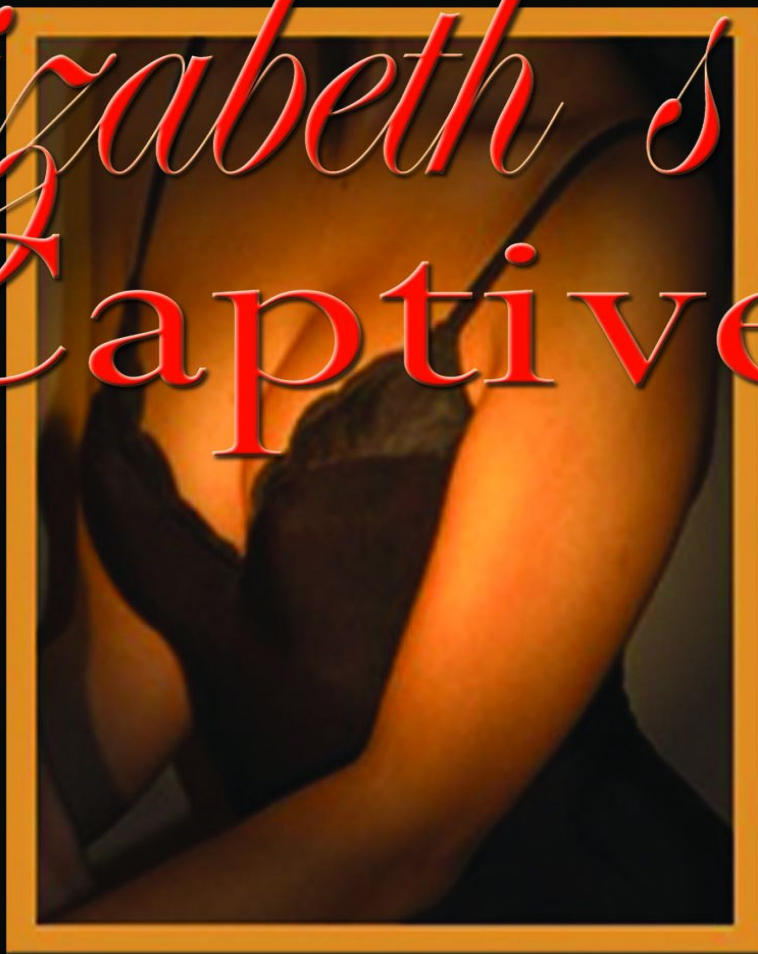


Miss
Elizabeth's
Captive



Chris Bellows

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Miss Elizabeth's Captive

by

Chris Bellows

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Chapter One

Miss Elizabeth's Captive...

or the Application of the Stockholm Syndrome

"What is it you *think* you like about Jamie, Sam?"

Liz had that habit...turning any question asked right around. The trait manifested, I am sure, from her Ivy League college education in psychology with a smattering of philosophy courses.

We were having a sumptuous meal in Liz's Manhattan penthouse. It was just the two of us dining with Jamie serving. I had mentioned that there was something about Jamie that I liked yet couldn't vocalize. His youthful physical cuteness combined with the skill and devotion of a servant many times his years resulted in a curious juxtaposition of observations and queries. What was his age? How did he acquire the skills of both a master chef and attentive butler? Why did his colorful garb so contrast with the sedate nature of his duties? And of course the ultimate carping but unasked ponderosity... what was his true gender?

Thus I posed the question to Liz 'What is it about Jamie that I like?' And in her stylishly accented English she tossed it right back with the deftness of a slow ground ball limply hit to a celeritous shortstop. And she did so with such girlish glee, as a little girl would so childishly challenge, 'I know something you don't know'.

Jamie returned from the kitchen with a soufflé and I just smiled in polite taciturnity, though speaking about him while he was present would probably not bring a blink of an eye or the discernible pause of an adroit serving hand...which, by the way, offered no clues.

His effeminate hands were expertly manicured with nails honed to smooth perfection. But there was no colorful polish which would weight any conclusion toward the side of femininity.

Still there was the blond hair...long for a boy, short for a girl...it was more than just casually styled, it was coifed. And

the tresses, playfully tossed about as he moved, occasionally revealed that beneath was the glint of diamond earrings. How could a servant afford such opulence? And if indeed a male, why jewelry?

The voice was high pitched when heard, which was rare. A humble, 'Yes Miss Elizabeth' came out slurred and I assumed there was verbal shyness due to a speech impediment.

There was something about the eyes. Blue, evidencing a Nordic heritage, but with some type of subtle cosmetic highlighting...again tending to confuse the gender identification.

And as mentioned there was the garb. Who proposed such strangely alluring attire? As suggested, it could not be described as drably genderless. Instead it teased the observer...a red silk blouse, the fineness of which any woman would be proud, but also of which one would often spy on males in the region of Southeast Asia and Japan. Then there were the trousers...shorts really...black and tight. Similar to 'hot pants', which for the male world so disappointingly came and went from style many years before, the glossy satin clung to Jamie's buttocks and highlighted globes which would entice a pedophile. Yes, such were shapely, rounded and with the compactness of an adolescent girl more than that of an adult male.

The 'hot pants' left bare most of Jamie's thighs and calves, of course. Oddly smooth, and as one pondered the lack of hair, the strange shoes begged the next question. Sandals really, but with notably high heels, forced Jamie to sashay more than walk, the height requiring careful balancing steps as if he was parading about on a runway at a fashion show.

It was all so distracting. Here I was with one of the most fascinating and beautiful women in New York, a romantic candlelight dinner...some Handel...some Mozart...and yet I

found myself staring...hopefully not ogling...every time Jamie popped from the kitchen with the next course.

“He’s very devoted to me, Sam. A lifelong companion. A gift, actually.”

At that point the expertly prepared soufflé captured our attention and my question faded as focus turned to dessert and an exquisite port.

With anyone else I would not have the mettle to broach a subject matter which could be deemed potentially reflective on the proclivities of the poser. I suppose, as Liz hinted when she returned it unanswered, some could interpret my question as being revealing of my own gender preference, which I assure the reader is devoutly one of a philogynist. But with Jamie’s presentment, and his most pleasant but servile demeanor, the mind wanders despite the radiant pulchritude of my gracious hostess. And besides, Liz and I were becoming good friends and I knew poor behavior on my part would be overlooked.

The more Jamie glided about the table...serving, pampering, clearing, and pouring...the more it was obvious that beneath the brief silk and satin there were no undergarments. When he leaned to top Liz’s wineglass, there was a clicking sound from under the shorts and the motion of his arm caused his blouse to press against a most inadequate chest. Silhouetted was something piercing his right nipple which caused the nub to sprightly abrade against the smoothness of the silk and provide obvious pleasure, in that the areola was most erect.

And after the soufflé was consumed and Liz nodded toward her snifter, it was evident that she noticed the same thing, playfully pinching the protrusion as Jamie leaned to refill her glass.

The basis for my question was reestablished when, upon sensing Liz’s clasping fingers, he smiled like a schoolgirl and seemed to beam with joy. Liz’s touch...‘Miss Elizabeth’ as Jamie was given to use...spurred the reaction of a lonely

puppy starving for attention. Had he a tail, it would be wagging in response to his mistress's brief caress.

She whispered something to him, very unusual for the normally ultra courteous Liz, and after several words Jamie nodded. I suppose it was the wine that brought forth such a faux pas. But it was Saturday evening and two weeks before Liz and I had kissed, hugged and cuddled in front of my fireplace. This was the return hospitality and she suggested it would be 'intriguing'. I interpreted her statement as meaning getting laid. But so far, I was just intrigued.

Jamie returned to the kitchen, the whispered comment causing him to scamper more than sashay, and Liz most impolitely laughed when he stumbled in trying to move with haste in such awkward footwear.

"Jamie does not often wear shoes," Liz explained, stifling her alcohol-induced reaction.

"And I told him you had an affinity for him. Please excuse any presumption in so suggesting, but your eyes have been diverted all evening."

I sheepishly sipped more port. It was not only my question that had given away my roving attention. My curiosity was apparently more obvious than I had thought.

"Coffee in the living room, Sam? I too have a fireplace."

Such a provocative choice of words, suggesting that we return to the staging of our relaxing tryst two weeks prior.

I emptied my port and arose to help Liz with her chair. As she stood I chided myself for being so engrossed with Jamie. Liz looked marvelous and smelled of a most rare and tempting perfume. She had attributes that I had always found so appealing in a woman... raven hair, rich brown skin, breasts perfectly proportioned to her narrow waist and modest hips. Her legs were athletic...not the thinness found in fashion photography...but instead robust, sculpted with intent. Tonight our lovemaking would be complete.

What attracted me to Liz was the no-nonsense attitude. Liz carried herself with purpose and seemed to approach

love like a tiger pursuing her prey. She had zest.

She seemed the type of women who, in bed, would know where she wanted to go... and got there. I imagined there would be no faked orgasms with Liz. She would grasp ecstasy by the throat and ring everything she could in assuring her own satisfaction.

I supposed the demeanor originated from her Royal upbringing.

Yes, in contrast to her Brown University education, Liz came from a Middle Eastern country with vast oil wealth. And after Daddy the Sheik died, some very arcane legal maneuvering assured that she became the beneficiary of a sizable flow of funds, despite her lacking marital status and her perceived second class stature as a member of the female gender.

But with the provincials, the financial machinations caused envy amongst the women and rage amongst the men, leaving for her a very limited welcome whenever she chose to return home. Thus her life of leisure in New York and my latest obsession...a woman with authority, panache and financial resources.

"By the fire, Sam. Jamie will serve us in a moment. I'm afraid in exciting him he's been delayed."

I did not understand the reference but let it pass. After all, an engrossing and wealthy woman had asked me to step into her living room. There had to be more than coffee on the menu. Liz pointed to a large stuffed leather couch. It seemed to swallow my body as I plunked myself down with disguised eagerness. There was no doubt as to her intentions. And despite my untoward behavior concerning Jamie, hopefully she had no doubt about mine.

"I have had much wine and prefer to dispense with pretension," she blithely exclaimed.

And what red-blooded male could find contention with that? Particularly when she sat next to me...almost on top of me...and rested her right hand on my left thigh.

“I trust you’re not shy, Sam. Where I was raised servants were thought of more or less as part of the furniture.”

That said, her hand casually drifted to my crouch. In the absence of drink, such a move would be awkward, perhaps even crass. But as stated, Liz was a woman of purpose and with the enhancement of wine she left no doubt as to her intentions and I left no doubt as to mine. I parted my thighs for better access.

From our prior dalliance I knew she abstained from indulging orally. But her hands were warm and soft. And she had previously used such with aplomb, bringing ‘Little Sam’ to full stand before lifting her cocktail dress and straddling me as I sat in my easy chair. But that is as far as we had gotten.

“You know it’s late, Sam. I should be going,” she had suddenly blurted.

She knowingly brought Little Sam to full erection, felt him throbbing against the softness of her inner thighs and then decided to withdraw.

Strange, but it’s a woman’s prerogative, I thought at the time. It was a letdown, but she was firm in her decision to depart.

Tonight, I expected more. And she again boldly commenced.

She unzipped me and brought to the firelight a very eager ‘Little Sam’. He was quickly brought to full tumescence. As stated, Liz was a most beautiful woman and my penis stood in admiration. Plus, since I’m circumcised high and tight, Liz enjoyed the clean-cut look as opposed to the looseness of the phalli in her home country. Thus her handiwork resulted in pumping with unabashed enthusiasm, despite being fully aware that Jamie was expected with a tray of coffee.

“You have something of which Jamie will be quite envious, Sam. I trust you’re not a selfish person.”

At the time, I thought her reference was once again to my superior circumcision, something with which I had little pride until weeks before when Liz so adoringly held it in her hands and so reverently described its contrast to males in her home country.

"Most have been cut very sloppily, Sam. I'm sorry to say that over the years the precision of Middle Eastern surgery has not been applied to the male appendage," she explained as she gently stroked.

She laughed with her observation but I could not let her lighthearted comment pass. I asked the question.

"And how is it that you are so aware of the results of the procedure? I've seen many circumcisions in various locker room scenarios and would not for a minute portend to be an expert."

Her subsequent reticence was noteworthy, perhaps contrived.

My question did not so much strike a nerve as it did stimulate thought. In the darkness I could not see her face, but surmised that the query gave rise to much rumination. With her answer, I realized that the pause originated not so much from the complexity of the answer but instead in how to best frame it for a proud but naive young Western male.

"Mother enjoyed watching the floggings, Sam. At a very young age, she dragged me along. At first I resisted and closed my eyes...feeling fright...concern, perhaps misplaced compassion. But later I put aside my youthful reaction to the anguish so demonstrably portrayed and instead reveled in the pageantry...the exactness...the finality of seeing a recalcitrant male flogged. In my home country there are no effective pleas, no quarter, no respite. A man is flogged, bound, naked...well displayed for all to see. And many times there is a very curious reaction to the whip. He becomes engorged, as if welcoming with his penis what his psyche so adamantly resists. Yes, Sam. I have seen so many...flaccid...engorging...erect, all begging for the

attention of a compassionate hand. Some standing for the last time, depending on the offense.”

For whatever reason I changed the subject, chagrined to realize that the woman with whom I had been cuddling was perhaps more worldly and had experienced more carnal interaction than I could mentally fathom. I let the reference to ‘standing for the last time’ pass. It did not register.

Perhaps in prodding her memory, images better kept within precipitated her early withdrawal.

And now the subject seemed to arise again. This time with regard to Jamie. And of course the floggings came to mind. Though I had timidly changed the subject weeks before, continuous visions of a little girl watching grown men being whipped flashed into my imagination. Such were sexual fantasies really and I suppose it was the lurid shock which prohibited the thought from fading.

And now the ‘compassionate hand’, as Liz so warmly described what the condemned male organs sought, was tenderly stroking Little Sam. As stated, she had a marvelous, knowing touch for a woman several years shy of 30. In my experience, though being stroked by an ingenue as a randy teen can bring ephemeral pleasure, but in the long run the phallus requires a combined skill of pressure, timing and knowledge of the erogenous zones. Such are acquired over time and with experience. And as I watched Liz’s lotioned hand glide up and down my fully erect shaft, I reminded myself that the best ‘hand job’ I had ever experienced was from a woman in her sixties who had spent a lifetime as a masseuse.

I always prided myself on self control and knew that Liz did not want me to explode. Thus I needed to avert both her attention and mine, lest the ‘cream’ for the coffee be served prematurely.

“The floggings, Liz. Tell me about the floggings.”

As with my questions weeks ago about her knowledge of circumcision, once again she paused, encircling the base of

my shaft and kneading my testicles with the aplomb I came to expect.

“Weekly events in the Palace Square. Crime in my country is limited and there is very little recidivism. Once a man has had a taste of the whip there is rarely a return to transgression. But there is enough first time thievery to make for an entertaining afternoon. And whereas most times the men are poor, old and unsightly, on occasion there would be a young male worthy of special consideration. At first Mother only had me watch the actual flogging. But when I got older, she took me to the preparation room where the prisoner was stripped and put into a yoke. Heavy wood planks about the neck and wrists.”

Her left hand moved from my scrotum to my shoulder and smoothed across to my throat to demonstrate her point.

“I had not before realized that one element considered meaningful to the procedure was the humiliation. So after being yoked, the prisoner is forced to drink much water. I suppose there are medical reasons for such in encountering the possibility of shock, but Mother explained that with the searing pain, the prisoner’s bladder would eventually open. And that of course so much added to the trauma...urinating uncontrollably in the Square before the watching throng.”

“How old were you Liz? It would seem to be rather shocking for a young girl to watch such events.”

“Yes, I suppose it was. But Mother so much enjoyed herself. She assumed I would also.”

Liz’s right hand remained steady, seeming to know that Little Sam needed a respite. She stared at the far wall in reflection.

“My first viewing was when I was 8 or 9.”

“And did you, Liz? Did you enjoy it?”

Another pause. There was a bump against the swinging door leading to the kitchen. The soft glow of the fire momentarily yielded to the harsh florescent lights of the kitchen.

Jamie entered with a tray of coffee. As I moved to right my clothing, Liz held firmly to my erection inhibiting any effort to zipper myself. She smiled.

“There is no need for modesty, Sam.”

Liz was correct. Jamie had shorn himself of the garb. No red silk blouse. No short satin slacks. And as he gracefully tiptoed toward us, the absence of the odd sandals became evident. The suspected nipple piercings were confirmed, each pink nub was speared by a oversized gold bar, some three inches in length. Diamonds on each end prohibited the decorative shards from slipping from his pink flesh. The gems highlighted a hairless chest and appeared to match the flashes of glitter emanating from his pierced ears.

Jamie wore expensive jewelry. And shifting my eyes to a prideful Liz, I knew from whence the opulence came.

I looked back to the lad's mid section, seeking to confirm his maleness. After all, the penetrating gold bars caused his nipples to be puffed, presenting feminine attributes which would require a young girl to don a training bra. My visual examination was impeded by small patch of cloth, later identified as a folded napkin, draped over his pubes and hanging from a decorative golden chain encircling his waist. With each approaching step the clicking sound, barely heard during dinner, became more discernible, no longer muffled by the covering layer of black satin.

“Put the tray here, Jamie.”

Liz pointed with her left hand, her right embarrassingly gripped about an engorged Little Sam and seeming to wave it about enticingly before Jamie. And our servant, my hermaphroditic new acquaintance, seemed mesmerized by the display of the fully erect phallus.

Yes, Jamie smiled with a coyness which could only be described as effeminate, seeming to be as bashful as a school girl, yet never taking his eyes from the purple head of Little Sam.

And I was startled by Liz's reaction when she shook my phallus, seeming to offer its hardened girth as one would offer a scrap of meat to a hungry dog.

"You're not getting anything until Mr. Sam inspects, Jamie. You know how I feel about your misplaced shyness."

Liz seemed to be referring to the folded napkin, the only covering the hairless figure wore. It was easy for Liz to make the demand. She remained fully clothed while I sat with Little Sam pointing toward the ceiling watching the near naked form of a boy with a shape which could only be compared to that of a ballerina.

Jamie's smile remained but turned to a forced pleasantness as he placed the serving tray on the low table before us. As his right hand gripped the piping hot silver pitcher of coffee and his left held a priceless china cup, Liz reached out and slowly pulled away the napkin, the only covering which cloaked the evidence of Jamie's gender and slyly inhibited final identification as boy or girl.

The sight beneath caused me to sit upright, bringing an uncharacteristic giggle from Liz and newly found bashfulness from Jamie.

There in the glow of the firelight was revealed why Liz had teasingly returned my question, 'What is it about Jamie that I like.' Liz preempted my words of awe.

"Yes, Jamie's been fixed...just like a puppy."

I stared, the soft light repressing immediate close examination. But the source of the clicking was finally revealed. Jamie was indeed 'fixed' but still had balls. Dangling from piercings in his tiny empty scrotum, hairless as I came to expect from surveying his legs, were two diamond studded golden globes, ironically sized similarly to the gonads of a young boy.

As I gawked, Liz laughed heartily and Jamie bent his head in shame.

"Care to ask the question again, Sam? How could you not like Jamie? He's closer to being one of us than one of you."

Liz's calloused observation was obviously in reference to the fact that with all the accouterments, the jewelry, the coif, the effeminate clothing, the hairless body, the puffed tactile nipples, the girlish buttocks. Jamie was closer to appearing as a young girl than a male.

"I assure you, his testosterone level is lower than mine, Sam. I'm even thinking of having him develop breasts."

With that, Liz outright cackled and gave up her grasp on my penis in order to better display Jamie's.

"So you see why I refer to Jamie as a gift. I had an eighteenth birthday present that no American girl could imagine."

I barely heard the words, for Liz's dexterous hand produced a tiny key from her necklace and quickly worked a small padlock, which heretofore had escaped my visual examination. Jamie's penis had been locked in place in an upright position to the thin gold chain around his waist. As her soft warm hands held Jamie's remaining maleness, he smiled so girlishly. I imagined it to be comparable to the reaction of a shy teen visiting the gynecologist for the first time.

"Oh, yes, Jamie. You are leaking a bit."

Liz picked up the napkin and with mocked daintiness dabbed clear viscous fluid from the area of Jamie's urethra.

"The testicles are gone but the prostate works on," she casually explained.

And when the napkin was put aside, I could finally see how Jamie's penis came to so easily be locked away. The tip was pierced on the underside, a common Prince Albert opening, but there was no ring. Instead a post with an eyelet was thrust through which accommodated the tiny lock.

As I stared, my attention became riveted on the strange stiffness of Jamie's small organ. It was not engorged as mine was...and, dear reader, I must confess that Little Sam's

reaction to the unfolding scene was curiously lustful...his organ thin yet rigid. Liz noticed my inquisitive stare.

"A device known as a Prince's wand. A rather common form of chastity in my country. In the days of slavery, most of the unaltered males wore one. It rather constrains penetration."

Liz was lecturing now. Here I was in mid town Manhattan envisioning forcibly chaste males serving near naked women superiors. Yes, my reader, Little Sam further stiffened with that fantasy.

"It's a metal tube inserted into the urethra and held in place by the post. When locked to the waist chain it cannot be removed...and, of course, it is only unlocked on my whim.

"You see, Sam, since Jamie can not ejaculate, the prostate needs stimulation. The inserted end of the wand has a bulbous tip which has been precisely measured to abrade the prostate gland. As a result, Jamie's gland is constantly massaged internally and leaks quite often...particularly when excited."

The insouciance with which Liz described what must have been constant torment for the male gland and the entrapped phallus was strangely shocking yet arousing. Yet I reminded myself...women of authority I had always found attractive. And with panache. Yes, Liz had panache...turning what most would describe as a scene of debauchery into a casual modeling session...as if Jamie was there for no other purpose than to display his fine jewelry and amuse with his nakedness.

Such was Liz.

Well, coffee was served. My hostess took her cup and leaned back on the couch, sanguine with the scene of turpitude. I did the same, chagrined that my raging erection did not subside. Instead, viewing the girlish altered form of Jamie seemed to bring further tumescence.

I was confused...I suppose hysterical, but disguised my perplexed state well, except for my shaking hand trying to hold the full cup of java.

Then Liz took action which suggested a conspiracy.

"A cannoli? I had Jamie spend a week in training with a superb Italian pastry chef. I think you'll enjoy even if you don't have a sweet tooth."

My free hand soon held the described pastry. The coffee was hot with the cup brimming. The cannoli was sloppy. I was occupied trying to effectuate neatness when Liz nodded to Jamie and the sweet boy knelt between my knees.

"Jamie's very skilled, Sam. And I'm sure he'll like your taste."

A split second after Little Sam felt a warm breath, soft wetness took the standing tip of my penis into the most exquisite portal. My homophobia at first raged. I tried to put down the coffee but could not lean forward to reach the tray without bringing forth further penetration of Jamie's throat and mouth. But within seconds it did not matter. Jamie's gullet opened and to the sound of a laughing Liz, Little Sam disappeared entirely.

The ingenue Jamie was an accomplished fellator. The sensation was intensely pleasurable...perfect pressure, a swirling tongue, and a rounded piercing on the tip of his tongue was soon exploring without compunction. It was no wonder that Jamie's speech was slurred and limited. As with the alteration of his genitals, his tongue was also transformed. This change made him uniquely adorned to give oral pleasure. His ability to receive had been taken.

"Relax and overcome your disgust, Sam, and Jamie will take you where you've never before been. Just remember hormone-wise he's more female than male. And for men, I am told the oral skills of the castrated male cannot be surpassed. He knows the phallus better than any woman and he lives vicariously for the pleasure he cannot have by providing such to others."

With the ecstatic pleasure, Liz knew to take from my hands the cannoli and coffee before it spilled. Since Little Sam was so deeply impaled into Jamie's throat I was trapped. I had little choice but to demurely sit and be fellated...or so it seemed.

But, dear reader, what was I to do? After a sumptuous dinner with such a gracious Liz, could I physically fight and insult my hostess? I looked down at the blonde hair bobbing about. My hands entwined in the beautiful locks. I pulled such aside to see the pierced ears and the sizable gems. Then my gaze moved to see the effeminate buttocks, perfect roundness...without hair...the posterior of a girl, and a young one. I groaned with pleasure. Liz was most correct...in all my years of lustful encounters, Jamie was the best. No woman ever touched the small penile erogenous zones, sucked and applied pressure in the precise places and the exact levels as did the genderless ingenue.

I was enraptured, and my innate male macho disgust faded as the longest tongue I had ever received escaped from its confinement and began licking my scrotum while my shaft remained ensconced and the penis tip felt as if it had entered Jamie's stomach.

Meanwhile an amused Liz just watched my contorted face and I fought the pending climax. She reached to toy with Jamie's right nipple, appearing to gently twist the gold bar with her right hand. Her left smoothed its way down flawless flesh and grasped a handful of Jamie's left cheek. He parted his thighs in greeting, seeming to welcome the soft warm hands that had minutes before worked Little Sam.

"Let yourself go, Sam. Jamie's been trained since he was a lad. He's fellated more phalli than the cheapest trollop in New York, the dear boy. And there's no messy spitting with my little oral slave. That results in punishment. Jamie's trained to swallow everything you can offer. And I think you'll find the challenge amusing. Can you ejaculate hard enough to make him choke?"

Her soothing sultry voice combined with the peculiar scene...a most blemishless flesh scene. Overwhelmed. I indeed ejaculated...deeply...spasmodically grabbing Jamie's ears and pulling firmly to ensure maximum penetration. Jamie seemed to sense the urgency, swirling aggressively with tongue, pressing firmly with lips and somehow, never before experienced despite my worldly sexual encounters, utilizing the back of his throat to create a strong vacuum like sensation.

And Liz was indeed correct. There was no choking, not even a gurgle; the 'dear boy' took everything.

Chapter Two

Monday, in the office, in the sexually austere working environment where daring to compliment anyone or anything wearing a skirt could erode to a charge of sexual harassment, I daydreamed about that Saturday night. It was eerie thinking about me, 'Mister Macho', being fellated by something once male. And to have Liz watching with such mirth...

The encounter left so many impressions. My curiosity was not satiated...it was instead raging. As I thought over the weeks of our casual dating, I realized had not even peeled the first layer of the bewildering onion that was Liz. Now for sure, when she suggested there was something 'intriguing' to be experienced or viewed my ears perked.

I needed to talk to someone, to exchange thoughts. But it's not like you can take an old friend to lunch and suggest that over the weekend you had the best blowjob ever... and from an altered male.

After exploding in Jamie's gullet, I swilled my coffee and looked at my watch. Homophobia made me excuse myself. It became my turn to announce an early departure, despite a latent desire to further explore Jamie's girlish body. During the cab ride home I thought about Liz's warm hands soothing the boy's nakedness, like a mother comforting a child. Later that night in a dream, my hands took the place of hers.

"It's his only pleasure," she had explained with a demure smile as she waited with me at the elevator. "We can take you to new places if you care to come again."

I was so flushed that I did not immediately perceive the pun.

Just as I was planning to call it a day, the phone rang. I almost ignored the call, picturing that a chilled and well-salted margarita in a tall goblet would extinguish my invasive thoughts of out and out debauchery.

The feminine voice was smooth, accented, sultry. It was Liz. "You seemed to be in a hurry Saturday night. Another date?" She was kidding of course.

I apologized for my hasty withdrawal. "The scene was rather overwhelming, Liz. I have never before met a castrated boy much less engaged in such...activity."

"Jamie is twenty, Sam. Been with me for many years. He's very much of age, now. He was quite a relief for me in my college years. I lived off campus, of course."

I was relieved to hear that Jamie was an adult but could not honestly recall whether New York has gotten around to updating its sodomy laws. And then my chronological mind worked backwards. Liz must have attended college some six or seven years ago. Then the comment came to mind about Jamie's being an eighteenth birthday present. Jamie was altered so young!

The wine had indeed clouded my mind and judgment on Saturday night. Why had I not realized before that the blonde ingenue, the hairless hermaphrodite dutifully sucking my appendage, had been castrated at or near puberty!

"Liz," I blurted into the phone. "There are things I don't understand. This is the United States. Things like that don't happen...."

"Things like what, Sam? An orphaned boy making a minor sacrifice in order to live a lifetime in comfort? The value of the jewelry he wears exceeds that which most people earn during their entire dreary existence, Sam. He's educated, cared for, has a skill and receives constant training and discipline. Isn't that all for which a naughty boy could wish?"

The training and discipline struck something within my psyche. I thought about how servile and obsequious Jamie had been. How in fact he had no cares, other than to obey. How he so gleefully freed Little Sam of every drop of essence.

“Not everyone would see it that way, Liz. The minor sacrifice was the boy’s testicles, for heaven’s sake. And not every boy is naughty!”

“No? Well, you certainly were not on your best behavior.”

Her voice was calm, collected. Mine reflected the frustration of not totally understanding what had happened to me on Saturday, how Jamie became Jamie, how a beautiful, well educated, intelligent woman could be so diabolically insouciant about a male’s gender identification.

Though coming across as angry, I really needed to understand more and my frustration showed though it seemed to roll off Liz like water on a duck’s back. And, I had yet to make love to one of the most beautiful women I had met.

She sensed that I needed to talk. And the phone was not the appropriate medium. Had any of our conversation been overhead, there would be too many questions to even begin to answer to my employer.

“Friday night, Sam. Come directly from work. No need to change. You can freshen up here. We’ll talk. Jamie likes you, Sam. And so do I, of course. And you can ask any question you wish to help you understand. But I will have requests of you. Term it a quid pro quo, Sam.

“And not to be contentious, but a very naughty male left my penthouse on Saturday completely satiated with no offer of equivalent gratification. Very impolite...”

I had not before thought of that. A relaxed yet aroused Liz, stimulated by the sordid scene of perversion, was left to her own...feeling somewhat jilted I supposed.

For that reason alone, I agreed to a 6:00 p.m. Friday rendezvous. Liz’s penthouse was within walking distance of my office.

Chapter Three

Fortunately some busy days in the office and a quick trip to Chicago brought Friday with dispatch.

I had somewhat mulled over Liz and her 'birthday gift', but when the return flight to New York became delayed, I had much time to sort things out...to organize my thoughts and questions. And notably, the more I cogitated the more the shock effect wore down. I convinced myself, I could not be the first heterosexual man to enjoy oral sex with a male, if Jamie was indeed still technically a male.

My perplexed machismo calmed and I resolved to learn more, despite the potential erosion of my heterosexual psyche. And there was Liz. My male ego could not let that luscious fruit go unplucked.

Friday evening the elevator whisked me to Liz's penthouse. Hers was the only apartment at that level. I stepped into the small foyer. Jamie answered my ring. On this visit all pretension was cast aside. He pulled open the door and curtsied like a seven year old girl. And he wore... nothing, except a mirthful smile...his gold waist chain which appeared seamless, and of course his clicking diamond-studded golden balls.

"Miss Elizabeth dressing," was his laconic, labored greeting. And after closing the door behind me, he scampered off toward the kitchen. This time I was determined to stare...to watch the deliciously effeminate buttocks roll and jounce with each quick step. And after a week of self examination and determination to remain in control, Little Sam betrayed me.

Yes, within a minute he was pressing the front of my trousers. He seemed to want to escape for his own view of the pretty altered boy... perhaps even more than a view.

I leisurely surveyed the living room for the first time. Obviously Saturday night's visit did not give rise to casual perusal of the enlightening displays and artifacts of a world traveler such as Liz. I focused on a collection of framed

photos from her home country, particularly of the Palace Square where an ominous platform was prominently displayed and my imagination placed upon it a yoked, naked and virile thief with a very young Liz staring up at his exposed genitals. She smiles...it is her confident smile...but her youth makes it devilish, turning her look of innocence to one of diabolism. My mind sees the thief's penis slowly rise as he begins to fully comprehend his predicament. He will be flogged until flaccidity returns and he soils himself... and it will serve to greatly amuse a young girl.

What was it Liz said? ...For some it would stand for the last time? The comment was on my mental list of things to clarify.

Chapter Four

I heard the kitchen door swing open. Jamie approached and this time I observed his motion from the front. His cute faux testicles swung and glittered in the bright room light. No limited firelight to cloak any part of his altered anatomy on this visit. The living room lights were bright.

He carried a silver tray with a margarita. Presented in a crystal goblet, chilled to perfection and well salted. Though made to my liking, I let Jamie stand before me in his state of complete dishabille. I stared down at his penis... so small yet so rigid with the metal tube permanently inserted. It was locked upright as Liz demands and it occurred to me that any bathroom visits required the use of the key to the tiny padlock.

Yes, Jamie was not only altered, he was totally controlled. And I could not believe I was examining the hairless form of a twenty-year-old. He looked and acted like a boy of 13. An age which I suddenly realized was about when he was presented to Liz as a birthday gift.

I finally took the drink and nodded. And again Jamie wordlessly scampered off like a child in a playground. I turned back to the photos and sipped.

"He'll be forever young," the voice of my authoritative Middle Eastern friend exclaimed, stealing into my thoughts.

I turned again to view the magnificent woman whose boldness so occupied my mind for the past week.

"When they're cut at the proper age, much physical development ceases. And I assured that the timing of Jamie's alteration was optimized."

Liz was dressed in leather...black leather. The finely tailored covering hugged every curve, perfectly outlining a body Little Sam had so much enjoyed momentarily frothing against weeks before.

"Tell me about it, Liz. To change a life in celebration of one's birthday...a present. Is it that insignificant, the male

reproductive organs...that they should be modified at a whim...merely for the amusement of a teenaged girl?"

Liz held in her hand a glass of wine. She smiled...her confident smile. She stepped forward and clinked my glass.

"In short, the answer is yes. My amusement is important." She laughed with her pithy reply and sipped.

"And I think you've somewhat benefited, Sam. You took Jamie quite deeply. Luckily he's been very well trained."

Liz laughed again, and I could not help joining her with a smile. And Little Sam remained pressing the front of my trousers. He truly has a mind of his own and I had trouble discerning whether it was the presence of the beautiful Liz or the lithe naked body of Jamie that stirred his interest.

"Tell me about the floggings, Liz. The pictures of the Palace Square seem to occupy a place of prominence amongst your mementos."

"If you're suggesting those were halcyon days, Sam, you may be correct. Remember, only common criminals were flogged. And though it took time, I became as appreciative as Mother of a brisk application of leather to the naked buttocks of an obstreperous thief. And then there were those special times...a rapist, an adulterer. Sometimes the wetness still flows thinking about it."

She paused and sipped.

"Shall we sit, Sam?"

I followed the leather-clad form, marveling at her shapely posterior so nicely outlined in tight and shiny cowhide. We returned to the scene of Saturday night's dalliance. This time Liz sat opposite me in a large chair.

"The special times, Liz?" I prompted her to resume.

"Yes. Islamic law is rather harsh concerning sexual crimes, Sam. A flogging is just the beginning and knowing that a prisoner was going to pay the ultimate price for his indiscretions so much added to the enjoyment for me. Those were the ones sent to the Square in full tumescence. There was a very skilled woman who could assure such an

ignominious display and when I was deemed of age, Mother let me assist her.”

“I’m not sure of the punishment, Liz. More than a flogging?”

She giggled at my naivete.

“Castration, Sam. Most times quick and painless... unless there were extenuating circumstances, such as a charge involving the Royal family. In those cases a slow and painful alteration was mandated.

“But the irony was so enticing to a girl of my age. First a humiliating display, then a simple operation, then a life of chastity. Under Islamic law, forced purity.”

“Is that how you view Jamie, forcibly pure?”

Liz laughed. It was her evil laugh. “Well, most is forced on him yes...he’s very well controlled as a castrate should be. But as to purity... well that’s relative. Judge for yourself. He certainly has good intentions. Very eager to please, as you have experienced.”

“Why so controlled? He cannot live without guidance?”

“I won’t let him live without. I enjoy it. The male phallus under my domain. Utterly subjugated. Responding to the simple snap of my fingers. There is derived an emotional high that I need... I crave.

“And besides, the absence of testosterone affects the male judgment. It’s a scientific fact. A simple patch or weekly injection could change that... but I like Jamie being dependent on me. It’s comforting for me.”

“Returning to the Palace...you later assisted in the floggings?”

“Yes, Sam, I assisted,” Liz replied in a lugubrious tone.

“Such a typically male concern. That somehow the vaunted male organ should never fall victim to the whim of the female. Well it did, Sam. Time after time. And sometimes I excitedly lie awake at night thinking of the faces. How the woman executioner would taunt while stroking the condemned to full erection.

“‘Make it a good one...it’s your last,’ was her typical ridicule. A simple inflatable butt plug and the high level of emotion did the trick. She brought them to full erection, just short of climax and sent them to their doom. With the plug remaining in place, the tumescence remained not only for the walk to the platform but well into the flogging. The crowd loved it. A slow 50 lashes and then off to the infirmary. And so many begged and cried, Sam. Grown men. Hardened rapists. So comically trying to keep what nature chose to make so easy to harvest. But in the end it was snip, snip, snip and an opprobrious conclusion to a life of sexual crime.”

Liz paused to sip more wine. For some reason the casual tone of her narrative aroused me.

“And yes,” she added with a sardonic snort “I too stroked away. At age 16 I was known in the prison as the castrating vixen. Young and pretty, I stroked like there was no tomorrow and in the minds of the male beast perhaps there was none. Looking into the eyes of a thoroughly bound male and bringing him to full stand against his will is power, Sam. And I enjoyed power...and still do.”

Yes she did.

She emptied her glass and before it returned to the surface of the table, Jamie popped from the kitchen with the remains of the bottle. He curtsied most obediently and poured. After my Saturday encounter I knew that talking before him was more than acceptable. As Liz herself had stated, he was part of the furniture.

“And Jamie. Was he a condemned prisoner?”

“Oh, no. Jamie was and is special.”

Liz patted his right buttock, affectionately, as one would pet a dog. Then her hand slipped down and between his thighs. By rote, Jamie’s feet parted to permit access.

“The perineum. It becomes more sensitive to the touch after alteration. And it’s good to check the prostate gland. Castrates have these special problems...”

Liz hesitated in her dialogue while examining Jamie. She looked closely at his locked upturned penis, particularly the tip, where the metal Prince's Wand exited the urethra and the locking post was thrust through the underside of the frenulum. She diddled her finger about the flesh there and then played with his balls. Flicking them back and forth.

"You know, Sam, these ornate balls may seem to serve as a cruel reminder of Jamie's castration, but if something is not added, the scrotum just withers to nothingness."

Initially Jamie just stood. But as it became apparent that Liz was performing a detailed inspection, manicured hands were obsequiously placed atop the perfectly coifed hair, again by rote. And the male ingenue turned to directly face his mistress, feet remaining well apart. It appeared to be a daily ritual. I detected a subtle childish smile as the soft warm hands toyed. Jamie liked her touch. And I was shocked to see the entrapped phallus engorge somewhat.

"Many of the nerve endings remain after castration, Sam. And just as with any part of the body they must be stimulated, otherwise sensitivity is permanently lost.

"We wouldn't want that now would we, Jamie?"

Jamie beamed and Liz pointed to the kitchen. As Jamie turned to run off, a playful but loud swat left a large hand print on the alabaster flesh of his backside. Liz laughed at his reaction...a lurch and stumble in trying to maintain balance with hands on head.

Liz's knowledge of the male anatomy...the altered male anatomy...was extensive. I was reminded of a mother and toddler where maternal care delves into every aspect of the child's existence right down to the most minute blemish of the epidermis and the consistency of daily bowel movements.

"So Jamie was special..." I prodded Liz back to the subject at hand.

"A birthday gift, as you know. Mother knew I'd be going off to college to be alone in a strange country. She had also

noticed how I reveled in the weekly floggings. When she found that I began witnessing the castrations, sneaking into the infirmary after the floggings and watching the removal of the testicles, she formulated the idea of a very exotic gift.

“It’s a disappointingly simple procedure, Sam, the castrations.”

Liz rose, stepped around the low coffee table and sat next to me. Whereas on Saturday her approach was that of a temptress closing on her erotic prey, this short journey was business. Though appearing even more alluring in the skin tight black leather, Liz had purpose in switching her seat.

“Most times there was little anesthesia. Floggings in my country are severe and often the condemned is in a mild state of shock.”

While she spoke Liz unzipped me. The temerity...the boldness...but what red-blooded man ever objected when feminine hands so artfully work a zipper and free that which constantly seeks companionship? Little Sam sprung out like a scared rabbit scrambling from a cage.

“Goodness, Sam. Your penis seems stimulated.”

Yes, Little Sam, with a mind of its own, was daydreaming. I told myself that it was Liz’s proximity and not the scene moments before of the authoritative hands having their way with the male anatomy...or former male anatomy.

Liz returned to business and I took a large sip of my margarita.

“Just a quick incision here...and another here.” She held Little Sam out of the way, pinching the head with the thumb and forefinger of her left hand. Her right forefinger pointed out the ‘here and here’ as it sensually brushed the opposing sides of my scrotum, near the top, at the base of Little Sam.

“The skin is amazingly thin and in using a laser there is hardly any bleeding. It takes less than a minute.

“Then the little gland, the cause of so much misery and suffering, is pulled out. Nerves, blood vessels and the vas

deferens are clamped... and snip, snip, snip. One down, one to go.”

Liz retained her simple grip on Little Sam as she spoke and the result was as expected. He stood for her...proudly...completely...in the well-lit living room where there was no place to hide...no way to feign bashfulness. Liz let go and sat back with a very naughty smile.

“It seems your penis likes my touch, Sam. Or perhaps my descriptive narrative.”

She paused to sip more wine leaving me to embarrassingly sit with a huge erection. I have been told that I am well hung. Liz seemed to enjoy the view and I just sat. There was no way Little Sam was going to fit back into my pants. I took a sip of my margarita and my shaking hand gave me away. It spilled. Not a lot but the salt left a white crust to highlight the wet spot on my dark suit pants.

Liz leaned over and unhooked my belt buckle. “There’s more to the story. And I would not want to see anything more get spilled.” She was smiling coyly. Then she bent down and removed my shoes. For some reason I just sat as my socks were next and she snapped her fingers. Jamie instantly appeared from the kitchen with a tray and a second margarita.

“Clean this and have it ready for when he leaves, Jamie.”

I guess sitting before the naked girlish figure with a raging erection would have been uncomfortable before the Saturday escapades. And adding to the stimulation there was the leather-clad Liz. So commanding... so authoritative. Some form of exposure seemed de rigueur for visits to Liz’s penthouse.

I stood, peeled off my suit jacket then let my soiled slacks fall to the floor. Jamie stared at my mammoth erection... a look of both envy and awe... as if in disbelief that a week before the entire organ had deeply plunged into his oral cavity.

As Jamie picked up the slacks and neatly folded them on the serving tray, I began to sit back down in tie, shirt and with erection poking through my underwear. Liz giggled.

“You look ridiculous.”

She reached over and removed my tie, then unbuttoned my shirt.

“Jamie rarely sees real men these days. He needs inspiration and you need to be comfortable.”

I took the hint as to what ‘comfortable’ meant. As I drew my arms out of the shirt, Liz carefully pulled the waist band of my underwear out and extricated Little Sam so that he stood outside the garment. She then slid it down, and just as with my slacks, I stepped out for Jamie to gather and add my shorts to the tray.

I sat. The leather was cool and the depravity of the scene settled in as Liz remained fully clothed with two entirely naked men... or at least one man and a...a what? I guess a eunuch.

Little Sam betrayed the perverse enjoyment I experienced by continuing to stand firmly. Jamie looked on with admiration and Liz...confident, authoritative Liz...stood over me, hands on hips.

“You’re nicely toned, Sam. Keep that gym membership.”

She was inspecting me like a cattle buyer at a stockyard...and truth be known...I guess I was for sale. I wanted to be with her, and my desire trumped all normal decorum.

Thus, I could think of nothing else than reach for my fresh margarita. I recalled reading on the Internet about some form of subtle D/s play...‘clothed female/naked male’ and tried to remember how the suggested scenes played out.

Then Liz resumed and Jamie ran on toes to the kitchen. The CFNM thought was lost.

“The psychological aspects of castration provide the most poignant thoughts. One day a male is fornicating with

impunity... or rather perceived impunity... in manifesting nature's dominance over the female... and the next day... well that's the question. What does a man do without his precious gonads?"

She completed her question with a mocking intonation while sitting down next to me. She reached over and palmed my heavy sac as a way of illustrating her point.

"What would Sam do without these? Be like a little lost doggie who can't find his way home...alone...confused...in need of guidance and direction?"

She let go... graphically making her point.

"Think Jamie could live without me? The male loses a lot of drive when the testosterone level plummets. Becomes lazy. If he can't ball....then he can't function. There's no perceived *purpose* in life."

Liz leaned, picked up her glass, sipped and swallowed. Her voice remained pleasant but ominous in completing her point. "Unless a good, firm woman provides such. And Jamie has *much* purpose. *I* see to that."

She paused and I let the silence continue hoping that Little Sam would calm himself. But Liz was too ravishing, too commanding, to be ignored by my engorged little friend. His homage remained. I decided it was best to resume.

"But where does one acquire a Jamie, Liz? The yellow pages? Run a classified ad?"

She laughed.

"Do you really think the entire world is comprised of Bible-thumping Christians? That there is a uniformity of morality and justice? Before last week you were not aware that castration was still used as a form of punishment, not to mention floggings. Why would you portend to suggest that a facility for transforming indigent boys into truckling servants would not exist?"

"It's not a question of supply, Sam. It's a question of developing standards, procedures and a regimen to properly meet the demand."

Liz stopped and reached for a cocktail napkin.

"You're leaking," she casually suggested.

Her left hand encircled the base of Little Sam and the right, napkin in hand, dabbed away prostatic fluid oozing from my penis. She wiped and cleaned so matter-of-factly, as if primping an infant while changing a diaper.

She released Little Sam and crumpled the napkin with a matronly smile.

"The gift, Liz. I am so curious about the gift," prompting her to detail Jamie's acquisition.

"Well, it's not like there was a party and upon opening a large decorative box a naked and castrated blond boy popped out. It's a process, as suggested, and an expensive one. There are choices to be made and many steps to be taken. It took much time... basically occupying most of the summer before leaving for Brown. But the clinic was en route and escaping the desert heat in July and August can be refreshing."

"The clinic?"

"Yes, the 'Clinic for Orphaned Boys', is the sign at the entrance... in Swedish. Better known in many parts of the world as the 'Clinic for Boys Better Living in Subjugation'. There's an awkwardness in the translation to English," Liz chuckled.

"So... Sweden. The blonde hair... the blue eyes," I urged.

"The obedience, the training, the attention to detail, the inextinguishable desire to please," Liz completed my sentence.

"Not necessarily Scandinavian traits, but ones which can be instilled in a disciplined, organized and well educated society. Whereas in my home country one would use the whip and constantly threaten unrelenting pain, the Clinic has developed much more humane procedures."

"Like removing the testicles?" I chided.

"Yes," Liz laughed, "Like removing the burden of having testicles... the adjusting of the hormones to more genteel

levels, replacing the penchant for aggression and instilling instead a desire to serve."

Liz extended her hand to toy with Little Sam, dutifully remaining standing for her.

"Substituting the demand for receiving pleasure with the desire for giving it," she whispered as her digits explored. Her fingers brushed the sensitive underside of the shaft then wrapped around its pink girth. I pictured her doing so with a man condemned to sacrifice his balls. Does he squirm in resistance, or perhaps he accedes to his teenaged tormentress and accepts in surrender the last feminine offering of pleasure before a surgeon snips away? Or maybe he just closes his eyes and pretends it's not happening, mentally ignoring the offering by idly letting the Dominant young female have her way, cursing as his penis betrays him by responding to the knowing touch by slowly engorging. He has always proudly fostered its firmness in the past. The ignominy in feeling it defy his control and stand for the last time must be sickening. And how does he react to the ridiculing laughter?

The castrating vixen...a girl of 16 years.

I shuddered with an odd combination of ecstasy and fear.

"I can tell you the story of the clinic, Sam. But there is a price for the privilege. Your curiosity isn't going to kill a cat, but it will have a cost."

Liz arose and strolled to an armoire. Rather ornate for my tastes, but my eyes did not care to deviate for long from the amazing figure. Liz's outfit was skintight and revealed every curve. I wondered where she wore such attire outside of her apartment, if in fact she ever did.

She gracefully opened the double doors and standing between afforded me very little view of the cabinet contents. She selected something, turned her head and smiled.

"Let's term it a surprise, Sam. Close you eyes."

I complied. I wanted to hear the story. I wanted to learn about Jamie, the castrated, servile, fellator of renown. And despite the subsequent sounds...clinks really...I kept my eyes closed even when Liz asked me to extend my arms.

“Straight out in front; be a good boy.”

She spoke in the firm collected tone that she used for Jamie. When I felt softness encircling my wrists I suppose I should have opened and ascertained the surprise. I didn't.

She cuffed me. Strong but firm bands of fur lined leather. She was quick.

I opened as she laughingly lowered herself onto the leather couch, kneeling facing me and then lifting a leg to straddle my thighs. The smooth and soft leather of her pants suit felt good and Little Sam found himself thrusting forth in attempting to again frottage, this time against her lower belly.

“You see how easy it is to make boys obey, Sam? Offer a simple reward then begin to take them down a path... then offer another,” she proclaimed while looking down into my face and holding a cuffed wrist in each hand out to the side.

Then she lowered her face as if to kiss me. Sweet... warm... so inviting. I lifted my face in return and leaned forward to greet her lips. I thought she was guiding my hands and wrists back for better balance.

It was a subterfuge. I heard a click. She had pushed firmly and quickly and my wrists were coupled together behind my back. It was so simple, so alacritous. How many men had she shackled?

She stood and I was denied the kiss, but was able to brush my face against the thin leather forming the halter. Her breasts firmed the leather covering and felt good. I wanted more.

“So let's see...the path...” And her story began.

Chapter Five

Though a rather mature 18, I still faced the trip to America with trepidation. I had not traveled much outside of my small desert country. And when I did so, it was on a private jet and surrounded by family members and my father's body guards.

So being on a commercial flight with peasants and what the family referred to as infidels was a new experience. I remained quiet and just observed.

As the real world opened to me, it was interesting to hear and observe men interact. Teenaged girls in Islamic countries are sheltered, to say the least, and I think in realizing this, that is why Mother had me attending the floggings at an early age. A young girl's perception of the aura of male superiority dissipates quickly when a tough man screams like a girl and begs for mercy under the whip. And as I mentioned, the whimpering I heard as testicles are snipped away can completely modify a girl's esteem for all things male.

At my birthday party two weeks before, after I opened many lavish gifts, Mother handed me an envelope and whispered in my ear.

"Say nothing to your father about this, Elizabeth. It's in preparation for your sojourn in America. People there are open minded and my gift will not be a problem. And I think you'll know how to handle this when it comes time to return."

Inside was a letter of introduction to the clinic in Sweden. I read it quickly at the time and my eyes riveted on the section referring to the acquisition of a boy and his subsequent training as my servant. I looked up at Mother with pleasant surprise. We had many servants in the Palace, but such were for the entire family, which was large. Personal servants for teenaged girls were unusual.

But it was a practical gift. I did not cook, clean, or wash and I did not care to learn.

“The women at the clinic will train a boy to serve *all* your needs, Elizabeth. So take your time in Sweden and choose wisely.”

In emphasizing ‘all’, there was no doubt concerning the nature of Mother’s advice. Yes, Sam, women too have sex drives, and many times such are stronger than those in the male beast. But society discourages overt displays and even in conversing, women use coded phrases.

That night I lay in bed thinking about males, and contemplating the joys of controlling one. After the years of watching the floggings and assisting with those condemned for alteration. The prospects were exciting.

So months before beginning academic pursuits at Brown, I flew to Stockholm where a limousine took me to the clinic. The guest quarters there are lavish, more like a four star hotel than an orphanage. The school and medical facilities are first rate. The boys receive the best care and education and all are happy... at least those in the main body.

But beneath one of the buildings, deeply dug out as a bomb shelter during the war, is a different clinic. Term it a clinic within a clinic. And there is where I spent most of my time in the ensuing two months. In a way, I too was in training.

Running an orphanage requires money. And though there was much support by way of donations, government grants, etc., it was explained to me that there always seemed to be a shortfall. Until one day, one of the more creative counselors developed a concept. She was interviewing a boy at the time, and noticed in both his social interaction and his various psychological testing that he not only possessed a deep need to serve, but he was most deferential to women. Subsequent brainstorming with her peers and the clinic’s director resulted in the development of a special program and facility where such propensities could be put to use.

Servants for sale. Initially the goal was that simple... transforming young boys into servile but well-trained domestics. And it worked. The clinic annually produced dozens of boys who at a reasonably young age demonstrated skills and the abject aptitude required to be valuable servants.

But demand quickly outstripped the supply of naturals. There were not enough innately submissive young males to train. And while the revenue from the endeavor became material, there also developed a desire amongst the staff to do more. Controlling boys seemed to interest many of the counselors, and stints in the deep chamber were popular amongst the staff.

So, there was revenue and the need for more. There was demand; there was the facility. What was needed was more raw supply.

And that's when the program began in earnest... 'the psychological and physical transformation of boys into servile objects for the enjoyment of Dominant women'. I am quoting from the clinic brochure, one that is obviously not publicly disseminated.

Upon arrival at the living quarters, I was ushered into a reception area with some dozen other potential 'clients', as the clinic personnel referred to us. These were amazing women...some wealthy, some famous, some politically prominent. All desiring a boy, a young male whose only role in life would be to serve...in all aspects of the term.

The clinic director spoke as each of us was handed a packet of information.

I remember the talk almost word for word...

"Good afternoon, ladies, you are about to embark on a very interesting endeavor... selecting... modifying... and training a subservient male.

"Whereas many of you are quite experienced at similar undertakings please take the time to read the information in your packet. There is much data, pictures included, about

the available candidates, and an outline of our procedures, to which you must strictly adhere for proper results. There is also a rather singular key-like device which you should carry with you at all times. Should you find it impracticable, the packet includes a simple necklace which can be worn and hooked to the key to keep it handy.

“Tomorrow morning, the selection process will begin.”

That was it. Off to my room with the thick packet, I gave much thought to what I wanted. Cost was no object.

Thorough subjugation was.

In reading the material I found the procedures to be fascinating. I was planning to major in psychology and learned much from the clinic before even stepping foot on the Brown University campus. Basically the clinic developed a protocol paralleling the widely discussed phenomenon known as the ‘Stockholm Syndrome’. The moniker came from an event in 1973 when two ruthless criminals attempted to rob a major bank in Stockholm and ended up taking hostages and being surrounded by authorities for 5 days. After surrender, the captives, 2 men and 4 women were found to greatly empathize with their captors despite the fact that they were, during the ordeal, threatened with death and violence if they resisted and tried to escape.

The empathy and devotion was such that while in jail, both criminals became engaged to a former captive, and even the males were found to be reluctant to testify against the vicious men who threatened to kill them.

And so the term ‘Stockholm Syndrome’ was coined to describe the empathy/sympathy and unlikely devotion developed by a captive for his/her captor. The phenomenon has been vastly studied ever since by psychologists and the principles were found to apply in many situations where the following conditions exist...

- there is a perceived threat to survival and the belief that a captor will act on that threat

- the captive perceives small kindnesses from the captor within the context of terror

- there is isolation from all but the captors

- there is the perceived inability to escape

A full page of information explained that at the clinic, there was no actual threat to survival. What was substituted was a constant threat to gratification, which for the pubescent male could be most traumatic.

‘Forced chastity at an impressionable age, and/or the threat thereof, can be a very effective alternative in achieving the effect of the Stockholm Syndrome’, the clinic’s packet cited.

How curious!

After a wonderful breakfast the following morning, the entourage was taken to the deep subterranean basement where the candidates were kept. We passed through numerous thick and heavy iron doors guarded by huge, powerful women with potent stun guns and cattle prods.

We changed from one elevator to another at a level well below the ground and then kept descending. When the second elevator stopped and we finally arrived at the most formidable door of the lot, I certainly perceived there could be no escape.

And we were certainly isolated. The staff, all female, wore starched white uniforms. The packet requested that we as clients dress simply with no revealing attire. ‘Plain business suits seem to instill the desired ambiance,’ the information in the packet suggested. ‘Be plainly attired but appear to be professional and neat in order to establish a hierarchy above the staff.’

Easily enough done. I had, after all, assembled a wardrobe conducive to attaining an Ivy League education. And a prim gray flannel jacket and skirt with white cotton blouse met the requirement.

And so, the candidates were isolated from all except the perceived captors... which were the clients and the staff, of

course.

And as for the remaining two attributes required for inducing the Stockholm Syndrome, well that was where the staff earned their keep, and we as clients learned to use the strange key.

Chapter Six

“Another sip of your drink, Sam?”

Liz interrupted her story, arising from the chair opposite me. Though naked and meekly sitting with wrists cuffed behind my back, I was mesmerized by her dialogue. And Little Sam seemed equally enthralled with Liz’s fine body. He remained standing throughout the telling, and the throbbing was becoming uncomfortable.

I nodded in response to her question, thinking that it would be her exquisite hand holding my goblet. Instead she snapped her fingers and the male ingenue instantly appeared from the kitchen. Jamie entered dashing on toes in a most girlish fashion. It occurred to me that the only time I had seen him walk was in the awkward sandals last Saturday. On less formal occasions, quick moving feet seemed to be mandated. Jamie approached with balls clicking.

“Help Mr. Sam with his drink, Jamie.”

Two tiny hands lifted my margarita from the low table. Though I leaned forward to accept the offering, Jamie stepped between my knees to better hold the edge of the glass to my lips. For a brief moment it was his naked hairless skin brushing against mine. My homophobia flared and, though I reminded myself of his status as an altered male, I quivered with his proximity and drew back. Still the lad took advantage and Liz was soon giggling as he pressed closer and closer and my aversion to naked male flesh caused me to return my shoulders to the back of the couch.

“Oh, Sam. So phobic. Why Jamie has not bitten any one in weeks.”

She laughed at her own joke as Jamie persevered, of course. For after leaning back as far as possible I found that he just approached to the point where his dangling balls of gold pressed against my scrotum.

Such a perverse scene, amusing a fully clad beautiful woman: a naked man cuffed at her behest and an

effeminate eunuch, dashing about at the snap of her fingers, castrated as a birthday gift, psychologically forced into a lifetime of servitude.

"You doth protest too much, Sam. Perhaps with another margarita you'll find Jamie as appealing as you did on Saturday night."

Liz cackled, reminding me of my somewhat inebriated dalliance with the lithe ingenue. I cringed with the recollection.

"Well, Sam. Jamie's just trying to provide the best hospitality."

My goblet was returned to the table.

"Why not keep him nice and hard for me, Jamie? Dinner can wait. I don't often enough have a stiff penis here, at least not one that can be used for anything."

More laughter as Jamie, upon Liz's simple suggestion, again fell to his knees. For him I presumed it was a command. I suppose I should have protested...arisen in a huff and... and what? Cuffed and without clothing, what were my options? And there was Liz...

The soft hands took first cradled my scrotum, gently kneading my balls. Then his forehead tipped forward and the pretty face disappeared from view. I closed my eyes as Jamie lowered his head and began to lick. With hot tongue on the most sensitive flesh encapsulating my testicles, I jumped with the unexpected delight. It was exquisite.

"He'll just lick and suck a little. Just your testicles. His way of expressing envy for what he had to sacrifice. And have no concern, he knows enough not to let you climax. He can be quite he tease."

While Jamie worked every tactile inch of my sac, a giggling Liz returned to her seat, sipped her wine and then resumed, leaving Jamie's tongue to lick and his fingers to massage. I had never experienced anything like it...mentally or physically.

Chapter Seven

The facilities under the clinic building were enormous. As stated the space was designed during the war to accommodate hundreds of people for what were predicted to be extended bombing attacks.

Thus the clever staff had installed a large dormitory area, training facilities, an infirmary, and many classrooms. Education was important, Sam. But not in the standard sense which one might expect.

No, the classes ranged from the somewhat basic, in acquiring the skills required to pamper the Dominant woman, to the more exotic, in learning to cook with high skill and serve with appropriate élan. There was cosmetology, hair care...and yes, massage, as you are becoming aware.

But how does one instill the need, the abject desire to serve? That is where the clinic so excels and where the Stockholm Syndrome comes into play.

I toured the underground chambers and found a number of things which strike the first time visitor.

The boys don't wear a stitch of clothing, access to all anatomical areas being required for disciplinary purposes. And they are forced to wear the most medieval contraptions... clamp like devices on the nipples and ankles and even more elaborate gadgetry around the neck and wrists.

And that's where the strange little key came into use. One could use it to adjust the clamps. The ones pressuring the Achilles tendon almost hobbled some of the boys. The smaller nipple clamps were self evident in the ability to discharge torment. But it was the neck and wrist restraints that were most *sui generis* to the clinic.

A strong but comfortable steel collar encircled the neck with adjustable bars jutting upwards and out to the right and left. At the end of the bars were wrist restraints. Thus every boy had his hands held up and well away from his

body. And most fascinating was that the peculiar key could be used to adjust the angle and the span. Thus, tension could be applied to the muscles, ligaments and tendons for inordinate periods, bringing some boys to slow tears over the course of the day.

And so if you can picture the scene that greets us. Dressed in conservative but moderately elegant attire, we clients stroll about with naked boys, all in some degree of torment from the various clamps, and all being closely supervised by staff members if not attentively listening and observing in a group training session. For the Dominant woman, Sam it's divine. And as you sit on my couch with your phallus proudly seeking to reach the ceiling, you'd be very interested to know how many of the boys achieved similar tumescence and with hands immobilized could do nothing other than parade about and put on a rather cute show for their 'captors'.

Was it the humiliation which caused such a reaction? Forcibly being presented completely nude before dozens of demanding women? Or was it the pain, the constant aggravation of having the nipples pinched, the ankles clamped to the point of near hobbling? And as stated, depending on the severity of the angle and the adjusted length of the wrist restraints, the muscles in the arms will eventually reach a limit of tolerance and begin a slow, retching pain.

I was reminded of the reaction to so many floggings where many condemned became uncontrollably aroused for some reason. And it was gratifying to see that it happened every day to almost every boy at the clinic. Their penises stood in humble tribute to the Dominant woman and in respect for the anguish to be borne. The counselors had developed a program to be savored.

So getting back to the Stockholm Syndrome... Obviously with wrists constantly secured and close daily supervision, there was no furtive masturbation or other gratification

permitted. For boys approaching that time of life when anatomical exploration and the discovery of self satisfaction can divert much time and attention, being kept chaste was equivalent to 'threatening their survival' and seemed to meet the criteria outlined by the various psychologists who had nobly studied the phenomenon. And added to the perceived threat was the rubber slapper carried and frequently used by the strict counselors. Good firm swats to the testicles were doled out without compunction for even the most trivial infraction. Since most boys were already experiencing the dull agony of the clamps and wrist bindings, sharp pain had to be dispensed in order to obtain results. And it was.

That first day I just strolled about getting the lay of the land so to speak. With our special keys we could take a boy aside and tighten clamps and bindings to increase the slow agony. I could hardly resist so doing. But the purpose of being supplied with the little device was really to implement the last principle...known to be the most critical...that the captive perceived small kindnesses from the captor.

Can you imagine such a simple process? First you place a boy in ineluctable and painful bondage...and then in relieving his agony...in the most modest amount and for the most limited period of time, you can demand his devotion. Not earn it mind you...demand it!

And so, as our packet of information suggested, after selection of a candidate, the client should visit with him once or twice per day and graciously loosen a clamp, moderate the wrist bindings, and as the process of obtaining devotion proceeded, perhaps even remove the neck collar for a time!

That could only be achieved through well displayed and most humble groveling mind you, but at such an impressionable age, the results attained were both rapid and noteworthy.

That evening there was a little introductory cocktail party, with service provided by some of the more experienced boys who worked hard to be relieved of their neck bindings. There I was able to converse with my colleagues, the other clients. I was the youngest in attendance, most having lived in female supremacy, at least in their own homes, for many years. I learned that the methods employed for control over the male were quite varied as was the proposed uses for the planned acquisitions. For some it was as if another beast was to be added to a barn full of domesticated animals. Some of the candidates favored constant heavy bondage in utilizing the boy for manual labor. Others desired domestic help, preferring a program of feminization. I had spied some very cute maids being trained. And as stated, some just truly wanted beasts, treating the acquisition as a pony or ox. For those women an older boy with developed muscling was sought.

But there was one theme underlying each envisioned relationship, the continuing of the forced chastity.

No boy exiting the clinic was ever allowed to achieve self gratification without proper feminine tutelage.

"Allowing a boy to masturbate is like allowing him to defecate in the rose garden, for in so doing, there is little decorum and certainly no control," one middle aged woman solemnly explained to me.

And so I began to understand why the packet contained page after page of information concerning chastity devices. Dozens...some more severe than others, but all utilized toward the same end...a lifetime of control over the male libido.

"Keeps them frisky and eager to please," another woman explained. "And they'll never give up trying to stroke themselves. It adds such a delightful dimension to the frustration."

Later that evening I returned to my room and learned much about the various commercially made male chastity devices. Well designed, inescapable, some wonderfully tormenting when combined with an implement to abrade or prickle the aroused penis. But alas, nothing compared to my childhood experiences in observing the condemned male on the Palace platform and later assisting in the infirmary. Despite my youth as compared to the other clients of the clinic, I seemed to desire the most drastic form of chastity.

Chapter Eight

"I think you'd better tend to dinner now Jamie. Mr. Sam is squirming rather animatedly."

I was indeed squirming.

The amazing tongue finally stopped and the pretty coifed head retreated. Little Sam, barely touched, stood like a flagpole while Jamie's fingers massaged and his tongue swathed my entire scrotal sac. He was most accomplished in using to incredible effect the knob piercing his tongue tip. And yes, I was writhing with the teasing ecstasy. I so much needed to climax and Jamie expertly held me off.

The boy rose and though I was nowhere near finished with the second margarita, a nod from Liz made it disappear into the kitchen, borne by effeminate hands and expressed by the quick and humble naked feet. It was like watching a ballerina dart across a stage, seeing Jamie move. Only the clicking of his golden balls distracted from thoughts of the temptress Salome dancing for King Herod.

My eyes moved to the divine Miss Liz. She appeared so regal sipping a rare wine, holding court over two naked males, or rather one male, one androgynous plaything. So young yet so comfortable with her need for and ability to manifest control. She smiled at me.

"It appears you're becoming more comfortable with Jamie, Sam. Just remember to judge by the hormone level and his tender touch, not by his chromosomes. And he does like you; extensive training and my commands can mandate only so much contrived affection."

The thought reviled me despite the intense pleasure I had undergone and my fomenting need for gratification.

'He's of the wrong gender', I kept telling myself. But Little Sam was not so quick to make that distinction. And Liz knew it, and worse, she knew that my extreme arousal was forcing me to come to the same conclusion.

"It's one of the attributes that attracted me to Jamie, Sam. At the clinic a very young Jamie offered quite the

fellatio. I thought such affection could be expanded.”

Leaving me sitting naked on the couch, Little Sam expressing my desires for Liz’s voluptuous form, the story of the clinic resumed.

Chapter Nine

Knowing I had to make a choice, I began scanning the data on the boys. Page after page of physical data, photographs all taken without benefit of clothing of course, and the results of a battery of psychological testing, most of which I did not know how to interpret at the time. Except for each boy there was a summary expressing the opinion of the lead psychologist, who over the years was renowned for her prognostications, which indicated a predicted success ratio for each boy and a suggestion as to his useful role.

Even at my young age I gave the matter a lot of consideration. Knowing that I would be arriving in a strange country, living in a somewhat urban environment, and not aware of the forthcoming constraints concerning the ownership of a servant, I knew that I needed a very controllable boy.

For a few of the other clients, some level of disobedience could be tolerated since such would then require discipline...delightfully applied discipline. But I knew that Brown University would not have a whipping platform such as that at the Palace. And a good flogging could not be executed in the confines of an apartment. So I needed docility. Plus, as a young college student, American propriety would bring scorn upon a female living with an obvious male. So I thought about those times in the Palace's infirmary and watching all those male plums being snipped and tossed into a waiting pan. And then I recalled a particularly enlightening comment made by the doctor.

Having once been attacked in an attempted rape, she reveled in her duties and casually hummed a tune and smiled as she neutered. Some of the condemned were more alert than others after the flogging, and on occasion, when the shears snipped and a vaunted pink testicle departed, there would be quite the amusing vocal reaction.

"They come in here roaring like a lion," the doctor would whimsically comment, "but leave purring like a kitten."

It was not until my later years, when I took biology, that I fully understood her quip...that the castration changes the hormone levels, thus not only rendering the male physically incapable of inseminating the female, but also altering the psyche, the drive, as well.

I concluded that whatever my selection and the level of devotion imparted, I required a boy of complete docility. One who, if not passing as female, could at least appear to be a young nephew. And that's when Jamie's photo and data drew my attention. Even as he approached puberty, he appeared more youthful than he was. And there were very telling notes from the psychologists with corroborating observations from the attending counselors who tended to the boys day to day.

'A proclivity for oral service,' was the official evaluation, supported by recounts of several instances where he was found gleefully fellating one of his cohorts and had to be disciplined for his efforts.

Though the hands were immobilized, the boys could still be naughty with their tongues and lips. And though gags were a possibility, clinic personnel decided to allow a level of homoerotic play, and utilized such in not only evaluating a prospect, but also in a system of rewards and punishments. Unsupervised climatic relief was always denied of course, but adding a layer of humiliation to a boy's forced nakedness could achieve results. And over my two month stay at the clinic I daily observed encounters where a reluctant boy was forced to service another while his giggling colleagues watched and a counselor lectured on technique and patiently pointed out the transgression and the need for correction.

The interesting facet with Jamie was that he learned to revel in oral interaction more than the others.

'Gag reflex well controlled,' the file noted. And when I looked at his picture, those blue eyes, the blonde hair...I knew in effeminate attire his presence could be cloaked

from the potential scorn of neighbors. I had the right candidate.

And the prognostication..? 99%. And in bold letters: 'Maid'.

Thus, I made my selection and the Stockholm process began.

The packet suggested that the first face-to-face meeting was the most important, bringing forth the cascade of psychological bonding and devotion. Thus after notifying the clinic staff of my choice, Jamie's clamps were tightened in preparation for an initial meeting. Nipples pinched, ankles pressured to the point that he could barely walk, his wrists were held high with arms extended to the limit, the staff were without mercy in beginning a process which so often led to success.

No explanation was given to the boy for his torment. Part of the process was that he suffer randomly, never knowing when, where or why a supervising woman would choose to place him in agony. Thus after an hour of enduring the slow building pain, I visited him in his dormitory cubicle. It resembled a telephone booth, enclosed on three sides, but with no door.

And there was Jamie, lying partially reclined in the resting position on a firm board tilted back at the head. That's how the boys rest, almost standing and at all times exposing themselves to the clinic staff who constantly stroll the dormitory area. Tears were streaming, and yet he was partially erect, as I had seen so many times during a flogging. And I instinctively palmed his tiny testicles in my left hand and ever so gently stroked his partial erection with my right. Everything in his file was accurate. The natural effeminate looks, his expected reaction to the pain, his most obsequious plea when I held his genitals.

We talked. I introduced myself. I asked him why he was in pain and why his penis was hard. The packet was so helpful in supplying words that began our bonding.

“I think we can be friends, Jamie. If I do something nice for you, maybe you can do something nice for me.”

He agreed of course. What choice did he have? His situation could not worsen, at least in his mind. So after acknowledging his nod, I produced the strange little key, inserted it into the left nipple clamp and turned. Not much of a twist, just enough so he could feel a modicum of relief. Then we talked some more, allowing to set in my level of control, and then I repeated the maneuver with the right nipple.

“Now Jamie, Can you be a good boy and waggle your penis for me?”

By then it was standing straight up, small but stiff...uncircumcised. The resting board positioned his ankles well apart, thus Jamie's pubes was well displayed. And so when he complied there was no doubt that the movement was in following my request.

“Such a good boy. Why would anyone tighten your clamps so firmly?”

Our conversation continued. The tone of my voice became like that of a caring older sister or perhaps akin to a stern aunt. I donned rubber gloves and explored. With an index finger in his rectum I asked him to squeeze it for me. That earned just the slightest turn of an ankle clamp, providing just enough relief to receive a ‘thank you’; a very sincere ‘thank you’.

And so the morning meeting continued. Jamie getting to know my voice and my touch and learning gratitude. It was my hand, perceived as being such a kindness, that relieved the slow building agony. I also explored ‘the goods’ so to speak, examining Jamie as I would a piece of fruit in the market place.

Thereafter, twice per day, Jamie and I spent time together. Sometimes I walked him on a leash hooked to his neck constraint. Casual conversation ensued in which he would beg to have the key used. I would hesitate of course,

always extracting something in return. He agreed to take certain classes... learning to cook, care for a woman's clothing, master the application of make up.

Hands had to be freed for such undertakings, of course. And thus Jamie found a double reward in responding to my kindness and developing the skills I required... pleasing me... and simultaneously having his wrists released from the cruel cuffs and arm restraints.

And if you want to see a most fascinating sight, watch while pubescent boys apply cosmetics to each other in staged rehearsal. With their propensities known by way of extensive psychological testing, their reaction was as expected. But still they become giggling school girls, diligently working on lips, eye brows and lashes in trying to outdo each other in making a cohort appear more effeminate.

The summer continued that way... the staff placing Jamie in agony day in and day out. Me rescuing with my key. Small twists, small favors demanded in return, until it neared time to leave for Brown. And that last week, the 'favors' began in earnest. By that time we had bonded, particularly during nightly sessions in which I would have Jamie masturbated. And sometimes, if he begged, I had him stroked to climax.

Chapter Ten

"Shall we eat, Sam?"

"I'll need to use my hands," I logically pointed out.

Sitting cuffed, I had listened attentively. It was frightening but fascinating, as Liz suggested, picturing truckling boys gleefully learning to use makeup and reacting so subserviently to Dominant women.

"That won't be necessary, Sam," Liz countered my subtle request for freedom.

Liz stood and approached. She was so stunning in the black leather. There was a projected sinister beauty, suggesting an evil which could not be resisted.

"Come. We'll be served in the dining room."

She reached under my standing penis and palmed my scrotum. Fingers manipulated in arranging the testicles within and then thumb and index finger circled the base. She gently pulled and squeezed with just enough pressure to hasten my compliance in leaning forward to stand. It was obviously not the first time she had so led about a male. Her hand worked with just enough tension to send her message of authority and control without creating pain. But with resistance, such would come...quickly and applied with ease. Her mastery was well communicated.

She turned and walked stretching her arm and closed hand behind. I of course followed. Into the dining room where she sat and I began to move toward a waiting chair.

"No Sam, here. On the floor. Kneel like a good boy."

She tugged downward. I knelt. Jamie pranced from the kitchen and Liz released her grip.

"Lobster bisque," she gaily announced. "Jamie's soups are superb."

Liz tore a small corner of bread from a roll and tossed it lightly. It arched upwards then descended to hit my chin, appearing just above the surface of the table, and tumbled to the floor.

“You’re going to be very hungry, Sam,” a smiling Liz observed. “Let’s try again. No soup until you develop the right attitude.”

Another piece torn, another toss. This one I caught it my lips. After all, I *was* hungry.

Jamie served Miss Elizabeth then and, for whatever reason, placed a bowl of steaming, fragrant bisque before me. Laced with sherry it smelled rich. The margaritas had peaked my appetite. Liz began to eat.

“If Sam would like some soup, Sam had better be more attentive to Jamie’s housekeeping. There’s bread on the floor.”

Liz was more than hinting at a certain hierarchy to be established. It was not Jamie’s task to clean up the carpet from my mishap.

“He’s nice enough to clean your trousers, Sam.”

Both Liz and Jamie just looked at me until I finally bent at the waist, parted my knees to steady myself and then without use of hands found the piece of bread with my lips. I ate it.

My task completed, Jamie came to my side and stood uncomfortably close, brushing his nakedness against mine. For the first time I noticed his extensive makeup. I had either missed the eye shadow upon arrival, gazing instead at the supple buttocks and chastised penis, or Jamie had been preening himself while Liz narrated her story. My hostess noticed my examining look.

“Jamie’s prettied himself for you Sam. I told you he likes you.”

For some reason, Liz felt I should somehow express a degree of attraction or pay a compliment. I could not. Though cuffed and naked, kneeling in the presence of a fully clad woman...eating off the carpet, my flesh brushing against the hairless epidermis of a hermaphrodite... my machismo remained.

Liz picked her spoon and began to consume the rich reddish brown soup, almost appearing to be a stew with the sizable chunks of lobster. Jamie picked my spoon in turn, dipped it in the bowl, then held it for me to purse my lips and gently blow to a acceptable temperature. Now his nails were not only manicured and polished but coated with a thick glossy blue. The shade matched his eyes which the eye shadow so alluring highlighted. Jamie had indeed been professionally trained. He could make himself up to look very sweet and in his complete nakedness, his perfectly white Scandinavian skin was like a blank canvass on which a skilled artist could paint a masterpiece. His nipples were rouged and after three spoonfuls of richness, I finally summoned the fortitude to glance at his privates. His cute empty scrotal sac, showing no signs of having been marauded and mined of its jewels, was also rouged to an attractive shade of pink, matching his nipples.

Little Sam defied me. After Liz relinquished her grip, he calmed for a time. But Jamie's presence made something click and in feeling the heat of Jamie's proximity, he rose again. Jamie noticed and seemed to smile with an odd pride of craftsmanship at the reaction.

Liz also noticed, smiled coyly and gratefully resumed her story.

Chapter Eleven

In the final week I denied Jamie any masturbatory relief and, unbeknownst to him, assured that the staff kept him well clamped with arms and wrists most taut. And then as the agony slowly built and his basic need for climactic relief accumulated, my instinct told me it was time. Jamie very much sought another kindness and I visited him in his dormitory cubical.

Evening visits to the dormitory area can be very entertaining, Sam, particularly for a teenaged girl with flourishing Dominance. As stated the candidates lie on a board, more like leaning back in a standing position, with straps holding each in place at the waist and chest. The board can be swung at the middle to a completely upright position, or for rest, swung to almost horizontal. The design imbues marvelous control, for with the merest downward push of a hand, a boy lying prone can be instantly put on display, his entire nakedness turned upright to face a counselor or other scrutinizing woman.

So the clinic masturbatrix, a rather stern matron with a most amazing hand, strolls into the dormitory and announces her presence.

“Who needs to be stroked?” she typically calls out. She has a list of the boys to be pleased, of course. No candidate exhibiting disobedience during the training day is ever stroked, I can assure you. But she so much enjoys, and I also found delight, in watching the reaction.

Each boy knows that to receive her touch he must assume the required position. Thus, there is simultaneous movement of feet and legs, the boys knowing that the masturbatrix insists that the ‘ankles be behind the ears’, as the position is termed, before she’ll even begin to bring them to tumescence.

Yes, Sam, each cubical had a cross bar near the candidate’s head. And if he did not bend at the waist, pull

his knees to his chest and hook his feet under the bar, there was no relief to be earned.

Can you imagine the sight? Dozens of naked buttocks with hairless genitals draped over puckered little rectums, all pining for the touch of a woman. And when satisfied that a boy is properly displaying himself, she begins. The gloved left hand applying lubricant to the anus, her uncovered right hand diddling the penis. It's amazing to watch Sam. The woman was an expert, within a minute bringing each boy to full erection, fingering his little prostate and then just before ejaculation withdrawing to move to the next boy. She labored with the focus of an assembly line worker, lubricating, penetrating, stroking, sensing for the pending orgasm and then stepping to the next cubical. Rarely was a boy brought to full climax. Unbeknownst to the candidates, her real duty was to add to the frustration and the feeling of helplessness. She was adept at so doing.

So I watched her ply her trade, recalling all the erections I had helped stimulate among the condemned at the Palace. Knowing that for some it was their last stand brought comfort. And that night so it would be for Jamie.

After watching the masturbatrix frustrate some half dozen boys, I moved to Jamie's cubical where though he dutifully had his 'ankles behind his ears' and his thighs nicely parted, I explained to him that there would be no relief on that night.

"You're not scheduled Jamie. But perhaps if we talk I can grant you one more kindness, if you agree to do something for me."

With words well scripted by the clinic's psychologist, we talked. Poor Jamie was in such pain and I sat with the key, dangling before him the simple little piece of metal that could relieve his suffering.

It was really such an easy task. By the time it was his turn, with the masturbatrix stroking away in the adjacent cubical, Jamie agreed to return my kindness. His balls. I told

him I wanted his balls and thereafter there would be no more clamps or wrist restraints. And he nodded with such touching enthusiasm.

And so I loosened the clamps, adjusted the neck and arm restraints and welcomed the masturbatrix.

“Full climax for Jamie tonight. He’s going to become one of us.”

And to watch a boy ejaculate, knowing that it’s his last, and knowing that it’s his last because of my mandate, brings a very heady sensation of power. Complete dominion over the male, the soon to be altered male. The masturbatrix instantly had him standing. And I asked her to extend the pleasure...my one last offer of kindness for Jamie as an intact male. The stern matron smiled, kept Jamie’s erect penis bent downward and had him writhing...this time in pure ecstasy, unending ecstasy if she chose to linger. The woman was incredibly talented.

“Let me know when you want him finished,” she casually suggested as she stroked and stroked. And when I finally nodded, she moderated the angle of Jamie’s erect penis and he exploded...for the final time.

It was not much. At that age little real sperm is in the semen. But it was a wonderfully ignominious end to a brief life as a virile male, helplessly restrained, masturbated at my whim, climaxing under my authority.

That very evening I decided that it would be the right testicle first. After the masturbatrix completed her task, I worked the little egg back down into the bottom of the tiny sac and simply tied it off using a thin strand of wire, cutting off the circulation. For the next two days there was such psychological trauma with Jamie realizing he was slowly being altered. The gonad finally died and then I tied off the other. By then Jamie had changed his mind, begging to be left intact.

“A deal is a deal, Jamie. You had your moment of pleasure,” I reminded him. And then I tied off the left, not

fully tightening. I wanted Jamie to be slowly castrated...to maximize the number of days of declining maleness. I wanted him thinking of the superior female and the 'dainty' hand that was so easily robbing him of any opportunity for normality...that the power nature imbues can so readily be modified...that strength is so sadly evanescent. I wanted him to wallow in his ebbing virility while I took mental control.

Jamie was forlorn at first, moping about the basement clinic, many times at the end of my leash, as I smilingly walked him about while he was painlessly being castrated. Sometimes I wonder if the male is better off experiencing some overwhelmingly traumatic episode when undergoing alteration...one final agonizing moment. I read where the Romans castrated by crashing the testicles between two bricks. Simple, fast, cost efficient...and producing such a memorable and definitively painful event. One moment a feared male, esteemed by the female for his virility...the next a wimpish neutered beast, but useful to the fairer sex in such deviant but conveniently alternative ways.

But as the testosterone levels dissipated, Jamie began to respond with increasing joy. As the shock faded, his grief was put aside and I teased his subservient nature by explaining how much better he could serve me without the burden of administering to his own pleasure. As promised there were no more clamps. But as a precaution, his neck and wrist restraints were worn at moderate settings until the final procedure.

Days later, with the left testicle deprived of circulation, I assisted the doctor in removing the withered organs. Under local anesthesia, simple novocaine, we opened up Jamie's little sac. He watched as I performed the ceremonial snipping and the tiny eggs were plopped into a waiting jar.

'My new maid,' I thought to myself. I was giddy with anticipation.

Liz interrupted her story. The soup had been consumed and Jamie had to retrieve the next course.

Chapter Twelve

Jamie cleared the soup bowls and returned to the kitchen.

"I think we can have you better dressed for dinner, Sam. Solitary wrist cuffs may be a tad informal," she noted, smiling with her humorous understatement.

Liz arose and stepped to the living room. The doors on the armoire creaked open, there was momentary rattling, another creak, an affirmative closing click.

"A little something for your posture, Sam. You're slumping a bit."

With her pronouncement, she approached and stood to my side. Very close to my side. I remembered that evening weeks before in my apartment where I so much enjoyed her proximity. She smelled wonderfully fresh then as she did last week and on this visit as well. I turned my head and tried to nestle my face into the soft leather of her thigh, planning to push my nose and lips to her pubes. She laughed and entwined the fingers of her left hand into my hair, first jostling and then working into the strands for a grip. In her right hand were various strips and lengths of leather. Attaining her grip, she pulled my head away and back, forcing my face to the ceiling.

"I see you're enjoying my story."

Little Sam, blocked from her view by the table top during the partaking of bisque, was semi erect, his arousal just beginning to dissipate from Jamie's strangely stimulating presence.

"Hold still, now."

A wide and thick leather strap was pushed against my Adam's apple and held in place. The left hand slid from the top of my head to the back of my neck and I heard more rattling. The right hand joined the left and the leather tightened.

"A nice wide neck collar for you."

Then I felt her working about my wrists, remaining connected together behind my back. She pulled upwards. Her fingers worked and then my wrists rose to a somewhat uncomfortable position. I grunted with a final tug. She smiled and I heard more clicks. A strap connected my wrists to the back of the neck collar. With an impressive thrust of force, Liz had my wrists secured well up between my shoulder blades.

My posture was indeed transposed, though I could not say for the better. There was discomfort unless I forced back my shoulders and held my head unusually high.

I heard Jamie exit the kitchen with a tray of food as Liz circled my ankles with cuffs that felt like those matching my wrists. Because of the restraints I could not turn my head to adequately determine what he carried. It smelled delicious.

As my eyes struggled to follow the naked male ingenue, distracting diamonds sparkling at the ears, nipples and jewel encrusted golden balls, Liz pulled together my ankles. A strap evidently had connected the two and when she pulled my feet involuntarily slid across the carpet and met. Then there was again the sound of rattling as a buckle was threaded and the strap secured.

“There, that’s more appropriate for a fine dinner.”

Liz sat and Jamie patiently stood at attention. A thick slice of prime rib of beef, roasted to pink perfection, fell onto one plate and then the other as an incredibly sharp knife made Liz’s carving effortless. The cuts made me think about Jamie’s little sac being opened years before...with his coerced consent...as a gesture of goodwill in acknowledging the simple kindness of having a Dominant woman loosen a painful clamp and in return for one last ejaculatory spree.

“I timed Jamie’s alteration perfectly, wouldn’t you agree. Sam? He’s so wonderfully undeveloped, in the physical sense. Very little body hair to have depilated. No bulging muscles. Without the hormone flow his physique has wallowed in time, forever projecting the innocence of youth.

“To finish the Stockholm story...more training followed the procedure and within a week, after I obtained for Jamie citizenship papers and a passport from my home country, we started off for Brown. Interesting to think that technically Jamie became and remains a citizen of a country to which he’s never been. But it keeps things very simple for me. I can have him deported at any time. And you can imagine to what employ Jamie would be put back home, a neutered blond infidel in an autocratic Islamic country. Hmm. I wondered what role he would serve...”

Liz laughed and cut into her beef. Jamie cut into mine. I was again to be fed like a child. Only now, with ankles so precipitously close together and chin forced high, keeping my balance was a challenge.

“Help Sam, now Jamie. You know how much I like tight bondage, I wouldn’t want to have to loosen something because he can’t balance himself.”

This spurred Jamie to stand inordinately close, ensuring that I did not topple, by leaning his nakedness against mine and reaching to the plate for each morsel. His skin was so perfectly smooth and soft...and so warm. Little Sam seemed conversely happy with his presence but disappointed in being left to merely stand in tribute.

We ate in silence.

During the meal, Liz drank a very expensive Bordeaux and I was offered an occasional sip of water. Dessert was an apple pie with a topping of crumbled cinnamon seeming to be dripping with butter. It smelled very enticing but I was not offered a slice. Instead, Liz’s delicate fingers pinched some topping that had spilled to the table, rolled it into a small ball and tossed it into the air as she had with the bread.

Fortunately she was very accurate, for I merely opened and caught it with my tongue without having to move, which I could not. Moments later, as Jamie cleared the table, a larger gathering of the buttery cinnamon was pinched

from the uneaten remainder of her slice and likewise tossed. I was prepared in watching her fingers and more fully understanding her intentions. I snapped it from the air like a trained dog. It was delicious.

“Good boy! Let’s take Sam into your examination room, Jamie. After last week’s visit I am sure he’s expecting more than just dinner.”

Liz used her smooth sultry voice in hinting at the prandial activities in the ‘examination’ room. Jamie cleared the dishes and momentarily returned to the kitchen.

Liz stooped, removed the strap connecting my ankle cuffs and left Jamie and me alone. When Jamie returned from a final trip to the kitchen, smiling like a little girl, his manicured hand wrapped about my scrotum just as Liz’s had in walking me from the living room. But his grasp was tenderer, more reverential, and seemingly more inquisitive. When I thought about it later, I realized that he was touching something which he had long ago sacrificed to Liz’s whim.

Jamie had me stand and walk to follow him, hand remaining in place. Little Sam appreciated the view of his jouncing buttocks as he pranced on toes, balls clicking.

His grip around my testicles moved about. His effeminate fingers, nails polished in blue, communicated envy...yet also transmitted a curious message.

‘You may still have yours, but look who’s controlling them.’

Chapter Thirteen

It was late Wednesday when the messenger plopped a thick envelope on my desk. When I noticed that the return address was Liz's Fifth Avenue penthouse, I knew to close the door to my office. Investment bankers are known to engage in very confidential and secretive undertakings and this action would not draw attention. What would draw attention would be any hint of the past weekend frolicking at Liz's apartment. Since I was not sure what was enclosed in the padded manila, caution seemed to dictate it be opened in seclusion.

A quivering hand slit the top with my souvenir opener. I drew out a note from Liz, along with a videotape.

'Jamie would like to see you on Saturday. Plan to stay for the duration until Monday morning. No need to pack anything. Call for details after you've enjoyed the tape.'

Liz signed the note in her precise Middle Eastern hand. Her signature was not fancy... the three letters plainly written to communicate purpose, not style or fashion or frivolous intent. And the purpose was for the reader to understand precisely who wrote the note.

I pressed the intercom and commanded of my administrative assistant complete isolation. Liz probably did not realize that I had a television and VCR in my office. At times, breaking news and events were key to the business and deals were occasionally presented by way of videotape. Thus I am sure, in delivering the tape to my office, she intended for me to quake in anticipation until I arrived home to view it. And if that was her intent, she was partially successful. My hand trembled as I slipped the cassette into the machine.

My television lit up with a close up of a very familiar figure. Me. Kneeling, naked, amazingly erect and trussed like a turkey. I immediately recognized the venue. It was Jamie's 'examination' room where Friday evening's escapade had ended.

Brightly lit, floor tiled in white with matching walls, stainless steel table, metal stools and cabinets, the windowless room was oddly large for the bathroom of a New York apartment. I am sure it was converted from one of the original bedrooms of which Liz had a half dozen.

I never noticed the camera, obviously hidden behind the huge mirror covering the wall opposite me. And the tape must have been edited from a very long recording of the evening's events since the figure facing me on the screen had a shaven pubic region and a long rubber tube hanging from between his inner thighs. The shaving came before the inflatable anal plug, tube attached, was inserted into my rectum.

The look on my face was both comical and pitiable. I had spent the past four days trying to forget the strange happenings and here I was graphically being reminded... and in my office! There was no sound and I leaned to turn up the volume. Within a second the voice of Liz boomed and I had to quickly turn the sound down.

"Hello, Sam. Just our way of cajoling you to make the Saturday evening appointment. I have another tape, somewhat longer, in an envelope addressed to your building... 35th floor. Perhaps you can pick it up and deliver it yourself. If not, I can mail it on Monday.

"And Sam, when you arrive, you'll find there's a small closet in the foyer to your right as you exit the elevator. Your clothing is best left there on Saturday. You won't be needing any."

The short tape went blank and I quickly hit the reject button and threw it into my brief case.

The 35th floor housed the executive offices of MacDonald, Bear & Co., prestigious Wall Street investment banking firm and my esteemed employer. Liz's ominous words left me in even greater shock than viewing my shaved, plugged and tumescent nakedness, suggesting that a similar tape, but

probably even more sordid, would be, in my absence on Saturday, delivered to those controlling my livelihood.

It was blackmail, nothing more, nothing less, and so smoothly executed.

I put my feet up on the desk trying to relax and think. The motion caused my underwear to rustle against my shaved pubes and the feeling caused Friday evening's finale to rush through my memory despite every attempt to vanquish the recollection.

"Castrated males require special attention and medical care, Sam. Little Jamie spends much time here. I have a special nurse come in every week and having a well equipped and antiseptic room seemed most appropriate. Thus the apparent austerity."

Liz spoke as Jamie, hand firmly wrapped about my scrotum, directed me to kneel on a rubber pad. Liz handed him a metal bar and he clipped it to my ankle cuffs to force apart my feet and thus my knees and thighs. Liz sat on a stool to my side. At the time I had not a clue that her chosen place of observation deliberately was out of camera view.

Jamie worked at a sink and moved to a cabinet and back. My eyes followed the girlish naked form about the room, still gawking at the peculiar beauty as I had done the previous Saturday. That which I could not see directly my eyes captured in the opposing mirror. On this visit there was little alcohol to blame for my infatuation. I had not finished either of the two margaritas offered. There was no wine. No, this time it was dead sober admiration of a androgynous body frozen in time by the cruel hand of a Dominant woman...by a slowly tightened strip of thin wire...followed by two quick incisions and some heartless snips, I kept thinking.

Forever young... I reminded myself.

Then the child., blond tresses, manicured nails, rouged nipples and scrotal sac, bejeweled and pierced erogenous zones, smooth and finely shaped buttocks, turned to me

holding a basin in one hand and a frightening straight edge razor in the other.

I pictured my own testicles falling prey and shouted 'No!' My voice cracked with the emotion and the protest was emitted so pusillanimously that Liz laughed.

"Jamie just wants to see more of you, Sam. You're just to be shaved."

And I was... with Little Sam standing for the entire procedure and Liz sitting and watching as the hermaphrodite had his way. I was forced to kneel in my bonds while shorn of pubic hair.

Liz spoke affectionately of Jamie as attentive little hands dutifully worked my flesh.

"When our flight arrived in New York, we stayed in a hotel and shopped for a few days before boarding a train to Providence. Jamie relished being permitted clothing, to a certain extent. As his hormone level slowly adjusted, his preferences gravitated to fine silks and satins, very brief under garments, and jewelry. He earned every diamond, Sam, through a very lucrative system of rewards for services rendered. Jamie is not just known for his fellatio, as I am sure you've gathered. The first item acquired was that delicious knob piercing his tongue. I tried many different shapes and sizes before finding one that titillated to my liking.

"And where better to have a castrate properly pierced and cared for than Greenwich Village. Off beat, discreet, every proclivity respected and catered, professionals who rarely question relationships. Jamie requires estrogen... or rather I insist that he have it. Notice the perky nipples, the soft sinewy muscles, the atrophying penis. If not for the specially crafted Prince's Wand it would slowly disappear. That wouldn't do of course, since I want him constantly reminded of his alteration. But that's what one can accomplish in New York. A city of great opportunity."

Liz laughed with her observation as Jamie lifted my scrotum, angled the razor perfectly, and drew the blade for one final pass. My privates had been denuded and a warm and wet towel felt strangely good in enhancing the feeling of nudity there.

It was then that the inflatable anal plug appeared from a cabinet with the long tube attached. It ended with a puffolator bulb. I had seen one before on a device for gauging blood pressure. Jamie donned latex gloves and moved to my rear. Tiny fingers lubricated my rectum. The deflated plug felt huge and I cried out as he slipped it past my tight unused rear portal. Liz chuckled.

“You’ll be opened there over time. I enjoy toying with the male gland...so nicely tucked away...but so readily accessed by the knowing.”

To my chagrin, Jamie handed the puffolator to Liz, sitting regally perched on a stool while I humbly knelt, newly shaved and plugged.

I thought about her comments about control. I thought about my tastes in women: authority, panache. In her black leather, insouciantly watching a naked Jamie prance about under her tutelage, toying with my nakedness, there certainly was a control element.

And then she gave the puffolator the most modest of squeezes, causing to inflate what Jamie had so fastidiously inserted into my sphincter. The sensation was something I had never before experienced... peculiar discomfort... yet indescribable pleasure.

A distinctly male gland was being manipulated, by a beautiful woman, casually sitting some five feet away, controlling a visceral region of my body with nothing more than a gentle squeeze of her soft, warm hand. And as firm as Little Sam was, he comically jumped to attention, much to Liz’s amusement.

She laughed. It was an irritating laugh. I squirmed, fighting my bonds in anger. Then Jamie joined in the

merriment, fascinated by Little Sam's reaction.

"Jamie's little penis used to do that. You've made him quite envious."

My day dream of Friday evening ended with an annoying phone call... pesky business which I concluded with dispatch.

Then I anxiously called Liz, visualizing a second padded manila envelope addressed to the 35th floor and awaiting postage.

Though having had some good years at MacDonald Bear, one's impact is judged by recent results. Wall Street epitomizes the 'what have you done for me lately?' paradigm. And based on limited generation of recent fees, I could not afford to have scandal juxtaposed against the answer to such a question. Liz was threatening my livelihood. The Wall Street community is small and gossipy. A finding of moral turpitude was well defined as a termination for cause in my contract and such an event would end a career. And I had no doubt that Liz would carry out the threat. Her financial independence made her impervious to retaliation.

"Good of you to call, Sam. I have a surprise here for you. You'll arrive promptly at 7:00 p.m. And remain chaste in the meantime. I know when bad little boys play with themselves."

Aside from being sarcastic, Liz was firm and abrupt. She had all the cards. She knew it and she knew how to deal them.

"Yes, Ma'am," I meekly replied just before I heard the click.

I needed a margarita, chilled and well salted. I left for the elevator wondering what the unabridged videotape revealed and skeptically trying to determine what could possibly be more of a surprise than what she had sent to my office.

Chapter Fourteen

Saturday evening, as I waited for a cab, Little Sam announced his eagerness in returning to Liz's apartment. As instructed, I had remained chaste and the bed sheets tantalizing my hairless pubic region caused unfamiliar sensations resulting in nocturnal erections. And each time I awoke with 'a diamond cutter', as the male vernacular suggested, my thoughts returned to the examination room.

So as I stood outside my apartment, the memory returned as Little Sam pressed the front of my slacks, like a leashed dog straining against his master's collar.

"He'll react better with the neck collar supported, Jamie."

Liz spoke so calmly as my prostate was introduced to her controlling hand. She squeezed the bulb again, enlarging the inflatable anal plug, smiled, and then turned a little valve to let the plug slowly deflate. A very clever introduction to her control, I realized.

Meanwhile her observation caused Jamie to skip on toes to the cabinet where two cords were retrieved. The manicured hands knotted one to a heavy ring on the right side of my neck collar, and the other to the left. Then I received a close up view of Jamie's bejeweled pubes and forcibly firmed penis as he drew up a stool in front of me and stood on it.

"We'll want Mr. Sam to be nice and taut, Jamie. The collar is well designed."

I felt tension on my neck as Jamie secured the two cords to something above. Then the tension eased as he dismounted the stool and handed a different thicker cord to Liz. Jamie had evidently attached the cords to a pulley hanging from the ceiling. A curious addition to the 'examination' room I remembered thinking. But my eyes could not leave the hairless, formerly male region where the two golden balls dangled from a puff of pink flesh that resembled labia more than that which once sheltered the mighty reproductive organs of a man.

My distraction was noted when Liz pulled on the single heavier cord and tension slowly returned. The pulley was obviously geared to allow Liz to effortlessly pull with one hand and raise my neck cords a very small amount. A second long but simple pull of her arm caused my head to rise. My posture was forced to change with my back perfectly straight in order to relieve the tension from my neck. I was slowly being hung and yet there was little discomfort. The collar was indeed well designed.

I began to lift my knees, attempting to find the floor with my feet. Jamie noticed and approached, stopping my effort by stepping on the spreader bar.

“Calm yourself, Sam. Relax. Enjoy the sensations. Your penis will find much delight, I can assure you.”

With Liz’s admonishment came a squeeze of the puffolator and the return of the oddly pleasurable pressure on my prostate gland. With my spine effectively in traction, I found Liz to be correct. Little Sam felt as hard as I could ever recall.

“Can you waggle for me Sam? Like a good boy.”

Increased tension on the neck collar and clever pressing of her thumb on the squeeze bulb indicated that her request was in earnest. And yes, Little Sam did indeed waggle for her. Liz found that very entertaining.

“Jamie’s so jealous,” she giggled.

And then began the segment of Liz’s entertainment which, thinking about it being on videotape, made me cower, and picturing such a tape in an envelope addressed to the 35th floor, made me blanch in fear.

Jamie’s apparent envy caused him to join me. With me kneeling, the little minx’s pierced nipples were at about the level of my forehead so as he stood he pressed his upturned, locked penis into my abdomen. I felt his golden balls brush my skin and heard Liz laughing.

“He gets terribly affectionate in viewing the arousal of others. He likes to join in the pleasure but can’t. I took that away.

“Here, Jamie.”

The vixen obediently moved to Liz where she put aside the puffolator and retrieved the small key from a wrist bracelet. The tiny padlock holding Jamie’s small penis in the upright position was removed, freeing the emaciated appendage, after which he returned and began rubbing against me with renewed enthusiasm.

I was being used to entertain Liz and also to stimulate Jamie...the neutered Jamie...the pretty Jamie with no testicles and the puffy nipples, and the beautiful girlish buttocks.

And then a most frightening thing happened. My macho revulsion left me. I craned my head forward as best I could as Jamie continued his strange lap dance, pressing his tiny penis against me, grinding his buttocks and causing the cute globes to clench and flex in the mirror before me. Little Sam was permitted to occasionally rub against the smooth hairless legs as Jamie moved about. I extended my tongue and Jamie stopped so I could lick the puffy nipples which so resembled those of a pubescent girl. First was the right and then a smiling Jamie gracefully turned his torso to allow access to the left.

“It’s the estrogen, Sam. It places the castrated male into a curious stage of development, resembling puberty. Thus his need for my control and direction.”

As I licked and sucked in a frenzy, I felt Liz working the squeeze bulb and Little Sam reacted like a puppet on strings. Then Liz pulled and the neck collar tightened. I had to withdraw my tongue lest my own teeth sever a fleshy bud with the tension on my jaw.

Liz put down the puffolator and tied off the heavy cord, leaving me half hanging. She arose, stepped to my rear and

did something to secure the spreader bar, thus prohibiting me from drawing my knees up to a squatting position.

“Come, Jamie.”

A disappointed Jamie stepped away like a well trained puppy, which I guess he was. And then they left me there...anal plug forcefully pressing my prostate...tension on my neck producing the most pleasant traction on my spinal cord...ankles attached to spreader bar... wrists cuffed high and secured behind my back.

They left the door open behind me. The mirror revealed some movement in the room across the hall. Within minutes the walls reverberated with moans of ecstasy and bursting words of encouragement. When Liz received pleasure her voice lowered and became soothingly commanding. And so as I helplessly hung, knees just barely touching the rubber mat below, I listened as Jamie arduously serviced Liz with his tongue, bringing climax...again...and again...and again.

She was insatiable and very demanding, graphically instructing Jamie as to where his tongue and lips should caress, knead and suck.

The cab finally arrived, interrupting the mental replay but permitting a thought to occur.

There was obviously a camera behind that mirror. And obviously it was connected to a recorder. Could it also have been hooked to a television monitor in the bedroom where Liz was so fervently serviced by the orally truckling Jamie?

As I directed the driver to Liz’s apartment the thought could not leave my mind...my exposed, shaven and enormously erect phallus served as a catalyst to a lengthy session of cunnilingus. With the inflated plug and the tension on the neck collar, Little Sam posed in full tumescence, serving as visual stimulus for the entire oral dalliance.

How devious *and* deviant! I felt even more used.

I was the condemned thief in the Palace Square, well bound, erect and waiting to be flogged.

Liz enjoyed control. On that night she certainly had it and reveled in it. Judging from the throaty sounds emanating from the room across the hall, she experienced a half dozen powerful orgasms.

Chapter Fifteen

The cab ride was short. Liz's doorman was expecting me and nodded to proceed without announcing me.

As instructed, when the elevator arrived at Liz's floor, I paused for the doors to close behind me and quickly doffed all clothing. The small closet was where Liz suggested and was empty except for two umbrellas and a broom. I hung my pants and shirt and stuffed my socks and underwear into my shoes for easy locating later.

Naked, I rang the doorbell with haste, lest the elevator return with another guest or to deliver quite a surprise to a visitor pressing the wrong button.

Within several disconcerting moments the apartment door swung open and there stood a very shy Jamie, fully clothed. On this occasion there was no question as to the gender portrayed.

Tonight, Jamie was a little girl!

'She' just looked at me and then smiled so bashfully that I felt like a pervert flashing myself to a child. And of course Little Sam reacted as expected, slowing rising as Jamie stared at my shaven pubes area. My hairless testicles, hanging at a level well below what Jamie could ever perceive, drew 'her' full attention, and whereas on prior meetings 'she' appeared envious, as Liz had suggested, tonight 'she' seemed frightened.

The blond hair was perfect as always. It was the make up that was different. Someone had taken great time to pretty the hermaphrodite. Mascara, eye shadow, lip gloss, plucked eyebrows, false eye lashes. Traces of rouge highlighted his cheeks.

Jamie's blouse was silk, the devilish red of weeks prior was discarded for a charming and innocent white. Small bulges suggested that his tiny breasts with the puffy nipples had been stuffed into some type of training bra, plumping the limited mounds of flesh to emulate a pubescent girl.

Then my eyes scanned what was the most significant difference. Jamie wore a skirt. No pretense about gender obscurity this time. The garment was very pretty, and a blue which matched his eyes and nail polish...and short. And I must emphasize short, the hem not even reaching halfway down the wondrously smooth and shapely thighs.

Jamie finally curtsied, and I followed his downward gaze.

Brief but high heeled footwear revealed a fine pedicure and matching blue toe nails. Thin straps of leather held the platforms in place by alluringly encircling and crisscrossing his calves to just below the knee. Somehow, though precariously perched on four inch heels, Jamie was able to move about. The awkward angle of his feet strained the leg muscles and enticingly presented his smooth calves in a way that defied his otherwise adolescent charm. Jamie was a study in contrast: from the waist up... schoolgirl; from the waist down... a schoolgirl doing her best to appear like an expensive hooker.

Finally, Jamie raised his chin and spoke. "Good evening Mr. Sam," the high pitched voice slurred, his tongue piercing continuing to impede speech. "Miss Elizabeth wants you in the examination room."

Jamie stepped aside and I entered without further delay. Though hesitant about returning to the scene of debauchery, I also remained concerned about an elevator mishap.

I immediately headed for the examination room, listening to the taps of Jamie's heels trying to keep up. I paused at the entrance to the hallway leading to the collection of bedrooms. I deliberately let Jamie go ahead. In the male world, watching is better than being watched, and my curiosity needed to see more of the blonde beauty.

Just viewing the small but well formed buttocks strain the thin satin skirt was stimulating and the sight helped ease my mind.

Though I had tried to prepare mentally for the return to Liz's apartment, thinking about the videotape and the command to appear occupied much of my spare time over the past three days. Gym workouts helped, but Liz's ominous promise of a surprise kept lingering. The arrival of the tape in my place of business was surprise enough.

Entering the examination room, I noticed things that had gone unseen the prior week. I glanced to the ceiling and spotted the pulley used to tension my neck collar. Then realized that the lighting was most elaborate and resembled that seen in an operating room, designed to eliminate all shadows. In one corner behind the door was a toilet. Not unusual except for the size of the room in which it sat. Another corner had a shower fixture overhead and a drain beneath.

Then I spotted the wrist and ankle cuffs awaiting me. Evilily comfortable, the fur lining designed for long term wear. As Jamie strolled to retrieve the collection of leather, short tiny balancing steps making his buttocks jounce, Friday night's filmed ordeal flashed into my memory again.

"Miss Elizabeth, she like bondage," the ingenue sententiously explained, holding up a wrist cuff and presumptively expecting my compliance.

I complied; of course, I complied. And in spurring the recollection of Friday by returning to the examination room, I realized I had no choice.

Tiny hands with shining nail polish worked to encircle my right wrist. And that was the final trigger. The same hands had worked me on Friday, and if such was recorded on tape, whoever possessed the resulting images owned my soul.

After listening to the sounds of ecstatic feminine pleasure, Liz and Jamie returned to where I helplessly hung, wrists and ankles secured, neck collar tensioned by cords emanating from an overhead pulley. Liz resumed her seat and retrieved the puffolator. She had a radiant smile, obviously basking in the afterglow of abundant sex, and

squeezed to reintroduce my prostate gland to her controlling fingers.

Jamie positioned himself at my side, looking down at Little Sam with giddy admiration. Yes, my penis still stood and was oozing pre-ejaculatory fluid. I could smell Liz's musky fragrance, a combination of the rare perfume and feminine essence, drawn by his arduous tongue and lips from her love nest. And it was not until I saw the tape that I realized that where Jamie stood, the manner in which he positioned himself, completely revealed my front... my standing erection, my shaved pubes and low hanging testicles... to the hidden camera.

Jamie was in on the conspiracy.

"You've been very patient with us, Sam," Miss Elizabeth smoothly announced. "And it's been a long evening."

I had no idea of the time, but the passionate interlude which left me half hanging had indeed gone on for nearly an hour.

"And Jamie has something for you. He's very compassionate, as you well know."

And with that, it began.

Jamie half turned his nakedness and thrust his penis into my side. He leaned slightly and grasped Little Sam with a lubricated hand. He began licking my ear. It felt good. I enjoyed the fragrance of Liz's sex, though receiving it second hand. But I was revolted. During the long session of oral service, my machismo had returned, notwithstanding my ardent sucking and licking of Jamie's nipples.

But despite my repugnance, Little Sam defied me. He sent inordinate pleasure signals to my cortex. Jamie was not only skilled at fellatio. He had a talented touch.

But then the fun and games began in earnest. The tiny manicured hand pushed downward, angling Little Sam toward the floor. And then he stroked. And then Liz pulled on the pulley. And then Liz squeezed the puffolator. All this continued in a deliberate rhythm. The wet tongue licking my

ear, the talented hand stroking, the pulley slowly increasing the tension on my spine, Liz's controlling hand pressuring my prostate, all sent signals to Little Sam that his immediate cooperation in giving up sperm was more than warranted. Except that Jamie, thrusting his flaccid penis into my side, would not moderate the angle of my erection.

I moaned with the inability to culminate with an explosive climax. And I lurched and wriggled with abandon. Liz laughed and released some air only to within moments squeeze the bulb and refill the plug. And a smiling Jamie worked on, truly deriving pleasure from observing mine.

And this, dear reader, was on tape. No sight of Liz; just me getting the most amazing hand job from the blond ingenue, and there could be no doubt as to his true gender. Jamie angled himself to plainly present his tiny flaccid and impaled penis to the camera. I could only imagine what his diamond encrusted golden balls looked like on video.

I think my mind entered a state of nirvana. I do not recall how long I entertained my hostess and so lasciviously displayed myself before the camera.

Finally, deep in my subconscious, I remember Liz giving the command, "Bring him off, Jamie."

Simultaneous to relinquishing the angle of my erection, Liz tugged the cord with firmness and filled the inflatable anal plug to its maximum. I exploded and thought I would be dehydrated from the fluids which forcefully departed and arched to the tile floor. There were at least four separate discernible squirts of semen before mere dribble announced that my organs were drained.

The cords attached to the pulley went slack. Someone unhooked my wrist cuffs and I slumped to the floor.

I had fainted. And when I came too, I spotted my clothes on the stainless steel table and there was no one to be found.

I removed the cuffs and dressed. In departing, I could hear the sounds of lovemaking and girlish giggling

emanating from the bedroom across the hall. The knob would not yield to my hand. The door was locked and I took that as a hint that a gracious thank you and farewell was not expected.

I went home, the high level of emotion forcing me to think about my new friends: the authoritative and dashing Liz, the coy and pretty Jamie.

‘At least I was not flogged,’ I recalled thinking, comforting myself.

Chapter Sixteen

“So, you grace us with your presence again.”

Liz could be sarcastic at times. This was one of them, having been commanded to her apartment under the threat of blackmail, my presence could not be considered one of grace.

I once again knelt in the examination room finding that the blonde ingenue Jamie had quite the skill for applying bondage. My wrists were again drawn behind my back and uncomfortably hitched to the broad neck collar. Cuffs also encircled my ankles but were not yet secured to anything. And all forced upon me by a lurid videotape.

Jamie shaved my groin area, this time quickly removing the stubble which had accumulated over the past week. But on this occasion he also took the time to briskly slide the straight edge over my legs. He giggled as he childishly compared our hairless thighs...his so effeminately curved... mine still evidencing the athleticism of youth which twice weekly visits to the gym scarcely maintained. But the lack of hair was eerie in the mirrored reflection, and Liz caught me peeking when she stepped to the doorway.

Jamie returned with her, having exited to answer the door. The sound of the ring put me in a state of consternation. But I calmed my concerns, convincing myself that Liz's examination room would certainly be off limits to visitors.

My eyes followed the pretty blue diminutive skirt to a cabinet and the dreaded anal plug made another appearance. Liz spoke as Jamie moved to my rear and dainty, gloved fingers again lubricated my sphincter.

“I trust you're not overly shy, Sam. I'm hoping that the past visits have eroded any bashfulness.”

The inflatable anal plug wormed its way past my rectum. Before I could answer, Liz placed a hood over my head and then reached under Little Sam to use my scrotum as a leash, which she was wont to do.

“I am having a little dinner party. And you’re a special guest.”

Blinded, I was pulled to standing and my directional judgment told me that she led me into the capacious living room. The tube connected to the anal plug dragged along behind me on the floor along with the puffolator, producing some very bizarre sensations within my anal opening. Then there were voices. My skin turned anserine and in my extreme humiliation, Little Sam decided to draw everyone’s attention. I heard feminine laughter as he slowly stood while Liz continued her directing tugs.

“This is Sam, everyone,” Liz’s voice called out with mirth.

Numerous mocking female voices collectively chorused a ‘Hello, Sam’. I remained silent as Liz let go and I felt fingers about my neck collar.

“He’s been well tested and will put on a good stand,” Liz announced as I felt familiar tension on the collar. Whatever was attached to the sturdy rings...cords, ropes, chains...forced me to my toes. Then I felt a spreader bar being hooked to my ankle cuffs and the anal plug began to expand with the sound of hissing air. And of course Little Sam saluted in earnest.

I was happy to be hooded. I pictured little Jamie scurrying about with a serving tray looking perversely child-like. The thought of him dressed so wonderfully effeminate and acting as maid to a room full of women seemed to harden Little Sam.

Then there was laughter, clinking glasses, the occasional exploring touch of a feminine hand on my penis and testicles. It was as if I was an ice carving at a fashionable bridal shower. But I had to endure comparative comments about my size, shaven pubes, the handsome circumcision which initially attracted Liz, whatever women will say when gaining the opportunity to view the male organs with impunity.

And one voice...middle aged, confident, occasionally interrupting itself with a throaty laugh..., was frighteningly familiar. But I could not place the source...and in a way I did not wish to learn its origin. The owner of that voice took particular perverse pleasure in squeezing the puffolator and closely watching Little Sam's reaction.

After an hour or so, I did not regret the call to dinner, leaving me standing well bound and naked as the guests sauntered into the dining room. I believe I remained erect and could feel prostatic fluid streaming down my shaft to my scrotum. Gratefully, after a time, little Jamie came and soothed my wounded psyche, opened the valve to deflate the anal plug, then proclaimed the need to serve dessert and again left me alone.

But then it was time to end the assemblage of voyeuristic termagants. And I was hoping that my 'surprise' would wind to an end. It didn't.

"Gather around, ladies, and we'll view the ultimate in male lust. Despite this brute's masculine virility, he'll put his homophobia aside and respond to the well trained touch of another male...and he'll so much enjoy it. Watch the hypocrisy as Jamie makes him erupt like a volcano. And I assure you, despite all else you hear and see, in the end he'll ejaculate like a randy boy."

I recognized Jamie's grip. Firm yet soft, bending Little Sam down at that impossible angle. I knew that despite my homophobia, my ingrained aversion to the male touch, as Miss Elizabeth so emphatically stated, I would soon be begging to be brought to climax, by another male, with the group of Dominant woman watching. I was the entertainment once again. And Little Sam was to disappoint no one.

After many agonizing, pleasurable, ecstatic yet humiliating minutes, while Jamie stroked and twisted, I begged for release. I knew that Liz once again gave the nod as the inflatable plug expanded, the chains tightened, and

my penis was finally righted to permit the expected explosion of sperm.

There was a mocking cheer as I erupted. This time I missed frottaging against Jamie's fine nakedness, his smooth warmness. But the presence of so many viewers added an element to the sordid scene that seemed to spur Little Sam to new limits. I am sure I flooded the floor with my ejaculate.

Then, even more to my chagrin, Liz announced my surprise. "This one will be as much under my control as Jamie," Liz proclaimed. And immediately after Jamie's tender hands cleansed Little Sam and my scrotal sac with a pleasantly warm and moist wash cloth, something was being placed around the root of my penis and balls.

"Just developed. An ineluctable cock cage. Locked in place with your hostess having the only key."

Something tightened around my scrotum and Little Sam. Then I heard a click and the spreader bar was removed and the neck collar released.

Remaining hooded, I listened as the group bade goodbye and the gathering dispersed.

"Good boy, Sam," Liz offered as her hand once again turned my genitals into a leash. This time she tugged on what was locked around my scrotum. And I was led away. For the first time, I was permitted to be in Liz's boudoir.

Chapter Seventeen

That Saturday night was one of the most frustrating of my life. I remained hooded with wrists and ankles cuffed, and worse my legs were bent back and the ankle cuffs drawn up behind me and hooked to the strap which held my wrists to my neck collar. I was hog tied.

I knew it to be Liz's bedroom because of the mixture of fragrant perfumes and lotions and the sounds of undressing and drawers being opened and closed.

I lay on my side on a shaggy throw rug. It reminded me of something placed in the corner for the family mutt. I could hear Jamie and Liz hugging and kissing and then Jamie tended to me.

When he knelt, I knew his clothing had been removed as he freely brushed his nakedness against mine. It was quite evident when he held a basin or some type of vessel for me to urinate. Whatever surrounded my penis and scrotum could be shifted enough to ensure a degree of neatness in the task, though I felt and heard my stream impeded by something. Relieving myself under the circumstances was a chore but after the long evening on display I did have to go.

Then I felt the toes of Liz's bare foot playfully rubbing my buttocks, needless action to obtain my attention.

"We'll talk tomorrow about your new role. The envelope with the videotape is addressed, tucked away and ready to be mailed at any time so I expect your behavior to be exemplary. But we will need to define what that behavior will be."

And then what little light permeated the hood disappeared and I heard the rustling of bed sheets, the girlish giggling of Jamie and the soft sultry commands of Liz. My hostess and her sexual toy, judged to be completely naked, slept together in the carnal sense of the word.

I listened to Liz being orally serviced throughout the night. She was insatiable, apparently waking Jamie several times to resume the endless pleasure. And there were no

feminine shrieks with Liz's numerous climaxes. Her ecstasy was celebrated just as she otherwise comported herself... calmly, authoritatively, and with panache.

And Little Sam, locked away, could not even tumefy in his cage much less join in the orgasmic revelries. What surrounded my groin placed me in agony whenever he engorged.

On Sunday morning, Liz arose and moved to the shower room. She apparently dragged Jamie along, for the bedroom was completely still but for the sounds of ablutions from the adjoining bathroom.

After a time, a moist and steamy Jamie returned and kindly released each cuff long enough for me to stretch one limb at a time. Then he dutifully returned me to the strict bondage. The hood was raised far enough to have food spooned into my mouth, graciously offered by the tiny manicured hand of the blond maid. He remained naked, judging from the occasional feel of his warmth against mine. And I reluctantly had to admit it felt good to sense something with the hours and hours of dark isolation.

Then Liz exited the bathroom, ignoring me. She left, taking Jamie with her, presumably at first to have breakfast, but the extended passage of time suggested otherwise.

I spent Sunday blindfolded and hogtied on the floor. After many hours, urges became pressing and I finally had to soil the rug. When I tried to roll out of my own excretions, for the first time I realized that a leash or cord was also hooked to the hogtie configuration, very much limiting my range for even rolling about. Thus, I spent much of the day lying in my own fluids.

Chapter Eighteen

“Jamie and I did some shopping and then took in a movie,” my hostess explained.

I had been returned to the examination room where my bonds were removed after which I inexplicably hugged and kissed Jamie in gratitude. Standing under the open shower in the corner, Jamie soaped me as Liz watched. I was instructed to keep my hands on my head as the femininely petite hands cleansed. Jamie was wearing a tight, brief topless bathing suit and standing on a small stool. Liz was dressed appropriately for the Sunday afternoon of recreation.

“Whenever he’s been to the beauty parlor, he likes to go out, though a night’s sleep strains his coiffure.”

Jamie looked as pretty as ever to me. But obviously there were different standards to be met. And what really strained his coiffure was the clenching thighs of his Mistress, I thought to myself, but remained silent. There is something about having a chastity device locked about the genitals that makes a male very deferential to the woman holding the key. And after some small talk, such became the main topic of discussion.

The darkened windows of the living room suggested that I had lied in Liz’s bedroom, bound and in blindfolded isolation, all day. I was very happy to be released but could not help being concerned about the sturdy contraption encircling my genitals.

Comprised entirely of clear plastic, a sizable ring, hinged at the bottom of its circumference, had been closed over both the base of my penis and scrotum. Attached to this was a cage-like cylinder which encapsulated my penis. Numerous openings allowed for the passing of excretions, as I had learned in lying on the rug. But my fingers, naughty fingers as Liz described, could not fit through the openings to touch. And of course the cage was padlocked to the ring

and the ring could not be slid off due to the protrusion of my balls.

The result was that Little Sam was cleverly locked away. And tumescence was painfully impossible, as I found when awakening to the sounds of Liz being serviced and experiencing her fifth or sixth orgasm of the night.

Little Sam wanted to join in the merriment and found it agonizingly impossible to even salute.

“You’ll find the CB-2000 to be physically comfortable Sam, but mentally wearing. Over time you’ll become used to it and the fact that Jamie has the only key. It’s not a long walk from your office and you can stop in for cleansing and adjustment from time to time. But you’ll have to arrange that with Jamie.”

I learned much from Liz’s brief comment. A ‘CB-2000’, the device was termed. But that thought passed quickly as the notion of Jamie holding the key brought sudden consternation.

“And don’t try to cut it off, Sam. Think about the videotape. You know what is on it and if you’d like to view it sometime when can arrange that. It was recorded in high definition, if you have not seen that yet. The quality leaves very little doubt that it is in fact you cavorting naked with Jamie.

“So remember that it’s very easy to drop it in the building mail chute the first time you fail to respond to my summons or arrive here with a tampered CB-2000.”

I tried to calm myself, though my thoughts ran wild. “To what end, Liz? Why? You have money, beauty, probably as much influence as you’d like to purchase.”

“That’s ‘Miss Elizabeth’, Sam. Henceforth I’ll require more respect. And to answer, it’s about control. You should know that. Plus Jamie needs companionship. And in case you have not realized it, you have not offered much resistance in traversing this path. It started because you were curious about Jamie and a little girl viewing some floggings. Well,

we'll satiate that curiosity for you, Sam. But as I said weeks ago, there is a price to be paid."

The sensuous soapy hands of Jamie washed as we conversed. For Jamie it was like a child caring for a newly acquired pet, the way he smoothed his hands over me and adoringly washed every crevice. Little Sam began to stand. I grimaced and Liz smiled, knowing the cause.

"Effective little thing isn't it?

"Plan to spend weekends here, Sam. There may be some times when we must travel, but I think you'll find that you'll need release at least weekly. Other times you'll have to talk to Jamie.

"And don't fret, you'll be permitted to entertain from time to time. You were quite the hit last night. Abject humiliation seems to add a degree of lust to your appetite. It will be well fed."

Liz strolled out. Jamie patted me dry with a large fluffy towel as my hands remained atop my head. It felt good to be pampered after the many hours of bondage. It did not feel good to have Little Sam remaining caged.

Apparently having been deemed finished, Jamie pressed himself against me and kissed my cheek. There was no revulsion and the puffy nipples felt hot.

"Clothes in closet," he reminded me.

It had been so long that I had forgotten. He followed me to the front door and quickly closed it behind me as I stepped into the foyer naked. I hurriedly opened the small closet, found my clothes and dressed.

I decided to walk home. I had much to ponder.

Chapter Nineteen

Well, dear reader, despite the walk home, there was more to think about than my mind could assimilate in ten blocks.

I arose early Monday morning with Little Sam trying to escape his bonds. Plastic can so easily be cut, I thought to myself. But such action would end my employment at MacDonald Bear. And employment on Wall Street is not easy to find. And the videotape was so precariously close to being mailed, threatening to begin the process of termination by reason of moral turpitude, that I dared not snip away.

Stories I had heard of the old Wall Street came to mind. Twenty years ago, had the recording been of me frolicking with a young female, I would be the hero of the trading desk. My fellow bankers would frown, perhaps assigning me to the more liberal minded clients for a time, but for sure it would not be cause for termination.

Wrong era, wrong gender, I admonished myself with an all too casual mental shrug. Jamie's tiny penis for sure would be highlighted in any recording intended for blackmail.

My personal balance sheet sucked; a banker's euphemism for poverty. Untimely purchases of MacDonald Bear stock in good times, utilizing borrowed funds, left me with high debt service, low stock value, and limited cash flow with which to pay the loans in bad times. And worse, much of the borrowing was from MacDonald Bear. Thus I needed my job.

I did things personally that I would not advise a client to do, using presumptive current cash flow, which diminished, to wager that future cash flow would be better. Not a good hedge.

For two days, work drew my attention away from my predicament...for a while. But the CB-2000 did not allow me to use a urinal. And so with every bathroom visit I had to squat. Time consuming and thought provoking, it reminded

me on every trip that a rather dominant female and her altered major domo held the key to Little Sam's emancipation.

By Wednesday, my libido had built to the point that an early morning visit to the bathroom was needed to cool Little Sam and convince him that continued attempts to escape would be painful. And the skin about my scrotum where the large ring held the cock cage felt as if it was afire.

Thus, on late Wednesday morning, I called Liz's home... 'Miss Elizabeth', I cautiously reminded myself.

"Stop over after office hours, Sam. I'll be attending a matinee and having cocktails with friends. Dinner will be served late, so Jamie will have some time for you. You know where the closet is in the foyer. I will instruct Jamie to have the cuffs waiting there. It will be quicker if you put them on yourself."

"Thank you, Miss Elizabeth," I dutifully concluded.

And so the first of many interim visits was arranged. I arrived in the foyer, stripped, wrapped wrists and ankles in the firm fur lined strips of leather and rang the doorbell. The first midweek visit was typical of the many subsequent encounters.

A smiling Jamie opened the door, fully clothed and denying me the obligatory curtsy. For these informal occasions his selection of clothing, or Miss Elizabeth's selection for him, was simple and once again left the viewer questioning his true gender. Loose sweater, sweat pants, minimal make up but on the initial visit there was fading toe nail polish hinting at the weekend escapade.

Since Jamie had other duties, he would immediately clip my wrist cuffs together behind my back and we did not dally. He showed me right to the examination room.

There the CB-2000 was removed and those moments of kindness cannot be adequately described or forgotten. Jamie would slowly shave me, seeming to extend the range of the blade with every visit. More and more of my leg hair,

back, and chest was shaven. He spared me the humiliation of denuding my arms, realizing that hair there, or the lack thereof, can be quite noticeable for men.

But in later visits he humorously applied the blade down to my wrist cuffs. No short sleeve shirts for me.

He showered me, and in my extreme chastity, with my libido in a state of frenzy, his soft soothing hands felt so comforting. Then I was toweled with a large fluffy towel warmed to perfect temperature.

It felt so good and Little Sam responded with noteworthy tumescence. Standing from the minute Jamie unlocked the pad lock and the cage was slipped away. During later visits my penis oozed prostatic fluid like a leaky faucet.

The blond ingenue giggled in watching it rise. The fact that it was somewhat under his control seemed to ease his envy, particularly knowing that at the end of the visit, Jamie the lion tamer would somehow bring Little Sam to flaccidity and return the beast to its cage. Ice did the trick.

Other than stuffing Little Sam back into the CB-2000, Jamie never touched my penis. That apparently was off limits. But he knew that in the early weeks the entrapping ring inflamed my scrotum, and just alleviating the irritation was worth the time spent for the entire visit. As I sat on a stool, knees parted, the nimble tongue of a kneeling Jamie would lick my scrotal flesh, and lick, and lick. Then his knowing fingers massaged my sac and my testicles, gently, thoroughly, making Little Sam waggle as if to say 'me next'. Those were the times when I would lean forward and place an affectionate kiss on the forehead of my gracious benefactor. My homophobia concerning Jamie's one time gender dissipated with each visit.

'Angel's are asexual,' I convinced myself. Such wonderful soothing hands. And his desire to knead and caress the gonads he no longer had was insatiable. Only conflicts in his schedule terminated my visits, most times having to prepare dinner for Miss Elizabeth.

Weekends were boring but punctuated with stupefyingly humiliating moments.

Arriving on Friday evenings immediately after work, the beginning routine was the same as the interim visits. Doff the clothing, don the cuffs, shave, shower. Only Jamie was in full make up and after my ablutions would change into very pretty clothes.

Miss Elizabeth seemed to enjoy rudimentary sensory deprivation, keeping me hooded most times and sometimes even plugging my ears. And Little Sam was ignored, physically. Visually I am sure he provided quite the amusement, standing instantly when freed of the CB-2000 and remaining stiff until the quiet isolation permitted my mind to wander and my libido to calm.

But to be freed was wonderful. And on those occasions when Jamie unlocked me in Miss Elizabeth's presence. Groveling, I thanked her, hoping for possibly more than freedom.

But that was all...for week after week.

There were some changes and events which offset the hours and hours of boredom. One was the acquisition of a suspension harness. With pulleys available in both the examination room and the living room, Miss Elizabeth decided that a longer term and safer method for putting me on display would be advantageous over tensioning my neck collar. Thus, after testing the device in the examination room, I many times found myself encased in a webbing of strong nylon straps, all attached to a large steel ring which could readily be hooked to a pulley. Therefore when Miss Elizabeth had one of her notorious dinner parties, I dangled higher with penis and balls at shoulder height, apparently presenting myself in a most satisfying position for her Dominant friends.

And the one woman, whose notable throaty laugh accompanied her examining touch, so added to my frustration, making me squirm with pleasure in diddling of

the underside of my *glans* penis, or lurch in shock as she laughingly dunked my testicles in the icy remnants of her drink.

Punishment for transgressions was simple. The CB-2000 was left locked in place while Jamie pranced about naked or nearly naked. On one horrid Saturday night, after Miss Elizabeth three times tossed crumbs of bread my way and having missed each opportunity to display obeisance with the offerings landing on the carpet, I found myself locked away for the duration. Whereas I discovered a level of self control at home and in the office, Little Sam finally learning that attempts to tumefy only resulted in pain, it was most difficult in Miss Elizabeth's apartment with the naked ingenue Jamie running about and my psyche knowing what wonderful appendages, tongue and fingers, could be put to such ecstatic use. He was an amazing temptress.

So lying bound and naked on the shaggy rug in the bedroom, Little Sam encapsulated, I listened as Jamie once again serviced Miss Elizabeth ... and serviced ... and serviced. And after her usual multitude of orgasms, she took the time, apparently on her way to the bathroom, to toy with me.

I was lying on my side and felt the warmth of her feet and ankles straddling me and smelled her muskiness, perfume mingling with the feminine aroma of her many spendings. She sat on me, and my heart jumped thinking about my naked goddess being so proximate. My thigh, well shaven by way of Jamie's alacritous hands, felt the heat of her loins as she used it as a low seat.

"Jamie so makes my juices flow, Sam."

I felt her hand slide under my hood. Her index finger found my lips and nose. It was wet and fragrant.

"Wouldn't you like to partake sometime?"

I extended my tongue and partook of her buttery essence. She withdrew and a moment later two fingers invaded the darkness of my hood. Amazingly wet, Jamie

indeed had her flowing. I licked the digits dry as Little Sam began to fight for his freedom. The pain grew as she extended a third offering.

“I mean really partaking, Sam. There’s a way to free that wanton penis of yours. And you’ll never have to worry about a package arriving at the 35th floor. Matter of fact, you’ll never have to worry about anything ever again ... except serving me.”

She lowered herself further and pressed her *mons* into my thigh. I struggled against my bonds trying to free a hand from its confinement. I so wanted to touch her. My authoritative, dashing goddess.

She flicked the CB-2000, noting I am sure, Little Sam’s brash attempt to escape, then arose. She laughed. It was her devilish laugh.

“There’s no escape Sam. I can wait. It’s not my libido that’s being controlled under lock and key.”

And she merely moved on to the bathroom, leaving me to my thoughts, and my frustration.

Chapter Twenty

"Come over at lunchtime, Sam. You won't be missed for an hour or two."

Miss Elizabeth could be quite commanding, and when she called I always scrambled to turn off the speaker phone. Her stentorian voice carried and though never engaging in licentious conversation over the phone line, the tone of her voice left no doubt as to who was in charge.

I obeyed of course, always cognizant of the fact that every visit provided an opportunity to be relieved of the CB-2000. It was a Tuesday. I had never before been summoned on a Tuesday and had never sought interim relief on that day of the week.

Chapter Thirty Eight

My cuffs awaited in the foyer closet. I stripped, strapped on the strips of leather and rang. Miss Elizabeth answered the door. A first.

Though surprised, I obediently pulled my hands behind my back and turned. She clipped the wrist cuffs together.

“Thought you’d enjoyed watching something. Tuesday, Jamie is visited by his nurse. And I want you to see the level of care I provide. I think it will help with your decision.”

Though it was not clear to me what decision was expected, I followed Miss Elizabeth to the hallway leading to the bedrooms and the examination room. I expected to be showered and shaved. Instead, the examination room door was closed and Miss Elizabeth led me into the bedroom directly across the hall.

Miss Elizabeth directed me to the bed and I sat. She turned on the ultra modern plasma screen television and as suspected, the monitor was connected to the hidden camera in the examination room. There in full color, in amazing detail, sat Jamie. He was joyfully naked and attended by a white-uniformed woman of some thirty years or more.

“Nurse Stenson,” Miss Elizabeth explained, “highly experienced and she specializes in altered males.”

Jamie sat motionless on one of the stools, his hands folded on top of his head. The handsome woman, whose short, dark hair was covered in an obligatory white cap, stood behind him, her fingers working to remove one of the diamond earrings. Either Jamie knew to face the camera or Nurse Stenson deliberately placed him in that position.

Jamie appeared so lifelike that it was stunning. I gulped, thinking of my tape waiting to be mailed to the 35th floor in turn for the slightest transgression. Unlike my office, the executive conference room of MacDonald Bear was

equipped with high definition television. The lurid videotape would be most impressive.

Miss Elizabeth reached and turned up the sound.

"I think you'll be favorably influenced. I am sure you're aware of my affection for Jamie. But this will help assuage any remaining concerns."

Though still not fully cognizant of Miss Elizabeth's reference, I watched in amazed silence.

"I want my boys nice and naked, Jamie. Everything goes."

The nipple piercings were next, the nurse's deft fingers twisting off one of the diamonds on each gold bar and then sliding the three inch shards free of each nipple. Then Jamie knew to open his mouth and extend his tongue. Incredibly, the length of pink thrust out some four inches beyond his lips, bringing a lascivious laugh from the nurse as she twisted the huge knob from its post penetrating the tongue. Then Jamie widely parted his knees as Nurse Stenson leaned to remove his balls. She did not block the camera, seeming to be very much aware of its location.

Finally, a duplicate key freed the Prince's Wand.

"Hold still now," the nurse warned.

The left hand held the tiny penis shaft while the right unscrewed the post penetrating the frenulum. Then the expert fingers worked, those on the left skinning back, those on the right gently pulling the metal tube. Jamie grimaced. The nurse cooed words of comfort as she would with a young child.

"Just a little more."

The shaft finally was free and I fully understood the anguish. Though I knew that the inserted end had a bulbous tip, it was the first time I had seen it. It was sizable and the urethra must have had to expand greatly to allow for its removal. Such pain. Miss Elizabeth noticed my reaction.

"Jamie bears such for me ... and his prostatic health."

The jewelry was piled into a small plastic container. Jamie was truly naked. Only his gold waist chain remained, welded permanently in place.

"I'll want a sample."

Another plastic container came into view. The nurse gently held Jamie's penis in her left hand and the container in the right. Jamie straightened his back, parted his knees further and performed on cue.

"Good boy."

Next the nurse retrieved a measuring device. A smiling Jamie again extended his tongue and the nurse cruelly seized it and pulled without mercy. She measured its length and let it slip back between the pretty lips.

Then she began plumping the girlish nipples ... pushing ... pulling ... pinching ... twisting ... all actions seeming to loosen the flesh which she then pulled viciously and measured the distance it could be drawn from his breast plate.

The flaccid penis was measured and Jamie flushed when the nurse called out 'two and one half inches'.

"The estrogen is working nicely, Jamie. So tiny, you've almost got a clitoris," the nurse laughed seeming so genuinely proud of her patient.

"Well, we're going to increase your hormones. Won't that be nice? I think your breasts will grow better."

Jamie beamed with the nurse's announcement.

"Now let's get that nasty male gland massaged and then we'll get cleaned up and start the flow. "Stand and spread for me and straddle my legs. Face the wall."

Nurse Stenson sat on the stool as Jamie obeyed. He spread as the nurse's hands grasped his hips and guided him back over her thighs. He faced the wall as did Nurse Stenson.

"Relax now. Nurse Stenson is going to find your little prostate."

She spoke firmly but as if to a child. The index finger of the left hand dabbed into a small jar of ointment. Jamie smiled as it began to worm its way into his rectum from the rear. The right hand reached over his leg and massaged the empty scrotal sac.

“Why, Jamie, what happened here? Something’s missing!”

The nurse feigned surprise in toying with the boy’s emptiness, obviously adding a psychological layer of therapy to her physical efforts.

“Miss Elizabeth,” Jamie clearly enunciated in his girlish voice, his tongue free to express.

Jamie both winced and smiled as the expert single finger worked its way into his rectum to find the neglected gland. Meanwhile the right hand rubbed and the cooing voice continued in its pleasant but taunting manner.

“Now, what would Miss Elizabeth do with a boy’s balls, Jamie?” she asked in a mocking tone.

“She has them in a drawer.”

I looked to Miss Elizabeth at that point. The look of firmness on her face told me it was true. Little Jamie’s marauded testicles were in fact in her possession, symbolizing her Dominance, and I am sure serving as fascinating tchotchkes among her Dominant friends.

Hands and fingers worked as the condescending talk continued...mocking ... taunting ... reminding Jamie of his altered status and in particular the woman who served as catalyst for his neutered state.

“Oh, Jamie, you’re getting nice and hard for me. How nice. You like pleasing your nurse. Look in the mirror.”

Nurse Stenson shifted her feet to turn the stool with Jamie remaining on her lap. Facing more toward the mirror and the camera, I was shocked indeed to see that Jamie’s tiny penis was in fact somewhat engorged, even without the Prince’s Wand. It was comically small and Nurse Stenson was quick to point that out. For her to bring Jamie to

erection, she must indeed know the castrated male, I thought to myself.

“It gets tinier every week, Jamie. And look at the nasty fluid I’m pumping. There are remnants of your naughty days as an intact male.”

Yes, as Miss Elizabeth had pointed out weeks before, Jamie’s prostate kept producing and it seemed that one of Nurse Stenson’s roles was to ensure he was relieved of the gooey fluid build up.

Little Sam began to knock on his cage at that point. Watching Jamie receive the attention which I so much needed made him painfully press against the entrapping plastic. Miss Elizabeth smiled understanding the source of my discomfort.

“In time, Sam. How long has it been? Four weeks? Not sleeping well? The nocturnal erections will be become more frequent by the way, so as early as you awake now it will probably become worse. And I believe you may soon need absorbent padding in your underwear. You will begin to constantly secrete fluids and it’s possible that you will stain your suits.

“When you make a decision, that will end; I assure you. You’ll have your own appointments with Nurse Stenson and be free to frolic with Jamie as much as you like, when not in service”

Miss Elizabeth paused from her lecture and studied the television screen. The tiny penis, centered in the picture, stood untouched with Nurse Stenson working the prostate gland from within the anal passage with her left hand and from without by stimulating the perineum and empty scrotum with her right.

“Would you like to come for Nurse Stenson?” the cooing voice asked of the squirming Jamie.

“That’s my cue, Sam. I’ll return in a moment.”

Miss Elizabeth left me alone. With wrists bound and Little Sam locked away, I was unlikely to cause mischief. I

continued watching and observed my Hostess enter the examination room where Jamie struggled to receive the frustratingly pleasurable caresses of Nurse Stenson.

The scene became perversely decadent...Jamie stripped of everything except his gold waist chain, sitting erect, or as erect as he could become, on the lap of a fully clothed nurse with a fully clothed Miss Elizabeth now observing. She used the same condescending tone of voice in expressing mocked surprise in viewing Jamie's tumescence.

"Why, Jamie, so big and hard for Nurse Stenson?"

It was the smallest erection I had seen since I was a boy. But the women doted over it, making farcically exaggerated comments about its puissance. Miss Elizabeth began toying with Jamie's nipples ... so puffy and pink ... so obviously tender. Then her free hand diddled the tip of Jamie's erection.

"Think you can ejaculate for me, Jamie? Get rid of all that foul fluid. Hmmm.?"

Well, of course, he could not. And the women massaged, toyed and verbally humiliated Jamie while he meekly sat and oozed what Nurse Stenson's knowing finger's pumped from within.

Finally, Jamie began bucking his hips in frustration, mimicking the motion of copulating. And the women laughed, knowing that it was for naught, that long ago, a simple strand of thin wire so callously twisted about his testicles slowly robbed Jamie of any possibility of ejaculating sperm. And yet, like a neutered puppy, his girlish body still emulated the motion required for fornication.

The bucking continued with Miss Elizabeth and Nurse Stenson closely watching in fascination. Then the nurse noted that the stream of goo had ceased and announced 'clean up time'. Miss Elizabeth affectionately patted Jamie on the head.

"Maybe next time, Jamie. Though your penis is getting smaller and smaller."

Miss Elizabeth laughed with her comment and withdrew toward the door. A forlorn Jamie remained bucking even as Nurse Stenson removed her hands and pushed Jamie off her lap.

As the door to the bedroom opened for Miss Elizabeth's return, Jamie was placed under the shower.

"The castrate needs to constantly be reminded of his status, I'm afraid. And the session is not entirely cruel. I am told that in his overwhelming desire and psychological need to climax he experiences a degree of pleasure. But I am also told it is akin to the sensation of being about to sneeze but not being able to do so. Is it pleasure, or unrequited tantalization?"

"Anyway, as he learns time and again that his genitals have been permanently altered, that he can no longer sexually function as a male, he more readily accepts his status, that of owned and groveling servant, and his special treatment.

"Not all bad, Sam, what else would Jamie do in life?"

We watched in silence as Nurse Stenson bathed Jamie, caring for him like a child, scrubbing everywhere as she soaped him in the shower area. After a good cleansing she had him lie tummy down on the stainless steel table, and Jamie's ordeal began in earnest. She had him obscenely spread, knees draped over the table edge with calves dangling. Jamie's cute buttocks faced the camera and the nurse forced him to reveal his tiny rosebud opening with the withered sac below.

Then she stepped away and poured syrup into onto a large spoon. Jamie looked on in trepidation.

"Nice and clean, inside and out."

"Ipecac syrup," Miss Elizabeth informed.

"Important in breaking any remaining mental fortitude, plus it helps with the absorption of the hormones."

Jamie reluctantly took the emetic. Then Nurse Stenson hooked up stanchions and tubes that began to appear from

various cabinets.

"I prefer a complete systemic infusion for inducing the hormones. It's no more effective than a hypodermic injection, but the transmission is deliciously demeaning,"

Jamie's little rectum, still lubricated from Nurse Stenson's prostate massage, was introduced to an enema nozzle. Then the nurse catheterized the tiny penis just as the ipecac syrup began to wreak its havoc.

Jamie vomited, the emetic wrenching the complete contents from his stomach. Then the enema began and Nurse Stenson opened a valve to empty Jamie's bladder as well.

I watched in amazement as the Nurse took complete control of every aperture. Three enemas making Jamie's bowels run clear, a second smaller dose of ipecac until she was satisfied his stomach was empty and, of course, the bladder was drained.

Then the nurse worked diligently to rearrange the tubing. She forced a gastric tub into Jamie's throat, which with his controllable gag reflex was swallowed with notable ease. She connected the three invading tubes to large bags of solution.

"Mostly water and saline, but laced with estrogen and progesterone. Nurse Stenson will slowly fill Jamie's system, his bladder, colon and stomach, for hours. A rather helpless sensation would you not agree? Lying naked and having a Dominant woman force fluids into your body. It's not more effective than an injection, as stated. But the process is so important, feeling in every cavity the slow infusion of chemicals which will transform ... weaken the male muscles ... atrophy the phallus ... and you've seen Jamie's enhanced breasts ... rather cute wouldn't you agree?"

Stupefied by the thorough execution of Miss Elizabeth's control, I just nodded. Jamie was nothing more than a receptacle for whatever Miss Elizabeth wished to infuse. And to think that the liquids slowly transformed...

Little Sam renewed his efforts to engorge. I did not understand his reaction, though watching the lithe and totally naked body squirm as Nurse Stenson's hands soothed and rubbed the girlish buttocks was engrossing.

"You can join Jamie, Sam. Say the word and the CB-2000 will be removed forever. And there will be one last kindness in exchange for your sacrifice. Then you will serve, most devotedly. And the alternative is to otherwise work, sleep rather uncomfortably and report here at my whim. That's all that's left."

It was then that I was summarily dismissed. Miss Elizabeth knew that I had to return to the office for an appointment and explained that the slow infusion of hormones into Jamie's bladder, colon and stomach took hours, with Nurse Stenson amusing herself in painfully filling Jamie's cavities to the maximum.

But the walk to the office, again too short to properly ruminate upon both that which I had seen and Miss Elizabeth's ominous offer, gave pause for enlightenment.

When Miss Elizabeth used the term 'kindness' the lecture on the Stockholm Syndrome churned to the surface of my brain.

What were the necessary elements?

The lurid videotape was a threat to my survival.

I could not escape the entrapping CB-2000.

Jamie performed such wonderful kindnesses in releasing, shaving and massaging my scrotum.

I had no perception of how to escape Miss Elizabeth's demands.

And as a result, in feeling Little Sam's reaction to being with Miss Elizabeth and gazing at Jamie's fine nakedness, it was evident that I had developed unwarranted devotion and affection for my 'captors'.

Trudging through the lobby of MacDonald Bear, focus was lost while acknowledging colleagues and staff.

But I began to understand the operative question. Was my devotion such that I would be willing to sacrifice, as did Jamie years before in that Swedish orphanage?

If only I had not borrowed so much to purchase the MacDonald Bear stock. In arriving at my office, a glance at stock quotations suggested that MacDonald Bear was down another 2 points.

I sat in despair, realizing that a sizable portion of my next paycheck would be needed for forthcoming margin calls.

Then heartening thoughts and images soothed my depression. Miss Elizabeth's confident and controlling persona, Jamie's fine, girlish nakedness, and the subtle offer began to intrigue. In giving up control I would also give up such frustration, the mental torment, the financial turmoil. I was so very aware of Miss Elizabeth's resources. It was my business to know. Her wealth was unfathomable...

Chapter Twenty One

With the hormonal buildup as a result of being kept forcibly chaste, events seemed to cause my life to become more of a roller coaster ride. Good things became fantastic. Bad things became tragic.

I received a notice that my apartment building had been purchased. Though I had rent control, my contract was up for renewal and the notice specified that the new owners were converting to condominiums. For a mere \$900,000 I could buy my abode. If not, I had six months to move out.

I had not the money for the purchase. Even the cost of moving would be a strain. More turmoil.

Then, the following week, I received a call from the secretary of Ms. Grace Hobson, director of personnel. I was summoned to her office.

Normally the middle-aged harridan only dealt with administrative staff. Ranking investment bankers interacted with the executive committee on matters of personnel. I was to find out that had changed.

As the elevator took me to the 35th floor, the very number, lit up above elevator the door, brought consternation. Visions of that videotape, neatly sealed, addressed and ready for mailing, haunted me. As stated, the abundant hormones seemed to cause wide mood swings.

To console myself, to place me in the proper frame of mind for meeting with Ms. Hobson, I forced myself to think about how Jamie's soft fingers and fine wet tongue would sooth my scrotum and neglected testicles on my next visit to Miss Elizabeth's penthouse. My homophobia, at least when it came to recreating with Jamie and his fine body, had dissipated. And so as I entered the suite of offices for MacDonald, Bear's esteemed Director of Personnel, Little Sam was pressing against his cage with my thoughts.

Ms. Hobson's effeminate male secretary greeted me. That alone made a statement about the woman who ruled the secretaries and clerical staff with an iron hand. Grace Hobson was a no-nonsense administrator who made things work. And though disliked by many at my level, who technically outranked her, no one ever dared to trifle with her fiefdom. To do so could cause irritation perhaps even havoc at various levels within the firm. And then the ultimate powers would end that havoc ... and in so doing no one cared to prognosticate whose ox would be gored. Thus everyone let the overbearing, physically imposing woman do her job.

Ms. Hobson's office was larger than mine and more opulently decorated, a tribute to her influence and ability to inflight. I had never paid much attention to such matters, choosing instead to concentrate on the size of the upcoming bonus, which of late had been penurious. Success is as one measures it.

I was ushered in by the humble secretary. Grace Hobson demanded coffee of the truckling young male. She did not offer any to me.

She began without any courteous exchange. Abrupt, straight to the point, her demeanor suggested that she was busy with important matters. I always wondered about people who project such an aura, whether there was in fact importance or the facade was a mere subterfuge.

"No deals closed recently, Mr. Winthrop. Anything on the horizon?"

Her tone was haughty. Her question sarcastically intoned. These were inquiries, much more genteelly phrased, normally asked by the head of the Investment Banking Department.

Though I seethed, I ignored her provocation. "Things are slow. The immediate horizon is limited. But such is better discussed with Winston."

Normally invoking Winston's name, the very powerful head of Investment Banking, gained one a degree of shelter from interdepartmental jousting. Winston had his own fiefdom and my fellow investment bankers and I considered ourselves like cubs with our vaunted mother bear Winston protective of all.

"Winston resigned yesterday. It seems he accepted a rather lucrative offer from a Middle Eastern financial firm. I'm told he received a guaranteed retirement package that will eliminate the normal vagaries of Wall Street employment."

I was shocked, but I was indeed familiar with the vagaries of Wall Street.

"So, Mr. Winthrop. Anything on the horizon? I'm afraid I've been assigned the task of trying to pick up the pieces of his department. And I'm beginning to understand Winston's inclination to jump ship."

Well reader, the remainder of the conversation did not get any better. Grace Hobson's iron fist was gripping my throat, explaining how the firm's overhead was subsidizing my performance, or lack thereof, and quoting the substantial costs of rent, heat, light, telephone, and secretarial services with amazing precision.

"I think you need better supervision, Mr. Winthrop." The woman stood and thrust back massive shoulders, which effortlessly bore the burden of huge mammary glands. She strolled to a door, opened it and gestured.

"Your new office."

It was merely a cubicle ... no windows and with the only egress being Grace Hobson's capacious suite. And then, as she laughed at my shocked reaction in peering at the tiny new office of Samuel L. Winthrop, III, Ivy League MBA, something struck me. It was the throaty laugh, one which I heard at Miss Elizabeth's dinner parties. The laugh that was spurred by my suspended nakedness, my plugged rectum and a standing Little Sam. The laugh that accompanied the

exploring fingers and the determined squeezes of the inflatable plug.

I lost it. I went into a funk. Did she know it was I hanging hooded in such ignominy in Miss Elizabeth's penthouse? I was speechless.

Her persona would indeed fit the mold of a woman who would so much enjoy making a man squirm, as evidenced by the joy she took in showing me my new office.

"Be in early tomorrow, Mr. Winthrop. I take coffee at 8:30. Make it black with sugar. And we'll need to talk about those stock loans. Your next bonus, if you receive one at all, isn't going to cover the next principal payment. But I'm sure we can work something out."

Again the throaty laugh as I turned to stagger to the door.

But then my question, the one concerning her ability to identify the naked form so obsequiously hanging plugged and erect, was answered. As Grace Hobson's sizable frame moved to return to her desk, we brushed up against each other, ostensibly in one of those encounters where we both stepped in the same direction simultaneously. Our torsos met, but a quick hand goosed the hard plastic under my zipper, feeling for just an instant the cage entrapping Little Sam. And whereas most women would be dumbfounded in encountering such a quirky device, Ms. Hobson's brief copping feel brought an evil smile and more laughter, thereby closing the door on any doubts I had about her identity.

As I reached for the door handle, her laughter became irritatingly uproarious.

I needed a margarita...chilled and well salted. I fantasized scantily clad Jamie kindly serving me one while allowing Little Sam to bask in transitory freedom. And then came thoughts of his tongue and knowing hands...

Chapter Twenty Two

The ensuing week was mentally wearing. Ms. Hobson was given to constantly buzzing me in my tiny cubicle, seeming to beckon my attention to the most minute administrative matter.

At home I would arrive to find reminders concerning the building's change of ownership. Utility service was interrupted at the most inconvenient times. Elevators were slow. Repairs were not timely made.

Then there was dealing with Little Sam. Early morning applications of cold water were required with Miss Elizabeth's predicted nocturnal attempts at erection seeming to happen regularly just before dawn.

To escape the clutches of Ms. Hobson's iron fist, I needed to complete a deal. And of course nothing was getting done and the termagant, unlike Winston, constantly reminded me of my ineffectiveness.

Then the cat was completely let out of the bag when. After sending me for coffee, I leaned over to serve her, and her beefy hand, one that I had surreptitiously felt so many times while suspended in Miss Elizabeth's living room, grabbed the cage of the CB-2000.

"It's no wonder you've agreed to have this locked up, Sam. You have balls but they're not used for anything."

She twisted, bringing pain and a spontaneous groan. Then the throaty laugh followed her release. As she stirred her coffee she slid open the top drawer of her desk. There, lying in plain sight was a very familiar padded manila envelope bearing the return address of Miss Elizabeth.

"I'm becoming very fond of home movies, Sam. Care to view one some evening?"

I demurred and humbly retreated to the confines of my little office. I was stunned. I was closer to being unemployed than I had suspected. Ms. Grace Hobson was toying with me like a cat playing with a mouse just before the kill. Making

me go for coffee. Verbally taunting me with every opportunity.

She had the videotape. And I pictured the feigned surprise, disgust and shock when it was time for the coup de grace. She would 'regretfully' deliver the contents of the envelope to the executive committee, dutifully drawing their attention to documented evidence of moral turpitude. And how convenient that such an act would be committed by a borderline producer, someone about to be deemed expendable.

I quietly called Miss Elizabeth's apartment. I so much needed comfort. And besides it was Wednesday, which had over the past eight weeks become the day for a regular early evening shaving and scrotal massage.

Contemplating Miss Elizabeth's bizarre solution to my entrapment, the pressure to produce, Ms. Hobson's demands, losing my apartment, the hormonal buildup ... all added to the downward velocity of the emotional roller coaster I was riding. And the only way up was being with Jamie.

He had the only key.

"Miss Elizabeth is out, Mr. Sam," the halting young voice explained.

I took advantage, informing the blond ingenue that I was expected but would be arriving early. "I need the key and a margarita," I brazenly insisted. To hell with Ms. Hobson and her opinions concerning my balls, I thought to myself.

I hung up. Then for the first time in my career, I sneaked out..., past Ms. Hobson's nosey male secretary, into the hall, down the elevator. It was late afternoon, but Ms. Hobson had been adamant in procuring my assistance with mundane paperwork into the late hours. Tonight there would be no assistance. I needed Jamie.

The walk was short, but seemed to be endless. The doorman, having seen me twice or more per week for the past eight weeks sent me through. The elevator was not fast

enough but finally stopped. When the doors opened I had already removed my tie, unbuttoned my shirt and unbuckled my belt.

I did not wait for the elevator to return to the ground floor on this visit. I just stripped, threw my clothes into the closet and grabbed the cuffs. I rang the doorbell and was kneeling to strap on the ankle cuffs when my blond, angelic key holder opened the door. I looked into the pretty blue, smiling eyes. Jamie had spent the time to pretty himself after my call. At least I convinced myself that's what happened. There was mascara and definitely some lip gloss. And the smile. The 'come hither' smile of an expensive lady of the evening...on a little girl. At some five feet three inches, I almost looked Jamie directly in the face when kneeling. And 'she' was radiant. Attired in a white cashmere pullover sweater, a white cotton skirt so short that the crease of where 'her' thighs connected to 'her' hips flashed, and nothing else. Jamie wore no undergarments, the golden balls clicking noticeably. And the tiny feet were bare.

The hormones. Miss Elizabeth stated that she was increasing the level of hormones. Could such work that quickly? There seemed to be no masculinity remaining.

Jamie giggled ... as would a little girl making mischief when left home alone, as she watched me finish. When I stood, she helped with the wrist cuffs then clipped them together when I placed them in the obligatory position for entry to Miss Elizabeth's apartment.

I stepped in. Jamie closed the door and gratefully the tiny hands held up the key to the CB-2000. She smiled and the gratitude I felt as the lock sprung open and the cage was tugged away was indescribable. The warm softness of her fingers had Little Sam standing before the cuff ring, a two-inch-diameter circle of comfortable smooth plastic, could be removed. And then, I suppose in her state of envy, Jamie knelt right there at the door, extended her tongue and

lapped away at my scrotum, occasionally sucking in a testicle and swirling her studded tongue round and round.

"I need to be sucked," I sententiously proclaimed, as calmly as I could, not wishing to sound too beseeching.

"I shave you," was the terse reply.

Jamie stood and tenderly took my balls in her hands to lead me to the examination room. She was indeed a loyal servant. Contact with Little Sam was forbidden and she followed the rules.

I was lathered and shaved, the straight edge seemed to effortlessly glide with Jamie working her way around Little Sam, who celebrated his freedom by standing at attention as if at parade rest.

I thought about my circumstances. Blackmailed into over eight weeks of chastity, and not understanding the ransom to be paid, working for the termagant Ms. Hobson, in debt, limited foreseeable income, about to be homeless. Little Sam needed more.

And as Jamie towed away the shaving cream with a divinely hot moist towel, something snapped. I realized that I needed more than the key and a margarita. That roaming about Miss Elizabeth's apartment naked, wrists bound and penis standing was not going to assuage for the weeks of torment. I needed Jamie. I needed that tongue. I wanted to press that smooth warm and hairless flesh against mine... the sweetness...the innocence.

My right wrist twisted in frustration and I realized that in my haste I was not as attentive as usual in tightly securing the cuff. As Jamie dabbed with the towel and devilishly pursed his lips to blow on the underside of Little Sam, I was able to slide my hand about within the cuff. I smiled with the tantalizing sensation of Jamie's tease. But I also smiled because in moving my hand, I encountered the knob of the small spring loaded piston that held closed the 'D' clamp. It moved as the tip of my index finger pushed.

"A margarita, Jamie. Please may I have a margarita?"

“Already made, Mr. Sam.”

A subterfuge but I would eventually imbibe. And the request had Jamie prancing to the kitchen. He would return quickly but I did not need much time. The ‘D’ clamp yielded and with hands free to move, I took off the cuffs. For the first time in eight weeks both Little Sam and my hands were free. And whereas I needed the mental and physical release of wickedly stroking myself to glorious climax, I abstained.

The patter of Jamie’s little feet brought evil thoughts.

The little ingenue returned to the examination room, margarita perfectly presented, smile radiant, eyes glowing in femininity, but wearing that cocktease of a skirt. That would have to go. I wanted Jamie and I wanted her naked.

Chapter Twenty Three

The next day I called in sick, needing time to think. In leaving the CB-2000 behind I knew Liz would act quickly and that the tape would be mailed or if Ms. Hobson indeed had it, the executive committee would be viewing it even sooner. But I had escaped the Stockholm Syndrome. In that I reveled.

Friday, I had a long scheduled business meeting in Chicago. I did not bother checking in with my defacto new boss, Ms. Hobson. She knew the appointment was on my calendar. I just went, returning Friday evening well after business hours.

Upon returning, there was no message from Liz, which I thought odd. So I reveled again, this time in bachelor's freedom all weekend. With Little Sam having been more than satiated, I just watched sports. Drank beer with a few friends. Went to see the Giants try to play football on Sunday.

I knew Monday would be tough. Facing Ms. Hobson, if she was in on the conspiracy, would be challenging. My job would be gone. I knew it but figured I had a couple of weeks if not months of pay coming.

I was wrong.

The security personnel would not let me into the building. There was no explanation.

I returned to my apartment building to find a UPS box waiting, filled with personal stuff from my office. The doorman handed me a letter. I read it in the elevator. It was an eviction notice for non payment of rent with my latest rent check enclosed. It had been returned from my bank due to insufficient funds. A call to my local branch revealed that my latest paycheck, scheduled for automatic deposit on Thursday had not been wired to my account.

I had to admire the speed with which the no-nonsense Ms. Hobson worked. I did not admire the legality of her action. One cannot be terminated retroactively and I was

legally owed money. But on the other hand, lawyers require good funds and the legal process takes time. I had neither.

I moped about, consoling myself and mentally trying to justify for my brash action. I dispensed with having any margaritas, opting for straight tequila.

On Tuesday I awoke somewhat hungover to the sound of the house phone. The doorman announced the arrival of a letter by special messenger.

"It looks important," he laconically reported. With his years of experience, he readily distinguished important versus the likes of trifling love notes.

I dressed hurriedly and went to the lobby to retrieve it.

A very stern looking envelope with the embossed lettering of a law firm awaited. My first reaction was more bad tidings about my eviction. I was wrong. It was from the two-person law firm of Regal & McCabe and signed by Suzanne Regal, attorney-at-law.

I held it up to scan and a handwritten note within fell to the floor.

I read the formal letter first which indicated that Samuel L. Winthrop III and his attorney were invited to attend a 'settlement' conference with one aggrieved 'Ms. Jamie Lindsay' and her guardian 'Ms. Elizabeth Mouquod'.

Guardian?

I picked the note off the floor. Liz's signature caught my eye.

"Sam, I trust you can attend. For convenience we've arranged to use the MacDonald, Bear audio visual facilities."

Yes. I had recognized the address.

I could not afford an attorney and the letter seemed to suggest settling something of which I was not aware and for which I certainly had not been served.

But the need to meet was compelling. Liz was due an explanation if not an apology. And I needed financial help and some answers. Dare I begin mailing resumes if that videotape lurks?

The invitation was for the following day, Wednesday. I was accustomed to meeting Jamie on Wednesdays.

I could not refuse. I had nowhere to go and nothing to do other than to put together a curriculum vitae. And the tone of the letter was ominous.

Chapter Twenty Four

I did not sleep well. I dreamed of Liz. Authoritative, dashing Liz and her ingenue servant, the obsequious Jamie. How much I enjoyed being in their presence, being under control. The deep depravity of being displayed naked, bound, erect was so peculiarly stimulating.

But it was over. I had broken out of the Stockholm Syndrome. It seemed so simple, unclipping the physical bonds, finally having my way with Jamie and then moving onward.

But then I awoke with Little Sam preparing to cut diamonds. And whereas I would normally give the little guy some swift strokes, explode into a tissue and return to sleep, the ultimate urge was not there. It seemed boring.

The urge was for Jamie...and for Liz to be supervising while I once again took advantage of the effeminate body and the envy 'she' displayed for my engorged penis...one which 'she' had so vicariously pleased, and with such zeal.

Half sleeping, half daydreaming I dragged myself to the bathroom. In preparing for the 10:00 a.m. meeting I did a strange thing. I shaved my groin.

Had I truly escaped?

With plenty of time on my hands I walked to my former place of employment. Despite the desperation of my financial and living status, Jamie and Liz occupied my thoughts. I could think of little else, visualizing the perfectly rounded girlish buttocks, the tiny restrained penis, the puffed nipples, the pretty hair and blue eyes. And of course Liz is always in the fantasy, standing over my nakedness in full dress, confidently uttering, in her low smooth and sultry voice, supremely humiliating commands and requests.

Security escorted me to the 35th floor. There would be no diversions to bid farewell to colleagues or to network for future employment. I was taken directly to the executive conference room where in better times I enjoyed the respect

of MacDonald Bear's executive committee and earned the admiration of my fellow workers in receiving killer bonuses for negotiating, clenching, and completing huge merger deals.

And now I would humbly sit while an ambulance-chasing lawyer negotiated, clenched and completed some type of 'settlement'.

The room was empty at my arrival and I had a moment to marvel at its size, accouterments, and the electronic wizardry cleverly disguised by tasteful carpeting, lavish mahogany paneling and thick dark red curtains which eliminated all daylight.

I sat in the middle the long conference table. The security guard remained, positioning himself just outside the door. Within a minute, the raven-haired goddess of Fifth Avenue appeared, professionally attired in a black turtle neck and charcoal pants suit. With her was Jamie of course, strolling with Liz holding his left hand in her right. But it was not Jamie the servant; it was Jamie the little girl. In what I am sure was deliberate contrast to Liz's drab attire, Little Jamie wore a lightly colored dress of blue and white, white socks ending halfway up her calve, white cotton gloves, black pumps and a black purse, the size of which made it impractical for anything other than to falsely portray the bearer's chosen gender.

As I scanned the young beautiful creature, the projected image got worse, or better, depending on the viewer's proclivities. The blond hair, formerly in a pageboy, had grown enough over the weeks such that it was tortured into pigtails. Though comically short, pointing skyward rather than dangling toward the neck, the two opposing clumps of hair sent a definite message to the unaware: Jamie was a little girl.

The makeup was no longer expertly applied and alluring. No for this 'settlement' conference it was thick and somewhat sloppy, suggesting to the viewer that 'mommy

had let the little girl try to apply her own lipstick and rouge'. The results prompted a reaction of 'cuteness' from the unknowing admirer. In me the reaction was one of nausea.

"Liz, I'm sorry," I blurted as the duo sat opposite to me. But she just looked at me blankly and after a moment turned to help Jamie properly sit. His dress rumbled when he had taken the chair, hinting that it was not a garment worn with familiarity.

Before another word could be uttered, a very stern and dour woman of some 35 years entered. She was accompanied by and talking to Ms. Grace Hobson in a very friendly manner. Their discussion ended before coming into earshot and Ms. Hobson stared at me with the smugness of an overconfident athlete who had just hit the winning home run, caught the winning touchdown pass, sunk the winning putt.

I was shocked to see Ms. Hobson sit. I thought the conference was regarding personal matters, but the thought was lost when the dour woman began speaking. It was evident that she was the attorney, Suzanne Regal. Her manner was annoyingly brash and her speech well rehearsed.

"I am Suzanne Regal, Mr. Winthrop. I believe you know everyone else here. I have asked Grace Hobson to participate on behalf of MacDonald, Bear as it is possible some of your alleged actions may have affected the employer/employee relationship. It is not our intention at this time to seek restitution from MacDonald Bear, but circumstance may come to light that suggest a degree of the firm's involvement. There are numerous security licenses at stake here, and a blue chip reputation..."

And obviously it was not mine, I thought.

As the primly dressed woman spoke she began emptying a thick briefcase, piling folders and documents on the table. When a video tape appeared, I gulped.

“This is a very complicated matter which we would like to settle. There are alleged civil torts, possible administrative violations, alleged criminal activity. The downside for a losing defendant can be considerable in this matter, Mr. Winthrop. Failure to successfully defend in all three of those forums could be devastating for someone in the securities business. Just losing a large civil damage suit could force personal bankruptcy, and I don’t have to elaborate on the prospects of a person’s employability in the securities industry who has sought the protection of the bankruptcy courts.”

She paused. Yes, I was very much aware that there was an industry wide employment policy of abstaining from engaging the services of anyone who had declared personal bankruptcy within five years.

“So, let’s begin.”

A small tape recorder appeared.

“Hope you don’t mind, Mr. Winthrop.”

I nodded. I was not in a position to dictate any terms or conditions. And besides, I intended to merely listen.

She pressed a button and dictated the time, date and persons in attendance. Then the verbal onslaught began.

“Let’s begin with this folder, Mr. Winthrop. For now we’ll term it ‘exhibit A’. This copy is yours, to be read at your leisure.”

She slid a folder across the table. In opening it, a very formal legal document appeared.

“It’s the affidavit of Ms. Jamie Lindsey, minor, transcribed as required by law in the presence of her guardian Ms. Elizabeth Mouquoud.”

Minor! I sat up in shock. I had not intended to speak but could not remain silent.

“She’s a ‘he’ and not a minor,” I protested vehemently.

Suzanne Regal interrupted her obviously staged presentation. But the interruption itself seemed rehearsed.

“Why, Mr. Winthrop, we have no intention of attempting to disguise Jamie’s gender identification problem...something with which the poor dear has had to deal since a tragic accident caused physical injury and caused the masking of certain characteristics of masculinity. Such will be stipulated. But let me suggest that if it’s your intent to highlight the matter, drawing attention from your actions and the facts at hand, I think you will find that the courts will equate that to putting on trial the victim of a rape, which as you may have read has rightfully been restricted. Any allusions to Jamie’s accident and his resulting condition will be quashed. You would be well served to consult with your own counsel on that matter.”

“He was trimmed by his alleged guardian,” I blurted under my breath.

A calm hand slid two folders toward me.

“Just for your edification, Mr. Winthrop. I won’t consider these as exhibits since they’ll never come to light in a trial. It’s young Jamie’s birth certificate, certifying that he’s age 15. The other is the hospital report which will detail the circumstances mandating his alteration.

“And just look, Mr. Winthrop. What reasonable person would debate his age?” Suzanne gestured toward Jamie.

I did look. A smiling, pigtailed Jamie did not appear to be 15. He appeared to be 11 or 12.

I glanced at the documents. A birth certificate from Liz’s Middle Eastern country for a boy with blond hair and blue eyes. There was an odor to it. And the hospital report was geographically similarly derived. With Liz’s family running the country, one could probably obtain a document certifying he was born on the planet Mars and sustained injuries when his flying saucer crashed.

“But let’s get to the crux of the matter.” Ms. Regal held up the videotape. “I’ll term this exhibit B.”

“I’m afraid it will show that I was restrained during any sexual encounter. And despite the fact pattern that you’re

building here counselor, one is unlikely to commit sexual assault while restrained in cuffs.”

I spoke with brazen machismo. The tape was embarrassing, the ingenue Jamie standing to my side and stroking away at Little Sam. It was indeed a career ender. On that I had already consigned myself. But it was not criminal. Kneeling naked, in a very restrictive neck collar, half hanging from a pulley, it could not possibly be argued that I forced myself on Jamie.

“Really, Mr. Winthrop. Is that what your defense will be?”

Suzanne Regal, attorney at law, calmly strolled to a credenza. She plopped the videotape into a very expensive VCR, turned, smiled irritatingly and paused.

“Jamie, can you watch or will you be too upset?”

My ingenue friend put on a lugubrious face and leaned to hug Liz. What an act!

“She’ll be okay,” Liz answered on Jamie’s behalf.

A firm finger pressed the start button, The high tech room automatically darkened and a curtain parted to reveal the huge high definition screen installed at the cost of thousands. The conference room was transformed to a small theater with the simple press of the start button.

“I’ve taken the liberty of forwarding to the pertinent segment. Obviously the tape will be available in its entirety. You can take this copy when you leave, Mr. Winthrop.

“And, by the way, did you know that video cameras can be rigged to begin recording whenever motion is detected. Clever, the technology they now have.”

As expected the tape was from the hidden camera in Liz’s examination room. But what was unexpected was that the scene was not me being suspended from the neck and slowly masturbated. No, it was from last Wednesday’s visit, where in my building frustration I had slipped out of the wrist cuff while Jamie retrieved a margarita. The high definition caught every lurid detail and I was forced to silently watch in terror.

My mind replayed the events as they simultaneously unfolded on the huge plasma screen.

Chapter Twenty Five

Little Sam was free. Jamie looked so alluring and, at five foot three and some 120 pounds, deliciously vulnerable. I knew the little cocktease liked me, having at the door experienced the wonders of a trained and exceptionally supple tongue swathing over my scrotum.

Now it was my turn.

I stood with my hands clasped behind my back not alerting the bare footed blonde of my escape. She placed the margarita laden tray on a low cabinet, took the goblet in both hands and approached as if offering a humble sacrifice to an enraged pagan god. And Little Sam so nicely fit the role, standing in full tumescence, purple with virility.

Yes, Jamie, you should be approaching with reverence. It's as close to an erection as you will ever get, I thought so callously.

But as much envy as Jamie exuded, I too was envious. He serviced Elizabeth, nightly basking in her rich bronzed flesh, his tongue and lips feasting in her feminine essence. And now I stood about to pounce on that which so arduously ministered to the exquisite Liz.

Jamie held the margarita to my lips...chilled and well salted. I sipped and used the proximity of his body to thrust Little Sam into his abdomen. The softness of the cashmere sweater felt magnificent and I closed my eyes and sipped again.

I paused. I demurred but only for a moment. My homophobia had evaporated. I brought my arms around the narrow shoulders. Jamie looked up in surprise. But it was not a shocked surprise, it was an expression of pleasant surprise.

As the scene unfolded on the video, that recollection did not come to the screen. Jamie's head was turned from the camera. No viewer would ever know the alluring look of enjoyment in knowing that I had broken the rules and Jamie would be an unwitting beneficiary.

Her smile finally turned to soft words as my hands smoothed down her torso to the narrow girlish hips.

“You should not be free, Mr. Sam.”

Innocuous words, certainly not suggesting that Jamie was covertly complicit in any escape and subsequent dalliance. And unfortunately, the soft giggle, seeming to wheedle further action on my part, was not heard on the tape.

“No more drink, Jamie. Later.”

I released her hips. Jamie knew to return my margarita to the tray. When she returned I grasped the bottom of her white cashmere sweater and gruffly pulled it over her head in one tug. I laughed with noted perversity as the puffy pink and pierced nipples appeared. And as the screen showed me stooping to suck the left areola into my mouth and tenderly toy with the right, I envisioned the reaction of a jury to having what appeared to be a young girl forced to endure the powerfully compelling maneuvers of a virile and obviously aroused grown man.

“You’re nicely sized, Mr. Winthrop,” attorney Suzanne mockingly chimed in pressing the pause button.

The frame stopped with Little Sam standing centered on the huge screen.

“But let me explain some things I learned while a prosecutor. That phallus of yours won’t be so proudly displayed at the clinic where they test sex offenders. No, Mr. Winthrop, you’ll find yourself strapped to a chair with an inflatable penis cuff firmly wrapped around your manhood while a *charming* young and pretty psychiatric nurse flashes slides of graphic sexual interplay. And your response will be measured. Yes, your sexual profile will be sliced and diced and documented for all the world.

“And the bad news, Mr. Winthrop, will be that if you happen to endure the battery of tests and there is in fact a tinge of normality found, then you’ll still be sharing a cell with a guy named ‘Bubba’. And I’m sure he’ll have more

time to consider your defense than any jury. Bubba will love learning of your amorous escapades with children.

“Look across from you. The notion of ‘I thought she was over eighteen, your honor’ isn’t going to play.”

A finger hit the pause button again and the tape resumed. I did indeed look across the table. Liz sat expressionless. But little Jamie was playing into the role...pouting.

‘Mommy, must I watch the horrible man again,’ her saddened face communicated to the naive.

An act of course, but for whom?

And then I realized, it was not only a rehearsal, there was a message being sent.. ‘there is a perceived threat to survival and the belief that a captor will act on that threat’. A haunting element of the Stockholm Syndrome.

And the message was received. Jamie was prepared to take the act on the road, so to speak, and play her role before whomever required her testimony. And her portrayal of the role of brutally assaulted, innocent girl could only improve over time. Look how young she appeared with only three days of preparation!

And what was I to do, subpoena the withered testicles which Liz had so callously snipped and had tucked away in a drawer?

My eyes returned to the screen. I had no choice but to watch as my image leaned down and whisked the short skirt to the floor, exposing to the camera Jamie’s little girl buttocks. So fine, so smooth, so rounded. I was happy not to be wearing the inflatable penis cuff in the conference room. Little Sam, betraying me again, reacted to the scene in the exact opposite manner of what I needed. He began to engorge.

On that late Wednesday afternoon, depicted on the tape was just me and Jamie, no imposing Liz, no constraining chastity device, no wrist cuffs.

Yes, I, Samuel L. Winthrop, III, master investment banker, ivy league educated, masculine college athlete, made love to the altered ingenue. And before a camera, a video recording device cleverly equipped to begin filming with the slightest movement and capturing the most lascivious and licentious events in the examination room.

How many tapes did Liz have of Jamie being stripped, humiliated, and milked of his remaining impotent male essence, his system being deluged with female hormones?

And now she had the most precious recording of all.

Yes, dear reader, macho Samuel L. Winthrop sodomized the effeminate castrate Jamie before a camera. And as I was being forced to watch, Little Sam celebrated his triumph once again.

The screen showed that I fell to my knees and licked the little stub of Jamie's locked penis. My hands gripped his buttocks. My hot tongue forced a sigh from the pleased hermaphrodite. And then as I had diligently learned over the weeks, I knew to tenderly begin to stroke his sensitive empty scrotal sac and perineum.

Little Sam was raging. My hands reached for the ever present jar of lubricant. Jamie smiled as my fingers applied the slippery unguent to his rectum. But he still remained facing away from the camera. His reaction of pleasure went unrecorded. But I felt his little penis stiffen in my mouth.

Little Sam took over at that point, forcing me to pick up the lithe naked form, turn him facing the mirror and bend him over the stainless steel examination table, tummy down. Jamie voluntarily spread his legs and opened himself to me. The camera of course did not capture that. What it did capture was the feigned look of duress as the tip of Little Sam tenderly rubbed within the oiled cleft of the girlish cheeks.

Jamie's face, unseen by me, said 'No', but his inviting backside said otherwise. Little Sam plunged. Jamie was both tight yet receptive, and knowing Liz, the puckered anus was

deliberately kept tactile just for moments such as on Wednesday, when a virile male could pleasure himself with Jamie's tight but yielding rear aperture.

And pleasure myself I did. Jamie's sphincter yielded but seemed to tease. The camera could not distinguish the subtle welcoming contractions, placing Little Sam in nirvana, from what could be interpreted as attempts to resist.

There was no resistance. When Little Sam pressured the prostate I felt Jamie's muscles tremble in delight. Not only did his gluteal muscles have entrapped the object of his envy, but his little gland was being so nicely massaged and caressed.

Yet, for the camera, Jamie's facial expressions suggested otherwise. For the camera, Jamie communicated the pain of unwanted anal penetration. For the camera, his face had the look of horror, of disgust and fear...

Little Sam stroked away with impunity, greedily making up for eight weeks of chastity and frustration. I plumbed Jamie's amazingly welcoming backside with abandon. And I know he thrilled in every moment.

After many minutes, I grabbed Jamie's blond locks and pulled back, forcing the angle of my penetration to thrust directly against his prostate. Then I exploded and had Jamie been intact he too would have climaxed. Instead he looked, as Liz had suggested, in his partial state of ecstasy like someone who was about to sneeze but could not.

Jamie could not pull the trigger...and never would.

He could come back for more, yet I was spent, exploding as stated, deeply, forcefully unloading everything I had deep into Jamie's colon.

The finger hit the stop button of the VCR but my recollections kept going.

In my satiation, I retrieved my margarita and stood at Jamie's head, blocking the camera. My blond lover gratefully

licked Little Sam clean of all juices, and did so with a smile, as I leisurely finished my drink.

Jamie's look of gratitude was not on tape. He reacted like a frustrated teenaged girl, strangely appreciative that her state of virginity had finally passed. But the camera lens was blocked. There was no visual evidence of Jamie's gratification.

Knowing that I had broken the rules, that my career was over, that my hostess would soon return home and I had little explanation to offer other than suggesting I had encountered a moment of self destruction and could not fight the urges, I left.

On the way home, I was already mentally assembling my resume. I knew it was over. What I did not know was that in my surrender to temptation the recording capability of the examination room added the potential for criminal charges.

The voice of Suzanne Regal, attorney-at-law, brought me from the reverie of debauchery.

"I'm going to step out while settlement discussions commence. I'm sure there are points to be made that are not well fostered by my presence. But keep in mind, Mr. Winthrop, the impressive technology of digital imagery."

She turned off the tape recorder. One last folder was slid across the table as she said, "Thousands of still shots can be extracted from high definition videotape without diminishing one iota of quality, Mr. Winthrop. Imagine a court room where the prosecutor lines the walls with the likes of that."

She pointed to the folder as I picked it up and scanned its contents. Within was a mounted close up photo of my face and Jamie's pubes. It filled the 8 by 11 inch piece of cardboard. My tongue was extended and about to lick the pusillanimous tip of Jamie's penis.

Suzanne Regal, attorney at law, smiled for only the second time, and stepped out of the room. All heads followed as the guard could be seen directing her to the ladies room.

I was cooked. The phrase 'there is the perceived inability to escape' invaded my panicking brain. But the kindnesses also associated with the Stockholm Syndrome could not be forgotten. On that Wednesday afternoon, now so much subject to scrutiny, Jamie's supple rectum drained Little Sam like a milking machine working a cow's udder. His passion for that which he himself could not enjoy was gratefully felt, but of course such reaction was not seen on tape.

And with all the cathartic trauma, the legal bravado, the well prepared and rehearsed legal testimony and documentation, I could not help admiring my blonde ingenue. In a way, 'her' fine acting was communicating a provocative and suggestive thought, 'join us, there is indeed no escape but there will be more kindnesses'.

Chapter Twenty Six

Within a minute of the hiatus brought by Suzanne Regal's departure, I began to understand the need for her dramatic exit. What Liz was leading to could not, should not be heard or witnessed by an officer of the court.

I had a reputation for skillfully negotiating complicated deals, in poker parlance, somehow turning a meager business hand into a modest win or perhaps even better. But in this negotiation I had nothing. This was no hand with which to start.

"I assume that if you just wanted me in jail, I would be wearing a striped uniform and be so ensconced right now, Liz," I offered in deciding to break the ice first.

"It's still 'Miss Elizabeth' and will continue to be 'Miss Elizabeth'," she corrected me with clear firm, enunciation.

"Suzanne gave me a briefing on American law in this area of jurisprudence, Sam. I was not happy with the range of punishments. Jamie is my property. Royal property. For trifling with such in my home country the penalty would be severe.

"You broke the rules and will pay. Troublesome enough that I had to buy an apartment building, hire that senescent boss of yours and toy with MacDonald Bear stock just to find a companion for Jamie.

"Now I have to pay a lawyer to retaliate for the defamation of his character. His interests are also mine."

Miss Elizabeth finally smiled...evilily...her joy seemed to be brought by my look of perplexed horror as the realization dawned concerning the depth of all her misdeeds and conspiratorial acts.

"Yes, Sam, you've arrived in the very place where I wanted you. But you took a rather alarming path. Releasing yourself was not expected."

I sat dumbfounded. Miss Elizabeth bought my building, hired away Winston, and manipulated MacDonald Bear stock

to dry away any potential I had for denying her control and maintaining a safety net of independence.

I finally recovered enough to make the bottom line inquiry. "What is it you want?"

She sat back in the large swivel chair and confidently turned her head to Ms. Grace Hobson, sitting and quietly relishing my groveling state of shock.

"What does Mr. Winthrop owe MacDonald, Bear on his stock loans, Grace?"

"With interest to date, \$617,953."

"And the value of the stock held as security?"

Ms. Hobson snorted with that question. "At today's opening, \$235,500."

Miss Elizabeth turned back to me. "Well I wanted to assure your financial ruin, but you were well on your way to doing that on your own," she snickered. "I'll take the stock and pay the loan. Consider it another kindness, Sam. You'll joyfully sign the papers and be happily rid of the monetary millstone. I have a short position to cover. Believe it or not Sam, ensuring that your financial position would disintegrate has been quite lucrative. MacDonald Bear stock has done nothing but plummet since I began selling short.

"Grace, I trust MacDonald Bear can accommodate a minor request for relieving the firm of such a questionable loan."

Ms. Grace Hobson, unbearable termagant, nodded and smiled like a child being handed a treat.

"I'll want to ensure that his licenses are revoked. Can't have a person with such dubious financial prowess and unsettling morality consulting with the unsuspecting public."

"The requesting letters to the SEC, NASD and various securities exchanges have all ready been drafted, Liz. Given the circumstances, it will be a pleasure to dispose of this matter for nothing more than the cost of postage."

Well, the career was ended. Glad I did not spend much time on the resume. There is no job market for barred

investment bankers. But to think that Miss Elizabeth went through all the time and effort to ensure that my personal net worth, or rather negative worth, would erode, boggled the mind.

“Excellent. You may consider the eviction notices as remaining in force, Sam. Therefore, I think you’ll be needing a place to live.”

She paused. Obviously waiting for a response. Perhaps a plea. But what would that do? The colorfully narrated scenes of Miss Elizabeth as a little girl zealously watching the floggings and later gleefully assisting with the castrations flashed into my mind. What beseeching statement could I make that a prisoner, condemned to lose his masculinity, had not before uttered?

And that thought spurred my question.

“Do you want my balls too?” I sarcastically blurted.

Miss Elizabeth smiled warmly, contemplatively, then her face shifted to a demonic look of wickedness. “No, Sam. That’s too easy. I wouldn’t want to be so quick to relieve you of the encumbrance of constantly seeking to rid yourself of your male seed.

“No, I want your penis. Not the whole penis, Sam, just enough to leave you with continence but at the same time to constantly remind you of your misdeeds. I will arrange the procedure be without burden for you, taking care of the cost and the details. And afterwards you’ll forever have a place to live and have employment, working for me and Jamie. And I offer this in contrast to jail time, poverty and very dismal prospects for future employment. Consider it as one last kindness.

“Are you aware of all these new sex offender laws, Sam? Suzanne Regal can be a very formidable jurist and I doubt you’ll escape her clutches. Your alternative to my proposition will involve facing a lifetime of very restrictive regulations even after parole and your release....”

Chapter Twenty Seven

"The auction went well, Sam. Netted over \$16,000. We'll put it toward what you owe me."

Miss Elizabeth stands arms akimbo informing me of the results of disposing of my personal effects. I nod as best I can. I cannot speak as my pierced tongue is extended well beyond my lips and held there by what appears to be a simple pair of parallel chopsticks.

Miss Elizabeth wants my tongue lengthened and I have learned over the past months that Miss Elizabeth always gets what Miss Elizabeth wants.

Meanwhile the glorious Jamie is positioned beneath me, dutifully holding a beaker under my penis and patiently waiting for me to empty myself. I have over the past few weeks become accustomed to performing for Jamie. The little darling is very attentive, feeding me, bathing me, occasionally releasing an arm or leg for stretching. Such kindness.

Since signing the papers, I have been held in my suspension harness and hung from the pulley in the examination room. Miss Elizabeth needs to freshen her mind concerning my long term usefulness, the depraved 'assault' on little Jamie's backside and having to watch it in high definition color being deemed very distressful.

It's been two weeks since that fateful meeting at MacDonald Bear and I can say with great fortune that my penis remains. Unfortunately its fate will come. Jamie and Miss Elizabeth are constantly discussing what type of penectomy will best modify my behavior, with Jamie's adoration pressing for a minor alteration and Miss Elizabeth insisting on a 'meaningful shortening'.

"He'll need to constantly be reminded," Miss Elizabeth argues.

"You can always take more later," rejoins little Jamie.
"You said he was for me. And I like watching it stand."

The decision was finally made in consultation with Nurse Stenson, purveyor of special care to altered males.

“You don’t want to have to keep him in diapers,” was her sole input in noting that full penectomies most times result in incontinence and the constant need for precaution against infection.

And so a decision was made and a date has been scheduled. I have three days remaining as an intact male.

“Sue Regal dropped off a copy of the complaint prepared against you Sam. It’s been filed with the Superior Court Clerk and can be brought before a judge with a simple phone call. So if you choose to change your mind...”

Yes, Miss Elizabeth has made it that simple. With a phone call, civil action will commence, and with Ms. Regal’s connections at the prosecutor’s office, criminal charges will be sure to follow. And the reason for the delay in filing?

‘The traumatized victim has needed counseling, your honor, and has not been mentally able to endure the pain of reliving the horrific crime.’

I can so easily picture the stern but unctuous Suzanne Regal, attorney at law, casually explaining away the weeks of procrastination. The law in fact permits years of delay.

But it is an unnecessary precaution on Miss Elizabeth’s part. I have no job, no home, and now no clothing or other basic personal items. There is no money for an adequate defense therefore the only other option is to plea bargain and go to jail.

But Jamie takes care of me. After shaving me, the little minx licks away and adoringly watches Little Sam rise. Chastity prevails, of course. But it’s nice to see the little guy engorge. His full tumescence will soon become something of the past.

In a strange way, I am eager to get the procedure over with. Afterwards I am told I will be more free to move about and Miss Elizabeth has hinted at me possibly assisting Jamie with her duties in the Mistress’s boudoir.

And as for Jamie, I am still undecided about his participation in the elaborate conspiracy. I have so much time to think, dangling in suspension day after day, but still cannot conclude. Has Jamie been playing along to please Miss Elizabeth, as a loyal and obsequious servant would do? Or does he truly want me, to care for me, to toy with Little Sam...to own something that was taken from him at such a tender age?

“Time to sleep.”

Suspended in a comfortable body harness with knees folded just inches from the floor, Jamie and I are face to face. The tiny manicured hands plug my ears and then a thick hood is drawn over my head. In total darkness, I will indeed sleep, the weeks of bondage becoming strangely acceptable. And I will dream...of Jamie...the blond ingenue Jamie...and of Miss Elizabeth...dashing, authoritative Miss Elizabeth. And Little Sam will celebrate his relative freedom by stiffening in the middle of the night as I fantasize. As always, he continues to have a mind of his own.

Chapter Twenty Eight

Wealth can command such power. It is amazing to think that Miss Elizabeth has the resources and influence to engage the services of one of New York's top urologists and have her perform a questionable, if not totally unnecessary, procedure.

Nurse Stenson recommended Dr. Cynthia Wilson and the coterie of Dominant woman continues to impress.

"Ms. Mouquoud wants only local anesthesia, Sam. She insists. I've got your signature on the consent forms and the releases. You should understand the procedure and I'll go over it one more time.

"And please, no tears. Be a big boy for me."

Easy for her to say, I thought to myself. Her aphoristic admonishment begs the question as to how often she performs such alterations. "What Ms. Mouquoud has requested is basically termed a degloving of the penis tip. In other words, I will be removing the sensitive flesh at the end and on the underside which comprises the main pleasure centers. I will not be affecting or altering the *corpora cavernosa*, commonly known as the erectile chambers, and therefore within a few weeks of the procedure you should be able to achieve erection. It will be shorter of course, as Ms. Mouquoud has demanded, and you won't have anywhere near the former sensitivity, but bad boys need punishment, Sam. And I understand you've been very naughty."

Yes, Dr. Wilson seems to approach the procedure with exuberance, actually playfully toying with my ear as she enunciates her ending words with mocked seriousness. Hanging in suspension, her trifling hand causes me to helplessly swing. And long after she has departed I will sway, forcing me to think about her ominous visit.

With no general anesthesia, I will be watching as Dr. Wilson's skillful hands deglove Little Sam.

"What will it look like?" I humbly ask stumbling over the words. With tongue freed of its daily stretching, I can talk,

but with a piercing quite similar to Jamie's, the words are difficult to properly form.

Dr. Wilson smiles with my question. "I haven't really decided yet. You'll have to wait to see what kind of mood I'm in on the morning of the procedure. Sometimes if I'm irritated I'll suture the remaining skin very tight and you'll have a little pencil tip to show off. Other times, I'll take the time to add shape. Best think of it as a surprise.

"And Ms. Mouquoud has also asked to me to inject a little something that will help you make the transition. Just a little Botox." With that, Dr. Wilson turns to leave, walking sprightly with my question seeming to place her in a very pleasant frame of mind, I suppose reminding her of the power she will wield.

"Will I be able to ejaculate?" I call out in desperation.

Dr. Wilson pauses at the door and looks back with a devilish smile. "The Botox will address that problem. We'll discuss it after you've healed." Then she waves so insouciantly and steps out, leaving me to slowly swing in harness, pining for Jamie's tender touch.

Chapter Twenty Nine

"Ms. Hobson is here. She needs you to sign some things."

Pretty Jamie makes her announcement and looks at me with her clear blue eyes. She's been exercising, necessitating the wearing of a loose sweat shirt and skin-tight, panty-like shorts which hike into the crease of her buttocks with her movement and show the halves of her smooth cheeks.

Little Sam celebrates her presence. With the days and days of forced chastity it doesn't take much to draw his attention and get him to sit up like a begging dog.

Jamie just smiles at the reaction and gently diddles the soft under of the frenulum. It could be the last thing felt there. Tomorrow is the day.

Her hands work to release my right wrist. She is adept, doing the same every morning to permit stretching. She is very kind.

The giant harridan enters, smiling like a hungry cannibal at a feast of human flesh. Her eyes immediately go to Little Sam and she laughs.

"Almost his last stand," she murmurs under her breath. "Good to see you," she unctuously proclaims out loud.

Dressed more casually, Ms. Hobson displays shape. Not a feminine or alluring shape but a purposeful shape. Baggy and excess clothing in the office always made her appear frumpish. For the first time I notice that well fitting slacks and a tight sweater reveal that, whereas she has size, it is not excess fat that misleads a viewer's impression. She is very tall with broad shoulders and thus loose clothing suggests plumpness. There is none.

"Some papers dealing with the distribution of your meager savings plan and what little compensation you elected to defer. I've made it all payable to Elizabeth, of course."

My signature is required. Thus the need for her proximity. With the humiliation of being so ignominiously displayed, I

remind myself that she has before seen me hanging naked. But for whatever reason facing a one time colleague well trussed and with Little Sam showing himself for Jamie, is mentally taxing.

“You’ve kept yourself nicely conditioned, Sam.”

Ms. Hobson holds the papers in her left hand, bolstered by a writing pad to accept the impression of the pen. While I sign her right hand brazenly moves to my chest, smooths over that portion of pectoral muscling not covered by a supporting strap, then pinches my left nipple. At first it is a playful pinch, but she continues pressing until I wince and futilely wrench against my bonds.

“So sensitive,” she laughs.

Finished signing, she steps to my side and the right hand explores my buttocks.

“Have you ever been whipped, Sam, caned perhaps?”

Her demeanor has much changed. She’s pleasant, agreeable, though her beefy hand explores with irritating impunity.

I hypothesize that the change is predicated on my vulnerability, physical, financial, every aspect of my being is open to her whims. Ms. Hobson is in control. I am no longer a threat, someone who can in any way impede her fiefdom. She has won a very short but significant battle in assuring the demise of my career and in assuming the reins of MacDonald Bear’s investment banking function.

I know the herd mentality of my peers and can hear the office talk, ‘if she can do that to Samuel L. Winthrop, III, she can do it to anyone’. I ponder the contents of the interoffice memo circulated to explain my abrupt departure. I am sure in some way it extols the managerial prowess of Ms. Grace Hobson and spreads both fear and respect for her renowned infighting capabilities.

And now she celebrates. I feel like a big game animal snared by the great white hunter Ms. Hobson, and she is

visualizing what I would look like mounted above the mantel of her fireplace.

“There will shortly be a time when you will develop the urge to feel pain...cathartic pain. The reaction of the psyche to such is quite similar to that of pleasure. But pleasure in the manner to which you are accustomed will be denied to you. And you will find sharp, extensive agony to be a suitable substitute.

“And I will help you, but you will have to ask”

Hanging with my bent knees just inches from the floor, my face is at the level of Ms. Hobson’s enormous chest. Even with her baggy office attire, her massive mammary glands were prominent. Now in tight woolen sweater they seem to fill the room. She notices my stare, smiles and then wraps her arms around me, and pulls toward her, drawing my freely swinging nakedness into her huge form. She is amazingly strong and forces my face between the large twin hillocks outlined by the soft wool. Little Sam presses against her slacks. It feels good and I involuntarily thrust my hips to frottage against her leg.

Ms. Hobson laughs, knowing that she is causing turmoil in initiating such tantalizing interplay.

“I’ll be here tomorrow, Sam. I would not miss your meeting with Dr. Wilson’s scalpel for anything. It will be quite the comeuppance. And later, as you heal, we’ll play. You’re going to get to know me very well.”

Laughing with such wickedness, she releases her arms and I gently swing away. As the motion slows and I reach apogee of the arc, she steps back. On the return swing of my pendulous body, she extends her right leg and an erect Little Sam momentarily rubs against an impressively muscled calf. As I again swing away, she pushes firmly, laughing more as she increases the arc of my swing.

“Good night, Sam.”

My teetering continues for many minutes after she leaves. Finally Jamie enters.

“Sleep time,” her childish voice proclaims. Ears plugged and hooded, at last I stop swinging.

Chapter Thirty

With the examination room having been deemed too small, I find myself instead hanging from the cleverly disguised pulley in the living room. When not used, it draws up into a panel. Miss Elizabeth's vanilla friends, if she has any, most probably questioning an industrial tool draped from the ceiling of an exquisitely decorated penthouse.

My alteration has attracted quite the crowd. I recognize many voices, having been the centerpiece for half dozen of Miss Elizabeth's cocktail parties. But the faces are new to me, except for Ms. Hobson or course. This is a 'coffee klatsch' of domineering women and the early morning smell of java and warmed Danish is pleasant.

But I receive nothing and have not been fed or permitted to drink for well over twelve hours. Nurse Stenson began my day with her infamous enemas and a dose of ipecac, amusingly cleansing everything from my system. Then I was lead to the living room with a most symbolic leash hooked to my suspension harness.

Though showered and well cleansed by Jamie, Nurse Stenson tenderly applies various solutions to Little Sam making the skin antiseptically clean. And of course the little turncoat obediently stands, readily accepting every smooth stroke of lotion-soaked gauze pads.

Dr. Wilson enters, and all gather around. I flush with the humiliation, some dozen pair of eyes calmly gazing at my nakedness and Little Sam's obliging tumescence.

Then Nurse Stenson produces a rubber slapper and viciously swats my penis tip. Little Sam retreats like a kicked puppy, much to the amusement of the observing feminine eyes. And then with lightning speed, Nurse Stenson catheterizes me, smiling as I grunt when the tube passes through my prostate. She inflates the balloon end to hold the Foley in place then steps away.

Surprisingly, Little Sam attempts to rise again, but Dr. Wilson approaches with a hypodermic needle and begins the

fun.

“Novocaine, Sam. I’m sure you’ll appreciate its use, despite the discomfort.”

She attacks my appendage with zeal, quickly jabbing in numerous places and pressing the plunger as I spasm with the sharp pain.

“This is termed a degloving, ladies,” Dr. Wilson lectures to the curious crowd. “Used quite effectively on priapic males, we’re just going to take the tip, where over 90% of a man’s pleasure is felt. Very effective treatment for bad boys.”

Skilled fingers circle the base of my penis with a small elastic tube. It acts as a tourniquet, obviously restricting the flow of blood.

“After removal, I’ll be covering the exposed surface by pulling the remaining epidermis down and suturing it around the urethral opening. The result will be a truncation, temporary difficulty in achieving erection until the remaining skin stretches, and tremendous loss of sensitivity, which of course is the desired result.”

Such casualness, such insouciance as Little Sam limply hangs facing his executioner...and with such abject docility. I fantasize watching him stand for one last time and gushing semen like a fire hose, soaking his antagonist with potent male essence.

But alas, he dangles so tamely.

Nurse Stenson steps to my right side holding a stainless steel tray. Dr. Wilson flicks away at Little Sam, gauging the effect of the novocaine. There is no reaction and indeed I can feel nothing. Her gloved hand reaches to the tray.

“A laser scalpel. Very accurate, but disappointingly quick.”

The observing women snicker.

Miss Elizabeth and Jamie, pretty bright-eyed Jamie, dressed beautifully as a little maid to serve the gathering of women, move to the front for better viewing. Dr. Wilson

looks to my Mistress, my owner, and the raven-haired beauty, benefactress of all, simply nods.

I look down to see a gloved hand grasp a meek Little Sam. He has shrunk to the point that he appears to be shyly trying to hide. Dr. Wilson draws him out. I can feel nothing and it's as if I am watching a film. Yes, someone else's penis is being expertly handled. It cannot be mine.

But it is. And with the realization that Little Sam has probably felt the last stroke of pleasure as an intact phallus, tears form. A knowing Dr. Wilson had forewarned and yet the remorse overwhelms. Nurse Stenson dabs away the tears and there is mirthful murmuring from the observing crowd.

"He cannot feel anything, ladies. The pitiful reaction is due to the realization that the vaunted symbol of false male pride is about to incur a great slight. It is about to succumb to the hand of a woman. To be arbitrarily reshaped as I see fit."

The light of the laser beams. Dr. Wilson begins opening the epidermis just behind the *glans* penis and cutting around. She knowingly holds the laser steady and slowly twists Little Sam to expose the skin to the cutting beam. Then she pauses and twists in the opposite direction to complete the circular incision. When finished, the fleshy penis tip is slid off and hangs from the catheter. Surprisingly, there is little bleeding.

Nurse Stenson swiftly disconnects the tube from the collection bag, removes the tip and reconnects the tube. "A memento for Elizabeth," she announces as the most sensitive remnant of male skin is carefully moved to the stainless steel tray.

The laser is put aside and my eyes tear up to the point that I cannot see the remainder of the procedure. I do know that the remaining penile skin was brusquely pulled toward the end and Dr. Wilson began to sew.

“Dozens and dozens of sutures, ladies. I’m going to minimize the scarring and make Sam look as pretty as possible.”

There is much laughter. Nurse Stenson dabs away more tears and I lose interest in watching the finale. I feel tightness despite all the novocaine. Dr. Wilson removed nearly an inch and one half of the tip, more of the underside than the top. She knows where naughty boys most like to rub, and that’s what she took from me.

Finishing the delicate suturing, the gloved hands retrieve a very long hypodermic needle from the tray. I felt myself rising, apparently Nurse Stenson tugging on the pulley rope. When my knees are at the height of Dr. Wilson’s shoulder, the motion stops. I look down to see the good Doctor pushing aside my right knee with her free left hand. Nurse Stenson pulls away at my left knee, spreading apart my thighs.

“Hold still, now. One last procedure.”

Examining eyes find a point on my perineum and the needle is introduced. I yelp with the sudden jabbing pain where little is ever felt. She presses straight up as if to penetrate my bowels.

“Steady.”

The long needle slowly slides inward. The plunger is pressed. I feel burning deep within, very close to my prostate.

“Just a little injection of the Botox I promised, Sam. It is a very stable and localized cholinesterase inhibitor. It will interfere with the synapse in the injected muscles and organs and deaden the ejaculatory ducts and the little ampulla that causes the semen to collect and then erupt. It lasts between four and six months.

“You’ve had your last ejaculation, for a while. Miss Elizabeth insisted. And if she insists again, I’ll inject you again.”

Chapter Thirty One

Dr. Wilson's operation resulted in freedom. I am no longer kept bound and suspended and the tears of remorse in losing so precious a section of skin turned to tears of joy in being able to move about.

While recuperating there was much activity within Miss Elizabeth's apartment. I was kept out of sight, lack of clothing precluding my presence, while electricians and carpenters arrived daily for an entire week.

Wiring was routed to every door and special locks installed. The carpenters worked for hours in one of the spare bedrooms.

Meanwhile, in being kept naked and donning a ridiculous bandage about the end of my penis, I was not able to ascertain the nature of their efforts. I remained catheterized, the flexible tube clamped at the end, and that also contributed to my shyness.

Then all returned to quiet and Miss Elizabeth proudly slipped a rather sheik looking metal collar around my neck. It snapped shut with menacing finality. Highly polished steel with a key hole in the back and rings welded to the front, sides and back, it fit quite comfortably and obviously was custom made.

"Just a little precaution," she suggested as she tucked away the key.

I found that the collar triggers locks on almost every door in the apartment, including the bathroom doors. Whenever I near, some kind of electronic signal latches the door to lock, barring entrance or preventing me from leaving, depending upon which side of the door I find myself. And of course, Miss Elizabeth and Jamie have card keys which countermand the mechanism.

Thus, I can never get out to the foyer and the elevator. Permission and assistance is always needed for bathroom visits. And a bad little Sammie boy can merely be walked to a secluded room and the door closed behind to leave him

imprisoned, just as one would tuck away a recalcitrant cat or dog. Tugs at doorknobs are futile. But if I step away, I can hear the click of the lock releasing. Frustratingly clever to watch others come and go as they please while I await permission to enter or exit or for someone to graciously hold the door open before I near. Thus my freedom within the apartment is relative. There is no sneaking about or accidentally encountering a scene where subservient male eyes are not wanted.

Sleeping has been difficult, for Little Sam, now even littler, continues his habit of nocturnal erection. I awake in pain and patiently wait for flaccidity to return.

Today is scheduled for the removal of the bandage. I have not seen my penis since the degloving ten days before.

Nurse Stenson slowly unravels as I watch, hands on head, like a good boy. I am shocked at the resulting sight. Dr. Wilson indeed sutured tightly leaving me with a pencil point. The bulbous tip, formerly used to so please the feminine love pouch is gone. The underside, where my palm naughtily rubbed for furtive pleasure, has little sensitivity, the skin there replaced with much less sensitive flesh.

Nurse Stenson inspects closely and smiles.

"You won't be making much mischief with that," she observes with an irritating laugh.

Then she retrieves a set of calipers and begins to take very careful measurements of my scrotum, which Jamie has dutifully kept shaven, and the plums within, turning each this way and that and recording her findings.

"Ms. Mouquoud wants you ringed," she explains with a simple smile.

Next, her fingers tenderly feel about, caressing my scrotum. Then two fingers slip underneath and abrade my perineum. Nurse Stenson knows the male anatomy and knows the anatomy of the altered male best. Little Sam begins to tumefy. I marvel at her knowledgeable touch.

She watches with calm expectation. Palming Little Sam while she works my perineum and wakes my prostate, I proudly feel myself stiffen and then comes pain. It feels as if my penis is trapped. I grimace.

"The skin has not yet stretched. You'll feel discomfort with attempts at erection for another week or two. But you'll need to try, it is the only way the epidermis will regenerate and make up for what Dr. Wilson removed.

"What do you feel? Would you like to masturbate for me?"

A blunt question. I pause in reply and with my pierced tongue struggling to form the words.

"It's as if my penis belongs to someone else. Like a sausage has been attached," I finally slur.

"Yes, it will also take time to become accustomed to the limited sensitivity. And as intended you will never feel very much there. It's really for urination and Jamie's amusement now."

A foul smelling cream is spread over my scrotum.

"Jamie will also be applying this daily. It's a depilatory cream. As suggested, Ms. Mouquoud wants your testicles ringed. We'll have to kill the hair follicles since close shaving will be difficult."

She smiles and reaches for a syringe. "Turn and bend."

On my left cheek, I feel the cool wetness of an alcohol soaked cotton swab followed by the jab of the hypodermic needle.

"Testosterone. Ms. Mouquoud wants you kept nice and randy. I'm afraid you'll be finding your penis becoming erect more than you'd like, what's left of it." Again the irritating laugh as the Nurse withdraws the needle.

"And at some point you'll begin trying to masturbate. When you do, you'll develop a fuller understanding of your alteration and begin to seek alternative relief. For that, Ms. Mouquoud has refurbished one of the bedrooms. Look it

over sometime. It is the only door which your neck collar does not lock.

“I’ll be here every week. We’ll talk. I treat many altered males, some with complete penectomies. In their cases we try to lower the libido. But for you, I’m afraid the testosterone therapy is mandatory. Ms. Mouquoud insists.

“Hands down.”

With that command, I know that my checkup is over. Nurse Stenson tenderly pats my testicles and turns to pack her things leaving me in frustration and confusion.

I stroke Little Sam in celebration of my new freedom. But it feels as if I am touching someone else’s manhood.

“Don’t wear out your palm,” Nurse Stenson sarcastically remarks as she reaches for the door to leave.

“Want to get out?”

Chapter Thirty Two

With bandage removed, achieving an erection became less and less painful each day, as Nurse Stenson suggested. And that is good, for as Miss Elizabeth promised I am permitted to sleep in her bedroom without being hooded. But my neck collar is chained and I find myself with limited mobility lying on the shag rug which I had so often soiled.

Since moving into Miss Elizabeth's penthouse, Jamie has over the past weeks been clothed, sometimes in alluringly scanty garb, but disappointingly covered all the same. But Miss Elizabeth insists that Jamie frolic about stripped of all clothing in the bedroom and I find joy in watching her fine smooth and hairless child-like body strutting about. Sometimes Jamie will don a pair of Miss Elizabeth's high heels and, just as a little girl would mimic a grown up, she'll parade about as if in a fashion show. Except shoes are all she wears.

With the deluge of estrogen and progesterone, Jamie's little breasts are slowly enhancing and it is not only the puffy nipples which appear effeminate. The mammary glands are beginning to develop form and the hormones indeed have placed the castrate into a time warp of seeming to be constantly in puberty.

And so, with hands free and Little Sam stiffening in salute to the naked hermaphrodite, I am free to stroke. And I do, with a gracious Jamie laughingly supplying a dollop of soft lotion from Miss Elizabeth's bathroom. She too enjoys having Little Sam erect. But Jamie's envy has changed. There is no longer an adoring reverence for my altered shaft, but instead a snickering ridicule. For Jamie, watching me attempt to masturbate is like a child watching a cartoon on television, childish laughter erupting as the cruelest episodes affect the animated characters.

And I have my own level of disregard, for though I stroke with eagerness, there is very little pleasure. And as the frustration rises and it feels indeed as if I will wear out my

palm, Jamie laughs and laughs and begins to tease, posing in the most lascivious ways, bending with divine buttocks spread and asking whether Little Sam would once again like to penetrate.

And then Miss Elizabeth will enter and disrobe completely...in full light, and I finally gaze at what I so greatly worked to conquest: a body sculpted by a master, perfectly formed, remaining bronzed from the Middle Eastern sun, so curiously contrasting Jamie's girlish alabaster.

She ignores me and the sight of her pulchritude sets my palm stroking anew.

But nothing happens. There is little to be felt and certainly no ejaculation, no climactic relief. The frustration grows and grows and I think of Miss Elizabeth's words describing Jamie's attempts to achieve orgasm, like having to sneeze but not being able to do so.

Then Jamie so beautifully yields to Miss Elizabeth's carnal desires. In what I found to be a nightly ritual, Jamie begins to service his Mistress, applying licks and kisses, caressing amazingly firm and rounded breasts with tongue and gliding it slowly down to her closely trimmed pubes. Miss Elizabeth smiles, guiding the blond coifed head with her hands as Jamie works her fine genitalia. On the first night Miss Elizabeth looked to me as I helplessly remained chained on the shag rug.

"Jamie so nicely returns my kindnesses, don't you think Sam?"

Yes, the Stockholm Syndrome. And from that point I just watched in awe as Miss Elizabeth was brought to orgasm after orgasm by the indefatigable tongue and lips of the neutered Jamie. He is so assiduous, truly drawing pleasure from bestowing such on Miss Elizabeth.

And I? I just sit on my rug...I listen...I watch...I stroke...but nothing happens.

Jamie sleeps between Miss Elizabeth's thighs and, as I had learned during past weekends while bound and hooded, she is insatiable, wakening in the middle of the night and demanding more... and she receives it.

One night after climaxing with particular zest, Miss Elizabeth arose and on the way to the bathroom approached. Noticing that I remained awake and had watched and listened to every moment of the torrid lovemaking, she smiled. A dainty finger slipped between wet and reddened labia and gathered some of her copious essence.

She leaned down and her muskiness, perfume mixing deliciously with the aroma of her sex, excited me even more.

"For you, Sam. And think about visiting with Ms. Hobson sometime. I think you're just about ready."

As she spoke, her wet finger coated my nose and upper lip with moisture from her love pouch.

"Your special room awaits. And she'll be very good to you."

I did not sleep that night, every breath of air brought a lung full of her enticing scent. And stroking Little Sam, what was left, was like gripping a piece of leather. The abundance of testosterone had him standing firmly, but there was no pulling the trigger. I needed climactic relief. I needed to rid myself of my male juices. And with Miss Elizabeth's reminder, Ms. Hobson's words haunted me... 'there will shortly be a time when you will develop the urge to feel pain...cathartic pain.'

Chapter Thirty Three

I became Jamie's defacto assistant. I learned to clean first. Miss Elizabeth was quite demanding about keeping the penthouse spotless. And obviously in having the feminized Jamie running about, me, naked with my unruly and comical pencil-point penis firming constantly and requiring permission to use the bathroom and move from room to room, plus the examination room with its bizarre hospital-like accouterments, all served to obviate the engagement of outside domestic help or a cleaning service. So, for a large living, dining room, kitchen, examination room and some half dozen bedrooms, each with its own bath, Jamie and I were designated as the cleaning staff. And with Jamie in charge, it really became just me.

I was also learning kitchen and serving skills, and after a week was permitted to serve breakfast, deemed to be the easiest meal.

Meanwhile, Nurse Stenson arrived every Tuesday. She began with Jamie and ended with me. She performed an examination which included the most humiliating procedures, particularly in demanding that I masturbate for her, or attempt to do so, and insisting that I describe in very detailed fashion what and how I felt. She found the slowly mounting frustration to be amusing, smiling as my hand would finally give up in a combination of tiredness and boredom. In stroking myself, little penile sensation was felt and something stirred deep within my loins but never resulted in a discharge of semen. I could not ejaculate, as Dr. Wilson had so mindfully explained.

A blood sample was taken to test my hormone levels and of course the obligatory testosterone injection ended every session.

On the third such examination, Nurse Stenson announced that my testicle rings had been finished. She held up implements of stainless steel shaped somewhat like

the figure '8' only one loop was more than twice the size of that adjacent to it.

"Precision-made to your measurements, Sam. And they match you neck collar. Relax for me."

Nurse Stenson jostled my scrotal sac as her fingers sought to isolate my right testicle. Then she pushed and prodded firmly as the larger of the loops was slipped over the gonad. Next a frighteningly large set of pliers was retrieved, looking more like bolt cutters. I cringed as she placed the ring in the teeth. I was reminded of watching an animal show on television where bulls were being castrated using something termed a burdizzo...really nothing more than a similarly large set of pliers used to permanently crush the nerves, ducts and vessels sustaining the testicles.

"Hold still," she forewarned.

Using both hands, she slowly closed the teeth. I was frightened, and she stopped momentarily.

"Just enough to crimp the loop. See, it won't slip off."

The left testicle was also ringed and crimped and I found her to be most correct. Though oddly comfortable, there was no way the rings, bent to a more oblong shape, could be slipped off my scrotum.

Nurse Stenson found a cord and threaded it through the two small open loops on each figure eight ring.

"Keep your hands on your head now," she politely demanded.

As with every examination, my hands never wavered from remaining so submissively placed unless instructed to move them for such procedures as the futile attempt at masturbation.

"Come."

With the command came a tug on the cord. I followed my ringed balls as Nurse Stenson playfully pulled me about the room, testing to ensure that the circles of steel had been properly reshaped and could not be lid off. The level of tension applied on the cord while the rings steadfastly

remained in place was impressive. And I realized that the high carbon steel would be very difficult to cut.

Meanwhile, Little Sam rose to indicate his enthusiasm for the controlling feminine hand. And with that, Nurse Stenson also reminded me.

“You may wish to visit your special room. Ms. Hobson will put your new rings to good use.”

Chapter Thirty Four

Miss Elizabeth is out. Jamie has been playing with my balls, admiring as artifacts what were long ago taken from her. The fact that mine are now ringed, so much more easily controlled, seems to enthrall her. As with Nurse Stenson, she takes delight in stroking me to full tumescence, attaching a cord to my rings and leading me about the apartment like a dog on a leash.

Little Sam now appears so harmless when standing. The tip comes to such an insignificant point that Jamie has lost her fear of that which weeks before forcefully sodomized her anal passage. And Little Sam is shorter of course, the degloving removing the round and wondrously filled tip of nerves, ganglia and dendrites.

Around and around, Jamie, cutely dressed in tight blouse and short skirt, leads me about the large abode, naked and erect. Finally the game ends with Jamie needing to prepare dinner. I have spent the day cleaning and find myself with idle time. So I stroll about the penthouse like a lazy cat, cognizant that my neck collar bars my entrance to many doors.

For the first time I push open the door to the special room where weeks before carpenters had labored for most of two days. As suggested, it is the only door which yields to me and I step in and hold the door open to ensure that I can later exit. The hallway lighting partially illuminates the chamber, Gothic paneling in dark walnut. It is eerily dim and my hand finds a wall switch.

Spotlights beam and as my eyes scan the former bedroom. The carpenter's endeavors are firstly evidenced by the lack of windows. As with the examination room, all have been paneled over. There is a paucity of furniture, matching dark wood cabinets lining the left wall, and a large throne-like chair is placed before the second evidence of wood craftsmanship. It is a platform, solid, formidable, and familiar. It is a replica of that shown in the photographs from

the Palace, those adorning the living room wall. Mounted upon it are two sturdy posts... parallel, heavy wood, some six feet high, four to five feet apart. Iron rings hang from bolts penetrating the posts at variously points. The appearance of the oppressive ironware makes me shudder. Anything or anyone attached would not likely ever attain liberation. The carpenters obviously labored for hours to ensure that the most robust captive would remain restrained.

On the right wall is presented a collection of pegs nicely complementing the posts and platform with each supporting an item of restraint... chains... cuffs... collars... spreader bars... ironware for every conceivable part of the human body. All are old, forged on a blacksmith's anvil, and the time, devotion and care taken to craft such precision implements in a era of rudimentary tools is ironic. So much meticulousness to assure the that the captive is meticulously captured.

On the far wall, obviously presented where the captive can view the assortment, is a collection of instruments for the excoriation of human flesh. Strips of leather in every length and width... whips, crops, quirts, tawses. A converted umbrella stand provides a tribute to Victorian discipline by holding an assemblage of birches. An entire wall section is devoted to presenting canes... rattan strips in every size and shape. The sight makes me tremble, when I think of the time and expenditure required to transform and 'decorate' the room, and particularly with the realization that it has been referred to as *my* special room.

And the spotlights are positioned to illuminate the small stage-like platform, highlighting the room's function and leaving no doubt as to the purpose of all the wall coverings.

Again, Ms. Hobson's words resonate along with Nurse Stenson's sonorously uttered suggestion, that I will at some point request a visit in *my* special room.

“I’ve had the collection in storage for many years. Family heirlooms, really.”

I snap my head to greet my benefactress, owner of all I have. She has returned, doffed her footwear and decided to quietly check on my wanderings while sipping a glass of wine. I fall to my knees and kiss her feet as she nears. I beg her forgiveness.

“It’s okay, Sam. If I had not wanted you in the room, I would have arranged the locking mechanism just as with the other latches. But you’re wise to hold open the door. Once you enter, it will lock from the inside.”

She smiles. “I see you’re enjoying yourself.” The beautiful brown eyes glance downward. Little Sam is stiff. Unbeknownst to me, the room’s suggestive furnishings have caused arousal. That and an abundance of testosterone.

“Most of the iron shackles are from the Palace. Metallurgy now being greatly advanced there are more suitable restraint devices currently utilized. Better locks and what not. But the black wrought iron has such wonderful connotations, does it not? A certain finality... a wickedness... a blunt craftsmanship that sends a message.”

She pauses to sip.

“The cabinets are filled with a variety of behavior modification devices. Some designed to obtain confessions. Others to alter and transform a male’s... well let’s use the term ‘outlook’. Well before I observed the surgical castrations, there were more rudimentary methods used.”

My flesh becomes anserine in listening to the calm and cool tone which Miss Elizabeth uses to describe such fateful and final events.

“Time for dinner. If you don’t remember Ms. Hobson’s phone number, it’s on the reminder pad in the kitchen. You’re going to want to visit with her here. Despite your past impressions, you will find her to be very understanding.”

So kind of Miss Elizabeth to facilitate matters.

Chapter Thirty Five

Night after night of listening and watching Miss Elizabeth being serviced by the lovely Jamie. I lay on the shag rug put Little Sam in a constant state of priapism. Jamie took to chaining me utilizing the testicle rings, which seemed to add a new aspect to his delight in controlling me, particularly when the selected chain was annoyingly short. .

And then last night I was summoned to the boudoir early and for the first time chained in Miss Elizabeth's huge bathroom, really a spa. There I had to watch while a naked Jamie pampered an equally naked Miss Elizabeth under the bright lights where Miss Elizabeth normally primped and applied make up. There was no amount of stroking to satisfy Little Sam for the evening. Jamie gently massaged Miss Elizabeth's fine form, smoothing his tiny soft and warm hands everywhere upon which an intact male fantasizes. And as Miss Elizabeth lay with eyes closed, the minx took the time to assure I did not miss the special attention paid to all areas pink... reveling in the relative freedom permitted the altered male. His fingers frolicked where even husbands do not dare explore.

Watching the two contrastingly beautiful forms bathe together in a Jacuzzi tub designed for four or more put my hormones in an uproar, particularly when Miss Elizabeth graciously freed Jamie's penis and the two giggled like school girls as both worked to coax the neutered organ to stand, Jamie tugging on the Prince's Wand while Miss Elizabeth wormed a soapy finger into his anus.

And it did partially stiffen, with Miss Elizabeth laughing so haughtily, knowing that any attempt at complete erection was made futile many years before by her slow and judicious twists of thin constraining wires.

"Can you spurt for me Jamie? Why not show Elizabeth what a virile little man you are? Or perhaps you'd prefer a soapy bubble bath followed by some fragrant body powder and the feel of a nice set of silk panties."

Miss Elizabeth laughed with her debasing observations, knowing full well that the blonde hermaphrodite would indeed enjoy parading about in scanty silk panties. And Jamie just smiled, seeming to feel on his depilated flesh the fine smoothness of frilly undergarments as such gently caressed skin made exquisitely receptive to touch by the deluge of feminine hormones.

Afterwards, in the bedroom, their love making was particularly heated with Miss Elizabeth's husky cries of passion coming sporadically over many hours and throughout the night.

In lying and listening on my rug, I don't think Little Sam ever returned to flaccidity. And once again, in a late night trip to the bathroom, Miss Elizabeth offered a morsel of what Jamie feasted upon, standing before me in her nakedness and slowly coating my nose and lips with the evidence of her arousal. She laughed as I thrust with my pierced and stretched tongue in hungrily seeking more.

The next morning I asked permission to use the phone to call Ms. Hobson. As I dialed, my hand shook in thinking of what I was about to say to the woman who had ended my career... had so gleefully gazed at my hooded and restrained nakedness... had found such amusement in exploring and examining my offered genitals... had delightfully observed the alteration of my penis.

"Hello, Sam," the authoritative voice began, her secretary having screened my call. "How's the recuperation? Completely healed?"

Her annoying questions were followed by the familiar throaty laugh. I am sure office protocol restrained more direct and gruff references, such as... how much of your penis did she leave, or have you completely wanked away the stub yet?

I ignored her taunts.

"Thank you for asking, Ms. Hobson. Both Nurse Stenson and Miss Elizabeth have suggested that you can assist me.

And you also stated you could help.”

“Yes, Sam. My late husband had a problem after a comparable modification. I would like to think my efforts to help as being more than palliative. He was not as fortunate as you in having Elizabeth as guardian. For him I decided on a complete removal,” her voice trailing off in a snort.

Obviously coded words for a complete penectomy, my hand tightened on the receiver in listening to the aloof discussion of an event which a male would only describe as a travesty.

As always, Ms. Hobson cut to the chase and abruptly curtailed the conversation.

“I will stop in tonight, Sam. Be in your special room at 7:00 p.m. Door closed. I suggest that you not eat. Your stomach best remains empty for these occasions.”

Chapter Thirty Six

I continue to humbly sit, wondering the time. As directed, I begged to be excused from assisting Jamie in serving dinner and quietly retreated to my special room. When the door closed behind me, there was no changing my mind, no going back. It clicked and locked.

I did not have the temerity to explore. Miss Elizabeth told me what was in the cabinets. In finding the fortitude to call Ms. Hobson, I had apparently expended what little courage I could summon. Miss Elizabeth had described the contents as 'behavior modification devices'. In viewing the stark horror of the implements hanging on the wall, so evil yet displayed with such presumption, my timidity precluded me from viewing what was chosen to be furtively tucked away.

I look up to see a camera high on the wall facing the platform. Unlike the examination room, it is in plain sight, no subterfuge about viewing and recording the events in this room.

Finally Ms. Hobson enters. In coming directly from the office, she wears the drab and frumpy business attire now known to me as a disguise. Her hair is pulled straight back in an unattractive bun, complementing her ensemble. No one accompanies her. It is apparent she has a card key similar to that carried by Jamie and Miss Elizabeth.

"Good evening, Sam. I see I am expected," she greets with a tinge of sarcasm, peering at my manhood.

Yes, Little Sam stands in wait. Apparently in viewing the room's accouterments and swimming in a sea of testosterone, he has chosen to greet Ms. Hobson in a state of tumescence. In being surgically desensitized, sometimes I do not notice or feel his wanderings.

When not laboring at a task or under other instruction, I kneel as Jamie and Miss Elizabeth have taught me. Thus the woman of so many nightmares appears even larger standing over me in heels and full length baggy overcoat.

She pats my head. This is a new Grace Hobson. She appears to have such compassion for the vanquished.

“Why not step up on the platform, Sam? Between the posts. Don’t be shy. You’re the center of attention in this room. It’s for you.”

I obey. The platform, reminding me of a small stage under the spotlights, is some eighteen inches above the floor.

“Hands on head. Give me good posture, now.”

She speaks crisply but politely as if to a potentially unruly child, verbally establishing control before mischievous hands stray. I do indeed have a desire to stroke Little Sam. But I part my feet, place my hands accordingly and push my shoulders back at attention.

“Good boy,” Ms. Hobson graciously offers, extending a hand to palm my testicles.

Little Sam waggles with her touch, bringing laughter.

The height of the platform places my genitals at shoulder level. She smiles in viewing more closely Little Sam’s shortened and pointed tip. The wry look suggests that she knows all too well of the relative numbness compared to the thrilling sensitivity before Dr. Wilson’s altering procedure.

The huge form turns away and strolls to a tall cabinet. She produces a key, unlocks and swings open the double doors. She speaks as she removes her long coat.

“You know, Sam, amputees experience an interesting phenomenon where they claim to feel sensations from limbs surgically removed. You’ll probably undergo the same. Though your penis has little feeling, you will desire to stroke it or pine to thrust it into the warm and moist confines of the female sheath. You will experience limited satiation, if any. But you’ll get used to it over time. And when the need builds, there’s always sessions here which will serve to alleviate an urge.”

She hangs her coat while speaking. Beneath is more drab and baggy attire., a dress which could serve as a tent. She

moves to the right wall laden with cuffs and shackles. I gulp in realizing that I have placed myself at the mercy of the heartless woman who sent Samuel L. Winthrop, III for coffee, had revoked every one of my licenses and terminated my employment with such enjoyment.

There is a pause while she selects a collection of simple chains and returns to me. She bends and pulls from under the platform a small step stool, so low that its utility is questionable. She places it near my feet.

“Step up, please.”

I obey and resume my stance, every command seeming to add to Little Sam’s delight. She momentarily moves out of sight to my rear then with chains in hand she joins me on the platform.

“Keep your hands on your head at all times while in this room, Sam. It will always be the rule unless you are directed to do otherwise.”

Long fingers work about my neck collar. A chain is attached to the eye hook on the left side and strung to an iron ring on top of the left pole.

“My late husband encountered a challenge similar to yours. I married young and to a rather obstreperous and bold man. And whereas his boldness served me well, it also served other women. I tolerated it, biding my time, and then came a fateful night, an oil slicked section of road, and a powerful motorcycle which was as refractory as he was.”

She works the right side, continuing to recall her philandering husband.

“He skidded off the road into some construction equipment and was injured. And low and behold besides being knocked unconscious, his manhood suffered much trauma.”

The right side of my collar is chained. She adjusts to assure there is little slack then steps down.

“So after suffering the indignity of dozens of sordid trysts, I receive this phone call from the hospital. Trauma

care can only be offered for so long and for so many steps without the consent of the patient or his next of kin. So with my husband in a coma, I rush to the emergency room and learn that only hours and hours of immediate and highly skilled surgery can save that which caused so much misery and interfered with a marriage of complete consecration.

“Yes, Dr. Wilson explained the procedure, the careful suturing of the various vessels, the grafting of skin, the painstaking care to ensure the erectile chambers remain expandable. She also emphasized the need for immediacy, holding before me the papers that needed to be signed.”

She moves to my front. A smaller chain is attached to my left testicle ring and strung to an iron ring on the middle of the left post. The right suffers a similar restraint on the right post. She adjusts to remove all slack.

“And so I calmly listened, Dr. Wilson plainly stated the obvious alternative to the risk. “‘He’ll lose it,’ was her blunt summation. ‘What’s left will have to be removed.’”

“I smiled and she seemed to detect something. She had obviously seen such thoughtful looks before emanating from women suddenly placed in a position of power over the vaunted male organ.

“‘Is there a coffee shop or cafeteria where I can think about this?’ I so pleasantly replied. And that’s where I stayed, Sam. Sipping coffee and contemplating.

“Step off the stool now, slowly and carefully,” she smoothly commanded in interrupting her story.

As my feet returned to the surface of the platform, the chains tightened. My neck collar, smoothly polished and designed for notable long term comfort, assumed the support of some of my weight. The moderate slack on the chains hooked to my testicle rings also dissipated, tugging my right gonad toward the right post and vice versus with the left.

Ms. Hobson looked on, beaming contentedly. Having a bound and naked male at her mercy not so much thrilled

her as imbued an odd level of comfort. She looked as would a matronly housewife baking cookies for a clan of squawking children.

Satisfied, she took away the stool and returned to the open cabinet. She began to remove her clothing while resuming the fateful story of her late husband.

“And that’s how my husband’s philandering ended. Me sitting in the hospital coffee shop enjoying a hot cup of brew while the need for acute attention to his manhood amplified over time. And it’s interesting, Sam, my ostensibly contemplative pause. Observers would think I was frozen in consternation, my mind addled with the difficult decision.”

Ms. Hobson began to laugh wickedly. “It was quite the opposite. I was dreaming about a life of my control and my husband’s soon to be unsatiated needs. His balls were quite unaffected by the mishap. Dr. Wilson was very specific about that.”

I watch as the undressing continues. It is magical to see the drab, formless clothing shucked and the incredibly sculpted figure of a toned woman slowly appear from beneath.

As I found when Ms. Hobson visited me during recuperation, she is amazingly conditioned for a woman of some forty years and I begin to gawk as the brassiere is unhooked and the muscled giantess steps out of her panties. I feel myself struggling in my chains in a combination of fear, for a woman who so callously let her husband’s injured penis wither away in a hospital emergency room, and prurient admiration of a form wreaking of both power and beauty.

She turns to me in complete nakedness and smiles. It is not the coy and shy smile of a girl reluctantly exposing herself and overcoming modesty. No it is a confident smile, one exuding control. Ms. Hobson is physically alluring and she knows it!

“Over the years, I’ve come to foster certain rituals in these sessions, Sam. Good canings can be quite exerting and I have found limited covering to be comforting.”

Her breasts, though enormous, do not move or sway. The nipples are those of a pubescent girl in completely defying gravity and pointing skyward. Abdominal muscles ripple with hidden power and taper to where such seem to point to a pubes carefully trimmed of most hair.

She notices my intense, labored stare with the neck collar holding my head completely immobile and she shuffles to my front to afford a better view. She stands arms akimbo... and they are massive arms... better suited for pumping iron than pushing paperwork. Her large hands rest on hips visually enhanced by the narrowness of a very limited waist. Thighs understandably match her biceps and forearms in their evidence of extensive exercise. There is awe in watching the muscles there contract as she moves. My male eyes scan to between her thighs. An incredibly large and exposed clitoris captures my attention. Ms. Hobson notices my glance and smiles.

Little Sam waggles in tribute to a woman with whom the most able bodied man would not wish to physically tangle. Ms. Hobson is an Amazon, cleverly disguising her puissance with attire resembling potato sacks and the hairstyle of a dowager.

“Many years of youthful training. When my husband died, I returned to heavy exercise and took up martial arts.”

Meanwhile I understand the intended effect of having my collar so restrained. With many hours spent in suspension, I know Little Sam will show off, slowly changing from pink to red to purple as the peculiar result of tension on the male spinal cord forces uncontrollable erection. It has so amused Miss Elizabeth’s guests in the past and Ms. Hobson seems to find equal viewing enjoyment, stepping forward to toy with what feels like a cylinder of flesh sutured to my stomach.

“It so pines for release, Sam... a climactic discharge of all that nasty build up of semen. The testosterone spurs production yet a simple injection from Dr. Wilson’s hypodermic needle has denied him the means to ejaculate. Tsk. Tsk.”

Her face assumes a lugubrious look of sympathy while her fingers inspect and her eyes examine. Dr. Wilson’s handiwork fascinates, so quickly transforming my proud manhood from a sensual and somewhat attractive sexual implement to a narrow shortened strip of flesh, functioning solely to evacuate my bladder and amuse women of Dominance. I am thankful that it still engorges, but for what purpose other than to entertain Miss Elizabeth?

I can barely feel the caressing fingers and Ms. Hobson knows it. Next she kneads my ringed testicles and scrotum, grotesquely spread by the tugging chains. She seems to so enjoy the power, first restraining and then squeezing with impunity the male reproductive organs... and knowing that such continuously produce sperm with futility... male essence which cannot be ejaculated... she finds intriguing. The semen meekly awaits her harvesting hands.

Her left hand slides beneath to my perineum. The right strokes Little Sam. I can feel my organ physically move but there is little pleasure felt. My standing penis is for her enjoyment.

Meanwhile gazing at the enormous mammary glands not only amazes, it excites. Ms. Hobson has the breasts of a twenty-year-old beauty queen, and she exhibits such with haughtiness.

She steps away toward another cabinet. It opens, closes and I hear her step onto the platform behind me. She presses her nakedness against mine. I feel the stone-like nipples against my shoulder blades. Her hands reach around. Her fingers pinch my nipples, first most sensuously, then slowly firming. I believe I can feel the huge clitoris brushing against my buttocks.

“Yes, controlling a male’s libido can be most entertaining. I had to learn but I did so quickly. Poor husband could ejaculate no more, but what about his remaining organs? The prostate requires manipulation, the building semen needs release. But overall there is a need for emotional release... a catharsis of the psyche.”

I cry out as her grip on my nipples becomes viciously painful. She laughs.

“By the way, feel free to yell, holler, scream, plead, beg! The room has been sound proofed. Behind the paneling are layers of absorbent material.

“Yes, there needs to a rebalancing of the hormones. And such can occur with emotional trauma just as much as with ecstatic pleasure.

“Ever think about how good it feels after experiencing a very dangerous situation... driving at excessive speed.... sky diving... mountain climbing... escaping all unscathed? For my husband it was fast motorcycles and sordid dalliances with married women.

“Unfortunately in the end, he did not escape unscathed.”

I continue to cry out and groan as Ms. Hobson cruelly pinches and twists. Finally she releases and steps back.

I feel her hands on my buttocks. There is wet coldness.

“A special salve. It very nicely enhances the feel of the rattan.”

She coats the entire surface of my hillocks.

“And so I introduced my husband to pain... deep gut wrenching pain. Executed under my control. He could only beg me for it, and when I condescended, I caned him unmercifully.”

She speaks in a firm, even but ominous tone. Fingers part my cheeks. My rectum is lubricated. Then I feel something pressing against my rear opening.

“I’m sure this feels familiar, Sam. An inflatable plug. You’ve enjoyed its invasive pressure before and in your

altered state I think you'll find the sensation to be most welcome."

I hear a hiss of air and indeed feel the pressure. Little Sam waggles in response bringing an uncharacteristic giggle from Ms. Hobson.

She steps from the platform and returns to the tall cabinet.

"So I'm going to introduce you to the concept of cathartic pain. And I think afterwards you will feel much better. For a time the anxiety will subside... the need to fruitlessly stroke your numbed penis."

Ms. Hobson draws from the cabinet a black leather garment. It is a narrow corset which she slips over her head and is barely able to glide over her mammoth breasts. She pulls laces on the sides to tighten and when finished, the Amazon stands with her already huge breasts remaining uncovered but plumped even more with nipples pointed higher. Her pubes remain uncovered. The garment hides none of her feminine charms, it merely highlights.

"But then the need will build again. And you will call me."

Her soliloquy ends. She moves to the wall facing me and leisurely begins the process of selecting a cane. She swishes several through the air to the sound of a sickening whoosh.

"Smile for the camera, Sam."

The termagant, her demeanor pleasant but dementedly unctuous, positions herself to my left side. I feel the tube attached to the inflatable anal plug moving. I hear a hiss. I feel pressure deep within my loins. I hear a whoosh then a crack, my moistened buttocks providing quite the percussive sound. I feel the most indescribable pain. The woman is an arsonist. She is setting me on fire. I scream. And with her final words I think about Miss Elizabeth, comfortably ensconced before a television monitor watching my slow execution in high definition. Between her thighs is an excited Jamie. She cannot watch, her tongue arduously works to please, but she can hear. And for her, I will sing.

I did not before understand all that Ms. Hobson explained about catharsis, emotional release, the escape from danger. But I will receive a very thorough and slow enlightenment. The second whoosh and resulting burst of agony is equally painful.

I begin to think of Miss Elizabeth's recollections of the floggings at the Palace. How the prisoner would initially be shamefully erect and his executioner would slowly relieve him of the embarrassment, the excruciating pain eventually bringing flaccidity.

But Ms. Hobson knows to squeeze the puffolator to expand the plug and maintain pressure on my prostate. And Little Sam seems to ignore my suffering and continue his engorgement. He defies me, responding with delight to the attention brought by Ms. Hobson's grasp on the rubber bulb, and proudly waggles, seeming to celebrate.

My restraints, chained neck collar and testicle rings, hold steady my torso, ingeniously presenting my immobile buttocks for stroke after stroke. But I can dance with my feet, and Ms. Hobson cackles as I indeed perform a jig. My hands dutifully remain atop my head for three strokes, then all discipline breaks down and with each subsequent stroke my arms flail about wildly. Yes, with my precious gonads tightly ringed and chained, I must moderate my movements.

At least a dozen strokes are applied. In the end my hands find comfort by disobediently grasping the testicle chains. That earns more strokes and I intuitively realize that my caning will not end until my hands resume their place of submission. I summon the energy, rapidly depleting with my convulsive reactions, and return my palms to my head.

Ms. Hobson stops.

The corseted form returns to view. She is perspiring and I understand the practicality of being mostly naked for the execution. Her powerful swings are tantamount to a notable level of exertion.

She pulls the tube for the inflatable plug between my legs. The enticing scent of feminine arousal fills the air. She sits in the throne-like chair still holding the puffolator. Her clitoris is swollen, its color purple. There is wetness streaming down her inner thighs. Ms. Hobson is a sadist, experiencing climactic pleasure in her brisk application of the cane to my buttocks.

She squeezes; my penis stirs.

“Stroke yourself, Sam. I think you’ll be surprised.”

I reach down. Little Sam is covered with gelatinous goo. My male essence has been whipped and pumped from me. Yet I felt nothing other than the cane searing the flesh of my buttocks and the inflating anal plug while weeks of spermatic fluid was expressed.

Ms. Hobson laughs with my reaction of shock.

“In a week, though you’ll hate yourself for asking, you’ll be calling for more.”

Chapter Thirty Seven

I kneel between the posts, recalling that first application of rattan. Ms. Hobson was prescient in suggesting that I would be calling her again. Despite the incredible gut wrenching pain of a firm caning, Ms. Hobson's expertise in handling the altered male provided the relief I so much sought. Though I felt no ecstatic climax, in giving up my sperm, even in such an ignominious manner, my hormones were put back into balance. For a day or so I entered a state of strange tranquility... ending, of course, days later when Nurse Stenson's hypodermic needle served to once again began the cycle of hormonal build up. And watching Jamie hungrily bring Miss Elizabeth to countless orgasms every night seemed to advance the rate at which I again approached priapism.

Jamie was so kind to me after that first caning. Ms. Hobson slid the tiny stool under my feet to relieve the tension on my testicle rings and neck collar, tossed a hood over my head, dressed and left. I dared not release myself, so I just stood until hours later Jamie entered, unhooked my bindings, attached a leash to my testicle rings and led me into Miss Elizabeth's huge bathroom.

There it became my turn to frolic in the Jacuzzi while a naked Jamie tended to my numerous welts. His delicate hands were most soothing and in being naked and alone with Jamie, that alone made it worth enduring the cathartic agony.

For this second visit, Ms. Hobson has my wrists cuffed, raised high behind my back, and chained to the posts. To ensure that I remain kneeling, my testicle rings are chained to rings at the bottom of the posts. I once again watch as Ms. Hobson disrobes and displays her amazing physique. This time Jamie gallivants about the room. Ms. Hobson stripped him of all clothing and in viewing the young hairless effeminate flesh, Little Sam reacts. I can lower my chin and see his stiffness.

“You’d be interested to know, Sam, that the Defford Industries deal was finally completed. A very lucrative fee for the firm, as well as my bonus, of course. And the financing for the Simpson Trading Co. will fund next week. That one is huge. I’m going to be a very well paid lady thanks to your efforts.”

Those were *my* deals! I cringe thinking of all my endeavors... years of negotiations, planning, meetings... ending with a substantial bonus... and even worse.., kudos from the Executive Committee... going to the benefit of my tormentress. And I will receive for my labors... a flogging.

“Something a little different tonight, Sam. Miss Elizabeth wants to be entertained.”

Ms. Hobson dons her corset. Jamie assists, dutifully tightening the cords on the side. When finished she drops to her knees and sucks on the penis-like clitoris. Without the Prince’s Wand forcing Jamie’s appendage to be stretched, I believe the size of Ms. Hobson’s massive bud would exceed Jamie’s flaccid penis.

“Such a good little castrate,” Ms. Hobson compliments the blond ingenue.

The pierced tongue slithers between Ms. Hobson’s labia. She parts her feet in welcome.

“My husband learned to be quite the cunnilinguist. I assume you’ve noticed my outsized clitoris. I made him suck for hours before applying the cane he so much desired. I made him earn his relief. When your tongue is properly stretched, Sam. You may want to explore there.”

The throaty laugh. “Enough, Jamie, the harness.”

Jamie prances to one of the cabinets. He returns with a black leather contraption and hooks it to grommets on the front hem of the corset. Straps run between Ms. Hobson’s thighs. Jamie moves to her rear and presumably threads the straps to grommets on the back hem.

“A dildo harness, Sam. The corset serves as an excellent garment for support. It leaves my large muscles

unencumbered yet provides for the proper leverage.

"A number ten for this first occasion, Jamie. I would not want to tear the sphincter."

I wonder if my gulp can be heard. Jamie returns to a cabinet and retrieves an enormous cylinder of black rubber. It is 'U' shaped with one end obviously designed to pleasure the feminine portal. Bumps, protrusions and ridges will tantalizingly knead the vaginal walls while the opposite end assaults the male anal opening.

Jamie gently slides the implement under the harness. The business end protrudes through a hole in the front. Ms. Hobson smiles pleasantly as her end glides into her sheath. Jamie moves to her rear and tugs to tighten the straps.

"I have quite the assortment. Each one designed with one end specifically for me, the opposing end designed to wreak havoc. I eventually took my late husband up to a number 16. His resistance to penetration was amazingly pleasurable for me. I think you've discovered that yourself, have you not Sam?"

"Yes, he has."

Miss Elizabeth's voice answers. She steps to my front, ravishing as always, wearing a white cotton halter and very short white cotton skirt. It appears she is about to play tennis.

"If he hadn't, he would not have been introduced to Dr. Wilson."

Both women laugh. Miss Elizabeth sits in the throne-like chair. When her knees part I can see her trimmed pudendum from my kneeling position. She wears no undergarments.

Meanwhile, Jamie has stepped onto the platform and I feel his fingers. He is lubricating my rectum.

"A little recreation for Jamie and me before you're caned this evening Sam. I wanted Jamie to see that you're being adequately punished for your transgressions."

Well, I guess just watching on closed circuit television can lead to undesired aloofness.

"The camera captures the visual aspect very nicely. However, I want not only to see but to hear the anguish and smell the fear as well. And I can always review the videotape later.

"Here, Jamie."

Having finished his task, the naked ingenue skips to his sitting Mistress. She unlocks the Prince's Wand. I sense Ms. Hobson on the platform behind me. So many things rushing through my mind. I will be sodomized and my shame will be filmed and forever archived in Miss Elizabeth's video files of blackmail.

"Spread your feet like a good boy, Sam."

The giantess kneels behind me. Miss Elizabeth whispers in Jamie's ear. I feel the tip of the dildo brushing about my gluteal cleft. Large feminine hands embrace my torso. I feel pinching on my nipples. Small metal vises... serrated. Ms. Hobson has one in each palm. She takes her time to ensure she has the tender pink flesh of the areola between the metal teeth.

"Just a little something to ensure your cooperation," she casually suggests.

They hurt.

"Open for me, Sam. It's best to ride with the penetration and not resist."

I feel incredible pinching on my nipples as the dildo begins its journey. Miss Elizabeth lifts her skirt to display her fine sex to me. I feel Little Sam waggle, Then Jamie approaches and slides the little stool into position and stands before me. His little penis and golden balls are inches from my face.

"Jamie was very hurt by your assault Sam. Perhaps you can show some affection."

Ms. Hobson both thrusts and tightens the metal vises. I open my mouth to cry out in pain and Jamie pushes with his

hips. His tiny penis tip enters my mouth. Ms. Hobson pushes further and squeezes. I know to lick and to suck. I have no choice.

“Such a nice way to return Jamie’s kindness. I think you’ll find that Ms. Hobson’s phallus will adequately drain your prostate tonight. But we still will not deny you your caning.”

Miss Elizabeth’s words echo in my overloaded cortex. I hear Jamie giggle in the pleasurable grasp of my tongue and lips and Ms. Hobson grunt with a vigorous thrust. Her powerful grip suggests there is no escape. Her energetic motion suggests that her end of the dildo is nicely kneading her vaginal walls.

It is ironic that Jamie’s tiny withered penis provides more sensation than mine. Yet, I suck and swirl, imagining that it is Little Sam being so fervently serviced.

“You seem to have such affection for little Jamie, Sam. Could it be that the isolation, the inability to escape, the threat to the satisfaction of your libido, and the little kindnesses Jamie offers has spurred your unwarranted devotion?

“And such empathy... opening your backside to Ms. Hobson... the woman who fired you and now basks in the glory of your efforts at McDonald Bear. Very nice of you to provide her with the pleasure I’ve denied to you.”

Jamie’s tiny organ stiffens and steps from the stool and withdraws. In not being able to climax he seems to want to be with Miss Elizabeth, who can. He kneels between her thighs and his head tenderly lowers to begin to show his own oral devotion. Meanwhile, I bow my head and see a desensitized Little Sam freely giving up the abundant sperm produced by glands inundated by testosterone. Ms. Hobson’s thrusts away and her number ten dildo has found the mark, forcing from my prostate that which cannot be ejaculated. There is so little feeling, yet I strangely anticipate Ms. Hobson’s caning with relish.

“Perhaps you would consider offering Jamie a token of your affection, Sam... better termed two tokens. Dr. Wilson can be very quick... and your need to be caned will cease. At this point it really would not be much of a sacrifice. And it would so nicely modify your behavior. Studies have shown that an unusual psychological bond can form between castrate and castrator.

“Jamie graciously gave his to me, and look what devotion he shows...”

Yes, the Stockholm Syndrome.

THE END

The author would like to thank the makers of the CB-2000 (<http://www.thecurve2000.com>) for permitting the use of their trademark.

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