



DR. WINTHROP SAMUELS

Suspension Bondage & The Blacksmith's Daughter

A Series by Chris Bellows

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Suspension Bondage

Author's Note:

Do not Google the term arroycoo. It is fictionally contrived and has no known real meaning.

Chapter One

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

"So are you familiar with the practice of arroycoo, Dr. Samuels?" the voice husky, the accent well disguised.

The girl is composed, comfortable in speaking to a full adult some fifteen years her senior. The uncharacteristic deep voice serves to remind me that Sunny Sudenskaya is not the child she appears to be. The woman has an effervescent disposition and short styled hair which enhances her youthful presentation... bringing one to think in terms of adolescence. If she were indeed under eighteen years of age many of my thoughts would border on criminal. I cannot, for example, help wonder whether I could grasp enough hair at the back of her head to properly direct her during doggie style sex. I am concluding that I would need to hold onto her ears...

Sunny turns and lifts her face to blow a puff of smoke into the upper reaches of the nearly empty restaurant. Though well before the dinner hour, the maitre d' notably gasps and hustles toward us. Smoking is banned by law. Sunny's naughty smile suggests she is well aware of her transgression and stubs out the cigarette on the bread dish before the animated form arrives. All ash trays have been relegated to a makeshift smoking area... a patch of sidewalk at the entrance of the Upper East Side bistro.

"I forgot," Sunny's words contrite but her look one of playful mischief.

The maitre d' wordlessly removes the soiled dish and snaps his fingers to a busboy.

The momentary event is telling... Sunny having this inclination to challenge rules and authority and yet to so quickly and easily capitulate.

"I have read of arroycoo. Some tribal ritual involving the suspension of the body," I cautiously reply as the busboy places a clean bread dish before her.

I demure in saying more. As a medical professional my penchants must be kept quiet lest I endanger my license to practice. Though I am in research and do not treat patients, conventional wisdom suggests I not imperil potential return on my investment, the many hours and tedious study which anointed me with advanced degrees. Sunny Sudenskaya came to learn of my 'hobby' and enticed me into this off hours meeting. Just a little talk at a quiet restaurant long before the dinner crowd, so she said.

I could not resist her charms.

Sunny smiles. So cute, so disarming when juxtaposing the subject matter with a girl who appears so childlike in many respects.

Sunny reaches into her purse and removes pictures torn from some magazine.

"Your reputation in the community precedes you, doctor. I would think you'd have more interest in something like this."

She pushes the packet my way. I glance through a couple and immediately push the remainder back toward her.

"Someone has been telling stories out of school," my tone one of rebuke.

Though in being torn from some mainstream nature publication, possibly as mundane as National Geographic, the pictures bring concern. Even with the bistro being void of customers, I dare not broach more of the matter in which Sunny attempts to immerse me.

"I think you can do something like that. Tribes have been safely engaging in it for years. Certainly modern science and medicine can do the same... perhaps more easily and quickly," her tone of voice shifting to alluringly beseech.

Yes, she verbally challenges then coquettishly concedes. She is a minx. And as much as she is aware of my 'reputation' in the community, her own precedes as well. In fact, as she entices, her posture shifts, her shoulders roll back in retreat to exhibit evidence of sizable mammary

glands... exceeding expectations for a girl aptly described as svelte.

She performs a tease. When she licks her lips, I understand with clarity her intent. I am being seduced.

But in the 'community', as she references my occasional weekend recreation, seduction has twists.

Sunny Sudenskaya is a masochist. And sometimes, as the old adage goes, when a masochist begs to be flogged, the role of the true sadist is best fulfilled by saying 'no'.

So I shake my head, acknowledging her message and communicating my reply. She sulks then leans forward, finally aware of my concern for discretion despite the limited presence of others.

"I will fellate you. Yours to command," she whispers in a sultry voice.

I smile. Though a medical professional should be more insouciant, the thought of warm, smooth and wet feminine skin engulfing that which brings the ultimate masculine pleasure can bring enthusiastic visions. I begin to understand that Sunny Sudenskaya is in earnest. I sit back in contemplation, more fully focusing on the emptiness of the restaurant and becoming more comfortable.

"You have family, Sunny?"

She shakes her head.

"Distant cousins in Bulgaria. I would not recognize them if we shared a cab."

My question spurs more discussion. This could work. I have an old friend who enjoys 'adopting' miscreant young girls.

"No one would know," she emphasizes. "I could work during the day. Nights I would be yours."

She has me thinking and she knows it, letting my imagination percolate. Many factors rush through my mind. Career, social life... both vanilla and in the community..., my 'hobby'. Finally the time required, procuring supplies and the apparatus necessary for arroycoo.

Sunny seems to read my thoughts.

"I have a loft. Not quite Nolita," she says. "The building has not been fully gentrified. It's quiet... but large."

Sunny references the latest New York apartment phenomenon... the transition of what was once one of the seediest areas of Manhattan... north of little Italy (Nolita)... where only the specters of Bowery bums remain. Now quite the trendy area, she is merely nearby, I am sure the modesty of her digs mandated by limited income.

"It will be painful. I will not administer anesthetic," I forewarn.

She nods, her ostensible reluctance mixed with that peculiar inward frisson when a masochist encounters the eventuality of pain... the body's need to avoid... the mind challenging it to endure.

"And expensive, Sunny. You'll offer more than fellatio. But you will enjoy it."

She beams, but then feigns concern... playing the role of Scarlet O'Hara... imagining what a manly brute would force from her helpless form. I know that vulnerability excites... as does the unknown. Yes... a minx... and one whose proclivity so nicely complements mine.

"I will need some time... for equipment," I conclude.

Sunny happily blushes as I reach forth and gather the packet of pictures.

"And you will need to practice... opening a zipper... with your lips and teeth."

Medical research can sometimes be compared to flying a commercial aircraft... many hours of boredom punctuated by moments of frazzling activity... such as when the weather closes in... or in the lab when many weeks of testing conclude and there is hurried need to statistically analyze and evaluate. Most times I wait, reviewing interim reports which need to be monitored for gross malfunction,

experiments going bad. But otherwise letting the passage of time bring results.

So the boredom often brings thoughts of Sunny Sudenskaya and her proposal. Short hair, boyish good looks, appropriately attired she could pass for an altar boy. Yet I recall the shoulder movement, intended to project those glands and attract, which they did. She is alluring, a temptress. And in knowing my 'hobby' she tempts most seductively. The deep guttural voice, accented, is provocative on a dark haired girl of some one hundred pounds. She is not to be forgotten.

In my field of medical devices, I have access to a sophisticated metal working shop. We make artificial joints... mainly knees and hips. We even do knuckles. Each of those is custom made... the high expense reserved for the occasional professional who too early in life has lost the use of a finger through arthritis or injury.

So making implements for Sunny's desired arroycoo is easy. I am known to work late in the lab. And the scrap pile of nickel cobalt yields dozens of small bits which will not be missed. Shaping such to my needs and polishing to fine smoothness takes time, but as I picture such adorning the lithe form of Sunny, the time goes quickly. The alloy is readily accepted by the human body. And is strong.

Research on the internet brings some ideas. Gadgets for introducing grommets to clothing, leather and canvas attract my attention. With a master's degree in mechanical engineering, it appears to me that one such apparatus, used in sail making, can be purchased and modified. Sunny's flesh will more easily yield than the coarse and rugged textiles used on large yachts. But I have plans for the temptress which will take her far beyond her current limits and what she envisions.

In nearing readiness, I call a plumbing supply store. Having sketched what I need, I list the number of feet of

pipe along with numerous fittings. It is an easy matter to fax the order and have all delivered to Sunny's loft.

Weeks later we meet again. Same restaurant near me. Same time, late afternoon. The maitre d' glances at Sunny with concern. She offers no concession that she will not light up again. Always challenging.

"Some men arrived. Brought in lots of metal," Sunny exclaims as we are shown to a table. "Am I expecting a plumbing problem?"

A girlish giggle disguises a tinge of concern. My planned frame is now just a pile of pipes that Sunny obviously cannot mentally transform to usefulness.

"You will see in time," I vaguely reply.

We sit. She brazenly orders wine, knowing she is not old enough to drink. Knowing once again to challenge the rules. I am going to have fun taming her.

I come to the point as our drink order is completed and the waiter leaves us alone.

"Before we begin, taking you down a road from which you will not return, I want to show you this."

I retrieve from my jacket pocket what appears to be a staple gun. Modified after many hours of toil I load it with a finely crafted lump of nickel cobalt and thread my napkin between two jutting prongs. With a forceful press there comes a click, a notable snap and the prongs pinch the cloth.

"Presto."

I toss the napkin to Sunny. Embedded in the corner is a newly made small hole bordered by a circle of metal of one centimeter.

"In one motion it penetrates, pushes aside the cloth to widen the opening and rolls the bordering metal to seal with permanency. A grommet... but penetrating quite formidably."

An amazed Sunny toys with her fingers. The dull metal is securely attached.

"I'd show you again but the nickel cobalt is rather expensive."

"The metal is hard, yes?" her excitement exposing her normally cloaked accent.

"Extremely," I advise as her fingers toy, amazed with the smoothness of the finished opening.

While she busies herself I find a clasp in my pocket, reach forth and clip it through the hole. With zeal, Sunny reaches to grasp the clasp and dangles the napkin over the table. She giggles.

"This can be... me?" she utters in a combination of apprehension and odd joy.

The waiter approaches and the napkin is lowered, even Sunny having some sense of decorum. We are silent as the drinks are poured. Chardonnay for her. A cold brew for me.

"Yes, it will be you. Consider carefully. I have made many grommets... and of various sizes."

Sunny's eyes glaze over, obviously fantasizing some sadomasochistic scene. Her hand goes to the napkin to inspect again, pulling the clasp to ensure permanency. She seems to shiver as the well embedded grommet withstands her testing stress. My hand goes to her wine.

"You're not twenty one," I admonish. "You're going to learn to be a good girl."

She lugubriously pouts as I slide away her glass.

By design, I have Sunny drink water and deny her substantial food... a light salad. She has consented to be modified. And in having spent many hours redesigning the grommet contraption and stealthily working in the lab's metal shop, my enthusiasm grows. Plus there is Sunny, such ostensible innocence tinged with immoral thought. So girlishly innocent... yet so wicked.

"I want to see your loft," I summarily announce in paying the check.

"We will need to take the Lex to the BMT," Sunny delighted to display her knowledge of New York's subway system.

"A cab will do. I will pay."

We depart. As I follow her to the exit, Sunny does not see me reload my grommet device. There will be no changing of minds. Not hers... and certainly not mine.

"How do you handle pain?" I casually inquire while awaiting a cab.

She smiles, looking away in shyness.

"Pain is something created by the mind...and therefore something the mind needs to overcome."

Among my weekend adventurers, those trusted few with whom I share my hobby, Sunny has a reputation for endurance. I have not 'scened' with her, but she has been known to withstand lengthy floggings at the all too public S&M clubs, places that I avoid.

I contemplate her succinct reply... flippant reply?... as a cab pulls up and a couple exits to enter the restaurant. We commandeer and Sunny slides in behind the driver. She offers the address, Ludlow Street, a part of Manhattan I have never before reconnoitered.

"I will go slowly with you, Sunny. But I reiterate, there will be no going back. I'm not really sure how this can be reversed. You saw the napkin. My contraption is frightfully efficient. Rather reminds me of firing a gun, such devastating results from the simple pull of a trigger."

Sunny nods in thought. There is no hint of reservation. It appears that she is indeed thinking of the napkin and the relative permanence of the embedded circle of nickel cobalt. To remove it one would need to shred the cloth.

"It is quick, this 'gun' of yours?"

"You saw how quick."

"I prefer something slower. Something that challenges me... suffering that I must overcome... if I can."

"That will come as well. You shall endure both."

In turning onto First Avenue, the cab picks up pace. I note that the driver cannot see Sunny in the rear view mirror. And in approaching wave after wave of traffic lights, he only has opportunity to glance back on occasion. I remove my contraption and again show it to Sunny.

"Quick. Painful. Permanent. And I shall enjoy using it on you, Sunny. Probably as effective as a brand or tattoo."

She shudders. Yes the brisance of the masochist. The delightful mental conflict which the curious proclivity brings.

"Will I bleed?"

"About as much as you would in receiving a hypodermic injection. The device creates an initial pinprick which I have designed to instantly widen to accommodate the circle of metal... which with equal quickness folds at the perimeter to form the smooth opening you examined... and make it unremovable."

"Where?"

"Any place I decide. That is for me to control... not you."

She nods. There is fear... but there is enjoyment. Her eyes glaze in thought.

"Ready to begin your journey, Sunny?"

She nods. There is reluctance but acceptance... the masochist long ago having surrendered herself to life as a pin cushion.

I lean. My left hand reaches to the back of her neck. I note that my curiosity is indulged in that I can indeed grasp enough hair to guide her head. In one smooth and continuous motion I tilt back her head, my right hand lifts the contraption.

"Steady now, Sunny. Bear a little pain for me. Be a good girl for Dr. Samuels."

As I slip the prongs up her nostrils, I am reminded of my years as an intern, offering the myriad of injections to

frightened children. I press, pulling the trigger on my peculiar gun. It clicks. It snaps. There comes the stifled shriek of a little girl. I quickly withdraw. A handkerchief is offered. There are more tears than blood. As described the opening is small. Plus I have pierced the cartilage of her septum well up her nostrils where there is limited circulation.

I have grommited the interior of Sunny's nose. Not detectable to the unwary. But I cannot dismiss Sunny with a mere puncture... a little hole between her nostrils. No I have in my pocket a little clasp with a slim connecting cord. And as she dabs away her tears... not a word of protest I note... my hand returns to thrust the open clasp up her left nostril, thread it through her new grommet and hook it down her right nostril where it clicks shut.

"Feel better Sunny? A girl like you pines for control. And you shall have it."

A little tug on the cord demonstrates. The tension cannot be resisted. That pretty little head moves about in response as I toy. And Sunny stares into my eyes in wonderment. Yes, sometimes the role of the sadist is fulfilled by saying 'no'. But other times it is more fun to offer an emphatic 'Yes'.

Twilight provides a modicum of cover as we exit the cab. It is amusing to observe Sunny acclimate to her simple leash. I keep moderate tension on the line, and though the cabdriver offers a perplexed look, there is a bit of a shrug as he accepts payment with a sizable tip, my hand jostling the makeshift leash to bring a muffled gasp of pain.

The street is void of people. Remaining somewhat industrial, few are the buildings converted to residential space. The seclusion is ideal for directing a girl on a leash and I must laugh as Sunny attempts to step toward her apartment without my concurrence. Like a puppy, she strains the leash and whimpers as the myriad of nerve endings in her nose serve to chastise her rash motion.

“Whoa, Sunny. Going somewhere without me?” I laugh in taunting.

I pull to reel in my leashed plaything, forcing her to step towards me and look up at my face.

“How do you feel? You’re being governed by a simple length of string.”

I lift my arm. Having wrapped the twine about my index finger, her nose and face follow.

“You can unhook the clasp, but you do not. You can ask to be released, but you do not. Your muffled gasps suggest pain, yet there is enjoyment.”

She nods, the motion comically adding to the tension on the string.

“We’re going to enjoy each other’s company, Sunny. Come.”

She is surprised when I lead her away from the entrance. Across the street, down the block. Fortunately, perhaps unfortunately for she starved for masochistic attention, there are no passersby. Still I establish my control. She most subserviently follows knowing that the slightest tug brings agony.

“I’ll want to see how nimble that tongue is, Sunny. You promised fellatio.”

A dreary day of reviewing data is interspersed with thoughts of that minx Sunny endeavoring to lower my zipper with her teeth.

For a girl of her age, not a bad blow job. I recall in medical school the sardonic discussions concerning the outbreak of teen pregnancy. One wag made the suggestion that more proficiency in oral sex would serve to blunt the epidemic.

Finally walking her back to her apartment Sunny knelt before me, nose leash removed, her arms behind her back, folded upward as I grasped her wrists to render her hands useless.

“Practice, practice, practice,” I lectured as she finally caught the zipper tab in her teeth and pulled downward.

Okay, I helped a little in freeing my penis of my underwear. But thereafter she seemed to be all tongue and lips. Working with zeal, at a young age she has learned to control her gag reflex. When the time came, it seemed like I ejaculated directly into her stomach, my spending accompanied by a slight gulp and a devilish smile in offering such sublime submission.

An inspection of her loft followed. Her clothing removed, she pranced about naked as I learned her abode was large indeed. High ceilinged. Understandably grimy. Otherwise perfect for the games to be played.

In the glow of a gratifying explosion of semen, I learned more about my pet minx. I had her sit at my feet as we talked.

Sunny emigrated from Bulgaria trading casual sex for favors. A truck ride across this country and that. Working westward. Some bigger favors from men of Dominance. A bondage scene here, some flogging there, her age instilled concern in those desiring something long term. All used... abused?... and encouraged her to move onward.

Eventually came New York. It seems the doggie style sex I envisioned was a favorite of some immigration clerk. An illegitimate visa cost Sunny Sudenskaya three couplings. The clerk's marital status made the arrangement easy to terminate once papers were received. Vanilla is not Sunny's thing, but the practicality of accepting penetration earned her a stay.

Sunny is undereducated but bright. Her effervescence brought a job as some minion in an advertising firm.

Gazing down as she spoke, I reached to palpate her flesh, pinching here, prodding there. Supple, lithe, nicely curved, her loose clothing veils an otherwise engaging form. I could not help thinking that she could be folded up and placed in a surprisingly small box. Sans covering Sunny seems to be

all breasts and buttocks and such meaty softness is easily shaped for confinement.

Yes, a simple box. Wrapped, labeled and shipped. A packaged masochist, eager to extend her submission, her obedience, an offering of anguish for those who would be amused... such as me.

"I will return tomorrow night at 7:00 p.m. Greet me at the front door downstairs. Naked. I will leash your nose and lead you up the elevator."

Her flesh turned anserine with the thought. Then she silently nodded.

I look at my watch. For some reason my attention is diverted from reviewing the inspection results of hips placed years ago in dogs. We donate hips to the family pooch with the agreement that upon the animal's demise, an autopsy can be performed to ascertain wear and tear on our design. Thus Fido's arthritic hip can be replaced considerably more cheaply than his master's... one of the ironies of medicine.

It is 6:15 p.m. My grommet device awaits. I load and call for a cab.

Sunny shivers deliciously. Though not a cool night the fear of discovery heightens her enjoyment of the abject humiliation of awaiting totally naked in the converted lobby of her building. It was once the loading dock of the converted warehouse and is thus an expansive area partially partitioned to offer a ground floor apartment along with access to the elevator. There are places for her to duck out of sight if neighbors descend on the elevator. But arriving occupants could enter with little notice. Thus Sunny lingers as instructed, prepared to bolt like a frightened rabbit with the creak of the outer door.

I enter and spot her peeking out from behind some crates. I waggle my finger and hold up the little clasp and thin cord, her nose leash. She knows to obediently approach.

"Maybe I'll walk you up and down the street again, Sunny. So shy."

She steps forth and I once again admire the girlish form. Breasts which belie her one hundred pounds. Rounded buttocks which enticingly roll with each footfall. She places her hands behind her neck and politely smiles as the clasp enters one nostril, my fingers directing the tip to exit the other. It clicks closed.

"Been a good girl?"

She nods as my right hand raises the cord and with it her face. My left lowers to her pubes. Sunny shaves there, of course, knowing that body hair distracts. My limited training in gynecology offers a quick splay of the outer labia, my middle finger plunging inward... with ease. The minx parts her feet to offer better access.

"You're wet. Lurking about naked excites you."

She smiles quite shyly, listening for the descending elevator... or more significantly another creak of the outer door.

"We have work to do. I will walk you outdoors and naked at another time."

The dripping fingers of my left hand press against her lips. She knows to lick them dry. I direct her to the elevator. In pressing the button, I can only imagine the mental torment as the industrial motor grinds, Sunny wondering whether the car will arrive empty.

"How will you explain this to your neighbors, Sunny? Naked and walking about leashed."

Stepping into the vast car, I do believe it could lift automobiles, I have Sunny kneel at my feet for the long ascent to the top floor.

"Stay," I command master to dog.

I do so enjoy the beseeching look as she stares directly up at me. She is more deer in the headlights than canine. The thought that a neighbor may be skulking about offers genuine concern.

Still, the six floors are negotiated without mishap and I bring Sunny into her loft to the sound of a sigh of relief.

The grommet device is ready in my jacket pocket. She's been waiting and thinking all day about this visit. Over and above the apprehension of prancing about the lobby naked is the brief but intense pain she will soon feel. I again place her kneeling and step behind her. I tie off her nose leash to a heating pipe, the bondage more symbolic than real. In drawing back her arms I inspect. Just above the right elbow at the inside I swab the surface of her skin with alcohol. Then I pinch the flesh, align, press and the contraption clicks then snaps. Sunny cries out. A second grommet instantaneously pierces her flesh. As stated, it is the equivalent of a hypodermic needle upon entry but the grommet expands the opening and then folds over. Not to be removed. Never to slip back out the opening.

I dab away the blood of a pinprick. I reload.

"Every evening, Sunny. One by one I'll have your body altered for quick bondage."

The left elbow is next. The swab. The click. The snap. The yelp. The blood. The dab.

"Good girl," I compliment as I inspect the two new openings.

Small, as with the nose grommet, there are open circles of about a centimeter thrust through a tuft of epidermis, as thick as I could gather. The resulting holes are quite limited in size. Wearing clothing, the traces of metal would not be noticeable to the unwary.

A double 'D' clamp unites the two new grommets and thus her elbows. Though supple the short connection renders her hands useless. This is now real bondage.

My hand lowers again. Under the buttocks, slipping past the rose bud of her anus, I explore again to find even more wetness. I smile knowingly. The girl yelps with each snap but she enjoys.

"Come."

I release the leash and walk her to the pile of pipes and fixtures delivered days ago.

"You can watch as I work."

A supporting pillar awaits. I take the time to tie off her nose leash high above. Elbows held behind her back, her bondage is no longer symbolic and I take the time to assure she must stand on her toes. Whereas I found her shivering in the lobby, now she shudders. I know it to be a systemic reaction to both the pain and the intrusive action of the grommet device. Similar to having a tooth pulled or some other seemingly minor procedure... the mind shrugs but the body mourns.

"Arroycoo," I announce with evil glee. "Only a girl with your nasty mind could contrive modern fantasies from such an ancient custom."

As I finish, I note that Sunny struggles to remain on her toes.

"Please Dr. Samuels, my legs..."

Yes, I've forced her to her toes for well over an hour. A simple stress position, the slow torment is something she has not before faced. As stated, known for accepting lengthy floggings, the mental endurance utilized in standing on toes, relief coming only with increased tension on the nose leash, is considerable.

"It is good for you, Sunny. Builds character and stronger legs."

I otherwise ignore her entreaty, fix myself a drink and take a chair to review my work.

Standing in Sunny's industrial living quarters is a work of industry. I have assembled the many pipes and fixtures into a frame. There are two sturdy rectangles, each some seven feet long and three feet wide. Four six foot pipes hold one rectangle atop the other to join all dozen lengths. The piping is steel and three inches in diameter making the structure

quite strong and heavy. As I envision its use, I become stimulated. Gazing at Sunny's naked form stimulates more.

"I have to go, Dr. Samuels."

Yes the girl fidgets, clenching her thighs in obvious discomfort in holding the contents of her bladder. I smile.

"Well, we can't have you soiling the floor."

The stained hardwood floor remains from the building's original usage as a warehouse or whatever. So actually, soiling the floor would be of little consequence. Still I arise and move to the kitchen area of the large single room. In a cabinet I find a basin. I return to Sunny, release her nose leash and have her squat. Her legs quake as stiffened muscles labor to position her pubes over the vessel. I hold it in my left hand, and standing to her rear, reach to her cunny with my right.

"Like this?" her deep voice softening to elicit sympathy.

"You'll perform for me any way I command," my reply firm as I part her outer labia.

Despite her need, it requires a moment for her to compose herself. But she soon releases. Such an obedient girl.

I dispose of the basin and return to the chair, Sunny in tow. She reacts to the leash marvelously, quickly learning to minimize painful tension by anticipating my moves. She knows to kneel between my legs. She knows to begin working my zipper... with her teeth. Her elbows remain encumbered as I offer slack on the nose leash.

While Sunny's face disappears, tongue and lips rummaging within my zipper and underwear, I palpate her back, an expanse of unblemished skin, neckline to where her buttocks cleave. I smile in noting the plump roundness of the two hillocks. Nicely athletic on such a wispy wench. I sigh as her lips find my penis tip, smiling as she lures my engorging organ from its nest.

"You'll learn to enjoy the frame. Just a few more days."

My manhood rises and Sunny dutifully engulfs. Fellatio begins in earnest. Sunny's impressive oral skills contrast her age. Some how, some way, the eighteen year old has the tongue of an aging whore. A lifetime of talent learned in months... convincing truck drivers of their need for her company. From Bulgaria to Britain, Sunny sucked her way across Europe... to her new life.

Yet her guilt is apparent. Arroycoo. Such a thought.

It is without pretense that I once again spend strongly and deeply into Sunny's gullet. It's her purpose for being as far as I am concerned. And it seems that I am feeding her. Male seed has become some form of nutrition in Sunny's world of submission, humiliation and masochism.

I pause in the glow of satiation.

"I will masturbate you," I calmly announce.

With a girl of Sunny's ilk, one must offer the proper catalyst. I position a nearby lamp, move her to straddle my knees facing away, then pull down on her nose leash to force her to slump over. My foot catches the end of the leash and continues to tension. Sunny's torso slowly lowers until her forehead touches the floor between my shoes. Her buttocks are widely parted. I lift one of her feet then the other to place her calves outside the arms of the chair, further parting her thighs and offering unfettered access to her charms.

The lamp burns brightly. Widely spread, held almost upside down, the extreme exposure and humiliation is just what the doctor ordered... Dr. Winthrop Samuels, of course.

"Let's explore a little, Sunny. Every girl is just a little different..."

For the third day in a row, thoughts of Sunny come to mind as the afternoon of reviewing reports becomes tedious.

The dichotomy of yesterday's visit... first the quick but intense pain of adding grommets, the slow stress of

standing on toes, the slower pleasure offered as I leisurely masturbated her, upside down, extremely spread and lit up like a statue... brings a smile. Both Sunny's body and emotions became toys... for me. And I played without compunction.

Sunny's vagina was tight and responsive. For all the kink, all her oral offerings, Sunny has had limited vaginal penetration of late. I worked her urethral sponge, the so termed 'G' spot, and manipulated her clitoris... endlessly. When I finally wanted to bring an ultimate climax, I palpated about her urethral opening, tracing then rubbing my index finger along the 'U' shaped erogenous area of which not even most women are aware.

Thighs clenched, vaginal walls oscillated, she ejaculated, wetting my trousers.

I removed my leash, unclipped her elbows and left her as a pile of spent flesh.

Yes, I graciously offered a treat, returning what she has trained herself to offer others without contrition... that is unbridled pleasure. Something about remaining fully clothed and having Sunny expose herself to the extreme, her wet pink love canal glistening under the lamp, brought her need for humiliation to a furious level of satiation.

Time for my cab ride to Ludlow Street. Grommet device at the ready, leash, clamps... Sunny awaits naked in the lobby, dodging arriving building dwellers. I instructed her to be there at 5:30 p.m. I did not inform her when I would arrive.

I will take my time. Perhaps she will meet one of her neighbors...

Past 6:30 p.m., the cab delivers me to Ludlow Street. Sunny has obediently been waiting as instructed. When the creaking door announces my arrival I note the minx is once again hiding her naked form.

"I have had to duck so many times," she pouts in a childish voice. "You said 5:30."

"I instructed you to be naked and waiting in the lobby at 5:30. I did not indicate when I would arrive."

My tone is direct yet carefree as Sunny knows to turn so I can clip her elbows together. I note that just as with hypodermic injections there is little evidence about the small tufts of skin grommited the day before. Quite the clever device I have developed. Instant body bondage. Limited extended reaction and trauma.

I clip on the nose leash. She expects to go to the elevator. Instead I take her to the door. I can feel her resistance through the taut string wrapped about my finger.

"It's a nice night for a walk," I declare pulling firmly.

Having just traversed the block, I know there is limited activity. And though remaining warm, the autumnal equinox has brought early darkness. Still Sunny demurs, futilely fighting my controlling hand as the pain of the nose grommet prevails and we step from the building. A slight breeze brings her perky nipples to stand like begging puppies. I detect goose bumps.

"Snotty little girls need discipline. You'll not again question my instructions or my deeds."

Naked, bound, outdoors and exposed to all, the masochistic mental conflict is palpable. The humiliation of possible discovery is both craved and feared. How will she explain this to unwitting neighbors?

Alas, with few buildings being converted to residential quarters, the street is eerily empty. Warehouses have closed for the day. Others are abandoned. There is no reason not to push the envelope of acceptable behavior.

I walk one to two steps ahead. I detect whimpering. Oh! this is delicious.

A van turns the corner, headlights beaming. I pause to torment then lead to an alleyway, the driver focused on building numbers and not on my naked and leashed pet.

The vehicle stops adjacent to where we are concealed, the driver making a delivery. Sunny is momentarily trapped.

"While we're waiting, Sunny. You may squat and do your business. Go ahead... psst, psst."

She does, parting her feet, bending at the knees, urinating in the ally as the van driver returns, revs the engine and departs. I reach and knead Sunny's left ear as her bladder empties. In the gloaming I can see the nipples standing even firmer. She protests yet she enjoys, her stimulation quite evident.

"I like your neighborhood, Sunny. Nice and quiet for evening walks. Come. We have work do to."

I suppose I should have chosen surgery over a career in medical research. Something about my controlling demeanor which is gratified in having a human form completely subject to my whim.

These thoughts divert as I prepare. I lead Sunny to my assembled framework of pipes. The nose leash is tied overhead and tightened to the shorter pipe at the front. I then release the double 'D' clamp holding her elbows and use two more cords to attach her arms to each of the longer overhead pipes to the sides, right and left. I adjust, taking in some slack to force Sunny to bend at the waist... which wickedly stresses her nose leash and greatly increases immobility.

"Spread your feet. Steady yourself."

She complies and I inspect her back... that seemingly long expanse of unblemished skin. Smooth, soft I count the vertebra using such as a guide. Then at the top, just below the neckline and to the right, I swab. I gather a tuft. I align. Then comes the click, the snap, the yelp, the blood, the dab. Grommet number four penetrates Sunny's flesh.

"Good girl," I commend, master to dog.

I hear sniffing. I am somewhat heartened that one cannot become accustomed to the intensity, that Sunny

feels the same pain and will feel the same pain with each press and resulting snap.

I swab to the left and just a tad lower. I gather a tuft. I align. Grommet number five. The click, the snap, the yelp, the blood, the dab.

Sunny once again shudders with the ordeal, her bindings adding to the torment in that she cannot more demonstrably exhibit resistance to what her psyche craves. Yes, the mental dissonance of the masochist, the deep desire for suffering, nature's instinctive urge to avoid pain.

My hand smooths over her buttocks. A wondrous covering of gelatinous flesh with impressive firmness beneath. Slipping between her thighs, I explore her mons. Wetness again. Sunny is predictably aroused... her reaction to my governance one of stimulation.

I step to the front and unhook the clasp from her nose grommet. She sighs in relief. Elbows remaining high, I grasp a clump of hair and guide her mouth to my zipper. She begins her evening task, and she is reasonably dexterous, if such is the proper term for a nimble tongue.

Within a week, Sunny's spine is paralleled with columns of grommets, one line right, one line left. And I've had great blow jobs. There is something triumphant in spending so deeply, copulating with her face. Not a word of protest, just a satisfying murmur as a gush of male seed seemingly explodes into her stomach... though I know it to be merely splattered into her well disciplined throat.

In the quiet confines of my office I retrieve the pictures torn from magazines, those fostering Sunny's curious request and precipitating our nightly rendezvous.

Yes, arroycoo. Anthropologists believe the practice began as a method for tormenting, perhaps better termed torturing, the captives of opposing tribes. Later, enduring the torment became a form of training for warriors. The inability to withstand arroycoo indicated lack of fortitude,

which if captured, the warrior would too rapidly concede, crack under duress and bring disgrace to his tribe.

Later than that, the advent of civilization ending internecine conflict, arroycoo became a form of hazing. Young males eager to display bravado challenged each other. Thus what began as a form of torture became a form of adolescent dare. There also evolved the method of restraint. Formerly penetration of the flesh utilizing sharpened wooden stakes preceded arroycoo. In the picture before me, the virile males of some unknown tribe are instead restrained by tightly pinching sizeable tufts of skin on the back or about the pectoral muscles.

Yes, one cannot help imagining the slow anguish as the entire human form dangles vertically, head high, feet held off the ground, utilizing wooden stakes, suspended by his own flesh. Originally skewered, now held by vise-like lengths of wood.

Obviously, as opposed to ancient times when the captive was left to slowly die, the modern version has become a contest... who will first implore for relief... to beg for the restraining rope to be lowered, for the pinched skin to be relieved of large clamps of wood. Yes, it is apparent that the initial agony of the pinched and stretched flesh forestalls the phenomenon of orthostatic syncope, the body's tendency to shut down when positioned vertically and immobile for long periods. Soldiers standing at attention often experience syncope.

And that is how I perceive that many of the challenges conclude... a draw is declared when the contestants faint. If returned to a horizontal position within a reasonable time, there is no long term effect from orthostatic syncope. However, remaining vertical brings eventual death as endorphins flood and overwhelm the endocrine system and the body shuts down.

How could Sunny, my masochistic toy, not find attraction? One's own flesh becoming the source of slow

suffering. The control factor quite apparent. Hanging as someone's puppet... a puppet in slow inextricable pain.

I stare at one photo. A group shot. Two African males hang facing each other. A circle of tribal members observe. The looks on their collective faces resemble those of spectators at a sporting event, smiling in amusement. Then my eyes shift to the contestants. There is agony yet determination. Each bears formidable clamps just above the mammary glands, huge tufts of skin wedged between dowels with wrapping strands of cowhide assuring a steadfast grip. In ancient times the pinched flesh would be skewered for good measure, adding to the suffering and the security of the restraint.

I am amused to note in one photo that two women stare in rapture as the bulge in the contestant's loin cloth evidences a second phenomenon... the tendency of the male to tumefy as tension is applied to the spinal cord.

He who endures wins the admiration of tribal elders... anointed as a warrior. He who first beseeches for release, to be lowered and relieved, loses face.

And so one can understand the entertainment offered by the contest. For the males, displays of bravado as with many modern sports... for the females the exhibition of the rampaging phallus.

I envision my plans for Sunny. Augmenting the torment will be the extreme humiliation I shall instill. And I will assure that release does not bring the loss of face of surrender... for her entreaties will be ignored.

My watch indicates it is time for another cab ride to Ludlow Street. I spent Saturday afternoon furtively working in the machine shop. New grommets. Specially sized. A neck collar. I also modified my contraption, increasing the separation of the prongs. I can now penetrate thicker flesh. Since it is Friday evening, Sunny will have the weekend to acclimate... and she will need it.

Sunny has become somewhat accustomed to her walks, unfortunately. Still I believe there remains the inner thrill of being outdoors and naked, akin to the childhood quiver of delight experienced in skinny dipping, the fear of being caught.

She now relieves herself upon command and knows not to resist the leash when an interloping truck or car turns onto the isolated street... that I am in control and that she is to quietly obey... that I will decide whether to exhibit her or lead her to the simple cover of a nearby garbage bin or alleyway.

"Tonight will be quite painful, Sunny. I am going to penetrate deeply. Snag a muscle. You'll be somewhat lame over the weekend. I will check on you."

She nods. In her reticence it is difficult to judge her level of apprehension... eager for the arroycoo to begin, yet knowing the pain to be borne. The mental conflict is oddly welcomed in the masochist.

We return to the building. The elevator grinds away as Sunny kneels at my feet.

"You will hang me soon?" that deep voice unusually sullen.

A condemned prisoner inquiring about his/her execution?

"In time. I'll want you thoroughly restrained. No nominal bindings such as in those pictures you gave me. I'll want you and my frame to be one. I'll want you to sense complete helplessness."

She nods as the motor stops and I work the massive metal elevator doors.

Into her apartment I lead to my frame. The nose leash is tied first. Then the elbows are disconnected, drawn high and secured right and left forcing her to bend further at the waist. Thereafter, it is time to corset my naked toy. Another cord is strung from the front pipe, tied to where the nose leash is secured. I then unravel and thread the loose end through the spinal grommets... top right, top left, second

right, second left, third pair, fourth, fifth... there are eight pairs. Then the free end is pulled taut and tied high to the rear pipe. In tugging, the cord becomes a defacto corset. Sunny gasps as the single strand forces the sets of grommets to move together, tightening her flesh, pulling the skin of her torso and more forcefully presenting those marvelous breasts.

Yes, a skin corset, bringing a sense of total confinement as every square inch of flesh, neck line to belly, is stretched to tautness.

"Feel good?" I taunt, knowing the sense of thorough bondage can overwhelm.

"Yes sir."

"Good."

I load the modified grommet device. I swab the top of the left buttock with alcohol, a larger expanse than at the elbows and spine. I pinch a massive section and align.

"This will require a moment, Sunny. I want to catch some of the gluteus maximus muscle. The penetration will be quite deep."

I press, there is an initial click then snap, the device strains. Sunny howls. One moment. Two. Then comes the final click indicating the penetration is complete and the grommet perimeter has been thrust completely through and the edge rolled for permanency. I dab. More blood than other penetrations, but limited considering the size and depth of the newly made aperture in Sunny's skin.

I step to her side and caress her left breast to sooth. Her knees begin to buckle, for the first time sensing a degree of arroycoo as the cords bear more of her weight. In feeling the pain, her flesh holding her weight, she struggles to renew normal posture.

"Yes, quite cathartic, deeply penetrating to catch the muscle. You will be lame until you acclimate."

I move to the rear to swab the right buttock. Sunny pleads.

“Please not again!”

“Just one more, Sunny. Be a brave girl for me.”

I take my time, not only enhancing Sunny’s apprehension, but also ensuring a symmetrical penetrating grommet. I detect a sob as I carefully align the device. Then a muffled cry of anguish as I press and the grommet forcefully works its way through thick layers of epidermis and a modicum of muscle. With the final click, I think to myself as I dab away... Sunny has no concept of what such deep penetration can bring. But as her knees give way... she is beginning to learn.

Saturday afternoon I take the subway to the lower east side then walk. It is a pleasant day in late September. I purchase some Danish on Mulberry Street, continuing onward to Sunny’s loft. She will need food.

I assume the noisy elevator announces my arrival for I find Sunny’s door unlocked and when I push it open she lies nearby the entrance on the floor. I smile. She has greeted me naked, as instructed. And as expected I will not soon be walking her about Ludlow Street.

“Sore?”

She nods.

“Now you know why it’s a common act of revenge to stab your adversary in the buttocks. Quite prevalent in prisons, getting shanked there. You can imagine the immobility inflicted with a full penetration of the gluteus. I only nicked it with the grommet. Come.”

“I can’t stand.”

“That cramped? Well we’ll have to tend to that.”

I move to the bathroom, really just some internal partitions added to the vast open space to offer privacy. I run hot water in a sizable bathtub. I return to my naked minx, bend and pick up her svelte form. Her one hundred pounds feel like feathers

“Hot bath and massage. Then you must walk about. It’s the only way to loosen up.”

I place my toy in the tub kneeling on all fours. She knows to keep her knees parted, offering an enticing view of her charms. I retrieve soap and cloth and as one would bathe an infant begin to lather and lave. Her skin is sublime. Knowing of her penchant, the many grommets of dull nickel cobalt bring strange attraction. My restricting augmentation, embedding some twenty circles of metal into her very flesh, announces to the world the wondrous proclivity of Sunny Sudenskaya. In nakedness, she will no longer, cannot deny, her flawed psyche. She needs governance, craves discipline, too much enjoys the attention of a correcting and controlling hand.

Soaped and cleansed, I have her rinse, momentarily dunking her cramped buttocks into the hot water. I have her return to all fours. She smiles as I begin to knead, forcing from one of the largest sets of muscles the stiffness induced by my penetrating device. She has a lovely posterior.

I cannot help soaping a finger and impaling her anus as my other hand works. She’s tight. She moans and clenches in resistance.

“My goodness, Sunny. Your gift for fellatio seems to have obviated anal intercourse. Surely a girl of your ilk offers all she has.”

“Not easy when riding in trucks,” her accented voice comically explaining the obvious.

Fellatio was perfected during her sojourn from Bulgaria. I envision a meter, somewhat like in a taxi, where every hundred kilometers the zipper comes down and the truck driver demands that feminine lips be applied.

“That will change.”

I continue anal penetration, curtail kneading her buttocks and instead toy with her labia. She moans, further parting her knees in welcome. So I masturbate her, bringing forth the endorphins which will further ease the tension on the

impinged gluteus maximus muscles. This time I work my fingers well past her urethral sponge, gliding inward to the anterior fornix. Caresses there bring spasmodic oscillations of the PC muscles which involuntarily also cause her buttocks to clench more. In simultaneously penetrating both vagina and anus, my masochistic plaything experiences the ultimate in vulnerability, double penetration of her most intimate anatomy. But I achieve my goal. The cramps ease enough so I can walk her about the loft.

Thereafter some Danish. She enjoys being hand fed morsels, tossed and lapped up from the floor. How else would the likes of Sunny Sudenskaya partake?

Grabbing my digital camera, on Sunday morning I repeat my journey... subway, Mulberry Street, Danish, on to Ludlow. I enter the loft to find Sunny nude and waiting for me. She is more ambulatory but still struggles to walk. She is again wallowing on the floor.

"I have something for you. This metal will not be easily concealed."

I reference the concern of all practitioners of the quirky and the kinky... that some article of clothing, body adornment, whatever... that which evidences a life of sexual aberration... will someday will be uncloseted in the vanilla world... that in which we must make a living... and the resulting clash brings economic pressure. Financial strain of job loss. After all, one must make a living.

To date, Sunny's transforming grommets are easily concealed beneath clothing.

Still, Sunny finds little concern as I produce the latest effort of tinkering in the metal shop. It is a neck collar of matching metal, the alloy which has come to oddly enthrall... the hardness, the permanency, the ease with which something I craft can become one with her body.

In Sunny's mind, she is not wearing jewelry, she is bearing my offering... much as if I'd have her tattooed or

branded.

"It is beautiful," she smiles, the accent adding to her girlish charm.

Crawling about on all fours, I must reach down to encircle her neck. A simple clasp keeps the thinly gauged ring closed. Sunny seems to thrill with both my offering and the attention of my fingers.

"You must walk, Sunny. Your buttocks are merely sore in reaction to the penetration. There is nothing else wrong."

I comment as I begin to corset her. Yes the neck collar is functional despite Sunny accepting it as a decorative gift. Her smile remains, again reacting to the attention of my fingers, as I connect a cord to the back of the neck collar then begin to thread it through the many grommets adorning her spine. Right, left, right, left, the cord slips through eight pairs weaving back and forth. At the bottom I pull to tighten, the tension serving to straighten the cord and act as a corset, as designed. Sunny moans as the tight cord forces the grommets into alignment, my action tensioning the flesh of her entire torso as she remains on all fours.

"It nicely projects your breasts, Sunny. You enjoy showing them... you certainly have before."

That introductory meeting in the restaurant cannot be forgotten. The sultry shoulder shift which served to better exhibit her mammary glands is now forced upon her... by my hand.

"You'll have to stand. I will help."

Stiffness remains. Athletes know that one must 'gut it out' in returning sore muscles to complete mobility. Under my tutelage, Sunny's will always be somewhat impaired. But she *will* walk.

As I maintain tension on the corset cord, she obeys, struggling to her feet like a new born foal. I push her elbows behind her and clip together utilizing the double 'D' clamp. This will discourage returning to all fours.

“Now you’re going to feel strange twinges and feel a little spastic. Your buttocks will involuntarily clench and cause aggravation. You’ll become accustomed to it. We’ll practice.”

With that I thread the free end of the corset cord through the buttock grommet on the right then over to the left. I pull tautly and note that with the grommets tensioning the gluteus maximus muscles, Sunny’s knees nearly buckle. Yes, the involuntary clench. I am heartened to learn that my penetration has been precise. Pressure on the buttock grommet brings stress to a pair of the largest muscles in the body.

I smile to myself in satisfaction as I tie off the end of the cord, the tension remaining. I want Sunny to feel me there, her derriere sensing my control... the results of my modifying hand. That a swab, click, snap, brings a yelp, blood, a dab... and significant transformation.

“You’ll need to concentrate and relax those muscles, Sunny. You’ll feel the tension of the cord, my controlling hand, and you must obediently react in order to foster the ability to move. Now my pretty toy, you must walk.”

Sunny is experiencing new pain, something which the masochist oddly welcomes... though her facial expression is one of combined surprise and repression.

I hook on her nose leash. Corseted, elbows bound, she cannot resist... not that she desires to do so. But her muscles will challenge her will. So I gently pull and suppress laughter as the otherwise graceful Sunny stumbles forth, shoulders back, chest thrust forward, buttocks forced to enticing perkiness in avoiding spasms.

“Yes, concentrate Sunny. You must learn to control the buttock muscles. With the grommets such will cramp, contract involuntarily. You will learn to control that.”

The size of the loft offers enough space to provide initial orientation to Sunny’s transformation. It is curious how exhaustive is the effort. Each step indeed requires

concentration and Sunny seems perplexed. I have changed her posture and her ability to control herself. In looking into her face I detect concern, but there is also that sense of masochistic joy... led about naked on a leash... forced to do another's bidding.

I lead her to the frame and tie off her nose leash to the front pipe. Time for some pictures. I click and smile as Sunny attempts to avoid the camera lens. Her exhibitionist tendencies are curiously limited. Naked and bound with me in control excites. Recording her odd submission for the entire world to see brings concern.

Still, she cannot avoid offering an entire montage. I work as if recording a crime scene, methodically circling to ensure every inch of naked, penetrated flesh greets the lens and is digitally recorded. With the many circles of metal, the corset cord instilling such awkward yet alluring posture, the scene reeks of power exchange... that which so thrills the likes of Sunny. But in the world of instant electronic communication she also knows her privacy has now been compromised... forever to be under my governance... the extent of her debauchery to be disclosed at my whim... to whomever... whenever.

Tears begin to stream as she begins to fully understand what she has heretofore offered so frivolously. Realization, concern, she begins to understand my power will go well beyond that offered by a nose leash.

Finished, I release the leash and resume walking her.

Four laps about the loft and Sunny's gait, though remaining awkward, is functional. I lead her to an armoire, hold high the leash as I select a garment. Something simple, something brief.

I locate a throw-over dress. Loose, but short, I unclip the elbow grommets.

"Slip this on, Sunny. I prefer walking you naked, but we'll offer your neighbors a degree of decorum for Sunday morning."

As Sunny slips the garment over her head, my hand moves to her mons. I splay. I plunge. I rummage about. I smile. Sunny is quite moist. Yes the pain, induced by me and under my control, the humiliation, it so excites.

Sundays are as quiet as evenings on Ludlow Street. Thus a leashed Sunny encounters few passersby. There are those utilizing the opposing sidewalk, yet not even offering a glance. Still I can sense Sunny's apprehension. Her sole garment covers her charms, the hem ending just above mid thigh and alleviating the nakedness imposed during other walks. But the leash combined with the awkward footfalls emulating those of a rudimentary robot bring the embarrassment she craves. Plus the skin corset projects breasts which, as noted, bring an admirable silhouette to a lithe girl of some one hundred pounds.

And I of course must fuel the fires of her depravity. After some twenty minutes I find a secluded spot not before traversed. There I take the time to roll up her skirt, exposing her charms and the buttocks brought to noteworthy perkiness by the tension of the corset cord and my modifying grommets.

"Please no," she entreats.

"You'll feel better, Sunny. Your voice says no, but otherwise your anatomy suggests a thrill."

Again my fingers reach to her pubes, splay and glide inward, her self lubrication making this second plunge even more facile.

"Just to the end of the block, then we'll return. It's the Bowery. Too busy a street to be displayed leashed and exposed."

We resume. The strained footfalls continue. I look back to observe. There is purpose in baring her impinged gluteus maximus muscles. I find that she is learning to contract only enough muscling for each step, important in not cultivating

cramps. Good discipline. Plus each step reminds her of my control, the transforming penetrations I performed.

Meanwhile Sunny notes the traffic on the Bowery. I detect a gulp. There is fright. Concern. Yet an inner thrill. Such kinkiness.

A garbage dumpster offers suitable concealment. We cross the narrow street. I have Sunny squat, standing before her as a shield to unexpected traffic, holding the leash high and making her look up into my face.

"Empty yourself. It's a bit of a walk back."

Though squatting brings new stress to the impinged muscles of her backside, she complies. She awaits my command then obediently opens her bladder.

I truly enjoy walking my pet.

Skirt righted, we approach Ludlow Street. I offer Sunny a glimpse of her new life.

"Two more grommets, Sunny, and you'll be ready for arroycoo."

She nods in silence.

"It *is* what you wanted? To be hung by your very flesh."

"Yes, sir."

"Then you shall have it. The final openings will require even more acclimation than those penetrating your buttocks. You'll be hung horizontally. I prefer that. And the control will be total. I want it... and you want me to have it."

"Yes, sir."

"Best arrange for some days off from work. I suspect by Wednesday you'll be strutting about, walking more gingerly... of course careful not to cramp that pretty rump, but more mobile all the same. Then you will be ready for me to implant the final pair."

With the subway station in sight, I remove the nose lease and unclip her elbows, leaving Sunny to negotiate the final half block to her apartment. I watch her hobble to her loft.

She seems glum. I do believe she misses my leash... perhaps the taste of my sperm as well.

Leaving Sunny to herself for a couple of days does not mean I refrain from the company of women. Despite my own penchants... my hobby... I do enjoy vanilla encounters. After all, I am single, 32 years of age... and even Sunny's daily fellatio can not cool unending male lust.

Having abstained from utilizing Sunny's skilled tongue and lips on Sunday, by Monday afternoon I am ready to plant some seed.

I call an old acquaintance, Louise Flanner. She is fun to be with and a medical type. I met her while interning and was impressed when, as head nurse, she earned the respect of the pompous, overly arrogant bevy of interns... a group known to be well educated... and for a skilled nurse frustratingly under experienced.

With her demeanor, and the similarity of her name to the talented actress who played the famous role, we gave her the sobriquet 'Nurse Ratchet'. She was indeed overbearing on the hospital floor, yet she was gracious in dating. I have always found her company to be entertaining. We have more in common than careers in medicine.

"Nurse Ratchet please," my phone voice thinly disguised.

"Winnie, it's you at last. Calling to rescue me from the doldrums of nursing. Proposing a cruise, a flight to Majorca... perhaps just proposing..."

I laugh. Louise is sardonic as always. She mocks herself in playing the role of spinster eager for marriage. Her celibacy is really a result of choice and lifestyle, her good looks belie the humorous feigned desperation in seeking companionship.

"How about dinner first. Lots to talk about."

"You've been humping that little trollop I sent to you?"

"No," I am truthful in my reply but my snicker evidences my quibbling.

Yes, it was Nurse Ratchet who passed my cell phone number to Sunny Sudenskaya. Though we have affection, we take care of each other in more ways than male/female companionship.

Louise is notably bisexual. But I suspect more homophilic than she portends.

"Her fellatio has been so resplendent I have yet to lower my trousers," I say in a jesting manner, knowing that Louise will fully understand it is not a joke.

She laughs.

"I should have saved the wench for myself. But when I came across her at *Spankers*, her desired perversion seemed to so much complement yours. Such an interesting collection of pictures..."

Typical of Louise, it is she who frequents kinky BDSM clubs such as the infamous *Spankers* yet has the temerity to reference my 'hobby' as perversion.

I suggest the bistro near my apartment where Sunny and I first conspired. We decide on 7:00 p.m.

"Would you consider returning to the night shift... for a few weeks?"

Some wine, a succulent meal, we sip sambuca as I bluntly swing the conversation to my intended topic. Louise sits on my left side. During our vanilla confabulation over dinner, I furtively stroked her thigh under the table.

"Yick! Took me years to acquire the seniority needed to get off it."

"I am sure you can temporarily switch with another nurse. There must be some younger type who would prefer to go clubbing rather than suffer the slow demise of her social life."

Louise smiles gamely knowing that I would not ask for such a meaningful favor without offering some benefit. I reach into my pocket, reasonably assured that the waiter

and busboy will not return until our sizable goblets of well iced liquid licorice are consumed.

"I now have my own 'interesting' collection of pictures," I offer in pushing Sunday's digital montage to my left.

The game smile broadens. She glances right then left to assure there are no interlopers as her thumb fervently pages through the pile.

"Your engineering degree is well employed," her voice playful in viewing a naked girl bearing a skin corset... that which would otherwise shock.

She pauses on the more salacious prints, her philogyny apparent in viewing close-ups of grommated buttocks with Sunny's feet well parted. Her shaven mons reveals plump outer labia beneath. As her attention is riveted my hand slips under the table. She coyly giggles as my digits, emboldened by wine, glide under her skirt. In her late thirties, Louise has before felt exploring fingers there. There is no physical or verbal resistance. My touch augments the titillating photos.

"There is more to come for Sunny. More steps. She epitomizes masochism. Humiliation excites and there seems to be a fascinating inner dissonance over exhibitionism. Note how she attempts to avoid the camera, yet so perfectly poses to reveal herself. As you know I tend to celebrate such aberration. Always eager to help."

Louise laughs.

"Yes. The Hippocratic oath. And for me? You know women are not as eidetic as men. Just an offering of photos?"

"Oh no. That is why I think it will behoove you to have your days free for a time. Sunny will need... *care*."

My enunciation of the term brings the return of the smile as my exploring hand reaches paydirt. Louise is without panties and welcomes my touch. Her well disciplined PC muscles contract in greeting as I slip two fingers past her inner labia.

“Let’s discuss details at your place,” she announces in placing the photos in her purse.

Chapter Two

For the cost of a dinner, I have enlisted Louise into my recreational pursuits, not to mention being the recipient of one of her renowned hand jobs.

Louise is one of the those women who are not stimulated by penile penetration. Sorry news for many virile males, there are female types who prefer more unconventional forms of sensuality. For Louise it needs to be oral, and the gender of the benefactor is meaningless.

She graciously strokes... I lick with zeal.

On Tuesday evening I check with Sunny to assure she will be taking time off from work. She concurs that Wednesday will be a final day before a leave of absence... unpaid.

"You will help... with the bills."

I reiterate that all will be taken care of... bills, rent, food. As with most submissive psyches, the thought that shedding such responsibility is really one more aspect of capitulation does not phase. My disposable income is considerable. Salary more than comfortable... stock options enriching me year after year... the financial burden of assuring Sunny's needs is negligible.

No need to contact Louise. Our arrangement is to meet after work on Wednesday and share a cab to Ludlow Street.

Meanwhile I check the grommet device and the two small but most meaningful implements to be added to Sunny's collection of controlling nickel cobalt. Limited in diameter, as are all my finely milled trinkets, each penetrating tubular shaft is long, much like those adorning her buttocks. For the most part this pair will also go unnoticed when appropriately attired. Still, Louise has suggested just the items to conceal the dull adornments in the vanilla world.

Since Sunny does not know Louise will be joining me, we conspire. As always my plaything is to greet me in the lobby, naked and ready to be leashed, hiding when residents and visitors enter before me.

Since I know her place of concealment, I send Louise in ahead. In her starched white uniform she can be quite the authoritative figure with young nurses and unruly patients. With the naked and the subserviently pierced she will be received as a Goddess.

I wait a few moments and follow, the door creaking as always. In entering I see Louise has extricated Sunny from the pile of crates. As we conspired, she has the naked minx standing in plain sight with her hands on her head, threatening Sunny with a call to the police. Sunny looks downward, is delightfully bashful and blushes divinely, obviously not recognizing Louise without her special *Spankers* attire. Louise 'entertains' there masked and in leather..

With women, Louise is wonderfully dominant.

"Sunny, you've been discovered," I interrupt with a laugh.

I note that the nipples are crinkled evidencing the odd arousal of the submissive. She dares not look into the face of her castigator, instead nodding as Louise lectures over her exhibitionism.

"They'll put you in jail," Louise wickedly exclaims raising her dour matronly voice.

I step forth and end the ruse, clipping Sunny's leash to her nose grommet.

"You see, Sunny, there can be a price for your depravity... exposing yourself like that..."

I hand Louise the leash.

"I think the lady needs to speak with you in your loft."

With that we summon the elevator, an obedient Sunny follows the leash, confused with the interaction of Louise and me.

I am glad to have Louise present for the final grommets needed for my envisioned form of arroycoo.

Though my device is quick, there will be trauma and more required aftercare than with the buttock grommets. We begin by placing Sunny in the frame, nose leash tied to the front pipe, elbow grommets connected high and to the sides. Louise is fascinated by the corset cord and watches in amusement as I thread right then left down the spine. This cord is long. Ignoring Sunny's neck collar I attach one end to the front pipe and the other end to the rear pipe. I tighten and Louise chuckles in seeing Sunny's torso become constricted and her breasts presented so prominently.

For the first time the buttock grommets are utilized as intended. As with the elbows, separate cords connect to the side pipes, one right, one left. When I tighten, Sunny moans as the gluteus maximus muscles involuntarily contract in reaction to the stress.

"You must learn to relax the muscles there Sunny," I once again admonish.

When finished, Sunny stands within the frame, stooped over at the waist, elbows high, the cords tied to her buttocks offering a salacious presentation of her perky backside.

"Two more grommets, Sunny. Deep... painful... and required so I can hang you."

I speak in a soothing voice as I load the device. But I know my words serve to build the apprehension. Sunny stirs... and her motion brings cramps to her buttocks. It is delicious to see her struggle against herself.

"These go in your ankles, Sunny. There's a convenient spot between the bone and the Achilles tendon. Centuries ago slaves were hobbled by either cutting or piercing there."

I pick up the dainty right foot and Sunny yelps as motion again cramps her gluteus maximus. Louise, well trained, steps forth to assist. She intuitively knows to hold the foot quite firmly, freeing my hand to swab the heel with alcohol then align the prongs.

“Very painful, Sunny. You will truly enjoy this.”

The press. The click. A momentary delay as the stem penetrates. A howl from Sunny. The snap as penetration is completed and the leading edge rolls to hold the circle of nickel cobalt in place. The usual modicum of blood. The dab.

I feel the gastrocnemius muscle contract as the Achilles tendon tightens in reaction to the intruding grommet.

“Just as with the buttock grommets you’re going to have to learn to relax, Sunny.”

Initially, such is impossible. That is why I have drafted Louise into my plot.

I gesture to my white uniformed companion and she releases the foot. Sunny lowers her leg most gingerly. The pain is intense. Anyone who has torn an Achilles tendon remembers the suffering... later the immobility. So I wait. Sunny the masochist needs to feel every iota of agony before I begin again. There is no rush.

“Louise, I believe you’ll find some wine in the kitchen area.”

Meanwhile I reach forth to gauge my barometer. My thumb and ring finger splay the outer labia. An marauding middle and index finger glide inward with notable ease. Sunny’s wetness bespeaks of her proclivity.

We’ve enjoyed two glasses of wine, entertained by my naked plaything, watching her struggle in being restrained by cords and grommets. Her right foot remains pointed, the pose relieving stress on an Achilles tendon irritated by the invading grommet. Thus Sunny’s weight is born by her left foot, the corset cord and the cords attached to her elbows and buttocks. Not quite the arroycoo she desires, but approaching it. Unfortunately it will require days of care to recover from this latest trauma... and much training to walk with any degree of proficiency.

“Shall we?” I nod to Louise.

It is thrilling to see Sunny begin to shake in knowing the agonizing penetration of her right ankle will be repeated with a grommet in her left. But she is helpless to resist. And that once latent masochism challenges her to accept the pain... more than welcoming the brisance of nerve impulses which will soon overwhelm the cerebral cortex.

"I waited so all the endorphins brought forth by the first penetration have dissipated, Sunny. You'll feel just as much as the first."

Louise knows to lift the left foot. This simple act brings discomfort on its own as the weight must shift to the recovering right foot... or the buttocks... or the elbows... or the corset cord. Not an envious choice.

I swab with alcohol. The procedure repeats... the press. The click. A momentary delay as the stem penetrates. Another howl from Sunny. The snap as penetration is completed and the leading edge rolls to hold the circle of nickel cobalt in place. More blood. The dab.

"Please no more," Sunny begs, bringing a smile to both Louise and me.

In releasing her foot, it lowers to the floor and the legs struggle to find a comfortable position, both sets of toes pointing. But ironically, in such struggle, the motion brings more stress. I once again admonish.

"Best stay still, Sunny. Motion will cramp the muscles."

Yes, just as I have intended.

Louise and I step to the kitchen area for more wine. Sunny cannot find comfort, spastically thrashing about, once again like a new born foal attempting to stand. She's hurting herself.

Taking a glass of chilled Chardonnay into the bathroom along with some tools, I perform one last chore before bidding adieu. Henceforth Sunny will be kept totally controlled, not able to move unless under my governance or that of Louise. To ensure she understands the extent of her submission I move to her oversized old fashioned steel and

porcelain bathtub. It requires little effort to drill small holes in the brim and screw in some eye hooks under the lip. We'll be bathing Sunny often, working kinks out of muscles which will involuntarily contract and cramp. While in the tub, she will be bound there as well.

I shut my office door and call Louise on her cell phone. In switching to the night shift, as I requested, she will stay with Sunny during the day. I will visit evenings.

"How's our little toy?"

"Crawling about like a toddler. The calf muscles still cramp so she can't stand... can't even sit on the toilet. So I put her in the tub and gave her a massive colonic to regulate that need. I have her urinating in a bowl for the other."

"Massage?"

Louise chuckles.

"Delightfully nubile body, Winnie. She is shy in being touched by a woman, but she'll come around. Been kneading those calves, thighs and buttocks regularly.

"I have her lick my feet for anything she needs...food... drink... the bowl. She may not like women, but she'll soon be trained to please."

I join in the merriment. Such wonderful discomfort. Louise will overcome the homophobia... and the process will be fun. But the muscles do need attention. I don't want Sunny crawling forever... though right now it's quite entertaining.

"I have to leave by three o'clock," Louise proclaims. "But can be back by midnight."

"Leash her to the heating pipe, elbows and ankles tethered. I'll get there by five and she'll be eager to see me."

Two hours alone is acceptable. Otherwise Sunny will be supervised around the clock.

For a change I leave work a little early, the grommet device staying in the office.

A cab ride to Little Italy. A take out dinner. A stroll to Ludlow Street. I miss being welcomed in the lobby by my naked plaything... but my disappointment is not for long.

Entering Sunny's loft, I feel like a pet owner being greeted by the family dog. Louise cruelly left only three feet of slack on Sunny's leash and the hard wood floor is most uncomfortable. Sunny smiles. Had she a tail it would waggle for me.

"Evening, pretty girl."

I untie the leash and remove the double 'D' clamps connecting the elbows behind her back and the two new grommets embedded in her ankles. I marvel that, though the tendons and muscles have not acclimated, the skin has readily accepted the nickel cobalt. Once again it is as if being injected by a hypodermic needle, little noticed skin damage. Other than the circle of metal and resulting hole, the surrounding epidermis shows little reaction.

"Come."

Even crawling is cumbersome. Still Sunny struggles to a basin which I assume Louise has used for her excretions. It was frustratingly placed just beyond reach of her tether.

"Miss Louise made me drink a lot of water before she left," Sunny blurts as I reach down to assist, parting her labia as she positions and spreads her knees.

Accustomed to my handling, her flow begins.

"How are your legs?"

"Sore. I cannot stand."

"You will in time. You'll learn to control the contractions and minimize the cramping."

"Did you have to do that?"

"I could use cuffs. But penetrating you offers much more drama... the notion of permanency enthralls. In time you will feel that the grommets are part of you... like a new finger or

toe. Nickel cobalt is readily accepted by the body. Over twenty years of data have proven that."

"But why there?"

"I am going to hang you horizontally, Sunny. For long, long periods. It is best for a girl like you."

"But it's not arroycoo."

"My form will offer similar feelings of helplessness, vulnerability, humiliation and slow pain. Just as you desire. Vertical suspension brings orthostatic syndrome... dizziness... nausea... hot flashes... leading to orthostatic syncope... fainting. What you cannot ascertain from the pictures you showed me is that arroycoo as practiced by those tribes does not last long... probably not more than an hour. That won't do."

I remove the bowl and step away to dispose of the contents. Washing my hands I see Sunny is deep in thought.

"When?" she meekly inquires.

"When your legs acclimate... otherwise it will be unbearable for you."

I step to a chair and sit.

"Come. You can suck my penis while I eat. Then you'll have a bath and good girls get masturbated. Look what I've been working on in the metal shop."

As Sunny crawls to work my zipper, I remove from my jacket pocket a long thin strip of metal. At the end is a bulbous tip, highly polished and smoothed to gleam in the room light. In studying various anatomy books, I am eager to try the shape on Sunny. My form of arroycoo will not be all suffering...

Another sensational blow job. It requires several moments to recover my energy as Sunny obediently remains kneeling, head between my thighs, licking my scrotum. Finally I grasp the leash.

"Bath time," I announce, righting my clothing and tugging to direct to the bathroom.

She crawls well but her toes remain pointed, the Achilles heel grommets making it painful to straighten her feet. Over the ensuing weeks, this will change... somewhat. Ironically, Sunny, as subservient masochist, will receive the best of care, just about 24/7.

"We're going to loosen up those muscles, Sunny. So you can walk... I like walking you about, naked, leashed, corseted..."

Into the bathroom, I begin to fill the tub. As the water runs, I pick up my toy. Her lithe one hundred pounds easily nestles within the huge steel and porcelain vessel. Placed on all fours, with the newly installed eye hooks, it is a simple matter to make Sunny one with the tub. The nose leash is attached first, then more cords are used to secure her buttock grommets, ankle grommets, and four of the many corset grommets. For good measure I also secure her elbows but let her remain on hands and knees.

"Comfortable? A girl like you needs to be kept well bound."

Sunny nods as best she can, the nose leash rather taut. Meanwhile the water level rises, more hot than tepid. The steamy flow reaches mid thigh. I test to assure it is sufficient. The temperature is perfect, hot but tolerable. More than merely palliative for Sunny's impinged muscles, heat induces relaxation... that which the grommets preclude.

With the Achilles tendon irritated, Sunny's soleus and gastrocnemius muscles will painfully cramp with the slightest movement. Avoiding such discomfort will require training and concentration. She will need to learn to move most carefully. Walking will forever be encumbered, absent removing the grommets which I suppose is somehow surgically possible. But such an effort would certainly be more involved than the simple press of the trigger and resulting click and snap required for implementation.

I prepare a chamois and sweet smelling bath soap. Once again I lather and lave. Sunny's fine form is enticingly open, vulnerable, well bound and available to my touch. As I cleanse, her legs soak, absorbing the soothing heat, forcing relaxation upon constantly strained muscles.

I find myself admiring my own work. I have adorned her fine body with some 22 grommets, a twenty third tucked deeply into her nostrils. Each is now part of her, something I crafted, baubles I caused to pierce and penetrate her flesh. She will always feel them, even when not corseted. She will never again take a step without sensing the quaking of various muscles... legs and buttocks. Even after an adequate period of acclimation, any hasty move will quite possibly bring forth a painful cramp. There is a reason the Achilles tendons of runaway slaves were altered for hobbling.

Sunny closes her eyes in relaxation as my hands smooth everywhere. I loosen her nose leash and dunk her head. I lather and shampoo her short page boy hair. I tenderly work in the surfactant then dunk again to rinse. Thereafter I tighten the leash. I want her motionless, not a single digit to move unsupervised. My hands govern. The girl wants it... needs it... craves for it. Total control.

Once again I work a finger into her anus, ostensibly scrubbing what I know has been well cleansed by Louise with one of her renowned enemas. Marvelously tight, she moans with delight.

"Will you take care of me... like before?" her voice even deeper in repose.

"You mean you want to be masturbated?"

"Such a crass word for something that feels so good."

"When I masturbate you, Sunny, it will be for a purpose. You need to understand that. The other day it was to bring forth endorphins... help in recovering from your buttock piercings. Other times it will be at my whim... for

entertainment... perhaps as a reward for good behavior... though you will have little opportunity to exhibit bad..."

There comes the slight nod which she is learning to offer with caution... careful not to tension her nose leash.

"I would like to try my little implement," I offer. "And some flow of endorphins may be timely."

Sunny smiles.

"Thank you, sir," her once teasing voice now most respectful.

I retrieve my slim length of metal and return.

"Stay perfectly still," I command, my warning probably superfluous with the many grommets so tightly secured.

One finger again impales her rectum. My free hand introduces the gleaming highly polished tip to her well exposed mons. I diddle, assuring that her labia and vagina are ready for penetration. Unneeded, I find that Sunny's quim is sinfully moist, well lubricated with feminine essence.

"Now... let's find that fornix."

Such a delightful diversion from a long day of examining knees and hips.

"Come little girl, stand for Dr. Samuels."

As the tub drains, I release the many cords and take the nose leash in hand. Not only has Sunny soaked for just under an hour, I have massaged the impinged soleus and gastrocnemius muscles. And yes, how could I resist kneading her gluteus maximus as well. That along with inducing a massive faux climax should provide enough endorphins and relaxation so that my hobbled pet can begin to learn to use her altered legs.

I deliberately denied Sunny any clitoral or labial stimulation, my slim length of metal slipping past both her labia and her love bud to slither deep into her vagina. There, a curious fold near the cervix, the anterior fornix, was kneaded by the smooth, specially shaped bulbous tip. This manipulation has been found to stimulate the pubo

coccygeus muscles, bringing oscillations and even ejaculation, which Sunny indeed offered. Yet the delight was limited, as intended... probably akin to that experienced with a sneeze. Still, I brought forth the physical reaction I desired... cruelly minimizing the psychological gratification yet achieving hormonal release to quell the muscles.

"Please no, Dr. Samuels." My arm rises.

She beseeches but I continue to slowly but firmly raise my arm. Sunny moves her right leg from its kneeling position. As her freed hands grasp the sides of the tub to steady herself, the toes press against the tub's surface. Despite my efforts and the long soak, the foot cannot straighten. Still the left leg follows, toes to the surface. Sunny rises, straightening at the waist.

"You look like a pretty ballerina," I muse, Sunny's svelte form perched on toes.

She meekly smiles. I tug.

"Come. Careful."

Dripping wet, Sunny gingerly steps out. I leash her to an overhead light fixture and dry her magnificent form with a large fluffy towel. She remains on her toes as every inch of flesh is patted. I have fun with breasts that freely jostle in reaction to my smoothing hands.

"In time you will learn to accept the pain of straightening your feet... just as you learned to enjoy those floggings. For now, you need to be trained."

Sunny seems most disheartened as I connect a short corset cord to the back of her neck collar. Is that a whimper I detect as I begin to thread... right, left, right, left... down her spine?

"It is good for a girl like you, Sunny," I softly chide in response. "You would not want to be walked any other way."

Reaching the base I thread the cord through the right buttock grommet and then across to the left. As I pull to tighten and knot, Sunny's posture improves, if that is the appropriate description. Forced to stand rigid, shoulders

back, those breasts prominently thrust forth, the grommets at the top of her derriere mandate perfect presentation. And tensioning those buttock grommets triggers the gluteus muscles to contract. She yelps in involuntarily clenching her cheeks, yet I note she remains standing.

"Good girl," I praise as I clip together the elbow grommets behind her back.

I step back and apprise my naked well bound plaything.

"How do you feel, Sunny?"

She closes her eyes. She feels the intensity of my control... her helplessness. The humiliation increases the vermilion hue of her nakedness, reddened by the heated bath. She is speechless.

I reach forth and diddle her left nipple. Its crinkled hardness evidences the odd delectation of the masochist.

"It's what you want... what you need," I offer with a knowing smile.

I release the nose leash from the fixture.

"Come. One step at a time. You'll need to learn to walk again."

Sunny moves in reaction to my governing hand. It is an ungainly first step...strained... awkward... perched on toes forced to point by the intrusive Achilles grommets. Her buttocks remain amusingly clenched as there come a second step, then a third. We depart the bathroom.

"You'll sense some contractions, an occasional spasm... but a disciplined mind can overcome. And you *will* learn discipline... much discipline..."

The elevator grinds. The doors clank nearby. Louise returns. Can it be midnight?

I have led a stumbling Sunny around and around the loft. Her feet cannot straighten but she learns mobility, however awkward. And her posture is divine... so confined... so alluring in being forced to display her charms.

Louise enters, the white uniform remaining after a long shift of nursing. She smiles in spotting my rigid toy, perched on toes, well trussed.

"She can walk!"

"A little awkward... but improving."

Louise steps forth to examine.

"Beautifully displayed breasts with the corseting. Ever think of inducing lactation?"

Had I not been holding Sunny's nose leash high and tight, I know she'd dip her chin in shame. She blushes.

"It's a thought. There will certainly be time and occasion with her suspension."

Louise steps to the rear. Her hands palpate the clenched buttocks. She laughs.

"The grommets cause the gluteus maximus muscles to contract. In time she'll better control them," I explain.

Louise nods and moves to the kitchen. She has brazenly stocked Sunny's abode things she likes to eat and drink. After all, there will be much supervisory time spent. An aperitif is needed after hours of labor. She pours two glasses of wine.

"When will she hang?"

I pause in thought.

"The Achilles tendons still need to acclimate a little more. Days... certainly not more than a week."

A smug Louise returns to where I have my naked Sunny forcibly standing, nose pointed straight up in a demonstration of my governance. She hands me one ice cold glass then presses hers to right nipple then left, laughing as Sunny lurches. I am amazed to see the glands firm and further rise in response.

"There is a loft for rent, Winnie... three floors down," Louise casually offers in smiling at Sunny's response. "Gave it some thought while at work. Ludlow Street is not a bad location... reasonably priced... and the local entertainment is priceless."

Louise laughs in referencing Sunny's exhibition of bound nakedness.

"And she has a good tongue."

Louise alludes to her needs and I nod.

"Something to look into," I urge. "The loft."

Having benefited from good fellatio, with the clock past midnight, sleep is welcomed. I succinctly hand Louise the leash and slosh down my wine.

"I'm going to catch a cab. Bind her tightly. She has much training to endure. Remember not to touch."

Keeping Sunny incapacitated also has the effect of mandating chastity. Naughty fingers will not be playing with anything pink. Freud had theories about the female orgasm, vaginal versus clitoral, still controversial, still questioned. But I have dictated and Louise concurs, that Sunny will experience neither. Only the fornix probe will enter her... and do so quite carefully, avoiding all satiating contact with the labia and clitoris. Thus the contraction I forced from her in the tub, the curious response of the PC muscles, was probably felt as more of a spontaneous muscle spasm than pleasurable masturbation.

Still, though ecstasy is minimized, Sunny feels the relaxing afterglow of my manipulation... as if she has had a full orgasm. And that is my intent, to bring forth hormonal release which will flood her system with endorphins and calm muscles which I have irritated and caused to cramp.

Friday evening is a repeat of Thursday, Louise leaving for the evening shift with Sunny well bound and awaiting my release, bath, massage, and soothing examination to follow. I do not use my probe, leaving the manipulation of her fornix to random occasions.

The evening concludes in practicing her walk. Remaining cumbersome, I note that Sunny better avoids the sudden cramps, stepping such that her impinged gluteus maximus muscles do not suddenly contract.

“Good girl,” I commend.

There is still the tight Achilles tendons to deal with and that will require time. Sunny remains on her toes.

Saturday I arrive in the late morning. Louise greets me and announces that shopping is required along with other mundane chores.

“Sunny needs to be shaved. She’s had her morning enema.”

Leash tied to a radiator, elbows bound, ankles tethered, Sunny looks up bashfully from the kitchen floor. I can hear her beseeching voice as Louise fills her time and again, her bowels aching with Louise’s high colonics, those which we as interns enjoyed ordering for troublesome patients.

Louise departs. I pick up Sunny and place her supine on the kitchen table. I remove the double ‘D’ clamp from her elbows for comfort and find that a cord running from right elbow, under the table and connecting to left elbow will suffice in assuring minimal mischief.

“Spread for me.”

I am sure Louise left the task for me knowing that it’s most humiliating for a woman to so clinically expose her charms to the male. Sure enough, Sunny blushes as her thighs part, her feet and calves drape off the sides of the table.

The bathroom yields razor and shaving lotion. I have fun slowly lathering Sunny’s pubes.

“Must you?” her voice now meek with the many days of my governance.

“Yes. Come now, Sunny, you know that deep within you enjoy this. And you wouldn’t deny a man a view of such wondrous feminine flesh.”

It is indeed wondrous. Perfectly symmetrical, plump outer labia part to reveal the moist inner pink. I reach above her slit and press the foam covered skin upwards with my thumb. The hood retracts and a sizable clitoris pops into

view. I smile in noting its firmness. She protests but she enjoys.

"When will you hang me?" Sunny inquires, her voice a curious combination of concern and expectation.

"In time. When I judge you have acclimated to the grommets and can control the cramping. I'm going to hang you for long periods, Sunny. The pain will be slow... as you want it... as I prefer it. Sudden muscle cramps will preclude lengthy torment."

I begin to scythe with the razor. Though her pubic hair is wispy and only stubble is found, the sense of nakedness there is important. And to have it denudated by a male hand is quite embarrassing.

"You will be with me... while I hang?"

"Me, Louise... perhaps others."

"Others?" Sunny's tone one of true concern.

"Of course. It will increase the level of humiliation. You're to be exhibited. I insist. I want others to see my work...my hobby... witness your complete degradation. Think of how stimulating it will be for you."

I speak as I glide the razor, occasionally reaching to the sink for rinsing. Sunny squirms as I peer quite closely and smooth my finger around her mons in checking for anything that has escaped my attention. She is glabrous and squirms anew as I rinse with a warm towel.

"Corset time. I want to see if you can be walked without the bath and massage beforehand. Then you can suck on my penis."

Sunday, we benefit from Louise's shopping trip.

I arrive mid morning to see a pair of high heeled shoes prominently displayed on the kitchen table. As I examine the footwear, I hear moans in the bathroom, diverting my attention. I smile.

Gothic in design, the shoes are steel with four inch spikes. Such taper to noteworthy points and make walking a

balancing act. However, there are long black leather straps which I imagine encircle the ankles and calves, essentially offering much support. Properly entwined and secured, the straps serve to make the shoes and the wearer one.

Clever of Louise, since Sunny has yet to straighten her feet, high heeled shoes make it possible to walk her outdoors.

Another moan from the bathroom and I move to inspect, bringing the shoes. As expected, Louise has Sunny secured in the tub, kneeling, head low, buttocks high, anus stuffed, a large enema bag hanging from a stanchion. Poor Sunny is enduring another cleansing. Louise calmly sits reading the Sunday paper as Sunny's bowels slowly fill. Years ago, I recall a rather belligerent young patient being subjected to Louise's supervision for many hours. His behavior improved greatly thereafter. The so termed three 'H' treatment... high, hot and a hell of a lot... served to temper the lad's comportment.

A leashed Sunny manages to glance at me. Her forlorn look brings a smile to my face. The masochist finds this form of discomfort to be intolerable... and that makes Louise happy, I am sure.

"Good morning, ladies."

Louise looks up from the paper and returns my greeting.

"Another twenty minutes, then she's yours. It's her third rinse. Slow and massive."

"Good idea with the shoes," I compliment in holding up the weighty steel.

"Popular with the crowd at *Spankers*," Louise nods. "The straps have loops which can be locked."

Indeed, I had not noticed that both pairs of straps end with a circle of steel. Therefore after crisscrossing the calves a tiny padlock will offer security, the wearer forced to stand and/or walk as desired.

"You have not been walked outdoors in days, Sunny. It's a pleasant Sunday."

October has brought cool nights. But a cloudless sky will warm the air by the time Louise completes the enemas. I retreat to Sunny's closet. I know my minx friend will have something slinky, brief and revealing to offer as a form of covering. And sure enough there hangs a cocktail dress! Short. Skin tight. Quite the alluring sight for a Sunday walk.

"Kiss my hand... beg," words emanating from the bathroom.

Louise continues to instill discipline, offering Sunny a final respite from her swelling belly. Though I don't hear her beseeching words in reply, I do hear the whoosh of water as the enema nozzle is finally deflated, slipped away and Sunny's bowels empty with force.

I remove the dress, which vivid red and short. I can only imagine where my little toy would wear such a garment. Such a temptress.

I return to the bathroom to watch as my nurse friend finishes with her patient, rinsing away remnants of the enema, drying then releasing the many grommets securing Sunny within the tub.

"You need to be walked, Sunny. More exercise, more practice learning to control those impinged muscles and tendons."

"Yes, sir."

She remains kneeling as I thread the short corset cord, beginning at the neck collar, through the eight pairs of spinal grommets then the buttock grommets. I must leave the cord loose for now. Tying it off brings rigidity.

With Sunny remaining kneeling, Louise shows me how to adorn the feet with the heavy steel shoes. The two straps wrap about the ankles and Louise threads them through the Achilles heel grommets for good measure. Then she circles the calves, crisscrossing to just below the knees. There she pulls tightly and snaps on a small padlock, locking the two straps together to assure Sunny, absent cutting with

scissors or knife, cannot separate herself from her bizarre footwear.

Right foot then left, in finishing I lift Sunny from the tub, noticing that the weight of the shoes requires somewhat more effort.

She stands perched on the extremely high heels, the straps offering enough support to balance herself. The angle of her feet is ideal, relieving the legs of the stress brought by the Achilles heel grommets. Thus, though remaining standing as if on toes, the footwear offers mobility outdoors.

I present the slinky dress.

"Just the thing to wear while perambulating through your neighborhood."

A dismayed Sunny knows to offer her hands and arms so I can slip on the short dress. It appears to be more of a child's sleepwear than a garment for adult social functions. Pulling over her head and down, the thin fabric outlines her breasts most enticingly. And I am amused to note that the bulges of the spinal grommets are most evident.

"Perfect.

"Wherever you intended to wear such a thing, Sunny, it is of no matter now. Such naughtiness!" I scold.

I fold the lower hem up to her waist and work to tie off the corset cord, pulling vigorously, bringing into alignment the spinal grommets and tensioning the buttock grommets. Though I know I am stressing the glutei, Sunny has learned to control what otherwise would be painful cramping. The taut corset cord, unseen when I fold the hem down, forces such a deliciously rigid posture. Sunny cannot bend, less she further stress her buttock grommets. And as noted the spinal grommets force her to thrust forward those tantalizing mammary glands, so sizable on such an otherwise petite frame.

Next I clip together her elbows and add the nose leash. I note that Louise smiles in satisfaction.

"So lovely, so well controlled," she notes.

“Come, Sunny. A little walk.”

I am amused to hear a notable clank as the steel shoes noisily greet the thick worn wooden floor. Oh, this is divine. The noise, the brief garment, the outlandish color, no passerby will miss our little parade. And though all feminine charms are covered, the thin fabric clings, leaving little to the imagination. The corset cord is unnoticeable but bumps evidence the many grommets.

“Please no,” Sunny protests. “Not like this.”

“I will walk you as I please, Sunny.”

My hand reaches beneath the dress to her mons. I splay the labia majora, my fingers plunging within the fleshy folds. She is wet of course, her psyche reveling in humiliation despite the verbal protestations.

I present my moist fingers to Louise. She smirks, shaking her head.

“She still does not fully understand herself,” Louise notes.

I nod in agreement.

Twice around the loft for practice, Sunny struggles to stay balanced. The pace is slow, each step clunking the wooden floor, her need to control the stressed muscles paramount. An ill timed move will bring the agony of intense cramps. Finally I draw her to the elevators and press the call button. The motor grinds. I am delighted to see Sunny close her eyes in shame.

Though I keep our walk local, the steel hitting the concrete sidewalk draws attention. Despite the seclusion, Sunny blushes. Tears form and I find I must offer encouraging words as Sunny struggles to concentrate.

“You look very pretty, Sunny. Your breasts have never been better shown... short of walking you nude. And you’re stepping so nicely, feeling the control of the grommets and the leash. It’s what a girl like you wants... covets... the delight of sensing another’s governance.”

"Please, sir. No more."

"You want to go home? On such a nice day."

She nods, jostling the leash.

"I don't want to be seen like this."

"But it so excites you, Sunny. You want to be displayed, exhibited. The humiliation brings such arousal."

While I speak, I guide the psychologically wounded girl back to her Ludlow Street loft. We have not made direct contact with pedestrians. But there have been long stares from those across the street... probably neighbors since there is little retail trade or commercial activity on Sunday.

"I will suck your penis," Sunny amusingly offers as an inducement.

I laugh.

"You don't have to offer, Sunny. You'll so serve at my whim."

Though disappointed with Sunny's bashfulness, I remind myself that arroycoo is the intended result of my many weeks of effort. And ironically, if Sunny thinks such will be furtively executed, the slow torment offered in seclusion, she is wrong.

I have purchased a set of wheels for the framework. Easily attached to the corners of the seven by three steel fabrication, Sunny's protestations, however heartrendingly meek and beseeching, will be for naught when I decide to place her in suspension.

As we near the building entrance, I move to walk to her side. A hand finds her finely shaped buttocks. Pertly shaped by the grommets I assess as my leash hand assures she keeps stepping. Firm, the impinged muscles strain, yet Sunny has learned to control without triggering spasms. An excellent result, for in suspending her, such concentration and control will be a challenge.

I am cheered to see for the first time that a neighbor enters the building lobby just before us. Sunny slows in an

attempt to avoid the woman. The conniving minx knows that delay will cause us to miss the elevator.

That will not do. I pull with zeal.

"Come, Sunny. I will introduce you."

"Please no, not like this."

"You prefer when naked? I can invite her to your loft, strip you and explain to the woman all about her aberrant neighbor Sunny Sudenskaya. Do so as you suck my penis."

Sunny glumly follows the leash knowing she cannot resist. Our timing proves to be sufficient. The creaking door announces our approach and the neighbor turns to observe our entrance.

A woman nearing fifty, she is tall and though not plump, broad in stature. Hair somewhat graying she shows no sign of surprise as I lead and my leashed minx follows. The tight garment, gaudily red, the clunking shoes, the woman peers down and even the small padlocks securing the straps do not elicit a reaction of disapproval.

This could be fortuitous.

I pull Sunny adjacent as the elevator grinds to greet us.

"New York certainly offers opportunities, doesn't it? Where else can you walk a slut on a leash and not earn the revulsion of your neighbors," the woman pleasantly offers in breaking the ice.

She smiles warmly. Sunny looks down in shame.

"Yes, she is a slut. The girl sucked her way across Europe. Quite an accomplished fellatrix," I respond in prompting further discourse.

"A good reason to keep her leashed," the woman snickers.

The elevator arrives. I help in parting the heavy doors. The woman insists we enter first. I lead, Sunny follows, the woman steps in last. By rote Sunny struggles to kneel, she cannot bend at the waist thus I must assist. Well trained, she ignores the woman's presence in knowing how I want her to ride... at my feet.

“Yes, a slut but well tamed. Whatever is on her back?”

As described the tight garment reveals the many bumps of the grommets. Eight pair plus those perched atop her buttocks.

“I have her corseted. Rather strict, but the posture is greatly improved and the sense of complete control is welcomed by a girl of her ilk.”

The neck collar shows and the woman notes the cord disappearing at the neckline. I cannot resist leaning down and grasping the lower hem... at the back. Sunny shuts her eyes in horror as I fold upwards and reveal her grommeted cheeks, the opposing end of the corset cord tightly tied to keep constant tension on the glutei and align the spinal grommets.

The woman stares, but not in shock or fright. It is a look of true inquisitiveness and examination.

“Yes, strict,” she remarks in agreement. “Just as a girl like her deserves.”

“Lean forward, Sunny, show the woman how the grommets work.”

“I cannot, sir. It hurts.”

“Lean! Tighten the corset cord.”

She obeys of course. Despite her pleas, the pain oddly welcomed by a deviant mind. Sunny’s psyche senses that punishment is needed. Retribution for exposing herself to the unknown woman.

The cord tightens and further stresses the gluteus maximus muscles. There comes the expected spasms and cramping. Sunny grimaces. The woman smiles.

“The tramp seems to enjoy pain. She’s wet.”

Yes the woman has quite the observant eye, spying a trickle of feminine essence on the inner thigh... emanating from the sopping wet quim of my leashed plaything. Sunny shudders in intense shame.

The elevator stops on the fourth floor.

"I get off here. Do let me know when you walk her again."

Before working the elevator doors, I reach down and pull the cocktail dress, peeling upwards and also righting Sunny so she returns to kneeling upright. My quick handiwork fully exposes those firm upstanding breasts, the thin garment gathered at her shoulders. The woman turns and smiles most wickedly, watching my nearly naked plaything as I labor to open the heavy doors. She then steps off and mockingly waves as Sunny kneels in tears of shame.

"I am Mrs. Anderson."

"This is Sunny," refraining from identifying myself.

I close the doors with deliberation as Mrs. Anderson clucks her tongue.

Though several days pass and Sunny is walked both indoors and out, I note that without the high heels she cannot walk completely normally. The Achilles heel grommets will not permit full flexibility of the tendons and therefore it is painfully impossible for Sunny to straighten her feet. Thus when led about the loft naked and leashed, she remains somewhat on toes... truly appearing as a ballerina as she prances about.

Outdoors she wears her clunky shoes, heels high, perching her on toes and relieving the tightness of the soleus and gastrocnemius muscles.

Despite the constriction, it is not detrimental to arroycoo and I decide that we have afforded enough aftercare. Enough recovery and acclimation.

It is time.

On Thursday evening I bathe and massage, Sunny bound to the tub as always. I also shave her, her entire form blushing as she spreads and exposes all. When Louise returns from her shift sometime near midnight she finds Sunny busy fellating me. Louise just smiles and gives me

that matronly look, a mother catching her son getting into the cookie jar.

"You put the frame on wheels," she notes.

I nod then close my eyes as a goodly load of semen gushes into Sunny's throat.

"We'll need some mobility while she hangs."

"Yes, I signed the lease on the loft downstairs," Louise thinking as do I.

Saving time, I arise and zip, a chore normally reserved for Sunny's teeth and lips.

"Good. You must meet Mrs. Anderson sometime. Quite an imposing woman."

I take the leash. Sunny rises, certain movements still awkward such as shifting weight from her knees to her feet and legs. She winces as the impinged muscles cramp. Then she mentally brings control in new found concentration which has required days to develop.

"Over here, my pretty pet."

To the frame, Sunny knows to stand within. With her humility, she speaks less and less, the constant bondage seeming to immerse her submissive psyche into another world.

"Now it is important that your weight be evenly distributed, Sunny," I lecture as I begin.

Nose leash first, as always it is tied to the front bar. Then her elbows are freed and I introduce a new dynamic to how Sunny Sudenskaya will be kept cruelly suspended. I have purchased bungee cords. Strong... elastic... such will provide Sunny with a range of motion which will both entertain and permit some relief to muscles which will be long held immobile.

So it's the right elbow, then left and the limited length forces the arms high and Sunny to bend at the waist. Next comes a long corset cord. Front bar, then through the eight pairs of grommets, then loosely connected to the rear bar.

Bungee cords right then left, are hooked through the buttock grommets. I watch as tension there brings the expected contraction and cramping... which Sunny admirably brings under control.

"This will be most painful, Sunny. I will work quickly, but the initial suspension will not have you balanced."

She nods as best she can and with that I lift her right foot quite high, hook a short bungee cord through the grommet and connect it to the side bar above. She grimaces then moans as I repeat the process with the left foot and ankle grommet.

For the first time, Sunny is completely suspended, no part of her anatomy touching the floor. With much weight borne by the buttock and Achilles grommets I work to tighten the corset cord, shifting weight to the flesh of her spine. In doing so, Sunny works to relax, trying desperately to stop the intense cramping.

"You'll find, Sunny, over time, that remaining completely motionless is best. The slightest movement will bring a cascade of cramps."

Louise looks on in fascination. The naked form of Sunny Sudenskaya hangs horizontally. The corset cord, Sunny's weight making it tauter than ever, forces a presentation of her breasts that we have not before seen. Cow's udders more than mammary glands, such are deliciously exposed and vulnerable. The short bungee cords used for the Achilles heel grommets part her calves at the width of the frame... three feet. The buttock grommets pull outward towards the sides to open the gluteal cleft. Thus it is not only the breasts which invite visual examination. Sunny is held spread, the rose bud of her anus, the pink slit of her love sheath beckoning the voyeur.

"How do you feel, Sunny?"

"I cannot move. It hurts."

"I assume it is a sensation that you desire. Complete control of your body, ceded to your superiors. Is there any

one binding which hurts more than others? I want uniformity. The stress to be felt over your entire body."

"My nose, sir. The nose cord is most painful."

"Oh my. That will divert your thoughts."

I move to Sunny's head, grasp hair at the back of her head and gently lift, momentarily relieving the tension of the nose cord.

"Well this won't do. She can't comfortably lie straining to hold up her head. And the nose grommet stresses too many nerves," I think out loud and to Louise.

"So use her hair... just as you're doing now."

I look at Louise. Such a thought. She steps to the bathroom and returns with scissors.

"She'll need to have more of a pony tail. It will be quicker to bind her."

I nod. When placing Sunny in arroycoo suspension I'll not want to fiddle with hair. Something there needs to be at the ready.

"We'll leave just enough to gather into a short pony tail and knot a steel ring into it," Louise announces in snapping the shears.

"No, please, not my hair!" Sunny mourns.

"You'll be more comfortable."

I continue to hold the desired clump at the back and top of Sunny's head. Louise begins to shear, cutting away huge clumps as Sunny strains against her bonds in protest. She hurts herself in so doing, learning for her own the physical cost of motion. Within moments, Sunny's head is relatively bald except for the comical pony tail in my grasp. It is amazing how quickly one can be shorn when style is not of concern.

"I'll shave away the stubble in the morning," Louise announces. "Shampooing will be much easier.

"And I'll make a matching ring of nickel cobalt."

"Meanwhile..." Louise announces in holding up a rubber band.

I smile with her convenience and work to encircle the remaining clump with the rubber band. I knot then stretch a cord from the right side bar through the rubber band to the left side bar. I tighten to adjust. Sunny, for some reason, does not seem grateful in relieving the tension on her nose leash.

While we have worked, Sunny has lain prostrate, dangling from the many cords looped through her grommets. The clock suggests some twenty minutes have passed since I lifted her left foot and placed her in arroycoo... my form of arroycoo.

"That does it, Sunny. Your desired scenario."

I reach beneath and caress left breast then right. As noted such are irresistibly presented and I can only imagine what fun Louise will be having. But my touch is soothing and therefore welcome. Such will be the unexpected results of the extended bondage and suspension. Sunny's nervous system will become more receptive to touch and attention, pining for that normally taken for granted.

"It's late, Louise. She's all yours."

"You're going to leave her like this?"

I shrug and smooth a hand over her fine buttocks, distended by the grommets and elastic bungee cords.

"Release her when you deem it appropriate. But do make her suffer..."

Making a simple ring of nickel cobalt requires only a few minutes. Many scrap pieces are circular and I merely pick a suitable size and polish.

An afternoon call to Louise brings an update.

"Leaving at 3:00 p.m. I suspect Sunny will be sleeping when you arrive. She had a long night."

"You released her?"

"Eventually. But first I found a stool at just the right height to sit upon. It's not only you she will orally gratify, Winnie. Though hesitant, she quickly realized that I'd keep

her suspended until she licked every inch of me. Quite the nimble tongue."

"How long... in suspension?"

"Hours, dear boy. It's amazing."

"Yes the endorphins begin to flow. That's why it's important that she not move and disturb herself. It's also why the tension has to be uniform. Any inordinate pain or discomfort which feels sharp will distract her from entering her space."

"I shaved her head, leaving that pony tail. Quite distressing for her but necessary. Such tears. A high thorough enema and she's lying leashed, elbows and ankles bound waiting for you."

I hang up. Reports await my review. Before moving to the stack I assure that my digital camera is being charged.

Modifying the culturally historic form of arroycoo brings advantage. In lying horizontally there is none of the suspension trauma experienced in vertical suspension where the circulation system becomes strained and blood accumulates in the lower extremities causing syncope. So though stressed in hanging by her own flesh, with the flow of endorphins and Sunny's basic need for pain and humiliation, she learns to accept the thoroughness of my governance, the timelessness.

Last night was just a warm up, I think to myself as I board a subway train for downtown. Sunny's tempting nakedness can take more... much more. I know it.

Arriving at Ludlow Street I spy Mrs. Anderson entering ahead of me. The slow elevator again works to my advantage. In pushing through the creaking door the large woman is working the heavy doors. I smile and offer greetings, stepping in after her.

"No little pet on a leash this evening?"

"Sunny's leashed and waiting for me. She's kept well bound, those naughty fingers aren't to stray."

That wicked smile returns.

"Yes, quite the slut. Sucked her way across Europe did you say?"

Curious small talk for the interval of our ascent. The woman is unflappable in discussing prurient matters.

"Yes, being impoverished, in departing Bulgaria she exchanged blow jobs for transportation. One can only imagine what indecent acts were performed in gaining a visa."

The woman chuckles.

"She's not too old to be spanked," my dear Mrs. Anderson offers.

"I'm afraid such would not serve to modify her behavior. Rather tolerant of pain as you noted. It excites, actually."

"Tsk. Tsk. One of *those* girls, as I suspected. Should have known when she didn't object to you placing her on display, exposing her to me."

The elevator lumbers to the fourth floor. We work to open the doors.

"Sixth floor. Stop in some time. I think you will be amused. Name's Winthrop. Friends call me Winnie."

Mrs. Anderson steps out nodding with my suggestion.

"Over twenty years in the juvenile prison system. I've had girls of her ilk. Tempting, saucy, licentious, seeking attention, having a craving for pain that their psyches oddly transform to pleasure. I merely stripped them down and threw them into solitary confinement. As far as I know, some might still be there, and I took early retirement six months ago."

She laughs, the image of a well confined girl lingering about in nakedness amuses. As I close the elevator doors I realize there is much serendipity in having her for a neighbor.

"And others I kept handcuffed under my desk."

I catch her final words just as the motor resumes its gnashing ascent.

As prognosticated, Sunny is happy to see me. I push before her the bowl for urination, Louise teasingly leaving it just beyond use. Nothing more than visual torment really, for with her ankle grommets firmly clipped together, I doubt if Sunny could neatly use the bowl even if left more proximate.

Releasing her leash, I unclip her ankles and smile in watching her try to position herself to squat over the brim. The buttock and heel grommets are there. She knows and grunts as certain movements bring spasms. Glutei, soleus, gastrocnemius... some very large muscles have been transformed from offering mobility to being sources of discomfort. With every step, with every movement my governance is felt.

I extend my hand and splay her labia, assuring proper alignment.

"Thank you sir," she meekly offers as she opens herself.

Her head looks ridiculous, a sole plug of hair sticking up like a weed on the back of her cranium. Otherwise Louise shaved quite meticulously. With my free hand I fish for the ring I fabricated. Any metal would suffice, but the dull gray matches her slim neck collar and all the grommets she displays with her nakedness.

She finishes her business. I empty the bowl and grasp her leash.

"Steady," I command.

Sunny obediently kneels as I gather the tuft of hair and thread it through the ring. Then I knot the many strands to hold the ring in place atop her head, pulling with gusto. It's tight. The ridiculousness is enhanced. The ring and bob rest where the Hari Krishna sect cultivates growth, the knotted mass appearing to be some type of handle.

"Excellent. Would you like to hang for me, pretty girl?"

Having been tightly bound for some two hours, Sunny demurs. There is such mental conflict, her masochism

wrestling with thoughts of last evening's grueling suspension. She challenges herself.

I lift the leash. I'm not really giving her a choice. She's going to hang, every one of her hundred pounds will dangle by way of her own flesh.

"Come."

Arising from the floor, the feet struggle to find comfortable footing. I know the many muscles to be revolting, offering pangs of agony rather than obediently responding to their owner's synaptic commands. She whimpers, bringing a smile. But she moves to my frame of pipes. There I repeat last night's binding. Nose leash, elbow grommets, corset cord, buttock grommets. Lastly I slowly lift to hook the ankles. Then I move swiftly to adjust as Sunny initially writhes in agony, tightening the corset cord and using my new hair ring to relieve tension from the nose grommet.

Ironically, I truly want her to be moderately comfortable. She will thus suffer longer and her submissive psyche can linger for hours as endorphins flow and she mentally resists fighting her bonds.

Movement brings pain.

Completing my task, I produce the digital camera and click away. My little minx actually thinks she can avoid the lens. Her squirming efforts are rewarded with painful cramping, the muscles offering a rebellious response to her comical attempts to hide from view.

"Please no photos," she humbly begs.

I just smile and click, click, click. The spread shot from the rear is priceless.

"Now, let me know when you can't bear any more. You wanted to experience arroycoo. You shall. But as opposed to the vertical tribal position, where fainting mercifully ends the torment, you shall remain conscious and potentially suffer interminably. Your weight is being born by 23 grommets, including your nose, plus a little weight on your

new hair ring. Not too stressful on the skin, but enough to bring deliciously slow pain. And if you lose control and struggle, the pain only grows. So it's best to complacently lie and accept my offering, my little gift of slow torment."

I cannot help but stroke her right breast then the left as I speak, my caress neither firm nor light, just a little tease, enough to awaken the ganglia.

And they really are finely shaped glands, the skin corset seeming to offer alluring shape and firmness to the sizable hillocks... as if presented on a platter, to be devoured.

I eat a leisurely dinner, cold seafood salad, some white wine. Sunny meekly hangs, an occasional spasm bringing a moan and renewed efforts to remain perfectly calm and accept the slow build up of anguish rather than the sharper pain of sudden muscle cramps.

I tantalize in offering a modest size shrimp, the sauce quite succulent. Just enough to awaken the pallet, that which will be disappointed in finding dinner to be bland oatmeal.

A groggy Sunny pleads.

"Enough. Please let me down."

"No, no, Sunny. We don't let you down, we offer respite in other ways."

Finishing my dinner, I retrieve my probe, that designed to benumbly slip past her labia and clitoris and palpate the anterior fornix. This offers minimal joy but oscillates the PC muscles.

"Don't move. Let Dr. Samuels take care of you."

A most frustrating manner in which to be masturbated, if that is the proper description.

Sunny will hardly feel a thing and the resulting hormonal flow will lengthen her ability to withstand arroycoo.

How devilishly deviant of me...

I sit back enjoying a glass of wine. Sunny is completely motionless, the cramping forestalled. She is zoned out, conscious but without the energy to even speak. One can detect the slightest motion of breathing, otherwise an observing medical neophyte would be scrambling to take her pulse.

Slowly slithering inward, past the labia, I penetrated her vagina keeping the bulbous tip of my probe gently pressed downward, in Sunny's position toward the tummy, against the anterior wall of her love canal. The limited size of my device met no resistance, of course, until reaching the cervix, some four to five inches past her opening. There I pressed downward a little more firmly, toward the floor, and pushed inward a little more firmly. Resistance yes, but when I felt a slight contraction of the pubo coccygeus muscles, I knew my probe reached its goal, that magical area the function of which is still not fully understood, the anterior fornix. That passageway is narrow and therefore tight. But my implement is well designed, smoothly polished, sized perfectly. Once fully inserted, I began the slightest fucking motion... in, out, in, out... only about half an inch, careful to offer no stimulation to the labia, and certainly none to the clitoris.

With the very slim shaft of the probe, Sunny felt nothing to arouse the remainder of her complicated genitalia. Yet, sensing penetration of the fornix, her body eventually reacted just as modern research has suggested. Within moments, the PC muscles oscillated more fully and finally spastically clenched in an action that resembled an orgasm, exaggerated in that no other muscles moved. Yet, with stimulation to the labia and clitoris denied, Sunny was offered extremely limited pleasure, if any. Still, there came hormonal release and I smile as she lies hanging by her own flesh, the afterglow calming her.

The result of my penetration and manipulation?.. she can withstand longer hanging. With a flood of endorphins

coaxed by my controlling hand, the cramping has stopped... for now.

"You're quite the lovely puppet, Sunny. I pull a string and your muscles obediently react. You wet the floor."

Yes, in forcing from her a faux orgasm, she ejaculated... a curious eruption of feminine essence spewing to the flooring. There remains a small puddle but the well worn hardwood has withstood worse soiling.

"It's like turning on a fountain."

No words, Sunny's reply comes in the form of blushing pink.

Eventually I will release her for a night of sleeping leashed and bound. But Louise and I will work to extend the intervals every time we hang her... trained to helplessly dangle in suspension... by her own flesh.

Nearing ten o'clock, I position that stool which Louise uses. Gazing at Sunny's exposed and vulnerable nakedness has brought male needs. Something about the way those marvelous breasts are presented...

I am about to sit when there comes a knock on the door. A firm but pleasant female voice calls out. It is Mrs. Anderson... fellatio will have to wait.

'Stop in some time. I think you will be amused,' my words come back to mind as I move to the door.

Offered more in social grace than sincerity, most people nod and ignore. With Mrs. Anderson, a woman of purpose, I am to find she is naive of social graces.

"A wine drinker?" Mrs. Anderson inquires as I open the door and motion her entrance.

I nod.

"Thought so. A gift from a friend. I really don't drink the stuff."

Presenting a fine bottle of French red, her friend knows wine.

“Just sipping on some Chardonnay, Mrs. Anderson. I like it crackling cold... among oenophiles, considered as a shortcoming.”

She smiles, responding to my gesture to enter with bold unfeminine steps. I envision her strolling about that juvenile prison, jackbooted, her presence most authoritative.

“Well... if it’s cold I drink it.”

Just as well. Tonight’s selection is a particularly pretentious attempt by an Argentinean vineyard to replicate what the French have perfected. It will not be objectionable to she who apparently drinks anything cold.

“I’ll get a glass.”

With the loft one large open room, except for the partitioned bathroom area, Sunny’s hanging form, naked and cruelly bound, cannot be missed. Mrs. Anderson wordlessly peers. No shock... no look of concern. And Sunny? She stirs from the reverie of her false orgasm. She is alarmed. And such movement begins the cascade. She moans as muscles and tendons tighten and cramp.

“Visitors!” she meekly offers, her enunciation a form of protest.

“Oh, Sunny, it’s just your neighbor from downstairs.”

I chuckle in pouring a libation. Mrs. Anderson moves toward the steel pipe framework. Her look one of fascination, her legs propelling her more as a determined march than leisurely walk.

“You flashed me those tits before. Thought you would have them fully displayed. Oh you men!..”

Her admonishment is offered mostly in jest. For in facing Sunny, the naked collection of tensioned flesh just inches away, her hands reach out, palms up, and cup the freely hanging mammary glands. Despite her words, it is the reaction of a debaucherous man, not that of a sympathetic woman.

“Nice and firm. Surprised you don’t have them clamped and weighted.”

Mrs. Anderson kneads most sensually. Sunny moans, combined pleasure and embarrassment, the soothing caresses serve to spur the flow of needed endorphins. I approach with Mrs. Anderson's wine. Her hands withdraw to accept my offering.

"The bondage is not an exercise in subjecting intense pain, Mrs. Anderson. In a way we're seeking the opposite. Making Sunny comfortable so she can hang longer and longer... in slow anguish."

"Really. I could only throw my girls into solitary... officially. Of course we had other punishments... off the books so to speak. But confining a girl naked for long periods of quiet darkness can have its effect. Cuffed of course, no masturbating under my tutelage.

"And what have you done to her hair? Functional I suppose, holding up her head... but deliciously demeaning."

She sips and smooths her free hand over the bald cranium, heightening Sunny's ignominy.

"Well, we're more into feeding Sunny's curious proclivity than seeking behavior modification, Mrs. Anderson. Sunny is a masochist, oddly enjoying these moments, despite her squirming and her concerns. One must get to know the psyche of girls of her ilk, as I believe you have."

Mrs. Anderson nods, smiling in thought.

"And boys as well, Winnie. I assume I can call you Winnie."

I nod.

I am intrigued. Though Mrs. Anderson is a 'Misses', any attraction to the male form would seem to be something of minor interest. I have assumed that she is divorced... or a widow, having cooked and eaten her husband.

"I was under the impression you only handled girls."

I gesture toward a close by couch with an unimpeded view of Sunny's dangling nakedness. I move away the stool and resume sitting in my chair. Sunny's bizarre bondage, my

form of arroycoo, does not faze our giant neighbor. She beams and sits, very much enjoying the view.

"How long do you suspend her?"

"We've only begun and have squeezed two hours from her. Approaching three tonight. We'll get more... in time. Just a matter of acclimation."

She pauses in thought.

"Marvelous presentation of the female form..." Mrs. Anderson notes with a voice of rapture. "So helpless..."

I may as well be exhibiting a Dutch masterpiece... Rembrandt... Vermeer...

"A derivation of an old African torture. Somewhat similar to a technique used by American Indians as well. Modified by me to ensure longer term suffering."

"Those buttock grommets are deep... and the ankles."

I explain the penetration of the muscles and the tension on the Achilles tendon, forcing Sunny to concentrate and not move one iota as she hangs, the resulting cascade of cramping unendurable. I also suggest evasively that I have a medical background, not wishing to invoke concern for Sunny's well-being. With Mrs. Anderson, such reassurance is unnecessary.

I look to Sunny and note a deepening crimson. She is wonderfully humiliated in being so exposed to a stranger, her very soul dissected and explained like a lab specimen. Yet she can do little... not even move... by now fully realizing the effects of the slightest attempt.

"Would you excuse me while I feed her? Never to be overly filled, we offer her many modest helpings per day in as a precaution to vomituration."

In the kitchen area, Louise has prepared and left a small bowl of oatmeal. I rise and retrieve it, stepping to Sunny with a spoon.

"You can imagine the effect of throwing up," I suggest in spooning a glob to Sunny's mouth.

Yes, in the event my modified arroycoo brings orthostatic syndrome and resulting nausea, Louise and I keep her intake to a minimum. Nothing of significance in, nothing of significance out. While Sunny slowly ingests, the forced angle of her head and throat impeding swallowing, I prompt the fascinating Mrs. Anderson.

“So you’ve had experience dealing with the psyche of masochistic boys...”

Chapter Three

Mrs. Henrietta Anderson

Winnie's wine is good. I never developed a taste for expensive drink. Not practical in heading a juvenile facility where alcohol is strictly prohibited. But now, in retirement I am free to indulge.

In discovering my neighbor's circumstances, technically it's this Sunny Sudenskaya though Winnie is most in charge, I cannot help reveling in memories of over twenty years governing the likes of Sunny. A collection of 'poor' little waifs who have had limited adult supervision and have broken the law, their behavior inside my facility was easily corrected. The difficulty was in assuring society that such had a lasting effect.

As Winnie begins the weary task of feeding this Sunny, he encourages discourse. And his words are effective... the subject matter being the reason for my early retirement... masochistic boys.

So I sip and narrate, knowing that only the likes of Winnie, hand feeding a well bound, naked lass, would appreciate my story...

About a year ago, I noticed that a new arrival at my institution, Hartwood Reformatory for Girls, was receiving much attention from the matrons. When one of my captains put in a request to transfer her to a special holding room, normally used for the long term incorrigible, my antenna went up.

How could a new arrival be so quickly deemed incorrigible?

I requested the girl's file.

Detainee Kim Simpson was some 17 years of age, born in the Midwest, homeless, parentless, a petty thief. Her picture suggested she was boyishly cute... soft brown eyes, perfectly even features, hair of moderate length, cut at the neckline.

Caught shoplifting, a busy prosecutor agreed to a plea, a judge with a crammed calendar consented, in being Kim's alleged first offense she received six months. Had parents appeared on her behalf there would have been no incarceration. But based on her date of birth, Kim would be with us until she attained her age of majority. Upon release, future transgressions would receive the full time and attention of the adult criminal system. And, should she not mend her ways, a life of recidivism.

Everyone seemed to concur it was a reasonable solution. Get a troubled and homeless minor off the streets, assure she receives counseling, ready her for an adult life of either reform or, if not, incarceration in the big time prisons.

But the groundwork was sloppy. Looking at Kim's picture I knew there must be more. Street girls with those looks throw tricks. Certainly more lucrative than stuffing cheap goods under your clothing and attempting to sneak past increasingly sophisticated security systems. In being more lucrative, a charge of prostitution is more often the reason for institutionalizing a girl. Kim could certainly attract deviant males and earn more.

Even kids understand risk versus reward.

"I want to interview this Kim Simpson, Captain. Request for special holding denied for now."

My captain, a woman with equal disdain for troublesome youths, quibbled. She understood the manner in which I insisted on interviewing 'fresh meat', the vernacular for new arrivals. I had them stripped naked and paraded before my office staff before being seated for an interview. In doing so, the power exchange becomes self evident and is instantly communicated. Quite the incentive to avoid my wrath and rebuke.

"Stripped?" she asks.

I nodded and smiled. Though standard operating procedure and normally enjoying the humiliating tete a' tete, my captain appeared concerned for some reason.

“Of course, Captain. Her file seems vague. I have questions and such are best answered while humbled in complete nakedness.”

Within thirty minutes I heard a commotion, loud enough to penetrate the thick door leading to the reception area of my chambers. The Captain had presented little Miss Kim to my secretary. Though the procedure is to have the girl wait, naked and apprehensive, my secretary excitedly knocked on my door and hurriedly entered.

“You’re not going to believe this,” she forewarned.

She stepped aside and my captain entered with Kim Simpson in tow. Stripped as ordered, hands cuffed behind, the youthful form sheepishly stepped into my office. The cause for commotion became immediately evident. Kim had a penis!

“Sit him... her... it... there, Captain. You and I will speak later.”

A wooden straight backed chair was positioned directly in front of my desk. Not often I visually inspected male genitals. It *was* the Hartwood Reformatory for *Girls*, after all. The only phalli were possessed by guards patrolling the walls and outer perimeter. In holding dozens of literal ‘jail bait’ girls, we did not let males near the interior.

The captain and my secretary departed. I just sat back and surveyed. Dressed in loose clothing the slim form could pass for a girl, woefully underdeveloped about the breasts of course.

“Sit with your back straight. Part your thighs. Calves to the side. Feet back. Toes on the floor.”

Kim complied in assuming the pose I mandated during every naked interview. It so nicely flashed open those tight little quims. But obviously Kim’s gender denied me that normally amusing view.

I noted the diminutive organs and that beneath clothing such would offer no telltale bulges. The face was devoid of hair, not even fuzz. As noted, her/his photo suggested

someone boyishly cute... more boyish than expected in Kim's case.

"This file on you seems to be deficient, Kim. I assume you gave the matrons quite the surprise during the initial strip search. I'll get into that conspiracy later. Seems a cabal has formed to keep you here."

I suspected why. As stated, with not a penis in the place, what wonderful entertainment to have a male appendage under 24/7 control.

"This subterfuge will greatly add to your sentence. I assume gender is not the only misrepresentation."

"Yes, ma'am."

The voice was effeminately soft and high pitched, offering not a clue as to the true gender.

"Tell the truth and we'll get this straightened out as best we can."

I began reciting Kim's criminal curriculum vitae.

"Age 17?"

"No, 22 ma'am."

"No prior arrests and convictions?"

"5 arrests, all pled out, served some time in Kansas."

"No living relatives, not that such means anything if you are indeed an adult."

"Correct."

"Amazing, something truthful."

"So what's the story, Kim? You've endangered yourself greatly with this subterfuge, lied under oath before a judge who will be both enraged and embarrassed. Even as an adult with a record you would not have gotten enough time for shoplifting to justify risking a perjury conviction."

"I can't serve time. Not in a men's prison. Kansas was... rough."

"Lansing isn't for wimps," I concur. "Anal rape?"

Kim nodded.

How could he have avoided it? His appearance allowing him to successfully pass for a girl in the New York juvenile

courts, he'd be quite the prize in any adult male facility.

I sat back in thought, glancing once again at the cause for the trouble, the small penis and limited ball sac. For some reason Kim was shaven, brazenly displaying his organs.

"You're shaved," I noted.

Kim's head bowed in shame.

"At Lansing... they insisted... the other inmates."

I noted that his little penis twitched. I smiled to myself. Kim was becoming aroused. In a career disciplining girls, how could I resist the refreshing change? I pressed onward.

"I assume they kept you well lubricated as well. Tearing that sphincter of yours would obviate the fun... lost time recovering in the infirmary."

My words were effective. He began to noticeably stiffen.

"And you continue to shave?"

He nodded.

My eyes roved over his entire nakedness. Every inch of flesh was devoid of hair. Such curious perversity amongst an inmate population, keeping him hairless. Kim must have been quite the prized toy indeed.

"And you've kept your hair long?"

"A style they insisted on, guess I got used to it."

I pause in thought. He expressed concern about returning to an adult male prison, yet forcing memories from him brought arousal. Seems the times were not all bad. And he continued to style his cranial hair and remove body hair to maintain his image... that of an effeminate fuck toy.

Kim presented quite the dilemma. There would be a full investigation of the prosecutor's office, those recommending sentencing who supposedly reconstruct and present the background of the recently convicted. How did so many miss so much?

Then, within my own walls, there developed a conspiracy to continue Kim's deception. All girls are strip searched upon arrival and the penis must have been self evident...

the dual cavity search short one cavity. The careers of two matrons will end. Then there is the experienced captain who attempted to cloak Kim's gender by having him transferred to special holding. An otherwise well earned pension will disappear.

I can only imagine what they all had planned for him.

"You seem to have a number of allies in this brazen plot. Care to explain?"

The answer came quickly and forthrightly. Kim extended his tongue. It protruded well past his lips, obscenely fluttered about then curled upwards to just about cover his entire nose. No further words were necessary.

Though cunnilingus is common in a female institution, I regularly had some truculent morsel serve under my desk for many hours, rarely is such a prodigious appendage encountered. What Kim has been denied below the waist was well bestowed above.

"Licked and sucked your way through the court holding pens and almost pulled off the same ruse here. Tsk. Tsk, Kim."

By then Kim was fully erect, adding to the amusing irony.

An interesting dichotomy. Concerned enough about adult prison time that he lied in pleading out a simple shoplifting charge... yet he continued to present himself ready to return to male prison and be someone's bitch... though the gangs are given to pass the truly effeminate around. Styled hair, shaven body, quite the male harlot.

Did he also keep his anus lubricated? I was determined to inquire of the matrons who performed the strip search.

I pressed a buzzer. The captain knocked and returned.

"Take Miss Kim to the infirmary for now."

Winnie interrupts my narration.

"More wine, Mrs. Anderson?"

In finishing the feeding, Winnie returns to the kitchen area, stows the bowl of oatmeal and steps forth with the

bottle. He pours.

"An interesting dilemma," he agrees.

"I had good people. Difficult to allow the antics of one rascal to destroy careers. Kim is quite the vamp."

"Is?" Winnie inquires. "I would think he's long gone and tucked away in the likes of Sing Sing by now."

"Oh he's tucked away. But not in Sing Sing," I muse.

Winnie sits, joining me in another glass of wine.

"Amazing how she just hangs. Such discipline," I note in gazing at Sunny's provocative form.

"Forced upon her... but well learned and oddly welcomed."

"How long?"

Winnie peers at his watch.

"Going on three and one half hours. As long as she remains motionless she will minimize the acute pain. Instead there comes a slow build up which the masochist prefers. Interminable, seemingly unending, barely endurable... for now. But though bearable it creeps and creeps. She'll soon be battling the urge to move and flex... the bearable then becoming intensely unbearable... and it will be self induced pain, mentally creating the most anxiety. Yes, the frustration of having to keep oneself immobile brings such delightful inner turmoil..."

"But do continue the Kim chronicle. It intrigues me as much as I am sure it intrigued you," he encourages.

What a delightful atmosphere in which to tell the Kim Simpson story.

Since I was planning to retire, I made what some would judge to be a rash decision. With my term ending why ruin so many other careers in divulging Kim's bold plot? In keeping quiet my pension would be in jeopardy, but a long departed husband... both overweight and a heavy smoker... left some 'fuck you' money in the form of life insurance.

I took a chance. It would be a burden to hold a male prisoner in an all female institution. It would require assistance. But that I already had to a degree... a captain of the guards who attempted to keep Kim secreted away in a special holding room, two matrons who, on the surface have been examining so many snatches for so long that a penis proved to be bewildering... or so I imagined their explanation to the personnel committee. And there was my secretary. After so many girls had been brought to my office and stripped naked for an interview, Kim's exhibition seemed to amuse, putting aside the initial shock.

And so I more or less joined a cabal.

That tongue proved enticing. And after so many years of being entertained by pert, behaviorally challenged girls, the effete yet male form of Kim could bring a comforting sunset to my career.

And what could Kim ever do to protest his handling? His subterfuge put him at great risk. Challenging any treatment offered at Hartwood would mean divulging his ploy... admitting to perjury and exposing himself to the retribution of a myriad of sloppy administrative and clerical types whose collective incompetence did not distinguish the gender of their charge. They would be sanctioned, yes, but Kim would find himself a target of revenge.

And in the end, Kim's concerns would be realized... held where he least desired to be... in an adult male prison... getting that cute rump of his jack-hammered.

So rather than having a cuffed and naked girl under my desk, as I was wont to do on certain boring afternoons, I would have a new toy.

But one must exercise the greatest precaution in introducing testosterone and sperm to an environment laden with estrogen. My girls were a concupiscent lot. We constantly thwarted masturbation with fur lined cuffs, dozens of pairs donned at any given time. The dining facility never saw an intact hotdog. Even the door knobs were

angular in shape and with rough surfaces. Anything which could be inserted to furtively knead those young quims was well accounted for, tied down and locked up.

And as stated, no male was allowed near the girls. One must avoid the task of explaining to high ranking officials how an incarcerated teenage girl came to be pregnant. So you can imagine what the reaction would be in introducing a functioning penis in an all female prison population. The girls would eat him alive.

No, I needed comfort that however meek and effeminate Kim appeared to be, he would never have means or opportunity to hump one of my little 'darlings'... should he ever get near the brats.

I had the captain take Kim to the infirmary. Theresa, the head nurse was an old, old friend. I picked up the phone and called to forewarn.

"Got some special handling for you. One Kim Simpson is being brought to the infirmary, to be kept well bound and placed in isolation. You'll see why. But I'll need measurements. The usual, but also measure what you find between the thighs."

I smiled in hanging up, leaving Theresa to be as surprised as the rest of us. My next call was to the metal working shop. Long gone are the days when 'rehabilitation' training for girls includes only cooking and sewing. No, many traditionally male skills are imbued at Hartwood... carpentry, plumping, mechanics. Just have to ensure that dildo production is minimized.

"Maggie, Theresa will be sending you some measurements. Most will be standard. But use the heaviest gauge iron. Yes, nice and thick. And there are certain devices I'll want made for the groin area. I'll stop in to explain."

As one would expect of a woman whose vocation is working in metal and steel, Maggie's gender was rather obfuscated. Possessing the demeanor of a blacksmith more

than any feminine charm, Maggie was tall and powerfully built. I am sure steroids were not used, but the question frequently arose.

Anyway, Maggie's skills were often used to make special restraints, nothing like the feel of heavy ineluctable metal on the wrists and ankles of truculent girls. Well outside of acceptable procedures, Maggie relished making gothic rough ankle and wrist wear. Forged while the bearer watched, rebellious girls were readily quelled... being held in tight bondage and made to offer arms and legs while Maggie labored over custom made weighty trinkets. Her handmade chains were renowned for their bulk and the memorable rattling. Quite the baubles for modifying behavior.

Yes, day after day I would have a girl sit in stocks, ankles, wrists and neck well presented and ready to accept Maggie's finished product. It's something a girl won't forget, held motionless while one limb after another is fitted. Watching Maggie's muscular form temper the hot iron, blow after blow, etches wondrous memories on devilish minds. My message is conveyed... and reluctantly yet well received... we spare no time and expense at Hartwood in assuring a girl's complete capitulation.

So, I had this Kim Simpson and I knew his thoughts. Having duped the system he believed he would have an easy six months, relative playtime compared to his interlude in Lansing.

That wouldn't do. I sketched the implements I wanted made. Two small circular rings of steel with double spikes penetrating the perimeter. The spikes sharpened at both ends, the points terminating within the circumference and those pointing outward, would serve a dual purpose. Slipped over the penis then adjusted to assure snugness, the interior points would end Kim's distasteful habit of stiffening in the presence of a woman. The exterior points would assure that there would be no unauthorized use of the

organ. If I forbade masturbation, I could not allow vaginal penetration, no matter how pusillanimous the effort on Kim's part.

Well Maggie was at first perplexed as I handed her my sketch.

"For the nipples?" her wicked mind always working.

"You'll see when our latest charge is brought in for a final fitting."

Maggie began to work. My captain brought in Theresa's measurements and Maggie barked orders to several trustees, girls who effectively had life sentences at Hartwood, juvenile crimes so heinous that upon turning eighteen they would serve more time in an adult facility. And with that a production line began.

As noted all chains were hand forged, a lengthy process requiring days for lengths as short as two feet. For Kim I wanted much weight. I wanted him to sense my bonds with the slightest movement. It does not require much gauge and tensile strength to make chains that are unbreakable by even the strongest male... new alloys... new methods. But to imbue the sense of hopelessness and finality, the cognition that all control has been rendered to his female superiors, I wanted weight. For the effeminate Kim, I wanted him dragging at least a hundred pounds. And when Maggie held up one link, a bar some three quarters of an inch in diameter, hastily heated and bent to an open ellipse, I knew my instructions would be well executed.

Maggie dunked the open loop in a bucket of water then handed it to me. I nodded in satisfaction.

"It's nearly a pound."

Maggie nodded back. Then she offered a flat strip of black iron. Yes, gothic, ponderous as well, exuding an aura of permanence. Wickedly heavy.

"We'll use this for the cuffs and neck collar. Cut to the desired length, heated then bent."

It was then that I made a quick but telling decision.

“Rivets, Maggie. Locks offer potential release. Make it so the cuffs and collar cannot be removed. I want a sense of permanency. To whom can he protest?”

Yes, even then I was thinking of my early retirement... and that prodigious tongue of course.

“I need to go.”

Sunny beseeches to interrupt my story.

“Excuse me a moment,” this Winnie politely intercedes.

My host goes to the kitchen area and retrieves a basin. He then moves to Sunny’s far side, considerate in not blocking my view of the suspended hundred pounds of well exposed feminine flesh. I cannot help thinking how many nasty girls at Hartwood I would have enjoyed introducing to this African torture.

“Must she be here to watch,” the little vixen moans in protest, apparently referencing my presence.

“No. But she will, Sunny. I like exhibiting you like this. You know you enjoy it.”

Winnie holds the basin under the hips. A knowing hand reaches beneath and between the thighs. I note that the hue of Sunny’s skin begins to turn in blushing. The nipples crinkle. Winnie makes some sibilant sounds to encourage her flow. Though most awkward, I assume that Sunny has held the contents of her bladder as long as possible, hoping I would leave, the matter to be completed in private. No such luck. So, in desperation, and though mortally humiliated, she opens herself despite the guiding male fingers and our peering eyes.

In laboring to keep her muscles relaxed, those that will cramp as a result of being grommeted, I note she most carefully curtails the flow. Even the process of urination must be relearned, that cascade of painful contractions not to be spurred in energetically closing her urethral passage.

“Good girl, Sunny. You’re doing very well. Learning to just hang, relax and entertain.”

In completing her task, I note Winnie's fingers move from the outer labia to offer a brief and tantalizing circumgyration of the clitoral hood. No real gratification, just a quick tease. The man knows the female anatomy. Sunny moans with the ephemeral joy.

As Winnie strolls to the bathroom to rid the contents of the basin he prompts me to continue.

"So you conspired with Theresa and Maggie concerning this 'Kim' character..." his voice rebounds from the bathroom above the sound of running water...

Though Maggie enjoyed the large and heavy gothic stuff, replicating ancient irons and shackles, she and her girls could be inspiringly precise as well. It required just one day, after Theresa provided the measurements, to fabricate the most important constraint, that which would make Kim's penis, putting aside its emaciated appearance, completely unusable. She fabricated two rings of surgical steel into which she drilled eight tiny holes. Through those openings double pointed needles could be inserted and permanently glued in place. So when prepared, a naked Kim was escorted from his infirmary bed where he lay for two days in straps and taken to the metal working shop. There he was placed in stocks, sitting on a stool, arms and legs extended straight out, wrists and ankles then locked between two parallel planks.

With his slim build, the four openings were perfect, designed to restrain girls, and quite effective in presenting the lithe Kim as well.

"See, girls, as trustees we offer a privilege from time to time," I lectured, beaming in providing a naked male beast and placing him completely at their disposal... as well as mine.

Well there came the first step in ensuring there would be no hanky panky involving that male organ... either by his hand or that of one of my many female charges. Theresa

iced the penis until it practically shriveled and disappeared. Then she slipped on ring number one and pushed it up the shaft to the base at the pubes. There Maggie inserted the eight needles through the ring, gluing each in place such that the points pressed against the shaft. The second ring was likewise slipped over the penis but held at the tip. There eight needles were also pressed through the openings in the circumference and glued, the points abrading the overly sensitive glans.

The result... since the penis was shriveled in coldness, as it warmed and returned to size sensation also returned. Kim would feel the sharp points, very much made aware that his organ was off limits to him... to everyone. With any attempt to stiffen he would be in agony. Likewise, any attempt to insert the appendage into any opening, oral, vaginal or otherwise, would bring suffering to the recipient, the opposite end of each of the sixteen needles equally sharp and pointed.

Yes, I effectively neutered the lad... no erections... and no possible penetration even while remaining flaccid.

After all the years of exerting power over the female form, I cannot tell you the sense of omnipotence in observing the hapless Kim, caught in his own trap so to speak, no possible protest other than to admit to his brazen scheme and be packed away to a male penitentiary... time for perjury and other charges added to his sentence to assure a long stay.

"His rectum is quite stretched, Henrietta. In checking his prostate I could have driven a truck past that sphincter," Theresa noted.

"He no longer has to worry about that here," I proclaimed in tenderly toying with his ear. "Unless of course he requests it. One never knows with a lad of his ilk."

Kim squirmed in his stocks then lurched as Maggie's heavy hammer landed with a metallic thunk to begin forging the thick strips of iron which would, over the ensuing days,

be bent, shaped and riveted to adorn wrists, ankles and neck.

"A waist band would be most repressing," Theresa sprightly suggested.

"And heavy," Maggie called out between blows.

"So make one..."

Our colloquy is interrupted as Sunny cries out, her otherwise motionless form thrashing about.

The movement of her legs seems to cause intense spasms which in turn cause more movement. Winnie puts aside his wine and arises from his chair. Terming the reaction a cascade seems most apropos.

"So sorry, Mrs. Anderson. But it appears Sunny has burned through the required endorphins and lost control of herself."

Whereas releasing the many grommets would seem to be the likely solution, this Winnie instead steps to her side and begins massaging, cooing soft words to encourage better control.

"Just relax," his soft paternal voice murmuring as one knowing hand lifts the right ankle and the other kneads her calf.

"I'm afraid part of the training is to force her to endure the cramping for awhile... instilling more mental discipline. Otherwise she'll never reach the expected level of slow torment."

Winnie works the left ankle and calf and with Sunny's cries of anguish I realize further confabulation is not possible. Besides, it is indeed late.

"I'll stop in another time. Perhaps with a visitor?..."

"Sunny would so much enjoy that," Winnie replies with a wicked smile, his hands working feverishly.

I rise and depart, my last glimpse is of Sunny, struggling to get her aggravated muscles back under control. Tears flow. I smile.

Chapter Four

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

Such a fascinating neighbor. Unfortunately Sunny's outburst brought an early end to an otherwise enthralling story. To think in this day and age one could be stripped naked and clapped in irons!

I will have to listen to the finish.

Forcing Sunny to ride out her muscle spasms is necessary to the process. She *will* learn discipline. And so I knead and massage, loosening muscles and allowing her to restore mental control.

"Concentrate," I admonish. "Return to calm, make yourself limp and I will let you fellate me. Just relax."

Yes, I have not forgotten my plans before Mrs. Anderson's pleasantly surprising visit. So as Sunny indeed calms, firm fingers rubbing her bald head, I look to the stool which Louise so cleverly positions when she avails herself of Sunny's oral skills.

Finally Sunny returns to being the docile one hundred pounds of naked femininity which I desire. I pull up the stool and sit. Sunny knows to work my zipper with lips and teeth. The word dexterous again comes to mind but I suppose nimble is the more apt term.

"Must you show me to others?" the words slither from 'poor' Sunny's busy mouth.

"How else would you want to endure, Sunny? You have yet to fully understand yourself.

"Now I know you want to be released, but make it nice and slow. If you rush. I'll just keep you dangling that much longer..." I advise as her tongue finds my penis tip.

She obeys. I imagine with those long truck rides across Europe she perfected a sense of timing. The longer she performed fellatio the further the trucker would take her, satiated males quickly wanting to dispose of a conspiring party. Thus she would delay and delay ultimate climactic

release... fellating her way across the continent... the longer the blow job... the longer the ride.

I finally gush, the night's activities so much heightening my satyriasis. Sunny greedily takes my essence. There are tears of joy in knowing she has finally earned release.

"Nearly four hours, Sunny," I announce in peering at my watch. "But I know you can do better."

Louise is expected. Just over an hour. So after release I lead Sunny to the kitchen, her unused muscles struggling to propel her feet. On a whim, I decide to hogtie her. It's an easy matter to loop a cord through the right elbow grommet, the right buttock grommet then bend back her foot loop and tie it off through the right Achilles heel grommet. Another cord connects the left three grommets and as I tighten both cords, presto, a naked hog tied little masochist.

"Louise will be here soon, have a good night."

"Please not like this."

"Any way I choose, Sunny. It is best for you."

I cannot help playing with her breasts a bit as I assure the proper level of discomfort... that is barely tolerable. Back arched, if she attempts to relieve the stress by straightening she will tension the buttock and heel grommets... bringing forth the cramping she knows to avoid. So once again, Sunny must concentrate and relax... and slowly suffer.

So devilish of me, I think to myself as I tie off her nose leash for good measure.

Louise calls my office.

"Got to leave a little early today. Some errands before work. I'll leave Sunny leashed and diapered in the kitchen."

"Diapered?" I inquire with a quizzical smile.

"It's the stool softeners I've been putting in her oatmeal. Despite being housebroken she can't help herself."

With the enemas no longer part of the daily routine, I know Louise has added such to Sunny's food so she doesn't have to overwork her bowels while hanging in suspension. Obviously she's added too much if the girl is soiling the kitchen floor.

I laugh with the thought.

"Increase the dosage. Some prune juice, lots of fruit too. We'll have fun potty training her as well."

Louise laughs with me. We so much think alike.

I find that work seems to quickly pass in thinking of my naked and bound plaything. 4:00 p.m. arrives and knowing that Sunny has been alone for a couple of hours I slip out of the office. The Lex then the BMT, a walk and I'm on Ludlow Street. The early pending darkness of Autumn beckons a leashed and naked Sunny. The cool air, however, disappointingly mandates covering. As winter approaches, Sunny will be spending more and more time indoors... and I know how it will be expended.

The slowness of the elevator, that which so nicely torments when I have Sunny kneeling in nakedness, can also torment the anxious but fully clothed. But for the exertion required for five flights, the stairs would be faster. I am eager to play.

I arrive at Sunny's door to find a note addressed to 'Winnie'.

Enjoyed your wine last night and the entertainment, of course. I have Kim making hors d' oeuvres. Why not stop in on the fourth floor. 6:00 p.m.? Expecting other friends as well.

Henrietta

p.s. Bring Sunny. I noticed the wheels.

How cordial, how perceptive and how wicked. The reference to the wheels suggests that Sunny's naked form is not only welcomed but expected to be dangling within the frame.

But Kim? Could it be that the curious tale of the travails of a male serving in a woman's reformatory continues on Ludlow Street? Mrs. Anderson did say his sentence for shoplifting was six months. And that she retired when? I cannot recall.

In entering Sunny's abode, I note that Louise replicated the hogtie I used upon departing the night before. Though Sunny is diapered, Louise folded and pinned the cloth around the grommets penetrating the upper portion of her buttocks. Normally impractical, since Sunny cannot move the fluffy folds will not slip off. And as always, Louise has left little slack on the leash.

Sunny is quite eager to see me and my olfactory nerves suggest why.

"Please release me," she wails so pitifully.

Years of potty training have a curious effect on the subconscious. Though diapered Sunny has struggled for hours not to soil herself and in the end, the struggle has been lost. And in using old fashioned cotton, none of that modern age super absorbent material, Sunny has lain in whatever excretions were released.

"You need to be changed, little girl?"

"It just flows. And Louise made me drink a lot before she left."

"That is precautionary in countering possible shock. We'll keep you well hydrated while bound. Standard procedure."

I just let Sunny lie in her waste while I pour some wine.

"So I take it it's both number one and number two... the mess?" I inquire with a knowing smile as I release the nose leash.

Full bladder, stool softeners, she is indeed a mess and the slack in the leash permits her to nod most bashfully.

"Well then, we'll get you all cleaned up. Probably time to be shaved as well."

Whereas Louise handles most ablutions, she lets me shave Sunny's pubes knowing that the intensity of the

humiliation rocks her warped psyche.

I take a moment to play with her breasts while I sip some wine. Embarrassing yet soothing, there comes no objection, just a pleading look, her own odorous scent suggesting great need. Yet in having her elbows drawn back, the glands are irresistible.

I release the short cords connecting elbow, buttock and ankle grommets. Her legs carefully straighten and her arms move to moderate her posture and ruin the enticing presentation of her breasts. There also comes a stronger waft from beneath the diaper. The wine needs to be put aside, the bouquet no longer discernible.

“Come.”

Taking the leash, I direct Sunny to the bathroom, crawling most warily. Movement seems to increase the discomfort of what load is beneath the cloth. I don rubber gloves.

“Get you nice and clean for Mrs. Anderson. She’s having some guests.”

I release the large safety pins at the hips.

“And you’re invited,” my words accompany the removal of the foul infantile garment.

Though Sunny is relieved to be rid of the wet sludge, the invitation brings concern, as intended.

“No. Please. Not like this.”

“Oh, not like this Sunny. It’s time to hang. Arroycoo. I came early so you can be in the frame for an extra hour or two before Louise returns from work.”

There is stunned silence as I prepare a soothing cloth doused in cleansing hot water. It is apparent that the stool softeners are effective. And in being combined with the excretions of her bladder, Sunny is most grateful as I tend to her like an infant. She seems to glow, reveling in the care, the kindness, returned to the solace of infancy, her nakedness both embarrassing and comforting.

“Head down. Spread for me like a good girl.”

Kneeling on all fours, Sunny assumes the lascivious pose, even arching her back to better present her gluteal cleft... and her charms of course, though such are laden with waste. Such an exhibitionist... yet she continues to protest public display.

"You've rolled about terribly, naughty girl. It's everywhere. You enjoy wallowing in such filth."

"I was cramping. I could not help it."

The warm wetness soothes. The mess disappears. She begins to coo as a cat would purr. I decide to oil her entire nakedness and offer massage. Then I will have her lie supine and spread most obscenely for shaving. Sunny will have a long night.

"I don't want to be seen like this. My hair."

Once again Sunny meekly utters objections she knows to be futile.

I circle the frame to complete adjusting all the cords to assure her weight is evenly distributed amongst the many grommets. And yes, that bob of hair relieving some of the tension of the nose leash is ridiculous... functional but ridiculous.

I step back to survey. Leaving her entire flesh coated with an abundance of mineral oil, Sunny's nakedness seems to glow under the track lighting. Yes, I am indeed exhibiting a masterpiece... living and breathing... the ultimate in subjugation... transforming a young beauty into an object... to be adored... to be admired... to be tormented... slowly... without compunction.

I step to her front and cup her slippery breasts, then squeeze gently until right nipple and then left pop from between my thumb and forefinger. Such fun. She dares not even attempt to squirm.

"I don't believe anyone will be looking at your hair, pumpkin," giving those prominent glands a gentle pat.

The digital camera stands ready. She offers an exquisite portrait of capitulation, unable to move an inch without bringing herself intensified pain. Instead she merely languishes as the many cords hold her helpless.

"Arroycoo," I proclaim in playfully tapping her nose. "Your desire fulfilled."

"But this isn't how..."

"How you envisioned topping from such a position of subservience?" I interrupt her plea. "You thought you could command while hanging in complete vulnerability? Choose where, when and how you were to be exhibited?" I snicker.

I step to her side. My hand smooths between her thighs, well parted by the restrained ankle grommets. Fingers slip between labia majora... labia minora... slithering within her portal.

"Shamefully wet again, Sunny. Not a stitch of clothing, helplessly bound, and you're aroused."

I withdraw and return to face her holding up my wet fingers. Then I remove my special probe from my pocket. The perfectly shaped bulbous tip gleams.

"And I'm going to make you wetter... turn on that fountain of yours... for Mrs. Anderson... for her guests."

"No, please don't."

I just laugh and pick up the camera. Sunny closes her eyes in the shame which so excites her. Click, click, click. I am ready for hors d'oeuvres.

"Try to relax. The motion of the frame will bring some gyrations."

The large rubber wheels make it facile to push the frame and Sunny to the apartment door. Out into the small lobby I press the elevator call button. Though the frame is over six feet high on wheels and seven feet front to back, the huge industrial elevator will easily accommodate. And once again the thought of discovery us horrifying. There come tears. There comes quivering. Had she any hair, it would be standing in fear and concern.

The grinding stops. I labor to open the huge doors. Sunny's eyes are closed in apprehension.

"No one here. Just two floors down," I offer as I push the frame into the sizable car.

My words of consolation do not arrest the trembling. Yet, given the opportunity to once again explore between her thighs, I know I would find her essence to be gushing with the intensity of the odd arousal she experiences.

I close the doors, press the appropriate button. Symbolically, in Sunny's mind, it is the longest ride of her life... and, as opposed to her truck rides, her tongue and lips are unencumbered.

Knocking on the appropriate door, there are two and I hope I have selected correctly, I hear motion in response. Sounds, the source not precisely discernible, suggest someone is responding. One moment, two, more time than expected. Finally the heavy barricade swings on its hinges. I stand next to the front segment of the frame, gently caressing Sunny's right breast to console and enhance the flow of endorphins.

My hand freezes as I look down into the face of a nymph, completely naked. Short brown hair, soft eyes, eye makeup, gaudy red lipstick, earrings... from the neck upwards a prepubescent girl who has had the temerity to experiment with her mother's cosmetics.

But below the attempt to appear cutely adolescent ends. A broad and thick band of black wrought iron encircles the neck. Large loops embedded in the circumference suggest the girl can be easily chained. A similar broad and thick band of iron encircles the waist. There are more loops there. Connected to two are links of incredibly heavy chains. Short, such lead to cuffs, again broad and thick and encircling the wrists. More bands at just above the elbows and knees remain unencumbered, but as with the neck collar and waist

band there are loops which can be facilely secured to something in some manner.

Lastly there are matching ankle cuffs. An identical hobbling chain, long enough to permit short steps, all swift movement inhibited, completes the ensemble.

It is no wonder, the notable interval after knocking. The girl labors exhaustively just to move an inch. Collectively the restraints and chains weigh as much as she does.

Yet further visual examination defies my initial conclusion concerning gender. There are no breasts and below the waist belt there is the telltale evidence of the being's gender and identity.

There dangles a penis. The tiny tip is exposed but just behind, a glimmering star shaped object encircles at the sensitive glans. Closer to the pubes is a second star surrounding the shaft. The sharp points divulge the identity of the bearer. It is Kim, still adorned with Mrs. Anderson's makeshift chastity implements.

"Kim, I assume. I am Winnie. You may call me Mr. Winthrop," my surname and medical training not to be divulged. "And this is Sunny."

"Please come in, sir. Mrs. Anderson is expecting you and just finishing her shower."

I grasp the vertical pipe next to me and pull. Kim reaches to the opposing pipe to assist. I note that the short wrist to waist belt chain greatly restricts his range of motion. Still we roll Sunny into the large loft, its floor plan almost identical to Sunny's.

"You've been briefed. Not daunted by a dangling naked girl."

Kim nods. "We all have our peccadilloes, sir."

"Sunny is best positioned under the lights, Kim. I know Mrs. Anderson enjoys viewing... and I am sure her guests will as well."

Sunny moans in protest. No tracking lighting as in Sunny's abode. The high dark ceiling is instead littered with

floodlights. We select a bright circle of light near the kitchen area.

Each of Kim's steps offers a considerable rattle. The links must be those described as forged by this Maggie at the Hartwood facility. The gauge approaches some three quarters of an inch. I try to recall the timing of Mrs. Anderson's story. I suspect Kim has been in chains for about a year.

As I assist to place the frame such that Sunny's exposure is maximized, I cannot help further examining. The restraints are nothing more than flat strips of iron, each about a half inch thick and some three inches wide. Lengthwise, Maggie cut the strips according to the circumference of the anatomy. Neck collar and waist bands hammered and forged into circles such that the meeting points are indiscernible. For the wrist and ankle cuffs, the strips of iron were merely folded over, leaving elliptical openings for the limbs with the ends riveted, not locked together. Sizable holes accommodate the huge links of the restraining chains.

It is perplexing to ascertain how Kim will ever be freed of his/her bonds. I suspect an acetylene torch would be required with special insulation somehow protecting the skin.

Kim turns towards the kitchen where trays of food and drink await. I note that an unseen narrow strip of wrought iron is attached to the rear of the waist band. It extends vertically to split the disturbingly effeminate buttocks, seeming to disappear within the gluteal cleft.

"His prostate manipulator," the voice of Mrs. Anderson calls out in stepping from the bathroom, my look of curiosity apparent.

"Theresa's idea and design. Finely crafted by Maggie. What you don't see is that the slim strip bends upwards, slips into the anus and then expands into a nicely sized protrusion which kneads the prostate. Kim manipulates

himself with every step he takes. Good therapy for the forcibly chaste male. As you can see, in being connected to his waist bend he cannot expel it.”

Mrs. Anderson moves to a corner of the vast square footage. There is a large bed, dresser, vanity, armoire. I am surprised when she disrobes, no concern about my presence. In her nakedness I note a woman who, though a few years past prime, has maintained her conditioning. Her size precludes any aura of dainty femininity. But it is apparent she works out and maintains her weight.

My glimpse of her form is brief. Clothing has been laid out on the bed. She begins to dress.

“And the special insert mandates such wonderful mental discipline. As I explained, and you probably noted, I have made it painfully possible for that tiny penis of his to engorge. Yet the continuous prostate massage beckons an erection. Constant mental turmoil. It is best for him.”

A brassier cloaks massive breasts, otherwise undergarments are shunned. A strapless slipover dress completes her ensemble. Shoeless, without hosiery, she approaches. The hem of her only visible garment ends at mid thigh.

“We keep our attire simple at my little gatherings. Should have put that in the note,” she smiles in gazing at my office attire. White shirt and tie, I did leave my suit jacket in Sunny’s loft.

Kim’s bare feet shuffle, the hobbling chain clanking away. His wrist restraints permit him to carry a tray... barely. I know he cannot reach up to his face. It appears the shortness of the links are designed such that he cannot fiddle with his prostate manipulator. I doubt too whether he can reach his penis, though futility would be the result of such an attempt.

On the tray are drinks. Mrs. Anderson smiles in matronly pride as Kim approaches. I suppose the mother of a disabled or deformed child would offer a similar look of self

satisfaction, her charge endeavoring despite the extent of his challenges.

"Such a good little girl," Mrs. Anderson gushes, furthering the gender obfuscation.

Kim curtsies as best he can, offering me an ice laden cocktail glass.

"Thirty year old single male Scotch. Hope you don't mind the presumption. Kim can prepare anything if you prefer otherwise. Gin, vodka, bourbon, rum..."

I shake my head and take a glass. Kim next shuffles to Mrs. Anderson. She beams again and ruffles his hair.

"My naked well bound maid. The effect of such permanent shackling can be provocatively degrading... mentally and physically. Freed of her bonds I doubt Kim would dare move. Would not know what to do, how to act. Constant discipline keeping her in her place. Just the sound of each movement of a hand or a foot brings thoughts of subjugation. Thorough... complete... she's fulfilled in serving... me and others."

Kim curtsies and returns to the kitchen area, seeming oblivious to Mrs. Anderson's words and thoughts.

"How's the little pet?"

Mrs. Anderson turns her attention to Sunny. Humbly dangling by the many cords and grommets.

"The oiled skin is most becoming. Makes her look... edible. How's her time?"

"Went nearly four hours last light. I would like to request an accommodation, if I may be so bold. Sunny's been given to soil herself. We do keep her diapered, but I assume your guests would prefer her to be completely naked."

Mrs. Anderson smiles.

"Yes. It is best for her. Kim, get some old newspaper and a bucket."

"That will do nicely."

As I speak Mrs. Anderson moves to stand before the naked dangling form. Sunny blushes of course and closes

her eyes as a hand reaches to those tempting mammary glands.

"Nice presentation with the oil. A nice alluring sheen. Offers such attraction."

I nod as there comes a knock on the door. Kim shuffles forth with the bucket and newspaper.

"You're probably best to arrange it. Kim will get the door."

There is no need to speculate over Mrs. Anderson's guests. Maggie appears to have the physique of a weight lifter. One can easily envision those arms hammering untold numbers of thick iron shackles. And then her companion stoops, coos in a childish voice and a teasing finger diddles the exposed tip of Kim's penis. The offering is a pleasant but ephemeral touch to which the appendage can not, dares not respond. The familiarity suggests it is Theresa, the nurse who first measured to have the organ permanently placed in chastity then iced it to be ringed.

"No problems with the train?" Mrs. Anderson inquires.

Both offer that Amtrak was on time. Still employed at Hartwood, the women have time off. It is a reunion. It is curious that just as with Mrs. Anderson they both don short loose skirts. Not unbecoming, the youthful apparel appears unusual for women I judge to be in their thirties.

I am introduced but Theresa's eye understandably wanders to Sunny as Maggie makes a professional inspection of Kim's many bonds, checking the rivets and seams. When finished she playfully, but firmly, smacks his buttocks then joins Theresa in admiring my hanging plaything.

"Hung by her own flesh. I would not think such is tolerable. Amazingly controlling. She cannot move."

"And she is compelled to endeavor not to do so. Over twenty grommets," I explain. "The weight is evenly apportioned. No more stress than if I pinched and gently

pulled at your skin. It's the impinged muscles and tendons which bring the real control."

"Wish you had such capability at Hartwood, ladies?" Mrs. Anderson offers with a wicked smile.

"We'd only need to hang one girl," Theresa responds in seeming seriousness. "Make an example of her. Suspend her in the courtyard for all the new arrivals to see. Instill abject fear. What a shortcut to behavior modification."

Maggie nods and laughs, her fingers grazing over the elbow grommets.

"Great work," she exclaims. "The metal is neat, clean, strong."

"Nickel cobalt. Used in medical devices," I reply.

She nods.

"Not easily forged."

"Correct. All the machinery used to cut, grind and shape are diamond tipped."

Maggie moves to stand directly in front of Sunny, who peers helplessly upwards as she hangs exposed to strangers.

"You're a lucky girl," Maggie offers, seeming to understand Sunny's proclivity.

Her hands, just as with Mrs. Anderson, lower to those prominent breasts, so perfectly shaped and presented by the corseting. The mounds welcome attention.

"Her name is Sunny. As you've probably ascertained... a masochist with strong exhibitionist tendencies," I expound then sip my Scotch.

As Maggie palpates the breasts, Theresa moves to Sunny's hips, reaches under as I have so often done, and apparently explores the girl's barometer for arousal. She finds the extreme wetness expected. With a look of Schadenfreude, she extends her hand to show to all her wet fingers.

"Yes, I see what you mean. Winnie is it?"

I nod as Kim finally arrives with well iced Scotches for the arrivals.

"What's with the bucket and the newspaper?"

"As you can see, I impinged some muscles and tendons with the buttock and ankle grommets. She cramps with the slightest motion So we've put her on a special diet. She's fed to keep her bowels loose. No need to contract the muscles."

The laughter deepens Sunny's embarrassed shade of pink.

"Delightful. So you need to be housebroken, sweetheart?"

Sunny is too humiliated to reply. Theresa moves to the feet, held high and offering the most comfortable presentation of her legs... knees bent. There is admiration as she inspects the Achilles heel grommets.

"Nice touch. I would think this makes walking difficult."

"Training, massage will return mobility. But yes, she's somewhat hobbled. Walks best in high heels. We've got special shoes for her... when I want to walk her."

"Leashed, no doubt."

I nod.

The visiting women pause from their inspection to join us in enjoying the fine single malt. Imbibing 'neat', no water or other additives, just ice, suggests masculine tastes in beverages. I would not be surprised if cigars are lit.

Mrs. Anderson directs her guests to a circle of stuffed comfortable chairs surrounding a coffee table. We sit, Maggie and Theresa offered the best view of Sunny. Her well bound nakedness creates an aura, not to be seen but felt. The women are excited, not visually stimulated but exuberant. It is apparent that they are daughters of Sapphos. The display of Sunny brings sexual inspiration. And though the male form would normally bring aversion, when it is completely subjugated and rendered impotent, as with Kim, it heightens the arousal as well.

"I trust you don't mind if Kim *entertains*, Winnie," Mrs. Anderson enunciating the word with noted vigor as Maggie kicks off her shoes.

I nod and sip as Maggie snaps her fingers and points to the floor before her. There instantly follows the sound of rattling as Kim moves to obey, his chains clanking with every labored step.

"We're not shy, Winnie. Hope you don't mind. Long train ride, and though there's much of this offered at Hartwood, there's nothing quite as good," Maggie explains without a hint of modesty.

Kim kneels before the feet of Maggie. Her powerful hands clutch clumps of hair.

"Show the man your only skill, Kim," Mrs. Anderson laughingly commands as Maggie draws down his head.

With that, the most enormous tongue I have ever seen thrusts between reddened lips, extends uncountable inches and begins to lap at the feet and ankles. Though previously described by Mrs. Anderson, until one sees such an appendage on a human form, the size is best described as that belonging to a farm animal.

I note that Kim parts his knees as widely as possible, the sharp needles of his chastity rings obviously abrading his inner thighs. With head lowered to the floor I spy the prostate manipulator, the slim strip of metal ending at the rose bud of his anus where it bends to penetrate then presumably expands to be held in place and constantly work the eponymous gland as suggested. Removal would require fingers and hands other than those so well shackled. I imagine Mrs. Anderson's maternal assistance is required for bathroom visits. As chained, Kim cannot reach to wipe his own ass!

The tongue slowly works upwards to the calves. Mechanical, yet with tenderness, this is not Kim's first foray into oral service. Maggie releases his hair and slips her index fingers into the loops on his neck collar, right and left,

to offer guidance and the sense of feminine control I am sure Kim well learned at Hartwood. The short loose skirt can be readily lifted and will offer little impediment. I know from Maggie's smile that Kim's unflagging tongue will continue until directed to stop.

As a male, I am considered a non entity in this trio of domineering lesbians. Here to entertain with my naked and suspended charge, I am akin to the clown hired for a child's birthday party. And I have brought Sunny, a meek little pet to add to the recreation.

"Kim can suck cock as well, Winnie. Those years at Lansing were not all anal penetration. He's been well trained to serve."

"Sunny is orally accomplished as well," I politely offer.

"Of course."

With that comes a low moan.

"She's beginning to cramp. Do you mind?"

I know Sunny does not wish to draw more attention to herself than possible, therefore until now she has stoically and silently fought off the slow building agony. But the spasms come despite her desperate need to remain calm. Reacting to the uncontrollable motion will begin the cascade which will in turn transform the slow tolerable pain to the acute agony of contractions and more spasms.

In my shirt pocket is my fornix probe. My new trio of lesbian friends is going to have quite the show.

Theresa, as a medical type, was fascinated in watching me methodically draw the equivalent of a benumbed climax from Sunny.

As she attentively observed, I carefully inserted the probe into Sunny's vagina. Meanwhile, Kim went to work in earnest under the short skirt of Maggie. Without a scintilla of circumspection, the woman lifted the hem and Kim knew to shuffle forth and service her mons. With the length and girth of that tongue, the sounds of wet lapping could be heard

across the loft as I plumbed Sunny's anterior fornix and began the faux fucking. In, out, in, out, within minutes the PC muscles compliantly contracted. I had Sunny wet the newspaper, one squirt bringing a metallic ting as it hit the bucket below. The reaction, for the most part an unfelt ejaculation, impressed Theresa.

She now sits, her turn to benefit from Kim's oral prowess.

"No vaginal or clitoral stimulation, thus no ecstasy?"

I nod and elaborate.

"Relatively speaking. But there is a hormonal release. See how calm she is. I've reset her tolerance for withstanding the slow anguish which, I suspect in another hour or so, will bring another bout of spasms, muscle contractions and intolerable cramping. Maybe then I'll offer some massage. We extend her time in suspension every day."

Kim's tongue begins. I note that Theresa seems more in a hurry than Maggie. Forgoing the foreplay of laps to the feet and calves she lifts her skirt to brazenly flash her charms. She is shaven, as expected, inviting daily the oral attention of the many strumpets locked away at Hartwood. Kim knows to obediently press his face between the spread and inviting thighs. Theresa lowers the skirt over his head and sits back in a much practiced pose.

"Maggie, can you make some of those probes? I'll have the girls at Hartwood squirting like spouting whales."

We laugh with the comparison and the depiction of bringing forth numerous clinical and desensitizing climaxes. Then comes another moan from Sunny. Too early for cramping, I look to see that her bowels have involuntarily released, the odorous contents plopping into the bucket below. Tears of shame roll down her cheeks. Her gleaming flesh turns to crimson.

More laughter.

"She truly needs to be housebroken," Theresa reiterates.

“We keep her in diapers. But I thought such would impede your preferred view.”

The women nod.

Sunny’s embarrassing release signaled the end of the cocktail hour, at least for me. Kim, having orally serviced Maggie and Theresa, was due to offer his tongue to Mrs. Anderson next and whereas the scene amused, my own lust required attention. Besides, Sunny required cleansing and though Theresa offered, the need was more appropriately fulfilled back in her loft.

I bid adieu as Theresa began gently caressing and diddling Kim’s penis tip, coaxing engorgement which of course would bring forth the agony of the sixteen needle points. Such a wicked woman.

Her teasing fingers moved to his scrotum, cradling the tiniest set of testicles I have seen on an adult.

“The cyproterone acetate is working well, Henrietta.”

My hostess smiles.

“Just 200 milligrams a day. Leaves him a little randy but continues to shrink his balls.”

Such wickedness. Cyproterone acetate is an anti androgen, most commonly used in sex change therapy, male to female. With the relatively small dosage, Kim’s testicles will ever so slowly wither and shrink.

Kim is being slowly transformed, not necessarily into a female, but more into a eunuch... one whose most prominent sexual features are the tongue and lips.

Into the elevator, up two flights, we roll back to Sunny’s loft. There I offer a warm moist cloth to Sunny’s soiled anatomy, the soft stool slithering to leave remnants about her inner thighs and of course her gluteal cleft. I am most careful, cognizant of prompting the cascade.

“Thank you sir,” a most humiliated Sunny humbly offers.

I caress her nipples, stow the soiled cloth and rubber gloves and pull the stool before her face and head.

“Thank me properly,” I command in slackening the hair cord and nose leash.

I sit as my hanging puppet works my zipper, the nose leash and cord attached to her hair bob affording just enough motion. The teeth find the tab, she slowly lowers her head, the zipper slides down and my semi erect penis seems to jump from the confines of my underwear. Kim’s performance, the commanding women, Sunny displaying herself in complete nakedness and vulnerability, her bowels serving to both humiliate and entertain, all bring stimulation.

Sunny obediently engulfs. As always, she is masterfully deliberate. Yet it requires little to achieve full erection and I smile with the little choking sound as the rock hard tip abrades the back of her throat. Sunny seems hungry, though her eagerness will not bring her to rush. No, she imagines being in a truck, I am sure, rolling across Europe, kilometer after kilometer, the vehicle’s vibration adding incidental pleasure to her oral effort.

“Arroycoo, Sunny. You’re acclimating quite nicely. By the time Louise returns from work, you’ll have hung for nearly six hours. And in time, you will go longer. Relax, do not move a muscle. Just think of yourself as a object, a fine piece of sculpture, to be admired, to amuse, to entertain.”

Sunny’s head slowly bobs, her tongue swirls, her lips gently pressure my shaft as with the slight motion I sit and copulate her face. Otherwise there is complete immobility.

In finally spending, there comes a meek gulp as Sunny graciously takes my seed. In reward, I again toy with her nipples.

“Some prune juice?”

Sunny’s progression continued for days. Evenings I would suspend her for up to six hours. Louise in turn would suspend her in the mornings. Massage, my offering of faux orgasms, Sunny’s driven need to suffer, all brought

increased tolerance. We acclimated Sunny, mentally instilling the discipline to remain completely motionless, physically teaching the muscles to meekly endure. With her slight weight distributed over so many grommets, her flesh did not noticeably stretch.

And of course there was the fellatio... sublime.

And for Louise, sitting on the same stool, Sunny's cunnilingus was well received. Within two weeks Louise rented a loft and moved into the building. Third floor. Sunny began experiencing some seemingly interminable elevator rides while dangling from the many cords and grommets. Yes, with the frame wheeled down to Louise's abode, Sunny meekly hung while Louise decorated her new home. Friends assisted, a cadre from *Spankers* helped paint, amused with Sunny's naked, well bound form. And the intensity of the humiliation was unsurpassed. Without diapers, our diet of prune juice, abundant fruit and stool softeners brought forth the constant need for a receptacle and subsequent infantile cleansings. Bladder relief continued to require assistance, and I must acknowledge, Sunny's proclivity was well cultivated. Slow pain, constant humiliation.

But alas, there comes a decision point. Sunny's employer has beckoned. A message is received, return from her leave of absence or find other employment.

On a mild Sunday afternoon in November, I decide to walk her.

High heeled shoes strapped about her feet, short corset cord... neck collar, through the sixteen spinal grommets, right buttock grommet then left... I tightened. I diapered her as a precaution and this oddly provided a degree of comfort. With the elbows clipped together, I threw a coat over her shoulders, the sleeves hanging empty. I buttoned only about the neck leaving the folds to flash open below with each step.

My hand approaches her nose.

“Must I be leashed?” that once effervescent voice so humble.

“You’ll feel better being under control, Sunny. When were you last able to move on your own? Governance is ingrained. It thrills.”

I deftly slip the clip into her nose. It clicks closed and I give the connecting cord a light tug. Then I cruelly lead her to a mirror. The unbecoming bob, the sole remaining tuft of hair utilized to immobilize her head, appears ludicrous. It is ironic that her nose leash will attract secondary glances. She peers at herself. I detect a tear forming.

“Come, it’s a nice day. You have not been walked in a while.”

The gait remains ungainly, but practiced. Down the elevator, out onto Ludlow Street, it’s quiet as always on weekends.

“Is it what you’ve expected, Sunny... the arroycoo?”

She nods.

“It builds so slowly... the pain. I fight the urge to move. The mental conflict... it offers such a challenge.”

“It appears we can go eight hours. Well past your ability to hold your bladder. But the assistance offered in relief must bring delight... a girl with your penchant.”

“Being touched there, held open by the fingers of a man is quite humbling.”

“As intended, Sunny. And you’re not getting any better with the potty training.”

“You have a wicked mind, Dr. Samuels. Whatever it is being fed to me, I cannot control myself.

I laugh.

“Such a mind is what you sought, Sunny. You came to me. Now it is time to make a decision.”

A gust of wind blows open the folds of Sunny’s coat, momentarily exposing her diaper and a bit of her breasts, thrust forward in being tightly corseted. A passing woman takes note, the exposed flesh drawing her attention from

the comical hair bob and the nose leash. I delay righting her garment to offer a brief show. But in furtherance of my wickedness I reach behind and slip my hand into that white cloth covering.

"Does your diaper need changing?" I inquire in a voice loud enough for the intrigued woman, two steps past, to hear.

I note that she stops and turns to look again. I just smile in seeing Sunny's look of consternation. But I do right her coat to cover her.

"Wicked," she repeats.

"Your employer has issued an ultimatum, Sunny. You must choose... your future... your fate. Return to work. If not, other jobs will not be as readily forthcoming."

There comes a reflective pause. Sunny is in thought.

Most curiously, it appears to be a difficult decision. The endless drudgery of bondage, the boredom, the slow pain punctuated with moments of intensely agonizing cramping, the humiliation of being displayed like a lewd piece of sculpture, the deep fellatio which, though for her is ostensibly facile, I know to offer frustration in repressing the gag reflex.

"What are you thinking about, Sunny?" I inquire in pulling on the leash to resume our walk.

"Kim," comes the succinct reply.

"Our little hermaphrodite neighbor?"

"Yes."

"So Mrs. Anderson's oral servant proves to be provocative."

Sunny energetically nods and winces in forgetting such motion tensions her nose grommet.

More steps. I let Sunny excogitate.

"What is it about Kim that gives rise to thought?"

"The permanency. The intensity. The irreversible sacrifice. How will he ever escape his bonds?"

"He probably never will. I suppose some kind of cutting tool could be put to use, but the heat of the friction would burn his skin. The likes of Kim are probably best left in shackles, Sunny. A petty criminal reformed, brought to useful service. An otherwise wasted life has found redemption."

"Mrs. Anderson said she was giving him something to shrink his balls," Sunny exclaims.

"Yes, cyproterone acetate. An anti androgen. It slowly starves the male sex drive, blocking certain hormones. A side effect, as Mrs. Anderson correctly noted, is that Kim's testicles will indeed shrink. Her dosage is low. I suspect she wants to mentally torment over the longest period possible. Quite devastating for most males. In offering the compound to convicted rapists as a form of chemical castration, many lawyers consider its use to be cruel and unusual punishment."

We turn a corner. Sunny pauses.

"Come."

"I can't. I have to go."

"Go potty? So relax and go. That's why I diapered you."

"But it will be messy."

"I'll clean you."

Her look tells me the exchange of words is superfluous. The diet continues to offer both the looseness and the humiliation intended. She smiles most bashfully as I wait. Finally I tug, fully aware that her bowel movement continues.

Yes, it will be a mess, I will walk her as the odorous sludge oozes.

Her steps falter. The diaper fills. Finally words return as the deed is done.

"Is there a drug for women... something that will have similar effect?"

"You want to obliterate your sex drive? Usually not a consideration in women."

"I will not be able to live with arroycoo. Cannot make a living. Yet I cannot live without it... that slow torment. The urges are... irresistible.. I need it... the suffering... the humiliation feeds something. It satisfies a need."

"I know. And I have been most considerate in helping you."

Most considerate and most gratified. Her fellatio really is superb.

"You're a masochist, Sunny. You've spent almost three weeks celebrating your proclivity, daily hanging by your own flesh. Though we all must make a living, we must also address our psychological makeup. That is why you're deep in thought about Kim. Relative bliss can be found in pleasing others. It's in his psyche... as it is in yours."

There is an odor which suggests Sunny has soiled her diaper with quite the load. We are well away from Ludlow Street. I turn another corner to head back. I have not given her a full bath in many days. I so much enjoy palpating her supple form.

I look back to see a combination of embarrassment with a twinkle of joy. Discomfort and ignominy with the filled diaper. Yet she knows she is pleasing me by being put on display, responding to my commanding hand.

"My grommet device remains operable, Sunny. There can be more. It will not end the need, the quirky drive. But in a way, having it go constantly unfulfilled may be the most delightful torment of all. Between Louise and me, possibly with the assistance of Mrs. Anderson, we can take care of you. Money is not a consideration, it's the time. A girl like you needs attention."

She nods, not fully understanding my offer, but that is my intention. I want blind obedience. Let her fantasize over the details.

In entering the building lobby, I whisk away her coat. She awaits the elevator, leashed, those wondrous breasts

exposed, the odor of her diaper wafting throughout the cavernous entrance.

The car arrives with Mrs. Anderson on board. The doors open. She beams in gazing at the prominent breasts. Such a greeting for a woman of Mrs. Anderson's sexual predilection.

"If there's any girl who deserves to be corseted it is you, Sunny," Mrs. Anderson exclaims, hands extending to palm right gland and left.

Both thumbs and forefingers knead the nipples and I envision this woman daily examining the young breasts of all those recalcitrant girls at Hartwood.

"There will come a day when I grow Kim's glands. Time, hormones, suction and demanding supervision... that's all it will take."

She laughs and I join her.

"A quick shopping trip. Some buttermilk for Kim. Keeps him soft and plumps those buttocks."

"Stop in afterward. I'll be giving Sunny a bath."

The thought entices as I note Mrs. Anderson's nose crinkle in enduring Sunny's scent.

"Yes, she is in need."

Mrs. Anderson departs. We ride to Sunny's loft.

Chapter Five

Mrs. Henrietta Anderson

Winnie offers a comfortable chair and a glass of Chablis. I sit in the bathroom and watch as Sunny, well restrained by various grommets, kneels in the tub. Thankfully in the few minutes it required for me to purchase the buttermilk and return, Winnie has the offending excrement washed away. Thus the tub fills and a soothing hot bath will follow.

I am reminded of the pleasing days at Hartwood when I would linger in the infirmary, watching Theresa indoctrinate the new girls. Stripped naked the otherwise troublesome young vixens were brought down a notch or two. If pediculosis was detected, she'd shave the entire lot, everywhere, head included just as with Sunny. The bearer of the lice would be shorn plus, and as an added precaution, whomever rode in on the bus with her as well. So, in viewing Sunny's near baldness, watching her endure a careful examination stripped of all covering, I understand the intensity of the humiliation. I observed such every week.

Winnie tenderly laves with a soapy cloth... pet owner and pet. Sunny obediently kneels perfectly motionless, the hours of suspension obviously affecting the mind, instilling obedience, discipline. Her knees are divinely parted to expose herself to me... intentionally... unintentionally? She knows I sit directly behind her.

I think of all the encounters I had at Hartwood with my double dildo. A girl's conduct determined the choice of apertures... good girls received good firm vaginal penetration... not entirely unwelcome. That's the real reason why we constantly forbade masturbation at Hartwood. We wanted concupiscent girls eager to submit.

And for bad girls... well the tightness there and the resulting squeals can so much heighten the pleasure.

"You never completed the story about Kim... though the ending is apparent," Winnie prompts as he works. "Sunny has developed a degree of curiosity."

And so I once again narrate...

Yes, I had the rascal Kim clapped in irons. Maggie weighed each before her heavy hammer and massive arms bent, forged then riveted wrist cuffs, ankle cuffs, arm bands, thighs bands, waist band and neck collar. Together with the imposing chains and penis rings I had Kim bearing nearly one hundred pounds. I had him placed in solitary confinement, dark and well restrained. Just two weeks, to soften up his mind.

He had played the system, made a lot of people look foolish. Had his ruse been uncovered, jobs would have been lost. I needed him to think about that. There was a price to be paid.

I immediately contacted a doctor friend about obtaining an anti androgen. He prescribed some cyproterone acetate. Easily arranged when I explained the circumstances. Even well restrained I couldn't have some horny twenty something running about in a girl's reformatory, my chastity rings aside.

And so began six months of intensive training. Having divulged the secret endowment he used to attract women and enlist them in his scheme, it was time for a more governing woman to use it to advantage, but certainly not to his.

Kim learned that in a place of incarceration everything becomes a privilege. Eating, drinking moving, urinating, even breathing. So we developed a protocol which mandated using that massive tongue in some form for everything needed to live. Yes, he licked for food. He licked to earn a drink. The many restraints made it possible to bind him quite tightly in any number of ways. Release required any number of licks.

Bathroom privileges as well were earned. As you probably have guessed, his short wrist chains deter any touching of the penis, thus a matron or nurse had to carefully align that tiny pecker before he could empty his

bladder. Those needles Maggie glued into the rings are fiercely pointed.

And breathing? That became the privilege most earnestly earned. I simply sat on his face, covering mouth and nose, slowly smothering until lips and tongue offered pleasure. Not a difficult endeavor. As you know Kim is naturally subservient. But training him to do it right and develop the stamina I demanded required hour after hour of practice... exquisite practice.

And so, after two weeks in solitary confinement and I would guess two to three weeks of humbly licking for privileges, we developed a wondrous oral servant. In daily governing girls, Kim was a welcomed change. And though we kept him isolated from the main body of 'guests', on occasion we'd put him on display. As Theresa inferred in greeting Sunny, making an example of one girl can greatly benefit the behavior of others. So word got out, if we could bring a male to complete capitulation then certainly even the most truculent girl could be broken.

Winnie smooths the soapy chamois with the gentleness of a father tending to an infant. He checks the many grommets, squeezing and pinching tufts of wonderfully soft flesh. Nothing escapes his inspection. Even Sunny's labia are probed, clinically. And he announces the need for shaving.

"Please, not in front of Mrs. Anderson."

"Shush. You will exhibit all, Sunny... and to everyone. You'll be shaven smooth and I'll oil you too. Mrs. Anderson likes the way you gleam in bondage."

I do indeed.

Sunny is rinsed. The tub drains. Her grommets are released. Winnie helps her stand and dries her with a large fluffy towel.

"Lie down and spread."

Sunny assumes a most revealing pose. Supine, she lifts her legs, knees to chest then parts her thighs to display for male eyes everything a girl seeks to cloak. Her sex is perfectly symmetrical. Nice meaty labia majora part to expose the pink of labia minora, the deep color heightened by the hot water and I assume the intensity of the embarrassing pose. Below is the rose bud of her anus, equally offered for visual inspection. Winnie continues his examination, his fingers working to further splay the lips then lifting to force the clitoral hood to expose the precious and oversensitive bud. He purses his lips and gently blows, the waft of cool air bringing unfamiliar sensations to what I assume has been a most neglected morsel over the weeks of Sunny's ordeal. The naked minx squirms and giggles, the sound of an innocent toddler reacting to her father's tease.

A finger probes her well scrubbed rectum. Another squeal, this one more in protest.

"Are you going to hang me?" her tone rueful.

"Of course, Sunny. How else would you want to entertain?"

Shaving lotion coats the pubes. Winnie deftly whisks a razor about, removing unseen stubble. I doubt shaving is needed. The process is more for show and I note that his hand is experienced. It is not his first incursion there.

"For how long?"

Winnie just smiles and completes his task, dabbing away the excess lotion with a wet towel.

"I will decide that. Legs down."

It is disappointing to see all that feminine pinkness retreat into the folds of her mons. At Hartwood I'd impale a girl assuming such a pose, making her squirm with abandon, more than meek squeals. The business end of my double dildo would drive an otherwise chaste girl to Sapphic ecstasy.

Sunny knows to place her hands behind her head as mineral oil is slathered about. It is obvious that my presence

brings not before experienced concerns, lying naked and exposed, her humbled form presented for examination and, as Winnie suggested, forced to entertain. And she does. Sizeable breasts for a slight girl. And with those well rounded buttocks, it appears she is lying propped on a pillow.

A massage begins. The oil is rubbed everywhere. Winnie knows the anatomy, offering deep kneading of the large muscles. I enjoy noting the attention paid to the pectoral muscles. And of course being male, Winnie uses the proximity to tweak the nipples. Another squeal.

Sunny's completely exposed flesh glimmers under the lights of the bathroom. Winnie twirls a finger in the air and the naked girl knows to roll to her tummy.

More oil. The hands began anew.

"So, all that bliss and you still retired, Mrs. Anderson?" Winnie's question encouraging a reminiscent return to Hartwood...

Our conspiracy was large and the loyalty within thorough. Yet, as stated, keeping a young male in an institution for troublesome teenage girls is challenging. You can imagine the reaction of the male guards, those patrolling the perimeter of the facility, if Kim's presence was unveiled. And as stated, there were instances in which we found Kim's subjugation to be useful... putting him on display to instill fear in girls found to be particularly belligerent.

Obviously, over time, word of Kim's unusual incarceration would spread, and quite possibly beyond the cadre of male guards. After all, sentences are served out, majorities are attained, girls move on in release. The story would not initially be believed. But over time, repeated often enough... who knows?

So with the opportunity for retirement coinciding with the termination of Kim's official sentence, there came a quandary. Keeping him longer would eventually bring the

eye of investigation. Releasing him to the outside world require the removal of some one hundred pounds of iron... or face investigation as to how he came to be so thoroughly shackled. As you have seen, Maggie made the restraints quite ineluctable.

So, I placed Kim into solitary for another two weeks. Chained down... forced much of the time to lie in his own excretions... fed haphazardly... watered constantly to assure the discomfort of either withholding his flow or lying in his own urine... one can imagine the resulting effect on the mind.

Subsequent release was like tossing Br'er Rabbit into the briar patch. The elation was palpable. It was then that I offered a lifetime of servitude or a return to the hellish hole of solitary confinement, followed by the disclosure of his circumstances... a conniving male sneaking into a girl's reformatory.

It was a bluff of course. By then the penalty for our own complicity greatly exceeded anything to be meted out to Kim. Six months of false imprisonment with forced oral service to all. One can imagine the tabloid headlines with that story.

But it worked. Mind clouded, Kim agreed that the shackles were not to be removed. The fear of more dark immobility in solitary versus the relative comfort of serving me... the decision for him was apparent.

By then the cyproterone acetate had laid to waste any normal male sex drive. He had learned to vicariously obtain pleasure by offering such to others. And putting aside his chemical castration, the physical impediment of my rings sealed his forced chastity. I effectively transformed him into a eunuch.

Kim was born to serve the governing woman... he is fulfilling his life's purpose.

"Time to hang, pretty girl."

My soliloquy ends as Winnie finishes his massage. I note that an index finger lastly worked that cute tight rectum, assuring there are traces of oil well into the anal passage.

With no command needed, Sunny pushes back her elbows and Winnie clips together the grommets there to immobilize arms and hands. The nose leash is clipped on, and I realize that Sunny never moves about without sensing some form of bondage and control. She is being programmed. And just as Kim somehow became accustomed to his mass of metal, in time Sunny will find freedom to be uncomfortably vague, her mind not able to function without a guiding hand.

The leash hand tugs and a languorous Sunny struggles to arise. Though I know her grommets to be weeks ago inserted, the muscles and tendons still react to their presence. Like an aged and arthritic woman, she eventually finds herself on her toes. Circulation returning and balance established, she prances in response to Winnie's controlling hand.

Into the main quarters, the frame awaits and I know to move to the kitchen area while Winnie adroitly hangs his toy.

"Wine?" I inquire knowing nothing other than to open and pour.

"A little libation before dinner would be nice. There's more ice cold Chablis in the fridge."

I watch as Sunny begins her twice daily homage to masochism. Nose leash connected to the front pipe above, the long corset cord is threaded through her sixteen spinal grommets then connected to front pipe, rear pipe and tightened. Elbows released and reconnected to the side pipes. Buttock grommets to side pipes. And lastly, most painfully, right ankle then left are raised high, legs bending at the knee, to secure Sunny's nakedness well off the floor.

Initially agonizing, Winnie rushes about to tighten and adjust, assuring the weight is evenly distributed. Within

moments, Sunny calms, entering her space...that of subjugation... slow building pain... humiliation... a masochist's dreamworld.

Lastly, the hair bob is used to hoist the head and offer a degree of slack to the nose leash. With that, Sunny seems to moan in odd relaxation.

"Good girl. Close your eyes and concentrate on your exhibition. Think of yourself as a object, a fine piece of sculpture, to be admired, to amuse, to entertain. Mrs. Anderson is enjoying your glistening nakedness. You're a naughty girl, obtaining joy in such a brazen display of your charms... you're held well spread... your breasts presented so lewdly..."

I approach and hand Winnie his wine. His words seem to be offered in rote. Like reading a bedtime story to a child, there is repetition but a sense of comfort imparted. Sunny seems to concentrate. Winnie's fingers gently tweak the nipples bringing forth the flow of endorphins which will indeed begin a journey to the dreamworld of complete submission.

"Eight hours, Sunny. I know you can do it," Winnie bends to softly whisper in her ear.

I detect a slight nod.

Chapter Six

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

Mrs. Anderson did not stay for the entire exhibition. After an hour of conversation, one more glass of wine while observing Sunny mentally combat the urge to move, she arose and announced the need to check on Kim.

"I don't let him run around loose you understand. When I am not present he's shackled in a stress position. Makes him eager to see me," she drolly explained.

I believe Sunny's nakedness provoked a degree of lust and Mrs. Anderson would be equally happy to greet Kim... and that tongue.

So Sunday evening brings more arroycoo. Before departing I did reach an understanding with Mrs. Anderson. After so many years handling young female rascals, her assistance with Sunny's care and continued subjugation, was promptly offered when I explained the circumstances.

"She does need to be exhibited. And her psyche welcomes the anguish," she commented.

"You see how easy it is to hang her. Quite docile. Well disciplined. Completely obedient."

"Nothing I can't handle," Mrs. Anderson nodded in agreement.

We have thus formed a troika... one to assure that Sunny's masochism is continuously cultivated.

I interrupt Sunny from her endorphin induced stupor. It is feeding time. Oatmeal with laxatives, fruit washed down with prune juice. Spoonful after spoonful, Sunny ingests knowing full well that the concoction will soon bring the shame of uncontrollable bowels.

Tomorrow will be a busy day in the machine shop, my mind wandering as my pet masticates. Sunny's ultimate submission will require more grommets. Tiny, finely honed, my skills will be tested.

With the feeding over, I slide the stool to sit before those accomplished tongue and lips. Sunny has spurred my lust as

well.

Late Monday afternoon I rummage through the machine shop scrap barrel, really an extremely well maintained and sanitized stainless steel pot. For this effort, little end pieces of nickel cobalt will suffice. None are to be missed, but for my task, otherwise destined to be melted down.

I cut. I shape. I polish. I take great care, take great pride. The thought of where Sunny will be adorned with these gems inspires. The cost of the metal, the imputed cost of machinery and my skilled hands do indeed make these trinkets as costly as diamonds. Smoothness is imperative. Sunny will bear their presence for a long, long time.

Hours past closing, I complete nine grommets, the size of the resulting aperture less than half of those penetrating Sunny's nose, spine, buttocks and ankles. Measured in millimeters, my caliper suggests a diameter of 2 mm, one fifth the size of the openings my device thrust through nose cartilage, spinal flesh, buttocks and Achilles tendons.

Upon completion I test, threading a thin, strong but flexible steel cable through the holes. Snug... as intended... the passages barely offer enough opening. Yet I make a string of the grommets then attach the clever locking device onto the end of the cable.

With the turn of a small key the device locks onto the cable. Unlock it, and one can slide the lock up or down the cable then relock it. Such wicked genius. Such evil to be ordained with the turn of a small key. Such control... such finality in terms of ultimate governance.

Now the question for final grommeting... should Sunny be anesthetized? My medical training suggests yes. Knowing her ultimate enjoyment of mind racking pain... my sadistic controlling side says... why bother?

I sit back and marvel at my work. Coming to mind? The swab. The click. The snap. The yelp. The blood. The dab.

It is late. Time for a cab to Ludlow Street. By arrangement Mrs. Anderson has Sunny hanging and awaits my arrival.

Stopping on the fourth floor, I knock on the door of Mrs. Anderson's loft. Hearing the rattle of chains I patiently wait, knowing that the encumbered Kim, permitted steps of mere inches in being hobbled by heavy shackles, will eventually offer entry.

The door swings open and the cute hermaphrodite curtsies then beckons entrance. He is quiet and it is apparent that Mrs. Anderson has dozed off. I step softly and find indeed that the imposing form of his governess reclines on a couch. The position of her legs, that short skirt pushed well up passed mid thigh suggests that Kim's tongue ardently worked as she approached slumber.

Close by is the frame with Sunny's well bound nakedness in full display. There are tears. My nose detects that the bucket has again captured her excrement. Her bladder also emptied. Without the assistance of guiding fingers to splay her labia and direct her flow the resulting splatter wet the newspaper placed below as a precaution.

"Good evening, Sunny. Glad to see me?"

She nods vigorously, knowing not to awaken Mrs. Anderson. I playfully tap her nose.

"Worked on some things for you, pretty naked girl."

Though quite the mess, I decide it is best to wheel her to her loft and clean her there. I turn to see the loyal tongue of Kim resume its homage. He kneels and that wet barnyard sized appendage protrudes to apply long gentle laps to Mrs. Anderson's feet.

Not knowing where Sunny is in the cycle of slow building pain, whether there has been any massage offered, I look to my watch. It is nearly ten p.m. Sunny has been probably been hanging since dinner time and was most likely

massaged at about eight o'clock to reset her endorphins. She is due.

"I'm going to treat you with the probe, Sunny," I graciously offer as I push the frame towards the door.

Mrs. Anderson stirs. She's groggy and apologizes.

"Kim will clean up."

I thank her and move onward. Out the door, the elevator remains waiting. We enter and close the doors. I am eager to once again use the grommet device.

I pat Sunny's face, stroke her right breast. She is in a stupor, the endorphin induced dreamland of the masochist.

"I have more grommets for you, Sunny. Implementing these will be even more painful. Remember I said I would not administer anesthetic? I may have to absolve myself of that pledge."

My pleasant caress brings more consciousness. Still, Sunny knows to remain perfectly motionless, not so much as a finger stirs. She is admirably disciplined in avoiding the intensely painful cascade.

"Where?" she beseeches.

"You will soon know. I will begin tonight. Much smaller than those bearing the weight of your body, yet equally invasive... and more controlling. Anesthetic? I will let you decide."

Ah, the mental torment of the masochist... accept the pain and experience the rush of the body's natural narcotic? Or perhaps watch in numbness as I decorate, perforate her flesh with more holes and metal. But will such numbed viewing offer more horror than feeling the penetration?

Sunny ruminates. Not knowing the location offers delicious frustration.

"How many?" she inquires, the decision obviously difficult.

"Nine. There will an initial penetration then four pairs will follow. Performed each day for five evenings."

"It will hurt?"

“Intensely.”

“It should not be mine to decide.”

“It will be the last time you decide anything. You may think of it as a last meal for the condemned.”

The elevator grinds to a halt. Sunny’s odor pervades the car. I hastily open the doors and wheel out my hanging pet. She moans as I too fast pull, causing her form to slightly swing and tension the many cords and grommets. She forces herself to accept the anguish without moving, knowing that would only begin the cascade.

I will cleanse, probe her anterior fornix then prepare her for the first of the grommets, to be installed when Louise returns from her shift.

“No! Not there!”

The words are gasped in terror as Sunny begins to understand my intent and her fate.

We’ve used her grommets to bind her within the frame. She hangs not, instead lying supine on the floor. For the first time, elbow grommets are secured to the bottom rectangle of pipes, left and right to the sides. Buttock grommets are also attached to the side and for the ankle grommets I devised a spreader bar holding her feet well outside the three foot wide frame.

Sunny is obscenely spread, a gynecologist’s open mark.

Kneeling and toying with her clitoral hood has manifested the notion of where the first grommet will be placed.

Louise graciously bends and grasps both the nose leash and hair bob, raising Sunny’s head so she can better watch. In declining any anesthetic, she will not be relieved of sensing the penetration And I will not relieve her of the horror of watching as well.

“Many women have jewelry here, Sunny. Said to be quite the turn on.”

I talk as my gloved fingers caress, increasing the circulation to the pulpy fold of flesh. In being kept chaste,

her genitalia react zealously, swelling to my tantalizing touch just as I desire.

“No! Please!”

I align the grommet device, pulling her hood vigorously to offer the prongs a goodly tuft of skin. Then it comes. I press. There follows the click. The snap. The yelp, though more of a scream. The blood. The dab.

Done. Sunny’s feminine protective covering, veiling that exceptionally sensitive morsel of epidermis, has yielded to a tiny highly polished tube like piece of metal, offering an opening left to right atop her clitoral hood.

“All done. Louise will diaper you and secure you for the night.”

Sunny shakes with the trauma... or perhaps the understanding that eight more will follow. For now she has a good inkling as to where.

Perhaps gynecology should have been my specialty. I find playing with Sunny’s bejeweled genitalia to be terribly amusing, though for Sunny my efforts have brought horripilation night after night for the past five days.

Finished in thrusting nine grommets into her most intimate flesh, it is time to install the controlling cable. Slim, flexible, high grade stainless steel, it will resist cutting with simple tools. A bolt cutter could possibly do the trick.

“Say good bye, Sunny, it will be awhile before you see or play here again.”

She moans in dejection, lying supine once again, her ankles secured but not widely parted.

“Why are you doing this?”

“Because I can.”

I thread the thin cable through the clitoral hood grommet. I form a loop and with a special crimping tool, mash a little clasp to form a permanent circle. I tug gently and chuckle as the cable tensions the grommet and the penetrated skin stretches to rise from her mons.

“This would make an interesting leash, don’t you think, Louise?”

“You’d certainly have a girl’s attention,” Louise offers with a laugh.

I toy a bit then return to business. Eight similar grommets penetrate the meaty labia majora, spaced right, left, right, left from top to bottom of the vaginal opening, offset just a tad, just as with the spinal grommets. I likewise thread the small cable. At the bottom grommet I tug. The action essentially zips closed Sunny’s vagina, her clitoris well tucked away and unavailable for play.

The loose end dangles and onto this I slip the special lock. Pushing it up until it greets the lowest grommet, I pull firmly and turn the tiny key.

“You’re zipped closed, Sunny,” I tease with a smile. “Your little cunny is off limits... to you... to everyone... but the keyholder.”

I dramatically hold up what will offer relief from the forced chastity.

“But I’ll need to pee!”

“When I decide... or Louise... or Mrs. Anderson. Perhaps Kim will offer relief as well.”

In reality, with fervent effort, her excretions can be made to forcibly flow past the closed labia. But while hanging in arroycoo, as with all muscular exertion, she’ll not be wanting to press hard on her bladder. She will have to learn to wait.

For the past four nights I have fed Sunny Viagra, the drug used to enhance male arousal. Its effect is to increase the circulation in the genitals, and physically works the same on women. Therefore when ready to place the labial grommets, the flesh was well engorged and offered quite the target. I was thus able to form two perfect rows, clitoral hood to the perineum.

Each instance of intense pain was preceded by brief, mild and unfulfilling masturbation... caressing and teasing until

the strips of flesh were well engorged and ready to accept the prongs... and the click, the snap, the yelp, the blood and the dab which followed.

In celebration, Louise forces two large glasses of water into Sunny. Then it becomes time to hang her. How else would a girl of Sunny's ilk desire to spend a Saturday afternoon?

"Ten hours, Sunny. Very good. But you really need to better control your bladder. It's quite inconvenient to keep unlocking you."

I caress the breasts while I console. Sunny has established a record time bound and hanging in arroycoo. Her secured genitalia have added a wonderfully degrading dimension to the ordeal, forcing her to beg for the key. She could not relieve herself without assistance, not without beginning a cascade of muscle cramps in forcing a flow.

So it's a simple matter to unlock the cable, slide the padlock down to offer slack, then splay her open, the four sets of grommets parting to make way for the opening to her urethral passage. By agreement we do not immediately react to her pleas, letting her squirm, motion she must heedfully constrain in order to avoid the intensity of cramping.

I move to release the ankles, gently lowering her feet to the floor. Then the buttock grommets, essentially reversing the process by which Sunny is placed in suspension. With the elbow grommets unclipped, her wary limbs lower, the hours of limited movement stiffening normally supple muscles and ligaments. The nose leash remains.

"How do you feel?"

"It's like I've taken a drug, Dr. Samuels. I'm languorous... kind of groggy."

"You've probably felt the same after one of those thorough floggings you've endured. Such naughty antics in bringing forth a flow of your body's natural opiates. So

ironically contrasting... it counters the suffering you so much covet."

I clip together her elbows then release the nose leash from the pipe.

"Come," I command, offering welcomed motion, an opportunity to walk.

I lead her about the loft, preparing her for a long night of less stressful bondage, hogtied on the kitchen floor.

She prances, the nakedness so alluring in being bound and helpless. She walks on toes, the Achilles tendons still not pliant enough to enable the straightening of her feet. I peer back as I lead watching the breasts bounce with each footfall. The buttock grommets force a slight clenching, adding roundness to enticing globes. Sunny obediently follows my hand, reacting to my intentions before the leash tightens and brings discomfort. Round and round, I restore circulation, then I lead her to the basin on the kitchen floor. I unlock the tiny padlock and slide it down the thin cable, bringing slack. My fingers reach to part the outer labia. I nod and Sunny knows to squat over the basin.

Though the cable remains in place, her flow passes over and around it, her excretions splashing to the basin. Despite the many incidences of urinating at my behest, she looks away in shame. Within moments her steady flow turns to a dribble. I stand ready with a nappy to dry her soon to be entrapped portal.

"Must you bind me so tightly tonight? It's been a long day."

I just smile and shake my head, bending at the waist to pat her dry. I toss away the wet paper towel and reach down to again draw up the lock. When it touches the lowest grommet, I press firmly and turn the key. We term it zipping her closed, the thin cable drawing together the grommets to indeed emulate a zipper.

"You're still searching, Sunny. Still questioning authority. Still trying to understand your own psyche. It is not within

your purview to decide when and how you will be bound “

In turning the key, I again lock closed the egress of her bladder. I also deny any possibility of frottaging the sensitive inner labia. It will be a long time, as well, before she sees or touches that well shielded clitoris.

“Tummy down. Louise got you a nice carpet.”

Just as the family dog is afforded his/her own parcel of padded floor covering, Louise has indeed purchased on a old shag rug. Sunny knows to lie prostrate as instructed. The elbow grommets are momentarily released only to be re-secured to buttock grommets and ankle grommets.

I do offer some slack, it has been a long day.

“This is all? My life? It’s so tedious.” Sunny dejectedly moans.

“Louise will be in to check on you.”

Sunny’s needs are vast. Proper care and degradation of the masochist is an unending challenge. Sunny will eventually sleep despite the discomfort. But she is correct in that the relationship cannot be brought to dreariness like some old marriage.

So I move to the refrigerator and open a package purchased at the grocery store.

Ginger... a root, a spice, a simple food ingredient... a sharp curving knife abets my efforts. I cut and shape it into a plug. With my fingers so often palpating, exploring every inch of Sunny’s form, all apertures included, my engineering experience proves invaluable in estimating the perfect size.

I create an anal plug. Bulbous in shape, tapered at the stem, it is to be inserted into the rectum. Sunny will struggle tediously to expel it. Ginger burns, offering the sensation of a lighted match with absolutely no damage to the flesh.

“Something for the boredom,” I announce, bending to first graze her nipples and leave a trace of stinging juices.

While her areolas slowly burn, I part her cheeks and insert my makeshift anal plug. Though tight, the moisture of the root aids my efforts. It slides inward.

“An old English custom... figging. Offered to the recipients of school birchings so the bare cheeks would be properly presented for chastisement. With your cunny zipped closed, it's time to awaken other portals.”

I wait in silence as the almost unbearable heat festers. Just as the nipples begin to cool, there the ginger juice modestly applied, the effect of the anal plug becomes evident. The rounded globes clench deliciously to inadvertently pull the plug inward. That increases the burn. Thus comes the instinctive reaction of trying to expel the blazing root, pressing outward, forcing the glutei to expand in the opposite pose. Such lewd presentation, yet so enchanting.

Oh, this is most entertaining!

“I will always be available to counter the tedium, Sunny. Just say the word. Louise will soon be here and if you properly beg she just may remove the ginger plug.”

As Sunny strives to find comfort, one moment attempting to expel, then clenching to pull inward, I labor to diaper her. She whimpers as I roll her about in her hogtie, working around the buttock grommets. But as a precaution I eventually have her bottom wrapped in absorbent white cotton in case she should somehow expel my plug.

With that, I depart. A cab awaits.

Chapter Seven

Miss Sunny Sudenskaya

I have become one with the trinkets of Dr. Samuels.

The many apertures forced into my skin, held open by these small rounded shapes, 'grommets' he terms them, are part of my anatomy. But for the tension when hanging, I no longer feel their presence. The alloy is quite hypoallergenic... not a rash, not an itch, not a hint of discoloration or trauma to the surrounding skin. I will bear them forever. They are me.

I have the sense that someone has put a lock on the door to my house. It is *my* house, yet another holds the key, affording himself/herself entry and constantly denying it to me. I have no control. People come in and out at their whim. And to all I must bow. I am governed.

The concentration required to walk, in an odd way each footstep contrived, diverts all thoughts. I move as if on an imaginary tight rope. But the consequence of a misstep is not to fall but to instead experience wicked painful muscle cramps. Thus when I am walked, up on toes or in high heels, the mental exertion exceeds the physical in assuring no quick, untimely or awkward motion begins the cascade... a spasm leading to cramps leading to more spasms. Dr. Samuels has my full attention when leashed. I follow his controlling tugs with precision. Though the ability to move is welcomed, it must be executed so carefully...

By the end of November, the intervals of arroycoo, Dr. Samuels' modified form of the African torment turned macho challenge, become extensive. Louise has come to be enthralled and has decided to maintain her schedule on the night shift, my nakedness available to her during the day. Dr. Samuels visits every evening and on weekends. And when neither is available, Mrs. Anderson offers a defacto child care service, my well tethered form wheeled into the elevator and deposited into her fourth floor loft.

Not one to engage in assisting with my toilet, her 'maid' Kim is charged with changing my diapers or assuring that I defecate in the offered bucket. He also controls my key. Yes, those tiny effeminate hands unlock my cunny after suitable pleas, work to part my encumbered labia and hold a receptacle under my urethral opening while I empty on his command. He giggles like a school girl. I do believe the months of Mrs. Anderson's heavy restraints, preceded by the weeks in solitary, have distorted his faculties, though I have come to question my own as I hang hour after hour.

On occasion, before returning me to my place, Louise will pause in Mrs. Anderson's loft long enough for me to service her. And of course Kim joins me in offering cunnilingus. Mrs. Anderson reclines on her couch, Louise perches herself on a kitchen stool and we're 'off to the races', as Mrs. Anderson whimsically terms the contest. Me meekly hanging in the frame, Kim kneeling between Mrs. Anderson's massive thighs.

Yes, I have been trained to provide oral service to the female gender as well. Not having to control my gag reflex is an accepted change and oddly, with the many weeks of forced chastity, offering climactic ecstasy... licking, nibbling, sucking on another woman's over sensitive bud... brings welcomed diversion. Louise graciously plays with my breasts to encourage my efforts, a milking motion which intensifies the degradation of hanging naked, vulnerable and restrained in complete immobility. Visions of lactating cows being milked in their stall come to mind. And such images bring odd arousal.

Louise suggests that my hanging breasts are the only anatomical parts completely free to move. She laughs with the thought. I find the irony to be provocative, that which I used to lure Dr. Samuels, teasingly presented under a tight blouse, are now openly displayed in this bizarre relationship of bondage, exhibition and objectification.

My Faustian bargain, eschewing a return to employment in order to fan the fires of my predilection, 'scratch the insatiable itch' as some would term it, is approached with curious ambivalence. There are no worries, no cares, no bills to pay, no demand for rent payments to bring concern. I am kept... to amuse... to entertain with my abject subservience. I have only myself to offer in return. But as I helplessly hang, day after day after day, no amount of begging bringing timely relief, am I indeed offering? Or, after sitting in that cab many weeks ago and having my nostrils penetrated, have I made a one time sacrifice... never to be reneged upon?

Perhaps nothing is truly offered... only taken from me.

I bear so many openings. Dr. Samuels not only punctured my body, the grommets, more than two dozen, have also opened my soul. Of late, a large mirror has been positioned. I can watch myself hang in my loft, hour after hour. When the experience becomes out of body, my endocrine system flooded with the natural opiates of physical stress, I concentrate and wriggle a toe, or perhaps a finger. My tongue can also extend. Sometimes my mammary glands will subtly sway. In gazing at my reflection, the movement conveys reality. That it is indeed my naked form... hideously stretched tufts of flesh holding me in place... that silly bob of hair graciously offering slack for my nose leash.

Tears will begin to flow... but for naught. Nothing... no words, no pleas, no futile and painful lurching... will bring release. All who supervise me know that kept watered, Dr. Samuels has used his extensive knowledge and skills to perfection in terms of long term bondage. It is wickedly tolerable and safe... though the slow suffering smolders and roasts the cerebral cortex. The bladder control is devilish. As explained, in staving off shock, I am well watered, a straw inserted and plastic bottle constantly squeezed into my mouth. Thus the need to urinate seems unending along with

the monotony, only broken by my requests to relieve myself... pleas never timely addressed.

But most embarrassing, the ultimate in humiliation, is during my monthly cycle. It is only then that my zippered cunny is left opened, two simple swatches of white cloth are wrapped about my upper thighs, and my menses permitted to flow for all to see.

I find that I must close my eyes with the intense shame. For during those periods, Dr. Samuels always seems to invite Mrs. Anderson in for a glass of wine, so greatly heightening my ignominy. There is the suggestion that others may find amusement as I suffer my monthly curse. Perhaps a cocktail party would place me in the proper mindset of subjugation, Mrs. Anderson flippantly recommends. I cringe with such discussion, thinking of the likes of Maggie or Theresa returning, gazing at my bound nakedness as Kim serves between their thighs.

Why cannot I then be diapered?

Something different!

It is late afternoon and Miss Louise draws me to the bathroom. Into the tub I am secured, then returned to her three 'H' treatment... high, hot and a hell of a lot. She fills my bowels time after time. There is one more rinsing enema long after the outflow is running clear. Then she lubricates my anus and I am taken to the frame. Though I know her shift will soon begin, I am surprised to be suspended,

"Special instructions from Dr. Samuels, pretty girl."

Before donning her white uniform she draws up the stool, sits, hikes her skirt above her waist and presents her well trimmed mons. She gently tugs at my ears and slides forward on the seat. As always, the position offers that which I am to lick to ecstasy. I know to silently begin work. I have oddly come to enjoy her taste and knowing that I please brings a glow of pride to otherwise constant degradation.

Within minutes, her thighs clench, there is more wetness to be lapped and a muffled shriek of joy announces I have placed Miss Louise in the proper frame of mind for an evening of work.

She arises. I am well watered, a sure sign that I am to begin a long interval of arroycoo. To the bathroom for a quick shower and then as Miss Louise dons her uniform, I am surprised to see Dr. Samuels arrive. He has left work early. Normally I greet him in early evening, hogtied on the kitchen floor.

"Well cleaned and lubricated, and I used a double cord for her spinal grommets," Miss Louise announces in preening her hair in the mirror. "You *will* let me watch sometime, you're not that shy."

Dr. Samuels smiles and nods.

"Just want to experiment a little with the first go. Then we may have a plaything you can take to *Spankers*. I am sure Sunny will bring much entertainment to that otherwise dull crowd."

Dr. Samuels humorously references the D/s club where I first met Miss Louise. Masked and in black leather, she calmly watched as I endured a lengthy flogging. Later she had me lick her boots and we talked. I described the nature of my masochism, as best as one can describe such a proclivity. She thought it curious when I vocalized my disappointment, suggesting that the flogging was too quick, that I needed longer, slower suffering. That is when I was given the cell phone number of Dr. Samuels.

'Subtle, but delightfully pure evil. Call him. Should you be able to grasp his attention, I am sure he can address your needs. He does not broadcast his predilection. You'll never see him in the likes of this place,' the masked woman suggested.

I called. I grasped. He addressed.

Miss Louise departs on schedule for her 3:00 p.m. shift. Dr. Samuels' attention turns to me.

“Comfortable?” the doctor’s bedside manner always apparent.

“Yes, sir,” a verbal reply required. I cannot effectively nod.

“Good. Something different for you Sunny. Break up the monotony for both of us.”

I feel Dr. Samuels rummage with my corset cord. As noted, for the first time, Miss Louise threaded two cords through the many grommets, tying both sets of ends together at the front pipe and the back.

“Your weight will shift just a tad, Sunny. Have no concern.”

I look into the large mirror which assures constant awareness of my subjugation. One corset cord is released from the rear pipe. Dr. Samuels brings in the slack, moves to the left side pipe and reties it about a foot behind where the bungee cord is attached for my left buttock grommet. The second cord is released and retied to the right side pipe in a similar manner.

The change requires mere moments and offers no discernible shift in my evenly supported weight.

“Easy enough. Good Girl.”

Fingers rub about my well secured mons. Though the sensitive inner labia are well tucked away, the brief caress is welcomed, awakening my neglected sex. Then I feel exploration about my anus. Miss Louise oiled there and I feel the fingers glide about and slip into my squeaky clean portal. There comes an ‘ah ha’ expressing satisfaction. The fingers withdraw.

“Thought I’d enjoy a little matinee debauchery.”

To the kitchen area, Dr. Samuels pours one of his well chilled Chardonnays. He returns and stands before my face, most proximate. I know to begin working his zipper. I am adroit in capturing the tab in my teeth. He loosens my nose leash and the hair cord. I lower my head and unzip him.

Such a rakish image, fully clothed, sipping a fine wine while a completely naked and helplessly bound girl endeavors to please with fellatio. I sense that brisance which defines the psyche of girls like me... the need to please... the need for humiliation... the need for pain.

When the penis finally pops through the folds, I engulf. I suck. I offer what a girl with my psychological bent must offer... everything.

"Just make it nice and firm for yourself," Dr. Samuels encourages.

I do. The rock hard tip plummets to the depths of my throat. I stifle the gag reflex, displaying my complete subservience... not a whimper of protest with my capitulation.

"Just enough. Now my pretty hanging pet... another challenge."

He withdraws. I am oddly disappointed, mentally ready to ingest the deluge of his hot seed. Instead he places his wine glass on the nape of my neck, knowing that in my immobility, it will not topple. Then he moves to my side, then to the rear. I look to the reflection in the huge mirror. He ducks, his erection bobbing, stepping under the rear pipe to stand within the frame. My ankles, secured by short bungee cords are to the left and right of his head. I now understand why he adjusted the corset cords. He has made way for himself to stand within the frame.

"If you recall, I suggested that you'd be offering more than fellatio, Sunny."

"No," I moan, my voice surprisingly pitiful.

"Oh yes."

His hands grasp the buttock cords. I concentrate. The slightest increase in tension can bring a spasm. But with the many, many weeks I know I must remain perfectly still. Any attempt to resist will begin the agonizing cascade.

"Do not spill my wine, Sunny. Just lie and accept my offering. You have no choice, and deep down you know it

will enhance that which you most desire... what you crave.”

My vagina is zippered and locked. Anal penetration! And Dr. Samuels is correct. Hanging naked, cleft spread wide open, well cleansed then lubricated, my rectum beckons. I cannot even clench my buttocks to resist. Such would begin the cascade... and ironically add to Dr. Samuels’ pleasure, tensioning and bringing the extreme tightness which the male organ covets.

How wicked! Miss Louise’s words come back to me... ‘delightfully pure evil’.

I close my eyes. I feel that which I have so facilely serviced with lips and tongue slide along my gluteal cleft. Up then down, the good doctor plays, lubricating the tip with the excess oil, feeling my hanging form quiver with the expected penetration. There are soft words of encouragement. Then I feel the tip directly press at the rose bud opening.

“Here we go,” the doctor apprizes, the words of a parent advising a toddler that a pony ride is to begin.

“Ah,” is my only reaction.

What more can I muster? What more can I do? I cannot move a muscle without spurring intense agony. Instead I lie hanging in my bonds, my attention turning to the stem glass at the nape of my neck. In even more irony, I concentrate, obediently assuring that the wine does not spill, accepting the pain and humiliation of sodomy as Dr. Samuels both thrusts with his hips and with his hands gently rocks me to and fro within the frame.

In time, I once again feel his gush of hot male essence. Strangely, I miss its taste.

Just as my excrement has on too many occasions oozed uncontrollably, Dr. Samuels’ male essence drools from my rectum, slithers down my perineum to the small lock zipping closed my love nest and from there drips to the floor. I dare not tighten to close my sphincter, the contraction could lead

to spasms and cramping. And for whatever reason the good doctor chooses not to clean, instead sitting in that large chair, sipping wine and smirking in satisfaction.

I have not before been penetrated there. I suppose my proficiency in oral sex has sufficed, most males ejaculating in my throat. And as noted, my training has been with truckers. They sit and drive, the constraint of the professional obviating anything more than quick fellatio at a rest stop... though many enjoyed the challenge of guiding at high speed the many tons of freight as I brought forth an explosion of joy.

I am concerned, though as with most emotions I should cast such thought aside. After all, it matters not my feelings, desires, wants, needs, cares. I am an object... hanging as one would display a painting... exhibited as a living sculpture. What is done to me... will be done to me... is well beyond my control.

I cannot even empty my bladder!

Dr. Samuels finally arises. The water bottle is offered, the plastic straw pushed to my lips. His fingers close to pressure. The flow begins. I am bloated but know to imbibe. I have no choice.

"That was good, Sunny. You have a natural tightness there that pleases my penis... thus I am sure you are pleased as well. Though you dared not squeeze yourself closed, there was sufficient tension to offer the friction required for male pleasure and ultimate climax."

A rather clinical analysis, Dr. Samuels knowing that any muscle reaction would begin the agonizing cascade. I do not respond as I must drink. But strangely, I am indeed pleased that in my chastity, I may bring ecstatic climax to others.

"Do you need to urinate?" Dr. Samuels inquires as he returns the bottle to the kitchen.

"Yes, sir. Very badly."

"Good. I'll open you up in an hour or so."

"Nice of you to stop in, Mrs. Anderson."

Dr. Samuels steps back from the door and the large imposing woman enters.

"Good afternoon, Winnie."

"Just about to engage in a little procedure. Very timely," the doctor announces in moving to the kitchen.

Mrs. Anderson has learned to enjoy the well chilled wine of Dr. Samuels' selection. He knows to pour a glass.

"Sunny's neck collar. Going to add a degree of permanence."

I have not been consulted on the matter. The referenced thin circle of nickel cobalt loosely adorns my neck, gliding up and down when not used to hold in place the short corset cord when I am walked. Then the tension forces it downward to rest on my collar bone. Its circumference is kept closed by a simple clasp, to be easily opened by those with free hands. Mine are most times restrained.

"Fabricated two more grommets... brought my installation device. You may be interested in seeing how Sunny's skin is so easily modified for usefulness."

I quiver in suspension. Dr. Samuels has still not opened me for urination and that adds to the feeling of apprehension.

Mrs. Anderson takes her glass of wine and steps to inspect.

"Hello, pretty hanging girl," her pleasant voice somewhat mocking.

She smooths her free hand over my bald head. Then it moves to my breasts. It cups then gently tweaks right nipple then left, her touch sensuous. I believe she misses palpating all that young feminine flesh at Hartwood.

"She's quite bloated, Winnie," Mrs. Anderson's sliding her hand to my distended belly.

"Ah. I've forgotten."

Dr. Samuels tosses forth the tiny key which can be so liberating. Mrs. Anderson catches it and moves to stand at

my hip.

"Most of her grommets can't be seen while clothed," Mrs. Anderson's observation more of a question.

"I'll open her low on the neck, near the collar bone. The grommets will be easily veiled while clothed."

I hear the click of the tiny lock then feel the slight vibrations as the clever device is slipped down the thin cable which holds me closed. The offered slack permits my outer labia to part. I feel the room air where I now feel so little. Dr. Samuels steps forth with my basin as Mrs. Anderson splays to further spread my vaginal lips and remove any impediment to my urethral opening. Her firm but soft fingers feel good. I have been so long neglected there.

Though I need to go, there comes the familiar pause, brought forth by the insufficient intimacy, having to perform a function formerly carried out in private.

Mrs. Anderson steps away. Kim always takes charge of this duty in her loft. Dr. Samuels aligns the basin and patiently waits. It is then that Ms. Anderson notes my wet and I assume raw sphincter. She laughs.

"Semen about her rectum. The fellatio becoming a little tedious?" she humorously inquires.

There comes laughter. Dr. Samuels catches her drift.

"She's wondrously tight there."

I manage to summon a flow. I hear my excretion trickle to the waiting basin. But the level of humiliation is intense. This woman laughs with the notion of sodomy.

"At Hartwood we always had such concerns. My male guards were smart enough to know vaginal penetration offered a very revealing possibility, a little bun full of DNA to refute all denials of sexual contact. Thus when a girl did offer herself, usually accepting contraband for sex, she always got more than she bargained for... a good stiff one right up the alimentary canal. Lots of sore rectums. I'd put them on display as a lesson for the others... restrain the girl

bent over naked and spread for all to see. Send the message... don't tempt... don't solicit... you'll get more than you wish for..."

I finish. Dr. Samuels pats me dry with a napkin. I am returned to chastity so quickly that it is disconcerting. The lock slides up to tighten the cable, the grommets tightly align, the key turns, my cunny is again secured, held under the control of another.

The basin is emptied. Dr. Samuels approaches and jostles my neck collar, pushing it down onto the bone and marking with an alcohol swab to the right and left at a point well below my ears.

"Here and here," he thinks aloud.

Then for the first time in months, the collar is released and removed.

"Two more openings, Sunny. Used to keep your collar in place so it won't move about."

I quiver as the grommet device is loaded. The skin at the base of my neck, almost at the shoulder, is pinched at the right side. With a click and a snap I feel the quick but intense pain of a needle prick. Then Dr. Samuels dabs away a droplet of blood. Within a minute another grommet penetrates my neck at the left.

"Amazing," Mrs. Anderson comments in observation. "Permanent openings... and so quick."

"I suppose someone could devise a method for drilling the metal out... it would require quite the hard and sharp drill. And the burning pain and trauma would greatly exceed the simple and quick installation. So my openings are not totally permanent," Dr. Samuels advises.

The open collar returns. One open end is threaded through the grommet on the left, around the back of my neck and then through the grommet on the right where it greets the opposing end.

"Now we solder. The collar can be cut away, but not to be otherwise removed."

For a man of Dr. Samuels skills, it is a simple matter to close the two ends and permanently join as noted. Yes, given the proper tool, hands at some point free of all encumbrances, I could cut away the slim circle of metal. But it will not happen.

Thus, I am collared. And just as with the dozens of other openings, those accommodating grommets will become part of me.

Initial fellatio to bring stiffness, slow sodomy as I strive to concentrate and keep my muscles relaxed, ending fellatio to humbly cleanse Dr. Samuels' penis of any traces of anal penetration.

Day after day after day.

Cunnilingus for Louise breaks the routine. On occasion there comes a stint in Mrs. Anderson's loft where a naked and iron clad Kim tends to my needs as I hang immobile and embarrassingly vulnerable.

Satisfied with my level of acclimation, Dr. Samuels has stopped timing the intervals. But it certainly seems that I spend more of the day and evenings in arroycoo than walking or hogtied.

The strange distant pleasure of Dr. Samuels' fornix probe also serves to bring interruption to the tedium. For that my cunny is unlocked, the nasty restraining device slid lower on the thin cable to ever so slightly part the bottom labial grommets. Then the knowing hands slip in the bulbous probe, careful to offer the least sensation to my entrapped inner labia. The doctor knows the female anatomy for the tip works inward, kneading the front of my vaginal wall until deep within the resistance of the tight anterior fornix is felt. Then I am fucked, if that adequately describes the manipulation, bringing forth an evanescent and peculiar joy. My pubo coccygeus muscles involuntarily contract and I feel the moisture of female ejaculate gush, rushing with gusto past the slightly parted labia majora.

Dr. Samuels laughs in smug satisfaction, the forced reaction truly that of a puppet on a string.

The sensation, though somewhat benumbing, is welcomed. But the pleasure does not amount to that experienced in sneezing. Still, the doctor knows it calms, the hormonal release permitting me to face hours more of slowly building stress... hanging within the frame.

“Got you some Christmas presents, pretty naked girl.”

It’s December, but days before the 25th. Dr. Samuels enters my loft where I await lying on my shag rug, well secured as always. I am happy to see him. Miss Louise left for work more than two hours ago, leaving me well watered. I need to pee!

In being diapered I have pressed and forced some flow past my locked labia. But the effort is laborious and it feels as though my bladder fills faster than I can contract my diaphragm and dribble into the absorbent white cloth. And in addition to the aggravation of constant fullness, lying in the smelly wetness adds to the discomfort. Plus as always, with my loose bowels, pressing to force fluid from my bladder brings another source of soil to the garment as well.

“Please, Dr. Samuels, I need the basin.”

He smiles graciously, stoops and pulls at the cords holding me in the hogtie. Ironically, two simple fingers can relieve me of hours of stress. The knots give. My legs straighten. The circulation rushes. I moan with the welcomed sensation.

“For you, a nice hot bath.”

He unties my leash and I know to stand, avoiding a directing and painful tug.

“But first, let’s see if this fits.”

From a large box he removes a bell, not small not overly large.

“For your cunny,” he announces with a smile.

Then comes some clothing. Red satin.

"Had it specially altered. Stay."

He releases the leash and I obey, standing on toes as the hem is attached to my neck collar. With elbows remaining secured behind my back, the pleated folds drape over my entire form to cover my shoulders and torso. It ends at my upper thigh.

"It's a cape. Not easily found in being out of style. But perfect for you."

Dr. Samuels takes the leash and directs me to the mirror. The loose garment is a gaudy crimson. Into the upper hem have been sewn clasps which can be quickly hooked to my collar. And it appears the lower hem has been shortened, barely covering my mons and buttocks. The very bottom fringe of my diaper can be seen.

"Modesty with required access."

The doctor's right hand slips between the folds at the front and tweaks my right nipple. The left dips under to caress the front of my diaper, brushing my grommets pubes beneath. With the weeks of chastity, his touch feels good. I part my feet in a gesture of welcome. My reaction brings laughter, followed my animated sniffs.

"Such naughtiness. My little girl needs changing."

The cape is as easily removed and I am walked to the bathroom. To the tub. Kneeling. The diaper is unpinned and removed. The cunny lock released. The doctor enjoys himself, his fingers working the grommets to hold me open as a torrent splatters to the tub.

"You're a mess."

Indeed. I can smell myself. The foul odor, being exposed and held open by a man, such discomfort juxtaposes curiously with the intense feeling of relief as I empty myself.

Dr. Samuels runs the water, leaving the drain open as he connects various cords to my grommets, making me one with the tub. He splashes water to begin rinsing away excrement mashed against my buttocks. Then satisfied that

most has flowed to the drain, he closes it to begin filling the tub.

To be alleviated of so much aggravation, filled bladder, aching leg muscles, odorous diaper, the irritating feel of urine, and merely sensing the room air waft against my vaginal lips brings a frisson of soothing delight. The warmth is so welcomed and I recall being bathed by my father years ago. I begin to hum in comfort. If I could only play, frottage myself.

"Will I ever be permitted to touch myself... you know... there?"

Dr. Samuels laughs. "Such a wicked request. Thinking about pleasing yourself when your role is to please others... with your submission... your nakedness... your tongue and lips... with your suffering. You are a wonton one, Sunny. Have you not come to understand? For you there is bliss in your denial... in your slow anguish. Gratification is for others... for you to give, not ever to receive."

Fingers work to slide the lock up the thin cable. It presses firmly against the lowest grommet, returning me to chastity. Clicking shut, the lock grips the cable to zipper me closed once again. I can feel increased tension on my clitoral hood grommet. I am locked tighter than ever, sending a message to end all thoughts of masturbation. Then, a soapy finger enters my rectum. I further part my knees, arch my back, and push back to avidly greet. I sigh in sensing it slide inward well past the second knuckle.

"Such a trollop!" comes the mild rebuke.

I silently agree, and find myself rocking back and forth, squeezing to symbolically pleasure his finger.

Well cleansed, muscles soothed and relaxed, I can almost walk normally, my impinged Achilles tendons stretching so that my full foot nearly touches the floor.

"Not too cold out. I have not walked you in a while. Something different tonight to break the monotony."

I stand without a stitch as always, my hands folded atop my nearly glabrous head. I watch as the skilled hands of Dr. Samuels work at my kitchen counter. More ginger. He cuts the root into the shape of a plug. Apprehension grows as an ice pick opens a hole on the newly carved shaft. The scraps are tossed into a small plastic bag.

For the first time in weeks, the thin stainless cable has been removed from the four pairs of labial grommets. It dangles about, remaining attached to the clitoral hood grommet. To the end, Dr. Samuels has attached one of the Christmas presents... the bell. Appearing to be modest in size, when dangling from my hood, it feels ponderous. With the slightest motion it rings.

I am belled like cat.

"Stand still," comes the command.

Dr. Samuels approaches. In his hands, two cords, two small rings of metal. The freshly cut ginger awaits on a plate on the counter. Next to it is the plastic bag of scraps.

To the back of my neck collar, he attaches the two cords. Slim but strong, apparently comprised of nylon. Fishing tackle? Dental floss?

He threads both through the spinal grommets. Right. Left. Right. Left. All eight pairs. Then the cords part, one through each buttock grommet. One ring finds a purpose, for the cords return to the center of my back and through the ring which in pulling taut, resides just at the top of my gluteal cleft to align the cords, holding them together.

"Spread."

The cords are threaded through the opening in the shaft of the ginger plug. I cringe in sensing the burning sensation it can bring. Dr. Samuels laughs.

"Not yet, pretty naked girl," he laughingly advises in pulling the cords down my crack and between my upper thighs.

Leaving slack, the ginger dangles but does not yet touch any sensitive flesh as the doctor moves to my front. There,

beginning at the bottom, he adroitly threads the two cords through the four pairs of labial grommets, the small diameter slowing the process. Then the cords split around my clitoral hood.

Up to my breasts, the second ring finds its purpose. Threaded through the center, the cords split and circle my breasts then return to the ring to thread through again. Finally, the doctor draws the two cords up and loosely tucks them under the front of my neck collar.

“How does it feel?”

The configuration binds or touches every feminine erogenous area... breasts, hood, mons, sphincter.

“It’s controlling. It’s...”

I lose my words as I anticipate the feeling when the configuration is tightened as I am sure is the intent. Meanwhile, my elbow grommets are clipped together. Next he has me step into my heels. The straps enter the ankle grommets and entwine my calves. The small locks, symbolical more than functional, click shut, securing the footwear.

“Ready?”

I know what is to come. I reluctantly nod.

Returning to my rear, Dr. Samuels begins taking in the slack of the two cords, pulling at the base of my spine to bring the spinal grommets together. The tension ‘corrects’ my posture, forcing my shoulders back, my breasts to jut forth. His fingers move to next add tension to the buttock grommets. Then the ginger plug is slipped into my rectum and he maintains tension, moving to my front. There his hands pull above the labial grommets removing the slack and likewise bringing those into alignment. My cunny is once again zip closed. Then on to the breasts where the cords separate. He tightens about my glands, pulling the slack through the ring there. My glands are more tightly circled. With my forced posture, the cords add comical

prominence. Lastly the hands pull the slack up to the front of my neck collar where the cords are tied off.

As my cape is attached to cover me, I feel the burn in my sphincter. The nose leash is clipped on and Dr. Samuels brushes away tears, uncontrollably flowing with the intensity of the burning.

“Please, I need to move about.”

“As you shall, pretty girl.”

The fire of the ginger is just beyond the point of bearable. I am to be walked but have the urge to run, the reaction I suppose similar to that of a person whose clothes have been set afire. Meanwhile, outside of arroycoo, I have never before had such a strong sense of being controlled, the thin lengths of nylon replicating a form of shibari... Japanese rope bondage. No elaborate knots. Yet the grommets offer a sense of thoroughness, the cords in effect penetrating my flesh.

The plastic bag finds a pocket. Then, gratefully, Dr. Samuels pulls the leash and I step with zeal. Below I feel combined sensations, the cords abrading breasts, cunny, anus. The clitoral hood bell chimes in announcing my motion. The gyration tantalizes. Dr. Samuels takes the time to reach beneath the cape and flick it, bringing sonorous peels and more teasing gyrations to my hood.

If only I could touch my little bud!

To the elevator, the wait seems interminable. I stamp my feet in frustration. I know each step causes the lower hem to flop about, flashing buttocks and my mons. Though the bell dangles quite noticeably and the chiming attracts attention, oddly, my near nakedness does not concern.

Finally, down to the lobby. Out the creaking door.

It is day's end. December darkness looms. The overhang of abundant sunshine has left some warmth in the air. With my rectum on fire, I actually welcome the rapidly cooling air.

My metal shoes tap the concrete. In cadence, the bell rings. Dr. Samuels walks ahead leading and occasionally

looking back to assess my... well I suppose my level of degradation. Yet I lose all concentration. I am burning. In knowing that there can be no lasting damage, enduring the pain becomes pure mental challenge. It only hurts in the mind, I tell myself. My superior finds amusement in observing the ongoing masochistic contradiction. Pain... to be avoided... yet to be enjoyed.

People pass by. I do not care. The leash, the scanty attire which would stultify weeks ago is no longer of concern.

"I need to touch myself... down there," I plead.

A wry smile.

"Curious effect, is it not? The ginger stimulates the circulation, can be quite the aphrodisiac."

Well described. In addition to my blazing rectum, I have an insatiable need to impale my quim... a baseball bat would suffice, though a smaller phallic implement would be welcomed as well.

We walk briskly. I am happy to move, a horse champing at the bit. When we turn a corner to enter a more secluded street, Dr. Samuels stops. He turns. He parts the cape pushing open the folds, draping them over left shoulder and right. My breasts are fully exposed. The air is cool, my nipples crinkle to buttons. In being circled by cords, the plumpness of my glands has transformed. They resemble projectiles.

He toys with my nipples.

"Hard as pebbles. Must be the cold," he remarks.

The plastic bag comes out of his pocket. I close my eyes knowing what is to come. A remnant of ginger root finds its way to my right nipple. The juice is initially cool. His hand circles about to coat the entire pink flesh of my areola. The left nipple is next.

"A little more warmth for you."

Leaving the cape folded open we resume. I flush with embarrassment extending the warmth of racing circulation to my entire form. Then my nipples turn to fire as well.

"Your cunny must be gushing. I miss apprizing your level of arousal."

He is correct, knowing my anatomy as well as me. I so much need to be penetrated there... yet a simple teasing finger applied to my clitoris would bring a massive orgasm.

In reflecting on the overwhelming sensual input, the pain, the pleasure, the humiliation of being so abjectly governed, I do not notice a woman approaching until she is well within view. Dr. Samuels leads onward, no attempt to avoid an encounter. I hesitate and pay the price with a sharp controlling tug to my nose leash.

"Please no, I am exposed."

The cape remains pushed over my shoulders, its bright crimson serving to frame my nakedness. Corseted, my erect nipples feel like bayonets, ready to spear any on comer. I cannot avoid exhibiting all. Dr. Samuels leads, I must follow and I note the woman does not so much gape in surprise as she assesses in amusement. With my tinkling bell, her attention is not to be diverted away from me.

I am shocked when Dr. Samuels slows our pace.

"Surprisingly mild night for December," the woman matter-of-factly offers.

Dr. Samuels stops to acknowledge the greeting!

"Yes, one must enjoy this type of weather. It's sure to be a cold winter."

The woman is tall. Mid thirties. A loose trench coat covers a frame which I suspect to be shapely but vigorous for a woman. The legs are always a good clue. Nicely curved yet muscled, one extrapolates. A fedora hat adds an alluring masculine contrast to even symmetrical features. In more youthful times, perhaps a model, but the overcoat bulges in places that suggest an attractive voluptuousness, precluding such an occupation.

"She's enjoying herself, your leashed plaything."

How brazen!

"She's not walked often. Strict bondage appeals to this one," I am embarrassed to hear Dr. Samuels reply.

"The nipples offer a good clue. Standing like eager puppies. May I?"

Dr. Samuels nods. The woman steps to within inches. I close my eyes in shame. I have no words to offer... either in protest or plea.

A hand extends. The index finger crooks and gathers in the two cords where they attach at the front of the neck collar. She jostles, pulling outward then wriggling her hand. The simple action brings a deluge of sensations. My breasts bob about, the clitoral hood bell rings, the labial grommets tighten, the ginger plug moves about. Even tension can be felt on the spinal grommets.

"Clever. I see you have her zipped closed. I imagine chastity is good for a girl like this. Complete denial."

"Of course. She's had her last orgasm, though I offer vaginal manipulation to adjust her hormones from time to time... limited pleasure of course."

More temerity as the finger releases the cords and both hands move to my breasts.

"Lovely tits for a little girl. Have you ever had them hot spatulated?"

"No, Sunny is more into slow and lengthy pain."

"Tsk. Tsk. Lovely targets. Sunny is it? Well hello, Sunny."

She mockingly greets as both thumbs and forefingers enclose about a nipple. She gently kneads, applying moderate pressure, sending a message of authority... that at her whim the pink nubs can easily be made to suffer.

"Sunny has a loft on Ludlow Street. The recently converted warehouse. Sixth floor. We're having a little gathering on Sunday. Stop in."

"I'll do that. Thanks for the invite, Sunny," the mocked reply most irritating.

My 'lovely tits' are released. A gust of wind brings the expected cold of a December evening. The weather is

changing. Even the insouciant Dr. Samuels knows I cannot remain too much longer outdoors and exhibited.

"My name's Consuela... Connie to my friends."

"I am Winthrop, known as Winnie. We must be going, my little pet's getting cold. See you Sunday. And do bring your spatula, Connie. I am curious."

The woman smiles and nods.

"Slow and lengthy you suggested. Have some smelling salts and we'll see just what she's about."

Her hand lowers, a finger works between my thighs to diddle my perineum and slowly graze upwards along the cords to tease the closed flesh of my labia majora. Up. Down. Up. Her touch feels both good but frighteningly controlling. I am so vulnerable and she so much enjoys my plight.

Then her finger finds the clitoral hood. She looks straight into my eyes as she amuses herself, her toying finger making the bell peel with zeal. She laughs. I look down in shame. Finally she grasps the loose length of thin steel cable that normally zips me closed.

"This is what I would use as a leash, pretty naked girl."

She gently pulls to demonstrate and the sensation almost causes my knees to buckle. She notices me dip and catch myself. She laughs, releasing to step away, noting my reaction to the brisance of pleasure. She sees something.

"Yes... Sunday. Ludlow Street."

"Please no more of that, Dr. Samuels."

The elevator grinds. Thankfully the fire of the ginger has dissipated, both anus and nipples.

"Oh Sunny, it's the fantasy you dream about and you know it. Lewd exhibition... nicely bound... controlled on the end of a leash. You protest but you enjoy."

Returning to the loft, I am amazed to feel comfort in knowing I will be strung up in the frame. It's become a place of sanctuary. Nothing expected of me, no cares, no worries.

My mind dulls. The slow building pain brings the flow of endorphins, the body's natural opiate. I have been disciplined to remain motionless, thus the muscles enter a state of suspended animation. I am fed and cared for with minimal intrusion. The unknown... the unexpected... not to be encountered.

The odd cord configuration is removed, quickly untied, unraveled and slipped from the many grommets. The ginger plug removed. I am led to the frame.

"We will have visitors... on Sunday?"

"A little holiday gathering. You will enjoy being placed on display."

The reply comes as the last bungee cord is attached to my left ankle grommet and Dr. Samuels works to assure my weight is evenly distributed. Then he retrieves the basin. When he splays my labia he laughs.

"You're gushing, Sunny. It appears you've attained a mild orgasm or two. This Consuela woman rocked your boat did she?"

I remain silent, knowing to open my bladder whenever offered the kindness of a receptacle. A trickle begins, becoming fully accustomed to male hands embracing my pudendum will never happen. Still, I press to drain myself.

Bladder empty, genitalia patted dry, the bell is temporarily removed from the thin cable. I am then zipped closed, fingers working to press together my labia majora and return the cable, threading the strand through eight tiny grommets. The lock firmly presses against the lowest grommet. It clicks closed. Then the bell is reattached to the free swinging end. The slightest motion will bring forth a ring. I can feel its weight.

I look to the mirror. As with the first time Dr. Samuels sodomized me, the long corset cords, now two, split at the base of my spine. Tied right and left, the configuration offers unfettered access to my rectum. The pleasure of my tight rear portal has come to entice. I sense that my little bell will

soon be ringing, and it will not be as a result of languishing muscle movement.

A finger glides along my gluteal cleft. It's cool... and moist. It pauses at my rectum, slips within and wriggles about. I am being lubricated. I am ashamed to realize the penetrating finger feels good.

"I'm going to miss walking you, Sunny. The winter cold obviates the fun."

Dr. Samuels steps to my front. There is a bulge in his trousers. As he nears I know to clench the zipper tab in my teeth.

"But I think we can find some suitable indoor activities for you..."

Sunday morning I am bathed. Louise once again offers the three 'H' treatment. Massive infusions of hot soapy water. I find my bloating belly to be barely tolerable... until she begins the cold rinsing enemas. These don't fill but instead bring painful cramping which racks my entire form with intolerable pain.

Dr. Samuels enters, has me lie supine and obscenely spread. He shaves my pudendum, working the razor around my grommets. For good measure he slathers about a depilating cream. It burns. It smells.

"With enough applications, over time shaving will not be necessary."

Rinsed clean, my elbow grommets are clipped together. I am positioned to kneel, forehead pressed to the bathroom floor, buttocks high. Louise rubs my entire form with mineral oil... lots. She reaches beneath to work with deliberation about my breasts. Her touch feels good. She most sensuously tweaks my nipples.

My skin is brought to a sheen. Then for the first time, Louise slips the tip of a syringe bulb into my anus. She squeezes. I feel a deluge of viscous fluid enter my colon.

She refills and squeezes again then slips a moderate anal plug into my rectum.

"Slipperiest stuff made. Do try to hold it," she forewarns.

I can feel the gooey mass. Slippery indeed.

I am hooded. Thick black cloth. A hole has been cut for the silly bob of hair atop my head. One other large hole for nose and mouth. Otherwise I cannot see, and my hearing is impaired. The bell is attached to the loose end of cable which locks away my sex. I feel the clip for my leash slip into my nostril. It clicks closed.

"Come little girl," the voice of Dr. Samuels.

I still cannot fully use my feet as the leash directs me. I struggle to rise. I am frightened. I cannot see. My bell rings with my motion. With arms encumbered I must carefully balance myself. My thighs slip together as do the cheeks of my buttocks. I can feel rivulets of the mineral oil drip. Droplets form on my nipples. The anal insertion feels oddly welcomed.

"You are quite the charming sight, pretty naked girl."

I blush. The controlling hand smooths over my slick skin, pausing to diddle at my zipped up mons. I quiver with the touch and my little bell chimes. It brings laughter.

"We'll walk a bit, then it will be time to hang."

Out the bathroom, I stagger about. On toes, I instantly respond to my leash. I have no choice but to be obediently governed. Around and around, the bell chimes, I am a race horse limbered for competition... being prepared to meet a challenge.

Finally it is time for the frame.

Leash tied to the front pipe. Elbows unclipped, drawn high, secured to bungee cords. Long double corset cord threaded along my spine. Buttock grommets connected. Finally the ankle grommets attached well over my head, forcing my legs to bend at the knees. Then the quick scramble to tighten and adjust. Lastly comes the cord draping from left pipe to right, snaring the ring knotted into

my hair bob and gratefully relieving my nose leash of tension.

Mentally, I prepare to enter my space. Submission, total helplessness, immobility... after the many weeks I have trained my muscles for complete subjugation. Such meekly linger, responding to the challenge that motion is to be avoided. The slightest move can bring the cascade of unbearable cramps. The darkness adds a new dimension. I can no longer view my reflection to watch the slight motion of fingers, toes and tongue which serves to evidence reality.

Fingers work to slip away my anal plug. I feel the viscous fluid injected within. I dare not clench my buttocks to hold the injected slickness. I continue to relax and feel the goo begin to ooze. Rivulets slowly stream down my perineum. With Louise's liberal application, I will not soon be emptied of the lubricant.

So I settle. I become a painting. An erotic form of art. A living sculpture. As the slow suffering spurs the flow of endorphins, my mind slows. The tedium becomes oddly acceptable. My bell stills to ring no more.

Do I sleep? Pass out? Time becomes immeasurable in my darkness. I hear motion. Someone works in my kitchen. Glassware clinks. Plates rattle. I know I began the stint in the late morning. Spasms and the resulting cramping usually set in after two hours, though I have gone longer. I have been disciplined to remain perfectly still. Concentrating on... concentrating on... well I guess on nothing. That is the trick. I must avoid thoughts which would stir physical reaction. To move is to create pain. Sharp pain... intense pain. The slow, creeping suffering is tolerable. It mounts, yes. But does so in conjunction with the endorphins.

So, how long have I been suspended?

A straw is pushed into my mouth. Water streams to the back of my throat. I swallow. I am thirsty, but am always

forced to imbibe more than I want... more than I need. Still I gulp, careful not to even move a finger. Water, water, water. It seems to not end. Yet I meekly imbibe.

Finally, a second bottle drains and fingers tweak my nipples in a reward for my obedience. It feels good, the sensuous input. Of that, I want more. I shall not have it.

Whoever offers such refreshment wordlessly steps away. I return to nothingness.

I stir. I smell food. I hear activity... more than in the kitchen. There are voices. Greetings are offered and exchanged.

Who?

I fight the urge to move. Unknown, unseen people have entered my loft. Naked, bound, oiled to gleam like an expensive new car... I am very much aware of the lascivious image I present, having for hours stared at my reflection in the large mirror.

My mind clears and garbled murmurs turn to discernible words.

"Quite the toy, Winnie. I've seen her flogged at *Spankers*. A pain puppy."

A male voice, owner unknown. It comes closer.

"I assume there is a reason she's not gagged,"

There is laughter. It is Dr. Samuels' laugh.

"Quite obedient. She just silently lies in suspension wallowing in what she most enjoys, vulnerability, pain, humiliation. Quite orally proficient. One would not want to impede her talents with a gag."

"Really? And so young. Usually requires much experience to train a girl to properly swallow."

"She thinks sperm is a rare delicacy, Harold. Never gives up a drop."

I hear a zipper.

"Would you like some sustenance little girl?"

“I’ll loosen the nose leash. She’ll need to move her head a little. Try not to cause much motion.”

I feel my nose leash jostle.

“Do give the man your best, Sunny. It’s Christmas after all.”

A semi firm penis greets my lips. I engulf. It hardens. I begin to fellate. Lips tighten. Tongue flutters. It’s mechanical, a machine turned on with a flip of a switch. So many penises. So much sperm. Hands embrace my hood covered head. My head bobs. The bulbous engorging penis tip abrades the back of my throat. I suppress the gag reflex. My mind hears a truck engine. My body feels the vibration of the road. Kilometers pass. I am in Europe earning my travel fare. In. Out. In. Out.

My mind returns when I hear words... male... female. People watch. People laugh. People mock. I am the center of attention... gleaming, grommited, stretched, suspended, helpless, naked... my body turned into an exhibition, my muscles and ligaments transformed to a source of torment... used against me as a source of pain.

I hear a sigh of pleasure. The rigidness plummets with increased energy. It’s a sizable manhood, but I am well trained. I open myself. There comes a firm clenching of my head and the final plunge which I know so well. The organ explodes, hot seed rushes to my stomach. Another explosion. The penis draws back. I know to suck, swirl my tongue about the urethral opening, drawing forth every droplet, though really not a rare delicacy, dutifully cleansing and taking all that is offered.

“She’s quite the cocksucker. Takes every drop.”

To the sound of much merriment, the softening organ withdraws. It is the first blow job of the day... but not the last.

Dr. Samuels has temporarily released each limb, one at a time, massaging to restore circulation and forestall

cramping. Remaining hooded, I have no concept of the time. Hours at least, perhaps it is near dinner time.

Food has been served, guests coming and going all afternoon. Fellatio has been provided on demand. On at least three occasions a dauntless male stepped within the frame and used me anally, no compunction in offering sodomy before a loft full of mixed company. With Louise spritzing significant lubrication into my rectum, slipperiest stuff made, accepting penetration is gratefully simple, though I obviously tend to swing about within my tethers. And as described when first used anally, the manner of restraint, the arroycoo, encourages me to most meekly accept the otherwise painful and degrading use of my backside. I just lie and gently rock back and forth, the rhythm of the repeated penetration determined by the hands of the sodomite, my bell chiming to his cadence. Resistance, futile of course, would merely bring forth the cascade... spasms leading to cramping leading to spasms.

So I become a one hundred pound naked and well bound sperm receptacle. I have given up counting the expended loads of male seed... oral and anal.

I recognize some voices. Mrs. Anderson, Theresa the reform school nurse, her companion Maggie. Many woman of the party enjoy playing with my breasts, those who don't mock and offer deriding comments. Others squeeze the water bottle. One unlocked me and assisted in urination. Relieving oneself before a crowd without forcing a flow to avoid muscle exertion, brings the humiliation which Dr. Samuels knows to stimulate. I do not understand it. But I indeed feel myself blush as so many watch while words are expressed... those normally reserved for potty training a child are offered to encourage my flow.

Yes, I become aroused. Just slightly graze my clitoris while drying me, I hope to myself.

Overall, my guests, some of whom I assume I have encountered at *Spankers*, are quite the libertine crowd. It

becomes apparent that Mrs. Anderson's loft below is open for female guests. I imagine Kim awaits well chained with eager tongue ready to bestow Christmas cheer. Some women slip out, down the elevator, and return well satiated.

Curiously, there comes no cascade of cramps. Despite the many hours, I have not had a spasm and certainly no painful contractions. Just the slow building of anguish which quick release and simple massage resets... deterring the acute self inflicted agony of uncontrolled spastic motion.

I am being sodomized one more time. This manhood is not lengthy but stout, bringing more stress to the rectum than the longer phalli which have plumbed the depths of my throat. With some climactic thrusts, I concentrate on remaining motionless. With the ringing of my bell I hear commotion about the door. Another guest. And the voice brings recognition. There comes a hot rush of sperm as Dr. Samuels introduces her around and there comes a frisson of fear. I can feel the goose bumps form.

"You brought your spatula, Connie. Excellent."

Is this the peak of my short life as a masochist? An interval in which I swear I shall never again pine to endure the suffering offered by a governing hand?

Connie, more formally introduced as Mrs. Consuela de la Porta, lectures. She has indeed brought her spatula and has requested the location of the nearest electrical outlet.

"A simple hot plate, used to warm coffee. Set low, it keeps the spatula at the perfect temperature, just above tolerable."

A small table has been moved. A long electrical cord, conveniently brought with the spatula and hot plate, connects to offer power.

This Connie, Miss Consuela to me, very much encouraged that my hood be removed. Thus it is rolled up to rest atop my head. I can see. Those guests not wishing to be identified have stepped to my rear. The mirror has been

moved. I cannot turn to see. I shall never know or recognize them, yet the voices will forever be ingrained.

Miss Consuela is immaculately dressed, a tight blouse, a flowing pleated skirt, festive holiday colors. With the trench coat of our initial meeting gone, she is well formed, tall... not thin... certainly not plump. She moves with grace, confidence. Long flowing hair, not folded under a fedora, offers a stylish classiness.

Propping her spatula, nothing more than a common kitchen implement used for flipping hamburgers and eggs, on the hot plate, the broad flat surface greets the heating elements. I can smell the heat, feel the glow. She strolls to my side, disappearing from view. Her hand touches, grazing along my left torso then finding its way to the many tufts of skin bearing my weight... spinal grommets. The buttock grommets are of interest. It is apparent that the strict bondage, the slow suffering, enthuses.

"Nice presentation with the oil. Clever stuff these grommets. They're part of her. And those hobbling ankle grommets... splendid!"

Dr. Samuels explains the hypoallergenic nature of the metal, the body's ready acceptance of nickel cobalt. As he speaks I feel the hand glide beneath to my belly.

"Tummy's full. That's good. Well watered. Gives the mind something to think about... the next release."

The hand continues to my zippered mons. It teases, brushing my labia majora... up, down, up down. She flicks my bell and laughs.

"You've been well fanny fucked, little girl. Your little anus is flowing with nasty stuff. Tsk. Tsk."

The abundance of sperm slowly oozes and has moistened her exploring fingers. She retracts in feigned revulsion.

"She does not move?"

Dr. Samuels explains the devious nature of arroycoo, the self induced agony if attempted motion brings a spasm and subsequent cramps. The imagination is intrigued. I picture

the wry smile as Miss Consuela contemplates the dilemma of the masochist... the offering of welcomed, subtle, slow suffering... abruptly interrupted when inadvertent movement brings the cascade. Discipline, concentration, tedious suffering only to be broken by intense agony.

'She is forced to meekly show herself,' I imagine her thoughts. 'So wonderfully vulnerable.'

"We'll see how well she has learned to concentrate. I suspect she'll both savor and detest a lengthy hot spatulating."

Miss Consuela returns to my front. I have watched the spatula heat, can feel the hot plate radiate. She removes. Right hand. The left index finger touches the edge of the blade. It quickly retracts. A minor burn.

"I'll need the nose leash. It is best."

Dr. Samuels unties the cord. Miss Consuela takes it her left hand. She slowly lifts and the jolt of pain forces me to raise my head. My breasts are even more prominently displayed... just as she desires.

"Let's see how well you can remain motionless, little girl."

With that, the first of many slaps is delivered... really nothing more than a flick of the wrist. The searing hot blade nips my left nipple. The combination of heat and stinging swat overwhelm. I scream, forced to look into the pleasant smiling face of my tormentress.

My reaction brings lurching, my feet and legs thrash about, I tug with my arms futilely trying to escape my bonds. This brings on the cascade and as my stinging breast cools, the cramping begins. All the large muscles uncontrollably tighten... glutei.. soleus... gastrocnemius. I yelp, trying to return myself to calm. Concentration... discipline, I tell myself. It requires minutes, my audience greatly amused by my self induced anguish. Mrs. Consuela de la Porta has brought a tidal wave of agony with the mere flick of her wrist.

The spatula returns to the hot plate. The fingers of the right hand gently brush away tears. She leans, whispering, but others can easily hear.

“This isn’t what you deserve, little girl. But it *is* what you desire.”

Epilogue

Mrs. Consuela de la Porta

It is fortuitous to be wealthy when one has the proclivity which I possess.

Winnie so nicely arranged for me to meet this Sunny Sudenskaya... that ostensibly chance encounter on a secluded lower Manhattan side street was most contrived. Yes, Dr. Winthrop Samuels and I go back a few years. In medical school together, I dropped out when my wealthy father died. With the bequeathal of few hundred million dollars, late night study, long hours of internship, become no longer endurable.

So with my father's demise I was left to marry, a charming and equally wealthy man, and pursue recreational activities. No children desired. Our tepid marriage is more akin to a merger of business interests.

Winnie emailed pictures of Sunny to me. I became intrigued. Enough so that I had the crew prepare my yacht and we sailed to New York. Then we conspired for a rendezvous. Winnie thought that a 'chance' meeting, one in which Sunny was displayed leashed, mostly naked, and outdoors on a public street, would best illustrate her predilection... one which so nicely complements mine. He is aware of my penchant for ownership... body and soul... my preference for mousey little girls... obedient... trainable tongues... limited family... not to be missed if I whisk them away. When I freely palpated Sunny's breasts, teased her zippered labia, her silence bespoke loudly. Toying with her clitoral hood leash almost brought an orgasm. Control and governance arouse!

And when Winnie so graciously invited me to his holiday gathering, I became even more attracted to and enticed by this Sunny Sudenskaya. The girl, strung up and bound utilizing permanent openings, so subtly enjoyed exhibiting her aberrant sexuality. Yes, she was in her element in being

so displayed, acquiescing so placidly to Winnie's clever bondage.

I swatted those breasts throughout the night. And yes, the smelling salts were used. No one was in any particular hurry, so I leisurely tormented. I would guess that each application of the searing hot spatula required some ten minutes of recovery... required to calm those cramping muscles.

I fell in love!

I suppose aficionados of fine art have the some emotion concerning a rare painting, for the affection is not romantic attraction. No, I coveted the modified nakedness as one would covet a sculpture.

I wanted her. I wanted her to be on display for me... at my behest. From Dr. Winthrop Samuels, artiste, I acquired a living masterpiece.

Yes, when one has uncountable millions, one is usually able to acquire what one wants. After all, there remain some foreign countries where the application of modest dollars can still serve to silence the tongues of government. Nothing outrageous to raise the ire of the free world mind you. Just some 'games' where allegedly consenting participants engage in otherwise condemned behavior.

So weeks after the holiday gathering, Winnie secured Sunny in the frame and some well paid conspirators wheeled her out of the loft. Down the elevator, into a panel truck, to the Brooklyn docks, onto my yacht and away we sailed, Sunny never leaving the devious frame of Dr. Winthrop Samuels.

Where to?

Not to be divulged. But a clue. A small Central American country where the impetus of curtailing narcotics trafficking predominates over all other concerns of the United States government. Thus a little 'hanky panky', sexual peccadilloes, are overlooked. Rumors of a girl, one who never legally entered the United States, being held against

her will are not to upset the status quo of the relationship with the corrupt local government... assuming Sunny's plight is deemed to in fact be non consensual.

Keep fighting the drug trade... host some libertines... all is well with the US authorities.

Sunny's tolerance for this arroycoo suspension has become incredible. She hangs many, many hours with short respites in which she is massaged, walked to limberness then returned to her bondage. Not a word spoken. She seems happiest in the seemingly severe suspension, those opiates, as explained by Dr. Samuels, flowing to direct her mind to a fantasy land of masochistic revelry.

I have designed my own frame, a modified version of Winnie's. It is a simple rectangle of pipes, much wider and not standing on wheels. Instead it hangs from above, cables attached to the steelwork holding up the roof of my outdoor garden. Motorized, Sunny's nakedness can be raised or lowered with a flick of a switch. I usually have her secured then sit and admire my sizable objet d'art as a simple press of my finger raises her naked form. High up into the trellises amongst hanging, blossoming vines, she decorates my covered patio. She is quite pretty there, quietly suffering in the tropical flowers. Suspended some three feet below the frame, visitors can walk beneath her and admire from below. But there are also those occasions when it is time for her to endure the hot spatula, torment which proves to be delightfully diverting. She squirms most delightfully, her many cords offering motion which serves to begin the cascade of muscle contractions and cramps. As I found at the holiday party, one simple smack of the spatula can bring a full ten minutes of self induced agony until Sunny can calm herself and endure another.

Other slight modifications? Before leaving New York, I had Winnie grommet the top of her ears. No more hair bob, she's kept completely shaved. The ear grommets are

utilized to relieve the tension of the nose leash instead. And I don't bother zipping her closed. With arms constantly restrained she cannot masturbate so the precaution is unnecessary. Instead I have used her labial grommets to do the opposite.

Yes, with the wider frame, I have Sunny's ankles spread to the maximum, offering a most revealing exhibition of her mons. And to assure thorough display of her charms, I had a special large ring of matching nickel cobalt made, some eight inches in diameter. It is to this addition that I have attached thin decorative chains which loop through the eight labial grommets and the hood grommet. The ring encircles her mons and accommodates the chains. Pulled to tightness, the configuration holds her lips obscenely open, her clitoris well exposed. Essentially, with thighs widely parted, her splayed sex offers humiliating views of her most intimate anatomy. The expanse of pink is both shocking and amusing... and affords a sense of vulnerability that is most confounding for her. Her feminine essence constantly drools, the evidence of her arousal visible to all. And anything, any time can be inserted. For her it feels that I am forcibly presenting the very depths of her womb... to me... to all visitors... all is opened for visual inspection... plus a teasing finger or two from time to time. My guests so much like to reach above and explore.

I have not the patience of Winnie and Louise in terms of the required care, feeding and cleansing. I observe my precious 'sculpture', lower the frame to have that wondrous tongue lick my love nest daily and play with my spatula on occasion, otherwise I do not touch.

No, I have relegated Sunny's care to Rudolpho, a huge, muscular and swarthy native born and raised to work the local sugar fields. As a virile teen, I rescued him from a life of grueling labor.

Rudolpho is loyal and caring, but his most notable attribute is ten inches of coal black uncircumcised manhood

which Sunny is slowly learning to fully accommodate in fellatio.

For that she is lowered in her new frame, of course, and I delight in watching Rudolpho enjoy a well earned reward. He fucks her mouth and throat like a bullstud.

Anal penetration will follow at some point. Just as with fellatio, the frame will be lowered so that Sunny's little opening will align with Rudolpho's turgid stiffness. Those large hands will grip the buttock cords and swing her entire nakedness for impalement. Resistance will bring forth the cascade of course. So Sunny will meekly submit and that massive organ which she is barely able to fellate will plunge deeply. Swinging to fro and fro, I'll watch with glee as she's slowly sodomized. Oh the degradation!

For that reason, Rudolpho is working with my assistance to open up that tight little sphincter. We're close to achieving accommodation. But really the fun is more in impaling her anus and slowly inflating an imposing plug, stretching her rectum daily. Resisting it can bring those spasms... and the cascades begin...

The Blacksmith's Daughter

Prologue

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

My name is Dr. Winthrop Samuels. Some of you readers may remember the name, and me, from the 'Suspension Bondage' affair, in which I accommodated the curious penchants of Ms. Sunny Sudenskaya.

If not, I offer some background...

I am a doctor. I have a medical degree but never see patients. With my graduate studies in engineering I work in medical research... orthopedic devices... replacement joints mainly. So I have forgone the general practice of medicine... the moans and groans of the hypochondriacs, the sniffles of spoiled children, the miserably living and the soon to be dying... for a less exciting but equally lucrative career in designing, testing and ultimately selling very precise and expensive devices... for the most part knees and hips.

Yes, it's not overly exciting. Lots of testing, lots of data to evaluate, meeting after meeting, hour after hour before the Cad cam terminals (computer aided design, computer aided manufacturing)... lots of waiting as prototypes wear in clinical trials.

I suppose it's this prosaic professional career that has fostered a sort of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' lifestyle, my social life quite the contrast.

You see, I am a sadist. And though I do not announce, broadcast, wear such on my sleeve so to speak, my own proclivities are known within the New York D/s clubs where, under my middle name, the nom de guerre 'Haig', folks of my ilk gather nights and weekends and fervently endeavor to satiate the masochists... and doing so, ironically, by assuring that they are never really satiated. Yes, Dr. Winthrop and Mr. Haig, not the literary ring of the classic Robert Louis Stevenson story but somewhat analogous.

Whereas I keep a low profile at these fetishist gatherings, playing the role of curious observer more than active participant, I am known from time to time to arrange for a

private tete a tete when the right morsel of quivering flesh proves to be tempting.

My good friend, Louise Flanner, aka Nurse Ratched, assists. More outgoing, more active in the scene, she will on occasion steer my attention. Louise is polysexual, able to obtain equal glee in tormenting both the genders... and those in between. So she keeps her eye out. And whereas I can't say she sends me her rejects, there are little strumpets in need of discipline who seek correction from 'Daddy'. So as with Sunny Sudenskaya, I accommodate, briefly adopting and offering correction on a given Saturday night, but rarely in such an intriguing manner as assuming ownership, as with Sunny.

And so there comes the affair which I mnemonically refer to as 'the blacksmith's daughter'. Louise recommended that the girl talk to me and also called me to recommend highly that I agree to see her.

Of course, I inquired about the nature of this proposed meeting, desiring my private life to be as confidential as possible. Louise is one of only a handful of people who know both the details of my vanilla life and my deviant social activities. When attending social events I am 'Haig', my middle name... never Winthrop or Winnie. And never ever 'doctor'. I have much invested in my medical license and intend to keep it.

Chapter One

The story begins...

"What's it about, Louise?"

"You'll see. Trust me, Winnie; you'll be as intrigued as with Sunny."

She brings this up to entice, my initial contact with the orally gifted Sunny was indeed as a result of Louise's recommendation... to Sunny. And she likes to tease, knowing that my hyperactive scientific mind cannot process vagueness. It frustrates... and Louise knows how to frustrate.

"Over coffee?" I suggest.

"I recommend a place where she can be exhibited."

It's a code, the phrase meaning a location where I can have her stripped naked. More tantalizing intrigue.

Well, I only take girls to my place after some vetting, to assure such are into the scene and indeed won't change their minds, calling the authorities in some rash afterthought. I am comfortable with Louise. I am sure this girl is somewhat vetted by her. But I fish for more than what Louise cares to offer.

"How do you know this girl... this Sandra?"

"She experienced the ignominy of being tossed out of Spankers... conduct unbecoming a pervert," Louise offered with a laugh.

Spankers is one of the many BDSM clubs Louise regularly frequents. To be tossed is unusual, not much is forbidden, as one can imagine.

"Tossed out? For what?"

"It seems that to be bestowed with her gift of oral satiation there is a price to be paid. You know the rules..."

Yes, I do. No professionals. It's a social club for consenting adults, although visitors of my ilk hope not too consenting. I hate it when the bondage is deemed superfluous.

"How did she get in?"

“Offered a free one to the randiest guy she could find at the club’s entrance. His membership is suspended, of course.”

“So you are suggesting I meet with a pro? Come on, Louise, you know that’s not my style.”

“Not a pro, just desperate for money. And I think you can help her... and it will scratch that itch.”

More code for the gratification attained in bringing young feminine flesh under my complete control... which is the issue in dealing with professionals. When the encounter is based on pecuniary interests, who really controls?

“I don’t want anyone I have not before met at my apartment. So where can I have her exhibited?”

“She is unaware of your thing... our thing. I recommended you as a professional who can help her. So I suggest meeting in your laboratory. You said yourself it’s lonely there working at night.”

A rather stunning suggestion. Yes, I spend many late hours when clinical trials end and there is a deluge of data which needs immediate evaluation. Quiet is best... and in the late hours the lab becomes a bat cave, empty of all until dawn. But I insist on a professional atmosphere and shepherding a girl known for her skills as a fellatrix is dicey. Yet Louise’s tease is working. After all, there was Sunny Sudenskaya. Quite the gratifying encounter.

“Ok, tell this Sandra to drop by tomorrow night at 8:00 p.m. I will alert the security guard. But, Louise, no propositioning... and make sure she’s appropriately attired!” My last comment coming as I envision the likes of a Tenth Avenue, gum chewing street walker trying to convince security that she has a legitimate appointment with the noted research designer, Dr. Winthrop Samuels.

What am I getting into?

The following evening I call security and arrange her entry.

“The girl alleges that she is having trouble with one of our hips. Really need to evaluate her before the lawyers do.”

Most security personnel are ex police officers with little fondness for the legal profession. Therefore the urgency is empathetically understood. What is not explained is why a girl in her early twenties has a new hip. Yet, it's security. Medical questions and evaluations are my purview.

I arrange to assure that one of the evaluation rooms remains unlocked and I inspect beforehand to see that it is neat and clean. I will not inform this 'Sandra' of the purpose of the bright white clinically clean chamber. It's to perform autopsies on dogs. To owners of arthritic dogs we donate hips, made of very expensive alloys and of precision manufacture. The agreement is we get the hip back upon Fido's demise to ascertain wear and tear and assure the FDA of efficacy.

No dogs tonight. The bright lights, the stainless steel table, the many cabinets of devices appear to be more of a standard operating room. And the room is sanitized; our operating budget spares no expense in cleanliness, neatness and presentation.

My phone rings promptly at 8:00 p.m. Security announces the arrival, Ms. Sandra Devon, already ascending in the elevator.

“And it's good that you're seeing her doc. She is walking real funny. Hope it's not one of your designs.”

More intrigue. A young woman with a gait problem. Maybe Louise is toying... maybe this Sandra Devon has a legitimate need outside of my social hobby of ineluctable restraint and slow, unending discipline.

I hang up and head for the elevator bank. With no one on the entire floor, finding my office will be difficult. Besides I do not want this stranger aware of personal details... stuff hanging on my office walls like awards and degrees. I prefer to first vet for now. So I will direct her straight to the austere evaluation room.

The elevator opens. Out steps Ms. Sandra Devon. She is young, as expected. She is dark skinned, not expected. Also not expected – a ring, large in circumference, large in gauge, emanates from her nose. And security is correct, she steps not so much with a limp but labored, as one would walk the day after a grueling ten mile jog. Also not expected, despite the warm early fall evening, she is draped in a loose overcoat from neck to ankles, as if anticipating a torrential rain storm. Not even her hands are exposed, such stuffed into the oversized pockets of her billowing coat.

“I am Dr. Samuels,” extending my hand.

The girl blushes, not desiring to extend hers. Or not able?

“I am Sandra Devon.”

“You don’t have a hip problem. Knees bothering you?” my fifteen years of experience, medical school and engineering degrees bringing a quick preliminary determination.

“Er, no Doctor. My knees are fine... all joints are fine.”

“Glad to learn that. Just commenting on the laborious ambulation.”

Yes, we use words like that.

“It’s from... from certain adornments. Gifts,” uttering the word with apparent disdain for the giver, “from my father... actually my stepfather.”

“I thought we’d talk in one of our evaluation rooms,” hopefully my tone not hinting such are for dead dogs. “May I take your coat?”

She becomes momentarily demure. I pause as well, not comprehending any problem.

“Are we alone? I do not want to shock.”

“Office hours ended long ago. There is no one here.”

She nods... and then she shocks indeed.

In slipping her hands from her coat pockets... there are no hands!

“I could use some help,” her voice softening as I stare... quite unprofessionally I might add.

At the wrists, extending to where knuckles and fingers should be displayed, there are instead smooth balls of iron... dark and gothic. At the ends there are dull hooks. I suppose such could be used to grasp and hold things in place of digits, but the effort required... and patience to do the simplest of things... must be... well, how does she eat, groom herself, use the bathroom?

I grab the coat and note that beneath she is similarly loosely attired, blouse and skirt in sizes too large.

"Let's step immediately to my evaluation room Miss... Miss Devon," her presentment so bizarre that I am now concerned with any prospective night cleaners.

"Sandy, please, doctor."

"Sandy, please come this way."

More ungainly steps. Fortunately the journey is short and we enter without untoward delay.

Then, shock somewhat wearing, I note that Sandy is pretty and though dark skinned not entirely of African descent, probably Mulatto.

"How did you lose your hands?" my voice as steady and professional as possible, patting the stainless steel table indicating for her to sit.

"I haven't. My hands are covered. Beneath Daddy's iron I have fingers... last time I looked."

'Iron mittens', I think to myself. What torment, not being able to function.

"Why? Why are you wearing them?"

Sandy blushes.

"Daddy caught me playing with myself. He said that had to end. Pleasure is for others."

Daddy, I quickly conclude, seems to have penchants with which I am familiar.

I cluck my tongue... such wickedness.

"He would do this to his own daughter?"

"Well, I am really not his daughter. Stepdaughter, actually. Daddy is... was my mother's husband. I don't know

my biological father.”

I nod, a common atmosphere for abuse.

“May I disrobe? It’s stuffy and I am not accustomed to clothing.”

“Sorry, building services. They automatically adjust the air conditioning when the offices are presumed unoccupied,” I am amazed to observe as the hook of the right mitten tugs at a Velcro strap.

“Louise said you’d insist on me being naked,” the loose skirt dropping to the floor.

Such a vixen is Louise, but nicely saving time and the need to coerce. But such thoughts are quickly cast aside. As Sandy, sans undergarments and naked from the waist down, slips back to lean on the stainless steel table, I spy more iron. Heavy gothic circles of metal pierce the heels at the Achilles tendons. No wonder the girl walks with such effort! Romans were known to hobble slaves in such a manner, making quick flight quite arduous. But worse, a similar ring, heavy, well gauged, hangs from the outer labia, right lip and left, cruelly thrust through thick layers of epidermis. It impedes entrance to her vagina.

Alone such would not forestall masturbation or digital manipulation, fingers easily slipping over and around, but normal copulation... awkwardly impossible.

Sandy notes my intent stare.

“Daddy... no pleasure remember?”

I nod. Sandy somehow moves back to sit, apparently balancing herself so her blouse can be removed. In so doing I hear the clank of metal on metal. More iron... somewhere.

“My buttock rings,” Sandy anticipating my next question. “Daddy... well he liked me used... back there. And I was not to resist.”

I step to the side for a profile view. Sure enough incredibly large, heavily gauged rings pierce the buttocks near the top of each globe... I am sure the piercings snaring both glutei, two of the largest muscles in the body.

The hook of the right 'mitten', for want of a better term, grasps a strip of Velcro about the neck, releasing the specially made garment. It is tossed aside. Again no undergarment, I am sure such deemed too exacting to don. And again more shock... more piercings, but not the common variety seen weekly when cavorting about Spankers and other dens of sadism. These intrigue... just as Louise insisted.

I am without words.

"Daddy was a blacksmith."

He was indeed, and I do not know here to begin with my questions... like how does the girl live and eat.

So I just ask for her story... chronologically...

Sandra Devon

I was born some twenty years ago in Colorado. Daddy owned a horse farm. Mom just kept house, plus helped in the barn. My childhood was unremarkable until the awkward years of pubescence. Then, amongst my predominantly white schoolmates, the hue of my skin began to be noticed. This brought taunting and snickering, and of course, questions from within. Mom and Daddy were white. Why was my skin the color of creamed coffee?

Sex education classes came, and with knowledge came more questions as well. Finally, the taunts became more direct... more specific... a bastard child. Children can be cruel, and children undergoing hormonal changes even crueler. I finally confronted Mom during one of our mother daughter chats. I rarely interacted with Daddy. He was standoffish and I attributed his aloofness to the long hours and grueling tedium of horse breeding. In my chat, Mom's usual directness transcended to pensiveness when I broached the subject matter of the taunts I was enduring. Still with newly attained brazenness I pursued my questions.

It seems my folks separated for a time... before I was born. Mom moved from the farm, feeling stifled. She was young and though Daddy was well acclimated to the

seclusion of farm life, Mom was more urban. She left, moving to Denver, and without divulging too many details had an affair. And yes the affair was with the man who was my biological father... and he was black. The man turned out to be a rogue. And after impregnating my mother he simply walked out... but not until she was well into the third trimester... until I was in the third trimester.

Mom was not only heartbroken but also destitute. Little money, not able to work, few friends in Denver, she returned to Daddy, beseeching rides from strangers. One can imagine the scene as she ambled the final quarter mile drive to the farmhouse, rounded belly announcing her condition well before words were to be exchanged.

Mom confessed, if such is the appropriate term in disclosing the obvious. Not revealed... the ethnicity of the father.

So one can imagine... traumatic episode one... estranged housewife returns expecting child. And then traumatic episode two... housewife bears a child of color... her infidelity never to be veiled.

It was then that I began to better understand Daddy's standoffishness, the many hours on the range, including overnight stays in the high country during the summer months, when the stock were pastured on high chaparrals.

As my sexuality developed, Mom and Daddy's relationship became of more interest. It was apparent that whatever the agreement... the bargain Mom made to be taken back in, to have shelter for the remainder of her pregnancy, to have a roof over the head of her new born... it was draconian.

Yes, despite being somewhat ostracized, I did have some teenage girl friends. And in visiting their homes, I noted the husband wife relationship typically was warm and respectful. Whereas Mom and Daddy? well it seemed she was there to merely serve. And not only in the kitchen and barn.

With puberty, the locked bedroom door, the whimpering, the muffled yelps became more apparent to newly aware ears. Despite the infidelity, Mom and Daddy still had a sexual relationship, but it was one of subservience. Later I was to find how subservient.

Daddy was a sodomite.

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

I listen to Sandy's story intently, trying not to interrupt. As my initial gawking transforms to medical inquisitiveness, I inspect. Sandy merely sits naked, expecting to be exhibited... and to be palpated. I cannot help donning latex gloves and assuming a professional demeanor, feigned I might add.

She thinks I am Dr. Winthrop. She is going to meet Mr. Haig.

Those breasts for example, so nicely presented by her horrific modifications of iron... yes... very tender... very inviting... so prominently displayed...

So I cop a feel... professionally rendered, of course. The fingers are those of Dr. Winthrop... the licentious thoughts those of Mr. Haig. When my fingers turn from examination to sensuous caress, she pauses, cognizant of the transition. So I ask a question to divert attention.

"How long have you been in New York? And how on earth do you fare with your hands... confined?" searching for the word to describe iron laden hands.

"I have only been here three days. I keep my hands hidden in my coat pocket. I have been begging for food and earning money by..."

She pauses, blushing. I know how she earns her keep, Louise suggesting quite the oral skills.

"Fellatio," I finally blurt, using the time worn Latin term to augment my shammed air of professionalism.

She smiles quite shyly and nods.

"I can open cans," lifting her iron clad right hand to show the hook. "Pop tops. People have to help me with money.

I've been ripped off. The city sucks. I need help."

Offered the opportunity, I grasp the hand for closer examination. I work with metal... expensive stuff, special alloys such as nickel cobalt, quite hard, not given to corrosion. Thus the workmanship is of interest. As I inspect I nod, indicating that Sandy continue her narrative.

Sandra Devon

I graduated high school. An uninspired student, mediocre grades, Daddy's true feeling about me came to light. College denied, I was to work on the farm. And now in relative isolation, no further contact with fellow students, it was apparent Daddy was aware that whatever happened at the farm stayed at the farm, more or less.

I was not permitted to drive. There was no cell phone... no cell phone reception to be had. And I found the land line phone placed under lock and key. My chores increased. The work became physically daunting, lifting bags of feed, mucking the barn. Daily contact dwindled to Mom and Daddy, the farm hands seasonally transient with little chance to develop relationships.

Then, I suppose because my body was developing... and having no blood affiliation with Daddy.. he began to notice me... sexually.

There came a hot summer day when the hands were well out into the pastures. He suggested I would be more comfortable topless, my shirt to be removed. As you can see, my glands developed well, later than my friends, but well. There was attraction found.

What was I to do? I was frightened. I attempted to interject reason, mentioning the possibility of Mom's presence. Daddy just laughed. And he became crass.

'She will be silent... and pleased to know I find attraction. She knows she will benefit from a good stiff cock as a result,' pointing to his bulging trousers.

Things were changing at the farm. Deemed an adult, there came a new protocol. Yes, I labored topless, instructed

to cover myself only when visiting buyers arrived... or one of the hands rode in from the pastures.

And Daddy was right, Mom was not only silent but at night sounds behind the locked bedroom door became more noticeable... or maybe my perception advanced. Whatever.

Autumn came. There approached the isolation of winter. The winters of Colorado brought heavy snow. The few horses not sold in season for the most part stayed in the barn or grazed in a corral area. Thus the hands moved south, to return in the spring for breeding time. I was apprehensive, over the warm months Daddy's comportment somewhat tempered by the occasional interloping farm hand or visitor. This would end with the sale of many of the horses and the advent of heavy snows, I realized. Would there be more change? Would Mom continue to remain silent? Benefitting from a good stiff cock?

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

I listen. I examine. The ironwork is crude, in the mind of Dr. Winthrop – forged and deliciously gothic, in the mind of Mr. Haig. Two hot strips of metal have been pounded, hammered to be hemispherical in shape with openings for the wrists. The two pieces then placed over the hand and hot riveted together. Time required... many, many hours. And the bearer? Sitting... lying... with inordinate patience... either willingly submitting to the bizarre transformation, total denial of the use of hands... or perhaps, as the imagination of Mr. Haig effervesces, restrained. Yes, held well bound, immobile as for many hours the blacksmith forges with deliberation.

As I cup the right hand, the weight makes an impression. The iron sheet is thick... unnecessarily thick, the loss of prehension equally accomplished with lesser clad. There is a message conveyed, over and above the loss of the use of digits. And as I look down at the ankles the same is true there as well. With the sizable gauging of the rings, the penetrating implements not only serve to potentially bind,

but to constantly remind, the bulky loops affecting the gait, bringing uncontrollable cramping to the calf muscles I am sure.

The simple act of walking turned to an aggravating endeavor... the feel of another's imposing hands ever present.

"On all fours for me, Sandy. Knees well parted like a good girl."

She struggles on the smooth hard table top to assume the demanded position, iron mittens slipping, the muscles cramping indeed. But she protests not. Dr. Winthrop desires to ascertain the level of imposition offered by the extreme labial piercing. Mr. Haig just wants to see her cunt. So crass this Mr. Haig.

She resumes her story, her love pouch as well displayed as the huge wrought iron ring permits. Meanwhile a gloved hand reaches forth, diddling the ring. It's over three inches in diameter and appears to be that expected in the nose of a bull; I am sure such readily available in rural ranching country.

Sandra Devon

So winter comes. With the horses few, Daddy sends away the last farmhand. I am to feed those remaining. And now I will do so completely naked!

An early heavy snowfall piles deep layers of white on the quarter mile drive to the main road. With the house well stocked with winter supplies, Daddy does not bother to clear it away. Therefore no one in... no one out. Perhaps someone laden with snowshoes can traverse the deep powder. But to what purpose? There is nothing to be had, no reason to make the endeavor.

And so every morning after breakfast, Daddy sends me to the barn.

'You know how I want you,' he reminds, mother tending to the kitchen stove.

Does she know? I cannot help asking myself. How can she not?

Then he leans and whispers.

'I want you to strip naked first then stoke the fire. That will encourage haste.'

And of course, Daddy was correct, the temperature of the barn plummeting on winter nights, mere embers in the wood burning stove. But I was obedient, stripping naked and prancing about briskly, assembling split logs and stoking with fervor.

In finishing I turned to the door, not noticing that Daddy had slipped in to watch. Familiar with my breasts, his gaze went to my buttocks, well muscled with the many months of laboring, and of course my pussy.

'Shave... down there. Men like to view pink... and your mother will benefit... you know how,' again pointing to his bulging trousers.

Yes, the bedroom would be noisy tonight I concluded.

I began feeding the horses, lifting the heavy bags of feed. Daddy was entranced.

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

"What do you feel, in your pubes area? The ring appears ponderous." I interrupt again as a gloved hand again toys with the labial ring.

Heavy indeed... and Mr. Haig so much wants to tug with vigor.

"It feels as if I am constantly being controlled... all the piercings... but that one in particular."

"You were pierced simply to forestall masturbation. Yet, it would seem a determined girl could slip in some fingers and attain some degree of gratification."

With my clinical presumption, I lift the ring up toward the anus and oh so gently glide a gloved finger into her vagina very close to her clitoris. She stirs, pubo coccygeus muscles tensing with the briefest and slightest of touches. I note that she is quite wet, her vagina secreting, the amusing

response of the masochist which I so often encounter. Yes the intensity of the humiliation excites. She may know it... but does she understand it? I do, and it so much abets the exchange of power. Girls such as Sandra Devon will protest, plead, beg... but in the end submit... completely.

I withdraw and Sandy sighs... in disappointment?

"My hand coverings are what really enforces chastity. Daddy used that ring... well it can be used to bind," the words reluctantly offered.

Mr. Haig finds the notion quite gleeful, restraining a girl using her cunny. And Dr. Winthrop notes that with the ring so deeply set, the piercings thrust through many layers of epidermis, untoward stress can be applied. The girl can be leashed and led about by her genitalia! And done so quite brusquely. No sloppy and painful tearing for this piercing!

Alas, my clinical evaluation must move onward, lest Mr. Haig give himself away. So my examining hands move to the ankle rings. Such are of equivalent size and gauging. When I hook my finger through the right ring, a slight tug elicits a groan and instant cramping of the calf muscles. Yes, as expected, the piercings serve to hobble and I better understand the awkward ambulation, the very weight of the ring and the girl's movement can prompt involuntary contraction.

How fiendish! How humbling! Reminded of one's alterations with every footfall.

Yet I cannot dawdle. Maintaining the air of professionalism, I move to the left side of the table. The buttocks. Yes such are firm and shapely, the daily toil at the farm apparent and tedious but good for the physique. Athletic, a firm layer of effeminate flesh evenly covers well toned muscling. Yet such is also well tamed muscling. When I hook my finger and offer an equivalent slight tug to the ring atop the protrusion, again there comes a groan and instant cramping. Such will also affect the gait. And Mr. Haig notes that it will also obviate clenching of the buttocks when

the rings are used to restrain. Sandy did mention sodomy. But what a devilish endeavor, to offer permanent deep piercings to assure there can be no denial of penile entry.

"Quite deeply set," I note. "Quite painful."

"I fainted with every one," Sandy somewhat welling up with the memory.

"And your mother? How could she not have known?"

"She was gone."

Regretful that I preempted the story, I encourage her to resume.

Sandra Devon

Yes. Mom left... somehow in midwinter making it to the main road. By the time Daddy realized she was gone there was no tracking her. If he struggled through the deep snow as had apparently Mom, then what? She had probably hitched a ride and on foot he could not overtake anyone. And to finally plough the quarter mile drive would require hours. Plus make the farmhouse accessible to the interlopers I am sure he strove to avoid.

Whatever happened in the bedroom night after night, apparently Mom did not 'benefit' from, as Daddy so glibly suggested when he had me strip naked for him.

And so, Daddy's aberrant behavior no longer had constraints... no longer needed to be tempered by Mom's presence or potential interdiction.

My life unraveled rapidly after Mom's departure. First my clothing disappeared. While working in the barn naked, Daddy ransacked my room. I suppose everything ended up in the basement under lock and key. I should have noticed he was late joining me in the barn that morning. He would usually arrive while I labored to stoke the fire, he found my crinkled nipples quite amusing to watch. But he came late and immediately grabbed the covering I had shucked. I protested, but of course the garments were added to the sequestered pile somewhere in the farmhouse.

Well, we went through a lot of firewood that winter. And Daddy laughed with every quick trip from farmhouse to barn, my bare feet prancing on the compacted snow. There was much coal burned as well... for Daddy's blacksmithing... as you can see.

Yes, Daddy made his own horse shoes, more of a hobby than convenience or cost savings. And it later became apparent that this 'hobby' veiled the need to purchase wrought iron, coal and the tools required to forge my many rings.

The first ring, at my pubes came after Daddy unexpectedly entered the bathroom one evening. Yes, after shaving... down there... as he demanded... my fingers began pleasing myself. He was angry. Told me if he could muster the pluck for self denial, Mom's departure forcing chastity upon him, then I should as well.

That was the catalyst for the many additional piercings.

The next morning, as I labored in the barn, he stoked away in the corner. At first I welcomed the added heat, my nakedness always in need of additional warmth. Then I realized he was bringing to white hotness a piercing needle. He made me watch, telling me that naughty girls need to be reminded... constantly reminded... of the need for self restraint.

I became frightened. The forced nakedness had been just a strange game up until then, a form of cooling for Daddy's smoldering lust, Mom nightly extinguishing the flames. But now she was gone. And there was only Daddy and the horses, secluded from the rest of the world by foot after foot of snow... the freezing white steadily accumulating.

Adding to the 'cover' offered by the need to make horseshoes, the many straps and bindings readily available not only to mount and ride equines, but to facilitate breeding as well. How many times had I watched the eyes of a well secured mare roll about in fright as she was forcibly held in place for mounting?

Well it became my turn... not to be mounted... but to be thoroughly restrained for my first piercing. Yes, Daddy facilely strapped me down, gathered up a sizable tuft of labial flesh and thrust the white hot needle straight through... not a blink of his eye... not a moment of hesitation.

I fainted. When revived I was horrified to look down to see that during my unconsciousness, Daddy had completed not only a second symmetrical piercing, but worked the crude heavy wrought iron through both lips and forged it closed. I must have been out for over an hour, the trauma so intense.

Yes, it hurt, the skin not only punctured but burned of course. Yet, the emotional, the psychological suffering was more deeply felt. I was summarily transformed to a beast of burden, marked for life. And marked where a girl will always feel, always be cognizant of another's dominion.

'There,' Daddy summarized with a huff. 'A good reminder for you. You'll not have much fun toying about now.'

He was right, of course. Though as you observed, slim fingers can slip past the ring and somewhat frig, the rough iron constantly reminds of the horror, the cruel callousness meted for a girl doing what a girl is wont to do. And in nakedness, the ring flops about with every step, particularly when running in the cold, the 50 or more yards from farmhouse to barn.

So I knew it was there, knew masturbation was wrong, and with Daddy's supply of iron and many tools, knew more reminders awaited.

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

I listen intently, hoping that the bulge in my trousers, so prevalent with Daddy, is not noticed. Yes, Dr. Winthrop is most professional, but Mr. Haig... well Mr. Haig's eidetic mind relishes the imagery... a well restrained naked girl being pierced where she finds a piercing so significant.

I step to the front of the steel table, my nose detecting the fragrance of feminine arousal. Poor Sandy gives herself away, thoughts of her own cruel treatment excite her. I have seen it so often, so many morsels of feminine flesh begging to be taken home... to enter ownership... to be protected... only to reenter the realities of the vanilla world after a weekend in bondage.

What would they ever do without the likes of me... or rather Mr. Haig?

I stand before her in need, gazing at basic prettiness. As stated, Sandra Devon is well muscled... effeminate but with an athletic physique. Laboring on the farm, constantly bearing many pounds of excess metal, has served to hamper the accumulation of any notable fat. The mocha flesh is smooth and admirably uniform with curves where a girl is expected to have curves, and certainly no undesirable bulges to displease the lustful male eye.

Still, the breast piercings distract. The cruelest, most bizarre body modifications I have encountered... such that no girl would ever volunteer. For the breasts are not really pierced... such are spiked!

Even Mr. Haig is initially concerned, an odd flash of ephemeral compassion. But then I evaluate, signaling for Sandy to sit more upright by placing my own hands behind my head.

The metal mittens go to the back of her head as she leans back to rest on her haunches. With motion she winces, the deeply set piercings of her buttock rings functioning as intended.

Such glorious mammary glands... and such presentation! Large, firm, the angle of projection enhanced by vertical strips of metal. Such penetrate the main body of the mammary gland at the top, quite close to the breast bone. I note that in exiting beneath, the spike bifurcates, forming an upside down 'T'. At the top the spike has an eyelet. Attached is a slim dark wrought iron chain running up to the

shoulder, behind the neck and then down to the eyelet of an opposing breast spike. As a result, the bodies of both sizable globes are held upwards, supported by the taut chain, not only providing quite the enticing presentation, as noted, but leaving the perky nipples completely vulnerable, seeming to welcome attention... both amorous and evil.

Amazing! A brassiere of metal!

"Did you faint?" I inquire, a gloved hand extending to grasp the breast chain and teasingly jiggle.

I must stifle Mr. Haig's wicked smile as the globes jounce about despite the extreme firmness of the flesh.

Her breasts are leashed!

"I faint with every application of white hot iron," poor Sandy concedes.

I note the use of the present tense... not 'I fainted' but 'I faint'.

I extend both hands, first palming then palpating in feigning a clinical breast examination. Sandy sighs again, my touch more sensuous than the standard brusque squeezing to ascertain lumps.

"A curious form of breast bondage," feeling deep within the iron posts thrust from top to bottom, my choice of words hopefully not revealing my weekend social pursuits.

She closes her eyes, apparently experiencing intense pleasure. I begin to realize with no coitus possible, with iron clad hands forbidding masturbation, her nipples and breasts have become the primary erogenous zones, the sensitivity heightened well above that of the normal female. Yet she cannot adequately fondle there either!

Her state of chastity is thorough... extreme.

'Daddy' and Mr. Haig would cavort together very well.

I reluctantly withdraw my hands lest the girl orgasm, gesturing for her to return to all fours. She obeys, of course, such ingrained obeisance.

Finally comes the nose ring, a gloved finger hooking to jostle the exposed end of the loop and bring a yelp of pain.

I still my hand, remembering to remain professional. No shenanigans, Mr. Haig.

The ring is elliptical and of matching iron. Graciously, for Sandy, it is of lesser gauge. Yet it is deeply set as well. Daddy's handiwork was not to slip out, be easily removed, or tear under tension or stress. It penetrates the cartilage of the septum well up into the nostrils. The suffering and aggravation of this one piercing alone will wear the psyche. Sandy will not only constantly sense its presence, but see it as well. Gothic and hideous on a girl of otherwise relative beauty, there is a wordless message offered by its presence... and that is... the girl is more beast than human... to be tethered at a whim... led about with no resistance to be offered... just as a well tamed bull stud.

I step back, arms akimbo, both Dr. Winthrop and Mr. Haig assessing. There is animalistic beauty... strength, vigor, yet brought to such wondrous subservience.

"So he pierced your pudendum..." encouraging the continuance of her story.

Sandra Devon

Daddy was a bitter man. Mom had fled once, returning with a swollen belly and later bearing a bastard child... and one of color. Then she fled again, leaving Daddy to support me.

I did not recognize the rage, the intensity... not so much his disdain for me, but how my presence served to constantly remind of Mom's cuckoldry. Yes, I became the 'red headed stepchild' as the common bromide goes.

Though Mom was seemingly contrite, I am sure yielding nightly to Daddy's aberrant sexual demands, it was not enough. After she fled again, his rage needed another outlet.

So just as the 'red headed stepchild' is beaten, I was to be pierced and ringed.

There were always infractions, Daddy always found fault with something. There were canings, but such proved to be

mild forms of rebuke compared to when he fired up his coal stove. Yes, throughout that winter, as I tended to the horses, mucked the barn, the coals glowed, his hammer pounded.

I was pierced about once per week, the trauma incurred with each penetration of my skin required that many days of recovery. And you see the results, my hands finally rendered useless as Spring approached. Though Daddy knew the hand coverings greatly restricted the performance of my chores, the pending return of the farm hands would limit the need for my efforts.

He constantly accused me of toying with myself. I denied and denied... but he was correct. I was given to furtively fondling, despite the ring inhibiting access. Something about the piercings, my body succumbing to metal... something about the permanency... submitting to the will of another... and so intensely. Metal... hot and glowing... driven into the depths of my flesh. Enduring the agony... mental and physical... brought this sexual need... a craving for release.

Plus the bondage brought odd desire. Daddy seemed to take glee in binding me in various places, various positions, utilizing the fruit of his sweat and toil, the many rings. And something within, knowing that this pleased him... in turn pleased me... and brought desire. He was a strong man, brawny... and conceding to his power... well... it aroused.

So... the hands. The ultimate chastity contrivance. I watched as he forged. It required many days as opposed to the fabrication of my rings and breast spikes. I was not sure of his intent but there came this strange comfort... limited pain to be endured... contrasted by a sense of denial. It was evident the large lumps he hammered and bent would not be utilized to pierce me. This brought a sense of relief... yet such was superficial. The ordeal of the piercings... eight times my body penetrated with white hot shards... had brought catharsis... agonizing to the point of bringing unconsciousness... but cathartic relief... like being expunged

of something... my lust tamed... made to submit. Perhaps the red headed step child deserved the beatings... desired the beatings... craved the beatings.

Daddy hot riveted the hand coverings as I laid bound to a table in the barn. Yes, he tethered me... nose ring, ankle rings. The ring at my pudendum was tied to a cord, more of a symbolic gesture than serving to immobilize. It was the neck chain attached to my breast spikes which was particularly effective. Secured to a hook on the table, the chain attached at the nape of my neck, the binding produced the most bizarre sensations if I attempted to rise, tensioning the chain which in turn joggled the breast spikes and my breasts.

It felt as if my nipples were jiggling about in invitation. And Daddy indeed encouraged me to struggle. Every move translated to some form of licentious display, nipples bobbing about, my glands quivering. As he set the rivets on my right hand, he sniffed then peered closely to note the condition of my quim.

'You're wet. Your Daddy's bondage excites. But you'll not be playing with yourself, despite your intense need. Your tramp mother may satiate her cravings so sinfully... but you'll not. Not any more,' words offered with a cackle.

Yes, Daddy's vengeance against Mom's wayward desires... to be slaked on me.

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

I nod, my expression of compassionate understanding a sham. Perhaps Daddy was merely satiating a deeply suppressed need. Yes, as stated, my own nose detects arousal as well. Sandra Devon's heated love portal is secreting... wet with precursory juices, anticipating the lustful penetration... of fingers? No. Of male phallus? No. It will merely continue to roast, in frustration.

"What is it you expect of me, Sandy?"

"Well, this woman at Spankers told me I should come see you. That you could help me."

My friend, Louise Flanner, quickly understood that not only would Mr. Haig find interest, but Dr. Winthrop as well. In working with metals, high tech alloys, it is indeed fascinating what 'Daddy' has crafted in a rural barn, using centuries old tools and much time and sweat.

I conclude that Sandy's propensity to pass out with each penetration of her flesh was unintentionally merciful. For such obviated feeling the more painful segment of the process of ringing her. Each loop of iron had to be open to insert it through the newly made opening in the skin... and then heated and hammered closed. How Daddy accomplished this is uncertain. But in reheating the ring, the epidermis about the new opening was well cauterized. No unsightly bleeding. Had Sandy been conscious for that time consuming and agonizing process... well I suppose she would have fainted again.

I pause, trying to veil Mr. Haig's nostrils.... flaring with her scent. Were Sandra Devon a mare in heat, the stud horse, Mr. Haig, would be well rutted. Indeed I feel a bulge, my white laboratory smock cloaking my own needs and desires.

Still, I nod sympathetically. Yes, I think I can help. Lots of experience, lots of tools for metal working.

"Would you mind being scanned, Sandy?"

She appears perplexed.

"A computerized imaging, three dimensional. We are quite advanced here."

Yes, we are. It's all part of our Cad cam capability.

"It will help?"

I nod.

"And not hurt a bit," hooking my finger through her nose ring.

"Come."

Such a gentle tug, such instant compliance. I am so well aware of the myriad of nerves the wrought iron ring aggravates, the synaptic signals crashing into the cerebral cortex to relay my message... move in total submission.

Sandy scrambles from the table top, seemingly not at all surprised with the quick change in both protocol and my comportment... from the caring Dr. Winthrop to a tinge of Mr. Haig. Extending my arm, I step back to observe. The breasts bounce exaggeratedly. I see her flinch as the piercings at the ankles and buttocks bring spasms to muscles forced to too quickly contract. There comes the sound of metal scraping smooth metal as her naked form slides off the table top. With her feet reaching the floor I lift my hand. This forces up her nose and face and I am intrigued to observe that the neck chain in turn tightens and the breast spikes lift her glands most invitingly, the nipples projecting like pointed pistols.

Such a wondrous specimen of femininity, appearing to be dangling at the end of a hook, a prized catch. I rotate my arm, forcing Sandy to turn and offer a profile view. I become even more infatuated. The buttocks clench, more spasms. Farm life is good for a girl's development, I conclude. One could almost perch a wine glass, the rolling glutei forming a shelf of flesh just above the amazingly sized rings of iron.

"On your toes for me," my command offered with softness.

I become a stable groom, my finger becoming a guiding hand gripping a bridle. Sandy dutifully rises to prance on toes, minimizing the discomfort of my lifting finger. She steps gingerly, of course, no choice but to follow, careful not to bring more cramping and spasms.

To the scanning room where a device resembling an x ray machine resides, antennas looming above. No gamma rays, no film. Instead Sandra Devon will docilely lie while every aspect and dimension of her body... and its metal accouterments... are recorded three dimensionally.

"Can you point your feet for me?" my professional tone returning from long past days of medical internship.

She grimaces but responds, the piercings at the Achilles tendons aggravating the calf muscles as intended.

The machine whirs, megabits of information recorded. I will have a three D computer image stored, detailed right down to the very tip of those prominently presented nipples.

As she lies, I gaze. She is unwitting as to my deviant lustful stare as I move about pretending to manually control the highly automated process.

Finally, the data field is complete. And as the hour is late, security becomes a concern. A roaming guard may be sent to check on the esteemed researcher and the curious late evening visitor.

So we reverse the short trip. The peculiar garments of Sandra Devon lie in the evaluation room and though I am reluctant to dress her, she must be clothed to depart.

My finger hooks again the nostril ring. Mr. Haig requires his final recreation so I again hold my hand high and make her prance, on toes, of course.

She protests not. Yes, she is one of those, the perceptive Louise not only once again finding a strumpet, but one whose needs require both Dr. Winthrop and Mr. Haig to be fulfilled.

How will the girl eat?

Chapter Two

We exit the plush midtown office building of Parker Lyle and Co., providers of medical devices for the world... those of the prolific world... and arthritic dogs of course. Sandra Devon meanders with rigor. In wearing sandals, one source of her strained ambulation, the iron ankle rings, is easily detected.

But it is New York. So even if spied, there is little chance of reaction.

"May I call you a cab?" I inquire.

She shrugs, iron clad hands returned to the loose coat pockets.

"I would not know where the driver is to take me," her reply I am sure intended to elicit sympathy.

"Where have you been staying?"

"The last two nights Central Park, but I was warned not to return tonight. The police woke me at daylight, suggesting that if they had encountered me any earlier I would be trespassing. It's closed until dawn."

Well dear reader, how can I not step into the breach of the girl's dilemma?

"Share my cab. We'll talk some more."

There's more story to be told, for sure... and she tells it...

Sandra Devon

Well, the first sign of Spring arrived, at least in the manner I always noted it. Though snow remained, wet and heavy, farmhands began traversing the quarter mile drive from the main road. Buses, acquaintances, hitched rides; the transient workers were a resourceful lot when it came to journeying the many miles from the warmth of Mexico. Horse breeding season. There was work to be had.

Watching their arrival from the farmhouse... a twosome, a threesome, a solitary figure or two, I noted none were familiar to me. Normally, but for a smattering of new faces, most farmhands returned each Spring, their simple lives molded into a routine, years of experience, gray beards,

balding pates, at an age in which repetition brings comfort, the unknown a challenge. But these arrivals were young, most likely of limited experience, but so virile!

With this notion, I panicked in seeing the entourage. I knew no one, and I not only remained without clothing but I was pierced and burdened with iron... where a girl most feels... everything.

How would I introduce myself... be introduced?

I calmed myself, convinced that Daddy would confine me to the house, my covered hands obviating most farm chores, my altered nakedness not to be revealed. Daddy would not do that!

I was wrong! And though somewhat acclimated to being constantly exposed to Daddy, the notion of other males - peering, gawking, ogling, staring - brought apoplexy.

Then I got an inkling as to the Spring and Summer plot.

'You are not to tell anyone you are my stepdaughter,' Daddy commanded with a voice most menacing, his finger tapping my lips to suggest silence.

And what a strong suggestion. Having had my flesh opened eight times, nine if my cunny piercings are counted as two, the thought of a hot needle thrust through my lips brought terror. There was no basis to believe Daddy was bluffing. The unsightly nose ring was bad enough; I could not imagine being presented with wrought iron thrust through any other region of my face.

Daddy then hooked a leash to my nose ring.

'Let's meet the new hands. They're young and strong, and for some reason willing to work quite cheaply.'

And soon thereafter I began to grasp the full extent of Daddy's wickedness, the vengeance to be slaked on Mom through me. The arrival of the many new faces was intentionally contrived. No one was aware of our relationship. Under threat of horrible alteration, further modification, I was not to divulge that Daddy was married to my mother.

Well, I attentively followed Daddy's leash hand, the instant stabbing pain for renitence quite overwhelming, as you seem to be aware.

'Please no, Daddy,' I begged as on tiptoe I was led across the yard, the longest walk of my life.

'You have new duties at the farm now, Sandy. The hands work hard, they will need occasional... relaxation,' the word hissed with pending peril, a cackle following.

Yes, we entered the barn. Such a change in atmosphere from the cold and lonely winter months, just me and Daddy... and his coal fired stove. Now there were some dozen hands, leisurely milling about, awaiting the arrival of the Spring breeding stock... and me.

'Here she is boys... as promised.'

Daddy lifted higher his leash hand. I yelped and went higher on my toes. The men's voices mumbled satisfaction, some even cheered. Then Daddy began to parade me about, a horse in dressage, being exhibited for bidding.

Yes, I became the Summer 'entertainment', to be offered to all and I assume in lieu of full pay.

With head forced high, I did not notice that one of the stalls had been transformed. Daddy added some hooks to the wooden flooring, planks and beams, positioned too low for restraining horses. There was also placed in the center a low bench, waist height, padded for comfort not required for equines.

It was my new home.

Around and around, I walked and was evaluated as horse flesh. Young, naked and well tamed the humiliation was intense. Yet, I felt twinges. I attributed it to the many, many weeks of forced chastity, my hand coverings finally ending all hope... all thoughts of ever again bringing orgasm.

So despite the discomfort of the hobbling ankle rings and buttock rings, the tension on the nose leash, I begin to feel wetness... down there... where a girl prefers to sense

moisture when romanced... when coveted... when adored by amorous male eyes.

What was this reaction?

Finally Daddy led me to my stall, head forwards. I was brought to all fours, my tummy placed on the padded bench, face to the wall, backside seeming to jut into the middle of the barn.

'She's in heat boys,' one boy noted with a hillbilly accent, my quim apparently glistening with moisture and the fragrance of my arousal apparent.

This comment brought more twinges! What was happening to me!

Daddy began chaining me in the stall. Ankle rings to the floor, forcing my feet well apart. The nose ring to the front wall, gratefully with slack. Below my face, the hook on each hand covering, the buttock rings... tethered out to the side and high. My cunny ring to the floor below. For that I was oddly grateful, the placement inhibiting vaginal penetration.

But then I realized how well I was presented for anal sodomy! Yes the buttock rings held open my gluteal cleft... and if pulled... my penetrated muscles would even more readily yield.

As my addled mind grappled with the bondage, there came the final binding. To a cord hanging from above, my breast chain was attached at the nape of my neck. Daddy gave it some quick tugs and laughed watching my breasts bob about, the spikes vigorously responding to tension on the chain, my meaty glands jiggling like jello.

Such degradation, my body made one with the stall... not only exposed ... but well positioned for satiating the lustful male... in a manner most ignominious.

'One of you boys make sure she's watered and fed,' Daddy's last words of the evening coming as he tossed a bowl onto the floor before me. 'Give her a little exercise... and the stall will need to be mucked, just like the horses.'

Farm hands are an attentive lot. The mucking came daily.

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

As the cab nears my apartment, there is a decision to be made. As stated I don't have subservient morsels of flesh at my apartment unless they have been vetted. One never knows the reaction to being stripped, bound and tormented.

So what do I do with Miss Rings of Iron?

Having so obeisantly denuded herself in my evaluation room, having so meekly followed a guiding finger in her nose ring, the vetting seems adequate. Plus, she seeks help. A reckless call to the authorities certainly would not abet her goals.

"You'll need shelter. It may rain. That will not only bring physical discomfort but I am sure hamper your revenue stream."

I am not sure for whom and at what level she offers her oral talents, but with hands encumbered I am reasonably confident such are quick, sly encounters on quiet streets and secluded areas of various parks. What guy wants a blowjob standing in the rain?

Sandy nods, becoming somewhat pensive in having been telling her story for over two hours. Plus I imagine there is the physical frustration... stripping naked for me... displaying herself so humbly... recalling Daddy's cruel alterations... such has again brought arousal without satiation. Though not as strong as in the male, there is a somatic need for a girl to orgasm... that which Daddy has vengefully forced her to forsake.

I become more direct.

"I have a room. A spare room, but only for a night or two. I own a coop. In New York, coops can be dreadfully snobbish... about the conduct of members... about the perceived conduct of members. Co habitation is frowned upon."

In addition I do not have a barn with a specially equipped stall, I am tempted to add.

She nods again and murmurs a 'thank you', I am sure my invitation somewhat expected. My thoughts turn to Louise

Flanner. In the plans I am formulating I will definitely require the skills of 'Nurse Ratchet'. She was so helpful in bringing the minx Sunny Sudenskaya into her element... a level of subservience not even Sunny had envisioned... fantasized really.

I often wonder where Sunny is currently 'hanging' out.

The cab arrives. I pay. We exit. The doorman nods, smiling broadly as I guide Sandra Devon through the door. He has no idea of the specific antics undertaken when one of my tempting morsels visits, but he does know it earns him quite the generous tip at Christmas time, the coop board not to ever have the slightest hint of Mr. Haig's predilections. Yes, with Sandy's harsh nose ring so prevalent, there is quite the contrast... 35 year old staid and noted medical researcher... twenty something girl of color, apparently Goth and ambling about as if she has spent a painful night at Spankers.

Yes, Sandy's many impinged muscles must exasperate, making what I prefer to be a quick trip through the lobby somewhat labored.

Still, since it is comparatively late for a midweek evening, we enter the elevator unobserved.

"So, you are well restrained in a stall..." prompting a continuance...

Sandra Devon

Yes, it has been a rather traumatic summer.

The farmhands numbered an even dozen - young, virile as stated, hard working. They slept in cubicles in the loft of the barn. It was a devious arrangement, for just about every one of them could peer over the loft railing and spy me tethered and kneeling... naked and tummy down on the low padded bench.

Talk about rutting horses! You can only imagine each and every day first falling asleep then awakening to the sight of a bound girl, her naked backside begging for attention... and positioned so conveniently to receive it.

Some points. First Daddy's cunny ring proved to be ingeniously positioned. Perhaps luck, but no one even gave vaginal penetration a thought. The iron is gruff, as you have felt, and to some how patiently work around it was in contradiction to the male need for timely gratification. None would make the effort to fumble about vaginally. Why bother when I was so well presented anally, my buttock rings ideal for encouraging cooperation? Not that any of the farmhands were given to quick ejaculation. No, they were all not only adequately endowed but their stamina surprisingly incongruous to their youth. Once entered, I was pistoned for inordinate intervals... and often.

Second, I was treated with the same care and attention as the breeding stock. Curious that the most inexperienced hand was anointed as my caretaker. Constantly strapped down, each morning whatever exited my bowels was shoveled from the floor. I was then hosed down and Carlos, my keeper, would swab my nakedness. His touch, the motion of his hands, by rote replicated that offered the other livestock. Yes, he was a budding groom and knew no other manner of comportment. There was tenderness but not intended as affection, more like that offered to a valuable breeding animal.

Feeding time next. Slack was added to my nose restraint so I could lower my face into the bowl Daddy designated for me. Something soft and mushy. Water was also offered of course.

Since no mammal can remain healthy kept stationary, after a morning wash, I was released from the stall. A smug Carlos led me about by my nose ring. In good weather he walked me about in a corralled area adjacent the barn, my impinged muscles even more unstable in being held immobile for many hours. I was limbered aside the other horses, Carlos deemed not ready to handle precious breeding stock.

Thereafter came the more intense humiliation. My breast chain, at the nape of my neck, was hooked to a cord hanging from an overhead pole. When tightened it tensioned the breast chain and pulled on the spikes, presenting my glands, nipples thrust forth, most invitingly.

And that is how I spent a good portion of the day as most of the farmhands departed for the pastures... some near, some far.

Occasionally I would catch a glimpse of Daddy as he entered or exited the farm house and he in turn would glance at me... and always with a smile... one of warmth... one of Schadenfreude?

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

Exiting the elevator I slip my finger through Sandy's nose ring and once again guide as she obediently follows. The hallway is devoid of neighbors and it sets the tone for entry, symbolically stepping into my abode under my complete control.

We enter my apartment, home of the esteemed researcher, Dr. Winthrop... but also lair of the imposing sadist, Mr. Haig. I release the nose ring and know to help with the coat, Sandy slipping her iron laden hands from the vast pockets. Then I save time, it is late. Being observant, my fingers instantly rip at the Velcro holding in place the billowing skirt and that at the neck.

Presto, the odd garments fall to the floor. Sandy meekly kicks away her sandals and she is returned to complete nakedness, the preferred presentation for quivering female flesh visiting my apartment.

"You need food," my tone direct, not posed as a question.

Well, for those morsels who so much enjoy spending the weekend learning to sit up, beg and role over at the snap of Master's fingers, I have a feeding bowl. I also have mock dog food, my medical training suggesting that the food sanitation standard of real dog food is questionable for humans. So I keep handy a can or two of hash. Covering the

label and serving at room temperature, the psyche is easily deluded, the typical subordinate wanting to believe she is forced to consume canine fare.

Into the kitchen, I toss the large doggy bowl to the floor, snap my fingers and point at it. Sandy knows to go to her knees, quite clumsily, and kneel in wait. I retrieve a can of hash, palming to cover the label. In opening, I suggest with firmness that she resume her story.

Sandra Devon

So I would stand, hour after hour, essentially bound by my breasts. Curious, the sensation, learning to bend at the knee, warding off cramping muscles and stimulating circulation. This movement stressed more my breasts, more tension on the chain... on the spikes. I was chagrined to find it felt good... oddly comfortable... a sense of security... of sacrificing freedom but gaining protection... the curious warmth of being owned and cared for. An occasional farmhand would return from the pastures... smiling... at first gawking. But then after several days, my bound nakedness came to be accepted. The gawks turned to gazes of lust... not of lust to be denied... but of lust to be satiated... night after night.

It was at day's end that the farmhands collected the promised bonus... that which augmented an otherwise diminished pay check.

So once again my bound nakedness was used essentially for rutting. For after a grueling day, dawn to dusk, the hands returned and Carlos would release me from breast bondage and return me to my stall. Watered and fed, tummy down, my many rings secured, I awaited. Gratefully with the tiresome day, many slept, but never ever every one. No I was taken, night after night, never knowing the ritual for who was privileged to sodomize me first... whether they drew straws or there was some unknown hierarchy, I never determined.

But the protocol was ingrained. On a shelf next to my kneeling form were two squeeze bottles with straws attached. One was filled with a viscous unguent, facilitating anal penetration, and the other with a soapy fluid, a quick spritz enema administered after every coupling... my aperture prepared for the next farmhand.

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

My goodness, Mr. Haig is enthralled with Sandy's story, my smile to be suppressed but not little Mr. Haig. He stiffens as I spoon the faux dog food into the bowl, Sandy patiently kneeling in wait.

"How did you feel in being so cruelly used?" I inquire as I place the bowl on the kitchen floor and slide it before her with a quick kick.

Sandy becomes reticent... not a refusal to answer my question per se... but a reply is being cogitated... not easy to formulate.

Hunger finally prevails over any words to be offered. She humbly lowers her torso, arms folding to rest her elbows on my kitchen floor, then bows her head. It is a well practiced maneuver, her mouth greeting the hash. As she begins to masticate, wolfing down my offering like a dog indeed, Mr. Haig's priapic response makes the bulge in my trousers quite evident. My naked pierced and ringed guest is the picture of servility. No longer concerned with professional decorum, the ice having been broken so to speak, I can be more brazen.

Sandy spent an entire summer in extreme bondage and being butt fucked, Mr. Haig so crassly reasons. What can possibly be considered impolitic if one is to further inspect and examine?

I step to the refrigerator. Butter will do. The smell and feel on human flesh I have always found to be deviant... decadent. I gather a glob, listening to gulps of hash animatedly ingested, just as would the puppy Sandy has become.

I return and slide a chair behind my kneeling morsel, admittedly more sinewy than the 'little girls' normally seeking 'Daddy's discipline'.

"Stay," the command master to dog

The ungreased fingers of my left hand lower to hook the cunny ring. Large enough to accommodate three digits, it offers a satisfying grip, and in penetrating so many layers sure not to messily tear away. Then the dollop of dairy product smears the gluteal cleft. Sandy's jaw pauses, hinting at a degree of surprise... but certainly not shock.

So many men have used her there... and so often. And indeed, middle and index fingers find the sphincter and glide inward with untoward ease.

I feel her tremble but there is no resistance, no words of protest, instead the muscles relax, her head lowers to almost press her face into the food bowl, and she arches her back inviting better access. It is a well ingrained rote response to penetration there. I momentarily withdraw and resume another slow inward thrust, this time three fingers. Again no protest, certainly no clenching to inhibit entry. My left hand playfully jiggles her cunny ring. Now comes sound... but it is a moan of pleasure.

"You enjoy it this way... yet you left the farm... where you were so well cared for..." my words provocative as intended.

She nods as I revel in the power exchange. Forgoing the latex gloves required in my austere research laboratory, the flesh of my hands and fingers directly abrades hers, sensing the warmth, the slippery smoothness, the intimacy of the most private feminine anatomy. I am inside her... and I slog onward, again withdrawing... again adding a digit to my slow humiliating assault.

Four fingers!

"You're a good girl. Men enjoy good girls here... tight and warm... and for you so wonderfully degrading. Girls like you need this. And men such as me understand that."

My left hand pulls on the cunny ring, establishing my supremacy... my authority. She knows I want full penetration. And she knows she will submit... succumb to my entire hand. Her anus further yields. Four digits well inside her.

"Can you squeeze for me? Be a good girl."

She can... and she is a good girl indeed. Her sphincter tightens upon command and I imagine the delight of the farmhands, first plunging with fervor then resting to feel the triumph of the sodomite, humbled purse string muscle first yielding then bowing in capitulation to welcome the conquering male appendage.

I withdraw, tuck my thumb into my palm and slowly most gently thrust again. Sandra is methodically fisted. She takes my entire hand and I sense glory as the invaded rectum closes about my wrist, her cavity seeming to hungrily swallow all I offer. Mr. Haig chuckles wickedly.

"You're both open and tight. Well trained," offering a compliment... and it is taken as such.

I twist, adding friction, clockwise, then counterclockwise, then back, establishing more of my dominion, forcefully highlighting her humility.

"Can you play with my ring? Please," such a truckling request.

Ah, the plea of the chaste. Sensory system overwhelmed, still she needs more. Needs attention where she has been so long denied. And indeed, she secretes, the ring and my tugging fingers dripping, her vaginal juices preparing her love sheath for entry... penetration that will never ever happen... not under Daddy's tutelage.... nor that of Mr. Haig.

So I ignore, continuing my robust anal probe.

"Tell me more, Sandra... about your summer."

Sandra Devon

What more is there to say?

A summer of being treated as well as any breeding mare... except the exercise could have been more. And of

course, the horses couple once... possibly twice... then are put out to pasture with foal.

I coupled... anally... and three, four, five times per evening. The hands were direct... not caring but certainly not without a degree of tenderness. They fucked me with purpose... that being to be relieved of burgeoning hormones. Daddy had forgone the aged and experienced farmhands of the past. This crew reeked of testosterone. Therefore other than the possible need to sleep... there was no reason why off duty time could not, would not be spent in my stall.

I got to know every hand... their manly aroma... the size and shape of their phalli... the grips on my chains. Some enjoyed tugging on the buttock rings and feeling my muscles spasm, thrilling in the sudden convulsive grip of my sphincter on a well thrust manhood. Others enjoyed toying with my breast chain, pulling at the nape of my neck knowing my spikes would humiliatingly bob my glands.

Deeply they spent, no one pulling out. After ejaculating there came the courtesy of a spritz enema, cleansing me for the next farmhand, and lastly my oral efforts to in turn clean the marauding weapon.

I become accomplished. In knowing that there was a waiting line, particularly on Saturday nights, I would bring the younger less experienced boys off as quickly as possible, sparing my fractioned rectum of too much painful wear. Yes, my sphincter became supple and despite the buttock rings I learned to control my glutei to great success. I learned to please... my only role... to offer my nakedness... to lie spread and open... walk about at the end of a leash... stand in stress in complete humiliation in the corral... bound by my breasts.

I became complacent. Having no choice I accepted my role.

But then came certain evenings when someone approached from behind and slipped a hood over my head. I

was not to know who was ravishing my anus. But I know it was not a farmhand, their penises well known to me, their manly scents distinct to me.

It could only have been Daddy, slaking more vengeance.

For some reason, despite the continuous nightly sodomy, this disconcerted me. Horrifying piercings, bound in crude wrought iron, now forced to yield anally.

Emotionally it took me over the edge. But physically what was I to do? The horses had more freedom... a better chance of escaping the farm's regimen than I had.

I had no choice but to lie tummy down, thighs parted, rectum lubricated and glistening to entice... night after night after night. And the sexual depravity evolved. Carlos become more and more comfortable handling a naked bound woman. He took to leashing me by my cunny ring and walking me about, proudly displaying his dominion to the other hands. He became more cruel. When putting me on display in the corral my breast chain was hooked higher and higher, the stress increasing, forcing me higher and higher on my toes.

Exhausted, I looked forward to my return to the stall. There I merely had to lie and pleasure the penis... time after time. And orally clean, of course.

Then one day, on toes in the corral, there approached a delivery van. Supplies for Daddy. No one was watching me, I just stood half hanging, my toes desperately working to lift and ease the tension of my breast chain.

For whatever reason I suddenly felt shy, accustomed to being bound and naked with the men, not with strangers. But I could not move, of course, and the van pulled up to the farmhouse door, some 50 yards from where I hung. I knew Daddy to be in the fields, not at home. So when the driver stepped from the truck and rang the bell I knew there would be no response. It was then that I was spotted. It was then that things changed.

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

Having thoroughly explored and palpated deep within, opening a girl anally or vaginally always a joy, I rest easy. Sandra Devon has been thoroughly vetted, for sure meeting my criteria for spending time in my abode, worries of some mercurial post session phone call to the authorities eased.

So I release the cunny ring, my greased hand withdraws, the smell of warm butter quite zesty.

“Stay.”

I step away to my play room... returning with a leash. How can Mr. Haig resist?

By now Sandra Devon has come to understand a few things, though there probably remain many questions in her mind.

Having just fisted her anally, my deportment quite opposed to that in the research floor of Parker Lyle and Co., she must realize by now that the clinical and professional demeanor of Dr. Winthrop Samuels is given to transmogrify... and quite radically.

Louise Flanner recommended that the girl come to see me concerning help. Sandra Devon can barely function physically, has no money for food and shelter and the only prospects for attaining such is by seducing and orally gratifying men of questionable caliber. So I assume there is desperation such that she will kneel on all fours and object not to having her nicely rounded backside slowly penetrated by an entire hand. Not a gesture of resistance, not a word of objection offered... yes the level of desperation is palpable.

I clip the leash to her nose ring... or perhaps Mr. Haig clips.

“By now, Sandy, I am sure you now realize I am a man with certain tastes... term such ‘proclivities’. Somewhat eccentric, but quite desirable for girls like you... girls with complementary needs.”

I tug on the leash, establishing control. I note her face and head follow my governing hand with admirable promptness. Such obedience.

“So men like me have rules. And though we prefer having our rules obeyed, please be aware that just as much enjoyment can be attained when the rules are disobeyed.”

I pause, jostle the leash and issue a command of ‘come’. Sandy begins to stand.

“No, no. When with me you will crawl. Keep your knees parted; show me that cunny ring and your pert backside.”

The metal laden hands thump the linoleum of the kitchen floor then move onward to the quiet carpeting of my dining/living room then to my spare bedroom turned dungeon, torture chamber, operating room... depending on the scene du jour.

I open the door and lead. Whenever I first introduce a girl, the astonishment is noteworthy. There is a wall for every penchant. Before us hang instruments of correction in every shape, size and medium – leather, rubber, bamboo, wood, metal. To our left... restraints – cuffs, shackles, collars, chains, yokes – some leather, some metal, some padding suggesting clinical care but exacting thoroughness. To our right – medical implements the sight of which can bring tremors – vulnerable flesh to be opened, examined, and tormented in any number of humiliating procedures.

Just as daunting for the uninitiated, in the middle of the room is a platform of flat granite, just below waist height. Some might describe it as a slab for pathologists, plumbing fixtures at one end to offer water, beveled toward a grate for drainage. For others the myriad of heavy canvas straps hint at institutional restriction... the mentally disturbed not to inflict self harm.

“As you can see, Sandy... yes, I can help you.”

Chapter Three

It's rather dismaying for a man of my ilk to find that a girl like Sandy can be so readily restrained. No pageantry, no symbolic leather straps, no clinking of metal, snaps of locks.

No, for Sandy I must merely secure the end of the leash where I want her to stay. I do, however, take the precaution of covering the hooks on her iron mittens with thick duct tape. She has learned to function, somehow dressing and undressing herself and opening cans wearing Daddy's bizarre coverings. Thus I am wary of her ability to open the snap hook of the common dog leash.

"Please no, Dr. Samuels," Sandy becoming tearful as I terminate her only manner of functioning.

I heartlessly ignore and produce a basin, used often when one of my tempting morsels must relieve herself, and push it between her widely spread knees, keeping in mind that in Daddy's barn, she simply soiled the floor, her excretions to be mucked away with that of the horses.

I require a modicum of neatness.

I also leave a water bowl and depart, leaving Sandra Devon to her thoughts, kneeling on all fours, free to lie in slumber... but otherwise not free to do much else.

Such a slim length of leather... but such imposing restraint.

I retreat to my bedroom. Though it has been an intriguing evening, the day has been long. Still there is time to call Louise Flanner and offer her an opportunity to gloat. Plus we need to conspire.

She answers after three rings, not a good sign.

"Hello."

"It's Mr. Haig," cluing her as to my mindset.

"Winnie, it's after 11:00 and you know I'm doing the day shift," her voice slurred with sleep.

As the reader may need to be reminded, Louise Flanner, aka Nurse Ratchet, indeed has an advanced degree in nursing. The day shift means arriving at the hospital

promptly at 7:00 a.m. As a supervisor, tardiness is conspicuous, thus her need to arise at some ungodly hour and assure traffic and other vagaries of New York commuting are mitigated.

"Just thought I'd let you know there is a certain itch being scratched indeed. And Louise, care to switch to the night shift for a while? Exercise your seniority? You may also have an itch that requires attention."

24/7 bondage requires attentiveness and during the Sunny Sudenskaya matter, Louise was kind enough to change her schedule and enter an arrangement of accommodation for Sunny.

"Will she accommodate me? I did not have much time to talk to her before she was tossed from Spankers."

'Accommodation'... more code. As suggested, Louise is polysexual. And though there has been no discussion, no hint that Sandra Devon's oral skills are adaptable, sometimes the fun is in 'tutoring' those deemed unnecessarily homophobic.

"I think the girl can be adapted to anything and everything," repressing Mr. Haig's urge to gleefully chuckle.

"What is it you're planning?" she inquires, having piqued her attention.

"Still thinking about it. But I have not before worked in iron. It's wonderfully rough, weighty and symbolically gothic. Nicely industrial in adorning young feminine flesh. No glitter, certainly no decorativeness, there projects a message... one of slavery, of restraint forged by sweat and hot coals."

Louise laughs, gloating indeed.

"So Parker Lyle & Co., will be procuring iron... its noted research designer to sweat over a coal oven, pounding away with his hammer and anvil?"

I join in the humor. A career in shaping sophisticated alloys, the Cad cam capability offering precision intricacies, and there comes the irony of being intrigued by... iron.

"Thought you'd find fascination, Winnie. How does the girl function... and however did she get to New York?"

"She's only just arrived. But how she got here... well that part of her story remains untold... for now. It is late for me also. There's another day to learn that."

We say good night, Louise needing to return to slumber. And I... well despite the hyper activeness of my scientific mind, the pillow beckons as well.

With the morning, I awaken with zeal, thought's of the prior evening's activities bringing inspiration. Though a day's research requires my return to Parker Lyle & Co., it is early. Time for more.

I don a bathrobe and enter my chamber of torment. Sandy is leashed on the floor, I assume the many months of sleeping tummy down in her stall enabling her to acclimate and rest with ease despite the awkwardness. I pick up the basin and step into the bathroom to empty and rinse it. There I retrieve soap and some towels... and a razor.

I return and release the leash, gently joggling to awaken. She stirs.

"Bath and breakfast, my pet," I announce with enthusiasm.

She obediently rises and returns to all fours. As my hand tightens, Sandy snaps to attentiveness knowing the slightest miscue, failure to follow the directing hand, can bring instant agony.

It's delicious.

I lead to the granite slab and note the look of terror. It truly appears to be a grim prop from some crime show, scenes coming to mind where a gruff detective is standing over a cadaver while being briefed on the cause of death of some unsavory criminal character.

"Up," my lifting hand accompanied by a cheery command.

She mounts, the iron laden hands somewhat ungainly scraping the scabrous granite surface. But as I poke and prod with my free hand, my naked pet is soon positioned on all fours at the center of the rectangular slab of stone.

I tie off the leash to the front, the many fixtures, hooks and eyelets enabling any number of positions of restraint. I then secure the ankle rings and buttock rings to tight cords, knowing that in a strange way Sandy will feel more comfortable held in place against her will... if any of such remains. She is nicely spread open for me. Lots of pink displayed.

At the back end is the plumbing, a faucet with attached hose and spray nozzle await. Such a treat for Sandy, I am sure bathing opportunities were rather limited of late. Plus remaining at her gluteal cleft and inner thighs is evidence of last night's intrusion, remnants of my impromptu buttery lubrication bringing a sheen and that decadent fragrance.

I turn on the water and let it run to warmth. There have been morsels of flesh which I bath in frigid coldness, the crinkling nipples and cutis anserina always bringing delight. But I want to further debrief Sandy, and for that comfort is best... relative comfort.

"So there came this delivery driver. You must have offered him quite the shock, naked, ringed and effectively hanging by your tits..."

Sandy Devon

Actually 'he' was not shocked. The driver was female.

Yes, after ringing the doorbell and getting no response she turned toward the barn and there I hung in the adjacent corral. The humiliation which had dispensed over the many weeks in being acclimated to the many farmhands, my defacto masters, returned. Intense, stultifying, the woman stared - and I would not describe her gaze as shock or disbelief - but curiosity.

There I hung high on my toes, my breast chain taut, my glands presented so explicitly, nipples thrust forth. Plus the

cunny ring was most evident as always... not to mention my iron clad hands, nose ring and ankle rings.

Still the woman did not shy away. Instead she slowly approached, her deliberate saunter offering further opportunity to take in the lewdness of my naked form. Her look turned softer, almost to one of enjoyment. And of course, I began to moisten... down there.

What is it about the exposure... the sense of vulnerability in being forcibly exhibited that nurtures such a reaction?

'Package for Mr. Devon,' she simply proclaimed, her words mere cover for approaching.

Her right hand presented a small parcel, a clip board in her left. Then she focused on my hands, her down gaze offering better viewing of my shaven mons and cunny ring.

'Guess you can't sign. Okay if I initial? We do that with some of the older customers who can't get to the door or see well enough to write.'

Horried, I could not speak. I just nodded, feeling the motion of my head increase the tension on my breast chain.

The parcel was placed under her left arm, the left hand rose with the clipboard and the right took a pen.

'What's your name? Need to record the delivery.'

'Sandy,' I managed to blurt.

"Nice day to be getting some sun, Sandy," not a hint of mockery as she initialed the clipboard.

I finally summoned the courage. No one had yet seen us. All were well away in the high grazing pastures. I was desperate. The hooded couplings had become more frequent, Daddy slaking his revenge more regularly. Autumn was approaching and I could not imagine what winter would be like, transient farmhands moving onward, left alone under Daddy's tutelage.

More piercings... more iron? Where else would I bear his ponderous handiwork?

'Please help me!' finally summoning some words.

The woman lowered the clipboard and peered some more... I was a side of beef being auctioned.

'I just drive a truck. Not much into heroics.'

With that she stepped even closer. The pen rose and she playfully used it to diddle my right nipple then the left. Accustomed to being handled I protested not. Then I was shocked when her hand lowered and a finger hooked my cunny ring. She pulled... sensuously.

'How badly do you want help?' her voice lowering, almost becoming masculine, the question intended to taunt.

I gulped. Completely helpless, naked, not a stitch of clothing to be had.

'You just need to move the box under my feet and unhook the cord.'

Carlos always left the box nearby... as a tease. Relief was always within inches but not to be had... until he decided it was wash and feeding time.

'Then what? Where is a girl like you going to go... pierced and bearing iron? Going to run away naked?'

'I... well... maybe you could drive me...'

The woman shook her head and I began to comprehend the cruelty... and her enjoyment thereof.

'Against company policy to offer rides.'

It was then that she spotted my buttock rings... seeming to understand that such hampered walking.

'Yes, you'll not be scampering away hobbled like that.'

She then reached behind and gave my left buttock ring a firm tug. I yelped, the huge muscle instantly contracting in a spasm. She laughed.

'I'll give it some thought. Get out this way once or twice a week with deliveries... and it doesn't look like you're going anywhere.'

She then took her cell phone out of the breast pocket of her brown uniform and began taking pictures, slowly circling and clicking away.

'Got some friends who may be interested.'

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

Sandra Devon talks. I wash, a soft chamois, fragrant soap. It soothes. Were she a cat she would be purring.

"So, would you say the driver had certain prurient interests?" I inquire smiling to myself.

Such peril, dangling naked, struggling on toes, exhausted, the only respite being to be restrained and multiply butt fucked. Yes, so much in need of relief... and the first and only interloper has untoward desires.

"I had no choice but to try to stimulate her interest," Sandy explains. "And I don't think it required much effort."

I nod in agreement, paying particular attention to the pubes area, further establishing my control, her subjugation. There is stubble. Her keeper Carlos has not shaven her of late... and she certainly can't shave herself.

So I soap well her intimate parts and grasp the razor.

"Hold still," I forewarn, my notice most likely moot, her nakedness having been handled daily by rugged farmhands.

Such a pretty beaver... and such harsh denial, I think to myself as the fingers of my left hand flip about the huge ring so I can shave.

Sandy very much feels my manipulation. With the many, many months of chastity she probably feels the slightest touch. And sure enough there comes moisture... and not from my spray hose.

"When you crawl for me... as a matter of fact whenever in my presence, I want you to display your sex. Men like that... and I am a man. And I think I'll fabricate a little bauble to encourage you to stay nicely spread for me."

Won't take me more than a few minutes on the Cad cam to design a sharply spiked sizable ball to hang from her cunny ring. That will keep the thighs parted. I'll make sure it's nice and heavy as well.

"So you apparently did stimulate interest..." prompting a return to the story.

Sandra Devon

Yes, she returned. I am not sure how she knew Daddy and the farmhands were again well into the distant pastures. I suppose she had something to deliver as a ruse had someone been present. But days later, the van again navigated the quarter mile drive from the main road.

Well, such a simple deed, pushing the box under me with her foot. In once returning to my feet, the cord attached to my breast chain slackened and she with working fingers unhooked it in less than a second.

But when she took hold of my nose ring and led me to the truck, I realized my rescue was somewhat tenuous.

'I have a belt with a clasp that will hook very nicely to this ring,' she noted with a snicker.

To the back of the windowless van, I guess I should not have been surprised to see a chain awaiting... with an open padlock. She once again grasped my cunny ring. Using that I was restrained, locked in place by my pubes. Then came an inkling of the expectations of me.

Strong hands guided my arms behind my back, folding such at the elbows and then facilely hooking my iron coverings to the breast chain at the back of my neck. To do this she had to pull upwards most firmly, painfully stretching ligaments, bending my arms. But once the hooks were attached to the chain I could muster neither the strength nor the agility to unhook them. This, of course, stressed the breast chain, pulling on the spikes to put nipples and glands on prominent display. My forced posture was found to be pleasing. But the woman knew time was of the essence. She briefly toyed, rolling a nipple between the thumb and forefinger of both hands to take her delight, placed a hood over my head, then moved forward to the cab.

She drove. And that is how I escaped the farm.

Where she took me I know not. Many miles, much time on the road. And when the van stopped I was led from the back, hooded, obediently following tugs on my cunny ring, as if I had not left Carlos's tutelage.

I did not feel the sun; apparently we had driven into a garage, more likely a warehouse. Then I heard voices... female voices. Such were cheery, many murmurs, my thrusting spiked breasts, my gruesome piercings, my leashed nakedness apparently making an impression... a favorable impression.

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

At Parker, Lyle & Co., I think about Sandy's story as I feign reading research reports. Having cleansed I led her to the kitchen and offered more faux dog food. Then again leashed her in my chamber of torment for a long day of... nothing.

Then work beckoned and the chronology of her departure from Daddy's farm, going from frying pan to the fire, or so it seemed, had to be put aside. I left for work.

I will have Louise check on Sandy in the late afternoon, her shifting ending at 3:00 p.m. She has a key and is on the doorman's official list as someone to check on my apartment's status during my absence.

Meanwhile, enough dull data. I move to the Cad cam terminal and begin, first a nasty trinket for Sandy's cunny ring. Large, heavy, laden with spikes, she will always feel my craftsmanship.

It only requires some ten minutes and I program the computerized metal working machine to begin milling after normal work hours... fewer fellow colleagues to question why Parker, Lyle & Co. is producing something intended to frustrate and irritate rather than ameliorate and soothe.

Then I download the complete body scan of Sandra Devon. This is where my skill set will be useful... a bit of a challenge... but useful. After all, the girl needs help. How can I refuse?

Having made many calls to real estate agents while the milling machine carved and honed, I decide to end the day. I pack up my notes, addresses to visit, potential industrial

space in the lower west side, sparsely traversed during the day, eerily devoid of people and traffic at night.

The rent per square foot is surprisingly cheap, the awkward logistics of trucking in and out of Manhattan dampening demand. So tomorrow, Saturday, I will look over three potential locations. As stated, I am wary of my Coop board and whereas my friend the doorman covers as best he can, having Sandy present for too long is sure to foster encounters with neighbors and fellow members. Not good.

Saturday, I will also need to procure iron. An internet search offered a quaint avant garde business in Long Island City which makes hand crafted wrought iron furniture. Surely they will be willing to part with some raw pieces. Iron is a commodity after all.

Returning home near eight p.m., I am not shocked to find Louise Flanner still present. After all, I know Louise... know that she also has certain itches... and the likes of Sandy can offer quite the scratch.

"What a darling. Amazing what bearing so many pounds of iron can do for a girl's physique. Maybe it should be developed into a workout program," Louise humorously suggests as I step within the foyer.

Smiling I offer, "Not the most stylish accouterments."

"Yes, we'd need to manufacture in a variety of colors other than black."

"How is she?" I inquire in opening my brief bag.

"Fed and watered okay, but she does not like enemas. Seems she has never had one professionally administered."

I can only imagine the level of slow torment.

"And certainly not administered by 'Nurse Ratchet'," I add, using Louise's sobriquet, the imposing nurse known to quiet the most recalcitrant of young patients with her high colonics.

"Other than the nose, I was unaware of the piercings. Absolutely divine. Using the rings she remains perfectly motionless despite a slow, cold water rinse."

“Yes, she has learned by now that to stress the rings at the ankles and buttocks is to stir muscle convulsions. She will docilely accept almost anything when so restrained.”

I carefully remove the fruit of the milling machine from my bag, tenderly palming as the many needle sharp points will puncture. Both Louise and I inspect. It is the size and shape of a pine cone... with its weight perhaps more aptly described as a hand grenade. At the top is an eyelet and Louise quickly ascertains its function.

“You men. Having her naked isn’t enough?” her tone one of pleasant banter.

“Pink, Louise, men think in terms of pink. She’s sleeping in the chamber?”

“In the chamber but I doubt if she’s sleeping. One slow final rinse.”

I smile and step to the door gingerly holding the new cunny bauble. When I enter I see Louise has Sandy kneeling on the granite slab, rings secured, an enema bag hanging from a stanchion, its contents slowly siphoning into her bowels.

“Please no more, Dr. Samuels. I am full.”

“I would think it would feel cathartic after what has so often been ejaculated there. One long symbolic cleansing,” a paternal admonishment.

“That sphincter was rather supple, Winnie,” Louise notes. “So now I know the purpose for the rings...”

I nod.

“Anal sodomy. Though a girl like Sandy finds enjoyment, why make it possible for her to resist?”

I move to a cabinet and rummage through a drawer... all the small stuff of torment... nipple clamps, needles, etc. I find a slim chain, its length perfect.

“Remember to keep those thighs well parted now, Sandy,” stepping to her rear.

I loop the chain through the prodigious cunny ring then must labor a bit to attach the two ends to the eyelet atop

my hasty creation, the spikes milled to noted sharpness. When finished I release and the weighty lump hangs freely, the tension on the cunny ring instantly felt and drawing a sigh... of distress... of joy?

Sandy feels so little there. I am sure the attention brings some sense of gratitude... initially.

I note the circumference is more than adequate, the spikes almost abrading the inner thighs despite the knees being held well parted.

I step back, not so much admiring my work, it's mainly the computer after all, but letting Mr. Haig visually feast. Louise stands with me and I know that despite the raillery, she also enjoys the forced exhibition of feminine pink flesh, her polysexual proclivities well known.

The enema bag finally empties.

"She won't soil my new trinket, well she?"

"She's well cleansed. I've been infusing her for hours. She grovels so wonderfully I could not resist."

With that, Louise steps forth to release the air from the inflatable enema nozzle and remove, quickly stepping aside as the bowels gush forth the clear once cold now warmed water forced into her time and again for hours. The mass of liquid splatters to the granite surface and flows to the drain.

Sandra also gushes... meek words of thanks.

"She will sleep well... and be nice and clean for you... back there. Just be careful of your new bauble," more banter from Louise.

Yes, it will have to be temporarily removed from time to time.

"Early morning. Long day. Tomorrow I can sleep in," a worn Louise announcing her departure.

"Can you stop in tomorrow for a couple of hours? I'm going to look at space... for Sandy," inquiring as Louise dries with a towel and I begin to release the many rings securing Sandy to the slab.

“Late morning. I’ll bring some orange juice and Champagne. Love Mimosas and cunnilingus.”

I smile. There is a price to be paid for Louise’s exacting attention... and Sandy will be picking up the check.

Early Saturday morning I arise, the phenomenon of nocturnal penile tumescence brings greetings to a new day.

I remember one elderly man expressing the dismay of the male anomaly... ‘it sleeps while I stand and it stands while I sleep’.

Fortunately this bachelor has a solution, naked and well restrained nearby.

So I don my bathrobe and saunter to my chamber. I find Sandy is awake, awkwardly positioning herself over her basin to urinate. My new bauble forces quite the comical pose, knees widely parted of course, but buttocks high and head low, attempting to have the cone of spiked metal hang more toward her chin, the flow not to be impeded. It does not work, her stream glancing off the cone and splattering about... most hitting the basin but some sloppy droplets splashing to the floor.

I step forth, the front of my tented robe evidencing a need subconsciously expressed in slumber. With my presence her flow curtails, the concentration for the deed interrupted.

I lean and most carefully hook the slim chain with my index finger, drawing the bauble up toward her tummy.

“Go ahead... psst, psst,” I encourage.

The girl wordlessly resumes the task, chagrined to require a male finger to assist. When finished I release the leash from a wall hook and give it a commanding jostle. Sandy instantly responds, her eyes glaring at my controlling hand, ready to follow.

I lead to the living room. There rests a large comfortable chair where so many of my tempting morsels of flesh pay homage and thank me for the tutelage and discipline they

so much desire. And I cannot help turning back to see the knees so obediently parted, her crawl quite deliberate in keeping the spiked cunny cone from bringing harm.

“Thought you’d appreciate some juice for breakfast.”

At some point I will ravage that anus as firmly and deeply as any farmhand. But for now, fellatio is more appreciated, my muscles still lingering in respite from a long night’s rest.

I sit and lie back offering slack to the leash. When I part my robe, why am I not surprised that Sandy knows to shuffle forth and greet little Mr. Haig with lips well trained and tender?

Yes, considering the frequent anal sodomy... night after night... her propensity to suck, for her tongue to swirl, is noteworthy.

Her oral efforts are assiduous and after many gratifying minutes, to the sound of a meek gulp, her morning juice spurts into her gullet.

“Good girl,” the praise master to dog.

“So the delivery driver rescued you... kidnapped you...” I prompt for more of the story.

Sandra Devon

Dykes on Bikes. The van driver belonged to a motorcycle club. She took me to the clubhouse, an old warehouse. My ringed and pierced nakedness made quite the impression, as you can imagine.

My hands remained hooked to my breast chain. The girls liked the presentation. It was generally decided that the use of my tongue was more important than the use of my impinged hands. Also, to assure my continued servitude, inhibit any thoughts of escape, a hobbling chain was secured ankle ring to ankle ring.

Rather over done. Walking has always been difficult with Daddy’s deeply set rings. Plus where is a naked girl going to go? Still the chain mandated the tiniest of steps and suddenly, being walked about by Carlos, leashed by my

cunny ring, allowed sun and fresh air, became nothing more than a pleasant memory.

Still the girls, dykes indeed, enjoyed having a club mascot... bound in iron. They quickly learned of the effectiveness of Daddy's many deep piercings. That the slightest touch on the nose ring brought a crashing wave of pain. That tugs on the ankle and buttock rings brought a cascade of muscle cramps. That with the breast chain and spikes I could effectively be hung by my mammary glands.

To be fed... I had to eat... pussy. I performed cunnilingus or starved. As you can see, I did not starve.

Many weeks, many cunnies. Just as I got to know the taste of the farmhands, I got to know the taste of the girls.

Then one member, taking a particular liking to my tongue work, decided that I would be good company - unique company - on one of her trips. She was an independent long distance truck driver who owned a huge tractor with a sleeping compartment.

So one day, leashed by one cunny, I hobbled into the cab and off we went.

Fascinating being offered the sensation of freedom but without the ability to really move. Yes, stuck in the sleeping compartment without covering I watched the many miles of interstate highway... and performed oral sex with every respite.

The woman was insatiable, the trip requiring much inordinate time with the many stops for oral servitude. It soon became apparent that I was a distraction. The driver earns by the mile... and not enough miles per day were being earned.

So in reaching New York, though reveling in the abundant sex, she released me, affording me garments after a stop at the Salvation Army. Though she liked the idea of turning me out naked on the New Jersey Turnpike, more rational thinking prevailed.

In New York City, iron clad hands may not attract the attention, the populace diverse and accepting of eccentricities... at least that was the thinking.

'The girls at Dykes on Bikes will miss you,' came her final words, 'but there are so many other girls with a hunger for pussy.'

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

Such similarities... such contrasts to the Sunny Sudenskaya affair, I think to myself. Sunny fellating for transportation across Europe... Sandy's tongue and lips equally fervent in escaping the 'Dykes on Bikes'.

With her story, Sandy plants a seed of thought. My leash hand rises, forcing Sandy to sit upright on her haunches. She grimaces as the honed needles of my cunny ring bauble remind her to keep those thighs well parted. My free hand then grasps an iron mitten and guides it behind her back. Such obeisance, not a smidgeon of resistance as I hook her right hand to the breast chain at the back of the neck. I then do the left mitten and presto, Sandy sits nipples spearing forth as the tension on the chain lifts the breast spikes.

Those Dykes on Bikes certainly knew how to display a girl in a most humiliating pose. I like the look plus it makes crawling and responding to the leash that much more challenging.

"Superb," the word just flows forth, as if savoring a fine meal at Four Seasons. "Come, breakfast."

Progress to the kitchen is slow, Sandy now shuffling upright on two knees, all use of her hands denied, the cone deliciously tormenting. I position her at her doggy bowl and pop open another can of hash, making a note to buy more. Then I feed and tie off the leash. Sandy will never again move without command or direction.

And I must admire... so nicely exposed... well shaven mons the meaty outer lips pressed together by the inordinately sized iron ring. In a snapshot, the resulting image would be a summation of a girl's thorough

subservience... her subjugation. I will have to offer her a treat...

I head for the shower... a busy day ahead... procuring iron and warehouse space.

My extracurricular activities keep me quite busy over the ensuing days. Thankfully, Louise, discovering for herself what Sandy disclosed, relishes the long slow sessions of cunnilingus and at the hospital, gleefully transfers to the night shift. Matinee oral sex, so gratifying...

Thus, Sandy is not only kept 24/7 but also nearly constantly monitored, Louise during the day, me during the evenings.

Still I must spend a few hours from time to time at the new warehouse space in the meat district of the lower west side, transforming industrial space into living quarters... quarters suitable for Sandy.

And I stealthily plan and design new iron wear for Sandy, first on the computer, easily done, but then utilizing the milling machine to fabricate... not so easily done.

We don't work in iron at Parker, Lyle & Co. Thus a few furtive after hour evenings are required, setting the machine, monitoring as it carves and grinds, tidily assuring all scraps and millings are properly disposed of, black wrought iron rather prominent if inadvertently mixed with the bright glossiness of nickel cobalt.

Fortunately, as opposed to orthopedic devices, nothing needs to be honed and polished to glass like smoothness. Matter of fact, it's just the opposite. Yes, I so much like the gothic look on Sandy, making her appear as an ante bellum slave girl.

So I labor diligently, heartened to know that in arriving at my coop after a long day, a well tethered Sandy awaits, thighs spread, Louise's high colonic and abundant lubrication inviting deep slow anal penetration... as long as Mr. Haig remembers to remove the tormenting thigh cone.

An impressive skill level Sandy has acquired. Her sphincter is tight yet supple and I almost feel as if I am benefitting from the manual manipulation of an adept masseuse. Yes, she humbly opens herself to invite deep thrusts then squeezes firmly as I withdraw, her timing sublime in maximizing pleasure. She seems to know precisely where Mr. Haig is in the cycle of male arousal, sensing pending eruption and laboring to assure the deluge of male essence explodes well into her back passage.

There is something symbolic about that... giving... subordinating all... offering herself completely... taking my essence as well into her cavity as possible.

There comes to mind the many farm nights of sodomy... so many thrusts... so many spurts. Then the spritz enemas, the hasty cleansings so that the next farmhand can begin anew.

When butt fucking Sandra, I am given to grip her buttock rings, tugging to trigger muscle spasms which translate to delightful sensations for a well implanted little Mr. Haig. Such wickedness, forced to cede control of some of the largest muscles of the body to another.

And of course, I must tension the breast chain as well, causing those nice firm mammary glands to flutter about.

I like the notion that the nipples remain not only presentable but vulnerable... positioned for torment without the need to consider the potential damage of torn nipple rings and the like. Yes the glands are full and natural yet under an appropriate level of dominion, the vertical spikes engendering all manner of torture and bondage... including hanging her by her tits.

Delicious!

Tonight I stop at a seedy sex shop. Most times I find the offerings overpriced and flimsy, novelty junk, tending to spur one night's concupiscence before boredom or breakage mandate disposal. Still, there are trinkets which can be less transitory and I take my time evaluating. Money is

secondary, quality of primary concern. I want a gift for Sandy. Since our initial meeting days ago, my interview and inspection, she has only received from me faux dog food and sperm.

How ungracious of me.

Arriving at my coop, a kindly Louise has left Sandy leashed in the living room, kneeling before the big stuffed chair where I demand fellatio. Held in Sandy's teeth are old slippers, the leather worn and supple.

Such a nice thought, my pet waiting in bondage, her rectum cleansed and lubricated.

I smile, step into my bedroom, remove the dreary office attire and don my bathrobe. I return, my novelty gift plus this evenings offering from the milling machine in hand.

I grasp the leash, loosely attached to a radiator pipe and hooked to Sandy's nose ring. I pull it low, taking in all slack then wrapping it about the front leg of the chair. Sandy grimaces having to move, the cunny cone pricking her inner thighs, impinged muscles contorting.

She bows, face to the carpet, her knees parting even further in expectation of sodomy.

"Stay. I have something for you that you will enjoy."

Now for the battle. I have purchased a smooth plastic cylinder some one inch in diameter, three plus inches long. Inside is a heavy metal ball which rolls to and fro within the cylinder, gyrating about noticeably with the motion of my hand. Inserted into the vagina, the sensation will be quite similar to Ben Wa balls... only not as easily expelled. Matter of fact, assuming I can slip the cylinder past the cunny ring, I don't think Sandy will ever extract it given the condition of her hands.

So once again I am offered a luscious display of a freshly shaven mons, huge cunny ring, and dangling prickly cone.

For this procedure the cone must go... temporarily.

I remove. The three fingers of my left hand grip the ring. Sandy groans, attention there is rare, the anus above

greased and inviting. Still I tug downwards the labial flesh stretching, managing to offer a slit for entry.

This will be perfect, I tell myself, the more difficult to slip in the cylinder the more difficult to expel. So I use the surfeit of anal lubrication, courtesy of Louise, grease the cone and work and work, ignoring Sandy's entreaties as I pull the ring with vigor to create a suitable opening.

Sandy has not had much attention paid to her feminine slit, many, many months of forced chastity. So I am sure my gift will be most welcomed... mind bogglingly tantalizing... but welcomed.

Finally, the tightly compressed labia yield just enough. I press firmly and her cunt swallows like a hungry dog, the function of this portion of female anatomy designed to devour and suction inward the male seed. Yes, once introduced I merely guide with my index finger and the cylinder disappears well into her grotto.

"There. You can thank me later... and you know how to offer your thanks."

I return the cunny cone, hooking it to the huge ring and release the leash.

"Come."

I direct, having her crawl about. I smile in seeing after two shuffles that she wavers, my vaginal insertion creating waves of lusty motion within a quim in need.

"No. Please," Sandy gasps, looking up with pleading eyes.

My little trinket will not foster an orgasm... just bring her right to the edge with every slight movement. Yes, the intense joy tends to overwhelm, her love canal so long neglected.

"In time, you may become accustomed to it," but Mr. Haig hopes not.

I tug on the leash. The nose ring functions, bringing a stab of pain. Sandy must choose, the agony of the leash... the unbearable ecstasy of the clever Ben Wa ball. Tight,

tighter, my hand pulls. Finally her knees shuffle forth to my chamber of torment.

Having scanned Sandy's entire body into the computer, I have access to a three dimensional image, the precision of which down to the width of a pubic hair... had any been permitted to propagate.

So numerous trinkets and adornments can be fabricated... little trial and error required. Still after fitting, I need to envision the next implement... its design and adjustments. So I lead Sandy to the granite slab where Louise cleanses her bowels with daily exuberance.

"Up," Sandy mounting with comforting obeisance.

"Lie on your back," the sighs of delight apparent as her stuffed quim senses the tremors of the weighty inserted ball.

Well, I need to work a bit. But I cannot have Sandy sense any degree of freedom. That would not do. So my leash hand draws the length of leather down to the cunny ring, loops it through, tightens then knots.

Two extremely sensitive areas, nose and pussy, stressing one another. That should keep her psyche in a place of subordination.

From my pocket I retrieve the fruit of the milling machine, this evening's output. Black wrought iron, a strip of metal has been shaped, bent numerous times, crumpled, to appear like a miniature stairway. In the steps are five holes of different sizes. When I move to the lower end of the slab I slip the metal over the toes of Sandy's right foot. As expected, a perfect fit, a toe comfortably thrust through each hole. Not tight, certainly not loose, as right hand and left grip the ends of the crumpled bar, jutting right and left some two inches outside of the width of the foot, I wriggle about and the entrapped toes and foot follow my motion.

"What is it, Dr. Samuels?" Sandy circumspect I am sure about all things iron.

“Nothing of concern, just a little trinket for you, Sandy. It will help you. And you know I am here to help.”

There is no point in having my pet troubled. What will happen will happen. She no longer has will, is no longer in a position to decide her fate... really no longer wants to decide her fate. That is for others. She has about the same ability to alter her treatment as a planted tree can change the weather.

I release the toe bar, my hands moving to the ankle ring penetrating the Achilles tendon. Equal in size to the cunny ring and buttock rings, it is understandable why Sandy passed out with not only the intensity of the pain, but the somatic reaction to having the body so deeply violated.

As stated, the Romans typically hobbled slaves in such a manner, their gait thereafter quite ungainly, the fleet of foot quickly brought to lumbering sluggishness. With hobbling buttock and ankle piercings I am sure ‘Daddy’ Devon must be quite curious as to how a naked and ringed stepdaughter exited the farm.

Well, Sandy’s next ‘exit’ won’t be so facile. Depriving her of the use of her feet is easy. It’s doing so in a manner to facilitate bastinado that is the rub. Iron hand mittens are one thing, but boots? Shielding some of the most receptive nerves of the body from torment? No... Mr. Haig would never concede, never proffer such mercy.

I brusquely tug on the ankle ring, triggering a convulsive contraction of both the soleus and gastrocnemius muscles... and triggering a yelp of pain as well, of course.

“Your new home is almost ready, Sandy. A place all your own. I do hope you appreciate my help,” doing my best to sound ingenuous... as Mr. Haig stifles a snicker.

It requires a few days, a few visits, and a modicum of labor but in time Sandy’s new world takes shape.

The fourth floor of a warehouse, practically abandoned, gives rise to wondrous possibilities.

First I build a stall, as similar as possible to that described by Sandy in 'Daddy's' barn. Yes, thick wooden planks form partitions, sturdy rings are embedded for bondage. A padded bench awaits Sandy's tummy.

An industrial bathroom needs some sprucing... no bathtub or shower, but Sandy will be sponge bathed. There are those with certain penchants... and such will need access to water.

In the center of the floor I screw into the ancient wood a huge ring, wrought iron of course. Its size is more symbolic than functional. It requires not much to secure a girl by her cunny. But in being heavily gauged and some six inches in diameter, there is offered a message of permanency... such unnecessarily rough and heavy metal to secure vulnerable feminine flesh. Gothic.

Guests require comfort. So in one corner section I have installed a prefabricated bar with refrigerator, wine rack, lounge chairs, couch. The space is incongruous, appearing to be from a movie set parked in the corner of a Hollywood studio. I even buy an old but decorative Persian rug. So the space becomes a living room with only two walls, otherwise open to the cavernous area of the fourth floor.

There remains lots of space... and thus lots of possibilities. One can never accurately prognosticate the proclivities of the wicked. So open but evil minds need open space... and proper D/s gear.

Yes, I contribute some implements from my chamber of torment, make bulk purchases, and even have Louise donate some medical paraphernalia - a cornucopia of implements of torment. Guests will be happy.

Security is important. Once exiting the turn of the century elevator on the fourth floor there are two doors. The first with a standard key lock, for which I have dozens of duplicates made. Once inside a modest entryway there is a second door with a more sophisticated electronic lock, one requiring a series of five digits to offer access. The

sophistication... I can give different codes to different people... and their entry will be recorded so I will know who is visiting Sandy and when.

Yes, though I have installed a myriad of video cameras with internet access, some of Sandy's visitors will be masked or otherwise disguised... for apparent reasons... the cameras recording what promises to be marvelous scenes of masochism. So though veiled, I will know the identity of the visitor.

The inner door also inhibits exit unless the five digit code is again entered. Should a naked pierced and ringed Sandy somehow slip her bounds, she'll not reach the elevator.

In another corner, just to rattle Sandy's psyche, I have installed the tools, anvil and coal burning oven of a blacksmith. Yes, it can't hurt to have the girl constantly aware of her iron laden subjugation... aware that as heavy and imposing as her bonds seem... there can be more. And there will be more.

"Thank you for letting me walk," the words so meek.

Sandy's blouse and skirt are long gone, but her rain coat, that with the over sized pockets, has been stowed away for one last wearing.

"It feels funny... not being naked," Sandy gushes.

"Just for a little while, Sandy. A short cab ride and then we'll have you bound, chained and showing all parts pink... for a long, long time."

Mr. Haig won't let me remove the cunny cone and the girl walks with even more clumsiness, feet widely parted, her penetrating rings creating havoc. Despite her efforts there come grimaces which suggest the spikes are adequately functioning. And of course in standing upright for the first time in days, the Ben Wa insertion brings new levels of joy as with each step the heavy ball rolls about to bring oscillation to the walls of her vagina.

I slip my hand between the folds of her coat, copping a quick feel of her mons. She's wet. The physical joy? The psychological response to subjugation? Perhaps the suffering of the cunny cone has come to excite.

She came to me seeking help. I am so accommodating...

No leash... not an explicit Coop prohibition... but I am sure a Coop board meeting and letter of rebuke would result if Mr. Haig's yearning went unbridled. So I hook my finger through her nose ring and guide, to be quickly slipped away before any encounter with neighbors.

Into the hallway, down the elevator, I must temporarily relinquish control through the building lobby and past the doorman. A cab awaits and though I'd like to depart timely, Sandy is quite deliberate in attempting to seat herself. Sometimes the cunny cone can be a little overbearing. Finally she sits... and with knees so far apart!

To the lower west side. The area is devoid of residents. It's Saturday afternoon. Few commercial operations are open. The cab pulls up. I pay. Sandy just as gingerly steps to the sidewalk. As the cab departs I whisk away Sandy's raincoat and toss it into a dumpster. She stands naked on a New York sidewalk. I leash her cunny ring. When the cab pauses at the end of the block, I must wonder if the driver is looking in the rear view mirror.

Sandy is uncomfortable... deliciously uncomfortable in being publically exposed. Her nipples crinkle. There comes cutis anserina and I prolong her mental suffering by taking her iron mittens, left and right, pulling them high behind her back then hooking them to her breast chain at the back of the neck. The breast spikes lift most enticingly.

Such an improvement in posture! Those firm tits projecting like headlights...

I admire. Little Mr. Haig swells in appreciation... anticipation? And finally I turn and pull on the leash.

"Please, Dr. Samuels, not too fast."

There are four steps leading up to a loading platform, a large elevator beckoning to the side. I ascend and turn to look back, Sandy's footfalls in negotiating the stairs plus my tugs cause the cunny cone to swing widely, the sharp points making its presence known. Perhaps the prickling pain is mitigated by the Ben Wa insertion. Such conflicting cerebral input...

This is good training for the psyche... that motion brings pain... that remaining motionless is best... to be docile... accepting of the paradigm to stay still and let what happens happen.

But that motioning the Ben Wa insertion brings delight. So which shall you have, Sandy?

I unlock the control box and summon the elevator wondering if Sandy realizes the relatively fresh New York air will not be breathed... or felt in the instance of her nakedness... for quite a long time.

The doors of the industrial elevator open, the top rising, the bottom dropping. I pull again. Into the bowels of Mr. Haig's lair steps Ms. Sandra Devon... the Blacksmith's daughter.

I cannot decide whether adorning Sandy's body with tormenting baubles is like painting a Dutch Master or sculpting her for the Louvre. She is so finely shaped... and she so divinely agonizes as I stoke the coal oven, squeeze the bellows for more oxygen and bring more nuggets of iron to red hotness.

"Why are you doing this to me, Dr. Samuels?" comes a tearful plea as Sandy listens from her stall.

Yes, I have her kneeling tummy down on a low bench. Ankle rings, buttocks rings and nose ring tethered. Iron mittens remain secured to the breast chain. I have added a bit of a twist... perhaps Mr. Haig has added a bit of a twist... in that I use strong elastic cords to bind her... bungee cords... so that she can somewhat move. But in so doing

there come the muscle contortions and spasms which ironically spur more movement, uncontrolled... which in turn brings more spasms.

Effectively... she tortures herself... a masochist's dream... the lazy sadist's delight.

Yes, there is something brawny... marvelously masculine... about shaping and hammering rough metal which a woman must bear... perhaps wear forever on her skin... attached to her skin... within her skin.

For now it's merely a long wrought iron chain, fabricated one link at a time. The Parker, Lyle & Co. milling machine has turned out dozens of open links, near circles. To lengthen the chain, I must heat, slip an open loop onto an existing link then hammer away to forge it closed. When completed, one end will be secured to the huge six inch ring embedded in the wooden floor. The other to her cunt... I guess less crassly described as to her cunny ring.

The chain will enable her to crawl about when not 'entertaining'. Though Mr. Haig prefers constant bondage, Dr. Winthrop insists that some form of exercise and ability to stretch will maintain the suppleness which visitors will come to relish.

So just as Sandy languished in the barn as Daddy labored, sweating over a hot stove, forging so many ponderous adornments of iron, I likewise endeavor. Weekends I work with fervor and add two to three feet per day. Weekday evenings less, I only have an hour or two. Yet, within two weeks the permanent chain of formidable weight and strength reaches its desired length.

I test, noting that it does not reach the door, or the regular bathroom and shower, or the kitchen area with food supply. Such mental torment. Sandy will be within inches of the door leading to freedom, the nourishment for which she will always pine, and the bathroom where normal ablutions and less embarrassing toilet facilities are of use.

No, as stated, Sandy will not depart, Louise and I will feed her... like a dog... and for excretions she will crawl to a potty area, akin to a cat box, which can be washed away whenever she is hosed down and cleansed. Well within the reach of the chain is her stall... where she will be trained to entertain.

So it is time. I step to Sandy, lying tummy down with the tight bungee cords exerting tension on the buttock and ankle rings. The nose ring as well seems to bring suffering. Perhaps Mr. Haig has too much tightened.

"Come. It is time."

It requires mere seconds to unhook her. I use the nose cord as a leash and she knows to crawl for me without need for command... to the hot stove and the anvil. Sandy begins to tremble.

"No piercing. And I'll try to be quick. But you must be very obedient."

"Yes, sir," her voice quavering in fear.

So delightful to have her psyche revisit the intense trauma of those farm days.

I remove her cunny cone and have her straddle the anvil. A red hot open loop is heating in the coals of the oven. I grasp her cunny ring and position it pointing upwards then draw the chain to the anvil positioning the end loop adjacent the cunny ring. The links are about the same size. The weight added to her precious feminine anatomy will serve to assure that she remains off her feet... the less dangling links the less stress on her cunny flesh. I then go to the kitchen area and retrieve a bowl and ice. There will be a moment of unavoidable burning pain... Mr. Haig has not an iota of concern... as I hammer with hopeful alacrity to close the final loop.

Sandy begins to sob, mentally becoming aware of the finality... the permanence. The crude, hand forged chain of some thirty feet leads to the visually imposing ring deeply set into the thick wooden floor. It appears to be that used to

moor eighteenth century sailing ships, its size totally unneeded for the task at hand. Mentally, being attached to it overwhelms.

Yet, such a wonderful message. And to think the ponderous snake of metal ends embedded in a girl's most sensitive flesh... ah... I feel little Mr. Haig firm in a gesture of approval.

Tongs grip the heating open loop. I remove it from the coals, carefully hook it to the chain then quickly hook it to the cunny ring. With the many days of forging and hammering, I have become sufficiently nimble and accurate. Turning the loop upright, my left hand positioning it with the tongs, my right hand swings, a strong blow, dead on. I see the open loop somewhat close, about a centimeter. Sandy shrieks, the heat transferring to the cunny ring.

Bang, bang, bang... it closes. Without taking the time for precision I douse the chain, cunny ring and cunny with slushy ice water. Most delightfully Sandy's labial flesh instantly chills. She shrieks again, her nipples crinkle... again most delightfully.

I favor her, lifting the chain to relieve the weight, then I command that she dismount. As she obeys she quavers again.

"Why are you doing this to me, Dr. Samuels?"

"I am helping you. Girls like you feel better in bondage. The stricter the bondage the better you'll feel."

She lowers to her knees and I release the chain. Yes, the added links will require acclimatization and I just step back and watch. As Sandy begins to crawl I become a proud father watching as an infant takes her first steps.

"Really rather merciful, Sandy. From now on you don't need to be constantly secured in your stall. But the protocol will be... when you hear the elevator, go to your stall and bend, tummy down for sodomy. Failure to do so will bring punishment."

I point to a far wall where I have 'donated' to the cause numerous instruments of correction. Her eyes follow to where some nasty lengths of rattan hang in wait.

"Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Chapter Four

Louise visits daily to feed and bathe plus cleanse and lubricate a rear aperture always to be prepared for anal penetration. Also, in being more socially gregarious than me, within the scene at Spankers and other clubs she passes word that there is forming a gathering... an informal but earnest group with similar wants and penchants.

Whereas I make a very good living, there is no reason why I should bear the entire cost for Sandy's upkeep. Dog food, warehouse rent, raw iron... Sandy has needs. Nor for that matter, should I enjoy all the fruits of her subjugation. We therefore work out an arrangement in which monthly funds are remitted in order to obtain a key and an access code to the inner door.

You see, I am always thinking of Sandy's welfare. In being accustomed to nightly multiple penetration of her sphincter, whom am I to deny to her her joy... the inner sense of fulfillment for which the masochist strives but never achieves?

There are also voyeuristic offerings for those more shy sadists.

Numerous cameras installed in the warehouse space transmit constantly to an exclusive internet site. For a reasonable monthly sum, the licentiously curious can receive the password and log on 24/7 and observe as Sandy crawls about, is cleansed, receives her daily enema, takes a stout phallus or endures a brisk caning.

Plus I can monitor her from the office.

In fact, for those with more scatological tastes, I have a special camera for them, training Sandy to position herself in a most revealing and humiliating pose as she kneels in the area designed for toilet needs. My goodness the cunny cone mandates such a nice spread of pink moist flesh!

Meanwhile this blacksmithing thing grows in terms of recreating... both mind and muscles. Something about male power and sweat forcing metal into malleable implements...

to pierce and adorn, the hideous scabrous black to forever penetrate, split open a girl's flesh and thereafter reside... to bring anguish... subjugation... the sense of being property... to be owned... the ceding of the will to something that will never ever yield.... it all brings repose.

And so I forge and hammer every Saturday, Sandra woefully observing, knowing that the fruit of my energy will somewhere be worn... on... in... through... her nubile nakedness.

The first project... the feet.

As stated, Sandy won't be ambling away from her new home as she did from the farm. Though her cunny chain provides adequate restraint, to permit moving about upright... well such just seems a little too prideful for a girl trained to best display herself and entertain on all fours. So I have the computer designed, machine milled toe restraints and must assure such remain permanently in place.

Saturday afternoon, I stoke the coal burning oven, the smell of the embers alone bringing apprehension to my quivering naked pet. I have bars of iron and the task is simple, though there will be required a degree of precision. Some half inch in diameter and two feet in length, I begin to heat. I will need to bend the bars in half then thread the ends to accept tightening nuts.

As I heat I smile in looking at Sandy. I have her iron mittens hooked to her breast chain, both immobilizing her arms and presenting those breasts quite enticingly, the spikes tugging away. She kneels upright, the heaviness of her cunny chain offering quite the stress to the flesh of her mons if she were to stand. So as with most of her trinkets and adornments, the foot bindings will be somewhat superfluous. Her cunny cone forces apart the knees, the open thighs presenting a quim which Louise keeps immodestly shaven. A tear begins to form, each and every time she has faced a coal oven her body has suffered most inordinately. But she protests not, no words or pleas, having

come to realize long ago that she will bear pain for the pleasure of others.

I tell her not that this afternoon's endeavors will cause no suffering. The mental duress will be enough.

Turning to the desired glowing red, I remove iron bar number one from the coals. Courtesy of Parker, Lyle & Co. I have a wooden mold of Sandy's feet and as I hammer to bend, the blows admittedly becoming fervent with my sadistic lust, after every third or fourth blow, I place the heated bar about the wooden right foot. In time, the now 'U' shaped bar is shaped to enshroud the carved block, the bend osculating at the heel and the two ends jutting forth, one to the left of the big toe, the other to the right of the little toe.

More hammer strikes and I have it! When I slip on the toe restraints, as stated, appearing to be brass knuckles for the feet, the threaded ends of the bar fit perfectly into holes left and right. The threading will permit me to bolt on the toe restraints... and tighten... and do so without mercy.

In the ancient Chinese culture, such was known as foot binding, tight straps forcing the feet into a curved position... and held there... and held there... and held until the bones reset. Not only was the woman immobilized but the feet permanently bent, the bones bending to make walking difficult, if not impossible without special shoes.

Well, I won't go that far with Sandy's feet. But she'll feel the weight, standing upright with the toe restraints in place will be quite the balancing act, and thus there will be one more contributing factor in her complete subjugation.

Sandy watches as I thread nuts onto the bent bar, tightening to make the heavy device one with the wooden mold. I return to the anvil and renew forging the second bar. When complete, the left mold is likewise enshrouded. Sandy knows that when such adorn her feet the bars will be slipped through her ankle rings, enhancing the level of ineluctability, and tightened such that the foot will be bent

and somewhat arched. Not to the extent of the ancient Chinese custom, but enough to discourage such silliness as attempting to walk when crawling about naked and spread offers such deliciously suggestive humbleness.

Also, my design, such ingeniousness, permits bastinado, the soles of the feet exposed as are the tips of the toes, Sandy not to deny the sadist the joy of applying simple taps of rattan to the largest collection of nerves in the body.

"Come, Sandy, I have something for you."

Knees shuffle forth, the cunny cone swings about, the Ben Wa insertion I am sure brings pangs of teasing ephemeral joy, the breast spikes cause the mammary glands to roll upwards to offer pleasant greetings for the appreciative male eye. And Sandy so docilely presents herself... never to walk again.

Sandra Devon

My hands... now my feet. Unnecessary restraints for the most part... the many links of the heavy cunny chain making it painfully impossible to stand. Still there is completeness... a message of thoroughness. I shall only move about on all fours... and not by choice... by someone else's bidding.

It is something about which to ponder... every waking hour.

Dr. Winthrop slips my right toes into the curious strip of iron, bent and crumpled, holes precisely accommodating my five digits. Next a 'U' shaped bar is slipped through my ankle ring, the apex resting against my heel, the threaded ends guided to meet holes in the ends of the toe bar. The prongs slip through the openings, again with precision. Then Dr. Winthrop bolts together the well crafted pieces of iron. He turns with a wrench, smiling in satisfaction, as he should. The foot bondage is well designed, well fabricated and... as he turns and turns... tight.

Yes, my foot is forced to curl, toes slowly drawn toward the heel. I grimace. His smile broadens. Then I feel a twinge.

Vaginal moisture, seemingly always present with the constant motion of the rolling insertion, increases. I sense the fragrance of my sex. Feeling, observing, sensing the controlling hands of authority brings arousal. I do not understand my reaction. Daddy seemed to... and certainly this Dr. Winthrop. His look... his savoir faire... appear to be one of generosity... a man of charity giving to the needy.

The left foot is similarly bound, the wrench turning steadily yet with enthusiasm. When completed, there comes one last symbolic adjustment. Dr. Winthrop files to smooth the threading, the ability to easily unscrew the nuts, to loosen... perhaps even remove the foot bondage... not to happen with any ease or alacrity.

"It would be nice to weld the toe bar in place... but corrupting the threading should suffice," he notes with confidence.

I also note to myself that though not to be loosened, the foot bondage can be further tightened. Such wickedness!

Finished, Dr. Winthrop encourages me to stand. I obediently rise, but of course cannot. The foot devices force me to my toes... and I am far from able to move about as a ballerina. I quickly terminate the effort, just lying on the grimy warehouse floor. Dr. Winthrop's smile turns to one of Schadenfreude.

"It is best for you, Sandy. You have already escaped the supervision you require once. It shall not happen again. You will serve here... until it is decided otherwise."

I must agree. Hands and feet rendered useless, huge chain making me and my cunny one with the warehouse floor, it is best that thoughts of escape or rescue be stifled. How is it Dr. Winthrop knows... understands the extremity of my needs?

"You're going to have visitors from time to time. It goes without saying you should be obedient. Remember, whenever you hear the elevator, you are to crawl to your stall, kneel tummy down on your bench and await. Overall,

there are many acquaintances who want to make you happy. It is best. You'll never again suffer a need."

A tear forms... of sadness... of joy... of frustration?

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

There is inner satisfaction in completing a task with the outcome as envisioned.

Sandy came to me for help, and I have proven to be richly accommodating. Removing all confusing thoughts of freedom and independence from the mind of the masochistic, the psyche of the subjugated, brings focus to the demented needs and cravings.

So with Sandy's additional modifications completed... for now... our impromptu gathering, those with itches to be scratched, begins to coalesce. And as stated, I am relieved, partially, of the financial burden of keeping an insatiable masochistic dually tormented and fed.

Utilizing numerous webcams in Sandy's new home, I can tune in from my desk at work, feeding the hunger of Mr. Haig's licentious needs, and assuring my naked well trussed charge is adequately tormented. With Louise remaining on the night shift, Sandy attains care and attention almost every day. A nice full doggie bowl - hash or some other vile concoction - fresh water to lap, a daily high colonic to assure her sodomizing guests don't soil marauding appendages, adequate lubrication... not so much to comfort... but to assure she can be penetrated... again and again.

The latter requires the skill and judgment in which Louise is well versed. The plunging penis requires some ease of entry yet modest tightness for pleasurable friction. Sandy, not to have her sphincter torn and in need of sutures, requires a degree of protection. Thus preparing the girl's aperture is a process of optimizing... not too dry, not too sloppily greased. And our cohorts can rest assured; Sandy is well cleansed and prepared for deep anal penetration before each and every evening.

Missing from Sandy's new environs is the multiple couplings of the many stable hands.

What were her recollections in describing existence in Daddy's barn, welcoming four to five turgid male penises per night?

Well, there is a certain decorum among our cohorts... less quantity... more quality so to speak. Therefore, in general Sandy shall need to perform for one member of our clan per night. But the couplings will not be quick... of that she can be assured.

Yes, in terms of fulfilling Sandy's deeply ingrained need for humiliation and subjugation, there are no better offerings than those conjured by our bevy of New York sadists and tops. Quite inventive, quite arduous, not to be denied the nirvanic lust of complete dominion over the hapless subordinate. Night after night Sandy will be brought to a frothing performance.

So again in my office... data... data... data... and Mr. Haig has had enough. Dr. Winthrop must yield, turning to his office computer and clicking to the secretive webpage. Onto the screen comes a white uniformed Nurse Louise fulfilling her role but exacting her price for the time and attention paid.

She has Sandy kneeling upright, her mittens bound behind her back, her breast chain tethered high above out of the camera view. As noted when tensioning the chain, stressing the deeply implanted spikes brings a most lustful presentation to the mammary glands, the nipples jutting forth in invitation.

Louise sits before the motionless masochist, to her right on a nearby table an electrical hot plate for warming coffee and pots of food.

But there is no coffee, there are no pots. Instead, languishing in plain view is a spatula... and knowing Louise, she will not be flipping pancakes or frying eggs.

Oh, I must turn up the sound, so I quickly rise and assure my office door is closed tight.

"You've never had your tits hot spatulated?" Louise inquires with a naughty smile, in a way suggesting every properly subjugated girl needs such untoward attention to the breasts.

"No, please don't," a tearful Sandy begs even before her glands are offered the slightest sampling of the narcotic she craves.

"Well, it's amazingly painful. Double with every slap. Slow and easy will bring the searing pain of the hot metal, fast and hard will bring the percussive sting of impact. I think you'll learn to enjoy."

My imagination brings me to feel the glowing heat, smell the radiation as the flat business end of the spatula rests on the hot plate and slowly turns to a blazing red. And as I lustily peer at those tits, as Louise has crassly referenced, I certainly understand Louise's temptation... perfectly formed... perfectly presented.

"Just a dozen or so smacks. Think of how nice and tender they'll be for tonight's visitor."

Leave it to Louise to foil the one element of physical pleasure that the anally sodomized can derive from otherwise uncomfortable penetration... that attained with the natural propensity of the sodomizer to fondle the breasts.

No, after adequate applications of the hot spatula, no joy can be had. In tenderizing the breast flesh the slightest touch will instead bring agony.

"Think it's hot enough?" Louise torments, lifting to show the smooth and glowing surface of the improvised implement.

Sandy shudders notably, but her captured spiked breasts offer not a hint of motion.

Such firmness!

"Please no. It will hurt."

"I would not otherwise waste my time," an aloof Louise flippantly retorts, the spatula returning to be further heated as her free hand lowers to Sandy's ringed and chained mons.

"You're moist... and becoming wetter. Why is that Sandy? You say 'no', but your cunny suggests otherwise. Could it be you find pleasure in the pain and humiliation? I should remind you that the cameras are never off. So you may find comfort knowing that so many can watch as you beg and grovel... and you secretly enjoy."

The roaming hand rises, fingers slick with vaginal juices flowing in abundance. Louise assures Sandy takes note of her concupiscent reaction.

"So, no more objections, Sandy. Deep within, your psyche has needs... cravings you don't understand but we'll endeavor to satiate for you. We are very appreciative of girls like you. You're to be well taken care of, never to be in need, not a care to consider."

With that the hand returns and grasps the reheated spatula. It lifts and swings, applying a crisp splat to the main body of the left breast. The gland rolls and flutters most comically as Sandy howls in agony, surprised with the calloused quickness, troubled with the accuracy.

Ironically, I know Louise to be initially merciful. But by afternoon's end she will modify her hand action, ever so slightly nipping the very tip of the nipple. It is then that Sandy will cry out in earnest, the pink nubs worked and worked and eventually made hyper sensitive to the slightest touch.

Louise is most cognizant of damage... and the undesired time required for healing. So I know by afternoon's end, though the level of pain unbearable as intended, the overall results will be the equivalent of first degree burns... a sunburn more or less. But Sandy will have new found

respect... and fear... for she who condescends and offers care. And what a ride this evening's visitor shall have!

I trust Sandy will be well restrained. I otherwise picture her bucking like one of Daddy's broncos, spasmodically lurching with the slightest touch to those large, firm and now overly sensitive glands. Quite the challenge for the unsuspecting sodomizer, to be tossed from the saddle of Sandy's muscled cheeks like a rodeo performer.

Alas, Louise must leave to begin her shift. I watch, little Mr. Haig struggling against the confines of my trousers, as Sandy's breast bondage is released and our physically spent masochist melts to the floor. Louise then unhooks the iron mittens and Sandy is free to crawl about... within the limits afforded by her heavy cunny chain.

An hour or two more of data... data... data, and I'll call it a day. The schedule suggests that Sandy will be entertaining the Frobishers this evening, a delightfully dominant couple known to feverishly work young strumpets in various New York S & M clubs.

I'll not want to miss their introduction to Sandy.

Arriving home, I turn on the computer and make an ice cold martini... the old fashion way... gin and a drop of vermouth.

I miss my one on one evenings with Sandy, firing the coal oven, hammering and forging, working raw iron, observing her distress in knowing that my output will adorn her body... adding to the weighty encumbrances... knowing of that sinking feeling experienced as she realizes she will forever bear the fruit of my labor.

So I sit and sip, clicking to the secret web address. My timing proves fortuitous. Sandy crawls about for a moment or two then moves to her stall. Trained to respond to the sound of the elevator, she understands she must greet every visitor tummy down on her padded bench, knees well

parted, showing the camera that well shaven, pierced mons. The Frobishers have arrived.

I smile in noting the glistening aperture above the sturdy black cunny ring. Louise has left her well lubricated. The once tight now supple portal that has greeted and satiated so many phalli once again awaits in readiness.

There is a pause as Sandy patiently kneels. I know the Frobishers are in the foyer donning masks, identities not to be revealed despite the privacy of the exclusive web site. Some members watching from home, such as me, are given to record the encounters. Great fun, great entertainment, but such impels the need for sheltering one's vanilla life.

We know of each other and of each other's penchants in our little gathering. We need not have such exploited, inadvertently revealed outside the group.

So I am not surprised when I hear the inner door open and then see the Frobisher's come into view, Mrs. Frobisher, Susan, fully clothed and wearing a Marie Antoinette party mask... a bare chested Mr. Frobisher, Tony, attired in boxer shorts and a mask of Clark Kent.

Appropriate disguises with Susan quite erudite... a graduate of Wellesley... and Tony renowned for his super human stamina... quite the cocksman. His prowess is what prompted Susan to first shyly join we libertines, Tony capable of multiple couplings with his size known to friction vaginal walls to undesired tenderness before exhausting his energy. Thus in regard to carnal pursuits, Susan has learned to both directly partake and then restfully observe as husband Tony fucks onward.

She now relishes the debauchery and her prim persona brings such delightful contrast to our group. Yes, the supremely dominant Susan Frobisher is known to torment without relent. Unable to match husband Tony's sexual appetite, she has found release in satiating another hunger... one for the application of intense, unending pain.

I turn up the sound, take another sip then snuggle in my chair to enjoy...

"My goodness what a thoroughly chastised slave girl," a masked Susan exclaims with unbridled enthusiasm.

Yes, with Sandy's mocha skin tone, and the myriad of black wrought iron piercings, one can easily envision her working the cotton fields of the antebellum South, covered hands notwithstanding.

Tony moves to the stall and demonstrates how facilely Sandy can be made immobile... and done so with such exasperating frustration.

Yes, the many elastic cords await and within seconds, ankle rings, buttock rings and the breast chain at the nape of the neck are secured, the tension serving as catalyst for the muscle cramps which Sandy struggles to bring under control.

I note the nose ring is without tether and with the secured breast chain holding Sandy's face at waist level, know of the antics to come.

Yes, as Tony completes his task and steps to stand before Sandy's face, I hear the meek words...

"May I suck your penis?" Sandy inquiring by rote.

I hear Tony chuckle as Susan utters words of feigned dismay in response.

"That's my husband!" the Frobisher's ruse played out so many times during frequent club visits.

Tony's superman appendage briefly comes into view, popping from his shorts, its impressive size momentarily flashing as Sandy knows to purse her lips, extend her tongue and take it in her mouth.

"Bring me up and I'll offer a nice long butt fucking," the tone that of offering ice cream to a child.

Yes, for Sandy the humiliation and subjugation have come to be indeed a narcotic. Yet, with the presence of Mrs. Frobisher, there is certainly an added ingredient of spice.

“There’s a price to be paid for enjoying my husband’s cock, you young harlot,” Susan feigning more concern.

She steps from view and returns with a cane, the length of rattan thin and threatening.

“Have you been caned before? You’re perfectly presented.”

Possibly by ‘Daddy’, I think to myself. But in Sandy’s many months of compelled subordination, who knows what deviant undertakings have been forced upon her?

There is no reply... none really expected... Sandy’s mouth otherwise occupied. As Susan grazes a well presented foot with bamboo, my evil foot bondage leaving the soles exposed, the bound ankle rings mandate that such remain exposed and vulnerable.

“Go ahead, suck him if you’re willing to pay the price.”

With that gracious offer, Tony loops his finger through Sandy’s nose ring to better control oral penetration.

Yes, Sandy will suck. And as Tony endures the thrills of a talented, ardent tongue, she will endure bastinado.

Fortunately, Sandy no longer has much use for her feet. Many of Susan’s prey have limped from club Spankers with much regret. But for Sandy the appendages are no longer needed, becoming simply cushions for the sadist’s many pins.

Thus there begins a long evening of pain, humiliation, degradation... an ‘aghost’ Susan ‘shocked’ as Sandy demonstrates oral skills quite proficient. The taps of the cane are moderate and many. But then as Tony plunges, the tip of that massive penis driving to the gullet, Susan works the buttocks, strokes crisp and well placed, the muscling well stressed by deep piercings and taut cords.

I do have to appreciate the concentration forced upon Sandy. Any spasmodic reaction to Susan’s brisk strokes merely enhances the agony, the impinged muscles cramping most painfully with the slightest motion, tensioning the many deeply implanted rings.

Therefore she must kneel and take it... every agonizing stroke... and such are steady and frequent... Susan's wrath feigned, but the dispensed misery not. Yes, discipline Sandy, come my thoughts... physically offered but to be mentally endured as well.

Many sips, my martini is enjoyed. Yet dare I step to the kitchen for another? Miss a portion of the night's entertainment?

No.

Tony Frobisher's stamina continues to amaze, face fucking a tearful Sandy... which in turn seems to energize Susan Frobisher, the resulting welted buttocks quite noteworthy.

Finally, Tony decides Sandy has earned her 'butt fucking', stepping back, his withdrawal serving to display twelve inches of rigid, saliva coated maleness.

"And now for your reward," the tone gracious, the 'reward' given to one's consideration.

Susan knows to suspend her efforts, both globes evidencing her proficiency and her implacable resolve. Then in what appears to be a well rehearsed dance step, husband and wife both move counterclockwise... Tony to Sandy's rear, Susan to stand before a face with puffy moistened eyes.

"Girls like you so much enjoy my company," Susan mocks. "You all have such insatiable needs... always in want... no matter how hard I try."

In an odd manner, this is serendipitous, for Sandy cannot simultaneously be caned and sodomized.

"Thank you, Ma'am, for your attention," Sandy's voice quaking with the trauma. "But please no more."

Heart rendering. But for the sadist such words are a catalyst. 'No more' really means more, like when a second offering of a luscious dessert is politely declined. Why would anyone truly refuse?

“But I have not palpated these fine breasts,” the heartless words offered as Susan’s hands lower to cup the impaled glands, suffering I am sure from the impactful greetings offered by the introduction of the afternoon’s red hot spatula.

Indeed, Sandy cries out, every inch of rounded well formed flesh stung and seared by Louise’s excoriating hand.

Meanwhile, Tony deftly removes my wicked cunny cone, the needles sharp and many. Then he grasps the buttock cords and brusquely tugs, a manly but cruel effort to splay and better present Sandy’s rectum for penetration.

There comes a slow steady thrust of the hips and I am amazed to watch her backside in turn slowly but steadily ‘swallow’ such size and firmness. Tony’s tugging foments the cascade of severe contractions of the glutei, causing also the feet to challenge the bindings of the ankle rings... causing in turn more contractions of the soleus and gastrocnemius muscles.

Effectively Sandy tortures herself, failing to calm the paroxysmal lurching.

Meanwhile a curious Susan reaches to the breast cord, stressing the chain and forcing the mammary glands to so nicely offer themselves. She jiggles, watching the spiked globes comically bob, wondering why the simple press of her finger to a nipple brings repressed grimaces.

Then Tony begins to fuck and I note how a well trained Sandy accommodates, timing subtle squeezes to maximize male pleasure. My vaginal insertion brings pleasant oscillations, the heavy ball rolling back and forth counter to Tony’s thrusts. Thus the cerebral cortex is flooded, offered confusing signals of pain, pleasure, stress and enjoyment. Therefore Sandy opens her mind as well as her body.. ‘for use... sadist visit here’ the imaginary sign posted at the masochist’s portal.

In Daddy’s barn, I am sure the libidinous conduct, muscles and motion enhancing the pleasure of the

penetrating male, was intended to hasten the spending and time of coupling... the young male spurting and withdrawing quickly. But not with Tony Frobisher, the Clark Kent mask veiling the 'superman of sodomy'. No, I hear a chuckle suggesting a glee in sensing Sandy's subtle but ardent cooperation. But there comes no culmination or climactic release. He fucks onward.

Sandy will have a night of sodomy not to be forgotten.

I dread having to arise for a bathroom visit and another martini. But I know upon my return, Tony will be continuing, frictioning a sphincter soon to be well worn.

Chapter Five

The schedule for Sandy's warehouse loft, well hidden in my desk drawer, suggests a visit tonight from 'Mike the Masturbator'. I've watched the man work girls on occasion. I do not know him well, but it is rumored he has a medical background like me, his extensive knowledge of the female anatomy intimating some level of formal training.

His manner of bringing degradation to the needy subordinate female is most dissimilar from my cohorts. As his sobriquet suggests... he strips, spreads and masturbates them... in public, of course. How else would a devoted sadist oblige?

So once again I must put aside any late night paperwork to be reviewed at the office. I too much enjoyed myself last night in observing as the Frobisher's partook in the blessings of membership in our little gathering.

Yes, the superman of sodomy plunged onward, Susan's envy becoming evident as she gently rubbed Sandy's tits, pretending not to be aware that Louise had hot spatulated the glands to a level of incredibly unbearable tenderness.

Wickedness, a calloused Susan offered what would otherwise be a very sensuous breast massage, apparently enthralled with the cruel spikes thrust through the body of the glands.

Finally, thrust after thrust, as I imagined the tender pink flesh of Sandy's purse string muscle worn to a tenderness equaling her nipples, Tony plunged with zeal. Even with masked face, one could readily determine he ejaculated copiously and deeply within Sandy's colon... an abundance of semen to challenge the effectiveness of Louise's subsequent high colonic.

Then came the mandatory oral cleansing of the satiated organ and of course Sandy's humble words of thanks.

Susan then leashed Sandy's nose ring. Tony released the many elastic cords and the well sodomized girl became a little doggy, crawling about and dragging the heavy cunny

chain throughout the loft in desperately avoiding stress on a leash kept painfully taut.

The action becoming mundane, though I am sure Susan found thrill, I called it a night and went to bed.

My thoughts are put aside as I need to send an email to 'Mike the Masturbator', reminding him that Sandy is to be kept chaste, all efforts of masturbation to be partial, welcoming him to keep her on the edge of orgasm for as long as desired but never offering satiation. I click to Mr. Haig's email box and my computer suggests I have mail. I am heartened whenever messages come to Mr. Haig's furtive address. I know it will reference the salacious, the sordid, the lustful, and the seedy. Such serve to break up the day.

I open. It is from the superman of sodomy, Tony Frobisher.
Haig,

Had a very enjoyable evening. And I think our little girl enjoyed as well.

I must assume he means Sandy, not Susan. I know his spouse enjoyed.

Love the foot thing. She needs not walk and the constant mandate to kneel and crawl keeps her in the proper frame of mind. But may I suggest the head moves about a little too much. She may be more comfortable, wanton little masochist that she is, if the head and neck were more constrained... much more constrained.

Hate to offer a girl a good face fucking and have her turn her head in some inconsiderate moment of introspection.

Tony

I respond with a brief note, indicating consideration. And indeed I will consider.

Why **should** Sandy's head be free to move when all else is under constant restraint?

So, knowing that Sandy's full three dimensional body scan remains in the computer, I merely need to contemplate how and how restrictive should be another implement of

physical and mental torment.... black wrought iron, of course.

A quick note to Mike and though I know he will be disappointed, he will comply. No ultimate climax for Sandy. He is able to make girls squirt, to induce female ejaculation, and so much enjoys the intense humiliation as he forces the discovery upon them. Most times, the young vixens are not aware that their love nests even have such capability. And having the knowledge forced on them by a male and before the many observing eyes of attendees at the likes of Spankers adds a delicious layer of humiliation.

At home, I think, I sketch. In my line of work I think three dimensionally, a capability not for all. But I can only sketch in two dimensions. So my effort is rudimentary and I will need some quiet, late night time on the Cadcam to perfect Sandy's latest gothic device. The software will graphically simulate a three dimensional implement.

Such must be ponderous and annoyingly restrictive, constantly felt, a continuous message of subordination.

As Tony suggested... she'll feel better as a result.

We're so thoughtful, we sadists.

Time for Mike's arrival, I slip my sketches into my briefcase and move to my home computer. I spy Sandy, on all fours, lapping water from her bowl. The loft is windowless, for reasons obvious, and without a clock. Sandy can judge some element of time from Louise's afternoon visits. But otherwise, for Sandy life is the unending drudgery of a long serving inmate.

Time is meaningless.

Thus Sandy knows not when there will come the grind of the elevator and the need to position herself. She expects anal sodomy, that which has come to secretly thrill her masochistic psyche. Ah, tonight will be a pleasant surprise. And in reflection I am glad I spent heavily on the high quality, high definition cameras... many in number.

I test by clicking the numerous tabs, each one bringing to the screen not only a different angle but close up views, should I want the screen to fill with Sandy's mocha nakedness and many black iron trinkets.

Such wonderful electronic wizardry, a smorgasbord of live depictions, Sandy crawling about in the misery she deep within relishes. I trust she appreciates my dedication.

Unheard at my end, Sandy responds to the deep hum of the elevator, hurting herself by crawling too quickly and bringing the cascade of cramping. I note she grimaces, the heavy chain constantly pulling on her cunny ring... and thus her cunny.

Tummy down, knees parted, cheeks splayed, I click to the camera at her rear, offering a wondrous view of shaven mons, thick outer labia pierced with iron, my wicked dangling cone mandating a good spread. Above I again note the glistening lubrication Louise has dutifully offered to a sphincter remaining sore I am sure from Tony Frobisher's long, leisurely assault.

Fortunately Sandy's rectum will have a night of clemency, her masochism to be otherwise tantalized.

I click to return to the panoramic view and see Mike the Masturbator enter, fully clothed donning a mask that mimics 'The Joker' character from the Batman comic book and movie series. He carries a satchel and I know from viewing his skills it contains paraphernalia that will assure even the most timid girl, frightened to frigidity, will climax at his behest... and only at his behest.

I must turn up the sound and listen...

Sandra Devon

Masks. I am never to know the true identity of my tormenters, other than Miss Louise and Dr. Winthrop, if those who both bring comfort and distress can be so termed.

Yet, since Dr. Winthrop announced the installation of cameras and connecting website even Miss Louise and Dr.

Winthrop have been masked.

There is something about the anonymity in being tortured and butt fucked by those with faces never to be seen, visitors never to be known. I will never ever know them as people, persons of flesh and blood, wants and desires, calmness or anger.

Something about that adds to the ignominy... to the objectification of my bound nakedness.

I hear the elevator and instantly crawl, my too quick reaction stressing my cunny ring, causing the hanging cunny cone to prick the insides of my thighs, and my leg muscles to cramp without relent.

Still I assume the commanded pose, kneeling, tummy on the low padded bench, opened and spread, my lubricated aperture sore but ready for more of that which I have strangely not only come to expect but accept with odd joy... the fulfillment of another's pleasure.

The door finally opens, the delay always serving to heighten my apprehension. On this visit, a man, alone, wearing a silly mask at which I dare not laugh. He carries a satchel and steps into my stall where my many rings await painful tethering. He looks down, releasing the satchel. I look up. He assesses. Should I assume an evil grin veiled by the hideous smiling mask?

"Such a wonderful tribute a girl with your proclivity offers to the likes of me. A ripe peach ready to be plucked."

A hand lowers, taps my nose then hooks into my large nose ring. The digit waggles about and there comes laughter as my face obediently follows the brief directional tugs. Then it retreats, both hands lowering to cup my spiked breasts. The fingers grope, feeling the shards of iron thrust through the body of the gland.

"Such harshness, but for some girls such harshness is necessary... almost beckoned in a way. Don't you think?"

"May I suck your penis?" my humble response about the only words I have spoken of late.

The head shakes as the hands palpate the stressed hillocks, remaining somewhat sore from applications of Miss Louise's cruel, hot spatula.

"No. You'll serve me otherwise."

The man steps away beyond my sight. He returns with a leash, clipping it to my nose ring, then picking up his satchel. My tormented mind foment, imagining the contents.

"Come," he commands, the hand pulling gently... more gently than most.

Out of the stall, I crawl, iron bound hands and feet clunking, to an open unused corner of the spacious loft. There the satchel is again released, his hands prod and I am positioned supine, head pressed to the two walls forming the corner.

"I like girls who show me lots of pink," kneeling next to me and pushing apart my knees.

He graciously removes the cunny cone, appearing to admire Dr. Winthrop's irritating handiwork before placing it aside. I offer what he likes, as much pink as the thick cunny ring permits. As he peers in delight he lifts the heavy cunny chain over my left thigh. Then he opens his satchel to remove bondage gear. Within moments my ankle rings are well tethered to convenient rings embedded low in the walls left and right. My thighs are held open and spread to form a right angle... 90 degrees.

"You're quite wet," he notes. "Being under control excites, does it not?"

How can I disagree? I am gushing vaginal juices.

"How long since you have had an orgasm?"

I suggest I have no memory of when last I climaxed.

"Ah, then you shall tantalize well," the words offered as my iron mittens are also guided to the walls right and left. There to be likewise tethered.

Cords are threaded through my buttock rings and secured to lower wall rings. Supine and spread open, I

cannot move a limb. And as always to attempt to do so brings the muscle contractions... the cascade of pain.

"You've come to experience dichotomous joy in being anally and orally penetrated... but it is faint joy... more emotional... more psychological than physical. Physically you are hurt. I watched Clark Kent work you last night. There was suffering... but no protest. Rather telling."

I cannot argue the point, the masochism apparent.

The man turns to the satchel, opens and rummages about.

"I enjoy bringing intense pleasure to young girls... and doing so in such a manner that is... shall we say memorable."

He retrieves a tube, coating the fingers of his right hand with an unguent.

"Yes, being masturbated can be enjoyable, letting my fingers do all the work. But for some being so manipulated before the watchful eyes of others adds... let's term it spice. And before cameras... unknown eyes... countless people recording... for a girl like you the humiliation can be intense."

He points, a ceiling camera indeed is positioned, my ringed cunny the center of its focus. Then he points again, another camera, my face I am sure filling the lens.

His attention returns to my mons. The fingers begin to work the outer labia, slathering the unguent and gently rubbing.

"The labia majora. Yours are nicely plumped. There is no wonder why someone chose to so convincingly pierce you here. They do seem to beg for attention."

His free hand grips the links of my cunny chain very close to the ring, gently lifting and pulling to assure the application of whatever is evenly applied to every inch of my dark brown lips. Within moments I feel warmth... pleasant... better than bearable... in fact quite acceptable.

“Good stuff, don’t you think? A little warmth to settle you. Strong stuff but the labia majora are somewhat insensitive. Bad girls get an application to the labia minora. You don’t want to be a bad girl.”

I must certainly agree, the skin there being thin and hypersensitive... particularly in my state of forced chastity. Nothing has touched there in many, many months... the huge iron ring keeping my cunny well tucked.

“There are many factors leading to the female orgasm. Frictioning of the vagina walls, stretching of the labia, some stimulation of the perineum... the anus. Yes even normal girls can find a degree of stimulation there to be arousing. There are theories concerning pressure to the urethral sponge... the so termed ‘G’ spot. And of late there have been similar observations... and theories... concerning gentle penetration of the anterior fornix.”

As the man speaks, the warmth grows and grows. I must wonder if my mons glows in heat, as did Daddy’s coal oven.

“But ultimately it’s the glans clitoris that brings climax.”

He reaches to the satchel, assuming that I am impressed with his lecture... and I am. I sense that he has almost dissected the female sex organs and his soft but firm words bring a sense of humility... there is nothing concerning the mass of complicated pink flesh... open, exposed and vulnerable to all manipulation... that he does not know and understand. It’s my cunt, but his to better comprehend.

“I understand there’s a certain vaginal insertion that can keep a naughty little girl on the edge.”

He retracts forceps. I am chagrined to learn he is aware of the deeply implanted tantalizing tube. Is there anything about me not open... divulged to Dr. Winthrop’s world of dominion?

He graciously lubricates the tongs. His left hand again grips the cunny chain lifting to best expose the lower entrance to my love sheath, just as Dr. Winthrop had done

when the tube was first introduced. Then the forceps part the outer labia, inner labia and glide inward.

“Quite deeply implanted. You can feel it?”

I nod, the heavy ball rolls about with the slightest motion. When I am taken anally it brings delight... incomplete and distant. It frustrates.

The forceps find the tube, grip the end and a steady, deft hand slowly withdraws.

“Do not fret, it will be returned,” the words intended to comfort.

My love sheath long neglected, the slow sliding sensation feels good. Then the tube exits with a plop and the man holds up the devious but simple implement in the room light... I am sure positioning it for those viewing by camera. It gleams with vaginal juices. I close my eyes in embarrassment.

“You must find it quite thoughtful... to be so bestowed, your vagina nicely stuffed.”

My tube is placed aside. More paraphernalia is retrieved from the satchel.

“Unfortunately you are not to be brought to climax. And more unfortunately for you, I know exactly how to bring you to the edge without that ever, ever happening.”

The man arises and strolls to the kitchen area, that portion of the loft which my chain denies me, its length measured to place food and water within inches, but always beyond reach. He fills a large glass with water and returns. I am offered a pill, blue. I swallow. Drinking the entire glass is mandatory.

“Over the next few hours, you’ll be secreting lots of fluids. And the pill... a little stimulant. Let me know when you feel some tingling... at the mons pubis... and we’ll begin.

“Viagra. It has the same effect on your vestigial penis... your clitoris... as on the male anatomy. It will enhance the circulation in the genitalia. The difference is the female

psyche does not always react in a similar manner. I know how to handle that," words spoken as he holds up a feather and a slim hard rubber rod with a rounded protrusion on one end.

It becomes apparent that just as my rectum is objectified, my entire body turned to nothing more than a warm tight cavity for carnal satiation, my cunny is also to be objectified, to become a man's toy, open for endless manipulation.

He stands and returns to the kitchen area. In opening a bottle of wine, I know he will leisurely imbibe, waiting for the Viagra to invigorate. Is it psychosomatic? I already feel something... down there.

"Please no more," my words uttered in quivering desperation.

The man laughs.

"No more? Or more?"

His point is well taken. His has feathered my clitoris for nearly an hour, thumb and forefinger of the left hand gently pinching and lifting my clitoral hood, exposing my little bud... not so little with the Viagra swelling it to what feels like something the size of a large olive. The feather of the right hand diddles then randomly stops... diddles then randomly stops. Vaginal juices stream to the floor. I can smell my own feminine fragrance. He sniffs with zeal, enjoying - something he has harped on frequently - describing my pungent scent for those viewing by camera.

Miss Louise does not douche me. My sheath oozes both viscous fluid and embarrassment. So indeed, perhaps I should instead grovel for more rather than less. Beg for completion, despite knowing it will not come.

I need to be whipped, caned... something to end the tantalization.

The feather is finally withdrawn, my entire body trembling in need. The fingers of the left hand return to the cunny ring, lifting to offer access to my vagina. A right

finger inserts. A second. Such circumgyrate adding to the ecstasy.

"The urethral sponge," more lecture as the fingers turn upwards and rub more brusquely.

New sensations, different... perhaps stronger... certainly enhancing my need. The man tortures with pleasure.

"For some girls, the feather and the 'G' spot can bring quite the explosion. It's delightful making a girl ejaculate, spewing juices in a manner never before achieved.

"For others, maybe a little nipple play... a slight pinch... a tweak. There's not an erogenous zone that escapes attention."

The left hand releases the cunny chain, rises to my breasts and indeed tweaks in demonstration. Not hard, not soft, his touch is gifted.

"But you'll not climax... not tonight... not ever."

Nipple play quickly ceases as the right fingers continue to work my so termed 'G' spot,

"No, a girl like you really prefers the intensity of pain...and the humbleness and humiliation that comes with it. Still it does not hurt to give you a sample of what you're missing... what your body wants but your psyche chooses to deny you."

The left hand holds before me the odd strip of hard rubber with the small protrusion on the end.

"Perhaps some manipulation of the anterior fornix, a little understood passage adjacent your cervix. Depending on the length and shape of a penetrating phallus, a girl may on occasion experience some stimulation there. But it would be a random occurrence... not like that offered by 'Mike the Masturbator'."

The fingers of the 'G' spot withdraw to take the probe. So small, so slender, how can it possibly offer stimulation?

'Mike the Masturbator', such a lustful nickname, proceeds to demonstrate...

Dr. Winthrop Samuels

I must marvel at the talent of Mike the Masturbator. By evening's end poor Sandy does not know what to do or say. She beseeches... more manipulation... less manipulation... she begs to stop... she begs to continue... she knows she will not be brought to climax. Instead Mike's knowing fingers bring her to the very edge then pause... a mentally overwhelming interlude... thighs squeezing... attempting to press together in desperation... such a look of delirium.

At times, I note Sandy pulls with her feet, causing herself pain, deliberately commencing the many cramps which her ankle rings trigger. She also wriggles her hips, bringing herself the pain of the buttock rings which likewise spur contractions of the glutei.

Our masochistic toy has indeed an addiction. When mentally stressed she requires the narcotic of pain for relief... to suffer!

Many hours, Mike the Masturbator finally emitted one final boisterous laugh, arose from kneeling at Sandy's side, finished his wine and left... leaving Sandy well connected to the walls of the corner.

Between her outstretched thighs was a puddle of feminine essence, slowly milked from her cunt.

"Don't leave me like this!" the final words uttered in despair.

I believe the elevator was descending at the time.

Louise released her the next morning.

Such divine torment. Such noble skills.

I miss the crude craftsmanship of working the hot iron. So with Tony Frobisher's observation... the head too freely able to move... I have the computer controlled milling machine work on a large block of wood... not a challenge for tools designed to carve and mill alloys harder than steel.

From the three dimensional computer image, Sandy's neck emerges, a perfect replica. At the top the lower jaw, at the bottom the top of the shoulders, my creation appears to

be something one would spy in the window of a jewelry store, festooned with a diamond necklace.

Utilizing such a replica, I can hammer and forge a nice neck collar that will perfectly fit... not too tight... but certainly not loose... never loose.

So Saturday morning I procure more wrought iron, my supplier inquiring about my 'do it yourself' effort to make furniture. I humorously inform him that he need not fret over any competition I may offer... unless, of course, he desires to fabricate bondage gear, I think but do not vocalize the latter.

Then it's onward to the loft, an afternoon of creation, Sandy's faux neck, chin and shoulders tucked away in a bowling bag.

I have not been able to spend much quality time with Sandy of late, the members of our gathering many and eager. But in viewing daily, it seems as if I have not spent more than a few hours since my last visit.

In the foyer, I unlock the control box for the camera systems. No one is expecting a performance during the afternoon hours. And I prefer to work unmasked, the heat of the coal oven can be stifling. So I flip the switch, temporarily turning off internet access to Sandy's licentious exhibition then punch in my code for the inner door.

Upon entry I find that Sandy obediently kneels tummy down in her stall, ready for penetration and oral servitude, never truly knowing her fate with any visit. She looks up and meekly smiles, sensing that my visit is a reunion of old friends.

"May I suck your penis, Sir?" the humble words bringing such inner warmth to the likes of the demanding male.

"No, Sandy. Perhaps later. I have a chore. Another trinket for you. Iron... thick and heavy," holding up the sizeable plain black sheet I will be laboring upon.

"Please no, Dr. Winthrop, it's all so heavy. A girl can barely crawl now!"

“Oh, Sandy. You will feel better. You know that. And you do not have far to crawl. If you’d like I can take in the slack a few feet.”

Such wickedness on my part. I can quickly and easily shrink Sandy’s world by locking her cunny chain a few feet closer to the mammoth iron floor ring which now defines her range. Doing so would enable her to reach her stall and little else, greatly truncating any self imposed exercise.

“No please don’t,” begging to keep what little I have permitted.

It’s precious.

“Well then, be a good girl and no more groveling. I think you will very much enjoy my efforts. It is best for you.”

I have difficulty disguising my enthusiasm and eagerness to get started. Having reviewed medical equipment catalogues, scanned the internet, ideas for Sandy’s neck collar began to bubble like an overheated coffee pot.

Sandy will not really be collared, she’s going to have a neck brace – hard, heavy, restrictive, unyielding – and never, ever to be removed.

Those designed for the medical community are soft and comfortable. Sandy would never have that.

I fire up the coal oven, the smell of the smoldering embers bringing instant trepidation. Yes, Sandy trembles... she should.

A front piece, a back piece, molded to perfectly enshroud not only the neck but immobilize the chin and press heavily on the shoulders. The intent... no turning of the head, no downward gaze, perhaps some upward motion... I’ll have to see.

Upon completion, hot riveted together, removal will be painfully impossible, damaging, and harming the bearer no matter the care taken to cut the iron or grind out my many rivets.

As I heat and hammer, heat and hammer, the flat sheet curves to conform to the wooden block replicating Sandy's anatomy.

What impresses? The weight. My arms tire in shifting it about for forging. And this sheet is only the back portion. The front will be heavier, a pedestal shape to cradle the chin and jaw which will bear prongs thrust through holes opened in the top. Such will be exchangeable and I plan for now on three different sets... sharp, sharper, sharpest... irritating, serving only to remind good girls... somewhat restrictive and aggravating, to remind recalcitrant girls... painfully, totally restrictive, for punishment of bad girls.

I am not sure if the 'good girl set' will be deemed too lenient. Yet in being simple shards, there will not be much wasted labor.

At the end of the second Saturday, the back portion seems to perfectly conform to the wooden block. Such appears to be shoulder pads worn in football, but not forgiving, not intended to absorb impact.

"Come, Sandy," I beckon, holding up the once flat now curved and sculpted sheet.

My trembling pet crawls forth, her apprehension noticeable. Kneeling on all fours I lay my creation over her shoulders. Much of my effort has been to hammer folded sections, a flanged segment, lips with holes which will align with lips to be forged in the front section. This excess iron, two one inch high continuous strips, one running from the right shoulder to the neck, another from the left shoulder to the neck, make the sheet most ponderous.

"It's heavy, Dr. Winthrop... too heavy."

Do I detect tears? Little Mr. Haig begins to firm.

"But there will be more, Sandy. The front half will add even more weight."

"Why? Why are you doing this to me?"

The tears now flowing in abundance, little Mr. Haig fights the entrapment of my undershorts.

“You will feel better. Being able to move your head empowers. And you’re not to be empowered. I have designed the front half to keep your mouth and chin perfectly angled for fellatio and deep throating. Think of how intensely humiliating that will be for you... held ready to offer oral gratification at all times. It is best. You so much want to please.”

I lift away the shoulder section. It is indeed heavy – not fifteen pounds, but certainly not much less.

Not enough time to begin the front section, I hammer away at the prongs, five per set, one directly under the chain, two each to the right and left under the jaw. There will be three sets... short and stubby... taller and pointed... restrictively high and intensely sharp. Some skill will be required in threading both the prongs and the receiving holes to make the sets interchangeable. Nothing precise needed, yet threading taps and dies are easily procured.

It is the fourth Saturday of laboring over Sandy’s neck restraint. She watches as I enshroud the wooden shoulders, neck and chin with the front segment and back. I temporarily secure by slipping cold rivets, easily removed, through the many holes in the flanged top portion... the lips. I swell in pride and accomplishment noting the alignment is perfect. I step back and survey.

Shoulder pads with a neck enclosure and chin support. *Heavy and thick* shoulder pads with a neck enclosure and chin support, I rethink.

I step forward, prongs in hand. I one by one press into the holes in the underside of the chin support then screw to hold in place. It is difficult as I must press the points into the wood. Not so difficult when Sandy is adorned. The flesh will yield... and painfully, especially with the totally restrictive punishment set.

“What do you think, Sandy? See what gifts Dr. Winthrop makes for you?” Dr. Winthrop *and* Mr. Haig I cannot help

mentally correcting myself.

"It's big... and ugly... and heavy!"

"That much more impactful for you. You'll better feel the role you so much cherish. If I wanted you to move your head about I would allow it. But I don't, therefore you will not. You're already free to crawl about. Look at the nice long chain I crafted for you!"

Mr. Haig somehow represses raucous laughter. The condemned, having watched week after week as gallows have been constructed, now gazes in horror as the completion brings thoughts of finality.

Improvising during the last minute of fabrication, I added certain small features which are sure to entertain... and bring Sandy closer to the complete subjugation she furtively desires. Mr. Haig never stops ruminating those wicked thoughts.

"Tomorrow, Sandy. It's too late in the day now. Heating and hammering all these rivets will require much time."

Yes, there are many. And I'll not rush the task. Just as the appropriate aura for convincing bondage is timelessness, the process of applying such should never be done in haste.

Whereas afternoons are usually enough allotted time for working on Sandy's apparatus, I arrive at the loft midmorning. I do not want to interrupt the process of adhering the neck restraint when Louise arrives in the late afternoon for bathing and enema time.

So on a quiet Sunday morning, bright and sunny, though Sandy will never ever know the weather, I ascend in the elevator, enter the foyer and turn off the cameras for the internet broadcast. My code is punched and when the door yields I am heartened to see Sandy humbly lying tummy down. She knows not the time of the day... the day... the visitor... or the purpose of his/her visit. But she is disciplined and will always greet tummy down, spread and ready for... well for whatever.

I fire up the coal oven. It takes time to heat. Then step to the stall and marvel at the apex of sexual servitude. Louise has been demanding... and receiving of course... cunnilingus after every daily feeding and cleansing. Yes, the hot spatula treatment was quite convincing. There is no hesitation when Sandy is summoned to serve in any manner desired.

She looks up and I cannot help thinking that it is probably the last time she will do so without great effort.

"Just me, Sandy. Neck brace time."

Expecting to be sodomized, is she instead more serene knowing she will merely need to lie in place while I labor to enhance the restrictiveness of her bonds?

"Come, to the anvil. I think you'll come to enjoy the severity of your new device."

Cutis anserina. Goose bumps. And the cause? Fear? Concern? Joy?

It matters not. Sandy slithers from her perch, crawling, the heavy iron links clattering on the wooden floor. I walk behind, admiring that muscled posterior, penetrated so often, shared with so many... pierced... caned... it serves so many so well.

"Supine, Sandy. Head next to the anvil."

I have moved the formidable block of steel to the floor. I tether Sandy's iron mittens to her buttock rings then throw the many rivets into the coals and retrieve the back segment of the neck and head restraint. I lift her head and slip the molded sheet of iron beneath, noting with pride that it seems to swallow her upper torso, the fit perfect.

"Feel good?"

Comfort is important for long term bondage, except when we desire to have the masochist stressed or tormented. Other than the jaw and chin prongs, which will be applied under my auspices, I want the restraint to feel ponderous... endlessly ponderous... not physically painful... but mentally excruciating.

Sandy nods. Such a good girl to be so warmly cooperative in her sexual enslavement.

I next place the front segment atop, aligning with the back. The top of the shoulders are covered, the flesh of the neck entirely disappears from view, and the chin and jaw rest on a black iron pedestal, forcing Sandy to lie in a head up position.

Excellent.

"Don't move," I command as I stoke the coals to bring the rivets to glow in red hotness.

As stated the adjoining lips atop the shoulders have many holes, eight on each side. Into these I will slip a hot rivet then pound with fervor to flatten what is termed the 'buck head'. The process is known as 'bucking' and when completed the two segments will be almost permanently joined... not to be removed except by extensive time consuming grinding or drilling, or perhaps cutting with an acetylene torch. Whatever, the anguish of removal, should it ever be attempted, will greatly exceed that of the implementation.

I step to the kitchen for a bowl of ice. I will work to buck quickly, but there will be some unavoidable heat transference. But nothing Sandy has not encountered many times in Daddy's barn.

In returning, I find the rivets ready and Sandy in tears.

"Why?" the voice woeful.

"Why do I do this... or why do you secretly find such enjoyment?"

Oddly, she has yet to fully understand. And now is not the time to lecture.

Tongs in my left hand, I remove the first rivet and slip beneath and into the far opening at the left shoulder, the buck head pushing through above. I press down against the flat surface of the anvil. Hammer in my right hand, I swing... with vigor... again... again. The metallic clamor is both strident and symbolic. Sandy's bonds are wonderfully gothic

and industrial. It would disappoint to bind her without noise and the application of great force.

Sandy winces. The searing hotness has transferred to heat the iron plating. I apply ice.

Alleviating Sandy's pain slows the process. But I want her thoughts focusing on the application, the long term aspects of my imposing binding... not the immediate slight burn.

So we rest. There are many more rivets but I have much time... and abundant coal.

Tears have flowed, the coals have smoldered, my hammer has clamored, and finally the last of sixteen rivets is bucked in place, permanently joining together thirty or more pounds of physically constraining, mentally addling iron.

The last of the ice is applied. I arise, sanguine with my manly efforts. There can be no better method to permanently place a girl in bondage. Sweat, muscle and brawn – Daddy's winter in the barn must have been most fulfilling.

"Done... for now. There are some trinkets to be added. And I think it's about time to encumber the motion of your arms... don't you, Sandy?"

Sandy struggles to sit up, her abdominal muscles straining. Finally, I release her iron mittens and she more rolls to her knees than rises. My new addition is deliciously heavy.

"No, Dr. Winthrop, please don't do that."

My design proves perfect. The chin rests on a pedestal of iron, entrapping her head, the range of motion frustratingly limited. Plus the sheer weight brings more ungainly motion. And our gathering of sodomites will be pleased... on all fours, the mouth is perfectly positioned for oral servitude, though Louise might find the head motion required for long labial laps of the tongue to be somewhat inhibited.

Bummer, Louise, I think with a smile.

Time to test the chin and jaw prongs.

"Come Sandy," gesturing for Sandy to crawl to a waiting chair where I will sit.

Drilled into the pedestal supporting the chin are five holes which I tapped. Fitting into the aperture I have the many bullet shaped prongs, threaded to screw in place. I sit and draw Sandy's handsome mocha face to my lap, the lower portion framed at the jaw in black iron.

"Hold still. Be a good girl."

I begin with the lenient set. Pushing into the bottom, the business end protrudes upwards to abrade the chin. As I turn to thread it further it rises to press into the flesh.

Yes, excellent. She senses the added restriction, quickly realizing that a quick turn of the head will scratch. Such also forces the head even higher. Two to the right, two to the left join the one under the chin. When finished I loop a finger through her nose and tug left then right. Sandra must twist her entire upper torso to avoid the pain of stressing the deep nostril piercing. She cannot turn at the neck!

"Those are the shortest and dullest prongs, Sandy, intended to merely enhance the immobility. There are others, longer and sharper which will be used to punish you. So you need to be obedient... though girls like you so much enjoy punishment..."

Sandy tries to nod in understanding and hurts herself. So delicious!

It's now time to assure her face and throat are aligned for proper fellatio and deep throating. Little Mr. Haig has been patient. Swelled and pressed against my zipper, he can wait no more.

There are limits to my ability to forge and shape iron. I need a set of fine links, probably more akin to that found in a jewelry store, and to replicate such the tools I have assembled are inappropriate.

Not desiring anything ornate, preferring to have Sandy adorned with drabness, I visit Greenwich Village and shop a

bit. All these avant garde styles of dress and music abet my need. And sure enough whereas fine chains found in Fifth Avenue stores are sure to be decorative, no listener of emo and punk rock would ever be seen in gold, silver or platinum. Yes, for them it's the dreariness of rough crude iron or some other dull metal so on Prince Street I found a shop selling by the foot what I need. Ostensibly to festoon the body and send some message, to symbolize a captured soul, I purchase several feet. The loops are small but strong, I presume acquired from the fabricator of legitimate restraints for law enforcement.

No Sandy, we're not done yet.

Chapter Six

With the superior internet connection of Parker Lyle & Co., I find it convenient to perform all searches, business and otherwise, at my office. So I log on, but first stealthily click to our secret internet site, knowing that our Nurse Ratchet is in attendance. For some reason observing Louise ply her craft can be a curious combination of soothing and amusing. Soothing in that Sandy receives the attentive care of a toddler... amusing in that the level of embarrassment... to have to endure such before cameras and untold viewers... is unequaled.

For example, as Sandy kneels on all fours in the tiled area, plumbing and floor drainage for daily ablutions, Louise verbally examines as well as physically. It seems the subject of cramps arises, premenstrual, and though offering much chagrin, a girl cannot avoid the inevitable. Sandy divulges it is her time of the month.

Leashed and on all fours, the daily bath and enemas completed, Louise has Sandy turn to assure her large and rounded globes face the camera. I change the zoom and filling my screen comes the freshly shaven pudendum, cunny ring in place, the spiked cunny cone serving to keep muscled thighs nicely parted and the heavy cunny chain serving to remind Sandy of her permanent bondage.

A gloved left hand grasps the chain and positions the ring, clearing a partial opening to the vagina. The gloved fingers of the right hand, well lubricated, begin to work.

No forceps as with 'Mike the Masturbator', Louise will extract my tantalizing tube and heavy rolling ball in a more personal manner, not quite fisting poor Sandy but upon completion offering quite the level of penetration and manipulation.

So I watch Sandy squirm, listen to her moan, and enjoy as a girl must spread well bound and offer intimate access, the flow of menses not to be impeded.

Though only for a day or two, I must wonder if my devious little insertion will be missed. Finally, Louise finds, grips and slowly retracts, the source of moans not determinable... discomfort or pleasure? The three inch long tube pops into sight, glistening with vaginal juices and a mischievous Louise pauses to hold it in plain view, making our shy 'internet-only' members well aware of the constant source of incomplete delight which Sandy's otherwise neglected love passage must endure.

Held in permanent chastity, I further wonder if a penis has ever entered there.

Sandy's time of the month, essential knowledge for members who choose to avoid sloppiness, depending on their preference, is then graphically announced for all as Louise encircles the right thigh and left with strips of bright white absorbent cloth. Yes, whatever her flow, it is to be fully disclosed, shown to our audience of libertines and deviants to forewarn, and for some the display may serve to amuse as well.

No need for feminine sanitary products for a girl kept constantly nude.

Yet my attention has been diverted. I click away moving to Google, leaving Louise to continue the daunting humiliation. I then begin the intended internet search...

Suppose I need to buy a horse... yes, in Colorado. I believe a man by the name of Devon may breed the desired equine. Everyone markets and sells on the internet these days... and with such efforts come a manner of making contact... an email address.

As stated, with the energy level of our assembled group, my evening interaction with Sandy has become limited, observing by internet. Live contact is relegated to Saturday and Sunday afternoons, the group settling into regularly scheduled visits with the coffers for Sandy's care... rent,

food and... well not clothing but I suppose adornments... growing steadily.

So it is not until Saturday that I can visit the loft and introduce Sandy to the trinkets purchased in Greenwich Village.

Upon entry I again turn off the cameras and find Sandy obediently lying tummy down, so meekly awaiting the anal sodomy she has come to relish.

"How is your neck restraint, Sandy?" I inquire, stepping to the coal oven and firing it up.

"Oh, Dr. Winthrop, it's so heavy... and tight. I cannot move my head at all."

Her words warm my heart... well Mr. Haig's heart.

"That is good for you. You better feel the bondage. It augments the mental submission. Every time you try to look at something you are reminded... that you are owned... that you are to be obedient... that you are to please others and not yourself... that you are open and vulnerable. It all makes you feel better, deep within..."

My words spoken as I move to her stall and retract the many feet of purchased chain.

"Do you not feel better fulfilled... that you have purpose?"

I do not mention that such purpose is to be a repository for sperm and a masochistic pin cushion.

"I think you can better feel the controlling hand of another though, Sandy. I am going to rearrange your bonds. Would you like that?"

"You'll make everything lighter and permit more motion?"

The beseeching words prompt a wicked laugh.

"Of course not, Sandy. It would not be right for a girl of your ilk... free to move about... not feeling the many pounds adorned for your benefactor."

I leash her nose ring as I speak. Mr. Haig must be assuaged. After all, a controlling hand brings comfort to both of us, and Sandy knows to instantly follow my directing

tugs. With the restrictive neck and shoulder addition, her entire upper torso must turn and twist to relieve tension on the leash. Quite entertaining to observe.

To the anvil, it is unfortunate that I must modify Daddy's original bondage configuration. But I think he would approve.

So I tie off Sandy's leash, knowing that when she sees me heating the large curved needle there will come resistance... futile... best described as meek... but having had her flesh so often opened by Daddy's red hot shards, there comes an uncontrollable somatic response.

"Please no, Dr. Winthrop!" pleading as I heat the needle. "I thought you would help me!"

"But I am. Just a little pain and you will soon be even better bound. Think of it. Think how much better you'll be able to please in not being able to move other than to shuffle about and properly spread for anal penetration."

My words seem to mollify. How Curious!

Fortunately, not only is the warehouse devoid of tenants, but on weekends the adjoining streets devoid of people as well.

Yes, with no one to hear, Sandy screamed deliciously when I so callously thrust the large piercing needle through the inside of her arm above the right elbow. She was quiet for the left arm, having fainted as she did with Daddy's many searing assaults.

Still the painful segment of the task is dutifully complete... mostly. As a semi conscious Sandy lies, temporary posts inserted in the new openings within the thin epidermis of the inside of her elbows, I hammer and forge the thick iron rings which she will forever bear there. Yes, more weight, more restriction of motion, Sandy will be denied use of her arms. Such alteration will make her hand coverings unnecessary, but I'll leave such in place, the weight and the inability to visually confirm moving fingers

augmenting the sense of subjugation she needs... she covets.

Initial task completed, Sandy will need to bear just a little more heat and agony. I will insert the heated open rings through the piercings and hammer with alacrity to close. Such must be hot to be malleable, yet I will work fast then apply ice. As with Daddy's ankle and buttock piercings, when I pressed through the needle, I snagged what is termed the anterior bundle, hooking arm ligaments right side and left. So as with ankles and buttocks, Sandy will bring herself suffering with any untoward sudden movement of her arms, the stressed ligaments bringing muscle spasms.

Mr. Haig, you are a devil.

Next, all pain and deeds of acute discomfort completed, it comes time to imbue the long term more subtle, mentally wearing bondage.

First, I unfortunately must open a link in the continuous breast chain, looped around the neck from right breast spike to left. Both bizarre yet innovative, offering such a wonderful presentation of the mammary glands, with the new neck and shoulder restraint many links of the breast chain are entrapped beneath, curtailing the diddling of those firm glands, the rippling which my male cohorts find so titillating.

I press the neck restraint, pushing upwards and fingers work under my recently forged iron plating to find the slim chain. I tug to bring into view a middle link. Straining to position a semi comatose Sandy, I manage to place the targeted link over the point of the anvil. With a huge tungsten steel chisel, well honed, and many blows of a heavy hammer, I am able to crack open the one link to bifurcate the chain.

Since design is my forte, the new neck and shoulder restraint has openings in the riveted flanges which will accommodate the chains. So I thread the two ends of the

now broken chain through the openings, right and left over the shoulder and then pull Sandy's iron mittens up behind her back to hook such to the breast chains.

Whereas before, the mittens could only be attached and tension the one chain, simultaneously stressing both spikes... and breasts... now the right mitten can individually tug at the right breast...and of course left tug at the left.

A tidy presentation for now, I will later make the connections permanent... heating, forging and then closing the two open hooks at the ends of the mittens... that which have afforded Sandy the ability to clumsily grasp things and pop open cans.

Yes, she will not even have use of her encapsulated hands. As stated... mentally wearing bondage.

Now to complete this afternoon's ensemble... newly implanted elbows rings to the buttock rings... two short lengths of my Greenwich Village emo/punk rock chain are required. For now I will temporarily connect right buttock ring to right elbow, left to left, and evaluate. I want the tension to be felt... to have the chain trigger the contraction of the glutei as always but now also trigger the muscling of the arms... if and when Sandy too quickly tries to move... or too forcefully. With proper tautness, contraction and cramping of the arm and buttock muscles will in turn jostle the two breast chains, bringing delightfully licentious, self induced jiggling of those sprightly glands.

You are a wicked one, Mr. Haig! You've attached, in effect, Sandy's buttocks to her breasts. After careful evaluation and adjustment, each of Sandy's slight arm movements will either stress the buttocks or her breasts. Yes, Mr. Haig is so demented. And with the cunny chain in place, she will sense the bondage she relishes within every anatomical area of sensuousness. Motion, what little permitted, will translate to robust sexual awakening.

Cocktail in hand, I sit with a snifter of Cognac observing Sandy as she shuffles about the loft.

Earlier, two of our more sexually liberated members... that means wildly libidinous as one can imagine... simultaneously took Sandy, front and back.

Bisexual and dominant, I do believe they get as much stimulus from watching each other as from sodomizing Sandy's two available apertures. Butt fucked and face fucked, to use crass terms, Sandy took both young studs, bodies completely depilated, and I can only imagine the wild oscillations of her vaginal insertion, the heavy ball rolling about like a drunken sailor on heavy seas.

The site monitor for the internet broadcast indicated some twenty three eyeballs watched the show... possibly more if a group setting turned to our Saturday night exhibition. Yes, Fric and Frac, as the two studly young libertines are known in the community, are renowned... and well hung. Live audiences at the New York clubs are known to wager on how soon and on which appendage a fellatrix will first come to gag.

Always a fun bet, Fric and Frac alternate, methodically withdrawing then circling to swap from anal to oral and back, their precision timing like watching the Bolshoi of sodomy.

So it is late and just as I study ambulation, I want to assure the tension on Sandy's new chain brings adequate discomfort. She must always feel restrained, her suffering moderate but constant. Mentally she needs to feel controlled at all times. The sense of ownership brings comfort to a girl of Sandy's ilk.

No longer able to move on all fours, Sandy shuffles upright, as stated, sliding forth right knee then left. This, of course, alternately stresses the right buttock ring then the left which cramps the glutei, which in turn brings her to inadvertently tug with her arms which in turn strains the breast chains.

Overall, Sandy cannot move without putting on a most salacious display, buttocks rolling, spiked breasts bobbing. My role is to optimize, to assure indeed that she puts on a show for us, and not lie still in conciliation. So I watch, deciding that just a little more tautness on the buttock chains should bring the level of aggravation and frustration to that of barely tolerable.

Mr. Haig seems to agree. Despite reveling in the soft, warm and wet attendance of Sandy's mouth, lips and throat this afternoon, I do believe viewing the slow suffering has brought renewed priapism.

Though little Mr. Haig tends to think for himself, most times we find ourselves in agreement.

One year into Sandy's captivity, countless penetrations of her two available cavities, there develops within the group a form of ennui, sexual ennui, in having Sandy perform night after night. For libertines the 'been there, done that' regimen comes quickly I suppose. Web viewership recedes, there come nights when Sandy is not used and thus I stop by and cane her feet to assure she does not feel lonely and unwanted. The tears flow marvelously.

Alas, I decide it becomes time. I visit the modest website of the Devon Ranch, 'Horses for Sale'. Being mid winter, I know any inquiry sent will receive prompt attention since there is little breeding stock for sale. So in the space for 'communications' I type a brief message...

Philly for sale, trained and disciplined, breeding possible.

I include the web address and an access code, the source of our group's entertainment. I am sure Daddy, if not able to recognize his stepdaughter, will certainly recognize his handiwork of black wrought iron.

Within a day there comes a reply...

You either must know that it is my stepdaughter or your random offer is one of the most rare of coincidences. I am glad to know she is well restrained and treated

appropriately. But I have interest in reacquiring my property under reasonable terms.

Now having a direct email address, my return message will be timely received. I type...

The terms are quite reasonable. Arrange transportation from New York City. As you have observed, Sandy no longer walks. She has come to too much enjoy the torment and our group finds her to be too complacent in being whipped and sodomized.

Within an hour, a deal is struck. Mr. Devon will come to New York, forward the particulars of his hotel arrangements and we will meet. His final message ends with a curious request.

Please let me know when the bitch will next ovulate and have coal available.

Apparently my offer has prompted thoughts. Plus in viewing the website, my corner space with oven, anvil and blacksmith's tools provoked a need... or at least fond memories. I shall indeed assure that adequate coal will be on hand.

Within a week, Louise finds it necessary to enshroud Sandy's upper thighs in the only covering ever permitted, the white strips of absorbent cloth for her menses. As the web camera reveals the white turning incarnadine, I send a brief message to 'Daddy' Devon.

Ovulation in two weeks.

A reply comes, offering a Saturday date. A hotel. A time to meet. And a curious request...

May I assume within your playroom that girls with certain needs and penchants can be appropriately suspended?

I smile. Mr. Devon is one of us. Coincidentally, with the nature of the industrial space, nothing had to be added to the beams. Indeed, overhead hooks are numerous. I thus affirmatively reply. Then I call it a day, heading directly to the lower west side.

Once again the appeal amongst our group for caning, cropping, whipping Sandy's well trussed form has wavered. The poor girl needs company... as does little Mr. Haig.

The Saturday arrives. Cold, rain expected to turn to snow... more annoyance than hindrance. Still I check and learn the airlines are for the most part on schedule. Later in calling the hotel, a deep male voice answers the phone when requesting the room of Mr. Devon. We exchange pleasantries. I am known to Devon as 'Haig', again shielding my true identity.

"I have some trinkets, Haig, shipped here by UPS. Too heavy to carry on airplanes. That a problem?"

"No. I'll meet you in the lobby and we'll take a cab."

I depart. A subway is quicker into mid town, and in the rain, cabs are not to be found though the hotel will have transportation available for guests.

I reflect during the ten minute ride. I am going to miss Sandy, but life moves onward. Somewhere there is another strumpet, young morsel of flesh, in need of direction, I console myself. And knowing that Sandy will be returned and placed under proper authority is comforting.

I also reflect on the goodbyes Louise and I offered. Last night, we turned off the web cam and took double pleasure, Louise sitting before Sandy's encumbered face, enjoying sedulous cunnilingus, the tongue and lips perfectly positioned by my strict chin and neck restraint. Meanwhile, little Mr. Haig availed himself of a well cleaned and lubricated rectum. Despite being so often placed under the penis, Sandy's supple and well trained purse string muscle squeezed and released in a cadence nonpareil.

Every girl should be so trained, forever curtailing unwanted pregnancy.

Devon proves easy to identify, his cowboy hat a Manhattan outlier. We exchange greetings. In shaking hands

I endure the grip of a blacksmith, skin of leather, calluses in abundance.

"Nice of you to take care of my daughter, Haig. Been worried about her. Mother ran off as well a while back"

I nod understanding.

"She's not been running anywhere of late," my understatement bringing a raucous laugh.

"Your work, the foot restraints?"

"Moving about upright seemed a little too privileged for a girl of Sandy's penchant. Crawling is best."

It is Devon's turn to nod. He then picks up a leather pouch, long and slim, suggesting an eagerness to journey.

"The neck thing... lots of work there. Must weigh a ton."

"Some thirty pounds. She can withstand it, but it slowly wears and tires, reminding her of her bound servitude."

I lead from the lobby. Having requested transportation from the doorman on the way into the hotel, a cab awaits.

During the ride to the lower west side we discuss what prompted my initiative and my generous offer.

"Our group is a mercurial lot, Devon. Envision aficionados of the opera. Despite the quality and execution of a given performance, one needs variety. It's been over a year since Sandy arrived and groveled for shelter. So it's time for the next opera. Still, we can't just cast her into the streets all bound in iron and to release her from her restraints... really unthinkable. So much toil and sweat wasted..."

"She needs guidance, no doubt, Haig. Needs to be protected from her own fickleness. Imagine running off after all the years of care and upbringing..." a concerned Devon explains. "Well, she'll be reluctant to leave again," Devon patting the long leather pouch resting on his lap. "Got the turkey baster in here and a little something to help remind her of her place."

We arrive, the street quite desolate on a Saturday in winter. Devon notes the quiet with approval.

“Hope the pigeons won’t mind some screams,” the words sarcastic.

Up the elevator, through both security doors, stepping into the loft I note Sandy has obediently positioned herself for sodomy in hearing our arrival. She knows not that I have brought ‘Daddy’ and Devon remains silent, stepping into the faux stall where Sandy lies, tummy down on her padded bench, knees parted to display in full her ringed and chained cunny... a moist crinkled rectum offering welcome.

We’re going to miss her... me and little Mr. Haig.

Devon stands over the naked form, assessing... elbows restrained to the buttock rings, encumbered hands secured to the chains of the breast spikes. As always, Sandy faces the barren wooden interior wall. In not being able to turn her head she knows not who visits. In counting footsteps though I am sure she knows there is more than one.

Finally, Devon’s left hand parts the cheeks and the index and middle finger of the right plunge into a most receptive anus with humiliating ease. As trained Sandy squeezes her cheeks in a wordless gesture of amenable greeting. Devon laughs and I note the sound of his voice brings a chill as Sandy freezes in fright. She recognizes.

“You’re coming home, little girl,” Devon proclaims. “The ranch hands miss you. Had to increase their pay.”

I step to the front to assuage. A concerned Sandy is quickly turning lachrymal, her look that of one who has been betrayed.

“But I’ve been good... I’ve been open to all.”

“Yes, Sandy. But time moves on, new flesh needs to be bound and tormented.”

“Yes, back to the ranch for you, girl,” Devon adds. “And since we brand the horses to identify ownership should such run off, I brought the branding iron for you. Should have done it long ago. Can you fire up your stove for me, Haig? I’ll want the iron nice and hot. That way I can apply it longer

and get good penetration of the skin,” Devon patting the buttocks to denote the target of his intention.

Sandy shudders... deliciously.

“But there is some good news, girl. Since I’m going to breed you, this big cunny ring will need to go. But not to worry, I will replace it with two smaller rings I can lock together, not that the hands would want to take you there. But it’s good precaution. And I’ll unlock you each time you drop a foal.”

Devon steps to the front to stand next to me, for the first time showing himself to stepdaughter Sandy. Neck well encumbered she struggles to look up.

“Hired a hand from a dairy farm. You’re going to spend lots of time with a rounded belly and being milked,” Devon lowering his hands to caress the spiked breasts. “Keep your thoughts in place. You’ll not be running too far, even if you do learn to walk in those iron slippers.”

A hand reaches into a pocket to produce a sizable vial of white cloudy sludge.

“Got a little something from the sperm bank. Years ago your mother came back to the ranch... came back to me... pregnant and begging for shelter. Guess you will too.

“I’ll need some ice to break open the cunt ring. Then I’ll need her hung. Don’t want to have to inseminate her too often. They too quickly come to enjoy the penetration.”

A life of breeding horses, for Devon, impregnating a girl seems routine.

After complimenting me on the cunt chain I so meticulously forged, Devon arranges for the end of the chain and large cunt ring to be immersed in a bucket of ice. Thus Sandy ironically shivers in coldness while the branding iron heats, a three foot rod with an ornate letter ‘D’ attached to the end.

“Don’t know anything about the sperm I purchased. They offered some particulars on the donor, but I declined to

know. Don't matter much. Going to put the offspring up for adoption every time she drops one," Devon offers while selecting a sharp tungsten steel chisel and formidable hammer from my tool collection.

"More than one?" I incredulously inquire.

"She's good breeding stock. I'll have that cunt basted with semen every year, slathering it with whatever the sperm bank offers at the lowest cost."

Devon's strength impresses as he picks up the anvil and moves to position it between Sandy's parted knees. A well chilled cunny ring is brittle. He rests the huge circle of iron on the surface, aligns the chisel and I am impressed again at that which has brought Sandy so much sexual frustration cracks open with a single blow... strident and exacting.

"Ring you again when you're back in the barn," dashing any mental relief.

For the first time in well over a year, Sandy and the floor of the loft are not one. Yet any sense of liberation is obviously misplaced. So many, many pounds of metal adorn her flesh, hands useless, and feet not to bear her weight.

Meanwhile, Devon looks to the ceiling assessing the beams and the many industrial hooks, at one time used for hanging gadgets and machinery of unknown use.

"I like to have gravity assist in inseminating a girl. But she'll be heavy Haig, with all the iron. Need you to help."

How can I refuse?

"Ankle rings should do it, but not take all her weight. Must be two hundred pounds with your neck restraint," spoken as Devon hooks a finger through the nose ring and cruelly tugs, guiding Sandy, foot restraints scraping loudly on the thick wood of the flooring.

Nearby Devon finds an appropriate pair of hooks. Sandy's short excursion ends.

"Why not pull up a chair, rest her head in your lap. Take off the weight of the neck collar."

I comply as Devon retrieves rope from my toy collection. The rancher/cowboy deftly threads one end through an over head hook then bends to likewise thread it through Sandy's right ankle ring. I sit and as Devon tugs, Sandy's right foot rising and rising. It's painful, stressing the Achilles tendon and with it the soleus and gastrocnemius muscles. And sure enough, Sandy yelps and begins to beg. Her entreaties are ignored and soon my plaything is incredibly split, splayed open to reveal all, right foot high, left foot and knee searching the floor for support. I cradle her head, her face tearful. Mr. Haig inwardly smiles, the level of duress so much amuses.

Vaginal lips open, spread wide for the first time since 'Daddy' ringed her cunt, the room fills with feminine fragrance, further amusing Mr. Haig and earning Devon's attention.

"See. The little trollop cries out. But she's wet, that cunny smoldering," the words offered with a sardonic snort.

"Need a moment, Devon. A little something I implanted to keep her happy," my hand rising to signal a pause.

Almost forgotten, my vaginal tube and the rolling ball which has brought so much frustrating near pleasure while Sandy's been butt fucked time and again. With the pierced outer labia now yawning wide open, right foot to the ceiling, left foot and knee on the floor, it's a simple matter to slip thumb and index finger into the pink folds, rummage about for a moment, locate then tug. Sandy is indeed dripping wet, the ironic reaction of the masochist, inwardly aroused beyond any capability of emotional control. My tube slips out with mocking ease.

"Ha," Devon's reaction. "She'll not be so fortunate back at the ranch. You're a gracious one, Haig. Hence she'll feel the penetration of the turkey baster once a year... and that's it."

With that, a second rope finds a ceiling hook some three to four feet from the first. It's threaded then drawn to the

left ankle ring, I carefully hold Sandy's head, supporting the weighty neck restraint as Devon slowly pulls, bringing more yelps, more pleas as he lifts the left foot. Slowly, the thighs and buttocks rise in suspension. Without my support, I am sure the intense agony would bring the relief of syncope.

"Hung like a piece of beef for inspection," Devon quips with another snort.

From the long leather pouch comes the promised implement... the turkey baster. Tubular, of smooth stainless steel, rubber bulb at one end, tapered to an opening at the other, Devon finds his vial of semen, a gooey mass of cloudy white sludge.

"Gonna breed you, Sandy. Keep your attention where it should be... lactating and dropping a foal every nine months or so."

Sandy has the dilemma of enduring pain but having to remain motionless to minimize the intense stress on the ankle rings and resulting cramping. She can thus offer no resistance in watching as Devon squeezes the bulb of the baster, inserts the tip into the filled vial and releases to load up with inseminating essence... source unknown.

"Now just hold still, I'll diddle that little love button of yours to make sure you're ready for breeding then fill that cunny for you. Let you hang awhile while the little spermatozoa find their way. Then I will brand you. You'll recognize the mark... the Devon ranch brand. So if you somehow run off again, it will be known where you're to be returned."

"Please no, Daddy. I'll be good."

"I know you will, 'cause with a nice plump belly you'll not be getting into trouble... and you'll be more nurturing. The boys at the ranch will like that. You'll soon be letting down like a dairy cow."

Rough calloused fingers of the left hand indeed go the clitoral hood, gently frig, bringing an excited clitoris into view. Next, more tantalizing finger work brings a sigh of

pleasure which cannot be repressed. With that there comes a manly snort and the baster begins its journey, the equally calloused and scabrous right hand slowly inserting, Sandy's wetness most accommodating.

"I like to make it memorable, Haig. Think she'll forget her first conception? Well, she'll not be forgetting her second, third, fourth or fifth either," Devon's observation coming with a wicked uproarious laugh.

With that the bulb is squeezed, releasing the contents and presumably flooding Sandy's vagina, inundating the cervix. Being suspended upside down, I doubt Devon's spermatozoa will miss the opportunity to swim where such are programmed. Sandy is ovulating. There is sure to be a waiting egg to offer the expected reception.

With two deep burn wounds, left buttock and right, mercy obviates a good bye butt fucking. Instead a kneeling Sandy fellates, little Mr. Haig encapsulated in warm wetness. Sandy is an accomplished fellatrix. I shall miss the depths of her throat.

"What's the address again?" Devon calls out from the kitchen area, pouring a brew and working the cell phone.

I repeat. He taps into the phone, memorializing the warehouse address in a text message.

"Long truck ride for you, my little strumpet. Be sure to take care of the boys... just as you do Haig here," noting as I buck my hips to heighten the friction.

With Sandy unable to move her head, we basically face fuck her, plunging into quite the receptive orifice.

I look to once again apprise Devon's handiwork. After insemination, the branding iron finally deemed more than adequately heated, Sandy remained hanging upside down, some weight supported in my lap. Yes, a slab of beef... to be inspected then branded... 'prime' would be my assessment.

For Devon the cruel application of the white hot iron was rote, carefully twisting to assure that when upright, the

scripted 'D' signifying the Devon ranch would be prominently displayed at the apex of the left buttock, just below the heavy deeply implanted buttock ring which serves to facilitate sodomy. Sandy screamed of course. Devon laughed, Mr. Haig smiled. Little Mr. Haig twitched.

Then Sandy fainted, truncating the enjoyment.

"Well, I'll not have her miss the branding of the right cheek," Devon reaching to the partially melted bucket of ice used to chill the cunt ring.

Yes, while the branding iron reheated, ice brought around a comatose Sandy, assuring that not a moment of agony would be missed.

"Heart warming to know the boys volunteered to make the trip. You've been missed, Sandy."

Devon steps from the kitchen. I spurt copiously and hear the comforting gulp as Sandy once again feeds herself on male essence, ingesting so meekly. Manners demand that I withdraw and zip up, though Sandy's tongue flutters a bit in mandated clean up.

"You'll let us know as to her progress, will you, Devon? Sandy's become a bit of a pet for our little group. Quite the supple rectum. And deep within so eager to please."

"Sure. And stop in the ranch sometime. If you've never milked a girl, slowly extracted her fluids, it's quite the soothing deed. A gracious exchange of power, forcing a girl to give up her essence. Keeps 'em humble... and in time eager to give up more. That dairy hand I hired says he can bring her to give up a pint a day... each breast. We've got a pool going. The boys are already using lots of hand lotion... soften those grizzly fingers... see who can milk her the best," more boisterous laughter.

"What do you think, Sandy? Ready to let down for the ranch hands? I bet you're wet just thinking about it," I teasingly inquire.

Don't take the wager Sandy, I think to myself. You're sopping. We know you... know your ilk... your penchant...

your need for subjugation.

“Yes, butt fucked while forced to lactate... I don’t think you’ll miss New York at all.”

And with hands remaining encased in iron, she will need the gruff fingers of the ranch hands, swelled mammary glands throbbing in eagerness.

Mr. Haig is already planning a journey.

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed.

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About the Author

Chris Bellows, a nom de plume, is single and on the north side of middle age. He lives an astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write some ten or more years ago when he found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into 'mush'. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of 'Lady Constance', he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the present day. Most of Chris's work can be found on Pink Flamingo new site www.ericbooknetwork.com.

Other offerings maybe found at www.lulu.com.

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s..., has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to 'work outside the box'.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including 'first person female'. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting sexual power exchange with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more

suitably conform his writings to their envisioned 'box' of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably..., readers with an interest in D/s who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Chris enjoys reading and responding to readers comments. Visit his blog, <http://chrisbellows.blogspot.com>. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.

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