee group, who understood the unusual needs.

Black leotards were required apparel in Miss Crushmore's classes. The Monday class was for early teenaged girls and although Lotus Boy appeared somewhat older, his presence was not noticeably exceptional. But Mary procured leotards which were a size too small and did not acquire leg coverings. This resulted in the exposure of Lotus Boy's cheeks as he moved about and the tight elastic cloth contracted to ride in the crevice of his backside. The other girls wore tights, of course, and were happy to have Lotus Boy (known as Lotus Blossom in class) join them and draw a disproportional amount of attention from Miss Crushmore's whippy little baton.

She was an exacting task master. Failure to achieve the correct pose, any clumsy efforts, and forgetting to reply "Yes, Miss Crushmore" received a sharp quick stroke with the baton on the buttocks. By the end of a typical session, Lotus Blossom's smooth whites cheeks were crimson and well striped.

The girls did not realize that the old lumber warehouse was covered with hidden video cameras, installed at the expense of the Zesty Girl Irrevocable Trust, and Lotus Blossom's awkward efforts were providing large quantities of grist for the farm's video making mill.

Miss Crushmore's niece reveled in her new role. She wasn't much older than 21 and was a well trained, poised, and beautifully formed ballet dancer. But she also had a latent streak of dominance and took to her role as special tutor better than could be expected.

As written, Lotus Blossom/Boy required assistance in visiting the bathroom. When Mary initially explained the procedure to Miss Crushmore, she reacted with distaste.

"Monique will assume such duties," she sniffed indignantly.

And fortunately she did and seemed thrilled with privilege.

Nurse Hopkins took to sending Lotus Boy on his Monday excursion with full bladder and invariably the boy had to sheepishly request a trip to the facilities upon his arrival at the dance studio.

This set the tone for the remainder of the afternoon. Miss Crushmore would immediately express her annoyance of delaying the group exercises as Monique led the boy to the bathroom. The other girls could not understand why Lotus Blossom always had to be accompanied and the delay was extended by the fact that Monique had the boy strip naked before squatting over the toilet. Only then would she extend her hand between his thighs and assume the necessary position, cupping the small scrotum and gently pinching the stub between thumb and forefinger to direct the flow.

The process was further delayed by the time required to replace the cord securing Lotus Blossom's stubby penis. If not tightly restrained, a potential erection, however small, would cause a most curious bump to form in the area of the pubes, and could be most distracting to the other girls.

Lotus Boy's skill level was well behind the other students and he was made to stay after class for additional instruction. Miss Crushmore would withdraw to her office leaving Monique in charge and the tapes of the precocious young woman forcing Lotus Blossom through extensive stretching are priceless. She wields Miss Crushmore's baton with great authority and upon careful review we found after one session that the welts from her disciplinary strokes exceeded those of the mistress of the studio.

And an interesting bond seemed to form. Lotus Blossom worked hard to achieve the impossibly difficult balance and poses while Monique seemed to constantly increase the demanded level of proficiency. This assured much opportunity to apply the baton and within a few weeks, Monique concluded it was not the proper instrument.

She was so motivated by her new responsibility that she obtained a special whip from a mail order catalogue. It was small with a single strand. When applied to most areas of the anatomy its effect was that of a mosquito bite. But Monique had other plans, for after the class disbanded and it was time for Lotus Blossom's private tutelage, she led him to the locker area, stood by with arms akimbo and had him change into the smallest of tutus.

The short outfit was obviously designed for a very young girl, for the projecting frilly pink hem only reached his navel. This left him naked from the waist down with only his ballet slippers covering his feet.

It was in this ridiculously brief garment that Lotus Blossom completed his afternoon instruction after Monique removed the cord entrapping his penis.

She made him dance for hours, developing a most seductive style and technique which would indubitably arouse the carnal interests of our targeted customer. Dominant women enjoy the display of authority and control. Males with distinctive proclivities enjoy the exhibition of the feminine buttocks, highlighted by the pink tutu circling the waist six inches above.

When viewing the video tapes, it is evident that the embarrassed Lotus Blossom approached his

dance exercises with renewed vigor, particularly when the devilish Monique vigorously snapped the little whip. Her goal was to abrade the scrotum and as we viewed the weekly tapes we trustees were impressed with how proficient she became. By the third week, Lotus Boy would return to the farm exhausted, with his little pink sac reddened and covered with small painful welts.

He was fortunate to have Nurse Hopkins tending to his needs. Her expertise in treating excoriated flesh is unsurpassed. The recordings of Lotus Boy reacting to her special unguent have been added as an epilogue to his dance video. We have close ups of Nurse Hopkins' black hand smoothing her oil over the bright red scrotal sac. Lotus Boy yelps in agony and his thighs close in a spasmodic contraction to the saline, viscous lotion. But he knows within a day his flesh will be healed and ready for more chastisement. His tears nicely contrast the comfort he will ultimately feel as a result of her efforts.

Chapter Six

Our marketing consultant completed the assigned report and we decided to have him present it at a trustees meeting in late autumn. The timing of his recommendations was appreciated since activity at the farm is limited by the onset of the long winter. The track becomes unusable with the first significant snowfall and remains so until mid April, unless of course we experience a very warm Spring.

Accordingly, he divided his report into two sets of activities. One set suggesting indoor pursuits to be developed for the winter season. The other for Summer season, when we kept busy with outdoor activities, but even so, new ideas were always welcomed and considered refreshing.

The report emphasized expanding and diversifying our "assets". As written, we realized Zesty Girl and Lotus Boy were assets whose values were somewhat depleting. Age and exposure were the factors of concern. Master Fife had been distributing Zesty's materials for some two years before his death. And we trustees had been running the operation for 18 months. Therefore the quantity of tapes and photos featuring our naked pony girl was large. Our archives indicated there were some 90 videos of Zesty in a variety of themes and settings. The copies distributed were over 100,000.

Lotus Boy's archives were much smaller but so was his market. Therefore, although the Lotus Boy revenue was growing more quickly, we doubted it would surpass that of Zesty's.

So when the report suggested acquiring more and younger ponies, it was a subject already under discussion and we trustees were quite receptive to the idea. The Trust agreement did not prohibit such expansion, new sources of revenue were needed, and Nurse Hopkins and Sarina needed more activity. On Equestra Island, where there were six pony stables, Nurse Hopkins' skills were applied to some fifty or more ponies, both male and female. And Sarina acquired her training skills at a very active stable where there were ten slings.

A male pony was a logical first step. Although more difficult to handle, the concept excited me and I'm sure my fellow trustees felt the same. Lotus Boy's appendage was fun to mock and play with, but controlling his one inch erection did not provide that heady feeling of power that dominant women sought.

Whenever our young marketing maven attended our meetings we always enjoyed tantalizing him by having Lotus Boy serve refreshments during his presentation. We stripped the Asian ingenue of clothing, of course, except that Sarina restrained his penis, as when he visited Miss Crushmore, and covered his pubes with the frilly red triangle of silk.

So as with his ballet lessons Lotus Boy becomes Lotus Blossom for the duration of the meeting and our virile young consultant has no clue that his lascivious glances and ogling eyes are actually bestowed upon an altered male.

With the training of Miss Crushmore and Monique, Lotus Boy serves and moves with new found grace and his cute buttocks seem to glide across the room with the most stylish and feminine of motions. When he leans over to pour coffee or remove dirty plates, the hairless smooth skin on his backside stretches. One can easily detect the remnants Nurse Hopkins' most recent effort to lubricate his rectum and he strikes the most decadent of poses.

But for our presence, I believe our man would give in to some salacious impulse. "Imagine such conduct!" I facetiously think to myself. Our little charade continues the long running facade begun by Master Fife. Only certain deviant women of the village are aware of Lotus Boy's true gender. The thought of the stuffy handsome business man stretching the little pink sphincter of a feminized young male with his turgid manhood, makes me smile. I stifle a giggle as Lotus Boy leans over to pour more coffee and the consultant loses his concentration in mid sentence. For sure he has noticed the glistening crevice between the well formed globes. Within there's a tight but well oiled ring of muscle which seems to beckon for attention and there aren't many males that can resist it's potential pleasure.

"We'll have fun with this," I think to myself. And as I glance to Madeleine and Mary, I realize they have also noticed the man's reaction.

"In summary, the appendix to my report contains a list of potential house guests. Most are wealthy men, but don't overlook the list of women. Our survey finds they are much more willing to pay a premium for truly discreet encounters that satisfy their unusual tastes. And I believe such women will find the seclusion here to be most attractive. From what I've seen and read, you may also obtain ideas for new production material in inviting them here for visits."

A very important point and Mr. Marketing has once again earned his enormous fee (I sometimes wonder how much is really a bribe for his continued silence). But I am distracted by his excitement.

“Can you explain that chart one more time?” I ask with feigned innocence.

Actually I want him to stand. And when he hesitates, I know he has in fact tumefied under the enchantment of gazing at Lotus Boy’s charming backside.

Our clever consultant finally stands and quickly turns to face the easel at the end of the long table. Mary, Madeleine and I all smile nodding. We appear to be agreeing to some subtle marketing point but our body language is communicating what we are all thinking. We’ve just agreed on tonight’s post meeting entertainment.

As he speaks, deliberately extending his explanation until the bulge in his trousers subsides, my mind wanders and I become curious as to the size and shape of his manhood, whether he’s circumcised, whether in fact he will utilize our maid servant’s well lubricated rectum, or he will simply unzip, demand fellatio and guiltily run home to his spouse.

He finishes and turns to face us with diminished bulge and somewhat flushed cheeks. He appears relieved and thinks we have not noticed his tumescence.

“Any questions?”

I glance at my fellow trustees and they know, as I do, to pause. Then I break the silence

“Mr. Watson, you’ve had a long drive and we’ve kept you late. You’ve given us much information and many ideas to discuss. Why not stay the night here so we can talk more and you can stay later without being concerned about the long drive back to New York. With an early start tomorrow you’ll be back in the city by mid morning and be much more refreshed. There’s plenty of room here and Lotus Blossom can see to your needs.”

I could tell that he was about to refuse my offer until I emphasized the last point.

“Well I did bring a change of clothes. I was planning to drive part way then stop in a motel.”

Lotus Blossom slipped through the kitchen door with more coffee. He silently moved around the table seeming to glide effortlessly despite the fact that he was precariously perched on the extreme high heels.

“Lotus Blossom, Mr. Watson will be staying the night in room six. Please see to all his needs.”

Our maid understands the coded phrase and responds with a look of eager anticipation.

“Why not settle in your room while we talk, Mr. Watson. You can make yourself comfortable and rejoin us in an hour. We’ll probably have some questions.”

I had to bite my tongue to stop from laughing as he clumsily gathered up his notes. When Lotus Blossom bent over to pick up some papers he dropped on the floor I thought he would jump on him. Lotus Boy's training dictated that he keep his legs straight and bend at the waist. With his six inch heels, the ability to reach to the floor demonstrated the flexibility and suppleness his ballet training imbued. But the position also displayed his puckered, well cleansed and lubricated sphincter. The bottom portion of his scrotum peeked under the silk triangle and I thought for a second that Mr. Watson would discover Lotus Blossom's gender. But alas the small pink, hairless sac appears to be part of the female labia when so exposed and I believe the lewd pose served to arouse Mr. Watson even more.

He stared as Lotus Blossom picked up his notes and became embarrassed when he realized we were looking at him closely observe the process. He pulled his brief case in front of his lap then quickly excused himself to retrieve his over night bag. Lotus Blossom scampered after him and when we heard the front door close the three of us were finally able to laugh aloud.

Mr. Watson introduced the idea of accommodating outsiders at our farm of deviation so it was only fitting that he sample our hospitality. What he didn't realize was that we had hidden cameras in the guest rooms and that he would be part of our prandial entertainment for the evening.

Madeleine turned on the television monitor that normally displays video tapes of Zesty Girl being exercised. Since we haven't often used the system she dials around and finally finds the channel for room six, just as Lotus Blossom is entering struggling with Mr. Watson's suitcase.

Sarina joins us. She's aware that we have a male visitor and therefore is wearing her training uniform. Girl talk ensues and we have fun speculating whether Mr. Watson is circumcised, about the girth of his manhood, and most importantly whether our Lotus Blossom will provide oral satisfaction or whether our marketing maven will stretch the little sphincter he so much enjoyed viewing.

The reader must understand that under Madame Chang, Lotus Boy was forced to service the male sex at her bidding. The photo album acquired by Master Fife contains page after page of Lotus Boy fellating Madame Chang's followers and his oral talents became a common reward for Madame Chang's mercenary troops after an opposing village was successfully ransacked.

Lady Ling was relentless in developing his talents, having the boy lie supine on a table, his head positioned over the edge with a bucket of ice water under it. Judging from the number of photos, Lady Ling spent hours supervising the forced fellatio. As Lady Ling stands to the side with her whip, a large set of male hands hold Lotus Boy's head in the bucket for a time, then provides an opportunity to accept the stiff penis poised over his forehead. Refusal results in another dunking with his ears used to hold his head under the ice water.

So Lotus Boy's servicing of the male organ is well ingrained. And after placing the contents of

Mr. Watson's suitcase in the dresser, our maid gracefully assumes a kneeling position with a look of need. Our surprised consultant smiles.

Yes, Lotus Boy needs stimulation. As written, he cannot achieve an orgasm through copulation or masturbation. The evil Madame Chang knew that the removal of the sensitive tip of his penis was a fate worse than complete castration and that Lotus Boy's life time search for sexual gratification would force him to participate in the most deviant of practices.

Since his prostate is his remaining erogenous area, he craves stimulation there, and we trustees are amused by the antics of a heterosexual male in seeking such anal penetration.

Sarina poured after dinner drinks and a pleasant conversation ensued as we watched Lotus Boy's head bob and twist as he knelt before the well endowed consultant. For a while it appeared that Mary would be the winner of our small wager in that Mr. Watson had Lotus Boy's hair firmly grasped and was pushing his phallus to the back of the boy's throat with energetic thrusts. But just as Madeleine and I were about to concede, he withdrew, dragged Lotus Boy to the bed and kicked apart his high heels as he pushed his face into the mattress.

Watson stripped completely in a matter of seconds then knelt behind our subordinate maid. The camera revealed first a look of excited anticipation on Lotus Boy's face, then a brief cringe of pain as the stiff erection parted his cheeks and penetrated the lubricated anus, then a smile of gratification as the long, hard manhood thrust in and pressured the frustrated boy's prostate.

We were very impressed with Mr. Marketing. He thrust again and again with fervor and seemed surprised to find Lotus Boy so receptive to being sodomized. Little did he realize that the feminized boy was receiving just as much, if not more, pleasure and that it was only through such ignominious coupling that he could achieve a long sought after orgasm. So it was fun to observe Lotus Boy obsequiously squeezing his little cheeks in complete submission to the invading manhood and in attempts to maximize his assailant's and his own pleasure.

"Did you happen to press the 'record' button, Madeleine?"

She smiles and nods.

I think we'll renegotiate Mr. Watson's fee. Perhaps he would like to receive a certain video tape in lieu of cash.

Chapter Seven

Nurse Hopkins calls out and I gulp the remaining splash of coffee.

A truck is traversing the long narrow drive from the main road. Master Fife's aunt, Master Fife and now we trustees deliberately deprive the mile long road of normal maintenance and as a

result the entrance to the farm is very difficult to find. It appears to be a deserted trail with deep ruts and large pine branches interrupting the visual tunnel through the thick stand of conifers.

On many occasions I have inadvertently driven past the farm's entrance, particularly at night. The only marking is an innocuous "No Hunting" sign posted on the opposite side of the main road. Such signs are ubiquitous in the Adirondacks, and one must be aware of a dip in the road which precedes the posting in order to turn and enter the drive opposite the correct sign.

I step off the porch to see the van slowly moving up the last stretch of twisting road. It's a cool Saturday morning, and the sun is beginning to warm the autumn air as it spreads its radiance throughout the natural hollow occupied by our farm.

The driver is the same man who takes Lotus Boy into town. Therefore he has located the entrance without difficulty. He is somewhat aware of the unusual activities on the farm and realizes that continued employment is predicated on silence. We don't wish to draw attention to any of our activities much less the cargo.

Seated next to him is a very large blond woman. She is the infamous Greta from Equestra Island. Master Fife told us many stories about the Teutonic Termagant and I have always wanted to meet her. It's just a matter of good fortune that she was available to accompany our shipment from Equestra. The Zesty Girl Irrevocable Trust acquired its first male pony and Greta is overseeing its delivery.

The passenger door opens and she steps to the barn yard soil.

"Good morning. I'm Doctor Sternly. You must be Greta. I believe you know Nurse Hopkins from Equestra."

She replies in her German accent and shakes my hand with a manly firm grip. She's six foot tall and incredibly muscular. She hugs Nurse Hopkins. We briefly exchange pleasantries about the flight then get to business. The private jet is waiting to return her to the Caribbean island. She cannot stay long.

"Are you sure you want him, Doctor Sternly. I know Nurse Hopkins can handle him, but he is a brute with no training. Meredith decided that even if she concentrated her full efforts on him, which would be difficult since her stable is full, he will never be a show pony. And racing seems out of question. Racers must to have a desire to compete. I doubt if he'll ever want to win anything for you or anyone else."

"We have a different operation here, Greta. More akin to a 'dude ranch' than a serious facility for training ponies. Breaking him will be one of the attractions for our customers."

"I wish I could help. I had him hog tied and under my boots for the entire flight. He's quite strong

and vicious.”

I am aware of both his physical and mental characteristics. Meredith was very forthright when we negotiated his purchase. And perhaps the reader should be aware of the pony’s journey which brought him to our farm. . .

Buford T. Willis was brought up in a small Oklahoma town by a mother with a substance abuse problem who bankrolled her habit with numerous and frequent sexual relationships. His alcoholic father beat him whenever he was home and disappeared when Buford was a boy. No one knew what happened to him, but no one really cared.

Buford’s education was limited and his early life punctuated with juvenile crimes and arrests. Petty stuff mainly.

But two years ago, Buford’s anti social activities made the headlines and Buford received his fifteen minutes of fame. He raped and killed a teenaged girl, the details of the crime being most vicious and making much lurid copy for the Texas newspapers, where he was grifting.

Unfortunately for Buford, he choose to commit his crime in the state with the quickest route to the death chamber. He was rapidly tried and convicted, swearing obscenities at the judge before sentencing, and earned the fastest trip to death row in the state’s history. At age 20, Buford was scheduled to receive a lethal injection, and even the ACLU wouldn’t intercede on his behalf.

But for the warden of the Texas prison, Martha Hustings, Buford had one redeeming attribute, the largest penis imaginable.

Rumors were abound that the veteran warden personally supervised the frequent strip searches of the young convict. And that the prisoner’s misconduct, which was prevalent, was punished by depriving him of clothing and with visits from the cattle prod toting warden.

Ms. Hustings derived much pleasure from tormenting the young rapist. And the story goes that she considered a quick and painless death rather lenient. She also needed to support a somewhat ostentatious life style on a civil servant’s salary and realized that the oversized organ hanging between Buford’s legs could be the source of considerable cash. With her morally decadent recreational activities, she was aware of the pony world and its wealthy dominant owners. She began to scheme for the sale of her notorious prisoner.

She had a photo album produced and circulated copies within the secretive pony world. With the exceptional length of Buford’s phallus, a quiet bidding war brought his worth to \$100,000. But the price was reliant on delivery, which was a rather perplexing problem

since many feet of concrete and hundreds of steel bars separated Buford from a well deserved life of bestial servitude.

So the clever warden conspired with the prison doctor. She assured the doctor that life in the pony world would be more agonizing than death. After she showed her various videos highlighting a pony's ascetic and subservient life of constant anguish combined with the morgue photos of Buford's pretty young victim, the impressionable young female doctor relented. For a sizable portion of the \$100,000 the doctor ensured that Buford's lethal injection was substituted for a considerable quantity of sodium pentothal.

The dose was strong enough so that Buford's heart did temporarily stop, and the doctor had to engage in vigorous procedures to resuscitate him after his body was committed to the prison mortuary. But the plan was flawless. An unconscious Buford T. Willis was whisked to Equestra Island where the winning bidder, a wealthy heiress known in the pony world simply as "Meredith", had him placed in heavy bondage before he awoke.

Meredith was known to have trained the most recalcitrant of males over her years, and Master Fife regaled me with stories about the number and size of her herd. All were well endowed, well trained, and completely subordinate. So a vicious killer/rapist was not a challenge. On the second day, however, Buford was put out to graze in heavy restraints which included weighted ankle cuffs, thick wrist cuffs, neck collar, scrotal weights and a hobbling chain which made kicking impossible.

But Meredith did not anticipate the extent of Buford's anti social behavior. He bit one of her prize show ponies, requiring that the buttocks of the pretty young boy receive plastic surgery to ensure his sculpted cheeks continued to win prizes.

It was then that Meredith realized the time and attention required would be enormous and immediately put Buford up for sale.

It was serendipitous that we were looking for a special pony to start our expansion program at just that time. For \$100,000 we arranged for the purchase of Buford with Meredith paying the cost of transportation, which on a private jet is considerable.

So here was our pony in the back of the van and being delivered on schedule. And certain intangible factors made him quite valuable.

Legally, Buford was dead. We needed no papers to validate his captivity, as with Zesty and Lotus Boy. He could not call on any authorities to ameliorate his plight. No one would ever look for him, which is always of concern to many owners of ponies. So as long as he was properly physically restrained and contact with the outside world would be limited to aficionados of pony flesh, society was better off with Buford living out his days at the farm. And at age twenty, there would be many long, tedious, and painful days of servitude and penitence for his crimes.

Greta hands me a note.

“It’s from Meredith.”

I open the envelope.

Dear Dr. Sternly,

I took the liberty of removing Buford’s teeth. As you’re well aware, he’s been a bad boy and the rules on Equestra require that biters are either relegated to the island pump house or be so altered. And in observing the procedure, other ponies learn the consequences of unacceptable conduct.

I hope it’s not a problem.

Regards,

Meredith

How appropriate, I thought. And Meredith had unwittingly named our new pony. Henceforth Buford would be known as “Bad Boy”.

“Thank you, Greta. We may as well have a look. Are you ready, Nurse Hopkins?”

Nurse Hopkins stands holding the needed paraphernalia. Greta walks to the rear of the van and rolls up the overhead door.

“Come pony.”

She unhooks a metal rod from the side of the van and pulls. The other end of the eight foot rod ends in a loop which firmly encircles the testicles of Bad Boy. The device is similar to that used to control rabid dogs. Bad Boy has to follow Greta’s tugs, but as opposed to a slack leash, he can not approach her.

Bad Boy wears a thick, wide leather collar which completely immobilizes his head and forces him to look up. His wrists are cuffed in back and his arms have been cruelly strapped together at the elbows. A heavy belt is buckled around his waist and has been designed so that weights can be attached. Several such weights were tucked into various pockets. Heavy steel bracelets are locked around each ankle. A short steel chain with sizable rings connects the bracelets. When he steps, one foot can only be extended about six inches in front of the other and judging from the effort required to move it is evident that the weights and steel restraints add considerable heaviness and slow his movements.

Greta slides a ramp out and guides our new pony slowly down to the barnyard soil. Both Nurse Hopkins and I gaze up and down and we both set our eyes onto the amazingly long tube of flesh emanating from above the entrapped scrotal sac. The flaccid penis angles to the right, drapes over the bar then continues down his right thigh almost to his knee. As warranted he is uncircumcised and his penis is the longest I have seen. My heart jumps and I smile. \$100,000 is a bargain and I know we can make that amount annually from videos alone, not to mention our newly planned program.

Bad Boy is not gagged and a string of obscenities begins to flow. He can not properly enunciate and many words are not audible due to his recent dental work. Nurse Hopkins and I exchange knowing glances. Imparting obedient silence will be a welcome challenge for our authoritative Nurse.

“Hold him steady please, Greta.”

Nurse Hopkins is unfazed with the verbal onslaught. She steps foreword, pinches Bad Boy’s right nipple and calmly skewers it with a six inch stainless steel pin. The obscenities change to ear shattering screams and a futile attempt to kick results in a Gothic rattling sound from the heavy chains connecting his ankle bracelets.

Nurse Hopkins pauses to allow composure to return then just as calmly skewers the left nipple. A similar scream breaks the temporary silence. Bad Boy is undergoing a painful introduction to Nurse Hopkins’ methods. He will soon learn that, in her eyes, his body is looked upon as being closer to that of a slab of beef than that of a human. He doesn’t have to learn to respect her, but for sure he will fear her.

Greta looks on smiling.

“Meredith didn’t have time to pierce him. He’s yours to modify.”

We will indeed.

I step in and grasp the long penis. I suppose it appears to be an rather lewd act, but actually my medically trained fingers are feeling for any degree of tumescence as a result of the intense pain.

There is indeed a twinge and I smile. Nurse Hopkins realizes what I am trying to ascertain and she knows I am satisfied.

Curiosity forbids me to stop. I suppose all three of us want to see what Bad Boy looks like. So I manipulate a little more and Nurse Hopkins reads my mind. She grasps the ends of the skewers and begins to slowly rotate them, twisting the wounded nipples and imparting intense pain.

I feel the penis engorge, despite the sound and fury. With Greta holding the bar in both hands, the

heavily bound, immobile and pain racked body of Bad Boy responds and the largest erection imaginable arises. It is no wonder that the warden spent so much time in his cell with a freshly charged cattle prod. Bad Boy is a full twelve inches and his girth is thicker than my forearm.

I step back to survey our new asset as does Nurse Hopkins. We talk and exchange thoughts with Greta playfully pushing and pulling the bar to emphasize our control.

“My turn, Nurse Hopkins.”

She hands me a skewer. I return to the mammoth organ, pinch the underside of the frenulum and slowly push the sharp point through the stretched purple flesh on the underside of the sensitive head.

Screams. Attempted kicks. Saliva drips uncontrollably from his chin.

When he calms I gently pat his face.

“Welcome to the farm, Bad Boy.”

Nurse Hopkins takes the bar from Greta, who appears impressed with our methods.

“I’d like to stay but it’s a long trip back. But I do want to leave something with your new plaything.”

Greta swiftly kicks Bad Boy behind his knees and pulls on the back of his neck collar. Hobbled and weighted, Bad Boy falls backwards to the ground with a thud. Greta obviously has had some martial arts training.

“Hold him down please, Nurse Hopkins.”

She gathers up her tight skirt as she speaks, displaying the muscular legs of an athlete. Bad Boy helplessly looks up with his arms trapped under him and ankles secured by the bracelets. Nurse Hopkins ensures that he remains supine, firmly holding the metal rod.

“You’ll remember me. My job was to deliver unmarked, undamaged goods, otherwise most of your flesh would have been flayed with a bull whip. But we’ll meet again.”

With her parting words she squats over Bad Boy’s face. With a short pause, her bladder opens and an impressive stream of urine splatters unto his face. Bad Boy begins to protest but Greta shifts so the flow hits his open lips. We laugh when he quickly stops his string of vile words to avoid a mouthful of excrement. Greta shifts again and drenches his hair and then moves lower to soak his wounded nipples. Finally she stands and pushes down her garment.

She bids adieu and returns to the cab of the truck where the driver has waited. The engine starts and the van turns around in the wide barn yard then enters the tunnel like dirt drive to the main road. I wave, satisfied that Meredith will receive a favorable report and that she will rest comfortably knowing that Bad Boy will be well trained and subjected to extreme and deserving levels of torment.

Chapter Eight

Observing Nurse Hopkins and Sarina break our pony was most interesting to watch. Other than certain medical procedures I removed myself from the process and reviewed the tapes.

The objective was to initially achieve complete mental and physical submission to the staff and trustees of the farm. Later, as training reached advanced levels, our new pony would learn to submit and react to anyone with a cane, crop or whip.

As the reader may well imagine after perusing Bad Boy's history, such an objective was quite a challenge for our hardened sex crime convict. But Nurse Hopkins was skilled and relentless. And Sarina's youth added energy and motivation to the process.

After Greta left, Nurse Hopkins pulled Bad Boy into the barn utilizing the metal bar attached to his scrotum. His first step was a swim through the tank which resulted in more obscene protests. With all the weight he carried, Nurse Hopkins had to pull considerably on the bar to keep his head above water. But when his invectives turned to personal abuse, Nurse Hopkins let him sink under the surface. Obviously this temporarily silenced him and when she pulled him up after a full thirty seconds, his demeanor quieted with the realization that the strong arms of the woman he was insulting was the only thing preventing a chilly drowning death.

Out of the tank Bad Boy is led to a waiting neck pillory where Sarina stood prepared to assist.

We had let her sleep late and therefore she did not greet Greta. Breaking Bad Boy would be a 24 hour endeavor, therefore she was refreshed and ready for the first shift.

Bad Boy's neck size was faxed ahead of his arrival and the two large blocks of wood had been customized to close together perfectly encircling his neck and entrapping his head. Zesty spends her free time in such restraint and had learned to rest comfortably after some two weeks of acclimation. Eventually so will Bad Boy.

The advantage of the pillory device is that the pony's entire body is available for inspection and chastisement. Also, the device is used to strengthen the legs since, depending on the height at which it is set, the pony stands either on feet or toes. As the pony develops, the height of the pillory can be raised to suspend the pony completely off the floor for a time, which can be delightfully entertaining and thoroughly ingrains submission.

Zesty Girl hangs pilloried opposite Bad Boy. The two trainers know that in general, observing the punishment of one pony can assist in the control and subjugation of others. As Bad Boy watches Zesty Girl quietly hang and respond to her trainer's commands, Bad Boy's deportment will emulate that of Zesty Girl.

So Bad Boy is backed into the large open blocks of polished wood. His wrists cuffs are detached from the extreme neck collar which is in turn removed. His vituperative epithets continue, but the two island women work to secure him. They're professionals and know that within days the verbal assaults will change to pleas and cries of anguish as Bad Boy is slowly drained of any resistance.

The blocks close around his neck. Foam padding covered with fur assure comfort. Much time will pass with the neck so entrapped. Extreme chafing of the skin must be avoided.

Nurse Hopkins removes the end of the pole from the scrotum and unbuckles the weighted waist belt. Sarina loosens the strap around his elbows. The ankle bracelets and connecting chain remain in place. Kicking is still a concern and the chain will have other uses.

Nurse Hopkins turns the skewers insuring that the skin does not cauterized around them. Sarina begins soaping Bad Boy's entire body. Meredith had shaved him upon his arrival on Equestra Island but stubble has grown.

Bad Boy calms when Sarina begins gliding the straight edged razor over his skin. It's a natural instinct to avoid cuts. He's young and in the areas where the stubble yields under Sarina's deft hand, the exposed flesh appears enticingly vulnerable. It's smooth and supple with a pink hue from the gentle rub of the sharp razor. He will whip nicely, the trainers conclude, and his insults and obscenities will add a new level of enjoyment to Sarina and Nurse Hopkins' pleasure.

When Sarina shaves the groin area, Bad Boy once again achieves tumescence and his prodigious organ stands despite the six inch steel pin penetrating the fleshy frenulum. The skewer will eventually be replaced with a decorative but strong ring. But for now it provides great drama and symbolizes the degree of earnestness with which we approach our training and domination.

The turgid cylinder of flesh is an impressive sight and Sarina is excited knowing that such a proud organ will soon be under her complete control. By the time the two island women are done breaking him, Bad Boy will be willing to trade its entire length for a mere hour of respite.

As Sarina finishes, Lotus Boy arrives with a tray of food. Nurse Hopkins disregards most but picks up a bowl of nutritious gruel.

"He's got no teeth, Lotus Boy. From now on run his food through the blender. Just mix it all together. The presentation isn't important for this beast. He'll be lucky to hold it down."

Nurse Hopkins spoons the gruel as Bad Boy attempts another set of insults. The food dribbles out and rests on the top of the wooden pillory just at the point of where the two pieces connect. The nurse insouciantly scoops it up with her spoon and thrusts deeper into his mouth.

“You’re going to swallow it all no matter how many times it passes through your mouth. We like nice strong ponies here and nutrition is important. Just look at Zesty Girl. She never misses a feeding.”

As Nurse Hopkins patiently renews her efforts, Sarina buckles a leather strap around the base of Bad Boy’s scrotal sac then pulls to test its snugness.

“Nice and tight but don’t cut off the circulation,” cautions Nurse Hopkins.

A metal ring is attached to the strap. Sarina also gives it a firm tug. Bad Boy winces.

“Good Sarina. Why don’t you take the first shift. Zesty needs to be exercised so I’ll put her on the treadmill. Viewing Bad Boy’s penis has excited her.”

Sarina retrieves a simple metal clasp and lifts the chain running between Bad Boy’s ankle bracelets. He shouts with the shock of being suspended by his neck. But the padding and fur lining provide a surprising degree of comfort and he quickly learns, as Zesty has, that if he remains motionless his neck can easily accommodate the weight of his body.

But Sarina hooks the chain to the strap around the scrotal sac and Bad Boy finds that he either bends at his knees and holds his weighted feet up or his testicles will painfully be stretched by his heavy feet pulling on the strap.

“Make sure you have more than one cane handy, Sarina. Bastinado is best applied without interruption so if you break one another should be handy.”

The seasoned nurse spoke with dispassionate authority as Bad Boy struggled to hold up his feet. He was about to learn that the uncomfortable position was only a mild portion of the forthcoming chastisement.

The sagacious Nurse Hopkins selected the most diabolical but efficient form of correction one can apply with a cane. Bad Boy would hang helplessly in his neck pillory while Sarina firmly and slowly caned the soles of his feet, forced from the floor by the chain attached to the scrotal strap.

The act was diabolical in that Nurse Hopkins knew that the largest group of nerve endings were located in the feet, thus transmitting intense waves of pain, and that the hardened flesh could physically withstand multiple strokes without breaking or blistering.

Efficient in that the maximum level of pain conceivable could be dispensed with the most

moderate of blows, thus preventing unintended periods of mercy since the flagellatrix required limited rest.

The cane selected was thin and whippy and made a frightening sound. Zesty Girl stirred noticeably with the first stroke and Bad Boy screamed at the top of his lungs.

For the first time since Bad Boy arrived, Nurse Hopkins smiled.

“Don’t wear out your vocal cords. I’ll want to hear more vulgarities when Sarina is through.”

With two more strokes, Bad Boy began to regurgitate the gruel, whereupon he received a sample of the merciless handling he would face for the first of many days at the farm. Nurse Hopkins signaled Sarina to pause, grabbed the spoon and carefully pushed the gruel off the wooden pillory back into Bad Boy’s mouth. He would learn to hold his vomit or swallow it again.

The policy at the farm was to leave the number of strokes to the discretion of the flagellatrix and so Nurse Hopkins moved to Zesty, released her and led her to the treadmill for a nice run. The barn echoed with Bad Boy screams and Sarina became enthralled with her power, particularly when Bad Boy kicked his feet and yelled between strokes as he stretched his own scrotum.

The timing of the bastinado stroke is deliberate and best delayed. One always wants the full effect of a stroke to fully rattle the resolve before applying another and so Sarina’s dozen strokes took a full five minutes. The second cane was not needed, but the first was well worn when she finished and with the last few strokes Bad Boy’s clearly audible cries turned to the garbled sound of air escaping from the lungs.

Sarina unhooked the chain before leaving the barn. Bad Boy would be allowed to place his sore feet on the floor but would do so most gingerly.

“See you in an hour.”

Whether or not Bad Boy heard her parting words was not important. She would indeed return and raise his feet again in an hour and resume the caning. This is how Bad Boy would be broken and introduced to farm discipline and deportment. Every hour his feet would be caned until Nurse Hopkins determined he was ready to serve and she was not easily convinced or swayed by feigned

subjugation. The two island women worked in shifts, day and night. It was exhausting but watching Bad Boy awake to realize he was about to once again endure the most shocking pain imaginable was a treat for the two cruel women.

He broke on the third day. Crying endlessly he was unable to stand when finally released from the pillory and he licked and kissed Nurse Hopkins feet in gratitude.

The problem with utilizing bastinado in pony training is self evident. Ponies need to use their feet and effective bastinado makes it difficult to stand much less walk and pull a cart. But Bad Boy was a long way from earning a stint in harness. We had much more planned for the anatomically prodigious rapist and by the time we were done he would beg to work and sweat under the whip of an accomplished equestrienne. For by comparison, pony service with occasional correcting lashes and comparatively mild bondage would be a welcome relief from the extreme neck pillory and bastinado.

But in the process, the video cameras were compiling wonderful tapes of the more extreme variety. We could thus reach a category of the market we never before served.

During Bad Boy's ordeal of hourly canings, the installation of rings through his nipples and penis was completed. Short, rugged chains in the configuration of a "Y" connected right nipple ring, left nipple ring, and penis ring. This held the mammoth, flaccid phallus upright and provided the viewer with a much better conception of its amazing length. The overall visual impact of his sex organs was most impressive since his testicles hung to just above his knees. When so displayed the tip of the penis was secured some two feet above the bottom of the shaved scrotal sac where testicles the size of eggs swung freely.

The penis ring reached up to his sternum and having the most sensitive parts of his anatomy pierced and restrained by chains provided him with a constant and irritating reminder of his subjugation.

The manner in which I pierced his penis made urination impossible. When the tip is held upright, the urethra is squeezed off by the ring. Sarina and Nurse Hopkins thus instituted bathroom training, unhooking the penis ring only when Bad Boy requested, as nicely as possible, to relieve himself. Eventually as training progressed, the procedure would change and he would be afforded relief only when and where his trainers demanded, but the process is best instituted in stages.

I assembled much medical information on Bad Boy. We had \$100,000 invested in him and whereas our methods may seem harsh to the reader, I assure you his health was very much of concern. Bad Boy would receive the best care possible. . . , nutritious slop, exercise, daily inspections and with such detailed attention to health, he could at age 20 look forward to pulling a cart for many, many years.

So I drew samples for blood tests, urine analyses, even an electrocardiogram was attached as he hung in the pillory. (Observing the heart rate during bastinado provides very interesting and useful feedback).

Everything was perfect except for one factor of concern. Bad Boy, as one would probably surmise, had an extremely high level of testosterone. It was evidenced by the size and girth of his genitals, but I was still surprised since the indicated level was outside the bell curve of any medical data I could find. This explained his life of aggression and violence and his spiteful

reaction to being severely caned and kept in heavy bondage. I decided to monitor the hormone level and read more in the medical journals about its effect on behavior. I was not distressed but felt the excessive level could be an area of concern.

Chapter Nine

Observing the inter action between our ponies was enlightening. Every morning Nurse Hopkins released Zesty Girl's labia from the perinaeum ring. In a curious exhibition of Nurse Hopkins' control and Zesty's training and conditioning, Zesty would obediently raise her feet straight out to her front then, hanging by the neck pillory, perform a split. The resulting position obscenely displayed her labia, hanging four inches below her spread thighs. Under Nurse Hopkins' direction, Zesty also arched her back which pushed back her buttocks, forming the desired plateau of muscle where water filled glasses were placed while riding the horse.

The videos of Zesty executing this gymnastic maneuver produces a larger viewer response, in the form of letters and requests for still photographs, than any other material sold. Her conditioning is superb, as written, and to hold herself as described under Nurse Hopkins' command requires strong, well disciplined muscles which ripple and flex wonderfully for the viewing camera.

When Nurse Hopkins is satisfied that the pose is properly held, Lotus Boy steps behind Zesty with the special pan and Nurse Hopkins holds apart the labia to facilitate urination. Later, Zesty will also empty her bowels while still holding the difficult spread position.

Well, Bad Boy watches from his pillory which faces Zesty some ten feet away. The lewd and lurid display of the female genitalia excites him, and within moments his penis erects to its full twelve inches. This in turn excites Zesty whose feminine odor begins to fill the barn. The fragrance wafts toward Bad Boy, and his chains begin to rattle as further arousal causes him to stir and twist in his extreme bondage.

I began to understand the purpose of dairy farms having a bull in a nearby pasture even when the cows are artificially inseminated. The presence of a male, in our case stripped naked and erect, raises the hormone level of the female.

When Nurse Hopkins first saw the reactions, she coated her fingers with Zesty's excessive vaginal lubrication and gave Bad Boy a treat by smearing his lips and nose with the odoriferous moisture. Afterwards, I was astonished to see Bad Boy maintain his tumescence for most of the morning, even after Zesty Girl was absent from view while exercising on the treadmill. The fragrance of an excited female remained and so did his erection.

After Bad Boy succumbed to the steady, unrelenting and painful bastinado Nurse Hopkins and Sarina began the slow and laborious process of subjugation and ingraining subservience.

Initially he could not walk on his sore feet, so he crawled. A leash was hooked to the metal circle

in the middle of the “Y” formed by the chains connecting his nipples and penis. This was used to lead him about and having the leash tugging at the most sensitive flesh was particularly handy when forcing him into the tank for a swim.

There was still moderate resistance and disobedience to many commands, but his verbal assaults ended. He realized the only effect of such vulgar outbursts was to spur Sarina and Nurse Hopkins to increased levels of torment. His disobedience was characterized by sometimes responding too slowly or in a deliberately sloppy manner, as opposed to Lotus Boy and Zesty Girl who both endeavored to respond to the best of their ability.

Since bastinado became impractical as the pony training phase approached and Bad Boy’s infractions were considered moderate, long term punishment turned to merely hooking his ankle chain to his scrotal strap. This was slow agony, similar to what was afforded to Zesty when she rode the notorious wooden horse, and equally effective.

Every act of disobedience, no matter how insignificant it seemed, was met with punishment. And Bad Boy learned there were no limits. The two black island women were given complete charge of his discipline. There was no appeal and no reprieve.

Within weeks, Bad Boy was obediently following commands. When his penis was unhooked in the morning, Lotus Boy held a bowl under him and he looked at Nurse Hopkins awaiting her signal. Sometimes she nodded in a timely manner. Sometimes she waited, imparting more obedience and enjoying her authority. But only when the nod came did Bad Boy allow his flow to begin. And if he was most obediently responsive, Nurse Hopkins would afterwards have Lotus Boy apply his lips and tongue to the large organ and bring it to a stand despite Bad Boy’s homophobic concern about being sucked by a feminized male. He was not brought to climax, of course. That level of pleasure was denied. Bad Boy was kept chaste so he could easily be brought to erection whenever desired and the two lusty island woman very much enjoyed watching Bad Boy tumefy at their bidding.

After a month, the soreness in his feet subsided and a program of exercise began. Bad Boy was deemed docile enough to be hooked to a treadmill by his leash and have his ankle chain removed. The heavy bracelets remained so the velocity setting was nowhere near as fast as with Zesty. With the leash secured to his nipple/penis ring chain, Bad Boy had to expend much energy in maintaining even the slower speed. Failure to do so resulted in painful tension on the leash. Sarina stood nearby with a crop to add encouragement and seemed enthralled with watching Bad Boy’s sizable scrotal sac bob about between his thighs. She could not resist reaching behind Bad Boy, pulling the egg sized gonads back and holding them in her palm. A slight squeeze would cause our pony in training to stutter, and he would yell from the combination of the pressure on his testicles and the sudden yank on the leash with the change in cadence.

Sarina’s seemingly playful act was actually a serious part of the training, teaching Bad Boy to concentrate on his appointed task and ignore distractions. Obviously when Bad Boy was deemed

ready to pull a cart, concentration would be important since running naked, strapped into a waist belt and having a crop bearing equestrienne pulling on reins can be mentally challenging. There would be many distractions including observers, possibly a film crew, and obstacles provided by nature. Mud. Rain. Ruts. Low branches. Rocks. Gopher holes.

Ponies had much to consider in laboring to pull a cart and concerns about having parts of your anatomy, stroked, squeezed, inspected, cropped, caned, whipped, etc. could not be allowed to interfere with responding to a riders control. Despite all, a pony had to react to the reins. He would learn that the whip and a mistresses touch were to encourage, not distract. Over a long period of training this would be ingrained and pleasing his mistress or trainer would completely consume his concentration.

Overall, Bad Boy's physical transformation to a servile beast of burden was developing satisfactorily. But I was not satisfied with his mental response.

Lotus Boy and Zesty Girl were as docile as lambs and as affectionate as puppies. I have described, for example, that Zesty is wont to slip her long tongue through the zipper of an equestrienne's jodhpurs after a good long challenging run in harness. She passionately licks and enjoys bringing the strictest of trainers to multiple orgasms, seeming to express gratitude for the crisp application of the crop or whip.

And as written, with the least encouragement, Lotus Boy will gracefully drop to his knees and perform fellatio, endeavoring to take the longest of stiff phallus' to the very back of his throat with the distant expectation that perhaps he will be afforded the return pleasure of having the organ penetrate his well lubricated backside and massage his neglected prostate.

But with Bad Boy, he only responded to physical punishment or the threat thereof, indicating a level of dispassion toward his subservient role.

I tested his testosterone level weekly. I was shocked to discover that his abnormally high level was actually increasing with the forced chastity! This provided a clue.

One solution was to masturbate him. However, although the video tape of a firm feminine hand slowly stroking the massive shaft to ejaculation would bring in considerable revenue, the concept of affording him some degree of pleasure ran counter to the regime of heavy bondage and extreme pain. How would such a conflicting message be received in the psyche of this killer rapist that we had spent weeks breaking?

Well, a possible solution began to evolve in the second month. Sarina had him in early cart training. This involved strapping him into a large heavy cart that was difficult to overturn and working him around and around the track. His heavy ankle bracelets remained but obviously the short connecting chain was temporarily removed. To ensure obedience and under the guise of "in case of emergency, pull cord", Sarina heavily bound his testicles in a strong but thin rope. She

had learned the special knotting from Meredith of Equestra Island. The rope is looped around one gonad than looped around the other than back to the first than back to the second, etc. This serves to separate the two egg sized organs in a “figure eight” configuration and when completed, two distinct well secured pink and tender testicles hang between the thighs. The free end of the rope is strung back and is loosely tethered to the front of the cart. As suggested, if something happens where the pony doesn’t respond to the whip, or perhaps the driver drops the whip, the cord can be pulled with great firmness and the resulting pain will rapidly bring the most recalcitrant pony under control.

Well, on a Wednesday visit I arrived just as Sarina was completing two hours of track time. She had to use the facilities and I volunteered to take Bad Boy for a couple of laps. The heady feeling of control was exhilarating, whipping the buttocks of a virile male with such a mammoth penis. Then the bright pink scrotal sac swinging with each step at the end of the emergency cord, provided me with a nasty and evil thought.

I once owned a wonderful puppy. A thoroughbred male Doberman, Brutus was marvelously affectionate and playful. Watching him interact with my cat Fluffy was amusing as he would lick her until she purred. But as he grew older, his licks turned to bites. I realized he was attempting to establish some level dominance within my household and then I arrived home one day to find a injured Fluffy hiding behind the stove.

I had Brutus neutered and overnight he changed back to the most timid of puppies, to the point that when Fluffy crossed the kitchen floor my young Doberman scampered for the safety of the closet. Fluffy sensed her domination and, despite Brutus’ size and strength, she ruled the animal world within my house for the remainder of her days.

Well, I thought about Brutus. Bad Boy’s attitude did not fit into the program we had planned. We needed complete submission, a well trained pony, not a mule that had to be hit over the head every time a trainer or rider demanded compliance and obedience.

After that brief stint in the training cart watching Bad Boy’s massive, well restrained scrotal sac swing about at the end of the rope, I did some medical research on the effects of high levels of testosterone.

It has been found that the hormone can definitely lead to aggression. When I contemplated Bad Boy’s early life as Buford T. Willis, his testosterone level and neglected upbringing, particularly the abuse from his father, must have transformed him into an animal, and unfortunately not the type of beast we sought.

Most testosterone in men is created by the testicles and the easy solution was to remove them. Goodbye attack dog, hello puppy.

But we had invested \$100,000 in a virile male, and I doubted we could recover our investment

displaying a subjugated castrate. Tapes of his alteration would probably develop some revenue, but our goal was to grow an entire new category, as we have with Zesty. “Zesty Runs”. “Zesty Swims”. “Zesty Rides the Horse”. “Zesty Stretches”. “Zesty Pulls the Cart”. The titles continue ad nauseam, each appealing to a different variety of fetish and creating its own continuous revenue stream for the coffers of the Trust.

While I contemplated our predicament, Bad Boy’s training continued. I had the pleasure of piercing his tongue in the second month. Much oral service would be required of Bad Boy and whereas his penis was large, his tongue was no where near the length and strength of Zesty’s. So two small rings, one on each side of the tip, were installed and Nurse Hopkins began a daily program of stretching the pink appendage while Bad Boy hung in the pillory.

Working in Bad Boy’s mouth was interesting. Since Meredith had his teeth removed it was nicely smooth and soft and my professional demeanor began to surrender to my feminine side as visions of sitting on Bad Boy face flashed through my mind. But again, the provider of oral pleasure must have a servant’s aptitude in order for proper satisfaction and by my observation, Bad Boy had no such inclinations.

Bad Boy arrived at the farm in reasonable physical condition. He was just over six feet and was lean at 180 pounds. I surmised that a year of prison food combined with the sole source of exercise being paroxysmal squirming as the result of the application of Warden Hustings cattle prod to his genitals, caused loss of muscle tissue and therefore weight.

Our program at the farm reversed that. His legs and abdominal muscles were thickening without an ounce of visible fat. His arms, of course, withered somewhat being constantly restrained, but Nurse Hopkins would change that when he was deemed docile.

By the end of the third month, Bad Boy was most presentable. After he was shaven from the neck down and oiled, the light reflected from his sculpted body and snaps of the whip produced the most alluring of crimson welts on his creamy white buttocks and thighs. The rings kept his nipples erect. The chain, which held his penis straight up to his sternum, swayed with each step, making his manhood appear like a trained cobra snake reacting to the flute music of its owner. His heavy testicles oddly swung opposite the motion of his penis, producing a mesmerizing visual effect as he was lead about or better when he labored for long stints on the treadmill.

All was captured for the viewing enjoyment of our customers and letters began to flow expressing and suggesting a variety of poses, torments, exercises, etc. to which Bad Boy could be subjected.

This made the option to neuter even more difficult to contemplate. You can imagine the reaction of a satisfied customer purchasing Bad Boy’s latest video and finding a floppy strip of empty flesh hanging between his thighs. And there was, of course, another problem of even more concern. Castrated males eventually lose the ability to achieve erections. Bad Boy’s flaccid and

chained organ provided some level of amusement, but our customers wished to see it stiff, purple and restrained under the hands of a dominant woman. Over time, continued images of impotence would not develop the revenue anticipated.

Chapter Ten

By Spring time, after a months of training, Bad Boy was not only broken. He seemed to enjoy working on the treadmill and, when weather permitted, laboring in harness.

The system of holding idle ponies standing in the neck pillory was designed to not only physically develop the leg muscles, but also to mentally develop enthusiasm for such activities. Standing was monotonous yet physically draining. Therefore, when his blindfold was removed in the morning, he was eager to move about and run. And he had learned over months of training that such was only permitted under the firm hand under a trainer.

Nurse Hopkins began each morning by releasing his penis from its chain and standing by while Lotus Boy held the pan under him. New levels of control were achieved as Nurse Hopkins commanded that he curtail his flow in mid stream, hold, then resume at her signal.

It was these seemingly insignificant day to day elements of a pony's life which ingrained control and robbed him/her of any remaining self esteem, a fatal characteristic to be eliminated.

Over the months Sarina had used electrolysis on much of his body, beginning with the groin area. Therefore he was no longer shaven. What little hair remained was summarily plucked by Lotus Boy in an ongoing effort to eliminate all follicles.

Every morning, Nurse Hopkins measured Bad Boy. Weight and thickness of the various epidermal layers were carefully monitored and his diet was regulated according to the results. The tongue stretching process was successfully continuing. The two small rings I installed on each side of the tongue were used to slowly pull it for an hour or so each day and as with all soft body tissue, it lengthened under the tension.

Response to pain was monitored by applying a electrical charge to Bad Boy's scrotum and through his skin, galvanically recording his response. After months of being kept completely chaste, Bad Boy's huge penis began to engorge with the inspection and application of pain and Nurse Hopkins smiled knowingly with each twitch.

When Nurse Hopkins finished, Sarina arrived with a leash and Bad Boy's pillory was lowered then his neck was released. If he was a dog, his tail would be wagging with the anticipation of freedom and the ability to move.

With his wrists secured behind his back, Sarina would attach the leash to the ring on his

nipple/penis chains and lead him to the water tank. His short ankle chain made walking difficult and slow, but time was insignificant at the farm. And Sarina enjoyed pulling him about and watching the heavy scrotal sac sway with each awkward step.

The daily cold water swims were mandatory. The leash strained with Bad Boy's resistance as Sarina firmly pulled to lead him down the stairs into the tank. No pony ever became completely acclimated to that shocking plunge from the bottom step. It was one of the few times that Bad Boy made noise. He had learned that attempts to communicate were futile. But the coldness forces the air from the lungs and when the guiding leash tugged the pony from the last step into the frigid water even Zesty still shouted in shock.

Afterwards came the treadmill. If she was in a proper mood Sarina would bring Bad Boy to full erection before having him step onto the stamina building machine. This was accomplished by simply diddling the exposed underside of the frenulum, just at the point where I pierced him for his ring. His sensitivity to touch there had grown incredibly with months of sexual abstinence, and bringing a man to full erection with the slightest of caresses from the female index finger illustrated the complete control and authority we desired.

By Springtime, Bad Boy stayed erect for much of his stint on the treadmill and the organ seemed to react to Sarina's crop with increased stiffness.

Before the winter snows closed the track, Bad Boy had received some initial cart training in the autumn of his arrival. With the warmth of Spring, the blanket of whiteness began to recede and, although wet and muddy, the half mile oval was sufficient for rudimentary training. On a sunny day in mid April, Sarina decided two hours of trotting in the brisk cool air would be a welcome change.

The training cart is a comparatively heavy vehicle which resembles a chariot. A ten foot pole emanates from the front to which is attached a heavy leather waist belt. The end has clasps to be secured to the pony's neck collar. Harnessing the pony is a simple matter of having the pony bend at the waist and strapping him/her into the waist belt and attaching the end of the pole to his/her neck collar. A bit comprised of rubber coated steel is inserted into the pony's mouth and reins are strung from eyelets on each end of the bit, back to the driver of the cart. The pony is naked, of course, and the buttocks are quite accessible to the correcting instrument of the driver. In the training cart, which places the pony well in front of the driver's position, a nasty single tail whip can easily be applied to the pony's globes of muscle, and many a time I have been called to the farm to attend to overly aggressive applications of the thin strand of leather.

Ponies were trained to run on toes, digging the balls of their feet into the soil. Proper deportment also mandated that the thighs be separated providing the driver with adequate viewing of the genitals or genitalia. With the neck collar attached to the end of the pole, the pony's head was forced up. With female ponies this nicely forced the breasts up and out and there were times that Zesty's stretched and erect nipples appeared to significantly precede the procession of pony, cart

and driver.

With the melting of snow, the track's soft slippery surface was deemed challenging for a novice pony such as Bad Boy. There was the question of Bad Boy's heavy ankle bracelets which had not been removed from the time of his arrival, except for purposes of hygiene when Lotus Boy gave him a weekly soaping. Since speed was not significant, it was decided that having the thick bands of steel remain in place added a degree of restraint, strengthened the legs, and provided further subjugation.

Sarina harnessed Bad Boy into the training cart than stooped behind him. She palmed the large scrotal sac which the winter's stretching had caused to hang even lower. She jiggled the testicles causing them to separate within the sac then deftly encircled the left with the simple cord. Next she drew the cord to the right and likewise encircled it, then back to the left then back to the right. When finished the two pink eggs were tightly secured in the figure eight described and well exposed. The loose end of the cord was strung back to the front of the chariot where it was hitched to stand ready for emergency control. Sarina then unlocked the ankle bands. Each weighed some ten pounds and would make it difficult to establish footing. But when she finished Bad Boy lifted his right foot and viciously kicked back at Sarina just missing her midsection!

He had never kicked before, realizing that any effort to do so while wearing the bracelets would be ineffective. So after six months of complete mental and physical subjugation, Bad Boy displayed his aggressiveness. It was more symbolic than potentially physically harmful. And trust me reader, Sarina was well equipped to deal with such resistance.

But such belligerence did not fit into our planned program.

Sarina directed Bad Boy to the track where he was thoroughly exercised, whipped and had his scrotal strap tightened to the point of near snapping. His punishment was deemed sufficient when Sarina reported the incident and we discussed it at the following trustees meeting. Although Sarina had dealt with the problem quickly we were all concerned about the long term progress of his submission. It was at that meeting that I brought up my concerns about Bad Boy's testosterone level and we trustees formally discussed the problem.

"My reading suggests, and his recent display of aggression confirms, that his hormone level overwhelms any desire to serve that we can impart through training and slow, constant physical bondage and duress. We can recoup our investment with videos of extreme punishment, but our planned program of entertaining visitors cannot be implemented if there are concerns about Bad Boy turning on a client. Luckily he demonstrated his tendencies with Sarina who is more than capable of responding."

A vote was taken. Bad Boy's fate was sealed. The Trustees left the details to me. The future of Bad Boy's reproductive organs were left in my hands.

That evening I found it difficult to sleep. I thought about Bad Boy's massive penis and testicles the size of eggs. I always envisioned wearing a short skirt sans underwear while sitting on Bad Boy's face as he lay well bound and supine. His long tongue and toothless gums would obsequiously kiss, lap and suck. I would toy with that huge erection, slowly stroking it if his oral service was satisfactory. Pinching the urethral opening with my nails if it was not. There is one taboo area of marital sex. That is having relations during the monthly cycle. Men do not understand that with many women, it is during menses that sex can be most exhilarating. To them is it sloppy and a turn off. I had given up trying to discuss the subject with my husband years ago.

But I always thought that a male could be trained to orally serve at such times and I had hopes with Bad Boy.

The next day I obtained and read much information concerning the alteration of males.. Unfortunately for Bad Boy, it was an incredibly simple procedure and one doctor had written a journal article suggesting that with laser devices, anesthesia was not even necessary. Bad Boy could be fully conscious while he watched me remove his testicles!

I felt myself becoming moist with the vision. . . , the manifestation of a woman's ultimate control executed under brights lights with cameras and observers. I wondered what Bad Boy's reaction would be when he saw his precious gonads plunk into a stainless steel receptacle pan.

But I was confounded with the realization that Bad Boy's ability to achieve erection would slowly subside and within six months to a year his manhood would most likely become nothing more than a long flaccid strip of flesh. Not much revenue for the trust's bank account could be produced from that.

I continue reading and found articles on male impotence and alas, a solution appeared. And later at home, I came across an advertisement in a monthly publication for dog lovers. A plan evolved. I presented it at the next meeting and it was most enthusiastically received by Mary and Madeleine.

I contacted the pet company that advertised in the dog journal and placed a special order. It was considered unusual but I convinced the sales clerk of my sincerity by forwarding a sizable check.

Over the ensuing weeks I continued reading, then traveled to New York to observe a specialist perform the procedure that I had planned for Bad Boy. It was time consuming and expensive.

"Bad Boy will have this for free when this New York doctor charges a fortune," I thought to myself. How ironic. But it was worth the effort for the Trust and my own self interest. The vision of sitting on Bad Boy's face with his massive purple erection reaching to the ceiling kept flashing through my mind. I learned diligently and within a month, when my order from the pet company arrived, I was ready.

I rented a special medical table for the operation and had our driver take it to the farm. It has stirrups which holds the feet well out to the sides but places the patient upright in a sitting position. Bad Boy would be able to look down and watch me work.

I felt it was important that he be able to see the woman who would be terminating his manhood and to helplessly watch while tightly secured to the medical table. Bad Boy's physical change would be conjoined with weeks of psychological therapy and training and being forced to observe the removal of his organs was an important first step.

When all was in place, we set a date and hired a professional cinematographer. She had worked in the world of underground films in San Francisco and Los Angeles. There was not much she had not filmed and the idea of recording Bad Boy's alteration did not seem to faze her.

A day before the operation, I had Sarina harness Bad Boy to the training cart. It was early June and the weather was good, although small rain showers are known to quickly appear over the Adirondack mountains. Sarina carefully wound the small cord around Bad Boy's testicles. After the kicking incident every precaution was taken. I selected the thinnest of whips, one that easily cuts the flesh then tested the scrotal cord as I entered the cart.

"I'm taking him into the trails Sarina. Be back in an hour or two."

I raised my hand and snapped the whip to his right buttock. It was a well placed stroke and he jumped and pulled. With three more snaps, left-right-left, Bad Boy had the cart rolling as fast as possible considering the heavy ankle bracelets remained. A slow jog brought us down the track then through the gate into the extensive path system of the farms vast acreage.

I pulled on the reins to establish authority and enjoyed the view of Bad Boy's striped backside with the heavy well-bound pink testicles swinging at the end of the cord. I only wished I could view the penis, swaying back and forth with the small chain.

I snapped the whip into the air and felt the cart jump with Bad Boy's frightened reaction. This told me I had control and he was fully responding. I guided the cart along a tight path leading up the small mountain that formed the southern side of the farm's small valley. At the top there was a clearing with a beautiful vista which included our small village some ten miles in the distance.

Bad Boy struggled as the path steepened and I was happy to provide encouragement with the whip. I also held the scrotal cord and swung it about which served as a gentle reminder when he felt his precious organs move about under my grip. His breathing labored and I realized that despite the months of training, he had no where near the physical conditioning of Zesty, our former racer.

When the cart reached the clearing, I was overtaken with the beautiful view, which dear reader, is best experienced while holding a whip and reins secured to a virile naked male.

“Whoa, Bad Boy.”

He obediently stopped with the pull of the reins. With his near exhaustion, my command was welcomed and he stood in harness patiently waiting another while his lungs desperately sought oxygen.”

I stepped from the cart with the short chain for his ankle bracelets and snapped it between the heavy bands of steel. The thick waist belt which secured Bad Boy to the long pole in front of the cart was unbuckled and I pulled it out from under the penis chain. Bad Boy was partially erect, my firm strokes having the pleasing sensual effect we had worked so hard to impart. But of course six months of chastity helps.

I disconnected the reins and slid out his bit. He knew to remain silent and the absence of the bit allowed him to breathe more easily. Next I untethered the scrotal cord and kept that firmly in hand as I released the neck collar from the pole. He was now free of the cart and as I pulled on the cord he stepped out from under the pole and stood.

“Good pony.”

Controlling the cord bestowed me with an amazing sense of power. Over the six months of pillory discipline when his weighted feet were attached to his scrotal strap for hours at a time, his sac had stretched almost to his knees. Therefore as I directed him with the cord, the long strip of flesh was held horizontal about two feet in front of him with his pink eggs separated from the cord to form a “Y” .

“Come.”

His steps were awkward with the short hobbling chain and his concern about tripping and falling was evident. With his arms restrained behind his back, he had no way of recovering his balance if he lost it. He also eyed the whip which I retrieved it from the cart. He was naked, bound and helpless. He was accustomed to Nurse Hopkins and Sarina and had learned over the past six months how to minimize his discomfort in obeying their commands. He had never been alone with me and did not know what to expect.

I spoke calmly but authoritatively. The twenty minute run up the mountain had established my governance and holding a man by his testicles tends to obviate resistance.

A nearby fallen tree formed a natural bench. I walked and tugged. Bad Boy’s penis swung at the end of the chain. It was becoming more erect and I smiled knowing that the months of training was working. Despite the high levels of male hormones he was responding to female dominance as we desired. When I reached the tree I sat and positioned him facing me. I unhooked the penis ring from the chain.

“Urinate for me.”

He was semi erect and I put down the whip and gently held the massive head between my thumb and forefinger of my left hand. He paused and concentrated. Within a minute a flow began and I stroked his bottom with my right hand where I held the scrotal cord. As he relaxed the flow increased and he dutifully emptied his bladder for me.

“Good Boy. Down.”

I brought me right hand down and he knelt to follow the tugs on the cord. I was wearing a short skirt with no underwear and I smiled as he stared between my thighs. I always keep my pubes area well trimmed and I’m sure my genitalia had a mesmerizing effect. With six months of abstinence his erection grew to its full length. I hooked it back to the chain dangling from his nipples before his imagination carried away his thoughts.

“Bend.”

He complied and I brushed the fingers of my left hand across his lips then pushed them into his toothless mouth. Soft, wet, warm.

“Go ahead and bite now, my pony,” I thought to myself. Meredith must be a wonderfully strict woman to have put Bad Boy through such torment after only one biting incident. I wondered if he was allowed something for the pain as each tooth once wrenched from his gums. . . And now I would reap the benefits.

I spread my thighs further and the motion pushed the short skirt up to my hips.

“You may service me if you wish, Bad Boy. It will be your last sexual performance as a complete man.”

I’m not sure he grasped the full weight of my comment. He quickly craned his neck, shuffled forward on his knees and found the pink sweetness of my labia.

I reveled in the feeling knowing that the male who was vigorously pleasuring me would, under my hand, soon be castrated. The Power! I felt so strong in taming such a beast. My nipples hardened and I felt myself moisten, visualizing that a pair of male reproductive organs would be mine for the taking.

I leaned back and enjoyed as our thoroughly subjugated pony boy licked, sucked and opened me with his lengthened tongue. Wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure seemed to carry me to another place. When he nibbled my clitoris with his soft gums I cried out. My juices flowed. He diligently lapped. I was in heaven. Bad Boy didn’t seem to have a clue about his fate but I knew

it was sealed. His testicles would soon be mine.

Chapter Eleven

Bad Boy's final day as a normal male arrived.

A small operating room was set up in the barn with large bright lights. As Nurse Hopkins and I prepped, Sarina placed Bad Boy in the special chair. He was seated with his legs attached to stirrups which were widely separated. Mary and Madeleine assisted since Bad Boy's arms had to temporarily be freed and then resecured behind the back of the table. Mary wielded a cattle prod set to shock at its highest level. Bad Boy's recollection of time spent with Warden Hustings nullified the need and he reluctantly moved his hands to the back of the table. Sarina tightened strap after strap completely immobilizing our pony boy. When finished he could only move his head.

A special table was placed under Bad Boy's genitals. It's height was adjustable and Sarina raised it so that Bad Boy's long scrotal sac with the massive testicles lay on its surface in a pile of soft pink flesh.

His penis ring remained connected to the chain leading to his nipple rings. This configuration nicely kept the phallus out of the way.

Our photographer busied herself checking cameras, angles, film supply, etc. She snapped some still shots of the prospective gelding in anticipation of assembling a castration montage. We were certain such an item would sell well.

To add more humiliation to the ignominious end of Bad Boy's gender, Judge Mead stopped in and Miss Crushmore decided that her dominant-in-training, Monique, should witness the ultimate submission of a male.

Lotus Boy was accoutered in his brief maid's costume (the frilly silk triangle) and served refreshments as the women laughed and talked, waiting for Nurse Hopkins and me to finish scrubbing. The young vixen Monique was fascinated with the length and girth of Bad Boy's member. Sarina graciously brought him to full erection for her. Despite the nervous excitement, Bad Boy quietly tumefied as Sarina caressed his frenulum with her thumb. The months of denied relief made the process very simple and Bad Boy's shaft stood to full height while Monique closely watched in amazement.

"I should like to use my little whip on him," giggled the petite dancer, "I don't believe I could miss."

The women laughed with the notion of the slight girl lashing such a huge organ with the thin, nasty strand of leather.

Our photographer was obviously impressed with Bad Boy and snapped away as Sarina stepped back to give all a view of the twelve inch erection. Having such a potent organ well secured and chained to his nipples provided a wonderfully submissive aura. The photographer asked that the table be moved for a number of shots and when Sarina pulled it back Bad Boy's testicles draped almost to the floor. After the camera clicked a half dozen times the photographer made a suggestion.

"Palm them for me Sarina. The flushed pink in your dark hands will provide wonderful contrast."

Suggestions such as that is why we pay top dollar. When Sarina put her hands together and cupped the large eggs the effect was an incredible scene of a woman's dominance over a helpless male. Bad Boy sat completely exposed and restrained to the point of complete immobility as Sarina held up his gonads for the camera. Her dark brown skin contrasted nicely with the soft pink and the photographer was able to snap a close up shot showing Bad Boy's scrotum at the bottom, the tips of Sarina's thumb and fingers from her encircling hand, and the massive shaft rising to the top of the photo where the display ended with the thick purple head. The heavy gauged gold ring piercing the frenulum shone back at the camera along with a drop of pre-ejaculatory fluid oozing from the urethral opening.

"It will sell well," I thought as the photographer instructed Sarina to reposition her hand so the sac was best exposed.

Zesty Girl was released from the neck pillory in order to witness the operation. Experience told us that witnessing the fate of one subordinate facilitated the handling of others. Mary held her steady with a small leash attached to her nose ring. She was skittish with so many people in the barn. Monique seemed fascinated with the pony girl's muscular physique and eyed her closely.

"Would you like to inspect our pony girl, Monique? She's well trained and won't kick."

The young vixen began a clumsy but unrestrained inspection and as with most females fixated on the pony girl's labia. The pink lips were pulled back through the perinaeum ring and were peeking back between Zesty's buttocks. When Monique reached to touch them, Zesty's training mandated that she spread her legs, bend at the waist and arch her back, giving Monique a better view and access to her genitalia.

All present smiled with her obedience and Monique voiced question after question. When Mary poked the labia forward through the ring, the freed lips swung downward and dangled between the thighs displaying their full four inch length.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Monique as the more knowledgeable women giggled.

But it was time to proceed and the laughter and games ended as Nurse Hopkins and I approached.

Bad Boy began to twist and I was happy to see he could not move any part of his anatomy except his head.

“We’ll have you take Zesty for a ride sometime,” suggested Mary, ending the diversion.

Sarina slid the table back under his scrotum. Nurse Hopkins placed a stainless steel pan on top and lowered the table so the bottom of the scrotal sac just touched it. She carefully cleaned the skin on the scrotum. Sarina and Lotus Boy had spent the morning ensuring that it was completely devoid of hair and had thoroughly scrubbed it before. I tested the laser device. A stool was wheeled between Bad Boy’s spread legs.

The night before I had reviewed newspaper articles and unpublished photos concerning the rape/murder of the teenaged Texas girl. Buford T. Willis escaped the Doctor’s lethal injection, but he would not escape my laser. The Bad Boy’s killer/rapist persona would effectively be terminated and a subservient and docile, neutered beast would be newly born in our Adirondack barn.

Looking at the evidence of the crime inspired me. I was comfortable with the decision not to use anesthesia. I only regretted that the laser would cut quickly and with relatively little pain. But still Bad Boy would not forget the end of his manhood and under who’s hand it was curtailed. And I relished the thought of having the man I castrated laboring and perspiring in my pony cart and writhing under the strokes my whip.

The first part of the procedure was simple, an incision down the side of the sac. The difficulty lay in selecting an area and making the opening small enough so that it would not be conspicuous. I had plans for my new eunuch and I wanted the sac left unblemished. The front and back would be exposed due to Bad Boy’s forced nudity and I wanted to avoid scars there. I located an area at the top and side that would rarely be viewed.

As noted the laser cuts quickly and only minor sensation can be felt. It also cauterizes the veins so that there is almost no blood. Bad Boy gasped but it was more from the mental duress of watching a woman cut open his most precious organ than pain. He was still somewhat erect and my attention curiously caused him to stiffen more. I smiled under my surgical mask. Our training and the months of chastity provided most interesting reactions.

I cut the other side just as quickly and easily. One inch on each side. Bad Boy’s gonads were larger in diameter but I knew from research I could squeeze them through the openings which as stated I wanted to minimize in length.

“Saline, please Nurse Hopkins.”

The stainless steel pan was filled with the sterile, clear solution. The bottom portion of the sac sloshed in the liquid filled pan. Bad Boy stirred and rolled his head. The reality of the vivid scene

was overwhelming him. He oddly scanned the barn and did not seem comforted by the eight pair of females eyes witnessing the end of his virility. Most smiled back.

“OK, Sarina.”

The young island girl, also attired in hospital whites as was Nurse Hopkins and me, moved to Bad Boy’s side and unhooked the penis ring. I needed some semen to compare sperm counts before and after the operation and what I didn’t need I decided to freeze for future breeding.

Sarina was an accomplished masturbatrix having manifested her dominance at an early age by bringing her younger brother to a most humiliating daily ejaculation. With Bad Boy’s chastity, bringing him to orgasm would not normally be difficult, but in view of my endeavors with the laser there could be some degree of hesitancy.

Sarina had already lubricated her latex glove and began by toying with the frenulum. Bad Boy was incredibly large and with the brief reservations I felt about the pending impotency on such a well formed male, I comforted myself by recalling his crime and the additional future alterations I had planned

The gloved hand began to slowly stroke. Bad Boy was completely confused by the combination of pleasure and the shocking realization that I sat ready to castrate him.

“I want a semen sample, Bad Boy. Sarina will bring you to ejaculation, Nurse Hopkins will collect the sample and then I will remove your testicles. Enjoy your orgasm, it will be your last.”

This was not true but I could not resist adding to the drama and mental duress. Bad Boy would fight the pleasure of Sarina’s sensual grip in attempting to keep his gonads for some brief additional moments. As she stroked I squeezed the right side of the scrotal sac and the gray pulp of the egg shaped gland appeared at the opening I had cut.

I felt myself moisten. I have never felt such power and I looked up to see bad Boy staring down in horror and ecstasy. I smiled under my mask wishing he could see my reaction.

The testicles more or less float in the scrotal sac and are attached by artery, vein and seminal duct. But there is an interesting phenomenon in that these vessels can stretch. It’s nature’s way of providing flexibility when the sac stretches in heat or contracts in cold.

As Sarina slides her gifted hand up and down the foot long shaft I push the right egg out through the small opening. It elongates to fit through the inch long opening then plops into the saline solution. It’s still attached and Nurse Hopkins stands ready with an ammonia capsule. The sight of losing one’s precious organs can be distressing to the male and sure enough our vicious killer begins to swoon.

Sarina stops and knows to firmly grip the base of the purple erection in order to keep it engorged. I stand and step back. We're in no hurry and I calmly survey our visitors, all of whom are enthralled with the ultimate demonstration of dominance. Bad Boy's right testicle floats in the saline, exposed and helpless to my intentions. The photographer has a field day and the automatic camera clicks and clicks.

Nurse Hopkins breaks open the capsule and Bad Boy is revived. I want him to witness everything. Watching a woman remove his prized reproductive organs is key to his complete submission and it will indeed be complete.

Nurse Hopkins puts down the capsule and dabs tears from his eyes and cheeks. The reality has set in and he knows it's the end. Sarina resumes stroking and he seems to ride with the pleasure, resigned to what is happening. He cannot move any part of his body. He can only watch and hope to keep his organs by delaying ejaculation.

I push the left testicle and it joins the right in the pan. I think about how insignificant the two large eggs appear yet how much trouble they have caused. The excessive hormonal flow caused by these pulpy organs have contributed to the horrible death of a girl. But the flow would end. I once again stand and step back to better view Sarina's fine efforts.

Despite the trauma Bad Boy is as erect as I've ever seen him. When Sarina feels him ready, which with her experience she can aptly determine, she also steps back. Bad Boy groans, his huge penis standing tall and pointing to the ceiling.

"Wag it for me. Show the ladies you want it stroked."

The months of training were demonstrated as Bad Boy indeed followed Sarina's command. The audience laughed as he pushed and contracted the necessary muscles to make the purple shaft move back and forth. He knew the final strokes meant the end yet he surrendered. His need for relief succumbing to the realization that his testicles would soon be my specimens.

I prepared various sutures while Sarina showed off her control and Nurse Hopkins waited with the specimen jar. All were eager to see the explosion, but since it would nearly be his last, no one wanted to rush.

Yes castrated males can ejaculate for a period of time after removal of the testicles but eventually such ability wanes. Sarina would milk him of any remaining seed over the next few days. After that anything resembling an ejaculation would actually be the dribbling of fluid from the prostate gland. I was curious to monitor the diminishing testosterone levels and eager to begin working my new puppy.

Well, when Sarina finally nodded to Nurse Hopkins and me she had her left hand firmly encircling the base of the mammoth shaft and was vigorously pumping with the right. I sat down

with surgical snips. When Sarina decided it was time she released her left hand and globs of milky white began shooting and splashing into the bottom of the specimen jar. I clamped and snipped. Bad Boy was castrated. Our audience laughed and applauded.

As I reflected on how easy it was to remove what a man held so dear, Nurse Hopkins picked up the pan and poured the two useless blobs into a jar.

I sutured and I thought about sending them to a certain mother in Texas, but demurred. There was no point in making potential trouble for Warden Hustings. At some point, more business with her was a possibility. And besides, I wanted Bad Boy to be able to view his precious organs over the ensuing weeks of extreme submission.

Mental duress and exhaustion overcame our new puppy. As Nurse Hopkins dabbed away more tears, his head slumped and his chin rested on his chest.

The afternoon's entertainment ended with Lotus Boy dancing for the women, sans frilly triangle. Monique's deft handling of the little whip was impressive and Lotus Boy visibly shuddered as each well aimed stroke cracked against his scrotal flesh. Someone commented that he was now the alpha male of the farm, the thought creating much laughter as his one inch penis bobbed with the dance steps.

Zesty's labia were splayed with the straps and she ran on the treadmill. Miss Crushmore found this display of feminine flesh to be mesmerizing and when we offered her a pony cart ride she deferred and replied that she would rather work Bad Boy when he was able to serve.

Chapter Twelve

As Bad Boy recovered over the weeks we began a psychological barrage concerning his altered status.

The laser incisions healed marvelously and the scars could not be seen. The fleshy sac was an obvious indicator of his neutered status, but my plans would change that.

I visited the farm much more regularly and Nurse Hopkins and I watched Sarina masturbate him daily. By the fifth day he was able to tumefy but little sperm was ejaculated. On the seventh day the sperm count was zero and it was obvious he experienced limited orgasmic pleasure in spewing what remained.

Nurse Hopkins and I continued the mental subjugation playfully tugging on the empty sac and commenting on the decreasing length and girth of his erection. It was indeed diminishing and with his testosterone levels plunging, there were times when he would begin to cry. I suspect it was a result of the trauma and the hormonal imbalance. That's when Nurse Hopkins and I piled on and mocked him unmercifully.

We kept him nutritiously fed and well exercised. Castrates become fat and lazy. That wouldn't do for Bad Boy. No, I wanted him in good condition and increased his treadmill time.

By the end of the first month there were noticeable changes in attitude. He jumped at commands and endeavored to do things much more precisely. When freed of the neck pillory I merely had to snap my fingers and he would dive to his knees and lick my feet. Yes, Bad Boy remembered who had altered him and the changing hormone balances made it confusing for him as to how to react. A normal man would kick, fight, lash out. Bad Boy's manhood and resistance were gone, the remnants sitting in a glass jar which we kept close by in the barn.

Sarina began regimented oral training in the second month. His ability to achieve that impressive, rock-hard erection was gone and the twelve inch strip of flesh merely fattened and turned pink under her manipulation.

To frustrate him further, Sarina took to attending to him while stripped of clothing from the waist down. As written she was an exceptionally well proportion girl and Bad Boy would watch her cross the barn with a look of lascivious greed only to be mocked and taunted when Sarina grasped his manhood and reminded him of its uselessness. That is when she'd point to the floor, whereupon Bad Boy would obsequiously kneel and perform oral service.

We were still stretching his tongue and it was rapidly approaching Zesty's level of length and strength. But what was more important was that Bad Boy was becoming imbued with the desire and aptitude to pleasure a woman orally. After most satisfying interval of service Sarina would turn and Bad Boy's tongue attacked her rear crevice with equal zeal.

"Such a good pony!" she would offer as encouragement.

In the third month I had to begin testosterone injections. His levels were that of a woman and I didn't want that. As his system stabilized I decided to keep him below that of a normal man but above that of a woman. I wanted him to retain muscle structure and, although the thought was interesting, I didn't want breasts such as Lotus Boy had.

Satisfied that his sac was well healed and his subservience complete, I had Sarina hitch him to a cart and I once again took him to the overlook on the south mountain. His strength was moderate but he reacted so well to the whip that I was instantly gratified with the experimental operation on our \$100,000 investment. His empty sac dangled between his thighs and it very much resembled Zesty's labia when freed of the perinaeum ring. The comparison was appropriate since in the womb, the scrotum and labia of both the male and female fetus are formed from the same tissue.

I wore the same brief skirt only n this trip I had on panties. I was in my monthly cycle and did not want to soil the skirt. When we reached the clearing it could easily be removed and after unhitching Bad Boy I sat on the same log.

He sank to his knees and crawled to me. A new trick which was interesting to watch because the bottom of the empty sac nearly scraped the ground. As I slid off the panties he began kissing and licking my shoes. So I removed them along with my socks. I wanted our newly altered pony boy to show off his newly found servility. He did.

He passionately licked and kissed my feet, in a strange reverence to the woman who had months before callously removed his manly organs. As he worked his way up my calves I sat back on my elbows and looked down at the village. My menses was flowing and I wanted to test how servile he had become. Having sex during my monthly period was exciting but something married women rarely experience. Well, those days were over for me. As Bad Boy's head pushed between my thighs and his long tongue parted my labia, I sighed and made a note to chart out my calendar for the remainder of the year. Bad Boy would orally service me every month, I decided. A woman's fantasy.

I caressed the back of his head as his tongue and lips worked. We totally controlled Bad Boy now. It was unfortunate, but pain was now superfluous. He truly wished to please and perform.

But pain was part of life at the farm. And under our plan, his remaining days would be filled with torment.

It was in the fourth month that Sarina had much difficulty bringing Bad Boy to any degree of tumescence.

"I could obtain a better physical reaction with a vacuum hose," was her comment.

And it was probably true. The penis could physically become engorged under such stimulus but since erection was not occurring as a result of internal response, I questioned whether in fact it could be termed an erection in sexual parlance.

Bad Boy was neutered. He cried. Sarina just snapped her fingers and pointed to the floor. There, with his tears rolling, he knelt and brought her to slow orgasm with his lips and tongue as she stood with arms akimbo.

After that, even I was given to removing my skirt and letting Bad Boy gape and stare at my genitalia with that look of unfulfilled lust. At thirty-five I was still well shaped and besides, he was now closer to being one of us than to being a man.

At a trustees meeting in the fourth month I announced that I would provide the prandial entertainment.

After the business concluded, Bad Boy was bought from the barn and I performed a procedure that I had seen evidence of from my practice in Greenwich Village.

The strong gay community there engaged in amazingly deviant activities (unlike at the farm. . . humor) and occasionally some young man would arrive in my office at the end of a leash with a huge bulge under his trousers.

When stripped and placed on the examining table I would learn that the submissive gay boy had undergone a scrotal infusion, in which a large quantity of saline solution is slowly injected into the scrotal sac. The dominant gay men find it very amusing. For when finished, the sac of even the slightest of boys expands and appears to be a large red balloon.

If done properly and with sterile equipment there are no long term health effects. The saline slowly drains into the body over one or two days. But in at least one instance which prompted a visit to my office the intravenous needle broke and other times a boy would just panic when the bloated sac did not subside as quickly as he liked and rushed to my office for the only thing I could give. . . , kind assurance.

I wanted to closely inspect Bad Boy's sac and the area I had sutured. And I did not want the sac to wither. Therefore I brought a supply of saline solution and the necessary paraphernalia with me and felt that the extraordinary sight of watching Bad Boy's empty sac coming to life would be interesting for my fellow trustees.

Although Bad Boy's ability to masturbate was gone, we kept his arms secured at all times. We all had some degree of empathy for the sizable eunuch but no one wished to see him pampered. So infusing him was a simple matter of swabbing the fleshy sac with antiseptic and inserting a needle while Nurse Hopkins stood beside our helpless beast holding the bag of solution.

"We're going to give you a nice big erection, Bad Boy. Wouldn't you like that?"

Yes, the solution overflows and also inflates the penis and it was for that reason that I brought a large supply of fluid and initially tied a strap around the top of the sac..

When the needle was inserted I taped the connecting tubing to bad Boy's flesh and Nurse Hopkins hooked the bag to his collar (too large and heavy for the nipple ring chain, but we did consider it). After that I opened the valve and the solution slowly flowed into the sac as we all enjoyed our second after dinner drink.

Bad Boy was uncomfortable. We permitted him to walk about the room as he filled. He was helpless to stop the slow flow unless he did something extreme, about which I cautioned him.

"The intravenous needle his very fine and sharp, Bad Boy. Be careful not to break it off. Extracting the broken end can be most painful."

There was also an obvious fear of needles which mandated that Bad Boy gingerly move amongst us, dutifully stepping before the chairs of Mary, Madeleine and Judge Mead as they each

excitedly inspected the slowly expanding scrotal sac.

The sac turns an incredible shade of red as it fills and after an hour Bad Boy must walk with widely spread thighs. Mary is laughing aloud as the bulbous balloon sways with each step and each of us has a chance to stroke, pinch and feel this human bag of Jell-O.

Another round of drinks as the first bag of solution wanes. Bad Boy's sac is huge, some six inches in diameter, and he can no longer walk, It's like carrying eight pounds of weight tied between your legs. (It's a liter bag so it's actually a little more).

My planned entertainment is successful so I hook up a second liter bag and untie the strap at the top of the scrotal sac. This will allow the solution to flow out into the body and inflate Bad Boy's useless penis. He may not be able to bring himself to an erection but I can. He's learning to give up total control to a his most intimate male anatomy. I'm going to provide him with the largest erection he's ever had and I'll decide how big it will be and when it will subside.

He looks forlorn but accepts his subservient status. I open the valve a little more to maintain the attention of the audience and the penis twitches with the flow. Everyone watches it move and I order Bad Boy to his knees. Nurse Hopkins retrieves the bag from the neck collar and holds it high above. We need increased pressure to properly inflate a fire hose such as the size of Bad Boy's organ and with all the fluid he's carrying, its better he remain motionless.

I reach down and toy with the phallus. It is indeed accumulating the solution and for the first time in months Bad Boy has what can be termed an erection. But it's under my will and control and he knows the difference. He also realizes that he's been completely drained of male essence. It's a venomless snake, and he bow's his head in embarrassment.

Within twenty minutes the second bag is half empty and Bad Boy's manhood is standing higher and firmer than ever before. He feels no pleasure. No sensation of power of a normal erection. He's thoroughly humbled. I have clinically and antiseptically infused what remains of his manhood without his consent or participation. I turn off the valve and Nurse Hopkins lets Bad Boy fall back. His arms are secured underneath him and his legs, bent at the knees and widely separated to allow for the solution filled balloon, are also trapped beneath his torso. The awkward position makes the infused phallus project straight up toward the ceiling and I can see Mary shift in her chair. It is standing at its former twelve inch height but the fluid has expanded its girth to the size of a forearm.

"Well, anyone want to go for a ride?"

All laugh. Mary has not yet availed herself of Lotus Boy's oral attention and we know from looking at her flushed face that watching Bad Boy slowly tumefy under our control has aroused her. She's always prepared and quickly hikes up her skirt and straddles Bad Boy, simultaneously grasping the huge inflated penis and lowering herself over him.

She begins to obscenely ride the massive organ while we watch, careful not to lower her weight on the most vulnerable sac. Perhaps the third drink was inadvisable, but who is to complain. We own Bad Boy. We'll use him as we please.

"My Lord he's a big one. But he doesn't move. I can do as well with a rubber toy from an adult shop."

Nevertheless, Mary is soon squeezing her thighs and panting with Bad Boy insouciantly observing. His complete inability to experience any sexual pleasure is quite evident and I once again detect moisture in his eyes as tears begin to form. He's still learning that his pleasure will only be derived from serving and pleasuring others. A beautiful woman is bringing herself to orgasm using his prodigious appendage and he cannot indulge in pleasure himself.

"Welcome to the world of complete submission and servitude, Bad Boy", I think to myself.

Mary climaxes then rests while sitting on the still stiff male organ. Madeleine and Judge Mead prepare to leave. It is late and the one disadvantage of Sunday night meetings is the full week of toil we all face in the morning.

Mary finally arises and Bad Boy's penis, resembling a water soaked log, remains fully inflated. We all stand over him in amazement. Madeleine playfully uses her foot to nudge the bright red balloon which began the evening as a mere empty strip of flesh. It's ironic how the tables have turned. Bad Boy has effectively just been raped. A dominant and aggressive woman has used Bad Boy's anatomy for her sexual pleasure, without his consent and certainly without any reciprocal enjoyment.

"It's a start," is my mind's conclusion.

Nurse Hopkins hooks his penis ring to the nipple chains. Again, superfluous bondage for our castrate. But the farm's policy of strict restraint must be maintained.

"Walk him slowly, Nurse Hopkins. He's carrying some twelve pounds of fluid in those useless genitals."

She nods, knowingly and the leash is attached to the ring of the nipple/penis combination. As he tries to walk we all giggle girlishly (the third drink was definitely not needed). He must keep his legs widely spread and the large red bag of saline solution flops about and jiggles with each step.

Chapter Thirteen

I suppose the infusion could be viewed as unnecessary and overly humiliating. However, I didn't want his fleshy empty sac to wither and in fact according to Nurse Hopkins' daily measurements the infusion expanded it somewhat.

In month six, the Adirondack summer had ended and my calendar and minor cramping found me driving to the farm to visit Bad Boy. I brought the items I had specially ordered from the pet company and when the car radio reported exceptionally good weather, I decided I would take Bad Boy into the mountain paths once more before the cold of winter arrived.

Sarina had him in harness and I was amused to see him licking her arms and hands at every opportunity as she checked the various straps and buckles. When she tried to insert his bit he playfully drew her fingers into his mouth and sucked on them.

He was indeed a playful puppy and I moistened with anticipation knowing that his long strong tongue and the soft toothless mouth would soon be servicing me.

I began my inspection as Sarina finished. I unfurled the empty scrotal sac. With the autumn coolness it had contracted and despite its one time size was almost totally concealed between the thighs. I unhooked his penis and pointed it down.

“Urinate for me, Bad Boy.”

He knew my command was to be obeyed even if there was no need for relief. I held the warm tube of flesh and within seconds a short stream splashed to the ground then stopped. Sarina must have had him perform earlier so I hooked the penis ring back to the nipple/penis chain. Despite the empty bladder, he knew to perform for me and that was important.

I selected a good firm whip. Not the sharpest or most biting but one which I could easily apply to correct and encourage. I enjoyed running him in the cool autumn air because he was eager to warm himself, which meant he was ready to move and the snaps of my whip would also generate heat and thus be welcomed, to a certain degree.

So with the first crack, Bad Boy quickly accelerated down the track. I wanted to visit our special overlook but decided to work him into a lather first. So I directed him around the half mile track four or five times and got my own juices flowing by generously applying the whip to thighs and buttocks.

The nice thing about controlling a gelding is that the vulnerable area between the thighs no longer has to be avoided. As the whip struck there a third, fourth and fifth time, I recalled from years before an emergency call to the farm from Master Fife’s aunt. A guest had used a thin whip too close to a pony boy’s testicles and I had to carefully suture the wound. The aunt initially suggested just gelding him on the spot, but the teenaged boy was not fully developed and when I explained to her that all further muscle development would terminate with the removal of the gonads, she consented to the time consuming process of repairing the damage.

Bad Boy was perspiring nicely and my efforts with the whip had served to properly establish my control and provide good color to his pale backside. It also focussed my mind on the business at

hand and I was ready to begin the twenty minute, laborious ride through the pines. I directed the cart accordingly and with two more earnest snaps we passed through the track gate onto the winding paths. Here it was more difficult to apply the whip and I had to busy myself directing the reins. I missed the usual diversion of viewing Bad Boy's sizable testicles as they swung back and forth with each step.

This would change. I brought with me the order from the pet company. Inside the shipping box were two large nickel cobalt balls of metal coated with a soft layer of Teflon.

The pet company originally developed the product for dogs which had been neutered. Apparently some pet lovers were self conscious about physically changing the appearance of the family pet and the company began producing inserts. The metal alloy was the same used for artificial knees and hips and therefore was accepted by the body. Many sizes were produced to accommodate the large range in the sizes of dogs. For Bad Boy I wanted huge implants and the company had no such size. Thus the special order. I also wanted the implants to feel somewhat real. Most trainers and other knowledgeable dominant females would instantly know the difference, but by coating the balls with a quarter inch of Teflon I believed Bad Boy's implants would pass cursory squeezes and pats from curious females.

The cost was large. The three inch balls required that a special mold be made and initially there were no assurances that the Teflon coating would adhere, so much experimentation was required. It was amusing to think we were expanding the frontier of research for castrates.

The alternative was to market and display Bad Boy as a gelding. This would not produce the revenue stream we desired. Thus, the photos and videos of his castration cleverly avoided revealing his identity and produced some revenue. But certain customers were inquiring about new Bad Boy material and we had temporarily assuaged them with assurances that a virile Bad Boy would soon return to screen and film.

We arrived at the clearing and I unhitched my pony. He knew what was expected of him and was delightfully eager to serve. I pondered the legal and social complications of altering a husband. My mate would not come near me at this time of the month and here Bad Boy was literally champing at the bit to apply his lips, tongue and soft, toothless mouth to my soiled genitalia.

I was also eager to begin. Of late, Bad Boy had learned to gently bite the labia and clitoris with his gums and the effect produced multiple orgasms, which he in turn had learned to vicariously enjoy.

I slipped out of my panties and sat. He crawled and licked my hands as I took off my shoes and socks. The box containing his prosthetic devices sat next to me.

I laid back and let him perform. He no longer needed direction or encouragement with a whip, prod or crop. Since his alteration he had learned that his existence was to please his mistress and

thus he performed accordingly. And there seemed to be an added degree of humility in groveling before the woman who had castrated him.

Wave after wave of ecstasy overtook me as he worked and worked. After some twenty minutes I realized there was a diminishing return from his still energetic efforts.

“Stop.”

He obediently pulled back and I opened the box.

“A gift for you, Bad Boy. Your new testicles.”

I held up the white coated balls. They were heavy and large. I had measured Bad Boy’s real testicles at one and one half to two inches. These implants were three inches and the metal alloy made them significantly heavier than the pulpy tissue I removed.

“We’re going to make you appear as a normal male, Bad Boy. Your videos will sell better with intact organs and we’re going to begin an interesting private service. You’re going to have the privilege of serving many women and they’ll want to be attended by a normal man. So I’m going to implant these in that withered sac of yours. I’m also going to perform additional surgery and I think you’ll be pleasantly surprised. For you Bad Boy, penal implants. We’ll want you erect and standing tall on demand. You’re going to become a very well endowed boy toy for wealthy women.

“Head back.”

While he pondered my plans, I stood and straddled his head.

“Take it all. No spills.”

Our potential customers had very eccentric and eclectic sexual preferences, thus I was training him in other oral skills. His mouth opened and I positioned my vulva over his lips and opened my bladder. He took the flow, swallowed then licked me clean. It was a most servile process and before his alteration it would have required much time with the whip to ensure compliance. Now the neutered male docilely kept his head back, mouth open and swallowed without a drop of spillage.

I returned to my log which had, over the past few summer months, become my throne.

“The weight of these balls will probably further stretch your sac, Bad Boy. I may have to experiment with a special diaper for you to run in harness.”

My pony resumed licking my feet. My mood returned, I spread my thighs and without a

command he pushed forward and began to service me again. Whatever became of my menses was no longer my concern.

Darkness interrupted my reverie. Bad Boy's attentive oral skills had sent me into fantasy land and when the falling sun placed me into the shade of the surrounding pines the resulting chill immediately brought me back to earth.

I hastily hitched Bad Boy to the cart. His sensual efforts never caused me to hesitate using the whip and I lashed out firmly to make sure he made the mental transition from tongue slave to pony. Fortunately the return trip was downhill and the far end of the track soon came into view. The final quarter mile on the track back to the barn was used to sprint my pony and I continuously stroked and found his buttocks with firm and accurate strokes. Feeling the cart lurch with each lash was heady, like feeling a lover react to a caress. I wished it was not so dark. I could enjoy a few more miles.

But Sarina awaited and had just finished unhitching Zesty Girl after some high speed laps. I pulled up the cart so that the our young trainer could take both ponies into the water tank together. Nurse Hopkins stood by ready to massage both ponies after the ablutions.

"Next week is the operation, Nurse Hopkins. I've got things set in my office. For this procedure he'll need anesthesia and if there's a problem, it's better we're near a hospital."

The uniformed black woman nodded.

"I will arrange for the driver and a van."

"Good. Hopefully the neighbors won't notice. I'm determined not to allow clothing."

Nurse Hopkins smiled with my comment and the thought of a naked pony entering the small village.

I left. During the drive back to town I reflected on how relaxed I was and how Bad Boy's oral attention was better than any medication I could prescribe for the monthly female affliction.

"We'll have to include such service in Bad Boy's brochure," I thought to myself. The mailing was ready to go as soon as the upcoming procedure was completed and certain glossy pictures could be generated to include with the brochure.

We had developed quite the mailing list for the proposed "bed and breakfast" concept. My patient list from Greenwich Village proved helpful and one potential client, Sally Packwood a powerful and wealthy executive, made a reservation before we could mail information.

When I called her office to confirm her address, her administrative assistant, a young lass on

whom I had operated, insisted on learning the details over the phone. Afterwards, she called back within an hour to make a weekend long reservation. At \$10,000, it was a good start to our new endeavors.

Driving the winding hilly roads at night can be hazardous, so I take my time and my mind wanders after a most relaxing afternoon. My first encounter with Sally Packwood came to mind when she brought her assistant, Margie into my New York office. The first indication of a rather uncommon office visit was that Sally insisted on staying in the examining room with Margie and the young assistant remained absolutely silent. I recalled the events;

“Strip for the doctor, Margie. She’s first going to examine you.”

Margie was twenty three years of age. Slim. Very short “butch” hair. Rings pierced her nose and ears. It didn’t surprise me. My Greenwich Village practice included many eccentric characters with all types of body modification. But when she lifted her very thin one piece dress and pulled it over her head, she was totally naked underneath. No under wear, bra, stockings. And her nipples were pierced along with rings on her hips, biceps, thighs. Sally noticed my reaction.

“Did all those myself, Doctor. They all healed nicely. But I want your help on some tougher areas. Her ankles and then I want her zippered.”

I was not familiar with the phrase and my look of perplexity so indicated.

“Her little love slot, Doctor. Too many people have access. Get on the table Margie.”

The girl complied and Sally, a beautiful 40 something blond with an excellent figure, explained in detail.

“I run a publishing business. Erotica mainly. Some would term it porn. Margie is my executive assistant which means she does what I tell her to do. She’s also 100% Lesbo. Can’t stand the sight of a male. But I’ve sort of put her in charge of office morale. So like it or not, when things are not going so well, it’s Margie’s job to inspire the employees. Cheer them up. Well I don’t mind her using her oral skills or that cute little backside, but that slit is mine, and I don’t want her to have to explain that to every clerk every time we celebrate making budget. She is also given to masturbation and that I won’t allow. This is what I need attached and while you understand my piercing skill is advanced, I don’t think she’ll be able to sit still while I poke all the holes. Spread for the Doctor, Margie.”

Sally had placed a pile of gold jewelry on the edge of the examining table as she spoke. With the command to spread the slim little girl laid back on the examining table and without hesitation spread her thighs. She was boyish in build and from the neck down could be Lotus Boy’s twin, but between her thighs was the cutest hairless pink genitalia I

had seen. Perfectly proportioned and when her fingers splayed her labia without being asked, a well formed hood revealed a tantalizingly stiff little man beneath.

“As you can see the little minx is rather proud of her love nest. But tonight she’ll think otherwise after I heat some needles.

“Any way, I need these little rings inserted into those lush lips and I want the two big rings put through her heels, under the Achilles tendons. She moves too fast and she needs to show humility and domestication.”

And that reader was my introduction to Sally and Margie.

I did not like the idea, as an idealistic young doctor, of performing body modification like some tattoo artist, but the sizable envelope of cash Sally threw on the table was enough to change my point of view. I had just started my practice and the debt load in purchasing the equipment was substantial. So this idealistic doctor shot Margie full of novocaine and went to work.

I warned Sally (Margie did not speak and I gathered was not permitted) that the deep piercing beneath the Achilles tendon would be quite traumatic. Sally responded by explaining she had seen many in the Greenwich Village scene and was very much aware that the ability to walk properly would be effected for weeks.

“It gives me the control I want,” was her conclusion.

So I began with the labia. Sally sorted out the rings and pointed to where each should be placed. A half inch ring was to pierce the hood of the clitoris. Eight tiny rings, four on each side, pierced the outer labia at offsetting intervals, and another half inch ring was to pierce the perinaeum.

“When finished this little chain runs from the clit through all these smaller rings to the ring near the anus and is locked in place with this cute little lock. That’s why they refer to it as being zippered. She won’t even be able to touch her clit since the hood will be locked over it.”

I marveled at the Greenwich Village scene. Such brilliance. When Sally threaded the chain as described, Margie’s sex was indeed zippered closed. And the little ingenue would not be able to urinate either. I’m sure Sally had considered that when she purchased the jewelry.

The genital rings were easily done. The novocaine worked nicely and all was in place with minimal discomfort when I repositioned Margie to do her heels.

That area was too large for an application of novocaine and I had to give Margie a stronger anesthetic. As we waited for the atropine to take effect, the loquacious Sally told me more about the unusual relationship and I learned much about their business and the Village scene in general.

Chapter Fourteen

Sally Packwood was bisexual. She enjoyed normal dalliances with males but also had a fetish for young submissive females. When the ingenue Margie Wallace applied for a job at Packwood Publishing, “any job” as Sally tells the story, her sense of urgency drew Sally’s attention.

“I could not resist the fawn-like look. She was so vulnerable. Bambi in the big city. You may argue that I took advantage. But what if I told her to take a hike? Look at her! She’d be slaving for some Ninth Avenue pimp by the end of the week.”

Sally talked like a well educated truck driver. But she had business smarts and street smarts and her publishing enterprise was the envy of the avant-garde crowd of Greenwich Village, San Francisco, Toronto, London, Amsterdam.

She understood that there was a hidden market for stuff rejected by the mainstream publishers. She surmised that such a market never came to light because the vanilla house wife in the supermarket would never buy “kinky erotica” off the shelf or request such in marketing surveys. But Sally knew she could sell a ton of it in the plain brown wrapper designed to disguise the contents even from the mail man.

The trick was to get the word out and understand what would sell to individuals who would never admit to buying the stuff. Thus, while mainstream publishers sought feed back. Sally, the brash bisexual, knew she’d never receive such information in a useful form and just plowed forward. And she did so with increasing profits every year.

Margie started as Sally’s personal aid. The work atmosphere at Packwood was more open and relaxed than most. And the fact that Margie spent much time behind closed doors with Sally never drew questions from the other employees. If anything the relationship drew envy.

“That first day when I made her an offer she asked me what to wear. I replied, ‘Something simple and easy to remove’. She thought I was kidding,” related Sally. “But she made the transition nicely.”

“When she arrived for her first day I criticized her manner of dress. I did so again on the second day and the third. On the fourth, she irritatingly suggested that it was the best she could do with limited resources. That’s when it began. I took her to a rather kinky dress shop where I knew the owner. It’s an interesting establishment, for the dressing room is effectively part of the shop. I had Margie remove her clothing and we began trying on different dresses. The owner immediately picked up on my intentions.

“‘That’s designed to be worn without under clothing,’ she suggested with almost every attractive garment Margie picked up. Well, I remained silent and she finally stripped naked in the middle of the large room where other women were trying on dresses. She didn’t realize the shop was filled

with women of Saphos and she became quite the center of attention.”

The shopping excursion ended with Sally purchasing six of the sheer garments which merely slipped over Margie’s head, hung off the shoulders and ended at mid thigh. On any other woman they would appear to be finely woven potato sacks. But on Margie, they captured the curious eye with their simple brevity.

Sally went on to describe how Margie expressed frustration in finding an apartment. Sally intervened again with an offer of temporary quarters at her huge Fifth Avenue co-op, the rent to be paid in the form of “services”.

“She has a very small windowless room connected to my bedroom. The only entrance and exit is through my bedroom. It’s really a large walk in closet I converted for her use. Her clothes are kept in another closet across the room so she dresses and undresses in my bedroom. But she’s happy. And when I have male company, I enjoy knowing she can hear my love making through the door, which adds a degree of excitement for me.”

The process of subservience began at Sally’s apartment, later to be transferred to the work place.

“Margie was to keep the apartment clean in lieu of paying me rent. Well, I arrived home after a business dinner and found her cleaning while wearing one of the stylish dresses I bought her. I angrily told her to take it off immediately.

“As punishment I made her finish cleaning in the nude while I watched and enjoyed a glass of wine. She gave herself away on that evening. I detected a coy level of enjoyment and she did not protest when I mandated she not soil any clothing that I purchased for her while working in the apartment.

“We both knew that included about every stitch she owned. So she cleaned nude from that time onwards. Some weeks later, I suggested that there was no point in wrinkling and wearing out the few dresses she owned and she began removing her clothing upon arrival from work. She now goes naked in my home.”

Sally went on to describe the slow but deliberate process of subjugating Margie to her will. Simple things like insisting that the bathroom door remain open, having Margie shower while Sally used the bathroom sink to apply her make up, daily inspections to ensure Margie was accoutered in a manner consistent with Packwood Publishing standards.

Then Margie contracted a woman’s affliction, an annoying yeast infection.

“I had nothing to do with her contracting anything, but I couldn’t resist using the opportunity. I took her to an old Lesbo gynecologist who prescribed simple ointment. But I had pre-arranged her advice.

“‘You’re very susceptible to such infections, young lady. It’s best you keep the area void of hair.’ Yes, we sisters work together, and the old woman turned and winked at me with her comment. I

often wondered how many wonderful pink slits remain shaven to this day as a result of her medical advice. She must have been quite the vamp in the scene in her day.”

Sally related that she took Margie right home in order to undertake the doctor’s advice.

“‘You won’t be able to get at most of it Margie and you’ll nick yourself trying.’ Yes, I shaved her and more. Under the guise of assuring smoothness, I caressed that wonderful love triangle endlessly. She’s so easy she had an orgasm right there on the kitchen table. I feigned shock.

“Goodness, Margie. I hope that doesn’t happen often. You haven’t been touching yourself, have you?”

With Sally shaving Margie twice per week their intimacy increased. Sally learned to titillate Margie’s young chaste genitalia to the point of near orgasm, and her caresses would end just as Margie neared climax. She also forbade masturbation.

“It’s a nasty habit, Margie. I won’t allow it my house.”

Well, that frustrated the young minx. One night after she shaved Margie, Sally invited over a young stud for a fling in bed and Margie was forced to lie in her tiny room and listen to the exaggerated sounds of Sally riding on top of a well endowed male model. After the man left, the closet door opened and a timid and frustrated Margie quietly crawled into Sally’s bed.

“I pretended to ignore her. She wanted to feel my touch and I certainly wanted to play with that wonderfully formed, tight, warm and wet slit. But I had to establish certain rules first. And when she finally began to beg I relented after she acknowledged her need for female attention. From that evening on, Margie has served me in every capacity. She started by applying her lips and tongue to my vagina which remained quite wet from my model friend’s juices. This is how we end the every day now and after I’m satisfied I might bring her to climax. But not always. She can never be certain because sometimes I’ll just accept her oral service and send her back to the closet.

“And to have her suckle a man’s juices from my love pot provides wonderful contrast. She doesn’t like men. But she knows the only way she will obtain pleasure from me is to accept and savor whatever is there.”

Sally Packwood stepped up the pace of her domination after that.

One night in the midst of Sally making heated love with some hunk for hire, Margie quietly slipped out of her tiny room in the midst of Sally’s guttural cries of ecstasy as she sat atop a

rather expensive gigolo and read what she described as one of the firmest manhoods money could buy. She was squeezing herself to orgasm. One hand was behind her firmly grasping the man's testicles and the another twisting his nipple. Sally completed her ride and let Margie watch but afterwards there was a price to be paid for her temerity.

"You're too quiet, Margie. I'm going to bell you like a cat so I'll know where you are."

And that's when the piercing started. Nipples. Nose. Ears. Hips. Arms.

Sally added a new ring just about every weekend and after the healing, a small bell was attached to each ring. Bands were also permanently attached to her big toes and thumbs and bells were also hooked to them.

Within weeks Margie could not move without a charming accompaniment of tintinnabulation. This drew much attention to her at work, though Sally allowed her to remove the overly distracting bell from her nose ring during office hours.

"I so much enjoyed having her sleep in my closet and instantly respond to my beck and call at home that I had an architect rearrange my office. A small pantry between my office and a very staid conference room was expanded and is now Margie's office. There she can serve me whether I'm in my office or in conference and she is near the coffee and food if a long meeting requires refreshments. And the conference room and table has become a wonderful play area."

Sally went on to explain the working relationship at Packwood Publishing.

"I have Margie read and preview manuscripts submitted for publication. Well on many occasions, actually too many, I would sit in my office and the little bells would begin to ring out. If some hot Lesbo rag was submitted, she couldn't resist hiking up her skirt and getting her fingers stinky. At first I had her remove her dress, which as you know is all she wears. There was no point in staining it. So manuscripts became a control element. I'd have at least one document ready each day and warn her to first remove her dress. Then I'd withhold it while she performed other duties. . . , serving coffee, arranging appointments, answering calls. She became accustomed to sauntering about my office and the conference completely stripped of clothing. And I can tell you Doctor, starting every day with a naked, belled and submissive young tart serving you coffee is inspiring in my business. Puts you in the right frame of mind for publishing hot stuff.

"Well, later in the morning I'd flip her a manuscript and listen for the ringing to start. Learning which scenes was her biggest turn on helped me with understanding her. She loves Lesbian D/s stuff and that's when I really pushed harder in establishing dominance. That's why I'm here to have her zippered. I want more control and having her play with herself during offices hours is becoming distracting.

"I also had her hair cut. My stylist comes to my office every Monday and the conference room

becomes a salon. Well, Margie timidly sat in her little pantry office during one appointment and I called for coffee. My stylist is a gay boy, but Margie doesn't like men and she wouldn't budge. I called again, very firmly, and finally heard the bells. She was naked of course but carried the coffee on a little tray attempting to hide her pubes. Her nipples were quite erect so I knew the scene excited her and decided to play it out. I told her to stay and asked the opinion of my stylist concerning her hair. At the time it was shoulder length. Well, we talked and talked while poor Margie had to stand there naked before a man. Whatever was suggested she protested. Nothing seemed to please her. Then I slipped my hand under the tray and felt she was soaking. So I made her stay and watch while my gay boy finished. Afterwards I had her sit and told him to shave her head. If one of New York's best stylists couldn't suggest an acceptable style to satisfy her, then she'd have none at all.

"As you can see I've let some grow back, but I keep it very short. I like the way it feels between my thighs."

Sally went on to describe Margie's transformation in the work place.

"Making her bald turned out to be a triggering event. As with most submissives, superficially such humiliation appeared to be upsetting. But inside it excited her to know people were staring at her because of something I had done to her. She was hairless because that's the way I wanted her to be.

"The staff knocked before entering my office and naked Margie would dart into her pantry just as the door opened. Well, one day the door to her office somehow became locked and when I called out to enter, our handsome young man in charge of accounting walked into my office as Margie struggled to exit and hide her nudity.

"'Stay Margie. We'll get that door open later. I have a key somewhere.' Well, she was very upset to have to stand while the young man brought me up to date on the company finances. And she was even more embarrassed when I asked the man his opinion on Margie's brief hair style. Her nipples hardened further as the man was now allowed to give her a good visual inspection in order to reply. The humiliation of standing naked before a man got her juices flowing and I really enjoyed the scene.

"' Goodness, Margie. We are in the porn business. Young Harry sees naked women on the cover of every one of our books.' She couldn't calm herself so I dug into my desk and handed her the key to the door. 'Sit Harry. Margie's going to serve us coffee.'

"Well, Doctor, I prolonged our meeting and Margie had to prance about my office totally naked with her bells ringing away. Harry enjoyed the show and after that I was updated more regularly on company finances. He knew to ask for coffee upon entering my office and that I would immediately call for my naked assistant to serve."

And so visiting Sally's office became quite a popular pastime. Being so shy among men, Margie would hide and only appear after a direct order from Sally. And then she would blush and bow her head with entertaining humility when she had to show herself.

About a year after I did all the piercings, Sally brought the girl back to my office. The elderly gynecologist was no longer practicing and Sally wanted have Margie thoroughly checked.

It was an interesting appointment for as soon as Sally entered my waiting room she had Margie pull off the simple one piece dress and my nurse rushed in to tell me a naked girl was waiting for an examination.

It was Sally's way of assuring prompt service and it worked. I was both irritated and amused but there was no harm since the only other patients present were two gay men who were acclimated to Greenwich Village fetishists. They immediately understood the scene and although had no sexual interest in Margie, stared with curiosity which made the little girl turn crimson. When Sally attached a leash to her nose ring and pulled her into an examination room, she handed me a little key. I unlocked her "zipper" and when I pulled up the little chain and opened her, she was dripping.

Sally stayed in the examining room and watched while I gave Margie a full examination. I had her in various positions doing a standard exam when Sally suggested a pelvic exam and a urine sample was needed. I might ass that a patient is usually robed and additionally draped with various sheets for such revealing procedures, but Sally insisted otherwise and Margie remained naked and silent as always.

She squatted over a beaker to give me the sample and I placed her in the stirrups. I was able to review my piercings for the first time. The cruel ankle rings deeply penetrated each foot, piercing the flesh just behind the bone and encircling the tendon. A strong tug on one of the rings had the effect of actually of pulling on the Achilles tendon which put Margie in a very precarious position if she was not careful when walking while the rings were secured.

I recalled that slaves were physically hobbled by similar means in the Roman Empire. The piercings in that age were obviously not as fine and antiseptically performed but it resulted in a human beast that could be brought to his knees with the simple pull of a chain. The tension on the tendon apparently causes a spasmodic reaction which in turn causes the calve muscle to instantaneously give. Therefore if ankle piercings were chained together the bearer had to walk very carefully, for any tension on the chains pulled at the rings which caused the calve muscles to spasm and the bearer to collapse.

I envisioned Sally amusing herself in her apartment watching Margie walk about with a very short chain connecting the ankles. A rug would provide a soft landing but how many times would Margie's legs give way as she learned to take tiny steps so as not to pull at the rings? A marvelous restraint for house work, I thought to myself. Vacuuming would take hours as the

naked little hobbled girl slowly pushed about the hose and nozzle.

My labial piercings came in handy as I spread Margie's lips for the examination. As written, she was quite excited by her experience in the waiting area and I had to be careful in touching her. The chain which "zippered" her closed was permanently attached to the ring through her clitoral hood so I pulled that up and rested it on her stomach. This exposed her little man to me for the entire time of the examination. And as Margie became more aroused and I myself open a little also.

She had beautifully formed genitalia. Very symmetrical and the outer labia was just fleshy enough to accept the four little rings on each side and completely fold over the inner labia and other pretty pink parts when the little chain was threaded through and locked on the perinaeum ring. When locked in place the end of the chain hung an additional two inches below the perinaeum ring. Sally had one of those small bells attached to the free end. But I noticed that the insides of Margie's thighs were chafed. Evidently something else was attached from time to time. Sally noticed my interest, reached into her pocket and held a metal object in front of me.

"I hook this on when she's a little naughty."

The circular object was about three inches in diameter and was studded with needles. The sharp ends pointed outward and Sally had it carefully resting in her palm. Gripping it tightly would result in being pricked.

"With this attached and a ankle chain of limited length, she moves very gingerly and learns who's in control."

An interesting torment, I thought to myself. The thighs kept apart by the spine covered ball. The feet forced together by the ankle chain which, as described, had to remain slack. I could picture Margie very slowly walking about Sally's apartment serving a fine glass of wine to her employer.

Everything was normal and I indicated the exam was finished, but Sally wanted me to examine the young girls colon. At her age it was not included in a routine exam but Sally was adamant.

I placed Margie bending over the table with her feet on the floor and I wheeled up behind her on a short stool. It was then that the marks of a caning, probably two of three days old, became more pronounced.

"I have a neighbor come over and work her a little. He's really quite nice but I don't like to be physical and he's volunteered to help keep her in line. With her distaste of males, the punishment is doubly traumatic and infractions really occur twice."

Such obedience must be very disappointing for Sally. I wondered how much time she spent dreaming up new rules to be broken so she could witness Margie's punishment.

The colon exam was normal but Margie found it most unpleasant and embarrassing, especially when I commented how easy it was to open her sphincter. Most young girls are very tight there and my observation just slipped out.

“Yes. I’ve been keeping her stretched there. It’s easier for her in the long run and although she still resists a bit I think she’ll become more receptive to having it used. After all, her front side is mine.”

Chapter Fifteen

Bad Boy’s day arrived.

I gave my regular staff the morning off. Nurse Hopkins would assist me and Sarina would handle unexpected interruptions such as patients stopping in without appointments, deliveries, phone calls, etc.

We began before dawn to ensure quiet.

For weeks I had been acquiring equipment and paraphernalia and had converted a large examination room into a relatively useful operating room.

Bad Boy’s transformation would be involved and somewhat complicated, but I comforted myself with the knowledge that he was legally dead. The slip of a scalpel would result in nothing more than the loss of a \$100,000 investment for the Trust and a disposal problem. Luckily the local undertaker was a regular Wednesday customer at Mary’s salon and I alerted her that there was a remote possibility that she may have an anonymous customer if things did not go well.

I learned that it would be surprisingly easy to dispose of Bad Boy’s lifeless form, should it be necessary. This calmed me and enabled me to concentrate on the procedure.

Just before sun rise a van pulled into the parking lot and backed up near the rear entrance. Sarina stepped out, rolled open the back door and unhitched a naked Bad Boy. She had once again attached his heavy ankle bracelets, something we had not done since his castration. If he become skittish, we didn’t want him attempting to run through town.

But the precaution proved unnecessary as Sarina led a leashed and docile eunuch into the back door and down the hall to the operating room.

As written, anesthesia was unfortunately required and we placed Bad Boy in stirrups and put him under. He was frightened and appeared close to fainting. I’m sure the drop in his hormone levels over the past few months caused the rather effeminate reaction to such a threatening situation. I thought about my Brutus and how timid he was after his alteration. I smiled with the recollection.

It would probably be more fun to let Bad Boy squirm for a while and let his imagination run, but we had many hours of work ahead, so we began immediately.

The first procedure was the most difficult. Penile implants with a small modification.

The devices (one for each of the two erectile chambers) had been perfected over the years through extensive research but obviously I had never performed the procedure. It involves opening up the penis and slipping inflatable Teflon balloons into the erectile chambers which upon arousal engorges with blood in a normal male.

Since Bad Boy rarely achieved erection, and the ability to do so would continue to wane, I wanted him to come to erection when needed.

The thought also occurred to me that as long as I had to open him, perhaps a small change would add to the pleasure of the female. On top of Bad Boy's shaft, just short of the head, I slipped a small bump of sterile rubber under the skin. The object was normally used to shape the breast after minor surgery or to very slightly enhance the breast of a woman who may have one mammary smaller than the other. So I knew the body would accept the material and as long as I was modifying Bad Boy for female pleasure, I wanted such an addition to manipulate a woman's magical "G" spot during penetration.

It all went smoother than I expected. Within two hours the long slim balloon-like implants were slipped in and a small mechanical pump was inserted under the withered scrotal sac.

Normally such a pump is implanted in a more accessible spot, such as on the lower abdomen, so the male can "pump up" his own penis. But this was not a consideration. Bad Boy wouldn't need to use it, so I slipped it under the flesh behind the scrotal sac near the perinaeum. Our clients could simply give Bad Boy's new testicles a playful squeeze then move the hand under and with half a dozen slight motions of the index finger bring our eunuch to one of the largest, firmest erections ever witnessed.

"Yes, Bad Boy. You're going to be quite the toy for our customers," I think to myself as I work.

When finished I test the pump. With three pushes of my finger Bad Boy tumefies as the liquid silicon inflates the Teflon balloons. With three more he stands straight out and with another Bad Boy's huge erection becomes the size and color of a huge sausage. It seems bigger than ever, with my new bump adding to the girth of the head at that perfect spot. We'll know for sure if he is in fact longer during the recovery period when his measurements will be carefully recorded and compared to those before his castration.

I can see Nurse Hopkins' eyes and know she is wearing one of her rare smiles looking at the appendage. The thought that the penis has been modified under female hands and will only be brought to erection under the control of a woman with no input from the male is both an amusing

and comforting thought for the dominant female. Bad Boy's organ is truly ours now.

I push the far end of the pump near the rectum. This opens a valve, releases the silicon and it flows back down. Amazingly, Bad Boy becomes flaccid within thirty seconds

Satisfied with our success I open up Bad Boy's scrotal sac and insert the large prosthetic testicles. Their size makes the sac appear comical and the weight causes it to hang close to the knees. I will definitely have to develop some type of sling if Bad Boy is to be run in harness. But the visual effect is fantastic and when I finish suturing, I carefully let them hang down between his legs.

"Get me Monique's whip," is my mental response. Poor Bad Boy's sac is going to get much attention.

Bad Boy begins to move as the anesthesia dissipates. It's close to noon and we'll let him rest until he can walk about. Sarina joins us and when I demonstrate Bad Boy's new pump, the phallus seems to rise to the ceiling and the young island girl giggles uncontrollably. She smooths her fingers over the new bump and I know she's envisioning riding our new boy toy and feeling the long shaft open up her vagina with the bump pressuring the joy spot. I anticipate her question.

"The sutures will need two weeks to completely heal. We should be very careful about activity until then."

Sarina reaches down and palms the massive new faux testicles.

"They're soft!"

I smile with the satisfaction that the Teflon covering has in fact disguised the metallic composition of Bad Boy's new organs.

"Yes, Sarina. And they'll take much torment."

We all smile. Bad Boy's eyes open and Sarina releases the sac and watches it swing well below his widely spread thighs.

Bad Boy slowly recovers. By late afternoon, Sarina has him walking with difficulty at the end of a leash. I fashion a rudimentary diaper since the heavy prosthetic spheres pull at the sutures.

By five o'clock Nurse Hopkins calls the driver. The parking lot is empty and Bad Boy is slowly led to the van. Mission accomplished.

Since the approaching winter makes outdoor training with the first snow, Bad Boy has many weeks of relative inactivity in order to fully heal and learn to walk and run with his new implants. It's awkward and the metal balls swing heavily between his knees. On the treadmill, his attempts

to run are comical with the three inch spheres bouncing about and at high speeds hitting the insides of his legs.

After observing the problem, I pierce his hips with rings similar to Zesty's and design a soft leather strap. The narrow ends of the strap attach to the rings. The wide middle hangs to the rear just below the buttocks. When attached, the strap gently cradles the heavy metal balls, pulling them back and up away from the knees.

I hitched Bad Boy to a cart to ensure proper fitting and the results were most lascivious. Bad Boy's huge testicles hang a few inches below the buttocks providing a most enticing view for the rider. I felt myself become aroused thinking about the forthcoming Spring cart rides.

We began to purchase and install furniture and equipment in the farm house bedrooms. Our customers have eclectic and eccentric needs. But there is one underlying need, the control and domination of submissives. Therefore the rooms are fitted with sturdy eyehooks embedded into numerous spots on the woodwork to accommodate straps, leashes, cuffs, etc.

Padded leather benches are placed at the foot of every bed. Cabinets are installed with standard instruments of correction, whips, crops, canes, etc. The bathroom doors are secured from the outside utilizing locks the combination to be desecrated only to the dominant customer.

We also increase the camera coverage providing three cameras per room with sound. We will offer recordings of the weekend's events to our visitors. Those that are most salacious, we may market under a joint arrangement. This concept is sure to inspire our customers to be very creative and aspire to new found heights of dominance.

As Bad Boy heals, I have fun pumping him to erection. The balloons I placed in the erectile chambers were custom made. The manufacturing process is easily adjusted to create an implantable device of any length. We knew Bad Boy's measurements very well from months of daily recordings but I deliberately made the implants just a little longer than recommended by the manufacturer. This results in a high degree of discomfort when Bad Boy is pumped to full erection since the phallus is slightly over inflated.

It's comforting to know that a male's prized possession now only provides him with pain. And it's a delicious thought to know that while a dominant female is pleasuring herself, using the mammoth organ as she sees fit, such pleasure is not reciprocal.

It's that last pump, a final push with the fingers on the little device under the skin near his anus, that's just enough to engorge the erection beyond normal. You can feel the back pressure on the pump, just as with blowing up a balloon. When capacity is reached the final breath is difficult to exhale into the expanding rubber and so it is with the pump. Just when the effort to push becomes difficult is when you want to give it a final thrust and watch Bad Boy grimace. And that is how he will stay until you push the release valve.

“So this is what you used to assault that teenaged girl in Texas, Bad Boy?” I think to myself. “It’s under my control now and I doubt if it cause pain for anyone but you.”

We spent the winter months acclimating ourselves and Bad Boy to his new role as a complete sex toy for the dominant female.

After a month of recovery I had the privilege of testing out Bad Boy’s new penis. Nurse Hopkins and Sarina gave Bad Boy a rare shower and soaping. His little remaining body hair was plucked and otherwise he was made as presentable as possible with a light massage and coating of oil.

I waited in one of the farm house bedrooms, having showered myself and ensured necessary implements of correction and encouragement were handy. A padded bench awaited Bad Boy and as I tested the various straps I could see Sarina through the window leading our pony boy across the barnyard. Our boy was stepping high and with exaggerated enthusiasm which caused those large, heavy faux testicles to swing wildly between his knees. It was cold and with his complete nakedness he was eager to move indoors.

Sarina led him by a leash attached to the center ring of the nipple/penis chain. She deliberately walked slowly and enjoyed Bad Boy’s antics as the Adirondack winter wind chilled his oil coating. As I peered out I was comforted to see Bad Boy playfully lean forward and nudge Sarina forward, pushing her with his head then extending his long tongue and licking her leash bearing hand.

The submissive scene sent a shiver of pleasure through me as if someone tickled my pudendum with a feather. Goose bumps formed and I resisted the temptation of reaching under my short skirt where my well trimmed sex began to moisten with arousal.

When Sarina knocked on the bedroom door, I was ready.

The cameras were off. Trustees were never filmed or recorded but otherwise we envisioned that our test would closely resembled how Bad Boy would be put to use in our new bed and breakfast business.

“Face up on the bench, please Sarina.”

Bad boy appeared even more humble when he saw the woman who had removed his reproductive organs standing arms akimbo. The tugs of the leash took him to the bench and Sarina strapped him down. Wrists and ankles secured to the four legs, Sarina unhooked the leash and left. When the door closed I felt my juices begin to gush.

“Hello, my pet. How’s my big, gelded puppy?”

We constantly remind Bad Boy of his alteration and he knows to remain silent as I laugh at his

helpless position. I'd like to humiliate him more, but watching him interact so submissively with Sarina has excited me. So I push a small table to the side of the bench, lift my skirt and facing Bad Boy's feet, straddle his head. His tongue immediately begins to work. Bad Boy knows his role and he licks my outer labia with strong firm swishes. It took weeks to train him properly, but the results were worth the efforts. His oral skills are close to Zesty's and I moan as the long tongue splits my lips and thrusts into my vagina.

But I have work to do. I release the flaccid penis from its ring and marvel at its complete lack of stiffness. Bad Boy cannot achieve erection even with the sight, taste and fragrance of the female organ overwhelming his senses. It's totally under my control and I toy with the soft twelve inch tube of flesh, running my fingers over the special bump. I reach further down and pull the scrotum aside to find the pump. Bad Boy works assiduously and knows to gather every drop of moisture, which is beginning to flow strongly. Is it his tongue or having such a huge organ to toy with at my whim that's causing my excitement?

I hold the penis in my left hand and push the pump with my right. The feeling of power is incredible as the reaction from each push of my fingers can be felt with my left hand. With six pumps the amazing phallus stands and I begin to laugh aloud. I'm not sure if my sex can accept such penetration, but like a child in a candy store, I'm going to take what I can.

A small drop of fluid forms at the urethral opening. This indicates Bad Boy's prostate is still functioning and our poor eunuch is experiencing some sexual response. But that's the limit of his sexual prowess. I could also have ended that with the removal of the gland, but decided it would be more fun to leave him with some sensation during anal penetration, to which the walnut sized gland would react.

From the small table I retrieve a pumice stone. While Bad Boy licks and sucks I begin rubbing down the long shaft with the abrading stone. It chafes and removes just the thinnest layer of skin and makes the penis very sensitive.

Bad Boy's tongue begins to lick my clitoris. I've planned a long afternoon so I may as well have my first climax. I slide back a little toward his forward and feel his lips and toothless gums work my little bud. He's so servile and well trained, completely focussed on my pleasure since he cannot experience any himself. My eyes close and my hands stop with the surge of ecstasy as my good pony boy sucks in my nub and bites it between his gums. My thighs spasmodically squeeze together and I must be cognizant of Bad Boy's air supply.

Coming back to earth, I relax my thighs and hear my pony suck in a large breath of air. I'm not sure how long I had cut him off, but was impressed that he docilely lay under me waiting for his next breath without sound or motion in protest.

The stiff shaft is well chafed and a very reddish pink. On the small table is a special lubricant. A

light oil to which I've added salt and a healing solution which on initial application is a very irritating.

I dip my index finger into the jar and just touch the underside of the long pumiced shaft. Bad Boy jumps and groans into my vulva. He's ready. My efforts with the stone has turned the twelve inches of firm flesh into a sensitive wound, similar to a scraped knee or elbow.

I coat my right hand with my creative lubricant and stand. Bad Boy has attempted to catch all my juices but there is much moisture on his nose and chin, evidencing my gush of fluid when worked my clitoris.

"Time for a ride," I announce with a devious smile.

Bad Boy's shaft points straight to the ceiling but I add a degree of discomfort by giving the pump one more push. It's the seventh push that overfills the erectile chambers and Bad Boy stirs in his tight bonds. It aches like a swollen hand or foot but that's what I want. I will spend the afternoon taking pleasure from the one time killer/rapist and he will lie on the bench and take it. That's the way he will live out his days.

As with most woman, I have always fantasized about being penetrating by an outlandishly sized organ, and here is one standing under my hand and waiting under my control. . . and to think I receive a trustee's fee for this.

So I stand and observe for a moment. Although I've climaxed I feel arousal grow with my dominant side reveling with Bad Boy's subservience. I feel like a bullfighter in the ring. I know the beast will be mine but the excitement of the fight arouses me.

I straddle Bad Boy's waist, slide my lubricated hand down the shaft then quickly hold the head to my vulva. My short skirt forms a small tent over his hips and lower stomach. Before my special solution begins its work I slowly flex my knees and penetrate myself. I'm not sure I can take it's entire length but I am wet from Bad Boy's oral efforts and I sigh with the sensation of the huge, warm and stiff phallus thoroughly opening me. When the little bump I added pressures my "G" stop I feel more juices gush. Grafenberg was right. There is indeed a magic area that is the female equivalent of the male prostate gland and the firm mound I've added to the top of Bad Boy's shaft manipulates it wonderfully.

The lubrication begins to work and the irritant is being absorbed by the skin on Bad Boy's chafed penis. I hold on as he bucks in the straps. It's like riding a bull and I grab the small chain attached to his nipples for balance. He groans and cries and the huge shaft moves within me as he squirms in pain. I am already aroused and the wave of the first orgasm crashes through me. It's deep, not like the superficial pleasure from having my clitoris sucked. This seemed to drain the energy from my muscles from neck to toes.

Amazingly, a second overtakes me, then a third as Bad Boy fights off the pain of the lubricant. Since my vagina has not been scratched with the pumice stone I don't feel anything except the incredibly stiff shaft sliding in and out and pressuring the sides of my female passage as he rolls and squirms on the bench.

The room goes dark after the fourth orgasm and I lie on top to rest. When I regain my composure I realize that in the excitement I have taken the entire shaft and it's resting inside me.

It's a great comfort to know that Bad Boy had experienced no pleasure and instead only had pain. And with the removal of his testicles, it's of further comfort not to worry about pregnancy or other complications of exchanging body fluids.

The effect of the irritant has worn off but I want one more ride from Bad Boy. Another advantage of his alteration is that he will continue to perform until I'm done with him. Then maybe I'll have Sarina take him back to the barn and cane him in the "A" frame while I watch and enjoy a glass of wine.

Since Bad Boy cannot feel pleasure he must be stimulated to perform, otherwise I may as well be sitting on a vibrator with dead batteries. So for the final fling I retrieve two pencils from the small table and push the ends through Bad Boy's nipple rings.

"One more time, pony boy."

I use the pencils as a lever and begin to twist the rings pulling and tightening the sensitive nipples. He moves. I twist. He protests. I twist more.

Once again he begins to buck on the bench and the implanted mound on the top of his penis works its magic. I marvel at my control, exchanging my pleasure for his pain, but I must be careful not to tear the nipple rings. Another orgasm, another. The hem of my short skirt is wet from my own abundant juices freely flowing down my thighs. Another wave of ecstasy and I finally remove the pencils and slump forward.

In exhaustion I lean forward and rest on Bad Boy's chest. The clock indicates I've been tormenting the submissive eunuch and riding myself to pleasure for two hours.

After a few moments I realize Bad Boy is crying. The full effects of his alteration seems to have finally been realized. His hormone level is closer to that of a woman than a man and he is cognizant of his status as toy. A woman has just taken from him whatever she wanted and made him pay a price of pain. And I suppose for him to know that it's the woman who castrated him makes it doubly unbearable.

But I think of a teenaged girl in Texas. Maybe I *will* have him caned.

Chapter Sixteen

Nurse Hopkins has Bad Boy in the special sling. Master Fife ordered it as a maternity device but never used it. Nurse Hopkins has put her devious imagination to work and occasionally uses it for Zesty or Bad Boy.

Our pony boy lies prostrate between four posts. The tops of the six foot high posts are connected by planks which form a rectangle. His weight is borne by soft but strong slings draping down between the planks. One sling comfortably crosses under his hips. Another holds his chest about three feet off the floor.

Bad Boy's hands are secured behind his back as always and his ankles are cuffed. As I approach on this late Wednesday afternoon, Nurse Hopkins connects a strap to his right ankle then lifts the strap with the attached foot and hooks it to the rear pole. She nods and says hello as she connects the left ankle, leaving Bad Boy completely suspended, face down some three feet off the floor.

"Bad Boy's been off his feed and has been a little belligerent. Nothing we can't handle. More like the reaction of a naughty girl than a hardened convict."

She smiles with her comparison and I decide to watch her work. She knows that months of physical chastisement sometimes causes a subordinate to challenge the superior. A subordinate learns he/she can take the pain and may become haughty with new found strength and ability to resist. Bad Boy is about to find that his ability to resist is rather limited when compared to Nurse Hopkins' ability to torment.

The faux testicles dangle almost to the floor and I always smile at my attraction to watching the large but powerless spheres swing under the hands of a female. Nurse Hopkins moves to Bad Boy's head and runs a small strap from the right plank through an eye hook on his neck collar then to the left plank. This holds up his head and positions it so his face looks forward. The black hands of the island woman smooth over Bad Boy's face and she offers words of encouragement as parent to a child under going punishment. Then she retrieves a large flexible tube from a nearby cabinet.

"Swallow, Bad Boy. You'll gag a bit but you'll get used to it."

I recognize the rubber tubing from my brief stint working in the emergency room. There it was used to pump the stomach of victims of poisons and drug overdoses.

Nurse Hopkins holds Bad Boy's nose and when he opens his mouth to breathe, she deftly slides to the tube. A retching sound emanates from Bad Boy which seems to signal Nurse Hopkins to thrust firmly and quickly. She's inserted a feeding tube about as quickly and easily as I've seen. She has obviously had many years of experience and I think how foolish it is for bad Boy to ever challenge her authority. Her years of handling recalcitrant subordinates makes any such challenge futile. And I'm sure when the day is done, Bad Boy will be humbly begging for the privilege of

licking her feet.

Nurse Hopkins moves to the rear and with callous ease inserts an intravenous needle into the base of Bad Boy's scrotal sac. Next she lubricates his rectum and inserts an inflatable enema nozzle. Last she reaches under our prostrate pony boy and clamps the end of his massive penis.

Finished, she steps back and smooths her hands over the well restrained body as an artist inspecting a newly completed sculpture.

"Well, I'd better start. This will take a few hours and the flow rates take time to adjust.

From a nearby table, Nurse Hopkins retrieves various plastic bags filled with liquid. The first is hung from the plank crossing between the front to posts and is connected to bad Boy's feeding tube.

"Water with some female hormones," she announces for my edification. "He'll take more than two quarts by the end of the day."

From the plank crossing between the rear posts she hangs another plastic bag and connects it to the enema nozzle.

The third bag is also hung from the rear plank and is connected to the intravenous needle in Bad Boy's scrotum.

"Saline. Should be fun to watch."

Bad Boy will be flushed with liquids under Nurse Hopkins' knowing hands. His stomach, colon and scrotal sac will slowly fill and with his penis clamped he will be forced to obsequiously lie in the maternity harness and accept Nurse Hopkins' offerings with no possible way of excreting them.

For the next few minutes the nurse busies herself adjusting numerous valves. She also encircles the top of the scrotal sac with a small cord to prevent the saline from leaking back into the body. She wants to watch the large fleshy sac expand and fill and I also wonder what it will look like with the large new testicles.

When finished she steps back to my side and we both observe her handiwork. She has deliberately slowed the flow of all three liquids. She is very much aware that the exercise is a demonstration of control and over the next few hours Bad Boy will learn quite a lesson. And that is there is nothing that the dominant women of the farm cannot and will not do to establish and demonstrate their control and their propensity to subject the subordinate to the most abject humiliation.

“When will you let him empty his bladder?”

“I don’t let it fully empty until the end of the day. Every hour or so I may let him partially urinate. It’s much more aggravating to cut off the flow in mid stream and it’s an excellent control factor. He learns all over again that the most basic of bodily functions are not his to control but mine and the systemic reaction to squeezing off the urethra before the bladder empties can be most enjoyable to observe. He’ll soon be squirming in the slings and then there’s the scrotal sac which as you know will expand and turn the color of a bright red balloon.”

We both laugh with the recollection of the first time I infused Bad Boy’s sac.

“Sally Packwood is flying in on Friday night. So we’ll need our pony boy ready.”

“He’ll be ready doctor. And he’ll be more submissive than ever.”

I leave for the house. With Bad Boy preoccupied I’ll have Lotus Boy kneel between my thighs and service me. Yes, that’s sounds good. And right here in the barn watching Bad Boy receive the simultaneous enema, infusion and forced feeding is as good a place as I can think of to have my genitalia licked and sucked.

Editor’s note

This sequel, written many years ago and never completed, was recently found in my hard drive. There are notes for another chapter or two, but no conclusion, written or mentally conceived, endures.

Still, I offer these many words to my Lulu readers at a very nominal price.

Perhaps some would like to comment with a suggestion or two for an ending.

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