

Kept Naked, Made Eager to Please

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By Chris Bellows

“You’re sick!”

“No, I am wealthy. That means the more apt term is that I am eccentric,” the calm voice tending to soothe.

The pithy response is accompanied by a smile and the fondling hand does not pause. The boy attains more inkling as to his circumstances, derogatory words not staying the woman from her unbounded inspection. The cradling of his testicles prompted the expletive, fingers nestling beneath, her thumb smoothing over the top of the scrotum to judge the firmness and general wholesomeness of the male reproductive organs.

“Very nice. A good set of balls,” she casually proclaims, “though the size seems to affect diction... and manners.”

The hand moves to the penis and slowly draws the organ straight out. It is a brazen gesture, nothing more than a blatant maneuver to determine length. The smile broadens as the shaft twitches and the hand withdraws. The woman steps back. Her smile fails to diminish in gazing at the well tethered youthful male figure... save for wrist and ankle cuffs his complete nakedness seeming to radiate under the bright lights.

“The charge?”

“Drunk, disorderly, indecent exposure,” the nearby officer solemnly replies as if to a presiding judge.

“Excellent... exposure. Very telling. Well you can take this one off your docket. We’ll once again save the county the cost of trial and incarceration. Do give my regards to her honor.”

The woman hands over an envelope. The officer accepts, no semblance of masking the outright bribe.

“You’ll have him brought to me in the morning, as usual? I’ll leave some restraints and a hood.”

The officer nods. The woman turns to step away.

“What’s this all about, bitch?”

“Well, well, indecent exposure... and an indecent mouth. Do restrain him standing for the night. Tomorrow he’ll be more receptive to lessons of *etiquette*,” the intonation most ominous.

The officer smiles. The woman notes that despite the rambunctious words her acquisition quakes, her firm instructions finally engendering the gravity of his situation... his vulnerability. The indication of fear brings laughter... demonic laughter.

The boy outright shudders... as he should.

Born into a middle class but well educated family, Audrey Meredith Darrows lived many years a normal life... school... boys... athletics... college. She excelled. Competitive, she thrived in the classroom, tried every sport, shrank from no challenge... including medical school.

A high paid vocation as an accomplished surgeon, events... accomplishments... even the loftiest goals brought attainment... every objective achieved with success... except one.

At what seemed to be the pinnacle of her life, Dr. Audrey Meredith Darrows failed to marry.

A joint announcement issued by a seemingly prototypical couple, ended the planned betrothal... graciously... but unexplainedly.

Thereafter life changed for Dr. Audrey Meredith Darrows. For the better?

Months after the wedding cancellation, a wealthy relative died, a great aunt. Skipping over, ignoring other estranged relatives, word of Dr. Audrey Meredith Darrows' enviable success in life engendering appeal, there was fostered the gravitational pull of success and money, bestowing a massive inheritance on Dr. Darrows.

What to do?

Love life shattered, a singular failure with cause left to speculation, attention to the rigors of precision surgery waned. Uninspired, curing the ills of the world no longer brought satisfaction.

Dressing one morning, Dr. Audrey Meredith Darrows looked in the mirror. Noted were youth remaining, athletic shapeliness yielding to neither time nor gravity, and a nearby cell phone. The latter empowered, used to cancel first the morning appointments... then the day's appointments... then life's appointments. She quit. Self emancipation ensued.

Yes, it dawned... wealthy... knowledgeable... alluring... yet jaded and unhappy. She changed her existence.

Dr. Audrey Meredith Darrows retired from the medical profession, her life to become transformed, more deeds inexplicable.

"What are you doing to me, you bitch!" the voice loud, aggressive, boisterous.

“Tsk, tsk, Gregory. You’ll wear out your vocal cords, and with little result. Being hooded, you did not notice where you’ve been taken. And that you’ll not fully ascertain until I... until you’re made ready.

“But you’re in my barn... on a very secluded farm. It’s more than a mile over the hill to the main road. In the other direction there is another mile or two of my land, then a forest preserve owned by the State of West Virginia, with even fewer people, thicker trees and less accessible terrain. So it is unlikely any one but us will hear you... hear your protestations. And I think you’ll soon learn such have little effect.”

As Dr. Darrows speaks, she prepares various implements on a steel tray.

“I need to lie down!” come more words too loud, the well secured figure standing bent at the waist.

“And you shall... when I decide. It’s a paradigm to which you will need to become accustomed. It is best for you. Here I govern.”

“What is this, a dungeon?” young Gregory rolling about his eyes, his neck and wrists encased in thick wooden planks, holding his head immobile.

“You’re held in one of many stalls in my barn, converted... less now a shelter for equine and bovine creatures than for other... beasts.”

A left hand, gloved in the latex of the surgeon she once was, reaches forth to locks of hair long askew, the fingers entwining.

“Do try not to move. Overall, this can offer little aggravation if you don’t resist.”

“What is it? What are you doing?”

“So loud...” comes an unresponsive reply as the right hand approaches.

Into the right nostril there is introduced a soft flexible rubber tube. Fingers dextrously push, within seconds meeting the resistance of the sinus cavity.

“No!”

The utterance, more of shock and denial than protest, brings a smile. Neck and wrists firmly encased between two thick, smooth well worn planks, the reference to a dungeon is appropriate, the good doctor having acquired ancient yet effective stocks.

There comes the dawning of reality... Dr. Audrey Meredith Darrows can do whatever she pleases... and the deafening shouts will not deafen the deaf... the aloof... the callous.

Both Gregory and the doctor sense the slight pop as the right nostril yields and the tube enters the

sinus cavity. It brings a grimace from the bound, and realization for Dr. Darrows.

“Now it is best to hold still. I can be quick and relatively painless for good boys.”

The left hand releases and quickly moves to the tray. Forceps, rubber coated, glistening with lubricant, such are introduced to the left nostril, bringing forth a nasal groan. But also a notable display of skill, as the prongs also enter the sinus cavity and quickly snare the end of the tube within.

“Arrrrghhhh,” comes the expected reaction as the forceps retreat, drawing the tube down the left nostril.

“You’re a good boy. And good boys get to lie down. Just as soon as the polymers and adhesive cure and dry,” the words cooed... a mother reassuring a distraught child.

As she speaks the hands and fingers rapidly work, snipping the tube to shorten and form an upside down ‘U’, the ends dangling at the lips. The point of a large syringe invaginates one end, the plunger pressed to introduce the aforementioned polymers into the tube. Smoothly, with a surgeon’s speed and precision, the tube fills, within seconds a small dollop of the substance exiting the opposing end.

The syringe returns to the tray and a small perfectly sized cylinder of solid rubber is inserted to connect the loose ends. Then the fingers work with a powerful dental adhesive to assure the ends of the tube bond to form an ellipse which penetrates the sinuses.

The doctor smiles, her professional look of complacency bringing curious calm as her fingers hold together the tube ends. The formulation of the polymers will somewhat harden the loop, and make it quite durable to stress... a very important attribute. She finds that Gregory’s naivety amuses, for he will soon learn of the gravity of his nasal modification. When cured and dried, he will find that the amazing compound, filling the otherwise smooth and soft tube, transforms it to the equivalent of a ring of hardened steel, its tensile strength noteworthy.

“Why are you doing this?” the voice now more beseeching than provocative.

“Because I can.”

The fingers continue to hold together the tube ends as a large woman of color momentarily steps within view.

“This one likes to expose himself, Vocinda. Strip him down, begin the depilation. If he’s good, lower the stocks and let him lie down for a while. I suspect he spent the night cuffed to the bars of his cell in a standing position,” amused in knowing that he was made to do so under her orders.

Compounds dried, the gloved left hand tousles the hair then the doctor steps out of sight. Gregory’s peripheral vision, the large planks impeding, limits his view of the woman accepting

the instructions. But he does feel her hands and hears the tearing of clothing.

Well tethered wrists, ankles cuffed as well, will not inhibit the removal of his clothing... all his clothing. Every garment is ripped, shredded actually, the large woman seeming to handle boys with energetic glee.

Yes, once again he is stripped naked... to be exposed.

For what purpose?

“It burns.”

“You’ll become accustomed to it. Twice a day until the follicles surrender. For some it requires a few days... for others weeks.”

“I need to lie down.”

“Of course you do. You’ll have many needs here. Some of which will be well addressed. Others... well overall you’ll be happy... in time. And you need to develop manners. My name is Vocinda... Miss Vocinda to my boys. But you may call me Miss V.”

Gregory listens, totally focused as he remains standing stooped at the waist in the stocks. Though exhausted, having spent most of the night indeed standing with wrists cuffed high to the cell bars, the searing pain of the depilation lotion impels the flow of adrenalin. The combined cerebral input... the need to rest... the need to address the slowly mounting pain... overwhelms. Normally feisty, somewhat truculent, the soothing voice, though quite firm, brings odd sanguineness. It is evident, in listening to her voice, sensing her palpating hands as every inch of his flesh is coated, that she has before handled boys... naked boys... well bound boys... boys enduring trauma.

“How do your balls feel? The reaction of skin there is the worst I am told.”

“They’re on fire!”

“Just a little pain to please us. It’s all in your mind, remember that. And the results are well worth it. A nice smooth and pink scrotum for the doctor. We like that here.”

“You’re bitches!”

Lotion fully applied, Miss V steps to the front, finally offering her huge form for full gaze.

“Tsk, ts. Such manners.”

Gregory stares in astonishment. The woman of color is over six foot and broad... but only at the shoulders and hips. A tubular halter covers only the mammary glands, leaving arms and massive

shoulders bare. With the slightest motion, uncovered abdominal muscles ripple as do thigh muscles. But what most attracts the young male eye is the very brief loosely hanging patch of cloth which most immodesty serves to veil her pubes... until she moves. Then a well trimmed mons flashes into view... tantalizing... forcing libidinous thoughts. Only a thin cord circling about the hips, seemingly a mere string, precludes complete nakedness from the waist downward.

“You’ll soon learn your place. The more obstreperous at the start, the more quickly they become obedient.”

A simple finger extends, curling to hook within the newly installed loop of hardened rubber, and pulling upward. Gregory senses instant agony, making the slow burn of the depilation lotion pale.

“You should begin to imagine yourself on the end of a leash... and what a firm correcting tug will feel like,” Miss V interjecting for the first time the practicality of the nasal modification. “So no more invectives.”

Gregory looks up into a most handsome face of deep mocha. It is a knowing face... exuding confidence... knowledge... though appearing youthful there is a comforting maturity.

“You’re here to perform for us. And you will soon learn to enjoy performing for us. This is not the place to make trouble. You should apologize.”

The finger slowly increases the tension on the loop until Gregory yelps with the intense pain. Miss V smiles and eases the tension... momentarily.

“Now what do you have to say?”

“I am sorry Miss V.”

“Good boy. How does it feel having a woman control you like that?”

“It feels as if something has entered my brain, like you’re tugging on my mind.”

“Yes, they all report about the same reaction. Rather effective form of bondage, wouldn’t you agree. As big as I am... as strong as I am... it was only my index finger that brought capitulation, Gregory.”

Miss V releases.

“Time for a rinse. When it stops burning, that means it’s done.”

Once again Miss V steps from sight and Gregory feels her hands, now known to be powerful and quite governing, as every inch of his flesh is laved with warm comforting rinsing water. It feels good, and despite the stress, the lack of sleep, he feels a twitch within his loins. He curses himself, but there is strange comfort as the woman tenderly assures the lotion is removed. Her divine near nakedness prompted a degree of stimulation. And now with his genitals left for last,

Gregory convinces himself that he is firming... and it embarrasses. Sure enough, as the warm wet chamois caresses, Miss V takes note.

“Yes, a nice firm erection for me. You’ll be performing for sure.”

With the lotion gone, to emphasize her point, the same directing finger used to demonstrate the nasal loop presses downward on the engorged penis tip, then instantly slips away. Gregory learns just how tumescent has been his reaction. The organ snaps upwards to thump against his belly, bringing forth girlish laughter.

“You now see why we restrain your hands. I am sure a boy like you would like to play.”

An otherwise vociferous Gregory has no retort. As Miss V lowers the stocks, enabling him to lie somewhat prostrate in long over due rest, he utters a very meek and sheepish ‘thank you’.

“You’ll need to soften. I want you flat on your belly, penis pointing down, balls well exposed between your thighs.”

Gregory feels fingers poking and prodding to bring his organs into compliance. With his firmness there comes discomfort and that fosters the required flaccidity. Then he feels tension on his ankle cuffs. Such have been attached to something behind him, mandating the prostrate position and that he indeed lie flat, his manhood awkwardly forced in the desired direction, his plump denuded testicles nestled between parted thighs.

“That’s good. We like it when a boy shows himself.”

Gregory feels teasing fingers augmenting the sense of exposure... the display of his organs.

“Do not soil the floor. We supervise all toilet functions here,” Miss V stepping forth and holding a metal bowl to make her point.

Gregory awakens. How long he has slept he cannot know. He can hear the pleasant yet demanding voice of Miss V. She speaks, but there are heard not any discernible replies. Still, it is apparent there are others in the barn as daylight better illuminates.

The presence of the nasal loop stirs the memory of the daunting procedure, the seemingly combustible depilation cream... and lastly the humiliation of tumefying in response to his caregiver’s touch. And whereas rest felt good, Gregory’s bounds have not permitted an iota of motion. Though sleep was at one time paramount, his limbs now crave mobility.

“That’s a good boy. Spread nice and wide for me.”

Yes, the demanding controlling voice, offering encouraging words for someone whose behavior is deemed apropos.

Finally the mammoth figure steps around a wooden partition to Gregory's front. She smiles most charmingly then disappears behind. A bare foot brushes the well exposed penis and scrotum, then teasingly caresses.

"Sleep well?"

"Yes, Miss V, but I need to be released."

"Of course you do."

There comes odd gratitude as the woman who so tightly bound now loosens the ankle tethers. Then she reappears to the front bends at the waist and meaty hands slip under the ponderous pair of planks which entrap hands and head.

"Up you go. Kneel for me." Miss V sprightly offers in lifting.

The height of the planks, attached to posts right and left, is adjustable.

"Good boy."

Gregory shifts his legs, changing from his forced prostrate position, his knees mercifully bending, his feet sliding beneath. Then as Miss V disappears to his rear he notes for the first time that her buttocks... large, well, rounded, muscular but still alluringly feminine... are completely uncovered. He is disappointed with only a glimpse. Then he feels fingers rummaging about his rectum.

"What!"

"Just a suppository. With so many boys, I have to keep all the bowels on schedule," she casually coos despite the untidy stigma of the subject matter.

Miss V returns to sight. The metal bowl awaits on floor of the stall. She retrieves it and stands most proximate to Gregory's encumbered head, the loose patch covering her pubes flopping about to flash the brownish pink of her sex beneath.

"Say when, no sloppiness," she again advises as she tousles his hair.

"When will I get out of this thing? You cannot keep me like this forever!"

Miss V laughs... a knowing laugh... a wordless retort to apparent naivete. She pats his cheek.

"Oh, Gregory, you'd be surprised what we can do... and what you can... and will... endure. Release will be ours to offer... not yours to request. Miss V will give you a nice massage if you perform for me. Just part your knees and fill the basin."

"Ok. It's working," the words are humble and difficult to offer, but Gregory finds the suppository

to be effective.

“And I think you need a hair cut. It will make you feel better. Cooler for you when we work you,” Miss V advises as she once again steps out of sight to the rear.

Gregory spreads and feels the basin positioned between his knees. He is most chagrined to have to empty himself in such a manner. His words are not the only humble reaction. He feels himself blushing and quivers as the powerful knowing hands, those that palpated every inch of his flesh the night before, assist by splaying his cheeks.

“You don’t need...”

“Hush. Just perform. Learning to perform is important here. You’ll become very accustomed to my touch.”

In silence, Gregory’s bowels move to complete the ignoble deed, his excrement plunking to the waiting bowl.

“Your bladder,” no sooner said then Miss V grasps his penis and the plunking is followed by the hiss and pinging of his flow.

“Yes, such a good boy. I think you enjoy being handled by a woman, Gregory.”

The thought embarrasses. Still, nature’s call is answered, and in finishing, Gregory feels the controlling hand shake rather teasingly in assuring all droplets are captured. No sloppiness indeed.

“Would you like to harden again for me? Come, make yourself nice and stiff for Miss V. So many of my boys like to show off for me.”

Such a sultry tone of voice, such curiously encouraging words. As the hand releases and Miss V stows the bowl, Gregory indeed feels himself engorge.

What is happening?

Shears appear from somewhere as Miss V returns to his front. In nearness, Gregory cannot help wordlessly gazing at the partially covered pubes as his head is shorn of hair.

“Yes, you all enjoy giving up control... and peeking... and some like to taste,” Miss V’s words tantalizing, as a hand lowers to briefly slip aside the limited covering of the small patch.

The expanse of pinkish brown entices... as does a coaxing whiff of her sex. Gregory’s eyes bulge...in desire... in need... in lust.

“Good boys get to enjoy. Very good boys get to feast.”

The offer distracts, clumps of Gregory's hair summarily falling to the barn floor. Then the effort becomes more meticulous, Miss V careful to clip to the very scalp.

"The hood will fit better as well."

There follows a massage. Gregory never thought the firm hands of a woman could feel so good. He stiffens again for her, on this occasion much less chagrined.

"How does it feel?" a crooked finger simply hooks the nasal loop and gently pulls right then left. Gregory's face instantly follows, the thousands of nerving endings mandating that stress there be minimized.

"Owww. It's like something tugging on my brain."

Dr. Audrey laughs.

"Yes, the sinuses offer quite the lever for control, don't you think?"

Gregory nods, hating himself for having to agree.

"Want to walk for me? Get some exercise?"

"Yes please."

Gregory cannot count the hours in the stocks. He knows it has been for more than one day. And by now he realizes everything is under the control of the imposing Miss V and the equally daunting Dr. Audrey Meredith Darrows.

"Good. I'll walk you. I like walking a boy."

The doctor steps to a corner of the stall and removes a black cloth garment from a wall hook. There is also a wooden pole which she takes in her right hand.

"We're going to go very slowly and you will need to listen carefully and respond to my voice and pulls on the training pole."

Gregory stares at the simple but ominous length of wood. On one end of the six foot length is a clasp, and he immediately knows of its purpose.

"Here we go. Your first training session."

The cloth garment of black is a hood, easily slipped over Gregory's entrapped head. With a single hole for the mouth and nose it curtails his vision. Loose strings are somewhat tightened about the neck line and then sure enough, Gregory feels fingers working about his nose loop. The

training pole is attached.

“Now, when I release the stocks, you are to stand and place your hands behind your head. I will then guide you from the stall and we’ll walk about a bit. If you’re good we’ll go outside and get you some air.”

“But I have no clothing,” Gregory protests.

The doctor laughs.

“Another rule... no talking. Boys that talk eventually have their vocal cords sutured.”

Gregory feels his wrists loosen and his heart leaps as the thick plank rises from the back of his neck. Overwhelmed with joy he diligently obeys, standing, his knees somewhat shaky, and places his hands behind his head. He realizes that the doctor is graciously moving the training pole, alleviating any undesired tension on his nasal loop.

He also notes that the pole places her beyond reach of his hands, should he seek to strike out in defiance. And with sight denied, he doubts whether he can release the clasp before his governing woman can lift and place him in intense agony for his disobedience. And sure enough, he receives a quick demonstration, feeling powerful upward tension on the nasal loop, the slightest motion of the doctor’s hand translating through leverage into incredibly painful stress on his sinuses.

He cries out with the pain hearing Dr. Audrey chuckle, learning of her sang froid in delivering her message of total control.

“Now you know to be good. Come, walk for me.”

The words are offered as an encouraging mother to a child taking his first steps. But a slight pull on the nasal loop brings incredible agony. Gregory begins to understand the fiendish design. Though there comes an initial reaction of resistance, perhaps to strike out at she bringing pain, the pole places her beyond reach. Yet he is well within her control, the slightest jostling transmitting unbearable stress on the deeply penetrating loop.

So the initial vengeful thought quickly wanes, all thoughts turning to the minimization of duress. And Gregory learns that the woman is masterful in bringing his naked form well under her auspices, her words of instruction quick, clear and timely.

“Right foot... left. A turn to the right. Three steps forward. We’ll pause...”

Gregory’s mind becomes immersed. Thoughts of resistance dissipate. Within minutes he feels the warmth of sunlight and an odd sense of gratitude glows with it. Yet he is naked and outdoors! To be seen by whom!

“Yes, you are a good boy, Gregory. No longer disorderly... yet remaining indecently exposed for

me. Do you like being stripped of all clothing before a woman? Brought under her exacting control? You may speak”

“I... I... don’t know.”

The pole brings him to a stop. He feels a finger tip playfully diddle the underside of his penis. He has not before realized that somehow, for some reason, he has stiffened for his trainer.

“I think I have my answer.”

Silence ensues, Dr. Audrey leaving her naked charge to his thoughts as she walks with deliberation assuring Gregory directionally follows, responding first to obviously right or left tension on the nasal loop. In time he will learn to instantly react to the slightest change, the training at the farm of Dr. Audrey Meredith Darrows known to be endless and exacting.

Gregory knows not where he is, but the dirt is smooth and powdery, easy on his feet. The wind rustles through trees and the scent of pine is strong. Offered sight, he would mostly likely agree that Dr. Audrey has adequately described the seclusion of her homestead. Strangely, there comes a radiant glow of comfort. For the first time in many hours he can move... somewhat fettered... but move.

“Feels good to be out of the stocks?” Dr. Audrey inquires in leading him back to the barn.

“Yes, ma’am... I suppose.”

“Well we’ll do this again... and again. I think you enjoy it.”

Gregory once again feels a finger tip ever so teasingly diddling the underside of his penis. Yes, it has remained standing for the entire interval of exercise.

Back in the stocks, Gregory finds his time with Miss V to be dichotomously pleasant and aggravating. There is the depilation of his entire body, his scrotum seeming to be set afire with each application of the twice daily coating of chemicals. But then comes the removal, knowing hands laving his nakedness with warm water and soft chamois. And after that Miss V slathers his form with a sweet smelling viscous lotion, massaging and kneading everywhere. It tingles, bringing enervation to skin he can longer touch, his entrapped muscles most appreciative of her tendance... the amazingly powerful hands bringing grateful relief to long cramped limbs.

And yes he stiffens, the period of chastity causing hormone levels to mount, the priapic young male reacting with increasing firmness. And Miss V encourages, complimenting each stand.

“It’s so nice of you to show off for me, Gregory.”

With the words will come a brief and momentarily satisfying caress of his shaft, perhaps even an

evanescent squeeze and twist, her hand action both pleasurable yet frustrating.

Yes, there is operant conditioning, the captured male trained to display his virility most unabashedly. Gregory learns that a good stiff penis earns him kind words and pleasurable, though brief, attention, his time otherwise spent kneeling or lying in tedious unending bondage.

Feeding times bring some degree of entertainment. Miss V stands quite proximate, the small patch limiting coverage of her mons shifting about as she reaches for another spoonful of sustenance. The flashes of pink, now deemed succulent by the chaste, distract... but do so with welcome.

On or about the fifth day of his captivity, Gregory outright gawks, not disguising his interest as the covering flops about. Miss V notes his attentiveness and challenges.

“Many boys here like to taste as well as look, Gregory,” her tone of voice playful.

Gregory has no clever retort. Though the offer seems most inviting, too generous, he knows not what to say.

“Would you like to taste as well?”

How can he not nod his head, the many days of exacting servitude, of bondage, of depilation, and beg for lustful diversion? Though the stocks encumber, there comes a strained motion and a humble ‘yes’.

“Good. Well you have to earn the privilege. I want you to stiffen for me. Bring yourself to a nice stand, a big hard on for Miss V.”

With that, Miss V puts aside the food bowl and spoon. Her right hand lowers and the fingers pull aside the small almost irrelevant flap of cloth, to reveal in full glory her most enticing sex. Well trimmed, pressed within meaty brown outer labia are luscious folds of pink inner flesh, seeming to beckon a parting tongue. Above, a sizable hood serves to veil what Gregory imagines to be an inviting pearl of feminine pleasure, begging to be engulfed, devoured, hungrily sucked into the warm wet of a subservient mouth.

Yes, Gregory’s gawk intensifies, outright staring, his hunger evident though sustenance has been well offered.

Miss V smiles and momentarily steps to the side, peering beneath the kneeling form to note the reaction. Yes, Gregory obediently stiffens, his hormones, his conditioning spurring the desired result.

“Yes, a taste for my erect plaything,” Miss V announces.

The fingers of the left hand again push aside the patch, then press and splay to part the outer labia, The fingers of the right dive within, gathering an abundance of warm wet. Gregory then

finds disappointment as she slowly coats his face with her essence, the aroma overwhelming. Then fingers finally find his lips, there to offer a taste as bargained.

“I prefer you to be hard for me, Gregory. I take care of you, and you in turn need to please me... and showing off your erect penis... performing for me... pleases.”

And so to Gregory’s grueling protocol, lying prostrate with penis and balls well exposed, and pressed to the floor, kneeling in his stocks while depilated and fed, being trained to walk blindfolded and respond to a woman’s directing tugs, comes the need... perhaps an ingrained desire... to stiffen... and earn the lustful offering of Miss V’s juices.

Day after day after day.

Yes, Gregory hardens to the sound of Miss V’s approaching voice. He also finds that being walked about naked and leashed to the training pole also brings a priapic response. Yet since there is no one to disapprove, no observers to jeer, scold and upbraid, he lets what is seeming to become a natural response continue unfettered.

And his keepers seem pleased... and that in turn strangely pleases him.

Weeks passing, Dr. Audrey presents herself. Normally she blindfolds, attaches the training pole, releases the stocks and takes Gregory for a walk. Instead, with her charge idly held in his daytime kneeling position, the doctor disappears from view behind and Gregory feels a hand pressed to his spine, high up where the stocks encumber his neck. Then palpating fingers of the free hand begin to work, squeezing tufts of flesh, rolling such about between firm fingers. He undergoes a thorough inspection, noting that the examination is perfectly symmetrical, right side then left.

“You’re glabrous, Gregory, not a follicle to be seen or felt.”

A hand palms the scrotum, and Gregory finds that he unknowingly displays the desired erection, a finger smoothing down the long stiff shaft to offer a brisance of joy.

“And quite tumescent,” Dr. Audrey wickedly snickers. “Plus my special skin cream has nicely countered the harsh depilating chemicals. Your skin is more sensitive than ever. At the cerebral cortex, I can feel the reaction to my touch,” the hand pressed to the neck explained.

Yes, with the many pleasant massages and the sweet smelling unguent, Miss V has been meticulously applying a special sensitizing formulation.

“That is good. I think you will find yourself reacting very obediently to the crop.”

The crop?

“Now, I want you to bear something for me. Most of my boys come to enjoy, so just let the initial discomfort pass.”

Gregory hears the snapping of latex as the doctor dons gloves. Next, fingers explore again, now parting his gluteal cleft. There comes cool slipperiness then a finger invades, sliding with ease past his rectum. Gregory feels his erection waggle with the unexpected penetration.

“In we go... just a beginner plug,” the finger withdrawing.

“Ughh.”

Gregory’s defenseless well lubricated rectum facilely yields to an anal plug. It is stout yet mercifully tapered and Gregory feels his purse string muscle hungrily devour the firm rubber then contract to tightly close around a modest shaft, drawing inward, seeming to embrace the object as would a stranded sailor savor a succulent piece of fruit.

“There, feel good?”

There is pressure, the well shaped protuberance abrades the prostate gland. But yes, there is something distantly joyful. And the doctor once again smooths a finger along his stiffness, confirming the tumescent reaction. Gregory may verbally protest... but his penis celebrates.

“Now, let’s take you for a walk. I think you’re going to perform for me very nicely. You boys certainly like to be penetrated. And it’s good for that unused gland. Everything needs attention...”

“How’s that feel?”

Gregory finds amazement in the wave of joy, his entire form tingling and with the delight, of course, he feels that twinge which precedes erection. Dr. Audrey stands to his front reaching below his entrapped face and neck, thumb and forefinger of both hands having gently grasped a nipple. Her digits twirl, bringing goose bumps and an inadvertent sigh of pleasure.

Rarely before has anyone toyed there. But it is not the novelty of the manipulation. No, something has changed, Gregory never before responding to touch in such a manner.

“It... it... feels good... I guess.”

“Yes, I enjoy heightening a boy’s sensitivity. The chastity brings the hormones to levels of overflow making the nipples quite sensate. Plus my special skin cream and the fact that you’re well bound, naked and completely subjugated before a woman augments the transformation. It is the perfect storm of sensuous input.”

The fingers are marvelous, Gregory normally sensing the aggravating controlling tugs of the training pole when in Dr. Audrey’s proximity.

“Yes, Gregory your flesh is now not only devoid of hair, but has the responsiveness of a pubescent girl. You will perform for me as a male, but have the sensitivity of a young female.”

To illustrate, the fingers withdraw, and the right hand gathers a small tuft of skin on the arm. She sharply pinches with her nails and Gregory is amazed at the level of perceived pain, squealing in instant response... and sounding so much indeed as the pubescent girl so described.

“Yes, the crop will soon become your master. You’ll not want to be disobedient... and instead you’ll find great joy in performing for me. It’s definitely time to advance your training. Have you ever danced?”

Hooded, naked as always, the training pole leads and Gregory follows with noted adroitness. His anus is plugged, being walked with a well crafted insertion is now standard operating procedure. Thus he knows for certain that he is erect and with some footfalls can feel his penis waggle. He imagines the sight to greatly amuse.

Much time in training, thorough concentration, imbues him with the ability to feel the slightest tension on the nasal loop, the merest whim of his trainer to turn right and left, to slow, to speed, to stop, to resume, now transmitted with the lightest change in Dr. Audrey’s controlling tugs. Does his erection please the good doctor?

His goal... to not only minimize pain, but to please as well, the many, many weeks of bondage and feminine governance terminating any thoughts of truculence. So he steps, mindlessly following the lead as would a well harnessed ox.

For the first time, the feel of soft powdery dirt shifting to smooth flooring, the sun no longer warming, Gregory realizes that he has been lead into another building. Yet, it matters not. His role is to follow the training pole, the slightest of controlling pulls, and the wishes of she in charge.

“We’re going to strengthen your legs and improve your footwork, Gregory. Vocinda will soon begin treadmill work for stamina while I... well I have my own form of entertainment.”

Three more steps and Gregory feels the smooth somewhat slippery flooring, presumably linoleum, change to the coarseness of cement. Then as the pole signals to slow his footwork, there comes the sensation of heat. It quickly grows to unbearable hotness, searing the soles of his bare feet. Gregory lurches, his feet kicking in attempting to avoid harm, his startled reaction bringing laughter.

“Yes, my special heated floor in the dressage chamber, Gregory. Not hot enough to permanently damage, but hot enough to want to avoid. And I think you will want to prance for me. All my boys find it is best to get up on their toes and move rapidly... yes, prancing as would a ballerina.”

Thankfully the controlling hand of the training pole directs movement and Gregory complies

without delay. And yes, he goes to his toes and begins to pump with celerity, minimizing contact with the wickedly hot concrete floor. A circular motion is mandated, and Gregory soon realizes that Dr. Audrey stands arm well extended in the middle of a sizable open room, booted feet well protected from harm as he circles about her stationary form, footfalls many, the training pole directing.

“Yes, very good boy Gregory. But higher with your knees.”

For the first time, Gregory hears the snap of leather followed immediately by an incredible sting to his buttocks. As he indeed lifts his knees... high... higher... he understands that he is being whipped. And though there is minimal force to the occasional strokes, his newly sensitized skin sends signals of distress... jolts of agony to his cortex. Yes, as intended he reacts very obediently to the crop... overly sensitive skin not able to bear the most modest of taps.

“You should see yourself respond to me Gregory, your hairless balls bounce about quite comically beneath that nice erection.”

Yes, it dawns, Gregory continues to display himself fully erect, despite the searing heat of the flooring and the stings of leather. And the occasional waggle, felt with pronounced motion, is now constant, the display heightening for sure the sense of sexual power relished by she directing training pole and crop.

Prancing as would a ballerina... yes he does. And a curiously proud one...

Deemed permanently hairless, Miss V no longer slathers Gregory’s nakedness with burning depilating cream. But gratefully she continues to massage, twice daily kneading every inch of Gregory’s form, offering relief to cramped muscles, her tendance gratefully interrupting the tedious monotony of constant bondage. Though Gregory now knows the sweet smelling, viscous lotion transforms his flesh, bringing ultra sensitivity such that the slightest stroke of the crop offers unbearable agony, he gladly accepts Miss V’s attention, hardening for her, and hoping, should his erection be deemed sufficient, to be offered a sampling of her feminine essence.

“Open wide for me,” Miss V commands, Gregory kneeling in the stuporous aftermath of her caressing hands.

‘Perhaps today I will lick’, Gregory excitedly thinks to himself, as the patch of cloth annoyingly dangles to impede complete visual examination.

Instead, Miss V fills his mouth with a mass of gooey rubber.

“Bite down... softly.”

Gregory obeys of course, his training such that he could be walked off a cliff without forethought or a hint of reluctance.

“Making a nice bit for you,” Miss V explains as she cradles his entrapped head.

“Dr. Darrows spares no expense. All her boys have a custom molded mouth piece.”

Minutes later comes the command to open and the brown fingers which offer treasured relief from hours and hours of strict immobility gently retrieve a now hardened impression of Gregory’s oral cavity.

“Good boy,” her free hand slipping aside the covering to once again display her sex.

A reward is to be offered for compliance. Miss V’s fingers work to gather some essence, dipping well into her love canal, coating with her odoriferous juices then playfully smearing Gregory’s nose and cheeks. When such near his mouth, his lips part and his tongue darts to hungrily lick clean the teasing digits.

“Tomorrow I will work you... on the treadmill. Would you like to perform for me?”

“Yes, Miss V.”

“Good. I like it when a boy performs for me. Think you can stay erect?”

“I will try Miss V.”

“Yes, you so much want to please, Gregory. That is good.”

Lying prostrate, stocks lowered to the floor, ankles cuffed and well secured, thighs parted, penis pressed to the floor pointing towards his toes, plump ball sac so vulnerably exposed, Gregory hears Miss V working the many other stalls he has never seen. Finally, peering upwards as best as the stocks permit, he spies the bare feet and well muscled calves of she who offers such wondrous relief.

Gregory needs to urinate, bladder filled with a long night’s excretions.

“Morning, Gregory. Did our boy sleep well?” Miss V coos as she moves out of sight to the rear and works to release the ankle cuffs.

“Yes Miss V, thank you,” so humbly expressing appreciation, ironically offering gratitude to the woman who so tightly... and cruelly... bound him hours ago.

Feet freed, Miss V lifts the stocks and Gregory pulls his legs beneath him to return to the kneeling position where he spends most of his day.

Next Miss V returns to the rear and fingers work his gluteal cleft, the morning suppository introduced.

“Today, the treadmill. We’re going to begin building your stamina. The doctor enjoys speed, but the judge... well she likes long arduous journeys into the forest preserve.”

The judge? Gregory dares not inquire, knowing his place is to obediently serve and respond to commands... and slight tugs on his nasal loop.

Awaiting the suppository, Miss V returns and holds up a tubular length of hard rubber of some two feet. Attached in the middle is a strange mass of equally firm rubber. Gregory notes the teeth marks and realizes it has been shaped from the mold of his mouth. It is surprisingly stout, obviously designed to fill his entire oral cavity. And it brings concern as he notes a flexible tube connects to a sizable hole. It becomes apparent that it is to assure breathing.

As Miss V joins Gregory in inspecting he notes that at each end of the length there are eyelets where a cord or rope can be threaded.

“Open for me, let’s make sure it fits.”

Gregory complies and Miss V quickly presses the soft tube into his mouth. Though there comes choking, the calloused woman ignores pressing more firmly until the entire mass disappears.

Gregory is correct in his assessment. Mouth completely stuffed, there remains not a smidgeon of space, the molded mass conforming perfectly with his teeth, his head and face and the length of rubber essentially becoming one. The soft rubber tube abrades the back of his throat continuing to slightly gag.

Miss V smiles, in satisfaction jostling the ends to assure herself of the tightness of the fit. Then she moves to the wall where the training stick and hood hang in wait. She retrieves some cords and returns.

“Your bit,” she proclaims, knotting one cord to Gregory’s nasal loop and threading it through the eyelet to the right.

A second cord is likewise knotted and threaded through the left. Miss V then steps back, each hand holding a cord. With the slightest motion, the gentlest of tugs, the right cord tightens pulling at the nasal loop and Gregory instantly moves his head, as much as the stocks permit, to minimize the pain.

“Yes, well trained, eager to obey and please. You’ll soon be running, working up a good sweat. Our boys love to be freed of the stocks... as I am sure will you.”

The suppository brings the expected results. Miss V notes Gregory’s squirming, retrieves the basin and moves to his rear.

“Spread for me. Hit the basin, keep it neat like a good boy. And Gregory... you’re erect. So nice of you to show off for me.”

The hood, the command to open wide, the bit callously inserted, a stout anal plug, larger than the beginners size inserted days before, then Miss V releases Gregory from the stocks. No training pole required, she simply hooks her finger into the nasal loop as by rote, Gregory lifts his arms and places his hands behind his head.

“Stand,” shaky knees laboring, cramped muscles straining to respond.

Then Gregory feels tension and instantly steps to follow.

“Prance for me as you’ve been trained... or Dr. Audrey will have you back in the dressage chamber.”

Up to his toes, Gregory quickly complies, having spent enough time struggling to avoid contact with the searing hot concrete floor.

Miss V walks quickly and with each exaggerated footstep, Gregory can feel his erection bob and his scrotum, seeming to be bursting with pent up ejaculate, flop about, putting on quite the display. The anal insertion makes its presence known... tight but not inhibiting his prance.

The penetrating tube remains a source of aggravation, triggering a slight gag reflex which diverts his attention from the concentration required to crisply follow the directing finger.

Still the journey is brief and Gregory finds himself led into a room resounding with the whirring of many motors. As he knows from Miss V’s morning rounds, others are held under the cruel and exacting care of Dr. Audrey Meredith Darrows, and it seems such are thoroughly exercised. With increasing nearness, the sound of the motors is accompanied by the soft thumping of many bare feet... too many to count... certainly more then three pair.

“We’ll start slowly. But in a few days you’ll be performing for me like an Olympic athlete. Step up.”

Gregory obeys and feels canvass beneath his feet. Then Miss V releases her finger and the nasal loop jostles as a cord is attached. It becomes apparent that failure to keep pace... any misstep... will result in intense agony and Miss V so warns.

“You and the treadmill are one, Gregory. Concentrate and work yourself. On your toes, nice high steps as Dr. Audrey insists.”

The rotation of the canvass begins. Little does Gregory realize, he will soon be pining to be returned to the drudgery of the stocks.

Gregory, exhausted, sensing droplets of perspiration flinging about, finally feels the rotation

begin to slow.

“Jackie boy will wash you and take you back to your stall,” Miss V advises.

With that, the nasal loop is released from the cord. Then comes a gentle pull as once again someone has evidently hooked a finger through the ellipse of hardened rubber.

“Come,” commands a new voice with a giggle.

It is soft, somewhat effeminate, the timbre of a boy. And as the finger mandates that Gregory somewhat stoop, he realizes that unlike Miss V, someone short... much shorter... is directing.

Without being commanded, Gregory goes to his toes and prances as the finger tugs. The voice compliments.

“Good boy. I’ll get you all cleaned up.”

Knees high, many steps, the whirring sound diminishes, replaced by the rush of water. Flooring changes to tiling, a shower room is entered. Gregory is positioned.

“Stay,” the finger releases and he hears the noise of some apparatus gliding on the tiling. Next he feels the soft warmth of flesh pressing against his. The hood is removed. As he blinks, his eyes adjusting, the nasal loop is jostled, another cord attached. Then comes tension and his face is forced upwards, made to stare at the ceiling.

Looking down peripherally, he notes that Jackie boy’s shortness has required a stool to stand upon and that Jackie boy is equally naked, equally hairless, cranium made bald to the point of offering a brilliant sheen. He is a boy, but made up to look most effeminate, his appearance not matching his boyish voice. Modest earrings, trimmed and plucked eyebrows, what appears to be makeup engendering femininity is actually tattooing. Facially he has been permanently made to look like a girl... except the sheen of his baldness brings confusion.

“You like boys?” Jackie gleefully inquires, the gender confusion mounting.

With bit remaining in place, Gregory can only shake his head in response. A disappointed Jackie boy steps off the stool.

“Well it really does not matter.”

With that, Jackie’s small hands cradle Gregory’s burgeoning scrotum. Then he bends, the prettified face lowering to extend a bizarrely long and broad tongue, laving it all about depilated skin brought to hyper sensitivity by way of Dr. Audrey’s special skin cream. Gregory closes his eyes, absorbing both the intensity of the physical pleasure and the mental horror of the homoerotic gesture. He is chagrined to find that in his extreme chastity, Jackie’s offering feels wondrous. He stiffens, becoming as erect as ever as Jackie’s indefatigable tongue laps away, deliberately leaving the penis untouched.

Gregory wishes to be stroked... but then he does not, homophobia insisting he resist the thought... that he instead twist away in disgust. But he cannot... he dares not. Jackie has tightened the nasal cord such that he must stand on toes. The slightest movement will bring incredible pain. No, he must stand and accept the offering of ecstasy.

“I like the ponies to be erect for me when I shower them,” Jackie proclaims.

Ponies?

Gregory stores that thought as Jackie finally disengages, the erect penis deemed sufficiently firm. A valve is turned. Warm water streams from above. Gregory receives the most bizarre, physically appealing, mentally appalling, shower of his life, the hands as welcomed as Miss V's. And it is only the first of many.

Vision hampered by the tight cord, he does not notice the source of Jackie's envy, the reason for the maddening level of devotion showered upon his testicles.

Jackie has been castrated, forever relegated to the status of prepubescence.

Thereafter there are daily intervals of treadmill work. The grueling workouts are both welcomed and detested, the initial relief of motion soon supplanted by sheer exhaustion as Miss V works Gregory longer and harder during each session.

Though there is no becoming completely acclimated to the bit, the tube bringing constant near choking, Gregory has learned to overcome and draw huge gulps of air. Fighting the gag reflex, following the directing digit guiding his nasal loop, assuring that his foot work is acceptable... on toes, knees high... become his only thoughts.

It was the third day, Jackie boy standing on his stool in the shower to release the nasal loop after a long most sensuous cleansing and massage, that Gregory was able before the hood was returned to fully glance downward and visually examine the admirer of his balls.

Conforming with the facial modifications and the girlish earrings, Jackie's naked form, hairless, is also incredibly soft, a layer of subcutaneous fat bringing feminine attractiveness, not a hint of masculine muscling beneath. Nipples puff but easily crinkle in curious sensitivity. As Gregory would expect, a tiny penis flops about. But then as Jackie reaches up to slip the hood over his head, the scrotum comes into view. It is colored... a hideous crimson! Jackie has been tattooed there as well. And the pouch yields nothing... it is empty!

Jackie notes Gregory's look of shock as the hood is drawn down to curtail his examination.

“I've been snipped. Dr. Audrey decided I was not strong enough... not big enough... to please.”

Bit remaining, Gregory cannot further inquire, cannot question the nightmarish alteration. He

stands stunned as he hears the stool pulled away and as always a finger reaches up to take control.

“Come, stay hard for me.”

“Just a little pin prick, a few cc’s of saline and you’ll be ready to be exercised.”

Dr. Audrey works to his rear. As always the stocks preclude his ability to observe. When so kneeling, Gregory feels detached from his body, ceding any thoughts of ownership.

The pin prick comes, Gregory lurching as something stabs the top of his scrotal sac just below his penis. Then he begins to feel warmth, as if a hand is palming his testicles.

“This not only amuses me, Gregory, but has some practical advantages when you’re being well worked. It’s saline. I am infusing your scrotum. You’ll be displaying a nice plump set of balls for me and also you’ll not as quickly dehydrate. Think of me as transforming your sac into a Camel’s hump.”

Dr. Audrey laughs with her comparison, very much enjoying her unbridled power over the well secured naked male form. Her fingers begin to jostle the scrotum and Gregory can feel its changing weight, his sac growing indeed.

“I want you to feel me, my control, while you move. With each step you take the effect of my simple alteration will be apparent. You’ll be aware of a woman’s governance with every motion. I could turn your sac into something the size of a watermelon, but that would make it too difficult to perform for me. So 100 cc’s or so and you’ll be able to work on the treadmill yet know with each step who’s in charge, who has the ultimate power.”

With that, Miss V steps into his stall. Gregory feels the intravenous needle withdraw as the mammoth woman of color slips a hood over his head. Then as the stocks are lifted, there comes added ignominy as Gregory feels his anus being once again stuffed, sensing this plug to be one size larger. Whereas normally release brings a sense of great relief, when the directing finger guides Gregory to stand, he more fully senses Dr. Audrey’s alteration. His scrotum feels enormous and the bloated flesh weightily presses against his inner thighs.

Yes, he understands the wickedness. Dr. Audrey’s controlling hand will indeed be felt with every footfall.

“Come, prance for me.”

He does, hearing sardonic laughter as the exaggerated leg motion causes his ponderous scrotum to slap against his inner thighs. And yes, he is erect, his stiffness wagging about as well.

Yet, deep within comes a sense of sanguineness. He pleases... that is good.

“Come. Time to be sacked out.”

Having his scrotum infused once again, a hooded Gregory knows to stand as the stocks are lifted in release. Bit in place, cords looped through the ends and connected to the nasal loop, he is somewhat relieved that the training pole is no longer deemed necessary. But as always a challenging anal plug impales.

“Oh, you are standing for me nicely this morning,” Dr. Audrey’s calm confident voice compliments as a single teasing finger brushes his upstanding penis.

And though with hands free and training pole missing there is offered the possibility of resistance, Gregory instead obediently responds as well ingrained. Yes, he meekly lifts his arms to place his hands on the back of his head and awaits the initial signal, a gentle tug, to begin his exacting footwork.

“Today we’ll acclimate you to the reins and imbue the necessary concentration. There will be possible distractions when serving in harness. Such are to be ignored. It’s termed sacking out.”

Harness?

Out of the barn there come sunshine and the feel of soft dirt, then the slippery smoothness of linoleum and then... the dreaded rough concrete floor of the dressage chamber. Gregory feels the connecting reins shift about as Dr. Audrey for the first time steps behind. As the heat sears his soles, Gregory prances in place, not having received a signal to move.

“Now in harness, the signal to begin will come from the crop. With the sting you begin your prance. More strokes... more stings... mean more speed. You are to accelerate until the cropping stops. Otherwise the reins control... just as with the training pole, left... right... slow... stop,” Dr. Audrey offering slow, exaggerated pulls with each command.

“Since I am walking behind, there will be limited need for speed. But do follow the reins.”

Gregory feels his weighty balls flopping about as he must keep moving his feet. He can only imagine the humiliating image offered. But then again, such pleases... and he has come to realize it is his *raison d’etre*.

Music begins to play... loud... the overhead speakers presumably large. Classical music, apropos to Gregory’s need to prance about like a ballerina. Then he feels the snap of the crop and steps forward, relieved that without the need for speed he will feel no more. But the diversions of the heated floor and the music challenge his concentration. His saline filled sac also distracts along with sensing his erection bobbing with each step. But he must ignore and instead acknowledge and respond to the gentle gestures of control... slight tugs indicating the desired direction... where it is the governing holder of his reins desires to go.

Gregory learns that the dressage chamber must be vast, for he continues for several steps then finally, through the din, and putting aside the input of burning feet, he feels a slight tug, the left cord tensioning the nasal loop, and instantly turns left. Through the noise, he can hear a laugh of self satisfaction, somewhat demonic, and despite the intensity of the humiliation, there comes a glow of satisfaction of his own.

More steps another left turn. Just a few steps then a right turn. The pattern is completely random and cannot be anticipated. He must prance and await the directing tugs.

It becomes evident... Dr. Audrey has many times before sacked out others.

Gregory is relieved when he is deemed sacked out, for despite the energetic prancing, the heat of the floor slowly builds and no amount of feverish footwork can diminish the slowly mounting pain.

So Dr. Audrey continues directing from behind as gratefully the feel of linoleum returns then the soft dirt and sunshine of the outdoors then the wood flooring of the barn then the sound of whooshing water as he is guided to the shower room.

“He’s yours, Jackie,” Gregory is dismayed to hear.

“He’s soft Dr. Audrey,” the childlike voice observes.

“I’ve been working him in the dressage chamber. Nothing you can’t rectify.”

Once again Gregory feels the small soft hands cradle his sac, now only partially bloated as the saline has somewhat dissipated.

“They’re bigger,” Jackie gushes as a child opening a gift.

Then the tongue begins to lave and Dr. Audrey once again offers her demonic laugh.

“Jackie so much adores the testicles of others after I snipped away his. Don’t be put off, Gregory. Just pretend you’re being orally aroused by a girl. I’ve neutered him, made him closer to my gender than yours.”

Once again despite the consternation, the homophobia bringing dread, Jackie’s amazingly large and alacritous tongue works to return Gregory to full stand. It feels wonderful... but so decadent.

“And don’t worry, Gregory. He’ll never bring ejaculation. Since it is denied him... he’ll deny you as well.”

The laugh transforms to a cackle as Jackie, deeming the hard on sufficient, releases the sizable spheres and rights himself to take the reins.

“Time for your shower, pony boy.”

“You’re a lucky boy, Gregory. Dr. Audrey wants you to have more color. She likes deciding on the flesh tones of her boys.”

Miss V speaks as Gregory’s entire naked form is once again slathered with lotion. But it is not the sweet smelling sensitizing formula.

“Tanning lotion. She wants you looking pretty,” Miss V completing her task.

Anus stuffed, a slightly larger insertion, bit in place, Miss V connects the reins and explains the rules as she works.

“No hood. You’ll be sighted to get your head and face tanned as well. Quite the privilege, as Dr. Audrey even goes so far as to run her boys through the forest while blinded. So obey the rules and don’t take advantage. Keep your hands on the back of your head at all times. You’ll see what happens to those that disobey.”

For the first time, the stocks are raised with Gregory afforded sight. Yes, he agrees, he is lucky indeed, finally able to observe more of his surroundings than the drab wooden walls of his stall.

Still, he moves under a woman’s guidance as Miss V takes the reins, turns and steps. There comes momentary distraction as Gregory finally gets a full unimpeded view of the massive yet well shaped buttocks... rich brown... muscular... enticingly rippling with her steps.

Up onto his toes, Gregory prances to follow, Miss V setting a brisk exacting pace. Through the barn, past many other stalls, Gregory has not much opportunity to peer within, but there are indeed others. His is not the only set of stocks and out of the corner of his eye, he spies Jackie Boy tending to one kneeling naked form, massaging as Miss V daily massages him. He pauses to watch for a moment, Miss V kindly allowing some slack. But then comes a painful yank to resume.

To the outdoors, Gregory can finally see the soft powdery dirt he has so often felt beneath his feet. A fenced in corral area, adjacent to a large house. Circling everywhere are the huge pine trees which he has so often heard rustle in the wind. It appears as if the compound has been carved out of a dense forest. A road, the width of an automobile, not an inch wider, disappears over a hill, the angle of the morning sun suggesting the direction is east. Other narrower paths, appearing more as tunnels bored within the thick pine, diverge in several directions.

There are wheel marks, evidencing the use of bicycles, but then as Miss V marches onward, the duo pass a curious wheeled vehicle, shaped like a chariot but propped on the wheels of a bike.

Miss V opens a gate, draws Gregory into another fenced in enclosure and as she removes his reins Gregory peers about.

Grassy and open, the area is well sunned, and otherwise surrounded by the ubiquitous pine.

“In you go. Be aware the top of the fence is electrified and remember the rules,” Miss V delivering a thundering smack to Gregory’s buttocks.

With the sensitized flesh, he yelps, the pain oddly crisp and distinct. But he finds himself lurching forth and prancing, performing just as he would at the end of a training pole or with a woman’s hands guiding his reins.

Miss V laughs in noting the instilled manner of motion.

“Good boy,” she coos as the gate is closed and locked.

With the stinging pain subsiding Gregory takes in his surroundings. The fencing is both functional and decorous... rows of horizontal white planks, some six foot high, strung between posts eight feet apart. Easily climbed, but Gregory notes the wiring atop. In his nakedness, electrical shock could not possibly be avoided in attempting to scale. The many pine form walls of green on the opposing side. But nearest to the gate is the house. Enshrouded as well in greenery, a second floor deck offers an observation area, overlooking the entire expanse of corralled greenery.

Looking skyward, Miss V has selected a good day for the mandatory sunning of his oiled nude form. Not a cloud to be seen, and Gregory finds the temperature to be quite tolerable.

What to do?

Freedom from the stocks... freedom from controlling reins and training pole... sighted... there comes a degree of exhilaration. Then he looks down at his neglected manhood. There is a need to stroke himself... no encumbered wrists... no supervising woman. With the anal insertion his penis remains semi firm, viewing Miss V’s near nakedness adding a degree of arousal. But strangely, thoughts of Jackie Boy, the glimpse of him so tenderly massaging his cohort in captivity, come to mind... and he is surprised to note that the mental vision seems to augment the relative firmness.

Dare he toy?

“Make sure you move about and sun your entire body,” a voice calls out from above.

Gregory looks up. Dr. Audrey has stepped out onto the sundeck, wearing a diaphanous negligee, the nearby sliding glass door apparently leading to her bedroom. She sips coffee, proudly gazing down at her livestock. The sun offers a revealing silhouette of her body, a woman in fine form. A breeze wafts through her hair, and Gregory senses more arousal

What is happening to him?

“I want you well tanned. I like that look,” the voice smooth but demanding, leaving no doubt that Gregory will find himself well sunned.

With that, Miss V returns, another naked male in tow. Dr. Audrey shifts her look to watch as the gate is unlocked, and just as with Gregory, a controlling rein is released, but not from his bit. A smack to the buttocks sends him prancing into the corral as well.

“Hope you don’t mind some company Gregory. Harold needs some sun as well. And please don’t mind if he frottages. That’s allowed. It is the use of the hands that is denied... and as you can see, Harold has transgressed. It only requires one violation.”

The devilish laugh follows Dr. Audrey’s pronouncement and Gregory gapes in both fear and confusion. In addition to the loop of rubber invading his sinus cavity, Harold bears a second but slimmer loop. Through the tip of his penis! And that is where Miss V had connected a controlling rein!

The young male approaches, bit mandating silence. He lets Gregory examine. Exiting his urethral opening is a tube of firm rubber quite similar to the nasal tube as stated. It circles under and disappears between his legs, beneath his scrotum. Circling the top of the scrotal sac, just under an engorged penis, is a heavily gauged ring of metal.

“I’m sure you will be amused watching him pee,” Dr. Audrey laughingly calls out from above. “I’ve made it so he must squat. And we use that ring to make sure his balls don’t get in the way.”

Gregory is horrified as Harold comes even closer, pressing himself against his right thigh, indeed frottaging, attempting to rub the underside of his penis, tube impeding, against the softness of Gregory’s hairless flesh, the abundant sun oil making the surface seemingly quite receptive to the pleasure of slippery friction.

Gregory gurgles a loud ‘no’ into his gagging bit and steps away.

“He’s been penis looped, Gregory, the punishment for toying. He will never again ejaculate. He remains quite frisky with the permanent chastity. Unlike simply snipping him like Jackie Boy, I need him intact to labor in harness. But I cannot have him pleasuring himself... and now he can stroke... given the opportunity... but the results are just more frustration. The hormones build lusciously... and as a result he is so eager to be worked and perform for me.”

Harold approaches again, he also murmuring into his bit, trying to communicate cooperation, this time thrusting his looped organ against Gregory’s buttocks. It is then that Gregory notes an area of keloided flesh on the buttocks. Pink approaching the color of red, Harold bears the number ‘17’. He’s been branded and the thought brings a shudder of fear.

“You can frottage against him as well, Gregory. But don’t ever use your hands. And if you ejaculate, I will loop your penis in a heart beat.”

The thought terrifies and Gregory steps away. Yet Harold approaches again, his looped penis swelling and rising to better exhibit the insertion of rubber, the modification in no manner inhibiting erection. And Gregory is chagrined to find that his own semi firm manhood also begins to complete its stand.

And Dr. Audrey... she merely watches from above... sipping coffee as Gregory begins a long morning of avoiding male on male contact.

“You two would make a great tandem in harness,” she notes, the observation adding to Gregory’s dismay.

“Your big day, pony boy,” Miss V seeming to gush with enthusiasm.

Morning toilet completed, anus fully stuffed with a sizable plug, she hoods, presses forth with the mouth filling bit, and connects cords to the nasal loop, threading through the eyelets right and left. She works with alacrity having so often handled Dr. Audrey’s naked charges, finally releasing the stocks. Gregory knows to stand, hands behind his head, and Miss V wastes no time in offering a gentle tug to signal motion.

As the cords tighten, by rote, Gregory steps forth.

Having been granted sight for his sunning, Gregory now knows that in feeling soft powdery dirt and the warmth of sunshine he has been led into a corral area, well fenced but with gates offering access to the many paths into the surrounding forest.

“Concentrate, respond as you have been trained... and most of all please,” Miss V advises.

With that comes the command to ‘stay’, and Gregory continues to hear Miss V’s nearness as there comes the noise of apparatus. Gregory guesses it is the chariot or similar vehicle, rolling with wheels smoothing along the dust of the corral.

A broad belt is then strapped about his waist. Miss V grasps his left arm, her grip amazingly firm and guides it from his head. There comes the sound of ripping velcro and Gregory’s left wrist is encircled.

“You will find it is best to hold onto the prongs,” Miss V advises pulling to present what feels like a pipe.

Gregory closes his hand and grasps, finding it is some two inches in diameter. One click suggests the prong is attached to his waist belt, a second click suggests that the tether encircling his wrist has been attached to the prong as well. Next the right prong is similarly attached to the waist belt with the right arm guided, right wrist encircled and attached to the right prong as well.

“You’re harnessed to a chariot, Gregory. Made for speed, as suggested Dr. Audrey works her steeds hard and fast. You’ve been extensively trained for this, to be run blindfolded. Trust the reins... trust the crop... be obedient and please,” Miss V speaks as she drapes the reins over Gregory’s shoulders to hang down his back.

Though apprehensive, Gregory is somewhat cheered to feel Miss V’s fingers, for the first time

ever, fully coaxing his penis, assuring a massive erection, a firm stroke, a thrilling twist. She knows the male organ, releasing to then teasingly diddle the underside, fully cognizant of the male erogenous zone, brought to extreme sensitivity by many, many weeks of chastity. Her free hand moves to the nipples where hormonal imbalance has brought new found sensation as well. There she tenderly tweaks. Just when Gregory feels his fully engorged penis begin to throb, the fingers withdraw.

Goose bumps rise, Gregory feeling a chill of anticipation despite the warm, late morning sun.

Then Gregory hears the bare feet of Miss V step away, leaving him to stand. He knows to move not an iota, other than while being sunned, never having taken a single step without close supervision since his captivity began.

The interval becomes notable, the goose bumps dissipate, the warmth of the morning sun beginning to heat. He wonders if he remains stiff, the status of being erect always tending to please... and pleasing has become paramount.

Finally he hears footsteps. Not the bare feet of Miss V, but boots compressing soft soil. Then the prongs jostle, indicating that someone has mounted the chariot. The reins are lifted from his back, Gregory sensing the familiar tension on his nasal loop.

“Haw,” comes a throaty command and with it an amazingly painful stroke of leather to his buttocks.

Gregory lurches forth, instantly pulling, the reins directing slightly to the left. The chariot rolls as he turns. It is somewhat challenging but it is well balanced and Gregory senses that the vehicle is simple and deliberately designed to be lightweight.

Thoroughly trained, well sacked out, his mind enters a space of total compliance, reacting to nothing other than crop and reins.

As a third painful stroke calls for more speed, there comes a momentary diverting thought, contrary to his sacking, that he is being guided into one of the many a closed gates, the corral area limited. Sightless, he would crash... be injured... the thought of the reins snagging on something too horrifying to contemplate.

Yet, he must cast the thought aside, having to trust his governess... she with crop... she with reins... she with total control.

Sure enough, the feel of the warming sun ends. Miss V, someone, having opened one of the gates, chariot, human pony and rider supreme enter the dense pine forest. The powdery dirt changes to a matting of soft pine needles, equally welcomed by bare feet.

Running at top sustainable speed, minor strokes of the crop nip, reminding not to slacken in his efforts. Within minutes Gregory feels droplets of sweat slinging from his ankles, grateful to be no longer in the heat of the sun. He finds his governess to be both relentless and calloused, knowing

full well of the pain induced by simple flicks of her wrist, yet seeming to very much enjoy the delivery... no hesitation in mandating a steady speed.

He finds her directional tugs to be exacting, the slightest delay in responding resulting in the irritation of low pine branches scuffing skin made delicate by twice daily applications of transforming lotion. Thus he endeavors to better react, imagining that to overly linger with any change in dictated direction may result in a painful mishap... fully greeting a tree... stepping into a rut... or worse tumbling into a ravine.

Wordlessly, Dr. Audrey works with fervor, her physical exertion not approaching his, but mentally she must be alert for both pony and rider. A hooded pony boy only runs and pulls, decisions not to be made, scenery not to be enjoyed. For her harnessed naked charge it is only left, right, faster, slower... and hopefully, in time, stop.

An incline, and gravity offers further challenge, the crop strokes. Snap, snap, snap, Dr. Audrey's encouraging hand demands the pace remain steady... and her chastising crop shall assure it is achieved.

Finally, 20 minutes... 30 minutes... Gregory knows not the interval of his intense exertion, he feels the sunlight return and gratefully feels pulling on both reins, the signal to slow. An ultimate strong single tug brings the chariot to a halt. No longer shaded, the chariot has entered a clearing.

The reins tighten, offering steady tension, apparently having been tied off. Then the prongs shift, the well balanced chariot feeling only slighter lighter as Dr. Audrey dismounts.

Not a word offered, fingers tweak his right nipple in an apparent soothing reward. Water floods the back of his throat, the impaling tube, extending well into his mouth, conducting a stream of water almost directly into his gullet. Though thirst beckons the need for some liquid, it is not his to choose what, when or how.

Yes, he must gulp with abandon to avoid choking. Yet he is grateful, the refreshment greatly needed. Then the reins loosen and are drawn straight down, Gregory finding that a kneeling position is desired.

"Forehead to the ground, knees well parted for me," Dr. Audrey finally speaking.

He instantly responds having had enough of the crop. Then hands work about his scrotum. It's pulled back and something presses against his testicles top and bottom. Whatever it is also abrades the back of his thighs, at the top near his buttocks. It squeezes to become tight... tighter and Gregory finds he must kneel indeed, his balls pressed between two planks wedged against his thighs most tightly.

"Move, if you can," the calm confident voice playfully challenges, a hand reaching beneath, fingers finding his penis.

It is hard! Gregory is shocked by his own level of tumescence!

Then comes the hushed sound of boots on pine needles as the demanding governess of the chariot casually strolls away.

Scrotum freed, the crop strokes, the reins guide back into the forest. Eventually, the feel of soft pine needles changes to welcomed powdery dirt. Gregory knows he has been returned to the corral... exhausted, well cropped, for the first time his nose and sinuses aching from the many directional tugs on the reins. Air whistles through his bit, saliva drools from the opening, joining the abundance of perspiration which flings about. Gregory's hood is drenched and he is grateful to have the hair beneath so closely trimmed.

He has been run for miles. That is his assessment. And oddly, there is an urge to thank Miss V for making him endure the rigors of the treadmill and properly condition him. He senses he has performed adequately, pleasing Dr. Audrey despite the many strokes of her crop hand. This in turn pleases Gregory, and as both reins simultaneously pull to slow the chariot, there comes the subdued glee of an athlete who, though energy depleted, mentally celebrates an accomplished performance.

With a final full tug, Gregory brings his footwork to an end. Rivulets of sweat pore forth, in stillness gathering to stream down torso and limbs. The chariot shifts about, Dr. Audrey dismounting. The fingers of one hand play with his right nipple, the opposing hand teases his penis, which twitches in response and despite the exhaustion, the manipulation awakens the organ from what Gregory senses to be a semi firm state. Yes the anal plug serves as a constant catalyst for tumescence. When he comes to full stand, the hand withdraws.

It is a simple reward for good performance... teasing yet it is most welcomed.

And that ends the grueling excursion. So few words offered, rider and human pony communicate through crop and reins and Gregory finds that Dr. Audrey Meredith Darrows conveys very well her message... that of unlimited power... completely unfettered control.

Gregory hears the booted footsteps depart. Within minutes, fingers work to release the well worn human equine from the prongs of the chariot. Gregory's hands go to the back of his head as the reins are gathered and with a guiding tug he is chagrined to hear the effeminate voice of Jackie.

"Shower time, pretty pony."

Gregory is to learn that, essentially, Jackie is the groom at the stables of Dr. Audrey, for hence he will be greeted by the naked castrate after every draining run. Still, there is strange joy, knowing that the small soft hands caress well and will offer care for his expended body.

'Will he lick me?' comes an inward question, the horror of the thought somewhat diminished.

Curious that removing the hood seems to augment Gregory's sense of exposure and vulnerability. With the thick cloth covering in place, he knows not who views his obeisant nakedness. Such offers a degree of comfort, enabling him to concentrate on the simple tasks assigned... such as running in harness... pulling... and responding to a woman's guiding hand.

Yet he must be cleansed, and Jackie leads to the wash room, steps onto the stool and whisks away his sole covering, heightening his sense of extreme exposure. The nasal loop is secured above and water begins to stream. Then those soft hands begin to lave and Gregory finally realizes the extensive use of Dr. Audrey's encouraging crop. His buttocks burn with the slightest of touch. And when Jackie palms his scrotal sac, lifting and pulling forth to better admire, Gregory notes in his extreme peripheral vision that the crop has nipped there as well, the motion of the chariot apparently affecting the aim. Or would Dr. Audrey intentionally crop a boy there!

"You're a well whipped pony boy. These welts will earn you a few days out of harness. That's why Dr. Audrey's barn has so many. She never needs to skip a day of cropping naked flesh."

With a cringing response to the softest of chamoises, a kindly Jackie cleanses as best he can. He does not need to assure tumescence, Gregory's innate reaction to the stinging pain is to harden. Yes, despite the homophobia his organ stands. Though he finds the reaction odd, Jackie does not. He's seen too many, massaged and washed too often, fully aware of the transformation of the psyche... that with thorough long term chastity there comes transference... that the nerves, dendrites, ganglia begin to crave input... any input. That feeling *something* can result in a reaction akin to pleasure. Attention alone will offer a degree of priapism... even attention in the form of excoriating the flesh.

Patted dry with a large fluffy towel, particular care is offered the testicles, Gregory sensing that Jackie exudes a degree of ownership... his own are gone... thus he diligently offers a form of guardianship for those remaining intact.

For how many others does Jackie offer this demented form of tendance?

"Come."

Nasal loop released, to his stall, Gregory is guided past the silent kneeling forms of other naked males. The duo stroll past Miss V, standing closely before a set of stocks, the entrapped head of a naked male bobbing as she holds aside the small patch covering her mons. When she turns her head to look at the passing duo, a salacious smile suggests that she is offering a taste of herself... and it is not by way of her teasing fingers.

A dismayed Gregory pauses, feeling envy... but receives a quick, brisk tug in rebuke, forced to resume the brief journey back to bondage. The nothingness offered by the stocks, once deemed tedious and mentally wearing, Gregory anticipates with a degree of eagerness. With drained leg muscles struggling to prance, a well earned rest, merely being permitted to kneel, will be welcomed.

Entering the stall, Gregory knows to follow Jackie's directing hand and lower himself, placing

his neck and wrists into the waiting semi circles of the lower plank. Jackie then closes the top plank and the worn pony boy feels his muscles revel in being able to ease and relax as effeminate fingers work to entrap, clicking closed a simple clasp.

Then the gagging bit is finally pulled away, the small hands working earnestly with the tight fit.

“Dr. Audrey will want you healed to be run again,” Jackie observes.

With that he steps behind and there comes again the conflict of physical delight and mental torment as Jackie straddles and sits astride Gregory’s kneeling form. Yes, the warmth of his bare buttocks and thighs is felt about the waist... smooth, sensuous, wickedly child like... and there follows an outright brisance of joy as, in sitting facing the feet, the massaging hands once again reach to his scrotum, tenderly lifting and pulling upwards... better viewing desired. An unguent is applied... slowly... thoroughly... Gregory never realizing that attention there could offer such satiating but distant pleasure. A stroke to the penis would complete the gratification... but the momentary thought turns his stomach... pleased by a male... even though a former male... sickens. And he is somewhat comforted in knowing it will not happen.

Still he knows of the raging response of his penis, seeming to have a mind of its own. And the thin skin of the scrotum is indeed in need of soothing, Jackie’s unguent easing the burn.

Next comes the buttocks, tougher epidermis but having withstood countless strokes, Jackie methodically smooths his hands, mother to infant. Again the fire cools.

Dr. Audrey appears, watching, standing arms akimbo, seeming to find amusement in the interaction of two naked males.

“He’s very caring wouldn’t you say?” Dr. Audrey poses with a sly smile.

She steps to the side, offering herself a better view of both hairless and exposed forms, her smile broadening in noting Gregory’s advanced priapic state.

“Yes, your penis speaks for you Gregory. A nice stout anal plug does the trick. That and many weeks of chastity. Doesn’t require much of a catalyst, does it Gregory, to have you harden for me... and for Jackie of course,” she adds with wickedness.

“You performed well for me today, considering it was your first outing. I worked you hard... but you’ll be worked harder.”

Dr. Audrey steps to his front, reaches beneath and again tweaks the super sensitive nipples. The sensual input overwhelms. In tantalizing the chaste male, she is masterful.

“You’ll come to very much enjoy your time in harness, Gregory. I am conditioning you... and you are responding well... mentally and physically.”

Gregory feels his penis waggle, stiffening to the point that it rises to press against his belly. Such

a devilishly pleasing touch!

“But remember to take care of the people who take care of you. Jackie’s rather attentive, don’t you think? A nice shower... some healing cream... and then to be massaged so delicately. I think you need to thank him. Do you agree?”

Jackie, with unguent well applied, dismounts. He returns to view to stand next to Dr. Audrey. Gregory is disappointed when her fingers retreat and she steps back, reaching out to bring Jackie closer to his entrapped face and head. With her gesture, Jackie obediently lifts his arms to place his hands behind his head.

“I know you must be curious,” she declares, left hand lowering to Jackie’s pubes.

Gregory is both horrified but indeed heedful as thumb and forefinger gently pinch the smallest penis imaginable. A sheepish Jackie girlishly giggles with the touch, but does not resist. Dr. Audrey lifts, better exposing the scrotal sac below to examining eyes.

“I fixed him, neutered him like a puppy. The only reason I permit testosterone to be produced at my farm is that the intact male physically performs better... more productive... more speed... more stamina. Since Jackie would never adequately perform, physically incapable, I deemed the production of his testosterone to be superfluous.”

Gregory stares in horror... such insouciance, the emasculation so calloused.

A free right hand joins the palpation, reaching to pinch the puffed crimson flesh, unfurling and bringing forth another effeminate giggle.

“Yes, lots of sensitivity remaining, I left many nerves intact. But it is important for you to understand, Gregory, excising Jackie’s balls required less time then tattooing his scrotum. For a well trained surgeon the procedure of castration is akin to opening a can of plums... simple... quick.”

The fingers of the right hand continuously knead the bright red... loosening, stretching and pulling forth.

“Like the color? I want Jackie to forever be reminded of his status... of being altered by a woman. And I want others to be aware as well, Jackie is never to deny his alteration. Not much chance of veiling my handiwork... it is a rather prominent shade of red, wouldn’t you agree? It draws the eyes. Whenever I display his nakedness, everyone immediately looks to the patch of red... where he once had a set of balls.”

A Gregory nods, stocks permitting slight motion.

“A taste? Jackie enjoys oral attention here. He’ll never again sense the ecstasy of ejaculation, that I have forever denied. But as stated, the sensitivity remains. The feeling for him is somewhat like scratching an itch.”

Jackie knows to step closer. Dr. Audrey's suggestion... terrifying for the homophobic... brings a practiced response. Gregory is not the first invited to orally sample.

"You've certainly enjoyed Jackie's attention. Thank the boy."

The left hand continues holding the limp emaciated penis upright. The right releases the empty sac and moves to Gregory's nasal loop. A finger hooks then slowly lifts, both positioning Gregory's mouth to align with the bright red puff of flesh and bring the slow building pain which Gregory earnestly works to avoid.

"Come now, a nice warm and wet lick for Jackie. I know you can do it. The nasal loop can be quite convincing."

It is, Dr. Audrey fully aware that she can bring unbearable pain to her well restrained plaything. There is a grimace, a moan, and as the finger pulls more tautly, it transforms to an emphatic groan. Finally Gregory's tongue thrusts forth.

"Yes, that's a good boy. You do so much want to thank Jackie... and please me."

The tongue laps then rapidly withdraws in disgust.

"No, no Gregory, not a teasing lick. Offer Jackie what he offers you," the finger pulling upwards with renewed zeal to bring a grunt of agony.

The point of capitulation arrives. However revolting the act, Gregory understands that Dr. Audrey's resolve greatly exceeds his ability to resist. Yes, the tongue thrusts and then, ever so humbly laves the loose flesh.

"Pretend your serving a woman, Gregory, orally. It's really more akin to a girl's labia, now that I've plundered his balls."

As Dr. Audrey chides, Jackie squeals, the warm wet frictioning brings delight, and certainly bringing more than that felt in scratching an itch.

Mercifully, Dr. Audrey loosens her finger, really to permit better head movement and more alacritous licks.

"My, my, I do believe you enjoy pleasing, Gregory. At some point I think I'll have you service his penis as well. Believe it or not, Jackie can still put on a little stand for me... but not much... to harden this tiny thing requires quite the ardent sucking..."

For many days Gregory's existence returns to lying prostrate... ankles cuffed with down turned penis pressed to the floor, testicles vulnerably exposed... kneeling in stocks... or being worked on the treadmill. His skin must heal. To crop again too soon would be to bring possible scars. Thus

each day, Gregory imagines that another farm captive is led to the corral, harnessed and brought to a lather under the crop bearing hand of Dr. Audrey.

She too much thrills with the sexual power to do otherwise.

Gregory is disappointed to find that Miss V now only supervises his time on the treadmill. She is a trainer, and other than working him, building both speed and stamina, Gregory's abject deportment has been deemed satisfactory, no further obedience training required.

Instead it is now Jackie who daily enters his stall, releases him from the harsh prone position and supervises his toilet.

Feeding becomes a mental challenge as, similar to having noted proximity to Miss V's carelessly veiled pubes, Jackie's tiny penis and that garishly tattooed scrotal sac are presented most prominently. Though he was made to lick and please before, the thought of having to do so repulses. And of course recalling Dr. Audrey's shocking words... *'I fixed him, neutered him like a puppy'*, brings Gregory to recoil... a life so easily changed... and at a woman's whim.

Gregory kneels, sensing that treadmill time nears. Though it is grueling, Miss V's exacting workouts, any change in position is initially welcomed.

Dr. Audrey enters his stall, not having been seen since his exhausting excursion into the forest.

"How's my boy?" she pleasantly inquires, Gregory cringing in noting that she once again brings paraphernalia.

Having endured daily the consideration of Jackie's soft hands and healing cream, he knows the burn has dissipated, the skin mostly healed. Which means he is ready to be harnessed and run again.

"I'd like to be released," Gregory brazenly states, Dr. Audrey's question offering a rare opportunity to speak. "From the farm," he adds, assuring that his quest is not interpreted as a need to be run in harness.

Dr. Audrey just smiles and moves to his rear.

"200 cc's of saline today, Gregory. I want to loosen up your scrotum. You know I can expand it... like blowing up a balloon. I like long, low hanging sacs on the naked male. Fun to watch while working a boy into a good sweat."

Gregory senses the initial pin prick, now deemed a slight annoyance in comparison to a brisk cropping and long grueling run. There follows the slowly building warmth as his balls are infused.

"Think you'll need to talk to the judge, Gregory. Drunk, disorderly, indecent exposure. Serious charges in this staid county."

Dr. Audrey returns to stand to his front while his scrotum slowly fills. Such a sense of power she exudes...

“She enjoys naked boys... well disciplined... well conditioned... ones who respond well to reins and whip. You may want to please her. But Gregory, be forewarned, pleasing her does not lead to reductions in sentence... not normally.”

“Sentence?”

“Oh yes, you were sentenced... the judge gave you five years at a special county rehabilitation center. It’s official. You’re logged into the jail system as a guest of the county somewhere. And not to worry, who is ever going to reconcile, ask about some drunken reprobate? No, you’re lost in the system. But eventually I will tire of you and release. You’ll be taken out the way you arrived, well trussed and blindfolded, never knowing where you’ve been held. You could drive along the main road a dozen times and never notice the entrance to the farm... very secluded, very inaccessible. Plus, you’ll not even know on which main road to begin looking.”

Dr. Audrey steps to the rear, her fingers palpating his sac to check on the infusion and leaving Gregory to his thoughts.

He needs to meet and please the judge, he concludes. But his well filled scrotal sac interrupts his thoughts. Dr. Audrey has outdone herself. Despite kneeling with knees well parted, the thin hairless skin has expanded to abrade his inner thighs.

However will he be worked on the treadmill?

A routine develops. Gregory is harnessed and run every fourth day. Occasionally he must spared of the crop for an additional day if Dr. Audrey has been particularly fervent with her many strokes.

Yes his stamina, his instant obedience, improve remarkably, becoming a source of pride. Even his speed improves. And as suggested, his scrotum slowly but consistently elongates with each application of saline, Gregory at times sensing that his balls bang about, thumping at mid thigh.

It brings consternation... but it also brings a sense fulfillment. The altered scrotum pleases Dr. Audrey, the testicles freely dangling, and thus such pleases him.

Weeks after his request, when he learned of his ‘sentence’, Dr. Audrey enters his stall and offers a massive scrotal infusion. Long and slow, 250 ccs require time to flow. Gregory senses it should be a day in the forest, thus the procedure confuses.

Then Dr. Audrey departs and Miss V enters his stall. He is sure he is scheduled to be run...not a day for the treadmill. And thus there is an odd combination of joy and apprehension... the joy of fresh air, motion and sunshine... the apprehension of being thoroughly cropped while scrotally

infused... the only response being to run harder... for the first time his scrotal sac brimming with saline.

What is happening?

Hooded, bit inserted, reins attached, Gregory is guided to the corral prancing, a most obeisant naked male, his ponderous scrotum jiggling about.

“Today, a cart, Gregory. It will feel heavier. You’ll be run longer but slower. Thus with the saline, you’ll not dehydrate. The judge likes long leisurely excursions.”

The judge!

He has only been run pulling the chariot, light and fast. Thus Miss V’s protocol is somewhat different. First there comes a high stiff neck collar. Then his right arm is guided, grip firm as always, behind his back, cuffed then bent upwards. When it reaches the shoulder blade, Gregory hears a click and feels tension on his neck collar. His arm, folded behind his back, has been secured to his collar. The left arm and wrist follows. Then the bent elbows are tightly tethered together, forcing Gregory to thrust forth his chest.

Miss V steps to his front. Fingers tease both nipples, demonstrating how the mandated posture prominently presents the pink overly sensitive nubs.

“The judge enjoys whipping a boy here... and most everywhere,” Miss V adds with a chuckle.

Whip!

Her hands lower. Once again paying long overdo attention to Gregory’s neglected penis, knowingly applying full but quick sensuous strokes to bring the organ to full blossom.

He needs more. He so much needs to be brought to climax. Yet it will not happen... will never happen.

Standing thoroughly erect. Gregory waits in the sunlight as a cart is wheeled behind. A waist belt and full chest harness is strapped in place, broad strips of padded nylon crisscrossing the torso. Miss V works to slip the straps under his restrained arms in back. Then with two loud snaps the configuration is attached to prongs at the hips. Yes the conveyance is heavier than that of the chariot.

It is formidable, the cart. Gregory pictures the rider comfortably sitting as he is made to labor. On the chariot, the rider stands.

His ankles are encircled with cuffs. Comfortable, padded nylon, the flow of circulation not to be hampered.

“Something new for you today, Gregory. Make you eager to perform. Spread.”

Gregory complies and fingers work about his buttocks to remove the stout anal plug which serves to foster constant tumescence. Then another plug is introduced, the surface not as smooth as the many others.

“Feet together.”

The ankle cuffs are clipped together, his feet touching. But for the prongs of the cart, in his sightlessness, he would topple. Gregory feels as if he must labor to stay balanced. He is firmly... most firmly... bound in place.

“You’ve been figged. The judge enjoys it. That means your anus has been stuffed with a plug of ginger root. The juice burns horribly... but completely safely. When she decides to ride, I suspect there will be one eager pony boy ready to be run. You’ll soon learn that the only remedy is to sweat... your own bodily juices purging the ginger from your pores.”

As Miss V explains, indeed Gregory’s anus feels as if a torch has been applied to the sensitive skin of his purse string muscle. He squirms in agony. He needs to move... to run... to cry out. But he must stand motionless... without sight... without the ability to make a sound, listening to laughter and the sound of Miss V’s bare feet fading in departure.

In time, Gregory fully understands the intent of figging. Given the choice, he would gladly choose the alternative of running under the exacting whip or crop of the most demanding woman rather than being made to meekly stand and absorb the slowly increasing searing hotness of the ginger.

He wishes... hopes... prays... that he will soon be permitted to pull and run. Happy to feel the sting of any whip given the opportunity to move.

But there is nothing. In the cool of the morning he does not perspire, his pores absorbing rather than exuding the flaming ginger juice.

Finally there comes the sound of boots, marching with deliberation on the soft dirt. Hands work about his ankles, simply tethered, simply released. He feels something cool on his nipples... slight wetness. Then the same on his bloated scrotal sac. Then the prongs of the cart jostle. The reins tighten. There comes the verbal command of ‘haw’ with the simultaneous crack of a whip. As a new form of searing hotness explodes in his cerebral cortex, left buttock scorched, Gregory mindlessly responds, stepping instantly, oddly grateful for the privilege of motion. When the left rein pulls, he turns. With another searing stroke to his right buttock he accelerates.

Yet, the new form of agony is oddly acceptable. He can move, react, use his energy to distract from the excoriation of his flesh rather than standing and absorbing like a sponge.

Gregory feels his infused sac flopping heavily, pounding against his inner thighs... right then left... in counter motion to every step. The feeling is unique, sensing something there while

running in harness. And he can only imagine the level of entertainment offered, the amusement of watching the massive set of balls, so subjugated, readily transformed at a woman's whim.

He finds Miss V's assessment to be correct, the cart is heavy. It does not seem possible to bring the pace past a moderate jog. And after a third crack, the thin strand of leather somehow curling about his torso to oh so painfully nip his right nipple, the rider seems satisfied with a tempo which Dr. Audrey... and her crop hand... would deem insufficient.

So Gregory labors, anus still smoldering but the ability to move making such much more tolerable. With the demanded steady pace, he manages to also steady the exaggerated motion of his bulging scrotum, swinging about left and right as would a metronome, his balls heavily moving in cadence with his feet.

Then, though not subjected to the whip, there comes more intense burning. Nipples... scrotum... all feel afire.

More ginger juice! The cool wetness felt moments before the command to run begins to burn as well. How nasty!

Knowing that the anal plug of ginger was wearing, his wicked rider applied the searing liquid anew. Parts pink burn, and Gregory loses his concentration, his footwork faltering with the intensity of the faux flames.

And that's when the whip cracks again. But now Gregory can counter the fire... to labor harder... to bring forth more sweat... to douse the fire with his own bodily juices.

He responds most obeisantly... exactly as his demanding rider expects. Yes, he renews his efforts, pulling harder, feet pounding. The rhizome of a tropical plant has brought commonality to the morning goals of both human equine and rider... Gregory finds himself laboring harder then the whip demands. For Miss V is correct, opening the pores, exuding rather than absorbing the irritating juice is the only remedy of relief.

Such fiendish encouragement. Even the most recalcitrant human pony would labor with new found exuberance in countering the pain. And so whip aside, a very obedient Gregory finds new inspiration in performing. Yes, he gladly runs in harness, oddly proud to be displaying his nakedness and to please... knowing that the more he exerts, the sooner will cool the fire.

Much time, many miles, the ginger dissipates. Finally both reins pull, Gregory knowing to slow. A final firm tug brings his feet to a halt. The prongs jostle, his rider dismounting. Then cool wetness fills the hole and connected tube of his bit. He imbibes, feeling the finger of a free hand first smooth along his hairless sac then rise to diddle his penis. He is only somewhat surprised to sense that he is partially erect. Though the morning has been long and grueling, there remains a propensity to harden for a governing woman.

“You’re a good boy... when placed under the whip,” his rider finally speaking.

The voice is mature, Gregory supposes mid forties. And its firmness projects authority, an assertive woman not to be trifled.

“Dr. Darrows and Vocinda have trained well... as always.”

Gregory feels slight tension on his reins as fingers work to untie. Then the bit is tugged. Well crafted, perfectly molded, surprising effort is needed to remove it from his mouth. It cannot be spit out and requires two hands and the extension of the jaw to exit. But it finally slips away.

“The doctor suggested you had some question concerning your sentence. You may speak.”

Gregory is alarmed, not knowing how to respond he finally stammers.

“It’s... it’s... long.”

“Of course. You’ve been a bad boy. And the way you respond to the whip, you’re better being harnessed, kept bound and naked. This is rather telling Gregory,” the finger again smoothing along a stiff penis shaft, his tumescence growing.

“But for five years?” the voice wavering.

“You should be better acclimated to a woman’s power, Gregory. You’re to be kept for as long as I want. If not here, the good doctor tiring of you, then elsewhere. Keep in mind one of the charges was indecent exposure. Very nasty what I could do with that. Maybe I will add your name to the sex offenders list. That will be forever... not five years. You know how they evaluate sex offenders Gregory? They put an inflatable cuff about their little peepees, show them dirty pictures and measure the response. I can imagine your reaction.”

The thought of being subjected to such clinical submission intrigues and brings pause. Then Gregory renews his effort.

“It’s not fair.”

“Probably not. But look how much you’re enjoying yourself. Not a care in the world. You’re fed, bathed, certainly well exercised... and you’ve been so well trained go please. And a boy like you... well that’s your place.”

“May I look at you?”

“Never. Besides, we’re at my favorite swimming hole. And I like skinny dipping. Down.”

A hand presses at the shoulder, Gregory bends and kneels. His ankles are once again tethered together... closely. Remaining harnessed to the cart, wrists secured to his high, stiff neck collar, trussed elbows forcing forth his chest, the bondage is thorough.

He hears the rustle of clothing being removed. Then the sound of dashing footsteps and a splash.

Wherever he has been taken, the seclusion is apparent. A noted jurist swimming naked and having a well whipped human pony as a means of conveyance, the judge is confident in her covert recreation.

With many, many weeks of mental transformation, Gregory finds it facile to kneel in bondage, blindfolded and patiently awaiting the whim of his rider to be run again. He reflects on the judge's words. He is indeed taken care of... rather well... in an oddly exacting manner. Fed and exercised on a military regimen... and bathed... and massaged... the mental trauma of contact with a naked, seemingly prepubescent castrate bringing horripilation... yet the physical comfort so welcomed... so needed by a body wrung of energy.

He realizes he is acclimating. Performing, bearing pain, has become oddly acceptable. He knows he is pleasing. Displaying well governed virility has become joyful. The challenge of pulling in harness, knowing that each stroke of the crop thrills his rider as much as it spurs better performance, brings intriguingly joyous thoughts.

How far can he go... pulling... running... penis standing... balls flopping about?

With his next excursion he will go further... that he has come to understand... his rider will demand and he will respond.

Nearby splashing ceases, the sound of bare feet on soft soil follows, Gregory's thoughts end as the swim concludes.

A finger hooks onto his nasal loop and lifts. Gregory knows to open his mouth. The bit is to be returned and hands work to stuff the sizable mass inward, the tube again abrading and triggering a gag reflex brought under self control weeks before.

"I have a proposal for you, Gregory. Agree to have your penis looped as well and I will reduce your sentence. It's a simple procedure. Dr. Audrey does good work. And I like controlling a boy by his penis. Such wonderfully symbolic feminine governance. You'll never again ejaculate... but then you're denied that ecstasy now. So you would be adding to my pleasure and not sacrificing yours. Plus Vocinda will reciprocate with an offering of her own. She enjoys offering her taste to looped ponies. Being pleased to orgasm by a boy not able to obtain his own empowers."

Penis looped! Gregory recalls his time with Harold, being sunned in the open field, an amused Dr. Audrey observing as he pranced about, avoiding Harold's urges to frottage. The loop precluded erection not... and certainly did not deter noted randiness. But both ultimate functions of the penis were plundered by the demonic hand of his surgeon captor.

He must squat to pee!

Dr. Audrey explained that the dire alteration was performed for those who broke the rules... touched themselves. The judge seeks voluntary submission.... to be looped without transgression.

And he recalls Miss V unabashedly standing, her mons exposed, a fellow captive vigorously pleasing her with his tongue. Was he looped? The judge would suggest he was.

Poised in thought, Gregory feels fingers rummaging about his ankle tethers, freeing to offer motion.

“Spread for me.”

Gregory complies and is relieved when the plug of ginger is slipped away, the juices having lost potency.

But then the judge steps to his front. Once again he feels cool wetness on his nipples. Then as a teasing finger diddles to renew full tumescence, his bloated scrotum is likewise coated. Finally, his cheeks are parted and a fresh plug of ginger slips past a purse string muscle stretched to yield.

As Gregory listens again to the rustle of garments, the judge dressing for a long return ride, he begins to feel the growing warmth on all parts pink. Then comes the burn and he grimaces into his gagging bit. More ginger! A lungful of air is expelled as the warmth turns to heat. This brings a knowing chuckle as fingers leisurely work to reattach the reins to the nasal loop.

“Yes, if you’ve never been run naked with a woman tugging on your altered penis, I heartily recommend it for a boy with your predilections. Ceding control stimulates. Humiliation excites. For you Gregory, pain fosters arousal. You should see your reaction to the ginger. Very entertaining... and very telling.”

With the words there comes an evanescent brush of a finger tip on a raging hard on followed by a sardonic laugh.

Then the finger moves to pull on the nasal loop, adamantly suggesting that Gregory rise from kneeling. The finger releases then finally the prongs dip, signaling that the judge has mounted. Gregory’s heart leaps with joy as with the command of ‘haw’, the whip snaps and he instantly strains against his harness and begins the long return journey.

The crisp pain of the whip seems tolerable... welcomed. He needs to move... to sweat... and oddly he pines for the snap of another stroke.

“Time to be worked, pretty pony boy.”

Gregory knows that this morning it is the treadmill, his body covered with the welts of a thorough and exacting whipping from the judge. She proved to be masterful, able to nip everywhere, never breaking the skin but applying quick encouraging strokes, the whip unfurling

both left and right, curling about his torso where time after time a quick flick of the wrist brought a snap to apply small but searing hot excoriations to the flesh. Nipples, a scrotum only partially infused during the return journey, belly, and of course the buttocks and thighs, were all subjected to the prowess of a most talented hand.

And so Jackie's tendance was greatly appreciated and in being able to somewhat inspect himself in the shower room, Gregory could not count the resulting welts but did note that the symmetry of the many dozen was remarkable.

Oddly, basking in the evidence of a governing woman's hand, Gregory feels a certain calmness despite the hormonal imbalance of the unending chastity.

He has served... has pleased... been put to use... and adequately responded.

Miss V slips the hood over Gregory's head. Then as she has so often offered, a finger reeking of feminine essence coats his upper lip then presents itself under his nose to be licked clean. Gregory's tongue eagerly thrusts forth to accommodate.

"I would like to taste you, Miss V," Gregory beseeches once again.

"You just have," Miss V laughs.

"But more. To please you."

"Yes, all our boys here like to please. So strong... so well conditioned... but so docile. The doctor trains well, does she not?"

"The Judge said that if I was looped... you know... below..."

Miss V laughs again.

"You mean your penis, Gregory. Having your penis looped. That's for bad boys who tried to stroke themselves. And yes, I like being licked by the permanently chaste. It thrills and their tongues for some reason seem particularly attentive. Plus the thought that a boy will never again achieve the orgasm he brings to me heightens my pleasure."

Fingers work the bit into Gregory's mouth, silencing him, his side of the exchange ending.

Then come the reins. The stocks are released and Gregory stands to begin a long arduous morning, to be pranced to the exercise room. He notes that he is erect, Miss V's teasing fingers not required.

Envisioning his penis as being looped seems to bring stimulation.

“I think you can easily take 300 ccs,” Dr. Audrey declares, Gregory feeling the initial prick of the intravenous needle.

Yes, he probably can... and will, Gregory thinks to himself, knowing that the doctor considers infusing him to be an amusing challenge.

“Nice big ball sac for me, Gregory. It so much serves to highlight a woman’s power...”

A warm hand palms the low slung scrotum, almost touching the floor of the stall with the constant stretching.

“Yes, you’ll be putting on quite the show on the treadmill.”

The hand withdraws and Dr. Audrey steps to the front. Gregory knows that the infusions are leisurely applied. Though the valve can be fully opened and the deed done in more haste, the doctor likes the idea of having her subjugated male feel the slow ballooning of his most precious organs.

‘Sometimes fast works... like working a boy in harness. But sometimes slow is more empowering...’ she once idly observed.

And so Gregory knows that for many minutes she will watch him squirm as his scrotum fills, the tediousness mentally challenging.

“Dr. Audrey... to be looped...” Gregory searching for words.

“You are looped.”

“No, I mean below... like Harold.”

“You mean penis looped. Yes, I looped him there when he so brazenly stroked his penis. Now, when offered the opportunity, he can stroke away... and nothing will ever happen,” Dr. Audrey notes with that demonic laugh.

“Does it hurt?”

“Of course. It’s part of the punishment. But really it’s a quick and simple procedure. The longest segment is waiting for the polymers to cure... just as with your nasal loop.”

“And then?”

“Well, there’s the ring for the scrotum... and over time you must learn to urinate by squatting. But otherwise, about the same tugs are required to properly guide... and in having a boy already acclimated to a woman’s control, that does not require much effort.

“But you should be aware of the branding, Gregory. When I loop a boy I brand him as well. My

way of keeping score. I am sure you noticed Harold's rump. His skin responded well. He'll not ever deny his capitulation to a woman."

This returns Gregory to the long day of sunning... that moment of shock... indeed noting the raised flesh... the permanently inscribed digits 17 burned into the buttocks. The memory brings a moment of pensiveness before Gregory is forced to inquire...

"Would I be able to lick Miss V?"

"If she permits. I prefer the tongue of a more thoroughly altered male. The lacking male hormones offer quite the transformation of the psyche. That's why I snip... for me there's the initial joy of altering... and the longer term pleasure of a more sensate tongue."

Dr. Audrey reaches beneath, her fingers tweaking the nipples left and right. Gregory feels a brisance of delight. She smiles in feeling the nubs crinkle in response, knowing full well that her controlling touch will bring a waggle of joy to his stiff penis as well.

"Would you like to be penis looped, Gregory? Never again to ejaculate... to forever endure the altering hand of a woman? To be branded... led and directed about by a manhood brought to utter submission?"

Gregory has specially avoided mention of the judge's offer of reduced sentence.

But is that the reason for considering the harsh procedure?..

"Your first of Dr. Audrey's weekend soirees, Gregory. Not much you have to know or do. Same rules as when we put you out to sun a few weeks ago. But because there will be so many, we need to take precautions."

Miss V speaks as she stands behind Gregory, kneeling in the stocks. With oil she has coated his entire body, bringing a notable sheen to every square inch of flesh. Then a finger parts his gluteal cleft and summarily lubricates. A stout anal plug slides in with embarrassing ease. Gregory is chagrined to realize how receptive his backside has become to the penetrating objects of a woman's choosing.

Then he feels cool wetness in his right buttock.

"Your number is 22, Gregory. Since you're not yet branded I've marked you with paint."

Not *yet* branded!

Despite the horrifying thought, Gregory feels himself beginning to stiffen.

The anal penetration... or Miss V's authoritative presence? He no longer analyzes the source of

his arousal.

The bit comes next, worked into his mouth with the required fervor. Then the top plank of the heavy stocks is raised.

“Lift your head. Arms behind your back... be a good boy for me.”

Miss V encircles Gregory’s neck with a high, thick and stiff leather collar, feeling similar to that worn while under the whip of the judge. Next the wrists are cuffed, the arms bent and as before tightly secured to the back of the collar. A gasp of air is forced from Gregory’s lungs as once again his bent elbows are tethered together, closely, mandating that his chest be thrust forth, an unusual posture to be assumed.

Miss V speaks as the slim cords serving as reins are tied to his nasal loop and threaded through the bit.

“With all the boys gathered together, we won’t be able to supervise you as well. So though you’re well aware of the rule against touching... as I said... we still need precautions.

“Come.”

With what Gregory has some to learn is a dire command, he scrambles to his feet. Sighted, a rare privilege, he admires the round muscled globes of Miss V’s uncovered and alluring backside as she turns to lead.

Through the barn to the soft dirt of the corral then on to the grassy pasture where he was sunned, Gregory carefully follows the leading reins, prancing on toes as trained, feeling his erection bob about, his scrotum, elongated by the many infusions, heavily swinging and thumping at mid thigh. In opening the gate, Gregory notes other males, similarly naked with neck collar, arms secured and bits in place.

“Remember, the fence is electrified. Otherwise frottage all you like. But if you bring yourself to ejaculation, it will be your last.”

With that, Miss V unties the reins and with a resounding smack to the buttocks sends Gregory stumbling into the fenced pasture, his sensitized skin reacting by sending a signal of stinging pain to the cortex.

Gregory pauses and peers about. The interaction amongst the many naked forms repeats. But as opposed to Gregory’s resistance, there seems to be wordless cooperation. Most of the penises are looped, he notes. And every right buttock is branded with a number. For those that are not looped, a painted number adorns the right cheek. They are tanned... marvelously tanned... the doctor seeming to prefer the swarthy outdoor look on those who labor for her in harness.

The angle of the sun suggests it is approaching mid afternoon as a shy, somewhat homophobic Gregory looks about to seek shelter. The other captives in turn look at him. Some who are not

rubbing against each other... frottaging permitted indeed... look to Gregory with a degree of desire. The thought sickens and Gregory turns and prances as far from the others as possible.

But there is no sanctuary. The fenced area is just an open field of grass, not quite the size of a football field.

A voice comes from above.

“Oh Gregory, they won’t hurt you. It’s just that in being so long deprived, the feel of soft warm flesh exhilarates... as I am sure you have come to realize.”

Gregory looks up to see Dr. Audrey, standing at the railing of her sun deck. No longer adorned in her practical work attire, she wears a glamorous evening dress and is sipping wine.

“They’re wearing the bit to preclude fellatio. And anally plugged as well to prevent penetration. All that can happen is you get to know each other a little better.

“But by all means, resist. Sometimes it is more entertaining for my guests.”

Tears of shame form. His many naked cohorts work in collusion, prancing as does he, to corner his gleaming nakedness. Then in being trapped, they rub, the looped penises seeming to crave attention, the feel of warm slippery flesh bringing joy... a distant incomplete joy... but joy. Belly, thighs, buttocks, everywhere depending on how Gregory turns in disgust... in whatever manner of avoidance he can muster.

The brushing of nipple to nipple seems to be prevalent, chastity instilling unusual sensitivity in the pink male nubs. But otherwise there are desperate attempts to friction the penis, the many looped manhoods impossible to fully gratify.

The homoerotic interaction both sickens and horrifies. But Gregory notes his own pang of pleasure... and that his erection continues... not to waver. This is troublesome... his psyche most wounded.

After entering the pasture, Miss V labored for over an hour, continuously leading more naked and bound boys to the fenced enclosure. When her efforts ended, Gregory found it difficult to count the herd, constantly moving about and smoothing against each other in what appears to be a somewhat practiced ritual.

In time, just about every one of the more than dozen naked males availing themselves of his smooth hairless flesh, he looks up and notes that the sundeck also fills.

People!

Women really, and in normally being blindfolded, Gregory’s nakedness is newly sensed. Plus in

having to participate in male on male delight, his shame becomes conspicuously felt.

Yes, Dr. Audrey is having a cocktail party. Glasses clink. There is the murmur of much conversation, light polite laughter. Jackie comes to the railing to gaze downward and smirk. Gregory is shocked to see him somewhat dressed... as a girl... a trollop.

Yes, a distracting blonde wig adorns his bald head. His permanent make up has been augmented. He wears awkward high heels. Otherwise he remains naked with gaudy earrings dangling. Colorful tassels flop about, attached to nipples utilizing clamps which Gregory imagines to be painfully irritating. And a matching, more prominent tassel hangs between his thighs, also clamped... to his empty scrotal sac... and seeming to immediately beckon the roving eye to where Dr. Audrey so cruelly plundered. Yes the tattooed puff of red flesh, the tiny penis flapping above, quickly divulges the true gender of the hermaphroditic nymph.

Jackie waves, comfortable in his display. Then a woman guest steps beside him, reaches down and palpates where Dr. Audrey incised, smiling mockingly in sensing the absence of testicles. Jackie's look changes to remorse... that of a child losing a pet. The woman laughs and sips some wine, gently tugging on the tassel attached to the remnants of his maleness.

"Think you can get it up for me, Jackie? Dr. Audrey says it's a cute little thing."

Other women come to the railing. Gregory turns his head to follow the direction of their collective gazes and finds that the many couplings, the naked well sunned males frothing away, offer entertainment. Yes, viewing the venting of frustration... the effects of permanent chastity... is deemed worthy of long, leisurely observation.

It dawns that one of the gaggle of wine sipping, conversing women is probably the judge. But out of earshot, Gregory will never determine the voice of which.

One woman, huge... not of girth... but tall with shoulders broader than Miss V, comes to the railing. She takes in all the male nakedness then Gregory catches her eye. She gestures with her hand, circling in the air with a finger.

"Turn," she commands, calling out in a booming voice to match her puissant form.

Gregory obeys and looks over his shoulder to see her writing on a small pad. She smirks... a most provocative sly smile... then sips, tucking the pad into a sizable brassiere as Miss V joins her at the railing.

Gregory is disappointed to see that his idle is fully clothed, presenting herself in a fashion equivalent to the many guests. The duo talk. Then the woman points... at Gregory. Miss V smiles, nods and also points. Whatever words are exchanged, such are about him. Dr. Audrey then joins the duo and there are more words, more gestures suggesting Gregory is a subject of interest.

Meanwhile his observation is interrupted. A particularly frisky boy approaches again, a naughty

smile partially masked by his bit. Having moments before pumped up and down for several minutes on Gregory's bare buttocks, he wants more. As he attempts again, and Gregory moves in defiance, a subdued cheer erupts from the crowd above.

Yes, Dr. Audrey's guests find resistance to homoerotic play to be as amusing as watching the futile rubbing... denied penises... slippery hairless skin. Still Gregory prances away, the boy closely following in desiring the limited pleasure of his smooth warmth.

"Enough play time. To your stalls."

Dr. Audrey has left her perch on the sundeck. She enters the gate of the pasture bearing a long single tailed whip, cracking it ominously.

The frottaging instantly ceases. Gregory looks up to see just about all the guests have assembled to watch their hostess herd her flock. And she does, the experienced naked ponies heading for the gate with haste.

"Kneel at your stocks and wait. Jackie and Miss V will be locking you away for the night."

One young boy is deemed tardy. The single tail viciously snaps and results in a cruel welt... and renewed vigor from the laggard who howls into his gagging bit. This brings laughter from above and Gregory makes a show of earnestly moving his prancing feet.

He obediently goes directly to his stall, unguided, but so much fearing the whip. There he rests his neck into the open stocks and waits, knowing that Jackie and or Miss V will soon tend.

In thinking about the long afternoon, he rues his own obeisance, distressed in being forced to show himself naked... and indulging in male on male satiation... for an audience of women!

And yet his penis performed... standing so proudly!

Can he endure what he estimates to be another four and one half years?

The judge will alter his sentence... if he in turn agrees to be altered.

Jackie steps into the stall and quickly removes the neck collar and cuffs and secures Gregory kneeling in the stocks. The gagging bit is pulled away then he moves onward, Gregory realizing that there are so many tamed and trained males to be returned to bondage.

But he neglects to lower the parallel planks to permit Gregory to lie prostrate and sleep in the mandated position... penis flat to the floor pointed towards his toes, ankles spread and cuffed... his stretched scrotal sac lying prominently exposed between well parted thighs.

But within moments Gregory understands that Jackie's oversight is intentional. The mammoth woman, she who gestured for him to turn and then recorded what Gregory suspects was the number imprinted on his buttocks, enters his stall.

He quakes.

"Good evening number 22. I enjoyed your little show this afternoon. I suspected that your reluctance to engage your cohorts derives from relative inexperience here at the farm. Vocinda confirmed that you are indeed a recent arrival. Some have been serving Dr. Darrows for years... those that most fervently seek to friction those well restrained penises."

The woman steps forth to stand very close to Gregory's entrapped face and places a small bag on the broad plank over his head. She next reaches beneath, Gregory expecting the sensuous greeting most often offered my Dr. Audrey's caressing fingers. Instead gruff hands knead the entire male glands, right and left, then grip firmly and pull downward in a milking motion.

"These only have one purpose on the male," she declares with a frighteningly confident smile. "And that is to amuse the likes of me."

Continuing to smooth downward, her fingers reach the nipples... then pinch... not between fingers but between finger nails.

Gregory screams in agony, the pain sharp and exacting... sharper then the sting of any whip.

"My, my, you have been well conditioned. Such a lung full of air to be exhaled for me. Do scream as much as you like. It excites..."

Gratefully the fingers retreat and move above to open the bag.

"I don't ride the pony boys like the other girls. I have my own penchants for working a naked boy. And my own form of riding."

A hand lowers to display a double dildo, the female end obviously customized with curious bumps and ridges where such will do a woman the most good.

"Vocinda suggested you've been opened... but I hope not too much."

The dildo returns to the plank, serving as a storage shelf for whatever horrid implements the woman seeks to introduce.

"That's for later. First some entertainment..."

A Sterno can appears. A match is struck. The woman's face ominously glows as a wispy blue flame dances.

"Yes, the male nipple can offer such an appropriate introduction to a woman's penchant for

pain... and capitulation... and torture.”

As the woman speaks she holds up a needle, barbed at one end, like a fish hook and at the other end through an eyelet is threaded a slim cord.

“Small, quite hygienic when properly heated... and so effective,” holding the needle to the flame. “And also inexpensive. I have hundreds.”

As the woman replaces the Sterno can above, becoming too hot to hold, Gregory shudders particularly in noting the malicious smile. Next the woman steps away and draws to his front a stool. She sits, her height placing her head above that of the kneeling Gregory.

“Now you be sure to scream for me. It brings the arousal which my double dildo friend will satiate.”

Gregory’s emits his final scream... more like the raspy, guttural bark of an aging dog. The woman’s smiles... a kindly smile... offered to an injured child. She pats his face, wet with the sweat of the long ordeal.

“So good of you to entertain me,” she offers reaching forth and tugging on the dangling threads of the many needles. “Two dozen for each nipple. Each heated to red hotness and slowly introduced to the tenderest of skin. No bleeding for you, number 22, the hot steel instantly cauterizes. And the barbs hold so nicely... wouldn’t you agree?”

With the provocative question, fingers gather together and bunch the many threads emanating from the needles of the right nipple. Then she tugs... slowly increasing the tension. Gregory feels a new pain... not sharp but stifling... controlling... uncomfortable but certainly more tolerable than the slowly penetrating hot needles.

The woman releases, seeming satisfied with the ability of her many augmentations to hold in place.

“Fishing tackle. Abundant, cheap... and quite strong.”

The fingers work twisting the gathering of tackle to form a single cord. Next a weight appears, nothing more than a lump of gray metal. But when she hooks it onto the gathering of tackle and slowly lets gravity tension the many lines, Gregory gasps with the newly introduced pain.

“A different suffering... slow... deliciously tormenting. And unending.”

The left nipple receives equal treatment... mistreatment. And as the woman slowly lowers a second weight she cackles evilly.

“Time for a woman’s best friend,” she proclaims arising from the stool, double dildo in hand.

“Open wide,” pulling on Gregory’s nasal loop for encouragement.

He does of course, and the woman gruffly stuffs the male end of the dildo into his mouth, thrusting deeply to trigger the gag reflex but coating the entire cylinder with slippery saliva.

“Make it nice and wet for me... and for your rectum.”

The hand retreats with the dildo. The woman steps to the rear. Clothing rustles. Gregory has a moment of respite but knows what is to come.

“I haven’t buggered a boy in nearly two weeks,” she glibly observes.

“Feeling the tension on your weighted multiply pierced nipples while I work this semi tight sphincter will offer a very interesting combination of sensory input... at least that’s what I have been so often told.”

“So how did it feel, having your nipples porcupined and being fucked by a woman?”

The morning light has brought Dr. Audrey. Gregory is not sure that is good.

“Why? Why does she do that?” Gregory’s voice trembling with the thought of the overwhelming assault.

“Because she can, silly boy.”

Dr. Audrey releases the ankle cuffs and lifts the stocks to place Gregory on his knees. In the only gesture of mercy during the entire evening of torture, Jackie entered and lowered Gregory to permit sleep well after the woman finished taking her pleasure.

In returning to his knees, Gregory grimaces, the many penetrating needles and the dual weights remaining in place and bringing barely tolerable pain, the many lines pulling on his tormented pink nubs.

“Tsk. Tsk. Such a wicked woman,” Dr. Audrey mockingly observes.

“Well I can’t run you in harness until I get these out of your nipples. You can’t be adequately cropped with all the piercings.”

Gratefully Dr. Audrey removes the weights. But then she toys with the needles, inspecting as would the surgeon she is.

“Barbed. They will have to come out in the same direction they went in. Otherwise your nipples will be turned to hamburger.”

The fingers begin to work, pushing the shaft of a needle straight through then tugging until it exits the opening and the nylon tackle is pulled through as well.

“So I assume she took you quite deeply. Did you enjoy it?”

Though the pain is moderate in comparison to the needle’s hot introduction of the prior evening, Gregory must gasp, inhaling deeply, convincing himself to accept Dr. Audrey’s aid.

“No. She grabbed my penis and held it, pulling down and away... toward her. Used it like a lever. It hurt.”

“That’s because she wanted better penetration... and didn’t want you ejaculating. She’s quite the sodomizer of boys. The rest of my visiting entourage have proclivities more in line with the offerings on my farm. You’re the only boy not in harness this morning. Everyone else is being run.”

Needle after needle is slowly removed. Dr. Audrey notes the formation of tears.

“So sad Gregory. And yet you pleased so nicely.”

“Dr. Audrey... I think I need to be looped... like the others.”

“But you have not attempted to stroke yourself. It’s punishment for attempted masturbation.”

“But I think about it constantly.”

The long night of torment has brought desperation. Gregory needs to shorten his sentence, his time in harness, the many endless days in servitude. The judge has promised a shorter sentence.

“Looping your penis will not end the craving, Gregory. It will frustrate more. You will never again ejaculate... but the need to do so will remain. But I suspect a boy with your predilections will derive heightened perverse joy in being led about by his penis. Shall I show you? Harold is being harnessed as we speak.”

Gregory nods. Dr. Audrey hastens her efforts.

Bit in place, reins attached to the nasal loop, Dr. Audrey leads a prancing Gregory from the stall, nipples freed of the dozens of needles.

“She also likes to do the scrotum from time to time, Gregory. Lots of tender flesh there. And she never runs out of needles. Perhaps when she visits during my next soiree...”

Gregory trembles with the thought. Another reason to seek early emancipation.

A sighted Gregory is led to the corral. He is amazed with the activity. Chariots and carts. Women of authority no longer attired for an evening of wine and fine dining. Naked males being harnessed. Dr. Audrey's weekend soiree is comprised of more than an exhibition of her collection of well trained and subjugated male flesh. Her guests are aficionados of the human equine, all booted and garbed in riding attire, all bearing crop and whip, all appearing eager to feel the cool morning air wafting through hair as a well whipped boy sweats, laboring in harness.

Dr. Audrey leads to Harold, he who weeks before so fervently tried to frottage his looped penis against any patch of warm flesh presented. Broad waist belt in place, he stands between the prongs of a light chariot. A guest clips his wrist cuffs to the prongs, completing his restraint, making Harold and chariot one. The woman stoops to work about the genitals, Gregory noting that despite the firm tube of rubber exiting the urethral opening and curving under the hairless scrotal sac, Harold's manhood is stiff.

A rein is clipped to the loop and threaded to the left, through an eyelet in the waist belt then to the front of the chariot. There is added a rein to the right also threaded through the waist belt. Lastly, palming and drawing forth the sizable testicles for better display, a third rein is clipped to the steel ring encircling at the top just under the penis. That rein is threaded between the legs and likewise strung to the front of the chariot.

"Left, right, for the penis reins. Slow, stop for the scrotal rein. A little different than controlling a boy by the nasal loop, but equally effective... and offers a much deeper sense of subjugation... don't you think? Being guided about by the once proud male organ..."

Gregory cannot verbally respond... but slowly nods, watching intently as the rider mounts the cart and gathers the three reins in her left hand. She gently pulls on the scrotal rein until the sac is pulled back between the thighs. Yes, Gregory is not the only boy subjected to the elongating saline infusions. When the cord is tied off, he is amazed to see an enormous set of testicles prominently displayed beneath the gluteal cleft. Then the right hand picks up a crop and playfully taps the newly exposed expanse of pink... a gesture in demonstration of her thorough control.

A vicious splat to the buttocks follows, Gregory noting that Harold's stiff penis is simultaneously tugged to the left. He instantly responds turning and pulling to begin what Gregory suspects will be a long day under a firm woman's tutelage and directing hand.

Dr. Audrey's free hand lowers. A single finger caresses his penis. Little did Gregory realize how engorged he became in observing the woman's exacting governance.

"Yes, I'll loop your penis, Gregory," Dr. Audrey gracefully offers. "I think you will enjoy the intense humiliation."

Miss V inserts the bit, slips on the hood, releases the stocks and draws Gregory from his stall. In knowing of the planned event, he trembles as the feel of the wooden floor of the barn transforms to the soft dirt of the corral. Step, step, step... for the first time, Miss V leads him up a flight of

stairs, his burgeoning sac swinging about mightily. Then in feeling carpeting for the first time, Gregory realizes he has been drawn into the house.

“You’ll not see it, but it’s a fairly well stocked medical emergency room... lots of injuries running naked hooded boys in the forest.”

Adroit in following the directing reins, the soft carpeting changes to firm, cool tiling.

“Sit for me,” comes a pleasant command.

Gregory complies, following the exacting tugs to lower himself into a comfortable padded chair. Miss V removes the reins and limb by limb Gregory feels himself being strapped in place. Wrists, biceps, ankles, thighs, even a broad strap about his waist all tightened to stifling firmness with Gregory imagining Miss V’s powerful hands and arms pulling snugly. Then the chair tilts back and Gregory realizes the apparatus is sophisticated, akin to a dentist chair. But then when his legs move about, parting and being forcibly raised, he realizes the device is more akin to that used by a gynecologist. His testicles dangle in mid air.

“To be snipped or looped, just about every one of our boys lies here sooner or later,” Miss V notes with a snicker.

Gregory imagines Jackie being similarly strapped in place, his manhood deemed insufficient, his testicles plucked, his virility ended.

Gratefully the bit is removed, slipping from his mouth with an energetic tug. Then Gregory feels a finger brush his penis. Despite the apprehension he is quite firm. A woman’s controlling hand has come to offer irresistible stimulation.

“Enjoy. This will be your last unfettered erection,” the provoking words offered with a laugh. “But my looped boys get to lick. And I know you like my taste.”

Yes, a shortened sentence, partaking in Miss V’s warm, moist and pink offering, a terrified Gregory calms himself with the thoughts, convincing himself anew he has requested wisely of Dr. Audrey’s skills.

Within moments Dr. Audrey enters. Gregory imagines her garbed in clinical attire. And sure enough a gloved hand palpates his penis. Then Gregory bellows, his lungs emptying as a vicious swat is applied to his turgid manhood.

“Need you flaccid,” comes the terse explanation.

Gregory feels the brush of clothing on his inner thighs. Dr. Audrey stands between his well parted knees. He imagines her to be quite proximate.

“A very simple procedure, Gregory. First I catheterize you, a larger than standard tube. Then I make an incision at the perineum very close to your rectum, cutting into the urethra and locating

the catheterizing tube. I draw it out the new opening and bisect it. The segment leading to your bladder will drain your excretions while you heal and while we train you to squat to pee. The remainder of the tube is used to form the loop. Just as with your nose, I will inject firming polymers into the hollowness then permanently attach together the ends. You're well aware of the level of stress to be endured by your nasal loop, the penis loop will endure the same. But in penetrating such sensitive flesh, I think you'll find your obedience to a woman's hand will greatly improve. You'll be responding with great enthusiasm to the slightest whimsical pull."

With that, a gloved hand lifts Gregory's balls and there is felt cool wetness in the area described. Then the flaccid penis is gripped and Gregory grimaces as what feels like a garden hose is introduced to his urethral opening.

"It's too big!" Gregory objects, picturing his penis as a snake devouring prey too large.

Dr. Audrey snickers.

"Yes, it is. I use as large a diameter as possible. The urethra is somewhat flexible and can expand, despite the pain you'll feel. And you will feel the discomfort always, at least for the first few years."

Despite the words of protest, Dr. Audrey slowly and steadily presses inward. Gregory lurches spastically against his bonds when the invading tube reaches his prostate, bringing outright laughter. Then comes the sound of spurting liquid, the catheter entering the bladder and draining it.

"Bingo."

Fingers rummage about his scrotum. Gregory feels adhesive. His elongated sac is pulled upwards and taped to his lower belly, clearing the perineum. Then comes the sound of a hum.

"Laser scalpel," Dr. Audrey succinctly offers.

Gregory feels a burning sensation near his anus, intense but limited in scope, similar to the many heated needles which penetrated his nipples. Then there comes this strange frictioning sensation, felt viscerally.

"I've opened you and snagged the tube. Can you feel me manipulating it?"

"Yes."

"Good. Just a little burning while I pull through more slack then cut it."

The burn comes as Gregory imagines more tubing disappearing into his penis. Then he hears the snip. Next his penis moves about as he pictures the polymers being injected and the plug and dental adhesive permanently connecting the ends to form the loop which will change his life.

“Just a few minutes for the compound to cure. The catheter will drain your bladder while the incision heals. And then we’ll teach you to squat and pee. In time, you will find that the purse string muscle of your rectum will control the flow of urine.”

“How does it feel having a woman lead you about by your penis?”

Miss V gushes with enthusiasm in making her inquiry. She seems to delight in sensing the initial reaction... the male capitulation, the intensity of the feeling of complete subjugation, of concession to feminine empowerment... as a strong but tender hand grips a short length of leather attached to the newly implanted loop of rubber and firming polymers. She pulls... oh so easily... and Gregory yelps with the never before felt sensation of tension and friction so deep... so visceral.

“It’s... it’s... like you’re pulling on my guts,” a shocked Gregory replies, for the first time understanding the level of governance to be imbued on she directing the leash.

“Yes, quite the thrill isn’t it.”

Gregory feels a finger tip brush his stuffed manhood. It’s firm.

“And as you can feel, it will continue to stiffen for us. Just won’t do you any good.”

Gregory senses indeed that despite the trauma... mental and physical... he is putting on a good stand for the woman who now controls more thoroughly than ever before.

“And can you feel your new ring? It’s quite heavily gauged... tempered stainless steel. It required both our hands to be crimped tight.”

Adding to the ignominy of the penis loop is the described ponderous circle of metal, slipped with much effort over one testicle then the other, then pushed upward to reside at the base of the scrotum just beneath the penis. Somehow it was compressed to a more elliptical shape to preclude removal. That endeavor required Miss V’s assistance with the special tool, the metal incredibly thick and hard as suggested.

“So it is good that you have learned obedience in following the guiding tugs on the nasal loop. Doing the same when a woman has you leashed here will save lots of aggravation.”

Gregory instantly steps forward as the length of leather tightens to signal the end of the discussion and begin a return walk to his stall.

The journey reverses, the carpet, the outdoor air, steps, sunshine, soft powdery dirt, the wooden flooring of the barn. He can feel Miss V’s observing eyes, looking back to enjoy the reaction as he must respond to the slightest of tugs left and right. Yes Gregory can picture the devilish smile, sexual power bringing such thrill.

Entering the stall, Gregory is returned to the stocks. Gratefully such are lowered to the floor where he can rest prone... penis, now looped, pressed to the floor and pointing towards his toes, ankles well parted and cuffed. The hood is removed, Gregory struggling to look upwards and catch stimulating glances of Miss V's puissant charms. And for the first time... more a symbol of ultimate control rather than an augmentation of security... Miss V attaches a cord to Gregory's new testicle ring and just as with the ankle cuffs, pulls tightly and secures it behind.

"Your catheterizing tube has been clamped closed. Jackie will offer relief... and also begin to train you to urinate... like a girl. Your going to learn to squat to pee... and at our command."

Gregory wakes, sensing that he is lying a large ball. Before turning him over to Miss V, Dr. Audrey hydrated, forcing many glasses of water into him. His bladder is full. With the catheter, cut short and exiting his new opening, clamped closed, his excretions have built.

Yet he must lie motionless, awaiting the mercy of a tending woman... or the genderless Jackie.

Finally there comes the sound of footsteps... light... delicate... Jackie's effeminate gait announcing his approach.

Returned to baldness remaining naked as always, Jackie enters the stall. Ankle cuffs and testicle ring are released.

"You ready to perform for me?" Jackie inquires in seeming to effervesce with enthusiasm.

Straining, the stocks are raised, bringing Gregory to a kneeling position. Then Jackie steps out of sight to the rear.

"Now I am going to release the clamp, but you're going to work your sphincter for me and squeeze closed your rectum. Dr. Audrey's incision is nearby and that will curtail the flow. This is how you will empty yourself for me from now on.

"But first, I want to be licked. I like it when a boy licks me."

Jackie steps forward and presses his pubes to Gregory's face, inserting a finger and lifting the nasal loop to establish authority. What choice has Gregory? The act, though vile and abhorrent, has before been demanded... and the demands assuaged. Besides, a filled bladder brings a dull throbbing ache to his entire body. He needs relief, his body also seeming to make demands.

Yes, he licks, and for some reason, perhaps the looping of his penis the final concession, he does so with new found care and tenderness... oddly intent on bringing joy to his handler.

Jackie giggles with delight, Gregory working his tongue over the vestigial penis and plundered sac. But knowing that he must have relief... he pauses to beg.

“Please, Jackie... I am full...”

Jackie graciously steps back knowing that though the tongue pleases, climactic ecstasy will never occur, only what Dr. Audrey has correctly described as pleasure equivalent to scratching an itch.

The clamp is released, and Gregory hears a brief torrent splash into a waiting bowl. Then he immediately squeezes, as instructed, pulling tightly on the purse string muscle and clenching his buttocks.

“Good Boy. Hold for me... hold.”

Seconds go by, Gregory feeling hands palming his balls for amusement.

“Now release.”

The torrent returns, the sense of relief overwhelming. Then comes another command.

“And hold again.”

And so a long morning ensues, Jackie’s last act... to water well... thus assuring the refilling of Gregory’s bladder so he will be made to perform again.

“Now with the catheter removed, you’re going to have to concentrate anew, Gregory. There is the possibility of sloppiness when you urinate, so now that we’ve trained you to control your flow utilizing your sphincter, you’ll need to understand the manner in which we demand you empty yourself... both in the stocks and while run in harness.”

Dr. Audrey’s calm commanding voice for some reason brings a thrill. Gregory is ingrained to please... and that in turn pleases him. He is thus offered another opportunity.

“Feel?”

Kneeling in the stocks Gregory looks up into the pleasant smiling face, Dr. Audrey standing over him, a cord in her hand.

“Yes, Dr. Audrey.”

The cord is attached to his newly donned testicle ring. When she pulls it jostles his most precious male glands.

“Good. There is a basin between your knees. When I pull firmly, your scrotum will no longer hamper the flow from your new opening and you can release. Part your knees and hit the basin now Gregory, be a good boy for me.”

Dr. Audrey pulls indeed, maneuvering his balls. In feeling her sense of power and control there comes a strange frisson of joy. Gregory shifts, parting as directed then relaxing his sphincter. He feels then he hears... his excretions dribbling into the waiting basin.

“Look into my eyes, Gregory. Always look into a woman’s eyes when she is directing you like this.”

Gregory looks up as his flow continues. Yes, it is a most humbling deed, and Dr. Audrey playfully jostles the cord, the empowerment of her hand felt where the male normally senses his own power, the feeling of shame in so performing distressingly intense... yet it stimulates!

Finally the flow ends. Dr. Audrey steps behind and wipes as she would a toddler in toilet training, continuing to use the cord to keep the stretched scrotal sac away from the new urethral opening.

“In performing for me your penis has engorged. You enjoy being obedient and pleasing an authoritative woman. You’re almost ready to be returned to harness and run. The judge has been asking about you.”

“Come pretty pony boy.”

Having watered abundantly, Miss V has released Gregory from the stocks. Two cords have been secured to his penis loop, and a third to his testicle ring. No hood, a bit deemed superfluous when controlling a male by his genitals, Gregory revels in being walked about with the privilege of sight... particularly since he can gaze at Miss V’s near nakedness, his hormones most imbalanced.

Gawking as he follows, the muscled buttocks enticingly rippling with each step, Gregory hardens, a seemingly de rigueur status for his well controlled penis.

To the corral, it is time to practice, the nasal loop no longer utilized to guide and direct while in harness.

“You saw Harold harnessed and reined by his penis. You’ll need some training before the judge runs you.”

With that, a waist belt is strapped in place. One penis cord is strung over the right hip and threaded through a waiting eyelet, the other over the left hip. Then Miss V steps to the rear and pulls the testicle cord between the thighs. For the first time Gregory experiences the strange sensation of having his gonads exposed behind him, Dr. Audrey’s frequent infusions elongating such that the pink pouch comes to rest just below his buttocks.

“This is a training stick, Gregory. I tie my ends to this three foot long piece of wood... left, right and middle. That way with one hand I can direct you left, right, slow and stop. Think of yourself

as a large marionette. And of course in my other hand I have this.”

Gregory lurches in feeling a playful nip to his well exposed scrotum. Miss V has a crop and though she applies a most moderate stroke, the thin and tender skin burns.

“Gets your attention I am sure,” she laughs.

She will whip my balls! Gregory’s heart leaps. Such wickedness... yet instilling such a heightened desire to obey every command and the slightest of tugs on the cords.

“Haw!”

A more vicious snap of the crop strikes the right buttock. Miss V pulls on the left side of the training stick and Gregory’s stiff penis in turn is pulled to the left. In having the overly sensitive urethral flash impaled, there is felt sharp instantaneous pain in his penis, where pleasure is normally craved. He thus turns accordingly and steps, learning anew to move in response a woman’s direction. Whether offered in earnest or in whimsy, Gregory knows to concentrate and comply in as exacting a manner as possible.

Around and around the corral, the pattern is random, Gregory not able to anticipate directional changes... his only thought to await another tug and respond. The humiliation... bound naked, forced to abide by a woman’s guidance... no longer brings concern. Instead, Gregory’s penis becomes rock hard. Could it be that it is firmer then ever?

Thirty minutes... an hour... time is not of his concern. Finally Gregory feels a firm tug on his balls... the signal to slow. Then comes a more abrupt jerk... the signal to stop.

“Squat for me,” comes a command. “Feet well parted.”

Gregory bends at the knees as he feels the tight cord attached to his testicle ring loosen. Miss V then steps to his front, bends to reach beneath and pull the testicle cord... his balls of course following.

“Urinate,” the brief command comes with a gentle tug, lifting his scrotum such that it does not impede the flow from his newly crafted opening.

He does have to go, many glasses of water consumed in the stall. But with such quick charge?

“Be a good boy. It’s part of the training. Pst. Pst.”

Gregory relaxes his sphincter as best he can, having trained himself for many days to offer constant tightness and close off any flow. And indeed, though delayed, his bladder opens, his new found ability impressive.

“And you are to look in a woman’s eyes,” a tap of the crop to the right nipple reminds.

Gregory looks up and once again senses that odd frisson as Miss V smiles smugly. Ceding control of such an intimate function to a governing woman... and having to observe her amusement in supervising the deed... brings a strange delectation.

“Good boy. I think you have earned a taste.”

Gregory lies prostrate, neck and wrists encumbered by the stocks, his ankles cuffed, looped penis pressed to the floor, testicle ring tightly secured to a taut cord. For some reason Miss V inserted his bit, a task usually performed just prior to being led to the corral or the exercise room. Instead he lies most tightly bound contemplating why he is so positioned in late morning.

Then Dr. Audrey enters carrying various implements.

“Branding time,” a mockingly melodious voice proclaims.

A gagged Gregory cannot protest, his quest concerning the tight midday bindings answered.

No, instead he must meekly lie, watching as are made preparations for the permanent keloiding of his buttocks.

“For my first branding I used some old fashioned blacksmiths tools. Wonderfully gothic, black wrought iron. The hour or so to heat the coals offered great apprehension, observing the mental torment of a well bound boy helplessly watching as the iron is brought to a glow is quite entertaining. But my boy healed slowly... dirt in the cauterized epidermis I suppose. So now I use more modern equipment. Clean, neat... and equally painful. I’d never want to deny a boy the trauma of enduring a woman’s mark. I enjoy the thought of making the event most memorable... so that every time he looks to his number he thinks of me... and my merciless scorching hand.”

Dr. Audrey connects an electrical device to an outlet. Similar to a cooking grill, Gregory smells the warmth. As it begins to glow he strains against his bonds bringing a knowing smile from Dr. Audrey.

“Not to worry, Gregory. I’ve done so many. You’ll heal well. I’ve experimented with many salves and found the one that best leaves my mark. Don’t want my brand to heal too neatly...”

With that, a gloved hand introduces the tip of a shining stainless steel rod to the red hot heating elements. With Dr. Audrey calmly standing, rotating to assure uniform conduction, she appears to be cooking. Yes cooking a wicked potion of pain and permanent scarring, Gregory thinks to himself.

“You’ll be run on the treadmill for the next few days, Gregory... spared the whip and crop while you heal.”

Dr. Audrey steps away from the grill and disappears behind. Gregory feels her hand on his right

buttock. She coats with a thick unguent.

“Best transfers the heat... and increases the suffering. But it is momentary. Just the count of three... but a rather leisurely three... not a quick three.”

Returning to the grill, a pleasantly smiling Dr. Audrey continues, appearing to indeed be stirring an evil potion.

“Miss V will keep you well exercised while you heal, Gregory,” Dr. Audrey advises as she inspects a kneeling number 22... so delineated by the hideous reddish purple flesh of his healing right cheek.

A gloved hand gently abrades the raised numbers. Dr. Audrey knows that the applied salve will in fact promote the keloiding process, normally a result to be avoided. But she desires permanency... and prominence... none of her herd to ever deny he has been owned.

Satisfied that her mark will forever be evident, the hand moves to the low hanging testicles, palming and drawing up for better access.

“500 ccs this morning, Gregory. Miss V wants more stamina from you... longer outings for the judge. So the saline will help keep you hydrated while you’re worked on the treadmill.”

The quick pain of the sharp intravenous needle brings a lurch. Then comes the slow building warmth as once again Gregory’s scrotal sac will be made to appear as a well inflated balloon.

“Your testicle ring will somewhat slow the rate of absorption. And for the long excursions preferred by the judge, that is best for hydration.”

Dr. Audrey steps to the front. In her gloved hand is a large syringe.

“I’ll need to make a mold of your ear canals,” she explains in inserting a wad of cotton into the right ear. “We’re going to add another dimension to your subservience.”

Thick goo is pressed into the ear. Then Dr. Audrey steps to the left side and replicates the process, knowing to speak loudly.

“I’m going to run you in harness... not only blindfolded but deafened. I think it will aid in developing an aptitude to please a woman of my ilk. You’ll see nothing... you’ll hear nothing. That condition will enhance your sense of feel and touch... your ability to concentrate on your task... putting you into another space... that of abject obedience... to the crop... to the whip... to directing pulls on your looped penis.”

Dr. Audrey moves to the rear to check the flow of saline then returns to the right ear.

“Yes, I am going to have you placed in your own world while I work you. Imagine feeling the sting of the crop... but never hearing it.”

A finger pokes. The goo of the right ear has firmed, the impression made. The mold is extracted. Dr. Audrey pauses then steps to the left, removing that mold as well.

“And I think you’ll better learn to mingle with your cohorts.”

Gregory revels in his new treat. Having pleased Miss V with a long steady jog on the treadmill, penis loop secured to the machine to assure a compliant pace, Jackie has bathed and returned him kneeling to the stocks. Miss V stops in the stall, slips a hood over his head then pushes aside the visually teasing patch that inadequately covers her sex.

With the scent of feminine essence filling his nostrils, Gregory thrusts forth his tongue and for the first time partakes... directly... in the warm moisture of Miss V’s love nest. Yes, he licks with abandon, feasting, chastity bringing the equivalent of starvation... sexual starvation. Gregory thus ravenously consumes as much of Miss V as his tongue and lips can gather.

Hearing her appreciative sighs and giggles, Miss V also reveling... but in sexual superiority, Gregory is in turn pleased. And this spurs more effort, his tongue dancing, swirling, swishing, plunging deeply and fluttering with zeal.

“Such a good boy. The looped male is almost as attentive as the castrated,” Miss V notes, guiding Gregory’s hooded head.

“Dr. Audrey is expecting your ear plugs tomorrow. We’ll begin by putting you out to pasture, acclimating you to your new world of silent darkness... obedient silent darkness.”

Morning ablutions under Jackie’s tutelage ending, Gregory kneels in his stocks as Dr. Audrey enters the stall. Having been well oiled, his entire body gleaming, he knows there will some form of release.

“Will I be performing for the judge soon?” Gregory inquires, curious about the status of the promised reduction in his sentence.

“Oh yes. She knows that you’ve been looped. And as with most of our dauntless group, she most enjoys controlling a boy by his penis.”

From a small box, Dr. Audrey withdraws two lumps of rubber.

“Your ear plugs. Hope you appreciate the expense, Gregory. More akin to hearing aids, but not augmenting sound. Instead there will be a constant static noise to completely deafen you.”

Right ear then left are stuffed, the molded rubber fitting perfectly. Gregory feels a finger tip poking at the right mold. A low hum erupts. Then the left mold is similarly worked and the same hum brings deafness. A smiling Dr. Audrey asks a question. Gregory notes the moving lips and hears not a word.

Next she retrieves a hood and cavalierly slips it over his head to blindfold as well.

And then, for an immeasurable interlude, there is nothing, Dr. Audrey apparently having casually strolled away.

Silent darkness indeed finds Gregory, recalling Miss V's descriptive words. But it is worse than true silence. With the pitch of the incessant static, he cannot even hear himself breathe.

Finally, after an eternity, he senses someone's presence. His nasal loop is tugged. He feels his bit pressed to his lips and he knows to open and accept the firm thrust, the daily stuffing of his mouth. Next fingers are felt about his buttocks. He is lubricated. An anal plug, seeming to be the largest ever, greets his rectum. His sphincter engulfs, the ability for tightness to offer any challenge long past.

Then the heavy top plank of the stocks is lifted and a hand lifts his head. The familiar collar circles his neck. Gregory knows to move his arms behind his back, there the wrists to be cuffed, drawn upwards and secured to the neck collar.

Yes, he is aware of the added bondage when taken to pasture. Though striving to avoid male contact, there is normally some opportunity to frolic, bask in the sun, enjoy moments of freedom... and sight. But now he is to be hooded and deafened.

A simple finger directs him to stand, hooked through the nasal loop. Then he feels his penis leashed and knows to offer full concentration. No visual gestures, no verbal commands, he can only avoid agonizing stress on his penis loop by carefully sensing directional tugs.

He finds Dr. Audrey to be correct, his obedience to the guiding leash becomes paramount... his only thoughts... the tension on the penis loop seemingly his only sensual input. Subservience, complete capitulation to the governing female, permeates his consciousness.

Step, step, step... the wooden floor of the barn transforms to the soft dirt of the corral. There comes a pause as Gregory envisions the opening of the pasture gate. More steps. The feel of grass. Then the penis leash jostles and his manhood is freed.

With a smack to his buttocks, he lurches, the firm hand of Miss V communicating his freedom.

But where to go? What to do? He cannot even hear his own footsteps.

Gregory meekly stands, soaking up the warmth of the sun, nothing else to be attempted. With the

fence electrified, he dares not stroll too far astray.

He is reminded of watching nature documentaries, dying animals docilely idling about water holes, waiting to fulfill nature's final call, staking themselves out in wait as prey for predators avoided during an intrepid lifetime.

Is he prey?

Suddenly he feels smooth warmth. He is not alone. He senses the all too familiar naked hairless flesh of one of his captive cohorts, so often frottaged during Dr. Audrey's soiree when her herd was proudly placed on display.

Then sighted, he could trot about in resistance... avoidance. Making it difficult for his body to be used for homoerotic dalliances... discouraging contact.

But now! He cannot even hear his interlopers.

A looped penis presses against his thigh then glides, finding delight in his well oiled flesh. He quivers in disgust and steps away, only to brush his nakedness against another naked form. He ceases movement, fully aware that too much undue motion may cause him to stumble, the consequences of presenting himself supine or prostrate too horrifying to contemplate. And then he feels flesh pressed against his nipples. He must assume it is the equally sensate pink nubs of another chaste human equine, the rubbing there seeming to be a favorite activity... so often observed during the afternoon exhibition of male on male debauchery... found to be so amusing for the viewing guests of Dr. Audrey.

It is apparent that those who seek to caress are fully sighted.

Though desperate, Gregory freezes. His plight futile, he has no escape. He can only injure himself or, in falling, make available more of his vulnerable nakedness than he cares to offer.

Tears of shame begin to moisten his hood, but there is nothing to do but absorb the advances... and perhaps enjoy... his hormone laden system causing his subconscious to pretend it is feminine flesh which so brashly yet sensuously frictions his skin. Yes, pretend it is Jackie, he thinks to himself... momentarily bringing comfort. Then he realizes the thoughts of interaction with his effeminately altered care giver are equally unspeakable... or such were at one time.

Yes, feeling a stiff penis firmly rubbing against his gluteal cleft, that illusion bursts and Gregory finds himself grateful to be anally plugged.

Gregory never thought the feel of having his penis leashed would bring joy. But his time in pasture finally came to an end, every inch of his nakedness caressed, kneaded, fondled in some manner. He envisioned Dr. Audrey observing from the sundeck above, wine glass in hand, that wry smile evidencing her enjoyment as her many bound captives displayed the aberrance brought

by sexual frustration, by unending chastity... and all as a result of her demanding protocol... her governing hand.

Yes, Gregory's penis loop was snared and he was surprised to feel the state of his own stiffness as delicate directing tugs guided him from the pasture through the corral and back to the barn.

There, small effeminate hands reversed the terrifying elements of his ordeal, his hood whisked away, ear plugs removed, wrists released, neck collar removed, penis freed.

"Squat, knees parted and urinate for me," the childlike voice that of Jackie.

The shower room well drained, Gregory bends at the knee as the cord of the testicle ring is grasped, his sac pulled to assure a unimpeded flow. He finds himself looking upwards, trained to look into the face of a governing woman when commanded to empty himself. Gazing at Jackie, bald yet with feminine make up, his empty scrotal sac tattooed an alarming crimson, that tiny penis barely able to offer evidence of his gender... his one time gender... brings conflict. He performs for Dr. Audrey... for Miss V... knows he will do so for the judge... for any other authoritative woman for the matter... but for Jackie?

Still he must go and, as taught, relaxes the purse string muscle which has come to dual purpose. Jackie playfully jiggles the testicle cord as his flow begins and an odd sense of accomplishment comes in performing as demanded...yet it is Jackie!

Then comes shower time... and Gregory has never before been so grateful to be again under Jackie's care. Nasal loop attached to an overhead hook and standing with hands behind his head, as so adamantly instilled, he peers below to see Jackie cup his growing scrotal sac, bend and lick most sensuously. Gregory finds the oral assault oddly acceptable... at least less horripilating than the brazen masculine frottaging endured in the pasture.

And Gregory can see... he can hear... his senses returned.

"Dr. Audrey was quite amused, Gregory... or should I say number 22," fingers gently... and somewhat reverently... brushing over the keloided flesh of Gregory's brand.

"But you really should be more receptive to pleasing your fellow ponies. They are only seeking what you seek as well."

The words induce thought as the showerhead brings a torrent of warm comforting water, symbolically rinsing Gregory's oiled skin of the traces of attempted male coupling, purging mind and body of the forced homosexual antics. Jackie then begins to cleanse... sweet smelling soap, soft chamois, giggling as Gregory's looped penis cursedly reacts by rising, the bulging tip pressing against his belly.

"But I cannot run like this," Gregory protests in feeling his scrotum filling, the thin skin feeling

as if it will burst.

“You want to please the judge, Gregory. She wants you well infused, 600 ccs. You can take it. She will set the pace... she knows all about pony boys... what they need... what is best. She will handle you well. It will be challenging for you but achievable.”

“There will obviously be no verbal commands when deafened. Respond to the reins, whip and crop. Take water when it’s offered. And when you feel two taps on your nose,” a finger accordingly taps twice, “you are to squat and urinate.”

Dr. Audrey speaks as she stuff his ears with the deafening plugs. Silence ensues, and sight as the hood follows. Then knowing fingers palpate the overly ripe melon of his scrotum. Apparently satisfied, the upper plank is lifted and Gregory is to be collared and cuffed, elbows tethered to present the nipples for facile whipping.

The penis loop is reined and a tug directs him to rise. Blinded, deafened Gregory cautiously follows responding instantly, the controlling hand of a woman felt so deep within... his urethral passage transformed to a handle... and felt where the male normally generates such pride.

In standing, his engorged sac presses against thighs. In being many times its normal size it does not flop about as much. Instead its altered presence is known in jiggling about with each step, right thigh then left pushing the mass forward, slowing Gregory’s gait.

The wooden floor changes to the soft dirt of the corral. Sunshine warms. As endured so often someone harnesses... waist belt, the two controlling penis reins threaded then drawn to the cart. Padded cuffs encircle the ankles. And the cord directing the testicle ring? Well with the massive infusion, it is attached, but with the size of the filled scrotum, it cannot be drawn back to so prominently display his balls beneath his buttocks.

Still, guiding tugs are felt, and Gregory realizes that he will know to slow and stop when feeling tension there.

Then the prongs of the cart are attached to his waist belt. Fingers splay his rear crevice and, yes... the dreaded plug of fresh ginger easily slips into his defenseless anus. Lastly, the ankle cuffs are secured tightly together, holding the human equine in place, awaiting his rider.

A finger diddles the underside of his firm penis, a teasing reward for compliance, followed by... nothing.

Held motionless... in silent darkness... rather static darkness... the mounting heat of the ginger preoccupies all thoughts. There is nothing, no other sensory input to distract. Just the need to exert, open the pores and exude the searing hotness.

There is an intense need to be run. He is eager.

Then, after how much time, cool wetness is felt at the nipples and a ball sac expanded to a

sizable melon. Gregory knows it is more ginger juice. Though there is no gagging bit in place, audible words are difficult to form with hearing impaired. Instead he plaintively cries out, the plea he is sure will be welcomed by his rider. Then the ankle cuffs are released and mercifully the prongs dip to signal the judge has mounted. Gregory thirstily awaits the snap of the whip and the pull on his penis which will begin a long grueling day in harness... and bring the perspiration... the bodily juices... which will extinguish the burn of the ginger.

The command of 'haw' is not heard. But an expertly applied snap of a thin single tailed whip is felt... his receptive right cheek sending a jolting signal to the cortex. That and a pull to the left on his penis loop and a most obedient pony boy reacts with alacrity... but with abject humility... as legs lift and feet prance.

A very moderate pace... a challenge but doable... he is directed to a quick walk as the soft dirt changes to pine needles and Gregory feels his abundant saline filled sac joggle about in rhythm to his foot falls. What an exhibition he thinks to himself... but what joy he must be bringing to she who covets governing the naked male. And that in turn nurtures within a strange sense of accomplishment.

Though the pace is leisurely, the heat of late morning brings perspiration. This reduces the sear of the ginger, replaced however, when encouragement deemed needed, by the sear of the whip. Yes, with hills and inclines the cart is not to slow, and Gregory's flesh quickly feels the precision sharpness of the whip when overcoming gravity requires more effort. He is amazed how accurately the judge can nip the nipples, right and left.

A brisk walk, not quite a run, he pulls for many miles. Finally there comes a light pull on the testicle ring causing his bloated sac to compress into his thighs. He slows. Then comes the strong continuous tension, the signal to bring the journey to an end.

Once again in a clearing, Gregory feels the sun's ray. As Dr. Audrey so adequately explained, with sensory input limited to feel, smell impeded by the nasal ring, taste limited to water, his naked flesh becomes a barometer for all, his mind only processing pain... and responding by delivering frantic efforts to avoid by endeavoring strict compliance with the whims of his governing rider.

Still his nakedness is not to be denied the sting of leather, the thin single strand expertly applied right side and left. As he stands motionless the sweat which gratefully oozed to ease the ginger now becomes a source of irritation, the many abrasions of the whip exposing the nerves to the saltiness of his own juices.

There is also the sensitive flesh of the urethra, also abraded, but by the penis loop and the many directing pulls on the reins. As stated, the alteration offers mind boggling control over the male anatomy, the gentlest of tugs felt well within the viscera, eradicating all thoughts of resistance and in fact bringing a preoccupying need and desire to instantly comply with a woman's wishes.

Gregory feels the prongs of the cart shift, his rider dismounting. Then the plastic straw of a water bottle is introduced to his lips. He imbibes greedily though Dr. Audrey's saline infusion has indeed kept him hydrated. Next come two taps on his nose, and Gregory obediently squats. He cranes his neck, though blindfolded, positioning his face to look up at his governess. He feels tension on the testicle cord assuring his new passage is clear. When he relaxes his sphincter and his flow begins, through the din of the static he believes he can hear a loud feminine cackle.

In completing the ignominious task, a finger tugs at his nasal loop, pulling forward. Gregory duck walks three steps then the hands press and prod to encourage him to kneel, his puddle of urine left behind. When his ankle cuffs are tightly secured, he knows there will be a tedious respite as the judge swims and recreates in some manner.

Has he slept? Gregory knows not. Perhaps the endorphins spurred by the pain of ginger and whip have instead impelled a form of delirium, the mind and body celebrating in now acceptable dark and silent bondage.

He feels fingers about his hood, working beneath the cloth on the right side. The static fades. Then the fingers work at the left and static fades in the left ear as well, his hearing his restored.

"You've labored for me well, Gregory."

It is the smooth, mature and confident voice of the judge.

"Thank you ma'am."

"Yes, boys like you so much enjoy serving... well bound, naked, responding so obediently to the agony of the whip and the aggravation of the burning ginger. During Victorian times it is said anally introducing a plug of ginger was to assure the buttocks were properly presented for caning. Clenching, considered indecorous, would increase the searing hotness if the ginger, thus a boy would be forced to relax the muscles there and accept some good crisp strokes. Good protocol is always appreciated, even when dealing with rascals. Termed figging, ginger was also used to stimulate race horses... in the same manner you have been encouraged to run for me."

Gregory feels fingers caressing his scrotal sac. Swollen, but no where near the size at journey's commencement. As intended the bizarre infusion of saline has seeped to hydrate. Then the fingers move to the buttocks, smoothing over the raised digits 22.

"Branded, to forever bear a woman's mark. Excellent. I'm going to have a photo of this placed in your criminal file. Such marks are better identification than finger prints in terms of determining a culprit's name. And you'll be the source of much amusement during future strip searches."

The hand retreats, the judge returning to his front.

"So how does it feel having a woman control you by your penis. You seem to enjoy."

A finger diddles the underside of the tip, then presses downward, offering Gregory evidence of his noteworthy stiffness.

“Yes, you’re in your element Gregory. We know boys like you... your proclivities so nicely complementing the likes of mine and Dr. Audrey’s. I think you’d prefer to be run naked in harness and whipped forever. Yet we have a deal... and I will reduce your sentence. But it would not surprise me if you again indecently expose yourself somewhere... seeking the firm guidance of a governing woman... pining to be under feminine control... subjected to intense humiliation... reveling in your imbued capacity to serve, amuse and please.”

A finger hooks through Gregory’s nasal loop and pulls. Gregory responds by shuffling forth on his knees. His looped penis greets warm smooth flesh. The judge, having disrobed for swimming, presents her thigh. It feels superb!

“Go ahead and rub yourself Gregory. Nothing will happen. Nothing can happen. But it will offer a modicum of delight... a degree of ephemeral pleasure. You cringe with the thought of frottaging against the male body. So I will offer a treat.”

Gregory’s chastity, his burgeoning hormones obviates indecision. He indeed rubs, reveling in the joy despite some impediment from the impaling loop of firm rubber tubing. Plus he finds that as opposed to controlling pulls on the loop, gentle manipulation offers a curious satiation... and just as when in harness or led about by a feminine hand, such is felt deep within.

“Yes the typical male, humping away like a puppy in need of neutering,” the judge mocks as Gregory fervently rocks his hips, discovering the most pleasurable rhythm and motion.

The judge patiently continues to present her gam, the sensuous warmth exactly what Gregory believes he requires. Hump, hump, hump.

But nothing happens. There comes a distant sense of joy but no climactic release. Gregory adjusts his movements, pressing harder... faster. But the ultimate ecstasy of ejaculation does not come... it can not come.

“You see, Gregory, you can’t pull the trigger. In having your urethra rerouted the ejaculatory muscles are superfluous.”

The judge pulls away her leg.

“Forehead to the ground. Spread.”

Gregory complies and feels a finger brush his inner thighs.

“Up.”

A gooey finger coats his upper lip then presses into his mouth.

“Lick it clean for me.”

A tongue swipes away an abundance of viscous fluid.

“Your essence, Gregory. Such is not sweat. You’ve secreted prostatic fluid backwards through Dr. Audrey’s new opening. Feel good? Answer me.”

“It felt... it felt like I needed to sneeze but couldn’t.”

“Yes, tantalizing isn’t it. Perhaps frustrating is the better word. Had I continued offering my leg you’d wear away the skin of your penis before achieving what you most seek,” the judge laughing evilly.

A hand lowers, a finger smooths along Gregory’s stiffness, frictioned and seemingly exuding heat.

“This is now useless to you Gregory. But not to us. It amuses in standing... because such firmness is now a tribute to feminine governance... not male virility. It is useful in controlling you, assuring instant compliance to the simplest of whims. But it will never again offer an ecstatic release of sperm.”

Tears flow beneath the hood. The grave words bring remorse, the permanency of his alteration more apparent.

“I will help you Gregory. Offer yourself for a thorough whipping and thereafter you will feel better. The urge to frottage will be assuaged... for a time. It can be quite cathartic, having your entire naked form slowly and methodically excoriated by a superior woman. I will secure you by your nasal loop and your penis loop. There will be no other restraints. You’ll be able to flail your arms, kick your feet, perhaps dance for me, scream, sing, protest... even request more.”

Gregory nods in understanding.

“But then you will offer fellatio. I will insist... and I have found that males like you can quite readily learn to provide exquisite oral pleasure to the penis. And you will learn to enjoy it. I will have Miss V assure you adequately practice... sucking on Jackie’s penis to start. You cannot violate the rule of chastity fellating him.”

“Oh, Gregory. It’s very simple to learn. Your testicles have been clamped. Suck on Jackie’s penis and I will not tighten. Failure to suck and I tighten... just a little bit. Continued failure... continued tightening. You’d be amazed how eager you’ll become to make Jackie happy. These plums can withstand quite a bit of pressure, physically. And if you’re able to mentally withstand it... well Dr. Audrey’s chair awaits boys with crushed testicles. Wouldn’t want gangrene to set in. Once fully popped and flattened, an orchidectomy is best.”

Miss V stands before Gregory's kneeling form held in stocks, just as he spends most of his time when not being exercised or run in harness. A giddy Jackie, refulgent in his nakedness, stands nearby, make up enhanced, appearing as exuberant as a young teenaged girl on her first date.

"Remember to swish about your tongue... the underside of the tip... as you males know all too well," Miss V's aphoristic lecture delivered with a mocking smile.

Jackie steps forward to press his pubes into Gregory's face. The well bound homophobic male cannot bring himself to accept the deed. Yes, in the past he has offered a brief lick... a swipe of his tongue over the gaudily tattooed empty ball sac... but Miss V insists on full fellatio, bringing the otherwise impotent phallus to full stand.

Miss V moves to the side. The her right hand extends and thumb and forefinger twist a wing nut, so otherwise insignificant, except it serves to press closer together the dreaded and feared testicle clamp... two plates of smooth steel connected by finely threaded bolts and adjusting nuts... such divinely slow torment for the continuously disobedient.

Gregory howls and Miss V smiles anew knowing that there is a very effective combination of pain... an initial sharp burst followed by an unending dull ache.

"Lick and suck. Be a good boy. I will tighten until you make Jackie nice and hard. And it is best to begin sooner rather than later. Jackie's penis needs a lot of attention to become stiff..."

"So the judge wants you to learn to be a good cocksucker, Gregory. She probably observed how reluctant you were to mingle with the other members of my herd. She has a thing about her empowerment... finding that which is most disagreeable and making a boy feast on it. I understand you brought Jackie to a full stand... all three inches."

Dr. Audrey chuckles, caressing Gregory's cheek as he kneels in the stocks. Her touch feels good. Any feminine touch that does not bring agony feels good.

"Did you enjoy it... sensing the remnants of a once viral male? Jackie will eventually lose that capability so in a way it's a penile swan song. Without the flow of testosterone his penis shrinks daily. And soon I will increase his dosage of estrogen, make him a little rounder and plumper, and begin extending his nipples. You've probably noticed how puffy they have become, like a pubescent girl. Chemically I can enhance the process."

Gregory quakes in not only hearing of Jackie's fate... his slow transformation... but the sang froid of she who so casually ended his maleness brings consternation. Having felt the unrelenting squeeze of the testicle clamp, he has no doubt that had he not energetically serviced Jackie's penis he would eventually find his testicles 'popped', as Miss V described the results of the final twist, and taken to be seated in that gynecological chair.

"I will do whatever you wish... you and the judge," Gregory humbly offers in reply. "Whatever

pleases you.”

What other words can he offer?

“The judge wants to whip you. And apparently she feels you are now more socially redeemable, for she’s going to reduce your sentence. And I think as well that you’ll be quite the model citizen after two years here. But then what, Gregory? How will you satiate your well ingrained need to serve?”

There is no reply... just thought.

“Tomorrow you are to be whipped. The judge has a favorite secluded place deep in the forest preserve where she can work your nakedness for hours without concern of discovery or intervention. You will eventually pass out... they always do. But she’s quite handy with the long single tail and can assure that there will be many, many agonizing strokes endured before you completely succumb to the mastery of a superior female.”

Gregory trembles uncontrollably, asking himself for the first time if the sentence reduction is worth facing the hellish whip hand of the judge.

“You’re to be well infused and figged, Gregory. A long day the ending of which you won’t be conscious to remember. But we’ll get you back into harness quickly. Jackie is very good with well whipped pony boys, you’ll physically recover well... we prize good pony flesh. But mentally Gregory... I suspect there will be final transformation... the reaching of the tipping point in withstanding the constant denial of the ultimate male pleasure... and the consistent endurance of bondage and pain.”

A finger hooks the nasal loop and slowly lifts to indeed demonstrate the ongoing suffering.

“Do you really think my entire herd is here serving out the judge’s many sentences? Or could it be after time is served, there is no other place to be kept naked and satiate the instilled need to please?”

“It’s too much, Dr. Audrey... please!”

“You can take it. Remember who knows the most about the male anatomy. All skin stretches.”

Yes, Gregory protests as the largest infusion ever slowly expands his ball sac. He cannot see the swelling sac but knows by now the feel as the ballooning pink turning to crimson mass of flesh presses against his thighs... despite knees parted to the maximum.

“700 ccs. I’ve had boys take a liter. Their gait gets rather comical... but they take it. And they enjoy it... because they know it pleases me.”

Dr. Audrey offers the challenge, fully aware of Gregory's growing desire to bring joy to the woman of authority.

"It's a long journey to the judge's pied-a-terre of pain. The thick surrounding pine form a small cathedral... a chapel of torment. Any precipitation less than a torrent of rain and the mattress of pine needles remains dry. The conifers will serve to hush your screams... and there will be many... the judge considers it to be choir music."

As Dr. Audrey speaks she steps to the rear. Gregory feels her palming his scrotum. The gesture requires both hands and he hears soft laughter as the melon sized sac meets apparent approval.

"You'll be figged and eager to run... but your swollen balls will force a more dilatory pace. Such wonderfully tormenting irony."

Dr. Audrey inserts the deafening ear plugs then the hood is slipped over Gregory's head to return him to the darkness and constant static of his pony world. When he feels the upper plank lift, he knows to position his arms behind his back as the stiff collar encircles his neck. He knows the powerful guiding grip to be that of Miss V. And though there is apprehension, there comes a brief tinge of relief as he feels the infusing intravenous needle slipped from his scrotum.

700 ccs. Dr. Audrey never fails on a promise.

With that Gregory's long day... his long ordeal... begins.

Gregory finds Dr. Audrey to be correct as always. Well figged... ginger juice irritating anus, nipples and scrotum... there is an intense need to run. But his burgeoning ball sac obviates anything faster than a walk. And neither does the judge encourage haste, seemingly happy to pull on his stiff penis and navigate the many turns to a destination unknown and never to be seen.

In time, however, perspiration does form, and the burn of the ginger slowly eases. Thus the sensory input is relegated to his reins and sensing the mass of saline ebb and flow, right side then left, as each step jostles the weighty pouch of liquid filled flesh.

One hour... two... in partial sensory deprivation there is no judging time... no need to judge time... no desire to judge time. He will labor in harness until he feels tugs on his scrotal ring. It's a simple life, Gregory thinks to himself. Food, exercise, the care offered a prized equine... earned by obedient and timely responses to a woman's directing hand... plus the offering of his nakedness for entertainment... Gregory never to forget Dr. Audrey's weekend soiree. The abject display of his bound nakedness... the homoerotic antics of his cohorts... the slow torture and deep sodomy of his rectum by a woman unknown.

Yes there is a price to be paid for the ongoing care. But within months, Gregory judging the terminus of his reduced sentence to be soon, the currency demanded for his care... his servitude and humiliation... will no longer be offered.

Gregory is surprised by his own obeisance. Released from the tight restraints of harness, he does not attempt to flee. No resistance, he finds himself docile, resigned to abject obedience. Yes naked, hooded but otherwise unbound, he meekly stands placing his hands on the back of his head a stance so well ingrained in Dr. Audrey's barn.

Fingers work under the hood. The constant static of the right ear plug lowers and then terminates. The left follows.

"I need you able to hear and follow my instructions, Gregory. You'll be simply bound. A thick rope slung over a tree branch. Two big hooks, one at the very end, another higher up."

As the judge speaks, exuding calm confidence, Gregory imagines her deportment to be that of an executioner. A finger slips through his nasal loop and guides. Gregory of course follows with well trained precision.

"We're in a copse of tall pine. Lot's of cool shade, but otherwise a sizable open area where I can whip and not snag any branches. There is also a natural spring nearby... crystal clear burbling water. Your skin will welcome its coldness. I've brought a very comfortable folding chair, I whip with leisure."

The judge stops. The finger retreats. Gregory feels tension on his penis loop then his nasal loop. Then come foot steps in retreat.

"Up you go... on your toes for me."

The tension increases... penis and nose... the judge apparently pulling upwards on the rope. And yes Gregory goes to his toes, the polite words not needed, the combined tugging on the most sensitive of pink tissue, nose and urethra, bringing instant compliance.

"Good boy. Now we're very deep into the forest preserve. You can yell, scream, cry, beg all you'd like. If you do draw attention, it will be that of a forest ranger, and she'll very much enjoy the show... your dance of agony. She attends Dr. Audrey's soirees regularly."

The judge cackles.

"You will obey my commands. You're to be whipped everywhere so I'm going to need you to turn from time to time. Otherwise, as stated, feel free to move about... flail your arms... kick your feet... dance away... it greatly amuses and you'll find how effective your simple bondage indeed is. Dr. Audrey's clever loops have never broken or torn."

Gregory hears the creaking of the folding chair.

"I like to do the pink parts... nipples, anus and balls. Spare me trips to the spring. Do try not to faint..."

“Part your feet... spread your buttocks with your hands. Be a good boy.”

In a mind racked with slowly offered consistent agony, the voice seems distant... like someone calling through the walls of an adjoining room. Covered with welts, dripping with cooling water, the judge has twice callously tossed a bucket of ice cold spring water over his near swooning naked form. This has partially revived... but only so the whip can crack again... and again... and again... the slow monotonous torture continuing... his wet flesh bringing forth the sound of an alarming thwack when kissed by the long strand of leather.

Hooded, Gregory cannot see her face... will never see her face... but he imagines the look of Schadenfreude... reveling in the power of her total control... her supreme feminine governance. He has found her whip hand to be precise, absolutely symmetrical applications, right then left... right then left, over his entire body. The nipples resulted in the need for a douse of chilling cold. But now comes the command to spread and a near delirious Gregory panics, lowering his hands from the back of his head.

“You need some encouragement.”

Gregory senses movement beneath, then he is horrified to feel the rope tighten to bring new found agony.

“There are logs right and left. Move your feet apart and stand on them and you’ll relieve the stress on the rope. I want you well spread.”

Gregory complies, very much needing to somehow minimize the flood of pain. He finds in doing so that the tension indeed dissipates, and his partially swollen scrotal sac, saline somewhat absorbed, dangles more freely.

It is a target!

“A penis whip. That’s what I term this short thin single strand of leather. Small, but easy to control and aim... I can work the smallest of areas with great accuracy.”

Gregory hears movement, the folding chair sliding closer.

“Now hands to your buttocks, grasp your cheeks and spread. You know I do all the pink parts.”

New pain... sharp... the area of excoriation tiny... except his balls are indeed a target. A pause... interminable... then another otherwise insignificant snap... except the nasty strand greets the most coveted flesh of the treasured male organs. Gregory screams anew, the judge terming it his song of subservience. He can barely maintain his balance. Perched on the logs, the grip of his hands begin to slacken.

The chair creaks. A third snap is delayed and Gregory suddenly lurches as another bucket of ice

cold callously inundates. The judge, a most clever whipmistress, assesses his consciousness by the grip of his cheeks. In loosening she knows he is succumbing and this will not do. She finds no gratification in the application of pain unfelt... unappreciated.

Is there flesh unmarked... not yet kissed by the judge's cruel but skillful hand?

"Gregory, you must listen and obey. Pull apart your cheeks as wide as you can for me. Be a good boy. Stand still. Whipping the rectum requires a very precise upwards stroke. There are few able to offer the exquisite pain of an anal whipping. You should be most appreciative."

Has he a choice?

The penis whip snaps and through the fog of a myriad of welts, the cerebral cortex is not so overwhelmed that new found synaptic signals of agony cannot be received. Such intense burning...

With a second snap, the ordeal ends. Gregory involuntary emits a rasping, guttural cry... a plea for mercy. The gripping hands grip no more. The judge adroitly moves to free the rope, permitting an unconscious Gregory to slump to the welcoming softness of the pine needled forest floor. The final intense pain of unbearable tension on nasal loop and penis loop is gratefully not felt, Gregory momentarily dangling from his penis and nose.

The judge stands over him, admiring a long day of labor, nudity transformed by the artwork of her sculpting hand. Perhaps a canvass painted in pink and red, would be a more apropos description, she thinks to herself.

"You dance divinely. And I think you're ready to suck some sizable cocks. The deed will no longer seem so vile compared to a full body whipping. And you're really going to enjoy Jackie's healing salve, Gregory. You'll not be run for a few days, but when all my marks are coated with salt fat, you'll soon prefer the feel of the harness and a few encouraging strokes of the whip and crop."

It matters not whether Gregory can hear. The judge celebrates alone, sanguine, a subtle sense of satiation, waiting for Miss V, the four pony carriage and the team of naked charges which will convey the unconscious form back to the barn.

"Are you comfortable Gregory? It's difficult to bind you such that no wounded epidermis is abraded by a strap or cuff. The judge even whipped the soles of your feet. Such a nasty thing to do..."

Gregory hangs in suspension. Two areas, neither of substance, escaped the slow, methodical excoriation... the inside of the upper thighs... the judge instead focusing on the rectum and balls,

and the neck... endangering air flow not desired. And so broad straps encircle right thigh and left, very near the buttocks and lead to sturdy posts to the sides. A foam padded brace encircles the neck with straps likewise secured to posts. Held some six inches above the floor with the thigh straps bearing most of his weight, the neck brace offers Gregory balance, not to topple forward or back.

Something about the forced posture, either the tension on certain muscles or the stress on male nerves, causes Gregory to become incredibly erect, his looped penis standing as firm as ever.

“It... it... feels strange,” a traumatized Gregory stammers.

“But no pain. No stress on the ligaments or tendons. You will be held in suspension for several days while you heal, and comfort is important for long term bondage. Jackie will tend to you so be nice.”

A hand extends. A controlling finger diddles the hyper sensitive underside of the erect penis, working around the penetrating loop of firm rubber.

“The judge says you’re quite the singer... and dancer,” Dr. Audrey mocks. “She’ll reduce your sentence... pending further capitulation... the advancement of your oral skills.”

With the shame of the thought Gregory closes his eyes.

“Oh Gregory, every boy should suck a cock or two. I think you’ll learn to enjoy it. You’ll soon find the bigger the better, and that fellating Jackie’s little pecker just won’t be enough.”

Dr. Audrey steps back, Gregory’s mind reeling, his penis raging.

Jackie enters the stall, carrying a bowl.

“Time for your salve. Enjoy. And do not stroke yourself,” a smiling Dr. Audrey warns.

Yes, Gregory’s hands and arms are free and should he be left alone it would be the first time an opportunity to explore awaited itself. With Dr. Audrey’s teasing finger, there is intense need to finish... to bring himself to ejaculation. But what of the consequences?

He envisions Jackie’s final moments as an intact male. He will avoid ever again being strapped to Dr. Audrey’s special chair...

Besides, ejaculation will not happen... it cannot happen.

Jackie pushes forth a stool, stands and smiles. Impish, coy, Gregory recalls the wig she wore... he wore... during the soiree. Given breasts, the gender transformation would be complete. And sure enough, Gregory spies metal implements adorning each nipple. As promised, Dr. Audrey has begun the process of stretching... extending the areolas... the male nubs to be shaped and fashioned as a woman sees fit.

“Hold still.”

A small hand scoops a sizable dollop of salve from the bowl. To be applied systematically, top to bottom, Jackie will coat every inch of Gregory’s well whipped form, barely a square inch of flesh escaping the judge’s prowess with instruments of pain and torture.

“Uggh,” Gregory paroxysmally lurches in his bonds, the goo bringing an unbearable sting.

“Salt fat. Antiseptic, in time soothing, but with your specially sensitized skin rather irritating... particularly with all these nasty welts.”

“Please, no more.”

“Oh, Gregory I have just begun. You just hang and take it. You’ll have to accept the pain. I have not even begun on your balls and rectum.”

“You males find so abhorrent what you desire every woman to do,” Dr. Audrey muses. “Fellatio should be a more natural form of social intercourse... male on male. Like a handshake.”

Gregory has been led into the home of Dr. Audrey Darrows. Sighted he finds the opulence impressive but has not the opportunity to admire. Instead, hands on head, he is led by his leashed penis loop into a parlor room.

There lounging on a thick carpet is the naked form of a male. Gregory cannot help gazing in curiosity... and with a degree of horror.

“My ex finance. I keep him about as sort of a pet... like a house cat.”

Hooded and sightless, the form is equally hairless. Gregory notes his organ is not looped. But he immediately becomes aware that the paradigm of chastity also applies... for the hands are encased in sphere like casts. Likewise the feet are not to be seen, also encased but in larger hard coverings of plastic.

“Years ago I got a little carried away applying some bastinado and broke a few bones in the soles of his feet. So I put them in a cast. Then for symmetry I also made useless his hands. I like to see a man crawl so I later made the alterations a little more severe. Within the plastic enclosures are tungsten steel weights, both feet and hands, making any form of motion quite laborious. And within the foot casts are sharp implements which make it impossible for him to stand. So Rodney now must crawl. And he obviously cannot play with himself, which adds a divine element of frustration.”

As Dr. Audrey speaks, she reaches to tap the nose, protruding through a single large opening for both the nose and mouth. An enormous tongue thrusts forth and tenderly begins to lick her palm. But is it deformed, not only inhumanly long but forked, the three or more inches lapping away

split, like that of a serpent.

“I modified him for better cunnilingus. Rather self centered of me, but Rodney so much wanted to please and just wasn’t able to do so properly. So I altered his tongue.... stretching, incising the frenum to offer better motion... and splitting. Wonderfully able to envelop and caress the clitoris... as I am sure you can imagine. Plus the deep vaginal penetration can be exhilarating. The simple operation also served to silence him. Attempted speech now just a string of unintelligible sounds.”

Gregory stares in consternation, the woman so flippantly robbing the male of verbal communication to better orally serve.

“Well, the judge wants you trained to offer tender, arousing and satiating fellatio. And Rodney is the best candidate. You see just to assure he cannot pleasure himself to climax, somehow rub that useless penis into the curtains or some other forbidden place, I inject his ejaculatory muscles with botox every six months. He can’t pull the trigger, achieving the most impressive hard ons... but that’s all that happens...”

Gregory cringes as Dr. Audrey draws downward on the penis leash. It is not only the discomfort of being controlled by his organ, it is having to kneel and join Rodney on the carpet.

“Rodney, on your back, knees to chest. You know how much I like to watch you males pleasure each other. And Gregory, this will be a bit more of a challenge than Jackie’s tiny thing. My Rodney is very well endowed.”

Gregory is to find she is correct.

Gregory lies in his stall, prostrate, wrists and neck encased in the stocks, ankles cuffed, feet well parted, looped penis pressed to the floor and pointing towards his toes.

The mental trauma stirs wakefulness despite the need for slumber. The long afternoon’s events, having the mammoth phallus of Rodney rammed into his throat time after time, the retching... the gagging... the laughter... the admonishment ‘of Gregory you can do better, control your gag reflex, flutter that tongue’... continue to clash with his instilled homophobia.

He pictures Dr. Audrey standing over Rodney, her feet straddling his head. Knees to his chest, her hands held the bizarre foot coverings... the casts... at her waist level. Gregory was positioned lying prone, his face at the buttocks, Rodney’s more than ample stiff shaft stuffing his mouth.

“It best angles your throat for deep penetration, Gregory,” Dr. Audrey’s knowledge of anatomy put to such sordid purpose.

With that her hands rocked the feet, pulling then pushing forth, causing Rodney’s hips to move and piston the penis in and out of Gregory’s throat, transforming her pet into a human dildo.

“Good boy, but all that choking. You will need much practice at this...”

The long mentally grueling session reached an apex when there came a click and a flash, Dr. Audrey snapping away with a digital camera as Rodney’s organ penetrated to the hilt, a large hairless scrotum pressed to Gregory’s chin.

“More pics for the judge’s file on you. She tells me that boys who offer good fellatio are highly acclaimed in the County prison. With another arrest she’ll find a cellmate with a nice fat cock for you to relish.”

Overall, Dr. Audrey’s summation of Rodney’s chastity and oral prowess proved correct. Yes Gregory fellated for what seemed like an hour, almost hoping the doctor’s ‘pet’ would climax and end the humiliation and the discomfort. Ejaculation never occurred, could not occur, and Rodney remained amazingly hard for the entire interval. In the end, it became Rodney’s turn to offer delight. Gregory stood while his entire scrotum was laved by the most nimble tongue imaginable, it danced and fluttered serving to minimize Gregory’s comparatively rudimentary efforts... the altered tongue an unrivaled combination of strength, size and deftness.

Gregory consoles himself with the notion of early release. He cannot, of course, count the days, but knows the end of his incarceration nears.

Many chariot rides, an occasional pull of the heavy cart... scrotum infused, anus stuffed with ginger, the judge’s whip hand snapping often and with alarming accuracy... almost daily interaction with Rodney... fellating under the close supervision of Dr. Audrey, her controlling arms and hands akin to forcing a dildo into his gullet, Gregory’s remaining time falls into a routine.

Though wearing, he has come to realize that his physical conditioning has never been better. A young reprobate... drunk, disorderly, given to expose himself for the warped entertainment of horrifying the unexpected female observer... has been reformed. But into what?

He consoles himself with Miss V’s” visits. Now permitted to taste... directly and not by way of her moist fingers... Gregory feasts, kneeling in his stocks, the small patch of cloth pushed aside to offer full access. Initially Miss V explained there were to be initiation offerings, acts of oral condescension, before the privilege of outright cunnilingus was to be bestowed. Thus before he could relish her warm, moist succulence, Miss V presented her backside, and Gregory learned to perfect the art of anilingus, tenderly lapping the well muscled roundness then proceeding to pay homage to the more odious orifice. Only then, his humble efforts deemed worthy, was his tongue permitted to amply explore the juicy nooks of her fine feminine nest.

Then comes a special day.

“You are getting very good Gregory. It’s as if you can feel the pleasure your tongue so passionately delivers,” Miss V compliments as Gregory’s only fully functioning sex organ

energetically flutters within her quim.

Kneeling in his stocks Jackie has finished morning ablutions and as always he offers Miss V brief oral satiation before being led to the treadmill. But on this morning Miss V patiently stands letting him labor onward, Gregory counting at least three mild orgasms, the vaginal walls oscillating in ecstasy.

Finally there comes the command of ‘enough’ and Miss V releases the simple clasp which so thoroughly binds neck and wrists. Gregory knows to stand. No hood, a penis leash is hooked in place and Gregory’s hands go to the back of his head.

“One last appointment with Dr. Audrey,” she proclaims in leading him out of his stall.

Though sighted, Gregory instinctively reacts to pulls on the leash rather than any visual input. Out of the barn, across the corral, to the house, up the steps, just as he is daily led blindfolded for long humiliating sessions of fellatio with Rodney.

But today it’s into the medical chamber and Gregory begins to tremble with concern. All who enter are either looped or snipped, that he has come to know too well.

“Not too worry,” Miss V offers firm but comforting words.

Yet, as she straps him into the gynecological chair, just as when his urethra was rerouted and his penis looped, Gregory outright shakes. Wrists, biceps, ankles, thighs, a waist belt... restraints serve to render motionless. When finished, a knowing finger gently brushes the under side of his penis, transforming the semi stiffness to a full stand.

“I think you will miss us, Gregory. We know boys like you... know all about the conflicting desires... the innate need to serve... male pride which lingers to resist... the craving to have the former ultimately conquer the latter. You’ll be back, it’s instilled and therefore you will transgress again... and it will seem to be inadvertent. But really it will be another pleading cry for governance... to feel the controlling hand of women who understand your needs.

“Keep in mind the judge’s file, Gregory. When it happens... another drunk, disorderly interlude of indecent exposure... your record will be open for all to review. You learned to fellate very well. So many photos... so explicit. ”

Gregory has no retort as Miss V steps away. Within moments Dr. Audrey enters.

“You’ve been paroled. And you have your initial interview with your parole officer.”

With that a sizable set of sears snips first the firm rubber loop of the nose. Then a gloved left hand lifts the burgeoning scrotal sac, clearing the way so that the penis loop is snipped just at the new urethral opening.

“Some pain... but having been so thoroughly whipped... and so often figged... it’s minor.”

Fingers work the nasal loop, slowly pulling the freed right end as the left slides up the nostril into the sinus cavity and down the right. The doctor is correct in her assessment, the discomfort is intense... but the results worth waiting for as for the first time in many months, Gregory will breathe without impediment.

Next ice is applied to the penis and testicles.

“Need you absolutely flaccid,” Dr. Audrey declares.

And with that, surprisingly tender hands, those which so relentlessly cropped his nakedness, gently pull the slimmer but longer loop from the tip of the penis.

“You’ll still need to squat to pee. That and my rather prominent brand will remind you of all the times here at the farm. You’ve served adequately. Given more time I may have had another pet... a plaything companion for Rodney,” Dr. Audrey’s words bring alarm... the extent of her power still conveying a brisance of fear and concern.

Slowly the tube exits, the ice offering comforting numbness.

“Do be a good boy, Gregory. The judge will not be so kind with a second offense.”

With that Dr. Audrey exits, hopefully never to be seen again. Miss V enters and offers shackles... institutional, wrists and ankles, then releases the many straps.

“They’ll find some clothes for you somewhere,” she advises in placing a hood over his head.

The straps are released and Gregory feels a firm hand grip his testicles, his stretched sac pulled well out to his front, serving as a impromptu leash.

“Come, the sheriff’s car is waiting.”

Gregory prances, the motion of his feet ingrained. Exiting the house, negotiating the steps he hears the burly laughter of two deputies. He blushes, feeling circulation surge throughout his entire nakedness.

Epilogue - Gregory

“You will address me as Ma’am or Miss Pinkerton. During the term of your parole you will not drink. You will confine yourself to your apartment between the hours of 9:00 p.m. and 6:00 a.m. You will report to work on time. Cleaning toilets in a gay resort and is not glamorous but a necessary job... a chance for you to benefit society. And I am told you have new found oral talents to be out to use. You will stay away from children. And you *will* keep your clothes on unless commanded to strip.

“I will make random visits. There will also be a weekly thorough inspection of your abode and you... Friday evenings... 8:00 p.m. It is then that I will have you strip naked for me.”

Gregory sits and listens, his hands folded behind his head in a rote reaction to being in the presence of an authoritative woman. He trembles anew, for seated at the desk opposite is his parole officer... and she is all too familiar, her broad shoulders, powerful physique and stern no nonsense voice not to be forgotten.

“In preparation for my weekly visits, you should offer yourself a high colonic irrigation and be internally well cleansed. You may wish to lubricate as well, but frankly when I take a boy, buggering him dry can be a diverting challenge. Also have available plenty of Sterno cans. I’ll have the needles and weights.”

Yes, it’s the woman who sodomized him during Dr. Audrey’s weekend soiree... Ms. Pinkerton his parole officer. What term did Dr. Audrey use... she porcupined his nipples?

“I like a boy with a nice big ball sac. So much sensitive flesh... so many hot needles...”

How long before he visits the judge, seeking to resume the relative mercy of Dr. Audrey’s tutelage?

Epilogue - Dr. Audrey Darrows

“So gracious of you to divulge your innate propensities, Rodney... before tying the knot. I think it caused the best to come out... for both of us.”

Rodney kneels upright. He has not stood in years and cannot do so, his feet encased in weighted casts, fiendish spikes within obviating any attempts to stand and walk. Dr. Audrey gently pushes back his forehead, his nose, poking through the sole opening of a hood permanently sutured to the flesh of his neck, positioned to point to the ceiling.

“Stay,” she commands, master to dog, carefully balancing a biscuit on his nose.

Rodney remains perfectly motionless, his olfactory nerves awakened, the savory fragrance of the biscuit stirring the gastric juices of a stomach in chronic want of sustenance. Indeed, Dr. Audrey keeps him in constant need... of food... of sexual satiation... of mobility... of sight... of her caring hand. She tightly requisitions all.

“Just think of the frustration had we been married... mainly mine... trying to understand... and respect... a husband with such debaucherous desires. Really Rodney, were you planning to live a life of covert perversion?”

There is no answer, Rodney’s altered tongue... cruelly split, the frenum deeply incised... making the formation of discernible words impossible.

“Eat.”

The command is most welcomed. Rodney’s huge, hideously shaped tongue thrusts forth, curls upwards and grasps the biscuit as would the tentacle of an octopus. Despite the almost daily scene, Dr. Audrey laughs with satisfaction... as would an owner glowing with the benefits of a well trained and obedient puppy.

“So in the end, all is for the best. A few hundred million from a wealthy relative, the purchase of a charming secluded farm, an enticing offer to renew ties, and some follow up with all the women listed in your furtive email account. Quite the collection, I so very much enjoy their company and we have so much fun exposing your fantasies. Such a secret fantasy life, Rodney. Now to be lived for real.

“And such an awakening for me. You’ve alerted me to my true calling.”

Dr. Audrey steps more proximate. One hand lifts the hem of her short skirt, the other guides Rodney’s face. More savory fragrance and again the tongue comes alive, thrusting to greet the warm moisture of partially exposed inner labia. The beastly appendage instantly slips between the folds, bringing forth a familiar sigh of delight. Stretched to inhuman length, it flutters, nestling the vaginal walls, creating such familiar cheer as it slithers well within.

“Yes, the anterior fornix, Rodney. Most penises fail to achieve penetration there... a woman’s most orgasmic domain. But a well trained, surgically modified tongue... eager... obeisant... so desirous of satiating a woman’s desire... it’s all a woman of my ilk can demand.

“And demand I shall.”

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed. Chris_Bellows@hotmail.com

Other books by Chris Bellows

(available at Pink Flamingo (<http://www.Pinkflamingo.com>))

A Gift From James

A Sadist’s Story

About Eve

An Interview With Mrs. Carlotta Fenwick

Becoming Miss Ashley’s Pet

Behavioral Modification - Lessons from Constancia Island

Collared & Leashed

Constancia Island

Feminine Governance

Feminizing the Belligerent Male

Lady Constance

Laura Davidson Keeper of Men

Lessons in Discipline and Servitude
Milking Male Essence
Miss Elizabeth's Captive
Naked Rendition
Of Male Chastity
Penance Corporation of America Books I & II
Penance Corporation of America Book III
Prince Imay's Palace
Ship of Remorse
Supplication of the Male Pig
Suspension Bondage
Tales From the Estate
Taming the Virile Male
The Conquerable
The Decision
The Gimp
The Incarceration of Jennifer
The Last Pony Girl
The Male Concubine
The Predator

About the Author

Chris Bellows, a nom de plume, is single and on the north side of middle age. He lives an astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write some ten or more years ago when he found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into 'mush'. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of 'Lady Constance', he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the present day release of 'Milking Male Essence', book number thirty-two with Pink Flamingo and this manuscript book number thirty-three.

Other offerings maybe found at www.lulu.com. Billie and Mary (item 314775), Pony Girl Zesty(item 1195861), The Glass Oubliette (item 2053235) Pony Girl Jackie (item 3240321) Male Subjugation, a Chris Bellows Teaser (item 4286971), The Interrogator (item 7935441). A Woman's Revenge (item 8340830), Mademoiselle Rules (Item 8563008), The Toy (item 8693318, offered for free).

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s..., has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to 'work outside the box'.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including 'first person female'. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and

methods of manifesting Dominance with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more suitably conform his writings to their envisioned 'box' of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably..., readers with an interest in D/s who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Chris enjoys reading and responding to readers comments. Visit his blog, <http://chrisbellows.blogspot.com>. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.