



MARK ANDREWS

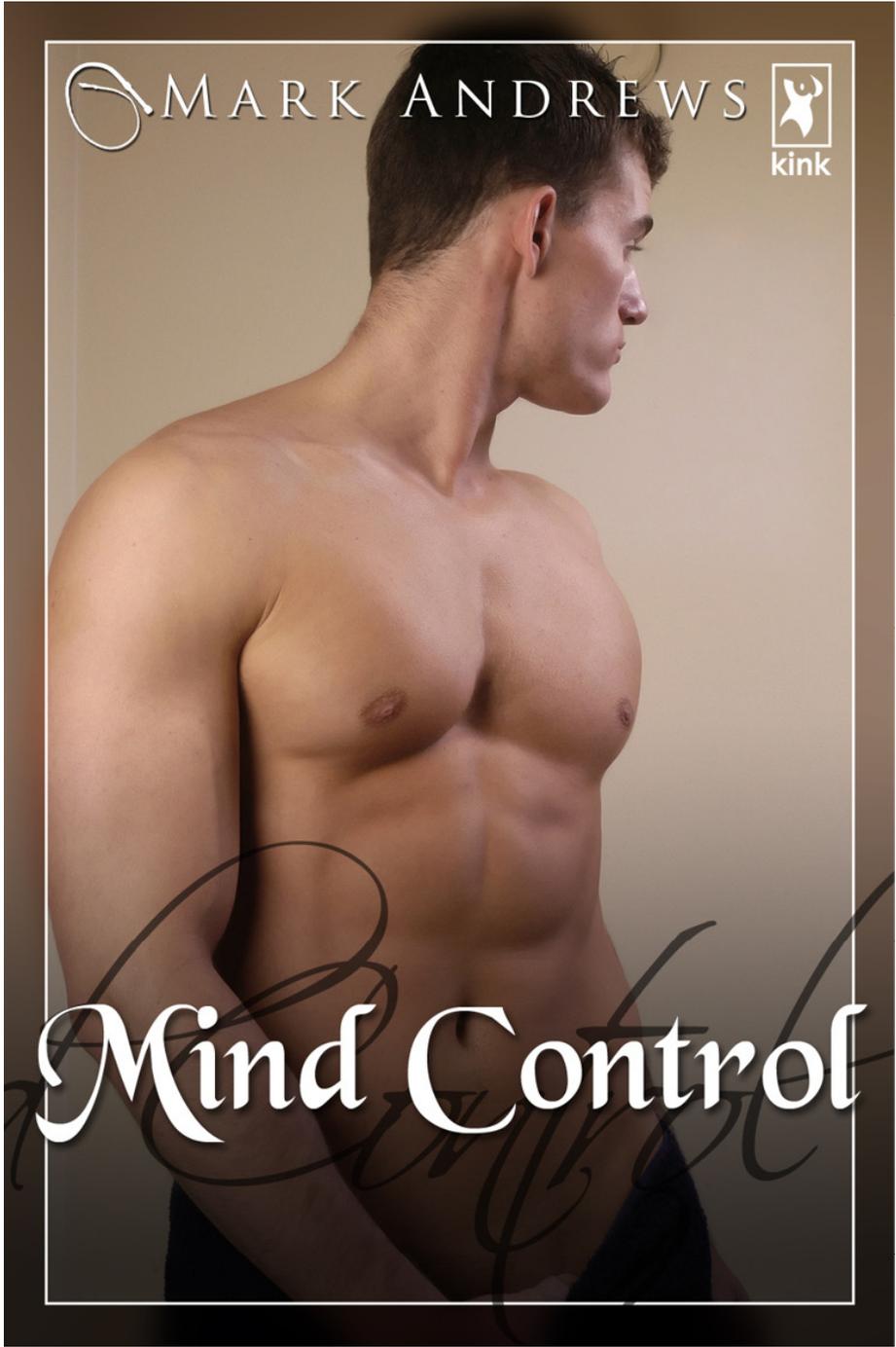


Mind Control

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Title Page

MIND CONTROL

by Mark Andrews

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Chapter 1

It didn't happen all at once. Indeed, it took many months before I was fully charged with my powers as it were and in fact I didn't even know I had them at all until quite a few days after my birthday. That had been on the tuesday – and then on the following saturday, I came into contact with the most extraordinary young man in the world, of that I am sure.

I had gone down to the local shopping centre for some supplies and had gone into the pharmacy. As I was leaving, he came in with what I thought was his little sister in tow. He delivered her to a clinician who was working in the shop and then turned and left. I followed him, unable to take my eyes off his beauty, incredible athleticism and the most fabulous skin I have ever seen on a man, until he reached his car and then he was gone from me.

I felt the most horrible sense of desolation that I had found – and then lost – the most beautiful young man I could ever have imagined and as I pined I wished that he was mine, really and truly mine and would come to me and offer himself as my slave-for-life – and then I would cherish and love him forever.

Yes, I will concede that beauty is very definitely in the eyes of the beholder but I have no doubts that most people would agree that this young man was among the tops...

From the foregoing you will have appreciated I am gay, although no-one in the world knew it. I had always kept it totally repressed – for two reasons. The first, that gays were still not fully accepted by society at large; and secondly that my fantasies were bizarre, to say the very least.

They all revolved around slavery – sexual slavery... But it gets worse! I didn't just want to fuck my slaves. I wanted to

strip them naked; inspect them – minutely and very intrusively; and then have them perform the most difficult and exhausting exercises while I sat and gloated over their fabulous muscles under stress but also at their pain and suffering. And then I wanted to discipline them. The cane, whip and paddle, not to mention electrical torture and the like were all in the melting pot of my fantasies.

No! There was no way I was going to subject a real person to that and so I hid under a veneer of respectability, even taking out girls and pretending to an ardent love for them.

But I could look (when it was safe to do so) and on that fateful Saturday morning I did look – and how did I look!

Aaron, for that was his name, was wearing only a pair of those very brief work shorts called Stubbies. He had on no top, not even a singlet, or thongs and as far as I could tell, no underwear, either, so the stubbies were his only apparel. They sat low on his hips and high on his thighs and were tight enough to reveal his whole physique beautifully.

He wasn't too heavily muscled. I don't like huge muscles on a man; I think they make him look gross. Aaron was more the athlete and, as I later found out, he was, like me, a gymnast, which sport develops the best physique on a male of the species. Every muscle on his fabulous body was as clean-cut as you like, the muscles smooth and fluid and not at all striated. And his skin was also utterly fabulous.

It really was the creamy smooth, quite flawless covering we all aspire to but very few possess. It complemented his fine muscles perfectly.

And then there was his face: it wasn't so much that he was painfully handsome in the sense we consider a matinee-idol; more that it was ingenuous, almost always smiling and his bright blue eyes sparkled too, showing the sincerity of his thoughts. All right, I know I couldn't have gleaned all this from those few brief moments of looking at him but it wasn't all that long after, as you will see as my story unfolds.

As I said, after he had driven away I returned to my shopping but my mind was on that fabulous body and what I knew in my deepest heart to be one of the nicest young men around.

I went home of course and I suppose I put away my shopping but I couldn't take my thoughts off the boy. Not that he was really a boy, of course. I judged him to be my age of twenty-five or perhaps just a few years younger...

Here, perhaps I should introduce myself. My name is Mitch Chalmers and as I said, am aged twenty-five. I am a computer technician and programmer by training but more lately have concentrated on the latter aspects of my craft. I work freelance for people and firms, designing programs for their businesses or their other needs and if I say so myself, I am pretty good at it. So much so that I have been able to buy my own house at Palm Beach on the Gold Coast of Australia. I also design games and other forms of software for the market and I tinker with devices for computers as well. I am very busy at all of this and it gave me an out when what passed for my current girl wanted us to go out. I had become tired of the pretence but still wasn't prepared to come out of the closet and so I now retreated into myself, pleading work commitments and, internally at least, scorning the façade of overt heterosexuality.

Anyway, I did my household chores for the rest of the morning and then spent some time working on a new program I was designing for a local building contractor. It was to be a whole-of-business program that would control each job: quotations, stock, labour, accounts – the whole thing. It would save him heaps in labour and would make each job self-accounting so that he could estimate each one much more accurately and then control the day-to-day spending with just as much precision.

I became engrossed in it and then, around seven that evening, the doorbell rang. 'Who on earth,' I wondered, but I got up from my desk in my office and went to the front door.

And there he was! Just as I had last seen him, still in the so brief stubbies and nothing else, standing outside the screen door and looking in at me.

“You called for me, master, and I have come,” he said. Of course I hadn’t heard his voice before but I wasn’t surprised to find it as beautiful as the rest of him. Not overdone, but cultured and every word enunciated well.

I didn’t react at first, not really understanding what he had said. ‘Called for him?’ No, I hadn’t. I hadn’t said anything to him—and what was the ‘master’ thing? – but then it hit me. I had indeed wished that he would come but I hadn’t opened my mouth. In any case, not to look a gift horse in the mouth, I opened the screen door and invited him in, leading him to my living room and gesturing to a chair.

He declined. “Begging your pardon, master, but a slave does not sit in the presence of his master...”

“Oh,” I began, but then I quickly resumed control of myself. Something extraordinary was going on here but I wasn’t going to let him get away from me a second time. “No, of course not. Silly of me,” I said. I paused then, looking his magnificent body up and down as he now stood just a metre or so in front of my chair.

Then I took a chance. “Slaves don’t wear clothes in front of their masters, either, boy,” I said, hoping desperately that he wouldn’t turn and run.

He didn’t. In fact he immediately assumed an expression of contrition and then rapidly stripped the shorts down off his lean hips, folded them neatly and placed them on a nearby table. But then he thought twice about that act, retrieved them and put them on the floor under it.

I was astonished, but very, very pleased. He obviously knew that a slave’s clothing didn’t warrant resting on a table, but under it.

I now stared unashamedly at his so beautiful and so magnificent body. Partially clothed it had been splendid; now

that he was totally nude, it was quite utterly magnifique.

And now that I could see his cock and balls in the flesh, I knew just how wonderful he was. They were a good size but not overdone and were quite perfect in form.

And there was another thing. When I had seen him this morning, I was sure he had had underarm hair. Now he didn't and neither did he have any hair anywhere else on his body either, at least below his eyelashes and especially around his genitals. His new smoothness looked fabulous, showing off his fine musculature even better.

This was a fetish of mine. I am well aware that many people think hair is a mark of virility in a man. I don't. I hate it. To me, a perfectly smooth body is so much better and as soon as I had left home (my parents live in Melbourne, down in Victoria) and I had the resources to afford it, I had my whole body done.

I asked him about his newly nude state and he looked surprised. "But you required it of me, master? I went straight along to that new clinic on the front highway where they can do the whole body in one operation. It was expensive but I think the results were worth the cost...?"

Again I was shocked. Yes, I had had that brief thought that he would look so much better without his under-arm hair but that was it.

But I didn't comment further, turning now to other matters: "Your name, slave?" I barked.

"Aaron, master. Formerly Aaron Draper but now just your slave Aaron – as long as you accept my body to serve you, that is," he added hastily.

"And your current owner?" I asked archly, not at all sure where I was going with this line and very well aware it was dangerous to ask questions to which one didn't know the answer, but now fairly certain that I was in control of the situation – how or why I had no idea of course; just that things

were moving the way I wanted and hoped they would continue to do so.

“I have no current master, sir. I was a physical education student at Griffith University but I am now to be assessed by you as your future body slave.”

“And you have no reservations about this?”

“Oh no, master. If you were to accept me, I would be honoured to be your slave.”

I didn't pursue this line any further. I sensed, without really understanding what was going on, that he had come to me because I had willed it. No more than that, but without wishing to be repetitious, I wasn't going to look this gift horse in the mouth and so I informed him he would do and that he could now consider himself as my slave.

“What about your family, boy? The little girl you brought to the pharmacy this morning?”

“Oh no, sir. I have no family here. She is the daughter of the people I am rooming with. Now that you have bought me, I will, with your permission of course, go and fetch my remaining belongings – just a few clothes and my books, master.”

“Very well, but first I wish you to show your body to me as a slave. Show me your muscles; your elegance and grace and your strength.”

What followed then was out of this world. It was as if he was a trained ballet dancer. Alright, he had been a gymnast for many years, but it isn't quite the same and the performance he put on now showed off his body with enormous grace and style and at the same time displayed his fabulous muscles in all their incredible glory.

When he doubled over his right arm for example, the biceps muscle flicked up into a perfectly rounded apple but as he did so, his pectoral muscles and his abdominals and thighs also rippled and corded most erotically.

He even parodied a mock-fucking routine with his hands clasped up behind his head and then jerking his loins forward. I got up and walked around him then, admiring the so small and cheeky buttocks as they clenched hard with each forward lunge, but really, every part of his so smooth and flawless body was a dream to drool over.

Of course to make this part of his performance real, he erected his fabulous cock and it was as if he had total control over it. I'm sure he did and in fact now know he can erect and slacken it at will. It is big but not out of proportion to the rest of his body. I would say it was about eighteen centimetres long once erect, but it was also perfect in shape with a fine tracery of pink and bluish arteries and veins colouring its olive surface. He was uncircumcised, too, another plus for me. But then, as he erected it, it slowly grew, swelled and lengthened a little, the perfectly-formed head now emerging and the whole caboodle hard as iron and standing straight up his so muscly belly.

“Perhaps master would care to inspect my body more closely – to feel me down,” he now said softly as he brought the mock-fuck part of his performance to a close.

Once more I started in shock. That was exactly what had been going through my mind. So he was reacting to my mental wishes. Good heavens! Could this be?

Anyway, nothing loath, I reached out to feel the warm flesh. Oh God! It was stupendous! His skin was so velvet-smooth, it was like stroking pure brushed velvet and yet the feel of his muscles just below the skin was even more smooth – fluid, or perhaps creamy, would perhaps be the best description.

His musculature I have already said was perfect. Not overdone but each one smooth and beautifully defined so that I could run my fingers over the lumps and hollows of his belly muscles or trace the various cords up and down his thighs. All; right, I won't go on any more about his muscles but his whole physique really had me drooling, at least figuratively.

I told him to go and he quickly replaced the shorts and then sped off. He was back within a half hour and now suggested he go over the house to see what needed the most urgent attention. I agreed that was probably the best course but I was glad to see he stripped off the shorts the moment he came back inside. So he knew, no doubt from my mind, that this was the way I wished him to be at all times inside the house, at least when we were alone.

How little I understood the extent of my powers, or at least the way they would develop over the next few months.

I couldn't help but follow him around, at least surreptitiously, watching his wonderful body as he swept, vacuumed, polished, and even gathered up my laundry. These are chores I dislike and perform rather cursorily but I could see he was doing them properly although I wondered that he had started them so late at night.

Of course, as I watched him, I lusted after his body. Yes, I wanted to take him to my bed. But was he gay? I had no idea. He caught sight of me watching him and put the polishing rag down on the dining room table then walked straight up to me, took me in his arms and kissed me, long and with great feeling. It was as if we had been lovers for decades! Was this the answer to my unvoiced question?

He then took my hand and led us to my bedroom where he gently undressed me, took me into my shower and carefully bathed me, dried me and then turned down my bed.

He lubricated my cock and then laid his body down onto the bed and drew his legs up over his shoulders – and I mean his shoulders! His ankles were right up beside his neck so he appeared double-jointed but now his beautiful anus winked at me, inviting me to enter.

Of course my cock was rigid. He had soaped it down in the shower but it had already erected as he had undressed me and

in any case, had been half-hard ever since he had come into my life.

Now I climbed up over him and simply rammed it in. He now raised his feet up and encircled my torso and then he seemed to be working on my cock from inside his rectum. It felt almost as if he was milking me as a mechanical milking machine does to a cow's teats.

I didn't need to do anything but I did drop my now naked body down on his torso and the feel of his so incredible flesh against my own just as naked torso was better than anything I could possibly have imagined.

Remember, I was a homosexual virgin. Too scared of AIDS and of public opinion to let any male get close to me, so this form of sex was an unknown. I had made love to a couple of my girlfriends but I hadn't enjoyed it. Their twats were too loose and I found looking at them faintly obscene. But this... This was fabulous. His arse was as tight as a drum and its muscles strong enough to squeeze my shaft hard, which he did at times, but more, there was this wonderful peristaltic motion up and down the shaft but especially around the head and I knew I was on the brink of climax.

So did he, however, and he now slowed down, kissed me softly and ran his soft fingertips all over my back and buttocks, even pushing me off him so he could lower his legs and turn towards me, now caressing me wonderfully, keeping me up on that height but not as close to orgasm.

When I had cooled off enough, he turned on his face but thrust his bottom up with his knees wide, again inviting me to enter him. As soon as I was right inside, he dropped down onto his belly and now the smooth cheeks of his buttocks engulfed my shaft. Once more he milked me, but this time using the gluteal muscles in his buttocks as well as the anal muscle to do the job. It was a different feeling, but just as wonderful.

This time, he milked me to an orgasm that went on and on and on and as I then lay spent over his supine body, his

buttocks now soft under my belly and my chest grazing the so well-developed muscles of his upper back, I just knew I had died and gone to heaven.

We lay there for a few minutes while I told him that while he was indeed my slave, I also loved him as I hadn't another person in the world. "And I, you, master. It was fated that you see me in the pharmacy and that I come to you and I will serve you as the best slave in the world."

What could one say to that? I mumbled something or other but then he sensed (or read my mind) that it was time to sleep – by then it was nearly midnight and so we just snuggled up to each other and fell asleep in each other's arms.

The next morning, by the time I woke up he was long astir and I could smell toast cooking. Somehow, again, I wasn't then sure how, he knew I always had just a slice of toast with vegemite on it with a cup of tea and this he now brought in to me, kneeling beside the bed as I ate it.

Whether his access to my mind was selective, I don't know, but he now asked me what plans I had for him that Sunday. I had been going to do some gardening and then go for a drive up to Tamborine Mountain, having lunch at a favourite restaurant of mine up there. I decided to pursue that same action and informed him he could assist me in the garden and then attend me on my little excursion.

"Very well, master, but is it your intention that I be figged while I work – to keep my attention on what is in hand?"

I stared at him. I knew of course what he was talking about. Figging is a favourite fantasy of mine. It refers to a practice in the late Nineteenth and early Twentieth Centuries to insert a prepared finger of peeled ginger up a horse's fundamental orifice in order that it raise its tail and thus present itself as a lively steed.

Some bright spark in the British cavalry then decided it would add to the pain of a trooper undergoing the punishment

of a caning for if, after the fig was inserted into his rectum and a notch allowed to nestle inside his anal sphincter, he clenched his buttocks, the burning sensation created by the ginger oil was multiplied and so he would keep them loose and thereby suffer more from the cane-strokes.

This practice went out of fashion with the passing of military corporal punishments of course but it has been resurrected by the BDSM crowd for the anus of male and female bottoms under the cane and for the vagina of a girl under other forms of disciplinary punishment. It had caught my fancy and I had even bought a hand of ginger, cut off a suitable 'finger', leaving a part of the 'hand' so that it wouldn't disappear irretrievably, peeled and shaped it and then stuck it up my own backside.

The sensation was incredible. It warmed my anus and then the warmth got hotter and hotter and even began to sting. I am something of a masochist as well as delighting in thoughts of handsome Adonis' being disciplined, and my cock hardened wonderfully during this session during which I fantasised about being a prisoner in a future society where all prisoners went naked, even out in public and were disciplined with hard corporal punishment including figging for all wrongs, even minor ones. It was a great session and whilst I didn't repeat it, I certainly thought about it a lot.

Aaron had obviously latched on to this thought for I had indeed wondered how he would cope with just such a discipline. I knew it couldn't hurt him, as long as I was careful in preparing the fig (the term comes from the word feague which means to ginger up a horse) and so I responded in the affirmative.

"Yes, boy, it is entirely appropriate that on this first day you enjoy a modicum of discomfort to remind you of your status, however I shall require you to be serene during the punishment..."

"Yes, master. Shall I prepare the fig?"

"Do you know how to?" I asked, surprised by his question.

“Yes, master. You explained it to me.”

I hadn't, of course, at least not consciously, but I decided to let him do it although I would watch.

I got up and he showered me – I didn't need to shave as I had had my beard and moustache removed with my body hair. And then, once I was dressed in my gardening shorts, we moved into the kitchen and he retrieved the ginger root from its bowl of water (the best way to keep it) and then expertly prepared the fig, cutting off another finger as I have already described, carefully peeling it and then handing it to me. He bent over and spread his buttocks and I carefully inserted the finger part deep up his rectum until the small notch where the finger joined the 'hand' reached his anus which then closed over it. That left the 'handle' protruding so that we could retrieve it in a few hours when its potency had been exhausted.

I wondered aloud if he shouldn't put on his shorts while we worked outside. “It won't be necessary, master, anyone peeking over the fence will know I am your slave and should be naked.”

“Oh,” I said. “Alright, let's get stuck into it.”

What that meant so far as he was concerned was that I stood back and directed things while he did the work. Every time I made as if to join him in the hard work (we were pruning bougainvillea which is a devilishly thorny creeping tropical shrub), he gently pushed me back.

Of course his naked flesh was soon scratched and bleeding but he took no notice of it and while I progressively became more and more worried at his state, he went blithely on as if he didn't have a scratch.

When it was all done, a couple of hours later and he had fed the branches into the mulcher, he led me over to the garbage bin recess where there was a tap and hose and asked if I wished to clean him down.

This was another of my fantasies. Slaves were hosed down not showered and while it was alright for him to shower when

my fantasy called for my slave to bathe me, at other times, the cold tap, even in the depths of winter would be his lot.

“Of course,” I said, taking the hose from his hand and then while he stood with legs wide and arms up and out, I hosed him down as an animal. What was odd was that as I washed away the dirt and blood, the scratches seemed to disappear also. Must have been very superficial, I thought and let it go at that.

I then removed the fig from his anus, noting it had now shrunk considerably as the oil had been drawn out of it. “How did it feel, boy?” I asked him.

He grimaced. “It burned, master. At first it was just warm, as you intimated, but then it got hotter and hotter and after about ten minutes, it was really burning, like pepper in one’s eyes – and it stayed really hot like that until only a few minutes ago.”

“Good,” I said. “We will be using it again when you need the cane to your bottom, slave...”

“Yes, master.”

He showered me then and laid out casual but quite good clothes for me to put on for our outing.

My house has a very substantial garage and he had put his things in there for the time being. He now went there and when he returned I was shocked for he seemed to be sexless. Somehow, his cock and balls were gone!

He grinned at me however, reached behind him and pulled out a short fat dildo on the end of a chain, the other end of which was attached to a ring through his foreskin. And as he let this arrangement fall between his muscular thighs, his balls dropped out from inside his body just below the root of his penis.

He explained that the testicles actually start out inside the body and drop down shortly after birth. They can be stuffed back up there and held in place by a triangular piece of plastic suitably shaped and notched to fit over the root of the penis and hold the testes inside and the ultra-light but strong chain in

turn keeps the plastic in place. Once the dildo is pushed into the anus and disappears, the chain is brought up tight under the perineum and to all intents and purposes, the male is no more – now a castrate or eunuch.

“And in this way, I may go among the public, master,” he said.

“I don’t think so,” I responded. “We’d both be arrested for indecency, genitals hidden or not.”

“We won’t, master,” he said gently. “You’ll see how easily the public will accept me like this ... please?”

What could I say? He seemed to know exactly what was going on but I made a resolve for us to bolt if there was the slightest alarm amongst those we ran into.

There was none. In fact, he was an instant celebrity, yes, even in the rather upmarket restaurant. He sat opposite me, to all intents and purpose stark naked and from the moment we were seated, people stopped by my chair and asked me who my slave was and how long I had had him.

Yes. That’s exactly what they asked, as if a naked slave sitting opposite his master was as normal as apple pie.

I smiled back at them, now very much relieved that he was accepted in his present state and said he was a recent acquisition and his name was Aaron. To a man (or woman) they all congratulated me on his superb body and that I was liberal enough to have him eat with me and not from the floor beside me as a dog, which of course was more usual (they said).

“Oh, I’m just rewarding him for good work this morning,” I explained and they observed what a good master I was.

I was more than a little benumbed by all this but Aaron wasn’t. He took it all in his stride as if going naked in public was quite the thing. I wondered (to myself only) what he would do if I was asked if he could give them a slave display.

No sooner was the thought in my mind than one of the more influential-looking gentlemen in the restaurant approached and asked if my slave could be displayed – and with everything on show.

I gulped. In that moment, I realised I was going to have to be very careful what I thought from now on. Clearly my thoughts weren't my own but I smiled and nodded to Aaron who now rose, leaving his meal half-finished and then reached behind him to extract the dildo and remove the plastic and the ring from his foreskin, placing the items on the floor under his chair.

And then he moved to the front of the restaurant and gave them all a similar but more protracted and detailed performance of the one he had given me last night. I sat there, astonished not only at the skill and panache of his show but also the obvious enjoyment of every single patron in that restaurant and, as I said, they included the crème-de-la-crème of Gold Coast society as well as many of us lesser folk.

It went on for a good fifteen minutes and during it he not only displayed his beautiful muscles to them but also his dancing ability, something he hadn't to me last night. And it was stupendous. If he hadn't once been a ballet dancer, I'd go he! The one thing he didn't do in that company, which included minors, was to erect his cock. Apparently it was all right for his nakedness to be seen but not the lewdness of an erect member. I thought it a fine line but then I wasn't the public and they were the judges right then.

They clapped me after he had finished. Slaves weren't applauded for their efforts – they were seen as a reflection of a master's (and did that include mistress', I wondered) skill and so I got the plaudits.

But even then Aaron wasn't put out. He smiled broadly at me as he took up his knife and fork again but after that the other patrons left us alone as we finished the meal and I paid and we left. Aaron hadn't replaced the ring, chain and dildo apparatus, now leaving his cock and balls openly exposed to

all and sundry as we made our way back along the busy road to the car but again, all I got were plaudits from those we encountered. Not a single bad look or criticism for my temerity in bringing my slave out naked in public.

Chapter 2

That night, having lunched substantially, we dined on scrambled eggs on toast and as Aaron was preparing them I wondered briefly how it would be to use his body as my tray (I usually ate dinner watching tv with a tray on my lap).

It was a genuine wondering and not a silent command to him for at that stage I was still far too new to all this to be able to differentiate the difference. Later, I became adept at minutely controlling this aspect of my powers and in fact not to let such mental ramblings affect others at all.

I was therefore quite shocked when he brought in my plate, calmly laid his body back over my knees and carefully positioned the plate on his belly then reaching back and down with his hands so that his whole body was now stretched back beautifully, showing off his alabaster-like skin and smoothly-rippling muscles to a tee.

Shocked, I may have been, but by now learning rapidly on-the-hop, accepted what he had offered (conveniently forgetting it had been at my suggestion) and while I stared down more at his beautiful body than at the TV on the wall ahead of me, I proceeded to eat the tasty eggs.

When I had finished, he brought his arms back up, grasped the plate (and the cutlery) and then, very easily and gracefully, raised his body up so that he could stand up. He grinned down at me and then moved off to the kitchen where he (presumably) ate his own meal and then did the dishes.

When he returned, he said he had some housework and study to do so I just acknowledged his request and went back to watching TV. A couple of hours later he returned and asked if

I was ready for bed. Was I ever! I had been waiting for this moment for hours but hadn't liked to ask.

Once more he undressed me with the same wondrous panache, showered and dried me and then led me to my bed. This time he showed me the wonders of anal sex from the other point of view. I had wanted this from the first moment I had laid eyes on him. To feel that beautiful cock up my backside. But I had sensed he knew more about this than me and last night had let him lead me and that had resulted in me poking him.

This time, however, it was my turn to be on the receiving end. Yes, I was nervous for I was a true anal virgin although I had yearned to try this for many years. I was sure however, that he would be careful and I was right. For this first time, he turned me on my back and gently raised my ankles up on to his shoulders which he then used to push my legs up towards my own shoulders. Of course he was now right over me and as he had already carefully greased my backside, he brought his cock up to my now pulsing anus (pulsing in eagerness, not fear) and very slowly and gently speared it inside.

He kissed me and again I thought all my Christmases had come at once, lowered his smooth chest down onto mine and thrust inside me a little more. All this was done in small stages and there was no pain – no pain at all – only sheer, wondrous pleasure as the nerves of my anus were reamed out by his slow-moving weapon.

I won't go on about that loving. It was just more of the same. It went on for hours and every second was simply wonderful. Aaron seemed to be able to slow me down when I became too excited, and in this way, allowed me three climaxes, all spaced about half an hour apart. The wonder is, while I had either masturbated myself or made unsatisfactory love to my then current girlfriend almost every day of my life since puberty, I had never been able to handle more than one a day. Now, I was able to manage those three incredible orgasms one after the other, and, it seemed, with only a minute or so after one before I was hard again.

But then, the next morning, after he had bathed and dressed me, and served me my breakfast, he came in and announced that he had erred and that he deserved the cane before he went to Uni and I to my office to work.

I stared at him in awe. Yes, torture and discipline had been the major parts of my masturbatory dreams and fantasies but not with him. I loved him and caning him was the last thing I wanted to do to him. But I hadn't taken account of my subconscious mind. Those thoughts of love had been my conscious ones. Deep down, apparently I wanted to whip, belt, cane and otherwise torture his body and that was what now motivated him.

Not that I understood that then, of course. At that moment I was appalled but my cock wasn't. It grew to an almost instant full erection and my libido simply took over.

He grinned and then led me to a door near the garage which hadn't been there yesterday. I stared at it, trying to remember where it went and then it suddenly hit me. In my night-time fantasies, I had an extensive cellar under the house. It was secret, of course for it contained many rooms devoted to torture and discipline which I certainly wouldn't want exposed to the eyes of the profane. This new door opened into a closet which could be used to store guests' coats and the like but it also had a secret door at the back (yes, another one of my fantasies) and this opened onto a landing which led down to the cellars.

How they had got there overnight was puzzling, but then over the next weeks and months such mysteries were to become commonplace. And then, when we stepped out into the lobby of the cellars, I noted a central passage with doors leading off on either side. Aaron led me down the passage and stopped at the last door on the right.

The cellar was made of poured concrete but it wasn't new. It had clearly been there since the house was built a few years earlier but that was weird. The floor was covered in a hard

brown carpet and the walls painted a mushroom colour. I was to find that the rest of the cellars were similarly decorated.

We went in to the last room and I noted there was a very neat, professionally lettered sign on the door: CANING ROOM. Aaron opened the door and led me in. Inside, there was just the one item of furniture: a bench. A caning bench! It too had figured in my dreams. It was long and low – about the exact best height to cane a boy’s bottom. On the wall opposite was a rack containing a whole array of canes of various thicknesses, length and style; another containing various whips and another still with straps and tawses, all in perfect condition but clearly well-used.

Remember, I still didn’t know what I was punishing him for but he now corrected that omission. “Master, I was less than perfect in leading you into the art of enjoying anal sex. I have earned a dozen hard cuts of the cane to my buttocks, all to be laid on at full force, please.”

I stared at him. “But...”

“Master, there are no buts,” he said, interrupting me but very apologetically. “When I err, I will know it and will inform you. You must then punish me...”

He made it sound so normal, and anyway, since my libido was now at an all time high at the prospect of caning those so delectable bottom cheeks, I merely nodded and waited while he laid his body down on the bench. It had been provided with automatic manacles that snapped closed once he laid his wrists and ankles into them and they also automatically adjusted to his stature, the wrist pair moving up a slide until his body was taut but not overly stretched, again, more figments of my imagination.

I stood there for long minutes, simply staring down at his body thus arrayed for the cane, his bottom at a perfect height and his whole body properly laid out for the punishment. Punishment? Punishment for what? I knew it was spurious. His coaching last night had been wonderful, but I also knew

that he too was as much in the thrall of these incredible powers as I was and that *que sera, sera* – what will be, will be!

Eventually I came down to Earth and moved over to the rack of canes, choosing a fairly light one. He had said they were to be laid on hard and I would, but then, if I used a lighter cane, the pain wouldn't be as bad. But twelve strokes? Surely that was over the odds? I knew schoolboys (and sometimes girls, too, apparently) when caned, had a maximum of six strokes, and that normally over underpants and trousers! This was to be on the bare flesh. Still, I would lay them on hard. That was what was ordained and that was what would be.

I came back to a position beside his bottom, and he reminded me once again, that the strokes were to be as hard as I could manage. "They will be, slaveboy," I said and then raised the cane high and brought it down hard, right across the crown of both cheeks.

He didn't make a sound as the cane struck, indenting the soft flesh of his buttocks and suddenly I remembered the fig. Well, it was too late now and in any case, this was going to be a bad enough punishment without the added torment of a fig up his arsehole.

I stared in fascination as the line appeared across both cheeks. Of course I knew all about this. I had read everything I could find on the act of caning. Both from the legitimate, judicial canings ordered in Singapore and other places; and of course that carried out on slaves in the BDSM scene and so I knew well the sequence of events that follows every stroke: first, the whitening; second the ridge forming; third, the change of colour from pink, to red, to purple to puce – and of course the violent and very erotic squirming, and the alternate tensioning and relaxing of various muscles all over the victim's body as he attempts to come to grips with the appalling pain of the first stroke.

All this happened now, and I am ashamed to say I spurted forth into my underpants at the sight of his body undergoing all of the above.

But then I didn't want to continue. My libido had taken a crash dive once I had ejaculated and so had my cock and I now stared at the horrible mark across Aaron's buttocks in horror. But I neither wanted to lose face with my slave or to fail to satisfy whatever masochistic cravings were motivating him.

"Well done, boy," I said firmly. "And as a result of your courage, as long as you repeat that silence there will be only three more strokes..."

It seemed to satisfy him for he made no comment but now, as I stared down at his still twitching, boyishly prominent buttocks, I felt a re-stirring of my libido; quite enough to lay it on hard a second, third and fourth time and the last one crossing the first three. I knew that at the point of intersection, the pain would be excruciating and I was interested to see how he would cope with it.

He did – quite silently, and so I now pressed the button at the foot of the bench that released the manacles. "Thank you, master, I needed that punishment."

I stared at the marks on his bottom, now wondering how he was going to cope with his shorts over them but of course he did.

It was then time for him to go to uni and I wondered what he would wear. The Gold Coast is in the sub-tropics and is normally relatively warm but there are cold days, too and in the winter we all usually wear long trousers and a jumper. My birthday is in early April so the weather was just beginning to show the first signs of cooling down. I thought he might dress in longer shorts and a top of some kind, but no, it was more of the same brief shorts, although this time they were more dressy, being a pair of the athletic running shorts used by males. He was otherwise still naked and I wondered what the faculty and students would make of his attire.

As before, he sensed (or mind-read) my concerns and assured me no-one would turn a hair. By now, I accepted the things he told me at face value, but he now explained it to me.

“I know, master, that you think you are deriving your powers from me. The reverse is the truth. My new abilities come from you. I am now stronger and faster. My muscles are better, more defined and my skin nigh perfect. But they weren't on Saturday morning and only became that way when I walked into the chemist shop.

“When I go to school today, your power will go with me and even if I was to appear naked, there would be no eyebrows raised even, the girls and the males accepting me as perfectly normal. If you wanted \neg me to feel shame, you could make it so but I know you don't and so while I will keep the beautiful marks on my buttocks hidden from them, they will delight in my new athleticism and nice skin...”

I stared at him. “So you know about my powers?”

“Yes, master,” he said simply.

“Then can you explain them to me? I mean, I didn't have any of them on Friday, as far as I know. And yet now they seem to be growing exponentially! Just look at these cellars. They weren't there yesterday and neither was the door leading to them.”

“Master, the powers are yours. What I know of them I have gleaned from you, either consciously or subconsciously. I can't add any more than what I have already told you. I am sure however, that it will all come to you in time.”

And that was as much as I could learn. He left then, driving off in his little car, saying he would be back mid-afternoon.

I then went to my office to start work on the program. and now I found another aspect of my powers. My understanding of programming had multiplied ten or a hundred-fold. as my mind went over the various modules and concepts (and at a speed I found incredible), I instantly recognised dozens of errors and better ideas to improve the program and within a few hours had the whole thing done and ready to test.

That too, I was able to perform in record time and by the time Aaron was due home, the program was finished, weeks ahead of time. I was ecstatic. My brain was clearly working very much better and faster than before and I now had high hopes of accelerating my workload thus increasing my business. I wondered if this had also happened to Aaron.

Obviously, from what I had seen and what he had said, some of my powers were rubbing off onto him. Could this be another of them?

It was. When he got home that afternoon, he too was over the moon. “Master, I am stronger by a mile and my gymnastics ability has leapt ahead...!”

I grinned. “So has mine. Come on, let’s go down to the gym and we can each see what the other can do...”

At this point, I didn’t mention my increased mental acumen. I assumed his had also developed and on the way down to the gym, he told me he could now grasp concepts which he had found difficult before with perfect ease. And when we got to the gym, he performed amazing feats of strength such as one-armed pull-ups and push ups which I watched with amazement. But then I tried them and found I too had acquired the same extraordinary strength in my now finely developed muscles.

But there was more. We had both also acquired an agility, a lissomness that could normally only be found in a double-jointed person. For example, in the gym there is what they call an abdominal table. It’s short and narrow and its legs are bolted to the floor. You sit on it and slip your feet into the loops at the bottom corners. This leaves your buttocks reaching off the top end of the table. You then bend right forward over your legs, pause for a few seconds then lift your torso up and back until you are perfectly horizontal, hold that for a few more seconds then drop your upper body further down, stretching your spine and working your thigh and belly muscles wonderfully.

It's a diabolically hard exercise and few people dare to use it much. But this night, for some reason, I was anxious to try it. I jumped up onto it and to my delight, it was a cinch! I could even stretch my upper body right back down and grasp the bottom of the two legs with ease – and so could Aaron.

The trainer was astonished – as was everyone else there but they were even more so when Aaron and I, as one, stripped right off down to the buff and then did it all over again. We tried the table again and then scurried up and down the twelve ropes without once touching the floor or using our feet or legs; we lifted twice the weights we had previously; we performed on the various items of gymnastics equipment faultlessly – and all stark naked – while they all stared at us in awe.

“Good God, Mitch, you are incredible, how have you improved so much in just a week?”

This had been a question I knew would be coming and I had thought about it carefully before venturing down there. I had decided that to avoid unwanted interest from government, I would lie a little. “It's Aaron here...”

“Oh, your slave...?”

I wondered yet again at this so easy and universal acceptance of him in that role but nodded and agreed with him. “Yes, you see he is a really gifted gymnast and he has been training me at his gym over the last few weeks. I wanted to surprise you all,” I added somewhat lamely.

“Well, you've certainly done that, but we must enter you in competition – the both of you...”

“Thanks, but no. We're both too busy but in any case, competition isn't my thing. We'll certainly be down to train, though, as long as our nudity doesn't offend...?”

This last I added in on purpose, anxious to see what his reaction would be. “Oh, that's not a problem at all – look around you.”

I turned to look at the other gymnasts working out with us and was shocked to see they were now all stark naked, too.

He grinned again. “And I suspect you will have started another fashion, too. I bet that in a week, there won’t be a member here with hair on his body.”

Once more I had reason to marvel at my powers. Clearly my interest in the naked bodies of the other members and my fetish about body-hair had reached out to each of them.

When we got home he confessed to another of the spurious crimes, this time pleading some mistake or other at uni. I had now learned not to challenge these confessions. Aaron clearly needed discipline or torture and I have to admit that while I loved him more than anything in the world, my libido delighted in looking at his incredible body under the suffering.

“Very well, slave, let’s go.”

We moved along to the cupboard and then to the stairs to the cellars and once there and in the passage, sure enough, there was a sign on the next door: electrical punishment.

My cock gave a great lurch as I stared up at this. Electrical torture had been a favourite fantasy of mine for years and, like the ginger, I had even experimented with it, using those small plug-in power units that delivered anything from 3 to 12 volts DC. Again I had enjoyed it but without a ‘master’ to administer and enforce the punishment it was a bit lame.

Anyway, we went in and now I stared in awe at the arrangement that faced me: first, there were two stainless steel posts set about two metres apart in the middle of the room and they ran from floor to ceiling. I noted there were neat, Velcro-style manacles nestling against holes two metres up from the floor and down near the floor level.

But it was the console out in front of the two posts that really had me staring. It had rows of metres, switches and dials across its sloping face and looked extremely sophisticated. It was the stuff I had dreamed of. Oh yes, I had seen images of men stretched out on a bed with one of those TENS units lying next to him. They all looked amateurish with their stray wires all over the place.

This unit was really professional – the suite of a master-torturer.

The wires to be used here sat in tiny consoles set on the floor on either side of the posts, each with different electrodes: clips, pins, rods, dildos, etc, and there were more half way up each post. I realised these would not interfere with an observer's view of the victim's body under torture. Every last squirm and struggle would be very visible.

Aaron moved straight over to the posts, spread his feet wide and raised his arms up, tacitly inviting me to fit the manacles to his wrists and ankles. I didn't hesitate. They came easily out of the slots and then retracted, leaving him on the floor but with his body now lightly stretched in a St Andrew's cross.

And then one of the electrodes on the left hand post began to wink (there was a tiny LED in each one). I took it out and snapped it onto his left nipple. I then did the same with the one on the other post.

One of those on the floor had a large butt-plug on it and I pushed this into his anus, but then there was another one with a sort of cage on the end. I thought it might be intended for a finger but when I put it there, the console beeped.

"I think it might be intended for the glans of my cock, master," Aaron said.

As soon as he said the words, I realised he was right. The cage was made of gleaming copper wire and it even had a slender rod with a rounded tip that was obviously meant to go up his urethra. Once that was inserted (slowly and carefully) the cage fitted neatly right over the glans with the widest of the wire-circles being pushed over its flared surface and fitting perfectly behind the lip at the base of the glans.

The machine was silent now and I gathered these electrodes were sufficient for this first session, but there were a dozen or so more which could clearly be attached to other places on his body: his balls, the extremities of his toes and fingers, his

tongue, and from the look of them, pads to his temples and belly, for example.

Still, I was content with what we had and now the LEDs on one of the dials started winking. I turned it slowly and when the LED stopped winking, left it in that position. Another started winking and I realised I was now setting the voltages for each of the four electrodes. Once this was complete, an LED on one of the switches started to wink. I activated it and then watched in awe – and in pure and unbridled lust – as Aaron’s body went into strictures of agony which resulted in his muscles standing out all over his body in a display I could hardly believe.

He looked absolutely stupendous, his muscles shaking and cording but it didn’t last more than a few seconds and then he slumped back down again.

I was instantly contrite. He looked awful now but when I made a move to take off the clips he demurred. “No, master, please... I need this punishment. Please go on with it...”

I shrugged. I was sure he knew what was best for him and so now I pressed another switch, again the one that was winking at me. The display was just as good, although different.

I had no idea which electrodes were active although I could of course read off the voltages on the little meters. The thing was, I didn’t know which meters referred to which wires. Still, so far as I was concerned, the spectacle presented by his naked body under this torture was my thing; his was the pain but I did note that while his cock had erected the moment we went into the room, it was now at an all-time high, red and straining and quivering in his own form of lust. Clearly he was getting off on what must be an awesome degree of pain.

I supposed I would learn in time which electrodes were active from the way his muscles reacted to the shocks but right then, it was just the show put on by those muscles that held me spellbound.

Once more it was only a few seconds and then he slumped again. I didn't ask him this time. I decided the machine would tell me when he was done, but I did have time during the intervals between the shocks to go up and feel him down.

His body was of course now covered in sweat but that only made it look even better, gleaming under the strategically placed lights that highlighted his body perfectly, but also feeling even better under the play of my fingers all over his flesh.

I also had time to wonder at the machine itself – and for that matter the set-up in this room and the one next door. Yes, they were replicas of my fantasies but who had put them into place? Who had read my mind and its fantasies? Who had been able to create the cellar itself under my house? And who had been able to mould and hone my body and mind – and for that matter, Aaron's, too – into these startling examples of human perfection.

I had no idea and I suspected I never would. Still, as I kept saying to myself, they were here; I had them; so use and enjoy them while they lasted!

This session didn't last all that long. It was just too intense and so debilitating of his body for any more. There was one more episode and again his body described different but just as spectacular contortions. And then the machine beeped at me. The LED's on the electrodes now all winking, indicating they were to be removed, followed by those on the manacles. Once he was free of them all, the machine fell silent and now I made as if to help him out and upstairs to bathe him. But he wasn't having any of that.

He now stood up straight and his beautiful blue eyes resumed their normal sparkle and his face its normal grin. "Race you upstairs, master," he said and bounded off as if he had just been for a stroll in the park.

He made my evening meal then and this time, for once, I ate it at the dining room table with him sitting opposite me. He

protested of course. “A slave doesn’t eat with his master, sir,” he said.

“He does if his master orders it, boy – now eat!”

We continued on in this vein for the next week or so, Aaron doing the house and garden work with a panache I could never achieve, studying and of course attending uni and the gym. I went on with my work now developing a program for another client. (the builder was ecstatic about how well his program worked for his business and promised to recommend me to his friends.)

We both found our brains as well as our bodies continued to improve so that I was able to race through the design and testing of this new program with consummate ease, far faster than I could have imagined and then the enquiries came. It seemed these two programs were so far in advance of anything then on the market that everyone wanted one of their own.

I began to think I needed another man to help me in the office and then, that night, there he was! Just as Aaron had appeared because I had wished him to, now, so did Tony.

The doorbell rang and of course Aaron got up to answer it. He came back with Tony in tow. I stared up at the new boy in more awe (I told you I was going to have a lot of that sort of thing, didn’t I). He was as handsome as Aaron and just as muscular. He was also naked and smoothly nude of hair. He was also black.

That’s another of my fetishes! I am racially prejudiced! I love black men. Not that I’ve ever known one, not closely anyway, but pictures of handsome naked black athletes really turn me on. This one was a near facsimile of Anthony Montgomery, the handsome young actor who played Travis Mayweather in the Startrek Enterprise TV series.

“The slave Tony, master,” Aaron announced solemnly.

“I see,” I said softly. Nothing could surprise me now and I already had an idea what this new boy was. He confirmed it.

“I am your new associate technician slave, master,” he said in that deep and mellifluous voice often associated with blacks.

Chapter 3

Of course I would check out his technical knowledge and skills but right then I was more interested in his body and I could see from his expression that Aaron was, too. We didn't say a word but my slave led him up to our suite and there Aaron showered us both, or rather, we all showered each other, each of our hands roving over the others' bodies and glorying in them

And then of course, we gravitated to my bed. What followed could only be described as an orgy; an orgy that was even better than those which Aaron and I had enjoyed every single night since his wondrous arrival in my household. I think in that first hour we fucked each other, orally and anally; felt, fondled and caressed each other's flesh; bit; wrestled – and then fucked some more. But a stray part of my mind must have wondered how Tony's fabulous body would look under torture and I think I must have thought (fleetingly perhaps) of the cane to his testicles.

Yes, you know what happened of course. Tony now rose up off the bed and solemnly announced that as a new slave, it was fitting that he suffer a Welcome.

This too I had read of. It was used in Victorian institutions on new inmates both adult and juvenile to underline to each what awaited him or her if they erred. They were often administered in front of the other inmates and usually constituted a caning, again usually in the nude, at least that's how the drawings I saw portrayed them.

By now, I had ceased to question these little events and we all now rose from the bed. Aaron dressed me in shorts and a shirt but he and Tony remained naked, as slaves should. We all

then moved downstairs via the new door, through it and thence down to the cellars.

Sure enough there was a new sign on the third door: genital punishment. Inside were two more of the gleaming steel poles complete with manacles sitting just outside the slots near their tops. There were no wires this time however and no electrical console. There was another of the sets of racks of whips, etc as in the Caning Room, however. There was also a metal drum on the floor containing a few saplings.

Tony moved straight over to the space between the two poles and apparently aware of what was coming, laid his body down flat on the floor while Aaron moved up to the left pole and, grasping the manacle up near the ceiling, drew it out and down to snap it around Tony's right ankle. I caught on and did the same with the other one. The machine (wherever it was) then came alive and the wires began to retract, drawing the handsome black boy's legs and then his body up, up and further up until he was dangling, upside down, with his legs pulled wide open and his genitals, slack now for some reason, dangling down his so beautifully muscled belly.

In that position of course, his balls were perfectly positioned for the cane, whip, or whatever and I could see why this room was so-named. I strode over to the rack and chose a thin sapling of peeled birch from a tall, polished metal drum placed on the floor near the rack and which I just knew had to be filled with brine.

I well knew I had to be very careful now. In my own fantasies, I always used a thin cane on my own balls to help fuel my libido and I was therefore very well acquainted with how hard I could chastise him without damaging those fine testes.

Of course his genitals were as perfect as Aaron's although a bit bigger – as befits the myth about blacks – that they are all super-endowed sexually. I knew this to be false but it was a nice fiction and in Tony's case anyway, was a fact. His cock had to be twenty centimetres or more long, once erect and it

was thicker than mine or Aaron's, too. But it was perfectly formed and I had delighted in holding and stroking its rigid length upstairs in my bed. His balls were bigger than ours too, and were contained in a smooth scrotal sac that dangled heavily between his muscular thighs. Upside down, they looked stupendous.

I approached him as he dangled, hands free but quite still, waiting for the punishment he had brought upon himself while I was now in a fever of libidinous excitement – and, from the state of his cock, so was Aaron!

I raised the slender sapling and then lashed it down with a force which I knew would hurt but not damage, but Tony's response was spectacular, to say the least.

As the tip of the wood struck his left testicle, he screamed, long and loud, and his whole body arched first up and then back down and then began to squirm and contort about as if he had just suffered the fires of Hell itself. I knew it couldn't have hurt that much but then Aaron moved up to me and whispered that perhaps Tony was one of those people who are ultra-sensitive.

"Surely not," I said. "If so, why would he have engineered such a dangerous and painful introduction to pain?"

"Perhaps he is even more the masochist than I am and felt the need...?"

"Perhaps," I said doubtfully. "Well, we can't leave it here. Let's see how he fares with the next few strokes."

But then I thought about it some more. "What if this was just a performance for my benefit," I postulated to Aaron. Certainly, as I had stepped back to avoid his flailing body, I knew it couldn't have been displayed better. As he contorted it back and forth, the beautiful muscles all over his splendid body rippled and corded and I knew I was near to spurting just from looking at him.

Aaron looked down at my cock, straining out of my pants and grinned and then nodded. "I believe you are right, master.

He certainly is a sight.”

His own cock was also as hard as nails and so I stepped back up and lashed his other testicle, quickly retreating out of the way as he reacted the same as before and with just as much vigour.

As with the first stroke, I waited until he had calmed down a little and then delivered the third, fourth and fifth strokes, noting that his screams were quieter and his writhing contortions less energetic. I knew I was right, it had all been a performance for my benefit. I gave him five more, each spaced properly but then we let him down and took him up for a shower.

I wanted to do this as I had noted that when I hurt Aaron in some way, say when he had been gardening and had scratched himself quite badly; or when I had caned his buttocks severely, the wounds all went away after a shower (or hosing down in the little brick rubbish tin yard), and I wanted to see if the visible marks on his scrotum now reacted the same.

They did and I breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed I could punish either of them quite viciously but while they felt every stroke like anybody else, once they had showered, it all went away. On him, the pain which had been clearly visible on his face was now gone.

Anyway, after the shower, we all returned to my bed, played a little more, and then slept like lambs until morning. When I awoke they were both gone, Aaron to prepare my breakfast and my clothes for the day and Tony? God knows.

Aaron and I went through our usual morning routine and after he had left for uni, I moved into my office to find Tony, still stark naked of course, sitting at my desk and going through the various programs I had been working on recently.

He rose as soon as I entered but then told me how brilliant my latest efforts were. I hope, master, that I can be of some assistance to you in these and future programs...”

“Well, we’ll see...”

I then proceeded to talk to him. Not a quiz or examination; just a talk between fellow techs about programming and where it was going. I soon fathomed he was as tuned in to this stuff as I now was and also came to the conclusion that his mind was feeding off mine. Not that I minded. If we were going to work together, it was as well we were attuned. But then we got down to work and in no time we were complementing each other wonderfully.

A new desk complete with an identical computer to mine had appeared overnight and they were suitably linked so we could work on the same problem together if we wished. And from that moment on, we produced four times the work output I had by myself – and that notwithstanding I now worked alongside the second-most handsome young man in the world (after Aaron, of course) who was stark naked, beautifully muscled and black – with a rich chocolate skin that was so satin-smooth I ached to reach out and stroke it all the time.

He was just twenty-two years old, a year younger than Aaron and three, me, so we were all of an age. Anyway, although I did pause and stare at him from time to time, we did indeed work hard and were able to make huge inroads in the work involved in the latest project.

The next day I had to go to brisbane and since the train was so handy and parking in the city difficult and expensive, I always went by train. I left tony with the program, confident he would work well by himself and then drove to the station (where there was plenty of parking).

On the train, I looked over the other passengers, as I always did, choosing a handsome young man who was seated in one of two pairs of seats facing one another. I wanted to check out a theory of mine and while in the past these had just been fantasies, now I knew I could actually achieve anything I desired in this regard. My train fantasy of course was to have a muscular young buck strip naked and parade himself up and down the carriage. Now that I could do this, I wanted to see how the other passengers would react and indeed how he would.

Both Aaron and Tony considered themselves my slaves. I didn't want that with my subject this morning. He was to remain free of me except that he would feel a compulsion to vaunt his naked body to the other passengers.

The young man I chose was clearly a student headed for Southbank Station just short of Brisbane, most of it by express, so we would have the whole journey to play with him.

The moment the train moved off I looked at him and willed him to strip. There was no hint of slavery in my mind. He didn't glance at me but immediately began taking off his clothes to reveal a nicely athletic body.

I looked around me at the other passengers and was pleased to note expressions of incredulity on most of their faces. There was none of the acceptance accorded Aaron when we had gone up to the mountain for our lunch that first Sunday. But the young man didn't stop. He looked tortured though, clearly unwilling to do what he was but powerless to stop. Once naked – stark naked – and revealing a very pleasing musculature and fine set of genitals (although they were hairy, more's the pity) he got up and paraded up and down the carriage showing off his naked body to each set of passengers in turn but then returned to his seat opposite me.

But then I looked at a slim, military-type gentleman sitting near us whose look of disapproval was stronger than most of the others and willed a thought to him.

“Young man,” he said, “you are behaving abominably. I think you need to be punished. Get up and come over here and drape yourself over my knees!”

Yes, this was exactly what I had thought to him and so I then mentally directed the young man to obey. And while the rest of the carriage looked on in awe (and now with more than a hint of salacious interest), he got up and did just as the tall, distinguished-looking man had directed.

Again following my direction, the man now proceeded to spank the younger man's bottom – and he kept it up until he

had delivered something like thirty or forty strokes and the young man's buttocks were visibly red and obviously very sore.

And then, without any direction from me, the carriage applauded the older man's actions. But that just made the young man angry. I had now left off directing the scene, eager to see what would occur next.

He rose from the older man's lap and now we all gasped at the massive erection he now sported. I just about chortled. I couldn't have foreseen it but the boy was a masochist! Far from agonising over the pain in his bottom, he had clearly enjoyed it, although he still felt a wonderful shame at displaying his body nude to them all.

His erection however engendered more wrath, simulated, I suspect, among the passengers and one matron called out to the military man to cane the boy. Not at all sure if my powers extended to this, I willed a collapsible cane into his brief case.

Sure enough, he opened it and took out the item I had invented and now called on the boy to drape his body over one of the rails near the door. He did, again without any direction from me, and although he squirmed deliciously at each stroke, now took 'six of the best' across his already very red bottom and then, at the man's direction proceeded to show it off to each seat in turn.

His erection was, if anything, even harder than before however and the matron, pretending to more shock and outrage, then suggested he should suffer a testicle whipping.

I quickly conjured up a suitable whip made from a short wooden handle and a dozen thin rubber tails which would sting but not damage his genitals. Now into the whole scene he moved back to the rails and did a handstand against the rail, resting his feet wide apart along the waist-high rail. The man then whipped his cock and balls, quite hard but not so as to harm them.

All this happened over the first few stations and of course passengers came and went. I didn't interfere with their minds however and all the newcomers, while incredulous at what was going on in the carriage, quickly became attuned to the mood of the other passengers, accepting the highly raunchy scene that was unfolding before their eyes.

The boy was handsome and very nicely muscled. The men as well as the women clearly delighted in looking at his body and while it is doubtful if they were openly sadistic, I believe that trait lurks in us all to some degree and I think they all simply gave way to it.

As a last test of my powers, I mentally directed that his body hairs be removed. Nothing happened at first but then, as he stood before them all, they simply disappeared, leaving him quite naked from his eyelashes down. To me, he now looked perfect. What the others thought, I had no idea.

By now, though, he was no longer being execrated. This whole thing had turned into a show being put on by the young man and the military type and they had fallen into it wonderfully.

But I thought enough was enough. We were half way to Brisbane by now and so I called a halt to it, directing the boy to return to his seat and dress. He did and the carriage returned to normal. I directed the cane and whip to disappear from the man's brief case and everyone now settled down, not even glancing at the young man curiously. He took out his books and started studying.

I just smiled as I remembered the trip.

Once in the city I did my business and then decided to test my powers some more.

On these occasions I often lunched at a rather up-market restaurant, not because of the food but for the young, handsome and all very athletic bodies of the exclusively male waiters. I don't think the restaurant was aimed only at gay men

for of course women enjoy those attributes in a male as much or perhaps even more than we gay men.

Anyway, I had often cogitated on the bodies of this dozen or so group and the maitre-d'hôtel, a slim, dignified, silver-haired toff whom, I thought, was up himself!

Accordingly, once he had seated me at a little table in one corner which allowed me to look over the whole restaurant, I mentally directed that all the waiters, on their next visit to the kitchen, shed every last skerrick of their clothing and that their bodies appear smooth and hairless as I have already described – and then I sat back and waited. At this stage I did nothing to the maitre-d', interested to see how he would react to his young waiters all appearing stark naked in the restaurant, one by one.

It was wonderful!

As with the passengers on the train, I hadn't made any suggestions to the very mixed bunch of patrons as to how they might react to the naked young men but in keeping with the very up-market nature of the place, while their faces first registered shock, that was soon replaced with mere outrage, which in turn was replaced by acceptance and then, at least in most cases, sheer delight in the spectacle.

James, the maitre-d', was horrified when the first boy came out holding the tray high above his head and showing off his splendidly muscular body so wonderfully. He moved quickly but smoothly up to him and ordered him back to the kitchen.

The boy looked at him, smiled briefly then neatly side-stepped him and went on to serve the table while the older man stared at him in more horror – and incredulity that he had been so easily disobeyed.

But then more waiters came out, all naked, all possessed of beautiful bodies and all quite nonchalant about their nudity and all proceeding with their usual style and panache to wait on their patrons, most of whom stared up and down their

bodies with amusement, and many – of both sexes – with more than a hint of lust in their eyes and faces.

But then I ‘suggested’ to the head man that he too present naked. He didn’t hesitate, moved to the kitchen and then appeared as naked as his staff – and just as smoothly-bodied. I had to admire his physique, I have to admit. He had to be at least fifty and perhaps more, but his body was that of a much younger man and I knew in that instant that he was gay and shared a wish by many of our fraternity to keep a slim and athletic body for his lover(s).

For the next quarter of an hour the restaurant’s business proceeded normally, although most of the patrons had now forgotten their conversations and were openly ogling the handsome and so naked young men who were serving them with the same grace and style as always.

But then the accident happened.

It wasn’t the waiter’s fault. A woman pushed her chair back as he was passing behind her and he stumbled and spilt the hot soup all over her head and very smart frock.

Although it was her own fault, she blamed him and demanded that the young man be punished for his ‘offence’, there and then. The maitre-d’ was instantly on the scene of course and all his efforts to calm the woman were fruitless. She demanded the boy be caned – right there, and right then and if not, she promised to sue the restaurant for all it had and to make it very public.

The young man, to his credit, agreed with her that it had been his fault and that he accepted that a public painful punishment, administered right then would be the most fitting penalty. He also offered to go with the lady to her home and to clean the garment himself, but she, mollified by his ready willingness to accept responsibility, said that wouldn’t be necessary but that she would administer the caning herself.

I watched all this in some awe. After directing the waiters and their boss to strip off, I had left things alone. What had

happened then had been fate, not me, but I was very much excited by it all – as were the vast majority of the other patrons, all of whom were now sitting silently, watching as the scene unfolded. I didn't conjure up a cane, either, as I had in the train, wanting to see how the woman would cope with this problem.

She stood up, gestured to her companion whom I presumed was her husband and snapped her fingers. I grinned. She was clearly the boss! He blushed, reached down beside his chair for his briefcase and took out another of those folding canes. So she was into chastising him at times, I thought.

She now gestured for the young man to drape his body over the back of her chair and took up position beside it. This woman would have been in her fifties, I guessed and her husband was obviously a captain of industry. She was tall but not fat. I guessed she was distinctly muscular when stripped down and I was right!

Once she started on the young man's muscular butt cheeks, now nicely tight for the cane, I could see just how strong she was and I winced as I watched her wale into his bottom.

But then I grinned. Just as the young man on the train had erected after being caned, so did he and I wondered then how many of us males were masochistic.

The audience sat spellbound and so did I. The maitre-d' was just as transfixed by the events but I grinned as I noted his nice fat cock start to rise as she slammed that cane into the boy's buttocks.

He took it manfully. His body writhed of course but he didn't scream. Not once, although there were little grunts from time to time. She gave him ten strokes, all of them meaty and I resolved to whisper to him to go and have a shower as soon as possible.

Still, his body under the cane was a wonderful show and I don't think there was a man or woman in that restaurant who weren't turned on by the whole scene.

But then it was all over. The woman praised the boy for his fortitude and courage, handed the cane back to her husband and then took herself off to the ladies powder room, returning after a few minutes, almost like new to resume her seat and her conversation with her husband.

The restaurant then settled down. I mentally ordered the young waiter to go and shower immediately, or at least to wash his body down at the sink and as a result, when he returned to the room, his buttocks were as new.

By now, the patrons had all accepted the so total nudity (including their lack of body hair) of the staff and although many stole looks at their splendid bodies from time to time, they had mostly returned to normal.

By way of experiment, I then willed the waiters, the maitre-d' and the other staff that this nakedness was to be de rigueur from now on. I had no idea whether it would happen but I would wait and see. I was also interested how the media would react. There might not have been any reporting staff there but I was sure word would soon spread.

It didn't. There was no reaction at all. None. Not in the papers, TV or radio! Not a peep. And when I went back a week later, there they were, all of them, now also including the manager, the girl in the cloak room and the check-out girl, all stark naked and all quite bare of any hair on their bodies. And not a whisper of protest, anywhere.

I wondered if there would be any repeats of the corporal punishment meted out by the grande dame to the young waiter. I hoped so for it had been a wonderful entertainment for us all that day.

There wasn't, for which I was somewhat disappointed but then I asked James if there had been any repeats after that first time and he assured me that this was now the norm to correct an errant waiter, right in front of the patrons, who, he said, seemed to approve of the idea.

“Of course sir, I always administer the punishment, now. That lady was offended and wished to do it herself, but of course it is more appropriate that I fulfil that role.”

“Of course,” I agreed, but inside I was chortling. Sadistic old devil, I thought.

When I got home after that first foray into the city, I was pleased to see how much Tony had achieved on our new program. But he wasn't.

“I should have been able to complete this module by now; I'm sorry, master.”

I didn't know what to say. I was impressed by what he had achieved but he was obviously very contrite. And then I realised it – and as I did, he confirmed it.

“I need to be punished, master. If you agree, I believe a punishing run as your pony...?”

I stared at him, absolutely agog, now. “My pony?” I faltered. Not that I didn't know what a human pony was. It too had figured largely in my fantasies but I also knew that my favourite method of harnessing such an animal was highly risky, to say the least.

“But I don't have a pony-cart,” I said eventually.

He grinned. “Come and look, master.”

He led me out to the garage and there, where Aaron's car usually stood, was the gig and yes, it had that weird, but so erotic harnessing system in place.

“We can't use that,” I protested weakly.

For answer, he just grinned and moved up to the single pole which emanated out from under the cart's seat, clearly braced to its axle and began to attach it to his body.

What was the system that so intrigued me, but which I thought was impractical and downright dangerous?

Imagine an axle with bicycle wheels at either end. Between them is the seat from which dangle two stirrups. The short

pole comes out from under it and at the very end there is a cuff (one from a pair of police handcuffs) which fits around the root of the pony's cock and balls. Just behind that is a solid but malleable rubber butt-plug. And in my fantasies, that arrangement was the only connection between the cart and the pony's body thus there would be no straps or belts to hide any part of it from the rider's eyes (and of those who would watch the pair of them pass).

I stared at him in awe – and in worry. “Tony, this is too dangerous,” I said.

“Just wait and see, master,” he replied, as he carefully inserted the long fat plug up his backside until the pole was snug up against his crutch. Then he merely tightened the opened cuff's two ends into each other and around the root of his genitals until it too was snug. Finally he took the key and locked the cuff so it couldn't accidentally tighten further and strangle his penis and testicles of blood.

Once it was all secured to his satisfaction, he handed me the key and then moved back and forth, pointing out how well it all fitted and that it was quite painless.

“That's all well and good, but if I was sitting up there on the seat, it would place much more strain on your anus and your genitals...?”

“Why don't you try it, master? Just a short walk...?”

“Oh well,” I said, “Perhaps just a short trip, then.”

If the truth was known I was dying to try it. Just that I was so fearful of him being damaged or injured by the cuff and plug.

I climbed into the seat and lifted my feet into the stirrups and then opened the garage door. By now, I wasn't at all fazed about the public seeing him naked, or even in that bizarre position with the pole poking out just in front of his so muscular thighs.

He walked out onto the street while I sat there, in awe at what we were doing but delighting in it, too. This had been a favourite dream of mine. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of

naked, handsome (or beautiful if they were female) young human ponies taking their masters and mistresses shopping or on other errands all over the city. The males would all be erect as befitted a virile male and the females' breasts and vaginas would be inflamed. Of course, the females would have two plugs, the vaginal model angled slightly backwards to keep them both in place.

He had said 'just a walk', but he didn't honour that intent. Instead, he moved straight up to a trot and then, when the road ahead was clear, into a gallop. In no time, he was sprinting along at a near full pace and I wondered how he could manage this incredible pace for so long.

In my understanding, a human being can sprint for only short distances, as in the 100 or 200 metre dash. Longer distances require a more sedate pace but Tony was going flat out – and he had been doing it for half a kilometre already.

What a sight, though! His body looked incredible: gleaming black (well, brown really); all his fine muscles rippling and scintillating in the sunlight: his powerful curvaceous thighs throwing out with each step; his tiny (narrow but high) and so boyish buttocks alternately clenching and relaxing; his arms swinging regularly, showing off his boulder-like shoulders and the other muscles of his upper back wonderfully...

In short, it was a display I could hardly credit and I had a sudden wonder that if we had a dual version of this cart with one pole for Aaron as well, it would be even better. And sure enough, when we got back, there it was. Identical in every way except that the pole bifurcated into two and each one had the same butt-plug and cuff arrangement.

I should say here, that the materials from which both carts had been made were top quality. The wheels' spokes were chromed; the axle made of a light stainless steel alloy; the seat, light wood and raffia; while the forward pole was made of the same gleaming steel alloy as the axle.

He took me down to our local shopping centre and through its extensive car park showing off the cart and its pony to the

shoppers, all of whom stopped and stared – and then clapped us long and hard. By the time we got home, we had gone nearly two kilometres and the going and coming back had been flat out, or almost so, I was sure. Yes, he had had a break when he walked me through the car park, but he had run for a kilometre, non-stop before and after that.

And yet, when we got home and into the garage, he was hardly blowing at all. Yes, he was sweaty, but that only made his body look even better, gleaming under the garage lights and its muscles just fantastic!

“And now, master, I am sure you want to fuck the living daylights out of me, don’t you?”

I did but I wasn’t at all sure how his anus would be after that extraordinary run with the big fat plug up there. Of course he showered as soon as he had unharnessed himself – or rather I had battered his naked body in the little yard – and then, if there had been any hurt down there, it was instantly healed.

I raped him. There is no other way to describe what happened. He got up on the bed on his belly, spread his knees wide and humped his backside up, openly inviting the rape.

And I obliged him, attacking his anus as violently as he clearly wanted. And when Aaron got home, we were still at it. He then joined us for another of our glorious free-for-alls.

I had a sudden thought after an hour of this, though. “Where did you put your car, Aaron?”

“Beside yours, master,” he said, grinning hugely at me. “Er, our garage seems to have enlarged to take those two carts... Um, can we try out the double one now?”

Chapter 4

Of course we did. Both of them were eager, but then so was I. I had gloried in the spectacle of a stark naked tony galloping me around the gold coast but the pair of them in unison together was going to be a thousand times better still!

And it was. Well, perhaps a thousand times better is a slight exaggeration but I'm sure you get the drift.

As a pair, matched for height and athletic muscularity, but contrasted wonderfully by the black and white skins, they presented an exhibition of male human perfection which I doubt could have been bettered.

And they seemed to fit in together from the very outset, each pair of legs in perfect unison, both left buttocks hardening together and both sets of arms swinging as a pair. The spectacle from the back was wonderful but I knew it would have been even better viewing the pair of them as they approached one's position. Certainly, if the expressions on the faces of passers-by who viewed us coming close was anything to go by, the sight must have been about the best thing they had ever seen as they stood stock-still, staring at us while we approached, passed them by and then remained staring at us still as we receded into the distance. I know for I turned around and looked back at some of them.

And once more, the two slaves proved their mettle. This time, they raced flat-out for well over three kilometres! An impossibility, you say? I know. But that's what they did. And I know the distance for I latter measured it in the car: it was actually 3.2 kilometres! And when we returned home, they weren't even blowing. They unharnessed themselves and then went on with what they had to do before dinner.

My next foray was into the sporting world.

I had for years fantasised about teams of footballers, basketballers and boxers and wrestlers competing naked (and of course depilated nude as well). My fantasies usually revolved around Australian Rules footballers as these players tend to be more finely athletic and less bulky than the rugby stars and I had been a keen follower of the local Southport Sharks club.

Accordingly, I took Aaron and Tony along to the next game. As a club member and supporter I had access to the members stand and thus a better seat than most and I also had entrée to the dressing room, although I had always been careful not to let my prurient interest in their bodies show through.

This time though, I avoided the dressing room but willed both teams to run out onto the ground stark naked (and smooth of body, too) and to play the game in its entirety in the nude.

By now, I knew this would have instant approval from the thousands of fans in the stands and around the ground but I was looking forward to the spectacle of thirty-six beautifully muscled naked athletes, all perfectly hairless, their cocks and balls on full display to us all as they charged around the ground, leapt up to 'mark' the ball and then kick it up the oval. For those ignorant of this game, 'marking' is the catching of the ball on the full which grants the catcher a free kick – one without other players' encumbrance.

Of course it all happened as I had wished. The two teams ran out stark naked and with their bodies now miraculously stripped of all body hair below their eyelashes, showing off the fine definition of their musculatures perfectly and of course their genitals all swinging about madly as they sprinted out, one team to run clockwise around the ground; the other anticlockwise.

The opening formalities over, they started the game and then it was on. You might be wondering how they were going to

kick the ball without their heavy studded boots? I had given that some thought but since both teams would be barefoot, I thought it would be fair. But having noted the way the people of Papua New Guinea played the game barefoot, by kicking the ball from the side of their feet, I instilled that skill into the players' minds, too. Of course I wasn't sure it would work. I didn't have that skill myself; I had only seen it used by the PNG men.

But my surmise proved correct. Each of the players could now kick (and do so expertly) with the new method and if the ball didn't travel quite as far as before, I don't think a single spectator there cared. The show being put on for them far outweighed any small deterioration in their playing skills.

I sat there, flanked by my two slaves (whom I had ordered to dress on this occasion as I wanted all attention to be on the ground and not on us) watching in awe – and a great deal of pleasure as thirty-six splendidly naked bodies battled it out on the ground.

They were truly naked. They didn't even have an athletic support to protect their genitals. This was a battle of modern-day gladiators and some reports indicate that the Roman gladiators of old (or at least some of them) performed naked. There was nothing on their bodies at all and the absence of natural body hair accented this nudity even more.

I listened carefully to the comments of the people on either side of us and heard only praise for whomever of the team officials, or those of the Australian Football League, had decreed this new departure from the norm.

But I hear you asking how the players differentiated between their own players and those of their opponents? Ah, here I had been ingenious. I had seen images of so-called slaves (those who played at the scene) wearing doggy-type tails poking out of their bottoms.

These were usually black, made of some medium-hard rubber and curved out and up from their bottoms like a banana and tapered to a point at the end. I had decreed in my 'wish'

that each of the eighteen players in each side should wear a similar tail in their club's colours. In the Sharks case this was black and white so a zebra pattern was appropriate in the tail.

Of course the tails added to the prurience of the spectacle but the players didn't seem to be put out by them; not squirming their buttocks, tugging at them or otherwise showing any distress at the rounded, ball-like plug just inside their rectums which held the tails in place.

But of course, as they ran around the field, leapt up to mark the ball, or kicked it, the tails reacted wonderfully, making them look like human dogs in one sense.

It was a great day and at the end of it, I willed the players (and all other AFL teams) thenceforth to perform naked. Once more I wondered if I would get away with it; whether the media would latch on to it or other sections of the community protest? There wasn't a murmur. Pictures of the naked players appeared in the press and on TV and no-one seemed in the least put out.

But then, as the players retreated to the dressing rooms and the spectators began to pack up their things, I willed another little diversion.

Clubs had always had a post-mortem on the game and players who had performed to a less than satisfactory standard were carpeted. We all knew that. But what I wanted now was a public and very shameful punishment – to be administered right now.

I directed my thoughts at the coach, club president and other senior figures in the two glass-fronted coaching boxes for each team and soon enough an announcement was made that if supporters of both teams wished to stay, certain team members on both sides were to be disciplined.

A murmuring went up right around the stands but everyone sat down again very quickly, all looking at one another and wondering what was going to happen.

The teams came back out onto the ground, still naked, followed by their coaches who each had a clipboard in his hand. Everyone knew who had defaulted in their performance so it was no surprise when first the Sharks coach and then the opposing team coach read out the names.

These players then had to step forward and form into two new lines, one for each team, and each standing with feet apart and hands clasped up tightly behind their heads. The two coaches each then handed a meaty-looking rattan cane to his team captain who stepped up to the first player and delivered an almighty stroke to the first man's still naked buttocks (from which the tails had now been removed, however). He then moved to the second defaulter and delivered a repeat of that first stroke, followed in turn to each of the others

The captains each then handed the cane to his number two who delivered the next stroke and so on, until the sharks five defaulters and the other team's seven, had all received ten meaty strokes of the cane across their muscular butts. This left them bruised and bleeding in parts but to their credit, not a one of them uttered a peep during the punishment. I thought though, that they would all definitely be trying harder next week.

Once the punishments were over, the players ran off although the defaulters were ordered to remain where they were, on show until the very last spectator had left the stands – a fitting finale to their punishment, I thought.

Aaron and Tony talked about nothing else during the drive home but they didn't associate me either with the nakedness of the players or the punishment which followed the game. I wondered at this for up until now, both of them had been finely attuned to my mind. But then, as I thought about it, I realised I had now gained control over who knew what about my thoughts. I hadn't wanted them to know that I had masterminded the whole day and that was the way it was.

Tony and I were very busy for the next few weeks. By now, my fame as a programmer of excellence was becoming well known and more and more people and businesses were asking for their own personal program. I thought we needed another couple of programmers and bingo – two more appeared! I'm not sure if it was my delight in the exotic or if it was purely random, but the first of these was a handsome thai boy whose body was the epitome of that exquisite race of people.

He was tall, muscular (but in an athletic way, just as I like them) and very handsome – and a very good programmer already, although of course he would soon acquire my still burgeoning skills to add to his own.

And yes, as soon as he appeared on my doorstep, we were up in my bed and the foursome of us made hay for a couple of hours.

The last boy was a Nordic type, Swedish, actually and he was as handsome and athletic as all the rest of us so there were now five of us in the house. I decided that Aaron and I would remain a couple but that Tony, John (the Thai boy) and Sven would share a huge king-size bed which appeared in one of my guest rooms. If I wanted one of the three of them in my bed, I only had to think it and there he was, but by now, I had sort-of gravitated to Aaron who was still my first-love.

My three assistants and I now all worked as one. We weren't just a team; we were an entity almost. So far as work was concerned, we were one mind and the output we soon became capable of was prodigious.

We also found that inputting data into our computer by keyboard was no longer necessary; nor were we dictating into them, at least not by voice. We could actually think our ideas into them and as we thought them, so the words and numbers came up on the screen. Incredible? Isn't it! But it meant we could now create programs in hours rather than weeks and months.

Of course all our stuff was copyright and I hired a top lawyer in that field to protect our work. I also set up trust funds for the

four slaves. As slaves, they weren't paid of course, but without telling them about it, I wanted their futures protected. So far as I was concerned we were one happy family and would remain that way all our lives – that's how I felt about them all – but one never knows the future and I felt they were entitled to some security. What I would have given them for their highly developed skills, I now paid into their trust funds and hired the best fund manager I knew to oversee them (and my own retirement fund, for that matter).

Anyway, with the advent of my three assistants, I could now spend more time away. At first, this was a sort of test to see how well they all worked without me there, but then, when I realised they were still a highly attuned team – and that anyway, if they wished to talk to me, even if I was in Brisbane, they could 'think' their thoughts to me and I to them. It was better than a phone hook-up for I was talking to all three of them at once.

Aaron was different. He was not a programmer and didn't figure in these mental discussions. He was still at uni doing his physical education and he wanted to pursue that but we met on another plane altogether. Yes, I could still 'talk' to him at any time and from anywhere, but by and large, while he was at uni, we didn't. Once home though, he was my true slave – my body-slave, perhaps and he delighted in that role. So did I.

Not that he did the housework alone. The others were still slaves and did their share in all our activities. I was the only one who wasn't permitted to lift a finger in the house. Aaron saw to that. Accordingly, I spent many hours at the gym honing my body and its gymnastic skills. Sometimes Aaron came with me; sometimes he was busy with other things, but whichever the case, everyone in the gym now exercised stark naked, and true to the trainer's prediction each one of them was now naked of body hair as well.

Now satisfied my business was humming along with me providing just a watching brief over my three slaves, I

decided to turn my attention to another of my fantasies.

This was about crime and punishment. In my dreams, rapists were castrated; people who committed crimes of violence were punished with physical violence themselves and terrorists were committed to slavery for life.

There was a rape trial nearing its conclusion in Brisbane and I had a mind to go along to listen to its final stages and perhaps give a 'hint' to the judge as to the punishment of this young thug. There was no suggestion he wasn't guilty but in my view the law lacked a great deal in punishing those who committed crimes of violence and rape was the doozy of them all, at least short of murder and crimes against children.

I sat in the back of the court and directed my mind at the judge. To my surprise I began to receive ideas of his thoughts. Not clear and coherent strings, but ideas only. Nevertheless, I knew they were concurrent with my own. Now the problem was the law itself. He had no power to impose what I believed was a just punishment for this horrible crime so I decided to change the law.

You are appalled? Well, wait and see. I am no lawyer and have not the slightest idea of legislative drafting. I couldn't frame a law about a dog's breakfast. But I had access to the finest legal minds in the country and I now directed my will to the whole of the Crown Law Department in Brisbane.

It happened instantly. The statute law entitled the Queensland Criminal Code now provided that crimes of violence should now be punished with appropriate additional punishments to those specifically provided. And as the miraculous amendment to the code became the law of the land, I noted the judge's associate receive a phone call and then handed up the (new) version of the Code to His Honour who read the section with obvious satisfaction.

He didn't delay sentencing after the jury foreman returned a verdict of guilty. "John Green, you have been found guilty of rape. It is the sentence of the court that you be taken to a place of public execution and there stripped naked of your clothes,

suffer a radical castration of your genital organs; that your citizenship of this country be revoked and terminated and that your body be delivered to your victim as a slave-for-life, to serve her until she tires of you at which point she may sell you on.” He gavelled and then pronounced his court adjourned.

I sat back and smiled. It was exactly what I had hoped for and I would certainly be attending this bastard’s public denuding and castration and hopefully then see him delivered into the possession of the young woman he had raped so brutally.

I glanced across at her as she sat quite near me and was pleased see a small smile of satisfaction at the verdict. I had an idea young Mr Green’s future was not going to be at all pleasant.

Yes, of course I attended his initial punishment.

It was performed in King George Square in the centre of Brisbane’s CBD, in front of the Town Hall and it was packed to the proverbial gunnels for the occasion. I had used my powers to be invited to the official party in the seats facing the small platform on which the event would take place and as it happened, was seated right next to Miss Elizabeth Gurney, the man’s victim.

I introduced myself and congratulated her on the success of the prosecution – and its outcome. She opened up then and told me some of her plans for the young man once he was delivered to her and I smiled (although inwardly, I was chortling) and agreed with every one of her plans for him.

It seemed he was going to be worked to exhaustion each and every day at backbreaking tasks that would normally require at least two labourers – such as pulling a huge and very heavy roller by himself – all day, non-stop...

But then they brought him out. He was wearing prison garb – but not your usual blue shirt and pants. They had dressed him in an old-fashioned prison suit of plain material on which

broad arrows had been stencilled and had been made like a pair of men's pyjamas.

Once up on the dais, a clerk read out the warrant of execution from the judge and then the executioner, again dressed like a mediaeval facsimile of such an officer – with leather pants and bare above them, showing off a fine, muscular physique – stepped forward and grasping the coat, tore it open and then ripped it from his body. The pants were similarly dealt with and the young man was now naked. Stark naked.

He was quite good-looking and was of medium height but was only reasonably well muscled and Elizabeth leaned across to me and said she was going to turn him into a real muscle-boy. “The whip and the cane will become familiar penances for him over the next year or so,” she said.

I agreed it was no more than he deserved.

The executioner now dragged him over to a point between the two uprights of the scaffold which had been erected at the centre of the dais and proceeded to stretch him up and out between them so he now stood in a long ‘X’. The man's assistant now handed him an atomiser gun with which he proceeded to spray the young man's hairy parts. Yes, I had hoped they would do this but I hadn't actually directed it. Another sign my powers had increased yet again. Soon enough, the hairs just began to melt before our eyes and the man's body was smooth and clean.

I had consciously directed the method by which he was to be castrated. To bring in a surgeon to do the job would indicate some care for his welfare. What I had in mind was quicker and definitely more bizarre.

Most of us know what an elastrator is. It has been used for decades on cattle and sheep farms to castrate male calves and lambs. But I had spoken to my doctor (after suitably brainwashing him as to my motives) about its use on humans and had been told it was perfectly feasible, and in fact would

be a far simpler way of doing it than the expensive and time-consuming surgery then available.

Accordingly, the executioner now took the elastrator gun from his assistant, who had already fitted the tiny but very powerful rubber ring over its four jaws and then inserted the metal catheter up Green's urethra so he would be able to urinate while the ring was performing its function.

Once the catheter was in place, the assistant now drew his genital package out from his body. At this point he now screamed out his protests. Until that moment, he had been relatively silent and even submitted with only a small resistance to being stripped naked and spread-eagled.

Now though, he really struggled as he stood with his feet pulled out wide and his arms stretched up and out from his body. "Please, no...! Please don't do this to me. I'm sorry for what I done. Please...?"

It fell on deaf ears. The crowd was all behind the new laws and if I hadn't misread the mood of the country, future physical punishments were going to be just as accepted – and I also knew the rate of violent crime was going to drop rapidly.

The executioner now stepped forward once more and pressed hard on the two handles of the machine. As he did so, the four jaws moved outwards, stretching the small but sturdy ring wide open. His assistant now fed his whole genital package, cock as well as balls, through the ring, holding it taut, stretched forward of his groin, allowing his boss to push it right up against Green's now hairless groin, at which point he released the jaws and the ring snapped off them, now constricting the neck of his scrotum and the root of his penis right down to a tiny single centimetre diameter.

His genitals reacted almost immediately, his cock beginning to swell into an enormous erection...

You may be confused at this? The constriction of the ring prevented blood from exiting because the veins are on the surface; but the arteries are more deep-seated and allowed

blood to flow in. It did, both to his cock and to his testicles and scrotum, all of which now swelled up alarmingly.

He was almost instantly in pain but no-one there cared two hoots for his distress and I could hear people behind me applauding the government for this new law ‘which should teach bastards like this a lesson’.

The show was now over but no-one left. Even the official party stayed and stared up at the naked man hanging so forlornly from the scaffold. He would be left there all day and returned tomorrow – and every day thereafter until his genitals just fell off, taking the catheter with them.

The minister for corrections, who had been the host for the event, now moved up to Elizabeth and thanked her for her attendance. “I am told it will be about a week, Miss Gurney, and then he will be delivered to you. I take it you have made some arrangement for his security?”

She smiled. “I certainly have, Mr Johns. As you know, I am already quite well off but I have hired a personal trainer to oversee this scumbag’s life...”

“Excellent, then I wish you well of him...”

I asked her if she would be my guest for lunch and to my surprise, she accepted. Yes, I took her along to ‘that’ restaurant, Garibaldi’s, and as she surveyed the naked waiters and other staff she smiled gleefully. “You chose this place on purpose, didn’t you Mitch?”

I grinned at her. “I did. You had already told me you were over the events of that night, largely because of Green’s fate and I thought you might like to see some really fabulous male bodies who weren’t going to be a threat to you.”

“Thank you. And yes, I am going to enjoy this lunch.”

Afterwards, she invited me to her home to meet the man who was going to be Green’s principal keeper from now on and as I had the time, I accepted. She called her chauffeur and told him to go home as she would be coming with me. When we got

there I was astounded at the opulence of the house and grounds and of her staff for yes, she was that wealthy.

But when she called for Boris to come to her sitting room, I was really agape. He was huge, by any standards. Not gross. Every muscle was in perfect proportion to his enormous stature. He had to be over two metres tall and that's six feet, seven inches in the old scale. He towered over everyone there and even I, who is 1.8 metres had to look up to him.

“Boris, this is my new friend Mitch and he is worried you may not be able to control that bastard...?” She grinned up at him as she said the words and he smiled back at her.

“Doesn't he, eh?” He grinned at me then and without the slightest compunction, stripped the thin t-shirt from his upper body and then the white pants from his hips and legs, taking the shoes with them.

It wasn't true. I had had no doubts that this huge and so handsome young man could not easily control that young punk, but as usual, I wasn't going to protest when a hunk like this offered to show me his body.

Of course he was as nude of hair as each of my other idols, whether before or just now, I had no idea but I didn't care, either. That was the way I liked to see men and so it now happened every time.

I stared at his body in awe. Could anything be this huge and yet so perfect? Normally, I shun bodybuilders, whose bodies I find gross and unappealing, but this young man's physique was just so perfect that I had to admire it. Not that he compared favourably to my Aaron, of course. That young man's body was the best in the world, I had no doubts about that. But Boris was no slouch, believe me.

He went into a posing routine then and he was even good at this. During it, he erected his enormous prick and I glanced at Elizabeth, worried he might be bringing back unwanted memories but then I smiled. Her eyes were soft and misty as

she stared at his fabulous naked body and I knew they were an item already.

She had asked me how I had come by my own athletic physique and when I told her I was an amateur gymnast, she had smiled and said she was too. She hadn't elaborated but then, as Boris' performance came to an end, she asked if I would like to see their gym. I was startled although I shouldn't have been. That house was really a mansion, an old one, set in a hectare or more of beautiful gardens so a home gym might have been expected.

What they led me into, Boris still stark naked and leading the way, was incredible. It was huge and had every item of male as well as female gymnastic equipment I could have wished for and every one of top quality.

Boris strode over to the horizontal bar, leapt up onto it and now gave a near Olympic-quality presentation of his skill on that difficult piece of equipment. When he finished, Elizabeth stripped off herself, yes, right down to the buff and once more I had to admire her so athletic body. More though, I now watched in utter astonishment as she leapt up onto the parallel bars and performed on them as well as any male gymnast I had ever seen. Remember this item is a male-only event. But she was incredibly good on it.

She asked if I would care to try out an item. I guessed she wanted to see me naked and since they hadn't been at all bashful, I grinned and stripped and then jumped up to the roman rings. I'm not sure if my standard was up to theirs but I did my best and then we all gravitated to her bed. Yes, the three of us. I knew I would love to have Boris' enormous tool plugging my backside and to make it with his, but while I admired her beautiful body, could I perform satisfactorily, if asked?

I had no idea. Since enslaving Aaron, I had abandoned (for good, I thought) any sexual contact with women and, you will remember, that my efforts before then had been lack-lustre, to say the least.

But she did want me, even with her lover right there in the bed beside us – and I did perform. I think the whole events of that day: Green’s stripping and castration and their two performances in their magnificent gym had so inflamed my libido, I think I might have been able to make it with an old crone and she certainly wasn’t that!

I stayed for dinner with them and now found that Boris was not considered a servant. Not by her and not by her own servants, from Manfred, the butler, down to the lowest scullery maid. He sat at the dining table and was treated by them as an honoured guest and probably as her future husband.

We dressed formally for dinner – they even found a dinner suit that fitted me perfectly and the meal and the conversation during it was great. Boris, I now found out was born in Australia of aristocratic Russian parents and had trained as a physical educationalist (like Aaron was now) because of his ability at sports, not because of the need to work. He was interested in Aaron’s progress but I was nervous they would find out I was gay (for some reason, I still hid this from most of the world).

I shouldn’t have worried. They already knew for towards the end of the evening, Elizabeth complimented me on my sexual ability – that’s how open and free they were about sex in that house. “For a gay man, Mitch, you gave me a wonderful time this afternoon...”

I gulped and stared at her in awe – and some mortification.

“You know...?”

“Of course. I knew it from the moment you sat down beside me this morning...”

“How?” I said in strangled tones.

“I have no idea, but I did know.” She turned and smiled over at Boris. “He’s bi, you know. If you ever wanted to try him out, I know he likes you – that way – and from what you’ve told me of your household, the six of you could have a real orgy. You could all even come up here and enjoy a whole

weekend of it. Use the gym, the pool and perhaps Boris will have done something wrong which will mean he will need the cane or the strap to his bottom... You might all enjoy that, too, eh?"

I stared from her to Boris and back again. And then up at Manfred, standing in dignified silence beside her chair but I caught the sparkle in his eyes, too. So it seemed the servants were all into this scene, too.

"And what about you and your servants, Liz?" I said archly (but with a broad grin on my face).

"Oh, if you were to include them in it as well, I think the weekend might even extend further..."

As I was by then leaving, I promised to ask my 'staff' but she even outguessed me there, too.

"You mean your slaves, do you not, Mitch?"

"Um, of course, yes, my slaves..."

Chapter 5

When I got home that night and told them all of my day, they were excited as all hell about visiting liz' home and seeing the huge boris – and perhaps even seeing his enormous body punished as a recalcitrant slave, even though he was in truth her lover and about to become her fiancé. But they also agreed it would be polite to invite the pair of them down here to the gold coast first.

We would wait a couple of weeks however, and in the meantime, after reviewing the work my three assistants had done in my absence – and had been astounded at both the quality and quantity of it – and setting them new tasks for the morrow, I decided to take off again, this time to attend the trial of a young thug who had brutally attacked a frail pensioner for the few measly dollars in her purse and then left her faint and bleeding in the park.

This was being held in the District and not the Supreme Court so there was therefore a different judge and I wanted to see how he perceived the punishment due to this young punk.

By now of course my surreptitious changes to the Criminal Code had wide support in the judiciary, but more importantly, in the wider community as well and both magistrates and judges were commonly sentencing such miscreants to sessions of public corporal punishment, usually to canings.

Here, too, I had been inventive. When I had 'suggested' the use of the cane for such offences, I had stipulated they were to be conducted in public and with the offender totally naked. This was not only to fuel my prurient delight in such a punishment but to shame and humiliate him or her so as to make the punishment even more effective.

I also eschewed the use of the padded frame over his loins and upper thighs, decreeing he was to be secured to the A-frame scaffold quite nude and that the executioner was to be well-trained so as to restrict the strokes to the buttocks only. The cane is painful – dreadfully so – and was therefore an appropriate punishment for those who chose to inflict physical abuse and pain on others.

But this case was special. Not only was Harry Smith's victim old, frail and poor herself, but she was also a kindly soul who had helped others all her long life. She didn't deserve his vile and cowardly attack and I wanted the judge to make his punishment even more salutary than those so far inflicted.

As I had with John Green's judge, I probed this one's mind as to his intentions and was again glad to find him in sync with mine – except that he was contemplating only a caning as part of a jail sentence. Admittedly, it was going to be a severe one – 25 strokes, but then I mentally suggested to him that perhaps a more appropriate punishment in this case would be a flogging.

Yes, a real, old-fashioned flogging of his naked body while he was suspended upside-down, legs spread wide open and his arms pulled backwards so that his body was bowed into an arch, exposing his genitals even better and positioning his buttocks in their softest state for the kiss of the long bullwhip.

I watched his face as I fed this suggestion to him and was pleased to note it lit up wonderfully. Of course he had no idea the thought had come from me. In his mind, they were all his own ideas and that suited me down to the ground. But to cap off this young man's penalty, I also suggested that the whole of his custodial sentence ought to be spent out in the public domain – as an extra-hard-labour felon, working stark naked of course, all day, on the most arduous tasks which could be found for him and as part of a chain gang, secured by a genital collar and heavy chain to other similar miscreants who might be sentenced to join him.

At night, this gang could be secured around a tree by the simple expedient of locking the genital collar of the last of them to that of the first. If it was cold, let them suffer, I added to the judge and again I was pleased to note his apparent acceptance of such an idea.

“Harry Smith, you have been convicted of assault occasioning grievous bodily harm and of robbery with violence. Your victim was an elderly innocent and the proceeds of your crime could not, even in the remotest estimation, have been more than a few dollars.

“You are hereby sentenced to a minimum of five years penal servitude, which sentence is, under the law now open to me, to be served naked and on a chain gang working in the public domain at extra-hard-labour.

“And as an additional punishment, you are sentenced to be lashed with fifty strokes of the bullwhip while suspended by your ankles...”

Harry was appalled at the sentence but he was the only one (apart from his family and friends, of course) who was. If cheering had been allowed in the court room, the noise would have been deafening. As it was, there were smiles and nods of approval all round.

And then the judge added to his horror. “Inasmuch as this prisoner is to be denied the privacy of clothing for the term of his sentence, let him be stripped now, in this court, so that everyone here can see the beginnings of his shame.”

The judge nodded to the bailiff who grinned broadly and turned towards the tall and obviously muscular young thug. “You goin’ to give me trouble, boy?” he asked, staring up and down the young man’s body.

Harry stared back at him. Bailiffs were charged with the responsibility of order in the courts and so were chosen for their size and strength and Jimmy Carruthers was no exception. “No, sir,” the prisoner said and started to strip off.

There was dead silence in the court as he bared his body for all to see, not even pausing when it came to his last garment, his underpants, and now stood up, totally naked before the court – and the world outside – for the judge had signalled for the media photographers to be admitted and to record his shame for the evening newscasts and tomorrow’s newspapers.

They led him away then, his head bowed in humiliation.

I now directed my attentions to the director-general of the department of corrections, outlining to him the basics of the scaffold on which Harry was to be suspended.

I wanted this to be an item to be feared, at least by those who had a predilection for violence against others – and this would include wife-bashers as well as common thugs such as Harry. It was to be constructed of heavy, squared timber posts, thirty centimetres on each side, four metres high and set three metres apart. They were to be surmounted by a similar piece of timber which, once in place, created the scaffold. At the top corners, small electric winches were to be affixed and loaded with stainless steel cables ending in wrist manacles.

Two shorter posts, each a metre high, were to be provided two metres directly in front of each of the taller ones and were each to have another winch at their tops.

Yes, of course I attended his flogging. After all, it had been me who had master-minded it in the first place and I wanted to observe a number of things associated with its execution. First, how the public reacted to the rather bizarre method I had suggested for it to be carried out.

Second, I wanted to gauge how fifty strokes of the whip to his whole body compared to twenty-five of the cane restricted to his buttocks would affect them. And third, of course I wanted to try to estimate how much my own prurient thoughts were influencing these scenes I was conjuring up.

For by now, I had come to realise there was a lot more to these powers and how I was using them than my own lustful fantasies. Yes, I had had them alright, but as I said at the

beginning, they horrified me and I had never once seriously considered trying them out on real people.

But then, it had started and by now you know where we were at. We had stripped and castrated a rapist and then committed him to slavery and we had brought in public canings. Now we had reinvented chain gangs in which the members would work and sleep totally naked, and were about to flog a young hoodlum in what had to be the most bizarre display of public retribution ever seen.

I was now sure that there was a power or beings acting on me from on high and that they were probably extra-terrestrials who were concerned at Earth's downward slide into anarchy but I grinned as I remembered that if this was true, they were looking after me along the way – both financially, sexually and as well, by empowering me and my boys to create wonderful new boutique computer programmes for our clients.

They brought him out wearing his genital collar and chain – and of course, nothing else. His thumbs though were cuffed behind his back so he couldn't try to hide his quite impressive genital organs. Yes, they had depilated him. By now, this was de rigueur for all of them. I don't know what others think of hairy naked slaves and prisoners but to me they are not at all attractive and since I was calling the tune, why not?

It was now a month since his sentence and already the hard toil for very long hours working as a road-labourer, and the spare (but healthy) diet had honed down his already muscular body even more and I sighed as I stared at his lithe form walking towards us on the dais. Once up there, they made him lie face down between the two taller posts while the executioner and his assistant (the same pair who had castrated John Green) proceeded to pull down the ankle manacles and snap them around his lower legs. There was one controller for all four winches and the executioner now pressed both up buttons for the upper winches at which the pair of them ground to life and began to drag Harry's feet, legs and body upwards, and at the same time draw his feet out wide. Soon enough he was dangling with his hands about half a metre off the floor of

the dais with his back towards the shorter posts. The pair of them then moved in to the smaller posts, took the little cuffs on the ends of the wires from their drums and drew them out, now cuffing his wrists to the cables.

The executioner again operated buttons on his controller and as the pair of winches retracted the wires, his arms were drawn backwards and outwards, bowing his body just as I described above, so that he was now in the form of an arched, upside-down, St Andrew's cross.

The executioner now stepped over to his bag and lovingly took out the coiled whip which used to be so feared by plantation slaves in the deep South of the USA.

Whereas there had been subdued murmuring in the huge crowd which surrounded the dais in the middle of King George Square as he was hung up onto the scaffold, now there was a deathly silence as the executioner prepared to flog this naked and so splendidly displayed young hood.

I was seated behind his body but the authorities had erected enormous TV monitors all around the square and these alternately showed images of his back and his front so no matter where you were on the dais or in the square, you had a perfect view of the proceedings – and of his so naked body.

Now, the executioner, whose name incidentally was Arthur Gorrie, standing to one side of and behind Harry, snapped the whip forward. It rolled out perfectly beside his head and as its tail came into view, only a few centimetres from his eyes, he screamed out in fear.

Clearly, like so many of his ilk, he was a craven coward when it came to taking punishment. The crowd booed his cries and Arthur now snapped the whip back over his right shoulder, then forward, wrapping about half the tail's length around his middle so that the little lash on its tip snapped hard against his belly button.

“Aaaeeeggghhheeeiiiiooaaaggghhh,” he cried, and, as far as the wires allowed, twisted and contorted his upside-down,

spreadeagled body violently. Arthur stepped back, slowly coiling his whip in readiness for the next stroke. Being fifty in all, he wouldn't space them too far apart but he did wait about a minute before applying the next one.

He now showed just how skilled he was with this so feared instrument of correction, curling it around Harry's loins and catching the tip right onto his left testicle.

Now he really screamed, every muscle in his splendid body straining to its utmost to cope with the dreadful pain I knew he was experiencing. Not that I had the slightest sympathy for him – and neither did anyone else there. His sort were despised right across the country and I could feel the satisfaction rising up all around me as this young malefactor experienced a similar pain to that he had inflicted on Mrs Robbins. She was present and seated not far from me but when I looked at her closely after the fourth stroke, I could see she was decidedly unhappy, her eyes filled with tears at his distress. What a wonderful woman she must be, I thought. This was the young man who had attacked her for a few measly pennies, inflicted considerable hurt to her frail body and then left her for dead – and here she was showing him a compassion which he certainly hadn't to her.

Arthur was laying on the strokes in a most scientific way. He had started with the young man's belly, moved to his loins, then his chest, then his thighs and then his legs. Then he moved around him, now applying the lash from his front but not once did the tip land on or near the same place twice.

Of course he screamed at each one but as the minutes passed, his voice became hoarse and then petered out altogether. His contortions didn't though. At each stroke he put on a wonderful display of lithe athleticism while his flesh was now marked with light lines where the tail had wrapped itself around his body or its limbs and larger, deeper-hued splotches where the tip had wrought its painful artwork on his skin.

Arthur reached the half-way mark and now paused. This had taken the best part of an hour but there was no unrest in the

crowd. Clearly they thought this was well-deserved and ought to be continued to its conclusion.

Not Mrs Robbins, however. At the pause, she stood up and approached the Director-General of Corrections, who was in charge of this event. I could hear her words although the public couldn't. She asked him if the twenty-five strokes already suffered might not be enough...? He started to apologise and to point out that the judge had sentenced him and he didn't have the power to alter the sentence.

But the judge was also there of course. They were required by custom to attend every physical punishment they imposed – as a safeguard, I suppose. He too had heard her words and now stood up and moved to the little group, asking her if she was sure...

She told him she was and repeated the request, whereupon he turned to the microphone and explained what had just happened and saying what a kindly and considerate woman she was and that he was disposed to agree to her request.

Harry would still serve the whole of his five year term as a naked felon on the chain gang but the remaining twenty-five strokes of the lash would be forgiven.

Harry was suitably thankful and grateful for her intercession on his behalf and then it all came to an end, the two executioners now lowering him and removing his manacles. He now climbed to his feet and then knelt before Mrs Robbins, again thanking her for her mercy and promising to come to her when he was released to perform little odd jobs for her. She patted his head and smiled down at him then turned and was taken home by her daughter.

Over the next few months the police commissioner reported a massive cut in crimes of violence. rapes ceased almost entirely and muggings and other bashing-type crimes, and even instances of domestic violence became few and far between – so much for the do-gooders' claim that retributive punishment doesn't work!

A large part of this was due to the canings, now imposed regularly by magistrates and judges on such malefactors but I believe it was also the public nature of these corrections – that everyone, criminal and victim alike could see quite openly what happened to such offenders.

They were now always brought to the public square, be it in Brisbane or the local town or city, stark naked and with a genital collar and chain if the offender was male, and a ring through her labium if female for they weren't above this aspect of punishment, either. They were dragged along by this chain with their thumbs cuffed behind their backs to the jeers and catcalls of the crowd who now always filled the square to watch the latest offender caned.

The scaffold had been constructed as I had suggested. It was an A-frame in shape but without a crossbar at the middle for I wanted his or her body to sway inwards after each stroke.

The thumb cuff was unlocked from one thumb, his hands brought forward and it was then relocked in place and his hands raised so that the cuff could be slipped over the hook on the end of the steel cable which dangled from the winch at the top of the frame.

His ankles were then spread wide to the base of the frame and the winch activated, drawing his arms up high and stretching his body nicely for the kiss of the cane.

The clerk of the court then read the warrant authorising the punishment and stepped back to allow the executioner, yes, Mr Arthur Gorrie was again officiating and again dressed in the so menacing leather form-fitting pants and stripped to the hips, revealing his so splendid, muscular upper body and particularly his powerful shoulder and biceps muscles.

Now he stepped forward and selected a metre-long rattan cane from the bin beside the frame, bending it in half to show its suppleness, then moved up to the now visibly shaking prisoner, usually a young man although some women had been stripped and punished for attacking others.

He raised the cane on high and there was an audible sigh from the huge crowd as his right biceps muscle and the deltoid muscle in his shoulder formed up into high-peaked balls of hard flesh.

But then, like lightning, the cane descended, swiping hard across the crown of his buttocks. Three things happened almost simultaneously: his body, without the waist support, slammed inwards, into a tight bow; a welt formed right across both cheeks; and he screamed, long and loud – ‘Aaaeeeggghhheeeiiiioooaaagggghh!’

Arthur stepped back so the audience could see his writhing body and watch as the welt turned from a deathly white, to pink and then successively to red, brown and black and blue. There was no blood at this stage but there would be, for Arthur would be concentrating the punishment on the peak of his buttocks cheeks and if he was to receive the maximum of twenty-five strokes, they would be a right mess when it was all over.

He waited a couple of minutes this first time but if there were more than one to be caned, he would speed things up from then on. The next stroke was a centimetre or so above the first and the one after that below the first. But then the strokes would begin to merge and by the fifth or sixth stroke, the skin would start to break and now the victim was in agony, his screams loud and strident and his body writhing as he tried to come to terms with the worst pain he had ever felt in his life.

It’s no wonder that when such people saw what happened to those convicted of such crimes, they thought twice before offending.

It was a wonder to me though that no-one ... no-one at all, ever railed against these measures. In fact, the opposite was the case. The media spoke as if the new measures had been there for some unspecified time but were now in full use and praised the government for its efforts to overcome rape and other violent crime. The government reacted as if it was its own idea and even the federal government, who has

responsibility for international treaties, including that covering the treatment of prisoners, was fulsome in its praise. I wondered what had happened to the treaty for there were no overseas protests, either.

I looked it up on the Web and, wonder of wonders, there was a new clause in the treaty, one I was sure hadn't been there before, allowing participating nations to enact 'suitable' legislation to curb the world-wide growth of crime and terrorism, apparently beyond the capacity of nations to control it.

I grinned to myself. With the Queensland Criminal Code, I had actually directed the Crown Law Department to 'fix it'. Now, it had been done without my intervention. Things were going swimmingly, I thought.

But then I wondered about terrorism. We had been extremely fortunate in Australia that this horrible crime had not seriously affected us as it had most of the rest of the western world. But if it did, I would be ready. I had dreamed up a really nasty surprise for these offenders, whom I despised as perpetrators of a dreadful evil in the name of religion. For the most part, religions that were neither wanted nor accepted in the countries in which the attacks were taking place.

What astounded me therefore was that when the next attack took place in London, my ideas were already in place. The UK government had enacted laws which now placed such offenders outside the law. They virtually reinvented slavery, just as I had done here for rapists such as John Green.

The penalty they provided for convicted terrorists was slavery-for-life; radical castration (cock as well as balls); and, chain-gang hard labour out in public for the rest of their miserable lives.

They deemed, just as I had, that such a shameful punishment would be more horrible for such offenders than death – which in many religions would turn them into martyrs. But castration and naked servitude for the rest of their lives would be more than horrible.

And once again, my measures, draconian as they may seem, worked. Once the first group were convicted, sentenced and then transmuted into slaves, their genitals elastrated from their bodies and all hair, from tip to toe, removed permanently and then put to work on the chain gang, that was the end of terrorism in Great Britain. Such people moved elsewhere and to my joy, other countries, particularly those hardest hit by these bastards, including the United States, also enacted similar laws.

But to get back to more mundane things, my household continued to prosper. Aaron's study went into top gear and he now took on medicine while completing his physical education degree. he now aimed to go into sports medicine in a big way and I encouraged him all the way.

His mind had already been bright; now though it seemed to be developing enormously. His memory became photographic and he could grasp concepts he certainly couldn't before.

But so did ours. By that I mean me and my three assistants: Tony, John and Sven. We were happy with what we were doing but after a year with them as my slaves (albeit earning salaries into their still unknown trust accounts), I now decided that inasmuch as we were to all intents and purposes one unit, I would set up a company with them – and Aaron, too as a silent member – as joint shareholders with me, all of us on an equal basis.

The three techs protested at first but when I explained how our minds and bodies had all gone way past those of ordinary people, that we were unique as a family and as a mental unit and it was right and proper that we all became equals in everything.

It was Tony who protested plaintively that he liked being my slave and how could he continue to pull me around the streets as a human pony-slave if he was now my partner?

I grinned. "Why can't you continue to do so – and to be punished, just as you are now? What if we created a set of rules for the company's directors. The rules could be quite

ridiculous: no sneezing or coughing in front of another director, for example. Penalty: two hours naked pony duty out in public. Or, no drinking water – penalty ten strokes of the cane – and so on. Inasmuch as the offence would have to be committed in front of a specific director, the victim could choose both his punisher and the penalty.

“I delight in being spanked by Aaron and caned by you, Tony. When I felt like it, I would merely commit whichever offence called for that punishment and bingo!, I would be ordered to strip and take the punishment.”

“Wonderful,” he said and the others all agreed, too. They began to discuss more quite absurd ‘offences’ and to tie punishments to them and after an hour or so, it was all in place. With our now photographic memories, we didn’t even need to type out the ‘code’; it was permanently engraved in our minds.

I decided, right then to invoke a spanking from Aaron and poked my tongue out at him. He grinned back at me and then told me I had just earned a severe spanking and that I was to strip naked and bend over his knees.

This was as much the part I loved as the actual spanking. Aaron’s smooth and so beautifully muscled thighs were a delight under my belly and so was his left hand puling me in close to his body. But the spanking itself was truly delicious. Not that he pulled the slaps.

Every one of them was full-blooded and stung hard but my cock was rigid against his thigh and I gloried in the pain of his blows.

The others also began to commit more of the comical ‘offences’ and it soon became a game which we all enjoyed immensely.

But you are no doubt wondering what happened to our weekend with liz and boris?

It happened all right but we decided, after my description of her house, that if they would have us for a weekend, that would be better than them coming to us for while we had my new cellars under the house, our guest accommodation left a lot to be desired.

Liz understood immediately and was quick to invite us all up to her home. We arrived Friday evening, to find them already naked – at least Manfred and the servants were. Liz and Boris stripped down later, after dinner which was not a formal affair this time. Of course my boys were then still slaves and attended naked but Liz, Boris and I were the only clothed people at dinner although my four were allowed to eat with us.

In any case, since Liz was as much into fitness as I was, she demanded that each of her servants measure up to her standards and further, as we now found out, they too were subject to corporal punishment for offences. All this she was careful to check out with them prior to engaging them but as she had a knack for sussing out masochism in her people, they all fitted in together as well as my crew did.

During dinner, with her male and female naked servants waiting on us with skill and flair, the conversation roved mostly over physical matters: sports (especially the newly naked ones now coming into vogue in many areas), physical education, gymnastics and the like.

I could see she was much enamoured of my troupe's bodies and I had a sudden pang as to whether they would be able to perform with her. I knew I could for she invoked in me something none of my former girlfriends ever had and I had been pleased I had been able to accomplish it so well with her before.

But as I glanced at Aaron, Tony, John and Sven, I could see a similar interest and I breathed a little easier. I sent out a message to them in this vein and all agreed it would be a pleasure to fuck her if it was called for.

But of course it was Boris they had really come to see and he played up to them outrageously. Liz had clearly encouraged

him to do this and I marvelled at her generosity and worldliness in ‘donating’ her fiancé to us all for the weekend. Perhaps she was into group sex? Certainly she had been that other time. Yes, that had to be it, I decided.

Naturally, before dinner we all had to troop out to see how her new slave was faring. John (who as a slave now had no surname) was still naked of course and was chained by his collar to the metal standard for the rotary clothes line out behind the kitchens at the back of the house. It was cold out there but he had only a kennel to sleep in. She ordered him out of it and he scurried out quickly, clearly afraid of her but even more so of Boris, whom I saw him eying warily. I was looking forward to watching the huge young man put him to work tomorrow.

He sat like a dog would, too, squatting down on his heels and with his hands down between his widespread knees. We all had to go up and pat him on the head as one would a pet dog and he yelped appropriately. “He’s not allowed to talk,” Liz explained. “He has to make his barks and yelps convey any message and only in extreme emergency is he allowed to utter any real words. I’ve told him that if, even once, he speaks without permission or such emergency, I will have his larynx modified so he can only bark...”

We left him then to go in to dinner which, as I said was wonderful but as much for the naked servants waiting on us as the meal itself.

But then Boris announced that he had erred and expected to be punished. We had been half expecting this of course and now trooped along to a room next to her home gymnasium which I have already described. This smaller area had been an equipment room but she had turned it into a Discipline Room containing benches to cane and strap, and frames to secure him (and presumably John) into when required.

I knew she had only hired Boris to look after John so he was very new to her when I had first visited her home. She had

clearly fallen for him straight away and now, a month or so later, if it was possible, her love for him was even deeper.

They were clearly a match made in Heaven and yet she was generous enough to share him with us and to allow us to watch him punished for some spurious offence.

Apparently a strapping had been decided upon and Boris stripped naked (at which my troupe drew in its collective breath and marvelled at the perfection of his huge frame) and then climbed up and onto the two-stepped caning bench. This had a lower section on which he knelt, and an upper part along which he laid his body. Manfred then secured his ankles and wrists at the appropriate places and stepped back.

Liz then took up the strap, an affair with a wooden handle and at its end, a piece of thick leather fifty centimetres long and five wide. She handed it to Aaron who took it solemnly and stepped up to a position beside the bench. “You each have five strokes – and make each one count. He will not thank you for leniency, gentlemen.

As always when Aaron was doing something, I watched his so perfect body with lust in my heart. The others were fine figures too, of course, but Aaron was my love and I knew he always would be.

He delivered the strokes as hard as his powerful muscles were capable of but Boris didn't utter a peep. Nor did he during the other three deliveries, all of which were as hard as Tony, John and Sven could make them.

Then it was my turn and I did the same. And still not a peep although Boris' so muscular and boyish bottom was a right mess at the end of it. He certainly squirmed though and the magnificent muscles all over his tall frame rippled and corded wonderfully during it all.

I wondered if my healing power would work with him and when it was over I asked Liz if I could take him and shower him. She looked at me strangely, but smiled her approval and then nodded towards a small recess in the corner of the room.

Manfred undid the manacles and Boris accompanied me to the shower and yes, as soon as the water ran down his buttocks, they were miraculously healed. He felt behind him as the pain receded and then grinned down at us all. “How did you do that?” he asked.

“Yes, how, Mitch,” Liz repeated.

I just shrugged. “I have no idea,” which was truthful enough.

But then we all moved to her orgy room. Yes, she actually had one, and I suspected that long before Boris had appeared on the scene, Manfred and the other male and female servants had enjoyed this room. Whether she had been a participant or just a spectator, I had no idea and I didn’t like to ask.

What happened in that room beggars description. In short the whole lot of us, Liz and Boris, my troupe and every one of the servants joined in a sex fest which went on and on until the wee hours of the morning. It was stupendous and for once it didn’t seem to matter if our partners were male or female, they were all as good as the next.

We had been allocated three rooms, all with king beds and Liz suggested we make our own arrangements, which was most progressive of her.

In the morning, after a hearty breakfast and for which we presented naked, as this now seemed appropriate in that household, we all trooped along to her gymnasium and engaged in a morning of hard exercise, followed by another hour in her heated pool.

In the afternoon (after a light lunch) we demonstrated Aaron’s and Tony’s human pony skills (as we had brought along the double gig with this in mind). Now, another one appeared in her garage and she invited two of her younger and more muscular males to harness themselves to it and to race my pair.

Of course they didn’t have a hope. We five were by now the epitome of lithe athleticism, were each as strong as an ox and had the endurance of a marathon runner – and then some.

At first, she demurred at steering them out of her driveway, harnessed as they were and naked as jaybirds, but I suggested we would receive only plaudits and cheers if we did. She looked at me doubtfully but then agreed and out the huge wrought iron gates we went.

Her house was in Brisbane's elite district and perhaps she was worried her reputation might suffer. As it was, she was now a celebrity. She had received some attention during John's trial but that had now died down. Now though, as her pair of handsome male servants, now naked and harnessed to her gig, trotted along the streets and avenues in front of them, that interest was renewed and she was cheered along the way.

When we returned she looked thoughtfully at me. "You have some influence over people, don't you, Mitch?" she said softly.

"Of course not," I replied. "It's just the new mood of the people..."

She let that go but then went on. "But I'm not going to use my staff for this..." They stared at her and began protesting at which she held up her hand and smiled. "Alright, but I think this would be a far better punishment for the slave than working around the garden. Manfred, perhaps we could arrange for a single model of the gig and you can use him to go shopping and the rest of you too when other errands are required..."

That placated them. The idea of driving the hated young man who had brutally raped their mistress was enough to overcome their own desire to be ponies themselves and of course, once we got back to the garage, there it was: another gig, a single version this time, ready and waiting for John.

Chapter 6

As the weeks and months passed, the success of our company improved exponentially. there was a huge demand for our programs which we now designed and marketed as ‘install yourself’ models. the thing was, we had been able to anticipate the market and contrived them so anyone could install the one best suited for his needs and if a particular version didn’t suit, we could soon tailor it to do so for a much lesser cost to them than if we had had to write a whole program for them..

We were now starting to reap royalties from them and the company was well on its way. It mightn’t ever rival Microsoft but we thought it was going to do very well in the boutique area and as a result, I had more and more time to devote to my other interests, particularly in naked sports and in the punishment of crime.

My next target was soccer (as Association Football is known in Australia) and as these players tend to be the slightest of all the players in the various codes, (and I like slim types myself), I thought this branch would do well as a naked spectacle. It happened just as it had with Australian Rules but I think the spectacle might have been even better given one more ‘rule’ I added.

With soccer, an erection was mandatory for each player for the whole of the game! This was a quirk of mine and I decided that I would remove the rule after a little while.

As it happened, it too received instant approbation and as it seemed the players weren’t having any difficulty in achieving and maintaining the full hardness of their cocks for the whole of the game, I couldn’t see any necessity to change things. I don’t know if this ability to keep their cocks hard throughout

the game was something I transmitted to them or if they just acquired it themselves but it made the game even more prurient and the public accepted it with as much delight as everything else I had changed. So much so that attendance at the matches doubled overnight and the market share of televised matches also instantly outstripped the other games.

Yes, you're right! The other codes' leaders all quickly made an erection mandatory for their players, too, and after a while, so did other sports

Then I attended a boxing match. This is not a sport I support or even approve of but if it had to be, then why not have the combatants do so in the nude and of course suitably depilated (and erect), too.

That was really something to watch. I read somewhere that the ancient Greeks always performed their sports naked and so this was merely a return to those olden days. The boxers were left with their gloves of course but apart from them they were totally naked and it was a fine sight.

Wrestling was next, then tennis. Can you imagine tennis players totally naked on the courts? The mind boggles a little, doesn't it. But the public took to it all like flies to honey. There was no criticism at all but I was a trifle concerned that the shame associated with the naked toil of the chain gangs and the public corporal punishments in that state might be blurred by naked sports.

It didn't happen. Sports stars were cheered for their beautiful bodies – prisoners were reviled for them. There was obviously a clear distinction in peoples' minds separating one from the other.

But I know you are interested in the punishments the judges and magistrates were now imposing on offenders.

You will remember the Criminal Code now allowed them to sentence malefactors to new penalties designed to fit the crime? Well this provision was quickly enacted into other parts

of the criminal law as well and the sentencing authorities now showed their ingenuity in devising punishments to suit the crime.

By now the efficacy of humiliation as an integral part of any correction other than a pecuniary one was well accepted and so nudity was almost always a part of it. So too, was corporal punishment, but the nature of it varied as they tried to tailor it to the crime.

Of course there were the other aspects as well: slavery, chain gangs or personal labour to the victim, for example. Prisons, long seen as necessary evils which were rarely effective in curing crime and in fact were hotbeds of new nefarious schemes, were almost never used and gradually emptied as chain gangs took their place. Eventually, they were only retained to house criminals too dangerous to be let loose among the public, even on a chain gang and after a few more years only one such remained in Queensland.

The magistrates particularly were quite ingenious in combining many types of punishment on a particular offender. I well remember one case involving a gang of youths (aged from eighteen to their early twenties and of both sexes) who terrorised a suburb of the Gold Coast for months, the court sentenced each of them to a chain gang for twelve months, naked and stripped of their body hair; to twenty strokes of the cane to be administered on successive Saturdays until each one had received his or her due; and after their twelve months was up, to each weekend for the next five years being spent 'donating' their labour to public or community projects.

I remember it for I went along to the Southport Courthouse to hear the verdict and no, I didn't make any mental contact with the magistrate, let alone suggest a sentence. By now they were all well attuned to the needs of the community and the mood of the public. The new penalties were working – the results were in and no-one had anything but good to say for the new resolve of the courts. And of course this was reflected in the police as well for, far from being somewhat indifferent to solving crime when the courts reacted with a 'slap on the

wrist', now that offenders were being properly punished, they were vastly more diligent in achieving results.

Anyway, this gang laughed at the magistrate as she sentenced them and one even took out his cock and waved it at her.

She just smiled, doubled their time on the chain gang and then also doubled the caning, adding a further twenty strokes to be administered twelve months after the first. That quietened them but she then ordered they be stripped naked there and then, that a new innovation which now replaced the actual chains in the gangs be fitted while they all watched.

The innovation was a brilliant device. Quite tiny and which combined the technology of the global positioning system used for decades in aeroplanes and cars, with a shocking device like those used in an anti-barking collar used on noisy dogs.

In size it was just a tiny pellet, not even needing a battery to operate it as it used the heat and chemicals from the mucous membranes inside a male's scrotum or a female's vagina to generate the required electricity.

It was a simple matter to inject the pellet through the scrotal skin of a male or the hood of a female's clitoris and permanently glue it to the testicle or clit.

It was just as easy then to program one or a number of them to a particular class or an individual controller so that in this case, the whole gang's units could be programmed in one go; but if, say, Elizabeth Gurney wanted to have John fitted with one, she could take him along to the med-shop, purchase the unit and a suitable controller, have the pellet inserted and the controller tuned to it.

And this is what happened now. Once they were all naked, and now considerably more subdued than before, the court's medical officer bustled in and after depilating them naked of all hair on their bodies (their heads as well since they were now felons), proceeded to inject the pellets through the skin of

each male's scrotum and onto one of his testes. With the girls, it was just as easy. And then, as the magistrate (and the rest of the court) sat and watched, he took out his little device and, after checking with the correctional officer on duty for the codes for their universal controllers, effected the few key-punches to tune the pellets to them all.

He then proceeded to test them, holding out his hand for the officer's unit and confining the gang to the area of the dock.. He then ordered each to come out in turn and we were all pleased to watch as, one by one, the moment they stepped out of the confining but invisible envelope, each screamed and doubled over, grabbing at his balls or her vagina as the shock cut in.

He then tested the penal function on each. First with the global command for a third level shock, the same as they had just received for overstepping the boundary and once again they all doubled over, screaming loudly.

The final test was the individual punishment. He consulted his little book and then punched in the three digit code for the first offender, a male, and then the blue button on the controller. This resulted in a mild shock designed to get the attention, but then he followed it up with a touch to the red button and again, the young hood doubled over and screamed – as did each of the others as they were in turn tested.

“Take them away,” the magistrate ordered and then adjourned her court. I followed the offenders out of the court, noting that the officer informed them that they needed to stay within five metres of his controller, which was now locked to his belt so they couldn't overpower him and take it from him, but he also informed them that as a double precaution, their pellets were designed to shock them if they came within a metre of the controller – unless he activated certain codes to bypass this feature.

How ingenious, I thought. They've really considered everything. I now watched as the gang, now in neat pairs and walking in unison and with the officer beside the rear left-hand

young thug, moved out of the building to the tray-top vehicle which would transport them to the local correctional office where they would be processed and allocated to a gang.

It really was that quick. Their details and penalties had already been transmitted electronically and so now, once their physical bodies were checked against those records, they would be on their way within an hour and would spend their first night naked in a park, confined by an invisible electronic barrier to a small area and subject to the hoard of gawkers who bothered them at night as much as they had formerly held the suburb of Broadbeach in terror.

Here too, the authorities had been innovative. It had been the people of that area who had been subjected to their horror; now let those same people see them brought down to the lowest common denominator – and by the way, their friends see them toiling at the most arduous labour in total shame and humiliation.

This lot – there were nine of them – were placed in a gang all of their own and the director-General of Corrections had ordered that given the nature of their offence, they were to be employed in the old-fashioned punishment of breaking up rocks – all day, every day (including Sunday) for the whole of their sentences. The only time when they were relieved of this duty was when one of them was to be caned, and even then, the triangle was set up near their workplace so that their ‘free’ time would be as small as possible.

The rocks were brought to the a paved area of the public park on the highway at Broadbeach and the triangle erected next to it. There was plenty of room for parking and for spectators to come and watch them whipped to harder and harder effort.

A trough was brought in to feed them from and they had to piss and defecate into a metal can whose upper edges had been cut into a sawtooth pattern to discourage them trying to sit while they passed their wastes – which of course had to be done in front of the jeering crowd.

They were hosed down after a bowel movement, in the morning before starting work and at night prior to bedding down on the grass to sleep. If it was raining, they were permitted to move into the little gazebo but otherwise they had to snuggle up to each other for warmth. On very cold nights, sheets of Hessian were thrown over them but that was the only concession afforded them.

I had followed them along to this site and watched in satisfaction as they were each issued with a heavy hammer and ordered into a row and then, to the beat of a recording of a sonorous drum, had to raise the hammer and smash it down onto a rock, breaking it up.

They were not chained together. The implants glued to their genital organs kept them in place but the guard on duty didn't use the punishment mode of these devices to goad them to harder work. This was done with a bullwhip, the same as used by Executioner Gorrie on Harry Smith, the young thug who had attacked Mrs Robbins.

This two-metre-long implement of pain was highly effective in reaching the toiling naked bodies of chain-gang prisoners working in a line. The officer could stand back from them and lay it on hard and faced with the agony of the tail biting into a nipple, vagina or testicle, these nine would find that working to the utmost of their muscle-power was by far the better alternative.

I watched as each of them, the girls included, raised the heavy hammers and smashed them down, time after time. Within an hour they were tired and their hands were sore. After two hours they were near exhausted but now the whip came down even harder until, one by one, they fell to the ground, truly exhausted. The guard then let them sleep it off for an hour but then he was into them again, laying on the lash right and left, screaming at them to "get up and at it, you lazy scum..."

The crowd loved it. This was the gang that had the elderly confined to their homes at night and even there they hadn't

been safe for the group had delighted in breaking in and terrorising an old couple for a few hours.

But now look at them. Stark naked from head to toe. Like naked store dummies but more muscular and of course with the shame of their genitals totally exposed. And just look at their bodies as they were whipped to this diabolically hard labour. And, as they said to each other, “they’ll be at it for two years. Here, in our park, and we can come and gloat over them every day if we like!”

I moved amongst the crowd and listened to these and other like comments but of course I too gloated over the misery on the faces of the now very tired group of young thugs who had brought such worry and distress to so many people in the neighbourhood.

By now though, it was getting dark and the truck with their evening slop arrived. It drove up next to gang and the guard ordered two of them to unload the wooden trough from which they would feed and then manhandle the heavy cauldron containing the stew down from the utility and into the trough. They were then permitted to line up on either side of it and at the commands, kneel, faces down and then feed, do so in perfect unison

They were hungry of course and got their faces right down into it for they weren’t allowed to use their hands but had to feed like pigs while the people stood around and watched. It took only a few minutes and then they were licking the trough clean.

The guard then hosed them down from the fire hydrant, battering their naked bodies with the powerful and very cold jets until they were blue and shivering. He also cleaned the trough and hosed down the pavement of the dust they had created during the afternoon.

“Alright, pigs, over to the grass and lie down. No, stupid, next to one another and close up. It’s the only way you’ll keep warm so move it!”

The show was over for the day and most of the crowd dispersed then. So did I. Home and my crew were beckoning and I was looking forward to a night with Aaron's fabulous body beside me in our bed.

And once again, after a day watching the magistrate deliver a most satisfactory sentence and its aftermath; the felons being stripped, depilated and implanted and then the afternoon as they were put to work, Aaron and I made wonderful love together.

Over the next few months our business grew enormously. so much so we had to put on more staff and these I acquired in exactly the same way as I had Aaron, tony, john and sven.

The new arrivals, four of them, all fitted in seamlessly and we housed them in two double bunks in my last remaining bedroom. But it was now clear my house, a normal suburban four bedroom residence, was not big enough and so I went looking for something else.

I found it at Robina, it was a big place, with plenty of space on the ground floor for garages, offices, small home gymnasium and the like and two living floors above. It was three times the size of my old house and had six bedrooms, each with en suite and walk-in robe, etc.

By now our company was doing very well and so we decided the company would buy it. My own house I rented out once we had moved into the new premises. With seven more technicians working on our clients' programs and solving their problems, we really began to leap ahead and while the four new 'slaves' remained in that status theoretically, I did pay their wages into trust accounts I set up for them. They weren't shareholders in the company, at least not yet and as far as they were concerned, they were very real slaves and they now took over all housekeeping duties from Aaron and the others.

They also took over pony duties and all five of us delighted in taking them out for spins in one or other of the gigs (either

the single or double model) at various times. My original lot now resumed the wearing of clothing, recognising that this was the lot of slaves and as they were shareholders and directors of the company, they should show themselves as such.

Of course our new house also had an orgy room. Even Aaron's and my king bed wasn't big enough for the nine of us and as a result, we could now invite Liz, Boris and those of her servants who would like to come, down to our new house to enjoy a night of sex.

Four of them accompanied their mistress and her fiancé while Manfred stayed home to watch over John; (note that as a slave he doesn't get a capital 'J' now). We had a buffet dinner and then those of us who were still clothed, stripped off and went for it. Arms, legs, cocks, fannies and mouth were all over the place and into or receiving everything on offer. And it went on for hours.

I asked Liz how John was getting on and she grinned. "Oh he's doing very well indeed. Boris has turned his body into something really good. Of course we work him like the devil. All day, every day but he seems to have knuckled down to it quite well. A far cry from the arrogant young thug who raped me, you can be sure."

"That's great. We'll be interested in seeing the change in him some time."

"Why not make it next weekend? We'd love to welcome you all up in Brisbane and I'm sure Manfred will cope well, as he always does."

"It's a date."

It was a few weeks after that wonderful weekend that the whole of Queensland was outraged by another case of rape. Such sexual crimes were now so rare as to be remarkable, but this one was both bizarre as well as brutal.

The perpetrator wasn't insane in the legal sense, but he had a fixation on one of our most beautiful models, following her around, sending her cards, flowers and the like and generally becoming a real nuisance. Eventually she obtained a court order against him but then he got really angry, waylaid her, stripped her naked and raped her brutally. He was able to make the rape last for a long time and he hurt her quite badly in the process, both physically and mentally.

Finally, he drove her, still naked, to a public park and chained first her wrists and then her ankles together behind the tree in a very public part of the park, thus exposing all her naked charms to all and sundry.

Finally, he chained a box to the base of the tree with a notice on it that anyone coming within two metres of the box would detonate it and she (and the tree) would be blown to smithereens.

In this way, he ensured that as many people as possible would see her naked shame.

The notice said that the timer would shut down at noon but until then the bomb was armed. There was no bomb, or at least, there was no triggering mechanism for the diesel in the box (which could be smelled) but that wasn't the point. The authorities couldn't be sure and so she had to remain there naked and seen by all for an email sent to the commission of police indicated that if they tried to hide her body or keep people away, the bomb would be remotely detonated.

Of course they caught him. He was no Einstein and at his trial (which of course I attended) he tried to plead insanity. That was quickly scotched by expert evidence but during the trial I probed the judge's mind and was pleased to find that his penalty was going to be even more novel than anything I had so far dreamed up.

Upon the guilty verdict, the judge stared down at the quite handsome and distinctly muscular young punk and then dressed him down.

He spoke on the dreadful hurt, both physical and mental he had perpetrated on one of Queensland's favourites and then told him that an exemplary punishment must be devised for him.

“Jules Brant, you are hereby stripped of your citizenship and adjudged a slave for the rest of your natural life. As your victim is unable to claim you – and may never be – you will serve on an extra-hard-labour gang in the interim. You will be castrated but on this occasion, the use of the almost painless elastrator will be changed. You are to be spread-eagled and your genital organs are to be battered with a powerful stream of water until they are separated from your body. The wound may then be attended to by a surgeon but if you were to expire under this punishment, no blame is to be accorded to the executioner.”

He banged his gavel, rose, and left the court. As soon as he was gone, it erupted, cheers coming from the public gallery while the bailiff now stripped the young hoodlum of his clothes and sprayed his whole body with the depilatory. This had been developed by one of the drug houses for criminals. It was cheap but very, very painful, burning their skin as it seeped into the hair follicles and permanently killed the roots of each hair. There were other treatment that were painless but expensive and free people used these for their bodies as it was now fashionable to present your body totally nude of hair below the eyelashes.

Of course with criminals such as this one, even their head hair and eyebrows were treated. They looked like store dummies and were instantly recognisable as criminal slaves.

Once naked he was taken to join the gang who had terrorised Broadbeach as they were one of only a very few number of extra-hard-labour gangs and were below the maximum number permitted in a gang. I was pleased for Broadwater is only a few kilometres from Robina and I quite often went over there to watch the gang at work.

Yes, I had gone over there on each of the Saturdays after their sentencing to watch each of them caned but as it was a facsimile of the one already described, I have omitted to mention it again. Suffice to say, each of them suffered the twenty strokes order disgracefully. That is they screamed like little babies from the first stroke, strained and struggled against the steel wire holding their hands aloft and were jeered at by everyone present.

I thought this gang would suit Jules very well.

He was duly delivered to the gang and issued with his hammer but it took many strokes of the whip applied all over his muscular body before he would proceed. I grinned as I thought how he was going to look over the next few days. Having the time, I went along each weekday to watch his progress and yes, he tried his damndest to refuse to work. But that only made the guard – a different one each day – whip him harder and harder.

But then the Saturday arrived and I went over early to watch him strung up to be castrated. They used the caning frame but suspended him on it facing out. Then they added straps over his lower thighs and drew them out to the A-frame posts so they were horizontal. Lastly they attached a heavy stone to each of his big toes by means of a thumb cuff – and left him there until noon when they would begin his castration.

I had things to do in Southport so I went and did them then returned just before noon. The guard had now unravelled the heavy black fire hose from its drum and was familiarising himself with its controls. The surgeon was standing with him and was preparing his own instruments, ready to sew up what remained of his scrotum and penis once the water jet had done its painful duty.

That it was going to be painful I was sure. The testicles are the most sensitive parts of a man's body and I thought their removal in this manner was going to extraordinarily agonising for him.

It was too. On the dot of noon, the guard flipped over the lever then tuned the jet down to a small single stream which was the close to most powerful setting possible, then aimed it all over his body, wetting him thoroughly with the icy water.

But then he moved it down and concentrated it on his balls. They danced around and although we couldn't hear him very well over the noise of the water slamming against his body, we could see he was screaming loudly and every one of his beautiful muscles were cording and straining as he tried to cope with the pain.

It went on for a long while and every second was an agony for him but that was good. This was being televised nationwide and I thought this might well be the last case of rape we would see in Australia.

Then his scrotum split open and once his balls fell out, they were easy meat for the jet, flying off one after the other to land on the pavement near him. After that, the guard refined the jet even more and now it was like a knife, cutting into the root of his penis and eventually severing it from his body.

The guard instantly shut off the water and the medico moved in to patch up his body. He would be taken to the local hospital to have it done properly but then he would be returned to spend his days with the heavy hammer – unless Miss Penny Charleston recovered sufficiently and elected to claim him as her slave – which I thought rather doubtful.

He was only in the hospital three days and then I went back to watch as he rejoined the gang and with them – every one of whom was now superbly muscled of course from the non-stop hard labour they 'enjoyed' from dawn to dusk, every single day of the week – until the day they died.

What a penalty, I thought. But how effective, too. The crime figures for Queensland were a tiny fraction of what they had been and now the other states had also followed suit, just as foreign countries had with terrorism.

I had started it all with my ideas and amendments to the Code, but now it had taken off all over the world and while I was having a ball with my newfound skills and physical abilities, the world was slowly coming back to normal, too.

Terrorism, which had dominated the world for half a century was now on the wane as countries began to stand up to the demands of the zealots and to demand that immigrants now respect the culture of the host country instead of trying to change everything to suit themselves.

Crime, as I said, was a small fraction of its former level and the people generally seemed happier and fitter.

This last was not a conscious effort on my part but I suspect that my own desire to be the best physical specimen I was capable of – which I had had before my powers had come to me – could have been rubbing off on those around me and from them to others so that fast food outlets were now closing down for want of custom; less meat and more vegetables were being consumed and gyms everywhere were booming. The streets were full of walkers and joggers and even the elderly were out and about, walking and talking...

Oh yes, I had good reason to be pleased with whomever had given me my powers.

Chapter 7

It is two years on and the world is indeed a different place.

Once more it is safe to go out on the streets at night or to ride late-night trains without fear of being mugged for the few dollars in your purse or wallet. Terrorism has abated to almost nothing and even nations are getting on better with each other.

That isn't to say that crime has ceased. I doubt that will ever happen unfortunately, given human nature, but its incidence is now a mere fraction of what it had been and is still dropping.

The chain gangs are still the preferred method of punishment for those offences where formerly a malefactor would have been sent to jail but of course the word 'chain' is now merely an figure of speech for each prisoner (or slave, as the case may be) is now routinely implanted with the tiny pellet onto his or her genital organs, or, if they have been removed, to a nerve ending that formerly served such an organ – which results in exactly the same pain as if the testicle was still there.

There are not that many such gangs around – nothing like the number of prisoners formerly held in Queensland's former jails – but there are enough that the general public can come and see them working under diabolically hard conditions, yes even the normal 'hard labour' prisoners or slaves work hard, even if it isn't the dreadful conditions under which the rock-breaking crew suffer.

You may be wondering that I refer to both prisoners and slaves. Slavery as an institution was reinstated early in my foray into the criminal justice system. It was reserved for the worst type of crime and in most cases, the slave was handed to his victim 'on a plate' and he or she could then deal with him

(or her) as they saw fit although death or permanent injury was not permitted.

And yes, one could even sell a slave for he was considered a non-person, a piece of property and could be worked every day right up to the point of exhaustion. If he died from overwork, too bad – that didn't count as intentional killing.

Chain gang prisoners on the other hand, while still kept totally naked for the term of their penal servitude, and shorn of all body hair, could only be used for public works and while the gangs served out in the public arena, working on roads, digging drains or some other task which taxed their muscles heavily, this was quite intentional so that they would suffer the shame and humiliation of being observed stark naked for the whole term of their punishment. But more to the point, the public, including growing children, would see the fate of those who erred.

I did say that I thought the removal of Jules Brant's genitals by a high-powered jet of water would put to bed permanently the crime of rape. It didn't. It certainly decimated its frequency but I suppose, given the human mind, it could never wipe it out altogether.

I now want to tell of another punishment for this crime, this one imposed by the Chief Justice himself. Like Penny Charleston, the victim was a celebrity, a much loved and admired athletics star whose sunny good nature and desire to help others endeared her to everyone in the nation, let alone Queensland.

I won't go into the offence, except to say it was similar to Penny's and the perpetrator just as evil. Peter Graham had taken a leaf out of Jules's book in forcing the authorities to leave her alone until noon but in this case she dangled from two trees, naked, upside down and with her legs spread wide open, stretched that way between the tops of two young trees, bent inwards, her ankles tied to them and then released to draw her up off the ground with her thighs almost parallel, much as

some of the Indians of South America used to do to their victims.

Anyway, His Honour ordered that he suffer slavery for life (and in this case handed over to Anne Fahey, his victim) but first that he be publicly castrated – but this time with a whip.

The director-general was most innovative here (or perhaps he had been talking to the judge). He decreed that the offender be suspended in much the same way as he had done to Anne but in this case a scaffold with electric winches at its two top corners was used.

Naturally I went to observe his punishment and again obtained a ticket to a good seat on the dais by the same method I always used – a mental request to the D-G of Corrections for one to be sent to me.

The offence had been committed in Brisbane and so the punishment was carried out in King George Square. They brought the prisoner out naked and nude of course, his whole body smooth and hairless and revealing yet another athletic physique. For a moment I envied Anne Fahey for I would have delighted in setting this young thug to backbreaking tasks while I sat under a shade and sipped lemonade as I watched him toil non-stop, all day...

Executioner Gorrie and his assistant made short work of stringing the slave upside down and with his legs drawn out as wide as he had to Anne's and as I glanced at her, I noted the small smile of satisfaction as he screamed in pain at the stretching of his thighs and hips by the painful process.

He now dangled with his hands quite free and untrammelled by ropes or weights of any kind and Gorrie left him in that way for quite a few minutes so that the watching public could drink in his forlorn beauty – and he could anticipate that in only a few minutes, he was going to lose his genitals by an even more fiendish method than had Jules Brant.

But then he moved over to the small table on which sat his bag, from which he now lovingly extracted the whip. Yes, it

was a bullwhip, the same one he had so expertly applied to Harry Smith's body and as he brought it into view Peter Graham screamed again, his fear, nay terror, now palpable and his muscular body now writhing as he twisted this way and that in a quite useless attempt to escape the punishment now only seconds away from him.

Gorrie moved up to a position in front of his dangling naked body and then experimented with the whip, flicking it almost idly back over his right shoulder and then forward to land softly over the young man's genitals which of course were now dangling down over his lower belly, his testicles perfectly exposed for the coming lash of the whip's tail which was going to excise them from his body.

He continued to scream and to contort his nicely muscled body back and forth and from side to side and to twist it this way and that but that only made the crowd draw in its collective breath at the display he was putting on.

The executioner now got serious and took deliberate aim, then lashed the whip forward, it cracked with a loud report as its tail hit Graham's left testicle, splitting open the scrotum and allowing the oval organ to fall out. The second blow severed it from his body and it fell to the floor right below his face.

His scream was heart-rending:

“Aagghheeoouugghhoouueeaahh...” Of course it went on for much longer than that, but I'm sure you get the picture. And I say heart-rending but it didn't rend any of our hearts. This punk had attacked and raped a wonderful Australian and then left her dangling naked, upside down and with her legs spread wide open, exposing her most private parts to all and sundry, and every single one of us was with her as she watched him punished for his crime.

The next stroke fished out his other testicle and the fourth neatly cut it from his body. The fifth whipped away most of what remained of his scrotal sac and then he started on the penis, opening it near the root so that blood now spurted forth.

It took only two more strokes and then it too joined the man's testicles on the ground near his dangling head.

The surgeon then moved in and stanching the blood and then it was all over. I moved up to Anne and congratulated her on her fortitude through this ordeal but she replied grimly that this was only the start of his troubles.

“Believe me, Mr Chalmers, he is going to think this is a picnic after he samples the treatments my husband and I have in store for him.”

I asked her to call me Mitch and then if she knew of Elizabeth Gurney (now surnamed Smirnoff) and she said she knew of her. I promised to introduce her and to take her out to see how her slave John was faring under her (and Boris') 'care'.

“Oh, that would be great Mitch. Jim and I have some ideas which we think will be very effective but Mrs Smirnoff is almost a legend and if you could affect an introduction we'd be honoured.

There isn't a lot more to tell actually.

Yes, Aaron and I are still a number and Tony, John and Sven, valued friends and partners while the other four are soon to be brought into the company as well as all nine of us are now in perfect sync with each other.

Aaron finished his physical education course two years ago and has now almost completed medicine, his professors and tutors astonished at the way he soaks up information and processes it.

He insists he wants to pursue a sports-medicine career although I keep telling him he could become a top surgeon in any category if he chose.

“No, Mitch, my love is sports and medicine and that's what I want to do...”

We all exercise hard every day and our bodies have even improved just a little more, the cut and definition of our muscles now nigh on superlative. We are all strong and our minds are second to none in the world, I suspect.

Are there any others like me out there? I have no idea. I suspect not for I think if there were, I would know about it.

What more can I say? The Earth is a better place for the powers they (whoever 'they' are) have bestowed on me. I have a 'family' of wonderful young men with whom I and they all interact wonderfully. I and they are now all wealthy in our own right and our sex life is out of this world (perhaps literally)!

Do we still play at the punishment scene? Sometimes. And yes, we even still play at the pony scene, harnessing our 'slave of the moment' to one of the gigs and trotting him out into the streets where we are cheered and clapped as we pass.

And we still use the now multitude of rooms in the cellar of the new house just as we did those in the old (which were miraculously erased, as was the cellar itself, when we moved out).

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