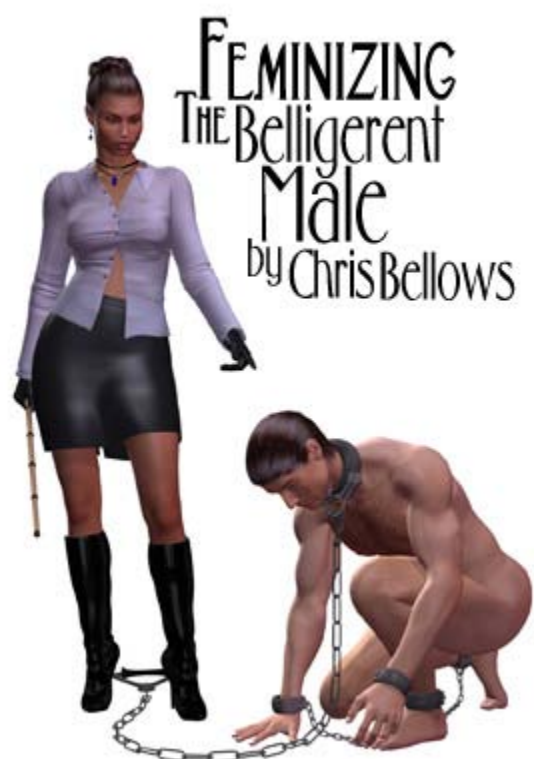




Feminizing the Belligerent Male

by Chris Bellow

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Prologue

“I called you as soon as I saw this. Got another one for you.”

It is the firm, knowing voice of Dr. Mildred Hofsteter. She speaks as I enter the infirmary, standing at her sloped operating table. Though the scene is most comical, I do not laugh, refraining not out of courtesy, mind you, but because I have encountered the situation so many times before.

Mildred, graying hair hinting at her years of experience, labors between the well parted calves of a prostrate inmate. The adjustable, well designed table has his head and shoulders low at the far end. In the raised middle, the table hinges to force his midsection high but he is bent at the hips such that his thighs are vertical to the floor. With knees also bent the inmate appears ready to crawl... except that he is well strapped to the table. At the near end where Mildred works, the table parts so that she stands between the feet of her supplicating patient.

What is comical is that with his backside thrust high toward the ceiling, his parted thighs and buttocks present perfectly his asshole... where Dr. Mildred’s skilled hands diligently endeavor.

“Anal rape?” I succinctly inquire.

Mildred nods.

“Just got transferred here. One of the prison’s biggest pegs forced itself into one of the prison’s newest and tightest holes,” our doctor wryly informs. “And as usual the big peg won the battle.”

“Can’t I have some clothes!”

The earnest plea comes from Mildred’s patient, apparently upset that he is ineluctably restrained completely naked before two women. The gloved right hand of the tending physician reaches out and rapidly swings to apply a loud smack to the meatiest portion of the well exposed posterior. With the crisp thwack the patient yelps yet thereafter knows to return to silence.

“Quiet! You’re not showing us anything we have not seen before... just less of it,” Mildred humorously ads.

I step to Mildred’s rear to watch over her shoulder. She is working with needle and thread to suture the results of what we encounter too often... a rectum torn by the powerful thrusts of a mammoth penis enraged by months, possibly years, of unsatiated lust, pent up hormonal imbalance and enraged frustration brought by incarceration. As the needle penetrates the sensitive pink flesh about the anus, our inmate turned patient flinches noticeably.

I smile.

Then my eyes move to the reason Mildred suggested I visit the prison infirmary. Dangling... if that is the proper term... dangling below the brownish pink circle of Mildred’s attention are a very limited set of balls and a penis that can barely be seen despite the small scrotal sac. In preparation for Mildred’s handiwork, the inmate has been well shaved about the pubes. Thus there is nothing to camouflage the diminutive organs of the rape victim. Yes, as Mildred suggested, he shows very little of what a woman would expect a male to otherwise proudly display.

“Yes, I see why you called. Can I see his summary file?”

Mildred points to a nearby table.

An inmate’s ‘summary file’ is available to all prison staff and administrators. Basically it contains an encapsulation of everything prison personnel should know about an inmate in order to best keep him incarcerated without incidents of endangerment. Biographical data, criminal background, terms of sentencing, and most importantly a history of encounters with staff and other inmates... particularly incidences of violence... are all listed. The summary file divulges everything and can make the life of a prisoner quite daunting. The merest bite, kick and scratch is permanently listed and divulged to all. An inmate’s background is an open book.

I read...

Samuel B. Perkins... age 19, 5 foot 4 in height, 125 pounds, original crime... shoplifting.

Attempted escapes... scuffles with guards... fighting... have relegated a simple sentence of six months in minimum security to many years of the most stringent incarceration that the state can offer. I note that he is an orphan. Shuffled from foster home to foster home as a youth. No known family. His file suggests that his only visitor at the minimum security facility was his attorney... and that was months ago. Even his legal counsel has abandoned this malefactor who is obviously maladjusted, malcontent... well... mal everything. Newly transferred, now Samuel B. Perkins must confront me! No one will ever know what happens to Samuel B. Perkins. And if by some chance his status became known... no one would care.

Some inmates just have no luck.

My name is Dr. Mary Dawson and my job is to change lives. I am the resident psychologist at the huge state penitentiary. And though my vocation is to encourage the incorrigible... transform recalcitrant males to 'model' citizens... I am really nothing more than a well educated baby sitter for those who would... were they members of the animal kingdom... be euthanized as too dangerous to domesticate.

Yet I try. And with failure after failure a woman of my ilk needs occasional diversion to renew the spirits. Term it recreational pursuits. So when Dr. Mildred comes across a Samuel B. Perkins, she knows to contact me. And I am grateful to be called from the deep dark chamber where I spend most of my day.

As Dr. Mildred's needle pricks and nimble fingers suture I move to the far end where the head and face of the hapless Samuel B. Perkins lie in ignominy. Despite his notorious past, he is embarrassed to be restrained nude and have his privates so thoroughly exposed to the female gender. I am amused to find that this young criminal actually blushes as I brush a hand along the smooth relatively hairless flesh of his back then reach under to tweak a nipple.

"Hey!" he protests.

His deliciously naive reaction brings another smile. He is helpless and most vulnerable... physically and mentally. Samuel B. Perkins has a baby face that belies the nastiness listed in his file. Samuel B. Perkins is slender with limited muscling and a cute backside that needs no further examination. Samuel B. Perkins is delightfully pugnacious. Samuel B. Perkins is *mine*.

My recreation begins.

Chapter One

Mornings bring the exhilaration of a new day. In my field, it brings one of excitement... the unexpected. Amongst the thousands of charges at Hempstead Penitentiary, one never knows what silly antics have occurred during the night. Fights... disrespect to guards... contraband... drugs. Such disobedience brings new inmates to join my flock in the disciplinary cells... specially installed well beneath the formidable granite and concrete walls of one of the most secure prisons in the country.

And so thoughts of a new day bring a smile as the dim glow of a rising sun joins the muted sounds of clinking chains. Sammy is so considerate in crawling about under the comforter of my large double bed. Despite his many shackles and slim shiny chains, he tries to remain soundless as he moves about under the covers. It is impossible with so many bindings, yet I applaud his efforts and pretend to remain in slumber.

As a psychologist I know that the symbol presented by thorough bondage is as important as the physical restraint of motion. Therefore Sammy is adorned with an impressive array of metal links connecting neck collar, wrist shackles, elbow bands, waist band, thigh bands and ankle shackles. With the large and more aggressive prisoners, I have them put in heavy... make that extremely heavy... irons. But with my little Sammy such is not necessary. Besides he *does* need to be granted some degree of alacritous movement in order to best serve me. Still, I can clip various chains at my whim... either together to hobble the feet, secure the wrists and arms... or to various hooks and eye bolts adorning the walls of my apartment. So he understands my power and has long ago capitulated to it.

My thoughts are diverted as I feel the warm wetness of a very subservient tongue part my gluteal cleft and begin the pleasant chore of awakening me.

Yes, Sammy and I sleep together naked, his extensive and never ending cunnilingus bringing somnolence each and every night... his anilingus serving to bring wakefulness each and every morning. I feel the lengthy pink appendage press deeply. I giggle like a girl in love in sensing the bulbous piercing of his tongue rim my sphincter. In lying on my right side I raise my left thigh and bend at the knee, parting my cheeks to offer better access. I emit an involuntary sigh as Sammy knows to penetrate with zeal. He now realizes I am awake and will continue his oral efforts until I utter the command to stop.

“Such a nice way to greet me, Sammy.”

I absorb the many waves of pleasure and feel the moisture within my quim turn to outright wetness. Sammy knows to snuggle his head lower and dutifully capture every drop. A mild orgasm, nothing like the thigh clenchers resulting from my typical evening of cunnilingus, brings conclusion. Work awaits. I must arise.

“Get some coffee,” my voice firm but pleasant.

Sammy reluctantly withdraws and I reach for the key that hangs as a necklace to release the lock connecting his ankle cuff to the bed chain. Over the months Sammy has come to feel better being under total control. I have psychologically transformed his truculent attitude to complete obedience and acceptance of my authority.

“Scoot,” I command with a smile as I smack his girlish hairless posterior to send him to the kitchen. With my apartment door locked, not to be opened from inside or out, I can trust him for a few unsupervised moments as I use the bathroom.

Within moments, as I sit on the commode, Sammy enters the bathroom with coffee. I gaze at his nakedness... the epitome of forced femininity. His body hair long ago chemically removed, his male hormone levels depleted, he has acquired a wonderful layer of subcutaneous fat that makes sleeping with him quite pleasurable. It's like having an extra pillow, warmed to a perfect temperature. I have had his hair grown long and simply parted in the middle like a little girl. His pierced ears have rhinestone studs. I insist he practice his manicuring on himself... when his hands are freed to do so.

And during those intervals he very much enjoys getting into my make up drawer. His nipples are perky like those of a prepubescent girl, and in viewing such one expects mammary glands to sprout and begin to form. Yes, I have feminized him to perfection.

“Come,” I beckon.

He has paused, enthralled in looking at the beauty of his governess... the awe of my presence always bringing diverting thoughts of my power... as intended. I have instilled adoration despite the exercise of my unwavering authority and the torment I constantly bestow.

“You look very pretty, Dr. Dawson.”

“Thank you, Sammy.”

As the lithe form stands before me, I seem to tower over him despite sitting on the john. As noted, Sammy is some 5 foot 4 inches. I stand at nearly six foot. Thus while I sit we are nearly at eye level.

“Hold still.”

Sammy knows to continue obediently grasping my coffee while I undertake a quick but very important inspection. My hands move to his pubes where a tiny penis flops above an empty scrotal sac. With the fingers of my left hand I tug the fleshy folds beneath and then press upwards into the pelvic bone with the fingers of my right. My palpating hands search for the entrances to the inguinal canals, right and left where the sac joins at the pelvis. In finding the right entryway, Sammy flinches as I thrust upwards... quite firmly.

“I can feel one Sammy. They’re still there but quite useless at this point.”

My fingers likewise press and thrust into the left, assuring myself that the male tidbits remain well tucked out of sight. In satisfying myself that the testicles remain well nestled away, the daily examination brings memories of that visit to the infirmary months ago when Dr. Mildred Hofsteter first introduced me to Sammy...

Chapter Two

“You have nice skin, Sammy. Like a girl.”

In my recollection, the vulnerable Sammy remains lying strapped to the operating table. I cannot help taunting. It is part of my program of reform... to challenge... to confront the male brawn of the brutes we hold in custody in order to protect the public.

“Fuck you!” Sammy erupts.

“Fuck me? Sammy it appears you’re the one who’s been well fucked,” I respond with a chuckle.

I lean quite close to Sammy’s face so he has no doubt as to who is hectoring. He glares into my chocolate brown face with surprising defiance. Any other woman would experience concern.... apprehension... perhaps even fear. I experience joy.

“Must have been quite the cock to tear up that little asshole of yours,” I gently suggest in feigning a whisper, knowing that Dr. Mildred Hofsteter will hear.

The good doctor laughs.

“I agree, Mary. I’ve gotten to know rectums over my years, and this one has been well used. Somewhat tight but curiously pliant. Our Sammy’s backside has been quite the receptacle... used often. But it met its match this time.”

Mildred and I laugh derisively, heightening the ignominy.

“Just how many have you taken, Sammy?” I inquire in smoothing my mocha hand across his forehead, “up the ass...?”

Sammy’s embarrassment is apparent. He has difficulty with the gender equation and there is the ethnic difference he must also confront. Sammy is Caucasian. With limited education and a childhood filled with petty crime, he is otherwise known as white trash. I am a woman of color with a wholesome upbringing and a blue chip education. Thus he remains silent. Without the use of expletives, which he is beginning to realize have little effect, he cannot formulate a simple sentence.

“Too many to count, Sammy? You’ve been someone’s punch boy?”

I reach under his chest. With arms well strapped he is helpless to resist. I again tweak, this time both nipples, my fingers sensuously kneading glands in a manner in which even the male will find enjoyment... and he does. Deep within I recognize the response. Dr. Mildred has done well to call me.

“Wish you could see him blush, Mildred. Having smooth skin and taking a large cock are not the only girlish things I like about Sammy. He likes to feel the hands of a governing woman. I know these things, Sammy. I’m trained to know and I’m paid to know.”

Mildred laughs. Her right hand pulls to tighten one last suture. Then she snips the thread to tie off her handiwork.

“You’ve set a record, Sammy. Never before put so many stitches in such a cute sphincter. You should see his reaction from back here, Mary. This little cockspur is growing. Now you can almost see it.”

Yes, despite the anguish of the many needle pricks, the humiliation of lying naked while my fingers caress and my words mock has brought stimulation. It is a curious form of arousal with which I am enthralled to deal.

“I’ve been looking for someone like you, Sammy. My last maid servant got paroled. You’re going to learn new skills for me.”

“Go fuck yourself.”

“I assure you I will not be the one experiencing such crass interaction, Sammy.”

My hands withdraw. Sammy needs a little lesson concerning manners and how we handle such verbal diarrhea. Dr. Mildred knows to move to a cabinet where she retracts a little harness, similar to a jockstrap.

“Dr. Mildred has just one more procedure before we move you to a recovery room and tuck you in for healing.”

With that I nod to my smug compatriot in disciplining males. Dr. Mildred returns to stand between the calves and works her gloved hands about the about upper thighs and scrotum.

“Such tiny balls, Sammy. I don’t think you’ll miss them.”

With that I grasp Sammy’s ears, once again highlighting our control. Meanwhile my expert friend feels about the testicles. She finds one and presses it upwards, deftly locating one of the inguinal canals from whence the gonad emerged early in life. She presses more firmly and Sammy both lurches and yelps. I hold steady. Denying him the ability to even move his head is more symbolical than useful. But there is a message to be sent.

Yes, Dr. Mildred stuffs the inadequate egg back into its encasement, where it anatomically developed while in the womb then descended into the scrotum. The second gonad joins the first in its respective canal and Dr. Mildred works to encircle Sammy’s waist with the specially designed belt. There is no ‘cup’ to cradle the gonads. Instead, well placed posts of firm rubber, designed to press upwards into the pubes, will forcibly hold the two testicles well up into Sammy’s pubic area. As Dr. Mildred tightens various straps, maintaining pressure at the egress of both canals, Sammy delightfully squirms.

Transvestites have long used the trick to temporarily cloak the embarrassing bulge of maleness. At Hempstead Penitentiary I use the procedure and the special belt to bring more permanent change... more than one of aesthetics.

“Physically you’ll feel a constant but tolerable dull ache, Sammy. In a day or so you will get used to the feeling. But mentally, Sammy, you will be most distressed to know that over time the heat of your body will render your little nuts useless. Heat is bad for sperm production. That’s why nature put your balls where they are. But I want them tucked away where very slowly your own body will bring sterility.

“Plus, I don’t want you prancing about looking like a male. We’re going to change that. And you will come to enjoy the process.”

As Dr. Mildred finishes I release the ears of the mentally overwhelmed Sammy. At some point, at another facility, he has been well used by his fellow inmates. Now it is his turn to serve me... a woman.

But most importantly, Sammy will never again see his little balls. ‘All gone...’ I hear the mocking inflection of the simple words I so much enjoy using to tease.

Chapter Three

I arise from the toilet, point and again slap Sammy's little cheek, this time the right, to send him towards the shower. There he will prepare a comforting warm stream of water for me while I brush my teeth.

He very much enjoys serving at this point and particularly during morning ablutions when he can gaze at my nakedness without hindrance. At six feet and some one hundred and eighty pounds, to Sammy I am a powerful goddess. With daily workouts I display the muscling he lacks... I am toned and buffed... but keep my pretty maid soft and meek.

Yes, as I brush I can see in the mirror that Sammy is adoring my powerful rump... that which he so obeisantly licks under the covers of our bed. It is one of the ironies in life that I also adore Sammy. Thus I look back and smile.

But for that withered appendage remaining between his thighs, now shriveled to the size of my pinky finger, Sammy would pass for a harem slave girl.

Yes, besides the long parted hair and sparkling rhinestones in his ears, Sammy is attired in chains, strong yet decorative in being smooth and shiny. One emanates from his polished steel neck collar, runs to loop through an eye ring on his right elbow band then continues to end at his right wrist band. The left arm is similarly restrained. Other chains connect from the back of the neck collar to the back of the waist band; front of the neck collar to the front of the waist band; right and left sides of the waist band through the right and left thigh bands, and then to the right and left ankle bands.

The arrangement clinks with the slightest motion and partially hinders most movement. The result of all the metal work is a wonderfully docile serving girl who constantly feels, hears and sees the authority of my governance... and a delightfully stimulating sight for me. I like having transformed boys in bondage.

Plus, there are the more practical aspects... I can bind Sammy anywhere, anytime and in any number of demeaning positions, postures and poses.

I feel more moisture thinking about it all, yet his tongue will have to wait.

"Come here, Sammy."

In finishing with my teeth, I reach to the medicine cabinet for the daily dosage that keeps my little serving girl physically and mentally malleable. I fill a water glass.

"Open."

He obeys of course and I slip into his mouth the notable dose of anti androgens that serve to stymie the male hormones. Yes, in addition to the fact that Sammy's little testicles are slowly withering away while tucked well up into his inguinal canals, I've been giving him massive doses of a drug that counters the male hormones. Such will also cause the gonads to atrophy... along with that undesirable penis... that shrinks just a little bit more each and every day.

Delicious!

I hand him the water and closely observe to assure that he swallows. Then I announce...

"Come. Shower time."

Into the broad stall, specially installed, Sammy and I shower together. He loves soaping, massaging, caressing and then rinsing my smooth but relatively firm nakedness. I can only describe his efforts as indulging in envy... letting him see and feel the physical power I will never let him develop. And I in turn give him a brief scrub... really an inspection more than an effort to cleanse or impart joy. Yes, I like feeling soft fattened flesh, made most effeminate through my efforts... my molding.

As stated, it is my job to change lives. And what more change could I bring to the likes of Sammy?

We exit and Sammy scrambles to find a large fluffy towel warming on a heated towel rack. I

stand and part my feet as he returns to pat me dry, again fully exposing myself. I am comfortable with his presence, no longer thinking of him as male, but instead as a neutered beast, a fixed puppy whose normal male lust has been physically and chemically curtailed... replaced with the adoration of a dog for his master.

“Will you let me have some movement today, Dr. Dawson?”

The voice is meek, most servile. And perhaps it is my imagination, but it seems higher pitched than just a few weeks ago.

I smile with the entreaty. Sammy tries, always seeking some level of mitigation from the daily restraint. But I deny, as always.

“No, Sammy. You know that good firm bondage makes you that much more happy to see me when I return.”

He pouts like a child.

“And the stress is good for you. It builds character. Gives you something to be grateful for... my return and your eventual release.”

We return to the bedroom. Sammy places my attire at the ready then dashes off to the kitchen to make a quick breakfast while I dress.

Alluring yet professional, I don't wear a uniform as with the guards and staff. The tight blouse projects sizable breasts. The skirt could be a tad longer in displaying much thigh. But the objective is to highlight my boots... gleaming black patent leather. In being knee length, such are really jack boots and have come to symbolize my governance. In dealing with the myriad of male mongrels residing at Hempstead Penitentiary, symbols are important.

I stroll to the kitchen and sit. Sammy serves and I teasingly hand feed him some morsels as I eat ravenously. When he refills my coffee cup I reach to his pubes for that tiny strip of flesh swinging about in rhythm with his clinking chains. He smiles with the attention. The organ barely firms these days, but remains a source of joy with the nerve endings continuing to send signals of pleasure.

“Are you beginning to feel like a little girl?”

As a psychologist, I cut to the chase, so to speak. Sammy smiles demurely, indeed like a little girl. Then he silently nods.

I am pleased, but such a humble and courteous response has not always been offered. It brings more recollections...

Chapter Four

“How are you feeling, Sammy? The nurses say your rectum is healing well.”

‘Poor’ Sammy lies supine strapped into a special bed with his feet in stirrups, which serves to keep his thighs, and cheeks well parted, his wounded rectum well exposed above the mattress. While the stitches are in place he rests with a large tube inserted into his rectum, which ensures his colon is regularly evacuated...enemas at the whim of his tending nurses. Fill him up, make him suffer, provide release. It entertains the girls.

By now the sutures have taken and he can probably undertake a bowel movement without undo harm. But forcing him to remain so exposed and in such a humiliating position wears on the psyche... as planned.

And while he’s been recuperating, I’ve had the nurses remove what little body hair he has. The heavy applications of chemicals will ensure the laggard return of the slightest wisp... if indeed any follicles survive the foul smelling onslaught.

The clever harness remains in place. The nurses check constantly to assure that it is quite tight and properly aligned to forcibly keep each of his balls tucked well up into the inguinal canal.

“It aches. You’re all bitches.”

“It aches because I want it to ache, Sammy. Your little nuts have been pushed back to where they came from... the inguinal canal. Over time your cremaster muscles, those uniquely male muscles that slacken in order to allow your testicles to lower, will tighten once again. Soon we’ll be able to remove the harness and your balls still won’t appear. The taut muscles will permanently hold them retracted within your groin.”

I laugh pleasantly at his look of horror and concern. Oh, the misplaced male concern over such vulnerable eggs!

“You won’t be needing them any longer, Sammy. I’m going to transform you into a pretty maid... and you’re going to like it.”

“Stick it in you ear!”

“Tsk. Tsk. Such vituperative language.”

I reach to once again play with his nipples. With arms secured he is helpless to resist my teasing fingers. Deep down I know he enjoys my tantalizing touch. But his macho facade, however misguided, will not allow him to display any level of enjoyment. But that will come...

“In time, these little pink nubs will become more and more of a source of joy for you, Sammy. And by the way... don’t be too overjoyed when your balls stop aching. That will mean your body heat has finally deadened them to the point of uselessness. No more sperm production.”

I again must laugh at his look. In his shock he cannot find the words to bring more verbal harassment. I reach up and pinch his cheeks.

“And one of those pills you’ve been taking is at my behest. I’m changing your hormone balance. Soon you’ll be more interested in shopping trips than a visit to the ball park. If you ever have another opportunity to shoplift, it will probably be for nice frilly underwear. Silk panties for you, Sammy.”

Oh, the look of desperation as realization sets in... that I am in complete control... and that he has something I want... his masculinity. And he will be surrendering it quite soon.

A nurse enters and I step back to permit her to ply her skills. She checks the harness, slipping a finger under the straps descending from the waist belt. With a murmur of disapproval, her hands work to first loosen the right buckle then pull firmly to tighten and re-secure the strap. The left buckle follows and Sammy squirms in discomfort as the duel protrusions force the testicles just a little further up into the inguinal canals.

Next the nurse opens a valve connected to the rectal tube and Sammy groans as I imagine a massive flow of water begins to enter his colon.

“I could forever enjoy myself with this one, Dr. Dawson. With inmates like him it is no wonder we get so many torn rectums. I’ve doubled the size of his enema. Still contemptuous... but he’s learning.”

The groans turn to a series of expletives as the smiling nurse pats Sammy’s forehead and caresses his exposed lower abdomen to judge the results of her slow torment. Then I can no longer maintain my professional demeanor as, despite the discomfort and extreme humiliation of lying naked, well exposed and receiving an enema, Sammy’s little penis decides it is time to show off for us.

Yes, I must laugh. Despite the anti androgens, the few days of forced chastity, lying strapped to a hospital bed, causes Sammy’s limited organ to slowly grow. The nurse knows to remain silent and merely stare, heightening the ignominy. I also make a show of watching as Sammy involuntarily tumefies.

“My goodness, Sammy. It’s so tiny. Whatever were you going to do with that?”

More expletives, directed at any proximate woman, sputter forth.

“Well, Sammy, you’ll just have to hold the enema until your language becomes a little more tempered,” the nurse sternly declares.

She steps back and after a moment closes the valve to mercifully curtail the inward flow of liquid. But the draining tube remains closed... and I suspect will continue to remain closed until Sammy indeed tempers his words and attitude towards she offering such attentive care.

“It is no wonder someone so energetically jammed something up his ass,” the nurse comments to me as an aside.

“It was a stiff penis... and much more prodigious than that useless thing,” I gesture at Sammy’s little erection. “And I think Sammy enjoyed himself... until his sphincter couldn’t take the challenge.

“Double the dosage of anti androgens. Then we’ll see how unruly that little thing can become.”

The nurse nods. Her wicked smile evidences the delight of what will ultimately be hers... final revenge.

With that, a girl enters the ward. I quickly recognize my friend from the local jewelry store.

“Here to do the piercings, Dr. Dawson.”

“This one right here, Nancy. Just ignore the vocal outbursts.”

The hand of the young girl rises to cover her open mouth, stifling a tittering outburst. Sammy’s well secured nakedness brings amusement.

Chapter Five

Time for work. My reminiscing ends as Sammy clears away the dishes.

“I’ll want you standing on toes today, Sammy.”

“Oh, please no, Dr. Dawson. I tire so quickly when you secure me like that.”

The plea brings a smile to my face... but nothing more... no mercy. One must be firm in dealing with the psychologically meek. Entreaties are to be ignored... always.

“Bring the stool.”

A reluctant Sammy obeys, placing the familiar low stool against the wall under a series of sturdy wall hooks. His attitude quickly becomes more pleasant in knowing that my commanding hands will be binding him. He accepts such as a tribute... as he does all my tendance.

With so many chains and hooks it is a simple matter to make ‘poor’ Sammy one with the wall. I start of course with the rear vertical chain strung from neck collar to waist band. A high link between his shoulder blades is easily attached to a perfectly positioned wall hook. Next, both right and left hooks graciously accept his arm chains. I have him raise his hands then hook links near his elbows. Then it’s the chains linking his waist band to his thigh and ankle shackles. Links near mid thigh I attach to lower hooks placed well out to his sides.

“Ready, pretty girl?”

With that, it’s most facile to slide the stool out from under his dainty feet. As his body lowers his weight shifts and the chains tighten to most comically force his arms up and out. The tension holds him motionless. When I replace the stool I can easily release the links. Meanwhile he is helpless to unhook himself until I return.

He must shift to stand on the very tips of his toes. The tightening chains force his legs to move outward to assume a split position, putting the tiny emaciated penis on better display. As the smooth broad neck collar takes a portion of his weight and tensions his spinal cord, I am amused to see that floppy male appendage stir a bit.

A normal male would completely harden for me. Sammy’s ability to do so with any degree of usefulness is long past. Instead, the insignificant strip of flesh engorges somewhat and amusingly quivers.

Since Sammy will spend most of the day so restrained I retrieve his bottle. Prepared by the nurses in the infirmary, the formula within is a gelatinous mass of fattening glop mixed with hormones that assure that the slow feminization process continues. With the deluge of anti androgens, the endocrinology of the male will better accede to the effect of the estrogen and various progesterones in the bottle. Such will serve to transform my charge both physically and mentally.

Though Sammy is fully aware of the liquid’s deleterious effect on his maleness, he must imbibe and ingest. It’s his only real meal.

“Drink it all down like a good girl, Sammy. It will help your breasts grow. Make you fat and cuddly... just the way I want you.”

If there is reluctance, it is no longer detectable. I raise the bottle and turn it upside down with my left hand. Like a hamster, Sammy cranes his neck, well secured by the collar, to take the straw tip into his mouth and suck. I am a mother feeding her needy infant.

As he partakes, my free right hand lowers to toy with the empty scrotal sac. Sammy’s lips turn up with the delight of me inspecting there. The fleshy pouch has come to resemble the labia of a young girl, and he indeed has been caught naughtily playing with himself there on occasion. But perhaps his action is more satisfying a curiosity... toying in wonderment as to what happened to his balls.

“All gone,” I teasingly remind. “No more testicles.”

Reinforcement is important. Sammy must learn to accept his forced transformation.

The bottle empties. I tweak his nipples and receive a throaty gurgle of joy in response. Lastly, I

slide a basin between his well parted feet.

“Do try to pee in the basin, Sammy. It will make clean up much easier for you.”

Yes, I will return at day’s end and hopefully find the results of nature’s call waiting to be flushed away by my maid servant.

I stroll to the steel door separating my modest apartment from the cell blocks and labyrinthine hallways of Hempstead Penitentiary. I punch my code into the electronic combination lock and hear the latch release. In stepping from the warmth of a cozy home to the cold stone and concrete of a penal institution, another day begins.

Walking amongst the hundreds of priapic prisoners can be entertaining for a woman of my penchants. As a psychologist I am well aware of my own paraphilia – one element of which is control and governance. And what better place to assuage such then in a facility where so many males are tucked away and subject to my whim. Since I am one of the few women to be seen without the austerity of a uniform, the younger, inexperienced inmates gawk. My blouse is tight, my breasts large. My skirt ends at mid thigh showing a couple of inches of smooth but firm flesh above my striking black leather boots. The shining footwear projects authority. That is what I offer... and that is what most of society’s dregs need.

Occasionally there is a whistle or a catcall. Such bring a smile, but most are quickly curtailed as a more experienced prisoner will instantly advise such miscreants that I am not one with whom to trifle.

Still, if there is a particularly objectionable outburst I mentally record the cell number and there will be vengeance wreaked at some opportunity. There is no inmate with immunity.

My boots tap out a steady cadence, the sound bringing woeful male faces to the thick steel bars. Those I have ‘interviewed’ look out with fear and apprehension. Those I have not peer with concern. Those newly arrived have looks of lust, mistakenly believing there may be an opportunity for some form of licentiousness.

A rather robust young Caucasian inmate calls out with an indecent proposition. His cellmate quickly pulls him back from the bars. I pause and step to the cell door, glowering but remaining pleasant.

“He didn’t mean anything, Dr. Dawson. He’s new and doesn’t know any better,” an old timer explains in panic.

“Then we’ll provide some guidance,” I smile wickedly with my ominous suggestion.

Block H, cell 224. As stated, I make mental note and move onwards to the disciplinary cells.

In descending the stairs to my chamber I am always reminded of Sammy and his initial visit to my den...

Chapter Six

“Your asshole has healed nicely, Sammy. It will once again function normally. Hopefully, that will be the only manner in which it is used,” I once again taunt.

Sammy continues to lie supine and strapped to a special bed with his feet in stirrups.

“Bish!” is his laconic slurred response, attempting to pronounce the moniker for a female hound.

“Such a nasty retort to a woman expressing amicable thoughts,” I sardonically suggest.

Nurse Lenita enters, large box in hand. Really more guard and disciplinarian than medical professional, the woman of some forty years is assigned to me. With much training in nursing inmates, she is a no nonsense professional who ensures that my charges are in good health and well cared for... so I can torment longer.

“You’re looking pretty with your earrings. How is your tongue piercing?”

“Go fush yourshelf.”

“Did you hear that, Lenita? Sammy is most truculent this afternoon.”

I smile in imaging what would be flowing from Sammy’s filthy mouth had I not had his tongue pierced with a post and sizable smooth metal ball inserted into the opening. The steel stud results in impaired speech but also provides a trinket that brings lustful thoughts to warm my loins whenever it pops into view.

“Nurse Lenita has some things I want you to wear for me, Sammy. It will help with your attitude.”

The box is opened. My stern friend represses a smile in peering at the large collection of finely crafted steel. Sammy’s measurements were carefully recorded and conveyed to an ex-con who crafts metal. For the past week, I know he has worked diligently while Sammy has rested in recuperation.

First comes the neck collar. Smooth, shiny, highly polished, I know my ex con admirer labored over it with fond memories of the exacting care he received in my disciplinary cells. One never forgets being under my tutelage and I know he produced the bindings with Schadenfreude in envisioning another hapless inmate being subjected to what he had to endure.

Nurse Lenita holds up the collar and unravels the four slim chains attached to eyelets welded about the circumference. When finished she encircles the neck of our protesting Sammy, the chains draping onto his pillow. He sputters futilely in remaining bound to his bed. With the sound of a click the circle snaps shut, appearing seamless and never to be removed other than by acetylene torch.

The chains rattle as he lurches against his bonds. I find the sound to be delicious, something Sammy will be hearing for the remainder of his sentence.

“Get thish thing off me,” he vehemently protests.

I just smile as wrists, biceps just above the elbows, thighs just above the knees and ankles are encircled with similar rings of smooth shiny steel. Snap after snap, Sammy is slowly being immersed into his new life.

“Shackled and chained, Sammy. It will improve your attitude. You’ll feel better under complete control and in strict bondage. We take very good care of pretty maids who take care of us.”

My words bring stunned silence, allowing Nurse Lenita to thread the arm chains from the neck collar through loops in the elbow bands. When the well measured lengths reach the wrist shackles, a large closing device is retrieved from the box. It appears to be a bolt cutter with long handles affording considerable leverage. The knowing Nurse Lenita inserts a matching steel link into the teeth of the device then aligns carefully to connect the end of the chain to a loop on the right wrist band.

With noted sang froid the nurse presses together the handles to crimp closed the connecting link. The left wrist band and chain are similarly attached.

“We’ll need to remove his testicle harness,” Nurse Lenita announces.

Yes, Sammy has worn the evil device for over a week, firmly compressing his balls into the

inguinal canals. As prognosticated, the dull aching stopped, his body acclimating and the temperature serving to curtail sperm production... and testosterone flow with it.

"Let's see if the cremaster muscles have tightened," I agree.

The harness is unbuckled. Experienced hands slowly pull away the rubber protrusions, which have served to return the male organs to where they nurtured in development some 19 years ago. Two indented marks on the flesh of the pubes evidence the pressure brought by the firm straps.

Nurse Lenita smiles. It is rare, but she knows that the first step of Sammy's transformation is successful. Though he may squirm, jostle and contract various muscles to allow his gonads to slip back into the scrotal sac, under our exacting care firm fingers will just stuff the shrunken globes right back into the canal. The initial battle has been won. With our foe weakened, it is a simple matter to ensure that the muscles are permanently tightened. Time is now our ally.

"What's happened to your balls, Sammy? With all your hair gone, you look like a little girl. Very cute."

Well chosen words, intended to bring consternation. Indeed my Sammy looks down in horror. His male bits have disappeared. Only a small penis remains. Soon I'll deal with that too.

"No," he cries out in alarm, vituperative words lacking.

I smile at the reaction. It is just the beginning.

"Oh, Sammy! It is for the best. There really wasn't much there... and it causes such behavioral problems. You'll soon feel better."

As I speak, Nurse Lenita slips a matching steel waist band under Sammy's hips. He squirms again, but his bindings make him helpless to resist.

As with the neck collar, chains have been preset. These are quickly looped through the thigh bands and then permanently linked right and left to the ankle bands. Nurse Lenita then attaches the loose chain dangling from the front of the neck collar to the front of the waist belt.

"Now, Sammy, I'm going to fill your bowels and then remove your enema tube. You're going to hold the liquid for me like a good boy and we'll get you out of that bed. You'd like to walk for, me wouldn't you?"

While she opens the valve and allows a moderate quantity of water to flow, Nurse Lenita instructs as if speaking to a child.

Little does Sammy realize the anatomical purpose of having him hold the enema. In pursing the muscles below, closing his sphincter, the contraction will serve to firmly hold his testicles in the inguinal canals. Nurse Lenita is training his muscles and he does not know it.

The sizable tube slides out. Sammy clenches his buttocks as some dozen Velcro straps are released. For the first time in a week, Sammy will be freed of his special infirmary bed.

"Careful, hold your enema like a good boy."

Yes, we know the initial move will be most determinative of the newly tightened status of the cremaster muscles. As Nurse Lenita assists in helping the lad stand, his buttocks squeeze most embarrassingly.

"I need the bathroom."

"Hold one second."

Under the guise of attaching the final chain from the rear of the neck collar to rear of the waist belt, the experienced nurse makes Sammy contract those telling muscles while she leisurely works to close the final link. With a sly smile I note that there is no sign of those annoying eggs appearing. Sammy has been returned to a prepubescent state.

I feel a twinge in my loins thinking about it.

Chapter Seven

I carefully traverse the many dimly lit steps. My chamber is well below the earth's surface and intentionally kept dark and dank. Unruly prisoners feel they are being swallowed up into the bowels of the penitentiary when brought to my disciplinary cells. Symbolic as always, the tenebrous environment makes them feel as if they have been buried... which to a certain extent they have been. The belligerent only leave when I am satisfied that their behavior has been transformed; and for some that requires a long, long time.

At the final landing I press the code to the electronic lock that opens the last of three doors. Its function is not so much to offer security but to keep out what little light shines in illuminating the stairs. During the long unending nights my charges are kept in complete darkness. Nothing... not a scintilla of light... enters the chamber hollowed out of the granite bedrock. The dire atmosphere keeps the inmates docile. And should any somehow escape their bonds, the futility of having shucked my heavy irons would quickly be grasped. When we close the doors for the night, one cannot see one's own hand, the extreme darkness making freedom from the irons fruitless. The nothingness becomes delightfully frightening and humbling.

Light is something I bestow... and sparingly. Inmates learn that quickly, along with my careful rationing of food and water. Only corrective action is freely dispensed.

Stepping through the door, the dim bulbs of the stairway create a flash of light akin to a bolt of lightning. For the half dozen I have well chained and locked in cells, the noise also brings stirring, ending the many of hours of thorough blackness that my 'bad boys' have had to endure.

"Good morning, my pets," I pleasantly call out in announcing another day of torment and 'counseling'.

I can barely see the many cells surrounding the main chamber on three sides. Within each is a well trussed male, which even a prison as foreboding and inescapable as Hempstead has not brought to capitulation. All violent criminals, one normally earns a stay with me for committing more violence... mainly against guards but other inmates as well. Here I suffuse gentleness, transforming the psyche to that of giver, provider, nurturer. Such requires a skilled intellect, patience and time... the latter offered here at Hempstead in abundance.

Even when I turn on the lights, the main chamber remains in eerily gloomy darkness. All illumination emanates from low wattage bulbs placed low to the floor. The resulting shadows produce a haunting effect with a high, seemingly imperceptible ceiling left in blackness. Sounds echo. My chamber with adjacent discipline cells is more cave than living quarters. My charges subsist more than live.

Despite the limited wattage, for my half dozen bad boys left in many hours of total darkness, the sudden immersion brings a painful explosion of light to the eyes.

"Everybody up! Do your business. Then I want to be greeted," I announce in my authoritative voice.

With that I press a wall switch, turning off the speech inhibitor. When I press a second switch, I hear in unison the involuntary cries of the anguished male. My boys are wired. In addition to their heavy irons, wires lead to and are wrapped about each set of genitals. A cleverly designed electric probe delivers painful but physically harmless voltage to the perineum, that area between the scrotum and the anus. The location, the level of electricity, are both intended to open the bladder... and such does. As my boys yelp in unison they also quickly move to their respective drains in the concrete flooring which serve as toilets. The clatter of so many chains rattling simultaneously warms the heart. The most dangerous and violent of Hempstead's 'guests' lurch and move at the press of a button, the slightest motion of my hand. It's like leading an orchestra... and the thought of having such power stimulates.

“Did everyone sleep well?”

The question is sardonic. I don't permit anything soft or comfortable such as bedding and certainly not mattresses. Thus all have slumbered on the stone and cement flooring, the cold slowly robbing their naked forms of body heat and the ability to physically resist. Plus, my awakening charge is not the only shock they experience. The nipples are also wired. Throughout the night, a computer driven device has delivered at random intervals mild but sleep interrupting shocks to clamps.

“Let's start morning counseling with you, Toby.”

Despite turning off the speech inhibitor, no one speaks. My boys are trained to remain silent, enduring a powerful shock if the speech inhibitor detects the sound of the human voice.

I retrieve my remote control and slide my stool to the front of a nearby cell. I sit before a facade of thick iron bars to face Toby. Surrounding him are three walls of concrete, the dull gray color almost imperceptible in the dimness. Within is my young hulking prisoner... huge and otherwise physically imposing... but for his many pounds of iron shackles and connecting chains.

“Come, Toby. Talk to your Dr. Dawson.”

The form slowly moves from the hole where I have forcibly made him empty his bladder. Once again chains rattle. Links of black iron connect his waist band to a formidable ring deeply embedded in the wall. In addition to his restraint, the length assures that he cannot break free of the connecting wires that deliver my controlling jolts.

Toby bears huge wrist shackles that are secured behind his back and to his broad heavy waist band. A spreader bar, an unnecessary four inches thick, connects his ankle shackles, its weight necessitating an ungainly hobble. Wires trail his motion. As described, his genitals and nipples are electrified for discipline and my amusement.

As he approaches the bars where I sit, one can almost feel pity for the well bound male beast. Yet I must smile in observing his comeuppance. Weeks ago he had words with a female guard... a threat. Such ill tempered remarks will cost him what little male vanity remains.

“My tribute, Toby.”

I can always judge how long I have kept a male in one of my discipline cells. For as Toby closes his eyes and his forehead lifts to the dark ceiling in concentration, I watch his penis, large as is he and delightfully uncircumcised. It begins to engorge.

My white blouse is like a beacon of light in the dismal chamber, projecting firm breasts for which the forcibly chaste male pines. In sitting there is flashed a modicum of thigh, just enough to foster my ‘tribute’. That is... full tumescence. He is to approach me fully erect. And with the weeks of chastity, control, supplication and psychological counseling, Toby is eager to offer. I watch with a smile of satisfaction as the purple tip of Toby's manhood pops fully into view, swells to fullness and stands.

He is well endowed, not that such means anything in the bowels of Hempstead Penitentiary, but for a woman of my ilk, large and well tamed can amuse as much as small.

“Very good, Toby. You're becoming quite attentive to a lady's wishes.”

I point to the floor where Toby knows to kneel. Below there is an opening in the bars and Toby knows to position his head proximate.

“My right boot first, Toby. You will lick and you will talk... and maybe earn a release.”

I push forth my appointed foot. A humbled head slowly threads its way through the tight space in the bars. A tongue extends. My patent leather footwear begins to receive the first of many daily oral polishings.

Toby knows that in my hand is a remote control device that empowers me with the ability to apply a most debilitating shock at any time... to the nipples... to his genitals. Thus my boots are well cleansed without resistance. It is bringing the boy to the next step that is difficult.

“Good boy, Toby. I'll soon have you in pink... and you will enjoy it.”

Thoughts of the ultimate transformation again bring memories of Sammy.

Chapter Eight

“I want clothes.”

Sammy protests as he is freed from the special bed that has held him for over a week with his posterior so embarrassingly well exposed to all.

“You’ve felt your last garment, Sammy. At least while you’re serving a sentence at Hempstead. You’re to be kept naked. Get used to the idea.”

Having dashed to the bathroom to finally release the enema, a sheepish Sammy steps back into the main ward where he has been held in ignominy while his rectum healed. Nurse Lenita awaits with a towel and beckons as one would summon a child. Reluctantly Sammy approaches, his backside very much in need of being dried after releasing the deluge of invading water. There is much wetness and for the first time, he is cognizant of his many bindings, the small shiny links clattering with every step.

“Good boy, Sammy. Very obedient,” Nurse Lenita compliments as she comfortingly enshrouds Sammy’s small naked form in a large fluffy towel. He smiles with the matronly care, not aware that a nearby leash awaits.

A knowing hand moves to his pubes and caresses the empty scrotal sac. Fingers knead, gathering together the fleshy pink and drawing the small mass downward, highlighting the void.

We smile at each other. Nurse Lenita knows as do I that the cremaster muscles will naturally continue to tighten over time, slowly emasculating ‘poor’ Sammy and making it more and more difficult for the organs to ever again appear naturally.

“I think you’re going to like becoming a little girl, Sammy,” Nurse Lenita whispers aloud.

Caring hands reach to straighten the hair, permitted to lengthen during recuperation. Parting it in the middle the strands hang to mid ear, augmenting the feminine appearance inspired by my rhinestone ear piercings.

“We’ll get you coiffed,” Nurse Lenita suggests in smoothing the locks to a more effeminate presentation.

A deft hand then clips the leash at the breastbone to the newly adorned vertical chain draped from the front of the neck collar to the waist band.

“Now, we’re going to walk you. And you’re going to be like a nice puppy for us.”

“Go fush yourself,” comes a slurred reply with the vitriol we have come to expect.

Before he can physically offer resistance, Nurse Lenita grasps the arm chains just above the elbows and quickly draws them back. With a firm unexpected tug she clips them together. The move is swift and well practiced, teaching Sammy for the first time the endless number of ways he can most facilely be restrained while donning the many feet of chaining. With arms connected at the elbows his hands are rendered useless. Nurse Lenita then hands me the leash.

“Follow Dr. Dawson,” she admonishes in playfully slapping his naked posterior.

“Come,” I gently pull.

“No,” Sammy’s negative reply is staunch but is comically expressed in a manner indeed resembling a combative little girl. The leg muscles clench, seeming to make his naked feet dig into the linoleum floor.

A confident Nurse Lenita smiles.

“You’re not the first who has chosen to resist, Sammy. We have a penitentiary full of bad boys... some of whom we’ve made into good little girls.”

I smile as the words... the thoughts... bring arousal. Without word or gesture from me, Nurse Lenita steps to a cabinet. There I know she will retrieve a training chain.

“Something special for bad boys,” she dramatically proclaims.

She returns holding up a nasty set of nipple clamps, the serrated teeth appearing eager to bite. Connecting the menacing pair is a short chain. It requires little effort for me to hold Sammy still

while Nurse Lenita attaches, as she has so often, the nasty clips. In doing so she also connects the nipple clamp chain to the vertical chain just where the leash is attached.

Sammy howls, emptying his lungs as Nurse Lenita knows to pinch the smallest and most tender flesh of the well exposed areolas. A message is communicated. Satisfied that the configuration imbues the desired control, she playfully taps Sammy's nose.

"Now I think you're going to follow Dr. Dawson wherever she chooses to lead you."

Simultaneously with her prognostication, I once again give the leash a slight pull, this time my hand not only adds tension to the vertical chain but tightens as well the newly installed horizontal chain running from nipple to nipple.

"Come, Sammy, it's not difficult."

I step and Sammy instantly follows with Nurse Lenita laughing. Our shoplifter turned complete miscreant is learning another lesson... that I am in control and that he will obey.

"Behind me... two steps... and to my right. Watch my boots. It is your very simple chore to react to my movement."

As I lecture I lead Sammy about the large ward. After two laps about the room, Nurse Lenita adds a hobbling chain to connect his ankle bands. We know the nasty and deviant mind of the criminal... that given the opportunity he will attempt to kick. The two foot length obviates such violence and also serves to shorten his stride so that he must take many rapid and dainty steps to keep up with me.

With more laps both Nurse Lenita and I find ourselves laughing as a compliant Sammy feverishly works his well restrained feet and legs to keep up with me. He occasionally winces as I find a corrective tug necessary. But he soon learns to follow just as my simple instructions suggest... two steps back and to the right. Glaring at my boots to instantly react to my motion... turning... stopping... his feet resume movement the moment I move a foot.

But most telling... Sammy's little penis begins to firm. Despite the anti androgens, the week plus of being kept chaste while strapped down to heal has brought forth a priapic reaction... expected of almost every healthy male.

But what is not expected... and is most telling of Dr. Mildred Hofsteter's observant prowess... is that the humiliation of feminine governance seems to be the catalyst for his state of lust.

Yes, with Dr. Mildred's words... 'Got another one for you'... Sammy became doomed.

Chapter Nine

My reminiscence ends as Toby finishes applying a long and subservient tongue to the entire surface of my right boot.

“You’re learning to give, Toby. And to appreciate your superiors. Would you like to leave my chamber some time? Once again see daylight? Escape the caprice of my wiring and remote control?”

With my questions I gently press the remote control. I have the setting on ‘reminder’, which brings to the nipples an annoying charge... more than mere tingling but less than outright pain. Other settings are ‘corrective’, ‘disciplinary’, and ‘debilitating’... the latter bringing the inmate a shock akin to a stun gun.

“Yes, ma’am,” Toby gasps in accepting my capricious jolt.

“We’ve added two years to your sentence due to those threatening words. It would be quite harsh to have to serve it here in my chamber. You’d end up like Bart over there.”

My reference is to a well disciplined inmate across the chamber who most docilely lumbers about within his small cell, well chained and wired like the others, but also blindfolded and with his speech inhibitor always operative. After many, many months under my governance there is nothing more for him to see and say. In time I will deafen Bart as well and he will enter a state of catatonia induced by the unending sensory deprivation. Then I will amuse myself by having his chain shortened just a link or two every week, in time immobilizing him completely.

Though Bart is much calmed from when he initially entered my chamber... he won’t acquiesce and wear pink for me. I know how to handle the incorrigible.

“Agreeing to wear pink gets you more food while being trained, Toby. And I think you’ll like it. Every man can be taught to suck a good cock... with the right attitude. And yours is improving.”

I smile in knowing that the thought horrifies the virile and otherwise homophobic male. But all who enter my chamber eventually accept the new role I have designated... one of giver, provider, nurturer. Otherwise they must confront the fate that Bart now endures.

Yes, Bart is the exception. Though for me to give full attention to his case would bring him to capitulation, I am sure, I decided to leave him well chained and deprived as an example to the others. And in fact, if permitted to speak, at this point he may by now very well beseech me to wear pink. With his forced silence I do not know... and don’t care to find out. He had his chance to earn his return to the general prison population and resisted my efforts. I have since moved onward to others.

“You’ve watched Nurse Lenita train the others, Toby. You just have to learn to swallow a little pride... along with something else.”

I smile with my double entendre as Toby stiffens with concern.

“And with a recent parole there’s an opening for you in Cell Block H.”

“Cell Block H! Those are the Latin Vagabundos!”

Each of the many cell blocks at Hempstead Penitentiary has its own culture. As Toby well knows, Block H is comprised mainly of a very ruthless Hispanic gang, the leader of which rules with an iron fist. Providing him with a prisoner in pink as a cellmate is nothing more than a bribe. Yet it brings calm and stability. The privilege of having a prisoner in pink is a reward for maintaining peace and quiet within the cell block. With any disruption the privilege is withdrawn.

“I can’t do it,” Toby beseeches, almost sobbing.

“Yes you can, Toby. Enrique, the Latin Vagabundos leader, likes Caucasian boys. He likes them big and strong. The supplication of someone with your size and strength will bring added respect from his gang when you service him.”

I smile with the revulsion such a thought must bring to Toby. Young, strong, a most masculine physique, dressed in my special pink uniform and destined to orally service his new superior... if not offer more... I feel moisture in my loins thinking of his initiation to the taste of Enrique.

Yet that is the fate of those who break the rules... a few weeks in my chamber... Nurse Lenita's expert training... and then a most ignominious destiny... to complete a jail sentence as a male whore.

"You knew of the prisoners in pink before your threatened the guard, Toby. It is just punishment for your infraction."

"But I have years left to serve. Please, Dr. Dawson."

"And 'serve' is a most apropos term, Toby. You will indeed serve."

I laugh as the realization sets into Toby's limited intellect. He will undergo transformation or endure the fate of Bart, aimlessly strolling about his small cell like a caged animal... no freedom... no light... and due to my caprice, soon to have no sound.

Toby's thoughts divert to become immersed in dutifully licking my left boot. Meanwhile I hear the electronic lock click in announcing the arrival of Nurse Lenita. As the door opens the smell of food wafts through an otherwise airtight chamber. A dumbwaiter has lowered trays to the deep underground level and Nurse Lenita rolls in a cart smelling of fresh coffee and warmed Danish... for us. My boys get mush... foul in taste and carefully rationed.

"Good morning, Lenita. I would like to have Toby receive one extra spoonful this morning. He's close to making a decision and the added sustenance will help him think."

My white uniformed compatriot pushes the cart into the cavernous room. She smiles with thoughts of a new day of torment... bringing comeuppance to the most belligerent males that Hempstead Penitentiary can offer.

"Good morning, Mary. It's a beautiful day out. Bright and sunny. Our boys are missing so much fresh air and sunshine chained and locked away down here."

I look about to see the expectant faces of my truculent gathering. But for Bart, all move to the bars, peering at the food cart like children at the candy store window. As stated, I carefully ration the food. And as revolting to the pallet as the mush is, all crave for something to fill stomachs kept nearly empty.

Lenita pours coffee and slips a warm gooey Danish onto a plate. We eat first letting the less fortunate watch as we indulge in delicious fare, building the needs and cravings. She hands me a favorite cinnamon bun then returns to the cart for her own.

"I've been telling Toby of the opening I have for him in Cell Block H. I think he'll soon be undergoing your training, Lenita."

My nurse friend joins me, coffee cup in one hand, strawberry cheese Danish in the other. When a moderate crumb from my cinnamon bun drops to the stone flooring, Toby shifts from my boot and a long tongue instantly scarfs up the morsel.

Both Lenita and I laugh, our once bellicose charge acquiring the demeanor of a household pet. Gone are any threatening thoughts from Toby's addled and overwhelmed brain. Instead there clatters within visions of being freed of heavy bonds, psychological torment, and unending darkness.

"So you're ready for this, Toby?"

Nurse Lenita slips from her pocket a moderately thick dildo. Long but soft, I know it will soon be titillating the back of Toby's throat.

We laugh as Toby gulps.

Chapter Ten

I move onward from Toby's cell so that my other charges may greet me. Each brings himself to erection then humbly kneels at the bars to thrust forth head and tongue and service my boots. Since Toby has cleansed and polished so prolifically, the remaining homage is symbolic, swift and perfunctory.

Then I watch Nurse Lenita move from cell to cell, hand feeding each inmate. My thoughts return to Sammy and that initial day when he was deemed healed and placed under my governance.

I quickly acclimated Sammy to being leashed and led about by an authoritative woman. If one can so train puppies, then one can also train the fractious male beast as well.

"Come, Sammy. You're mine now and I have a special cell waiting for you."

The physical ability to resist had been quickly countered. Yet, Sammy's nasty mouth, the flowing words somewhat impeded by the tongue piercing, continue to offer verbal diarrhea as I tug on the leash towards the ward door.

"No. Not like this, bish.. I need clothes."

Nothing is provided, of course. I need to display my control and authority to inmates who constantly require reminding... that for those deemed unruly a deep dark chamber awaits an inmate stripped naked and made to heel. So I just smile and ignore Sammy's entreaties, if the caustic outburst can be so described.

Out into the main prison population, I decide to take the long route. Sammy continues prancing obediently to my right side and two steps behind, his rattling chains drawing the attention of all... his well controlled nakedness bringing catcalls and whistles. In directing him close to some cells, his missing balls become obvious to some observant inmates. Our more seasoned 'guests' know of my propensity to feminize and merely nod to me in deference. The less experienced inmates glare in disbelief... the notion of my power dawning on minds that I know will need constant reinforcement as to the totality of my governance.

Meanwhile, what remains of Sammy's male vanity forces him to protest. And I let him do so, smiling knowingly. He is on his way to the chamber where I will break him. With his next stroll through the general prison population he will be much more complacent and eager to serve. Still, when he utters certain words, those deemed most vulgar, I give the leash a sharp and quick snap, instantly bringing agony to clamps clipped to the most sensitive of pink flesh. This results in a degree of training and discipline before even descending to my chamber... plus with the observing inmates it greatly adds to the aura of my power. A flick of the wrist... quick agony... instant compliance.

So even in the ethically challenged mind of Sammy, there begins to evolve some sense of right and wrong... the lessons delivered by a firm and unrelenting grip on his leash.

In nearing the formidable steel door separating the world from the incorrigible, Sammy once again uses the word 'bitch' when my controlling hand offers a directional tug to turn a corner. It is a regression.

"You seem to have a penchant for that term, Sammy. I will show you what a 'bitch' truly is here at Hempstead Penitentiary."

Nearby is the cell of Alonzo 'Money Shoes' Whitmore, the notorious Harlem drug kingpin, now an influential 'guest' of Hempstead Penitentiary

Money Shoes, known to have kept a sizable wad of cash in his footwear, is slick, unctuous and ruthless. Still, he has learned his place and quietly serves his time ruling over Cell Block F with bribes of cigarettes, threats of bodily harm and furtive rendezvous with his prisoner in pink, offered to him some months ago.

"Afternoon, Money Shoes."

Dark and handsome, the inmate has always been intrigued with me, a woman of color, and my

position of utmost authority. He arises from his bunk, his broad smile revealing the glint of two diamond studded front teeth.

“Got a new toy, Dr. Dawson?”

“This is Sammy. Just taking him down for some attitude adjustment. He’s going to be my pet,” I acknowledge in returning his smile and pulling Sammy close to the bars of his cell.

I am always amazed at the calm demeanor of those who have allegedly perpetrated the most mayhem. Money Shoes at one time ruled the Harlem drug trade with noted brutality, the bodies of those who defied him rarely uncovered. Never charged with murder, 15 ten year sentences for conspiracy to distribute controlled substances have brought the defacto life sentence he probably most deserved.

“It’s nice to know that such a pretty lady does not sleep alone,” Money Shoes chides.

“And likewise a debonair gentleman such as yourself,” I return the banter.

Money Shoes stands and approaches the bars. My leash hand extends, offering to the ruler of Cell Block F the controlling length of leather. Sammy, of course, resists. In not having fully acclimated himself to my guiding hand, he is totally adverse to a fellow inmate controlling his hairless nakedness.

Money Shoes knows the role I expect. He chuckles wickedly in pulling the leather length, his grin widening as Sammy grimaces and is forced to press his torso to the bars.

“Yes, just like you like ‘em, Dr. Dawson. Won’t take much to have this one prettied up. Looks good in jewelry... don’t you boy.”

A free, well manicured black hand extends and toys with Sammy’s pierced right ear. Then in holding the leash firmly, Sammy must stand while the hand smoothes down his depilated flesh, pats then squeezes a buttock that already appears most girlish. When Sammy’s homophobia brings a lurch of disgust, Money Shoes laughs again. He moves closer to his side of the bars and whispers.

“If she didn’t have you already chained and leashed, I’d have you for another bitch.”

Sammy shudders in both fear and disgust and I find myself joining in Money Shoes’s smile.

“Interesting that you should mention that, Money Shoes. Sammy is a little confused about what we term a ‘bitch’ here at Hempstead.”

“Really? Nickie!.. come over here, sweetheart.”

From the upper bunk, a heretofore unseen form arises, rolls to the side and gingerly lowers to the concrete floor of the cell. It falls to its knees and smiles sheepishly. Then, without use of hands and arms it struggles to its feet and stumbles in swiftly responding to the commanding beck and call. Sammy gawks, his eyes glued as a pink uniformed inmate joins Money Shoes at the front of the cell. The black hand that palpated Sammy’s nakedness rises to entwine in long locks of effeminately coifed blond hair.

“Now this, Sammy boy, is my bitch.”

I beam with pride as Sammy visually examines. After all, Nickie’s uniform is my design... and his look of coyness and his subservient demeanor are as a result of my forced transformation.

Yes, Nickie spent many weeks in my chamber before acceding to wear pink. And now he’s the bitch of Alonzo ‘Money Shoes’ Whitmore.

Chapter Eleven

My thoughts revert as I move to the cell of my latest success. In presenting my boots to the last of my six inmates, a bubbly and energetic 'Bobbie' smiles graciously in applying a willing and alacritous tongue to patent leather gleaming from so much attention.

"Thank you for the opportunity to serve, Dr. Dawson."

The words make me smile and glow with pride. Kneeling before me is a life saved and redeemed. Bobbie is in pink and indeed ready to serve. Only his waist band and connecting wall chain remain of the nearly one hundred pounds of iron he initially donned. Slight ankle bands have replaced heavy iron shackles. A slim but strong chain connects the two, the ponderous links formerly inhibiting his movement have been removed. Yes, as his attitude improved I had his burden lightened and his food rations increased. Recently, when he so deliciously groveled for a blanket, I realized he is almost ready for release.

"How do you like your uniform, Bobbie?"

"It's tight, Dr. Dawson. And confining. But as you suggested, it makes me feel... well... it makes me feel safe and comfortable... like I am being hugged. That I am under the control of another."

"That's because you are under control, Bobbie. My control. The uniform is of strong yet stretchable material... well fabricated elastic. It will constantly remind of all you have learned... and you've been trained well. Nurse Lenita says you suck with much fondness."

With my compliment I reach down to where the long haired head pokes through the bars to service my boots. My left hand grasps a handful of golden strands to turn a most tractable head. Then I extend two fingers of my right and thrust past closed lips into a mouth trained to accept the largest of Nurse Lenita's dildos. There is no resistance and I soon feel a sucking action as Bobbie playfully clutches my digits with his lips and tongue. I smile with the rote reaction. So well trained indeed.

"And what will you say... to your new cell mate?" I inquire in finally withdrawing.

"May I suck your cock, sir?" comes Bobbie's programmed reply.

Effectively brainwashed, the six simple words required many weeks to instill... along with the proper attitude and ability. And of course there is Nurse Lenita's dental work that serves to supplement his oral efforts. Over the many weeks in my chamber, she has worked diligently to file down incisors and bicuspid that could otherwise be used to bite. No visible enamel remains. Thus, my invading fingers slip right past his closed lips... just as a stiff penis will likewise penetrate to invade that warm wet mouth when he is reassigned to a cell block.

"I think you're going to be very popular in Cell Block C, Bobbie."

I arise from my stool. Bobbie knows the morning greeting is over and slides his face back, his head slipping from the confining opening in the bars. He pulls himself to a kneeling position then stands to face me, the shift always an effort without the use of hands and arms.

I smile again in observing my latest conquest. Bobbie displays in full my specially designed uniform. It is a thick canvas-like garment, stretchable as noted, replicating a straight jacket, no sleeves and with a formidable collar of stiff rubber which locks. The lower hem ends just at the male reproductive organs, mostly cloaking his penis and balls, but easily turned up to expose such if desired. Likewise, in the rear, only the upper half of the buttocks will be covered when finally freed of his waist band and chain. There also the garment can be folded up to expose the entire surface of the rounded hairless globes.

Holes at the chest expose the male mammary glands. Yes the tender pink nubs are presented for punishment... and adornment should some nasty jewelry be deemed appropriate.

Beneath the thick canvas and unseen, Bobbie's arms cross and are folded over his stomach. Strong and sturdy straps encircling his torso hold his wrist restraints to ensure that his arms remain unseen, immobilized and that he cannot escape the jacket.

We've bleached Bobbie's hair to an ostentatious blond, replicating the color of the cheap hookers so many of our 'guests' have chosen to opportune. And as noted the garb is a hideous bright pink. Amongst the sea of drab gray uniforms, it draws the attention of all and leaves no doubt as to Bobbie's ingrained function and role at Hempstead Penitentiary. From piercings in both ears dangle large metal loops... otherwise known as 'sodomy rings' at Hempstead Penitentiary. Bobbie will soon be feeling the firm grip of fingers entwining the circles of steel as he is bent over a chair or bed bunk for anal penetration.

My eyes divert to the pubes. Bobbie's manhood remains erect from my greeting and the 'Y' of a training strap surrounds his male package. The two ends of the adjustable leather length are attached to the front hem of the jacket, press against his pubes left and right of the scrotal sac, then join at the perineum where a single strap rises through the gluteal cleft. There the strap holds in place a sizable impaling dildo that keeps Bobbie's sphincter stretched and pliable. At the rear the single strap buckles to the back of the jacket. If I know Nurse Lenita, the dildo is huge and the strap is tight... sending even more message of control.

"You look lovely, Bobbie. Sure you don't want to stay with me longer?" I inquire in wriggling my finger in a gesture to approach.

The waist chain rattles as does the slimmer ankle chain. Bobbie steps to the bars like a puppy expecting a treat... which he shall receive.

I keep my charges hungry, and in reserving a morsel of my morning cinnamon bun, I can offer the simplest reward for Bobbie's service and devotion... crumbs.

"Open."

My left hand teasingly holds the insignificant morsel in the air. My right moves to hem of the uniform and pulls upwards forcing the stiff penis to humbly display itself.

"Do you want to be masturbated, Bobbie? Feel Nurse Lenita's soft, knowing hand on this neglected pecker of yours."

Bobbie both nods and extends his long stretched and trained tongue to accept what anyone else would brush into the garbage. When I gently diddle the extremely sensitive underside of his erection he moans in craving for a firmer touch. He knows of Nurse Lenita's skill... her allotment of hand jobs being well rationed but divinely pleasurable when finally earned.

Yes, week after week of forced chastity takes a toll on the male psyche. In my chamber, my charges must beg for everything.... food.... water.... warmth... and for the simplest of feminine touches.

And it all comes by way of my tutelage... my governance.

In thinking about it, I find that I am in much need of Sammy's tongue, and my thoughts return to my naked well chained toy.

Chapter Twelve

“Can that thing stand? It’s small even for a white dick. And what happened to the rest of him?”

Money Shoes enjoys the verbal harassment, pointing at Sammy’s diminutive organ and noting his missing testicles. His words bring a smile as I hold Sammy’s leash, forcing him to face Money Shoes and press his nakedness against the bars.

“Get him up for me and Dr. Dawson, Nickie. I gotta see what that little ting looks like trying to stand. Show the boy what a nice bitch your are.”

With the command of Money Shoes, a foot kicks at the back of Nickie’s knees and a manicured black hand grasps the blond locks to pull him to the floor. Without use of arms or hands Nickie finds himself genuflecting before a surprised Sammy, my pet’s look of curiosity changing to horror as a long tongue extends to begin fellatio.

“Hey... that’s gross,” Sammy blurts, his resistance quite suppressed by my grasp on the leash and nipple clamps.

Nickie momentarily looks up, shocks Sammy with a toothless smile, then speaks in a soft seemingly alluring voice.

“May I suck your cock, sir?” come the six subdued and polite words which I have forever ingrained in Nickie’s lexicon.

I nod for a startled Sammy, holding tight as Nickie’s accomplished tongue and lips return to work away. At Hempstead, as I am sure at most other prisons, the recipient of male oral pleasure is not necessarily considered to be homosexual. The response to such otherwise repulsive behavior being pragmatic, a sort of ‘take it any way you can get it’ resignation in achieving ecstasy otherwise denied.

But the provider of such sordid joy? Well, that’s why the likes of Nickie are nomered bitches... and are subjected to the general disdain of the prison population... despite their welcomed humble offerings of oral and anal lust.

“You protest, Sammy, but if you relax and absorb the joy, you’ll find that Nickie has been well trained and is quite experienced. He’s sucked off any number... and certainly with more challenging sizes than yours,” my words soothingly offered.

“That’s right, peanut dick, Nickie here does the whole cell block... when I’m in the mood to scatter some cheer. And he spreads those cheeks as well as he sucks...”

Money Shoes will indeed be generous with Nickie’s talents. But it is far from merely bestowing cheer. Having control of a pink uniformed inmate, one enduring my barrage of psychological counseling and Nurse Lenita’s perverse training, provides Money Shoes with an important element of governance within his cell block. Obey the rules... obey ‘the man’... and receive unsurpassed oral pleasure... perhaps even Nickie’s rounded, shaved and well lubricated backside will also be offered.

After all, each morning the golden haired male trollop is afforded special treatment to assure his rectum does not require the attention of Dr. Mildred’s suturing fingers. A special team of rugged guards, female of course, assure that his anus, as well as those of all other inmates in pink, is cleansed, shaved and lubed for action. Their rolling cart with enema apparatus is known as the ‘fire truck’... the water filled bag and hoses indeed appearing ready to respond to some form of conflagration.

So I watch while Sammy receives further introduction to our methods at Hempstead Penitentiary. And sure enough, despite the deluge of anti androgens, an orally effusive Nickie soon has one of the smallest penises I have seen standing in stiffness... if such a reaction can be so described.

But I will not permit ejaculation, that is just not within my beneficence to bestow. As I observe Sammy begin to writhe, the rhythm of his hips belying his initial verbal protest, I gruffly pull with the leash, forcing him from the bars. The ‘manhood’, definitely misnomered in its brevity, escapes

Nickie's lips, its slimy three inches standing most comically and serving to highlight his missing balls.

"Look at that little thing," Money Shoes gushes.

And I cannot help but add to the humiliation.

"Could be one of your last, Sammy, take a good look," I forewarn.

Frustration in being denied ultimate gratification... frustration in hearing the taunting remarks of Money Shoes... frustration in feeling the anguish of my controlling hand... and most of all, facing the realization that his most prized possessions are now mine... to be subjected to the cruel whim of a woman... brings this most enjoyable pout.

"Come, Sammy. And do not fear... you will not be wearing pink for your fellow inmates. You're to be trained for me, and you won't be wearing anything at all!"

It's delicious having a boy on a leash. The slightest jostle brings instant compliance as the nipple clamps bite and dig into extraordinarily sensitive flesh. So when I turn to move Sammy must follow despite his shocked curiosity. He sees the kneeling Nickie turn as Money Shoes first leans to raise the hem of the pink uniform then smiles in spotting Nickie's excited erection. He next lowers his zipper.

"May I suck your cock, sir?" comes the rote response to the offering.

Money Shoes nods and smiles as without hesitation Nickie resumes fellatio on the massive organ of Alonzo 'Money Shoes' Whitmore. In exposing Nickie's neglected stiffness, he taunts, mocking his cell mate in imparting the message that what Nickie gives he will never in turn receive.

But how is it that Nickie finds stimulation in orally serving the male? He was far from being homosexual before entering my chamber. It was only our convincing methods... unending physical and mental duress... that have brought Nickie to so much enjoy tenderly giving, providing and nurturing the erect penises of his fellow inmates.

So as I lead Sammy away, he is in appalled wonderment over the curious relationship and what appears to be Nickie's dire need to offer joy.

But his curiosity will soon find satiation. Yes, he will learn to be a giver, provider, and nurturer... but only for me.

"You seemed amused by Nickie's tumescent reaction, Sammy. Did you think he would be repulsed in sucking your little cock?"

"Yea, he liked it."

"You will learn to like it too, Sammy. I am going to train you to like it. Only you'll not get hard like Nickie. That will end for you."

"No!"

"Oh yes, Sammy. It's already started. As small as your penis is, it will get smaller every day. And while Nickie's trained tongue was able to get it to stand that will become more and more rare. I'm going to transform you to think and act like a little girl... a pretty maid... just for me... and anyone else I'll command you to serve."

"I won't do it!"

"You protest... you refuse... but I am the one holding the leash and you are the one most obediently following."

"That's only because I am chained and it hurts not to obey."

"Yes, and you'll always be chained. But soon the desire to impart joy will override your need to avoid pain. That you will be learning here."

With that, I silently lead an erect Sammy, if the tiny organ can be so described, past a dozen or more cells receiving gawks, much laughter and jeers. Sammy blushes delightfully, his grimaces in response to sharp tugs bring smiles as my sense of authority and need for control is assuaged. Finally our journey ends as my free hand opens the electronic lock on the door leading to my deep chamber.

"Come, Sammy. When you next exit this door you will be completely changed."

Chapter Thirteen

My chamber is comprised of a main room... quite large and well equipped... surrounded by a dozen cells. Currently six are occupied, each containing one belligerent inmate, or in Bobbie's case formerly belligerent inmate. It is possible, and diabolically intended, that my charges can peer across the open main room and view each other. Thus, a recent arrival such as Toby can observe others in various stages of being broken... the likes of Bart who remains incorrigible but stiflingly well restrained ... and the likes of Bobbie whose will is thoroughly shattered and is nearly ready for his new home in cell block C.

In the main room there is a wicked combination of torture equipment and exercise equipment, which for the well bound and underfed inmate the latter ironically leads to further torture.

All chastisement, and training, is slow and seemingly endless, time being of no consequence in my cavern of gloom and despair. Thus the torture equipment is designed to impart mental stress as well as the physical. The intent is to mold the minds more than break the body, though the two go hand in glove.

Yes, we can stretch, twist, push, pull, squeeze any number of limbs, organs and appendages... and we do, the cries of anguish, the pleas for mercy only add to the delight of tormenting those deemed most truculent.

For the inmate, it is as if he has been tossed into an unrelenting machine, designed for complete transformation... an industrious assembly line in which the feral male beast enters and a most accommodating and effeminate kitten exits... with occasional production rejects such as Bart.

The first, and probably the highest, hurdle to surmount is to have the inmate agree to Nurse Lenita's training. One cannot learn to properly suck a stout penis if there is resistance. One *can* be forced to offer anal sodomy but such compelled penetration leads to visits to Dr. Mildred's operating table for sutures and weeks of undesired recuperation. Thus resistance there is also best eradicated with training again required to teach the bestowing of the most pleasure.

And so for the truly belligerent, breaking the will, all desire and natural predilection to resist, requires harshness and the proper disposition: i.e. abject cruelty, on the part of Nurse Lenita and myself.

We are sadistically implacable when it comes to tormenting the male; true joy is experienced in encountering he who says 'no' but will soon be squealing a pleading 'yes'.

"Come, Toby. I'll need you to lie here for me."

It is the matronly voice of Nurse Lenita. She has unlocked the heavy barred door to Toby's cell and extended his waist chain, simply rehooking the long and thick tether to links further along the length. Thus when she pats the top of a flat padded table, Toby can labor to comply, legs straining to obediently hobble in propelling over one hundred pounds of restraining iron shackles.

"Tummy down. Be a good boy for Nurse Lenita," she offers in a soothing matronly voice, knowing that the weeks of emotional duress have altered Toby's mind to that of a child.

Yes, having agreed to transformation, the daily torture no longer endurable, Toby will complacently lie wherever his nurse wants him. And on the first day of this phase it is prostrate on a table where the woeful Toby has so often observed Nurse Lenita ply her craft.

"Will it hurt?" he inquires in a most pitiful boyish voice.

Nurse Lenita smiles comfortingly.

"Everything we do here hurts, Toby. You're here to learn obedience... and to learn to give, provide and nurture. Pain is a very efficient motivator."

Toby lies as instructed. Nurse Lenita encircles various limbs with ineluctable, broad nylon straps making her charge one with the table. To bring complete immobility, lastly, two special nostril hooks, each hanging from a beam above, are inserted into Toby's nose, the connecting cords then

tightened. The evil bindings serve to both force his face up and mandate breathing through his mouth.

“Open wide for me.”

What choice does Toby have but to comply, Nurse Lenita fitting between his open lips a common dental tool... a molar mouth gag. Within seconds her deft hands have the device perfectly positioned and locked to hold open the mouth of even the most unwilling patient.

“This is the first of many daily sessions, Toby. No one leaves here with the annoying ability to bite. That’s forbidden.”

And so begins an hour or more of brisk filing, strong knowing hands energetically working to wear away incisors and bicuspid which could damage the precious appendage of Toby’s forthcoming cell mate. Molars will remain, obviating Toby’s ability to even clamp with his gums and smoothly flattened front teeth. But as with Bobbie, his ability to resist being orally penetrated will be eliminated. Within a few days my fingers will most facilely slip between his closed lips, just as I playfully demonstrated moments ago.

The mental side of the transformation is as important as the physical. Knowing that there can be no opposition to a stiff marauding penis further breaks the will. ‘Resistance is fruitless... therefore learn to suck and enjoy’ becomes the shrugged reaction of the capitulating male.

Soon, Toby’s throat will be tantalized by the tip of one of Nurse Lenita’s many dildos and he will helplessly have to accept the penetration.

My role is to emphasize the psychological side of the process. Thus as Nurse Lenita’s hand and arm works with the fervor of a concert violinist, I stand to the side and feign offering comfort.

“You’ll soon be offering exquisite blow jobs, Toby. The male best understands how the penis is sucked. Think of your newly found talent and what you’ll be offering your fellow inmates. Such giving... and the ability to provide such nurturing tenderness.”

“Ugh, ahhh,” comes the indiscernible reply, the only response possible with the dental gag forcibly holding open his mouth.

I do hope those are not words of contempt. But it matters not at this point.

So I gently toy with an ear, soon to be pierced, then stroke his long locks... soon to be bleached to an ostentatious blond. Then I lean to whisper in his ear.

“And you’ll look so pretty in pink...”

Chapter Fourteen

Toby's furrowed brow, evidencing the concern of his permanent dental modification, reminds me of Sammy's initial visit to my chamber and the duress applied to bring his concurrence to undergo Nurse Lenita's handwork...

"It's fucking dark," Sammy aphoristically blurts.

"You'll learn to get used to it... along with learning silence."

In not yet having Sammy wired, his troublesome mouth continues to utter the objectionable. But he'll soon be finding that the programmed voice inhibitor will provide first annoying then debilitating zaps of electricity with the slightest sound. Electronics can be marvelously impersonal, each and every one of my pets trained methodically and relentlessly to be speechless unless I want to hear something... like a plea or a compliment.

Down the steps, lower and lower, the psychological effect begins to overwhelm as one senses, especially when shackled and chained, that the earth is accepting his forcibly humbled body into its bowels... that entombment looms. And sure enough, Sammy's blatant remarks cease with the cognizance that in addition to being restrained in metal, I will be holding him in a place frighteningly secluded and secure. It's all about control... I have all... and he has none... and the stark reality ironically blossoms in the darkness.

Into the electronic key pad I enter the code in the last door. It creaks open and I pull the leash. Sammy now most humbly shuffling, the light clinks of his fine chains bring amusing contrast to the heavy clanks of the iron worn by my charges.

"My chamber, Sammy. I work here every day to assure troubled prisoners are transformed to good boys... in your case a good girl. How are your testicles? Do you feel any discomfort?"

Having for many days been squeezed into the inguinal canals, I know our procedure has deadened that upon which the male relies to define his gender. So making the little nuts disappear is an important first step. The next step, rendering such useless, requires time... weeks... and lastly, chemically altering his hormonal balance takes a little longer. All will come, yet the psychological barrage is just as important as the physical transformation. This little miscreant will be trained to serve me well. But I will enjoy the process as much as his resulting servility.

"They're okay, I guess," Sammy responds in a more civil manner, the reality dawning.

I look back to note the meek look of awe on Sammy's face. In surveying the equipment that is used to stretch, twist, push, pull, and squeeze, he thinks he has been reeled back to a more bleak period of time... the inquisition... and in a way he has. But we do not extract confessions of heresy here... we impart obedience. Since we torture while the others watch, all the required apparatus is intentionally placed in plain view of the cells. Thus he gawks. But since he will have much time to later contemplate, I divert his attention.

"I don't want my little maid having balls, Sammy. You'll know they're there... but no one else."

I laugh evilly in planting the thought.

"I have a nice cell waiting for you, Sammy. Small and dark and without bedding. But you might earn a blanket with a few days of proper behavior."

As I lead my prospective maid to his new home, the door lock clicks. Nurse Lenita enters, bearing the devilish smile which induces the inmates to cower.

I unhook the leash as my white uniformed compatriot steps forth to assure Sammy feels properly bound and restrained. First, as in every cell, a wall chain awaits, to be connected to his waist belt. It is long and, as noted, slack can quickly and easily be adjusted, shortened to greatly limit his movement even within his tiny cell, or conversely lengthened to permit Lenita to lead him out into the main room for exercise and torture.

As opposed to the slim, more decorative chains adorning Sammy's body, the wall chain is of

thick black iron. It clanks wonderfully with every movement and is ponderous, constantly reminding the inmate that he is well restrained and confined. It is also superfluous. The locked cell... the locked chamber... multiple barriers and walls preventing escape from the prison above... all assure thorough incarceration. But the mental reminder of the constantly restrictive chain adds a degree of zest to my recipe of complete restraint. And the fact that it can be lengthened or cruelly shortened at our whim underscores the control factor. I have had large, physically imposing but unruly men beg for just a few extra inches in order to foster restful sleep after hours of being forced to stand.

I move outside the cell as Nurse Lenita locks the chain and adjusts the length to provide Sammy just enough slack to move about within his new home. Then the wiring begins and I explain as Nurse Lenita works.

"A sensor is affixed to your collar, Sammy. Any sound made is recorded and will bring you a computerized response... perhaps a shock to your nipples... perhaps a shock to your penis. You've been spared jolts to your balls," I mockingly add.

"We will seek to instill obedience here, along with your concurrence for certain modifications... permanent modifications. You will offer such... every one of my boys does. Thereafter you will acquire this charming need to give, provide, and nurture."

As I speak, the nasty serrated nipple clamps and connecting horizontal chain are removed and replaced with smooth, more gently tensioned clamps which over the long term are much more tolerable except when experiencing a transmitting corrective charge of electricity. Next a metal loop is slipped around Sammy diminutive penis. Knowing fingers work to tighten an adjustable bolt in preventing its removal and then an assemblage of wires is attached to each of the three receptors. With hands and arms remaining bound behind his back, with the wall chain inhibiting his movements, Sammy will not be able to disconnect from the computer.

"Nickie, Money Shoes's bitch, actually got that little penis to stand, Lenita. Cute, but better increase his dosage. I want that thing used to empty his bladder... and for my amusement... not his."

The devilish smile returns, Nurse Lenita reposing on the process which Sammy will undergo.

"Easily done, Mary. He's going to be one docile boy this one."

We both laugh as I turn to grab a remote control.

"He's going to my girl actually."

"No more talking, Sammy, I am activating the speech inhibitor."

With a simple press of my finger, there will be no more profanity tolerated. The reaction time of the computer is instantaneous... and the shock level increases with any continuing attempts to speak, with a fully worded sentence physically impossible to complete.

"No food for two days, Lenita. Exercise him well. Then make him grovel for any sustenance. The usual stress positions as you deem necessary."

And with that, Sammy enters his new world. Silence, darkness, grueling exercise, food only when beseeched, endless stress positions to be endured at Nurse Lenita's whim.

But most distressingly, Sammy will watch his penis slowly shrink. And with Nurse Lenita having to tighten the encircling penis receptor every day, the diminishing status of the organ will be come disconcertingly apparent.

Chapter Fifteen

Having worked her hands and arms to exhaustion, Nurse Lenita pauses to declare that Toby's dental transformation will continue tomorrow. There is no rush. Still the lower incisors are practically indiscernible and my white uniformed colleague smiles as an index finger smooths over enamel filed to uselessness.... flattened to the gums. Tomorrow the upper teeth will meet the same fate.

"Now you know why we offer mush here, Toby. No more big hungry bites for you," I declare in assuring that there is full cognition in understanding the cruelty of our modification.

Alacritous hands release the many straps and Toby is returned to his cell. As I click on his speech inhibitor, Nurse Lenita moves to the next cell and unlocks the formidable grid of iron.

"Come, Pattie. Time for your strappado."

Pattie, formerly Patrick J. Lemington, a dismally unsuccessful thief, cowers in hearing the words. Still there is no place to hide... no place to run... not even words of protest or pleas to be rendered. Pattie engaged in a fight with an influential inmate, one known to have political ties and considerable money. He unfortunately won the fight, but ultimately lost the battle as he will soon be feasting on the penis the man who was conquered in the fisticuffs.

Yes, unruly behavior brought him to my lair, but bribery will effect his release... to become the bitch for the mobster with whom he dared to tussle.

Nurse Lenita enters the cell and adds slack to the waist chain. She then gruffly pinches his nostrils and leads him from his cell gripping his nose. I graciously turn off his speech inhibitor so that jolts of electricity do not add to his discomfort as the pain of Nurse Lenita's tugging fingers bring reactive grunts.

"Please no more strappado. I'll be good," lisped words meekly dribble past missing teeth.

"You'll be both good and endure strappado, Pattie. You wouldn't deny me the entertainment would you?" my voice calm and irritatingly smooth.

The experienced Nurse Lenita callously continues, having heard so many pleas and protests over her years. And I join in her glee, observing the daily comeuppance of the hardened criminal.

Two blocks of wood await Pattie's feet in commencing probably the simplest yet most grueling long term torture. Despite his reluctance, Pattie knows there can be no resistance. He steps up to stand about six inches above the stone floor. Nurse Lenita attaches a hanging rope to his cuffed wrists then releases them from the back of his waist band. She coos words of comfort as she pulls to raise the rope, forcing Pattie to bend at the waist, tugging firmly until he stands on his toes.

In ancient times, the torturer pulled until his prey was completely suspended in the air, eventually dislocating the arms in excruciating agony and eventual death if a confession or other desired information was not forthcoming. Here at Hempstead we are not that cruel... but only because it does not serve our interests to maximize the agony so quickly. We prefer to put Pattie through long term, more moderate strappado... day after day after day.

"I let you file my teeth, why do you do this?"

Attempts to seek rationalization I always enjoy handling. Though there are reasons for what we do, it is not of interest to have the inmate understand. His role is to merely endure, to the extent possible, while Nurse Lenita and I ply our craft and achieve our goal... breaking the will... mentally, physically, emotionally. Understanding does not foster the humble and abject compliance we demand.

"Oh, Pattie. We're just two girls having a little fun. You wouldn't deny us the enjoyment of using your fine naked and bound form?"

Yes, Pattie is ours... unfortunately choosing to harass the wrong inmate. In being young and strong he provides a satisfying level of amusement... especially since the young and strong break so slowly... requiring day after day of Lenita's 'therapy' and my 'counseling' before being ready to unite

with his cell mate in sexual subservience.

There come gasps and moans as the slow agony of strappado begins. Encumbered hands and wrists held high above... bent at the waist... standing on toes... the blocks mandating that his feet remain well parted.

“Careful not to fall off the blocks now Pattie. It’s not a long fall... but it would be most painful,” I both remind and taunt.

Tears begin to flow so quickly with strappado. It is amazingly effective torture... slow... seemingly interminable... one’s own body delivering the pain with well tethered limbs being stressed and tensioned in a direction and manner most undesirable.

So I casually dab away the moisture, my pleasant aloofness augmenting the intensity of the suffering. I look about and smile in seeing that Pattie’s torment has captured the attention of my other charges... all standing within their cells and watching with ambivalence... glad that it is not their form undergoing Nurse Lenita’s extreme duress... but most disconcertingly knowing that their turn will come.

“Would you like to take Nurse Lenita’s dildo, Pattie? You know our pretty boys in pink need to be anally trained. We like a boy to have a pliant sphincter but also able to offer tightness in bringing pleasure to his cell mate.”

I pose the suggestion as a question, knowing that Lenita is busy lubricating a sizable cylinder of firm but flexible rubber and that Pattie’s puckered backside will soon be offering itself with or without his consent.

Yes, in standing on the blocks, Pattie must offer to return the thrusts which serve to enthuse and titillate the sodomite. Attempts to avoid Nurse Lenita’s penetration, inadvertently stepping forward off the blocks will increase the already intense agony in his shoulders, arms and joints.

“Yes, I think you want to please us, Pattie. I think you want to show Nurse Lenita what a wonderfully trained rectum you’ve developed. Yes... so proud.”

As I taunt the gloved hands of my nurse cohort approach. The length and girth of the dildo replicates the size of his forthcoming cell mate. The hem of Pattie’s pink, sleeveless uniform will be turned up daily in offering his anus for vindictive assault. And he will most ironically learn to enjoy it.

“Relax for me, Pattie. Let’s take all nine inches now...”

The gloved left hand first cradles the dangling testicles then grasps for leverage. The right hand impales the gluteal cleft and the entire length instantaneously plunges into a well trained sphincter. It is amusingly pliant to Nurse Lenita’s challenging thrust.

“My goodness Pattie, this is getting so easy...”

I stand before Pattie looking down at a blushing face, the humiliation apparent. With arms akimbo, my devilish smile broadening, I bend and chuckle evilly in seeing Pattie’s neglected penis begin to stiffen. Despite the pain... despite the ignominy... despite being trussed naked before two women, Pattie’s prostate sends signals of joy in feeling the curious pleasure/pain of anal penetration.

“So... squeeze on each thrust for me, Pattie. We want you to maximize the pleasure for your new boy friend...” Nurse Lenita cajoles.

Meanwhile, I slip two fingers past Pattie’s closed lips, highlighting his modified and missing incisors. Gone is any inclination to bite or attempt harm. Pattie’s mouth is about as dangerous as a girl’s pussy... and just as able to offer pleasure.

Chapter Sixteen

Forcing upon Pattie the combination of physical pain and mental stress overwhelms the psyche... as intended. Physically, Nurse Lenita has him orally and anally prepared to offer pleasure, to become the male whore of cell block G. Still with his protests, however docile, he's not ready for pink. My charges must learn to enjoy their role, to genuinely revel in offering themselves for another's pleasure.

And so, as Nurse Lenita's gifted left hand releases her controlling grip on Pattie's scrotum, I watch with satisfaction as she locates the erection spurred by her anal penetration. With the months of chastity, with the impaling dildo, Pattie has firmed nicely for me. Despite the pain and discomfort, his male barometer suggests that attention is needed... and he shall receive it... to a point.

Yes, in reinforcing the role to be fulfilled by Pattie, Nurse Lenita will offer a teasing hand job, rewarding Pattie's neglected pecker with a delightful but unfulfilling stroke whenever he properly contracts his sphincter in a humble offering of joy to the sodomite. Never brought to climax, but enough relief to momentarily counter the unending agony of strappado.

"Good boy, Pattie. I don't know whether you suck the best or offer better anal delight. Your cell mate will be pleased. And what is it you're to say to him?" I prompt in continuing the onslaught of brainwashing.

Nurse Lenita releases her grip on the erection as I slip my fingers from Pattie's mouth in order to permit speech. There comes a grunt as her knowing hand glides in the dildo and twists. A lungful of air is inhaled as the dwindling male pride is cast aside and the prompted words are humbly offered. Pattie knows what I must hear if Nurse Lenita's gratifying hand is to return.

"May I suck your penis, sir?"

"Very good, Pattie," I compliment with a smile.

Nurse Lenita's hand indeed returns to offer both a rewarding stroke followed by a suggestive wriggle of the dildo to knead the prostate. The six important words will be forever ingrained in Pattie's psyche... a small prize to counter the unending torment, to be provided for each meek utterance... conversely there is punishment for failure to vocalize whenever prompted. Since Pattie's strappado session will continue for hours, with occasional relief offered whenever accruing numbness threatens to impede the slow building agony, my mind wanders to Sammy as my relatively passive role with Pattie is to merely intensify the humiliation by observing.

"No food for two days, Lenita. Exercise him well. Then make him grovel for any sustenance. The usual stress positions as you deem necessary."

Yes, food can be quite the motivator. I had Sammy merely locked in his cell to begin. No food... hour after hour of dark silence... chained to stand on one foot then the other... within the tedium, horrifying moments of activity as he watched my various charges being tortured, bringing to all the need to wear pink.

Water and anti androgens comprised Sammy diet for two days. And he imbibed without a word of protest, the debilitating zaps of the speech inhibitor working perfectly.

Finally on the third day, Sammy was offered a nice bottle of gelatinous glop, high in fat and loaded with hormones... those not normally produced by the endocrine system of the male. Nurse Lenita fed him like a child, holding the bottle high above his head as he partook, underscoring his complete dependence on his female keepers. He essentially sucked from a baby bottle... and most comically he did so ravenously. Nurse Lenita sensuously toyed with his nipples as, with hands and arms remaining useless, he imbibed an entire pint of the glop he has come to savor, that which keeps his hormone deluged body nice and soft and cuddly for me – butter fat loaded with estrogen.

With his deadened testicles no longer functioning to produce testosterone, with the anti androgens overriding what testosterone remains, the special formula is well absorbed and quite effective in inducing the transformation I seek... that I demand. With his short waist chain inhibiting

exercise, I am plumping my serving girl. As stated, physical transformation and mental transformation go hand in glove. For Sammy to think like a girl, he must look like a girl.

And the level of frustration is palpable. I can just look at his face and know that, absent the speech inhibitor, some stream of filth would pour forth in protest and in some form of verbal assault. Yet I am patient, knowing that the depleting testosterone level will temper the male aggression... and that the female hormones will bring confusion to a psyche born and raised male.

Sammy is helpless to resist Nurse Lenita's efforts to introduce elements of femininity... brushing and styling the lengthening hair... rudimentary manicures with bright pink nail polish. For applications of lipstick and mascara, a convenient hand mirror brings looks of shock as Sammy is forced to peer at himself, rhinestone ear studs glimmering in an otherwise dark and drab cell.

As a highly trained psychologist, I watch his reactions carefully. Immersed as he is in both feminine control and feminine cosmetics and baubles, within a few days there is detected an odd sense of esteem, newly found, as the mirror is again held before him. On this occasion I turn off his speech inhibitor.

Nurse Lenita's right hand gently caresses his empty scrotal sac as her left holds up the mirror. Sammy smiles in sensing pleasure from his new erogenous zone, the hairless puff of pink coming to symbolize my control and his modification. But the smile is more than that of feeling fingers where his own touch has been denied.

"What do you see, Sammy?" I inquire in my soothing but controlling voice. "The speech inhibitor is off. You may speak"

"Showy ear piercings, eye shadow, the shade of lipstick is too dark and my hair needs better styling."

I laugh. It is so telling.

"We can get it coifed, would you like that? Would you like to look like a girl for me? We have fun making our little girls look good."

Then Sammy's reaction warms my heart. He blushes. The hormonal imbalance has addled the mind.

"I don't know. I just think the lips should be brighter... and the hair..."

He stops, appalled with his own words, the nascent girlish thoughts being most transient... for now.

I just smile most coquettishly and make a show of turning back on the speech inhibitor.

"We'll speak more. There's much time for me to learn your thoughts. Any more aches from your testicles? Been nearly three weeks since you last saw them."

As I speak, my hand smooths over the pubes area, right and left of his tiny penis. I can feel the modest bumps where his testicles now reside in the inguinal canals. I am thrilled to note how snug such have become in their new home... and how seemingly limited in size. Can they be shrinking already?

Knowing that a verbal reply will bring a nasty zap, Sammy shakes his head. No aches. And I must note that there was not a word of vitriol expressed during his few moments of permitted communication. He is acclimating well to my control.

Yes, Sammy is beginning to become curiously vain about his appearance... something that will add to his distress when Nurse Lenita begins to imbue oral skills. Getting a male to properly suck cock is easy once the homophobia is shattered. After all, who better knows to pleasure the penis than a member of that gender which has one. But teaching attentive cunnilingus to a young gutter snipe such as Sammy can be a daunting task... for both teacher and student.

Sammy will become most distressed when his make up smears and his long locks become wet... but that's another part of the story.

Chapter Seventeen

Pattie's long ordeal... hours of standing on toes, perched on blocks, arms and shoulders tensioned, forced to simulate pleasuring Nurse Lenita's dildo and accept my taunts... finally ends. I am amused to see him led back to his cell with a rock hard erection left unsatiated. Still, he is learning that the only possibility for a sensation that could be termed pleasure is to offer himself... and whenever appropriate to utter those six magical words.

So my day ends and I leave it to Lenita to lock away my charges, turn out the lights and thus immerse my miscreants in distressing darkness. In ascending the stairs from my chamber, my morning stroll comes back to mind. A certain inmate in block H cell 224 made rather frisky comments and needs a smattering of behavior modification. So I visit a burly guard and issue commands. My word is sacrosanct at Hempstead Penitentiary.

"There's a recent arrival in your block, cell 224. Depants him and cuff his wrists behind his back. The usual behavior modification. Just remind me in a couple of days so he won't get that virgin sphincter humped too many times."

The guard smiles, evidently confronting the troublemaker before but frustrated in not being as empowered as me to counter his annoying antics. Now he is.

Whatever the inmate's name is, he will face a few days of absolute terror as he will interact naked from the waist down with hardened convicts who have little compunction about demanding anal sex. And with wrists bound, he will not fend off any of the unwelcome advances.

Dr. Mildred may have more suturing to perform...

Hunger will force him to compromise any revulsion he has about offering his backside. When I have an inmate partially denuded and so placed in restraint, it includes mealtimes. So I imagine he will need to bargain for assistance in obtaining sustenance. And in forcing him to negotiate... the warm tightness of his gluteal cleft for a spoonful of prison fare... his crass behavior will be tempered.

I continue onward to my apartment and am pleased with the polite greetings and glances of respect and awe. With a prisoner in pink assigned to almost every cell block, all are aware of my influence... my governance. And in cell block H, there will be especially continued respect with the departed and newly humbled inmate of cell 224 demonstrating the magnitude of my power.

The electronic lock on my apartment door clicks and I know the sound will summon Sammy from the state of semi consciousness which the stressful long term suspension brings. The thought of my little girl helplessly hanging in wait stimulates. With the arousal of observing so much male torment... the pleas... the humble entreaties... having spent an entire day wielding unfettered power... I need satiation.

Into the kitchen, I find that Sammy languishes in his tight chain figuration, hanging from wall hooks, toes just able to alleviate some of the burden of his many bindings. The interminable force of gravity has slowly worn away any remaining fortitude. As he rolls about his head in stirring to wakefulness, I note the basin on the floor has neatly captured his excretions.

"May I please be released, Dr. Dawson?" a humbled voice beseeches.

I smile with the sound of the meek, high pitched effeminate voice. I reach out to caress a nipple, the deluge of female hormones making the perky nubs beckon for constant attention.

"Have you enjoyed your restraint, Sammy?"

"If it pleases you, Dr. Dawson, then I have enjoyed it."

My smile broadens with the perfect answer. My hand teasingly glides down the smooth naked hairlessness. Soft, inviting, the thought that Sammy's form is molded at my whim makes me feel like a accomplished sculptress. Then I note... is it possible that the emaciated penis is firming in a humble greeting?

"What do you think about while enduring the many hours of stress and torment, Sammy?"

With my question my fingers move to the barely discernible bumps at the pelvis bone to the right and left of his penis. Beneath are the male eggs positioned there by Dr. Mildred's firm fingers so many months ago. Smaller and smaller each day, his encapsulated testicles shrink along with his appendage. I smile in noting that he does not react when I press firmly. His reproductive organs are dead and his tight cremaster muscles will most likely never relinquish their grasp on what formerly defined his being. Now I define it.

"I think about you returning, Dr. Mary... and being able to move... so I can please you."

"And if I let you move what will you do?" I inquire in a soothing, alluring voice.

"I will make you happy... as I always do."

My fingers move down to the remnants of the scrotal sac. In having been emptied months ago, the limited puff of flesh, notably small before Dr. Mildred's exacting fingers forced the simple alteration, is tight, more resembling the labia of a young girl than the masculine pouch of the male gender. I toy and draw the gathering of pink flesh away from the base of the penis. It is tight indeed. Without the weight and volume of his gonads, however limited, the flesh there has atrophied, shrinking to a size which would barely accommodate a walnut.

"All gone, Sammy. Nothing here anymore," I pleasantly taunt.

With his male psyche in tatters, Sammy giggles like a little girl... all remnants of male thoughts long ago purged... along with the remnants of what spawned his male hormones... his balls.

"Would you like to wear more jewelry for me, Sammy? I know you like to look pretty for me."

He smiles, proud of the glimmering rhinestone studs in his ears, the utilization of his tongue piercing now most satisfying for him. His free moments are spent prinking and preening, his painted nails coming to symbolize his forced transformation. He wants to look good for me.

"Can I?" he squeals like a girl about to ride her first pony.

"I'm going to make your useless little pouch quite pretty and presentable, Sammy. You'll enjoy showing it off, putting your altered genitals on display."

His look quickly changes to a lugubrious pout. Whereas Sammy is most comfortable in being completely naked with me, he still finds that being forced to display himself to members of his former gender brings distress... wondrous distress. And that's why I so often parade him about the prison.

"Yes, I'm thinking about a nice steel barbell here. Just a single piercing very close to the base of your little penis with a horizontal steel bar thrust through the opening. Then I can hang cute baubles where your nuts once dangled. When you walk about you'll feel them move and forever be reminded of being altered."

To demonstrate, I pinch with thumb and forefinger exactly where the bar will be worn. Sammy's look turns to that of concern.

"Right here," I firmly declare.

"But that's so tight, Dr. Mary!"

Yes, it will be. And I so pinch and describe with exaggerated enthusiasm. The augmentation requires more thought... perhaps I'll have the baubles shaped like little balls. But what I don't disclose to my little maid is that the jewelry will be both functional and precautionary.

Yes, in penetrating the scrotal sac I will have him pierced high and tight... close to the pudendum... impeding where the inguinal canals exit the pelvis bone. The short steel bar will very effectively prevent his deadened testicles from ever descending back into their adult abode. Any additional trinkets will be superfluous but decorative... yet serve to further highlight his forced modification.

"Perhaps I will have you belled... like a cat. Your little pouch will tinkle and everyone will see that I had you altered..."

I pause. The thought intrigues, but I must consider the annoying tintinnabulation while I sleep.

“Can I please be released?”

Yes, it is time. I slide away the basin and push back the small stool. ‘Poor’ Sammy has lingered for many hours in thorough restraint and I should take pity. Besides, I want to feel his tongue.

Chapter Eighteen

As I sit, Sammy kneels and tugs at my right boot. His effort is pusillanimous, all male brawn having been suppressed through insalubrious diet, minimal exercise and a barrage of feminine hormones. Still his soft fat-enveloped form struggles admirably, eager to assist me in disrobing as I wind down from a long day. So I sip my wine and watch as the naked hairless form works, chains clinking, endeavoring not to break any of his well polished nails.

I lean and playfully tweak a nipple. He squeals delightfully. I am going to have him lactate for me at some point.

“You’re eager, Sammy. I noticed your tiny penis seemed a little plump before I released you.”

Sammy sheepishly smiles, finally removing the right boot and dutifully moving to the left.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Were you thinking of me? Is that what caused that petite thing to try to harden?”

My question brings silence. Sammy’s cerebral skills have very much been hampered by the curtailment of testosterone. There is no flow from his testicles and the effect of what little his adrenal glands secrete is subdued by the anti androgens. This leaves my daily cocktail of estrogen and progesterone free to bombard his cognitive abilities, a system born male but confused in being chemically transformed to female.

The result is a mind searching to be molded... probably to be compared to that of a pubescent girl... and here I sit relishing the challenge.

“I think you need to be milked, Sammy. I’ll make an appointment for you at the infirmary.”

“Will I be allowed to play with it?” Sammy bashfully inquires.

“That depends on the nurse. If you’re a good little girl she may enjoy watching you attempt to masturbate.”

Obviously Sammy is never permitted to touch himself, his wrists and arms constantly restrained when left alone, and those hands are certainly kept busy in my presence. Still, the male predilection for the stroking of the penis can be amusing, particularly when a despondent Sammy begins to realize any effort is for naught. The look on his humiliated face when his fervent strokes lead to nothing more than continuing flaccidity can be priceless.

As stated, the slowly shrinking appendage plumps slightly... nothing more. And in having him milked, I assure that he never feels the ecstasy of even a dry orgasm. Climaxes are my domain!

As my left boot slips off, I stand so that Sammy can dutifully remove my skirt. In being sans undergarments, he will quickly reach his goal, that which he has learned to savor, and that which brings envy. My genitalia are fully functioning and Sammy’s cunnilingus is superb, yet seemingly improving. As I sit and spread my thighs in welcome to that pierced tongue and those ardent lips, I recall his early training in the depths of my chamber...

Yes, Sammy’s teeth were filed. He accepted his fate quicker than most, his male fortitude eroding as quickly as his testosterone level. I wanted him defanged, no incisors to be near my precious clitoris. And besides, at Hempstead Penitentiary, all the inmates placed under my tutelage are destined to offer fellatio. The warden insists. So the mouth gag was meekly accepted and within days Sammy’s toothy smile was transformed into an toothless grin.

After Nurse Lenita’s attentive dental work, cunnilingus training begins, interspersed with the standard torment to break the will. One of Nurse Lenita’s favorites is to hang Sammy upside down, a position not easily attained with the large, physically imposing brutes with whom we normally deal. With Sammy’s lithe form strung up by his ankles, feet widely spread to best display that empty hairless sac, it is most facile to restrain him until upon command, he urinates on himself. An amusing trick... with no specific purpose other than to demonstrate our total control... and our caprice.

Then the more purposeful training comes with a large bowl of water and the resolve that two

women of authority can muster in altering the thinking of the belligerent male.

Strapped prostrate to Nurse Lenita's table, Sammy's face hangs over the front edge. Inches below is a glass bowl of water large enough to accommodate his head. Sammy's hair is drawn back in a ponytail, a style his transforming psyche deems unbecoming.

"Now, Sammy, as you know you're going to learn to give, provide and nurture. And one of the things you will learn to provide is oral gratification."

I lecture as Nurse Lenita dons elbow length latex gloves. The first lesson is nothing more than breath control, teaching Sammy to cede all thoughts and the need for something as basic as air to his governing women. For this key training session *we* decide when Sammy will breathe. In the ideal scenario, while performing orally, distracting pauses for oxygen do not occur. An impractical fancy we realize, yet in making Sammy cognizant, he will learn to subordinate his needs, in this case a very basic need, to the pleasure of his superior.

"And to offer proper oral gratification, the way we teach it here, is to be very aware of something as annoying as breathing," I pedantically continue.

With that, the right hand of Nurse Lenita grasps the pony tail, the left hand presses the top of the head and Sammy's face is firmly guided into the bowl of water below.

With his entire form well strapped... arms, legs, torso... with Nurse Lenita's significant leverage in standing above, with Sammy's weakened condition in having limited nourishment for many days, resistance is indiscernible. The neck muscles can counter neither the physical force nor the feminine resolve in completely immersing the nose and mouth of our budding cunnilinguist.

As Nurse Lenita's left hand moves to the cerebral cortex, I smile with the meek reaction... and continue.

"Obviously you must hold your breath, Sammy. Just relax, we have not drowned anyone yet, though on occasion resuscitation is required for those who don't obey."

It is Nurse Lenita's province to permit Sammy's next breath. When will it occur? When will Sammy feel the grip slacken, the pressure on his head and neck ease? The thoughts are superfluous. He does not need to know. He must learn instead to humbly lie and let Nurse Lenita decide when another life sustaining gulp of air will rush past lips and throat and reflate lungs slowly depleting of air necessary to stay alive.

But with Nurse Lenita's knowing hand palpating the neck at the cerebral cortex, she is expertly judging the process... assessing Sammy's needs and deciding when to alleviate the forceful pressing of her hands... to finally offer much sought relief.

"Do not push back, Sammy. We'll decide when to pull up your head. Any resistance will be countered. You're to let Nurse Lenita keep your face in that bowl and not move... not a trace of motion... not even a flinch."

Despite my words, the natural struggle for air begins, thereafter Nurse Lenita knowingly holding down his head for a silent count of five. Then she slowly pulls, the deliberation demonstrating her control, until the face of a gasping Sammy appears. It is a primal response yet one which we will vanquish.

"Oh, Sammy, you resisted," my tone one of concern. "That means just a little longer interval with the next dunking. Time to be added with each instance of challenging Nurse Lenita's governance. You're to hold your breath and patiently wait until she permits you to breathe."

Sammy gulps air, the energetic gasps causing water droplets to spew about while the gloved hands maintain their grip. Within moments, Sammy still trying to catch his breath, his face is firmly and slowly immersed again.

"Now be obedient. You're to learn that breath control is our province... as with everything else concerning your existence. Oxygen is something bestowed... yet easily denied."

Nurse Lenita grins wickedly. She inherently knows how long Sammy can comfortably be denied

air, and with each dunk she will take him a few seconds beyond that period, then mercifully relinquish her grip time after time after time. By day's end, an exhausted Sammy will just lie with face immersed, his mind blank... patiently... meekly... humbly awaiting the caprice of Nurse Lenita's hand in offering to him what in a prior life he had assumed was his to take.

Chapter Nineteen

The warm wetness of a long and sensuous tongue brings my thoughts to the present. My well trained maid knows to begin slowly, outlining my outer labia with slow swishes of that pierced and stretched pink appendage.

I sit in my special chair and lie back, the soft velvet, the thick foam padding beneath seeming to swallow my half naked form. My blouse remains but I know Sammy likes to look at my breasts, warm and inviting, particularly for a tormented altered male who has spent a grueling day of... well a day of nothingness. In awaiting my return and gracious release from bondage, Sammy's addled mind has focused on this moment for hour after hour. He both relishes and envies feminine softness which arouses and captivates his psyche. In time his encumbered arms will reach forth and, to the empowering sound of clinking chains, he will gently unbutton the plain white cotton to reveal breasts of size and firmness. He will gaze in awe until I nod in granting permission to suckle.

Guests would never imagine the utility of my living room chair. Sammy's kneeling form fits perfectly between two small foot stools where I prop my feet, my legs bent at the knees, my pudendum presented at the edge of the seat to an oral servant trained ad infinitum to please with tongue and lips. Sammy does not waver... and he savors my taste... not a drop of nectar to escape his pursed lips.

Trained to bring forth a flow of moisture before delving, my arousing day in the discipline cells really makes his foreplay unnecessary. Still, the routine is ingrained. And it is exhilarating to know that his physical alteration, in addition to week after week of training, is solely for my pleasure. He lives for no other purpose than to kneel as he does now... and to warm my bed.

The bulbous tongue piercing slithers inward as I feel my tender pink lips being engulfed. Simultaneous penetration while sucking on my labia demonstrates the dexterity, if the term can be applied to oral endeavor that I have imparted onto Sammy. In forever denying his gratification, mine becomes paramount. I do believe he can vicariously feel what I feel. And after being suspended on the kitchen wall, strictly bound, he celebrates his freedom, as intended, by offering such exquisite homage.

My sigh of joy brings delight to Sammy as well. I had his tongue pierced in a manner to specifically complement my feminine anatomy. With its length, he can curl it upwards to knead and caress the urethral sponge. There it ardently swirls. Within moments his mouth will move higher on my mons and begin the gentle assault on my clitoris. Larger than most males understand, the vestigial female penis can receive the equivalent of fellatio from a properly trained cunnilinguist. What is needed is time, patience and the insatiable desire to properly bring engorgement. Sammy has methodically been imbued with all that is required.

So I sit back and toss off a mild orgasm or two, sipping my wine and patiently letting Sammy be Sammy. He has no other purpose. He lives for nothing else.

And most satisfactory is his breathing. Slow, barely perceptible, when he does find the need to exhale, it is as Nurse Lenita instilled. No rush of air. No distracting wafts of coolness. Nothing will divert my attention, interfere with the wet warmth that my humble servant offers, which his governess deserves.

Yes, as Sammy slowly moves to tantalize my clitoral hood, my mind reverts to those days in the discipline cells...

Within days it becomes curious to see Sammy begin to tremble in just watching Nurse Lenita fill the water bowl. Day after day of dunking, breath control was only the beginning. For after he learned to docilely allow his face to be immersed, the next step was to impart tongue and lip training. Yes, various implements are placed in the bottom of the bowl and Sammy is trained to assimilate oral service while holding his breath.

Nurse Lenita holds his head, a knowing hand always at the cerebral cortex to judge muscle response where the mass of dendrites, ganglia and nerves collect. After many episodes, there is no longer felt the normal resistance, a reactive spasm however ineffective, in attempting to ward off the sense of drowning. The methodical intensity of our training, as intended, overrides a basic human trait... an inherent fear has been trumped... the defensive reaction to perceived drowning. He capitulates to Nurse Lenita's authority. We are in total control.

So Sammy learns to retrieve items from the bottom of the bowl with his mouth then patiently wait until a governing feminine hand slowly permits exit. My hand extends to a dripping face in accepting the offering from Sammy's lips. Despite the dire need for oxygen, there is no animated exhibition in exhaling. It is slow and unnoticeable. Conversely, when he inhales it is equally slow and imperceptible. As stated, there will be no distracting wafts of air to disturb my oral pleasure. Sammy learns to breathe for me... not for himself.

The fact that his oxygen deprived brain makes him woozy is irrelevant.

An orange, a slit cut into the peel to simulate the feminine portal, proves to be the ultimate challenge as Sammy learns to thrust his tongue past the opening and extract the succulent pulp... and to do so while his face is immersed. After many weeks in my chamber, the sweetness derived is allowed as a treat, the prison fare served being bland and tasteless.

Yes, the tongue and lips work methodically, with no discernible panic for air. There is complete trust that Nurse Lenita will permit oxygen at some point. But most importantly... it is at the moment of her choosing... not Sammy's... and he knows to continue his simulated oral endeavors until feminine caprice allows what the mind and body crave.

When not trained in the bowl, periods of being hung upside down include stretching of the tongue... various weighted objects easily attached to the piercing at the tip. It makes a boy almost grateful to be returned to the solitude and darkness of his small cell after hours of being so uncomfortably orally trained.

Yet, the psychological modifications are as important as the physical. Sammy's will is becoming completely subordinate to the superior female. The basic act of breathing becomes something bestowed... not to be assumed. Something exchanged in return for his newly found propensity to give, provide and nurture.

With his cunnilingus perfected, it becomes amusing that Sammy's sole objection to his treatment, at least the only one we permit him to express, is the need to draw his lengthening hair into a ponytail. In becoming more and more aware of his appearance and the desire to be presentable, the style is considered infantile. It is adorably cute that he wants to look more mature for me... like a woman.

Nurse Lenita begins to offer simple make up kits. During the endless hours while we torture other inmates, Sammy experiments in his dank cell, using the few hours of light to apply rouge, eye shadow and the like. I compliment as one would encourage a little girl, puberty bringing forth the need to look more alluring... knowing that it is not the manifestation of nature's hormonal change being witnessed, but the transformation forced by my hand.

Yes, those bumps at the pelvic bone, initially foretelling of the stuffed inguinal canals, become less and less apparent as the testicles wither and the mind is deluged with feminine thoughts.

And I have not heard an expletive in many days.

Chapter Twenty

With engorged clitoris drawn completely into the mouth of my oral servant, my thighs clench as he both sucks and swirls on the extremely sensitive morsel of femininity. I gasp, my lungs groping for air as a wave of ecstasy overwhelms. I know that I have erupted, my attentive pet bringing forth the mystical gush of female ejaculate which culminates, for now, intense cunnilingus.

“Enough,” I simply command in cloaking my quavering voice, feeling his tongue and lips work to indulge in my abundant moisture.

My eyes close in the glow. My grip slackens and my hand relinquishes the wine glass as the warmth of Sammy’s mouth humbly retreats in response to my command. There comes the gentle sound of clinking chains, so warming to a woman of my predilection. I feel ruffling of my blouse as encumbered arms rise. Caring hands release the buttons. My well trained servant parts the folds of my sole garment, careful to push the cloth over my shoulders and avoid touching nipples brought to heightened sensitivity.

“So eager to suckle, Sammy. Just look for now.”

I open my eyes to see my envious pet indeed ogling the massive expanse of my chocolate hillocks. With my hormonal release, I can feel the room air waft over my pointing nipples, presented at eye level with his kneeling form. Yes, Sammy wishes he had breasts. His make up, coifed hair, bejeweled ears, manicured nails all evidence the transformation I forced upon him. With the daily deluge of hormones I know his own mammary glands ache, longing to grow and plump.

My depleted energy returning, I sit up to slide away my only garment, presenting a view of my entire nakedness to he who adores. For Sammy, it is a treat... frustratingly incomplete... a brief lick of a candy bar... but a treat all the same.

My hand then moves to that barometer of male lust... Sammy’s one time barometer... now plundered of normal function. The tiny appendage seems somewhat firm. I toy, heartlessly caressing. I tease, knowing it is as best an attempt at achieving an erection as he can muster. It is pitifully impotent. But in being brought to capitulation by a woman... this woman... its physical feebleness enthralls.

“It seems to have swollen, Sammy. But it is so difficult to tell,” I taunt. “What do you feel?”

I inquire knowing the answer, but my psychological expertise demands that he vocalize his frustration. I so much enjoy learning of his mental torment.

“It feels good when you do that. And I want more... but...”

“But what, Sammy?”

“It’s confusing. I want to come for you... but I can’t. It’s like I want to sneeze...”

“But you cannot. Why is that, Sammy?”

I smile. A normal male would relish a woman’s fingers playing there. For Sammy it brings anxiety in not knowing how to react or what to do. It is a priceless moment. He knows that though it feels good, nothing climactic will happen... ever again. He is to remain unsatiated for the remainder of his life.

“It’s because a woman has had you altered, Sammy. It must seem quite humiliating. I have taken away all male pride. And now you so much enjoy being a girl.”

I casually laugh as my hand moves lower, tweaks the empty scrotal sac to emphasize my point then slides beneath to caress the perineum, a remaining erogenous zone. I again tease. With his eyes intently glaring at my breasts I know what he wants. But I withhold. He sits up as would a begging dog. I enjoy the mental torment... and my enjoyment is paramount.

“Do you like being a girl, Sammy? Looking, thinking and acting differently? You don’t say nasty things any more.”

“I guess so, Dr. Mary. I like being with you. But not...”

I smile in perceiving his mental turmoil. He is no longer a man, yet he struggles with his budding femininity. There is the curious bond between eunuch and the emasculating female, almost as if I possess something of his that I can return. Thus the affinity for being in my presence... the envy over my roundness... alluringly feminine but supremely firm and powerful.

“Not what, Sammy? I will not have you suckle until I have an answer.”

“I don’t like being with men... the other inmates.”

“But you know how much I like showing you off. And the prisoners so much enjoy getting there penises sucked. You’re quite the cocksucker, Sammy. You know the male organ better than any female. And paying such homage is good for your humility... kneeling and opening your throat to a real man... servicing a penis that hardens and explodes. Yours never will and I want you constantly reminded of what I have taken from you. And every one of my pets has known the taste of sperm, Sammy. You’re no different.”

It is true. There is something triumphantly exhilarating in forcing a male... one time male... to humbly kneel and offer fellatio. It’s the ultimate in empowerment... that in which I revel... and the more reluctance Sammy exhibits the more I feel the glow of power, control and governance. Every transformed maid serving before him has so entertained me... and with equivalent reluctance.

“But what about me? Will you ever let me harden and explode?”

I laugh callously with Sammy’s questions. His look changes to one of dejection as I heartlessly snicker.

“You’re done ejaculating Sammy. I’ve had you fixed... like a puppy.”

My insouciance evolves to pity as I note a tear forming. I lean forward and raise my arms. A thumb brushes away a rivulet then my hands fold at the back of Sammy’s well coifed head.

“Oh, Sammy, go ahead and enjoy. Maybe I’ll have you grow your own breasts. You’d like that wouldn’t you.”

I need no answer as I draw Sammy’s face to my bosom and that long alacritous tongue begins to dance on my right nipple. Despite having climaxed thunderously just moments ago, I feel renewed wetness as my pet’s tongue works to restore my lust.

Sammy has been meticulously trained to service all parts pink. Though delightfully confused concerning his retrogressing gender, he knows to please.

I lower my head to whisper in his ear. He listens, his lips continuing to suck without interruption.

“Would you like to wear more metal for me, Sammy? I will make your breasts pretty and I think Dr. Mildred may have some ideas about making them grow... nice and round and plump.”

In hearing a girlish squeal of delight no further words are necessary. I have my answer.

Tomorrow I will contact my ex con metal worker... he who fabricated all of Sammy’s chains. With the required measurements remaining on file, a rather cruel and unorthodox training bra will be worn by my pubescent maid.

“Your wondrous tongue has exhausted me, Sammy. I won’t need you in bed tonight.”

His tongue pauses with the dismay. When denied the privilege of warm sheets and soft mattress he is suspended to sleep, if indeed somnolence is attained.

Chapter Twenty One

Eating a resplendent meal... well deserved after a long day of tormenting... brings not only nourishment but amusement.

Sammy has outdone himself in cooking under my supervision. He eats not, just savoring the aroma of roasting meats. He bakes as well, ironically never to partake in his own fare. Food... fresh... abundant... well prepared... is only for me. Or an occasional guest should I be desirous of more refined company and vanilla sex.

It's all part of the ongoing climate of supremacy upon which I insist. Constant denial... in every imaginable form.

While I eat I have Sammy on the floor balanced on his knees. His elbows are connected behind his back, a simple matter of clipping together his arm chains. To such I have hooked his ankle bands. This forces Sammy's feet off the floor and offers a curious yet mild stress position. As stated he kneels, but without use of his arms, hands and toes... and with his feet raised off the floor, he struggles to balance himself on his knees... a feat requiring considerable effort. It reminds me of a dog laboring to stay upright on its hind legs.

I sit and eat, imbibing a second glass of wine, scanning the evening newspaper. I have donned my flowing white silk robe, disappointingly covering the body Sammy lusts for. There is curious dichotomy as I sit clothed and totally relax while a naked Sammy exerts, utilizing so many tiny atrophied muscles in staying upright.

"What would you think if I had your nose pierced, Sammy?" I casually inquire in masticating a succulent bite of tenderloin.

"A nice steel ring. I could simply hook it to an overhead cord and it would help you stay balanced for me when I bind you like that."

There is no reply; I am sure the thought of the stabbing pain of a piercing needle is rattling his psyche.

"Of course it would very much add to your punishment for failing to maintain your balance. If you toppled over... your nose would be tensioned... an instant zing of pain where there are a lot of nerve endings. And it would add such simple control... to be bound in place and held immobile by such a small trinket adorning the very tip of your nose. It would not take much of a cord to do the trick..."

"I'd look funny, Dr. Mary," Sammy breaks his pensiveness to reluctantly respond.

I smile with the thoughtful reply. Sammy is becoming more and more cognizant of his appearance. A curious feminine pride is forming. Pierced ears are stylish and therefore acceptable. A pierced nose is too avant guard.... not at all considered dainty by his transformed anima.

I put aside the thought. With Sammy's entire form enveloped in chains there is no shortage of places to leash him and bind him. When I walk my naked toy, the added nipple clamps bring the obedience I demand. He follows like a well trained puppy. Yet, I will keep the alteration in mind.

"Carrot?" I inquire.

Just as with pets, I keep Sammy's 'people food' to a minimum. He's got his special fatty, hormone laden glop... his only real meal. Still it is fun to observe as I extend my hand, the steamed slice of orange vegetable offered just beyond his reach.

"Come, you can get it."

The neck cranes, the tongue thrusts outwards... extending amazingly... and I chuckle as he carefully shuffles forth to greedily capture the parsimonious offering. Finally my fingers feel warm wetness as his tongue curls around the slice and draws it inward to ingest. He eats with his gleeful face demonstrating his gratitude.

“Must I be suspended, Dr. Mary?”

“Yes. I like you that way. When I don’t need to feel your tongue and lips it is best for you to suffer. It brings humility.”

“But it’s so... so...”

Again, Sammy’s befuddled brain cannot facilely find words.

“Tedious... painful... frustrating... humiliating?” I offer.

With the barrage of descriptive terms Sammy nods while straining to maintain his upright posture.

“That is best for you. And it pleases me... so it should please you as well.”

“Yes, ma’am,” a dejected Sammy reluctantly agrees.

Finished with my meal I rise and nimble fingers quickly release the ankle bands and disconnect the elbows.

“Clean up. And don’t touch yourself.”

I move to the living room noting the look of gratitude on Sammy’s face. To be permitted to move about, though merely fulfilling his role as maid, is amusingly refreshing for him. That’s the attitude I desire instilling and have successfully done so.

I recline on the couch, digesting a delicious but modestly sized meal, finishing the paper and listening for any telltale clatter from Sammy’s chains. I have gotten to know the sounds of mischief versus that produced by way of attentive kitchen duties. Should the desperation of his permanent chasteness bring attempts at masturbation, however futile that may be, I will recognize the sound of the resulting fervent rattling. And he knows it is against the rules, the punishment for violation thereof being a visit to my chamber and ardent ‘counseling’ with Nurse Lenita.

It becomes time for exercise. I call out to Sammy and move to my den, really a small gymnasium. It is stuffed with the machinery needed for basic aerobics. I enter and shed my covering of white silk. Sammy obediently follows, gathers my robe to dutifully hang it while copping lustful glances of my nakedness. His dejection is evident when he hands me my sports bra. I don the covering to strap down otherwise cumbersome glands which would flop about while on the treadmill or working on the abdominal machine. Sammy hates the confining/concealing garment, yet assists in fixing the straps. It is restricting yet functional and I otherwise remain nude from my torso to my toes.

Having been freed of bondage while preparing my meal and cleaning up, I deem that Sammy has been permitted enough movement for the evening. I push him to the wall and it requires mere seconds to restrain him there using the chains at the biceps and thighs. Not overly stressful, since he will have a long night in suspension I am merciful.

When I workout it is quick but with zeal. I attack the treadmill for a brisk two mile jog. This brings a good sweat which I maintain while pounding through various exercises on the Nautilus machine. Glancing at Sammy as he gawks brings a knowing smile. The source of envy changes from ogling my voluptuous curves to idolizing the display of feminine puissance... something that his altered form, chemically and physically, can no longer muster.

In finishing, I approach... naked feminized male, half naked governing woman. I am coated in perspiration, beads of sweat dripping from my tightened stomach to thighs which, in flexing, the underlying muscles have swollen to create an impressive display of my power. Sammy appears hungry... for more than sustenance.

“Should I use a towel?” I tease my well bound pet.

He smiles impishly, tugging against his chains in futile eagerness. I know what he wants.

“Okay, but just for a few moments. It is late and I am tired.”

I unclip his bonds. Sammy immediately falls to his knees. That trained tongue extends and licks clean my feet and ankles, the perspiration gathering there before finally rolling to the carpet.

It is a treat. Sammy so much enjoys my taste.

As he works, I unhook the sports bra. The firm glands beneath will provide him with his last few tantalizing licks before I shower and suspend him for the night.

Chapter Twenty Two

“Please, no, Dr. Mary. I have been good. And you had me hanging on the wall for you for hours.”

Oh, it is so heartwarming the sound of the effeminate, high pitched voice vocalizing such pleas.

“I am tired, Sammy. Your tongue was quite pleasing. I need to rest and you know how deeply I sleep knowing you’re well bound and safely tucked away.”

Yes, safe is the appropriate term when suspending my helpless feminized male. Though Sammy’s many links make the endeavor effortless, I have a special configuration which not only makes long term suspension easy and comfortable, it also assists in his slow emasculation.

“Come, up on your stool,” I pleasantly command.

Sammy knows to obey. Correcting trips to my chamber are rare for him, but never forgotten. So he reluctantly steps up on the low stool at the end of my bed. Awaiting his naked hermaphroditic form is a collection of strong nylon straps. Not as gothic or symbolically evil as chains, hemp rope or leather but safe in being able to bear much weight without stretching or abrading the skin.

“Can I look at you?” comes a last request from the condemned.

The humble request brings a smile. Yes, sometimes I will tether him facing away from the bed, a configuration that frustrates and tantalizes in knowing that I sleep naked and though mere feet away he cannot visually savor my feminine form.

“Be good and you’ll look at me. But I will hood you with the slightest sound.”

“Yes, Ma’am. Thank you.”

Sammy knows to be reticent as I lower two broad straps attached to an overhead horizontal brass rail. The length of metal appears to be a decorative part of my large four poster bed, but is really more functional in being able to support many pounds. From behind, one soft but strong length crosses over his left buttock, slips between Sammy’s thighs then curls up across his pubes where a clasp at the end hooks to his waist band just above the left hip. The other strap is similarly configured but over the right buttock and curls up to attach above the right hip. Two smaller straps unfurl downward to be hooked to his neck collar right and left.

It requires just seconds to secure him then slide away the stool. The straps then tighten to accept Sammy’s girlish 125 pounds.

“Comfy?” I smilingly chide in checking his bonds.

He swings about freely, the thigh straps bearing most of his weight. The neck collar straps bear the remainder and provide balance. In satisfying myself that nothing pinches or impedes with circulation, I take the time to connect smaller restraining straps to his arm chains, immobilizing his hands. Straps hanging from the posters right and left are quickly hooked to his leg chains. This not only adds a degree of restraint, forcing apart those effeminate thighs, but also inhibits noisiness and substantial movement within his bonds. Overall, the many straps provide Sammy with a sense of thorough bondage.

I step back in a final inspection and my smile broadens. The method of restraint is perfect for long term bondage. But with the thigh straps crossing the pubes to attach at the hips, Sammy’s weight will cause the broad lengths to compress those two shrinking lumps at the pelvic bone right and left. Yes, being pressured are the inguinal canals where his testicles reside, the little eggs which at one time served to define his gender.

So really my long term suspension not only binds but also slowly promotes his alteration, the heat and pressure serving to advance the process of complete emasculation.

“Feel anything down there, Sammy? Any dull ache?”

I am gratified to see him shake his head in response. Those little nuts are dead. Still, there is evidence of maleness as I spy that little pecker firm, no longer appearing as a wet noodle but instead

as more of a small sausage. It will never again erect to the point of carnal usefulness. But the tension of the neck collar on the spinal cord still fosters that curious male response. It is amusing for a woman of my propensity, bringing forth what Sammy cannot otherwise achieve. With Sammy's arms well tethered, his priapic reaction is merely for show... my entertainment. He will not touch his penis without female supervision.

Sammy's final restraint is most cruel, but it must be done. Altering the male is an ongoing process. Thus a slim cord from the overhead brass rail is unstrung.

"Tongue," I command.

The long pierced pink appendage is dutifully thrust a full three inches past his lips. I quickly wrap the tip with the cord, the exhilarating bulbous metal bauble along with it, and tighten. In order to minimize the discomfort from such slow agony, Sammy will relax the muscles that control the tongue. What so fervently swirls against my urethral sponge and stimulates my clitoris will lengthen. Not enough to measure, but over time, that which pleases me will be conditioned to please even more.

"Night, night," I coo as if putting to bed a child, diddling the plumped penis with the tip of my finger.

With that I step to the bathroom, give myself a quick post work out douse in the shower then turn out all the lights and slide into bed. As I pull the covers over my naked form, I look up to see Sammy's head cocked as best as he can manage, an adoring look of envy glowing in the luminescence of my clock radio. I will sleep most soundly as a hapless Sammy just hangs, waiting for exhaustion to finally bring more of a semi conscious state than true slumber.

But overall, the occasional night spent in suspension is good for him. It humbles wonderfully and in the morning he will be eager to serve between my buttocks after my nimble fingers flick the clasps to release him. Yes, he will very much want to move that tongue.

With the long day of tormenting the male beast and my brisk evening workout, somnolence quickly overcomes as my pretty, well-secured maid remains motionless and therefore completely silent. When not in suspension, sometimes the clatter of his chains, though reassuring for a woman of my predilection, can bring restlessness as he moves about under the covers of my bed, paying homage to my cocoa flesh.

But not tonight. No, tonight I will just sleep.

Chapter Twenty-three

“Go get your nipple clamps. I am walking you to the infirmary. That’s final”

He pouts like a child. He’d stamp his feet like a petulant little girl but for the fact that in his complete nakedness the sound would be ineffectual in proclaiming his protestations.

Sammy’s penis, really his clitoris at this point, has been leaking annoyingly. The production of sperm has long been curtailed, but that useless prostate gland continues to meekly ooze secretions of clear viscous fluid. It is now superfluous... and messy.

He drools like a dog... and he will be leashed like a dog.

“You’re to be milked. That’s final.”

He’s cute in expressing his misgivings, bringing forth my rebuke, but rarely enough to earn a trip to my chamber for more stringent counseling.

The demanded implements which augment his chains are retrieved. Deft fingers knead his effeminate pink nubs. The sentient flesh is easily worked to crinkled hardness. Then comes a howl as clamp number one finds the very tip of the right nipple, the most sensitive of places. I knead the left clamp again and this time a gasp expresses the extreme displeasure. The connecting horizontal chain is attached and I leash my little pet for his walk. At the elbows, I clip together his arm chains, pulling back at the biceps and making his hands useless. Lastly, I add a short hobbling chain from ankle to ankle. It is for presentation and image, symbolic really, more than for restraint. The leash suffices for control purposes. I just like seeing Sammy make all those quick dainty steps which bring forth the satisfying clatter of his many bindings.

Sammy not only objects to trips to the infirmary, but he also dislikes being displayed to the general prison population. With the hundreds of priapic males having spent many years of collective incarceration, something as lithe and pretty as my altered servant brings much lustful stirring... a reaction in which I revel and in which Sammy is repulsed.

Yes, with Sammy’s diet of fat and female hormones, limited exercise and the slow withering of his testicles, a soft layer of subcutaneous fat covers his entire frame and has caused to develop buttocks treasured by the sodomite... and we certainly have any number of those here at Hempstead Penitentiary. Amazingly, his weight remains about the same. For every pound of muscle mass lost, it seems there has been gained a pound of smooth rounded softness which even the homophobe will find attractive. And his collection of fine chains? Well, as stated, it beckons visions of a harem slave girl, bringing further lustful thoughts to the frustrated virile male.

And of course with his exposure, prancing about naked on the end of leash, there are opportunities for Sammy to allure and practice his fellatio. No inmate ever turns down an opportunity to receive oral pleasure, normal male homophobia long having dissipated in desiring to address unsatiated needs.

So it’s out my apartment door to walk the many corridors lined with stowed miscreants.

Sammy knows to heel, watching my booted feet and humbly reacting to my movements in following two steps behind and to my right. Though he has protested I must note that the little minx has outdone himself with his make up. His hair is shoulder length and well groomed. And those hands, though entrapped behind his back, demonstrate his recent propensity for manicures and glossy nail polish.

In being placed on display before his lustful colleagues in crime, the little trollop doth protest too much.

There are many offerings of ‘Good morning, Dr. Dawson’ emanating from inmates whose respect I have earned by more than the transformed male I lead about with my leash hand. They have seen or interacted with the many prisoners in pink. Thus their voices are humble and they cower.

I am feared. At a whim it could be one of them descending the stairs to my chamber.

With the distance to the infirmary requiring a substantial walk, I look back to see that Sammy is marvelously bashful in displaying himself. He is as coy as a pubescent girl. Some of the younger inmates, their juices always flowing, peer at him lustfully through the bars. But for my leash, Sammy would run and hide like a scared kitten. The thought empowers deliciously.

Perhaps a demonstration of such is in order, a simple gesture of noblesse oblige.

Block C, cell 16, a young inmate of color gawks. It is evident that he admires this 'sista' but as I approach his eyes divert to my naked and leashed pet. Though I know him to be a recent arrival, and therefore not yet overly hormonal, I detect a telltale bulge under the otherwise loose folds of his prison uniform.

I pause, drawing a very shy Sammy to the bars. His eyes turn sheepishly downcast as he is forced to stand, well restrained and naked, governed by a woman, before what would otherwise be a peer had I not had him altered.

With the proximity, the prisoner now gapes, forced to visually examine my harem slave. Though my clothed and curvaceous form attracts, Sammy's effeminate nakedness distracts... and obviously arouses.

"You're new. What's your name?" my authoritative tone of voice immediately establishing control.

"Maurice Williams, Dr. Dawson."

"You know my name. That's good. Then you must have an inkling as to my role here... and my power."

The lad gulps. He is apprehensive. It is apparent that despite his recent arrival, he has witnessed some form of interaction with a prisoner in pink. I smile in noting that despite his anxiety, the bulge in his trouser grows.

"Yes, ma'am," comes his humble reply, his eyes glued to my blushing pet.

Oh, the eidetic male mind, so easily aroused by graphical imagery. Sammy's limited mammary glands belie his otherwise completely feminine form. His pinky finger exceeds the size of his penis, further confusing the gawking Maurice. I smile as I feel a rush of power, pulling the leash to have Sammy press his nakedness against the bars of inmate William's cell.

"A better look, Maurice?" I tease. "Sammy here needed to be taught some manners. A rather nasty mouth was quite insulting so I had his words tempered. Altering him facilitated the process. He's my little lamb now. Aren't you, Sammy?"

I jostle the leash to apply a jolt of agony to the nipple clamps. Sammy grimaces and reluctantly replies.

"Yes, Dr. Mary."

I laugh most callously. A bit of a dramatic show for inmate Maurice Williams, but it is always amusing to bring pain to the vulnerable. It is enjoyable caprice.

"I enjoy governing males, Maurice. Probably something you have already come to learn. And you seem to enjoy observing my power as well."

I glare at the bulge in his pants. His penis has further stiffened with Sammy's proximity. He becomes taciturn, a shy boy, in realizing I have noticed his reaction.

"Drop your pants. Sammy wants to see what is causing this odd protrusion. Permitted covering, there would be no similar tenting in his garb."

Maurice is refreshingly hesitant. I furtively wish he disobeys so I can have the guards deliver him to me for 'counseling'. But after a pause, a deep mature voice calls out from within the cell. Maurice's cell mate lies supine in the upper bunk, knowing not to near my web of sexual power and intrigue.

"Do it, for god's sake," a rasping voice advises.

I am both disappointed and pleased when Maurice heeds the advice and instantly unhitches the buttons of his prison uniform. Disappointed in that he escaped my web... pleased that popping into

view comes a rich brown erection, the smegma covered tip evidencing that this uncut plaything requires attention.

“Take a look at that, Sammy. Nicely sized and uncircum sized.”

I pull downward on the leash as I speak. Sammy gasps in pain and knows to quickly bend at the knees to genuflect before that which he secretly envies. Rock hard, large, fully functioning... Sammy’s blush turns to a wondrous crimson.

“It needs attention, Maurice. You have not masturbated like the others. And you have not yet shared the cell block’s prisoner in pink,” my voice smooth and irritatingly unctuous.

“You wouldn’t mind if Sammy sampled its taste?”

Chapter Twenty-four

Young... pretty... authoritative... it is a rare combination and we are fortunate to have a nurse with such exceptional attributes work the prison infirmary.

Yes, the pulchritudinous Nurse Cindy is blonde, blue eyed, shapely and though always smiling, quite stern.

“Well, how pretty you look today, Sammy.”

My pet blushes again, smiling apprehensively as Nurse Cindy takes the leash from me.

“Here to get rid of all that nasty goo,” she enthusiastically suggests in using a tone more conforming to a pediatric clinic than a maximum security penitentiary.

Sammy knows to nod. There is no longer defiance in any normal male sense. He may vocalize disapproval, but he will not offer physical resistance. Any such notion has long been quashed by my psychological transformation... and any ability abridged by a body devoid of normal male hormones and the strength instilled by such.

Our petite Nurse Cindy can muster more physical strength than my pusillanimous leashed pet, I am sure.

“Come, up on your table,” the pleasantly refreshing voice commands.

And yes, the infirmary has a special examination table for the likes of Sammy. He is not the first to bear my restraining chains. Years ago Dr. Mildred sensed the reluctance of my feminized pets when placed in public viewing and subjected to humiliating examination. Thus she cleverly devised a special table, its height placing the kneeling ‘patient’s’ torso at waist level with four vertical posts at the corners to assist in restraint.

Nurse Cindy gently pulls Sammy to a waiting step stool. As the small but controlling hand holds him steady, I unclip his elbow bands then stoop to remove his hobbling chain. Then, as always, I am impressed when Nurse Cindy’s hand firmly directs, tugging on the leash, bringing instant agony to oversensitive nipples, assuring in a no nonsense manner that Sammy knows who is now in charge. He steps up rapidly, alacritously assuming a kneeling position on all fours, knowing to widely part his thighs despite the extreme ignominy and discomfort he knows will follow.

“Good boy, Sammy. I’d like to walk you sometime. Would you like that? You so obediently follow your leash,” the nurse’s child like voice adding to the embarrassment.

Nurse Cindy graciously removes the nipple clamps providing welcomed relief. Then she circles the table. The four vertical poles are adorned with numerous narrow straps. It is therefore a simple matter to make Sammy one with the table. The tiny hands work to attach his chains, neck collar, wrist bands, ankle bands, and waist band to place Sammy in the center of a web of strong lengths of nylon. The straps are easily tightened and within a few moments, Sammy is made completely immobile.

“Can you wriggle your toes for me?” Nurse Cindy mockingly asks.

It is a humorous question, posed amongst the nursing staff, in noting that a properly restrained inmate only be permitted the motion of his fingers and toes. And indeed Sammy is so bound. Naked, his parted thighs reveal the remnants of his maleness. His flesh of crimson matches that attained while fellating inmate Maurice Williams, evidencing his deep humiliation in being governed by the slip of a girl, Nurse Cindy.

Though he is to be milked, a visit to the infirmary always includes a complete physical examination. I stand to the side reveling in observing the power exchange as young soft hands begin to palpate, checking for unwanted stubble on a body made permanently glabrous months ago. Yes, Nurse Cindy circles about, her knowing fingers smoothing over male flesh turned to exquisite femininity, her enjoyment of governance quite apparent as she tweaks, kneads and caresses with caprice. At the rear, the withered scrotal sac receives the attention that a commanding woman cannot resist. The tiny pouch is gently pulled and unfurled, its emptiness highlighted as the fingers first role

the skin then press upwards to the entrance of the inguinal canals.

"I know they must be here somewhere, Sammy. But your little testicles are becoming harder and harder to find," Nurse Cindy declares with a giggle.

The fingers move down to that once male appendage, not dangling as flaccidly as usual. Sammy is reacting as I have come to expect from a male... one time male... of his propensity. His organ begins to engorge. Is it the tender touch, the pretty face, the shapely form, the gentle but commanding voice? No, as a psychologist I know instead that it is the odd reaction to the extreme humiliation. For Sammy, it arouses. And despite the onslaught of chemicals, nothing can disguise the proclivity which has doomed him to be placed under my governance.

"I am going to begin nurturing his breasts. Perhaps he will lactate for me," I announce in passing as Nurse Cindy steps away to prepare her nasty implements.

That bright smile returns in thinking about my plans.

"Growing mammary glands on the male is simple. And you'll be able to extract some colostrum I am sure."

Nurse Cindy returns with her tray as she speaks.

"But developing a steady flow will require more than physical effort. He's going to have to want to lactate."

I smile. When it comes instilling motivation upon the unwilling, I do not lack the determination or the skills. Nor does Nurse Lenita.

"Okay, Sammy hold still for your Nurse Cindy," the youthful voice cheerfully declares.

The words are comically unnecessary, as Sammy indeed cannot move more than his fingers and toes. But the warning brings wondrous apprehension in that no matter how many times Sammy visits, his discomfort is palpable.

Nurse Cindy palms the tiny penis with her left hand and draws the tip down and back. Then she slips the tip of a slender steel tube into the urethral opening. Abrading what is probably the most sensitive of flesh, the thin cylinder is well lubricated to minimize painful friction. The right hand knowingly pushes, some three to four inches until a bulge on the tube greets the opening.

"Here it comes..."

The bulbous portion is not easily accepted. Sammy yelps, Nurse Cindy presses until it resides just an inch within the opening then deftly encircles the penis tip with an elastic cord, tying it off to trap the steel tube within the once male organ.

A clear plastic collection vessel is attached to the open end of the tube. What will be extracted from Sammy will be collected and analyzed. Any detectable remnants of male essence... sperm... will be used to determine his forthcoming hormone dosage.

"Comfy, Sammy?"

I smile in hearing a moan in place of a reply. He is not. Nurse Cindy has inserted the tube up to the prostate. In being totally unused for many months I know the neglected male gland is enlarged and sensitive.

"Okay now for the probe."

A smooth and shiny cylinder of steel is lubricated as Nurse Cindy speaks. Describing each step builds the anxiety deliciously. Sammy would squirm, given a moderate degree of slack.

It is ironic that when the normal male has his prostate milked, it can be quite a sensuous and enjoyable experience. Here at Hempstead Penitentiary, nothing we do is enjoyable. And as for sensuous... well I'm beginning to become stimulated. But that won't do Sammy any good.

Nurse Cindy unravels wires attached to the probe. The fingers of her left hand splay the buttocks to more forthrightly display that tight aperture which received so much of Dr. Mildred's attention many months ago. Then the right hand presses the probe to the rectum. With a gentle shove, the shiny surface is slowly swallowed as Sammy's sphincter is impaled with six inches of

smooth well lubricated steel.

“Oh, I think you’re eager for me, Sammy. You’re accepting my probe much better with each visit.”

I move to Sammy’s front. My smiling face provides encouragement. My hands rise and my fingers begin tweaking the nipples. Sammy sighs with the pleasant feeling, his cerebral cortex now overwhelmed with conflicting signals.

“Are you ready, big boy?” Nurse Cindy forewarns.

There is no answer, but I nod. Nurse Cindy, blonde, blue eyed, bewitchingly young and charming, moves to a control box where the wires of the probe terminate. Nurse Cindy turns to me and smiles devilishly. Nurse Cindy aloofly presses a button, sending a debilitating jolt through the cylinder to shock the prostate gland and unused ejaculatory muscles of our well bound naked patient.

The naked form writhes in agony along with emitting a grievous howl. One would suspect to hear such from a victim of mayhem, not a lowly male undergoing the simple process of electro-ejaculation.

“Oh, Sammy, you’re such a little girl. Livestock receive the same stimulation routinely,” I taunt. “Better make sure he’s well cleaned out, Cindy.”

And she does... jolt after jolt after jolt.

Sammy slumps within his bonds. The collection bag has filled. He is easily drained.

Chapter Twenty-five

“Look what I have for you, Sammy!”

My skilled metal working ex con has delivered the finely crafted additions to Sammy’s garb of bondage. I hold up the collection of slim chains which match those adorning his torso, arms and legs.

“A training bra for my little girl,” I enthusiastically declare.

Two large loops of steel are connected by chains, one short, one long. Since I describe the configuration as a bra, it becomes evident to Sammy that the large circles will surround those useless male breasts, to be held in place by chains which will circle his torso and be connected to the two vertical chains running from the front and back of his neck collar to his waist band.

“Come here pumpkin,” I pleasantly command.

Sammy smiles coyly. He is both fascinated and bashfully concerned. Still he knows to obey, approaching on tiptoes, his naked feet prancing like a little ballerina.

“Hands on head.”

He complies and I attach the center of the shorter chain to his vertical chest chain. I then press one large loop against one side of his chest. Centered within the circumference, some four inches in diameter, is his right nipple. I hold it in place then string the longer chain around his back, thread through a loop in his vertical spinal chain then continue around to the left nipple. There the second large loop is pressed against his left mammary gland. The shorter chain dangling at his chest is connected to the left loop to complete the encirclement of his torso.

“Just temporary for now, Sammy. As I expected, it fits perfectly and we’ll have all the connections crimped so your bra will be permanent... just like your other chains.”

I tenderly tweak the nipples, now appearing to be the bull’s eye of two circular targets.

“How does that make you feel, Sammy?”

My question brings a wry smile from my pretty naked and bound plaything. There is mental conflict, the one time male having his breasts so highlighted.

“It feels... well I guess it feels okay.”

“You like it, Sammy. I know your psyche better than you do at this point. It makes you feel quite girlish... like having a real bra. It draws attention in making your nipples protrude and project. And I will have them project even further. Girls like it when men notice their breasts.”

I reach to the box and retrieve one of dozens of smooth, highly polished, metal tubes all with identical diameters slightly larger than my finger. There are some dozen pair, starting with lengths of less than an inch and increasing to nearly three inches. Thinking of the purpose of the finely milled implements brings moisture to my loins. Sammy’s nipples are to be stretched. When the time comes, I want him to be properly milked and well shaped, elongated nipples will abet the efforts.

“You’re also going to wear these, Sammy. Nipple extenders. You’ll feel tension there every moment of each and every day.”

With that I hold up a set of special tongs and push the firm rubber prongs through the hole in the cylinder.

“Hold still.”

Having tweaked and toyed to bring his nipples to points, it is a simple matter to gently pinch the left nipple with the tongs then slide down the tube until it tightly surrounds the entire areola.

In pulling away the tongs, the tip of the nipple remains protruding and the cylinder stays in place long enough for me to quickly clamp the exposed nipple tip. Sammy grimaces but knows to remain still. He understands that both nipples will need to be squeezed into the confining metal cylinders. Thus within moments his right nipple is likewise accoutered in steel.

“Now you are even more aware of your breasts, Sammy. My friend from the jewelry store will be here to pierce you. The clamps are temporary and too easily removed. They will be replaced with

simple bars with 'U' rings which will only be removed with a special tool and only when I need to extend your nipples by switching to the next length of cylinder."

To illustrate the process, I hold up the various cylinders, each longer than the other.

"That one is very long, Dr. Mary." Sammy's eyes focus on the longest, his quivering voice suggesting subtle protest.

I smile. Once again Sammy doth protest too much.

"Stretch, stretch, stretch. So many cylinders to be worn. I want to see you with nice long nipples. I may even have other sets made... even longer. Think how pretty you'll look after I am finished. We're also going to plump your breasts. You'll look like quite the girl with rounded mammary glands and nice long nipples."

Sammy's reaction is priceless. The mental confusion becomes more apparent. He is both eager and wary of my plans. He knows he cannot resist... but deep within he does not want to resist. The latest test of the secretions milked from his prostate showed there to be absolutely no sperm production. And likewise his testosterone level has plummeted to almost nothing. With increased dosages of progesterone, those glands will fatten nicely with the proper stimulus.

"Those large loops encircling your breasts are threaded, Sammy. We're going to attach special devices which I will be able to tighten so that your nipples will constantly feel tension. Also, in time, large glass collection vessels will surround your glands by screwing such to the loops. They will act as vacuums and thus when we remove the air, your breasts and nipples will be sucked. I'll be able to pump you, Sammy. Think about that. And I'm sure you'll like it. I know you want to lactate for me."

Oh, yes, the caprice of my governance is so arousing. I am going to milk Sammy and I am going to enjoy it!

But what most demonstrates my power... I am going to have Sammy enjoy it as well.

The intercom sounds. I press a button to hear the guard at the front gate. His voice blares.

"Visitor, Dr. Dawson. The girl from the jewelry store."

"Escort her to my apartment please."

I return my attention to Sammy. He has moved to a mirror, mesmerized with thoughts of his training bra.

"You remember the girl who did your ears, Sammy. She's going to do your nipples. And I may as well have her pierce that scrotal sac as well. It's not being used for anything. We'll make it look better. Many girls have pierced labia..."

Chapter Twenty-six

“But I don’t want to be belled, Dr. Mary!”

My little minx once again is having a fit, acting like a tempestuous little girl, as I announce a casual stroll through the penitentiary. It is Sunday, and what better day to have my little Sammy offer fellatio to some select inmates with whom I have developed a fraternal relationship. It spreads goodwill, and watching Sammy take some of the largest phalli I have seen deep into his gullet can be most amusing.

With the recent visit of my little friend from the jewelry store, I had him pierced through his empty scrotal sac. A single heavy gauged bar has been thrust through the opening, extending right to left and very close to the pelvic bone. As planned, it penetrates just below the entrance to the inguinal canals. In his hormone induced stupor, Sammy’s addled brain has not realized that the addition seals the fate of his reproductive organs, if such deadened peanuts can be so described. For in gathering as much scrotal flesh as possible then pulling vigorously, the sac was penetrated as close to the bone as possible. In grasping tightly, I assured that my tittering little friend from the jewelry store pierced very high up where the sac attaches to the pubes.

His little nuts will never again descend. The inserted bar pinches the sac, as if someone was gripping it. With the scrotum closed off those now useless male eggs are gone forever, returned to where they first resided while Sammy’s embryonic form ripened within his mother’s womb.

To this horizontal bar we pinched on a metal ‘U’ and used the levered crimping device to press together the open ends. So it hangs below the emaciated penis serving to both make the bar irremovable and as a repository for anything I desire to attach. This morning, it is a sizable bell, its chiming will announce for all the approach of my naked and leashed sucker of cocks.

For some reason, Sammy objects. His reaction is delicious.

“Oh, Sammy, you’re going to wear the bell, you’re going to display your nakedness to all, you’re going to enjoy showing off the breasts we’re developing and you’re going to offer your lips and tongue to whomever I choose.”

I speak as I stoop to clip the tinkling sphere to the recent addition to Sammy’s bondage. The weight, though modest, will remind him of his loss... psychologically disheartening as I intend. His arm chains are already clipped behind his back. His hobbling chain connects his ankles bands. Next comes his new leash.

With his nipples pierced with similar penetrating bars, smaller ‘U’s are attached there as well. Thus to walk him, I no longer have to clamp his nipples. His end of the new leash splits to form a Y that clips right and left to the nipple ‘U’s. Though adding the serrated clamps was fun, I can now much more quickly and easily leash my pet for his walks.

“Come. Lots of penises need your attention, Sammy.”

Out my door, the bell chimes with each step, proclaiming Sammy’s naked presence and rousing from slumber the languorous inmates. For the recent arrivals the display of feminine power shocks and intrigues. Dozens of eyes peer through the steel bars of the cells to inspect, with Sammy’s clinking chains and chiming bell drawing attention as intended. Though he appears incredibly effeminate... lengthy coifed hair, rhinestone ear studs, polished nails, make up.... the close visual inspection brings the cognition that a tiny penis flops about just above the sounding bell. The more veteran inmates smile. The inexperienced display awe. There are whispers and lessons conveyed.

‘It is Dr. Dawson. Don’t fuck with her,’ I imagine is the standard message imparted upon the unaware.

And with the chiming bell comes also the thud of my boots, my powerful thighs pounding out a brisk cadence which also evidences my power and control. With Sammy hobbled, he must take two or three very quick steps to my one. It results in quite the sight, Sammy following along like a little

doggie... two steps behind and to my right as mandated... feet shuffling in earnest... that bell chiming away to draw attention to his comically sized penis. The tiny steps also serve to make those cute buttocks roll most seductively, tantalizing the many sodomites of Hempstead Penitentiary.

The walk also adds stress to Sammy's nipple extenders, the jostling motion making him quite aware that once again he is undergoing a slow transformation. The tubes are small but weighty, jouncing with his many steps. Currently he wears a mere 3/4 inch extender. Within a week I will pry open the small 'U's that make the piercing bars otherwise irremovable, slip away the bars to release the 3/4 inch tubes and replace both with a full one inch length of metal. All skin stretches, and what is nice about the flesh of the nipples is that it is most sensitive and will constantly send signals of slight yet annoying irritation. Sammy will each and every moment of every day feel the power of my controlling hand... and I don't have to touch him or be with him to imbue my authority.

While laboring in my chamber, those times when I bind Sammy to the kitchen wall, special 'stretching tents' are screwed onto his breast loops. The additions facilitate the use of weights in that each nipple is covered by a mesh framework. Thus a cord can be attached to the nipple 'U's, threaded through the point of the mesh tent, and when weighted will tug straight outward, perfectly aligned by the framework and thus speeding the stretching process.

Sammy has come to detest the numerous weights. Really nothing more than fishing gear, there is no limit to both his meek protestations and my resolve as each morning I add another ounce or two to assure we can more rapidly move to the next sized extender tube.

"But it feels as if someone is constantly pulling there," a woeful Sammy will plead as I insouciantly attach the cords and weights.

I just smile, diddle his little penis and stroll out the door, sanguine in knowing that Sammy will suffer for many hours and be very happy with my return.

My thoughts return to the task at hand as inmate Johnnie 'Big Johnson' Romero hears our approach and presses his mammoth form to the bars of his cell. I smile in seeing the caged brute. He is a remarkably violent felon but quite easily tamed when his massive eleven inch organ is kept drained and satiated.

"How's the Big Johnson hanging, Johnnie?" I humorously inquire to spur conversation.

Johnnie, never being one to waste time, silently unbuttons his trousers. I pull downward on the leash and Sammy knows to quietly kneel, press his forehead to the bars and offer his tongue and lips. The Big Johnson is already semi erect. Sammy can be quite alluring for those long kept incarcerated.

Such a pleasant way to spend a Sunday.

Chapter Twenty-seven

“Why are you doing this to me?”

A woeful Sammy looks in the mirror. Ostensibly he complains of his lengthy nipples, now encased in two inch extenders and soon, when I prepare to leave for the day, to be weighted most cruelly.

“I want you to feel like a girl, Sammy. Having you look like a girl with nice long nipples will facilitate that process.”

“But can’t I touch them... just once?”

‘Them’ are his nipples and undersized breasts. As with all pubescent girls, Sammy has developed an adolescent curiosity about certain anatomical parts. The deluge of progesterone has physically awakened those sentient pink nubs. My psychological barrage has likewise brought a pubescent like cognizance to his psyche, bringing awareness to his slow transformation.

“Now why would you need to touch them?” I innocently inquire, reaching forth to ever so slightly brush the most sensitive of flesh, the exposed tips peeking at me through the open end of the tubes.

Sammy squeals with my sensuous touch. His little girl reaction brings a smile and the realization that we’re getting quite close to the next step.

“Come, Sammy. Time to step up on your stool for me.”

Having finished breakfast, Sammy will be bound for the day, idly suspended from the numerous wall hooks to await my return.

As described, the spinal chain near his collar, arm chains and legs chains are quickly hooked and the stool removed. I look down to see the tiny penis quiver as the tension on the neck collar conveys to the male appendage that curious stimulus to engorge. Yet, the tiny strip hardens no more. I have made Sammy impotent.

“Time for your tents,” I succinctly announce.

To the nipple U’s I attach cords. Then I retrieve one of the cone shaped metal implements, resting on the kitchen table. The left cord is threaded through the point and then the tent is easily screwed onto the left breast loop. The right follows and within moments the dangling nipple cords are ready to be weighted.

“Please, not too much weight, Dr. Mary. It hurts.”

“That’s because I want it to hurt, Sammy. It is best for you. You will remember these days of tedium and pain but also the nice change it brings to your nipples. Nice and long. The other inmates will enjoy looking at you. You’ll be a favorite. And soon we’ll begin working on your breasts... you will better be acclimated to give, provide and nurture.”

As I speak I attach various lumps of gray lead to the cords. Though I know it begins a long day of torment, I note that Sammy smiles with my reference to his forthcoming breasts.

“Will I look pretty like you, Dr. Mary? I like your breasts.”

“Perhaps, Sammy. If you’re a good girl and obey the nurses. Remember they’re here to help you.”

Sammy becomes pensive, mentally juxtaposing the grueling days of constant torment under my tutelage... testicles squeezed, daily suspension, now nipples stretched... both psychological and physical stress, with the intended result, a ravishing hermaphroditic ingénue... a sucker of cocks... and more importantly... an energetic lapper of quims.

There comes a gasp as final weights are hooked to the nipple cords. With the clever tents serving to align, the piercing bars will inexorably pull straight outward. The extenders will keep the stretching skin well molded. Sammy’s chest will be donning curious little udders in a few weeks time. And hopefully large well rounded mammary glands will serve as the underpinnings. I detect some degree

of recent plumping with all the hormones. When we begin suction I suspect the breasts will blossom like weeds on a warm Spring day.

“You have a nice day, Sammy.”

With that I reach down to diddle the underside of his penis, bringing a brisance of joy to a nerve center preparing itself for seemingly endless torture. Sammy giggles and I happily note the organ barely responds as would that of an unaltered male. Then I step out my door for my daily ‘commute’ to my chamber, sanguine in knowing that Sammy will slowly suffer, yet be ecstatic to hear the door open at day’s end.

Normally I take a random walk through the dank and dreary hallways of Hempstead Penitentiary, making my presence known and perhaps saying hello to one or two prisoners in pink, just to renew old terror. But on this morning I make a purposeful turn to visit block H cell 224 where weeks before a rather truculent new arrival made some untoward remarks.

There come the usual polite greetings from the knowledgeable inmates, the murmurs announcing my passing through. As I approach cell 224 the attention of the cell block has stirred my once fractious new arrival.

“Good morning, Dr. Dawson,” a tremulous voice humbly greets.

Yes, a week without the benefit of pants has brought new found humility and decorum. For as I step to the bars the handsome form kneels. When I shuffle forth my right boot a forehead aligns with the bars then slides down so a tongue can pay proper homage. Obviously his more experienced cell mate has lectured on the manner in which I prefer to be hailed.

“Got your trousers back so soon,” I note as my boot is licked. “I trust there were no long term problems with the lessons I had imparted.”

“Er... no ma’am,” comes a reluctant reply.

“The fire truck women took good care of him,” a voice from within informs. “Kept him well cleansed and lubricated... and shaved him.”

The gravelly middle aged voice of the cell mate describes the treatment, sardonically adding the detail of grooming. I know without saying that the girls shaved his pubes, wordlessly announcing to the prison population that his semi nakedness was open turf... in a manner of speaking.

Yes, part of the ignominy of my simple but unforgettable lesson was to receive a daily colonic cleansing from the gruff female guards who more regularly tend to the prisoners in pink. However stultifying, there was also the application of abundant lubricant. Yet it is appreciated as anal assault and rape can be brutal, as my Sammy discovered.

“So you took some stiff cock up that virgin butt of yours. How did it feel?”

The young stud seems to ignore my question, licking in attempting to avoid recalling the trauma.

“He’s tight,” offers his cell mate with a laugh. “Or at least he *was*...” the addendum bringing a raucous guffaw.

I see the top of the forehead evidence the intense embarrassment, turning from pink to red.

“What is your name? Can you answer that?”

“David, Dr. Dawson. David Moore.”

“Well, David Moore, you’re much more quiet than before I had you stripped and cuffed. At least that part of your demeanor has changed. And you lick adequately, though I suspect that will improve with practice. Would you like to visit me in my chamber sometime?”

The notion shocks. The tongue ceases.

“No, ma’am, please.”

I lean, ostensibly to whisper but loud enough for the cell mate to hear.

“Then we need to talk. I am paid here to counsel the inmates. And I think you need more counseling. Slide back, stand and remove your shoes, pants and underwear. I want you naked from the waist down.”

My voice is even but firm. He knows I am in charge and the anxiety level rises as the young and handsome David Moore believes he is to be returned to his semi naked and cuffed state. Still he complies, having ruefully learned of my power. I hear his cell mate chuckling from the upper bunk.

“Hands on head. Step to the bars.”

I peer down as the apprehensive David Moore, now exposed from the waist down, approaches.

“Very nice. And you’ve been shaved indeed.”

The removal of pubic hair will continually proclaim inmate David Moore’s humiliating rebuke as his fellow inmates will spy the handiwork of the fire truck women with each and every communal shower. Meanwhile, for me, there is so well presented a sizable penis and nicely hanging balls for my visual inspection.

“Bring yourself up for me. I want your penis completely stiff and you are to stroke it for me nice and slow while we talk.”

Chapter Twenty-eight

“My little girl has nice long nipples now. Very pretty, Sammy. You’re going to turn a lot of heads.”

Sammy is both pleased and dispirited... happy to know that I am enthused with the process of his transformation... dejected as always to understand his alluring nipples will bring further lustful looks and comments when I display his leashed and naked form to the general prison population.

Still, there is cause for celebration as I entertain myself in diddling with nipples which approach, if not exceed, the length of his penis. Yes, I have slipped away the two and three quarter inch tubes and, as Sammy helplessly hangs on the kitchen wall, taken the time to first palpate and then most sensuously toy with my creations. The sense of empowerment enthralls. I feel moisture in my loins knowing that the nipples and glands are being shaped at my behest, under my tutelage. And I am doing so simply because the thought of having such power, however whimsical, arouses.

“This will be your last set of extender tubes, Sammy. Then we’ll begin suction.”

With that the motion of my manipulating fingers changes to emulate the milking action of a dairy farmer. Yes, adorning Sammy’s chest appear not pink nubs but small udders. And the breast loops surrounding his mammary glands highlight the fact that beneath the stretched areolas is a gathering of flesh that has also begun to grow and plump. Breasts!

I giggle with the thought of Sammy’s reaction when his transformed once useless male glands begin to express and let down lactate for me.

Despite the pleasantries, my work day must begin. So I retrieve the tongs, press the two prongs through a full three inch tube, the longest of the set, and gently grasp Sammy’s right nipple.

“Here we go,” I coo as if tending to a child in the doctor’s office.

My fingers having brought the length to the shape and firmness of a pencil, I slip the tube down the prongs and invaginate the entire expanse of pink. Sammy gasps as I slip away the tongs, the tenderness there increasing with the hormonal onslaught. Next the piercing bar is slipped through the opening at the very tip then a new ‘U’ piece is fitted onto the bar. The crimping tool is used to pinch the ‘U’ such that it cannot be removed, holding in place the bar and the ponderous metal tube.

“Can you feel the added weight, Sammy? Sense the stretching?”

My little pet nods. Yes, the nipple will slowly accommodate the extra quarter inch by lengthening even further.

The left nipple is similarly entrapped, the process requiring mere minutes after weeks of practice. Then I add the cords to the ‘U’ piece and thread the end of the right through the tip of a mesh tent. The tent is then screwed onto the breast loop and the left cord is similarly threaded.

“Time for some weights,” I pleasantly declare in reaching for the many lumps of gray.

“Not too many, please Dr. Mary.”

“Oh, Sammy, it’s your longest set of tubes. The quicker your nipples grow to conform the quicker I’ll have you in suction.”

He smiles sheepishly, the befuddled mind not fully understanding the process and the results I will demand.

With the cords tugging away, many weights attached and swinging on the loose ends, I playfully push about as if tending to a child on a playground swing. The centrifugal force increases the tension and brings a moan, making Sammy attentively aware of the attachments and the effect of such on his anatomy. Though there appears to be a degree of remorse, I know that just as with his body, his psyche is being altered to please... and to please me.

He wants those nipples to stretch because *I* want them to stretch.

“Got to go, sweet thing. I have to tend to something in the infirmary.”

With that I step out the door to leave Sammy to a long day of nothing other than sensing his

sensitive pink skin being molded to my whim. Slow tedious suffering. It is best for psychological subordination.

Yes, business awaits at the infirmary. I know at this hour Nurse Cindy has inmate David Moore strapped down naked, awaiting for my arrival and that of my piercing friend from the jewelry store. I so much enjoyed his exhibition weeks ago, his obedient reaction to my authority, that I decided to add a subtle nuance to my command.

As stated, my aura is burnished symbolically. The prisoners in pink offering themselves within the various cell blocks... awareness of the terror of my deep gothic chamber... displays of Sammy's well controlled nakedness during Sunday strolls through the facility... all serve to highlight my power and bring discipline to the hundreds of otherwise unruly males.

No one dares to cross my path.

Yet, ruling by fear and apprehension requires constant reinforcement. Thus, for example, I had inmate David Moore disrobe and masturbate for me. Yes, as noted, I had him kneel before me while he stoked away. I observed in amusement, giving instruction to add to his extreme humiliation in performing such a lowly act before a woman. Yes, I ordered him to stop... then start again... then stop.

Finally I had him ejaculate at my command. By then some ten to fifteen cohorts watched intently from adjoining cells. The ridicule was most disconcerting for young David. And I had him ejaculate on my boots, the knee high shiny leather gear upon which so many pay oral homage.

"Goodness, David. That was quite the load of spunk. I like males who are full of spunk. And I like watching them rid themselves of the nasty stuff. You perform well for a commanding woman. That's good. We have special roles for boys like that."

As I lectured, I pointed to the puddle of white creamy essence on my boots. When an evil smile crossed my face, David knew to bow his head and clean... with his tongue.

"Good boy, David. I am pleased that you try your best to avoid a trip to my chamber."

Yes, to the laughter of his fellow prisoners David cleaned up the mess I forced him to spew. And I obviously was entertained as well, especially knowing that the depraved scene further manifested my aura.

So, I made plans. A young and impressionable male like David does not need a full term of correcting discipline in my chamber. He will be much more easily molded for my amusement using other methods.

I arrive at the infirmary to see that Nurse Cindy indeed has inmate David Moore under her attentive auspices. Strapped into what can only be described as a gynecological chair, the youth is completely immobile, a condition at which the personnel Hempstead Penitentiary are most adept at instilling. Propped between forcibly parted thighs is a small table on which is a basin of ice. I smile in seeing that lengthy impressive appendage, the sizable penis which so entertained me weeks before, immersed in a slush of ice water.

My David must have complained, for I hear Nurse Cindy counseling.

"It is best for you. Your prepuce will be better presented and you'll feel less pain."

With that, Nurse Cindy steps between the parted feet, reaches forth with a gloved hand and lifts from the basin the comically shriveled manhood of David Moore. I note that the foreskin dons a clamp, apparently attached before being immersed into the freezing mixture.

"See. Your penis has contracted but the clamp has kept your foreskin well presented."

With that, into the infirmary steps once again my tittering friend from the jewelry store.

I'm going to have David Moore infibulated, an ancient practice conducted by the Greeks and Romans to forestall masturbation amongst slaves and athletes. The opening to be made in his foreskin will henceforth bear a numbered plastic clasp, inhibiting erection and to be removed only at my behest. I very much enjoyed watching as he stroked under my command, the way that long thick

organ exploded on my boots when finally granting permission. From now on, that will be his only method of climax.

Chapter Twenty-nine

“It will only be for a week, Sammy. I will visit you and the nurses will take good care of you... if you obey.”

A despondent Sammy lies prostrate on Dr. Mildred’s adjustable table. His many chains have been attached at various points to make him immobile. At the chest the surface of the table has been cracked open so his breasts and attached nipples extenders are exposed beneath. The position affords attending nurses and the good doctor with instant access to Sammy’s plumping mammary glands.

“But why are you doing this, Dr. Mary?” comes another heartfelt plea.

“It is time to bring you to full lactation. Your nipples have stretched beautifully. The glands are ripening and with just a little more stimulus you’ll soon let down for me. And you were caught stroking your penis. You know that is not allowed. I am going to have you punished.”

“Will it hurt?”

“Of course. But more important than the pain of Dr. Mildred’s laser scalpel will be the long term frustration you will feel with me having made that tiny thing once and for all useless... to you. Your penis has two functions, Sammy. With your alteration, one has been denied to you for a long time. And the other, emptying your bladder, will also be ended.”

I reach out to brush away a tear. Such comical sullenness over a soon to be useless appendage.

“But I will use it, Sammy. Once you begin to express milk, I will not be able to leash you at the nipples. You will be controlled and led about by a new handle... with what you once enjoyed so wickedly playing.”

Yes, last night, while relaxing reading the newspaper, I heard some very telltale sounds emanating from the kitchen while Sammy was ostensibly cleaning up after dinner. Something about the combined sound of his scrotal bell and his slim chains, both energetically rattling and ringing, alerted me to his mischief. I quietly moved to the kitchen door to see that he had dipped his hand in the butter and was using the lubricant to fervently try to bring himself off... stroking away at an organ long relegated to impotence. Cute... but in violation of the rules. Left unsupervised for just a few moments, Sammy tried to masturbate, however futilely.

The punishment... urethral reroute.

Nurse Cindy enters wheeling a cart bearing numerous tubes and canisters. Sammy is to undergo a simultaneous deluge of pure fat laced with lactation inducing hormones combined with nutrients known to foster the production of milk. Plus... it is time to begin suction.

“Be a good girl,” I admonish in stepping back to permit Nurse Cindy access.

“Good morning, Sammy. Back with us again. And I understand there will soon be no further need for prostate milking. You’re going to be expressing other fluid for me.”

Nurse Cindy is delightfully pleasant in underscoring Sammy’s fate. She smiles in speaking with a mellifluous voice, her inflection suggesting that my little girl is about to open a birthday present.

As Nurse Cindy verbally encourages I watch as the truly skilled medical professional prepares Sammy for his ordeal. First a rectal tube is inserted and most insouciantly inflated as Sammy groans but dares not protest.

Next that little pecker is catheterized. The inserted tube is special with a dual purpose. But for now it is lubricated and slowly inserted into the urethra. Sammy lurches when the deft fingers feel the resistance of his underutilized prostate. Then the nurse amuses herself in jostling and twisting for a bit before thrusting further to press the tip into the bladder.

“You won’t be speaking for a while, Sammy. Say your last words.”

Sammy has none. He remains silent as the fingers of Nurse Cindy’s left hand pinch his nose for gripping then the right hand pushes a gastric tube past his lips and filed teeth. Sammy begins to writhe and gasp when the gag reflex brings choking. But Nurse Cindy soon has him intubated.

“The nurses are going to be controlling everything that goes in and out of you, Sammy. Your throat, your penis, your rectum. You’re just to lie and let things happen. You’re in good hands,” I lecture.

He has no choice, being quite well bound and naked. But I so much enjoy adding the psychological torment to the physical... that his complete vulnerability be accentuated to a mind made so malleable.

With that Nurse Cindy begins setting up stanchions from which canisters filled with the described fat, nutrients and hormones will slowly siphon into his stomach and colon. When permitted, Nurse Cindy will open a valve to let his bladder empty. But not before letting Sammy lie for hours in bloated discomfort. His excretions will be analyzed and the ingested mixture adjusted accordingly.

Oh, I feel the moisture again begin to flow in my loins. Observing the completely helpless male, soon to undergo one more segment of his complete transformation, brings arousal.

Nurse Cindy opens valves and I watch as a gelatinous white substance flows through the gastric tube and the rectal tube. She adjusts the rate and Sammy spasms as room temperature liquid enters both his stomach and bowels. Satisfied, I hand her the special tool which pries open the metal ‘U’s that hold in place his nipple piercings and extender tubes. Sammy’s chest has been adorned with the longest set, three inches, for over a week. I detect a muffled sigh as hands work to at last slide away the weighty tubes, never to be worn again.

“My goodness, Sammy, such pretty long nipples. Like little udders,” Nurse Cindy declares with mocked enthusiasm, as if the birthday gift of my little ingénue has been unwrapped.

In discarding the crimping device and tubes, two petite hands reach under the table and gently grasp the long pink strips of flesh that I have coaxed to lengths of more than three inches. The fingers palpate and the young cute blonde smiles. Some would interpret her expression as one of pleasantness. But I know it is spurred by wicked thoughts of power and control.

“I can feel a voluptuous layer of fatty tissue forming under these nipples, Sammy. Your breasts are plumping quite nicely. And we’re going to speed the process to bring you seductively rounded mammary glands. You will have fatty liquids forcibly induced which will foster rapid growth. Particularly when I begin suction.”

As Nurse Cindy reaches for two clear glass suction vessels, there comes a gurgle from the intubated throat.

Do I detect an expression of mirth from my little dairy cow?

Chapter Thirty

“You know to lower your drawers in my presence.”

My tone of voice rebukes and the inmate instantly unbuttons while kicking off his shoes. I stand arms akimbo, my confident smile evidencing more than just the routine display of my governance.

I am enjoying myself.

Young and priapic David Moore has been infibulated for over a week and what brings his instant compliance is not so much my commanding voice but the fact that I hold a small set of snippers in my right hand. Within moments he stands naked from the waist down and eagerly steps to the bars of his cell.

“124535,” I read the digits on the small padlock like clasp which keeps the tip of his penis tightly encapsulated within his foreskin.

The bulbous purple knob, which during erection will engorge and humbly display itself to this woman of authority, cannot escape.

“You have not tampered. Very good, David,” I commend in noting that it is the same number as that used to infibulate him in the infirmary many days ago.

“Would you like permission to remove it?”

“Yes, ma’am. Please!”

At his age, barely twenty, forced chastity can be daunting. With his foreskin pierced and locked he has not touched himself, and there has certainly been no accommodation from a prisoner in pink.

And I can only imagine the delicious suffering in experiencing that curious male phenomenon... nocturnal penile tumescence.

“Present it for me.”

Inmate David Moore humbly palms his huge penis. It is flaccid, of course, but with my toy’s submissive psyche it is beginning to engorge in reaction to my control and with the prospect of being freed to harden for me.

David instinctively knows to stretch out the entire length and twist so the plastic lock is positioned with the controlling strand well exposed for snipping.

With Sammy in the infirmary for the past few days, I find myself somewhat concupiscent. And with a woman of my propensity the response to such feeling of arousal is to torment the inferior male.

Poor David.

The inmates of the surrounding cells all gather at the bars to observe what will become a weekly display of capitulation... if my mood strikes. Yes, I am once again going to have David humiliate himself before his fellow cons by stroking that nicely sized shaft under my very exacting orders.

“It’s very eager for release, David. I think it’s firming.”

I cannot help teasing, delaying the much needed simple snip that will free the penis tip of its bonds. So I stand and watch, the conflicting sensations overwhelming my half naked plaything.

Yes, as the tip swells it painfully abrades the slim strand penetrating the small openings most strategically placed in the foreskin. Yet despite the suffering, the organ continues to stiffen. I understand the psychology of this response better than David does himself. He is aroused, despite himself and despite the anguish. For the likes of the subjugated male, humiliation is a sexual stimulant... as is pain to a certain degree, especially when administered under the auspices of a woman.

“Please, Dr. Dawson. It needs to be freed.”

“And it shall be released, David... when I decide.”

Yes, I let my charge mentally simmer, in cooking parlance, stewing in a notable interval of lust and desire... the sight of my alluring and commanding form adding to the temperature of stimulation.

I must smile as David begins to grimace and the entrapped tip strains against its encasement. There comes another plea accompanied by the laughter of the observing inmates. I decide there is to be more pause, belying the impression that I am reacting to his pleas. Then I finally offer mercy, though it will really just serve to prolong the ignominy. I reach out and snip.

"You may remove the clasp," I insouciantly offer, snickering as fervent fingers instantly work to slip away the lock.

The purple tip escapes its bonds like a scared rabbit finally released from its cage.

"On your knees. Lean back until your head touches the floor."

The demanded position is strenuous but so nicely highlights the standing stiffness, the long shaft protruding straight upwards as if it will brush the ceiling of the cell. Plus it adds to the humiliation which ultimately brings further arousal. Commanding the male to masturbate in an awkward pose, and under the watchful eye of a governing woman, makes for quite the lustful scene... and very much amuses the observing inmates.

"Give it a few strokes. I want your penis to stand at full display. Be prepared to stop at my command. I may let you ejaculate... I may not. I want to see how you perform for me first."

Oh, what a delightful way to wile away the hours while my Sammy is not available to lick.

David complies of course. I smile seeing that puppy dog look on his face as he beseechingly looks up at me, his eyes glued to boots he has come to relish with his tongue, my powerful and shapely thighs serving as a catalyst for lustful manipulation. To be commanded by an authoritative woman of color adds a delicious layer of spice to the power exchange, rattling the male fortitude of the young Caucasian. There is a degree of reluctance. There is anxiety in being very much aware that a trip to my evil chamber looms, its gloom and wicked torture devices beckoning the inmate who disobeys. He is aware that Nurse Lenita's exacting hand is eager to demonstrate that she knows just what the male form can physically take. But there is also the long overdue need for pleasure, the insatiable desire to spew seed. Such conflicting emotions.

Despite the overwhelming thoughts David carefully smooths his hand up and down the lengthy shaft. He is enormous. Normally an organ of such size would give rise to pride. But there is none, not when a woman directs... not when it is known that my soft but domineering voice may instantly compel cessation. Thus the joy attained is transitory.... fleeting in knowing that I can... and *will*... demand curtailment at a whim.

And to explode prematurely? David dares not. The apprehension will keep such school boy antics in check. No, he will carefully await the sound of my alluring yet commanding voice, absorbing the pleasurable but unfulfilling friction of his stroking hand. And the laughing fellow inmates so nicely heightens the ignominy...

"Stop! Hands to your sides. Stay in that position. Maintain your erection for me. I'll be back in a moment or two."

Chapter Thirty-one

In visiting Sammy, I feel as would a mother comforting a sick child. He continues to helplessly lie prostrate on Dr. Mildred's clever table. Tubes are strung about seemingly everywhere as he is nourished anally and gastrically. The anal feeding tube splits so that the flow can be reversed to first empty then cleanse his colon from time to time... a nice deep warm enema to add to his discomfort. Sizable clear glass cylinders have been attached to his breast loops and hang beneath the table. At the tips more tubes are attached to the otherwise hermetically sealed vessels. These are used to remove the air in the cylinders and create a vacuum which keeps constant suction on Sammy's extended nipples and engorging breasts.

Yes, with the constant tension, Sammy's circulation is drawn to those plumping mammary glands causing the hillocks to indeed grow like weeds on a sunny Spring day. It has been merely four days and the length of the cylinders has needed to be increased twice as the body of the glands swell. While switching, I am offered the opportunity to toy with my transforming once useless male organs. The hormones and suction heighten the sensitivity and Sammy joyously gurgles into his gastric tube like a happy baby when I knead and caress his three inch plus nipples. But of most interest is the thinner tube which drains Sammy's bladder. Beginning his ordeal merely catheterized, Sammy has endured a very quick and simple surgical procedure... but one which will forever change his life.

With a nimble application of her laser scalpel, Dr. Mildred opened Sammy's urethra at the perineum, the erogenous area between his anus and his empty scrotum. There she carefully pulled out a short portion of the long catheter tube and severed it. The segment leading to the bladder continues to serve to drain away Sammy's excretions.

Dr. Mildred introduced a sizable metal bead into the segment leading through the prostate and penis. Pushed inward from the perineum with a smooth metal sound, I noted that Sammy spasmed when the prostate gland was reached. With a wicked grin Dr. Mildred slipped out the sound to leave the bead encased in the tube just behind the gland.

Next the severed end of this segment leading through the prostate and penis was looped forward to greet the original end of the tube. Then she injected quick setting cement, filling the entire eight inch section before pressing together the two ends to form a bonded continuous loop... entering at the penis tip... penetrating the urethra through the prostate gland... exiting at the perineum with the exposed portion bending forward under his withered sac where it rejoins at the penis tip. Within moments the cement filled tube dried to form a permanent and firm latex loop penetrating where the once male form was caught toying with himself.

"Any tension on the tube will readily cause that bead to pressure your prostate, Sammy," Dr. Mildred counseled. "Just think, a woman will now be able to manipulate a gland deeply residing in your viscera. I like to refer to it as an 'attention insert'... forcing you to pay heed to the one controlling your leash."

Yes, this new addition to Sammy's array of bondage will be where I henceforth leash my pet for his walks. I am going to lead him about by his penis... his once male appendage made completely useless for all things except to be used by the guiding hand of a woman. And whenever my controlling hand jostles, Sammy will feel the results deep within, the bead abrading the prostate. The thought is deliciously stimulating.

And more rousing is knowing that when Dr. Mildred's new opening heals and the bladder tube is removed, Sammy will be squatting to pee. I have had him endure a urethral reroute.

I lean to look closer. The draining tube leading from the recent opening in the perineum is clamped shut. It is his tending nurse who will decide when to permit relief to the distended bladder. Sammy must lie and feel himself fill, the fattening liquids constantly siphoning into his stomach and

colon, inundating him with hormones and keeping his kidneys quite active.

I reach to gather a tuft of skin at the buttocks and pinch. He is becoming delightfully chubby, with limited exercise and the insalubrious liquid onslaught bringing forth even thicker layers of excess flesh. A finger tip then moves to diddle the underside of that which he will no longer attempt to stroke to firmness. He stirs, the pleasant sensation welcomed but also adding to the frustration of immobility, extreme tedium and complete chastity. I also toy with his pierced and empty scrotum, my fingers serving to remind him of his loss.

“He’s getting close, Dr. Dawson. There seems to be evidence of colostrum forming on the nipples,” Nurse Cindy cheerily announces.

I look through the clear glass at Sammy’s right breast to see that indeed some moisture has accumulated.

“Can you increase the suction?”

Nurse Cindy nods. A deft hand reaches below the table and to the sound of swishing air her fingers squeeze the puffolators with noted deliberation... slowly removing even more of the limited air in first the right vessel then the left. Sammy stirs with the increased intensity, the constant sucking bringing the results I demand.

There is milking machinery which can be acquired to achieve the same results. But it is so deliciously humiliating to have Sammy endure his initial lactation at the hands of a controlling woman.... one of youth and irritating cuteness for the male made impotent.

“It also helps to allow his bladder to empty. The afforded relief stirs the endorphins and will spur him to let down,” Nurse Cindy knowingly proclaims.

The petite fingers open the appropriate valve. Such a simple action yet affording such a gratifying sensation. Sammy again stirs as his excretions are finally permitted to flow to a waiting collection bag. His eyes blink, seeming to signal a humble ‘thank you’.

Within moments I stoop to peer more closely. The stretched nipples have fulfilled the intended purpose. Colostrum is in fact oozing! It gathers to stream down the noteworthy length of stretched pink where the clear goo will form rivulets.

I know within days that lacteal essence will follow. I’ll never have Sammy flowing like a dairy cow, but in presenting his naked and newly fattened form, breasts secreting at my behest, the inmate population of Hempstead Penitentiary will be amused. But more importantly such will also be awed... that a woman has the power to transform a subservient male... or one time male.

And I again experience the heady and lustful sensation of such exhilarating power... which of course brings forth the familiar moisture. It is that to which a dutiful Sammy normally tends. And in bringing him to forcibly lactate, I believe his tongue and lips will be even more attentive.

Yes, Sammy’s condition, that of forced lactation, will foster a new propensity to give, provide, and certainly nurture. My quim will greatly benefit.

Chapter Thirty-two

“Yes, so big and hard for me. Keep stroking. Maybe today you’ll ejaculate for me. I’ll have you shoot straight up like a geyser. Perhaps I’ll have my masturbator explode and hit the ceiling.”

The verbal teasing is as important as the physical taunting... that being the commands to stop, then resume, then stop.

With my Sammy remaining in the infirmary, having inmate David Moore strip and stroke has become a daily ritual. After denying him ultimate climax for the past three visits, merely offering a new plastic lock after a significant pause in hand action, I indeed shall have him ejaculate. It is Sammy’s last day of lying helplessly bound while the lactate inducing liquids siphon and the sealed glass vessels suck. So after I enjoy David’s humbling performance, I suspect he will not be pleasuring himself for many days. I will be busy with Sammy. And hopefully, for David’s sake, I do not completely forget about his simple but thorough infibulation and state of chastity.

“Stop. Hands at your sides,” comes my familiar command.

David lies supine in the awkward position I so much enjoy... his knees bent and his calves folded under him... his head resting on the cement floor. He obeys of course, and the pause gives rise to a most salacious... and empowering... display of his mammoth erection which juts straight up.

“No touching... no touching... keep your hands on the floor... now on the count of three... one... two... three... come for me. Come for Dr. Dawson like a good boy.”

He’s spend days of masturbating while listening to my smooth yet commanding voice, and I am very much amused when David explodes on cue. It is most dissatisfying for him, but his psyche has been programmed to obediently react to my voice. Thus an impressive spurt of creamy white is flung skyward. Without the benefit of his hand, no friction to augment further secretions, there is no secondary eruption. This brings even more dissatisfaction.

“Stay. Do not touch yourself. Calm your penis. Now I want you to become flaccid for me. Then we’ll lock up that nice pecker until my next visit.”

I revel in the sounds of snickers and outright laughter from his fellow inmates. I am further amused to observe the sheepish look on David’s face. With the vaunted male organ performing like a trained circus animal, inmate David Moore is most embarrassed. Still there will be some degree of gratification in permitting his hormone levels to reset.

“Lock it up,” comes my next command as flaccidity causes the penis tip to slowly retract within the pierced fleshy folds of his prepuce.

I toss a new plastic lock through the bars... the number 166339 recorded to prevent David from somehow furtively releasing himself, jerking off and replacing the cheap but effective clasp with a substitute.

His fingers fumble about poking the thin strand through his piercings. Then he finally presses the hooked end back into the padlock. Though I can hear the slight click and know he is once again placed in chastity, David rises as my finger beckons.

I rarely touch the inmates. But gently tugging on the infibulating plastic clasp cannot really be considered breaking my own rule of aloofness. After all, my fingers do not impart pleasure, but instead only ensure the dominion of feminine enforced chastity.

I smile smugly as would a street walker in rolling a john for his wallet. Then I tap young David on the nose turn away and resume my journey to the infirmary. I note there is a hush among the observing inmates. Demonstrating my power, the ability to have the otherwise prideful male organ explode just to the sound of my voice, brings more awe. As I pass by cell after cell, I detect a degree of cowering.

Arriving at the infirmary, my heart pines for my little girl. It has been more than a week and the tending nurses have deemed that Sammy is ready to come home. I feel as would the mother of a new

born visiting the maternity ward. There is pride in having completed a transition. Sammy looks, thinks, acts and now lactates like a girl. As a highly educated psychologist, I know that this instilled propensity to give, provide and nurture will benefit my lust. Within my loins I feel warmth and moisture stepping into the ward where Sammy remains lying prostrate on the table, his chains well secured, the tubes serving to maximize lacteal ability.

“Good morning, Sammy. Are you ready to come home?”

The sound of my matronly voice, soft but firm, brings Sammy out of a stupor of nothingness. He has languished for over a week, not even permitted to move for bodily functions. Essentially only his mammary glands have been afforded the privilege of motion... and that has been to permit growth.

My hand smooths down Sammy’s nakedness as I move to the front where he can see me. He remains intubated but I know that his blinking eyes signal his happiness in seeing me. Any stimulus brings cognitive delight at this point, particularly from she who he has come to adore. Had he a tail it would waggle as that of a puppy.

“You’re letting down just with my presence, Sammy,” I chuckle in peering through the glass canisters which continue to suction his modified breasts.

Yes, as trained, the long nipples secrete, expressing milk in the mere expectation of sensing my firm but soft fingers. I have milked him the past two days while Nurse Cindy removed the suction vessels to replace with longer cylinders. His system anticipates my touch. The mammary glands have acquired the desired sensitivity. He wants to give, needs to provide and most importantly the once belligerent demeanor now pines to nurture.

Nurse Cindy enters. Sprite and pretty, she hands me a leash then begins removing the tubes and dismantling the equipment which has brought lactating breasts to my little toy. I ravel the controlling length of leather in my hands. It makes me feel most empowered and I beam with pride in watching the shapely nurse work my plaything.

I suppose my sense of satisfaction is akin to that of Dr. Frankenstein. I have created... molded... transformed... modified... the human form And all for my gratification!

Chapter Thirty-three

“But mine look different from yours!”

A disheartened Sammy stares into the mirror, his tone of voice once again that of a tempestuous child.

“And why must I wear these?” his question posed as a challenge.

‘These’ being clear glass bowls screwed onto his breast loops. Shaped to be more comely than the long, narrow vacuum cylinders worn in the infirmary, the smaller rounded enclosures make it appear that Sammy is wearing a brassier of glass. Clearly displayed beneath are his new breasts. The coverings are smaller in size requiring the hillocks beneath to be stuffed most tightly and accentuating the newly acquired girth of his glands. And the reason they look different from mine, putting aside the skin tone, is that his long nipples, swollen and always ready to let down, comically press against the clear surface in an amusing show of pink.

“You’re to wear those so you don’t touch and play. Your breasts are for me. I will decide when you are to be milked. And only I will touch your nipples.”

Though it is possible for a disobedient Sammy to unscrew the glass bowls and derive self satisfaction, he is never left unbound and alone long enough to be afforded the opportunity. Plus Sammy knows the rules. Thus just as with his penis, at the time such was possible, Sammy will refrain touching. He has certainly learned that drastic punishment will be meted for violation.

He pouts like a child... which means he understands my reply.

“And yours look different because you are lactating and I am going to keep them well buttered. They’re going to be puffy and sensitive for as long as you express... and I’m going to keep you letting down for a long, long time.”

Yes, another contrast to my mammary glands is produced by the coating of lubricating and moistening butter which I have liberally swathed about within the bowls. Sammy’s slippery and glistening nipples are squashed against the glass, appearing to be some form of aquatic life pressing itself against the side of an aquarium. The presentation not only adds to his humiliation but always keeps the nipples soft. And as stated, with the frequent milkings there is irritation which the gelatinous substance will assuage.

Yes, it is a heady feeling having the power to bring forced lactation to this one time miscreant. It is serendipitous, for me, unfortunate for Sammy, that he receives no visitors. I can only imagine the reaction of family and friends in viewing the results of my supreme governance. A completely transformed convict, effectively neutered, feminized in make up and jewelry, and now compelled to offer his essence at my demand.

Plus... there is that tongue! And the instilled propensity to want to use it!

Sammy turns from the mirror. As much curiosity as he has in examining his reflection, he remains enthralled in peering at my naked form. It is bedtime and I have completely disrobed to begin our nightly ritual. The display of my powerful but alluring form begins the cycle of envy and vicarious lust which will be culminated with endless cunnilingus. I sit on the bed and wriggle my finger to beckon.

“Time for sleep,” I announce, though we both know it will be long into the night before the exhaustion of multiple orgasms brings actual somnolence.

Sammy again appears somewhat disgruntled as I hold up the slim chain which, perhaps unnecessarily, assures that he remains in my bed.

Still he humbly steps forward. And whereas I formerly hooked the fetter to his ankle band, I now attach it to his penis loop. In what more satisfying way could I secure my oral servant than by that once virile organ that was made completely useless as a result of my caprice?

“Wrists and elbows,” I command.

Sammy lurches as he moves to turn. Yes, Dr. Mildred's wickedly clever 'attention insert' works quite well. When the connecting chain is ever so slightly jostled, that bead, nestling adjacent the prostate gland, forcibly attracts Sammy's attention. He will be quite circumspect in moving about under my covers. And the bead so nicely highlights his transformation. The odd combination of joy and discomfort produced by the prostate gland will constantly remind of sexual pleasure no longer attainable, that plundered from him under my command... my governance.

"Can't I use my hands, Dr. Mary? I like touching you."

"No, Sammy. You'll have every opportunity in the morning when we shower. For now I just want to be touched by those tongue and lips."

I clip together the arm chains behind his back at both the elbows and the wrists, immobilizing his hands and making it impossible to touch himself or remove his breast bowls. He is dejected, for formally I left his hands available for massage or whatever else I demanded. But now, having ingrained the insatiable urge, and the physical need, to express milk, I must take precautions.

As stated, only my attentive fingers will work those finely sculpted nipples. Only at my whim will Sammy feel the only remaining sensuous joy I have not deprived.

"Come. Careful not to snare your penis chain."

With that I turn down the lights and slip my nakedness under the covers. My chained Sammy is indeed heedful in moving about. The penis chain secures him to one post of the bed and I have provided little slack. In seeing him grimace with the slightest move, I smile in knowing that Dr. Mildred's bead has been precisely inserted and placed.

A head slithers beneath the sheets. Within moments I feel that expertly trained warm and alacritous tongue begin the familiar but always exhilarating exploration of my quim, circling the outer labia as would renegade Indians prepare to attack. When the long appendage finally plunges, I sigh with both the physical sensation and the satisfaction of a conquering tribe. Sammy is completely subservient to my needs... my demands... my pleasure. And in knowing that offering himself to me is the only form of pleasure left to him... other than to meekly lie and be milked... I am doubly... perhaps triply gratified.

With the months of oral servitude, Sammy's timing is exquisite. Having moistened my entire mons, stirred my juices, I feel my clitoris being engulfed. The tongue piercing thrusts forth, well into my vagina, then swirls against my urethral sponge. My thighs clench in the first of dozens of orgasms.

Yes, Sammy is so eager to give, provide and nurture.

Chapter Thirty-four

“Come, Sammy. Obey,” speaking pleasantly but firmly as I sense renitence.

It’s been over a year since I first walked Sammy at the end of a leash. He is not regressing with his mild resistance. A full discipline session in my chamber under the watchful and calloused eye of Nurse Lenita is not yet necessary. No, he is just cutely bashful in being displayed to the general prison population... akin to a young girl having purchased a skimpy bikini but now experiencing renewed modesty.

“Please no, Dr. Mary. Not like this.”

“Well you did not like wearing your breast bowls. Now that I have taken them off for your walk, you are still apprehensive. It pleases me when I show you off, Sammy. Since pleasing me is your role, that should make you happy.”

“Yes, ma’am,” his dejected tone of voice and lugubrious look expressing his reluctance.

In my hand is his penis leash which I know to handle most gingerly. I do not want that prostate gland to ever fully acclimate to the attention bead deeply inserted in his urethra. For him to lose sensitivity there would be bothersome. So I give the length of leather just the slightest jostle and smile as Sammy grimaces and promptly steps forward in response.

“Good girl. And let’s keep those nipples crinkled and erect.”

My finger tip diddles the right nub and then the left. The buttered tips are smooth, slippery and warm, the mounds beneath producing heat like a busy milk factory. Sammy squeals like the school girl he has become and the areolas stand up like two little doggies begging for a treat. The remnants of the butter coating brings coolness as the room air wafts against the moisture, making the three inch pink lengths hyper sensitive and greatly assisting to assure that they point like small pencils. And beneath, the newly rounded breasts glisten, bringing delicious attention to ‘she’ who now displays such modesty.

“They ache, Dr. Mary.”

“That’s because I have not milked you today. Your body yearns for the attention of my fingers, Sammy. It’s how I choose to indoctrinate you to my system of governance. I want you craving for my touch.”

“But I’d like to touch them.”

With the breasts bowls removed, I have taken the precaution of clipping Sammy’s arm chains behind his back, precluding just that.

“No. Only I touch them. Only I milk them. It amuses me. And you are here for my amusement.”

Yes, I routinely let the lacteal essence accumulate. Consistent neglect brings hypersensitivity. Thus when I do toy, my touch brings a frisson of joy, probably close to what he experienced in his youth, when he was intact and could masturbate that woefully inadequate pecker at a time when it could fully function.

“Come,” I once again admonish, pulling a little firmer and turning to the door.

I not only have Sammy hobbled and belled, but in cute high heels as well. Thus begins a long series of short steps, his dainty footwear tapping the concrete with complementary chiming of his scrotal bell. Out my apartment door I turn back to observe and smile in seeing Sammy’s breasts bounce about, the many forced steps causing the meatus of fattened glands to roll and flop about. As intended, our little parade brings the many inmates from their state of languor, the sound of Sammy’s tapping heels, tinkling bell and clattering chains causing heads and faces to press against the cell bars for better viewing.

In planning for this special trip, I gave Sammy full freedom of his hands and access to my make up. The results resemble the efforts of a cosmetician preparing a prospective bride. Sammy has never

looked prettier. He complained when I took the time to apply deep red rouge to his empty scrotum. But when I offered that my effort made him most alluring, even more feminine, his objection comically ceased.

Still, in leashing Sammy by his penis, there can be no doubt as to his former gender. And with my firm hand holding the leash, playfully jostling in establishing control, there can be no doubt as to who is in charge and who brought Sammy his forced transformation to femininity.

I had him neutered!

I feel omnipotent... I look omnipotent... and to the hundreds of violent and fractious inmates... I am in fact omnipotent.

What male dares cross me when it is known that any contender will sacrifice the use of that held to be most precious... and stroked as well!

Our destination is the warden's office. Since it is Sunday there is no formal appointment, no scheduled time and therefore there is no rush. So I stop to visit old friends. 'Money Shoes' Whitmore is always intrigued in stirring jealousy with his prisoner in pink, Nickie. So I head for Cell Block F.

In arriving, the unctuous former drug dealer offers polite greetings.

"Need a little spice for a dull Sunday?" I teasingly inquire.

I hand Money Shoes the leash, admonishing that he handle it carefully, then step back as Sammy knows to kneel and perform fellatio.

"May I suck your penis, sir?" comes the six ingrained words which warm the heart of this woman of authority.

The sound of Sammy's high pitched effeminate voice brings rustling. Under the covers of his bunk, Nickie trussed in the wicked uniform I designed, slips out of his bunk. I smile in watching him struggle without the use of arms and hands. My smile broadens in spying an erection, his constant state of randiness most bringing unbridled priapism.

Every prisoner in pink understands his role, where his bread gets buttered. In being denied use of his arms and hands he must rely on Money Shoes, not only for protection, but to insure he gets fed. Thus Sammy's offering of oral servitude is viewed as interloping. It interferes with Nickie's livelihood.

Nickie fellates... Nickie eats. Prison life at its most common denominator. Nickie does not fellate? Well?

Money Shoes does not waste time in responding to Sammy's humble request. The semi stiff appendage is freed and pressed through the bars. Long, black, uncircumcised, Sammy knows to engulf it without hesitation. I smile in noting how easily the massive organ slips past his lips into a mouth made edentulous by a woman's hand.

"That's for me!" Nickie protests... the emotions that of a jilted girl friend.

"Step here, Nickie," I command in noting that the hormone laden form shakes with anxiety and concern.

I reach through the bars and gently turn up the hem of the short one piece uniform. My action serves to completely expose buttocks kept shaved by some underling in the cell block. Also into better view comes the neglected male organs, also hairless, relegated to nothing more than ornaments, symbols of Nickie's lowly status within the hierarchy of the penitentiary.

"Loaded with no way to pull the trigger," I note is gazing at the moderate sized erection.

In frustration, Nickie presses his front to the bars. His penis thrusts forth spearing the air of the corridor. He so much needs attention. But he is to be denied.

"Miss having that bulbous penis tip pressing the back of your throat, Nickie?" I tease in referencing the organ serviced by Sammy.

As we watch, my finger tip caresses the overly sensitive underside of the standing manhood. Nickie shudders with the brisance of rarely felt pleasure.

“Please,” he begs for more... perhaps a firmer grip... a fantasized full stroke.

“Never,” I respond, merely tantalizing as I hear Sammy gag with a deep thrust of Money Shoes hips.

Yes... omnipotence.

Chapter Thirty-five

“Do you want me to hold his leash, Dr. Dawson? I can walk him for you while you meet with the warden.”

Miss Shirley McGuff, secretary to the warden, is young, polite, and pretty. She always seems detached from the antics of prisoners and prison life. With a ‘Donna Reed’ personality, never the type to be upset when a toddler spills his milk, she smiles pleasantly, seeming indifferent to Sammy’s bound nakedness.

“No, thank you, Shirley. We’ll both be going into the office. The warden has not yet met Sammy and inspected his transformation.”

She nods, reaches forth and taps Sammy’s well powdered nose.

“You look very pretty today, Sammy,” the inflection of her voice that of a mother to a young child.

Sammy smiles. Months ago Miss Shirley would receive a barrage of expletives, verbal diarrhea, in response to her condescending greeting. Now his reaction is not only coy, he also blushes. Yes, the transformation I have forced upon my pet is complete. Mentally he has regressed, not only into the awkwardness of youth but into a mode of complete femininity as well. It is not often that he is placed on display, other than before his inmate cohorts. With the secretary fully attired in street clothes, being in the presence of the vivacious Miss McGuff highlights Sammy’s nakedness, making him ever mindful that he is forced to exhibit all. And to further the exchange, I wickedly lift my leash hand. In jostling his penis loop, bringing just a modicum of tension, the sudden zing to Sammy’s prostate brings a lurch and causes his scrotal bell to peal. His grimace quickly changes to more bashfulness as Miss Shirley’s eyes are drawn to where I rouged that pierced remnant of Sammy’s masculinity.

“You’ve been fixed, Sammy. Just like a puppy,” an exuberant Shirley exclaims in noting the absence of testicles.

Sammy’s blush turns to a deeper crimson.

“Oh, it’s just as well, Sammy,” Shirley consoles. “You’re probably much better behaved, aren’t you? No more nastiness, no fighting, those strange sexual urges are no more...”

Sammy closes his eyes in a deliciously embarrassed reaction as I smile and nod in agreement.

“He’s been lactating for me,” I must announce, continuing the humiliation. “His breasts ache in offering to nurture. It’s changed his entire attitude... her attitude.”

We both laugh with my faux pas over gender and the notion of Sammy’s new found propensity to give, provide and nurture.

“Yes, the nipples are chafed and puffy. You’re being milked, aren’t you, Sammy?” the voice inquires with noted naivety.

Sammy nods, his discomfort magnifying. Still when a petite young hand reaches forth and gently caresses the right nipple, there comes the effeminate giggle I hear whenever I begin to milk him. With Shirley’s simple touch, a whitish liquid begins to bead.

“My goodness, he’s letting down just to my touch!”

“It’s psychological, Shirley. I have imparted him with an overwhelming need to give. Plus I’ve kept his breasts quite ripe for this meeting with the warden.”

There comes the sound of a buzzer disrupting our entertaining exchange. An authoritative voice booms.

“Send in Dr. Dawson. The morning exhibition is almost over.”

“Guess you can go right in. Nice to see you pretty girl,” Shirley’s mellifluous voice bringing further ignominy.

Sammy carefully steps to follow as I head for the door. I know that Shirley will visually examine a most effeminate backside as the chains clink, the scrotal bell chimes, and Sammy’s high heels tap on

the linoleum floor. Yes, those rounded cheeks, fattened and softened by many months of his butterfat diet, bring randy thoughts to the libertine. And I am sure the globes even have the likes of the warden's 'Donna Reed' secretary thinking lustfully.

I push open the large heavy door. Thick and sound proofed it moves slowly on well oiled hinges. Stepping within, I offer greetings to the warden and Guard Greta Von Heffen, personal assistant to the warden and known torturess. Greta is of German heritage, a large woman approaching my height, physically strong and more calloused than Nurse Lenita. She is shorn of her guard's tunic, her arms, shoulders, and stomach bare. A tight leather brassiere cradles massive but firm breasts. She is sweaty, obviously having exerted herself. And then my eyes divert to the object of her strenuous endeavor.

"You remember Charles Nelson Bedford, Mary?" the warden politely reminds.

I nod. There was a time when the mention of the name brought concern and disgust. Now, as I peer at the naked form standing on the warden's punishment platform, the sentiment is one of strange sympathy. The entire body of Charles Nelson Bedford is covered with row after row of stripes. His has been caned, his nakedness obviously enduring the firmest of strokes with deep welts everywhere. I recognize the work of the unrelenting hand of Guard Greta.

"Charles Nelson Bedford is dead," I rotely reply.

The warden smiles mischievously.

"So he wishes."

Enveloping the face and head of the stooped figure is a leather hood, bringing both blindness and anonymity to the 'deceased'. His shackled ankles bear a spreader bar holding his feet well apart. His cuffed wrists are drawn behind his back and held high above... a tight cord emanating from a ceiling hook is strung to the cuffs and forces him to bend at the waist. The mandated position is that of strappado, used daily in my chamber.

"He sang quite loudly for me this morning," the warden exuberantly declares. "One can never acclimate to the cane... especially when wielded by Greta's exacting hand."

The huge blonde woman smiles, her fingers indeed wrapped about the cruellest of correcting instruments. With the warden's compliment, the praiseworthy hand rises to tap the testicles, freely swinging between well parted thighs. The slight but agonizing greeting brings another bar of the song the warden so enjoyed... a beseeching guttural cry. Whatever the uttered word, it is indiscernible.

The voice box of Charles Nelson Bedford has been long worn to uselessness, relegating the sound of all vocal efforts to raspy exhalations of air.

I look to see that Sammy cowers. Despite his many months at Hempstead Penitentiary he has not before witnessed such abject sadism... pain administered purely for the enjoyment of others.

"Charles Nelson Bedford is a serial rapist and killer, Sammy. You may remember the name. He was executed over a year ago... at least that is what the public believes. The warden spared his life. His execution was faked. So now he entertains, held at all times in complete restraint... caned daily."

I pause, dramatically letting the thought percolate.

"He is not dead... but he wishes he was."

Sammy gapes in shock as I finish narrating the brief history. Yes, in symbolizing the power of our incarceration at Hempstead, Charles Nelson Bedford is literally the whipping boy for the sadistic warden, every morning singing his song as Guard Greta works his vulnerable flesh. The hood is sutured about his neck, the patient not appearing to appreciate Doctor Mildred's handiwork in this case. Holes at the mouth and nose facilitate breathing and feeding. But Charles Nelson Bedford will never again see daylight. And thick padding over the ears inhibits normal hearing.

"Hook him up, Greta."

With the command, the smiling guard attaches clamps to the nipples and scrotal sac. As the lungs again empty with anguish, weights are attached, bringing slow unending torment to the pink parts of Charles Nelson Bedford.

This is how he will spend his day. No one but the closest allies of the warden knows the identity of the form enduring the daily agony. Visitors do not realize that the exhibition of cruelty never ends, believing instead that the punishment is transitory... a prisoner in need of temporary guidance. No, Charles Nelson Bedford's soul is gone, but his body, that which he used to rape and plunder, lives on to entertain.... day after day after day.

Guard Greta dons her tunic, finished with the morning ritual.

"Let me know if your little girl needs to feel little pain some time," the cruel goddess of the cane smilingly suggests.

She steps forth to pat Sammy's cheek as my pet shrinks in abject fear.

"I am having her lactate for me, Greta," I politely respond. "I would not want anything to interfere with her ability to let down... unless she is a very bad little girl."

Chapter Thirty-six

Though Guard Greta has departed, poor Sammy remains frightened as the suffering form of Charles Nelson Bedford remains oddly stooped on the punishment platform, an occasional low moan evidencing the slow anguish of the many weighted clamps. The warden ignores the pitiful sounds, apparently accustomed to hearing such throughout the day. Yet curiosity has me glancing, noting that the weighted scrotal sac hangs almost to the knees. The relentless torment is endured daily, there is no doubt.

Sitting before the sizeable desk, I turn back to face the warden as our discussion begins.

"Your program is working well, Mary. Despite having our share of violent offenders Hempstead's incident record is quite good. These prisoners in pink do make a difference."

"Thank you warden. Sexual attention, however depraved, will keep the male psyche calmed. Akin to feeding rancid meat to a hungry lion. Though tainted, it satiates. But injecting fear also helps."

Sammy demurely stands to my side. In assuaging his apprehension, my free hand strokes the smooth plump flesh of his buttocks. At this point, being well bound and under a woman's control calms a mind chemically altered and brought to meekness. With my presence there is an odd feeling of protection. So my leash hand maintains a modicum of tension on his penis loop, ever so slightly providing the sense of a controlling hand, that of his governess, on that remnant of Sammy's maleness. Yes, Sammy is comforted knowing he is under thorough control, a woman manipulating an organ deep within. I can feel slight lurches as the prostate responds to the jiggles of my governing fingers.

"Fear. Of course. Putting the likes of Sammy on display?"

"Yes. The inmates quickly realize that if a woman can thoroughly transform him, she can modify the behavior of anyone... as with the prisoners in pink... only to a more extreme degree."

"The chains do project a certain image of authority, Mary. And one cannot help noticing the missing testicles. But those glimmering breasts, plump, effeminate and deviantly alluring... it must have required quite the effort to attain such lurid presentation."

Yes, Sammy's buttered mammary glands do catch the eye, as intended.

"Well the testicles are not missing, warden... just moved to where they will no longer function. The urethra has been rerouted to ensure good behavior... plus mandate that he squats to urinate. Then we modify the hormone levels, the diet, stretch the nipples, apply suction... and finally instill the mental need to give, provide and nurture. As a result, Sammy will lactate... on demand."

"Fascinating. But no surgical removal?"

"No. The gonads reside right here... where they anatomically began their development," I offer in pointing to the slight bumps near the pelvic bone.

"But why not have Sammy lactate for you. Would you like to let down for the warden, Sammy? Express some milk and show how you so much desire to nurture?"

My voice is soft and soothing, projecting the calm environment required for Sammy to put aside thoughts of the evil warden and secrete the lacteal essence which he knows so entralls me.

My hand leaves his buttocks, smooths along his chained torso and tweaks right nipple then left. My presence, my words, my gentle touch is all that is required. Sammy blushes delightfully as liquid begins to ooze. There is communicated an unspoken level of humiliation with the deliberate silence, the warden and I just watching as a docile and humbled Sammy struggles to deal with his awkward display. When the ooze flows to the tips of the elongated nipples, rivulets form and an embarrassed Sammy knows not what to do. His wrists remain secured and entrapped behind his back. The breast loops serve to make his glands most prominent. I maintain my grip on his penis leash. He must stand and accept the notion that I have trained him to respond to the sound of my voice... and respond by

offering a flow of that which is antithetical to the intact male.

“Just lean over the desk Sammy. Let it drip where the warden can examine that which you so adoringly offer.”

Sammy obeys of course, the rivulets bringing a teasing sensation to nipples cultivated and brought to maximum sensitivity. Thus he needs to rid himself as one needs to tend to a runny nose. Yes, Sammy drips, lactating to my verbal cue without the slightest touch.

A twinkle comes to the warden’s eye as a concerned hand slides an expansive ash tray across the desk to where Sammy’s secretions drip. My pet knows to align his nipples as the frequency of the drops increases.

“Wonder if we can so modify Charles Nelson Bedford. The daily canings amuse, but are becoming rather humdrum.”

The head turns, the voice projects...

“Care to give up those balls, Mr. Bedford? You’re not ever going to need them again... and they only got you into trouble when permitted to function.”

If the naked and well caned form can hear the words, it cannot be determined. As noted the voice box has apparently long surrendered to the inflammation of rasping gusts of breath expelled with caning after caning. In bearing the many weights, all movement accentuates the agony of the constant tension on nipples and testicles. Thus there is no response... verbal or physical... and the warden seems dispassionate in being ignored.

“He concentrates on his torture. I’ll talk to Dr. Hofsteter. Perhaps there is a way to neuter that would maximize the term of the agony. Maybe moderate suspension with piano wire looped about the testicles... as the muscles fatigue let gravity bring emasculation. There’s no point in castrating a man unless the condemned is very much aware of the sacrifice... that he knows of his pending loss... and feels the excruciation of every severed nerve. For me, to bring mental suffering is as important as the physical...”

The words bring a grin and I must nod. For sure Charles Nelson Bedford wishes his staged execution had in fact been completed. My smile reveals my paraphilia. But then I note the abundant flow of Sammy’s nipples. The warden’s words, bringing horror to the normal male, instead induces stimulation in my transformed Sammy. His essence is expressing without reservation, the thought of alteration bringing forth endorphins which maximize output.

The warden is pleased with the performance.

“Shall I obtain a bowl, Mary? I can only imagine what your Sammy will produce with the squeeze and draw of your fingers. I would think those nipples are amazingly responsive to your touch.”

I again nod.

“I’ve brought some more butter. Slippery nipples best provide.”

I retrieve a small tub from the pocket of my skirt. I dab my fingers, slowly coating digits which will draw streams of lacteal essence and bring the ultimate in humiliation to the feminized male. I know just the fragrance alone will bring increase to Sammy’s flow.

“If you only could have heard his words when first introduced to my tutelage, warden. Such profanity... such crass outbursts. And now look at him. He’s silently aching to perform for you. My docile, naked and bound pet wants to give, provide and nurture.”

Epilogue – Sammy

“May I shuck your penish, sir?”

With my enlarged tongue piercing, the six all too familiar words are difficult to enunciate. Madam has exchanged the modest bauble installed by Dr. Mary Dawson with a huge ball of gold. It makes speaking and eating most difficult but leaves no doubt as to my talents and my role.

With my humble question I extend my arms. My chains clink as I offer a libation from a tray filled with glasses. The man smiles, lifts a glass and shakes his head.

“No, thank you. Just Champagne. I am only here to visit one of the girls.”

He is well dressed, erudite, a typical client of the upscale bordello where, after parole, I have found the only employment feasible.

Having served Dr. Mary for years, my parole was finally approved, no doubt after several delays for contrived acts of ‘misbehavior’. In being neutered and with my only discernible talents being the ability to lactate and provide assiduous oral gratification... to both male and female... where else am I to labor?

Yes, I am a serving maid. And I serve in a capacity which encompasses pleasing all.

“Marie needs you in room 5, Sweet Cheeks,” the Madam pleasantly but firmly suggests.

I curtsy, the handsome client smiling, glaring at my protruding puffy nipples as I discard the tray and scurry off to the sound of my chains and the scrotal bell tinkling under a skirt made intentionally short.

“Quite the addition to your house, Madam,” I hear the man laughingly compliment. “Not my brand of entertainment, but I understand he provides the best fellatio.”

“He’s certainly had enough practice,” Madam responds. “And he has no method for satiating his own lust... if such remains. He’s forced to give.... never to receive.”

Yes, though I remain bejeweled with long styled hair, polished nails and make up along with a skirt barely covering my non functioning penis, the clientele are aware of my gender obfuscation. Still, there are those who are not discerning when it comes to penile gratification. I offer to suck as a prelude to visiting one of Madam’s expensive prostitutes. And by arrangement, my services are free... dispensed as is the Champagne... a bawdy house favor.

Since I have no pay, only the roof over my head and meager meals as compensation, Madam can afford my skills. And as the gentleman suggests, it makes her establishment quite distinguishable... gratis oral pleasure while awaiting copulation.

I ascend the stairs and another gentleman, smiling in the glow of climax, passes by me. I know he has come from room 5. I know he has been with Marie. And I know why Marie needs me.

I provide post coitus cleanup for the girls. Madam considers that to be the real value of my presence. After submitting to randy males, enduring the grunts and thrusts of dilettantes, the girls very much enjoy having the harmless house pet... me... provide both oral hygiene and satiation. I am proud in knowing that whereas the average john cannot bring them to orgasm... I can.

I knock on the door for room 5. A voice expectantly replies in suggesting that I enter. I step in to spy Marie lying on the bed.

“Remove your skirt, Sammy. You know I want you naked.”

Something about the role reversal, after having graciously submitted to a man, makes the girls thrill in having control over me. And, after enduring the penetration of a virile male, perhaps there is amusement in examining an appendage long relegated to a role of mere ornamentation. Whatever the reason, I obediently release the clasp and the skirt falls to reveal the only visual remnant of my gender... my small penis, still looped by the firm length of latex tubing. Beneath is the pierced empty scrotal sac, a bell remains, chiming to both amuse and announce my humble presence.

“Do you have to use the toilet? I am going to take my time using you. That was my last

customer.”

I shake my head. The girls enjoy watching me squat to pee, the comeuppance of the male. I suppose it is another odd factor of entertainment. Still there is also the notion that Marie does not want interruption once I begin to please.

“Then come.”

The pretty girl beckons, lying back, lifting her knees and parting her thighs to expose all which I will service. Her quim is warm, wet and fragrant with recent intercourse.

“He spent quite deeply, Sammy. I faked an orgasm for him and now I need your tongue. Be sure to take it all. I know how much you enjoy the taste of semen.”

“Yesh, ma’am,” I obediently slur.

As trained, ad infinitum, I position myself and begin to serve... Marie shuddering in joy as the huge golden ball of my tongue parts her labia.

“You’re the best, Sammy. All men should be neutered,” Marie quips with a giggle. “You must have been quite useless when intact. And now... ahhh.”

Her words fall off in a sigh of ecstasy but bring back the months and months of Dr. Dawson’s training. Physically, mentally, emotionally I have been transformed to give, provide and nurture... and I do. And strangely, I can not recall any specific meaningful sexual accomplishments during my youthful days of being intact. Just trouble. I believe I am better off, though such sentiment could be as a result of hormone induced confusion... Dr. Dawson’s defacto brain washing.

Whatever the case... now I serve... devotedly... graciously... most affectionately.

“What was it like... to be castrated?” Marie chides then gasps as I gently assault the urethral sponge.

She knows I cannot reply... will not reply. I am busy. Her words are intended to satiate her need to mentally torment... revenge against a gender which she holds in disdain but to which she must offer herself in order to eat brings emotion satiation to complement the physical.

Her words sting yet bring memories. Particularly of that one day in the warden’s office...

“You say those nuts are still there?” the warden inquires as Dr. Mary’s fingers bring a frisson of delight, gently pinching my nipples, rolling about to establish control, and then slowly, exasperatingly slowly, drawing down the lengthy strips of stretched pink flesh. The results are two simultaneous spurts of lactate which splash into the bowl propped on the warden’s desk. The large ashtray did not suffice. I continue leaning as Dr. Mary exhibits my talent.

For me the sensation approaches the feeling of distant orgasm... that which I have long been denied... but alas there is no final climax. Still, I quiver with the joy. A moan escapes. The continuous aching of my breasts dissipates in expressing lactate for the woman I strangely adore.

“Tucked into the inguinal canals where they have atrophied and become sterile,” Dr. Mary replies. “Tests assure us they are dead... no sperm... no testosterone.”

The warden’s face glowers in contemplation.

“Yes, those small bumps. They remain noticeable.”

“But useless, warden. Sammy is more female than male.”

“Still they are evidence of his former gender. If he knows they are there, it could foster pride. And faint hope of returning to being male. That would not do.”

Gratefully, Dr. Mary continues to milk me, alternating the drawing motion of her fingers... right nipple... left nipple... right again. The spurts rhythmically splatter into the bowl. My energy slowly ebbs. I feel the odd glow in providing... as trained... as psychologically modified. I so much desire to nurture despite the extreme humiliation of ceding control of my glands to a woman’s hand.

The verbal exchange continues as I am slowly drained. In my reverie, the words become lost, the hormonal change in releasing the lacteal essence brings a heady fog. My eyes close. After a long interval, many squeezes, many draws, my breasts empty, my knees buckle in exhaustion. Dr. Mary

guides me to the floor.

“He’s spent,” she advises the warden. “I have deliberately induced physical weakness over the months. The extensive depletion of milk exhausts what little stamina I permit.”

I hear the warden chuckle.

“Place him on his back. I have a final modification.”

I am rolled from lying on my side. I have swooned but am aware of Dr. Mary and the warden. I can hear but have not the strength to move.

“The bumps, Mary. An unnecessary display of gender.”

With that I feel pressure at my pubes. My eyes open. A boot is pressed at my pelvis.

“Say good bye, Sammy.”

With that, the pressure slowly increases as the warden’s weight is shifted to the boot. I yelp in pain. Beneath the leather sole is my right gonad, tucked away in hiding. I feel pain. More weight, more pain. I detect a squish... whether it is something I feel or something I hear I do not know. The pain suddenly stabs but then eerily subsides. I definitely hear laughter. Then comes a pause for discussion.

“And now the other.”

The boot moves. There is renewed pressure, slowly applied. More pain. More weight. The warden is deliberate, time seems of little concern. Then there is another squish. Finally the left gonad is likewise smashed. The act of permanently destroying the organs which I thought were numbed and dead brings mental anguish with the incredible physical. It is a final message of excruciation from that which I thought was long gone. The atrophied testicles have succumbed once and for all... to a boot. My emasculation is finalized... simply but cruelly... my testicles crushed to oblivion.

It is the final episode of my transformation. My eyes close in disbelief.

“Dr. Mildred will have to remove them, warden. We would not want gangrene to set in.”

My mind recalls more laughter. Then what I hear becomes real. My reverie ends. It is Marie’s sultry voice.

“Scoop it all up, Sammy,” her gasped words of arousal bringing me from my reminiscence. “And perhaps I will milk you.”

I do... and hope she will.

~ The End ~

* Sound: An instrument used to examine or explore body cavities, as for foreign bodies or other abnormalities, or to dilate strictures in them.

Chris Bellows appreciates comments, criticisms and feedback. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com. He would be particularly interested in learning of the reader's perception of the warden character.... male or female?

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 fifteen or more years ago when he found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into 'mush'. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of 'Lady Constance', he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the present day release of this effort, book number twenty-seven.

Writing erotica. – strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s, has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to 'work outside the box'.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints, including 'first person female'. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting Dominance with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when they 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 sexual power exchange who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Two Chris Bellows forays into the world of the human equine are available from Lulu: 'Billie and Mary' and 'Pony Girl Zesty'.

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