

The Donor

by

Chris Bellows

ISBN: 978-1-954079-42-7

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

Copyright © 2021, All rights reserved

For information contact:

Pink Flamingo Media

www.pinkflamingo.com

P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083

USA

Email Comments: comments@pinkflamingo.com

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying recording or otherwise without prior written permission of the publishers.

Prologue

“So how was I?”

“Sufficient, if you’re referring to getting yourself off.”

“Oh, come on Edie. You know what I’m talking about.”

“Yes. You want a recap of your sexual prowess... since you can’t remember a thing.”

Though the rebuking words come softly, my wife’s disappointment is evident. As she steps to the kitchen counter for the coffee pot, I quickly reach into the pocket of my robe to find another aspirin. Head pounding, of late the analgesic has become a regular part of my breakfast. Though wife Edie has given up lecturing on my drinking, I sneak another 350 milligrams without drawing notice to avoid more rebuke.

“The clock ticks, Mort. You could... well... slow down for a night... when you know... the timing...”

Yes, in approaching age 27 and of much desire to have a child, Edie meticulously records her cycle. Last night was the peak in terms of ovulating and I was the beneficiary of very attentive fingers, hands and foreplay. Unfortunately for her plans I was beforehand also the beneficiary of much single malt Scotch.

She returns to the table. As she pours me another cup, I reach forth and tenderly smooth my hand on a shapely right cheek. Edie stays fit, the flesh firm, the muscling supple.

“Don’t bother, Mort. You know you’ll need a few days to reload.”

Damn the cogent advice of the fertility clinic, apprizing that the male reproduction system for a man my age requires longer and longer intervals for restoring the spermatozoa count. So in advising that I’ll need to reload, I must assume I indeed got off.

“So... ah... you don’t think... you were...”

“Impregnated? Mort you have to come in me... not on me.”

“So my performance...”

“Great for the first ten seconds, then you passed out, went limp and little Mort oozed a nice load on my inner thighs.”

Edie likes to ride. Cowgirl style she terms it. I have learned to cede to it, meekly lying supine as her exquisite hand work brings little Mort to full blossom. She knows the male anatomy... touching and stroking the right spots such that any thoughts of fellatio seem superfluous. Yes, mounting and straddling me in a way suits my condition. Too many nights of lovemaking are preceded by visits from Mr. Glen Fiddich thus inhibiting physical exertion on my part.

With the disappointment obviously transcending to anger, I return to silence, realizing more words can only bring more scolding... gentle... but scolding all the same.

And Edie is right, I should lay off the booze. Yet the anesthesia of alcohol seems to dull the wounds... slow the cascade of thoughts over life’s missed opportunities, quashed aspirations. It’s the workplace, I’ve so many times told myself. A promising early career has led to being side lined. My title of Sales Administrator really nothing more than a clerical function.... highly paid yes... but a function with no ability to demonstrate skills over and above assembling numbers.

While Boss Lady Martina’s crack sales team functions like a championship ball club, I merely keep score.

Adding to the frustration is my boss and her relationship with wife Edie. Edie’s mother and the Boss Lady were close friends. After her Mom’s untimely death, Martina has stepped into the role of confidante... a defacto mother-daughter relationship. There is much exchange of

information over my performance... job related and otherwise.

Breakfast consumed, Edie steps away. As I finish my coffee, planning a leisurely Saturday morning of hangover recovery reading the sports section and later an afternoon of baseball, I hear Edie on the back porch, speaking on her cell phone.

It's for sure Boss Lady Martina. And she is being informed of my pusillanimous sexual effort. Yes the relationship is that close.

Heading for the stairs and a shower, I hear the blunt words the fairer sex is known to exchange when not in mixed company...

"Yeah Martina, he passed out... his little thing dribbling all over me..."

I need a drink.

Reflections

Trying to focus on the box scores, I find my mind wandering. I try not to think of my performance... both job and husbandly duties. But Edie remains on the cell phone and though I cannot hear the words there comes laughter, the Boss Lady always able to bring cheer.

But it irritates, imagining the women making comparisons... bad in bed... bad on the job. And with the two so close it is a certainty that Boss Lady Martina has divulged elements of her firm supervision in the office and her quirky manner of correcting behavior.

‘Corner time’ is frequent, errors on the sales forecast sheets earning an hour humbly standing in her office while in a maternal tone of voice she calmly lectures about attention to detail and fastidiousness.

Am I the only employee to be chastised as a child? I dare not ask my cohorts. How does one broach the subject at the water cooler or over end-of-the-day cocktails at the nearby pub.

Any one of you guys been made to stand in the corner in the Boss Lady’s office?

I can hear the guffaws as I am cross examined about the derivation of the query.

The thoughts lead to a memories of most telling exchange which though years ago continues to bring horripilation... and an odd glimmer of faint yet unexplained arousal.

Exiting the lavatory, Boss Lady Martina passed me in the hallway then called out after me, demanding I immediately report to her in her office. I was new at the job, aware of her reputation... her sobriquet of ‘Martina the Martinet’.

It was to be my first corner time and though concerned with the demand, I consoled myself that as my mother-in-law’s close friend whatever the issue, it would not be fatal to continuing employment.

Well, entering her office I was told that I needed to zip up my slacks, an oversight in having used the facilities.

‘It’s the second time Mortimer. I overlooked the first, but it’s slovenly male conduct and you must be disciplined.’

So it was to the corner, eyes glued to the latex paint.

As I zipped up as furtively as possible, there came instructions... arms behind, hands to be remain folded at the small of my back... and a stern warning.

‘It must be a Freudian thing with you, Mortimer. If you so much desire to expose yourself to women then next time I’ll have you standing facing me, zipper open with your penis dangling in full view in the room light.’

That triggered something. I felt myself hardening during the otherwise tedious and quiet hour. Such provocative words. It was strange to feel grateful in facing the wall, the resulting bulge undetected. But then the Boss Lady broke to the eerie silence. It was as if she knew, her timing amazing.

‘You may turn and face me now, Mortimer... you naughty boy.’

How could I disobey? Yet how could I display the obvious bulge... my sordid male reaction to a woman’s firm governing words?

I turned. With hands at my back it felt as though my erection was spearing across the Boss Lady’s office. My perverse reaction to her firm governance was apparent.

‘Well... it appears it would not be dangling, Mortimer...’

Why years later do I feel subtle twinges in recalling the incident as I relax, ostensibly reviewing last night’s game summaries?

“Mortimer,” wife Edie entering the den, aware that using my full name... not Mort... draws

full attention. “Martina and I have been talking. She’s both caring and resourceful... so it was easy to have you placed on a sabbatical. Sick pay provided plus the cost of therapy covered by the company health plan.”

Of course in being responsible for the mountain of bills, the disclosure immediately brings my mind to the financial side... not the who, what, why and how of a ‘sabbatical’.

“Sick pay is meager, Edie. Nowhere near full salary. And what...”

“I have not touched mother’s inheritance money. It will be put to the best possible use. You will dry out... and I will have a baby. Or I can simply have Martina fire you. So don’t argue. And she recommended a very suitable place. She says you’ll be happy there. I think she knows you better than you think, Mort... perhaps better than you know yourself. Something about letting me fuck you cowgirl style she finds quite telling.”

Or... perhaps the bulge. Yes, there have been other incidents leading to corner time in the Boss Lady’s office. I’ve since managed to remain more flaccid. But then come the twinges... and she knows!

Then it occurs... if the long phone conversation detailed elements of my sexual performance... or lack thereof... why would not the Boss Lady inform of her demands for corner time and my tumescent reaction to feminine authority?

Exposed

“Place the sales sheets before me then go to the corner, Mortimer. You know how to posture yourself for me... arms behind, hands folded at the small of your back.”

Voice firm, exuding self-confidence, I have been called to the office of Boss Lady Martina. And there is to be corner time even before reviewing for the errors she consistently finds.

I comply and assume my stance, hearing the ruffle of paper as the Director of Sales reviews the ‘score card’ I have assembled, the month’s revenue detailed several different ways... by region, by product, by salesman.

“Closer Mortimer. Press your nose to the paint for me like a good boy.”

“Have I erred Miss Martina?”

“Silence Mortimer. Nothing on the sheets, so far. But you know Edie and I had a long conversation on Saturday. You continue to be a source of disappointment for her... and therefore for me... as her godmother.”

I sheepishly nod, my nose rubbing the smooth latex.

“You have trouble performing for her... in the bedroom. Maintaining an erection seems to be difficult for you... and should not be... at your age.”

What am I to say?

More ruffling, the Boss Lady taking her time, my tedious stance of no concern to her.

“Seems you drink... too much and too often.”

The subject matter disturbs. But the twinges begin. The Boss Lady’s stern demeanor once again a source of odd arousal.

Minutes pass, the many spreadsheets reviewed.

“Are you bulging for me, Mortimer? I recall months ago your initial corner time seemed to excite you. You can become erect for me... but not for Edie... so much wanting a child. And it seems you meekly discharge without penetration. She says there are times when you adequately please her with your tongue. But of course those are fleeting moments of pleasure compared to the joy of motherhood.”

I nod again, permission to speak not granted.

“Perhaps you’d be more comfortable unzipping for me. By now I’m sure you’re fully erect and it must be quite uncomfortable.”

“I... I’d...”

“Don’t speak, Mortimer. Obey,” her words direct but uttered so casually.

I reach about and comply, berating myself. Little Mortimer is indeed fully engorged. As he fights to fully pop from my slacks, my fingers work to arrange such that he stays within. The Boss Lady seems to understand my attempt at redirecting my stiffness.

“Return your hands to your back, Mortimer. If your erection becomes exposed so be it. I think you’d enjoy it. Enjoy your sober moments when your manhood can perform for a woman.”

I withdraw from my attempt and indeed a swollen little Mortimer defies me, spearing past my open zipper, just about touching the wall.

“I’m going to ask my secretary to step in, Mortimer. Then if you’d like you may turn around and face us. Your choice.”

The Boss Lady’s secretary! A minx. A cocktease. Stunning but aloof to the male gender, not a guy in the office has not flirted with her... and to my knowledge there have been no results.

My heart pounds. I can feel my circulation pulsating. Worse, little Mortimer throbs!

“Abbie, step in please. I have something I want you to see.”

Have I Been Fired?

The drive home is going quickly. No rush hour traffic... because it's not rush hour.

Have I been fired?

The Boss Lady termed it a sabbatical... to begin by cleaning out my desk and departing the company premises in midafternoon. That a return to full employment would require completing therapy... as wife Edie alluded to after her Saturday phone conversation.

But that was all explained after secretary Abbie entered the office and stifled a youthful giggle in seeing an adult male standing in the corner as would a recalcitrant boy.

I note my hands remain shaking as a result of the encounter...

'Mr. Burgess has been a naughty boy, Abbie. I am punishing him.'

'He's close to the wall Martina... but can't he get closer?' her tone playfully mischievous.

'That might be difficult for him. You see males with his psychological make up respond quite curiously to feminine authority. In a way he celebrates his submission. Would you like to turn around and face us, Mortimer? Show Abbie how you celebrate... and how much you celebrate ceding to a firm woman? You may speak.'

I could not find words. And I declined to show myself of course. The Boss Lady wheedled and cajoled.... and little Mortimer seemed to stiffen and stiffen, the threat of exposure decadently thrilling. But I could not bring myself to turn.

Finally after a time, seeing me quake in fear and concern, mercifully the subject matter changed.

'Abbie, Mr. Burgess will be taking a leave of absence from the company. Arrange with payroll to switch his compensation to sick pay and have sent to his wife's bank account. I will have her call you with the details. And tell HR I'll need a new Sales Administrator.'

Gratefully, secretary Abbie departed. But then the Boss Lady arose from her desk and approached. Standing so close that I felt her breath on the back of my neck, I closed my eyes in shame. I'm sure she peered around my shoulders to see the plumped tip of little Mortimer threatening her office wall.

'I'm sending you to a place where women of authority have quite a bit of experience in handling men like you. You'll learn to enjoy it. And Edie will soon be with child. I owe her mother my best efforts. She was a close friend.... a very close friend. For you, Mortimer, lots of fresh air, sunshine... and fatherhood. You have a fine penis. It stands so nicely for me... and you'll learn to have it stand for others... particularly Edie of course. It will be put to good use.'

To Travel

Edie remains reticent concerning the details of my sabbatical and therapy. I am home, at first lounging about. Then Edie begins assigning tasks, explaining that since she is now the household breadwinner I will need to step to the plate with regard to laundry, cooking and cleaning. Of course there is yard work as well and with time on my hands Edie wants the place really neat.

No paycheck, sick pay goes to Edie's account and I must assume by design my funds become depleted. Which means no money for Scotch or other alcohol. And though I don't know much about her inheritance I must conclude it is of size as she does not skimp on anything else.

It is only I who is impoverished. And with the paucity of funds I begin to dry out, as intended.

Days pass and Edie's baby making plan seems to be on hold. I conclude it's the ovulation thing, the timing not right. And she keeps me chaste, humorously suggesting she wants my balls juicy and fully loaded.

One evening she calls me into the bathroom. She announces she wants me shaved. And I concur, thinking that a guy is more apt to be the recipient of a blow job when things are a little more tidy down there. But as the hair removal progressed, Edie went well beyond my pubes, keeping the procedure airy and light, giggling away as my legs chest and back were made glabrous.

Then it came time. Sudden, without notice, upon arriving home from a brief trip to the store for sun tan lotion, I found a cab wanting in front of our house, Edie exiting and locking the front door and carrying a very light over the shoulder bag.

"Therapy time, Mort. Get in the cab. No discussion."

"I'll need to pack... and change. I'm in my work clothes," having earlier cut the lawn.

"You won't need anything. But do bring the sun tan lotion."

So began my sojourn. To where? There was only one way I was to learn.

A Flight to the Caribbean

“I really need a drink, Edie.”

“You’ll not have one. And though the cabin has no corners for you to stand and face, I’ll think of some other form of discipline if you ask again.”

Edie looks into my shocked face and smiles, her hand going to my crotch and smoothing over the zipper of my slacks. And I should not be shocked. I have long surmised that her mother-daughter talks with the Boss Lady have included details of how Sales Manager Martina Carruthers encourages high work standards.

“Yes, Mort, I know about corner time. And I know of your demented reaction to feminine authority. Curious you can get so stiff. But for me... when I need... well... nothing functions.... and you know what I want.”

“Yes. A child. I’m a disappointment.”

“But you’re not impotent, Mort. You just need the guidance of a strong woman... and the sick thrill it brings you. And you shall have it.”

Though Edie has been more and more stern over the past few weeks... daily directives concerning dozens of household chores... denying all inebriating elixir... I don’t see her becoming a martinet. She’s not the Boss Lady.

“You now see that as your role?”

“Oh no. I’m going to be a tender and caring mother. I’ll be ovulating next week. And you’re going to give up your seed for me... and I don’t mean by dribbling over my thighs and cunny.”

I look about. Chagrined over the libidinous and embarrassing conversation, elements of which I cannot deny, I note most of the nearby fellow passengers are wearing headphones. Our exchange goes unheard.

“Want to unzip for me, Mort? You usurped the opportunity to expose yourself... to Martina... and her secretary.”

My thoughts broil. Indeed, having been dried out and denied carnal relations since my sabbatical began, I do feel urges. But the crass suggestion shocks anew... as does learning that wife Edie knows of the office antics with specificity. In my inner mind I can hear the youthful mocking voice of secretary Abbie suggesting that I move closer to the wall.

Was she aware I was erect, throbbing penis pressed well out of my slacks? Edie has been made aware. And her fingers toy and toy, bringing the telltale bulge which precipitated my so termed sabbatical. As always, she is skilled with her hands.

“Where are you taking me, Edie?” deciding to change the subject matter before little Mort demands emancipation. “I know the flight lands in the Netherlands Antilles. But then where?”

“A special place where I think you will find happiness. An hour boat ride to a little island where Martina has suggested your needs will be nurtured and fed. And I think you’ll find purpose. It seems that has been what is lacking in your life.”

Purpose. I think of the drudgery of assembling spreadsheet after spreadsheet. Yes, there must be more purpose in life than pushing about numbers.

Telling Indications

So we land in the Netherlands Antilles. The weather is perfect as expected. The sunshine and warm breezes momentarily take my mind off my concerns. But in arranging a cab, the driver politely inquires about our luggage. Wife Edie explains there is none.

“This is it,” presenting the light bag slung over her shoulder.

There comes a perplexed look which transforms to a knowing smile as she gives instructions.

“We’re going to Indiening Island. Do you know the way to the dock?”

“Yes, ma’am,” the driver’s tone and manner becoming more respectful.

So a clue as to our destination, that it is an island, and it’s named ‘Indiening’.

Into the cab, a five to ten minute ride, the driver stops in a small dusty parking area before a dock of limited size. He’s paid and I exit the car to see a motor boat, sleek and of modest size, the small cabin suggesting it’s function is for journeys of short duration.

“Ms. Burgess?” a smartly attired woman of color calls out from the cockpit.

“Yes, we’re here.”

“I’m Captain Morena. I’ll be taking you to the island. You’re my only passenger so we can leave... as soon your donor is made presentable.”

“My donor is my husband.”

“Then he will easily obey and submit to you.”

I hear laughter, the cab remaining idling, the driver seeming to deliberately linger, windows open.

Edie opens the bag, pulling out the bottle of sun tan lotion.

“You’ll need to leave your clothing here, Mort. It’s the island protocol.”

I’m aghast. I refuse, my sputtering words bringing more laughter from the driver a few feet away..

“No Edie. What’s this about?”

“The beginning of your therapy.”

Edie becomes silent as I spew more words of protest. In focusing on her face, her look of determination is apparent, I fail to notice that the boat’s captain steps up onto the dock, a satchel in her hand. I glance to see she is of size, shoulders broad.

“I hope his clothing is not too expensive. We so often have to cut away with the belligerent ones.”

“No, I had him doing yard work before we departed.”

“We’ll make it quick.”

I turn to face the woman, not sure of her intentions, but prepared to physically resist, despite her imposing size. Her hand reaches into the satchel. A spray bottle appears. Before I can blink her right hand rises, a finger presses and there comes a spritz of clear liquid directed at my nose.

“You’re going to be a good boy for Morena... a naked good boy.”

My legs give out, knees slowly buckling as I fight to remain upright.

“Grab his head,” the Captain instructs wife Edie. “He’ll remain conscious. It’s a powerful and quickly dissipating muscle relaxer.”

Edie quickly steps forth to cradle my head, preventing self-injury as all mobility ceases and I slump to the dusty clay. Meanwhile the hand continues to work, the spray bottle disappears and from the satchel comes a box cutter, the sharp blade glinting in the sunlight. Hooked into the collar of my shirt, the hand swiftly draws downward, slicing neck to stomach. Then come the

sleeves. My belt is cut, snapping away despite its thickness, the woman powerful. But also experienced in stripping a man. Slacks next, underwear and my clothing is shredded and pulled away. In no more than two minutes and I am nude yet have not a scratch on my exposed flesh.

“You’ve done this before,” my wife insouciantly observes.

“Male pride. It must be countered quickly and convincingly. If you lather him up. I’ll carry him to the boat. He’ll be fine by the time we leave the harbor.”

I’m positioned supine, both embarrassed and awkwardly thrilled to feel my wife’s fine hands coating my nakedness with lotion... everywhere and I mean everywhere... male package given special attention. Strangely I am relieved when I’m rolled over. For despite the muscle relaxer, little Mort finds joy, the touch received as sensuous despite the circumstances.

“Nicely shaved. And he swells easily,” Captain Morena notes with a chuckles

“I’ve kept him chaste.”

“Well... he will enjoy the island. They all resist... initially. Then the handlers do their thing. He’ll soon be producing... with eagerness”

“I hope so.”

Coated, the woman of size and strength stoops, gathering me in her thick arms. Some muscle function begins to return. But she lifts and more carries me than I walk... to the dock... to the boat... to the sound of laughter... the show greatly amusing the cabdriver... my shredded clothing remaining piled in the parking area.

The Boat Ride

“Edie, I don’t want to do this.”

I kneel naked at my wife’s feet, speaking over the steady roar of the boat’s engines. Despite my words of reluctance, I meekly look up, my so termed ‘male pride’ shattered. Between her thighs, the view distracts my ongoing thoughts of concern.

While more fully recovering from the debilitating spray, from her over the shoulder bag, Edie pulled garb I have not before seen her wear. Baring herself she changed into flimsy and sheer covering which seems more of a nightie than attire to be worn outside the bedroom. As she politely smiles, seeming to cast aside my words as one would ignore a blubbing child, she further parts her thighs to reveal the pink flesh of her well-trimmed mons, the folds inviting.

Such attracts... and she knows... aware of my burgeoning hormone levels. She extends her arms, once again cradling my head, now not for protection but expressing a maternal affection.

“You will do this,” her tone even but firm. “It’s therapy, Mort. You will become a more useful man. And I will become a mother. And if all goes well, you’ll be back working under Martina’s strict supervision soon... probably reveling even more when directed to stand in the corner of her office. You’ll harden for her... and feel even more thrill when she suggests you unzip for her. Hope that she calls in her secretary.”

In denial I shake my head.

“Yes, Mort, the inner conflict will end. There will be acceptance of your status as a submissive male. The drinking will become superfluous, no further need to drown your thoughts, cloak your sick desires. And the next time you’re exposed and invited to turn from Martina’s office wall, you will do it. Feed your need... for feminine guidance... to debase yourself... cede to feminine authority... to revel in the intensity of the humiliation.”

Her right hand slips away, going between her thighs, fingers first grazing over her portal then slipping between finely proportioned labia. Such wriggle about then return, going to my face, coating my nose and upper lip with her essence, the fragrance divine.

Little Mort, remaining swelled by the excitement of Captain Modena’s gruff handling and wife Edie’s soothing lotioned fingers, further stiffens as I deeply inhale the fine aroma.

“I can do it, Edie. Without the therapy. I’m not drinking... haven’t had a drink in nearly two weeks. I can perform.”

“And that will continue... and you will perform... just as the island handlers will make you perform.”

“Make me?”

“It’s for the best. And you will capitulate... and enjoy your capitulation.”

“You seem to know things... about this place... this Indiening Island.”

“Yes, Mort. Starting by learning the Dutch word ‘Indiening’. The island was first settled by the Dutch hundreds of years ago... and it means ‘submission’.”

“And you learned of it...”

“From Martina Carruthers. She spent a few years early on.... as a handler.”

A handler! Those who do their thing and make a man produce.

“We’re nearing the dock,” Captain Morena interrupts. “I’ll need to dress him. On Indiening, we have rules and protocols for males... intact males.”

Wife Edie releases my head as the engines throttle back and the boat slows. When I turn to look at the woman who quickly subdued me and facilely stripped me naked, there comes more

surprise. Captain Morena has removed her slacks, her muscled form fully displayed from the waist down.

She notes my glance, fully turning to me, letting my eyes feast. The thighs are smooth, the mocha flesh with athletic form. There is more surprise in noting the meaty folds of her dark brown labia majora yield to lengthy strips of pink flesh, her inner labia dangling seemingly in invitation. She smiles, a hand lowering to palm and present her long lips.

“You’ll have all of this you want on Indiening... to sniff, taste and suckle. And as you can see the many donors and many years have brought prominence.”

I gawk, hearing my wife chuckle as the giantess turns to guide the boat for docking, her massive well shaped buttocks prominent as well.

Dressed

There comes disappointment in being 'dressed'. Thinking some form of clothing would be returned, instead I was made to stand and have my thumbs encircled in what is best described as hose clamps with ringlets. A simple vinyl strip, a large cable tie, was placed about waist and moderately tightened. Then smaller cable ties secured my thumbs to the waist band. Simple, cheap and effective, I have no use of my hands and arms.

"Boys tend to play with themselves.... but not here on Indiening."

Indeed as I test my new bindings, I can somewhat slip my hands about along the waist strip, thus alleviating cramping and enabling some arm movement, but for sure I cannot touch myself.

I hear wife Edie laughing in seeing my attempt to escape the bondage.

"Mort, the women here have many years' experience in handling men. You no longer need use of your hands, for masturbating... or anything else. Accept it. Obey and you'll be well taken care of."

Again Edie seems to have knowledge, first expressing no objection and no surprise in having my clothes cut away... and now being placed in bondage.

"We'll need him erect.... and leashed. It'd sort of a ritual on Indiening. After he's capped... well... he'll have more run of the place. Perhaps you'd like the privilege."

Captain Morena produces a pink silk length of rope, a loop of soft cloth at one end.

"Well, I'll get him hard. He responds nicely to my touch."

I do indeed, Edie's hand work exquisite.

"But it's best that you put him on the leash. I'm not into..."

"That's fine," Captain Morena gesturing with her hand, seeming to invite little Mort to fully stand.

"Edie I can't... walk around... like..."

"Oh but you will," the Captain interjects. "The donors spend much of their waking hours nicely erect. You'll see. We'll keep you virile, hard and eager to please."

The words come as Edie gathers some excess sun tan lotion from my buttocks, lubricates her hand and reaches about. She begins stroking... divinely stroking as her left hand slips between my thighs and deftly begins massaging my perineum. Facing a smiling and seminude woman of authority, the stimuli instantly brings little Mort to full blossom despite the emotional stress.

"Good boy," the Captain coos as Edie knows to retract her hand before I erupt.

Leash in hand, the surprises continue as her hands and fingers work to expertly loop the cloth end about my scrotum. She ties off loosely. I am wont to give thanks as the leash is handed to Edie and my captor gracefully steps over the gunnel onto the wooden dock, her long lips obscenely flopping about.

"Your therapy begins, Mort," Edie joining then turning to tug the leash.

I follow of course, testicles in peril, carefully straddling and climbing with hands encumbered.

"Welcome to Indiening," Captain Morena wickedly cackles as my bare feet find the planking of the dock.

My Handler

“Well what have we here? A new donor, nicely tethered, leashed and erect.”

I blush. Having traversed the dock our small parade, led by the imposing Captain Morena, followed by wife Edie and me towed by my scrotal sac, steps onto the sandy softness of the tropical isle. With the steady breezes the temperature is moderate but the direct rays of the sun are intense and I am grateful for the coating of sun tan lotion, all parts pink exposed to the ultra violet light.

There to greet us is a youthful pretty girl, perhaps not out of her teens. Her words are gushed in mocking enthusiasm bringing heightened embarrassment.

“Mr. Burgess,” Captain Morena surprisingly formal, “this is your handler, Beth. She’ll be tending to you during your stay on Indiening.”

As the girl extends her hand, gesturing for my wife to relinquish the leash, my eyes cannot help but assess.

Like Edie, Beth wears a very similar diaphanous nightie, the loose and flowing hem ending just at the slit of a feminine portal shaven bald. The breezes cause the brief garb to flip about, her entire mons flashing constantly. I conclude the garb is useless in terms of offering any degree of modesty and thus its sole purpose is to provide a degree of protection from the sun.

A gentle tug on the leash ends my distraction.

“I’m going to take your husband. Some introductory orientation... better acclimate him to feminine control. Captain Morena will show you about the island and I’ll later return our new donor to your living abode.”

I look to my wife, my eyes beseeching, hopefully to be interpreted as ‘please don’t leave me’. And Edie responds to the silent plea.

“Be a good boy. Beth is now totally in charge of you.”

“Come, Mr. Burgess. I will talk, you will listen and you’ll get a feel for how we do things here.”

I have so many questions beginning with the reference to the term ‘donor’. But as I speak I am shushed, the rebuke coming with a sharp but relatively tolerable tug on my leashed testicles. And of course little Mort responds, seeming to point further skyward.

“You’ll be back with your wife later. When you’re not being evaluated and trained, you can be with her as long as she stays here.... unless she chooses to be with a pixie. Many girls new to the island come to relish the oral skills.”

So another term I need to better understand... ‘pixie’.

My handler leads me along a sandy path. It’s well shaded, the vegetation dense, the setting idyllic. Within a few yards I see a low building.

“We’ll need to do a full body scan. Precise measurements are needed and we’ll need a full psychological valuation and you will divulge your sexual history in detail.”

Beth stops turns and peers at little Mort.

“We’ll need you to stay hard for us.”

With that her free hand lowers to gently grasp my semi hard penis. For girl so young her touch is knowing. Perhaps I should say sublime, possibly exceeding that of wife Edie. She has before handled a man’s erection and within moments firmness is restored.

“Good boy. Once we get you patched, capped and hooked you’ll better show off for me.”

As Beth turns to resume our journey a man strolls from a path to her left. He seems fidgety and I find myself gawking. He is naked, trussed just as I am, no use of his hands. His scrotal sac

hangs notably low, nesting gonads of inordinate size. About his neck a collar appearing to be a prosthetic device forces high his chin. His displays a full erection. But what disturbs is in place of a fleshy penis tip instead his standing shaft bears a hemispherical dome of metal.

“Miss Beth,” he calls out.

“Ed, where’s your handler?”

“I don’t know. She may have gone for a swim. And I really need to go. Please help me.”

Beth looks to me, smiling at my expression of shock.

“The donors here are under strict feminine supervision... as you will learn. Even urinating must be done with a handler’s guidance.”

She wriggles her finger in a gesture of ‘come hither’ then lowers her hand. The Ed character approaches, pressing his erection into her palm. It is then that I note the metal cap has a small protuberance at what would be the urethral opening. Beth deftly twists and pulls from the capped penis a short cylinder.

“Turn,” tossing my leash over my shoulder. “Stay Mr. Burgess. Be obedient.”

Ed complies. It is then that I note a strip of tubular metal attached at the back of the neck collar runs vertically down his spine and within his gluteal cleft. Attached to the tube just below the neck is a rubber bulb. By rote Ed parts his legs. In what appears to be a well-practiced maneuver, Beth’s left hand slips between his thighs, her right arm reaching about his hip to grasp the full stiffness.

Beth turns to look at me.

“He’ll not relieve himself until I give permission. Plus I am pressing my fingers against his urethra at the perineum. We train the donors to empty themselves while fully erect. You’ll soon be learning this Mr. Burgess. Everything... the most intimate bodily functions... come under a woman’s control on Indiening.”

Beth turns back her attention to the Ed character.

“You may empty yourself now. Quickly... a nice steady stream for me.”

I must assume her pressing fingers retract, for there comes a burst, the stream of excretion aimed by Beth’s controlling right hand into the shrubbery next to the path.

“Good boy,” the tone that of a mother potty training a child.

Deed completed the short cylinder is carefully reinserted and twisted to hold in place. Not before noticed, eyes focused on Beth’s guiding hands, on the right buttock there is adhered a patch of cloth.

“A little more pressure? A squeeze or two?” Beth reaching to the rubber bulb at the back of the neck.

“Please no, Miss Beth. I can stay erect for you.”

“Good. Go back to the pasture where you belong.”

Beth steps to me as a less fidgety Ed strolls away my eyes glued to the strip of metal.

“An anal hook,” she explains taking the leash from over my shoulder. “It ends well within his rectum with an inflatable plug attached. Helps keep our boys nice a stiff for us... that and the tension of the neck collar and the sildenafil citrate skin patch. The regimen keeps the male reproductive system nicely primed... spurs the production of semen. Ed will be giving us a nice thick donation in a day or two.”

I’m appalled. Given permission to speak I could not find words. Yet two of my questions has been answered... what is to be donated....and what it is to be ‘patched, capped and hooked’.

Back with Wife Edie

"I can't stay here, Edie. This place is bizarre."

"I think it's beautiful. And you'll learn to enjoy it. Think about how hard you were walking about at the end of a leash controlled by a pretty young girl."

"It's sick."

"You may say that. But little Mort suggests you enjoy the affliction. Tell me how the rest of the afternoon went."

Edie sits on the bed of the small but comfortable guest cottage, her knees parted in near nakedness, the flimsy nighty veiling little of her feminine charms. I kneel, bent at the waist, head between her thighs, relishing the scent of her sex as she holds my head for support, arms and hands remaining restrained.

I download, telling of the unassuming building equipped as a small hospital. The full body scan, my penis carefully measured. Then more than an hour under psychological examination, the woman, Dr. Susan, probing, seeming to know when I prevaricated in response to her provocative questions. A detailed sexual history seemingly torn from me.

"They're going to do modifications, Edie. Please don't let them."

"There, there Mort, it's for the best. You're off the sauce... you're going to enter a new phase in your life. You'll be useful here... have purpose. And my time is coming tomorrow. You're going to father a child."

"Yes, I'd like that. To make you happy."

"Oh you will. And you'll be making all women happy. A nice meek subservient sperm donor. It was explained to you."

"Yes, with the fertility of the entire male population declining, the demand for sperm makes for a lucrative business. This place is one huge sperm bank."

"Yes, and you be making many deposits," Edie smiling wickedly.

"But why... why like this. I came across one of the other donors, Edie. They... they keep him constantly erect. With physical implements and something termed sildenafil citrate."

"Yes, delightful isn't it. You'll be displaying an angry little Mort at all times. Sildenafil citrate is Viagra, Mort. You'll be erect, exposed and vulnerable at all times. Between the ears," Edie tapping my head, "you'll be acclimated... become more obedient and more willing to serve every day. You'll focus on pleasing... not yourself... but the guiding women who want you to produce for them. You'll not have a care in the world. All provided for you. You're to be a prized bull, Mort... a bull stud."

Edie reaches down to grasp little Mort, semi engorged in gazing at her near nakedness, sniffing her fine fragrance. As always her touch is wondrous, bringing forth a full stand within moments.

"They're going to put him in metal... at least the tip. It's cruel. They showed me a sample... they call it a penis cap. They're fabricating one which will precisely fit over the tip of little Mort."

"It's for control, Mort... total feminine control... over you... over your libido."

"I won't be feeling much... you know... where a guy likes to feel..."

"Yes. That will augment your production.... constantly sensing the need to spend for them and striving to attain the ecstatic male pleasure that will be denied. Delightfully frustrated.. your sperm count more readily restoring after each sample is extracted. They're experts here, Mort. Many years of experimenting... with the physical regimen... the food... imbuing the

psychological need to produce for authoritative women.”

“For how long?”

Edie shrugs.

“They’ll be monitoring your output. Your sperm count. They’ll know when. Did they inject you?”

“Yes.”

“How did it feel? Besides the needle jab.”

“Well... it was a lot... and things got really warm... down there.”

“Your scrotum will stretch to accommodate. It’s a special concoction, the result of years of research here. It will ripen your balls, make them big and expand your sac... so you’ll feel nice and full... both physically and psychologically eager to discharge what will become larger and more prolific semen samples.”

I recall the prominence of donor Ed’s male package, his massive testicles. My concern grows.

“Discharging... for weeks, months, years?”

Edie shrugs again.

“When it’s time you can come home to your wife and child... or stay here... as a pixie.”

“Just what is that? A pixie?”

“Former males used to rut the donors and women clients.”

“Women clients?”

“They do in vitro fertilization here. Not all the sperm samples are frozen, shipped out and sold. Women in need of having a baby come here,” wife Edie again evidencing that her long talks with Boss Lady Martina have been informative concerning Indiening Island.

“Former males?”

“Orchidectomy, Mort. It’s a simple procedure. It can be made quickly. And thereafter the aptitude for oral servitude burgeons wonderfully... so I’ve been told... and so I’ve learned. I had an interesting afternoon as well.”

With a pixie? Fearing the answer, I don’t ask.

Being Fucked

I lie staring at the ceiling of the modest guest cabin, grateful that there comes a glimmer of dawn sunlight. After a tumultuous first day on Indiening Island, I thought I would sleep peacefully, beautiful wife at my side. But my thumbs remain restrained to the vinyl waist band. Yes, there was no emancipation from the curious bondage even for dinner, wife Edie spoon feeding me like a toddler.

So I had to sleep supine, no rolling about from side to side, no possibility of lying prostrate. Thus I find a degree of glee in that a knowing right hand cupped my scrotum early into slumber, gently squeezing my jewels, and has remained there throughout the night. Edie's touch is reassuring... bold and assertive, yes. Yet it is welcomed after a stressful day... learning of donors being patched, capped and hooked... and so termed pixies... former males who have chosen to extend their stay on the island.

So little Mort celebrates. Despite my inability to touch and feel, I know he is rock hard. In a way also gratefully greeting the new day.

I sense that my penis is akin to a condemned prisoner, putting aside the ultimate fate and reveling with thoughts of a fine last meal.

"You're nicely erect for me Mort... and sober," wife Edie notes in stirring. "And today's the day. The calendar has not before let me down... but you have..." her words disdainful.

"We can end this, Edie. I will perform for you... and we can go home, our child gestating."

"Oh, you will perform. And I will go home, baby in the oven. But you will stay and learn your place... be properly conditioned."

In the gloaming, Edie slips from my side, arising. I catch a glimpse, eyes straining as she bares herself, the flimsy nightie easily pulled over her head. Her loveliness brings a gasp of adoration... such fine shapeliness... and remorse in having so often been drunk as she has reached to me for husbandly affection and I time and again failed her. My visual worship quickly ends as she leans, arm extending to my face using the sheer garb to blind me, hands useless to repel.

"I want you to concentrate in feeling me, Mort... so many months being numbed by alcohol. Revel in my warm, smooth and wet tightness... that which you denied yourself... just as you've been denying me of your husbandly duties."

Hands work, rolling me to shove a pillow under my buttocks, a little Mort no doubt searching for the ceiling. Then come her fingers, so knowing. And as I well suspected, little Mort is rock hard and ready, weeks of sobriety, denial and the island protocol prompting the quirky tumescence first encountered in the office of the Boss Lady.

The tip of a finger swirls about. I must assume my slick pre ejaculatory fluid is abundant and is used to lubricate. Then the mattress compresses and I feel the sublime warmth of my wife. She mounts, riding me cowgirl style as she always insists... no objection before as I languished in a stupor... no objection now as I must helplessly lie and succumb to her concupiscence.

She guides little Mort into her quim, her sheath indeed warm, smooth and wet... the tightness indicative of my carnal neglect.

And then she begins. I become an object... a living dildo... from which she takes her pleasure. I no longer give. It does not matter what I have to offer. There is no need to offer. She is in control, riding me like a bronco. My tethered body becomes a wild beast which she will tame... break... bring into capitulation... bring into submission. Up, down, squeeze... up down squeeze... I sense her building exhilaration as her thighs and hips work. It pleases. And little Mort soaks in the joy... lustfully consuming his last meal.

Finally I feel fingers painfully pinch my right nipple. Her kegel muscles become a vice, clenching with zeal, little Mort sucked into her womb. As I squeal there comes a slap to my face, and a command...

“Come for me!”

Little Mort obeys... emitting a spurt... then another... then a meek third.

“Good boy. Now wallow in the afterglow. You’ve finally ejaculated like a man... and it’s your last.”

Back to Being Handled

Beth enters the cottage... no knock, no notice. It seems the handlers of the island reign.

“Did he perform for you?” the voice youthful, the question blunt.

“Finally.”

The exchange suggests shared knowledge of my marital failings, which coincides with yesterday afternoon’s deep and forthright probing of my psychological make up and sexual preferences. Nothing is secret.

“Well you relax. I’ll have a pixie sent in with breakfast and he’ll bathe you... and clean wherever you desire,” the latter words coming with an evil grin. “I’ll take him to the dorm... best that he begin to learn the island routines,” no words of greeting for me.

Remaining blinded I feel fingers working about my pubes, quickly realizing it is the return of the testicle leash.

“I’ll need to stop in the bathroom,” my tone more of a statement than a request.

“I’ll decide that,” the voice plainly proclaims, the soft words belying her assertiveness.

“Typical, the male gets a little arrogant after spurting his sludge,” Beth explains to my wife.

“Does he realize that will change?”

“Oh yes. I’m sure he spent a restless night thinking about being capped. So he knows that was his last.”

“What if it didn’t... you know... take,” my tone desperate in attempting to forestall little Mort’s captivity.

“Quiet. And don’t you worry about that, Mortimer. You’ll be offering lots of sperm samples for your handler. I can return and be artificially inseminated... or have some sent home.”

The blinding nightie is slipped away. Beth tugs on the leash and I rise awkwardly, no use of my hands, then again adore my wife’s fine nakedness as he slips the flimsy garb over her head, veiling breasts of size and firmness. Our child will be well nourished, I stupidly conclude as another tug diverts my attention.

“I’ll bring him back later.”

“Don’t bother, Beth. Keep him wherever... with the others donors,” Edie nonchalant with her words. “I think I’ll have a pixie with me for the rest of my stay. Amazingly nimble with their tongues.”

Learning the Morning Ritual

Firm controlling tugs on my testicle leash draw me from the cabin into the bright tropical morning sun.

“Protocol, Mr. Burgess, I need you hard.”

I am to be silent, but I need to explain... though she knows well... that little Mort exploded deeply into my wife’s warm tightness less than an hour before, expelling two weeks or more of pent up essence. That he is at rest.

Yet, once again the girl shows her knowledge of the male anatomy, gesturing for me to part my feet as her free left hand slips between my thighs, under my tethered scrotum and begins massaging my perineum, the fingers of the right pressing at my abdomen.

“A nice full bladder should help. We know all about piss proud penises.”

Sure enough, a worn little Mort slowly firms, untouched! The swelling I am sure is abetted by the humiliation of being handled by girl half a generation my junior.

“Once your anal hook is crafted and you’re patched this will be more spontaneous for me. Donors are to be hard for their handlers, Mr. Burgess. Be respectful... and obedient.”

More embarrassment as Beth steps back and watches intently, little Mort achieving half-mast.

“Perhaps a little more stimulation,” the leash hand drawing down as she indicates I should kneel.

I comply and she steps forth, raising the hem of her diaphanous nightie to display in full her finely shaven mons.

“Lick and sniff... be like a good doggie for me.”

So tempting. I find myself tugging against my restraints, desiring to grasp her hips, draw her to me and devour. Yet her hands go to my head, grasping my ears to steady me, permitting an evanescent teasing lick and to have my nostrils fill with her fragrance.

“We don’t douche here... so you’ll find all the handlers to be quite redolent. Any feminine hygiene is by way of the pixies... tongues specially strengthened, stretched and trained to please.”

I try my best for more... to plunge, to gather, to please. Yet the hands control, a formidable grip on my ears, and within moments Beth steps back to survey little Mort’s progress.

“Yes, a good doggie. Fully erect for me.”

I am chagrined to think that, manhood untouched, I hardened for her... just as I became erect in the Boss Lady’s office with the thought of ceding to feminine supervision.

Another tug brings me to my feet. She leads, I follow, the hem teasingly flipping about, drawing my eyes to buttocks likewise deserving of male attention.

I can’t help thinking of the seed she plants... of pixies... both orally pleasing... and cleansing... and the enhanced level of arousal such deviance achieves.

Deemed stiff, our journey begins, to the so termed dorm. The walk is brief. As we approach another low unassuming building. I see a line of naked men departing the building. A handler leads, now known to me by the revealing attire, and two dogs follow.

“The donors,” Beth explains, “they’ve been bathed, cleansed, fed, injected, patched, hooked and are now ready for pasture time. It’s an easy life for them, idling about as their glands produce semen.”

My gaze notes each holds high their head, neck collars in place, a vertical metal tube running down the spine, all trussed as am I, and all undoubtedly patched, capped and hooked as

the Ed character from yesterday's encounter.

As we reach the entrance door, the group disappears along a densely lined path of greenery. Beth pulls open and leads within.

"You're assigned booth 14. When the leash is no longer required, you'll enter and go directly to your booth. No talking. There's plenty of time to cavort with your fellow donors while grazing. And I must warn you... that's all you will do... no touching. Some of the donors become... well... somewhat homophilic in being denied a... ah... let's term it a vanilla relationship with the opposite gender. Such is not permitted."

To booth 14, it appears to be more of a stall for a barnyard animal than a man. Completely open at the front, there are three windowless wooden walls with hooks where hang much paraphernalia, hoses included. Centered in the concrete floor is a drain. On the left wall a spigot. A low, well-padded bench rests, covered in vinyl, two lengths of parallel wood protruding from the bottom and extending to the left and right of the drain.

"You will sleep here, be fed, bathed and milked according to the cycle the medical staff determines. Every male is a little different and by measuring your effluent, within weeks you'll be producing for me like the finest of dairy cows. And if you think we can't make you do that... think again. Most importantly... as you adapt and acclimate... you will want to produce for me. It's a bonding thing," pulling at my leash such that I stand at the drain, the bench within inches.

"Down, tummy on the padding, thighs well spread, knees placed outside the planks."

I comply, noting that at the head end of the bench there rests a semicircular length of smooth stainless steel. Handler Beth steps to my front, lifts the hinged metal and presses to the back of my neck. The sound of a click suggests the bench and I have become one. Though relatively comfortable, I am reminded of the wooden stocks used to punish in Puritan times.

She returns behind me. The testicle leash is removed.

"When the dogs bring you in after a day in pasture, you will obediently assume this position and wait to be secured in place. Knees well parted by the boards, we like to see a man's balls freely hanging. It will make you feel quite vulnerable to me and the other handlers... and that's important... the sense that your most precious and sensitive organs are subject to feminine caprice. In time you will feel these are more mine than yours... with which to play... to massage."

I feel hands palm and smooth over the thin pink flesh of my scrotum. It thrills. But then comes a slight squeeze. It is a message... vulnerable indeed!

"And to torment... for bad boys."

"And now you may urinate for me. Wait for my command... and remain stiff."

I feel her kindly hand grasp little Mort. But though the need is dire, the combined touch and deep humiliation distracts. I cannot summon a flow.

"Concentrate. Don't let the embarrassment overwhelm. You'll be doing many intimate things for me. I'm going to get to know you... you and your body... very well. This is all you have now, Mr. Burgess. Your entire life is now to please your handler... the woman in control. And deep within that appeals to you... it entices you... and in feeling your stiffness... I would say it arouses you."

As my handler speaks, the fingers of her left hand smooth over my perineum, pressing at the urethra, taking control just as she did with the Ed character. Meanwhile I do concentrate, pressing the various muscles needed to empty myself.

It is difficult. I close my eyes in shame, thinking of wife Edie, so insouciantly fucking me, then sending me on my way... in the hands of this aloof woman of authority... suggesting I need not return.

“Ok, I can feel you pressing. When I count to three, I will release my fingers. You will burst for me. You know I like directing a man’s penis... and you want me to do that... to enjoy my power over you.”

I pause. Things now reverse. I am sure I can oblige... but the fingers stay. There can be no flow as the young handler demonstrates what life will become under her tutelage.

There is no reason for this... to be so intimately handled... other than that she can do it... and wants me to not only accept her direction but attain a degree of perverse joy in ceding to her.

“One... two...” more pause, more mental turmoil... “three.”

The fingers release. I surprise myself as a fully erect little Mort succumbs to her desires, my flow splattering to the drain as handler Beth amuses herself, bending my stiffness right and left in wetting the floor.

The flow ebbs. Mental and emotional stress yes... but the physical relief is welcomed. My entire form is a blushing pink I am sure. But oddly, as my handler is somehow fully aware, there is a sense of achievement... and an ennui... that sensed after achieving a great accomplishment

“You see how much you want to respond to me, Mr. Burgess. Such fun for the submissive male to please a supervising woman, cede to her guiding hand. Such desire will transcend to everything you do for me.

“Now I’m going to brush your teeth, internally cleanse and then I will shave, bathe, feed and offer another injection. You’ll be pampered here. Then perhaps a visit to the pasture. But I can’t let you frolic with the others until you’re capped. Indiening rules.”

To the Pasture

“How do you feel Mr. Burgess? You may speak.”

Oddly, I feel most complacent and relaxed, despite once again being led about the island paradise by my balls.

Should I be truthful? That despite the emotional stress... placed under the strict and exacting tutelage of a young girl... losing my wife's affection to a so termed pixie... my manhood threatened with some strange modification... that my will to mentally resist is dissolving.

Is acceptance coming?

I've been shaved, my entire body subjected to a straight edged razor swathed about by a teen. And it came while enduring a slow enema... my bowels filling and filling. More humiliation as in response to my pleas and irrepressible groans, my cute handler merely cooed encouraging words... kindly but firmly explaining that I would need to take what she dished out... reminding of her absolute supervision.

‘You’ll expel for me in a moment. Then your daily testicle injection will make you feel nice and warm... where a man likes to feel nice things.’

I look down to see little Mort obediently standing for her as we negotiate the soft sandy path to what is called the pasture, his stiffness abetted by the cloth patch adhered to my right buttock... suffused with sildenafil citrate. The pink silk leash is gratefully slack and the loop of cloth about my scrotum rather loose... though after the massive injection the liquid filled sac somewhat challenges.

“No words for me?” handler Beth chides.

“I feel... well... okay.”

“Yes, a nice high colonic and the daily infusion does bring tranquility to a man. And I think you feel better than just okay. You’re not fighting your bondage... and it seems I rarely need to make correcting tugs on your testicle leash,” looking back at me with a smile. “You’re nicely docile... appreciating my care.”

“In away... yes... I suppose.”

“Yes, you’ll be performing for me, Mr. Burgess. You will become a good producer for me.”

“The injection... what’s in it? And why so large?”

“It’s mainly just saline which will cause your scrotum to grow. All skin stretches. We like a man to have very prominent organs here... a big set of balls to make you feel... well... like a prodigious producer of sperm. But there is also an ingredient which promotes the production of spermatozoa plus a little irritant to remind you that a woman has had her way with you. Psychologically important... ceding your balls to a woman’s dominion. I’ll bet you feel nice and warm there.”

I do... and I nod.

“See, we take care of the donors here on Indiening.”

The path leads upwards, appearing to be to a cavern curved through dense shrubbery. Finally the vegetation thins, the sunlight beams through and I am led to a fenced open field of grass probably half the size of a football field.

“The pasture, Mr. Burgess. You’ll wile away most of your days here... contented. Lots of fresh air and sunshine. Good for sperm production. And no cares... and no stress... if you’re obedient. Stress is bad for production. And if your production declines... or simply if you’d enjoy... you’ll be rutted... by a handler... or a pixie.”

More and more vernacular relating to farming... to be milked... to produce... be sent out to

pasture... to be rutted... even to be contented... ala a dairy cow.

And yes, there's a herd... the donors we encountered leaving the dorm hours ago. They congregate in a shady area at the far end of the field, arms tethered just as are mine, heads forced high by the neck collar, penises standing, those facing away from us can be seen bearing the vertical tube of metal from neck to buttocks.

"At midday, they seek some relief from the sun. The penis caps... the metal heats rapidly to unbearable temperatures bringing... causing... well... burning where you'd not want to be burned. Sometimes we'll have the dogs herd them back into the sun.... watch them dance a bit. Fun to watch... but we don't do it for long," handler Beth giggling like a school girl.

"So the dogs... they?.."

"Trained to protect and assure there's no frottaging or other unauthorized male on male physical contact. We frown on it. Rutting is by way of a handler or pixie... and totally controlled of course."

More stunning revelations. And though I have no homosexual thoughts or desires, one cannot help visually assessing the stiff erections, capped in shiny steel, enormous bloated scrotums freely flopping about, testicles the size of plums.

Handler Beth notes the intensity of my gaze.

"Yes... you have a degree of envy. It happens. But fret not, Mr. Burgess, yours will be enlarging for me... I will assure you."

Back to the Dorm

We return to the dorm. Entering the door, there comes a simple test of my obedience. Beth's leash hand releases. She turns to look at me, stepping back, arms akimbo. I know what is expected of me. But I'm in a daze, the trip to the pasture, the many donors idling about bound and erect. And of course there was my own tumescence... which continues... the sildenafil citrate patch... Beth's near nakedness... her guiding hand felt where a man feels the most. Something within rouses defiance.

I decide to speak.

"What if I don't... go to my booth? Without your controlling hand I could run off."

Beth smiles... a wicked smile.

"Well, I wouldn't bother chasing you, if that's what you're implying. But keep in mind it's an island, Mr. Burgess. And the dogs would hunt you down... quite quickly and quite easily. And then you'd be turned over to Captain Morena. She's in charge of punishment and discipline."

It comes to mind that throughout this ordeal there has been no pain meted in coercing my submission and stirring my masochism. It's been bondage, humiliation in being made vulnerable and pressed into nakedness... but no paddles, whips and canes... not even the threat thereof. No suffering... quite the opposite. Everything is designed to assure maximum sperm production.

"She likes to use the humbler, if that's what rouses your curiosity. Slow and without effect to male reproduction. So now that you've spoken without permission... and done so in the place where silence is particularly mandated... you'll be punished. Booth 14 Mr. Burgess. Now! There's time before dinner to enhance your aptitude for acquiescence to a woman's authority."

A woman's authority! Handler Beth cannot yet be out of her teen years.

Still, I ruminate on her words. It is an island. An hour boat ride to civilization... normal civilization. Too long to swim. And I think about the dogs and how readily disciplinarian Captain Morena had me succumb to her in the parking lot... the spray of muscle relaxant probably not entirely necessary in having me succumb. She is large and muscular. Escape is not to be.

I decide I'd better yield. And when I begin to move down the walkway, to better establish her control and assure my compliance to such, Beth commands that I prance on my toes.

I do, Beth calling out that the sight of a man's bobbing erection brings delight.

My First Transgression - My Last?

“You may try to rest, Mr. Burgess... physically. But even a few minutes in the humbler will keep your thoughts stirring. So focus on how simple are your needs... to keep the woman who cares for you happy... and to produce. There is nothing else... no other cares or responsibilities. All care is provided for you.”

Yes, so idyllic, I am wont to say... with my arms and hands tethered, forced into nakedness and soon to have my penis capped and a penetrating steel hook fabricated for my anus... the patch already working its pharmaceutical magic.

I lie tummy down in on my bench, leash removed, knees well parted, balls dangling as desired, head restrained by the semi-circle of metal latched over the back of my neck.

Handler Beth steps before me holding a strip wood with a hole in the middle. She loosens two wing nuts at the ends. The device proves to be two boards held together in parallel.

“The humbler. When placed behind your thighs your scrotum goes here,” fingers pressing through the opening in the center and mockingly wriggling about. “I’m not as good as Morena in adhering it in place... but then again I’m not as cruel. But you do need a demonstration, Mr. Burgess, in assuring your obedience to me. And I’m told when the island psychologist wishes to interrogate a man, she typically uses the humbler to assure her dominion is will communicated.”

Beth disappears from view stepping behind me. I feel her wondrous knowing fingers working my scrotal sac and the coolness of smooth wood at the back of my thighs. My balls becomes entrapped, being pulling away from my pubes... tight... tighter... disturbingly snug.

“There. Now you’ll find a nice firm tugging sensation on your testicles and sac, particularly if you move your feet back.”

Hands grasp my ankles and pull. I gasp. Legs drawn back, the sensation is not quick and overly painful as I imagine are forms of corporal punishment, but to have such tension on precious male anatomy is concerning.

“Morena can pull much harder than me,” Beth notes with a giggle.

She returns to my front, letting her flimsy night flip about, my eyes feasting on youthful charms. Her fingers dive under the hem, toying with her portal, slipping between the lips of her cute and hairless mons to gather feminine essence. Just as with wife Edie, she moistens her fingers then reaches to coat my nose and upper lip with her intimate fragrance. The wetness is telling. As much as my unwavering erection suggests quirky arousal, she finds sexual delight as well.

“Something for you to think about as you slowly suffer, Mr. Burgess. You will learn that obedience has its rewards. There will come a time when you’ll take great joy in sniffing more proximate... even licking. As I said, we’re going to bond.”

A New Day

I stayed the night in the dorm. Strange to have so many resting nearby and lie in complete silence. No talking... the rule is strictly adhered to by the other donors and though I heard movement, no words were spoken. And after my brief stint in the humbler I was not about to initiate conversation and endure the resulting punishment.

Wife Edie declined to see me, handler Beth explaining as I was being spoon fed that she had a long day sunning herself at one of the island's fabulous beaches and that being orally serviced throughout the day by a pixie tends to tire a girl out. She hinted that Edie was to spend the night with a subordinate face pressed to her buttocks.

She is my wife! I seethe within... but no other reaction is to be effective or shown.

Beth fondly rubbed my bare buttocks, warned me not to urinate without feminine supervision, and departed for the evening, commenting that she had a pixie of her own to attend to her.

Curious that the image of my handler being pleased by another seemed to upset me as much as envisioning one servicing my wife. Am I indeed bonding to her? Becoming a lost and lonely puppy?

So left alone, ironically, as much as I found difficulty in sleeping prone, wife Edie at my side with no ability to roll and assume a different position, resting tummy down in a kneeling position with arms tethered, neck secured, has been impossible.

My booth without windows, when the lights were dimmed it became impossible to judge the time. Denied sleep I lied for many hours. Twice someone entered from behind, flashlight in hand and silently cupped and massaged my scrotal sac, the fleshy pink presumably dangling in welcome between forcibly parted thighs. I do not think it was Beth's touch, but the fingers were knowing, both assertive and caring. And the desired message was sent and received, that on Indiening Island a man's precious organs are available at all times for inspection and play.

I do not think little Mort remained stiff throughout the night, I'm sure the effectiveness of the patch of sildenafil citrate finally running its course. But there's no way to be certain. I cannot touch myself there... cannot even rub my nose or scratch an itch.

Finally I hear more substantial motion than soft footsteps approaching from behind to fondle my testicles. The lights come on, the footsteps are louder and many. And there comes a stentorian female voice.

"New day, donors. Prepare to empty yourself for your handler."

Have I managed to withhold, as instructed? And I am not a bed wetter. But in resting so oddly, and perhaps at times passing out more than sleeping, did I relieve myself by happenstance?

"Good morning, Mr. Burgess. Sleep well?"

My heart leaps in hearing the young mellifluous voice of my handler. Why?

"Good morning, Beth. No, it's an awkward position in which to try to sleep."

"Well over the many weeks and months you'll acclimate... as with everything we do to you here. Now let's begin your enema and you'll get nice and hard and urinate for me."

Fingers go to my buttocks, first stripping away the patch then gently lubricating my rectum. Her touch brings a thrill, assertive yet tender. I try to turn my head and adore her fine seminude form as she steps to the spigot to fill the enema bag.

"The psychologist wants to see you this morning, then perhaps we'll stroll about a bit. You seem to enjoy the leash. Maybe we'll visit your wife."

A stanchion is pushed nearby, the bag hung, a well-greased nozzle inserted and I hear a hiss and feel the rubber expand deep within. The flow begins, slowly. As I learned yesterday, enemas are administered leisurely, deeply and with little compunction... groans of concern and despair ignored as the colon fills well beyond comfort level.

“Oh yes, you’re firming for me already,” one hand cupping my sac the other encircling little Mort. “You have a fine penis, Mr. Burgess. It will be capped nicely.”

“Must that happen?”

“Of course. This is Indiening Island.”

“But I can...you know... ejaculate without... you know... the metal...”

“Oh Mr. Burgess. You’ve misled yourself. Donors don’t ejaculate for us. You’re to be milked. And the penis cap is sized to perfectly adhere to the collection tube. Not a drop of semen to be wasted. You’ll see. Our procedures are very neat and effective.”

The morning joy of sensing handler Beth’s caring hands quickly fades. No ejaculation! And having been returned to sobriety over the weeks of my sabbatical, I proudly spent so strongly for wife Edie, performing my husbandly duties with vigor.

“But that’s not... well... you know... how a guy has an orgasm,” my tone meekly protesting.

“You’re not here for that. On Indiening, it is the women who have orgasms, the donors... well... they discharge.”

Beginning to bloat, the horror of continuous denial transforms to the physical anguish of having my bowels fill. As Beth’s fingers find my urethra and presses at the perineum, I begin to squirm. I hear a chuckle as always, the young girl finding delight in her dominion. She knows overall that what distress I feel is harmless... physically. And that having to once again cede to her authority leads me further down the path of submission... and the bonding thing.

I must beg for relief. And as I fill, there comes added pressure on my bladder and a great need comes there as well.

I need to explode. And I am coming to realize this morning ritual of having intimate bodily functions permitted only at my handler’s behest is part of the psychological path toward total dependency and subservience.

“Please Beth. I really need to go... and I’m full.”

“I think I will decide that. And you can endure more. We get to know our boys very well here. They can always take just a little more and please their handler. And you do want to please me, don’t you Mr. Burgess?”

“Oh yes, Ma’am.”

It dawns. I used the polite and fawning form of address ‘ma’am’ in beseeching a girl so young.

“That’s a good boy. ‘Ma’am’,” Beth seeming to gush in repeating the term, “you’re conditioning quickly for me Mr. Burgess.”

I feel the fingers withdraw from my perineum. There comes another hiss as the enema nozzle deflates. As it’s slipped away, there finally comes permission, little Mort stiff and being playfully pushed about.

“You may empty yourself for me, Mr. Burgess. Just press hard. We train our boys to urinate while erect. It empowers, don’t you think?”

I do not reply, concentrating on relieving myself, ridding of much pent up effluent. And indeed though hard, I manage a flow, and my bowels empty as does my bladder. And I am chagrined to realize... this morning the demanded steady stream has been easier to muster. I suspect tomorrow morning it will be even easier still.

To the Psychologist

“Nude, leashed... nicely oiled... and erect. You must feel quite proud in showing yourself for me, Mr. Burgess.”

Am I? My thoughts come as Beth playfully jostles my testicle leash in strolling together to the medical building where yesterday I was meticulous measured. Perhaps I do feel a bit like a show horse... a stallion. The morning routine ended with a very sensuous full body massage, sun tan lotion rubbed slowly about with fingers working to compress every muscle. With a new sildenafil citrate patch in place, achieving full stand has been facile. Beth is pleased with my erection... and there is coming odd satisfaction pleasing her in turn.

Missing is what I’ve been told is the daily injection to my scrotum, stretching my sac, bringing growth to my testicles and spurring sperm production.

“And you’re beginning to drool for me,” looking back to my pubes and smiling.

I glance downward to see pre ejaculatory fluid oozing and streaming down the upstanding shaft of little Mort. Though spending copiously two nights before, my reproductive glands are fully primed... to the point of overflow.

“It’s the diet, Mr. Burgess. Years of trial and experimentation. What we put in your tummy is formulated to stimulate production. The Indiening Island secret concoction,” Beth laughs.

The patch certainly contributes, I think to myself. I feel as though I could fuck all day. And of course gawking at Beth’s thinly covered posterior serves as more catalyst. She’s finely shaped. Thoughts return concerning the pixie thing... her being so attended... stirring more envy than thinking about one orally pleasing my wife.

Into the medical building, Beth leads left, in the opposite direction of the examination room. She knocks on a door and the voice of Dr. Susan grants entry. We step inward. Beth makes a show by holding high the testicle leash, slack drawn in, forcing me to humbly ride on my toes. The tension seems to be a demonstration for the ranking psychologist of her control.

“Oh, nicely stiff. You are enjoying your stay here, Mr. Burgess... just as your psychological evaluation suggests,” Dr. Susan smiling in seeing little Mort greeting her so obsequiously. “Put him on his knees Beth. Morena will be in. As always I want him in the humbler.”

The device now known to me, there’s concern. Beth leads me to a corner where a thin rope hangs from the ceiling. There she draws downward and I know to bend at the knees and lower myself.

“Stay,” her command sharp, again I assume to impress the boss.

“You can leave him with me,” the words coming as Beth unravels the testicle leash then finds a cloth to place on the carpet between my knees.

“You’ll be drooling more, Mr. Burgess,” she nonchalantly points out, ruffling my hair as a mother would her child then stepping out.

Kneeling upright, I again peer into the pleasant face of the psychologist. Graying hair pulled back in a bun, she’s physically in shape, not thin, not fat, and unlike the other women of Indiening Island, is fully clothed... white blouse, dark blue slacks, appearing rather professional in the warmth of the tropics. She ignores me, peering at some papers on her desk, which is telling... a tethered, nude, kneeling and erect man occupying space in her office not bringing distraction.

In time, she reaches for a phone and pushes a button.

“Morena, I’m interviewing the new donor. Would you step in with a humbler please?”

The request brings dismay, having spent an hour or more in the contraption last evening...

punishment for speaking... handler Beth casually suggesting that the Captain is accomplished in so binding a man.

“I like to add a little stress when I probe a man’s psyche. The responses come... shall we say more promptly.”

Dr. Susan grasps something on her desk, small and metallic, and rises from her large swivel chair also grabbing a strip of cloth.

“I’ll need you with your forehead to the carpet to begin, Mr. Burgess. Do be good boy for me. I’ll help. I know it’s awkward with your hands restrained,” the smile unctuous considering the threat of Morena and the wooden implement of slow torment.

Dr. Susan approaches. Her left hand goes to the back of my head, ostensibly to steady me. But then her free hand goes to my face, fingers pressing the metal to my upper lip then forcing attached protrusions into my nostrils. A bit of pain, barely tolerable... I must accept, no resistance with arms and hands remaining useless.

“A little uncomfortable, I realize, but a well implanted nostril binding does wonders for the exchange of power thing... the suffering I can induce with such little effort.”

Firmly implanted, Dr. Susan grasps the thin rope, pulls to lower and attaches to the nostril binding. It seems it is looped above to a pulley, for she moves one step to the side and takes in hand the free swinging opposing end.

“A little test... so you get the gist of my ability to assure your attention.”

Dr. Susan pulls the free end, the thin rope tightens and there comes a burst of pain in my nostrils, forcing high my head.

“So many nerve endings in such a small and accessible place. As I said... so little effort on my part to exhibit my power.”

She encircles my head with the cloth strip, blinding me.

“Now down you go... forehead to the carpet and Captain Morena will be in to nicely capture your balls and bring some tension to your scrotum. And then we’ll have a nice chat,” the words cooed as slack comes to the rope and hands assist in guiding to bend at the waist, my head to find the softness of the floor.

Humbled Again

Within moments I hear the office door open. No words are exchanged as I sense movement behind me. My testicles are jostled, and just as with handler Beth yesterday, I feel the cool smooth wood of a humbler at the back of my thighs as my sac is captured and compressed. And Beth is correct in her assessment. The woman is a magician, in moments deftly placing my precious organs in quirky bondage.

“Would you rut him a little for me Morena? I do want him kept stiff and in the right frame of mind.”

In silence I sense footsteps then tension on the nostril rope, forcing up my head. There comes the scent of feminine fragrance, strong and musky, reminding that for the women of the island feminine hygiene comes only by way of the tongue and lips of a pixie. Those thoughts are quickly stowed as I must respond to the intense pain of my nostril binding by righting myself at the waist. Changing positions wickedly brings the humbler into play, legs needing to partially straighten, causing the wooden device to tug at my scrotum.

As I gasp with the sudden agony, my lips greet the nether lips of Captain Morena... long, moist, warm and smooth. I recall on the boat, the deep pink outlined by the mocha of her fine outer labia.

I inhale... and in my state of arousal I extend my tongue and lick... the response to a woman's offering ingrained. Does little Mort further stiffen? I have no doubt.

I am permitted moments of licking and feasting, and in being so tempted, my lips find one of the luscious dangling strips and fully draw the warm slipperiness into my mouth. Such tasty treasure.

I hear a chuckle as I gain understanding... the entrance to the woman's portal has been transformed... by subservient males... by pixies... by suckling... in desperation struggling to bring the pleasure such is constantly denied to them.

Abruptly, I must assume by way of a hand signal, the lustful meal slips from my mouth. There comes a chuckle as I hurt myself, humbler pulling as I attempt to shuffle forth for more.

“I'll tie him off. Thank you Morena.”

Soft footsteps on the carpet. I hear a door open and close, as the nostril rope jostles.

“You strive orally, Mr. Burgess... to please of course. For men like you it's in their nature.”

I hear shoes grazing the carpet and Dr. Susan's voice becomes quite proximate. When a hand gently brushes my cheek, I realize she sits before me within arm's length.

“I won't ask if you're comfortable. Perhaps tolerable? You may speak.”

“Yes, Ma'am... but my nose...”

“Learn to accept it. A little pain in your nostrils... some nice tension on your balls. It's... well... I like to use the term ‘convincing’... as to whom is in charge... and who submits, of course.”

I cannot nod agreement without furthering the agony.

“Are you convinced, Mr. Burgess?”

“Yes Ma'am.”

“Good. You must by now assume that the rope can be easily raised. A little more tension... a little more stretching... and of course more convincing....”

“Please no, Ma'am.”

“Good. So, now let's talk. I've been reviewing your file, Mr. Burgess... your psychological evaluation... your wife's interview... and of course the input of our former colleague, Martina

Carruthers. She was a good handler. She enjoyed many years here. Even women of her sexual orientation can rejoice in mastering the submissive male. You've worked under her."

"Yes Ma'am."

In alluding to the sexual orientation of the Boss Lady, my mind reels, recalling office banter among the guys... that no one could ever confirm if there was a Mr. Carruthers... that there were off hour gatherings in her office... only the women staff congregating. And most telling... that the Boss Lady's cute young secretary Abbie... stunning and assertive... consistently spurred the advances of even the most eligible of young male cohorts.

"It seems you found sexual excitement responding to her directives. Your penis firming... in response to the most innocuous corrective measures."

So the curious office antics of both me and Boss Lady Martina are recorded... disclosed in a file on the desk of a Dr. Susan... thousands of miles from home and work. Despite being indoctrinated to the island's singular rituals and protocols over the past days, the perception disturbs. Obediently standing in the corner of the Boss Lady... embarrassed to learn wife Edie was made aware... now psychologist Dr. Susan... whom else?... and where?

"A comment, Mr. Burgess? Perhaps a little tension on the rope?"

"Please no, Ma'am. Yes, I guess... you know... it's the way she speaks to me... spoke to me.

"And that enthralled you?"

"It was... well... I guess yes... I hardened."

"On the ultimate occasion, you were invited to completely expose yourself. Ms. Carruthers's brief suggests you demurred."

I have no comment, the details of that telling afternoon, leading to my so termed sabbatical, in a way blocked from memory. My silence brings tension... on the rope... the pain building as I must slowly raise my head and in so doing stretch my scrotal sac.

The woman is masterful in her inquisition. I truly want to divulge all... my most inner most thoughts and feelings. There comes a need to avoid... and in doing so... to acquiesce.

"There's no rush, Mr. Burgess. the rope can rise... your balls can stretch... and trust me they can... painfully but overall harmlessly... and I can sit and wait for you to tell all your inner thoughts... as a submissive male... the masochistic glee you feel in debasing yourself. We know your ilk... what makes you tick. It's paramount here on Indiening that you come to terms with it... accept it."

I can find no response other than to try to endure... which I can't.

"Ms. Martina invited her secretary into her office... while you were degrading yourself... a grown man standing in the corner of her office, facing the wall, zipper open, penis exposed," the verbal recreation coming with a snicker. "I'm told the girl was pretty, young and charming. Certainly an opportunity for you... to immerse yourself in your depravity."

The rope rises... an inch... perhaps less... but the woman's governing hand is felt.

"I... I... didn't know... you know... what to do," my words desperate, my tone pleaful.

"Yes, of course. But here on Indiening, you've spent days naked, exposing all and been gleefully erect as a result... for your handler... for me... for any woman who cares to offer her supervision and guidance."

"It's... well..."

"And for your wife, Mr. Burgess. Has that thought occurred?"

I am speechless. I have not been an attentive husband and the need for this sabbatical... therapy... whatever... certainly evidences that.

"So you're to be reprogrammed, Mr. Burgess... for want of a better term. Along with the

physical transformation we will impart will be an emotional and psychological metamorphosis as well.”

The rope seems to further rise, though the additional stress may be psychosomatic.

“You’ve been stripped of your clothing, that certainly required little effort. And in the ensuing days you’re to be stripped of all male pride and dignity as well. For a man of your ilk such is baggage... an encumbrance... inhibiting you from your true role in life.”

I dare not engage in debate.

“Tell me all about your masturbatory habits.”

“I’ve... well... told all...”

The initial evaluation included an overview... once, a week, twice, daily. My response was quickly jotted down and the interview moved onward, at the time Dr. Susan merely clucking her tongue in learning firsthand what I am sure wife Edie disclosed... that morning bouts of jerking off in the shower and evening drunkenness left my wife devoid of sexual satisfaction.

“And now you well tell me more.”

Yes, stressed by the humbler and simple rope, detail after detail is wrung from me... the position, my right hand not left, standing in the shower, knees buckling as nocturnal penile tumescence ended in the intensity of an explosion of pent up spunk.

“Anal stimulation?” Dr. Susan nonchalantly inquires.

“No.”

“Be truthful, Mr. Burgess,” the rope jostling as a reminder. “Do keep in mind we’ve interviewed your wife... a very thorough interview.”

So the one time Edie stepped into the bathroom... and she told... of the fingers of a well soaped left hand... well... I blanch thinking about. But the penetration felt good.

“There was... ah... one time.”

“One time your wife caught you... so fervently pleasuring yourself... while denying her.”

“But I didn’t...”

“There was more than one time, Mr. Burgess.”

“It’s... well... good to...”

“We know all about prostatic health and manipulation here, do you understand that?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Being in such a stupor that you could not adequately perform for as a man is tantamount to denial, wouldn’t you agree, Mr. Burgess?” the intonation of my name forceful, the rope rising.

“Yes I suppose so.”

“Suppose?”

“Yes, I denied her.”

“It’s best you come to terms with that. And come to terms with the environment here in Indiening Island. Women are not denied here... never denied... anything. They visit to revel in their natural superiority and experience the joys of motherhood. Just as your wife is doing.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“In your sexual history you’ve suggested you’ve never slept with a man... licked a penis... sucked a cock.”

I feel a hand on my cheek. Fingers press to my lips, pushing open.

“Bite and you’ll become just another pixie, Mr. Burgess. Now open nicely... and meekly. I’m not going to hurt you.”

I obey, one finger then two pushing inward, invading my mouth. Then such rummage about

and press more forcefully, pushing to the back of my throat... deep... deeper. Hands and arms useless, rope threatening with more stress, there is no resistance.

I gag. The fingers don't stop. I gag more. Is that laughter I hear?

"Yes, I must agree. Your gag reflex is too easily triggered to be a proficient cocksucker. But that will come if you'd like to master the skill."

"No!" my succinct reply muffled by the invading fingers.

"Oh come now, Mr. Burgess. You're going to be conditioned to please. And if a woman is pleased seeing a man suck a nice stiff penis, then you'll find yourself saying... 'yes, Ma'am, how deep', ha, ha, ha," the woman's chuckle flippantly light and irritating.

The digital penetration ends, fingers withdrawing. Though physically unharmed, being so violated adds to the emotional stress, thoughts of my vulnerability overwhelming.

"Your reaction to the enemas coincides with the finger work during your furtive morning showers, Mr. Burgess. Your handler summarizes daily your reaction to her care. And your penis becomes quite engorged when the enema nozzle inflates."

"It's a natural..."

"Oh we know that... know the male anatomy very well here. We're very attuned to the relative physical receptiveness and the degree of emotional acceptance to anal stimulation. I'll sum it up by saying you're very much going to enjoy your anal hook. It's being fabricated on the main island as we speak. Morena will soon be bringing it to Indiening... along with your penis cap," the rope slackening.

As I lower my torso, offering relief to my stretched scrotum, a hand smooths down my chin, to my neck, to my chest. The woman's touch turns kindly, maternally caring in grazing about then finding a nipple.

She toys. It's embarrassing... and I berate myself... and her touch is so simple... yet feels so good!

"Must I be capped?" the query so humble.

"Yes. You'll be restrained sitting upright, penis mercifully offered a degree of novocaine and made to watch as a woman's hand works slowly and methodically to deprive you of most of your male pleasure. Such distracts... from your usefulness. Some slight incisions, the cap pushed into place, and as your flesh heals the glans penis and the nickel cobalt cap will become one."

"For how long... the cap?"

"The surgery required to remove it is expensive, quite involved, and possibly damaging to the nerve endings... where a man derives some eighty percent of his pleasure. There will come a time when you're in a position to decide whether to keep it in place. But after you're properly conditioned here, I doubt you'll do it. Not that you won't take the risk... but it's more likely that you'll wish to continue serving. The cap may go... but the return of full sensitivity... doubtful."

That the words come insouciantly frightens. I begin to well up. I'm grateful that the blindfold veils the tears of such an unmanly response. Still I must stifle a whimper.

Dr. Susan's free hand goes to my right ear, rubbing in surprisingly pleasant massage.

"Indiening is best for submissive males, Mr. Burgess. You've been lost... and here you will find yourself... bonding with your handler. Whether she treats you kindly or harshly, you will learn to respond with awe, respect and fondness. She will provide for you, care for you... and make you a better subordinate male... a good producer... a provider of feminine pleasure. You will have a very simple but rewarding life here."

"For how long?" my quest coming again, wife Edie never specific.

"We'll see. In the end, you and your acceptance is more determinative of the answer than

anything else. You may wish to stay.”

As a pixie! I keep the alarming thought silent.

“Your handler will be in to release you. Do thank her for her attention, Mr. Burgess.”

Walked by My Handler

Soft footsteps on the carpeting, the office door opens and closes. I am left alone, in darkness, mercifully the thin controlling rope left slack. I draw back on my haunches relieving more tension on my scrotum. In trying to relieve my mind of the horrid procedure I distract my thoughts in envisioning what I must look like kneeling nude, body oiled and shaved, hands restrained, balls entrapped. Am I erect?

Probably. The fragrance of Captain Morena's muskiness remains on my nose and upper lip. And I am sure the sildenafil citrate patch works its tumescent magic. I pull on my pubo coccygeus muscles. Does little Mort respectfully waggle? I'm not sure... and then I realize... such does not matter.

Mind reeling, my thoughts return to Dr. Susan's words... 'a woman's hand to work and slowly and methodically deprive me of most of my male pleasure'. Such disquiets. It seems little Mort is to become of little use other than as a conduit to release my excretions... and my male essence... and do so only under the auspices of a presiding woman.

In time the door reopens. There comes the pleasant, youthful voice of handler Beth.

"Well look at you, Mr. Burgess. Back in the humbler... and seeming to enjoy yourself," gushing with enthusiasm.

I think of the doctor's advisement, that no matter my treatment I will return her care with awe, respect and fondness.

"You may speak," feeling a hand go to my right cheek as another slips past my hips. "Nice and firm for me. Very good," Beth answering my question as she grasps what is apparently a stiff shaft, her hand waggling it about.

"Thank you, Beth," I utter so meekly.

"We'll walk some more. You need to be exercised and no pasture time until you're hooked and capped. You have not seen the beach," her hands withdrawing as she works the wing nuts of the humbler.

Freedom! Relative freedom. I never thought I'd appreciate the simple and comparatively lenient feel of a controlling testicle leash. Humbler pulled away, I remain kneeling but know to right myself at the waist, more or less presenting my dangling sac for the restraint of the pink leash.

"Stand for me," the soft cloth looped in place and moderately tightened.

"I can't see, Ma'am," the blinding strip of cloth remaining in place.

"That's okay. It's good training for you, following my controlling hand. And I think you'll enjoy."

I hear the door open. I feel a quick tug. I know to follow... obediently follow.

"Listen carefully. Follow the sound of my footsteps. Concentrate... on me... on the rhythm of my feet... and of course on a directing pull."

I do. Into the hall, the pace is slow but I take strange pride, a puppy learning to respond, heeling to his master.

"Your penis suggests enjoyment, Mr. Burgess. You're conditioning nicely."

That a young girl should so guide about a man... and take delight in so doing... indeed brings awe.

"Later we'll get you a nice testicle massage and your injection. It was skipped this morning. A fully plumped scrotum belies utilizing the humbler... and Dr. Susan insists the new arrivals be so secured when interviewed."

Out the building, into the sunlight, my feet shuffle in the soft sandy soil, unsure whether I will stub a toe or step into hole. Beth notes my gait.

“You need to trust me, Mr. Burgess,” tightening the leash to assure my attention. “I won’t lead you into trouble. And I want you to prance for me... up on your toes like a good boy,” my balls pulled upwards to encourage obedience.

I comply of course, envisioning the spectacle of a grown man... naked... at the end of a leash... moving about led by a girl... appearing to attempt ballet... or perhaps a foal being trained in dressage.

Legs lifting, high on toes, Beth indeed guides, no mishaps. Oddly my comfort level grows. There is no physical discomfort if I cede to her authority and emotionally I tell myself this is Indiening Island... Submission Island in English.

The sand becomes looser, the rays of the sun brighter and I can hear the gentle waves of the Caribbean. We have reached the beach. But we walk onward.

“Can I look, Miss Beth?”

“Oh Mr. Burgess, you called me Miss Beth. So respectful. I’ll overlook breaking the rule of silence. Well, Mrs. Burgess is in the distance. But... ah... she’s sunning herself... with a pixie.”

The disclosure brings conflicting thoughts. Curiosity has been prompting... what does a pixie look like. But I know Edie has spent an afternoon and at least one night enduring what Beth described as unending oral servitude. Can I handle watching my wife with another man... rather another... well... whatever?

“Should I remove your blindfold, Mr. Burgess? You going to be okay?” the quest coming as we continue along the beach.

“Guess I have to be okay with it,” resigning myself, not much to be done with hands and arms useless and scrotum leashed.

The cloth is tugged away. The bright light remains blinding me. I blink and squint hearing wife Edie nearby.

“Good afternoon, Mort. Joining us for some sunshine.”

Moving toward the voice, I remain silent, no words coming as I press to gain focus.

“I like the way you walk him about, Beth. Very humiliating... but so thrilling for him. He’s as hard as a rock.”

“I have him patched. But he does seem to enjoy a woman’s controlling hand. He’s now politely calling me Miss... Miss Beth.”

“How subservient... unrequested by you?”

“Correct.”

“You see, Mort, you’re already acclimating.”

My eyes finally adjust. I’m aghast. Wife Edie lies prostrate on a beach towel, arms folded, chin resting on her hands. A second large towel is rolled up and wedged under her hips. She’s completely naked and well-tanned... everywhere in sunbathing in the nude. But most disturbing... her buttocks point skyward and kneeling between her parted thighs is another naked form, head down, face pressed into her gluteal cleft.

Before I can utter a word, I hear a slurp followed by the sound of wet tongue on receptive flesh and a womanly sigh of deep delight. I suppose my face gives away my reaction, for Edie finds words before me.

“Don’t be a prude, Mort,” managing to catch her breath. “The pixies here are wondrous, so eager to orally serve... wherever a woman demands. Perhaps you’d like to be so skilled.”

“You my speak, Mr. Burgess,” my handler assuming her directive brings my silence.

“It’s... it’s...” I am given to use the word ‘disgusting’ but the hypocrisy of presenting myself erect and leashed, a young feminine hand governing, would make such an invective comical.

Stunned, I instead surveil the so termed pixie.

There is footwear, the only covering. Oddly shaped, akin to high heels but not pointy, such to allow walking in the loose soil and sand. The cranial hair is long, flowing over the shoulders, the strands partially covering the face. Yet the body is hairless... not surprising as is mine... and the buttocks are effeminate, yet blemished. Looking more closely, the pixie has been branded, the letter ‘I’ burned into each hillock... undoubtedly signifying Indiending Island. More shock comes... despite being forewarned... as I note a lengthy strip of pink flesh flopping about between smooth and gelatinous inner thighs. On a male, such would nest a virile set of testicles. The empty scrotum remains in place.

Gone are the male organs. Excised. Wife Edie described a pixie as a former male and now that my curiosity is satisfied, my thoughts turn to the horror of being neutered.

There comes a sigh of satiation from my wife. Then an arm reaches back, the hand pushing away the hair laden head.

“Enough Jamie... for now.”

Pixie Jamie rights himself at the waist, then shuffles backwards on his knees to present to my gaze his front side. I cannot help gawking. Testicles indeed missing, the absence seems to make a long flaccid penis more prominent, the tip disturbing in being oddly shaped. Adding to the gender confusion, puffy nipples are pierced with effeminate baubles flipping about.

“How do you greet a new donor, Jamie?” the mellifluous young voice of my handler inquires as she pulls me closer.

I am chagrined that despite the mental trauma, little Mort remains engorged and standing upright. In nearing, Jamie’s arms reach out, hands cupping. When Beth lets the leash go slack, my testicles are palmed. I begin to step back and am rebuked.

“Stay Mr. Burgess. He won’t hurt you. He’ll make you even stiffer and harder. It’s what the pixies do here.”

I am appalled, homophobia surging as his fingers tenderly work my glands. Then pixie Jamie leans, an enormous tongue thrusting forth to lick my shaft. I can do nothing to stop the oral assault.

“Steady, Mr. Burgess,” Beth noting the intensity of my distaste. “He’ll make you feel good. But do keep in mind, full fellatio is forbidden. You will only discharge at my behest.”

Back to the Dorm

“You’re upset, Mr. Burgess. You may speak.”

The return from the beach went quicker, sight permitted. Miss Beth... I use the respectful form of address in finding that such pleases her... insisted that I again prance for her. It was good to see her smiling in turning to assess my performance. This brought an inner glow... unexplained.

I now lie tummy down on the short bench, knees parted by the extensions of the long wooden legs, leash removed as I feel my scrotal sac now free to swing about, neck not encumbered... not yet.

Miss Beth sits on a low stool behind. As she urges my words, her soft and caring hands palm my testicles. She begins to massage, the hands firm but knowing. No pain or suffering... quite the opposite. Her touch thrills, bringing another inner glow... being so handled.

In grief I remain silent. Miss Beth decides to lecture, her fingers finding various anatomical parts within my scrotum, pointing out as she rubs... the blood vessels, nerves, vas deferens, even moving upward to snag something termed the cremaster muscle, right and left, explaining how such will stretch with the continuous large infusions of the special concoction. Her extensive knowledge of the male reproductive organs is surprising... and in a way reassuring. She knows me... knows my most intimate parts. It is strange to sense she has possession... that such will be performing and producing for her. And strange to think I will come to enjoy it. I’m beginning to now.

“My wife... she’s... calloused. Does not care how I feel... having a guy lick her like that.”

“It’s termed analingus, Mr. Burgess. Woman enjoy... and are rarely so pleased... the nerve endings there so neglected. But no neglect here... not on Indiening Island,” the explanation coming with a shy giggle. “And it’s really not a guy. Jamie’s been fixed.”

“And he doesn’t speak.”

“The pixies are all silenced here on Indiening, Mr. Burgess... vocal chords sutured. With the extensive oral training, such brings focus... tongues having only one purpose.”

“You have a pixie?”

“I do. One of the benefits of being a handler.”

“Does he... well... do that?”

“Yes. It’s she... and I demand regularly. A girl needs variety.”

In envisioning my pretty, well-shaped handler likewise being the recipient of such sordid oral attention, there comes a pang of envy. Why?

“I’m going to infuse you now, Mr. Burgess. Can you feel how stiff you are for me? You enjoy testicle massage.”

I do, but can’t come to voice agreement, instead somewhat changing the subject.

“Where did you learn that?... the testicle thing.”

“All the handlers are so trained. It’s like attending nursing school for a few months... with focus solely on the penis and testes. The massage increases the circulation to your reproductive organs, Mr. Burgess. We had one instructor compare it to the Japanese process of producing Kobe beef... where the cattle are extensively massaged on a daily basis to produce the finest most delicate and expensive meat.”

And then led to slaughter... I think to myself. Like pixie Jamie.

“Was Jamie a donor?”

“Yes.”

“No penis cap.”

“It was removed. After castration it’s not needed.”

Thus the mangled penis tip. Dr. Susan explained the implement was difficult to remove. Such thought amplifies my sense of grief.

“What’s left of his package... you know... down there... was huge,” further discussion seeming to bring solace.

“Yes, lots of concoction over many years. Your scrotum will enlarge as well. The prominence will please the women of the island. We like big sets of balls,” the girlish giggle coming again.

With that comes the pin prick. I surprise myself in barely moving with the sudden sharp pain of the hypodermic needle jabbing my precious manly parts. Yes, I suppose I am acclimating, almost welcoming the massive infusion of that which brings titillating warmth.

“Good boy. I’ll get you nice and full... then I have something for you... for a good boy. Cheer you up.”

I feel bloating there. But am reassured as Miss Beth’s free hand cradles my filling sac. Then comes concern as the flesh begins to press again the inner sides of my widely parted thighs.

“Too much... please Miss Beth.”

“I will decide that. I know more about what a male can take here than you do.”

I cannot dispute that. Still the sensation, initially pleasant begins to disturb.

“What did you think of Jamie’s branding? Forever marked as an island pixie.”

“It must have been painful.”

“Oh yes. And memorable... that is just as important as the bearing the marks... the mental and emotional awareness... the abject submission to a woman’s caprice. It’s the permanency, Mr. Burgess. Jamie may choose to leave the island... escape the island. But she will never evade what she is... what she chose to become. She licks pussy. When called upon she sucks cock. That is forever. And you didn’t notice the tattoo.”

“Tattooed as well?”

“On her boy labia... that’s what we call the fleshy empty sac. It remains somewhat of an erogenous zone. She can play with herself there... and when she rubs and frottages she sees the word ‘pixie’ permanently emblazoned on the long pink flesh of her empty scrotum.”

Branded and so ignominiously tattooed! Such an existence! Purportedly by choice!

The needle is finally withdrawn, the dose of concoction massive. My balls no longer sway about.

“Now for your treat and then a nap until feeding time.”

The stool is moved before me. Though my mind is reeling with the contrasting sensations... pleasant warmth where the male appreciates attention... concern that my balls will drop to the floor... I am heartened when my alluring handler sits, spreading her thighs and lifting the hem of her diaphanous nightie.

“So some oral work for you. First sniff and tell me what you feel... in your male parts. And if I like your words there will be some licking.”

Again there is redolence and I can’t help picturing her pixie performing oral hygiene... that which leaves the women of the island so attractively fragrant.

“I can feel... well... it’s... you know... stiffer, Miss Beth...”

“Behavioral conditioning, Mr. Burgess. We’re going to have your penis drooling like Pavlov’s dogs. So much sperm... such donations you’ll be producing for me...”

Thoughts

Tummy down on the short bench, thighs parted, neck encumbered, hands and arms rendered useless... as always on Indiening Island, I lie in pensive silence, ostensibly to sleep. But the day's events, ending with teasing cunnilingus... near cunnilingus... brings emotional stimulation... more than the physical.

I think of wife Edie, seeming to become more calloused and aloof to my plight each day, the recipient of continuous analingus, exhibiting no compunction that I, as her husband, would show concern... possibly physical rage, freed of my bondage. She seemed to very much enjoy seeing me at the end of a girl's leash... not to mention where I was leashed... intrigued with the disclosure that I had begun calling my handler 'Miss Beth'.

There has always seemed to be a degree of disdain for men in Edie's persona. She apparently never met her father. His absence was never explained, neither by Edie or her late mother, and the subject matter was firmly cast aside when broached by me. So I suppose growing up without paternal influence tends to result in a vacuum as to just how to interact with the masculine gender. And now that vacuum is more apparent... in the open... ignoring me, but for the night of our arrival in mounting me... now preferring to be orally served by a feminized male, tongue accomplished, but otherwise useless in normal carnal relations.

I cannot get the sound of the energetic slurps and the resulting sighs of pleasure out of my head. And then came the taunting challenge... wife Edie suggesting that perhaps I would or should be so skilled.

I realize my initial reaction of disgust smacks of hypocrisy on my part. For the fine scent of my handler remains on my face, her youthful quim responding in wetness like a wellspring to the permitted gentle licks of my tongue. But that was all I was permitted, my efforts incomplete.

'That's enough, Mr. Burgess. My pixie awaits,' inferring my oral efforts were inferior.

The purpose of the teasing offering? In retrospect, on Indiening Island, they use the term 'rutting', a term for prompting the urge to breed among male animals... horses, canines, bovines. In encouraging my brief tongue work, was Miss Beth's purpose to merely have me rutted? Though little Mort is unseen, I am sure there came renewed stiffness despite the warming numbness brought by the massive infusion of the island's special concoction.

Patch removed at day's end, do I remain erect?

So in the quiet darkness of my booth, slumber is distant, emotions broiling, distraught with my wife, strangely envious of things called pixies.

Curious that my otherwise distressing thoughts divert from what should be of foremost concern. The domineering women of this island will be entombing the tip of little Mort in an alloy called nickel cobalt! Yes, capped, and I remind myself plugged as well, excretions brought under total feminine control... along with the production of semen course.

Where is wife Edie? Should she not be consoling her husband while undergoing such dire therapy?

The Day Is Coming

Has it been a week?

No calendars within view, it seems by intention the days on Indiening Island go unrecorded. For the herd of donors simply wile away the time, no point in knowing the time, the day of the week... even the month for that matter. Terming the large field 'the pasture' seems apropos, Miss Beth frequently leading me past the herd for my daily exercise. The naked, trussed and constantly erect donors merely strut about, most times congregating in the shade as the capped penises heat painfully in the sunlight.

On one morning the dogs were active, the donors prancing about in a large circle, on toes just as Miss Beth has been training me. 'Exercise time', Miss Beth succinctly explained as I watched the hounds trotting behind, threatening a nip to the ankle of a lagging donor.

Amazing to see the metal tipped erections bobbing about. And the ignominy was telling, grown men subordinating themselves to barking dogs. Their collective obedience was noteworthy.

It was then that I noticed outside the fencing on the far side is a sitting area on a knoll. Occupying chaise lounge chairs were some women, too far off to focus. But they were observing the herd, and laughter could be heard.

'Clients,' Miss Beth again succinct. 'Most who come to the island for insemination like to choose and pick a donor. For others who don't visit, after the client goes through the files, the sperm of the selected donor is frozen and shipped out. Women have their own preferences.'

These thoughts come as I lie tummy down on my bench, inflated enema nozzle in place, Miss Beth whisking about a straight edged razor. As she moves about, there come peeps of her fine form, the nightie as always offering teasing glimpses of her feminine charms.

I so much want to taste her... fully... bring her to ecstasy... not the brief and teasing sampling I have been permitted to date. And more, I so much want to touch myself, stroke little Mort with fervor... triumphantly erupt for her. Such contrast... such a gloomy thought... that it is not to happen... versus the joy of possibly being of service to her.

My reflections end, colon filling, tummy bloated. Miss Beth disappears behind. I prepare myself to finally expel the high colonic... and urinate for her... coming to revel in being so handled. Yet release does not come. Dare I break the rule of silence?

I remind myself it is only under a woman's purview that anything related to my care happens. Instead I feel her fingers about my scrotum, as always tender and caring. It is not time for my infusion... the special concoction comes last.

"You've already grown a centimeter, Mr. Burgess... both testes. You're going to have a very large set of balls for me... me and the clients," her tone enthusiastic.

She measures! Oddly, there comes a sense of pride, as if I've accomplished something over and above lying on my bench, being pampered and walking about at the end of a leash.

"You do want to display yourself, Mr. Burgess. Your file suggests you're a masochistic exhibitionist. You'll be in your element soon... in the pasture. You may speak."

"I'm... glad... ah... I'm making you happy, Miss Beth."

"And making yourself happy. Morena will soon be returning from the main island... with the supplies, some clients, and something for you. Your big day is nearing. A precision crafted anal hook and your penis cap."

My handler is excited. Perversely, her enthusiasm seems contagious. I sense that I am making a step closer to pleasing her even more... which, in being conditioned, again brings an

inner glow.

Should I hate this? I berate myself in knowing I should... but don't.

"Time to urinate for me," the pleasant youthful voice rings out. "Nice and hard, you know how I like my men to perform for me."

Yes, I do, feeling a decadent thrill as her finger tips ever so teasingly graze over little Mort and I feel him obediently throb. Bladder filled with a full night's buildup, my physical need is great... as is my inner need to respond to Miss Beth's controlling touch, her command to release and empty.

Apparently adequately firm, a hand grasps a shaft of stone, gently pulling right and left, so much enjoying her dominion... as do I?

"Release for me," comes finally her directive.

I do, pressing mightily, showing off, demonstrating the quirky ability to urinate... despite the tumescence, despite the inflated enema nozzle. It is difficult but I know I can do it... know I can please... so much wanting to yield to her.

A Disturbing Journey

“A nice walk on the beach? You may speak.”

It is another glorious day, and the beach is pleasant but the view sullied. Wife Edie sunbathes... and I know the parameters of how she lounges about... with a pixie named Jamie.

So the suggestion riles... and Miss Beth knows it riles.

I remain silent, looking down at the loop of pink cloth encircling my scrotum... my enlarged scrotum. Miss Beth turns, noting my visual inspection. She tugs... a gentle playful tug.

“You’re feeling more and more complacent under the leash, Mr. Burgess. It’s quite telling. But your time to freely prance about in the pasture will come. And you’ll feel equally subordinate... and joyful... being exercised by the dogs. You’ll learn to obey them... just as you’ve learned to obey me.”

The notion does bring contrasting thoughts... further debasing myself... and wallowing deeper into my masochism.

“Must we go to the beach, Miss Beth? You know... it’s my...”

“Yes your wife. I think it’s good that you see her enjoying herself. It’s cathartic for you, knowing you’ve finally made her happy. She’s had a difficult marriage. Now she has what she wants... plus a child on the way.”

“For certain?”

“If not she’ll be leaving here with your frozen sperm. She can try again back in the States. Artificial insemination is quite efficient these days.”

“She’ll not... ah...”

“Ride you? Don’t be surprised, we know how she has chosen to fuck you in the past. Everything is in your file, Mr. Burgess. No, penis capped, there will be no more vaginal penetration. You’re to be milked, remember?”

Already fidgety with the weeks of denial... plus being constantly rutted over the many days on the Island... her words bring emotional distress. Will I ever again lay beneath wife Edie’s fine warmth? Sense the welcoming soft wetness of her love pouch?

No. I am to be milked. Just what will little Mort be feeling? There is so much to be missed.

Then I realize, by putting myself regularly in a stupor over the past year or so of marriage, it was missed because I could not perform.

Is Edie being vengeful... or a teenager on Spring break? Freed of life’s humdrum... past carnal relations limited and feeble... she celebrates.

Miss Beth turns. Our walk resumes. I note she removes all slack from my testicle leash, continuous gentle tension. She knows... I am indeed bonding... as prognosticated. She is aware that the feeling of feminine authority no longer impels any need to resist... that there is tranquility in acquiescing to her guiding hand. I am safe, relieved of the need to demonstrate any degree of masculinity.

“Your pixie, Miss Beth... what is his name?” deciding to make conversation to divert thoughts on what I am to view.

“You’re speaking without permission. Do you want more time in the humbler?”

“No, Ma’am,” I squeak, the thought horrid.

“Her,” emphasizing the feminine form of address, “name is Chrissie. And you may speak... but be forewarned.”

“Yes, Ma’am. And she’s... ah... like Jamie?”

“Yes neutered... orally accomplished... along with domestic and toilet training.”

The latter skill perplexes... an assumed adult requiring potty training?

Miss Beth turns, notes my look of confusion and explains.

“Toilet training. She has been trained to savor the excretions of her superior. It humbles... and it’s truly exhilarating for a girl of my ilk.”

“It’s... well... offensive.”

“Perhaps it was... at one time. But Chrissie has been conditioned. It’s what we do here... condition subordinate males to be useful and productive.”

As we near the beach, spotting the silhouette of my wife again lying prostrate with pixie Jamie tending to her, Miss Beth stops and turns. She smiles, her free hand reaching to an upstanding little Mort. Her index finger extends, ever so slightly grazing the underside... the hypersensitive glans penis. Her touch brings goose bumps, my erection waggling like a dog sitting up for a treat.

“You seem to enjoy my taste, Mr. Burgess. Do you think you can learn to enjoy more of it? As does Chrissie?” her smile devilish. “There’s some sloppiness... during training... but Chrissie now takes my offering quite neatly... and eagerly.”

Her words stun! Given permission to speak, I find no words.

“You’re bonding, Mr. Burgess... to the woman who provides all. That’s what happens here. I become everything... do keep that in mind. And in time you will have this insatiable desire to return my care and affection... in any manner that pleases.”

A mere taunt?... or a describing a fait accompli?

And I do enjoy her taste. Am I to savor as does Chrissie?

“Now... time for some catharsis.... watching your wife immersed in pleasure you so long denied her.”

Hooked

It's morning. Secured in place in booth 14, I lie struggling to obediently withhold, my need to drain my bladder great.

I realize the protocol is to force the subordinate... the donor... to focus on his handler. What is a natural bodily function elsewhere is a mental challenge on Indiening Island. And it is effective, for in wait, my thoughts turn to Miss Beth... vicariously sensing her hands smoothing about, her fingers lubricating, with deliberation inserting the enema nozzle, cooing encouraging words, knowing that bladder filled, my mind is in turmoil.

There is activity in nearby booths, my cohorts undergoing the morning routine. Finally I hear footsteps. My heart leaps. I rejoice.

"Good morning, Mr. Burgess... you may speak."

"Good morning, Miss Beth. I really need to... you know... go."

"Too much water?"

There has been indeed, my handler forcing tumbler after tumbler last evening before lights out, for certain to assure my need.

"Yes, please may I..."

"Perform for me? Well it's a special day... I have your anal hook. So I suppose we can alter the morning ablutions."

Normally I must withhold and await the enema nozzle, to so empty myself while my prostate is manipulated and I feel the slow flow... the combination of discomfort and soothing warmth as I fill. The sensation in finally being handled and urinating is decadent... decadently obsequious... decadently thrilling.

"But you must be hard for me," Miss Beth chides, pushing the low stool in place, sitting and grasping little Mort as one would handle a cow's udder.

"The penis cap... it's here too?"

"In the medical building... with the doctor," her words coming as the fingers of her left hand press at my perineum, obviating any spontaneous discharge, and a sole finger of the right teasingly grazes a penis already coming to full hardness.

"So it will be the end?"

"In a way. The end of male pleasure as you've come to sense it. But don't be so glum, you've denied yourself for many months... other than masturbating in the shower. Worse you've denied your wife."

"Do you think she will... well... stop it?"

"Doubtful. She's asked to attend the capping."

Akin to witnessing an execution, my thoughts indeed glum.

"You may urinate for me know, Mr. Burgess. Press hard... a nice steady stream... concentrate... on me... on performing for me... on pleasing me," the fingers withdrawing from my perineum.

I do, the lowly, normally intimate function now part of our bonding process. I still somewhat blush, but manage the desired flow as I feel little Mort guided left and right, back and forth in a demonstration of supreme feminine control.

"Good boy. Now let's see if the collar-anal hook configuration properly fits. With the full body scan, the metal workers get it precise almost always."

Miss Beth moves to my front. The semicircular bar of metal secured over the back of my neck is unclipped. I always found it curious that it is never locked in place. Hands free, I could

release myself in seconds.

“Lift you head for me, Mr. Burgess. Your new neck collar comes first.”

I comply and about my head comes a high collar, shaped as a prosthetic device but made of shiny stainless steel. Snapping in place, the implement holds high my chin, but is otherwise acceptable... not restricting breathing, snug but comfortable... if constricting head movement can be so considered.

“Perfect. Breathing okay?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Any sensations below?”

An appropriate question, for there does seem to be some faint stirring in my loins. I mumble concurrence.

“Yes, years of experimentation and research here on the island. In the male anatomy certain stress to the spinal nerves can awaken things... for want of a better explanation. The head and neck must be constantly held in the proper position and angle and bingo... an erection is more spontaneously achieved,” Miss Beth again gushing like an excited teen.

She steps away out of sight, returning to my backside. Fingers begin lubricating my gluteal cleft, normally a precursor for my morning enema.

“We’ll try this first, then I’ll have you filled... a nice, slow high colonic.”

Miss Beth again sits, fingers withdrawing. Then I feel metal. Having seen so many donors donning the vertical tube-like strip of metal, I know what is to come, feeling the top end with the inflatable rubber bulb at the small of my back. Such glides upwards, fingers of her free hand lifting the strip of vinyl which holds my thumbs about my waist. The allowed slack is perfect, the metal slipping beneath and continuing to glide, but held firmly in place by the vinyl, abrading my spine.

“Oh... this is finely fabricated, Mr. Burgess. The curvature of the hook exactly conforms to your spine. You’re so much going to enjoy this,” more unbridled enthusiasm.

As the device slips upwards, something greets my sphincter, no doubt the anal insertion. The free hand now splays my cheeks and with a gentle push I am impaled. The sensation is familiar, the enema nozzle so entering me each morning. But there comes concern, the realization that as opposed to the nozzle, I will be so anally stuffed for... for how long? I cannot remove.

Miss Beth arises, coming to my front. I again adore her charms as her portal is within inches, her flimsy attire flipping about as hands go to the back of my neck. There comes the sound of a click, the top of the anal hook attached to the back of my neck collar, assuring such will stay in place.

“Now, let’s see how much you’ll relish your hook. You’re not patched, but I wager you’ll get nice and hard for me. The inserted end of the hook is fabricated to exactly greet your prostate. The body scan... it’s amazing they can measure you inside and out.”

With that, Miss Beth reaches to the inflatable rubber bulb. There comes a hiss, hiss and I feel deep within the results of a controlling feminine hand. The anal insertion inflates... just as my morning enema nozzle. But this is a bull’s eye... and again comes the realization... the hook is to be born for hours... not to be expelled by me. Yet who decides how long it is to stay in place?

“Stand for me, Mr. Burgess. I know you want to show off.”

I don’t... yet then again I do. But then in righting myself at the waist, kneeling upright, the sensation becomes amazing, the insertion massaging my prostate, little Mort seemingly about to explode.

Miss Beth notes on my face the combination of discomfort and male joy and giggles uproariously.

“The first time is always the best, Mr. Burgess. You’ll somewhat acclimate. But then I can give the bulb another squeeze... as can any woman in the island. And in time you’ll learn to revel being so impaled.”

In time? Is not little Mort reveling now?

To Be Capped

Enema expelled, body shaved, massaged and oiled, scrotal infusion once again withheld. Also there is no sildenafil citrate patch... normally applied each morning. I take the last spoonful of my morning feed from Miss Beth's spoon. Is it my last meal as a fully functioning male?

"You're trembling, Mr. Burgess."

I nod as best as my restricting neck collar permits.

"Scared? You may speak."

"It will hurt?"

"Probably more emotionally than physically. Your penis will be well iced. Shriveled to best accept your cap... and that will offer numbness."

"And then?"

"Some topical incisions, cutting just two to three layers, then the cap and urethral tube are slipped in place, you're plugged... and as the slight incisions heal the epidermis will grow into micro crags carved into the interior of the cap. Very clever design."

"Not to be removed?"

Miss Beth shrugs, her gesture of nonchalance more or less suggesting... why would it ever need to be removed?

"You and your penis cap will be one, Mr. Burgess."

"Why... why do it... you know... like that?"

"It's for the best. I'll be extracting your sperm, neatly, efficiently and with minimal pleasure... physical pleasure. You will sense gratification in pleasing me... just as you're beginning to now."

Yes, the bonding thing. I mull but do not relate.

"And our methods encourage your system to quickly restore semen levels. You'll see... the more experienced donors term it 'reloading'."

Miss Beth puts aside the empty food bowl.

"It's time, Mr. Burgess. Be a big boy for me," reaching to the wall where hangs my testicle leash. "After you've healed, no more need to leash you. And you'll be wallowing away your time in the pasture... frolicking with the other donors... and being exercised... and enjoying the fresh air and sunshine. Your only care will be to produce for me... and you'll so much want to do that..."

I know to kneel upright, her fingers working about my male package now more than acceptable. To be once again leashed... strange that so yielding brings a quirky joy.

"I'll not have you wear your anal hook for me. It's best you adapt to that in stages. But your new neck collar will stay."

Should I be grateful? Just standing with the precision length of steel in place brought havoc... overwhelming stiffness. To move about with such in place? I cannot conceive the sensations. Still with the neck collar tensioning my spine... chin up, head motion constricted such that it is ungainly to look downward... there come the twinges which inspire tumescence.

A guiding hand pulls on the leash. I know to stand. Miss Beth does not move to the open end of the booth, instead stepping forth, arms enshrouding. I am hugged, no doubt my penis is upstanding despite the absence of the stimulating patch. Pressing little Mort against her firm yet warm smoothness is wondrous. I can't help thinking such is another aspect of my last meal... as a male. With desperation brought by many weeks of denial, by rote I thrust forth my hips... a dog in heat. There is nothing else to be done

“Bad boy, Mr. Burgess. Donors don’t thrust like that on Indiening Island. I’ll want you docile.... meek... and primed to discharge... under my strict auspices. Understood?”

I am chagrined to have raise her ire. More chagrined to have her step back.

Out the booth, there come the familiar tugs. I follow. And most telling... I prance... on toes. And for some reason, eyes glues to her fine derriere, thoughts of little Mort’s demise are mollified.

The Medical Building

Once again I am led to the medical building, naked and leashed. In entering we turn right toward the cavernous chamber where I was measured, scanned and interviewed over a week ago. It appears to be a well-equipped hospital operating room, incongruous in the lush tropical setting of the Caribbean.

I slow, our parade of two becoming funereal. Though I show no resistance, my reluctance is communicated. As the leash tightens, Miss Beth senses my distress.

“Oh Mr. Burgess, all you have to do is sit in a big chair and let the women in charge govern. The doctor is here from the main island. She’ll be quick. Not like branding and neutering a pixie. For that she goes slowly... very slowly.”

The keloided letters inscribed on the buttocks of pixie Jamie come to mind... deep and prominent, no doubt done painfully... and now I learn with deliberation as well.

With the disturbing words I am led to a large chair, appearing to be that used in gynecological examinations.

“Sit for me please, Mr. Burgess. I’ll get you strapped in and comfortable.”

I comply. Lowering myself and then helplessly watching as Miss Beth begins securing my thighs, calves and ankles to adjustable leg rests. In completing the deed, wife Edie enters the chamber. But for so often observing her on the beach, the recipient of endless oral pleasure, I have not seen her since she road me to what may have been my last husbandly fulfillment. And I recall the last words spoken, calling out as Miss Beth led me from the beach...

‘Since it seems I’ll not have a man for a husband, at least on Indiening I can have an attentive tongue.’

Yes, calloused and aloof, now to observe... and I must assume with a degree of gleeful revenge... as my sexual capability is forever transformed.

Though no longer nude, as on the beach, Edie dons the flimsy nightie which seems to be the mode of attire for most of the women on the island. Thus her charms are almost fully displayed... which brings a sense of remorse... the many months of neglecting the luscious fruit so often offered... yet declined in an alcoholic daze.

“Well, well Mort, the day has come. One more step in your therapy,” her tone casual. “Your handler been caring for you... nicely shaved and oiled? And now collared. Very becoming.”

The words compliment yet mock, stepping to the chair where I sit, arms and hands remaining restrained, legs immobile, even head motion is constricted. She playfully taps my nose then her hand lowers, a single digit going to the tip of a semi engorged little Mort. Her hand work always superb, she grazes about, smiling in seeing my penis swell in a feeble salute.

“You’re best to remember this, Mort. You’ll not feel it again.”

The words are vindictive, coming as Miss Beth turns a handle beneath and the stirrups begin to part... and part... and part. I gasp, the tendons in my thighs stretching beyond conception. I plead... wife Edie laughs... seeing my enlarged ball sac drop and freely swing about.

“You’re a growing boy, Mort.”

With the flippant comment there enters a woman. She’s past middle age, her white smock and professional appearance evidencing her function.

“Good morning, doctor,” Miss Beth affirming.

The woman is dour, stepping forth, acknowledging the greeting with a simple nod, her eyes going to my dangling male package. No eye contact.

“You’ve been infusing him. Good progress.”

“Thank you doctor.”

“And you are?” the doctor turning her attention to Edie.

“I’m his wife.”

“Oh yes, I read the files on this one. A neglectful husband. So capping his penis will not be much of a loss to you.”

I’m aghast to see my wife smile and nod. Planning on requesting a reprieve... begging for a reprieve... there comes instead a sense of doom.

“Beth, let’s get this one iced. And Ms. Burgess... it is Burgess, is that right?”

“Yes.”

“Well, Ms. Burgess, we like to make sort of a ceremony out of penile cappings... make the procedure memorable for them... etching the notion of thorough feminine control and governance into the psyche of the subservient male. So we have a presiding woman hold his appendage while I work. Would you like the honor?”

Edie thinks for a moment then declines.

“I think I’ve touched it for the last time, thank you doctor.”

“Beth?”

“Of course doctor.”

“Good,” the doctor stepping between my widely spread legs, her left hand cupping my low hanging sac.

“This one should produce very nicely. You’re to be inseminated, Ms. Burgess?”

“Yes, if necessary. I rode him last week, permitted vaginal penetration... his last. He finally spent for me. If I don’t conceive I’ll be leaving the island with sperm samples.”

“A prudent precaution. It’ll require a few days for the epidermis to heal and the cap to adhere, then he can be milked for you and thereafter give up on a regular, the intervals to be determined by the lab.”

The words come as Miss Beth approaches with a bowl of ice and the doctor steps away to some cabinets. She returns with a tray. On it is the wicked implement of denial, a mushroom shaped lump of nickel cobalt, the rounded hemispherical surface polished smooth, the inner surface machine milled with dozens of tiny crags.

“Why not do the honor of holding the cap for me, Ms. Burgess? Nicely symbolic for you to assist in some manner.”

This seems more than agreeable to wife Edie, participating in the execution, providing the ammunition for the firing squad’s guns, her smile beaming in accepting the tray.

Thoughts abound... it’s going to happen... that my handler will assist... holding little Mort... that the doctor has yet to address me... that so many will observe as I helplessly sit and lose what the male finds most precious... so many governing women to watch... in satiation?

“Can you remove his collar for the procedure, Beth? I want them to watch. As I said, etching the psyche... burning the transformation into the mind.”

Collar removed, as intended I can better lower my chin, grimacing as Miss Beth’s knowing hand begins smoothing about chunks of ice, smiling as seeing little Mort quickly deflate as something at the end of electric cord hums in the doctor’s hand.

“So let’s begin,” Miss Beth knowing to move to my left side, fingers grasping my penis shaft to present the shriveled tip.

It is then that my wife decides on more participation than simply holding the tray. She moves to my right side her free hand going to the back of my head, fingers entwining in my hair to direct my gaze... forcing me to watch.

“You know, Ladies, the laser scalpel is a wonderful tool, making incisions with limited bleeding. And quite accurate. Since the pattern of the incisions matters not, in my younger days I took great enjoyment in carving my initials into the penis tip. Whatever the openings, such will heal into the interior of the cap. But I like to think of how many no longer fully functioning males are prancing about bearing woman’s initials where the male normally takes great pride.”

For the first time the dour doctor, smiles. And as I look to see the instrument begin, Miss Beth deftly shifting about a shriveled little Mort.... up, down, left, right... presenting every square centimeter of the normally hypersensitive flesh as the laser incises, there comes a suppressed cackle of notable enjoyment.

There is little pain, emotionally seeming to make things worse. And in feeling my wife’s hand, holding steady my head.... well... I’m succumbing I realize... indeed under total feminine dominion, so many gentle knowing hands having their way with me... and I have no choice but to surrender.

Capped

‘It is another honor, Ms. Burgess you may slip the cap in place... not needing to again touch his penis. The precision made stem will slide right into the urethral opening and the glans penis will be completely covered in nickel cobalt.’

Those were the final words I heard as a normal male, my wife accepting the so termed ‘honor’ with enthusiasm.

Yes, my manhood is encapsulated, metal covering penile flesh which appeared to be the color of lobster after enduring the doctor’s many slight incisions. Miss Beth continued to hold the shaft, presenting little Mort as one would make some sacramental offering. Memories of slipping on Edie’s wedding ring came to mind

As the doctor completed, stepping away to stow her equipment, there came wife Edie’s final words...

‘It rarely did me much good... now it won’t for you either.’

She laughed, tweaking my right nipple and announcing a trip to the beach for a relaxing afternoon with pixie Jamie. Miss Beth replaced my neck collar, then returned my testicles to the leash, carefully tying the loop of pink cloth to avoid my forcibly flaccid penis and it’s metal covering.

‘You’ll need to rest, Mr. Burgess. I’ll lead you back to the dorm before the numbness wears,’ legs and ankles released.

And so here I lie, kneeling, tummy down on the short bench, collar removed but head restrained by the hinged semi-circle of steel pressed to the back of my neck.

Days ago, being walked for the first time, the utility of the penis cap was demonstrated when donor Ed begged for bladder relief. The opening of the cap at the urethra was plugged, that was noticed. What I did not see... and now am made to feel... is that the threaded metal plug is the exposed end of a connected flexible hose, inserted inches into my penis. The inner end terminates in a small bulbous protrusion.

In inserting for the first time, Miss Beth explained...

‘With your body scan, we know exactly how long the prostrate agitation tube should be. So be prepared for a little stimulation,’ she kindly forewarned.

Inserted and pushed... so gently... so slowly... the little bulb could be felt gliding inward. And then in being fully tucked within, I lurched in feeling the insertion directly abrading my male gland.

Seeing me shudder brought a knowing laugh from Miss Beth as she twisted to hold the plug in place.

‘Bull’s eye. With the magnetic resonating imagery, the fabricators get it right every time.’ The sensation is before unfelt... both unwelcomely pleasant and awkward.

‘You see, Mr. Burgess, how much time and care is spent here on Indiening ensuring that our donors are happy and produce for us,’ the hands, caring indeed, placing a blinding cloth over my head and eyes. ‘Sleep now... and heal. And in a few days you’ll be milked... then you can join the herd in the pasture... anal hook in place. You’ll meet the other donors. They’re all so very nice... so meek and docile.’

“Thank you, Miss Beth,” not understanding my own selection of words... other than to recall the prognostication of psychologist Dr. Susan... the growth of awe, respect and fondness for my handler. “What is to become of me?”

“Quiet, no talking. Do you want me to put you in the humbler?” the words threatening, but

the tone kindly, my attentive handler knowing too well of the emotional turmoil... little Mort... his tip... gone from sight. Worse, gone from fondling fingers... mine and others.

With that I felt Miss Beth tying off the blindfold, her warmth at my face, pushing forth her mons, her fragrant, moist beauty lips greeting mine, her scent so arousing.

I licked in gratitude. No further words needed.

With Dr. Susan

I've finally been freed from the dorm and carefully walked to the medical building. I kneel, blindfold returned, in the office of psychologist Dr. Susan. Though left alone, hands restrained as always, I cannot remove the blinding cloth, thus cannot see and therefore dare not move... assuming I could muster the fortitude to be disobedient.

The office door opens. Hands push about my hips, pressing at the back of my high steel collar to position me, forehead to the carpet, buttocks high. The convincing strength indicates it is Captain Morena and I am to once again bear the humbler, Dr. Susan's preference in interviewing donors.

Within moments, I feel the smooth wood at the back of my thighs. As my scrotum is pulled back, testicles pressured, I hear a slight chuckle with the imposing woman of color enjoying the power exchange.

The door again opens. She leaves. Now I must obediently kneel in wait. Mobility denied, the dark silence brings thoughts...

There have been two days of healing, the confinement and isolation mentally tedious, secured in the dorm to the short bench, motion deemed perilous to the 'doctor's fine work'. Miss Beth's... words not mine.

I've been daily bathed... internal cleansing included of course... shaved, massaged. I've somewhat acclimated to having another brush my teeth for me. Fed the nutritious yet mysterious Indiening Island fare, formulated to maximize semen production. The scrotal infusions continue. It may be my imagination, but the quantity feels more modest... I must assume an overfilled sac may disturb 'the doctor's fine work'. The warmth of the special concoction is becoming welcomed. Such thought frightens... the acceptance... finding comfort in something that will transform me as a woman desires.

Most times blindfolded, I have counted the days by listening as the herd of cohort donors is likewise prepared for the day and shuffled off to the pasture. I have remained, restrained in darkness as the incised flesh of my penis tip heals, rejuvenated skin growing into the dozens of micro crags.

Miss Beth has explained that the alloy of my penis cap is used in artificial joints, years of medical data evidencing that the human body readily accepts nickel cobalt. She humorously implied that it's like growing a new appendage.

Breaking the boredom has been her sly offering, feminine portal pressed proximate to my lips and mouth as she stands over me massaging my back and shoulders. No words, no directive, I know to humbly lick in silence... bonding indeed. It dawns that with the neck collar holding high my chin and restricting movement of my head, my mouth is perfectly positioned for oral servitude. A coincidence?

Do I become erect? I know not. It seems that during healing such is not encouraged and Miss Beth reports not whether I tumefy for her.

The office door opens, drawing me from my thoughts..

"Good morning, Mr. Burgess," the voice that of Dr. Susan... smooth, calm and confident, no compunction in greeting a bound, naked, kneeling male in her office. "You may speak."

"Good morning, Dr. Susan."

"I thought we'd talk about your penis. You've been capped."

"Yes, Ma'am."

I hear her move to her desk. A drawer opens and closes. I fear it is the nostril binding, that

which requires that I kneel more upright, humbler tensioning my scrotal sac. I hear again soft footsteps. Fingers work about my upper lip and nose. My fears are proven, metal protuberances slipping into my nostrils. When the doctor ties off to the slim rope and ever so slightly pulls, there comes pain and an urgent need to right myself at the waist, increasing the stress of the humbler. Breathing heavily in concern, I try to repress a squeal of pain.

I cannot, my utterance bringing another pleasant feminine chuckle.

“There, now we’ll talk,” pulling a chair to sit before me, hands going to left ear and right, grasping tenderly to aid in holding my bent over torso at such a strained angle.

“I understand Mrs. Burgess observed the doctor’s work.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Is that all she did?”

“No, Ma’am.”

“What else did she do?”

“Well... she ah... held the tray with the penis cap.”

“So you could see it?”

“Yes.”

“Seems she wanted you to be mentally aware of what was to happen to you... you and your penis.”

“Yes, the doctor suggested it was... ah... sort of a ceremonial honor.”

“And that’s all she did?”

“No, she put her hand... on my head.”

“Why?”

Damn these questions! Such bring things I mentally wish to forever forget... thwarting my emotional denial!

“She wanted to assure I watched.”

“As a woman made drastic changes to your penis...”

“Yes, I suppose.”

“And that made you feel...” the words prompting.

“Helpless... a sense of... well... surrender.”

“Yes, you succumbed, to a woman... taking charge of your maleness... transforming and forever changing how you will need to address your libido. And you fully understand... understood... the permanency.”

“Yes... I suppose I did...”

“Rather cruel... some would say... to assuage in such a manner your psychological need to submit to women of authority.”

I have no reply, mind reeling. With my silence, the slim rope tightens bringing agony to my nose, plus stress on my scrotal sac as I attempt to right myself in relieving the rope’s tension.

“And your handler... Beth... Miss Beth to you. She assisted...”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I gasp, drawing a deep breath.

“Good. You’re talking to me again. The humbler can be quite convincing. All my boys are so eager to talk to me,” Dr. Susan quips with a laugh.

“And Miss Beth did...” more prompting.

“She held my penis.”

“So quite the scene. Your demented mind must have been reveling, Mr. Burgess. A bevy of women having their way with you... such attention you received... and all to bring your virility

into focus... to make you of use... better perform for us.”

“I didn’t...”

“Tsk, tsk, denial is natural, Mr. Burgess. All the times you spent humbly standing in the corner of your boss’s office, Martina Carruthers. And you never objected... never told your wife about it...”

“It was... embarrassing.”

“Yet you did it... you complied. Obeyed.”

“It was... well... a job... got paid...”

“And enjoyed.”

Silence returns, I have no rejoinder.

“So you sat and without objection let a woman handle your penis... as a doctor transformed you... you and your male parts... in such a manner that you will need training... to function... better function.”

No words.

“You’re going to be milked, Mr. Burgess. A woman... very young... will be extracting from you what is most dear... what you’ll be conditioned to produce in abundance.”

The rope tightens, affirming the message that silence is not acceptable. I gasp anew. Mouth opening, before I can say another word one finger then two plunges inward, again rummaging about. I gag, the doctor laughs. She begins to frivolously fuck my mouth, sending another message... that she can also have her way with me.

“Your last visit here you oozed your useless male essence, fortunately on a towel. I bet you’d be oozing again now... but for the plug in your penis cap. Your manhood is wounded but stiffening for me, isn’t it Mr. Burgess?”

There are indeed twinges. And fearing more tension on the rope, I do my best to nod my concurrence, throat stuffed.

“Yes, in Martina Carruthers being an accomplished handler, she saw right into that submissive psyche of yours. You should be very grateful to her... arranging a nice long sabbatical in a paradise developed for the masochistic male. You will enjoy your stay here, Mr. Burgess. Your handler suggests you’ve been licking her... no urging required... like a puppy. Such fawning over the woman who assured your penis tip was well incised... assuring proper adhesion... that your wife would be pleased... as you so much wish to do.”

The fingers finally withdraw.

“What else are you going to do for your handler... to return the favor of her exacting attention?”

“I try my best to obey her.”

“Yes, the threat of the humbler greatly encourages that... as you’ve discovered. But obedience is really for your benefit... avoiding punishment. What about her?”

“I... I... don’t know.”

“You’ve been enjoying her taste... don’t deny what’s in the reports.”

“Yes.”

“Then taste more of her.”

The suggestion, perhaps a directive, perplexes.

“You’ll be healed in another day or two, Mr. Burgess... your cap is most likely permanently in place now... but we err on the side of caution here... and there will be no further need for the leash since unsupervised fellatio or fondling by some rogue donor won’t be possible. When not secured in the dorm and put out to pasture, you’ll have a degree of free time. I’m going to be

curious to learn how you choose to use it.”

“Hands free?” my heart lifting.

“Never,” my query bringing another chuckle, this one wicked.

“Now I’m going to step away. An hour or two in the humbler does wonders for making the submissive male mind malleable. When I return I want you to tell me how it is you plan to return the care and reward your handler for her attentive tenderness.”

Indiening Island Efficiency

“We’ll be experimenting for a few days, Mr. Burgess. There are many variables in maximizing the production of quality semen, both quantity and the sperm count level. Water temperature, days in your cycle, food intake... both amount and formulation... and of course stimulation... physical and emotional. Everything to have you produce for me... most efficiently. And you’ll so much want to do that for me,” a caring hand tousling my hair as I again lie kneeling, tummy down on the short bench, knees forcibly parted by the extended wooden legs.

Yes, I must agree, berating myself in so doing. I truly feel that I want to please, produce for my handler... prodigiously.

In being capped, there come changes to the island protocol. As Miss Beth, speaks, again the fragrant warmth of her sex within inches, my growing scrotal sac has been immersed in an oblong pan of water, specially shaped to slip between my thighs. I have been told the temperature can be regulated with precision, that the testes best produce sperm when functioning below the level of body heat.

“Every donor’s balls are unique, performing best at different temperatures,” Miss Beth chuckling in utilizing the vernacular for testicles. “There is no uniform temperature for all male organs. So we’ll be analyzing your discharge, and the lab will suggest changes... maybe cooler...maybe warmer.”

My discharge. The term ‘ejaculate’ for some reason not used.

Miss Beth steps away. I lie again in boredom, testicles floating, sensing the flow of soothing water as it’s circulated about, temperature constant. I can’t help wondering whether or not I am erect, for some reason hoping that I am. Male stiffness greatly pleases on Indiening Island. Am I acclimating to the eccentric exposure? Has such become a need?

I think about the latest ‘interview’ with Dr. Susan, the woman so ably invading my mind, a well-armed paratrooper jumping into a unfortified village, assessing my mental and emotional state with ease.

Her candor disconcerts.

Yes, time in the humbler, nostril binding tightened, can certainly make the mind malleable. In finally returning to her office and offering possible reprieve, I agreed that any remaining male pride should be stricken. Yes, I will ask.... beg... to taste more of my handler, the deed sordid but deemed meaningful in cementing my emotional surrender.

But worse, there followed a discussion of stimulation, how on Indiening Island maximizing production goes beyond the physical... being patched, capped and hooked.

‘We’ve learned that there needs to be mental and emotional stimulation as well, Mr. Burgess. And for many... if not most... masochistic males... adverse stimulation is quite effective,’ Dr. Susan lectured.

‘Adverse?’ I could not stop myself from inquiring.

‘Yes, intentionally stirring fear is one example. Think of young folks who ride roller coasters... go rock climbing... skydiving. There is internal turmoil which is struggled with and overcome. The endorphins of the thrill outweigh the reluctance brought by concern over physical safety.’

Sitting before me, Dr. Susan reached to again cradle my head, relieving the tension of the thin rope, the instant relief bringing emphasis to her words.

‘And likewise there are things that stir repulsion... the struggle to overcome... followed by the flow of endorphins which result when the battle is won.’

‘Repulsion?’

‘To be crass, you’re going to suck cock for us, Mr. Burgess. It’s good for your psyche, decimating any silly male dignity that remains. And many of our clients find the deed quite entertaining.’

‘I won’t do it!’

‘You will. All our donors learn to show tenderness and affection for those who nurture and provide.’

Thoughts running amok, emotionally tormented, I find comfort in having my masculine parts so heedfully cared for, the flow soothing, the water temperature pleasant. I am sure little Mort has hardened. And as I hear Miss Beth return, I repress the urge to inquire about my penis.

“Ok, Mr. Burgess, I have your tag... for when you’re put to pasture. It’s a QR code... attached to your waist restraint. Our clients can scan with their cell phones and learn all about you.”

I feel fingers at my left hip. Indeed something is attached. I cannot see it, head secured, and of course I cannot... will not ever... touch it.

Miss Beth steps to my front. Sheer nightie flipping about, the glimpse, the whiff of her fragrance tantalizes.

“Your entire file, Mr. Burgess. All background information, your psychological profile, sexual history, the silly office antics which prompted your sabbatical... and of course lots of photos. And we add to the file regularly. Dr. Susan explained that you’ll be sucking cock for us,” Miss Beth again giggling in using the vernacular for oral gratification.

The hips push forth. The luscious pink invites. I extend my tongue. The doctor’s words ingrained in my mind I tenderly lick, but must inquire...

“May I speak, Miss Beth?”

“Be quick.”

“I’d like to taste more of you.”

“How? Be specific. It is important for your psychological descent that you be detailed... in your words... in your thoughts.”

Damn the training! Youthful yet so demanding!

“It’s in ceding to me as your handler... completely... utterly. You need to do that. We are not lovers, Mr. Burgess. No hints, no subtle innuendos, no flirtations. How is it you want to please me?”

“I’d like to... well... taste you... as does your pixie.”

“She’s trained, Mr. Burgess. When I have a need and she’s present, I simply part myself and she kneels and knows to partake. There are no words of course. None are necessary even if she could talk. And there is neatness... no choking, no sputtering, and failure to take my entire offering is insulting. You must relish what I cast away.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” questioning my inner sense of pride and accomplishment in agreeing.

“This evening, you will discharge for me... your first milking. The first of many samples for the lab to analyze. It’s been weeks of denial for you, but do not become overly enthralled with the opportunity to perform for me. It’s something that happens here on Indiening... regularly... without fanfare... on a schedule which I decide. Do not ever think of discharging as satiating your needs. You’re here to satiate mine.”

Walked Again - No Leash!

Hours of nothingness, left to my thoughts as my reproductive organs bask in swirling water. I think about tasting my handler... tasting more of her... the disgust for some reason dissipating. It would please her... and I am being conditioned to please.

Finally Miss Beth returns. The basin is slid away. I feel the knowing hands palm and tenderly dry my sac. Then, no words exchanged, I feel the sudden jab of the hypodermic needle, scrotum again infused. I sense the swelling... more... more... with my penis cap now permanently in place the large doses of concoction have returned. There is warmth. Welcomed?

Sun tan lotion is smoothed about... everywhere. My bloated scrotum will certainly catch the sun's rays. Miss Beth knows, carefully assuring my sensitive pink parts are well covered, penis shaft included. As always her touch is divine. I can feel little Mort stir.

Then Miss Beth strolls to my front, large tumbler of water in hand. She offers, I know to drink, the protocol of constantly filled bladder abetting erection. Next the restraining metal about my neck is raised. I know to lift my head as the high metal neck collar is snapped in place. Then I feel a fresh patch of cloth adhered to my right cheek.... more sildenafil citrate. I turn my head to see the wondrous controlling hands grasp my custom made anal hook from the wall. Sphincter remaining lubricated from the morning internal cleansing, I better understand the need for the daily enema. I am readily impaled and the hook may remain in place throughout the day, no bowel movement heeding removal.

My handler steps behind. I feel fingers pulling upwards on the vinyl strip about my waist. The coolness of metal presses to my skin and is slipped under. The precision bar glides upwards. The curved bulbous end greets my opening. Knowing fingers push and prod and I am impaled. Lastly, the top of the anal hook is clipped to the back of my high neck collar. Looking down... attempting to look down... tensions the length of steel and presses the intruding bulb further inward. It's quirky. Head motion massages my prostate and the women of the island know full well of the response of the male anatomy.

As I feel myself begin to harden in earnest, a hand goes to the puffolator at the top of the hook. I hear two hisses of air and immediately feel the impaling end of the hook inflate. Little Mort celebrates, I am sure standing rigidly for my handler.

Do I celebrate as well?

The collective knowledge concerning the male response to various stimulus is laudatory. My handler wants me stiff... I will be stiff.

"Let's walk, Mr. Burgess. I'll take you to the pasture... for just a little while. Meet some of the other donors. There you may speak among yourselves. But in the presence of a handler... or any other woman... you will be respectfully and obediently silent."

I rise. I curse myself in moving my head up and down, sensing the hook move, the inflated end bringing the odd combination of discomfort and faint pleasure to my prostate. I cannot help myself and look to see Miss Beth smile in knowing of the subtle motion.

"Yes, see how nicely you're acclimating for us. A nice big hard on. Your penis is wagging for me, Mr. Burgess. Such obeisance."

No leash, Miss Beth steps to the open end of my booth, wriggling a finger in a gesture of come hither. Trying to gaze downward to glimpse at her fine derriere, I plod behind finding curious disappointment in not feeling the gentle tugs of my testicle leash. Still the sight of her partially covered buttocks attract and with each step I can feel the hook working its magic.

“The dogs will assure you comply with the rules. No touching or fondling another donor. The hounds are highly trained and are to be obeyed. Exercise time is over for the day but you’ll learn to prance about for them when it’s time to be run. There may be clients reviewing the herd... the donors. If you’re called to the fence you will prance to them and present yourself for examination. If you don’t comply, the dogs will more or less bring you to them.”

The relative freedom is strange after weeks of being under strict feminine supervision. I must ask myself... strange good... or strange bad? Still my hands remain secured to the strip about my waist. And I find myself prancing on toes. For Miss Beth? Or is it that the enhanced motion causes little Mort to bob about and my growing scrotum to pendulously move back and forth slapping my thighs? Do I enjoy this?

Fully displaying my relative virility... captivated virility... am I now a peacock?

Yes, for some reason the motion brings a slight thrill.

We reach the pasture gate. The sun suggests it is past midday and as Miss Beth opens the gate I see my fellow donors at the far end. I count nine shading their metal restraints... particularly the penis caps... from the intense rays of the sun. As I know to step within, Miss Beth offers a playful slap to my left cheek.

“Be a good boy for me. No fondling.”

I prance forth, hearing the gate close behind. And for the first time in weeks I am mobile and without supervision. In moving to the herd I look to see there is a woman standing in the observation area near the chaise lounge chairs. She catches my eye in being tall, appearing near middle age, short dark hair slicked straight back. She stands out being fully clothed in blouse and slacks, most women of island having shown little modesty with regard to attire.... wife Edie included.

When I hear laughter, I divert my eyes back to the covey of donors. They are looking at me. All are trussed as am I... patched, capped and hooked, erections prominent.

“A new boy!” the words boisterous, the tone derisive.

There comes shyness. Presenting my nakedness to other males brings discomfort, for some reason different than baring all and being erect before the women of the island. There is no quirky inner thrill.

Having learned there will be many days put to pasture... to be sunned and exercised by the Indiening Island hounds... I decide it is best to introduce myself. I prance as directed. This brings laughter.

“This one’s already well-conditioned,” I hear one donor remark.

“I’m Mortimer.... Mortimer Burgess,” my voice unsteady. “I’m... ah... new here.”

“We know that, boy. Your balls tell us that.”

Indeed, I look down, needing to bend slightly at the waist due to the restrictive neck collar, and note the sizes of the many ball sacs. Almost all hang halfway to the knees, some gonads the size of peaches.

“Look all you want, boy. And if you want, you can kneel and lick. But know the dogs are diligent. Something about the sense of smell makes them aware.”

“I don’t do that!” needing to set forth my manliness.

My retort brings collective laughter.

“Well Mortimer, if a handler or a pixie wants you sucking cock, on this island you’ll be sucking cock... putting your tongue and lips wherever they want,” the words coming more as a statement of fact than a warning.

The rejoinder brings to mind my last interview with Dr. Susan... adverse stimulation.

But then it dawns... to be placed under the auspices of a pixie!

“Pixie’s are... servants!”

“Yes, to the women of the island, new boy... not to you. You’re to be as subservient to them as you will be to the handlers and clients.”

Stunned to silence, one by one the group spouts out their names, the discussion turning to a degree of decorum.

“You discharged for your handler yet?” donor Ed inquires.

“No. I think later today. It’ll be nice. You know it’s been a while.”

“Nice!” a donor named Bob mocks. “Yeah, about as nice as giving blood.”

“They want you to feel very little in giving up semen, new boy. The theory... and I must suppose it’s been proven here... is that your system will more quickly restore your masculine juices if you don’t sense the ecstasy of ejaculation,” Ed more politely explains. “It’s all about quantity and quality... and they’ll do everything and anything to maximize that.”

“That’s why you’re capped. No leakage, no inadvertent expunging... and most of all... no joy... at best a little thrill in performing for them,” a donor named Phil augments.

Such has occurred to me, but to hear it first hand from those who have so performed... for weeks?... for months?... for years?... brings reality to my plight. The thought prompts a question I have many times asked.

“For how long?” my query bringing more laughter.

“Until your sperm count diminishes to the point that the cost of what they put in you outweighs the value of what they milk out of you. It’s a business, Mortimer. And with the world’s male fertility in decline, a very lucrative business,” Ed vaguely suggests.

“And it’s more than just about fertility. It provides women... women of let’s say purpose, authority and determination... with choices. When to reproduce, with whom, and how,” donor Phil adds.

“Who put you here? Very few volunteer,” donor Bob interrogates.

“Well... my wife and my boss... ah... sort of conspired.”

“So you have... had... marital issues.”

“Yes,” becoming sheepish, “I was... well... spending too much time with the bottle and too little time... ah... taking care of my wife.”

“And now there’s no bottle, and no wife,” snorts Bob.

“I think she’s still here. I haven’t seen her since... the thing was placed on me.”

“Yes, here on Indiening Island a husband is superfluous. She can have all the sex she wants... in any manner she wants.”

“She more wants to have my child.”

This brings laughter.

“She can have whatever she wants... yours, mine, Bob’s, Ed’s, Phil’s... whomever.”

The notion disturbs, the conversation becoming a source of irritation.

With that a woman’s voice calls out, from the observation area some 50 yards away. All turn to obediently look, some in the group having to move their feet, neck collars inhibiting head motion.

“You... the one who just arrived. Come here now... I want you prancing.”

It is the fully clad woman, tall, short dark hair, her husky voice demanding.

“Your first inspection, new boy. Obey and be silent,” donor Bob solemnly advises.

Examined

I prance on toes, thinking how ingrained it is to so move about... how I now react to a woman's commands, not an inkling of renitence. Nearing where the woman stands it dawns that the enclosed pasture is easily escaped. The fence is just over waist height and comprised of a series of posts with three horizontal white planks between, seeming to gleam in the sun. It would be cumbersome, but even without the use of his hands a donor could manage to straddle and saunter off. No escape from the island of course... and the dogs would easily track. Yet, it is readily surmised that the enclosure is more symbolic than functional... male beasts kept in emblematic captivity... clients and staff to freely roam about... donors at all times to be under strict feminine authority and guidance.

In approaching I remind myself of Miss Beth's advisement, no talking, to be respectfully and obediently silent.

So I present myself, stepping to the white planks where the tall woman observes, leaning with elbows on the top rail, appearing quite relaxed in viewing a cadre of naked, patched, capped and hooked males... all steadfastly erect of course.

"You're new. Turn so I can scan you. Then if you have not been so instructed in greeting a client, you should turn back and face me, within arm's length, feet and knees well parted."

I comply, the woman's cell phone used to capture the image of the QR tag on my left hip.

Hearing a click I turn back and step forth, parting my feet.

"Good boy. So you're Mortimer Burgess. Age 27, a submissive masochist. And with a penchant for exhibitionism. Ha, ha, ha. Well Mortimer you've found yourself in the right place."

The woman looks up from the phone, noting my look of appal.

"If you have not been informed, Mortimer, everything known about you can be accessed utilizing the tag. I'll read more later. It's important that a woman know precisely what she's purchasing... the sperm here is expensive."

The phone is returned to the pocket of her slacks. She wriggles her finger and I know to move even closer.

"Just relax. Bend a little and rest your chest on the top rail. I'll not hurt you... Indiening Island rules."

Apprehension... why? My handler has freely had her way with me for weeks... I've been interviewed by Dr. Susan in a most degrading and humiliating manner. A woman doctor has callously modified my penis... yet this woman brings concern.

As I obediently bend, I feel the anal hook do its magic, further impaling, manipulating my prostate. Little Mort reacts I am sure, wagging in response. And when the woman softly chuckles. I realize she knows precisely what I am feeling within.

"Yes, you hate it but you love it."

The woman also bends slightly, arms reaching forth, hands slipping under the top rail. I am horrified to feel her cupping my plumped scrotum.

"Yes, you are new to the island. But these will ripen nicely. They know all about the male anatomy here. Who is your handler? You may speak."

"Miss Beth, Ma'am."

"Yes, young but quite accomplished," the words come as I feel her fingers deftly pushing and prodding, gently squeezing left gonad then right. "I like having carte blanche over a man's balls. It's empowering."

A finger slips between my thighs, brusquely rubbing my perineum.

“And with a nice prostate agitator in place to assure your little gland is at all times awakened.”

The fingers move to upstanding little Mort. I grunt as the woman presses downward, pushing to an angle little Mort cannot achieve when so fully engorged. I grunt. She smiles.

“When were you capped? It’s in your file but tell me.”

“Ah, a few days ago.”

“Have you discharged for your handler?”

“No, Ma’am.”

“So no analysis yet of your effluent. Well I’ll be sure to read of the quality. I’m looking to have my wife bear a child for me. Oh, I’m sure by now you must realize the sexual preference of the typical Indiening Island client by now... so you shouldn’t be surprised.”

I am surprised! It had not before dawned.

“Well I’m going to know everything there is to know about you, Mortimer Burgess. So a little about me. My name’s Shelly... Shelly DuPrave. I’m a bull dyke lesbian... at an age where I remain fertile, but the endometrial lining thins... so bearing a child could be perilous. Thus wife Millie is going to carry. My egg, her womb... they do in vitro fertilization here... and missing is a donor’s sperm. And so here I am visiting Indiening Island where the prospective father of my child can be known to me,” nodding to the herd of naked donors over my shoulder.

As the woman speaks her hands and fingers freely roam about, prodding and inspecting... my body an open book.

Such humiliation. Do I enjoy so submitting? Her touch is gentle but forceful.

Her hands retract. Disappointment?

“I’ll read more about you, Mortimer, show your bio to Millie. She won’t come to the pasture. I keep her in the nude... and she’s shy about males. Curious that her disdain for things with a penis leads to fright and concern... and my distaste? Well suffice it to say I made my living as a Dominatrix... good enough at tormenting wealthy submissives that I retired with a nice fortune at age forty.”

Miss Shelly DuPrave steps back, her eyes feasting, me feeling like a lamb chop... to be devoured?

“And I’ll talk to Beth... about your effluent. Meanwhile, you seem to be fidgety. Would you like to urinate for me?”

Returned to My Booth - To Be Milked?

“So what did you think of your cohort donors? Wonderfully docile don’t you think... considering all the hormones we have them ingest.”

A rather fractious bunch in dealing with me as ‘new boy’... I think but do not say.

Miss Beth unclips my hook. The puffolator hisses, releasing air. I feel my anal insertion deflate. I’m chagrined in somewhat missing the impaling comfort... the sense of feminine authority deep within. Hands pull to reverse the process. In exiting, the bulbous end abrades my prostate. I lurch as my sphincter yields. This brings another girlish giggle, Miss Beth also seeming to sense comforting empowerment in so facilely introducing things within the intimate male anatomy.

I am bonding to her more each day... ceding to a woman the most personal aspects of daily care... feeding, bathing, massaging. I never thought having a woman brush my teeth would seem like such a humble act of submission. I am accepting... along with prostate care... the health of the male gland seeming to be of great concern here on Indiening Island.

Miss Beth steps to the wall, hanging the hook where I am always to see it, then moves to stand over me. As always, her mons flashes, her scent invades my nostrils as she reaches to release my neck collar.

“You may speak,” assuming my lack of words results from the directive of silence.

“They’re huge,” for some reason the succinct reply the only words I can sputter.

Miss Beth giggles, pushing at my forehead to remind that I need to lift so the collar can be slipped away.

“Envious, Mr. Burgess? Some handlers permit the donors to lick each other from time to time. It amuses the clients... and keeps the male psyche in check... assuring any dignity remains suppressed. Would you like to do that for me... lick a nice set of balls?”

“No... no... its’ just that... well... it means they’ve been here a long time.”

“Yes. But the concoction spurs rapid plumping. You’ll soon have a very fine and presentable set. Yours have already swelled two centimeters.”

It horrifies to think my manly jewels are often measured for evaluation... discussed as ripening fruit. But then again... does it? Conversely, do I not want to show off? Again the peacock image comes to mind.

“Do you feel the urge to urinate for me, Mr. Burgess?” her quest distracting as I find myself extending my tongue, her warm and succulent nest so proximate.

“No Ma’am, I... ah... well performed... ah... for a client.”

Miss Beth steps back, disheartening in denying my oral efforts.

“That’s interesting. Most of our clients find little use for things with a penis... other than entertaining themselves with scenes of male degradation and utilizing what can be extracted for reproduction. So she knew how to remove the plug and prostate agitator?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Should I explain the perverse thrill in having to so empty myself under the auspices of a woman unknown... another set of controlling hands and fingers. At the time, my mind reeled back to first having to succumb to Miss Beth’s knowing guidance, handling little Mort so capriciously. I berate myself... at times my masochism sickens... yet brings such sordid delight.

“Her name? Did she tell you her name?”

“Miss DuPrave. Miss Shelly DuPrave.”

“Oh yes, here to put her wife under in vitro. So she took an interest in you?”

“Yes Ma’am. Scanned my tag. She’s interested in the lab report... on... well... you know.”

“Yes, Mr. Burgess. I’m going to milk you. I’ll make sure she has the results tomorrow.”

My hearts pounds. To be relieved at last! Miss DuPrave observed that I was fidgety... assuming bladder relief would absolve the condition. Such was only a contributing factor to the flood of hormones.

There is initial disappointment as Miss Beth moves from sight, her taste for sure denied. I hear movement then she returns behind, a hand palming my scrotum, another grasping a stiff little Mort.

“You remain nice and hard for me, Mr. Burgess. You’re beginning to like it here... enjoy my handling... your submission.”

Can I rebut the assertion? Suggest the sildenafil citrate patch counters my manhood’s true response to feminine dominion? That I would otherwise be flaccid? No, I cannot.

Miss Beth toys, demonstrating her authority, her hand pulling about my erection, left, right, and most aggravating... straight down... as did Miss DuPrave. Such seems to be the prevailing manner of sending the message... that a prideful male organ is totally subjugated to a woman’s whim.

“Good. You should discharge for me nicely. Now I will narrate so you fully understand what I am going to do to you. It’s important... that your mind succumb just as your reproductive organs will.

“First I must remove the penis plug and your prostate agitator.”

I lurch anew, feeling her fingers at my penis cap, the inserted tube and bulbous end gently exiting.

“Then I cover the penis cap with the collection suction cup. We capture as much prostatic fluid as we can... and you’re already nicely drooling for me.”

I am horrified to feel so little where a man normally feels so much. But I must assume the metal cap is engulfed.

“It’s like a modified breast pump, that used for lactation. The cup fits perfectly over your cap. Nothing escapes collection. And a connected tube leads to a specimen pouch... to be delivered to the lab after I’ve completely drained you,” the hands and fingers retreating.

“And lastly... some anal stimulation... while I rut you.”

Something is reintroduced to my anus... that which endures so much attention of late... inflatable enema nozzle every day... the anal hook when walked about. Deeply inserted, it’s of size... and it begins to vibrate!

“There. Now since it’s your first milking you must listen and obey. I don’t want you to ejaculate for me. It’s island protocol for the donors to more or less ooze. It takes time, but you’ll better produce for me... and be primed for another milking sooner... with a higher sperm count. You’ll be kept on the edge for me, Mr. Burgess... always eager to produce... both emotionally and physically.”

With that, there comes renewed delight... for Miss Beth moves before me, sliding a low stool to sit. She parts her thighs, pushing aside the flimsy nightie, baring completely her charms. Her fragrance no longer wafts... such completely fills my nostrils, the sight of her luscious pink charms bringing little Mort to twitch.

She has in her hand a small electrical device.

“Another variable in a milking a man. Speed and intensity of the vibrator. This is a remote control. And I can view the tube leading to the specimen pouch, assess the flow... and the cloudiness in terms of the relative discharge of sperm. In time I’ll know the precise settings...

that which forces the best quantity and quality from you.”

A thumb moves in demonstration. That inserted within vibrates more strongly... then faster... then lessens... then slows.

“Does it not excite you how much control I have over your most precious organs? You’re ceding to me, Mr. Burgess... that which a man normally relishes in having under self-control... so much desiring to spurt in exultation. That’s gone... to be replaced with an inner glow... a sense of satisfaction in performing for me.”

A free hand slips to her love nest, gathering and coating two fingers with feminine essence. Such retreat then coat my nose and lips. I inhale... my tongue thrusting to gather what I can.

“Yes, you so much like to taste. Now be a good boy. Pull slightly on your pubo coccygeus muscles... that will begin your discharge. And when I see a nice slow and steady flow, you’ll have a reward. I’ll have you taste me.”

I pull... I so much want to pull... to perform... to ooze for her... to discharge. I will succumb indeed... I want to succumb.

When Miss Beth slides forward on the stool, her beauty lips greet mine. I know a flow has begun... I am performing. My tongue thrusts forth. My lips purse. I feast.

Saying Goodbye

“My lord, Mort you look so silly kneeling like that with your balls so exposed. I feel an urge to kick,” wife Edie snorts.

I heard foot steps behind me many moments ago. Nothing to be seen with my head and neck restrained, I assumed it was one of the handlers. Instead it has been my wife looking over me.

“Oh I forgot, you’re not permitted to speak without a woman’s permission. It’s a good rule... should be worldwide,” Edie quips, evidencing her advancing level of misandry.

With the mockery, I must assume she is in agreement with the level of confinement, bondage exacting care afforded the donors of Indiening Island.

“So speak. I know it’s early but I’m on the first boat back to the main island.”

Yes, Miss Beth has not yet arrived for morning ablutions, so though the night has passed I remain kneeling in place on the short bench, arms and hands useless, neck secured.

“Good morning, Edie,” chagrined that she should so see me in bound nakedness.

Edie steps to my front, boots tapping the floor. She is radiant as always... and fully clothed, the diaphanous attire of the island inappropriate for travel. She pushes in place the low stool... that on which Miss Beth perches herself for my oral servitude. She sits, reaching to cradle my head.

“Shouldn’t that be ‘Miss Edie’, Mort? Offer your wife the same respectful level of address as your handler.”

I nod as best I can... reluctantly... but now very much cognizant of the island’s level of feminine dominion.

“So try again.”

“Good morning, Miss Edie.”

“Good boy. Dr. Susan explained to me that you began calling Beth ‘Miss’ without prompting. She said it was a telling indication of your acceptance.... of a very smooth and quick journey to where you now bask in your submission and masochism. Tsk, tsk, such depravity, so readily surrendering your masculinity. I do hope it’s a girl,” Edie... Miss Edie... patting her stomach.

She smiles in noting my look.

“Yes, Mort, I peed on the stick yesterday. I conceived... and am going home.”

“You can’t leave me here!”

“I can... I will... and you will enjoy.”

“For how long?”

“I’ll talk to Martina... the ‘boss lady’ as you call her. Having spent a few years here she’ll know best... of your ultimate fate.”

A stunning revelation, that the harridan to whom I reported in the outside world... tolerating the quirkiness of her authority in exchange for a pay check... should ultimately determine my destiny.

“I’m beginning... to produce,” my tone maudlin. “They... well... force it from me,” my voice quavering, thoughts of my wife leaving, perhaps not seeing my child grow up.

“Yes, Mort... and your discharge will be put to good use... no more splattering the shower floor. Oh yes, your masturbation habits are detailed in Dr. Susan’s report... made available to me... and all the women of the island. All they have to do is scan in your QR tag,” Miss Edie’s words flippant. “Face it, Mort... you’re exposed here... wonderfully exposed... physically... emotionally... psychologically. And you revel in it,” a finger tapping my head. “There is not

much a woman cannot make you endure here. No harmful physical discipline of course... that affects production... but otherwise your self-esteem will sink... if not already sunk... to the bottom of the abyss of masochism and perversity. You'll even be sucking cock for them... and learn to relish it."

Tears flow, bringing Miss Edie to smile.

"So sad... yet deep within so happy. Well if it comforts you, Mort, know that what's in your bio is regularly updated... in detail... and available on the Indiening Island website. So I'll be keeping an eye on you... both Martina and me... and we'll see... just how long your sabbatical needs to be."

Miss Edie rises, her booted foot pushing away the stool.

"It's been a wonderful vacation returning here after so many years. Finally able to tour the place. Do be a good boy."

Miss Edie stands... smiling... gloating? A hand tousles my hair. She turns. The boots tap the concrete. The mother of my child disappears from view. Leaving me with myriad emotions... and perplexed... 'returning to Indiening Island after so many years'?

A Routine Begins

Having discharged... been milked... for the first time, there begins what will become a daily routine. As always each morning I am internally cleansed, Miss Beth seeming to let the warm soapy enema flow and flow. As I slowly fill, I am shaved, bathed, teeth brushed, testicles measured and inspected. I find I must beg to finally be permitted to empty my bowels and conclude in having to grovel, such manifests the relationship at the start of each day... who is in control... who fully submits.

Finally allowed to gush, I am swathed in sun tan lotion. Then comes the specially formulated bowl of whatever... the taste bland... followed by the scrotal infusion, fresh patch of sildenafil citrate, neck collared and lastly impaled with the anal hook. Though my high steel collar inhibits unfettered viewing, I know little Mort stiffens... at what point during the morning stages of being handled I cannot be sure. But when I am finally instructed to stand, Miss Beth always makes a show... offering spirited maternal words of congratulations in peering at my erection... as one would inspire a toddler in learning to walk... then stepping forth, a hand lowering to play with little Mort's swollen shaft and demonstrate my show of depraved joy in being under feminine governance... strict feminine governance.

Then it's pasture time. The donors are herded from the many booths. With the dogs barking and growling it's out the dorm, onto the sandy pathway and in silence the cadre of naked and bound island males is run, prancing on toes, to the grassy knoll.

Each morning pasture time is supervised by a different handler. There seem to be a half dozen rotating the duty. I must suppose once per week... though on Indiening Island the calendar is unknown to the donors. The bonding thing is becoming more and more evident... reacting to my handler with awe, respect and fondness. For as I begin to prance and Miss Beth steps away I can sense the emotional detachment. Though knowing it is only for a few hours I will be without her care, she is missed.

Do I miss her more than wife Miss Edie?

Typically there are clients in the pasture's observation area. And after my introduction to Miss DuPrave, learning of her sexuality, I cannot help subtly observing... catching glimpses of hugs and kisses, the embraces more doting than sisterly affection. As opposed to being fully clothed, most are attired in the immodest nightie like garb, teasingly flashing their charms. And there are times when a duo will freely frottage as viewing the bevy of naked, bound and erect donors seems to spur lust.

Does the sight of abject male submission bring arousal?

It certainly brings some aspect of entertainment. For when the presiding handler decides it's time to be exercised and the dogs direct the herd to be run about the perimeter, the number of observing clients seems to grow. Erections bobbing, massive ball sacs flopping about, there come cheers, laughter and applause.

I am no longer a peacock but a show horse.

On occasion a donor is called to the fence and, just as with Miss DuPrave, his QR tag is captured by cell phone. A giggling young woman will then begin to read, presumably evaluate for potential insemination. Some enjoy manually inspecting the male organs... as did Miss DuPrave. I conclude in the mind of a daughter of Sappho even though having disdain for the male gender the opportunity to humiliate and debase should not be usurped.

I learn as a 'new boy'... the experienced donors so anointing me... that there is homoerotic playfulness among the herd. It seems after weeks and months... perhaps years?... of frolicking

together in the nude there is familiarity. Hands immobilized but fingers free, feels are copped when the hounds are distant, buttocks pinched when opportunity arises. In not being so inclined, I try to distance myself, attempting to be sociable but avoiding contact. But when late morning comes and the sun beams more directly, a rapidly heating penis cap mandates shade... and that area of the pasture is limited. Thus I am forced to interact... and learn that rules concerning touching are often infringed.

It disgusts. And it seems that decorum among the donors is for the new arrivals to offer obeisant licks when supervision is lax. In doing my best to decline I am somewhat ostracized.

Though time is muddled... there come three days after the milking and I look to see the imposing Miss DuPrave strolling to the observation area. Again fully attired, she is regal in loose white satin blouse, tight beige jodhpurs and knee high black leather boots, black hair slicked back, the masculine style proclaiming her sexual affinity.

She smiles in looking over the herd... smugly and in satisfaction in viewing the scene of male subjugation. Then she spies me, calling out in her husky voice.

“Burgess come over here. Prance for me.”

I obey, presenting myself at the fence, remembering to move within arm’s reach, feet parted, thighs spread. The inner thrill sickens. so humbly offering my plums for handling and inspection. Yes, I feel the twitches, an upstanding little Mort welcoming her touch.

“Your balls are quite plump today, Mortimer Burgess. Your handler seems eager to make you an attractive donor.”

Indeed the morning infusion did seem to take time.

“Been reading all about you. A married life of drinking rather than fucking. So lamely complying with your boss’s commands... her office games. Guess by now you realize that a woman of her ilk was testing you... and that you passed,” the words coming with a snort of derision.

As Miss DuPrave speaks her hands lower, pushing past the top rail to once again cup my bloated scrotum, thumbs rubbing about in a sign of her mastery.

“Also read your lab report... the analysis of your initial discharge. Quite abundant... and an impressive sperm count. You’ll do well here. And though your propensities may be off-putting for some women in need, your intelligence score is more than adequate. High enough such that there must be much introspection... much thought about your role here.”

“I... well...”

“I did not give you permission to speak,” truncating my words with a menacing squeeze of my left testicle. “I want you to meet Millie. If you pass muster it’s your sperm I’ll use for the in vitro. You’ll need to come to our cabin. As I said I keep her nude here, and she’s shy among men... no matter how well bound and relegated into submission.”

The left hand shifts and tightens as the right hand rises. Thumb and index finger wrap about the lower shaft of little Mort then glide upward in a motion of masturbation. Her stroke is smooth, knowing and sensuous. She knows men... knows how to pleasure.

“Feel familiar, Mr. Burgess? Why not close your eyes for me and pretend you’re home in the shower... lovely wife downstairs cooking your breakfast while you selfishly deny her your attention.”

Yes, she has read my bio, assembled from the in-depth interviews with Dr. Susan, the humbler... the nostril binding... wringing from memory every sordid detail of my dysfunctional married life.

“How does it feel... you may speak now.”

I moan in ecstasy... incomplete ecstasy with most of the penile nerve endings encapsulated in metal. There comes frustration... and Miss DuPrave too well knows of this.

“It’s... ah... I need...”

“To get off... explode... shower me with all that spunk they’re having you produce. Well those days are gone Mortimer Burgess. You’re just going to meekly give your handler what she wants and when she wants it. And you’re going to grovel, work hard to please... and in that demented mind... deep within... enjoy. It’s suffering... and you’ll come to revel in it.”

Her hand motion stops. I sigh. I want more... need more... and it’s not to happen no matter how long she deftly strokes. She knows this... and takes her own pleasure in so handling.

“If Millie deems you worthy as well, I’m going to pay extra to obtain the discharge I’ll be purchasing. I’ll want Millie to watch... get her head into the procedure. And I’ll be participating as well.”

The hands retract. She smiles in seeing my bloated scrotum freely hang.

“Back to your buddies. Been licking any of their balls? Maybe I’ll have a handler put on a show for the girls,” head gesturing to her right where three thinly clad clients have assembled to view the herd.

“Please no, Miss DuPrave.”

“Yes... the homophobia. Such will erode... in time. Pride will fall... and you’ll take thrill in the slow descent.”

Again in Dr. Susan's Office

I kneel in the office of Dr. Susan, humbler in place, the thin rope of the nostril binding tied off high, the forced pose tensioning my scrotum and aggravating the many nerve endings of my nose. I should know by now that an 'interview' is coming when the warming scrotal infusion is skipped from the morning routine.

Miss Beth having left me blindfolded and departed, I must assume it was the forceful hands and fingers of Captain Morena who heartlessly positioned me. As always, the deed came both deftly and swiftly... ball sac entrapped with minimal effort... and without words.

How long have I been bound I cannot conceive, my blindfold absorbing my tears of anguish. The interval is intolerable... yet must be tolerated.

Finally I hear the office door open and the frou frou of a woman's skirt tells me the demanding psychologist has entered. There comes the sound of a stool brushing the carpet and I sense she sits before me.

"Thought I'd let you stew a little, Mr. Burgess... make you eager to talk to me. Shall I offer a little slack? You may speak."

"Please do, Dr. Susan... please," the words gasped.

"Then you'll talk... tell of the week's events... your feelings... your deepest feelings" her offer withheld.

"Oh, yes Ma'am. I... I... can't... take..."

"Oh, but you will. Here on Indiening Island supervising women determine what is best for the male. And it results in wonderful production. I've reviewed your lab report... so fertile... and your effluent was abundant. You milk very well," finally feeling the thin rope loosen.

"Thank you, Ma'am, thank you," the sense of relief bringing a rush of endorphins.

And it is intentional, for there comes a deluge of words, with little prompting narrating my thoughts and reactions to pasture time, meeting my follow donors, being inspected by a client. I become sentimental in telling of wife Edie's departure. In utilizing 'Miss' in referring to my bride, Dr. Susan stops me.

"Let's focus on that for a moment, Mr. Burgess. Miss Edie... you address your wife as Miss Edie."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"When did you begin doing that?"

"Well... Miss Edie suggested that if I respectfully address my handler as Miss Beth, I should so address her."

"And you comply."

"Yes Ma'am."

"That's very telling, Mr. Burgess, now mentally placing your wife on a pedestal. And she told you that she has conceived, that your final opportunity for vaginal penetration brought results."

Final? I had not before given that much thought. I nod in pensiveness.

"I think going hence you should be addressing all women respectfully. Don't you think that is best for you, Mr. Burgess? Keeping you mindful of your place?"

"Oh, yes Ma'am."

"So you're going to be a father. If it's a girl, will you be calling her Miss? Assuming your sabbatical here ever concludes."

"Of course, Ma'am," realizing I am being further conditioned.

“Good. So let’s move on. You enjoy your morning routine with your handler. Beth reports that you become quite erect for her... that being handled excites. You become aroused.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“What excites you the most?”

I have not before given that any thought. The process has so many elements. And the gentle tender hands and fingers... caring yet so much in charge...

My thoughtful silence earns less slack, the thin rope tightening. I gasp anew.

“Please, Dr. Susan...”

“It’s best that you keep the stream of words coming. No quibbling... I want immediate and unfiltered responses. It is the enema? Your handler reports you squirm about quite comically as you fill.”

“It’s... too much.”

“Again that’s not for you to determine. Your handler is in charge. You will subordinate to her. And does it not excite you to have a woman so attentively introduce something deep within... figuratively feeling her controlling hand in your viscera.”

The woman knows, playing my propensity for masochism as masterfully as a concert violinist. And I must agree... as I concluded... the depth and length of the morning enema seems to be more purposeful than merely cleansing.

“Beth reports you’re given beg... for release... the simple press of her finger on the air valve... deflating the nozzle. Suppose you were able to do that, Mr. Burgess... hands freed. Would you release and expel?”

“Yes, of course, Ma’am.”

“And if your handler told you not to do it?”

I have no reply... choose not to reply... guessing the question an entrapment.

“I think you would prefer to remain suffering for her if it pleased her. Is that not so?”

I nod, the concert violinist a virtuoso.

“So you believe the enema brings more discomfort than arousal. What does bring the stiffness your handler reports?”

“Well... ah... the concoction. It... well...”

“Yes, our special formulation does have many attractive aspects for the masochistic exhibitionist... doesn’t it, Mr. Burgess? You missed it this morning didn’t you. But can’t put a boy in the humbler with a bloated sac.

“Is it the warmth?”

“Yes, I suppose.”

“Not the fact that it modifies your appearance? Providing a nice big set of balls for our clients amusement.”

“Well... ah... that too...”

“Or perhaps how it affects male production... stimulates your testes... lots of male effluent. Our clients term it juicy... that a donor has a nice big juicy sac.”

I berate myself, Dr. Susan’s words peeling away layers depraved thoughts and feelings. Do I want to so appear for the women of the island?

“So a client inspected you. And brought her attention to focus on you. Does that please you, Mr. Burgess?”

“She’s quite firm... and knowing... you know... concerning...”

“The male anatomy and your organs... yes... Ms. DuPrave has... certain professional skills. But answer the question. Did ceding to her bring a thrill?”

“Yes.”

“Was it knowing of her sexuality... that to her males are objects... to be used... to conveniently extract things from... that naked, bound and erect males are sources of entertainment?”

The haughtiness of Miss DuPrave and the presumption of her superiority did intrigue. I nod as best I can.

“Shelly DuPrave made a living doing things to men... bestowing pain, degradation, humiliation. Find attraction?”

“Yes.”

There comes pause. My ears detect writing. Dr. Susan is taking notes.

“You were milked a few days ago, Mr. Burgess. Your handler had you discharge for her... for the first of many times. Tell me about it... thoughts and feelings.... always with your thoughts and feelings.”

I retell of the process, knowing full well that Dr. Susan is aware of every aspect of the debasing procedure. I must assume there is some catharsis... believed to be some catharsis... in so narrating... having the process brought to mind. I find myself using the description suggested by donor Bob... that I sensed I was giving blood... essential effluent drained from me at a woman’s behest.

“How did you feel afterward, Mr. Burgess? Satiated?”

“Ah... well... more physically tired than gratified.”

“And mentally?... thoughts and feelings...” she again emphasizes.

There she has me... I would rather not divulge... yet she senses my reluctance... the rope tightening.

“I had this feeling of accomplishment... that I pleased... that I performed as Miss Beth wanted,” I finally blurt.

“That’s good. And you were rewarded... permitted to taste her. You have yet to ask to taste more of her... as I strongly recommended.”

Her comment brings me to conclude once again... every aspect of interaction with the handlers of the island is reported. And I must presume posted on my profile... to be accessed... through my QR tag... on the Indiening Island website.

“I will.”

“I’ll leave you to your thoughts for a while. A little stress is good for the submissive psyche. Then Captain Morena will release the humbler. Do be sure to thank her... appropriately “

More writing, the interview concluding. In silence I realize I am repeating to myself... ‘I will, I will, I will’.

Miss Beth Retrieves

Thanked indeed, my stint in the humbler was not to end quickly. After Dr. Susan departed, the office door immediately reopened and feet approached. The rope of my nostril binding was released but then used as a leash, pulling to position my head and face such that my tongue and lips became one with the feminine nest of Captain Morena, her long luscious labia drawn to the back of my mouth as I dutifully swished about my tongue, sensing accomplishment in taking in the resulting essence. Yes, it oddly pleased... thanking the woman... appropriately. And I relished her taste, the fragrance of her lust filling the office.

She in turn offered her own show of gratitude. As I licked, suckling on her lengthy beauty lips, a hand went to the back of my neck toying with the puffulator, that which is used to inflate my anal plug. First some air was released.... then pumped up... then released... manipulating my gland deep when. The sensation of feeling a woman's controlling hand so deep within was indescribable... indescribably pleasant? The cat Captain Morena... the mouse Mortimer Burgess... she had her way with me and I could do little other than humbly offer the pleasure she demanded. Humbler and nostril binding removed I now kneel blindfolded not daring to move, grateful to be relieved of the stress and suffering. Then the door opens again. The pleasant voice of handler Miss Beth greets.

"A good interview, Mr. Burgess?" a hand stripping away my blindfold.

There can be no 'good interviews' when so stressfully bound, I am wont to say. Instead I nod in silence, avoiding controversy.

Hands assist in helping me arise, legs shaky in having strained to minimize the tension on my scrotum. My eyes blink adjusting to the room light, seeming to desperately want to gaze at the youthful beauty... flimsy attire teasingly displaying her charms as always. Awe, respect and fondness.

"A client wants to talk to you in her cabin. Ms. Shelly DuPrave... seems you've made an impression. Then if there's time remaining in the day, I'll have you pastured."

Yes, to meet wife Millie... Miss Millie. Not knowing of the decorum in socializing with a lesbian couple... if socializing is the apropos term... I find fortune in the rule of silence. I will merely present myself and obey, I console myself. But then comes realization... and a quest... and the frightful notion of what is happening to me.

"May I speak, Miss Beth?"

"You just did, bad boy," a hand playfully slapping my left buttock. "Go on."

"My... ah... well... the concoction."

"Skipped for the interview... and for the humbler. But you're firm... and getting firmer, if that's your concern," a hand going to little Mort to demonstrate as my high neck collar inhibits a direct gaze.

Miss Beth smiles, knowing that her presence has come to augment my tumescence. Also knowing of my thoughts. That I want to be presentable... and for a male to be presentable on Indiening Island not only should his penis be in full blossom... but weighty testicles flopping about as well.

"But it would..."

"No more. Be silent, Mr. Burgess. I will take care of your need. You've come to enjoy your scrotal infusions... showing off a nice plump ball sac. So our first stop will be back to the dorm. But do give some thought to your request."

I do, and there comes a frisson of concern. The indoctrination of the Indiening Island

handlers... psychologist Dr. Susan... the modifying medical procedure... has immersed me in a quagmire of perversity. And I have come to enjoy slogging about... as would a hog in a mud filled sty.

Miss Beth's hand takes my elbow, guiding me from the office, out the medical building into the tropical sunshine. She joins me in silence, seeming to know I am ruminating, having thoughts about my request.

"Don't worry, Mr. Burgess," finally breaking her silence. "I'll make you nice and big and plump... where you've come to enjoy showing off for me... and the clients. That you ask is an important step for you... it's telling of you... and your self-image. And I think you know that."

To the dorm, without need for direction I prance to booth 14, kneel and position myself, tummy resting on the short bench, knees resting outside the extended legs, thighs well parted, my scrotum freely hanging in invitation. Miss Beth goes to the cabinet extracting a hypodermic needle with a large barrel. Next comes a canister of the island's special concoction

"I've got you up to eighty ccs. Would you like more, Mr. Burgess? Your scrotum is nicely stretching for me and will take more. Would you like one hundred ccs.? You'll be walking a little funny, but I'm sure Ms. DuPrave will be well entertained. You may speak."

"I'd... well... one hundred... but for you Miss Beth," immediately shamed by my words.

"How nice... for me," reaching to tousle my hair, smiling in understanding the bonding thing... the awe, respect and fondness.

She makes a show of filling the hypodermic barrel, carefully measuring the cubic centimeters. As she steps to my rear, I feel a wondrous hand cradle my sac, moving the fleshiness about to position and jab as always at the top near my perineum. I flinch, but most modestly, acclimated to the daily infusion. Then comes the spreading comforting warmth... both physically welcomed and emotionally. The concoction is becoming a narcotic, soothing a strange need.

To produce... to please.

"Will I discharge for you again, Miss Beth?"

"Oh yes. I'll begin with a four day cycle. The lab will evaluate and we'll adjust. Some donors produce best with a three day cycle... some four... some five. It's all about results here on Indiening Island. Your performance is important."

Yes, and when I realize it's becoming important to me as well, I understand the effectiveness of the conditioning.... the barrage of psychological dogma.

"You're amazingly erect for me, Mr. Burgess. Not all the donors react so robustly in being infused," the cradling hand withdrawing to let my filling sac freely dangle, I'm sure enjoying her empowerment as the male pouch slowly fills.

I can sense the weightiness. I sense perverse pride as well.

"I'll also be adjusting the temperature of the trough water as you nightly soak. So at times your nice plump balls may feel a little cooler when you sleep. As I've explained, many variables in maximizing the production of male effluent."

Deed completed, the needle withdraws. Miss Beth moves to the cabinet. I turn my head as best I can, marveling at the youthful, barely covered beauty... so much in charge.

"May I thank you Miss Beth?"

"Speaking again. You're developing bad habits, Mr. Burgess."

The rebuke is mild, my heart leaping as her foot pushes before me the low stool. She smiles, she sits, she raises the hem of her nightie, she parts her thighs.

"I'd like to taste more of you," finding the temerity to again break the rule of silence.

“Like Chrissie?” her smile broadening. “That requires training to minimize sloppiness, Mr. Burgess. But the floor is well drained.”

“Yes, Miss Beth, like Chrissie.”

Meeting Miss Millie

After weeks of strict feminine supervision and constant bondage, it feels decadently good to freely walk about. My hands remain secured to the vinyl strip about my waist and of course I am collared... patched, capped and hooked. But I am freely walking, directed to guest cabin 24 where Miss Shelly Duprave has demanded my presence.

‘No talking... unless spoken to... don’t dawdle, the dogs will round you up and herd you back to the dorm if you stray... and remain erect... always be stiff for the women of the island.’

I think about Miss Beth’s parting words, coming as we strolled to the dorm’s exit and she pointed in the direction of the row of cabins. The high neck collar inhibits a direct downward gaze. It is therefore difficult to determine my state of tumescence, but as one parting hand slapped my buttocks another reached to the puffolator at the back of my neck and squeezed to further inflate, assuring my prostate and thus little Mort were well stimulated.

So I find myself obediently prancing on toes, my gait now ingrained, and I can feel my erection bob about, my overfilled sac thwacking left thigh then right with each step. The sensation offers curious comfort... that in displaying my subordinated virility I am in compliance, demonstrating my total obeisance.

I find cabin 24. Not difficult in that it’s close to where I stayed with wife Miss Edie on the night of my arrival on Indiening Island. I climb the few steps to a small front porch then find myself in a quandary. Silence demanded, hands useless, I can neither announce my presence nor knock. Then I peer downward and spy a placard, the words ‘donor bell’ etched at about knee height. Below that is a button apparently to be used to summon the cabin residents. I lift my right foot, assuming the button is to be pressed with my toes and nearly fall backwards down the steps. The awkwardness brings laughter from a passing handler.

“Kneel... and use your nose... and remain kneeling until granted entry,” the woman’s tone authoritative.

I lower myself and align my face, the neck collar making head motion ungainly, and indeed find the placement of the bell to be convenient when so bending at the waist. Pressing with my nose, there comes a pleasant chime. And then I wait... and I wait.

Finally the door opens. Towering over me is Miss Shelly DuPrave, clothed in slacks, blouse and boots. As I begin to rise, her hands go to my shoulders holding me on my knees.

“It’s best that you remain on your knees. Millie dislikes things with a penis... as do all women of our ilk. But she finds fear and concern as I said. So shuffle forward and keep your head below the level of my waist at all times,” the directing words and husky voice bringing this instant sense of submission.

Miss DuPrave steps aside. I so shuffle, awkwardly with hands useless. I glance upwards to see her smiling.

“Very good, Mr., Burgess. And so nicely erect for me. It will frighten Millie. But when she better understands that you and your male organs are under thorough feminine dominion she’ll be quite comfortable I am sure. Your timing is good. I’ve had her in suspension the past couple of hours, naked of course and well spread to maximize her sense of exposure. It.... ah... shall we say... relaxes her.”

Miss DuPrave shuts the door and strolls around my shuffling nakedness.

“I’ll want you up on the coffee table for examination,” patting the surface of the low and sturdy furniture. “You’ll need help.”

I move to the table and rise, strong hands pushing and prodding to assist, assuring I don’t

topple. In positioning myself, by rote I part my knees, my bloated scrotum to dangle in full display. Miss Duprave moves behind, hands again reaching, now between my thighs, to cradle my jewels, her grasp knowing as always. I further bend at the waist to better present my engorged sac for inspection.

“Nicely filled. I’ve been told the women here can have a donor stretched to the knees. It takes time... but think of the results,” uncharacteristically gushing, “the humiliation... demonstrating the epitome of feminine empowerment,” the thought expressed with a chuckle.

“You know, in my days as a pro I had one client who wanted... actually his wife wanted... his testicles whipped. Used a short, thin penis whip. Would send him back to his wife quite sore... where he’d clean up after her bull stud. Made a lot of money tormenting glands like these. Lots of skin to lash,” the words bringing me quiver and Miss DuPrave to laugh.

“Millie, stop hiding and join us. The donor is here. He cannot hurt you.”

A door at the rear of the modest sized cabin opens. Into the parlor steps a young girl, her presumed age seeming incongruous to the forty something Miss Duprave when considering the pair are married. She is totally naked in keeping with Miss DuPrave’s insistence and is blushing. As Miss DuPrave continues fondling my male parts... obnoxiously brazen in any other setting... I visually assess.

Miss Millie is attractive with a pleasing face and even features, short with enormous breasts, wide hips. Her stocky frame belies her limited height.... seeming to be as wide as she is tall. She is hairless other than blonde cranial hair styled strangely. The front of her head is shaven inches above the forehead. At the middle... more toward the back... there is a lengthy pony tail, tied and propped upwards as one would see on the tail of a show horse. And it appears the back of her head is shaved as well, making the pony tail appear as a handle.

My eyes lower to catch a glint of metal. There are seamless bands of silver about Miss Millie’s wrists and as she sheepishly steps forth in response to Miss DuPrave’s wriggling finger there comes more glint about the meaty outer labia of her bald mons. Something small dangles between her thighs.

“This is Mr. Burgess, Millie. I’m going to use his nasty male sludge to fertilize one of my eggs. Since it’s to be introduced into your womb, I thought you’d like to meet him. Don’t be afraid, he’s physically bound and quite meek. They handle things with a penis very firmly here.”

Miss Millie smiles, the words seeming to reassure as she steps closer.

“They milk the donors here, Millie. Mr. Burgess will be discharging for us and I’ll be paying extra to have his balls drained in an appropriate manner... assuming you find him acceptable. Come, inspect for yourself... you’ve already read his bio. And he’s becoming orally accomplished over the past weeks of his indenture. Maybe you’d like him to lick you...”

“Tck, Shelly,” the soft high pitched voice girlish, her distaste expressed as a teenaged girl would decline an unappealing meal.

“Well let me show you how much he’s under a woman’s authority,” moving to my side, a hand going to the back of my neck collar to pull.

Kneeling on the table, bent at the waist, my male package is mostly obscured from view. As I am forced to right myself at the waist, an erect and capped little Mort juts forth, weighty scrotal sac hanging prominently between spread thighs. In noting Miss DuPrave’s firm grip... a mother cat taking her kitten by the scruff of the neck... Miss Millie glares with little shyness... her fears and concerns seeming to be mollified with my docility. She points and giggles.

“His thing... it’s covered.”

“Yes, capped. And it always is... most likely for a long, long time. It only functions when a

presiding woman decides to put it to use... both emptying his bladder... and draining his balls. So he can't take advantage of you... far from being able to rape you. And his hands are well restrained as you can see. So look him over. A nice physique... you've seen the evaluation of his intelligence level. He gave up a sample of semen the other day which proved to be quite high in sperm count. He's suitable don't you think?"

"Can I touch him?"

"Of course. And perhaps you'd like to show him your cunny... my cunny" Miss DuPrave corrects herself.

"Please no, Shelly."

"Oh come now, Millie, no need for shyness. Show him...and give him a taste as well. Men are like hounds... sniff... sniff... sniff," the words mocking.

Miss Millie's smile becomes coy. Her shyness indeed erodes, her hands lowering as she steps quite close, fingers parting the fleshy out labia. There is revealed the source of the glint. Some dozen small rings piercing the pink inner labia left and right.

"I keep Millie zipped. She has busy fingers. If not denied she'd constantly be playing... with my cunny," Miss DuPrave explains, emphasizing 'my'.

There is moisture and the 'busy' fingers indeed scurry about to coat the tips.

"She also has balls. Tucked within her love pouch are a little gift of golden spheres to assure her needs... keep her on the edge for when I decide to unlock her. So as you can see she's also secreting for me. I like her wet."

Peering closely, I see that what dangles just below Miss Millie's portal is a tiny padlock at the end of a delicate chain threaded through the many labial rings, the top secured to a clitoral hood piercing.

"You'll lose your balls when impregnated, Millie. But I can always replace postpartum, ha, ha, ha."

Millie becomes a little brazen. Her arms extend, moist fingers wetting my nose and upper lip. There comes outright laughter as she notes I take a deep breath to inhale then extend my tongue to gather in the delicacy.

"They keep all the donors quite randy here, Millie... stiff and full of juice... and always ready to perform. Feel his penis and balls... so eager to accommodate a governing woman... she's called his handler. The man is always handled. And if you agree he'll be accommodating us as well. We'll have a baby... be parents."

Miss Millie beams. Her hands begin to rove about my nakedness. There comes newly found fortitude, one hand palming my bursting ball sac, the fingers of other gliding up and down my stiff shaft. The touch is gentle and sensuous considering the girl's disdain. This brings comes a brisance, but it more frustrates than thrills with most of my penile erogenous zone encased in metal.

"He can't spurt," a dainty finger brushing over the cap, noting the urethral plug.

"Never again. But he'll ooze what we want... when we want it. I'm glad to see you're comfortable handling him as well, Millie. I'll want your help in having him discharge for us... I want it to be a little ceremony... so the procedure does not seem entirely clinical."

A Talk with Miss Beth

Exiting cabin 24, prancing in thought over the ignominious encounter with the stern Miss DuPrave and the voluptuous Miss Millie, I spy my handler Miss Beth approaching on the cabin lined path.

“A good meeting, Mr. Burgess? You may speak.”

“Ah... well...” not finding the words to describe being physically examined by such naivety, my male anatomy becoming an object of exhibition. “It seems I’m acceptable.”

“No, your sperm is acceptable... there’s a difference. It’s not like you’re dating the women,” Miss Beth chuckles. “There’s not much daylight left to have you sunned in the pasture. But let’s take a walk. You seem fidgety. All those hormones... and I’ll be milking you again tomorrow.”

A hand lowers, fingers going to my stiffness, the patch and anal hook augmenting continuous tumescence. She handles... with care and tenderness... the look on her face one of satisfaction and accomplishment. Pride in ownership?

“But first I need to stop in my cabin. Come with me. You can meet Chrissie.”

The notion both intrigues and revolts. The nude, neutered and silenced servants of the island are creepy in my mind. Thoughts of Jamie and his/her unending analingus come to mind, face wedged between wife Miss Edie’s cheeks.

“It’s right here.”

Miss Beth steps to the right pushing open a low gate, more decorative than functional. There is a narrow path, outlined by blossoming flora leading to a modest structure similar to that just visited.

“I have Chrissie do lots of gardening. I like working him physically. Housework can be monotonous for a guy... even after he’s lost his balls,” the excision of male organs discussed flippantly.

Miss Beth leads, I follow... on toes. Up the shorts steps, Miss Beth sonorously calls out the name of her servant and pushes open the cabin door.

“Chrissie, I have a need,” the phrase seeming to be a code for a specific response.

From a kitchen a nude form dashes, approaching quickly and falling to his/her knees before my handler.

“It’s good that you can watch, Mr. Burgess, since you’ve asked to taste more of me.”

As Miss Beth pushes aside her nightie, the Chrissie character leans backward, hands grasping her ankles. The awkward pose almost brings her to topple as Miss Beth’s hands go to the back of Chrissie’s head to lend support and bring balance.

As my handler steps forth, feet straddling Chrissie’s knees, thighs parting, eyes scan the slight plumped form. Chrissie’s hair is effeminately long, held in a pony tail. She’s otherwise hairless as one would expect on Indiening Island and there are remnants of maleness. No breasts, yet the nipples are puffy and pierced with gaudy baubles, dangling and scintillating to say ‘look at me’. There’s a penis, surprisingly long and of course flaccid, the tip bearing evidence of having been capped at one time. And most telling, the long strips of pink flesh flopping about below, at one time nesting testicles I am sure were grown to notable size.

I gaze in awe... perverse envy?... as the duo become one, the entrance to Miss Beth’s portal glued to Chrissie’s face. Then all motion stops. Chrissie’s eyes peer upwards directly into the empowered smiling face of Miss Beth. There is adoration.

There is no indication of what is happening... what is being exchanged... but within a moment, Miss Beth resumes speaking.

“Quick, efficient, neat. Other than expressing my need, there is nothing else to be said. No commands, no directives. You’ll note there is no annoying sounds of gulping. Chrissie’s been trained to suppress swallowing, open herself such that her throat becomes a drain pipe. And when I finish,” Miss Beth breaking the bond by slightly pushing back with her hips but hands remaining, “she’ll gently and attentively cleanse me... and savor every droplet.”

With those words a prodigious tongue thrusts forth to indeed lick about, a puppy slobbering over his Master’s hands.

Deed completed, Miss Beth releases her hands and steps back. I am amazed. I cannot help thinking how quick and facilely came the debasing deed. And indeed how neat... not even the scent of excretions much less the sight.

“Come. Let’s walk, Mr. Burgess... and let’s talk. You’ve expressed interest in tasting more of me. I like to think of it as making yourself more useful to me... which is what you’re being conditioned to do for the women of Indiening Island... be of use.”

Miss Beth strolls to the door, no words exchanged with her pixie... no thanks, no encouragement. But then I suppose one does not express gratitude to the porcelain of a toilet.

“We can begin, Mr. Burgess. Further decimate any male pride... and have you wearing a yellow tag. Would you like that?”

The query coming as Miss Beth opens again the yard gate.

“Yellow tag?”

“Your QR code” Miss Beth reaching to flip about what I bear at my left hip. “It’s now white. And when fully toilet trained, your advanced skill set will be listed in you bio of course. But the color coding more quickly discloses your... ah... ability. Yellow means you’re... as I said... more useful to a woman.”

In thought we head for the pasture. I cannot help thinking of how quick yet how powerful was the exchange I just witnessed. And commencing with three simple words... ‘I have a need’. From that there followed utter subordination... the humble acceptance of what a women casts aside... to be relished... an adoring tongue silently saying ‘thank you’.

“Tomorrow I will milk you. And you may partake... in more of my taste.”

“And that will go in my bio?”

“Of course. Everything about you... open for a woman to read.”

And wife Miss Edie to read as well, I remind myself... accessing the Indiening Island website. I can hear her snicker.

Pastured

Ablutions completed, the morning enema seeming longer, higher and deeper than ever, I join the herd. It's pasture time and once again I am saddened not to be under Miss Beth's auspices. I console myself it is only for a few hours. But the day's handler is a harridan named Miss Margie and she's known to be not only a taskmaster but somewhat sinister in presiding over the naked and bound male.

"Okay my mentally meek and physically potent subjugants... I want to see those erections bobbing about... balls flopping. Now move! Some new clients have arrived... they need a nice show of virility and humbleness."

The command comes as we donors assemble outside the dorm. The hounds begin barking, snarling in nipping at various heels. As a group we begin to prance. Since it's been some five days since my initial milking, I am quite frisky, eagerly looking forward to again discharging for Miss Beth... despite the absence of normal male ecstasy. So moving about alleviates the jitters. Thus I welcome the run to the pasture.

For the first time I glance with purpose at the tags on the left hip of each donor. After yesterday's demonstration... pixie Chrissie instantly responding to the coded phrase 'I have a need'... I note the color. Most are white as is mine, but there appear to be three colored yellow. I cannot help wondering about the level of training required to achieve such capability... mentally lower oneself... physically learn to open and simply let things flow. As Miss Beth said, the sound of swallowing and gulping can bring distraction. And I can only imagine the dire consequences if one were to sputter, choke or gag. Such insult!

Left, right, left, right, we jog on toes. And though I cannot with ease look down and see if little Mort is erect in obedient compliance with handler Miss Margie's wishes, I can gaze about and see that some dozen stiff penises, bloated ball sacs beneath, are to provide the entertainment the women of Indiening Island relish.

We pause at the pasture gate. Miss Margie catches up and opens to allow entry. The morning sun feels good and the group disperses. I remain avoiding proximity, the homophilia continuing to disturb. I thus prance to a far off corner, obviating not only annoying conversation but furtive gropes, fingers so capable despite immobile hands.

In time a trio of scantily clad women saunter to the viewing area. One can hear the excited voices. Indeed new to the island, indeed holding things with a penis in some level of contempt, the sight of naked males in bondage and under strict feminine supervision brings much merriment. Such is logical I tell myself... otherwise why would they visit Indiening Island. Frozen sperm samples can be shipped worldwide.

Miss Margie regally strolls about, surveying the herd. Phil, Bob and a few other donors gather in a far off corner to converse, the dictate of silence abrogated during pasture time. I stand alone sunning a little in knowing that within an hour the more direct rays of the sun will set ablaze my penis cap, requiring shade thereafter. Within moments Miss Margie saunters to the fence near where the trio of new clients lean, talking and observing. I gaze, my state of constant forced arousal enhanced as the flimsy island attire flaps in the tropical breezes, feminine charms teasingly exposed. I seem to be able to smell the fragrance of youthful quims, the scent becoming a narcotic in my state of continuous denial.

A conversation ensues, the voices becoming giddy and boisterous. I hear one young client exuberantly bluster the words 'do anything?'. And with that Miss Margie returns her attention to the herd.

“Donor Bob. Get over here now... prancing.”

Bob immediately separates from the herd, prancing indeed. He joins Miss Margie. She offers some words, turns and lifts the hem of her nightie. Bob goes to his knees, as Miss Margie grasps her buttocks, parting her cheeks, offering Bob her odious opening. Bob shuffles forth and there comes raucous laughter as the trio of new arrivals observes a show of feminine dominion. Analingus on demand.

It appalls... but within there is a degree of acceptance... and relief that it is not my tongue so repulsively laboring.

I hear the words ‘good boy’. Something about being rewarded. Then Miss Margie calls out my name.

“New boy Mortimer Burgess. Over here now.”

I know to prance, stifling a gulp of concern in joining the bevy of women.

“Yes, ladies, they’re all conditioned. There is strong dependency in needing to rely on the handlers for everything. There develops loyalty and infatuation... which instills a need to please,” Miss Margie continuing to lecture on island protocols. “Mr. Burgess, kneel for me. Bob needs to be rewarded... a skilled tongue well used.”

A smirking donor Bob arises, stepping to stand over me as I comply.

“The donors are not homosexual, but in their states of denial, never again to experience the thrill of ejaculation, there comes desperation....which leads to a degree of obscurity in their gender orientation and preference. To be crass... they’ll take it any way they can get it. So Bob is going to have his penis and balls licked. And he’ll find the joy quite acceptable, outweighing the disgust of typical male homophobia. Such will be conveniently disregarded.”

I cringe, suppressing a vocal reaction as Bob steps forth, massive ball sac and upstanding penis pressed to my face.

“Lick, Mr. Burgess. You do want to please. Put on a nice show for the ladies. And avoid a visit with Captain Morena. The humbler can be particularly stressful when fagged.”

Miss Margie turns her attention back to the giggling women.

“Corporal punishment... acute pain... negatively affects semen production. So our methods for correcting behavior are more subtle... but lengthy. There’s much time between semen extractions... a few days depending on a donor’s ideal cycle. So it can be spent here, idling in the sun... or with testicles enduring slow but harmless torment. If you have not seen a boy’s plums entrapped in the clever device, do give yourself the opportunity. It can be uplifting.”

I shudder as Miss Margie turns back to me. She notes there are no oral efforts.

“Well Mr. Burgess? Obey... or should a visit with Captain Morena be arranged.”

I ask myself if the morning’s breakfast, so caringly spoon fed by Miss Beth, will spew onto the pasture grass.

“So can he suck cock too? It’s so demeaning... and so empowering for a woman to have a guy do that.”

“The penis cap can be too harmful... nickel cobalt abrading the soft pink of the throat. But would you like to learn to do that, Mr. Burgess? You can be trained... and then have a yellow QR tag. And our experienced donors know not to thrust... just meekly absorb the faint pleasure while being deep throated.”

Yes, I realize, in being toilet trained, gag reflex repressed, there are auxiliary uses for the skill.

I close my eyes. I lick, time in the humbler to be avoided. As I hear donor Bob sigh in partial satiation, I also hear the clicks of cell phone cameras. Apparently my obeisance has brought

attraction and curiosity, my QR tag being scanned, my bio an open book.

Another Milking

The dogs run the herd back to the dorm, Miss Margie casually strolling along behind. In reaching the building, the level of abject male submission shows as there is complete silence, the lax rules of pasture time ending, and each donor prances to his assigned both and humbly positions himself kneeling, thighs well parted, tummy down on the short benches.

In time Miss Beth joins me, her presence uplifting my emotional state after the trying hours of exhibiting myself in the pasture... forced male on male oral adoration. Not given permission, I do not speak, instead watching as best I can as the sheerness of her attire splendidly flaunts her fine femininity.

So young... yet convoking such awe, respect and fondness.

Stepping out of view behind, the disappointment of my visual denial is only momentary, for I feel her hands and fingers, palming my laden ball sac, grasping little Mort... stiffness rapidly renewing after the run from the pasture.

“You like being with your handler, Mr. Burgess. The penis can be quite the barometer of male interest. Nice and firm for me even with the strength of your patch ebbing.”

A knowing hand strokes the lower shaft of little Mort. Miss Beth is fully aware that the relatively faint erotic sensations bring more frustration than joy. Still, as she angles right then left... up then down... my manhood comes to full blossom.

Despite the discomfort of bending when my penis prefers to straightly stand, there comes a sense of gratification in ceding to her guiding hand. I am hers to be mastered.

“Would you like to urinate for me? You may speak.”

“Please yes, Miss Beth.”

My bladder is indeed filled. Yet outweighing the sought relief is to once again sense her directing hands, the fingers at my perineum in total control of what was formerly an intimate male function, the direction of my flow playfully yielding to a woman's whim.

“Good. It's time for your milking. And a nice piss proud penis remains better stiff.”

My heart sinks. The hands withdraw, moving to the anal hook. There comes the hiss of air, the valve of the puffolater released. There follows a click as the top of the anal hook is disconnected from the back of my neck collar. I flinch when the retracting insertion abrades my prostate. A hand comforts in patting my right cheek.

Then the milking procedure repeats. The vibrating egg is slipped within. The plug of my penis cap is twisted and slid away. Another flinch comes as the prostate agitator glides down my urethra. The collection cup covers the nickel cobalt to entomb my penis tip. The remote control is placed on my back and finally the glorious Miss Beth returns to view, sliding before me the low stool.

“Some rutting for you. All you guys are like dogs in heat. Some sniffing... a little visual stimulation,” hands pushing aside the hem of her nightie, “and you always begin to secrete for a woman.”

Her charms fully unveiled, fingers go to her mons, gathering feminine nectar, then reaching to my nose and lips to coat with her fine juices.

“And some taste,” her smile radiant yet sinister.

With that, Miss Beth leans to reach for the remote, firm youthful beasts momentarily pressed to my forehead.

There come vibrations deep within. Miss Beth leans to her right, peering at the collecting tube, assessing the flow of my discharge.

‘Very gooey, Mr. Burgess. You’re secreting nicely for me. Now pull a little on your pubo coccygeus muscles, a little hip motion, and let’s rid you have all that sperm you’ve been building up.’

I comply. I so much want to comply... to perform... to please. And when Miss Beth gleefully announces that which is being bled from me turns cloudy white, there comes this feeling of triumph.

“More than adequate output, Mr. Burgess. And I’m sure the lab will confirm a building sperm count as well.”

Telling Moments

“Very good boy,” a finger pressing the remote, the vibrations deep within coming to a halt.

There comes a feeling of accomplishment, the collection vessel apparently adequately filled. Hormones reset, I feel a glow... nothing akin to ejaculating... little physical elation. But Miss Beth’s words bring comfort. Though oral efforts have been denied... tongue and lips near but my handler’s nest remaining at a distance... there is only modest disappointment.

“You’ve not asked if you can taste me,” Miss Beth rising from the low stool. “You may speak.”

Oral adoration has been an important element in the bonding thing. I am saddened in having such withheld.

“I would very much like that, Miss Beth.”

“Fully... in a most humiliating and degrading manner? Manifest your submission?”

I pause in thought... the urging words of Dr. Susan coming to mind. Finally I nod.

“Then you shall partake. Just as Chrissie does... though I doubt your initial proficiency will suffice. Straighten up, stay on your knees, shuffle away from your bench then lean back.”

Yes, pixie Chrissie assumed such a pose. But with hands and arms free much more nimbly. As I move as commanded, Miss Beth steps to me. I slowly lean back and she reaches to the back of my neck, her hands folding to become a nest, my head a precious egg to be cradled.

“Do try your best to open your throat. Relax and take my flow. And as I release, you do so as well. The booth is well drained... and you’ve come to enjoy urinating for me.”

I have, my reliance on a woman’s touch when so performing a basic deed initially disconcerting... now something not only expected but looked forward to.

“I have a need,” the ceremonial words proclaimed as Miss Beth parts her feet, knees and thighs and then steps over me, quickly adhering her portal to my mouth. “Thrust with your tongue, find my opening then purse your lips. At first it will be a little ungainly but in time you’ll find where I release... quickly and without effort. It will become spontaneous... something to be relished. And not only do we have lots of time and opportunity to practice, the other handlers will assist. They regularly have a need as well.”

With those final words, Miss Beth seems to feel that my lips are properly positioned. There comes a gush. I open... my throat... as well as my own urethra. And there comes a strange frisson of elation as I release along with my handler.

There are no further words. As has been explained the only exchange when so addressing a woman’s need is to graciously accept what she casts aside... silently... humbly... and with gratitude.

It’s decadent... perverse. And in realizing the details of this initial training will no doubt be disclosed in my bio, for some reason the words ‘ce la vie’ come to mind. It’s not who... what... I’ve become... it’s who I have always been.

Miss Beth lowers her hands, face detached from her flesh. Knowing she has finished, my tongue dabs away, cleansing... tasting more... savoring. She ignores the sloppiness, not able to ingest her entire flow, instead helping to raise my head and stepping away... in silence. Pointing to the bench, she reaches to take the filled specimen pouch then departs. The silent ceremony ends.

Face, shoulders and stomach covered in her excretions I shuffle back to the bench. Moments later feet unknown... hands unknown... approach from behind... removing the high neck collar and securing me to the bench.

A long day ends in silence. Silent ignominy? Silent jubilation?

Pasture Talk

Something happens. My homophobia seems to be eroding. I suppose licking donor Bob, both rewarding his anilingus and entertaining the trio of clients, is the first fallen stone of a crumbling castle wall. That and the daily stressful throat training, a determined Miss Beth thrusting a sizable dildo, triggering a gag reflex which I struggle to repress.

In initially addressing her need, too much sloppiness ensued. Opening my throat is to bring neatness.

And there is great encouragement to so conquer the reflex... any stomach contents spewing forth as a result of her training efforts... though deft and caring... are reintroduced. As one may expect, avoiding the taste of my own bile brings focus... encouragement.

Thus pasture time is welcomed. I need company and I am no longer derided as a 'new boy' amongst my cohorts. So I decide for a time to join in the permitted conversation. Besides, the shade is needed as the sun peaks, metal covered penis requiring shelter.

"We're going to lose Phil," donor Bob solemnly proclaims in changing the subject matter from donor Ed enduring a recent stint in the humbler. "Sperm count low," nodding to the far off section of the fence where Phil stands with today's presiding handler... a woman name Miss Lola.

I look to see, as with most days, a group of clients has assembled to enjoy the tropical sun and warmth and revel in the scene of confined male virility. The sight brings little Mort to stir in lust, all the women nonchalantly baring themselves to captured male lust.

"He's been here a while... before me," a donor named Fred points out. "It comes to an end. Produce or be gone."

"Or become a pixie," Bob snorts.

"He doesn't look that old," I point out perhaps naively.

"It's not your age in years that matters... it's how much... how often you've discharged... and how much concoction has been infused," Bob lectures. "Watch, Miss Lola's going to impress the clients. Have him discharge while they enjoy... inseminating the pasture grass."

I look to see indeed, Miss Lola stands behind donor Phil who faces some half dozen clients. They gaze intently as she reaches about and deftly twists the penis cap and slowly slips away the insertion, the women laughing in seeing the resulting spasmodic lurch. Words are offered, Miss Lola evidently explaining the function of the prostate agitator, holding up to point out the irritating bulbous protrusion.

"She's going to jerk him off... just for laughs," Fred observes. "So you're right Bob, his spunk is considered worthless."

Miss Lola's left hand reaches to the puffolator at the top of the anal hook. In squeezing I can dichotomously sense the added pressure deep inside, the male gland further awakened. Then the free hand returns to the capped penis. Though the motion is unseen, the rapt gazes of the women suggest the modified male appendage is being manually stroked, the base of the shaft exposed for feminine caprice.

"How can it be worthless?" I must suppose my question again considered naive.

"The balls... they burn out. Who knows what's in the concoction? But your testicles become like all other body parts, those of high performing athletes... the knees... the hips... the arms... all go... arthritis... wearing abnormally fast. Well, it's the same here for your plums, boy. You may be young... stay young... but what swings about between your thighs ages... rapidly."

"How rapidly?" my tone one of shocked desperation.

Bob merely shrugs.

“Every set of balls is different. And who can know the time here... the days... the weeks... the months? In the tropics, you can’t even know the season.”

The revelation brings deep thought as I watch Miss Lola work donor Phil’s penis, the women laughing and giggling. In being capped there can be so little true male pleasure. But as conditioned, a very experienced donor will give up his seed under such exacting feminine supervision. He will discharge... meekly. And sure enough within moments I see effluent dribbling to the green of the pasture, Miss Lola’s free hand reaching between the thighs to manipulate the perineum, more or less pumping to augment her efforts. The essence is thin, clear and viscous... not the thick cloudy white which brings effusive words of rejoice from Miss Beth.

Such ignominy... such degradation... such humiliation... and all while robbed of normal male exhilaration. Yet donor Phil performed for his handler. In so being conditioned I am sure there is some level of psychological satiation.

“If his sperm is worthless what will become of him?”

“Three choices... none good,” donor Bob snickers. “He can become a vagabond. They don’t handle donors who no longer adequately produce... so nothing wasted on food, no bathing, no massage... no shelter in the dorm. So the vagabonds... well... they don’t last long... straggling around the island, begging for food from the clients. And maybe a handler will occasionally take pity. But in time, as they become more withered, long unwashed and unpresentable, they become repulsive... not even able to earn a morsel of food by eating pussy. So then there comes the request for choice two... get snipped and become trained as a pixie. Yes what they spend so much time and effort growing and propagating here they’ll harvest from you like fruit... and laugh doing it. You see pixies are valued... once branded and tattooed they’re taught housekeeping, cooking, and advanced oral skills of course. So the life of a pixie has renewed purpose.”

Though aware of a pixie’s fate, the words stun.

“Then there’s choice three... released on the main island.”

“That would be acceptable,” surprised at the apparent option.

Bob laughs, shaking his head.

“Yes, except Captain Morena leaves you on the main dock with nothing other than a five dollar bill and a pair of tight silk panties to wear. So think about it, you become a naked vagabond on the main island. And if you try to earn food and money by offering to bend and spread for the gay guys... or eat pussy there... you’ll end up in jail.”

Yes, the choices are not good. My head swims. First Indiening Island women squeeze you of essential essence, pumping your organs full of sperm producing concoction... then they toss you away... or find a more demeaning use for you.

“Phil may make it a little longer as a vagabond,” Bob adds. “He’s got the yellow QR tag. So despite becoming smelly and unpresentable, he may be able to earn a bite of food by drinking from them. But you know... the handlers have their pixies for that... and not all the clients are so inclined to use a guy that way.”

Thoughts

I lie in darkness, the quiet of the dorm suggests the hour is late. Restrained as always by my neck, I feel the swirl of water, my dangling scrotum immersed in the temperature controlled liquid of the trough between my thighs. Tonight it feels cooler. As explained the testes produce better at lower temperatures. With each set of balls being different, lab tests will eventually determine the ideal setting for mine.

I must also surmise that the trough liquid is not pure water but is tainted with a depilatory. Miss Beth has expended little time shaving me there over the past few mornings. Thus with little feminine effort there results a clean, plump and hairless scrotum for exhibition during pasture time.

Wakefulness brings thought and such cannot be diverted from the disturbing conversation with fellow donor Bob this afternoon.

Donor Phil is doomed. What is normally treasured... on Indiening Island mined like gold... was instead manually pumped and bespattered to the soil... as one would dispose of sewer water. So there's no question that what Phil has been conditioned to produce in abundance has become of little value, his discharge thin and watery. I must assume his balls simply died... akin to the demise of an overworked mule. It seems the concoction both stimulates yield and an early end to virility.

And now he has choices... dire choices. And such brings consternation. Will I have such limited choices when my glandular production turns to the thinness of water?

I have mentally endured by telling myself at some point this so termed sabbatical will end. Back to my wife Miss Edie... experiencing fatherhood... back to the office antics of Boss Lady Martina. It mentally bedevils that my travails on Indiening Island are detailed and available on the island website. I've licked male genitals... the sordid deed to be proclaimed to all?

The outside world will know. But so be it. Dignity diminished... perhaps decimated... some degree of normal decorum will return.

But will it ever?

I am being trained to become a woman's receptacle... to meekly, quietly, and without objection welcome and ingest what normally is flushed away. How is that to be juxtaposed with my return?

Mind racing, I am in a quandary. I want this all to stop. I don't want to become Phil the overworked mule, deemed useless and to be either cast aside or have my testicles wrung of final drops of sperm then cast away. I think of the doctor... so callously carving and capping little Mort... showing absolutely no compunction. Surely excising testicles would not bring much contrition... not even thoughtful pause. She she'd do it... to Phil... to anything with a penis.

I must somehow contact wife Miss Edie. She is to be a mother... what she has long desired. Perhaps there can be a reprieve... an end to this 'sabbatical' before my reproductive organs become an overworked mule. I was told I'd return home. Surely she will appreciate support in caring for an infant. Plus financial support, my sick pay de minimal. Yet she has her inheritance, I realize... funds for an au pair?

My company not needed, perhaps I am indeed doomed. I need to counsel with Miss Beth... she for whom I have awe, respect and fondness.

Miss Beth - My Plight - A Bargain

"Please no more, Miss Beth. I can't take it."

"Oh but you will. And you're speaking without permission."

It's morning enema time. A smiling Miss Beth stands over me, graciously smoothing her hands over my restrained head, bringing comfort as in contrast she tortures me with a massive high colonic... slow and endless.

She enjoys, her dominion supreme.

"And you'll take whatever I want you to take. Learning acceptance, that here on Indiening Island you are subordinate to all, is important. I like filling you... your bowels... your scrotum... your throat with a nice plump dildo... and your tummy of course," the latter words coming with a wicked laugh, no doubt referring to my toilet training.

Miss Beth pushes the low stool before me. In sitting I realize the enema will not cease, my plea futile.

"Just relax and take it... you have no choice," parting her thighs, the viewing delight to counter the torment. "And you should know your penis firms nicely for me."

Strange that the words bring a sense of pride... and there is so little remaining.

"May I speak?" deciding to take my mind off the unending discomfort.

With the bonding thing, Miss Beth has been lax in enforcing the rule of silence. I have learned not to flaunt, adhering firmly in the presence of others.

"What is it Mr. Burgess... more begging?" the words flippant.

"I'd like to somehow reach out to my wife Edie."

"You mean Miss Edie?" Miss Beth tapping my nose to correct.

"Yes, Miss Edie."

"About what? She's with child and probably shouldn't be reminded of her reprobate husband... becoming a woman's toilet... and enjoying it."

"So she knows?"

"Of course. My daily reports are posted every morning... along with lab analyses... psychological evaluations... summaries of your daily activities."

Yes, just as I suspected. But having such confirmed brings more distress. For sure Miss Edie is aware of how far I've sunk.

"And if it makes you feel better, she also knows of your enjoyment."

"But I don't enjoy."

"Yes you do. You're performing for me... laboring hard to please. Each step down thrills you, Mr. Burgess. You can deny it with words... but you can't deny it here," a finger tapping my head. "Nor between your legs. Such nice big hard ons for me... each and every day."

"It's... the patch."

"Really? Well you're not patched now. And I assure you... your penis is as hard as a rock."

Yes, wallowing in masochism, perhaps I enjoy. But I mentally cannot accept the permanency... the fate of donor Phil... the choices he faces. I return my focus.

"Miss Edie told me weeks ago before leaving that I'd return home. This is supposed to be a sabbatical. My boss said the same thing."

"And you want to contact your wife for reassurance?"

"Yes. I need to know... well... that I am not to become a pixie... or whatever happens to donors who... well... the concoction... what it does."

"It makes you more virile... more useful to us. You're producing nicely for me. Your

discharge is continuing to grow... and the sperm count not diminishing despite the enlarged output,” Miss Beth becoming disconcertingly clinical. “We understand how to maximize the usefulness of the male organs here, Mr. Burgess. And males with your psyche so much want to be useful.”

“To be used.”

Miss Beth smiles knowingly.

“Exactly. But I’ll make a bargain with you. I’ll find your wife’s email address and send her a message from you. But you have to do something for me.”

A curious exchange. On Indiening Island a handler reigns supreme. Why the need for a bargain? There is not much Miss Beth can have me do for her. Thus there is no point in declining. Donors do what they’re told. So I nod, a bargain to be made.

“I want you to suck Chrissie’s penis for me.”

Milked Again?

Having dictated a missive to wife Miss Edie, I kneel in place in my booth, my mind broiling. My email quest, seeking reassurance that my sabbatical will end before my testicles burn out, will not be sent until I offer oral gratification to pixie Chrissie, Miss Beth made that quite clear.

I must suck his... her... penis!

Adding to the emotional quagmire is the hormonal build up. It's the fifth day of my five day cycle, if I have been counting correctly. And with the massive daily infusions of the concoction, I am randy, fidgeting, fighting my bonds. Before departing, Miss Beth provided a clue as to my scheduled discharge, forcing into me three tumblers of water. So there is physical need for bladder relief as well... Miss Beth preferring a 'piss proud' penis at milking time.

So though eager for Miss Beth's tendance... to be bled of my male essence in donor Bob's terms... capped penis slowly suckled... I am apprehensive. Miss Beth informed that the evening's discharge has been arranged for the benefit of Miss Shelly DuPrave. So adding to my concerns of my organs becoming prematurely useless, plus being forced to perversely engage with another male, is the prospect of once again enduring the misandry of a woman who made an apparent comfortable living tormenting men.

Miss DuPrave expressed a willingness to pay extra for my discharge... for her to participate in the procedure... and for Millie to watch. The suggestion seems somewhat innocuous... but coming from a woman of her ilk, I find it to be ominous... she known to whip a man's balls and send him back to his wife.

So I try to calm myself. I shall not be whipped. Acute pain affects the desired production. Plus there is nothing I need to do nor can do. My role is to lie kneeling and give up... to express... to let my knowing handler collect from my glands that which is being so meticulously propagated.

The term 'milking' is apropos... I am a bovine... put to pasture then relieved of what will in a way nurture a woman's womb.

There come sounds. I stow my thoughts.

"You look very pretty, Millie," Miss Beth's voice rings out. "But you really don't need the cape. The dreaded males are very well restrained and harmless here in the dorm," Miss Beth's tone lugubrious, seeming to suggest to a child that the 'big bad wolf' is at bay.

The footsteps enter the booth. I hear the rustle of clothing then Miss Beth comes into view hanging on the wall the garb. It is notably brief. Warn about the neck the hem would unlikely cover the mons and buttocks.

"It was a compromise, Beth. Millie is shy in her nakedness. It was the only way I could get her out of the cabin," the voice that of Miss DuPrave.

"She'll be okay sitting on the stool?" the query coming as the low stool on which Miss Beth sits to rut me is slid before my face.

"She'll sit or be spanked. Wrists behind your back, Millie," the voice becoming firm. "My regimen for the strumpet... cunny zipped, hands free... cunny unzipped, hands restrained. She's otherwise given to frig herself endlessly."

"Please no, Shelly, not in front of him," the youthful voice pleads.

"Such a hypocrite. You like flashing yourself."

"But not... you know..."

"To a man. Yes. But he's only a donor... very meek... very obedient and very well restrained. He can't hurt you. And he needs to be rutted... and it may as well be done by the girl who's going to have her belly nice and plumped in accepting his seed and my egg."

Miss Beth comes back into view, going to the wall where hangs a threatening humbler, my anal hook and the high metal neck collar.

“They produce best with some tightness about the neck, tensioning the spinal cord. Plus it focuses his attention,” a hand grabbing the collar as Miss Beth lectures on the efficacies of semen harvesting.

Miss Beth next releases my neck restraint to place me in the restrictive collar. Miss DuPrave comes into view pushing along Miss Millie, the silver wrist bands clipped together behind her back. And yes, she’s completely nude, breasts massive, thighs thick and gelatinous, such contrast to the fully clothed sinewy form of the Dominatrix.

“Spread for the boy,” Miss DuPrave commands.

The feet part, the thighs separate and a key bearing hand deftly goes to the small lock hanging just below the meaty outer labia. There comes a click and the slim chain which zips closed Miss Millie’s love nest is slipped away. Strong hands press the shoulders downward. The girl sits, knowing to widely part her thighs. The moist pink of her pouch comes to view within inches of my face, the booth filling with feminine fragrance.

“Yes, have a good sniff,” Miss DuPrave noting my flaring nostrils. “I rarely douche her. I like her ripe,” the words coming with a snicker and a tap to my nose as Miss Beth completes her task, making my head immobile.

As I lustfully gape, Miss DuPrave disappears behind, hands once again brazenly handling my enlarged scrotal sac.

“Very nice. And he’s quite stiff, Millie. You should be proud in exciting him,” fingers going to the base of little Mort, bending left then right to demonstrate my tumescence.

“He can take this?” Miss DuPrave inquires, presumably of Miss Beth.

“I would assume so. There’s a daily enema... and I use a good size nozzle to best demean him. “But feel for yourself. They’re all subjected to anal stimulation here... it’s island protocol.”

Miss Beth next moves to my side. In her hand is the familiar cup for my penis cap and the attached clear tube and collection pouch. The urethral plug is twisted. I flinch, one can never acclimate to having the prostate agitator slipped away.

Yes, I am to be milked. And as she covers and squeezes what is normally used as a breast pump, I feel fingers enter me, one digit then two brusquely impaling my anus, thankfully feeling well lubricated.

“Yes... not tight... but not so supple and loose that he won’t nicely feel a woman fucking him. Been sodomized before, Mr. Burgess? So many boys like you enjoy a good womanly pegging... enduring pain and degradation... and reveling in it.”

The fingers retract. Miss DuPrave moves to my side. She holds before my eyes a huge dildo. It is oddly shaped, curved with a bulbous upturned protrusion at one end.

“A Feeldoe. Guess which end is mine... and where it will go.”

With Dr. Susan Again

“I read your handler’s latest report. Seems you produce abundantly with increased anal stimulation.”

On my knees, scrotum entrapped in a humbler, nostril binding forcing high my head, the words of Dr. Susan echo through my head. I am blindfolded, I suppose to bring mental focus to the questions of the demanding psychologist.

“Tell me about it... your thoughts and feelings,” sensing the thin rope tighten.

“Well... ah... a client, Miss DuPrave... wanted my semen... and... she decided she wanted to extract it in a certain way. Ah... having her wife watch.”

“And describe a certain way...”

“Instead of a vibrator, she used a dildo.”

“To impale your rectum. Do you think she enjoyed that? Sodomizing you?”

I had not considered Miss DuPrave’s level of delight in the sordid deed. But as she thrust and thrust the fervor seemed to increase. I so describe to Dr. Susan, also mentioning that my assailant’s hands pushed under my chest, fingers going to my nipples.

“Did that add to your excitement, Mr. Burgess, playing with your nipples?”

“Ah... it was not playing, she pinched... when she wanted me to... clench.”

“Your buttocks. She wanted you to squeeze to increase her pleasure... and did you?”

“Yes,” wanting to add that she pinched harder and harder until I succumbed to her urging, rhythmically clenching then releasing, clenching then releasing in cadence with the dildo plunging deeper and deeper.

“So you complied, obediently assuring the woman fucking you very much enjoyed her dominion. She took her pleasure from you... as much as you offered... just meekly lying spread open for her.”

The words pound into my psyche, underscoring my masochism.

“And while you were being fanny fucked, your handler was collecting your discharge, isn’t that right Mr. Burgess. Tell me how you felt, your reaction to the humiliation of being taken by a woman... as others watched.”

“It was... horrible.”

“Was it? Your handler’s report indicates your production was impressive. In fact, measured by the lab as the largest you’ve given up for us to date. You pleased our client, a woman of purpose and resolve... attributes the typical donor on Indiening Island lack. Does that not please you? To finally be useful?”

I am wont to say... ‘be used’. But the thin rope is so easily adjusted to counter the slightest belligerence.

“There did come... well... a certain....guess I would say... inner peace.”

“Yes, the change in hormone levels does bring tranquility. And what about Miss DuPrave’s wife... she watched?”

“Oh yes, Miss Millie.”

“Describe.”

I comply... the massive breasts, the smooth, soft and shapely thighs, the curious hair style, the girl’s shyness. When it comes to her spread open charms, posed within an inch of my face and mouth, I demur, her fine scent, strong and musky, imprinted on my mind.

“So the girl rutted you, priming your glands for production. She was fragrant I am sure. Were you permitted to taste her? We know much about the process of male arousal here on the island. Amazingly close to that of the canine,” Dr. Susan chuckling.

There comes silence. I demur again. The rope tightens. I gasp. I need to find words. I do.

"In a way. Yes. But the girl Miss Millie does not favor attention... male attention. So well... they... Miss DuPrave... she... ah... well the girl... when she's excited... she... sort of squirts."

"About fifteen percent of the female population will ejaculate when appropriately aroused, Mr. Burgess. Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"Yes," the vivid scene so stamped into memory.

"And she squirted where?"

Through fucking me, Miss DuPrave stepped to the side of sitting wife Millie. Vibrator in hand, she leaned, expertly working the folds of the pierced labia while her free hand tweaked right nipple then left... much more tenderly than the attention afforded my nubs. With the girl constantly zipped in denial, it required little time and effort to have her erupt, a robust geyser of feminine essence jetting to my face.

"On my face."

"How delightful for you. A nice reward in having been milked. Do you sense a degree of envy Mr. Burgess... the girl being permitted to ejaculate... and you will never again?"

The question haunts.... to never again ejaculate. A disturbing revelation, through all the island travails the notion has been tucked well away, a form of cerebral denial.

"When my sabbatical ends..."

"That is the next topic. How convenient of you to mention that. You've given your handler a message... to be emailed to your wife. Quite endearing, begging as you do."

"You've read it?"

"Of course. And it's posted in your bio. There's nothing about you that's not disclosed here."

Disturbed anew. Other than handler Miss Beth, my beseeching words for release and return home were to be private.

"Let's put that aside for a moment... your desire to depart before you're fully used. Tell me the conditions... your agreement with your handler to induce her to send the email."

I don't want to say... I can't say. Yet the rope tightens. There comes nostril pain. To counter I right myself which in turn brings into play the wood encompassing my testicles. So much suffering... induced by dainty fingers working a thin rope!

"Please Dr. Susan."

"Tell me what you must do for your handler."

"I am to suck on her pixie's penis."

There comes slack, alleviating the stress on both nostrils and scrotum.

"Good boy. Now if that is so difficult for you to say, it must be difficult to imagine as well. Have you not before engaged in fellatio? Providing not receiving."

"No Ma'am, of course not."

"Authoritative women like to see a man sucking a nice hard cock. It's entertaining. Men expect it of woman... sometimes brazenly insisting on it. So there's a sense of retribution in a having a man do that. And be cheered, Mr. Burgess, neutered males have difficulty achieving erection. Thus pixies typically don't become that hard... so your throat won't be imperiled.... unless you orally stimulate with great effort... and for a long time. And a pixie certainly won't come in your mouth"

Though blindfolded I can picture the sinister smile as Dr. Susan so explicitly explains Miss Beth's quest.

"I don't want to do it, Dr. Susan."

"Oh but you will. And I'm going to have Beth take photos... for your bio."

“Please don’t.”

“The email to your wife. It could be the only way your sabbatical ends... before we’ve made full use of your... we term it enhanced capabilities.”

Yes, my concoction laden supercharged testes... to burn out like a powerful rocket well before the rest of me senescences... overworked like a mule.

“What do you think your wife’s reaction will be when she sees photos of your fellating a penis?”

The notion appalls.

“I... I... don’t know.”

“It could be the catalyst for your early departure. Perhaps taking pity. That you’ve reached the bottom of the pit of masochism. She’ll know you’re doing it under a woman’s command... exhibiting your subservience. Perhaps she’ll conclude it’s time to return to the outside world. She’s already aware that you’ve been well trained in being toileted... working hard to earn the yellow QR tag.”

Tears form, my blindfold absorbing. But my nose joins in the sobbing... my silent expression of self-pity. A tissue begins dabbing away at my upper lip.

“So sad... yet deep within so happy. Your stiff penis betrays you. Compose yourself now, Mr. Burgess. Rest for a while... wallow in your perversity. Then I’ll send in Captain Morena to release you. She’ll probably have a need.... one that you’ve been so well trained to address.”

Yes, more degradation... more taste.

Weeks Pass - Months?

Pastured, I kneel in the late morning light. The handler presiding today is Miss Kathy. She has a predilection for being entertained by male on male oral affection. So I am licking, under her auspices, the bloated scrotum of a donor named Archie, trying to ignore the laughter of a group of observing clients, reveling in male comeuppance.

“Good boy, Mr. Burgess. I must wonder if not for Archie’s capped penis you’d offer full fellatio,” Miss Kathy complimenting my tongue work.

It’s been weeks since I fulfilled my bargain with my handler, Miss Beth, sucking the cock of her pixie Chrissie. And yes photos were taken as my tongue and lips labored and labored, the hormone deficiencies of the castrated male making full tumescence unlikely. And in removing the nickel cobalt penis cap when his use as a donor ended, I quickly determined the normal male sensitivity was greatly diminished, Miss Beth exalting that I needed to suck with fervor. One can imagine the layers of fibrous scar tissue. Still there was insistence to keep trying. And looking up and noting the serene look on Chrissie’s face... an inner satisfaction in being so humbly served by the remaining intact... was telling. In time he did somewhat firm for me, Miss Beth cooing words of congratulations as her cell phone camera clicked away.

Yet overall, Miss Beth was pleased with my efforts, which with my warped propensities pleased me. Such makes a woman feel quite empowered... something I’ve been ingrained to do... and feminine power is what Indiening Island is all about... aside from the lucrative business of sperm harvesting and artificial insemination.

As a result, my email missive, beseeching a reprieve... the end of my sabbatical... was sent. Miss Beth assured me so and she has no reason to tell me otherwise. So with the passage of so much time without a response, my sense of dejection grows daily.

I hear a voice call out, rising above the boisterous expressions of exuberance heard daily from the domineering women clients who take such glee in viewing male submission.

“That one... with the yellow tag... I want him here... now.”

“She must mean you, Mr. Burgess. Archie’s balls have been well cleansed. You may stop now. A client is always to be obeyed,” handler Miss Kathy reaching down to playfully tousle my hair. “And you’re nicely erect for her. Licking testicles brings an added degree of stimulation for you.”

It does not. Being patched, capped and hooked is the catalyst. But one does not break the rule of silence in squabbling with a handler. Instead I nod in agreement and stand, looking to the far off fence at the woman who called out from the viewing area. I have not before seen her but she is attired scantily, Indiening Island protocol, with short slicked back auburn hair. She wiggles her finger to me and I know to prance to her, erection bobbing, infused scrotum slapping my thighs.

My exhibition of total submission brings a pleasant smile and in approaching she signals me to stop, lifting her arm, cell phone in hand. I know to obediently turn, aligning my left hip, presenting my yellow QR tag for scanning.

There comes a click. She reads.

“Mortimer Burgess. I figured it was you. Your wife described you to me, but with all the erections and huge sets of balls, all you donors sort of look alike,” the words coming with a derisive snort. “It was the color of your tag that brought a good guess.”

New to the island and she knows the color of my tag. Wife Miss Edie must have informed... and explained its significance? But who is she?

“I’m Mattie Grayson, your wife’s lover,” the revelation stunning. “Miss Mattie to you. We

need to talk. But first I have a need,” the woman’s smile becoming sinister. “Just turn, kneel, lean back through the fence and I’ll hold your head.”

Despite all the training, tasting Miss Beth daily... and any other handler so desiring... the deed brings forth the perverse and contrasting emotional responses... disgust versus masochistic delight... followed by an unwanted sense of fulfillment when completed.

As I comply, Miss Mattie turns her back to the fence, leaning against the top rail, raising the hem of her flimsy nightie, then parting her feet. I begin to lower myself. In shuffling backwards through the fence her hands cradle my head. I look up into her portal, well-trimmed, the many folds of pink flesh all too familiar to me. As she bends her knees to lower, I note the muscling of the legs. The woman is strong, no doubt routinely exercising. My viewing stops, eyes covered. Then the many weeks of Miss Beth’s exacting training stem any thoughts and reservations. By rote a tongue darts forth to part her labia. With the task so often performed I nimbly find her opening, purse my lips and open my gullet.

Her flow begins instantly. I partake... no choking, gagging, sputtering. In completion she straightens her knees and I know to lick her clean.

The deed disgusts, as stated, but it is neat and effortless... so curiously fulfilling. I have served.

Miss Mattie further rights herself, lifting my head in helping my torso rise and slip back to the pasture side of the fence.

“Been reading your bio... as does with your wife. The words don’t adequately describe just how proficient a pervert like you can become at such a sordid act. And how enjoyable you find it.”

Silence mandated I solemnly nod, cursing the resulting sense of accomplishment.

“You may talk, Mr. Burgess. Tell me how much you enjoyed my taste,” lowering her nightie to partially veil her charms.

Viewing renewed, the physique is impressively athletic. I try not to gawk in adoration of the woman’s strength and fitness.

“Thank you Miss Mattie... for letting me please you,” my obeisant words belie being toileted by a woman unknown, my vanilla side bringing self-loathing.

“You’re a father now, Mr. Burgess. Edie had a baby girl. Hopefully the genes of such perversity did not migrate to the female gender,” signaling me to step to the fence.

I lean with my belly on the top fence rail, my erection seeming to spear past the middle rail into the viewing area. The other clients look on as Miss Mattie lowers her hands, a thorough genital inspection to come, newly arrived clients always marveling at the well tamed virility of the Indiening Island donors.

“Many photos of these,” palming my organs, thumbs grazing about. “But such can’t surpass touching and feeling. Amazing what they do here... and amazing how quickly you became one of the island’s top producers. It must be the only source of pride left to you, Mr. Burgess... no dignity in sucking penises, serving as a woman’s receptacle. Edie sent me here to talk to you about this, finally responding to your email. She’s been a little busy with childbirth... and her attention has been otherwise diverted...”

The hands shift to my erection, thumb and forefinger stroking the lower portion of the shaft. It is apparent the woman has read how devilishly frustrating that can be to the capped male... most of the erogenous zone covered in metal, the sensation one of faint joy, the appendage crying out for more.

“Yes, diverted by me. Initially hired as a prospective au pair, we now sleep together.”

More stunning revelation. Wife Edie is bisexual... became bisexual.

“So just at the point when your handler conditions these plums to Olympian output,” fingers gently squeezing organs larger than the size of plums, “you want to terminate your sabbatical. And the many psychologist’s reports suggest you deeply enjoy your submission here... performing for the women.”

“It’s... just not... well... the donors... all this does not end well...”

“Yes, so I understand. I know of the pixies, I have one tidying up my guest cabin now. And that’s all it’s going to do,” enunciating ‘it’ with notable disdain. “No balls... but it has a penis. Not a turn on for a woman like me.”

Though most of the clients visiting Indiening Island cast aside their revulsion for the male gender, reveling in the oral proficiencies of the neutered, Miss Mattie refrains. I must inquire...

“So you’ve come here to...”

“To meet, make a decision... plus Edie said the climate is perfect for a short vacation. Nice beaches for nude sunbathing... and no stalkers... at least none that can’t be harshly confronted. And she suggested we talk... see if I’d find something like you acceptable... to rejoin the family.”

The words bring my heart to leap with joy. A possible reprieve... to rejoin Miss Edie... leave Indiening Island behind. Yet this Miss Mattie woman finds those with a penis to be repulsive and in this budding relationship with my wife, she hints that she calls the shots.

“I’d very much like to do that... be with Edie... leave this place,” my words meek and pleading.

“It’s Miss Edie... I will give it thought. And it could work. Vaginal penetration by the male is undesirable in our household... and you won’t ever again function that way. But you will have needs... this masochistic psyche of yours will require feeding and nurturing. Of course your need for submission to governing women won’t go ignored,” squeezing my testicles in driving home her words.

Miss Mattie releases my organs, arms rising, one hand patting my cheek in a maternal gesture of affection, the other going to my right nipple to teasingly tweak.

“Puffy and tender. You need to be milked. I’ve read where these otherwise useless nubs become a barometer of male lust when held in long term denial.”

“It’s day four...”

“Yes, I know your handler has moved you to a four day cycle. So you’re primed for a nice slow discharge this evening. Perhaps I’ll observe.”

Miss Mattie’s hand slips from my face to the back of my neck. Fingers find the puffolator, that which inflates my anal insertion. She squeezes, intently noting the resulting reaction to the enhanced pressure on my hidden gland. I sigh with the initial joy of the manipulation, then lurch when there follows a final firm squeeze. She laughs.

“So nicely subordinated to feminine supervision, feeling the power of a woman’s fingers so deep within... and so much enjoying. Yet you want to leave...”

Milked on Exhibition

“You care for the male... assuring he must rely on you for every little needed thing... and there comes bonding. Hands always restrained, on Indiening Island a donor can’t even brush his own teeth, much less feed himself, urinate, empty his bowels... and be scrubbed, massaged and oiled.”

Miss Beth lectures an intently listening Miss Mattie as I lie on the short bench, being prepared for my scheduled milking and discharge. My wife’s lover stands before me as Miss Beth talks and works, first assuring my neck is strained under the high collar, then moving behind to deflate the bulb of the impaling anal hook and slip away. I look up to gaze at the presentation of pulchritude, the de rigueur island attire veiling very little. Miss Mattie’s fine form is an enticing conglomeration of shapely beauty and muscular vigor. She undoubtedly has trained as an athlete in her developing years... and continues in rigorous exercise. She notes my gaze, smiling with my rapture.

“With the bonding comes infatuation... and strong feelings of awe, respect and fondness. He relishes my care... so much wanting to please. And on this island the manner of pleasing a handler is to obey... and discharge... semen... to the maximum. And most importantly the well-conditioned donor wants to... both physically and emotionally.... discharge to the maximum.”

“And it comes to someone so young,” Miss Mattie notes, Miss Beth some ten years my junior.

“Age matters not. But it does add to his sense of humiliation. Dr. Susan will tell you it’s meaningful for males of Mr. Burgess’s make up.”

Miss Beth stoops, hands going to an erection I am sure is firmed to steel. The plug on my penis cap is twisted to release, the prostate agitator once again removed. Once again I flinch.

“That must constantly be felt,” Miss Mattie commenting in seeing the extracted bulbous end.

“Oh for sure it is... many hours per day, awakening that little gland... priming, inducing to constantly secrete the needed fluid for a good seminal discharge... what will ooze for me into the collection vessel. You should note it’s already drooling, the gland also spurred by the anal hook insertion. So I need to begin capturing his effluent,” Miss Beth turning to silence as the modified breast pump is attached, cup fitting perfectly over my penis cap, suctioned to adhere in place.

As always it feels divine.

“Why not just jerk him off?” Miss Mattie crassly inquires.

“Oh no. We never do that. Ejaculation would not only enure the pleasure we deny, but is inefficient in maximizing output. No full orgasm, we slowly drain him, anything felt is faint and distant. Plus, in milking him like this there will come the psychological and emotional need for more... the sensation of incompleteness in not experiencing full gratification. Which means his organs will sooner begin to restore the production of semen and sperm in expectation of the next discharge. So from a physical standpoint, I’ll be collecting everything his glands want to offer me... but emotionally he’ll feel the need for more... to expunge again.... in his mind hopefully in full.”

“Which you will not permit. So it’s like a constant state of denial.”

“Exactly,” Miss Beth’s reply coming as the fingers of one hand splay my cheeks and the remote controlled vibrator is slipped in place. “He’s always to be frustrated... but with his warped masochistic psyche... divinely frustrated. And he needs to be rutted... more psychological input.”

Yes to be rutted, the low stool inches from my face, unoccupied for now.

“Rutted?” the question coming as Miss Beth reappears to stand before me alongside Miss

Mattie.

She smiles and shrugs, a hand raising, pushing a remote control button to begin the tantalizing vibrations.

“Yes, just like a dog in heat, a donor responds to pheromones.”

“Pussy,” Miss Mattie crass again.

“Exactly. In early conditioning we offer a taste. In later stages, such as with Mr. Burgess, the simple sight and scent works more than adequately... and as you’ve ascertained... the denial is an important aspect of maximization. Sexual frustration prompts glandular production. He only tastes now when I have a need.”

Yes, the coded phrase brings realization. It’s been many weeks since I’ve been permitted to orally please in full. The evanescent licks of clean up all that is offered of late.

“Want to sit? Just raise your chemise and part your knees a little and he’ll be discharging for me like a leaky faucet. And take this,” handing Miss Mattie the remote. “Changing the speed and strength of the vibrations not only increases flow, but offers an invigorating sense of empowerment. In a way, finger on the button, you’re touching and manipulating intimately... and quite deeply.”

“I read in his bio that at one point he discharged for a client while being fanny fucked,” my heart pounding as indeed miss Mattie sits and takes the offered remote control.

Miss Beth chuckles, stepping to my side, observing the flow of my essence.

“Yes, quite the revelation for him, ceding to a woman, opening himself to humbly accept her thrusts. He very nicely accommodated , timing the squeezes of his buttocks, assuring he was deeply and thoroughly pegged... and that we had a happy client. And the resulting output was quite telling. He’ll say it was dreadful... but his stiff penis and impressive flow told us otherwise.”

The words disturb, but in having an uninterrupted view of Miss Mattie’s charms, now permitted to fully inhale her fragrance, I feel my glands and reproductive organs open and release in sublime surrender. I am discharging to the maximum, pleasing Miss Beth... now pleasing Miss Mattie.

“Very good boy, Mr. Burgess,” as always Miss Beth encouraging her ward’s accomplishments.

Walked

“Do you mind being leashed, Mortimer? I read where once you’re capped on Indiening Island there is longer the need for strict feminine supervision... frottaging with the other donors obviated.”

Miss Mattie leads I follow. The pink silk leash has returned, the ending strip of soft cloth firmly knotted about my bloated scrotal sac.

“But I feel better, you at the other end of something I hold in control. And you? You may speak.”

Dare I fully verbalize my thrill? Download word after word in describing my masochistic joy as I prance behind gazing at chiseled globes of firm feminine flesh? Her leash hand tugs, tightening as she turns to look at little Mort, so firmly standing in succumbing, her frown demanding an answer.

“It’s... it’s... okay,” I must assume my succinctness adequately communicating my feelings.

“Yes, so I see. Fascinating watching your balls being infused... growing right before my eyes. They’re huge,” her observation coming with a smile of confidence.

After observing last night’s milking, Miss Mattie insisted on returning to booth 14 for the morning ablutions... the enema, body shave, massage, urinating at a woman’s behest. Being spoon fed. Included was having my teeth brushed. Strange how such a simple deed can enhance the bonding and sense of intimacy.

Lastly came the concoction, sac enduring well over 100 ccs of warming liquid.

“It’s why... well... I need to... leave. Please take me back... tell Miss Edie to take me back. What they inject... it’s a stimulant... like amphetamines for the gonads,” tone admittedly meek and desperate. “It does not end well.”

“Yes, so I understand. Beth mentioned the possibility putting you on a three day cycle. You must feel like a champion race horse... put to pasture for studding.”

“More like I’m running... my organs are running... the Kentucky Derby twice per week.”

“You have purpose here, Mortimer. You’re pleasing superior women... and in you’re sick mind that pleases you. And Edie is pleased as well, no longer worrying about your drinking... able to now focus on the baby she wanted. Plus she has me. I am more or less her husband now, Mortimer.”

Miss Mattie turns away to continue our walk, jostling the leash in symbolically transmitting the message... establishing who is in control and who submits. In thought I return to my toes as she lets her words sink in, heading for the beach.

“I’m going to enjoy some sun. I assume when Beth oiled you it was for protection from the sun.”

“Yes Ma’am... but... I can’t be long exposed.”

“Why not?”

“It’s the metal. You know... the anal hook... more impeding is the penis cap.”

I hear a cackle.

“It is an encumbrance isn’t it, Mortimer... denied of pleasure... denied of nature’s bountiful sunlight. Yet what of being without it? You sucked a pixie’s cock, penis cap removed. And the results?”

The thought brings disquiet. recalling that the tip of Chrissie’s appendage, paramount in male pleasure, was a patch of leather. In hindsight his... her... joy was in being serviced by an intact male... the satisfying sense of retribution.

We reach the beach. The deep blue, the endless shushing of the waves, bring quiescence. Miss Mattie leads in silence to a small copse of palm trees. She loosely ties off my leash and steps back. I gawk when she pulls the diaphanous nightie over her head, baring herself completing. In noting my rapt gaze she smiles.

“Something you like? Developing a degree of awe, respect and fondness?” the words coming so often.

Aware of well-muscled legs and derriere, for the first there are revealed the abdominal muscles of a champion boxer. Such ripple impressively above a waist line of limited size. Eyes rise to visually examine breasts of stone, not large and pendulous, but not small, firm and defying gravity, the nipples attracting. I scan lower, now having more than a glimpse of her sex, my visual assessment curtailed when the woman toileted me in the pasture.

Miss Mattie is amused by my rapture, a hand going to her mons, fingers slipping between labia of perfection to gather essence.

“You certainly don’t need to be rutted, Mortimer. They keep you donors so nice and firm here. But a treat... for a very obedient boy.”

Stepping forth she reaches to coat my upper lip. My tongue darts to lick clean her fingers, her taste sublime. She laughs in noting the eagerness, her free hand lowering to grasp the lower shaft of little Mort, upstanding as always in being capped, patched and hooked. She strokes, her touch both tender and firm, another message of feminine control. The faint elation ends when the hand moves lower to palm my filled sac.

“So you don’t want these harvested when you’re no longer a productive donor. Tsk, tsk. I’m sure you’d make a fine pixie, so devoted, so subordinate. You’d no longer be concerned with production... or attaining male pleasure... the frustration of seeking male pleasure.”

“I... I... can’t...”

“You can do anything a woman wants you to do Mortimer. It’s ingrained. Move into the sun for me. There’s enough slack. Then kneel.”

“My penis cap... it will...”

“So I understand. Now do it.”

“But I can’t... you know... stay for...”

“I’ll decide that. Women of my ilk have determination and resolve... one does not achieve a presentable physique without it. Let’s test your determination and resolve... to obey a governing woman.”

I so position myself. Miss Mattie steps behind me, hands resting on my shoulders. Within moments the tropical rays begin to heat the nickel cobalt. With my high neck collar restricting head motion, I cannot peer directly down, but know little Mort is standing in greeting, in a way worshiping that which will bring agony. Ironical that so little is now felt, male delight truncated... so swiftly... so convincingly. And now the sinister metal mushroom which robs me of male pleasure will become more evil... a source of torment.

“Fascinating that what you once relied on for pleasure, stroking yourself in the shower, is now a source of suffering. And you’ll take it for me, Mortimer. I know you will,” fingers going to the puffblower of my anal hook, squeezing ever so modestly in a demonstration of feminine whimsy. “It’s ingrained. I want you to think. About what you are... how much you revel in all this. How much you’ll miss it if... as you so humbly beseeched... your sabbatical is brought to an end.”

Leaning over my right shoulder, mouth to my ear I listen intently. The cap heats, the pain grows. It’s intolerable... but then it isn’t. I’m offering my obedience. I want to take the pain, suffer for her.

“Can you waggle for me? Do show off your obeisance... your need for exhibition... to humiliate yourself. While reveling in the sick thrill it gives you, think about the world to which you want to return. To a home... to a family... to a job.”

I so waggle, pulling on my PC muscles, berating myself for the warped joy in performing for the demanding Miss Mattie. She softly laughs, knowing my inner feelings as she directs my mind in conjuring such contrast... Indiening Island versus family life at home.

“Good boy. Now that I have your attention... penis sunning itself... explain to me how a male with your predilections is to thrive in the world away from Indiening Island. Penis encased in metal, how is it you’re going to please your former wife... now my wife. Just as importantly, how is it you’re going to please me. If I like your thoughts just maybe I’ll end your sabbatical.”

Departing Indiening Island

Colon slowly filling, caring hands smooth about offering both pleasant massage and a coating of sun tan lotion. Normally such attentive tenderness would be welcomed. Now it disturbs. For many of the morning tasks handler Miss Beth has relegated to her pixie Chrissie. Thus the enema, shaving and bathing have become episodes of homophobia. And when the neutered and silent form both feeds and brushes my teeth, he... she... assures that the penis I sucked... fulfilling the bargain with Miss Beth... is presented to my lips.

Vocal chords cruelly sutured, speech denied, Chrissie has learned to otherwise communicate. I learned that the slow enema does not stop until I again offer fellatio. Thus each spoonful of morning fare is followed by a lick to a penis bearing the markings of having once been capped. After dutifully brushing my teeth, I must orally serve in earnest.

"Oh how cute, adoring Chrissie's penis like that," the words coming as Miss Beth joins us to complete the morning routine... assuring that I am patched, collared and impaled... plus infused with the daily concoction.

I hear clicks, cell phone capturing the image of my tongue and lips sordidly engaged.

"For your wife," Miss Beth succinctly explains. "You suck cocks so nicely, Mr. Burgess," stepping to my front affectionately patting my head. "You may speak... thank Chrissie for letting you do that."

I not only must thank, but for sure in my next interview with Dr. Susan be required verbalize my thoughts and feelings in engaging in the deed.

"Thank you for letting me suck your penis, Chrissie."

"It's Miss Chrissie, try again."

"Thank you for letting me suck your penis, Miss Chrissie," the words gushing from me in distress, enema continuing.

My expression of gratitude brings a coquettish smile as the pixie steps to my rear. I hear the hiss of the enema nozzle deflating, the contents of my bowels gushing as well.

Miss Beth is to complete the morning routine.

"See how good you're getting at it, Mr. Burgess... and how much you enjoy. We can train the submissive male to do anything here on Indiening Island. You all so much want to obey.

"Well... a big day for you, Mr. Burgess. You've discharged for me for the last time. Your stint on Indiening Island is to end."

I am stunned. It's been weeks since I had the long and painful beach talk with Miss Mattie Grayson, my capped penis excruciatingly sun bathed. I had given up hope.

"When?"

"Now. First a little departing gift, then I'll walk you to the dock. Would you like to be leashed?"

"I... I..."

"Yes, you would."

Miss Beth moves out of view. I hear some familiar sounds, then a hand palms my scrotum and there comes the morning jab.

"Make you presentable for your trip. Your last injection of concoction... and I've mixed in an extra 50 ccs of saline. A nice big set of balls for you, Mr. Burgess. You're going to impress the folks on the main island."

"Miss Beth, may I... ah... kiss you," suddenly waxing in realizing her care will end.

"No. I don't kiss men. But it's nice to know I'll be missed. And you must realize by now, my level of enjoyment in degrading men. So you'll be missed as well."

There comes the warmth, whatever is in the formula stimulating my glands. Then Miss Beth moves to my front, unclips and lifts the neck restraint, I must suppose for the last time.

“Leaving us in your prime production phase. And you’re not to become a pixie... emasculated, silenced, tattooed and branded. It must sadden you.”

Dare I disagree? With her fine feminine nest most proximate, I instead crane my neck and head, thrusting forth my tongue, seeking the nirvana that has been for weeks denied, satisfying her ‘need’ my only oral reward. I inhale deeply, a hound in heat as Dr. Susan would suggest.

Cruelly Miss Beth steps back.

“No, no Mr. Burgess. Perhaps Captain Morena will accommodate on the boat. Time for your leash... time for the dock.”

The length of pink silk is removed from the wall. Miss Beth steps behind. There comes the rattle of metal. Fingers work my privates. Something encircles at the base of my scrotal sac. I hear a click. I feel tightness.

“Yes, you’re nicely filled. The scrotum shackle is quite tight on you.”

I feel more weightiness on my bloated sac. More rattling comes when she gives the command to rise and I feel something hanging between my thighs. Miss Beth quickly stoops. Hands go to my thighs right and left. Such are encircled. Then comes a click, click.

“Oh, Mr. Burgess, you are going to feel such a wonderful sense of feminine control in departing the island. The testicle shackle is so much enjoyed by boys of your ilk... sensing a woman’s dominion where you feel so vulnerable.”

I am amazed. I can look down, head motion unencumbered without the high neck collar. And I am not patched, no impaling anal hook, yet little Mort stands firmly. Miss Beth notes my look of surprise.

“It’s common. Just being handled comes to be erotic for the submissive male... patch and anal aside. And this will bring even more arousal. “

Stooping again, she secures the pink length of silk to a band of steel locked about the base of my engorged scrotum. I note that short chains connect, leading to shackles secured about my thighs just above the knees.

“You’ll still prance for me... but more gingerly,” her leash hand pulling firmly.

The configuration definitely restricts leg motion. And with my first step I feel more tugging on my jewels, the knee action stressing the short chains.

Step, step, step, I am wont to describe the inner euphoria, thank the woman... girl really... so attentively feeding my masochism. More, to tell of my gratitude for all her tendance over the many months. It comes to mind I have not had a care in the world living in this alternative world... other than to foolishly attempt to maintain an iota of male dignity... which on Indiening Island is easily quashed.

Sucking cock, licking genitals.

“Come, Morena keeps the boat on schedule.”

The distraction of unexpected separation begins to dissipate. There comes reasoning.... questions. Clothing... travel arrangements... identification... funds. I assume I am to be returned to my home... Miss Edie’s home. But nothing else is clear. And oddly, in following Miss Beth’s leash hand out of the booth, I find myself continuing to comply with the island’s rules... prancing as best I can on toes in obedience and silence.

Many steps, the path to the dock a distant memory from months ago. A beaming Miss Beth turns to look back, beaming in her mastery of the naked and well bound submissive male.

“You’ll probably come back to us, Mr. Burgess... want to come back. In time realization dawns, that functioning in the outside world for demented males with your level of perversity

is... let's term it... dissatisfying. There will come thoughts about having your penis cap removed... and there are few places to have it done and few skilled to do it... without fully degloving."

The words add to my conflicting thoughts. The challenges of returning to wife Miss Edie... the relief that my reproductive organs won't die the death of an overly worked beast of burden... sadness in losing the tender care of she who knows so much of me... every square centimeter of my flesh... has tended to every intimate anatomical function.

"What will you do now, Miss Beth?"

"No pasture duty today. I'll probably take Chrissie to the beach, perch myself on her head and face while a play with her boy pussy... her empty scrotum. She likes that."

"I mean... without me."

"Oh, Mr. Burgess, we get a new donor at least once per month... usually more often. I'll soon have someone to train and milk. It's Indiening Island after all,, and the world needs sperm," the words coming with noted youthful vibrance.

We plod to the dock, high on toes, sensing feminine governance with each step, the thin chains of the scrotal shackle tugging my sac left then right, left then right. Miss Beth knows such excites, so much adds to the degradation of being led about by a woman's leash hand. I look to see little Mort is as firm as when patched and hooked . I have this urge... hands free... to hug my handler in gratitude. She knows me so well... able to access the deep recesses of my demented mind.

At the dock there is Captain Morena. Chemise short, the long labia, suckled to prominence, are well displayed. She smiles in seeing my erection and my mammoth sac below encumbered in steel.

"I'll take him Beth," reaching for my leash. "Shackled by his balls... and look how hard that makes him," smiling regally. "You're going to miss us, Mr. Burgess."

I nod. Though Miss Beth has been graciously permissive as we've bonded over the many months, there remains the rule of silence.

"Come, Mr. Burgess," giving my leash a firm yank, " be a good boy for me and I'll have you back to the main island," leading down the length of the dock.

"Will I have clothing?" brashly speaking.

Captain Morena shrugs and pulls to take in all slack.

"I assume your wife and her lover have arranged something. My instructions are to simply leave you on the main island dock. But before boarding... I have a need. Kneel and lay back... and you can have your last taste."

Look for the sequel, 'The Donor Returns'.

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed. Chris_Bellows@hotmail.com

Other books by Chris Bellows available at Pink Flamingo's new site
<http://www.eroticbooknetwork.com>

Many other stories of varying length are available at www.lulu.com/spotlight/chris_bellows.

Other Chris Bellows Novels From Pink Flamingo Media

A Gift From James
A Sadist's Story
A Woman's Servant
A Woman's Servant 2
About Eve, A Femdom Novel
An Interview With Mrs. Carlotta Fenwick
Becoming Miss Ashley's Pet
Behavioral Modification: Lessons From Constancia Island
Collared & Leashed
Constancia Island, A Femdom Novel
Dr. Winthrop Samuels Series
Feminine Governance
Feminizing The Belligerent Male
Lady Constance, A Femdom Novel
Laura Davidson, Keeper of Men
Lessons In Discipline and Servitude
Milking Male Essence
Miss Elizabeth's Captive
Naked Rendition
Nusquam
Nusquam Beckons
Of Male Chastity
Penance Corporation of America
Penance Corporation of America III: Forced To Serve
Prince Imay's Palace
Ship of Remorse
Suspension Bondage, A BDSM Novel
Tagged
Tales From The Estate
Taming the Virile Male
The Blacksmith's Daughter
The Chris Bellows' Collection
The Conquerable, A Femdom Novel
The Constancia Compendium
The Cuckold & The Cuckoldress
The Decision, A Femdom Novel
The Entrapped
The Gimp
The Humbled
The Incarceration of Jennifer
The Interrogator
The Last Pony Girl
The Male Concubine
The Party Boy
The Predator

The Suitcase
The Supplication of the Male Pig

For a complete catalogue of Erotic Fiction... write, email or call:

Pink Flamingo Media

P.O. Box 632, Richland, MI 49083, 1-877-629-0051

E-mail: jennifer@pinkflamingomedia.com

On-line:

<http://www.pinkflamingo.com>

<http://www.eroticbooknetwork.com>