



Naked Rendition
by Chris Bellows

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For information contact:
Pink Flamingo Publications
www.pinkflamingo.com
P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083
USA

Cover Image © Roman Kasperski
www.romankasperski.de
Email Comments: comments@pinkflamingo.com

Part One – The Compound

“Your nurses are all from a small Pacific Island near the Samoa Islands... in case you’re wondering.”

The voice is calm yet direct. The woman is in charge, that is evident, though oddly I can envision her in recent years leading a team of high school cheerleaders. Yes, her confidence belies her youth... and her extreme good looks. And her beauty serves to intensify the distress over my situation.

I am strapped supine to a plank. And I am without a stitch of clothing.

“How do you feel?”

In any other setting the question would be comically superfluous.

“Why?” is my simple response. “Why am I here?”

The woman nods to the Samoan nurse, though she is not Samoan but from an island near Samoa. A white uniformed arm reaches forth and an olive-skinned hand pulls a pin on the edge of the board. She pushes. The bottom edge lowers, the top edge rises and with a click the hinged board is reset so that I am presented more upright, afforded a direct view of the woman who will question me...but also presented more exposed.

Alluring indeed. My interlocutor sits with perfect posture in a straight back chair, her legs crossed just as proper young ladies are taught in charm school. Professionally attired, yet the conservative pantsuit cannot disguise what my gaze extrapolates to be a trim yet well formed figure.

“I’ll ask the questions, Mr. Davies,” comes her firm rejoinder.

The nurses don’t speak, though I know they understand English. So I have been afforded no information since my... well I guess it’s termed rendition. Instead I have for an interminable period lied well strapped to this board. A large hole under my buttocks offers opportunity to empty my bowels. But with the near constant supervision such is most embarrassing. The small olive hands also assist with spoon feeding, tasteless mush, as well as urination, holding my penis to assure neatness. Once or twice per day, if I am accurately judging the time, each limb is one by one released, permitted momentary movement, and most gratefully massaged. I am also sponged bathed, shaved... every square inch of my body... and coated with a light viscous oil. A steel collar encircles my neck. But most embarrassing of all, besides being left totally naked to be sponge bathed and massaged by cute young nurses, a smaller loop of steel snugly encircles my scrotal sac. No explanation was offered for its presence until, during my second massage, I stupidly resisted in returning my wrist to the waiting fur lined cuff secured to the side of the board.

That is when I felt the extremity of the first shock. The scrotal ring can deliver searing voltage to an anatomical area where a man prefers to feel nothing more than tender feminine caress. Thereafter I limply allowed the nurses to quietly complete their chores, moving not a muscle and obviously offering no resistance. Shaving, bathing, massaging... and as noted assuring that my penis is properly aligned to relieve my bladder.

“How do you feel?” the voice more forcefully repeats.

“Exposed, vulnerable... and perplexed,” I meekly reply.

“It is intended that you feel vulnerable. Such extreme exposure imparts such thoughts. But perplexed? Why would an operative feel perplexed when he is subjected to interrogation?”

“I am not an operative. I sell machine tools.”

The woman smiles demurely.

“That’s what I want to know more about. And you’re going to tell me.”

“Who are you?”

“I ask the questions, remember, Mr. Davies.”

With the snippy reply the woman’s hand rises. In it is an all too familiar black remote control device. The right thumb presses. Just as I felt when I stubbornly resisted returning my wrist to its waiting cuff, there comes a tingling which grows to a jolt and then an eruption of pain. It emanates this time

from my neck and seems to creep up my spine to explode in my cerebral cortex. Just as with my scrotal ring, my neck collar is electrified. I lurch within my bonds hearing the soft chuckle from the woman zinging with her black remote.

“I can activate the other ring as well, Mr. Davies,” the now more authoritative voice offers as I feel a very moderate zing within my testicles. “But I prefer to save that for occasions of extreme truculence... which I suspect I will not encounter. Or when I want to be entertained.”

The woman arises. My eyes involuntarily inspect, my nerves calming.

Yes, alluring indeed. Curves where a woman is best curved, an angelic face, the beauty of which an overly plain hair style cannot disguise. More appropriately dressed... or rather undressed... she would be the object of male fantasy.

“We’ll talk again. In time you will be eager to speak to me.”

“Am I to be waterboarded?” I inquire in apprehensively breaking her mandate of no questions.

She laughs. I ask because of the nature of my bindings. With the plank capable of tilting, returning me to the supine position then lowering the upper edge just a little more, my form of restraint would enable the perfect angle for pouring the eponymous liquid over my towel covered nose and mouth.

“Waterboarding is too quick, Mr. Davies. What I want from you is your life story. Every detail. And I suspect you’ll soon be singing like a choir boy.”

Her smug look, her threatening words, bring goose bumps of fear. She notices. But most embarrassingly, she notices something else.

“An interesting attribute of uncircumcized men, Mr. Davies. Sometimes latent fears... and latent desires... cannot be veiled. That’s why I prefer a man to be stripped naked. It can be amusingly telling.”

With her irritatingly impolitic and intimate observation, her arm extends and the smooth black surface of the remote control sensuously grazes the underside of my penis. Her brief action is a deriding tease. In my lower gaze I can construe the gist of her reference. Despite the extreme embarrassment, despite the pain of her quick application of wattage, the tip of my penis has popped from its sheath. For some reason my appendage finds stimulation and I am chagrined to also find enjoyment in the ephemeral action of her hand. She knows the male anatomy... ever so briefly brushing where a man covets feminine attention.

She chuckles again in retracting the device. I do not like her... but then again I do. Her form pleases, her demeanor irritates.

“We’re going to get along just fine... as soon as you better understand your circumstances... and the rules.”

She speaks as the pin is pulled and the Samoan nurse of some 100 pounds facilely returns my 200 plus pound frame to lie supine.

I know from my worldly reading that my manner of restraint is a more humane form of a Chinese torture termed the ‘tiger board’. Those shackled to it are never released... except when it is time for execution. But with the attentive care of the bevy of Samoan nurses, who are not really from Samoa, I am certainly better off than those yearning for the final relief of death.

Soft but extremely secure cuffs offer thorough immobility but relative comfort. Same with the institutional straps which bind thighs, waist and biceps. Curiously, the bondage is overly thorough... sending a message. Helplessness... vulnerability... exposure... as expounded. The fact that a mere woman can make me writhe in agony with the press of her thumb is disconcerting. Studies have shown that in many ways women are more tolerant of pain... and can be thus more apt to dispense it.

Yet, if I remain obedient, there is no application of electricity. And so I lie in tedium, grateful to be bathed and massaged but never becoming accustomed to relieving myself under the guidance of a young

feminine hand. As stated, the nurses do not talk and I have learned to empty myself on their schedule not mine... holding my urges until a repository is offered.

Bowel movements are easier, a receptacle positioned directly below the opening where my cheeks protrude through the board... though the plunk of excrement can bring shame... as well as the subsequent feel of a wiping hand.

For how long do I lie? And who is this woman who governs in such youthful authority?

The bright lighting in the windowless room is never doused. Instead sleep is encouraged when a nurse merely enshrouds my head with a thick cloth hood. The cycles seem sporadic. Sometimes the hood remaining in place for what I judge to be lengthy intervals. Other times it seems I have barely shut my eyes before one of the pretty Samoans whisks away the dark cloth covering.

Whatever the timing, I know that when the stab of light greets my eyes the receptacle will be offered and I know to empty myself. Failure to do so means either uncomfortably lying for an inordinate period awaiting the next opportunity or wetting myself. And though the nurses are constantly in attendance, they make me lie in my own excretions as punishment for not relieving myself at their behest.

Thus I am essentially being potty trained and know that with the removal of the hood a tender brown hand will hold my penis, knowingly slip back the foreskin and align the tip with the collection vessel.

How many days did it require for me to become so obeisant I do not know. But I do know that lying in urine and begging to be cleansed is not the appropriate option for demonstrating disobedience.

With relative seclusion, the nurses rarely speaking a word, with the extreme bondage, being presented naked to such nubile femininity, I can feel my hormone levels rise. The tender fingers drawing back my foreskin for urination become a catalyst. I can feel my organ begin to firm as a tissue dabs away the final droplets. When controlling hands begin to lather me for shaving my tumescence continues. By the time the warm hands palpate my scrotal sac and the sharp blade of the straight edged razor begins to scythe the stubble of pubic hair, I am completely erect. My penis tip, bulbous and purple, unsheathes to proudly display itself as the nurse ignores my embarrassing condition and dutifully shaves.

During the subsequent sponge bath I remain fully erect and the nurse shows no reaction in dabbing away prostatic fluid which streams down my turgid shaft. On one occasion, when my right arm was freed for its massage, I made a motion in attempting to please myself and bring relief from my most shameful condition. It was then that I once again found how quick and easily the ubiquitous remote control device can discourage disobedience. Yes, the nurse applied a memorable jolt to my scrotal ring and I immediately knew to let my arm go limp and acquiesce to her kneading hands.

And so I become a pile of flesh, mine yes, but ceding all dominion to my bevy of pretty nurses. And I just lie in thought.

Why am I here?

“Very impressive, Mr. Davies. The nurses have reported to me that you enjoy showing off.”

For the first time in many days, if my judge of time is accurate, into the well lit room steps my interlocutor. I have just finished my waking performance for the nurse and as she dabs away the final droplets my penis is firming as always. I have become accustomed to tumefying before the young Samoan women. With their silence my psyche has found my otherwise shameful arousal to be oddly acceptable.

But before this pretty woman of authority my bashfulness renews. I cannot compose myself and must helplessly watch as my manhood grows to full blossom while the woman smiles in confidence.

“You’re well endowed,” she notes leisurely watching and heightening my ignominy.

The nurse steps away to dispose of the receptacle and I just lie naked looking in my lower gaze at the fully clothed woman, standing arms akimbo and watching as my penis rises like a loaded howitzer.

“Would you like to be masturbated? Lanai’s touch can be quite stimulating.”

I have no reply. Despite the many days of being under the control of women, my situation is too bizarre for rational response.

Instead I learn the nurse’s name. When the woman nods, Lanai, she who governs my body, moves to remove the pin and free the board. Once again my feet swing down, my head up and I am presented upright to face this imposing beauty.

“I want him plugged Lanai. It is apparent his penis needs attention.”

I feel my heart pound, my circulation surge. My inquisitor turns to push closer the straight backed chair then sits. In being mounted on the board I stand upright well strapped and a few inches above the floor. Thus she looks up at my huge erection, I am sure my shorn scrotum and attached ring presenting quite the view.

“We’re not completely aloof to crass male needs here, Mr. Davies. We very much understand the annoying drive and hormonal desires. But you need to understand such are now ours to control.”

The youthful voice remains disconcertingly even and firm as I feel the hands which so often feed, bath and massage work about the opening in the board for my buttocks. Fingers cleave my cheeks. I feel lubricant and see my penis embarrassingly waggle as two, possibly three fingers plunge into my anus and freely smear my opening with unguent. The woman softly laughs in observing the involuntary reaction to prostate manipulation. I both seethe and curse myself with the humiliating response to her governing hands.

Then the fingers withdraw and I feel the firm smoothness of rubber as Lanai expertly impales my rectum. I am tight there but she knowingly stuffs my rear portal. I am embarrassed but further confounded when Lanai steps to my front, unravels a length of slim rubber hose and hands the woman a rubber bulb.

“An inflatable anal plug. You men so much enjoy the sensation. How could we keep you denied?”

She smiles wickedly as her hand squeezes and I feel deep within the awkward discomfort/ pleasure of prostate manipulation. My penis more than waggles with another humiliating response and the woman outright laughs.

“Oh Mr. Davies! Such naughtiness. Waving that gruesome purple erection about before two women!”

She squeezes once again. The sense of helplessness, as deep within my viscera I feel the effects of a controlling woman, cannot be described. I pull against my bonds, not able to move hands or arms more than a fraction. My fingers evidence my attempt to stroke myself, frantically wriggling in frustration.

“Now, you’re going to learn how soothing Lanai can be and how generous I can be. I’m going to have you masturbated and you’re going to ejaculate under my command. You will both enjoy it and hate it. But more importantly, you will perform for me and I will be entertained. Just another step in your interrogation.”

With a nod, Lanai moves to my left side. Her left hand cups my testicles. The warmth of her soft fingers feels alarmingly good on scrotal flesh shorn to fully display its pinkness. Then the right hand gently clenches my fully erect penis. The thumb finds the underside of the glans and slowly gyrates. Lanai knows the male anatomy, teasingly kneading the most sensitive erogenous zone in sending her message of forthcoming delight. Then as expected the grip tensions and slowly draws down my foreskin. I emit a sigh then a groan. Her touch is good but incomplete, deliberately offering faint pleasure. It is evanescent as her grip slackens and the foreskin is drawn up over my penis tip.

I squirm. I pull again against my bonds. The woman laughs.

“No, no, Mr. Davies. We’re driving the bus. You’re to learn that you just lie stripped naked and well strapped while we extract our amusement, make you perform for us. It’s an important lesson for you.”

Lanai is masterful. She strokes up then down, intermittently, on occasion completely releasing her grip to watch as my hips try to thrust forth to enhance her manipulation. Meanwhile my anal plug inflates, the woman amusing herself indeed in squeezing the rubber bulb. Within moments I feel the need. I do not want to comply. I do not want to perform. But I have no choice and prepare to erupt.

Yet, Lanai senses something. The fingers of the hand that cradles my testicles, adding to the frustrating level of ecstasy, have slipped under my sac to my perineum. There they palpate my ejaculatory muscles, sensing the pending eruption. I groan as the right hand angles my erection downward. It is both joyful and uncomfortable, adding to the bizarre sensual onslaught.

“No again. I will not have Lanai bring you to climax until I decide, Mr. Davies. So you can squirm away until I give the word.”

“Please. I need to come!”

“Oh, such heartfelt words. Listen to him Lanai, the big strong man needs something from us frail women.”

Her hand squeezes. I instantly feel more pressure within. Meanwhile Lanai curtails her stroking, merely holding my penis and balls as I struggle to rock my hips in a futile attempt to copulate with her motionless hand. This of course brings more laughter.

“My decision. My timing. When I want you to ejaculate, I will have Lanai make you spend into a bowl. I want you to fill the bowl for me, Mr. Davies. Think of yourself as a fecund dairy cow letting down for a morning milking. Think ‘fill the bowl’... ‘fill the bowl’... ‘fill the bowl’. When it is time I want every drop you can offer. I want you drained. I want you to perform for me.”

With a simple gesture, the tantalizing stroking resumes, my erection bent downward, Lanai knowing that the awkward angle forestalls ejaculation. I can feel my reproductive system go into an uproar. Mentally I agree with the woman that given the opportunity I will indeed fill the bowl. Strapped to the table, naked, little motion permitted, I feel as if I am a reservoir of semen. And now I want the dam to burst. I want to rid myself. I do indeed want to perform. I want to offer this wicked woman every drop I have.

Yet, I am denied!

Lanai is too proficient. I cannot fight her controlling grip. Cannot end the relentless manipulation. I am both eager to spend and eager to show off. Yet I cannot. It is beyond my ability to master my own body. I am in heaven. I am in hell. And I close my eyes with the shameful display and the conflicting thoughts and feelings.

“Look at me. Look into my eyes.”

I obey. I curse myself again, but open to look into the eyes of my tormentress... my benefactor.

I watch as she stands and reaches to the equipment filled cabinet. On top awaits the bowl. My bowl. She approaches. Rubber bulb in her right hand, bowl in her left.

“You so much seem to enjoy performing. Why do you want it to end?” she taunts.

She holds the bowl under my penis. I pull my pubo coccygeus muscles. Lanai’s fingers feel my effort. She smiles and nods communicating my fruitless effort to the woman.

“It must be so frustrating for you to have two women make you perform. To become a puppet on a string.”

She talks. Lanai strokes. I press against my straps involuntarily trying to both enhance the friction and control the copulation of her hand. It is futile.

Finally come words I both hate and endear.

“Time to fill the bowl for me.”

Lanai accepts the receptacle. The woman’s free left hand reaches forth to tweak my right nipple The

right hand squeezes the rubber bulb. The woman leans most proximate. I can feel her breath.

“Come for me,” her sultry voice whispers in my ear.

Lanai rights the angle of my erection. Then the woman blows in my ear and kneads my nipple. Lanai knows to stroke vigorously. I explode as I never have before. I hear the initial blast of ejaculate splatter into the bowl. Then as suggested, Lanai begins to milk me as I repeatedly pull on my pubo coccygeus muscles. I do want to fill the bowl. I do want to perform. I do want to please. Then comes a second softer splatter. A third. My penis becomes an udder for the milk maiden Lanai.

“Good boy. I like it when my men perform for me. Give it all to me. Fill the bowl. I want you drained.”

Despite the taunts I am in ecstasy. I pull again and again, helping Lanai as best I can. Offering every drop I can muster for the woman who continues whispering in my ear. With the many days of seclusion, the strict bondage, her nearness soothes. I have become a volcano which has erupted in response to beseeching pagans, the fury of my burst of sperm answering the calls of the believers.

“Very good. You see, we’re not oblivious to male needs.”

Her tone mocks as a hiss of air relieves the pressure on my prostate. Her nipple tweaking hand moves to tease my right ear, playfully rolling about the cartilage.

“You perform well for me. I think we’ll get along just fine. At some point I will walk you and you will talk. You’ve most effusively provided me with your essence and that is a good start.”

The voice returns to authoritative as I feel the glow of satiation combined with the humiliation of performing such a sordid deed before two women. What most males furtively do in the privacy of darkness I have most depravedly discharged in a well lit room with an audience. The woman takes the bowl and examines it, holding up it for my inspection as well.

“Quite the load of sperm, Mr. Davies. It will be your last for a while.”

She hands the bowl to Lanai.

“Add this to his next ration of gruel.”

The pin releases the board. My feet swing up. My head down. There comes another click as I am returned to lying supine.

The woman wordlessly departs.

The endless seclusion, silent nurses notwithstanding, begins again. I feel as if I am planted in a garden that is constantly weeded, watered and fertilized. The brief and limited periods of my release, one limb at a time, become welcomed intervals of joy. I find myself thanking my pretty caretakers for their tendance. Within days of being thoroughly drained of sperm, priapism returns when the soft brown fingers again hold my penis for urination. Oddly I no longer chide myself for becoming erect before the fully uniformed young women. Even mental resistance fades and on one occasion I kissed a tending hand in gratitude as my freed arm was skillfully massaged and rubbed with oil.

Still I am embarrassed to think about my performance, ejaculating on cue, on command for this provocative woman who seems to control all. Yes, I performed and I cooperated in having myself drained, complying timely and completely to my benefactor’s desires.

I even ate the gruel, knowing that mixed within was the effluent of my loins.

Why did she do that? Why offer such ecstatic relief after many days of hardship, of nothingness? With her firm even voice, her smug look of satisfaction, she expressed such a calm coolness in watching my utter debasement. Lanai played my sex organ like a Stradivarius and to a most appreciative audience.

I am to be interrogated, my life story to be divulged. Yet so few questions. And such interminable periods of nothing. Meanwhile I lie in wait, strangely hoping that I will once again perform, have Lanai

play my violin, gaze at the beautiful yet demanding face as I plead for climactic relief.

The circumstances of my capture and subsequent incarceration remain fuzzy. Something was slipped into my food... or perhaps my drink. I became ill and groggy. Not wishing to pass out in a crowded restaurant I struggled to my feet. A waitress quickly offered assistance guiding me as I floundered toward the exit. But it was not the exit, it was to the kitchen area. The grogginess began to overwhelm me. Whoever took me from there had an easy time. Weak, incoherent, I became a lost kitten hoping for rescue. Strangely I felt relief when I was led to a waiting van in an alleyway. That's when the lights went out and I awoke strapped to a board, in a well lit room resembling a hospital room. Visual inspections reveal a polished tile floor, sanitized white walls, gadgets, hoses, various medical equipment, cabinets containing the unknown. When combined with the 24/7 nursing care, it appears that I am in an intensive care unit.

Whoever holds me is well funded... and obviously patient. My instincts suggest more than two weeks have past since my ungraceful exit from the restaurant.

And now I wait. She will return, must return if I am to indeed tell her something. And when my penis stands for the nurses, each emptying of my bladder serving as catalyst for engorgement, I curiously wish she were sitting in the straight backed chair, observing as I glare at her beauty and bear the tormenting pleasure of Lanai's stroking hand.

Is that how I will be encouraged to talk... made to talk? Enduring unfulfilled masturbatory glee until the desired words begin to flow?

My mind swirls in cogitation... certainly an unusual interrogation technique.

"What a thoughtful greeting," the woman mockingly exclaims.

My heart leaps. My cerebrum harkens with the sound of the voice. One of the Samoan nurses is dutifully dabbing away remnants of excretion as I have finished my morning obligation... if it is morning. And of course the neglected organ decides to show itself off, firming as it is tenderly presented for cleansing in the nurse's left hand.

The woman's entry speeds the process of full tumescence and I once again blush as the nurse steps aside and the unruly appendage continues to stand in full blossom.

In my lower gaze I see the woman draw forth the chair to sit. The nurse releases the pin and swings the board, feet down, head up, so I face my benefactor... interrogator? It clicks in place and I begin to wonder if this nurse is as accomplished as Lanai in offering manual relief to the male genitals. I again experience the sense of pending ecstasy, conflicting with utter debasement and humiliation, as I envision once again being masturbated under the woman's governance. The thought further fosters my priapic reaction.

She smiles.

"You will not ejaculate for me on this visit, Mr. Davies. But by all means keep it nice and hard for me."

Something about her tone of voice, her conduct, her deportment, spurs the urge to do just that. She is in control, and I want to comply.

The nurse continues with the morning ablutions, if it is morning, lathering my entire body and honing an frightful straight edged razor as the woman talks.

"Tell me something and you will be rewarded," she suggests. "Something as simple as being walked will soon become quite desirous. You've been strapped down for quite some time."

It is true. Besides the fantasy of once again performing for her, the simple vision of freely walking about flashes before me as I lie hooded for the many hours of seclusion. I look forward to the momentary release of arms and legs with much anticipation. But to walk! Ah, the splendor of motion I

formerly took for granted!

“What is your name?” I boldly inquire in once again breaking a rule.

With my blurt, the woman holds up the black remote control device.

“You’re not learning...” she teasingly suggests as I gulp in awaiting the deserved shock.

Gratefully it does not come, but still I cringe and resign myself to complete obedience.

“Call me ma’am. That will suffice. Say ‘yes, ma’am.’”

“Yes, ma’am,” I obediently reply as the remote control is waved before me.

“Good boy.”

I am relieved to see the device lowered as the nurse begins to glide the razor about. I also note that my penis remains most firm, the threat of the debilitating jolt having no effect on its lustful display.

“Born... when and where...” phrased as more of a command than a question, my interrogation begins. I would have answered these questions weeks ago without the need for day after day of restraint and isolation. But as I rapidly offer the information, more questions following, I note that my responses are prompt, exact, humble and obedient.

The gracious offer of walking... being walked... assures my compliance. I am eager to speak, just as the woman prognosticated.

In my narrative my life as a child is encapsulated. On occasion there is demanded a very precise reply. The information offered, though prompt and accurate, would seem meaningless. But then I realize I am being conditioned. Just as a beast of burden is broken to accept a rider, the discomfort of the bit and bridle and the restraint of governing reins, the woman is skillfully directing and I am responding, most obsequiously.

She directs a choir and I am singing without compunction.

There is a pause as the nurse kneads my scrotal sac and the razor expertly removes whatever fraction of a stubble may have grown there since the previous ablution. In my lonely thoughts I have come to conclude that the act of offering every inch of my flesh to the nurse’s tendance is just as important as being presented hairless. Thus is offered an element of control to the woman who has unfettered access to all I possess.

Still, the warm soft fingers provide curious comfort to organs that have once again become burdened with semen. By the time the razor swipes to remove the last of the lather, prostatic fluid drools with the expectance of pending climax. And I am stiffer than ever.

A warm, wet towel removes the traces of shaving lotion and also serves to bathe and cleanse. The pause continues while I am pampered like a child. Then latex gloves are donned and my entire form is oiled before each arm and leg is one by one temporarily released for massage.

As suggested, it is a ritual that offers great comfort to an otherwise torturous ordeal.

The questioning continues. As my right arm is released and massaged, I divulge details of my adolescence. Meaningless but I assume necessary to the process, so I willingly talk. Besides, the remote control awaits to greet any recalcitrance.

Details of unremarkable teen years sufficed for that visit. The woman offered an annoying smirk, arose and left, returning me to my silent isolation.

How should I account for the days? The embarrassing bowel movements? The shaving, bathing, oiling and massage? How do I delineate time?

Thus I have no idea of the remarkably lengthy interval until she once again appears. But I know it is several days.

“I’m going to walk you,” she announces. “When I walk a man I like him to be specially prepared.”

Once again my heart leaps with joy. Not only does the woman's alluring presence break the monotony, but there finally comes the offer of release. Feet will touch something! Legs will move! Arms will wave about in glee!

"Thank you, ma'am," I meekly offer.

There is present a ubiquitous Samoan nurse, though really from an island near Samoa. I note she endeavors about one of the cabinets. Various paraphernalia are being prepared. As she works the woman talks. There are rules.

"You will be leashed and respond to both my verbal commands and the directing tugs. I have the remote control with me, but also a electrical prod. Your well oiled moist flesh will make quite the conduit for any applications of voltage. The Compound is wired. Should you think you will escape my governance, various doorways which lead to prohibited areas will first activate your scrotal ring in warning... and if you proceed will offer a debilitating charge to your neck collar.

"And most importantly, should you somehow both slip my leash and endure the electrical barriers, you should know that the oil that we lavishly apply to your body is lightly radioactive. Just enough gamma rays so we can track you utilizing any number of devices... satellite included. You have no where to run, even if you were to disregard your nakedness."

The woman smiles that wickedly confident smile as the Samoan nurse approaches. She positions a stanchion to my right side. Hanging from it is a bag of clear liquid with a slim tube beneath.

"Saline solution, Mr. Davies. Completely inert and accepted by the body. You'll suffer no long term effects... physically."

I lurch as the nurse pricks my flesh at the top of my scrotal slack just below the ring. I look down to see that the tube emanating from the bag has been connected to my scrotum. She reaches to open a valve. I feel strange warmth where I have before felt very little. My testicles feel awash in soothing liquid.

"A nice big scrotal infusion before I walk you. 1,800 milliliters should suffice... for your first walk. You'll take more over time."

Even the nurse joins in smiling as the described liquid continues to siphon. I peer downward to see my scrotal sac begin to swell. My heart pounds. I pull against my bonds knowing full well of the futility. Yet it is the only reaction I can muster.

"Why?" I beseech in as humble a voice as I can offer.

"Tsk, tsk, Mr. Davies. Another question."

The woman nods to the nurse. I know there will come punishment.

"Please no, ma'am. I will not ask again."

"Too late, You're going to have to learn."

The nurse goes to the cabinet and retrieves a tray. Returning I see a syringe with a huge cylinder attached. It too is filled with clear liquid.

"100 to 200 milliliters. Do both nipples."

The left hand of the nurse begins to sensually play with my mammary glands, gathering the flesh. In holding the syringe in her right hand it is evident that she searches for a likely area to inject me.

"You're going to feel what it's like to have breasts, Mr. Davies."

Heavy ankle shackles are connected by a hobbling chain which enables steps but inhibits running and kicking. My wrists are tethered behind my back. A slim leash is attached to a nasty, well toothed clamp pinching my septum. The latter is small but deviously effective in controlling my movement. I truly seek to avoid any tension on my leash which is attached where there is a myriad of nerve endings between my nostrils.

But of most concern, most humiliating, is the weightiness of my saline filled scrotum. The Samoan

nurse callously supervised the slow flow of liquid, inflating my sac until it grew to the size of a balloon... huge and hideously red. It ponderously rolls about with every movement. Though it is not painful, it most noticeably bounces with every step and brings my gait to more of a stumble than a simple walk.

Flopping about more loosely are breasts that the Samoan nurse also infused with saline. Not able to accept as much liquid as my sac, the glands appear to be those of a pubescent girl and add to the awkwardness of motion. They seem to flutter.

My governing woman seems giddy with her control, my degradation and the resulting deluge of words as my interrogation resumes. Each step I take sends a message, my balls heavily rolling and my nipples fluttering about. My psyche is overwhelmed with the totality of the exchange of power.

In so insouciantly injecting sentient areas of my body, her message is received. Nothing escapes her dominion. Thus I once again am eager to talk. Avoiding further demonstrations of her tutelage, her supreme authority, becomes paramount.

For the first time while conscious, I exit the white walled, brightly lit chamber of my incarceration. I find I am held in a sizable house, many closed doors ominously suggesting that I am not alone in my circumstances.

While led about, various women stroll the halls. Some are the uniformed Samoan nurses with whom I am accustomed. But the stares of well dressed Caucasian women of various ages bring shame and result in blushing, my flesh approaching the color of my scrotum.

“Some of the other interrogators appreciate my methods, others feel I am harsh. Whatever the method, we all achieve our goals and eventually gather the information sought, Mr. Davies.”

I must appreciate that this six foot two, two hundred pound male is totally under the guidance of the pretty and relatively petite female. At five foot four, 110 pounds I should easily be in a position to overpower her. But the thought of any attempt does not enter my mind. I capitulate... feeling the correcting tugs of her leash, the ‘reminder’ zaps of her prod, the humiliating flopping of scrotum and breasts. Should I escape her leash and prod, where am I to run, if possible to do so, with filled scrotum and plump breasts?

I am guided to a door, my governess applying light jolts of her electrical prod to my buttocks combined with gentle pulls on my leash. She leaves no doubt that I am to obey. Still the relative freedom is greatly appreciated. Legs quaking in weakness, my bare feet finding the soft carpeting to be oddly comfortable. Alas, my arms cannot wave about as I fantasized.

We step outside. There is a patio. Comfortable chairs. The weather is warm. There are no other buildings visible. The horizon is lush with green. I am far from the late winter of New York where many weeks ago I succumbed to drugged food... or was it my drink that was defiled?

In the sunlight, the beauty of my inquisitor radiates and the sense of both my vulnerability and my nakedness heightens. I should be peeling away her clothes for a romantic interlude, not obsequiously responding to prod and leash.

But I am hers to direct, that I am quickly learning.

She sits on a padded lawn chair. When she snaps her fingers and points, the tension on the leash directs me downward. I know to kneel before her.

“So you graduated high school and went to college...” she prompts.

I resume my chronological life story. It is boring but I obediently relate everything. Meanwhile I am learning.

The climate suggests that in my state of unconsciousness I have been transported many miles. As stated, before awakening strapped to a board in a hospital room, though I am not in a hospital, I was dining in a New York restaurant in the waning coldness of early March. Here, in captivity, I am basking in warmth and sunlight. Despite my bonds and circumstances the relative freedom feels good and I am oddly grateful. If I obey and quickly react, the nose leash remains comparatively slack and there are no

applications of the prod. Thus in a way, comfort is mine to be had if I cede all to my governess... and I do.

Still, there is the question of who, or what organization, is holding me and why. Obviously large, well organized and well funded, the conspiracy required for my rendition is considerable. The drugging of my food, the woman posing as a waitress, the waiting van, a long journey to this location, the enormous house, the large staff, the extensive training of all. Money and organization.

The large woman at the restaurant skillfully posed as a waitress. Her role was to assure that even in a drugged state I did not exit the front door and attract attention and outside help. I recall her guiding hands and arms as quite strong in directing me to the kitchen where I succumbed and thus avoided possible outside intervention in the scheme.

And what of the other restaurant workers? I suppose economics, liberally spread dollars, was all that was required to explain my exit to the alley rather than any need for medical assistance. Perhaps they were merely told I was too drunk to drive and had been belligerently insisting that the valet retrieve my car.

The transport. Was I driven the hundreds of miles to this location? In glancing about as I disgorge my life story, I note certain unfamiliar flora and the sound of birds I have not heard before. It could be I was flown out of New York to a country unknown. South America? The Caribbean?

So... I am interrogated by a woman who remains nameless, assisted by a staff of skilled nurses from an island near Samoa but the exact location not divulged, in a location also not divulged, for reasons of which I am not to be made aware.

Yet I talk. I am eager to please this woman... 'Ma'am', as she so firmly insisted that I call her.

I babble through the college years. There cannot be much of interest, though fathoming what the woman seeks is wasted time. The discourse continues for over an hour. I speak and revel in the relative freedom. When interrupted I listen with the attentiveness of a school boy avoiding a rap to the knuckles.

In graduating college, we seem to reach a stopping point.

"Do you enjoy talking to me, Mr. Davies?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. Thank you for the opportunity... and the respite from the board."

The leash hand moves. I follow the gentle tugs shuffling on knees to turn myself to face away as she seems to direct.

"Yes, rather grueling is it not? Breaks a man slowly. Offers much time for thought. And provides the nurses with such unfettered access, wouldn't you agree?"

With her question I feel the prongs of the electrical prod graze the normally sensitive skin of my scrotum. Yes, though normally sensitive, the pressure of the vast quantity of saline has numbed them. Still, I flinch in expecting a jolt where a man would least desire torment. She laughs, not applying a charge but instead toying, jostling the gelatinous bag and finding humor in the humbling response to her palpation.

"Yes, ma'am," I contritely agree

She toys further, intrigued with male anatomy hideously altered at her behest.

"Spread."

The short hobbling chain permits my knees to part another inch or two.

"Head down. Arch your back for me."

It is a most humiliating pose, further exposing to my governess's gaze the huge saline filled scrotum.

"I am almost tempted to let you try to run off, Mr. Davies. Such a sight with those male breasts and your inflated ball sac. But you would not get far. Just as in the building, the grounds are wired and your testicle ring and neck collar would bring you down."

I mentally add that to the long list of capabilities upon which some unknown organization spent

sizable funds... a discreet and sophisticated electronic fence. I suppose it is similar to that used to confine pets to a given yard and modified for the incarceration of humans.

“With my next visit we’ll get into your work life... this career in ‘selling machine tools,’” she jests in giving my vocation a sardonic inflection. It is evident that my manner of living is not to be believed.

“Up. Come.”

I struggle to right myself, my hands remaining cuffed behind my back. The leash pulls, the prod zings, I yelp and hear ‘ma’am’ softly laugh as I am finally able to stand.

“The saline will dissipate over the next two or three days. How does it feel to have such a nice large set of balls?”

I remain silent as she steps to lead me, turning her head to look back. She is divine. Her dowdy attire cloaks little of her loveliness. And that face...

I covet as the hand of the woman who had me modified playfully pulls, knowing that the slightest tension brings pain.

“And we have plenty more... saline that is.”

I am returned to my hospital room/cell. Lanai awaits and I am positioned once again on my board, my buttocks aligned with the sizable hole which facilitates defecation. The hobbling chain is removed as are the heavy shackles. My ankles are then secured, thighs strapped, the remote control stands at the ready as my wrists are temporarily released. I know to obediently let Nurse Lanai place right wrist then left into the fur lined cuffs attached to the side of the board. In lying back my biceps are strapped down as well as is my waist. I can feel the mass of my scrotal sac pressing against my inner thighs. My breasts protrude like hillocks.

“Nice and comfy, Mr. Davies. I am sure you enjoyed the exercise and are eager to rest,” Ma’am wryly suggests.

I did, as odd as that may seem.

With that, ‘Ma’am’ once again stepped out, not to be seen again for many cycles of bowel movements, the function by which I attempt to judge time.

I begin to realize that the involved process has been akin to first training and then warming up a race horse. Nothing I have told ‘Ma’am’ can possibly be of significance. But it now seems so natural to speak to her... and the opportunities, so rarely offered, are so oddly welcomed. But for her visits the Samoan nurses, who are really from an island near Samoa, would merely weed, water and fertilize... day after day after day. So I am strangely thrilled to see her, despite the resulting abject degradation and humiliation.

But when will this ‘horse’ be entered in a race?

Whatever information is needed, whatever the unknown organization thinks it needs, such must be timeless. I have lied strapped to this board for many, many weeks. My interrogator is more than merely patient. Yet she so much enjoys herself. The Schadenfreude is evident. She truly revels in the torment. Her irritating smirk comes to mind. During my walk, each painful application of the electrical prod brought a lurch resulting in embarrassing jouncing and fluttering of saline filled scrotum and breasts. Perhaps she does not care to learn anything of value, assuming I know something of value. Perhaps she too much prefers to torture and humiliate!

The thought brings anguish. I have endured under the assumption that at some point I will divulge whatever it is the woman, ‘Ma’am’, desires and will be sent onwards. After all the attentive care impresses. Physically, my body cannot receive better attention. But mentally, I am being molded to please the will of the woman who so wickedly torments me. I am putty.

With my disheartening analysis, I find myself wrestling against my bonds as I lie hooded, unable to

see... unable to move... unable to do anything but wait for the next visit.

The vision of Ma'am comes to a mind addled by way of torment, isolation and severe restraint. Thoughts of her charm and beauty calm me, bringing curious comfort. I settle myself, thinking of her finely shaped, fully clothed form juxtaposed with my bound nakedness. With the numbing saline having dissipated, normal feeling has returned. Thus the vision brings a priapic response to a penis primed by overflowing hormones. Other than that episode of delightful masturbation by way of Lanai's masterful hands, nothing has touched my neglected manhood in weeks.

Yes, despite the thick hood, I know I harden. I find not only Ma'am to be attractive but my mind's image of her entices as well. She is becoming the vision of masturbatory fantasy.

I pine for her next visit, mentally preparing to resume the chronology of my life. The fact that I know I am reacting as intended, responding like a trained pet, is not troublesome. Before the many weeks of tedium and torment it would be. I would be self critical. Now I am not.

I am beginning to accept my cruel and strict regimen.

The silence of the nurses, never a word in return of my compliments, pleadings or questions, and their anonymity, bring forth a game. Mentally I have named each. There is the Masturbatrix, Lanai. Miss Saline who so skillfully filled my scrotal sac and breasts. Miss Penis, who smiles most demurely while guiding my manhood to the opening of the receptacle for my excretions. Miss Gruel who seems to be the one most often spoon feeding the gloppy mush. Miss Razor, who without a nick deftly shaves every inch of my body. Though every nurse performs the functions of penis care, feeding, shaving, bathing and massaging, it is their individual deportment while so doing that brings my mind to apply the moniker. Different nurses seem to relish different elements of their control and authority over me.

And it is evident that all are sanguine with my comeuppance. They truly enjoy seeing a man relegated to helplessness, forced to endure extreme bondage, made most vulnerable and placed in dire need of... well in need of everything. All take special care to assure that after the few moments of liberation and massage, each limb is cuffed and strapped to complete immobility. I can wriggle toes, fingers and roll about my head. The cuffs, the straps are constantly tested for looseness and slack. Tightening already tight bindings seems to be a compulsive reaction, tension being added with each changing of the shift.

It seems that I am never left alone, though the many hours under the hood precludes coming to such a conclusion. The close attention adds to the mental wear and my sense of capitulation to the governing female. I may as well be gagged in that nothing I ever say alters the routine. I am a barking dog whose owners do not understand why I bark and thus ignore the commotion.

Ma'am enters. With her presence I note that Miss Saline is my tending nurse. I am chagrined to see the white uniform and the mocha hands and arms working about the cabinet. That never bodes well.

"Another walk, Mr. Davies. Today you're going to tell me about the beginning of your work career. And I think you're going to be overjoyed to tell me the whole story."

I have learned over the many weeks of the understatement which Ma'am is given to so coolly offer. My inquisitor takes her seat, watching with an amused smirk while Miss Saline begins the long process of preparing my helpless form for my walk.

It begins with another bag of saline and the prick of the intravenous needle. My scrotum begins to fill. Then I am catheterized. Ma'am laughs as the sizable tube passes through my prostate and I lurch with the unfamiliar sensation. Miss Saline inflates the balloon tip to forestall ejection then clamps off the tube. Then another bag of saline is hung from the stanchion and connected to the catheter.

"Just a little bladder irrigation for you, Mr. Davies. You will find it most uncomfortable but overall quite harmless."

With that, Miss Saline releases the clamp. Joining the flow of saline into my scrotum, I feel discomfort indeed as more saline begins to fill my bladder. There comes this instant need to urinate... and I cannot.

“2,000 milliliters for your scrotum with this infusion. And you’re going to be amazed with what your bladder will take.”

I am, forced to watch as both bags empty, the flow to the scrotum slower than to the bladder.

And of course while waiting, Miss Saline approaches with the huge syringe. My breasts are not to escape the humiliating inflation.

“Yes we’re going to take a nice walk to the garden. There you’ll once again feel the power of my control, cede physically, mentally and emotionally and begin to tell me all about your escapades.”

Scrotum once again the size of a balloon, my belly distended with two bags of saline, my breasts seeming to be larger than during my walk many days ago, Ma’am finds amusement indeed in applying the prod and watching as my inflated parts wriggle about in reaction. The catheter tube remains in place and is clamped closed. All that is required for a modicum of relief is the flick of the valve which would open the tube. That is under the auspices of Ma’am, and such gracious relief, however simple, will not be offered. Instead I am to tell the story of my career selling machine tools.

Wrists cuffed behind my back, ankles shackled with hobbling chain, nostrils clamped and leashed, I am quite the sight as I am walked about under Ma’am’s guiding hand.

Once again our strange parade slowly moves down carpeted hallways always filled with passersby, out the door to a patio basking in sunshine. Oiled as always, my lubricated thighs and huge scrotum rub together making me quite aware of the embarrassing presentation as do the amused looks of knowing women and nurses. Ma’am once again seats herself and draws me to my knees.

“Please, Ma’am, I really need to empty myself,” I plead.

“No. You’ll talk a little first. Then I will open the valve for a moment or two and release just a little saline. Then you will thank me and talk again. Then I will offer a little more relief. Never enough to make you completely comfortable you understand. No, just enough so you thoroughly understand the level of my governance and your helplessness. You will never leave here without telling me everything, Mr. Davies. I can keep you forever. I have the resources, I have the will. And while here there will not be a moment when you are not supplicating in some form to me or to your nurses. Never expect any clemency here. There is a reason the staff of nurses come from the same island, Mr. Davies. All born and raised in a culture with great disdain for the Caucasian male. It seems some hundred or more years ago whaling vessels would visit their island, plunder the food and rape the women. So for generations the women there have reviled the white man. You may have noticed that your entreaties go unheeded...”

They do indeed.

How diabolical to find an entire culture with such cruel intent... yet with such skills. Wickedly, the nurses keep me physically healthy so the likes of Ma’am can continuously torment psychologically. I am a piglet constantly being fattened for slaughter, in my case offering a feast of mental and emotional anguish.

And so I begin. Once again the discourse is that of the mundane, useless to any listener. Who would care to learn about a career in machine tools?

Still, within minutes, Ma’am smiles, flicks open the valve and lets a stream of saline spurt into the garden. I instantly feel the comfort of contraction, sigh in relief and offer humble words of thanks. But then the finger pinches closed the valve and the cycle of discomfort renews. Though less pressure, curtailing the flow midstream brings chaos to a system expecting to be emptied and freed of the buildup. I squirm, pressing with my abdominal muscles in attempting to resume the flow. Ma’am laughs with my

animated reaction.

“No, no, Mr. Davies. I decide when to offer more comfort. You’re just going to talk.”

I gaze in rapture at the beauty holding the key which will unlock my bladder and offer overdue relief. So controlling... so much in command. Her supreme governance distracts from my slow torment.

But I do talk.

Once again, as the saline seeps from my scrotum, I can feel myself harden during the many hours under the thick hood. In stiffening it is always the vision of Ma’am which serves as catalyst. Though it is bizarre I seem to relish showing off to the tending nurse, knowing that either Miss Penis, Miss Saline, Miss Gruel or Miss Razor carefully observes at all times. I cherish the thought that it might be the Masturbatrix Lanai watching with delight as my manhood salutes the image of Ma’am and the thought of her strict guidance.

Yes, I imagine that firm soft hand once again stroking, playing the Stradivarius to bring a crescendo of erupting sperm. But then I sadden as reality dawns and I realize nothing will ever tenderly touch glans and shaft unless Ma’am so dictates.

Perhaps when I finish my story Lanai will once again have me perform before the calm and cool Ma’am. That wicked smile alone brings a lustful need to climax.

Am I going insane?

My reasoning is definitely impaired... but what of my memory? What if I cannot continue my life story... kneeling in abject degradation, groveling before Ma’am for something as simple as the flick of her finger on the likes of a catheter tube?

But alas, my memory does not fail me and I prepare for the next opportunity to be walked and tell more.

The hood is summarily whisked away. Normally I am to urinate, but instead I see that Miss Gruel stands over me with a bowl of mush. It is feeding time. And though I am long past resisting, her left hand pinches closed my nostrils and her right hand stands at the ready with a spoon laden with the undesired. When I part my lips to breathe, the nurse times the introduction of slop, impeccably as always, stuffing a sizable glob into my mouth. She then presses the back of the large spoon against my lips to inhibit expelling what nourishes my body but also offends the taste buds.

There is no need for her precaution in that I have learned to humbly partake. Still it seems to be her preferred method of demonstrating governance over the white man, as Ma’am suggested the nurses are wont to do.

Her diabolical smile in watching me swallow brings consternation. I know on one occasion my slop was laced with my own male essence. What else do the wicked women force into me? It could be anything. Yet I ingest... I have no choice.

Anything that I push out with my tongue is merely scooped up and reintroduced. One initial feeding where I became truculent required over an hour and a few warning zings on my scrotal ring. But Nurse Gruel patiently assured that, in the end, all was consumed.

As the last spoonful is scraped from the bottom of the bowl, my lower peripheral vision suggests that I remain erect, Nurse Gruel amused but otherwise ignoring my stimulation. The spoon and bowl are put aside and the pretty and petite olive skinned girl returns with the receptacle for my excretions. Her hand draws back and I press in vain against my bonds as I watch her swat the sensitive tip of my erection. It instantly deflates, bringing a smile that broadens as I meekly cry out with the sudden agony.

“No!”

My entreaty is ignored as the fingers of the left hand tenderly grasp my rapidly shrinking organ,

knowingly pull back the foreskin to present the receptacle for my toilet.

I compose myself. Yes, I need to empty myself. It seems I am always in need in that respect. And I am grateful that I am not having to cede control to a catheter tube. Thus I summon the resolve and please the nurse, knowing that the remote control will assure eventual compliance.

My hood disappears and on this rare occasion I see two nurses standing over me. The Masturbatrix Lanai and Nurse Razor. I feel a zing of electricity rip through my neck collar followed instantly by a similar annoying but otherwise harmless shock to my scrotal ring. Straps are loosened. I am surprised to feel my cuffs released. As Nurse Razor works I see my Masturbatrix holding the remote control. Her thumb presses as the shocks become stronger when all my limbs are freed.

It is evident that a message is being sent. My legs and arms may be physically freed, but do not attempt the irrational. Thus I limply lie and follow Nurse Razor's pushes and prods. Her surprisingly powerful hands want me to roll over. For the first time I will lie prostrate, my penis and balls dangling through the large hole in the board where formerly buttocks protruded.

More zings as Nurse Razor reverses the procedure and secures me lying face down. I dare not move as wrists and ankles greet the humbling comfort of fur lined cuffs. Straps tighten about thighs, biceps and now over the small of my back. I am returned to helplessness and complete vulnerability. The assumed position seems quite strange after the many, many weeks of lying on my back. In being thoroughly restrained the remote control is cast aside. Nurse Lanai places a stanchion before the head end. I gulp in expecting another infusion. Instead the cruel nose leash and clamp appear. My nostrils are pinched and the brown hands tie the leash to the stanchion well above the level of my face. She pulls and tightens, forcing me to lie with my head up, chin off the surface of the board. I strain my neck. Within moments I am pleading for slack.

But there is none to be offered. Nurse Lanai casually steps out. Miss Razor takes up residence in a chair somewhere behind me. There she will callously listen yet refuse to react to all entreaties for mercy. As always the torture is slow and cruel and I try my best to compose myself, forced to patiently wait for clemency.

How long have I lied prostrate?

Nurse Razor offers slack to my nose leash on some unknown schedule. Possibly every hour or so she wordlessly moves to my front, releases the leash and permits my face to lower. With my head propped on my chin she then graciously massages my overly strained neck muscles while I meekly offer words of thanks. Her touch brings wondrous delight. But then within minutes the leash tightens, my chin is forced to rise and my suffering resumes. It matters not the level of begging or what words I choose, the woman is completely insouciant, seeming to take revenge on a Caucasian male for century's old violent deeds committed on an island thousands of miles away.

"You can't make me lie like this forever," my quaking voice suggests.

"Oh, but she can," my psyche silently replies to my own quest.

Oddly, though my bladder fills and I can now drain myself directly to the floor below, I obediently withhold. Knowing that it is forbidden, I have learned that such bodily function, as with all other things, is under the dominion of a governing female. Thus I wait until finally I feel the soft fingers skin back my foreskin to better clear my urethral opening. It is only then that my bladder obsequiously empties.

As I finish, the door opens. I am overjoyed to hear Ma'am's voice.

"Thought you'd enjoy the change of position," she cheerily proclaims. "Time to talk some more."

My heart leaps in expectation! Emancipation!

I cannot even turn my head to look at her. Thus I am gladdened when she draws the straight backed chair to my front and sits. She is most proximate and I look directly into the face of an angel. So beautiful. Tears begin to flow as she reaches to the nose leash and releases it. I am so grateful! Though I want to continue gazing my exhausted neck muscles collapse and my chin thumps to the surface of the board. She laughs as I once again mumble words of thanks.

“Such trying times for you, Mr. Davies. And all because we want some information. Tsk, tsk.”

“I will tell you all you want to know,” I beseech.

I feel fingers grasp my penis. A tube presses against my urethral opening. I am again being catheterized. I lurch once more as the large tube passes through my prostate.

“I know you will. That’s what we do here... and do it very well.”

Next I feel the stab of the ultra sharp intravenous needle and know that my scrotum will again be deluged with saline. Then for the first time since the inflatable anal plug, fingers lubricate my anus. A tube is inserted into my rectum. Within minutes, as Ma’am just sits with a pretty smile, I feel the flow of liquid into my bowels.

“I want him hydrated as well,” the smooth firm voice more than proposes. “I’ll hold his nostril leash.”

A feminine hand grasps and lifts. Nurse Razor appears to my front holding a plastic squeeze bottle. At the top is an enormous tube of rubber resembling the nipple of a baby bottle.

“Open wide. Swallow for us.”

As the leash is painfully raised further, my mouth indeed opens. Nurse Razor plunges the rubber cylinder into my mouth and callously thrusts the tip to the back of my throat. I gag. She presses. She squeezes. Liquid flows. I choke but swallow. I have no choice. The bottles empties as I am forced to imbibe, gasping for breath.

Do I take a pint... a quart? The bottle withdraws.

Ma’am lightly laughs as Nurse Razor steps away to refill the bottle. For the first time I note my tormenting angel wears a pretty blouse and skirt, forgoing the professional pantsuit of all previous visits.

“You’re going to be most eager to talk to me, Mr. Davies. Full colon. Full bladder. Full stomach. And as I am sure you’re aware your scrotum is filling as well.”

She makes a show of dipping her head to peer under the board.

“Oh yes, 2,200 milliliters with this visit. More and more each time. Nice and big for me...”

Her head rises. She leans, placing her face inches from mine.

“And there is only one way you’re to be drained. Under my command.”

Nurse Razor returns. The forced hydration repeats. I cannot help but gag as the rubber plumbs my gullet and brings the forced reaction. And most disconcerting... the cruel intake distracts as liquid siphons elsewhere... bladder, colon, scrotum as described.

I am being filled under the behest of this demanding woman... demanding of information which I will beg to offer.

“More about machine tools,” Ma’am sprightly prompts.

I again narrate, peering into her lovely face as in one hand she toys with a gratefully slack nose leash and in the other she holds the double catheter tube leading to my penis and bladder. A saline bag continues to siphon liquid into me. But in the place where she grasps the tube there is a valve which can be most facily thumbed, opening the second passage of the double tube and permitting the vast deluge of induced saline and building urine to drain.

I feel as if I am floating... but not my body. Instead every internal organ seems to be awash in liquid.

My colon is filled with Nurse Razor monitoring the pressure. My filled scrotal sac feels as if it may soon touch the floor. And the number of water bottles squeezed to the back of my throat cannot be counted.

Ma'am warned of uremic poisoning. With my bladder filled to capacity the kidneys tend to slow and various toxins normally filtered from the blood instead remain and affect the body.

'You'll begin to feel drowsy. The ability to think clearly may become impaired. Memory may become somewhat imprecise. But that's intended,' Ma'am had lectured as Nurse Razor continued to administer the onslaught. 'You may even feel muscles begin to cramp. And if you feel a burning sensation in your legs or feet it will signal the beginning of kidney failure.'

With that ominous warning, Ma'am encouraged me to provide reason for her to open the valve, i.e. tell my life history and tell the truth. Clever that this form of torture effects the memory. Ma'am wants me to divulge my story while I am somewhat impaired. A skilled interrogator, she will discern the truth from any tales offered in fiction.

"Please, Ma'am, open the valve," I beg.

"Words of your past would better attain that goal."

And so I resume, continuing the narrative in traveling the Midwest peddling machine tools. On occasion she dramatically lifts the valve hand and I revel in delight as her thumb squeezes and I feel relief deep within my viscera. With the tiled floor well drained, I can hear the stream of released liquid swoosh out the tube and trickle down the drain. When her leash hand reaches forth to brush my forehead I crane my neck and kiss it in genuine gratitude. She smiles and then lifts her thumb to close the valve, leaving what seems like gallons sloshing about in my overwrought body.

"Continue," she commands.

I know to resume, the chronology approaching my trip to New York where I dined and the resulting contaminated meal brought me to... well to wherever I am now held captive.

"And then I became ill in a restaurant."

This concludes my story.

I would guess these final chapters of the life of John W. Davies required well over an hour to divulge. And I do indeed feel drowsy, my kidneys overburdened with little bladder capacity available for the organ's output. I panic when I begin to feel cramps... uremic poisoning, as prognosticated or the severity of continuing bondage?

Whatever the case, Ma'am smiles quite wryly and presses her thumb for just an instant, knowing that even the slightest relief gathers my attention. I can feel the pressure dissipate... somewhat. She smiles with my sigh of relative relief.

"You have a problem, Mr. Davies," Ma'am smugly proclaims.

Her hand gives up the tube. I watch as it moves to her thighs and slips under her skirt. Her smile turns to that of a guilty child as I watch the folds of the skirt rustle about. Then the hand returns to view and I note that the fingers are quite moist. Her arm lifts so I can better see the abundant moisture then she tauntingly pushes it to my face. The fragrance of feminine arousal inundates my olfactory nerves.

"Your problem is the level of joy I attain in torturing men. And you have given me good reason to keep torturing."

The wet fingers graze my nose and upper lip. Her scent is strong, the wetness quite copious. It is apparent that while observing my slow torment, the woman with the face of an angel becomes wickedly stimulated. She truly enjoys observing my plight... and apparently the plight of all males under her governance.

"And I am enjoying this... perhaps too much."

The leash hand lifts and I once again feel the instant pain of the many nerves being aggravated as the nose clamp tensions. My chin rises and when my mouth involuntarily opens the wet fingers are introduced to my tongue and lips.

"Most men like my taste," she taunts as her juices are sampled in humble reaction.

I do as well.

I felt privileged to indulge in Ma'am's taste. But her comments were horrifying.

The words 'good reason to keep torturing' were unexpected after the many hours of debriefing. I mistakenly thought that with the end of my full story I would gain release.

Ma'am left the room and Nurse Razor coolly stepped forth to open the valve... no games... no taunting. The backpressure of the flow brought forth a hiss as the tube drained me for many minutes. Thereafter Nurse Razor released one limb at a time and massaged. I meekly whimpered words of gratitude with the combined alleviation of pressure and cramps. It was joyous.

I found that there were no lingering effects from my ordeal, but I remain lying prostrate... naked... well secured... most vulnerable... and relying on the Samoan nurses for all.

Once again I am forced to measure time based on bowel movements. In so positioned there comes a new level of humiliation as defecating while lying face down requires even more intervention and assistance than urinating. I must first announce the need to go then the tending nurse will tip the board down at my feet and hold a basin to capture the excretions, a warm hand palming my testicles to keep them clear of my waste. As always, I am afterwards wiped clean... like a toddler.

Within days the numbing effects of the scrotal infusion end and I once again begin to harden for my nurses. Though I can no longer see my manhood, Nurse Gruel and particularly Nurse Penis take delight in gently poking it about, never offering more than an evanescent touch in demonstrating their control and my abject helplessness.

How many bowel movements before Ma'am returns? More than half a dozen.

"I want to show you something, Mr. Davies. In violation of our normal protocol."

For the first time I do not endure the humiliation of infused scrotum and/or breasts before the board is angled down, my ankles are shackled, my wrists are freed, pulled behind my back and re-secured and my nose leash attached. Ma'am's thumb does press the remote control to apply some reminder zaps to my scrotal ring however. Thereafter I humbly follow her tugs in stepping out of the bright clinical chamber where I am incarcerated and tortured. The prod playfully zings my buttocks.

"As I am sure you have gathered, you're not our only visitor undergoing interrogation here," she informs as I am led down a hallway. "And you're not the only one demonstrating quiet belligerence."

She pushes open an unmarked door and pulls me into a room almost identical to my chamber of horrors. There sits a pretty dark skinned woman from an island near Samoa. There is a similar tiger board, devoid of any occupant, and the expected cabinets and devices. But what captures my attention is the presence of a mummified form completely covered in white. Someone male?... female?... stands upright, meticulously encapsulated in a complete body cast. There are eye holes. A tube enters the mass of white where nostrils should be vented. There is an opening for the mouth. Below, a pair of hairless gonads freely dangle in answer to the question of gender. But there is no penis. Only a tube emanating from beneath the hard crusted surface where the male organ would normally be seen.

A pair of testicles, a set of eyes, pink lips are the only visible anatomy. The entire body is encrusted in hard white plaster. Various eye hooks embedded into the surface... at the shoulders, hips, thighs, feet... suggest that despite the complete immobility, the mummified form can be facilely restrained.

Indeed, cables connected to the shoulder hooks suspend the form some two to three inches above the floor.

Ma'am notes my look of disbelief.

"Meet Achmed Hossain Mujani. If you do not recognize the name, he's one of the world's most feared young terrorists. Secretly captured months ago, he's been completely debriefed. Sang for me like a canary... except he has withheld a certain code needed which he just won't offer to me. Don't you find

that curious, Mr. Davies? That a man would provide me so much information to avoid torment yet in the end resist offering the very thing that would end his ordeal?"

Ma'am steps closer, pulling me along behind. Her free hand lowers to cup the testicles which so comically dangle in juxtaposition to a body otherwise completely covered in plaster. Not a square inch of the head, arms, hands, torso, legs feet or even toes can be seen.

"He's fed through that nasal tube and he's been catheterized. With no solids offered, his bowels no longer function and between those unseen buttocks is a sizable anal insertion. A little reminder of my governance."

Ma'am then reaches forth and retracts a metal device resting on a small table in plain sight of Achmed Hossain Mujani. Two flat metal plates connected by bolts. As she holds up the gleaming object, the dark eyes follow her hand. My leash slackens when right hand joins left to slowly tighten the bolts and bring the two plates closer together. She smiles, amused and obviously envisioning something in wordlessly communicating with the terrorist.

"I'm going to have him castrated. The nurses have all entered a lottery to earn the privilege of using this ball crusher. The organs which offer the male such misplaced pride are so easily rendered useless and snipped away. He knows it will happen. He not only watches but can hear our every word. The deed will be done most painfully. The right testicle crushed, then surgically removed. Days of recovery and then it will be time for the left to be crushed. The interval will provide ample time for contemplation.

"He will scream. He will plead. The bolts will be tightened most slowly. In perhaps an hour, perhaps more, the plates will inexorably close together over male flesh, popping the organs within like grapes at a vintner. As you can see, he will not be able to flinch a single muscle in resistance... move not a finger. Thereafter I will have his prostate removed and the tip of his penis de-gloved, ending the ability to achieve erection and extinguishing almost all sensitivity. He may eventually die a martyr and be joined by the 72 virgins of his religious beliefs, but he will never be in a position to enjoy their offering of sexual comfort. Instead he will be wearing a burka."

I detect the slightest movement as the form of Achmed Hossain Mujani, somehow struggling within his encasement, brings motion to the suspension cables. Ma'am laughs most cruelly, returning the ball crusher to the table. Her hand moves again to the testicles and playfully encloses around the pink plums.

"Be prepared to say goodbye to these, Achmed," Ma'am cackles as she uses her grip to pull and then push, causing the dangling mass of white to swing to and fro. "They're going to be mine."

She turns to me.

"Yes, I have the power to castrate. And worse for Achmed, he will never again achieve erection or feel the pleasure of his own hand much less that of the feminine touch."

First offered the delightful taste of Ma'am's feminine essence. Then provided a demonstration of the ultimate control and power imbued in this dauntless young inquisitor. It provokes thought.

I was returned to the tiger board to be cuffed and strapped supine. Before leaving, Ma'am stood over my head. With her loose skirt flapping about the lack of undergarments became evident. There came a quick glimpse of her well trimmed sex and a much stronger waft of her scent. The musky fragrance of feminine arousal was overpowering.

Leading me about on a leash... toying with Achmed's testicles which would soon become hers... jolting my naked and well bound form with an electrical prod... watching as Nurse Gruel cuffed then religiously tightened every one of my straps... all became catalysts for sexual stimulation. I am held at the complete mercy of a sadist.

As the thick hood was slipped over my head, I quivered as I felt her hand cup my testicles just as it

did Achmed's. She laughed in noting my craven reaction.

"You have no code to withhold from me, Mr. Davies. You have much more."

Then she wordlessly departed.

So here I lie again, somewhat grateful to be able to wriggle fingers and toes and move my head. Achmed in turn can do nothing... nothing other than to contemplate his fate. When will one of the nurses utilize the evil metal device and begin Achmed's ultimate torture? Ensure that he makes the ultimate sacrifice. How long will it take to complete his neutering?

My mind cannot help visualizing Ma'am's fingers as she gleefully twists the finely threaded wing nuts of the crusher. Each turn moved the plates only a fraction, the design obviously devised to facilitate the slow application of pressure and pain. In being so thoroughly immobilized, his prized organs so prominently offered to the controlling hands of his tending women, Achmed will suffer for hours. There will be no quarter, no mercy. That I know from the many weeks of lying strapped to the tiger board.

Yet, he can divulge the code. He can avert his sacrifice.

As Ma'am suggested, why would Achmed 'sing like a canary' and then so truculently refrain from offering what will save him from life as a gelding... and a gelding whose remaining maleness will be further altered to assure not a scintilla of pleasure?

Could it be that he secretly desires his own destruction? That to capitulate, endure such abject degradation, subjugate all to the whim of his reigning women, is a latent penchant?

The mouth of Achmed Hossain Mujani was unencumbered. Yet he remained silent while Ma'am taunted. There were no pleas... no protests... no words of reason... and no code.

Despite the many weeks of my incarceration, Ma'am has learned so little of value. Yet she seems overly patient, quite sanguine in knowing that day after day, night after night, I lie vulnerable to all. Her visits are sporadic with seemingly endless intervals between interviews... time during which the garden of my well secured form is weeded, watered and fertilized. When she does visit, her joy in handling me is apparent and is now more apparent with the evidence of her concupiscence.

She becomes most aroused. The realization that I may spend a lifetime on the tiger board, bringing amusement to my torturess, frightens me. Why should I ever be released if my vulnerability provides such arousal?

"May I kiss your feet, Ma'am?"

I do not understand myself. The question just blurts forth as my inquisitor has led me once again to the verdant patio. Though well bound and shackled, wrists behind my back, the relative freedom feels good. And oddly, I wish to bestow my feeling of gratitude on she holding my nose leash.

I feel the zing of the electrical prod in response. It is a playful zap to my buttocks as Ma'am sits and I kneel before her, completely supplicating to her will.

"You asked a question," she admonishes with a laugh.

Still she slides forth her right shoe and slips it off. Her leash hand offers slack and I know to bow my head. I find myself not only kissing but licking as well.

"You must like it here, Mr. Davies. You've extended your stay in divulging only such meaningless elements of your life story."

She stifles a girlish giggle as my tongue offers subtle joy. For a woman of Ma'am's ilk, I am sure the sense of governance and control heightens the simple pleasure of my warm and wet tongue.

"You should know that Achmed Hossain Mujani is longer with us. I ordered his alterations then began a series of random electrical charges to his neck collar. With barely tolerable voltage, the capricious application of intense pain can bring madness. Within days I had him released. Neutered, insane, penis modified to obviate male pleasure, he is as harmless as a kitten now."

The left shoe is removed. Ma'am indeed enjoys the supplication of the male. My face shifts and my tongue extends accordingly. I begin applying long laps there as well.

"And the code?" I brazenly inquire.

Another question earns another charge to my buttocks, this time stronger. Yet, Ma'am does not seem genuinely concerned. Opportunities to apply pain are welcomed.

"I am satisfied with the results of his interrogation. Let's summarize it that way. But it is curious how a man can intentionally allow himself to be governed, offer his mind and body to such relentless torment, don't you think Mr. Davies? Poor Achmed could have saved himself... but chose not to."

I lick in circumspection. Why did Achmed first spill so much, then so valiantly resist the ultimate bit of information sought. Presumably he gave it up as his balls were crushed and removed. When a woman of purpose suggests she ordered his alteration, I must assume it was as described... prostate removed, penis tip de-gloved.

I once again shudder with the thought and Ma'am notices. A hand reaches to my neck and tenderly massages. Her touch is exquisite.

"Yes, it's terrifying for the male to understand how easily his testicles can be subjected to the unbridled revenge of a woman."

Ma'am slides forth in her chair and leans. The same hand slips under my buttocks to cradle my inflated scrotal sac... 2,400 milliliters of saline infused to both humiliate and ensure incapacity, precluding any impulse to escape. I can barely walk

The massive deluge brings partial numbness. Still her hand feels good. I once again quiver, but this time with the delight of her rare touch.

"But then again there is the Stockholm Syndrome. Happens here often. And can sometimes obstruct our goals. That is when a captive develops empathy for his or her captor. In Achmed's case he did not wish to leave us."

Ma'am's hand glides up my buttocks and naked torso as she returns to sitting upright. She reaches into the pocket of her pantsuit. A small tape recorder is removed. She lowers it to assure my gaze notes that her thumb presses the 'stop' button. As suspected, my interviews have been recorded. She then lowers her head to whisper.

"Achmed so pitifully pleaded in the end. I got the code with the second turn of the ball crusher. As you can imagine the agony continuously builds, does not waver as with a toothache. And the mental torment is worse, knowing that it is only castration that will bring relief from the pain.

"But, Mr. Davies, you should know this... I ordered his castration and modification even after I got what I wanted. I am that cruel... and I have that level of power."

I feel the hair stand on the back of my head. Goose bumps form. Ma'am softly laughs, instantly beholding the physical reaction to words of horror.

"So let's review... the captive perceives there is a threat to survival and believes that his captor will act on that threat. The captive perceives small kindnesses from the captor, there is isolation, there is the inability to escape. That's the Stockholm Syndrome and unfortunately Achmed fell into its psychological pitfall. The 'poor' terrorist felt affection for his captor. Thus his seemingly bizarre reaction to my interrogation. Resisting the final offering, assuring his continued captivity but thus mandating the ultimate sacrifice. He knew he could not return to his terrorist cell. With his demented reaction to our care, he chose to stay and be tortured."

My tongue laps at the right ankle as Ma'am narrates the story of Achmed's presumed self destruction. The leash hand tugs and I instantly react to rise from bending at the waist. In righting myself, Ma'am peers to where my engorged scrotum has swollen to almost completely camouflage my penis. Despite the massive injection of saline, I am partially aroused, my glans penis protruding from its foreskin. But for the partially numbing infusion, I would be tremendously erect. Ma'am knows it,

spotting both the attempt at tumescence and traces of prostatic fluid drooling to my huge sac.

“You like it here, Mr. Davies. We encounter men like you from time to time. You like being handled, being under total feminine authority. But be circumspect. Thoughts of Achmed’s fate should give rise to caution.”

A free hand pulls up the right cuff of her pantsuit, exposing a luscious and well shaped calve. I gape. The pulchritude overwhelms a libido kept bound and chaste for months. Then the hand reaches forth. The index finger crooks and teasingly diddles the underside of a penis tip which can barely be found atop the massive bag of flesh. Her touch is divine and my goose bumps of fear change to instead proclaim a sense of faint ecstasy. I so much need attention there... and she knows it.

“Perhaps we can compromise. Talk and I will promise you what you desire. Remain invasive, keep insisting that you sell machine tools, and I assure you you’ll earn Achmed’s fate.

“You’d be amused to watch him try to masturbate. In inducing insanity that’s all he does, reaches to a penis which now has the sensitivity of a piece of leather than futilely strokes in expecting to achieve an erection. Without the prostate that’s no longer possible. No stiffness and obviously no climax. Quite comical. And he knows not where he’s been, who’s altered him, or what he has divulged. The intensity of the repeated electrical shocks can have that effect. He’s now a vegetable with a most sordid obsessive compulsive disorder.”

Ma’am cackles most wickedly.

“But Achmed’s short career was one of killing, Mr. Davies. Murdering the innocent. We suspect your transgressions have been serious but not rising to the level of his mayhem. Therefore if you talk we can be more lenient. I am willing to make an offer.”

She leans and whispers in my ear. Her warm breath, her nearness brings a shiver of delight.

“It is one you should not refuse, Mr. Davies.”

Was I motivated by fear... or desire?

Learning the fate of Achmed Hossain Mujani certainly brought distress. But then there was Ma’am... and the effect of the Stockholm syndrome. She rattled off the elements of the phenomenon like the highly trained psychologist I suspected she was. And I had more than empathy for my captor. There was odd devotion. That of a puppy responding to the correcting hand of a master.

Yes, the record button on the small recorder was pressed and I talked. Ma’am rewarded me when long sought words began to flow. Her fingers gently toyed with my nipples and I cursed the massive infusion of saline which precluded full erection. I wanted to stiffen for her and display myself like a peacock each time she rolled the sentient pink flesh and exclaimed ‘good boy’.

My many years of selling arms... not machine tools... but weapons of death and destruction... spilled forth like water through a bursting dam. Immoral suppliers, desperate customers, unscrupulous shipping agents, Ma’am was surprisingly knowledgeable and insistent on details. Much of the information was timeless, as I knew. Thus the many, many weeks of patient coercion... if such a term aptly describes lying naked and strapped to a board... were rewarded as Ma’am and her organization learned of my exploits. Who had advanced weapons, what kind of weapons, ranges of missiles and howitzers supplied, quantities of ammunition, most important in appraising military capability, all spewed forth into the small microphone.

I cracked. As had Achmed, I sang like canary.

My ‘chirping’ lasted well over an hour. Many years, many deals. The divulgement alleviated my fears of suffering as did Achmed. Ma’am promised. But as words of my adventures came to an end, new concerns arose. With the extensive debriefing, my career not only ended, but I was to become parasitic to all with whom I formerly dealt. The betrayal of trust is not acceptable in a world filled with deadly

devices. By definition, an arms dealer interacts with those delving in the macabre. How many times have I dreamt that my own demise would result from an incendiary device or some other instrument of death procured and delivered through my own extensive channels.

“You will get me out of here? You will protect me?”

My voice quavered in beseeching Ma’am. From the frying pan to the fire was the only manner one could describe my situation. Revenge is important in my world. It enforces the silence of others. Though the extensive information offered to Ma’am could never be retracted, a lesson taught to those contemplating similar betrayal is deemed appropriate... and quite necessary.

There will be a contest, the winner being the organization or despotic government which can in the most notable and spectacular manner end my life.

“Will it hurt?”

Gratefully, I am now absolved of the ban in asking questions.

“Of course. Everything we do here either pains the body or pains the soul,” Ma’am insouciantly responds.

“But why do I need to be circumcised at my age?”

“Because I want you circed,” Ma’am casually using a diminutive phrase, suggesting the procedure is routine.

Nurse Penis stands over me, smiling in being empowered to finally work the organ which inspired her moniker.

I am lying strapped supine to the tiger board. Despite my confession, deemed full and complete, I remain cruelly bound, but am granted the privilege of asking questions. While awaiting transport away from this facility, wherever and whatever it is, to my new life, little has changed. Ma’am explained that the regimen of thorough bondage is policy.

‘Besides, men of your ilk prefer it this way.’

Food for thought.

Nurse Penis releases the pin on the tiger board and once again my feet lower and my head rises. I face my inquisitor almost upright as betadine is liberally applied to my penis. It begins to stiffen of course, the desire to salute my succubus ingrained with the months of chastity and desire to display for my new found benefactress, she who will save me from otherwise certain execution.

An uniformed arm rises and an olive hand swats the bulging tip, instantly forestalling tumescence. I bellow with the intense pain, but my penis obediently stops firming.

“Laser scalpel, Mr. Davies. It will burn but it instantly cauterizes the skin. Luna is quite experienced.”

“No anesthetic?”

“Of course not. And I want you to watch. This is quite a meaningful day for you, Mr. Davies. The circumcision will be a little extreme.”

The words shock. I understand her meaning.

“No! You promised.”

“I promised not to castrate you. Luna’s going to modify just a little bit of your penis. If you’re going to serve me, I insist. You have no alternative. Besides you’re helplessly bound and under my control. Is that not what you want? What you secretly desire?”

Luna retrieves an electrical device. A finger flicks a switch. It hums. I close my eyes as her left hand palms my manhood. I feel an intense and pointed burning sensational, like a hot pin grazing my organ. The woman is quick and accurate. It is apparent that this is not her first effort in altering the most prized male possession.

I scream. The agony is tolerable, the mental duress is not.

“It’s for me, Mr. Davies. Consider it an offering, symbolizing your devotion and faith in me as your protector. No one will bring real harm to you now. I will safeguard. I am in charge.”

Yes, she is.

In the lower peripheral vision, I watch indeed as Nurse Penis sutures. The relative pain of the needle and thread is surprisingly tolerable. My mind is numbed in spying on a tray a sizable swatch of foreskin.

I have been de-gloved. Partially... but the most sensitive of male erogenous zones has been surgically removed.

“You’ll feel tightness for a few days. But the remaining skin will grow and stretch to alleviate the discomfort.”

Ma’am steps forth and graciously toys with my nipples. Her soothing touch alleviates the pain and a degree of mental anguish.

“You’re a lucky man, Mr. Davies. Not many leave here with so much intact.”

Central Intelligence Agency, National Security Agency, Defense Intelligence Agency... does it matter which government organization runs the clandestine compound, the ‘safe house’ where I am held captive and so cruelly debriefed?

I am not to know... never will know. Still, Ma’am holds up her end of the offer, the unexpected de-gloving notwithstanding.

Many days of remaining strapped to the tiger board are strangely acceptable as I heal and presumably arrangements are made for reversing my rendition. Effectively I will be placed in something akin to the witness protection program, under the care and tutelage of Ma’am. At least that is what I am told.

Then the day finally arrives. I expect freedom. I expect clothing. I am disappointed.

A team of Samoan nurses, who are not really from Samoa, enters my chamber of torment. A cart is wheeled in heaped with a pile of white gauze, a bowl of plaster and water. Ma’am follows the parade.

“Your lucky day, Mr. Davies. You’re to leave. And in retirement I am departing as well.”

As when I am bathed and massaged, one limb at a time is released... but only to be encrusted in white gauze and plaster. Just as Achmed Hossain Mujani had been mummified, it is my turn to endure the stultifying presentation. Two nurses work away. A third begins to thread a feeding tube into my nose. It is remarkably uncomfortable.

“You’ll become accustomed to it, Mr. Davies. When freed it will be an appropriate manner in which to enter your new world, don’t you think. You’ll be hatched... just like the singing canary you’ve become.”

I am catheterized. It is curious to note that my limbs, both arms and legs, are bent before being encased in the mass of white. Then I am released from the board, but with all movement of arms and legs restricted, it is not the emancipation expected. Instead I am helplessly propped on the floor kneeling on knees and elbows as my torso is encased, face and head included. As with Achmed there are holes for my mouth and eyes. When it comes time for my neck, my head is tilted back as the plaster is applied, permitting me to look forward as I kneel on all fours.

Within an hour, my entire form is covered in rapidly drying... and rapidly hardening... plaster... except my gluteal crevice and of course my balls. The women find leaving such well exposed plums, open to physical punishment and demeaning comments, to be amusing.

Just as with Achmed, eyehooks are embedded into the plaster at the top of my head, shoulders, hips, arms and legs. In my case the hardware is functional. If I am to be moved, I am sure the weight of

my completely immobile form, combined with the many pounds of plaster, comes to well over four hundred pounds.

In finishing, cables emanating from the ceiling are looped through the eyelets. The restraint is completely unnecessary from a physical standpoint. I cannot move an inch. Still, there is the psychological aspects I am sure. The additional layer of bondage, the inability to even move my head, fingers and toes, brings a sense of confinement which cannot be compared to the tiger board. Nothing but my balls move. And they only do so as a result of feminine caprice. The nurses so much enjoy palpating, taunting and toying.

Speech is impaired, the feeding tube passing through my vocal cords. Still Ma'am forewarns.

"Your collar and scrotal ring remain operative, Mr. Davies. Do not speak. The layers of covering provide you with the anonymity you will need to enter your new life. No one knows John W. Davies has been here. No one really knows this place exists for that matter. But complete secrecy is imperative as I am sure you have concluded. The last arms dealer who so brazenly divulged the likes of what you have told me, died in having his eyes gouged out with a searing hot spoon... after his tongue was symbolically severed."

As stated, I am forewarned.

So, I kneel on all fours, my testicles swaying in the room air, fluid siphoning into my stomach. I feel my bladder slowly fill and understand that once again I must await the merciful fingers of a tending nurse before the valve on the catheter is opened to permit relief.

Two burly men enter my chamber. It is curious that they are not shocked to see my white mummified form kneeling on the floor. One carries a dolly, normally used for moving furniture and storage boxes.

As instructed I know to remain silent, though with the feeding tube I doubt I have the ability to clearly enunciate words.

"Well as least this one has balls," one declares with a laugh as he moves to my rear.

Obviously the duo also ministered to Achmed... after Ma'am had him castrated.

The dolly is pushed to my side. My cables are released and four powerful hands pick me up and position me on the low four wheeled frame. Cords are threaded through the eye hooks to secure me to the simple vehicle which will presumably wheel me from... well from wherever it is I have been detained. Gratefully the men leave as I feel my circulation rush with extreme embarrassment. Despite my anonymity, my presentation brings a sense of both rage and shame. Yet there is nothing I can do but kneel in silence... and wait.

At some point a nurse enters. My bladder is drained. A suppository is slipped into my anus. The humiliating procedure of moving my bowels while under close supervision follows as Nurse Razor holds a basin then wipes me for hopefully the last time.

I panic in thinking that this is how I will remain... an anonymous mummy too terrified to speak, dependent on the graciousness of tending nurses for the most basic needs.

I have divulged all... why do I remain so cruelly restrained?

Then I feel the sharp stab of an intravenous needle. In penetrating at the top of my scrotum I know that once again I will be infused. And I know that there will an additional 200 milliliters added from the last filling.

In time I feel my hairless bag of flesh expand to brush against the plaster of my thighs. Fingers poke to assure proper flow.

Finally the door opens. It is Ma'am! She is casually dressed. For the first time her attire confirms what I have long suspected. She is well shaped, a sleeveless tube top covering firm sizable breasts and

powerful arms. Her stomach is flat and abdominal muscles ripple as she moves. A short pleated skirt permits an examination of both thighs and calves... well curved... athletic... pleasing.

“How’s my new toy?” her sprightly voice gushes.

“I drained him and emptied his bowels,” Nurse Razor dutifully reports. “He’s almost filled. 2,600 milliliters.”

The woman in white hands Ma’am a length of leather. As fingers unravel it, I note it is a sturdy leash, much more durable than that attached to my nose.

“Time to enter your new life,” Ma’am declares as the leash is secured to the eye hook atop my head.

Ma’am bends quite close.

“Do you know why I have you infused?”

I grunt a negative reply.

“Because I can,” she playfully giggles. “And you enjoy my power as much as me. You’re going to keep me quite amused in retirement, Mr. Davies.”

A simple cloth covers my eyes. Then I feel the dolly begin to move.

A toy indeed. Despite the ponderous load, my dynamic inquisitor pulls on the leash. In being well secured to the dolly her tugs set the wheeled frame in motion. Out the door. Down the corridor. I know we trundle in a direction away from the patio where I was interrogated. Otherwise I know not where I am taken.

But I do know my white plastered frame and mammoth pink and red scrotum offer quite the sight. There are many feminine titters as we traverse the building. My heart pounds. My circulation surges. I am grateful to be blindfolded and offered anonymity.

Part Two – The Yacht

“You are to be obedient. You will capitulate to me and your new nurse... completely. For now, you are not to leave this room. The doorway is electrified just as at the Compound. As I am sure you are aware, your collar and scrotal ring remain activated.”

Ma’am speaks as I hear the welcomed sound of a surgical saw. After an unknown number of days remaining mummified, transported like cargo, fed through a tube, bladder drained only when an unseen hand graciously opens the valve to my catheter, bowel movements most ignominiously supervised, we have apparently arrived at a destination... and my plaster cast is to be removed.

I know it is warm and humid. I know with the smell of sea air and the squawking of gulls that it is near water. Otherwise in remaining hooded, I have not a clue where it was that I was incarcerated and interrogated nor my present location, where Ma’am will hopefully offer freedom.

The saw whirrs as Ma’am speaks. My blindfold still covers my eyes and I am eager to gain mobility. During the journey, someone repeatedly shocked me, playful zaps to the testicles and neck collar, and I learned that worse than the terrifying pain is the inability to so much as move a finger in reaction. Nothing!

The story of Achmed Hossain Mujani’s derangement became quite understandable if Ma’am indeed subjected his mummified form to similar random jolts, higher in voltage. The sense of vulnerability and helplessness cannot be described and over an extended period would certainly bring insanity.

The saw works around my left thigh very close to my hip. Then the right thigh. Then I feel the circular blade whiz at my right bicep.

“I’m going to leave you partially encased, John boy... as a precaution.”

My new sobriquet... John boy. Away from the Compound, no longer under the auspices of the Central Intelligence Agency, National Security Agency, Defense Intelligence Agency or whatever organization devised my rendition, Ma’am is now most informal. And she seems cheered to the point of giddiness with either my circumstances, her authority or possibly both.

“And I am now Miss Harper. Not my real name. But that is the name under which we will travel.”

The saw completes the left bicep then begins a long cut from the top of my head, down my spine to the opening for my buttocks.

“Nurse Tumbla is certainly skilled, wouldn’t you agree, John boy?”

I grunt in acknowledgment. I can feel the heat of the saw blade in cutting most proximate to my skin. But there is not a nick to be felt.

Shorter cuts are carved to join the openings circling arms and thighs. Then the saw blade stops. My blindfold is whisked away and while my eyes adjust after many days of darkness I feel the power of forceful hands and hear a series of snaps and cracks. The cast surrounding my torso is split open and pulled away. The welcomed coolness of room air announces that I have been hatched... just like the singing canary Ma’am described.

My pretty benefactress stands before me. The change in her attire most agreeable. No more pantsuit, she wears a skimpy halter top and very limited pleated skirt. She is a wondrous sight to behold.

A mammoth black hand comes into view, grabs my feeding tube and gruffly tugs. I yelp as it painfully exits my throat and nose. When I feel the same hand working about my catheter I prepare for another surge to my cortex. Sure enough, the length of latex is callously ripped out bringing a burning sensation deep within my urethra. I yelp again.

“You’re free... relatively speaking,” Miss Harper pleasantly announces.

The room begins to vibrate. I feel motion.

“We’re off to sea, John boy. My new yacht. It’s the safest place for you with so many armament suppliers and nasty third world despots looking for you. It did not take long for them all to realize the source of the leaks concerning the illegal arms you’ve been selling. Your many months of absence from

the business has been noted.”

I attempt to move. I cannot. My bent arms remain in plaster from the biceps downward... hands included. With my eyes adjusted I twist my head and note that my bent legs likewise remain encrusted... thighs to my toes.

Miss Harper observes my take and laughs.

“You’ll learn to flop about... a slow, cumbersome crawl. And you can now sit up, like a little doggy. But otherwise I don’t want you too mobile. You’re a kept man, Mr. John W. Davies. And though you have no choice but to accept my governance, I don’t want you doing anything rash... like falling aboard.”

My governess chortles.

“You’d sink like a rock with all that weight. And then after the plaster dissolved you’d bob back to the surface... but quite well drowned. No point in giving your antagonists the satisfaction of your untimely demise.”

Nurse Tumbla begins a sponge bath and the warm soothing cloth is most welcomed. Meanwhile Miss Harper steps forth. Her left hand entangles in my hair. Her right momentarily slips beneath her skirt. When it reappears it glistens with feminine essence. The fragrance of arousal is evident as she smears my nose and upper lip. Then her fingers plunge between my lips. I am once again offered a taste of her juices.

The abundance is telling... and frightening. Miss Harper’s unbridled control stimulates. It excites. That is of more concern than the thorough bondage, application of electric shocks, cruel modifications, and intense humiliation.

I am completely at her mercy!

Nurse Tumbla proves to be an incredible woman. Six foot two, well over two hundred pounds of muscle, there is no doubt she was hired first for her inordinate strength and second for her nursing skills... not to mention a disdain for the male gender which approaches if not exceeds that of my team of Samoan caretakers.

“You be a good boy and Nurse Tumbla will make you very happy,” she proclaims in the pleasant staccato of her African accent.

Miss Harper departs. Nurse Tumbla bends and picks me up like a rag doll to flip me to my back. The soft carpet feels good. The warm soapy cloth feels better. She kneels, continues her sponge bath and of course my penis, not seen in days, celebrates its freedom. As prognosticated there is a feeling of tightness as my manhood engorges.

“Knees up. Keep your thighs apart. Show yourself to Nurse Tumbla,” she instructs.

The weight of the plaster casts facilitates assuming the desired position as I cannot straighten my legs. Thus I indeed show myself as gravity parts my burdened legs and my male package, penis firming, displays itself to my tender.

“You’ve been snipped,” Nurse Tumbla observes. “But there is much remaining.”

Not only have I not touched myself in months, since the ordeal with Nurse Penis, I have not really inspected. I raise my head to visually examine as the huge black hands smooth everywhere, assuaging the itchiness brought by many days of mummification.

“When where you last masturbated?”

“Months ago. I have been kept chaste.”

“That is good for the subservient male. It brings humbleness to the psyche. But it is not good for the glands,” the staccatoed voice continues.

As she speaks there is discomfort as I attain full erection. The source of the problem is evident. Nurse Penis, in removing the foreskin and the overly sensitive flesh of the underside, the glans penis,

pulled my remaining skin to the urethral opening and sutured. The erectile chambers have not been shortened but essentially the skin covering has.

And more shocking, as Nurse Tumbla gently washes my standing organ, I realize that the sensitivity has been transformed to that akin to the heel of my foot!

Nurse Tumbla notes my look of horror and smiles.

“You’re going to be a much better boy now that masturbation will be limited. The tightness you feel will slowly dissipate as the skin cells expand. But the disgusting male habit will not bring you much joy. Not in stroking yourself.”

Nurse Tumbla reaches to a basin. There a wet bar of soap offers lubrication and fingers resembling tree branches are coated. I am chagrined to have to helplessly watch as two fingers of her left hand first glide over my anus then plunge inward. I both lurch and groan as the knowing woman instantly finds my prostate gland.

“My goodness you are tight here, my John boy. Nurse Tumbla will fix that. And look at all the fluid you ooze. Tsk. Tsk.”

“When will the arm and legs casts be removed?”

“When Miss Harper decides that you are properly trained and conditioned. You have a new role in life, John boy. And I will help you fulfill it.”

As I acclimate to the strange combination of joy and discomfort of prostate manipulation I concentrate on the coal black face of my nurse. She is handsome, not a stunning beauty as Miss Harper, but with pleasant features, even and without anomaly. The starched white uniform contrasts markedly with the hue of her skin and bright white teeth seem to glow when she smiles. She has a most maternal nature, and I am to learn that the demeanor is intentional.

A steady stream of prostatic fluid is dabbed away with the wet cloth. I am horrified to feel so little when my standing penis is touched. As stated, the heel of my foot has more sensation.

“I like to see men hard, John boy. It is proper respect to greet your nurse like this. And you will learn to do the things I like.”

Though there is no climatic release, Nurse Tumbla knows the male anatomy and I am disappointed when her fingers withdraw from my colon. The wet cloth smoothes over my anus signaling the end of my sponge bath.

Then begins what I am to find is the new protocol in my degradation.

A white cloth is laid out on the carpet next to me. It is folded into a triangle and the powerful hands then lift my legs. When my backside rises from the rug, the cloth is slipped under me then the three corners are brought together and pinned.

I am diapered!

“Why can’t I use the bathroom?”

I look into the face of my angelic protector. Her skimpy bathing attire distracts, but I must inquire as I gaze at wondrous feminine pulchritude.

“How are you going to do that with your arms and legs in those casts?” comes the flippant response.

Miss Harper laughs, noting my look of perplexity in contemplating her reply.

“Why must my arms and legs be constantly encumbered like this? Why can’t the casts be removed?”

“Because I want you to crawl for me. I like having a man like you crawling about. It empowers me and it pleases me. And pleasing me is what you’ll learn to do best. As a matter of fact it will become the only thing you will do. You will live to please women.”

She steps back and folds her arms akimbo in gesturing that the conversation is over. Her nose

wrinkles suggesting the detection of a distasteful odor.

“You need to be changed.”

With that she strolls to the stateroom door to exit.

The size of the stateroom of the yacht suggests that Miss Harper has done well in saving and investing her government salary. I have been confined to this single room for days and have not yet toured the ship. Blindfolded while Miss Harper dresses or bathes, whenever I am sighted there is not much to see. The port holes are above my line of vision.

Like a child I have to just let loose into my diaper. I try to retain but the gaseous stool seems to flow forth on its own. I suspect something in the gruel assures unwelcomed regularity. Nurse Tumbla checks and changes twice per day and her cleansing hands are welcomed. But spending many hours with a load in my diapers is most degrading, as intended I am sure. And no matter how I try to withhold relieving myself, I seem to be regularly left crawling about in soiled infant wear for long periods.

My crawl is really more of a desperate act to bend my knees than an efficient method of motion. With knees inoperable, all propulsion is brought by movement of my hips. Thus I lumber like a bear and a simple trip across the room can require many minutes. So the electrified collar and scrotal ring notwithstanding, there is no hope for escape.

If I topple I cannot right myself and must await my nurse. Miss Harper has the strength to assist but not the inclination. Therefore on two occasions I helplessly remained lying on my side until a laughing Nurse Tumbla assisted, picking up my burdened form like a feather.

I learn that I am completely dependent on Nurse Tumbla. I remain spoon fed and sponge bathed.

Still, my existence eclipses that of lying day in and day out on the tiger board. And I find over time that my erections are becoming less stressful, Nurse Tumbla encouraging a proper ‘greeting’ with every bath. The skin has indeed rejuvenated to accommodate stiffness.

On occasion, Miss Harper will observe my change of diapers, sneering at my mess and my altered penis. The stateroom has a ‘changing board’ where Nurse Tumbla will pick up my form and prop it supine. She insists that I lift my legs, bending at the hips and keeping my knees well parted like a child. The diaper is unpinned and discarded. I am cleaned and my caretaker will smile as I slowly tumefy for her. After some cleansings, two huge fingers will penetrate my rectum and Nurse Tumbla will work my prostate, pumping what seems to be an endless supply of viscous fluid from my gland.

Nights I am placed lying on my side to sleep on the floor beside Miss Harper’s bed, just like the family pet. I am blindfolded as stated and am never afforded the glory of glimpsing at her fine form in complete dishabille. But in imagining her nakedness when she exits the shower and dresses, I feel myself harden. When the benumbed penis tip presses against my diaper there comes a sense of distress in knowing I will never again feel the ecstasy of normal climax. On some occasions Miss Harper will note my firmness and laugh, fully aware that my tumescence brings futility.

“Whatever will you do with that, John boy?” she mockingly inquires as I feel her hand reach beneath the tented diaper and give my organ a brief caress.

After Miss Harper leaves, presumably for breakfast, Nurse Tumbla will enter, pull me to all fours and offer a bowl of gruel, one spoonful at a time.

The pleasant smile of my nurse cloaks a level of contempt for the male. On one occasion when unwarranted belligerence was exhibited, when I refused my food in realizing it was the gruel making my bowels move uncontrollably, a massive coal black hand reached forth and covered my mouth.

“You need to be respectful of your Nurse Tumbla,” the staccatoed voice proclaimed.

The thumb and forefinger moved to pinch closed my nose. With arms and legs remaining encrusted in the plaster cast as described, I could not offer resistance to the closure of my air supply. I could not breathe and had to meekly rest on all fours while Nurse Tumbla lectured.

“You need to learn that all comes from me and at the behest of Miss Harper. We govern everything. Even the air you breathe.”

My heart raced as my lungs began to crave oxygen.

“Stay perfectly still. Do not move an inch. I will decide your next breath. Be obedient,” her voice firming from its normal pleasant cadence.

Of course one cannot completely obey such a command. Within moments my arms twitched in futilely attempting to push away her hand. Then I unsuccessfully tried to crawl backwards. Then a panic set in as I felt close to swooning. The hand relentlessly pressed and pinched as Nurse Tumbla’s tone of voice changed to understanding.

“Good boy, just give yourself up to me. Your Nurse Tumbla knows CPR. I will revive you. Capitulate and trust your nurse. Just give yourself up. You should not fight. Do not resist your nurse. She is here to care for you and help you serve.”

The soft words, smoothly offered as I slowly suffocated, seemed to move to a distance as my oxygen starved brain began to shut down. I recall rolling to my side and slowly collapsing to the floor. A last attempt to loosen the hand with an ineluctable grip on my nostrils.... or was it my deprived muscles surrendering?

Nurse Tumbla’s free hand assisted as I crumpled to the carpet, a position I normally avoided because, once assumed, I had much difficulty recovering.

I do not recall the hand slipping away to offer relief. But I do remember soft laughter as gulps of air returned cognizance.

“Now I think you will eat.”

I did.

With such a perceived threat, that a controlling hand could at any time deprive me of life sustaining air, the Stockholm syndrome began to manifest. Thereafter, in gratitude, I found myself licking the enormous black hand that feeds and bathes me. So powerful, yet so kind and attentive, I am learning of my complete dependence and obey her every word.

And of course Nurse Tumbla found great amusement in the simple demonstration. Several times per week she would repeat the show of her resolve, admonishing that I remain perfectly still, display complete capitulation, as she referred to my acceptance of her control, as I yielded the right to something as basic as oxygen to the dominion of my tending nurse.

As a result, I am learning to hold my breath for long periods, imbuing Nurse Tumbla with complete trust, and not moving a muscle, not so much as a flinch, as I feel my mind and body capitulate indeed to the ham sized hand covering mouth and nose.

I swoon without the slightest show of resistance. One cannot describe the sense of submission in such a meaningful offering. And quite oddly, I feel my penis tent my diaper when the hand begins its governing clasp. Such initial reaction was noted by Nurse Tumbla and dutifully reported to Miss Harper.

“He stiffens under feminine control. He finds stimulation in his acquiescence. You have chosen well.”

Miss Harper merely smiled.

It is curious how one becomes accustomed to a noise such that it is not noticed until it ceases.

After many days the ship’s engines stop. I am once again unable to track time. But since it is accurate to presume that Miss Harper arises and bathes daily, we have sailed for over two weeks. And in noting that Miss Harper’s fine form is turning to a rich brown, it is reasonable to assume that her time out of the stateroom is spent languishing in the sun.

My benefactress stands before me, her nose agitated by the fact that my diapers are full... and wet... and I am dire need of Nurse Tumbla’s tendance. The timing of these greetings is intentional I am assure, always having to face the alluring woman while bearing the humiliation of soiled infant wear.

“Two things, John boy. I’m going to have you released from the casts. And you’re going to sign some papers for me.”

Regal, commanding, in charge as always, Miss Harper is disappointingly fully clothed. She is casually attired for a tropical climate... brightly colored halter, short white skirt, sandals.

She waves papers before me.

“Bank transfers... your account to mine. We’re in the Cayman Islands and as much money as I have amassed, I want more and you’re going to provide it.”

My look of surprise brings a snicker.

“Oh, John boy, the ‘Company’ has had your secret Cayman Island bank accounts well monitored for over a year. I brought a copy of the information. Seems dealing in articles of death and destruction can be lucrative. You’ve been quite the saver. Over five million dollars plus a few weeks interest since the last balance was obtained.”

“I’m not signing anything,” I firmly declare, mustering as much fortitude as possible while exposed, diapered, on all fours and enduring the shame of failed potty training.

“This yacht cost millions, John boy. The four man crew needs to be paid... as well as your nurse. In protecting you from your aggrieved cohorts, there is no reason I should bear the entire cost.”

Nurse Tumbla enters the stateroom, her pleasant smile belying the wickedly humiliating treatment she affords.

“Three developing countries have been recently sanctioned by the United Nations for purchasing illegal arms, John boy. That is as a result of your business affairs and the fact that you divulged the details to me. Now, which of the three governments do you think will be seeking revenge? Country A, country B, country C? All of the above?”

I am chagrined to silently admit that such sanctions are not taken lightly. Typically, UN money is the biggest source of graft for greedy dictators who would otherwise have nothing to steal and sell for their burgeoning personal accounts. To protect their exalted position of dictator for life, weapons are needed to assure the people vote accordingly. That has been my role in the cycle of corruption. Essentially my confession has been the first domino in beginning the regime collapse of some very nasty and violent third world leaders.

I note that Nurse Tumbla carries the compact surgical saw which many days ago cut away the cast surrounding my torso.

“You’ll sign, John boy. Or I will assure that your location becomes known. Remember... tongue cut out... eyes gouged with a searing hot spoon...”

“It’s not much of a life to be savored sequestered in this stateroom,” I protest.

Miss Harper steps closer. A hand reaches forth, tousles my hair and entangles her fingers. She lifts and I right myself at the waist, sitting up like dog begging for a treat. She leans. Her fragrance, her nearness excites, bringing a brisance of joy to my chaste form. She whispers in a soft sultry voice as her bare calve presses the front of the soiled diaper to abrade my penis beneath, already firming in tribute to her presence.

“You’ll sign. Then everything you own will become mine. Think of it as financial castration. Thereafter your life will change, I will assure you.”

I hear the whizzing of the surgical saw. Nurse Tumbla leans and grasps my right arm. It requires only seconds for the blade to rip a cut into the plaster from my bicep to my wrist. Meanwhile Miss Harper steps back. She smiles, evilly holding up the remote control device which activates my collar and scrotal ring. I feel a reminder shock to my balls, a sensation not experienced in weeks.

In her other hand she holds the transfer papers. I know I will sign... why such verbal resistance?

Yes, the cast on my right arm was removed and I mentally celebrated momentary freedom. To the odor of my soiled diapers was added the stench of flesh encrusted with dried sweat. Then as Nurse Tumbla stowed the saw, Miss Harper placed the papers on the floor before me. That coal black hand returned to cover my mouth and instructions came as to where my signature was required. The thumb and forefinger pinched closed my nostrils. As trained, I moved not a muscle, totally acquiescing my need for oxygen to she who offers all. I recall the room darkening as my hand grasped the pen. As the tip ran across the page, I really did not see the quick scribble which would, just as Miss Harper suggested, result in financial castration.

Years of stashing away illicit funds, free of tax, not burdened or beholden to any person or any government... became for naught.

The lights went out. I swooned as Nurse Tumbla relentlessly denied air. My submission, my capitulation brought the ultimate in feminine control as I swooned and felt those powerful hands guide me to roll to the carpet.

When I awoke, Miss Harper was gone, presumably dashing to enrich herself at the bank. I found myself lying supine on my changing board. Gratefully all my casts had been cut away. But as full consciousness was restored I noted my hands encased in metal mittens. Except there was no separate compartment for my thumb. No, my hands were in bags... of chain mail. Yes, around my wrists were locked strips holding the odd fingerless gloves in place. Embedded loops suggested that my wrists could be secured in an instant. And the mesh of steel, or whatever alloy, would not be cut away or otherwise removed. Use of my fingers was still denied.

A smiling Nurse Tumbla had removed my diaper and was swabbing away half a day's accumulation of feces and excretions. Her strong hands comforted, the warm wet cloth felt good. I felt shamed to allow her to so easily overpower me. But the reward for my surrender was to be cleansed and I smiled as I noted I could bend my legs for the first time in weeks.

"Bring yourself up for me," Nurse Tumble gently chided. "Be a good boy for your nurse."

She spoke as the cloth grazed over my penis. I began to stiffen on cue. Yes I am a good boy. I watched, pleased with myself in displaying such abject subjugation. But then I noticed my feet.

No longer veiled by the white plaster, instead a collection of metal bars and strips matching my wrists covered my ankles, instep and toes. It appeared as if someone had used a child's erector set to assemble a framework surrounding each foot.

"Without the casts you'll move better now... but Miss Harper still wants you to crawl."

Indeed, atop each foot, there had been installed a perfectly straight metal strip secured to each ankle cuff. The opposing end looped about the big toe. The effect will be to force me to kept my foot pointed, as would a ballerina. I examined more closely and noted that other strips, curved to conform to the shape of my foot, held in place objects which grazed the relatively sensitive instep.

"Hobbling spikes," Nurse Tumbla offered in noting my look of curiosity. "You will learn that standing is quite uncomfortable... and walking painfully impossible. Miss Harper, she pay much money to ensure you remain a good boy."

Finishing with my sponge bath, Nurse Tumble picked me up like a toddler and shifted about to place me upright on the floor. As my encased feet touched the carpet, the shifting weight triggered something on the contraptions surrounding my feet and there came an instantaneous dual stabs of pain. In reaction my knees folded to remove any burden on my feet and Nurse Tumbla gently guided me to return to all fours.

"The spikes will puncture where the largest nerve in the body ends, my pet. Very much pain. And clever these supplication boots. The weight of your body closes the frame and the spikes press... like triggering a mouse trap."

The woman laughed, her bright white teeth radiating to evidence her approval of Miss Harper's

wickedness.

“But you can crawl better now. Soon Miss Harper will have you leashed and be showing you off on deck. Go ahead crawl for your Nurse Tumbla.”

I obeyed. The relative sense of freedom felt good. In being able to bend elbows and knees I no longer lumbered about propelling my restrained legs by thrusting forth with my hips. I crawled about the carpet with surprising ease. Nurse Tumbla’s chuckled in suggesting that she enjoyed viewing the servile male form.

And I was not wearing my diaper!

“Thank you for the quick five million, John boy.”

Miss Harper mocks, apparently quite successful in convincing the Cayman Island bank to deplete my account and bestow hers with my ill gotten gains.

Once again the hum and throb of the ship’s engines suggest we have left the port of the Cayman’s and are sailing. Miss Harper has changed to the skimpiest of bathing attire as she stands nearly naked and opens a box. She places it on the floor before me. I can more readily feel my stiffness now that I am sans diaper. My penis presses again my lower belly as Miss Harper’s partial nudity brings a surging priapic response from a libido long denied.

“Some things you will be wearing for me,” she proclaims in desiring that I inspect the contents of the box.

I do not want to divert my eyes from gazing at breasts immodestly covered by postage stamps and held by a series of mere strings. But my obedience is well ingrained and as she continues pointing I look down to see a collection of jeweled items. Dozens of rings of various gauges, almost every one attached to a tiny bell.

“You should be aware that Nurse Tumbla is quite an accomplished piercer. She will start with this one.”

Miss Harper holds up the most heavily gauged of the collection, really an open ellipse more than a circle.

“For your nose... and my leash. You’ve earned the opportunity to be walked on deck. And you’re to be housebroken, now that I have permitted more mobility.”

Grateful for the absence of the diaper, I must question whether Miss Harper could hear the sound of my gulp in examining the dozens of trinkets.

“And one more thing, John boy. A simple demand after emptying your bank accounts. I want the code to access your email. The Company has been monitoring it for well over a year but I was never given the code. Access will provide me with further assurance that you will serve forever.”

Nurse Tumbla enters the stateroom as I contemplate the demand. If ‘The Company’ has in fact had access to all my communications, divulging the access code to Miss Harper can hardly further compromise my arms business and its stealthy operation. Continued secrecy means nothing to a man so ignominiously restrained, crawling about naked, fed like an infant... and now broke... financially castrated.

“Come my pet, we have work to do,” Nurse Tumbla grabs the hair atop my head and pulls me to crawl to my changing board.

Miss Harper writes as I comply with her demand, disclosing email account and password as Nurse Tumbla uses the loops encircling my ankles and wrists to restrain me.

“You be a good boy and I will be as quick as possible...”

The crew!

It is curious how relatively comfortable I have become in enduring abject subjugation before the female gender and how terrified I am with the thought of being leashed and naked before the crew.

“Please, Miss Harper, not before other men.”

“You’ll be put on display before whomever I choose, John boy. The men are discreet... well paid and discreet. And they have other attributes which you’ll come to envy.”

Miss Harper leans to whisper.

“They’re all built like bulls.”

She straightens, stepping back in softly laughing.

“And besides, we’re going to spend much time at sea. The men need to be entertained as well.”

I am always amazed how regal Miss Harper can appear in near nudity. She has a prideful body, and thus where most women experience some degree of shyness when donning small patches of cloth connected by a set of strings, Miss Harper struts about with the vanity of a Las Vegas show girl. She looks sensational and she knows it.

Miss Harper hands my leash to Nurse Tumbla. She has entertained herself in walking me around the large stateroom utilizing my recent piercing. Now it is time for a more purposeful journey.

“Obey your nurse. The electronics guarding the doorway have been turned off. But there are other parts of the ship you are not to enter. You’ll feel the warning in your scrotal ring.”

She pats my head... now bald. Nurse Tumbla now shaves there as well as the remainder of my body.

“Besides, you’re so pretty with all your new jewelry. I am sure you want to show off.”

I do not.

Nurse Tumbla turned out to be indeed an accomplished piercer. Strapped to my changing board she relentlessly penetrated my flesh time after time. Beginning with the cartilage between my nostrils, the large elliptical ring was thrust through an extremely painful piercing and soldered closed. It now accommodates my leash... or Miss Harper’s leash. Then the many rings with attached bells one by one found a home, scattered about my body. Ears, nipples, arms, the sides of my torso to my hips, thighs, calves... she worked as a weaver would adorn a tapestry, ignoring my many yelps as the hot needle plunged and plunged again through my flesh.

The results... I am bejeweled with cacophonous baubles which chime with my slightest move, announcing my presence and ringing without relent as I am walked about at the end of a leash.

“Time for potty,” Nurse Tumbla announces.

Yes, I do need to go. And in not wishing to be returned to diapers, I have withheld the contents of my bladder while Miss Harper amused herself. But now my bowels beckon. And in long suspecting a food additive which makes control difficult, I am eager for my journey, despite the reservations over the presence of the crew.

Nurse Tumbla tugs. My legs respond, my tiny bells chime in unison as for the first time I am led out the of stateroom... knees and elbows shuffling.

As suspected the yacht is large and brings renewed questions of how Miss Harper, as a government employee, has ‘retired’ so young and in such opulence.

Nurse Tumbla is most gentle with the leash. She knows, as I so painfully learned from my Samoan nurses, that with the hundreds of nerve endings grouped where my nose ring penetrates, the attached leash could instantly place me in agony. Thus the absolute level of control is unspoken and I need no reminder of who governs and who obeys.

The hallway leads to the stern and opens onto a vast deck. Lounge chairs suggest this is where Miss Harper sunbathes. A swimming pool, moderately sized for land aquatics, is impressively lavish for a seaworthy vessel.

The sun feels good. Just as when I was initially interviewed months before at the government

compound, warmth and outdoor air can be particularly refreshing after being cooped up. For some reason my penis celebrates and I can feel its hardness in reacting to the controlling leash hand, just as it stiffened for Miss Harper while she amused herself in utilizing my nose piercing.

“This is where you’ll now go each and every day,” Nurse Tumbla lectures in drawing me to a large basin. I respond to various directing pulls, turn and lower my buttocks to align over the side to the waiting vessel. Nurse Tumbla pulls upwards while her remote hand presses the small of my back. She demands a certain posture in again demonstrating her authority.

At last, I can relieve myself knowing that I will not thereafter dwell in the stench and discomfort of awaiting a soothing diaper change.

The remote hand moves to hold my scrotal pouch, the mass expanded by the many infusions. She palms and draws it away from my anus.

I perform for her, urinating to empty bladder as well.

“Forward.... forehead to the deck.... spread.”

I obey. From a nearby container, Nurse Tumbla draws some waiting moistened wipes.

“This is how you’ll be walked every morning. There will be no further need for my commands.”

I am chagrined to find that her cleansing hand feels good. Partial flaccidity, spurred by the need to urinate, fades. I return to hardness for her. She is pleased.

“Come John boy, you’ve been good.”

Remote device in one hand, leash in the other, Miss Harper, in announcing I am to be rewarded with an afternoon of sunshine, jostles my leash, signaling the commencement of a short journey.

With my many bells chiming, I follow the beautiful form, my eyes riveted on buttocks covered only by the “I” configuration of twine, holding in place the tiny patch over her mons.

“How long will you treat me like this?” my voice beseeching more than I’d like.

“Possibly forever, though I might tire of you. But right now you amuse me.”

“What is Nurse Tumbla putting on my penis? It hurts.”

“Pain is relative, John boy. And in time you probably won’t feel much there. It’s muriatic acid... a weak solution. I am having your penis further desensitized. Though I had the skin of the glans penis removed, the primary male erogenous area, I’m concerned you may still feel some level of joy... should you ever again be afforded an opportunity to play there. The acid will at first make your penis untouchably painful to handle. Then the skin will toughen and transform to the consistency of leather.”

We reach the end of the hallway. Miss Harper steps through a hatch door into the brilliant sunlight of the Caribbean, drawing me behind.

“When you can no longer feel the acid, that is when I’ll have Nurse Tumbla stop.”

Daily applications have indeed brought desensitization. My standing penis is each morning liberally coated with the clear liquid. Nurse Tumbla laughs as I writhe with the pain. After a few moments she rinses it away. But every morning I endure the acid bath for just a little longer and the pain is becoming more remote. I now learn that it should be of concern that I can bear it longer.

Immediately after the washing, the thought of anything touching me there after brings a quiver of dread, my own steel mesh covered fingers included. But over the course of the day, the skin rejuvenates. That would seem to be welcomed... except over time it will result in feeling very little there.

“With your balls intact, the hormonal buildup will foster your psychological response in stiffening for me... you just won’t have any use for your erection.... not in the normal male sense. It will feel like a piece of rubber is attached... like a dildo... and it will only be for me.”

“I won’t be masturbated again? Like with Lanai?”

“Why should I bother having you masturbated? Your interrogation is completed.”

Yes, it was the distant hope that at some point during my ordeal at the Compound, the controlling hands of the Samoan nurse would once again masturbate me under Miss Harper's close supervision. How many times did remembrance of those exquisite hands come to me as a fantasy while suffering interminable bondage? How many times does the ecstasy of the resulting climax still come to mind? The constant denial is maddening.

Miss Harper approaches a lounge chair and pauses. Before she can sit, I press forward, lift at the waist and for some reason kiss her buttocks. She pauses to permit more and so I also lick until a firm leash hand pulls me away.

She is not at all shocked by what would seem to be repulsive deportment.

"Yes, the hormones are flowing indeed, John boy," she notes with a laugh.

"Hands behind your back. Head down."

On a nearby table there rests a cloth blindfold and metal implements. Her hand retrieves a clever set of 'D' clamps. Four of the spring loaded implements are connected to a single large ring. It requires mere seconds to secure together my mesh wrist mittens and encircled ankles, forcing me to maintain the humble pose... kneeling arms behind my back... each limb connected to the circle of 'D' clamps. Without use of my fingers I cannot perform the simple task of opening a clamp.

"You're getting some threatening emails, John boy," Miss Harper announces as the leash is tied low and quite tightly to the leg of the lounge chair, all slack removed. "I've been checking your account."

Without slack I must keep my head and face pressed almost to the deck. Humbling pose indeed. Then Miss Harper lies back to greet the radiance which will further enrich her sublime body.

"Your old customers miss you... or so their emails suggest. With all the UN sanctions I am sure they would like to have a little talk. Each one proposes a meeting."

A hand reaches to my side and begins to toy with my left nipple bell. She amuses in flicking it about and making it tinkle. Her touch feels wonderful.

"And it seems your suppliers also have a bone to pick. The investigations are continuing. Some how surplus arms which were certified as having been destroyed ended up being sold and used to quell certain rebellious masses attempting to overthrow a dictator here and there. Lord knows there are enough of them. Did you have any compunction concerning who and where would be the recipient of all those weapons, John boy?"

My ear bells peal as I have just enough slack to shake my head.

"The highest bidder," are my shameful words of reply.

"So perhaps it is appropriate punishment that I have your penis acid washed. Achmed will never be mentally competent enough to atone for his evil. But Mr. John W. Davies, arms dealer extra ordinaire will... that I assure you."

Her hand reaches lower and cradles my balls.

"Achmed lost these. I had no choice with him. Had them slowly crushed then snipped away. You see, he revealed the code I sought, but I never told that to the Company. I withheld learning it. In order to complete my ruse I had to keep torturing. I had to castrate him, telling the Company that he refused to talk. And to ensure he never divulged his offering to me, I had him randomly jolted to the point of insanity. A little overdone on my part, you may think. Repeated voltage can wipe out short term memory before bringing total mental incompetence. But I had a secondary motivation. I thereafter requested retirement, falsely suggesting that torturing Achmed had beleaguered me. Yes according to the head Company psychologist, the emotional anguish I experienced in having him emasculated brought tremendous guilt... the burden spurring my need for early retirement."

Miss Harper speaks in a lugubrious tone as she reminisces over Achmed's final moments of mental competency.

"It requires little effort for a psychologist to carry out a ruse on a fellow psychologist..."

“So here I am in retirement, trying to recuperate from the trauma of torturing and castrating a most wicked terrorist. Life can be quite the burden, wouldn’t you agree, John boy? Living a life of luxury utilizing ill gotten gains?”

Miss Harper laughs uproariously.

“We’re traveling the world on a ship paid for by Al Qaeda, John boy. The banking code Achmed finally revealed gave me access to millions of dollars secreted away and intended for pure evil. He had access to a huge Islamic bankroll... funds which were to back a myriad of terrorist plots. Well I got it first! And I got it all!”

The revelation is shocking... but explains much. The yacht is enormous, well over one hundred feet, and costing millions. The five million raided from my accounts pales in comparison to what must have been needed to procure our ostentatious form of conveyance. And the sudden ‘retirement’? As stated... a ruse.

“So, whereas some nasty despots would like to find you, at some point the terrorists will realize that it was not the Company that confiscated their funds and they will seek both me and replenishment of their account. Then there is the eventual possibility that the Company will discover I deceived... if they have not already done so.”

Her hand moves to my penis. It is obediently stiff but acutely sore from the recent morning acid wash. I cringe as her gentle touch oddly stings rather than soothes. It is the first time she has meaningfully touched me there and despite the soreness I shiver with delight. She laughs with my reaction.

“You see, your penis provides double amusement. Pain for you, a heady sense of feminine governance for me.”

She pulls downward, the awkward angle causing me to shift about and commence a serenade of ringing bells. Then she abruptly releases and laughs more as my now raging hard on snaps upwards to thump against my belly.

“And then there is the added element of your suppliers, John boy. Several military contractors caught with their collective trousers crumpled about their collective combat boots. They’ll also be looking for you, John boy... not to mention Congressional investigation committees.”

“So, for now it’s a quiet tour of the world’s oceans while events cool. And what better form of entertainment for a woman of my proclivities than a well bound subjugated male?”

She laughs again.

“And a very open minded and well endowed crew. You’re going to learn to like your cruise. You really have no other choice.”

There comes the sound of footsteps. I strain to lift my head. A tall blond approaches carrying a tray. An iced pitcher of orange liquid and two glasses suggests refreshment.

“Oh, Eric, so nice of you to think of me. Mimosas!”

I cringe in being so humbly presented to the young strapping male. A well tanned Eric wears a skin tight white shirt covering a broad chest and revealing huge, well muscled arms. More revealing is the red equally skin tight shear bathing suit. It is most immodestly brief and perfectly outlines a manhood which wreaks of virility.

As Miss Harper suggested, the crew is indeed well endowed.

“What you do think of my little pet canary? Name’s John boy?”

“He’s well tamed,” the masculine voice replies in a Scandinavian accent.

“Not tamed enough, really. But sometimes it’s the taming that is most fun.”

Miss Harper’s hand reaches forth. Her fingers smooth over the prodigious penis outlined in thin red spandex. Eric smiles.

“Miss Harper is hungry in addition to being thirsty,” his observation half statement, half question.

“Miss Harper needs some recreation, Eric. John boy gets me excited. You know how much I enjoy controlling males. Peel down for me then put on his blindfold.”

The tray is placed on the table and the extraordinarily tight spandex is dutifully removed... ‘peel’ being the appropriate term. Eric’s semi erect penis continues to grow as he reveals a set of thick low hanging balls, shaven to offer unfettered viewing. The sight brings forth a sultry feminine murmur of approval as I seethe in my helplessness. Eric’s tanned hands slip the blindfold over my head as I hear Miss Harper arise from the lounge chair. Then I feel something being draped over my over head. A set of strings. It is Miss Harper bathing attire.

“I’m on top...” Miss Harper’s voice teasingly coos.

My mind became overwhelmed with thoughts as I remained restrained, head down, wrists behind me, supplicating as I listened to the impassioned noises of copulation. Miss Harper has quite the libido.

But it was not the sounds of torrid love making, if outright fucking can be so termed, which brought cognitive overload. It was Miss Harper’s brash actions... what inspired the purchase of the ship and this clandestine world cruise.

Having spent numerous years in the arms business, I know the players. And they are by definition well armed. The best self protection in my field has always been to ensure that the enemies of your customers are nearly equally well armed. In that manner disgruntled customers are not only too preoccupied to engage in complaints, but there is also created constant demand for your wares... the next upgrade. Despots must have the advantage of better weaponry. They certainly never have the advantage of inspirational leadership... ‘take a bullet for your greedy and psychotic leader’. That doesn’t work. So it’s keeping the suppressing troops well armed with efficient implements of death, spreading the fear of mass annihilation, which best maintains minority power over the righteous but repressed majority.

Miss Harper’s deeds have changed that equation. My primary customers, those who pay the most, are all in danger of being out gunned, without the ability to acquire new weapons. And they all blame me!

There will be a contest as to who can bring me to the most symbolically painful death.

The arms suppliers will be equally miffed. Ironically, all are blue chip corporations, striving to maximize ‘shareholder value’. But their revenge will be accomplished with the efficiency of large scale manufacture. No lesson needs be demonstrated for them. Just a quiet disappearance to assure I cannot testify before any Congressional hearings.

‘To the best of our knowledge, we have never had dealings with a John W. Davies... if such a person exists,’ my imagination conjuring the pecksniffian and perjurious testimony.

Then there is the ‘Company’, presumably some collection of high tech gumshoe bureaucrats, which will be seeking Miss Harper. Not to mention Al Qaeda, whose funds have been substantially depleted by the duplicitous interrogator. In encouraging the young and alluring woman to form a bond with her interviewee, presumably a most effective interrogation technique in nurturing the Stockholm Syndrome, the Company also left much wriggle room for deceit. The brazen young beauty got the best of both parties. My money, thorough subjugation, and the code.

There comes a low moan of ecstasy as my mind analyzes the many layers of intrigue. Miss Harper enjoys sex, and I doubt if she’s the recipient of the frequent slaps I hear. Words of ‘harder’ and ‘deeper’ precede the encouraging smacks. And I picture the sycophantic Eric laboring in earnest to please.

Finally the gasps become climactic and dramatically turn to more rhythmical draws of air as the duo rests in satiation.

Back to the many layers... who will find us first? But as intrepid as our voyage is, where else is there

for me to go. No money, and many powerful parties of interest wanting me dead... the manner of my demise being of concern, but secondary.

“Two stars for you, Eric. Keep your bathing suit off for the remainder of the day to show the others.”

Having finished coupling, Miss Harper has again donned her bathing attire and my blindfold is removed. She sits upright on the end of the lounge chair. Eric faces away, his shirt in place but otherwise naked. Miss Harper holds a red marker and proceeds to inscribe right cheek and then left with two five pointed diagrams.

She then pours the lad a mimosa and takes one herself.

“Scoot,” she commands in taking a sip.

She slaps the well muscled buttocks. Eric lurches and then scampers off like a chastised child.

“Quite the lay, John boy. Every woman enjoys good deep penetration. It’s the method and frequency which separates... and I like it under my total control... and often.”

She speaks as, despite the constant flow of air brought by the moving ship, I detect the steamy fragrance of sweat and feminine arousal. I cannot look directly at her, my nose leash still well tethered. But I can picture the look of satiation... two stars of satiation, whatever that is.

She turns. Her bare calves and feet move to straddle my bowed head.

“Eric will draw the envy of the others. Not often I give two stars for a quick afternoon romp.”

Her hand lowers and facilely unknots my leash. She draws upwards and the aroma of her sex becomes more apparent. There also becomes apparent my continued tumescence. She forces me to kneel upright, my altered penis, stiff and in need of attention, clearly displayed.

“What have you been thinking about? You’re not to have sex with me, John boy. That won’t happen. I enjoy keeping a man like you denied... and you’re here for my enjoyment.”

“Our predicament. How many want to find this ship... and how powerful they are.”

Miss Harper shrugs.

“Find this ship... or find you, John boy? It could be that the Company believes Achmed divulged the banking code to you... not me. Remember, you had contact with him. Certain nurses at the Compound will attest to that.”

Her comment brings a shocking revelation! It is true!

“Leave this ship... attempt to escape... and the Company will be so notified. They probably already suspect you. Arms dealers are more known for their deceptive behavior than loyal government interrogators.”

Miss Harper laughs with her wickedness.

“No. I think you’re going to stay and learn to enjoy yourself, John boy. Looking down at your naked and well restrained form during sex brings me to quite the climax.”

The leash hand pulls upwards to force me to look skyward. In my peripheral vision I see her free hand push aside the postage stamp covering her mons. It explores beneath then moves toward my mouth and lips.

“Eric spent quite deeply. Here is a sampling of his essence. The rest awaits.”

“I am oozing fluid again.”

Nurse Tumbla smiles.

“It is common for men kept in your condition. Your penis wants to shoot. You say yes, but Miss

Harper says no. Miss Harper is in control. So you don't shoot."

Nurse Tumbla picks me up like a child and places me supine on my changing board.

"Knees to your chest and spread, my fine canary."

Miss Harper's sobriquet has stuck in Nurse Tumbla's mind. Still, despite the deriding moniker and the humility, I obey, lifting and spreading my thighs as I hear the familiar snap of latex gloves.

"Your nurse will help you. Too much fluid is not good for your gland."

In one of the more demeaning procedures, if there can be something more demeaning than being daily walked like a dog and performing under close supervision, Nurse Tumbla offers occasional prostate massage which seems to temporarily curtail the otherwise constant flow of viscous fluid.

The left glove is liberally coated with lubricant. I peer down to watch the slow ritual as two fingers smooth the gel up and down my gluteal cleft.

"And how is your penis, John boy?"

"Stiff."

Nurse Tumbla laughs.

"I know that. You like to stiffen for your nurse. You like to stiffen for women who govern. We know men like you and it is best that you be with us. But what is it you feel?"

The free right hand grasps the shaft. With the de-gloving, with the morning acid baths, I would feel more if Nurse Tumble took hold of my ear or some other cartilaginous anatomical area. I know the hand is there, but otherwise the thrill of a woman offering manipulation to where all feminine attention was formerly sought, is gone.

It is indeed an attached length of rubber.

The index and middle finger glide into my anus as Nurse Tumbla offers a brief stroke to my penis. She too well knows the male. It is evident that in comparison to whatever normal reaction should be felt, my organs evidence little or no response.

"This is good, John boy. Your nurse's morning penis wash is working. Normally I would feel your ejaculatory muscles awaken in preparing for copulation, ready to spew seed."

"You mean the acid you have been applying?"

"So Miss Harper has explained. Yes, the solution is working, it is not? Each and every day what normally gives a man pleasure becomes first a source of pain and thereafter heals with toughened scar tissue."

The left fingers begin their mechanical massage. Prostatic fluid begins to leak like a dripping faucet. Meanwhile the thumb and forefinger pinch what would otherwise be most sensitive patch of penile skin. She presses most firmly and smiles in noting no reaction. The lack of feeling impresses me as well.

"Nicely desensitized. But as a precaution, I will still offer the solution once or twice per week."

"Why? Why does Miss Harper do this?"

"Because she can, you silly boy."

Nurse Tumbla pulls down on my erection then releases it to rapidly angle upwards and thump my belly. It is a demonstration.

"Why do you remain so stiff while a woman controls you? You should learn... this is what drives a man like you, John boy. Lying naked like a child. Offering yourself for humiliation. You know that it pleases me to govern... and you so much wish to please."

I lurch as the penetrating fingers knead my gland with zeal. A glob of whitish liquid oozes forth and that seems to please my tending nurse. Without the slightest sense of pleasure, I am forcibly giving up what a man normally craves to expunge.

"But I am not offering myself. I am held captive."

Nurse Tumble smiles knowingly. A matronly look crosses her handsome black face.

"I think given the opportunity to leave, you would not do so, John boy. Where would you go? What would you do? What woman would you better serve?"

A tissue begins to dab away what has become a deluge of built up essence.

“So you feel better, John boy?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I reply as would a child asked whether he likes ice cream.

Indeed her fingers have soothed. The hormonal build up has been alleviated... somewhat.

“That is good. But note how firm your penis remains, John boy. You are showing off for me.”

There is Eric, Geraldo, Alessandro, Methusa... all have nautical duties aboard the sizable yacht... all have secondary roles in lying beneath Miss Harper.

The matinee performance with Eric was not a singular occasion. I am to learn my governess is quite concupiscent... daily straddling the virile form of one of the brawny, large-chested, larger endowed male specimens.

I am kept blindfolded, leashed and well bound while I listen to the sounds of sultry copulation, my head mere inches from where they couple. I can smell the arousal. The cries and moans of ecstasy heighten the rigidity of my already turgid penis, the evidence of my forced chastity very much amusing Miss Harper.

“Who tastes the best?” Miss Harper taunts in later offering fingers coated with the juices of carnal embrace.

I seethe... but I lick, dutifully cleansing so the digits can plunge again and offer more slipperiness.

“I prefer your taste, Miss Harper,” my voice frustratingly meek.

She laughs.

“Then I will arrange for more.”

The next morning, Nurse Tumbla strapped me to my changing board. She then most painfully pierced my tongue. Thereafter a huge bauble was attached to the tip by way of the resulting opening. I can barely talk. But when I understand its purpose, imagining using it brings my penis to fully stand and press against my stomach.

“You’re going to learn how a woman like Miss Harper likes to be pleased... when not desiring penetration by a good stiff cock,” Nurse Tumbla offered with much glee.

Nights I spend in tight bondage. When it is deemed time for slumber Nurse Tumbla walks me to the after deck, has me empty myself then leads me back to the stateroom. There I am blindfolded, mittens secured behind my back, ankle bindings connected together by a short chain and typically I am leashed to one leg of Miss Harper’s bed. There I will lie, listening as my succubus prepares for bed, fantasizing over her fine form in knowing she sleeps naked.

If I am deemed good, the leash is given slack. Poor behavior earns a night sleeping with my nose pressed to the leg of the bed.

“Why must I be bound like this?” I beseech as the brawny black hands snap in place the various restraining clamps.

“A man like you feels better under complete control. You should know that by now, John boy. Don’t you feel a sense of comfort knowing that you are under the governance of a woman?”

Nurse Tumbla’s inflection is condescending in explaining proclivities which I do not fully understand. I feel her hand gently grasp my penis as she speaks. The sensitivity is remote but her touch highlights the fact that I am extremely hard.

“You feel how stiff you are when a woman governs? A nice hard on for your nurse.”

She kneads my scrotal sac. Her knowing touch feels good.

“Nice and full. Lots of nasty fluid to be offered. Tomorrow I will milk you again. Would you like that?”

“Yes, Nurse Tumbla.”

Her slow and methodical manipulation of my prostate gland is as close to climactic release as I am permitted to come.

“You have been good, John boy. I will treat you.”

“May I have more slack on my leash?”

“No. That is not for you to decide. We will determine your bondage... when, where and how tight. There is nothing that you control.”

I hear Miss Harper exit the bathroom.

“You’ll start tomorrow?” she inquires.

“Yes. He is ready. He will take it and be quite grateful.”

I feel a hand pat my bald head. With the proximity I extend my tongue. Miss Harper enjoys my new piercing and her hand smoothes down my cheek and offers itself. I lick, tenderly grazing the large sphere embedded into the tip of my tongue against her fingers. Then I thrust pushing my tongue tip and the ball between two of the digits. She laughs with my brazenly suggestive act. Her hand retreats.

Then I feel the leash pulling on my nose. I must squirm closer to the bed, my face pressing against the leg. I hear a series of clicks as the leash is reset, my nose secured even tighter. My sordid deed amuses but will not go unpunished.

“You’re going to be quite the harlot, John boy. You’ll learn to keep every one on the ship pleased. And in turn that will please you. We know men like you.”

The slightest motion begins a cavalcade of chimes when I feel my nose released from the bed and the firm hand of my nurse gently pull to signal my walk. I am eager, my bladder filling over the course of the evening. Still when the blindfold is removed I catch a glimpse of Miss Harper, remaining asleep, the rumpled bed sheet failing to cover her right breast. Nurse Harper notices my rapt stare and pulls more firmly towards the door, the sight of such wondrous sculpted nakedness deemed off limits to my gaze.

“Naughty,” Nurse Tumbla whispers in not wishing to awaken my mistress.

A hand lowers to slap my balls. Relatively gentle but the unexpected swat brings a lurch and a surge of tinkling as I know to obediently turn and exit the door.

Down the hallway to the stern deck where I know my basin awaits a night’s build up. I strain against my leash, Nurse Tumbla deliberately slowing her steps. We finally exit into the monotonous sunlight of the Caribbean. I head immediately for my basin, turn and perch my backside over the edge. I am housebroken.

The left hand of Nurse Tumbla holds the leash high as always, effecting a preferred posture... face up, back arched, knees well parted. She then stoops and reaches beneath to nestle my balls, keeping my sac free of my excretions. As I do my business I look up to see Methusa looking down from the deck above. He smiles wickedly, his bright white teeth contrasting with his dark complexion. In observing my comeuppance... a man crawling about at the end of a leash... there is amusement... a woman assisting in a most intimate bodily function.

As with all the crew his shirt is brief and tight in covering a mass of chest muscling. His folded arms bulge with strength. A shear spandex bathing suit does little to disguise the massive male appendage beneath.

I close my eyes in shame in being forced to perform before him. Nurse Tumbla notices.

“Open your eyes and look at Methusa, John boy. You are here for everyone.”

I obey as the free right hand shifts to assure that my penis is properly pointing and there will be no

messiness in urinating. As I finish my business I feel myself begin to firm, the annoying but otherwise consistent reaction to feminine governance temporarily precluded to permit my bladder to empty. But when Nurse Tumbla begins to tenderly wipe my bottom with a moist cloth, my penis springs to full erection. This always brings an approving smile from Nurse Tumbla. And with the masculine Methusa watching, the leash hand lifts so I must rise at the waist and pose to fully expose my front to the man above.

“He so much enjoys a tending hand,” she laughingly offers. Nurse Tumble stoops and palms my scrotal sac, my plums dangling quite low due to the many, many saline infusions. The leash hand rises in signaling her authority, forcing my nose and face skyward. Her right thumb begins to palpate, showing Methusa the depth of my helplessness.

Nurse Tumbla is empowered to toy with the most intimate male anatomy and do so with impunity.

She pinches my right gonad, applying just enough pressure to bring on awkward lurch against my leash and a raucous ringing of my bells. Then her hand shifts and applies equally meaningful pressure to my left gonad. I lurch again.

But my penis hardens more. I curse my reaction.

“Lots of sperm here, Methusa. Miss Harper insists.”

My cackling nurse finally provides slack and I return to all fours, grateful that the display is over. But I must note Methusa’s level of enthusiasm in witnessing my governance. Miss Harper has chosen well in assembling her crew.

This morning brings a new protocol. In completing my toilet, I note that a collection of steel balls awaits on a nearby table. Comprised of various diameters, the smallest appears to be some one and a half inches. One ominously large one appears close to three inches.

“Come. Something I want you to take something for me.”

With that I am led to the table, directed to pose with face to the deck and knees parted. The smallest ball is summarily slipped into my anus. Knowing fingers press it quite deeply within my colon.

“We’re going to need that rectum of yours to be flexible but awake to certain needs. Can you feel the ball inside you?”

“Yes, Nurse Tumbla.”

“Good. I am going to walk you about. Then at my command I want you to expel it for me. I want you to perform when and where I direct.”

And so began a long morning of crawling about and effectively defecating the steel ball at Nurse Tumbla’s command. Delays brought a slap to my balls. Timely expulsion bought the reward of a gentle pat to my head. But overall, my rectum is indeed awakened... trained to react to Nurse Tumbla’s verbal command. This corner of the deck. That corner. Into the ship to the end of the hall. The fore deck. No hint was provided, only a quick tug to bring me to a stop and the command to expel. There upon I would part my knees, press with my backside and offer the steel sphere to the waiting hand.

“Good boy!”

By the time the yacht makes its next port of call, I am facilely accepting and expelling a steel ball of some two and one half inches. I am also learning to perform the trick, instantaneously ejecting the sphere, to the command of Miss Harper as well my nurse. Thus it seems I always have the anal insertion at the ready, the women finding great entertainment in my obedience, particularly when there is a shift to the next larger size and I must strain to both accept and produce it.

Then the engines stop and I am once again confined to the stateroom for a period of time. Leashed gratefully loosely to a chair leg, I wile away for perhaps a day. I am sure fuel needs to be secured and foodstuffs purchased. And I am not to greet the public. There is no telling how many are after me in

seeking to slake revenge.

When the deep throb of engines begins again, the stateroom door opens and Miss Harper enters. I am disappointed that she wears more abundant covering than her string bathing suit. But just the same, the woman is ravishing.

With her is a middle aged woman, her voice accented, French, her demeanor stern and annoying.

“So this is your little pet?” the woman suggests with aloofness. “It is good to keep a man on all fours. Good for his soul. He is broken, yes?”

“Psychologically completely subjugated. But I want precautions.”

“I understand completely.”

The brash woman releases my leash from the chair leg and pulls. It is evident she has before handled a man. She has no compunction about taking control. She stoops as her hand draws the leash and I must kneel upright to face her quite closely. The sound of my many bells brings a smile.

“Belled like a cat,” she snickers.

Her hand begins to smooth over my bald head, gently pinching in close examination of my epidermis. She inspects my ears, then lifts firmly forcing up my head to better view my neck.

“It will require four days. One day for each color. I can do his face and head completely. Down to the neck collar, no?”

“Yes. To the collar. And I’ll want many pictures of the progress.”

“Agreed.”

The calloused Mademoiselle Antoinette du Pont is an artist. Unfortunately she paints human skin... permanently and without a scintilla of remorse for he bearing the outcome of her craft.

“My grandmother offered her tattooing service at Devil’s Island,” she proclaims in extending small talk as she prepares on the day after her initial inspection.

“Those serving life sentences at the infamous French penal colony, those deemed most dangerous, were permanently marked for life... tattooed quite lavishly in promoting easy identification in the event of escape.”

Mademoiselle speaks as her leash hand guides me to an odd table installed in the smaller stateroom next to Miss Harper’s. Its surface splits in the middle where there are two semi circles.

“I inherited her workbench... where she secured the prisoner while she practiced her art. It is old but quite formidable. You’ll be a good boy and sit for me. You will find it comfortable.”

The leash hand directs me to sit where the surface splits. When Mademoiselle pulls the hinged top together, the semi circles form a perfect opening for my neck. The table is of thick wood, the edges about my neck smoothed over the years through repeated use. Below the closed surface is my body. Above is my head and face.

“Your mittens please. Just extend your hands out to the sides.”

I comply. My mittens are clipped beneath to sturdy loops connected to the far edges, left and right, holding my arms straight out at shoulder height. I must wonder over the years how many prisoners have been so restrained in the curious device.

Mademoiselle assembles her supplies and equipment.

“Miss Harper and I have decided on a most ostentatious design, Mr. John boy. You will be promptly recognized by anyone searching you out... should you ever attempt escape.”

I am beginning to understand Miss Harper’s wicked plot.

“Please do not do this, Mademoiselle,” I beg.

“Oh, Mr. John boy. It is no where near as painful as in the days of Devil’s Island. The device is quicker and electrical.”

“But it is my face!”

“And you are to be marked there... permanently,” Mademoiselle retorts with a sardonic laugh. “The prisoners so tattooed at Devil’s Island had no manner in which to disguise themselves... no place to live unnoticed should somehow become possible. It made the toughest of villains comically humble, my grandmother’s work. Some she painted to look like circus clowns. Gaudy reds. Bright blues...”

She laughs uproariously with the thought, drawing a chair to sit directly in front of me. My face is held at the level of her shoulders... a lone piece of clay to be molded by a sculptress. As she unclips my nose leash, I feel her feet about my legs.

“The garishness of her work thwarted any thoughts of ever returning to civilization... of ever again living a normal life. Yes some very outrageous designs... painting a permanent smile on the face of a vicious rapist. It brought great humility and pensiveness. For some it brought remorse to villains never before expressing regret...”

“Part your thighs, Mr. John boy. My grandmother told me of a little trick that would keep the prisoners calm.”

With that, she tosses aside her shoes. I feel her bare toes press against my scrotum. Her other foot gently strokes my penis, rapidly firming despite the pending trauma. She slowly masturbates a penis which can no longer fully appreciate feminine attention. Still, though de-gloved and acid washed daily, the evanescent touch feels good.

“You see, this will not be all bad,” she laughs in feeling my hardness. “You enjoy the touch of a controlling woman. My grandmother told of it happening often... the toughest criminals breaking to become little boys in need of matronly care... no longer having a home to which to return.”

She pauses, picking up a digital camera to snap several close-ups as my tears begin to roll. Then she aloofly puts it aside and retrieves her device.

“Now...a nice shade of orange for your nose...”

“All done... for now.”

The skilled hand worked methodically and without relent despite my many pleas. Mademoiselle is ruthless in plying her craft.

“It is natural for a man to beg when facing the inevitable... and the permanent. But John boy, the pleadings are music to my ears. You should by now understand women such as me.”

The hum of the electric tattoo device finally ceases. Mademoiselle arises from her chair. My penis and balls, having been constantly manipulated during the entire procedure, sense the cooling air of the stateroom. Mademoiselle’s skill includes a deep understanding of the male sex drive. When possible ejaculation approached, she somehow sensed the pending eruption, withdrew the toes stroking my shaft and painfully pressed my testicles into the carpet with her other foot. The wicked agony instantly transformed thoughts of ecstasy to a panicked plea not to emasculate. She would just smile as my system calmed, working away to assure that every square centimeter of my nose met the coloring needle.

She stares, cocking her head in surveying her work.

“Yes, quite prominent,” she comments in applauding her efforts from across the room.

For the first time I note the woman is trim, defying the years of middle age. Her gait is sprightly, probably an accomplished dancer. I can envision youthful years of ballet. A face at one time beautiful, her handsome looks belie her abject cruelty.

The digital camera clicks. I am helpless to object or cover my altered face. Miss Harper wants a montage of my transformation... and she shall have it.

“Your initial reaction is not unusual. But some of the prisoners developed a curious affinity for my grandmother. Over time as the tattoo needle alters the skin... it also alters the mind. There comes a sense

of resignation... that you will bear my artwork... for life. And so you may in time bond with the artist.”

Mademoiselle approaches with a mirror. She holds it before me with a sardonic smile. Then she laughs in noting my look of horror.

“You will transform mentally... just like your face.”

My nose has been tattooed a most hideous shade of orange. Even the swelling does not encumber the realization that I am grotesquely marked for life. I close my eyes in shock and shame. But then open again, oddly thinking that the flesh will return to natural color. I blink in horror. It remains.

“There is much more to come,” Mademoiselle proclaims in putting aside the mirror.

She moves to the rear of the table. I cannot see her but hear the rustle of clothing.

“Devil’s Island was hot. Miserable in its severe tropical heat. Water there was used as a reward. Good behavior earned a drink.”

Hands cover my eyes. I yelp as thumbs glide to press against my eye lids. It is a warning to keep my eyes closed. Then I sense movement and the table shifts. Feminine fragrance invades my nostrils. I feel the warmth of flesh pressing against my ears. The trim and athletic Mademoiselle has gracefully mounted the table, sitting with my head between her thighs.

“You enjoyed having your penis rubbed, John boy,” the French accented voice coos. “Now it is your turn to offer enjoyment. I want to feel that tongue piercing. Those serving as my grandmother’s canvas were offered a similar treat.”

I feel her hips slide forth. The scent strengthens. Warm wetness greets my lips. I know to lick, extending my pierced tongue and thrusting between the slippery smooth flesh of her inner labia,

“Yes, you can imagine such a treat for a prisoner doomed for life... enduring the humiliation of becoming a human canvas... facing a life of ridicule... and having to offer humble oral gratification to she assuring the collapse of all male pride. There are those such as yourself born into such mental slavery, John Boy. It is in vain that you resist ultimate servitude to the governing woman.”

There comes silence as my tongue and lips labor to bring the desired pleasure. Her hands remain over my eyes, thumbs in the threatening position. I can savor... her scent, her taste...I can feel her sultriness... but I will not gaze.

Finally I feel the spasm of climax. Her thighs clench about my head. She moans then her voice whispers, her proximity suggesting that she leans quite closing.

“Open for your reward, John boy. Do not spill a drop. On Devil’s Island it was the only liquid my grandmother would offer.”

With that, she presses her urethral opening to my lips. Her bladder opens. I am shocked to find myself humbly taking her entire offering of golden elixir.

“Swallow... swallow... swallow.”

I do.

Nurse Tumbla is most attentive concerning my anal insertions. I am now able to take a sphere of some two and one half inches, knowing to spread and press outward with my sphincter while her fingers press gently but firmly inward.

“You look very pretty with that orange nose, John boy,” she laughingly compliments as I feel the heavy globe slip inward.

“Why? Why is she doing this to me?”

“Because she can. You’re going to be a pretty bird for her. Hold still.”

For the first time a second ball is pressed inward.

“I’m going to stuff you and then you’re going to work the balls out. It will take your mind off your long afternoon.”

I am surprised when somehow a third large and rounded lump of smooth steel is firmly introduced.

“Very good, John boy.”

Nurse Tumbla is pleased and oddly that in turn pleases me.

“Come.”

The command comes with a tug on my leash. I am led across the stern deck where I languish blindfolded on most afternoons. Around the pool, I respond instantly to the leash hand. With a snap of her fingers, Nurse Tumbla points to a corner. When her leash hand rises I know to spread my knees and arch my back, just as I pose when defecating each morning.

“One ball for me,” her voice pleasant but stern.

I press. With the weeks of training I can feel the sphere slide outward and I artfully deposit it on the deck under her strict guidance.

“Good boy.”

The leash pulls and I once again instantly react. I crawl and look up. There is peculiar pride in seeing the handsome black face looking down and back at me. Her look of satisfaction tells me that I am performing and I am performing well.

To another corner the leash directs, the fingers snap, I assume the preferred pose, press and leave the second ball, my bowels responding without thought.

There comes another kudo and the journey resumes. The third and final ball has been inserted quite deeply. I know to begin positioning it and find that as I am walked I can work the various muscles. There comes with this daily ritual a new awareness of anatomy long overlooked. I am being trained anally and have learned that it is the timing of my compliance that seems as important as the expulsion.

A congratulatory pat on my bald head accompanies the plunk of the last ball.

“See how nice and open you’re becoming there. And how eager you are to obey. All animals can be trained, John boy.”

I smile with the compliment. But my joy is not for long.

“It’s time for your visit with Mademoiselle. She’s going to make you look even prettier...”

“Mon cheri, you look so exotic with your orange beak,” Mademoiselle cackles as I am once again restrained within her table.

“Today will we work in yellow, yes?”

She sits before me, the bizarre sight of just a head thrust through the table top not seeming to faze. She holds a felt tipped pen and with the eye of the artist she is, begins to draw... on my face and head.

“I will outline your yellow plumage. Tomorrow I will work in green. And then it will be a nice bright purple that will complete your look.”

The felt tip seems to dance. Mademoiselle looks in earnest as various patterns, care taken for symmetry, are imprinted. Once again the notion of permanency brings tears. It is then that I feel her feet. The left foot once again kneading my expansive ball sac, the toes of the right finding my penis.

“You have tears, my little canary. But you are also firm like a bull.”

It is true. I have stiffened and the feel of her toes on skin turned to leather is distant but welcomed.

“I will begin with your head. I cannot have tears while I do your face. Moisture is not good. So you be a good boy for me and no more crying. Mademoiselle Antoinette du Pont is an artist... and you are to become a famous painting.”

With that the hum of the electric tattoo needle begins another long afternoon of mental suffering. And I am helpless to resist.

“Why?” I inquire again, careful not to move while the needle penetrates my flesh.

“Oh my little bird, you are to be broken... not only physically... but mentally as well. My artistry will

assure you are a kept man. There will not be place in the world where you can hide without notice. Where you can live without ridicule. You will come to accept your place... all creatures adapt and change. And your place is under the governance of a woman who knows men like you.”

The motion of her hand suggests that long lines of today’s color radiate outward from about my orange nose. Beginning at my forehead just above the eyebrows the tattoo needle works its way up to the top of my cranium. As it nears the apex the stripe broadens then narrows in approaching my neck. I know from the felt tip outline that a second color, green, will later fill the gaps between the yellow stripes. Just where I will be marked with purple is unknown.

There are pauses for the camera, a photographic record kept as each stripe is added. Mademoiselle is methodical and relentless. My pleadings go unheeded.

“I enjoyed your tongue, my little John boy. If you are good I will again offer you the privilege of serving my quim. So dry your tears. There is nothing for you to do or worry about. You are under my care and that of other women who know what you need. When I am finished, you will look just as Miss Harper wants. And you will be most dependent and obedient.”

With that, she began adding stripes to my cheeks.

“You’re very pretty, John boy.”

Nurse Tumbla holds before me a mirror, smiling at my reaction.

I am a tropical bird. Miss Harper has had my face and head transformed to appear as the singing canary she described at the Compound when I sang under intense duress.

I have attained what appears to be an orange beak and yellow and green plumage. And the purple... my ears and lips.

It is bizarre. The initial shock turns to distress and despondency as full comprehension of my situation overwhelms.

What have I become? What will I do? Where will I go if ever released from Miss Harper’s strict governance?

Full cognition congeals and my tears resume.

“Oh, do not cry, John boy. It is for your own good. Miss Harper will assure you are cared for now that you have no place to go.”

The mirror is put aside. The leash hand directs me to my changing board. There I am placed supine, the wrist bands of my mittens restrained to the sides. Straps secure my chest and waist. In my despair, I become a meek pile of clay as Nurse Tumbla’s knowing hands make me one with the changing board. I am reminded of the grueling bondage at the Compound.

“A treat for you. Because you have been a good boy.”

For the first time, Nurse Tumbla removes her starched white skirt. As expected, powerful thighs ripple, those of a weightlifter. She smiles in noting my reaction... one of lust... one of envy. Then I gape as she peels down her undergarment to stand naked from the waist down. I am only afforded a glimpse of her charms as she moves out of view. But mammoth buttocks roll as she moves to a drawer. There she removes a compilation of leather and straps it about her waist.

“Knees to your chest, my little canary.”

My bells chime as I obediently assume the position.

She turns. Her kindly smile radiates as my eyes move to her waist. There a stout rubber phallus protrudes from a leather harness. She parts her feet. A hand reaches to press against the tip and her smile broadens. The protrusion recedes as she impales herself with the feminine end of the double dildo.

“You’re going to learn to be good to your nurse. And we’ll give that prostate a little manipulation.”

She approaches, the huge cylinder wagging with each step.

“Now, aren’t you glad your Nurse Tumbla has taken the time to open you?”

I feel lubricating gel smearing my anus. Then the tip grazes my gluteal cleft. She of course references the many days spent accepting and expelling the steel balls, my sphincter both open, pliant and trained to react to snaps of fingers.

“Pretend you are taking one of my balls, John boy. Push out with your sphincter. Make it easy for yourself.”

As powerful hips thrust to enter me, I feel her hands. The left cradles my balls. I peer down to see the right grip my erect penis. Regretfully it does not stroke, not that normal masturbatory joy can still be felt. Instead she uses my manhood as a handle, pulling towards her waist as the initial thrust plunges deeply. My testicles are also used for leverage. I am to learn that the organs which once offered me pleasure now assist in offering such to others.

“I will want you to squeeze the dildo, John boy. The back pressure adds so much delight to my end. And that is what your role is... to please women... and in any manner a woman chooses.”

She withdraws. I obediently squeeze to maximize the friction. When she thrusts again I know to press outward to again receive the massive length. Most comically, her motion begins a rhythmic chiming of my many bells. Nurse Tumbla chuckles. She very much enjoys the penetration, the control, the comeuppance, that she has trained the male beast to offer himself, to become so humbly complicit in such depravity.

Thrust after thrust, my encased feet pointed towards the ceiling, my thighs pressed against her broad chest, my calves resting on her shoulders. For some reason I learn to make the bells ring in unison, adding a demented element of obeisance as I am taken. I am the virgin who pleads ‘no’ but spreads her legs most compliantly.

Meanwhile her hands work my penis and balls, pulling for leverage but also bringing distant pleasure to organs long denied normal attention. Despite the gruff handling, I stiffen incredibly, adding to Nurse Tumbla’s amusement. My urethra gives up the fluid her digits have so often milked, the bulbous tip of the dildo performing the function of those penetrating fingers.

“It is good that a man can be so easily fucked, don’t you think, John boy? Look how receptive you have become to a woman’s control. You work so hard for my pleasure... and it is indeed pleasure to feel you labor for me. My end of the dildo kneads where a woman enjoys penetration. You are pleasing me.”

Thrust, thrust, thrust, my bells pealing with each motion.

“Would you like to come for your nurse? Show that you are still a virile beast?”

She inquires as she penetrates. I mumble and nod, expecting vigorous stroking which will bring my de-gloved and desensitized manhood to finally spew its seed. Instead her right fingers give up their grip and Nurse Tumbla leans as her hand moves to my face.

“You will ejaculate for me, my little canary. And I will enjoy it... but you will not.”

She continues her cadenced penetration as the meaty hand covers my mouth. I am horrified when the thumb and forefinger pinch close my nostrils. My supply of air is deprived. Yet I know not to panic. I have been trained to docilely allow her to control my breathing. Instead I know to keep acceding to her demands of squeezing upon withdrawal and pressing outward with each of her inward thrusts. But as my oxygen depletes, the room becomes dark. Nurse Tumbla’s smiling face fades from view. Her laughing words are heard from a distance. Muscle control finally ends. Yet I struggle not against her controlling hand. Then cognizance wanes as various bodily functions shut down. I curse myself in so meekly letting her control all that is essential.

“Quite the load.”

My sight slowly restores. I look up into the beautiful smiling face of my protector, Miss Harper. I

feel her finger graze against my wet stomach then smooth upwards to my chest. She smiles as its slippery wetness approaches my mouth.

“Taste? It’s a concoction that’s been aging for a while.”

Before I can reply she smears my lips with my own essence. It is apparent that I have erupted, sometime after consciousness left me. I was finally brought to climax and did not feel a thing. So wicked!

“I like Mademoiselle’s work,” she proclaims, examining my face with a degree of pride.

Her hand smooths over my hideously colored face and head.

“Thought the canary look would be memorably ironic, don’t you think?”

“Why? You have me. You own me. I have capitulated.”

She snickers.

“Because I want to assure that you remain capitulating, John boy. All those pictures Mademoiselle took are stored on multiple CD’s and in my hard drive. The next step is simple. Addressed to the dictators you ratted out, to the arms suppliers you betrayed, to the Congressional committees that would like to hear you sing, to the Company where further interrogation at the Compound is desired, to Al Qaeda who would like to have their funds returned. All will become aware of your not so clever disguise. All will know that the man they desperately seek now looks like the singing canary he has become.”

Miss Harper cackles.

“I have access to your email, John boy. And with it the confidential addresses of some people who will be very grateful to learn of your new look. You have no where to go, John boy. You’re stuck with me. And as long as you amuse and entertain, I will assure you are protected. Resist, disobey, escape and a curious band of cut throats, hypocrites, and fanatics will all be seeking the man tattooed to appear like a canary.”

“But I have nothing to do with Al Qaeda!”

She laughs knowingly.

“Guess I forgot to mention that this ship was purchased in the name of John W. Davis utilizing an initial transfer from the Al Qaeda accounts. Such a large transaction leaves quite the paper trail, John boy. And I failed to mention that I later transferred the remainder of the Al Qaeda funds first to your Cayman Island account before you gave me your codes and I subsequently took it for my own. So you see John boy, you have the most dangerous terrorist organization in the world searching for you, not to mention the others. How long would it require, once freed from my governance and off this yacht, for any of these organizations to locate a man tattooed to look like a bird?”

Her finger most irritatingly taps my orange nose. She leans closely and whispers.

“I think you will stay and serve... and entertain. You’ve more than met your match, John W. Davies. I know of your penchant for subservience. I have all your money. I have out smarted you. I have arranged for some of the most resolute organizations in the world to eagerly seek *you*... not me. You will pray that you keep amusing me. And you may feel humiliated in your subservience, but the alternative is worse. And besides, deep within, your subjugation stimulates... both of us.”

I am shocked to speechlessness. Assuming I am freed of Miss Harper’s tutelage, the disparate nature of those seeking me will make it impossible to travel. The legitimate world of government, the clandestine world of espionage, the illegitimate world of arms dealing, the despotic world of dictators, the violent world of terrorism... all have an interest in locating a man tattooed to look like an exotic bird. And all will work to close doors, routes of passage normally open when furtively avoiding the others. Whereas normally, the enemy of my enemy is my friend... there is no one who will befriend me.

Miss Harper clips the leash to my nose ring, ending my deliberation.

“Come. I want to show my canary to my crew. And Nurse Tumbla reports you are perfecting a new skill...”

“This one is on me, as they say. No charge for Miss Harper,” the French accented voice is exuberant.

I am once again secured within Mademoiselle’s special table, but on this visit she kneels beneath the surface out of sight. I quiver as I feel fingers working about my penis. And such is not a reaction of joy. I know in one hand Mademoiselle has the tattoo device.

“It will complete my work. No one looking at you will doubt you are the living canvas of Mademoiselle Antoinette du Pont,” she exclaims with panache.

“No please, not there!”

“Oh John boy, what does it matter? That a canary has a penis? A long and desensitized purple manhood. Think how proud you will be to show it off. You will make it stand for Miss Harper and she will be most amused. And that will please you.”

With that comes the hum... and the disgruntling realization concerning how little I feel there. Her handiwork about my face and head brought pain, tolerable but there was suffering. I am shocked to feel little as the device penetrates and leaves row after row of permanent dye.

“You will proudly stiffen now, John boy. A true peacock.”

Strangely I begin to harden. The tumescence thrills Mademoiselle. She giggles like a school girl.

“Yes, my peacock, show me how much you appreciate my skill. Your stiffness will only cause me to use more dye.”

Should I be shocked with Mademoiselle’s dementedness? After completing her task the digital camera appears again. Unknown words of French accompany the clicks as she records her masterpiece... a stiff, tattooed penis.

With the tattoos having cured, I am deemed ready to be exhibited. After many days the skin of my face, head and penis, opened by Mademoiselle’s skilled hand and incessant tattoo needle, has healed and closed. The bright sunlight of the tropics cannot damage the bizarre artistry of Mademoiselle Antoinette du Pont.

To the afterdeck, I follow my leash, hands and knees shuffling, bells ringing. I can only imagine the sight... thorough feminine governance... abject male subjugation. Yet there is a strange sense of comfort. This woman of great beauty... and intellect... offers sanctuary. Despite the circumstances, I realize that she has bested me at every level. I am well to humbly crawl behind her, enjoy the lustful glimpses of those uncovered buttocks which enticingly roll with each step, and indeed endeavor to keep her amused. She has the power. Banished from the ship, simple computer keystrokes would send throughout the internet a montage of my transformation to every wicked organization seeking the life of the duplicitous John W. Davies.

The dark skinned Methusa greets us from the swimming pool. Off duty, the cooling water offers a respite from the intense heat of the tropics. As Miss Harper guides me to her lounge chair, Methusa exits the pool to more fully display well honed virility. His only garment, the ubiquitous skin tight bathing suit which Miss Harper has mandated as more or less a ship’s uniform, perfectly outlines a massive phallus. A notable set of testicles beneath seems to strain the fabric.

“Good afternoon, Miss Harper,” the modest native offers.

Methusa’s dark complexion derives from Indonesian ancestry. Miss Harper’s tastes have proven to be eclectic in assembling her crew. The ethnicity is curiously diverse.

“Good afternoon, Methusa. What do you think of my little canary?”

“A pretty bird,” Methusa responds in accented English, lowering his gaze to better visually examine. I sense both the intensity of his glare and the suppression of outright laughter. My head lowers. The

humiliation overwhelms, being led about by woman, leashed, belled, tattooed. And now exhibited to the crew.

“Mademoiselle du Pont has offered to tattoo his entire body,” Miss Harper discloses, her free hand reaching forth.

By rote, Methusa docilely moves his hands to the back of his head as Miss Harper’s fingers smooth over the outline of the covered penis. She smiles, apparently feeling it firm to her touch. Then she silently nods as she tugs on the leash to position me next to the lounge chair.

I should not be surprised when Methusa’s hands move to the waist of his only garment. The fingers slip beneath and alacritously pull the bathing suit down to his feet where he steps away. Miss Harper nods again in approval as Methusa’s organ continues to stiffen.

“Can you clip him for me, Methusa? I’m going to take a swim.”

I know I am to be well bound, that is expected. But not my a male!

Still I am helpless to resist as Methusa retrieves the simple ring of ‘D’ clamps and takes the leash. As Miss Harper dives, powerful hands draw my mittens behind my back. Clip, clip, clip, clip, wrists and ankles are joined to assure that I will remain humbly kneeling while displayed.

“Have you felt that tongue piercing I had installed, Methusa? Tumbla can be so cruel but so practical with her craft. He yelped like a hurt puppy when the needle penetrated.”

I did. But does Methusa need to know?

Miss Harper’s comments draw unwarranted attention. A huge brown hand draws my leash, forcing up my head. From my kneeling position I look up at the entirely naked, bronzed form. Inches from my tattooed face are shaven genitals, aroused with Miss Harper’s brief stimulation.

“Give Methusa a lick, John boy. You have enjoyed his taste before.”

Yes, Miss Harper is given to feeding me the male essence amassed after her heated couplings. I have indeed tasted Methusa.

The smiling native painfully pulls on my leash. The message is clear as Methusa steps closer. I can hear Miss Harper laughing. She senses my homophobia.

“You should know my boys are somewhat bisexual. But it seems I have a crew of pitchers and no catchers. Think you’re going to learn to catch.”

Miss Harper laughs uproariously as I find myself extending my tongue. It is apparent the painful tension on my leash and nose piercing will increase until I comply.

“Just lick his balls for now, John boy. I want you to put him in the right mood for me. That joystick of Methusa’s can plunge quite deeply when its brought to full stand.”

I lick, hearing Methusa softly laugh between muffled moans of pleasure.

“New protocol, John boy. I am so sorry.”

My kindly nurse folds my right arm and enshrouds the forearm and bicep with a broad fur lined strap. The left arm is next. Then my right leg is folded up so that my hobbling ankle and foot contraption presses against my buttock as I docilely remain on all fours, knees and elbows, letting Nurse Tumbla have her way. As she works the left leg I note that the straps have heavily gauged rings of metal sewn into the thick nylon fabric. With the addition of a cable swinging from the overhead beam, I have a good inkling as to the new protocol.

“You’re going to learn a new level of obedience... or you’ll be bound for a long, long time,” Nurse Tumbla suggests with disguised remorse.

There is a bond between she who daily offers food, morning ablutions and welcomed walks on the end of a leash. I never thought feeling a woman’s hand wiping my anus after relieving my bowels would

bring such a wondrous sense of comfort. Endless chastity can bring odd awareness.

With her tone of resignation, I fear the new protocol will be stressful... if something can be more stressful than crawling about naked, tattooed, leashed and belled.

Finished binding me, the huge but caring hands begin inserting the steel balls which I have learned to take quite facilely. Three of the largest, I guess bigger than three inches in diameter, are pressed deep within my rectum and I know to hold them until commanded otherwise. Miss Harper enjoys watching me expel the spheres when she snaps her fingers... just another amusing element of her control.

“Come, under the cable.”

Amazingly, I can move about, however gingerly, on folded arms and legs. And so I humbly position myself where indicated. A very low stool awaits.

“You’re going to learn to suck penises, John boy. You know that. It’s silly to resist.”

I am well rebuked. Having meekly licked Methusa’s balls, I was blindfolded and made to listen during another of Miss Harper’s steamy afternoons of debauchery. She likes to be on top, deeply penetrated, but totally under her direction. As with all her crew, the virile Methusa is curiously submissive in subordinating to Miss Harper’s carnal desires. Sounds of crisp smacks accompanied impassioned cries of lust. I stiffened incredibly in hearing the moans of pleasure and smelling the essence of the aroused female. After all, I kneel within inches of the depraved coupling, my belled and leashed nakedness serving as a lustful catalyst.

But thereafter, instructed to lick clean Methusa’s enormous manhood, remaining semi erect and dripping with male and female juices, I reneged. My homophobia trumped logic and months of obedience training. As a result... there comes a new protocol.

“Let me know if anything hurts or pinches, my little canary. Comfort is very important in long term bondage. And if your resistance remains, you’re going to be well bound for a long, long time.”

Cords are threaded through the rings on the four nylon straps. Each leads to a hook at the end of the overhead cable. Nurse Tumbla then picks me up like a doll, perches me on the stool and removes all slack from the four cords. She steps back and surveys her work and smiles. She then playfully taps my orange nose and slowly pushes the stool out from under me with her right foot. The cords tighten. I feel tension on my folded arms and legs. My knees part. Nurse Tumbla giggles in seeing my testicles so vulnerably dangling between forcibly spread thighs. She leans to reach down and palm my precious plums. And of course I stiffen, the purple shaft rising towards the ceiling. How can I not show off for my nurse?

She rights herself, leaving my balls swinging about. Then she reaches forth and offers a hug. In being suspended kneeling and just inches above the floor, my face is pressed into her massive bosom... a layer of soft warmth covering impressive musculing.

“You’re in suspension until you suck off the entire crew,” she advises. “Go easy on yourself.”

My erect penis presses against the starch of her uniform. I note that the normal sensitivity is gone, the thrill of frottaging quite limited. Still I am disappointed when she releases me. My bells chime with the motion of her embrace.

I am returned to interminable bondage. And now I have the knowledge, as opposed to my endless stint at the Compound, that since abject cruelty brings arousal to my heartless protector, it is evident that I am not to be released.

Am I better off knowing that, no matter the pleas, I will helplessly hang without mercy? Knowing that in the end I will find myself sucking cock without reservation or forethought? And that I will be trained to oddly enjoy it?

“No bells,” Miss Harper commands as she exits the commode.

It is night time. She wears a diaphanous negligee which teases and I catch a refreshing glimpse of her pulchritude as she slips a hood over my head. Gentle fingers pinch my right nipple. Her touch brings a brisance of joy.

“I have the remote control next to the bed. Wake me with any annoying chimes and you’ll receive a good jolt. Maybe your neck collar...maybe your balls. I’ll let you guess where it will come. But I suggest you not experiment. I have the setting rather high.”

And so, having learned to sleep strapped completely immobile and supine on the tiger board... later prostrate... I now must try to relax and let slumber overtake while bound upright in a kneeling position. And though I can squirm about, certainly move more than at the Compound, Miss Harper’s evil remote control awaits the slightest tinkle of any of my dozen or more trinkets. I hear the snap of fingers. By rote I press with my sphincter and expel one of the huge steel balls which Nurse Tumbla forced past my anus. I hear it plunk into the basin which my nurse conveniently left beneath my low hanging form. Then I hear laughter, Miss Harper finding amusement with my instantaneous and degrading compliance to the slightest of gestures.

“Good boy. When I awake in the morning I expect to see you erect in greeting me. That’s the only use you’ll ever have for that purple pecker... keeping me entertained...”

A click and the rustle of sheets suggests she has turned off the light and is in repose.

I think I sleep. But it may be better described as unconsciousness.

Whatever the case, when I hear Miss Harper begin to stir, I concentrate. In wanting me hard, I begin pulsing my rectal muscles, maneuvering the two large steel balls residing in my colon. The weeks of Nurse Tumbla’s training have instilled much awareness and self control over anatomy not before afforded consideration. The size of the devilish spheres offers self induced prostate massage and so as I contract and then relax the various muscles needed to pleasure my nurse and her dildo, I can feel the curious sensations of prostate manipulation. In being blindfolded I cannot look to confirm my tumescence. But with my forced chastity I know it requires little to bring me to full stiffness. So I keep working, pulling on my pubo coccygeus muscles until I definitely feel my penis waggle.

I am pleased to know that Miss Harper will be pleased.

Then I hear the froufrou of satin sheets.

“Oh, you are a proud one, John boy,” my protector offers with a sleepy giggle.

Footsteps approach.

“My canary has become a peacock.”

I feel a soft hand cradle my free swinging balls. Then the tip of a finger ever so slightly grazes the underside of my penis, standing indeed. I am chagrined to feel very little where I once craved attention, the hyper sensitive skin long removed.

“I can only imagine what you’d be doing given a free hand.”

The finger withdraws. The grasp on my testicles firms. Miss Harper pulls on my sac and my entire dangling form helplessly shifts, my many bells chiming with the motion. She releases to let me swing to and fro, her laughter expressing the satisfaction of wielding such power.

“Release my arm and I will show you,” I plead.

“Show me what?”

“I will masturbate for you. You liked watching Nurse Lanai at the Compound.”

The laugh turns to a baneful cackle.

“That was when I was acclimating you to my power. But your plea is noted, John boy. You still favor your pleasure over mine and that of others. Tsk Tsk. Such impudent thoughts.”

I hear the snap of her fingers. Like a Pavlovian dog, I press with my rectal muscles and expel another of the three inch spheres. It plunks into the waiting basin beneath. I feel fingers gently knead my right nipple in reward.

“Such obedience, yet such unwarranted resistance. The crew keeps you safe, John boy. Sailing the seas to avoid the myriad of nasty men who’d like to engage in discourse with you. Yet you will not offer them something as simple as the warm wetness of your tongue and lips.”

A finger returns to my penis, swabbing the tip. It is apparent I am oozing as the digit moves to my mouth and smears my lips with my own juices. I lick most humbly. She laughs.

“You’re going to become one of the best sucker of cocks. I will have you trained. You will satisfy the crew at my whim. Resist and you will dangle forever. You must know by now the effects of long term bondage and how much it pleases... feeds my penchant for governance.”

I do.

There comes a knock, interrupting our confabulation. Nurse Tumbla enters. It is time for ablutions and feeding. Fortunately the blindfold is removed and I can gaze at the raving beauty in her shear negligee.

“Work on the gag reflex, Tumbla. And begin using the emery paper. My canary still desires to touch himself.”

My smiling nurse carries a box. It is filled with dildos. I gulp in noting the sizes.

“Can’t you please loosen the cord,” my quavering voice beseeches.

“Oh, John boy. I can loosen everything once you submit. Lots of men suck dicks. Many men know how to offer oral pleasure to men. You’re going to become one of them.”

I remain in suspension, as Miss Harper has promised. But added to the intensity of the bondage is a simple string which hooks to my nose ring and, as with my other bindings, connects over head to the suspension cable. Nurse Tumbla has cruelly tightened it to the point where my face points to the ceiling and I cannot move my head a fraction.

“Now let’s start with a slim one and work the gag reflex. You know how well endowed the crew are. You’re going to have to learn to control it.”

She pinches closed my nostrils. When I gasp for air a thin but long cylinder of rubber is thrust past my lips. My calloused nurse slowly but firmly withdraws an inch or two then presses it to the back of my throat. I squirm, my wrenching beginning a cascade of ringing bells. But the dildo keeps moving as the relentless hand maneuvers to repeatedly trigger the reflex. I choke. Yet I cannot resist the repeated thrusts.

“Just relax and let your Nurse Tumbla take control. Just think of your mouth and throat as a whore’s pussy... well opened and eager for penetration.”

She laughs with her analogy, thoroughly enjoying her unfettered access. And oddly, I learn that it is best to try to relax indeed as the length of rubber slides about. How many times does the dildo penetrate? In. Out. In. Out. The morning is cumbrous.

“Yes, that’s a good boy. And now you will rest for your Nurse Tumbla,” she proclaims after innumerable plunges to the depths of my throat.

I feel an incredible sense of relief as the dildo finally withdraws.

“Tomorrow you will accommodate a bigger one for me. And then bigger and bigger each day.”

As she explains the progressive training, the huge black hand covers my mouth and the thumb and forefinger pinches closed my nostrils. Once again Nurse Tumbla has chosen to take command of my oxygen supply. I know by now that she wants me perfectly motionless. My lack of resistance is deeply ingrained. I know she will let me breathe again... but I know not when. I must quietly acquiesce and

accept her dominion as I watch the pleasant smiling face fade from view.

I swoon and thereafter do not sense the release of the controlling hand. But I trust she who feeds, bathes and cares. Curious how the matronly woman of such inordinate size and strength could so easily snuff me... permanently.

Added to the morning ritual of deep throat training is the application of emery paper which Miss Harper has mandated be included in my daily care.

“The acid baths are effective to a point, Tumbla. But as stated, the desire to stroke himself remains. He actually suggested that he wanted to masturbate for me!”

The women laugh as Nurse Tumbla approaches. In being suspended in a kneeling position just inches above the cabin floor, she towers above my head, my tattooed face just above the level of her waist. She playfully taps my orange nose.

“Oh John boy, you should know by now that your penis is not for your pleasure.”

She presses her starched skirt against my erection, obediently standing at Miss Harper’s behest.

“We need to transform your desire for self satisfaction to a craving to please others.”

Miss Harper smirks, standing arms akimbo in the briefest of bathing attire. She looks incredibly alluring, my roving eyes ignoring Nurse Tumbla as she slides a chair to my front and sits.

“Hold still. No bells.”

Her command requires much discipline as I hang like a wind chime, pierced and covered with tiny tintinnabulating baubles. I freeze motionless in complete obedience as her meaty left hand enshrouds my scrotum. In her right I note the black swatch of emery paper which Miss Harper has commanded be used. Applied to any other part of the body, the extremely fine aggregates of that used to finely hone wood would barely be felt. And sure enough, with the de-gloving and the acid baths, her initial brisk rubbing produces little sensation. But she rubs and rubs, up and down the entire length of my standing purple shaft. She becomes a sculptress, her confident smile suggesting she brings to sheen a fine wood carving. Within minutes my penile skin is brought to rawness. I wrench against my bonds with the stinging pain, bells insubordinately ringing. With her left hand holding my balls, my phallus cannot escape the assault. My many baubles begin to chime in rhythm to her ceaseless strokes. I cry out, broadening the smile of Miss Harper.

“You wanted to masturbate for me, John boy. What’s the matter with Nurse Tumbla’s kindly touch. She’s stroking your penis.”

“Please, no more.”

“Oh yes, there will be more. The only penile pleasure afforded on this ship will be at my directive... and you will be giving such... not receiving.”

Nurse Tumbla continues, wearing away the thin outer layer of epidermis from my entire shaft.

“Keep it nice and hard for me, John boy, the stiffness perfects the abrasions, a uniformly chafed penis for you.”

Strangely, despite the heightening pain, I indeed remain erect, my phallus curiously seeming to celebrate feminine attention, however torturous. It performs, my psyche transformed to amuse and entertain women of governance.

Finally the emery paper is withdrawn. Miss Harper moves most proximate. Her look of Schadenfreude frightens. She hands Nurse Tumbla a jar.

“So you want to masturbate for me. Be careful for what it is you wish, John boy.”

Nurse Tumbla takes the jar and opens it.

“Salted fat. Geraldo in the galley made it special for me. Bacon grease melted with an abundance of

sodium chloride.”

I watch as Nurse Tumbla coats the palm of her right hand.

“Let’s so how much you really enjoy being masturbated, John boy.”

Miss Harper nods. A smiling Nurse Tumbla grasps my penis. With the entire length having been rubbed raw, the sting is incredible. I yelp. I lurch. The pealing of my bells now loud and asynchronous with my spastic motions. But Nurse Tumbla’s left hand firms about my balls while her right begins the masturbatory stroking which would normally bring ecstatic joy.

“Look how nice and stiff you are, John boy. Your cries suggest agony. But your penis indicates otherwise.”

Miss Harper taunts as Nurse Tumbla expertly masturbates me. Despite the intensity of the pain I do remain most stiff. Though my reaction to the pain and humiliation is perplexing, Miss Harper seems to understand it.

Stroke. Stroke. Stroke. In normal circumstances, Nurse Tumbla’s touch would be most welcomed. Instead there is intense burning.

“Think you can come for me? Want to display your virility? Think you can continue to resist my power?”

Miss Harper taunts as I writhe with the bizarre mental conflict... the expectance of pleasure yet the feeling of pain, enduring only the intensity of stinging salt fat.

Finally Miss Harper nods. Nurse Tumbla’s right hand ceases, her grip on my balls continuing. There comes a peculiar sense of disappoint. My chaste organs somewhat primed for spending.

Miss Harper nears and leans to whisper in my ear. The warmth of her breath entuses.

“Learn to suck cock, my canary. Subordinate your desires to mine. I will protect you. You have nothing left about which to be proud. Learn to grovel. Accept every level of depth of my dominion and the sanctity of my care. You have no other choice.”

Her fingers toy with right nipple and then left. Her touch feels amazingly good.

Nurse Tumbla approaches. She has removed her starched white skirt and has once again strapped a dildo harness about her waist. While the impressive feminine muscling of her thighs would normally divert, my attention is instead riveted on the large black cylinder she holds, this one ending in a mass of rubber bumps and protrusions obviously designed to please the female genitalia.

After the many days of oral training, I meekly know to tilt my head back and open my mouth as a knowing hand instantly thrusts the length to the depths of a well trained throat. The size of the phallus is such that I must assume the posture of a sword swallower. Doing so evidences my attentive training.

“Very good, John boy. No resistance and no gag reflex. The crew will find your new skill to be most pleasing.”

She gruffly withdraws then thrusts, emulating the motion of a randy male in what amongst the prurient is termed ‘face fucking’. I accept the otherwise coarse plunges without sound or motion to avoid her penetration.

“Yes, you deserve a little treat, my compliant friend.”

She steps away, leaving the dildo stuffed so deeply in my throat that I cannot tilt my head forward, forcing me to stare at the ceiling past the attached female end. Those massive but well rounded buttocks move about the stateroom. As I struggle to view she returns and places a chair before my low hanging form. Then I feel fingers slip between my cheeks. Unguent coats my gluteal cleft then two fingers all too easily glide into my anus to likewise lubricate there.

“You need relief from the tense suspension... and you need relief from your forced chastity. You’re leaking.”

I must assume she references the prostatic fluid which seems to constantly ooze.

Nurse Tumbla snaps her fingers. My Pavlovian response is instant. The sole three inch steel ball inserted hours before is alacritously expelled into the waiting basin below. My devoted caretaker laughs as she slides the dildo from my throat. I stare in admiration and awe as she slips the business end through her harness and sighs with evanescent joy as she parts her knees and her end glides into her sheath. Then she sits, facing me eye to eye.

“Chaste men always so much enjoy the penetration. And it is good for you. Just let your nurse take care of you.”

The huge powerful hands reach forth, right side and left, each grasping the cord connected to my leg bindings. She lifts me upwards like a puppet, transferring my weight from the single cable overhead to her powerful arms. Then she swings my form forward, facilely maneuvering my entire body to align my rectum with the massive cylinder of rubber I know I will be forced to accept.

“A good fucking for my pet canary,” she humorously offers as I feel the bulbous tip find my rear portal.

She slowly lowers me, my weight seeming to be a feather in hands and arms of inordinate female strength, the penetration slow to assure proper alignment. Then she abruptly releases her grip and my form falls onto her lap. My own weight brings self penetration, humiliation nonpareil and the intensely incongruous discomfort and pleasure of prostate manipulation. I groan.

With her hands now free, her right fingers mockingly tap my tattooed nose as her left moves to my scrotal sac.

“We don’t want to fall now,” she forewarns as her massive hand encircles my balls, gripping for steadiness.

Then her right hand moves to my purple penis, engorged, stiff and standing skyward, my gland bringing it to firmness in celebration of the pressure and attention. With the continued application of emery paper, what sensitivity escaped the ‘extreme’ circumcision has dissipated. Miss Harper’s cruel desensitizing has continued for days.

“Can you feel me deep inside?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

The weeks of training with the steel balls has brought added awareness, effectively awakened an erogenous zone not before enjoyed. The notion of a woman so adroitly penetrating there oddly thrills.

“Quite the helpless feeling. You’re so vulnerable, John boy. Yet you make it so difficult on yourself with your resistance. You know you will suck much cock for Miss Harper. Can you feel my hand stroking your penis?”

“Just barely.”

She laughs.

“You see, you must now learn to derive alternative joy. And in so doing you will please me.”

Her hand stops stroking and rises to tweak right nipple and then left.

“Jounce about, John boy. Give yourself a good fucking on Nurse Tumbla’s cock. With the double dildo I can feel your movements in my quim and it’s good. You do want to please me. And we’ll milk that prostate gland of all that nastiness....”

I obey, riding her lap, squirming, squeezing with my buttocks and impaling myself, my actions jostling the feminine end and bringing her to broadly smile and utter passionate grunts. My prostate gland seems to rejoice the self penetration. I can feel my ejaculatory muscles pulsate. Despite the lack of penile stimulation, the many months of forced chastity brings a lusty need. Nurse Tumbla also senses the building of pending climax as my legs and torso comically shift about in trying to maximize the thrill of her penetration.

“Goodness, John boy. So randy. Are you going to come for your Nurse Tumbla? Ejaculate that nasty seed? Fantasize that you remain a real man?”

As she taunts the mighty right hand covers my mouth. She lets me continue my awkward motions, my desperation apparent. Then thumb and forefinger pinch closed my nostrils and I know what is to come. Still I frantically writhe and squirm as my oxygen supply depletes, trying to achieve that long denied. As the room goes dark, I hear Nurse Tumbla’s wicked cackle.

Once again the imposing woman of color has wrestled complete control over not only what sustains life but what I most desire. Once again I swoon.

Do I ejaculate?

“What do you think about when I calm you?”

In ‘calming me’, Nurse Tumbla references, of course, the action of her governing hand which deprives air, slowly smothers and ends consciousness.

“I dream. I can discern certain events. I still hear some voices, but such become lost as my mind moves to another place,” I reply with noted meekness, her presence emotionally overpowering

“Another place, John Boy?”

Nurse Tumbla inquires as she prepares my gruel. Whereas I am always hand fed, helplessly remaining bound in suspension intensifies the degrading feeding process and further ingrains my sense of impotence.

“Yes, where I am free to move about. Not under control.”

“And in your dream, what do you do when not under control? What would a man with your proclivities do if there were no women like us caring for you, protecting you?”

The thought that such abject exchanges of power can be considered care and protection brings pensiveness.

When I swoon my subconscious takes me to a dreamland where I can freely move about. Yet in my reverie I remain naked. And what I do not tell Nurse Tumbla is that vivid scenes of sexual fantasy reel like an X rated movie. The dreamed of freedom imbues me with the ability to serve, to please, to use my mobility for the pleasure of others. When I awake, Nurse Tumbla utilizing her medical skills to return me to the real world, thoughts occur to me that the unending bondage has altered my mind, transforming all *raison d’être* to an unsatiated desire to give, yield, acquiesce... to capitulate.

“I’m not sure,” I prevaricate, embarrassed by the true answer.

The imposing form, white uniform so markedly contrasting black skin, moves to stand before me. The huge hand, which deprives of life sustaining air, extends to offer my mush.

“Suck a few cocks and you’ll have your freedom,” Nurse Tumbla’s tone serving to both inform and taunt.

The left index finger tenderly pulls upward on my nose ring, slowly increasing the tension until the pain brings me to open my mouth. It is a childish game I play, waiting for her controlling finger and making such labor to induce me to accept the offering. But Nurse Tumbla seems to enjoy exercising her authority. In the end I will ingest the entire bowl. We both know that.

My lips open and the heaping mush is thrust inward, the spoon grazing my upper teeth to assure all is left behind as it exits.

“Yum, yum,” she teases as though encouraging a toddler.

The left hand leaves my nose ring and playfully kneads my right nipple. Her touch brings forth a grateful murmur of joy and she returns it with a smile. My bells chime as I tremble with delight in reaction to her touch.

“Good boy,” she exhorts as I unnecessarily chew then swallow.

“When will I be released from my bondage?” I inquire trying to cloak my pleading tone.

“If you don’t suck cock, possibly never. You should know of Miss Harper’s resolve by now. Has she ever conceded? Ever offered clemency?”

I unfortunately am well aware of the answers.

A second spoonful arrives and the left index finger replicates the encouraging tug on my nose ring. I open and partake.

“You too much enjoy your circumstances, John boy. You ejaculated quite nicely for me. That’s good. It puts your hormones in balance... for a while. Keeps that prostate eager and therefore nicely keeps you frustrated. It helps with your mental transformation.”

So I did come. Yet I felt nothing. Such wickedness. Such control.

“I didn’t feel anything,” I blurt realizing the comment is axiomatic.

Nurse Tumbla laughs as the third spoonful arrives.

“You’re not here to experience your own pleasure, John boy, just to spur that of others. Miss Harper insists. And I enjoyed the exhibition. Fingers in the right place. A little pressure. You’ll come for me every time. Not the same as milking a cow, but there are equivalent results.”

She laughs again. For some reason I feel bashfulness learning that, though unconscious, the experienced hands of the nurse can so facilely control the male anatomy.

“I will empty you from time to time. Under my auspices, and never for your pleasure,” she advises with casual flippancy.

“But it has been such a long time since I have felt climax.”

“And it will continue. The ecstasy of ejaculation is for others, John boy. The closest you will ever come is in sucking other males. Really, John boy, you know you will comply. Why make it so difficult? The crew are young, handsome and they’ll all be very grateful. All divinely bisexual...”

With the fourth spoonful in my mouth I conveniently remain silent and ingest. I note that a swatch of emery paper awaits the artistic fingers of Nurse Tumbla.

After smoothing the straight razor over every inch of available flesh the sculptress retrieves the emery paper. As always, I am obediently firm in the presence of my superior. Knowing that my hardness pleases strangely seems to bring more hardness.

“No salt fat, John boy. We’ll just give your penis a good rub down,” she so pleasantly announces the prospective torture.

The chair is pushed in front of me.

“No, please Nurse Tumbla. It hurts so much...” my reaction bringing laughter.

“If it did not hurt, I would not do it, my fine canary. And I enjoy it. You will learn to like the things women enjoy.”

She hikes up the hem of her skirt, exposing to my gaze those finely shaped but inordinately powerful thighs, nitroglycerine wrapped in smooth back skin. She sits quite proximate and reaches forth, her hands grasping the cords secured to my thigh straps. She lifts, my weight no longer suspended from the cable above, she gracefully swings me toward her and lowers me onto her lap like a schoolboy. Being relieved of the constant tension feels good. Really, any change in position feels good with the many days of cruel bondage. My inner thighs abrade the outer flesh of hers. Warm, smooth, so femininely potent, there comes an odd sense of comfort I know to be short lived.

“There. Now keep your penis nice and stiff for Nurse Tumbla,” she lectures as if to a child.

Her left hand reaches to gently pat my scrotum, then rubs my perineum, the gentle knowing touch causing my penis to waggle. Then two fingers find my rectum and slowly press inward, the penetration indeed spurring continued stiffness.

“Good boy.”

With that the sculptress begins. The hand commences its strokes... deliberate, delicate, up and down, the rhythm replicating that of a slow hand job. But with the emery paper there is no pleasure, only slowly building torment as the outer layer of skin is leisurely removed. Her smile, seemingly wicked to be bearing the torture, is that of a mother tending her infant.

It is not only the deft skill which terrifies, it is the delight taken in bringing the male's much prized organ to the rawness of uncooked sausage. Within minutes, the purple turns more reddish, the rasping bringing intense discomfort. Yet with Nurse Tumbler's fingers working within my anus to manipulate my prostate, I remain obediently hard, my firmness indeed a carving of wood to be finely polished. I gasp, I writhe, I beg, but I can do nothing other than endure.

“Why? Why do you do this?”

“Because I can. And in the end it is best for a man like you, John boy. Soon your penis will be turned to a hide of leather. With your hormones, you'll remain priapic. It'll be stiff but only for display... and you will find that it is for the pleasure of women, not for you. You must learn that...”

As her right hand works without relent, I note that a box of dildos awaits the next segment of the day.

“Your penis looks like an overcooked hot dog,” Miss Harper laughingly suggests, the rawness changing the hue of Mademoiselle's work of purple.

She stands with her hands on her hips, the string bikini cloaking little as my chafed penis stands in greeting. She holds up her right index finger.

“Guess what I can do with this,” she taunts.

She steps closer. Her hand lowers and the very tip diddles the underside of my erection. In being recently sanded, the extremely sensitive exposed flesh instantly senses the otherwise light touch. I yelp in pain, the salt of her skin bringing unbearable agony. My bells chime as I lurch in my bonds. She laughs and leans to whisper.

“Want Nurse Tumble to stroke it for my enjoyment? More salt fat?”

“Please. No more. I cannot handle it.”

“It's only the tip of my finger, my silly canary.”

Her hand rises and tweaks a nipple, her touch turning to delight.

“Are you ready to free yourself, John boy? As much as you enjoy good firm bondage, being under the complete authority of a woman, I am sure you'd enjoy feeling the deck beneath your feet... or rather your hands and knees...”

She pauses, her hand moving to palm my balls in a symbolic gesture of feminine power.

“I'll want you to begin with Alessandro, my Greek stud. Large but not my largest. He'll be gentle with you. And John boy, when the time comes, do not even think about biting. I'll be standing close by with the remote control, enjoying as you perform for me. I like making men perform. It stimulates. And you are here for nothing other than my stimulation.”

I remain silent. Miss Harper is correct of course. I cannot bear much more. Though Nurse Tumbler releases a limb from time to time, just as my Samoan nurses did at the Compound, the immobility induces slow torment until numbness brings relief. But then Nurse Tumbler releases and massages to return circulation, feeling and to begin the cycle again.

My protector steps away then returns with my hood. I am blindfolded.

“Perhaps a little taste.”

Hands cradle my head. I feel feminine warmth. Sentient flesh touches my lips. I am trained to accept and open. Miss Harper's covering string work has been removed to expose her breasts, but not to

my eyes. I engulf a nipple and suck ravenously, pining for a better glimpse.

“Very good, John boy. You suck like a hungry infant. Strict chastity, firm bondage, thorough feminine control all bring out the best in you.”

With the brisance of delight, I am able to ignore the fact that she presses the flesh of her thigh against my raw penis, bringing with the joy of her charms renewed pain.

“You will like Alessandro’s taste as well, my sucker of cocks. Just as you will that of Eric, Geraldo and Methusa. In keeping them happy you will please me as well.”

I moan in disappointment as she withdraws.

“Tomorrow, John boy. It is time you earned your keep.”

I hang, helplessly as always. Miss Harper sits in the corner, comfortable chair, glass of cold Chablis. A bronzed Alessandro stands before me. Hands atop his head, his ubiquitous spandex bathing attire removed. He smirks proudly in displaying his manhood, large... semi erect... and hardening.

Nurse Tumble approaches with a razor, basin of soapy water and a soft cloth.

“We’ll have a nice clean penis for you, John boy.”

Under the pretext of cleanliness, Alessandro parts his feet to better offer his massive cock and plump balls as Nurse Tumbra first lathers then lowers her hand to whisk away the accumulated stubble from a recent shaving. After defoliating, she gently takes control of Alessandro’s penis, tenderly washing, her knowing hands bringing complete tumescence as she lewdly lathers using strokes known to bring delight to the male appendage. I gulp noticeably in seeing his sizeable phallus grow and grow. As Miss Harper has mandated, her crew is well endowed and her reach becomes effortless as the penis rises to greet Nurse Tumbra’s hands.

As Nurse Tumbra rinses, she pats the low hanging balls and laughs with her power, slowly bringing the docile yet virile male organ to maximum stiffness. Then she steps aside to sit and observe along with Miss Harper... the ultimate in male humiliation. Miss Harper nods. Alessandro begins.

“Hello, my pretty canary,” Alessandro taunts in stepping forward, his hand lowering.

His tight tee shirt disguises little of his brawn, the biceps straining the fiber of the short sleeves.

His words and eager movements reveal his bisexuality. He tenderly detaches the cords connecting my arm straps. In loosening my upper body, I am no longer equipoised and I curse myself as I am helpless to prevent my head and shoulders from tilting forward, lowering toward his standing manhood. Large, powerful hands cradle my head as the weight of my upper body begins to topple forward. Alessandro gratefully stops me from hitting the floor but then is irritatingly gentle in guiding my mouth and lips towards his standing manhood instead. I hear Miss Harper begin to cackle. Like it or not, with my lower body remaining in suspension and the weight of my upper body nestled in Alessandro’s hands by way of my head, my face is presented to the impressive joy stick which I have so often heard Miss Harper describe as she impales herself during the many orgiastic matinees on the afterdeck.

“Open wide,” Alessandro’s tone mocks, his circumcised penis tip pressing against my lips.

I curse myself. I feel both anger and humiliation. My arteries pound with circulation. I do not want to offer fellatio. But with the months at the Compound, the many weeks at sea, days of hanging in suspension while Nurse Tumbra casually impales mouth and throat with enormous cylinders of firm rubber, my reaction is no longer mine to control. I have been transformed. Mentally manipulated. I know that offering oral gratification to Alessandro will please Miss Harper, and I truly wish to please her. I am here to entertain, to amuse. I have no other function, no other purpose, no other life. Tattooed like a canary, chaste, bound, leashed and constantly supervised, under what circumstances will anyone meaningful to me ever learn that I have sucked cock?

I open. Alessandro’s many inches effortlessly glide inward. The swollen tip does not even trigger

the slightest reflex. Nurse Tumbla has been thorough in her training. I feel Alessandro shiver with delight as the bulbous piercing of my tongue grazes the length of his shaft.

“My goodness, John boy, such zeal. I think you’re going to like your new role,” Miss Harper sarcastically announces.

Meanwhile, without use of my hands and arms, Alessandro stands perfectly still, pushing and pulling my head, creating a rhythm in which I swing on the suspension cable to and fro, the action causing his long shaft to slither in and out, the tip almost exiting my lips before he pulls and plunges inward again.

“Suck, my little canary,” Alessandro kindly encourages.

I can feel the throb of the engorged penis. As my bells tinkle more rapidly, the cacophony evidences Alessandro’s burgeoning lust. His hands quicken... push, pull, push, pull. I can feel the heat of friction as my throat provides the sought ecstasy of warm slipperiness. He moans then softly laughs, absorbing the ultimate in pleasure.

Then I hear a click. There comes a flash. Nurse Tumbla photographs my intense ignominy. Another click. Another flash. The bells peel raucously. Then I feel the torrid shaft spasm. There comes the expected deluge. Hot semen erupts, exploding into the depths of my throat. I am shocked that it brings forth only a moderate degree of gagging. With Alessandro’s impressive length, his load has shot almost directly into my gullet.

“What a good cocksucker you are, John boy. The first of many, many deep throatings. And what a delightful photo to be added to my collection. Think anyone will doubt who it is offering such attentive oral service to another male? Your tattoos obviate any denial on your part.”

Miss Harper laughs as Alessandro’s softening penis makes a plopping sound in exiting my lips.

“Lick his balls and shaft, John boy. Suck on the tip to ensure you have taken it all. Always provide neatness... and a nice thank you for all the sperm you’ve ingested. It’s the first of many offerings.”

“Thank you, Alessandro,” the meek words part my lips before I can catch myself.

I both seethe and experience a degree of peculiar pride. Yet I lick as commanded, assuring that not a drop of spending has escaped ingestion.

Alessandro pulls up my head to return me to an upright position. Then he reconnects my arm bindings to the overhead cable, renewing full suspension. He is disconcertingly gentle. He steps away, completely satiated. I turn my head to see a smirking Miss Harper, coolly sitting and sipping her wine.

“Three more blow jobs and I will release you from suspension,” Miss Harper encourages. “You’ll be free to crawl about and ply your new skill.”

What saves my throat from the wear of constant friction is the fact that Miss Harper wants her crew ready to drop their bathing attire and sexually perform for her at a moments notice. Otherwise, left to their own devices, I would be twice daily, possibly more often, sucking off each of the randy male crew, none with discernible sexual preference or compunction concerning the gender of the being offering oral gratification.

Yes, after Alessandro’s deep penetration, Nurse Tumbla’s camera documenting my humiliation, there was no reason to resist providing further entertainment for Miss Harper. Once a man is known to suck a cock, photographically evidenced, what does it matter whether more incidences follow? And strangely, despite the intensity of the ignominy, in knowing that Miss Harper was pleased in observing as I was ‘face fucked’, the encounter provided a curious inner warmth, an emotional glow in pleasing she who protects... she who governs. And so over the ensuing three days, I completed my task, offering fellatio to all as I swung about in suspension.

While sucking off Methusa’s massive dark shaft, Nurse Tumbla one again snapped a series of

photos. Then she moved behind me. In concentrating on his pleasure I barely felt her hand as it first cradled my balls then slipped upwards to grasp my purple penis, sensitivity long lost to snips, acid baths and emery paper.

“You’re incredible stiff, John boy,” Nurse Tumbla quipped with a laugh, the camera clicking to record my own tumescence while servicing that of another.

Yes, with the hurley burley of swinging to and fro, assuring that maximum pleasure was imparted, I had not noticed before that my own organ joined in the revelry, curiously engorging as I opened throat and lips and later licked and sucked.

Before I thirdly serviced Geraldo, Nurse Tumbla took the time to stuff my backside with the large steel spheres. Miss Harper took particular glee in snapping her fingers and watching me expel one ball, then two, and finally three as Geraldo’s muscular arms pushed and pulled just as Alessandro and Methusa had done. Manipulating the balls caused me to knead my own prostate gland and with my recently acquired anal awareness the exiting spheres brought delightful sensations to my sphincter. And since Nurse Tumbla had made me aware of my stiffness, the new acquired sensitivity of my anal area combined with the intense humiliation brought a bizarre sense of joy and satisfaction. Nothing ecstatic, I have come to understand that would always be denied me. But there came an inner peace in offering Geraldo his ecstasy and amusing she who protects, Miss Harper, and she who comforts, Nurse Tumbla. Expelling the balls, particularly at Miss Harper’s behest, felt good.

Eric was fourth. Taking him deep into my throat and maximizing his pleasure not only seemed physically effortless, but all circumspection had departed a mind molded to offer sexual gratification... to male and female alike. ‘An accomplished cocksucker’, Miss Harper proudly announced after I meekly thanked the huge Scandinavian for the opportunity to serve. Her words brought forth a blush of humble pride as I obediently licked his deflating shaft and balls of all remnants of homoerotic coupling.

“You’ve earned your freedom. Tomorrow you’ll be back to crawling about, my lucky canary.”

Her words brought a brisance of delight. Had I a tail it would be wagging like a happy dog.

Part Three – The Haven

“Got the location from Mademoiselle du Pont. What do you think of your new home, John boy?”

“It’s hot and humid.”

“Yes, rather miserable isn’t it? Well those incarcerated here weren’t supposed to like it.”

My eyes scan the distant horizon and see nothing but blue sea and Miss Harper’s sizable yacht. Yet there is a trace of green in the direction of the sun, presumably west. With the island’s elevation, I judge the visual scintilla of land and possible civilization to be more than twenty miles away.

“Must you leave? I would like to stay with you,” I beseech my protector.

“You’re tiresome, John boy. Most proficient in oral servitude but otherwise a burden. Traveling the world’s oceans has been fun. But there are too many other places to see... and you’re not welcome. Where could I take you looking like that? Other than to an aviary.”

She laughs, driving home the permanency of my faux plumage. Though she is fully clothed, I cannot help but adore the divine form I know to be beneath frilly blouse, short skirt and knee high boots, necessary to walk on coral and craggy stone without irritating the feet.

“Nurse Tumbla will stay. She’s acclimated to this heat. There are a few islanders who will offer food... and something for you to suck on. And I’ll be assured that you’re always kept well bound... just as a man like you yearns.”

She laughs again as the formidable links of my shackles rattle about. The former prison colony, not as notorious as Ile du Diable, Devil’s Island, offers any number of discarded chains, shackles and rusty locks. One supposes that when it was abandoned by the French many years ago, as was Devil’s Island, there was no reason to remove the myriad items of restraint, collectively weighing tons. So in keeping my sole form restrained, there are innumerable methods and places. Huge iron rings protrude from every wall. The variety of devices is horrifying! I imagine particularly truculent prisoners being trussed in unbearable positions and postures, slowly bringing contrition to otherwise irrepressible beings.

Ile du Mal, Island of Evil, is small and I assume too inaccessible to be converted to a tourist destination, as Devil’s Island has been. But the stone, fortress-like penitentiary remains, paneless windows open to the ocean, tropical air... and heat... yet providing shelter from seasonal storms and more importantly the unrelenting rays of the sun. In being proximate to the equator, the ultra violet light is both direct and intense, seeming to obviate the effect of the cooling trade winds. One sweats incessantly.

Eric and Alessandro carry my ‘changing board’, upon which for many weeks aboard the yacht Nurse Tumbla kindly provided the ablutions offered to an infant. Geraldo and Methusa bring in boxes. One can only imagine the paraphernalia within and its uses.

“The shackles are heavy, Miss Harper,” my voice humble as always.

“But so historically precious, don’t you think John boy? And such have the added feature of discouraging any attempts to take a long swim. With all that weight you wouldn’t get twenty yards in the heavy surf much less the twenty or more miles to the nearest land. Best stay here and enjoy the weather,” she taps my nose in sardonically advising.

Such unnecessary bondage. Broad, thick bands of iron encircle wrists and ankles. Iron links, some three inches in diameter, connect ankle to ankle, and behind my back, wrist to wrist. The weight of the tethers approaches that of my own. A tethering chain secured to my right ankle meanders across the stone floor to connect to one of the many rings embedded in the concrete wall. In addition, Nurse Tumbla holds the slim leash to my nose ring, gratefully offering much slack. Miss Harper seems particularly enthused, smiling in seeing my purple penis become erect in response to the dispensation of such overbearing feminine authority. Yes, for a man of my propensity, the control, the bondage, the humiliation all bring stimulation...

Gratefully my elaborate foot bindings have been removed, permitting me to stand upright, even

walk when permitted. And with wrists shackled behind my back, the so termed masturbation mittens likewise have been discarded.

“You’re going to like it here, a man with your proclivity. A life of unyielding bondage, toil and sweat. Think about me living in luxury, spending all those millions while the world of cutthroats, and terrorists searches for you. But Nurse Tumbla will keep you safe. You’ll be exercised... and fed... and you’ll find inner peace in keeping the natives gratified.

“This is where the French incarcerated prisoners with leprosy, John boy. All came here to die in chains. None ever escaped or left this island alive.”

The severity, the finality of her words bring a shiver of dread.

Miss Harper gestures to Nurse Tumbla. My nose leash tightens, the slack taken in to painfully guide me downward. My many bells ring out as I know to silently kneel. Yet, the hand further tugs, directing me to lie prostrate on the rough stone floor.

“A final treat for you, John boy. Something by which you will remember me.”

Nurse Tumbla stoops and her meaty free hand reaches between my thighs. Despite my stiffness, she grasps my shaft and pulls, positioning it to point down toward my feet, the top surface abrading the coarse flooring, the underside exposed to Miss Harper’s gaze.

“All this time and I only had you masturbated once, John boy. And you’ve been so eager to show off for me. Have you stuffed him with his balls, Tumbla?”

“He took four of them this morning,” my nurse proudly announces.

“That’s very good, John boy. I think you’re going to need a very pliant sphincter here on Ile du Mal.”

She giggles and steps between my legs. I feel the toe of a boot press against my scrotum and playfully jiggle. Then the leather glides to where my awkwardly stiff penis lies on the flooring. She steps on it, bringing forth a surge of irritation and a grunt, more of surprise than pain.

“So, let’s bring you off one last time, shall we?”

I note that the well endowed crew gathers to watch, never forgoing an opportunity to observe or engage in depravity. Then I feel the pressure on my penis increase as Miss Harper slightly shifts her weight.

“Go ahead, John boy, frottage against my boot. With all the transformation... the de-gloving, acid baths, sanding... it will require quite the effort to bring any sensation there. But I think a naughty boy like you would love to try, wouldn’t you? You’d like to spew all that nasty seed.”

Despite the aggravation of the rough flooring and her boot, her words, the pressure, the attention stir something within loins long denied. I indeed begin to wriggle my hips and my thighs, rubbing my purple appendage against both her boot and the floor. It hurts, yet it stirs excitement. And the angle, penis trapped in such an awkward position, adds to the strange feelings. Then there is the humiliation factor, Miss Harper long knowing that such heightens the intensity of my arousal. Eric, Geraldo, Alessandro, Methusa, Nurse Tumbla all watch as I debase myself, as I desperately attempt to derive pleasure, however painful and transitory, from an organ cruelly sandwiched between stone and shoe leather.

“Yes, John boy, get yourself off. I want you to ejaculate for me. My timing, my conditions, but you’ll come. We know men like you. You so much wish to perform for a woman of governance, don’t you? And the pain adds so much. And the fact that those who you so often suck off are watching with great amusement. I bet you wish you had something in your mouth... and I know what that something would be ...”

The words, so well chosen, trigger something. I frottage frantically as Miss Harper presses more with her boot. With wrists shackled behind by back I note also that I can barely move my feet. It is apparent that Miss Harper’s other foot stands on my ankle chain. Thus my only motion is to squirm, obtaining a grotesque form of sensation as my erect manhood frictions itself.

She begins to twist the sole of her boot, adding to the grinding motion. Increased suffering, yes, but I mentally transform the brutal attention to pleasure. A woman is tending to my penis! I can feel my underutilized ejaculatory muscles begin to quiver. Miss Harper wants me to perform! A long overdue moment is finally arriving.

“Yes, it hurts. But since you’re pleasing me, it excites you, doesn’t it John boy? Well, you’ll please me for the rest of your life... living in bondage on this hell hole island.”

She adds what feels like her entire weight to the sole of the boot. I lurch and then hear the sound of her voice and the snap of her fingers. By rote I begin to expel a ball, instantly pushing with my sphincter as the words are firmly proclaimed.

“Come for me, John boy. Show me how obedient you are and how eager to please.”

I do, somehow pumping from my bent stiff shaft an initial wad of sperm as my sphincter presses to expel the large sphere. In observing that my anus has become an erogenous zone my audience chortles in glee as the boot withdraws. Another snap, another ball is expelled and in relief I shoot again, penis untouched. But there is so little true ecstasy to be felt. My penile flesh is rubbed raw. Yet the hormonal release and knowing that I have performed as expected brings peculiar satiation. I have pleased Miss Harper.

Nurse Tumbla draws upwards on the leash and I rise to all fours, listening in intense ignominy to Miss Harper’s raucous laughter. I lower my chin and look downward to see the concrete absorbing a puddle of semen.

“Feel better?” my governess taunts. “Remember, John boy, for you this is a haven. No one will harm you here. And you’ll receive all the deserving care a man like you desires.”

The crew moves to the doorway of my cavernous cell, designed to hold dozens and now holding only me. Miss Harper follows then turns with a broad smile.

“Keep his bonds tight and work him hard, Tumbla. I’ll feel better knowing he’s happy while I am mounting my studs.”

For the price of some modern wares... cutlery, tools, fishing nets, every day kitchenware... Miss Harper has negotiated what is effectively a lifetime lease from the small group of islanders occupying Ile du Mal. Since the only structure of significance once housed lepers, the penitentiary is abandoned, the fishermen superstitious and more comfortable domiciled at water’s edge. Thus anything offered for use of the building is considered munificent.

And the lifetime lease is of course for the length of my lifetime.

Yes, the size of the Ile du Mal facility is limited because only the doomed found themselves locked in the many restraints, transferred from other penal colonies after contracting the once incurable affliction. Here they came to await death.

It brings a curious level of frustration, the location and design of the stone and concrete facility. Perched on the highest ground of the island, the open window casements offer distant views of a deep tropical indigo ocean which transforms to an inspiring azure in areas of coral reefs. The white foam of breaking waves eclipses the shades of blue and offers the tranquil sound of surf. Below the magnificent horizon there is viewed the limited mass of the island, covered in dense greenery. I am to learn certain fruits are grown, but otherwise the main staple is seafood, the relative seclusion bringing an abundance of fish spawning without the intervention of advanced civilization.

Torrid, muggy, isolated, massed with items of severe restraint, Ile du Mal is otherwise visually paradisiacal. And thus in gazing daily at nature’s splendor while well shackled and restrained to complete immobility, there comes a mental torment which exceeds the physical. Unlike the sensory deprivation of solitary confinement, my eyes are free to enjoy, my ears open to the calming sounds of beckoning surf,

my imagination unencumbered in conjuring thoughts of... of what?

Granted emancipation, where would I go? What would I do? I am broke... and broken.

And thus my mind's video recorder keeps rewinding and playing the tape of Miss Harper's yacht, technically my yacht, slowly steaming from its mooring, leaving me to a life of drudgery and suffering on Ile du Mal. And strangely, when I pine during long intervals of nothingness, I yearn for Miss Harper. Blindfolded, bound and leashed to her lounge chair, I hear the sounds of debaucherous copulation... squeals of delight, correcting slaps to maximize male performance, moans of pleasure, sighs of ecstasy... and I patiently wait for my own opportunity to please, to taste the tangy, salty juices of male and female spending. Yes, though only my imagination remains unrestrained, it brings strange thoughts of submission.

I have been bizarrely transformed.

"I am going to keep you in thorough bondage, complete immobility. That way, when I decide it is time for you to move, you will gratefully work for me. You will perform. You're here to serve and sweat, John boy. Miss Harper insists and you know I enjoy the torment as much as she does."

Nurse Tumbla speaks as she attaches a chain to that connecting my wrists. She loops it through a large ring high on the wall then pulls downward, forcing me to bend at the waist, my arms rising behind my back. She then stoops, reins in all slack and clips the opposing end to my ankle chain. I must stand stooped over, head down, hands high in a most stressful position.

"Strappado, John boy. Used most effectively as an ancient form of torture and interrogation."

Though distressing, I am heartened to note that Nurse Tumbla has disposed of the ubiquitous crisp white nurse's uniform. Instead she wears a tight gaily colored bodice, straining to cover massive mammary glands... and nothing else.

Naked from breasts to toes, her uncovered feminine form, though admirably muscular, permits glimpses of chocolate flesh which bring a leap of aspiration to a heavy heart.

And so as Nurse Tumbla stands most proximate to my stooped over form, she reaches forth to tenderly rub my back, seemingly in consolation of a long forthcoming ordeal. The top of my bald head presses against her lower belly, the skin warm and moist in the tropical heat. The fragrance of her feminine sheath fills my nostrils and she laughs in detecting my enjoyment. With my nose leash dangling to the floor, her brief massage ends as she grasps the length and forces my face up. I stare directly at her uncovered well trimmed mons. By rote I extend my tongue in invitation. She laughs.

"You'll have plenty of that, John boy. More than you expect."

The fingers of her free hand delve into her love sheath. Coated with her essence she offers a sampling and I lick the digits ravenously.

"How long, Miss Tumbla?"

"Until I decide to offer mercy. Time will become meaningless here, John boy. You'll suffer until I decide you will not. Then I will massage and you will show your gratitude. And then we'll place you in another stress position. To a normal mind it would seem cruel, the interminable slow agony. But knowing who is bestowing such control will bring you comfort. Can you feel your penis? It so wonderfully betrays your need."

My cleansing licks finished, her hand releases the nose leash. My face lowers and I indeed spy a purple organ which to anyone else would seem inexplicably stiff. But Nurse Tumbla understands its engorged reaction... and she understands it better than me.

With that, she steps away, leaving me to endure slow torment and with a frustrating view of paradise.

My legs tire. But to ease the strain I must shift and offer increased tension on my arms and shoulders. To obtain relief there, I must rise onto my toes, a position impossible to maintain for more than a few minutes. And so, as intended, I struggle... and suffer, hoping, as when strapped to the tiger board, that my own body will reward me with numbness. Nurse Tumbla, now Miss Tumbla, checks on me from time to time, sponging away freely flowing sweat, rubbing my shoulders and neck to assure that the welcomed lack of feeling does not too rapidly transpire.

Her touch is diabolically caring, ostensibly gentle but intended to maximize the period of torment. Numbness offers relief. That will not do.

Each visit ends with leisurely palpation of my penis and balls, demonstrating my stiffness and strange psychological reaction to feminine induced pain and stress. With my backside stuffed as always, fingers will snap and I will expel a ball for her. Strange again, for it feels good to both perform for her, and divert overwhelming thoughts of suffering to the pleasant sensations of a newly acquired erogenous area.

With the tedium, my thoughts wander. I can lift my head and peer out the window casing to the ocean, gleaming in the sunlight. My imagination conjures the return of the yacht and with it Miss Harper... the divine Miss Harper.

Having been trained to take large stiff penises deep into my gullet, I earned my freedom from suspension in Miss Harper's stateroom. Fellating Eric was effortless, despite his size and his rapid thrusts which plumbed further than any other phallus real or faux. Thereafter, feet remaining encumbered, I was frequently offered the privilege of crawling about. Fortunately, since Miss Harper wanted her crew to be constantly randy for her, subsequent blowjobs were limited to one per day, always the crew member who had performed for Miss Harper, laid under her gyrating hips, the day before.

And so it became a segment of the day's entertainment, Miss Harper lounging in the sun. Eric, Alessandro, Geraldo, Methusa... whoever's turn... would stand over me, lower his brief bathing attire and I knew to humbly lick him to standing then engulf while my purple ears became handles to direct the deep penetration.

Miss Harper would watch in amusement, perhaps snapping her fingers to test my obedience in expelling one of the anal spheres which Miss Tumbla diligently kept stuffed in my rectum.

Later, when the blindfold was cast over my head, and my nose leash tied most tightly to her lounge chair, I knew it was time for her gratification. Riding one of her studs... the shrieks of joy, the moans, the grunts, and scent of arousal.

Afterwards I would cleanse the satiating penis. But then came the act I will miss the most. For it became my turn to be ridden. Tugs on my nose leash would direct me to lie supine on the lounge chair.

'You like my taste, John boy. Time for a feast,' Miss Harper offered on that first occasion.

Frustrated to remain blindfolded, yet divine in being offered such proximity, she sat on my face.

'Put that tongue piercing to work, John boy,' she commanded.

And I did, day after day after day.

'You're developing quite the taste for sperm too,' she quipped as I cleaned from her love pouch the prodigious spendings of a crew member.

Yes, my new role, offering vaginal hygiene to intimate feminine flesh... steamy, wet and slippery.

How many weeks... how many months? We sailed the world's oceans with my head and face pinioned under the thighs and buttocks of my protector... the Goddess who provides all.

But alas, boredom brought ennui. The debauchery of cities beckoned. Unlimited funds, unlimited males to govern. There came the desire for change. For experimentation. To join others who relish the comeuppance of the male. There was talk of acquiring youth, a bevy of boys to be emasculated and

trained to serve. Sexual soirees, endless depravity. Explaining me to outsiders would be both burdensome and dangerous. As John W. Davies I remained a wanted man. As a retired agent for the Company, Miss Harper was free to travel.

Thus my exile to the isolation of Ile du Mal.

But Miss Harper could not just let me frolic about the island. No, she must visualize my constant torture while riding atop her stud, images of my continuing anguish serving as catalyst for her lust. She both climaxes and sleeps well knowing that Miss Tumbla applies incessant torment.

I miss Her.

“Please, Miss Tumbla, no more,” I beseech to ears deafened by disdain for the male.

“Oh my pet, you have not even begun to suffer.”

Miss Tumbla laughs with my heartfelt plea. A wet cloth sponges away the sweat, the relatively cool moisture bringing alertness. Then comes the massage, my many bells ringing as powerful hands knead worn muscles. I know such will awaken ganglia which have mercifully transcended to inactivity... no pain signals have recently been forthcoming.

Her actions renew circulation and thus the throbs of muscles aching for motion. Tears form as caresses which normally offer relief instead renew the agony. She is heartless. I begin to sob like a child. I am broken.

“Perhaps, my canary, it is time for a new position. And perhaps you can return Miss Tumbla’s kindness.”

My tongue extends in choking back tears. I cannot find words. Instead I lick her belly as once again my head presses against her bare midsection. I can smell her fragrance. Torturing me arouses.

“Yes, you are learning who is now in complete control. Accepting your capitulation.”

With her words her hand reaches under my stomach to once again knead my erect penis and swaying balls. A clucking tongue suggests approval.

“Such duress, but such firmness, John boy...”

It is true. I remain engorged.

The hand returns. Left gathers my nose leash. Right hand covers my mouth. When the thumb and forefinger pinch close my nostrils, I know to calmly give up all. The grayish white concrete slowly fades from vision as the lack of oxygen brings darkness. Once again a controlling feminine hand offers a trip to another world. In a semi conscious state, I feel her left hand give up the nose leash and work to release the chain secured to wrist and ankle chains. In a flash, I am freed from hours of strappado and powerful hands guide to me to the floor. I can hear. Chains clank, my bells peel, Miss Tumbla works as my lungs labor for the return of air. Slowly, complete consciousness is restored. I hear more rattling, feel tightness on arms and legs.

“There, that should be a welcomed change,” Miss Tumbla quips with a laugh.

I find myself lying prostrate on the concrete floor, hogtied.

My ankle and wrist restraints remain connected to a chain which loops through the wall ring. Lying on my belly Miss Tumbla has removed all slack, forcing my legs to bend at the knees and thus forcing my feet into the air. Likewise, my wrists are pulled back and up, nearly joining my feet. She grasps my nose leash, painfully pulling to force up my face. I look up into her mons as she towers over me.

“Comfy?” she mockingly inquires.

I am indeed grateful to have the strain relieved from my legs. Oddly, the new position is restrictive but seemingly more endurable... for now.

“Thank you, Miss Tumbla,” I most humbly offer.

“You’ll properly thank me in a while... when I decide to water you.”

I am to learn that no position is long term tolerable when all mobility is restricted. Within what I judge to be an hour, the cramping returns and I pine for numbness. In lying prostrate my stiff purple manhood presses against the floor and thoughts of Miss Harper's departure come to mind, when I frottaged a penis with tissue toughened to that of leather against the rough surface of the floor and under Miss Harper's pressing boot. Despite the pain, her action strangely resulted in the spewing of my seed.

Yes, I ejaculated. And the memory brings some consolation. The notion of performing for my benefactress induces a degree of comfort. Fantasies that she will return sometime and once again grind my organ into the coarse flooring occupy my mind and are found to be bizarrely pleasant. Her parting gift stirs thought... ending the many, many months of denial... but doing so in a manner which so pleases the authoritative female... under her booted foot.

"Water, fresh water, is in limited supply on Ile du Mal," Miss Tumbla announces in returning to my chamber.

Gratefully she disrupts my reverie of submission and hopefully will also disrupt the slow agony. I look up as best I can to marvel at the expanse of naked raw power. And I further marvel that such puissance goes beyond the physical. Mentally the woman is focused and driven... to complete callousness.

She carries a low chair, similar to that used while sunning on a sandy beach.

"But since you need to be watered, we'll have to make do and share."

The large black hands place the chair before me. She sits, parting her legs, her feet rising then lowering to rest on my back, arched in the hogtie. Before me is her well trimmed mons, perfectly symmetrical reddish brown outer labia slightly parted to reveal traces of warm and wet pinkness within.

"You need to learn that not a drop should be spilled," she forewarns in gathering up my nose leash.

Her hips squirm about. She shuffles to move closer the chair. When she pulls vigorously on the leash, my nose and mouth greet moist feminine flesh, her fragrance filling my nostrils.

"Now you will better understand Mademoiselle du Pont's penchant. Term it water recycling."

With that, a strong left hand moves to the back of my head as the right guides the leash and my nose is positioned at a meaty clitoral hood. As the left hand presses, my lips become one with hers.

"This will be how you obtain liquids, John boy. At first you will find it degrading. And for a man like you, degradation is important. But since it's the only hydration I will offer, you will find gratitude in my golden offerings."

With her words there comes a trickle of the described excretions. Miss Tumbla is most correct, I do need to be watered, the incessant heat robbing my body of moisture. And she is correct again in that the act is most degrading, though gratitude is not my initial reaction.

Still, I am obedient and humbly imbibe. Just as in sucking off the entire crew, and continuing to offer oral service, vaginal hygiene included, who will ever know of my thorough transformation? Pride is long gone... replaced by an insatiable need.

I am grateful that Miss Tumbla controls her flow, her trickle aiding in assuring that not a drop goes to waste. The taste is pungent, but I know her resolve. I will take whatever is it she offers.

"In time you will develop proficiency, John boy. Here on Ile du Mal you will always have thirst, and only this will quench it."

And so begins the protocol by which I am to be offered life sustaining fluid. It is only by way of Miss Tumbla's quim that I can partake in that which the tropical heat constantly saps away through perspiration.

In finishing her task, I humbly lick clean then my tongue thrusts, curls and swirls to bring a sigh of

joy. Perhaps I do have a sense of gratitude. My bulbous piercing kneads the vaginal walls. My lips suck then wrap about the feminine nubbin of joy to bring stiffness and a more pronounced moan. There come oscillations. Her thighs clench about my head. Then my mouth is deluged with another offering of essence, this more fragrant and pleasing in taste. I swallow ravenously, savoring it all.

“Yes, you are one grateful toy, John boy. A few more days of intense bondage and you’ll be eager to work for me.”

Intense indeed, the bondage continues, day after day of stressful positions, punctuated by brief massage and Miss Tumbla’s need to empty herself which, of course, appeases my need, however stultifying, for liquids. Over time I become alarmingly practiced at accepting her elixir. Not only is there ingrained obedience and an overwhelming desire to please, but indeed my body craves for life sustaining fluids. It is not ironic that Miss Tumbla insists that it come from her.

Yes, within days, my governess can open her bladder and I can take the deluge without spilling a drop, gulping feverishly as the heat combined with the steady but torrid tropical breezes seems to rob my form of moisture. And Miss Tumbla is much aware of my need, keeping herself well hydrated, standing before me and imbibing jugs of water while I pant in anticipation.

“You’ll have yours in a few moments,” she taunts while extending a leg or a foot.

Her action affords the opportunity to lick away her sweat while I humbly await the offering of her kidneys. In my swelter, I ravenously gather with tongue and lips whatever her body exudes. The symbolical proffers that sustain life, in always coming from her, further imbues my dependence, my emotional need for her tendance.

After all, though the hands bind so tightly, they also offer relief. She who robs of all mobility and dignity can mercifully offer moments of freedom, welcomed caresses, quenching bodily juices, and of course there is the food.

To be fed Miss Tumbla insists that my penis stand most rigidly. And oddly with the continued denial of my virility and the constant exposure to Miss Tumbla’s nearly complete nakedness, it is astonishingly simple to perform for her, bringing myself to full erection in anticipation of ingesting frighteningly foul mush.

It is only then than I am spoon fed. And I crave my once per day feeding even though the gallimaufry of raw fish tastes and smells revolting.

It is simple to conclude that I am not fed the pick of the day’s catch.

“The fishermen slop together whatever is left behind, John boy. I mash it up for you. It’s a source of protein. You’ll eat and like it.”

I have no choice.

Within days, I crave release, food, water and Miss Tumbla. Her presence brings the possibility of mercy and satiation of basic human needs. And though I know my words are to be ignored, I find myself constantly begging. There seems to be no end to the number of stressful positions in which she will bind me, nor the lack of compassion in keeping me so bound.

Yet there are the moments when I lick her, engulfing every droplet of sweat from her form and when permitted diving past those welcoming labia to revel in the folds of her sex. I have learned to bring her to squirt the feminine essence, which I not only covet, but in the intense heat, what I must have in order to live. She ejaculates divinely.

With the interminable periods of bondage and suffering, I begin to wonder whether my so termed

'haven' actually offers sanctuary. Could I be worse off enduring the fate brought by thugs hired by the unscrupulous arms suppliers? To face the assassins of some third world dictator? To answer to the violent terrorists of Al Qaeda?

I would die, but my torment would end.

These are thoughts akin to suicide, I realize. But make little difference. It is not within my purview to end my exile, give myself up, step out of my chains and announce to the world who I am and where I am to be found. Instead I must endure and be grateful that Miss Tumbla so attentively fulfills my needs.

Once per week, if I properly judge the interval, I obtain relative freedom. Though ankles and wrists remain shackled and the long tethering chain remains connected to my right ankle cuff, I am otherwise released to hobble about. When Miss Tumbla snaps her fingers and I expel whatever anal spheres she has inserted, I know it is time for the changing board.

Lying there seems to make the endless days worth enduring, for when my governess points, I clamor to assume a supine position as quickly as my nearly hundred pounds of chains permit.

I stiffen in anticipation as Miss Tumbla retrieves her double dildo and I delight in orally moistening it. She laughs as it so easily glides into a throat well trained for deep penetration, leaving the long cylinder in place while she buckles on the needed harness.

"You be a good bitch for your Miss Tumbla, John boy."

With that she plucks the dildo from my mouth. I know to bring my knees to my chest and part my buttocks like a cheap harlot... the encumbering chains rattling to bring sounds of delight to ears reveling in male capitulation.

The height of the changing board perfectly aligns my waiting rectum. Miss Tumbla stands at the end, her strong hands grasping my shackled ankles and positioning herself so they rest on her brawny shoulders.

"You know how to work your sphincter for me, John boy. The tension brings me pleasure... and I know a man like you so much wants to please."

And with that, the bulbous tip of the faux phallus greets my opening and with a slight thrust of the hips I am impaled. With the months of training, my rear portal has become like the eager pussy of a cheap whore, as intended. I lurch with the prostate manipulation. My bells ring and a long deep fucking begins. Being so spread open and penetrated is the ultimate gesture of subjugation for the male. Though deep throating the cadre of Miss Harper's studs is depravedly comparable. I meekly peer up at the dark smiling face and begin to time the thrusts, pushing outward with my sphincter to best accept her plunges, squeezing to offer tension as she withdraws, thus adding further gyrations to the uniquely shaped end residing in her quim. Yes, a cheap harlot indeed. I labor to please.

In being freed of the intense bondage, however transitory, I gladly work to maximize the joy of she offering such welcomed moments. I live for the ephemeral juncture, being used, but offering pleasure.

"You are quite the little whore, my John boy," Miss Tumbla's thoughts aligning with mine.

A left hand reaches to grab my scrotum, pulling vigorously to offer leverage for deeper penetration. A right hand encircles my purple penis, stiffening to maximum engorgement with the influx of sensory delight. I feel little there, but know the controlling grip pleases Miss Tumbla, thus I gladly offer it for her governance. Then she strokes. With the physical transformation, the otherwise pleasing action brings instead irritation. The physical pleasure of penile manipulation has been plundered... snipped, acid washed and sanded away. Still, the psychological reaction heartens. A woman now controls what was once the focal point of all my male lust. Emotionally I am enchanted to know I am pleasing.

Miss Tumbla continues to stroke my shaft as she thrusts. I further harden but do not know why. Her grasp brings no joy, only distant pain and the realization that what formerly drove my libido is no longer the center of pleasure.

As intended... it is in giving... not receiving... that now brings gratification.

It is pleasing to see the many muscles rippling in rhythm. When she pauses to loosen her bodice,

the folds slip away to expose breasts that look as if they were chiseled from stone. I gawk in admiration as the glands slightly jounce when her copulating motion resumes. Overall, I am gladdened to watch her muscular form work me, and gladdened to see and hear glowing smiles and sighs of ecstasy. My frictioned anus warms... thrust, thrust, thrust... and finally there comes a particularly deep plunge, the mammoth dildo completely disappearing within my trained male pussy. I can feel the warmth of her stimulated labia pressing against my scrotum as her left hand relinquishes its grip on my balls. Her fingers smooth up my torso then tweak my right nipple, causing me to lurch. As intended, her action brings delightful motion to her end of the marauding phallus, again forcing me to offer pleasure. I am being used. She laughs and then the hand further rises to cover my mouth. When thumb and forefinger pinch close my nostrils, I know what is to come.

“You will ejaculate for me, John boy. I understand the male need and will take care of that as I do all your other needs.”

She speaks as once again the deprivation of oxygen begins. I curse myself for so meekly lying beneath her, motionless, without an iota of resistance. As the room blackens I hear her giggling. There come soft, comforting words...

“Miss Tumbla is in complete control, my pet. Just let yourself go. Take your little trip while I rid you of all that nasty sperm.”

I swoon, any words offered thereafter lost as I mentally step off a high cliff and an oxygen starved mind plunges into an abyss of subjugation.

Another journey begins...

How long does Miss Tumbla keep me under?

Normally when she ‘calms’ me, her euphemism for smothering me into unconsciousness, hearing remains. Distant sounds yes, but some degree of awareness continues though I am helpless to react... cannot move, cannot talk.

But on this occasion the governing hand takes complete control, continuing to deprive air until I lose all. I indeed journey. I dream. I am on Ile du Mal but I scamper about, still naked, my entire form now tattooed as a huge tropical bird. But I am without bonds. Yes, I can run and I have the energy of a child, frolicking in my nakedness. There are no chains, no shackles and I bask in the sun. I can move about upright and my feet prance like a ballet dancer.

I run on the beach. Splash into the turquoise waters of a coral inlet. But the salt water stings my penis. It remains sore to the touch and hurts more when even a finger grazes it. I move from the water and spy Miss Tumbla approaching. She is totally nude. Massive thighs exploding with each step, she is now enormous, towering over me by a few feet. Her physique is more muscular than ever, appearing with limited feminine softness, except for her breasts. Large, rounded, alluring, the nipples protrude invitingly. She beckons.

“You are thirsty, John boy.”

I supplicate, falling to my knees on the beach. With her size my face rests at the level of mid thigh. Hands extend to grasp my head. She effortlessly lifts my body from the sand, pressing my face to her quim.

“Drink my pet, it is good for you.”

My lips engulf her inner labia. I open widely. A torrent begins, her bladder emptying to deluge my mouth and throat. I drink. In my dream her elixir is cool and refreshing and I gratefully take in every drop. She laughs.

“And you should have some milk as well. All sustenance is mine to offer, John boy.”

She bends at the waist and presents her breasts. I partake. The texture of her nipple is sublime,

smooth, warm succulent. Her taste is sweet and I suck ravenously. The flow seems endless as she laughs again.

“Would you like me to play with your penis, John boy? Men so much like that.”

I nod, my lips wrapped about a nipple. Her long arm reaches. A hand takes my manhood. Though sore to my touch, when she touches it there is no pain. Her grip brings ecstasy. Mine brings burning pain. I suck more in joy and gratitude, my purple penis stiffening to rock hardness.

“Do you want to come for me?”

I nod most energetically.

“Then you shall come. You know the position.”

She releases her grip and I fall to the sand, lying supine. Miss Tumble stands over my head then bends her knees to slowly lower herself. She sits on my head, my face wedged into her gluteal cleft. Her girth is much, seeming to wrap me in a heavy blanket. But it is acceptable. In covering me I feel safe.

“Have some food while I milk your penis, John boy.”

I lick her anus. In my strange dream, my action brings forth food, delicious food. I eat, feeling the marvelous grip continue to stroke me. I am in heaven. The more I lick, the more the food and the more the exquisite stroking brings me pleasure.

The hallucination is curious, all sustenance, all quenching liquids, all pleasant penile stimulation comes from the huge, naked and physically buffed Miss Tumbla. And she so graciously provides all!

A voice brings me from my illusion.

“You spent wonderfully, John boy. Quite the impressive load. I like making you come under my control. I milk you like a cow.”

Consciousness slowly returns. I am sanguine. My dream, in which I am mobile, well fed and so pleasantly stroked, brings a sense of exhilaration. I open my eyes to see Miss Tumble continuing to impale me, the huge dildo fully thrust into my rectum, her hot labia continuing to press against my balls.

A charcoal index finger scoops up a puddle of white from my chest. It delivers a string of semen to my mouth.

“No liquids go to waste here, John boy.”

I know to partake in my male essence and the finger returns to gather more.

“I like having you come like that, feeling nothing. It is necessary to keep that prostate working. And the hormonal release will calm you, make you more obedient. Taking sperm from you is like weeding a garden, John boy. It is dirty work but must be done.”

She laughs.

“Are you ready to work for Miss Tumbla? Prefer grueling hard labor to intense bondage?”

“Yes, Ma’am. I will please you. I cannot tolerate the duress.”

“You will tolerate whatever I demand, John boy. You have no other way of life now. But I can offer mercy if you offer your complete obedience.”

Hips retract. The length of firm rubber slowly withdraws. Even after having spent, the sensation of anal stimulation feels good. There comes a plop and the dildo harness is cast aside. Miss Tumbla steps to the front of the board.

“Thirsty?”

I nod, knowing that the only liquid is from her. Thus she parts her knees and lowers herself. I take the warm pungent offering, drinking all. But on this occasion, afterwards scrupulously cleansing her quim as trained, my tongue dives lower to lick her anus. My dream has brought new depravity. I feel her shiver with the unexpected delight. She giggles.

“Yes, John boy is ready to serve.”

“Thank you, Miss Tumbla,” my voice most humble.

“For what, John boy?”

“For everything. Food, drink, freedom, protection.”

I lick her anus more. She hums approval.

“You’ll service me more and more like that, John boy. I enjoy you tonguing in such an otherwise repulsive manner. And you’ll need to service the islanders. You will remain in chains, always in chains, and therefore vulnerable. Thus it is best you make friends with them. Offer yourself... completely.”

And so after countless days, and equally countless stress positions, I am freed, if lumbering about with some one hundred pounds of hobbling and restrictive chains can be so described. The long ankle tether remains, limiting my movement to the huge cell where some hundred years before a collection of leprosy victims lay in wait of death.

The heat still swelters, but is much more tolerable with the ability to move. And motion permits me to better gaze at Miss Tumbla’s potent near nakedness. There is true beauty in her feminine power... something that I have come to adore and cherish.

The pungent waterings continue, after which I lick her rear crevice with zeal. With my body craving moisture, I will do anything to encourage the offerings. And Miss Tumbla enjoys both the physical sensation and the complete degradation of the male as an obeisant tongue is applied to such a revolting place.

Within days of being released from constant severe bondage, I find myself being coated with oil. The kneading touch feels good when not tormenting. And of course my purple appendage stands in salute to both her puissance and her charms.

“Miss Harper wants you well worked, John boy. As do I. But you’ll need protection from the sun.”

My entire form is greased, presumably with coconut oil or some other form of sun screen. My rear crevice receives particular attention after which three large anal spheres are easily slipped within. Then the nose leash is hooked to my nostril piercing and I am thrilled to see the long ankle chain released.

“Come, be a good boy for me.”

Her words are superfluous. She who controls all attains my instant obedience. The many days of tormenting bondage have absolved me of any thoughts of resistance. I do not want... cannot be returned to the insufferable long term bondage.

Thus I follow her tugs, disappointed to note that she has donned a short and loose skirt.

“Water, John boy. On Ile du Mal it’s all about water.”

I am well aware of that, having imbibed only on ‘recycled’ water.

“So Miss Harper contributed some desalinization equipment... to remove salt from sea water.”

I am led to the path I know leads to the dock where weeks before my leash guided me from the yacht to my prison home. I am enthralled to be moving. Outdoors, the relative freedom combined with the natural beauty of the tropical vegetation brings me some exhilaration. The controlling hand offers odd comfort. That which brings suffering also provides and nurtures.

“Your new role in life, John boy. To offer gratification and water. As on Miss Harper’s yacht, there is no reason you cannot entertain others. The islanders are simple people... and I think you will enjoy their taste.”

Reaching the small village where the fishermen reside, scenic grass huts seemingly awaiting a Hollywood movie camera, I spy the referenced machinery. It rests on the dock where presumably the smaller motor launch of the yacht brought the device after depositing me weeks before. It is a collection of filters, a sizable tank for desalinized water, and a pump, driven by... well to be driven by me.

“It will be like riding a bicycle, John boy,” Miss Tumbla explains as we near what appears to be a

very low bicycle indeed.

The leash draws me to lie tummy down on a small platform. Powerful hands grasp my feet, stuffing such into pedals where my ankle shackles lock in place. My hobbling chain drapes to the dock, its slack impeding neither the pedals nor the sprocket. My wrist chain is drawn up and is painfully attached to a hook well over my head, replicating the slow torment of strappado.

“A most clever device, John boy. Feel the tension on your arms?”

“Yes, Ma’am. It’s much too tight. Please lower my wrists.”

“No. You will do that by pedaling. Move your feet and the hook will lower. Stop pedaling and it will return you to a most stressful position.”

I am chagrined to learn Miss Tumbla is correct. Lying prostrate, my weight supported by my stomach resting on a small platform, my legs are free to pedal. It resembles riding a bicycle except I am prone. As I begin to move my feet, the hook every so slightly lowers to offer relief.

“See, John boy, you can provide your own respite from the pain. Just pedal... and thus pump. Your action will force the ocean water through the filters and make it potable.”

I stop pedaling and grunt in pain as the hook rises to return me to agony. Miss Tumbla laughs.

“No, John boy, pump.”

I do. Within moments it becomes evident that the faster I pump, the more the hook lowers to offer relief. It is a diabolical device, considering the strain required in the tropical heat to keep the tension off my wrist chain... yet it offers life sustaining water.

Miss Tumbla buckles a broad strap over the small of my back. That, my hooked wrist chain and my secured ankle shackles make me one with the machine. When finished my protector steps to the front and cradles my head.

“Every day, John boy. You will lie and pump. You will bake in the tropical sun, you will be exhausted, should you fail to pump fast enough you will be in pain. But remember, you are pleasing me... and Miss Harper.”

She lifts the front hem of her loose skirt, pulling up on my nose leash so that my lips press against her mons. I obediently lick, delighted to feel her quiver in joy as my tongue piercing delves past the inner labia.

“If you understood the sense of power experienced by a woman like me, how much it thrills to bring a man to complete supplication, you’d deny me nothing.”

I lick with zeal, savoring the taste of my superior.

“You will also service the islanders, John boy. Failure to please will result in punishment. But I know how much you want to please.”

Her hands guide my head, bringing my tongue and lips to where the most gratification can be attained. I feel oscillations. Her wetness turns to a river, there comes the squirt of feminine essence which I crave. I hear a joyous moan then feel the grasp of her hands ease.

“You need to be watered,” she announces in forewarning of her flow.

Fingers work to align her urethral opening. I drink with relish.

And a life of tedium ensues. I spend nights well shackled in the large prison cell. I am fed, watered most opprobriously, and locked away to sleep. Different positions keep Miss Tumbla amused and despite the stress, a long day of exhaustive pumping brings somnolence no matter the tension on limbs and ligaments.

Mornings I am greased and led to the pump where I spend the day in hard labor or in pain as during attempted respites the hook lifts to place me in the most stressful of positions.

On occasion Miss Tumbla stops by to graciously ‘water me’. But as stated, I am to entertain the

islanders as well. And I soon find there is no shortage of 'recycled water' to be offered.

I know not names, but do know to obey. In not understanding the native language, my obedience is attained through gestures and pulls on my nose leash.

Overall, I suck much cock and am rewarded with an explosion of male essence followed many times by an offering of the same elixir which Miss Tumbla provides. Yes, I drink, male pride not having dissipated, but instead been vanquished, demolished by the superior commanding female.

But once per week, precise judgment of time being burdensome, the changing board beckons, There I lie supine, Miss Tumbla awakening my anal sensuousness by first having me expel the large balls. Then it's knees to my chest as I become her harlot, the double dildo so wondrously bringing pleasure to her and delight to me in knowing that I am pleasing.

Typically she loosens her bodice, permitting me to gaze at breasts of size and firmness as her thrusts plunge so deeply. My purple penis stiffens, her controlling hands grasp my scrotum and coax hardness. And though what little I can feel there is better described as irritation in place of normal male joy, knowing that her power enthralls her and likewise enthralls me.

"Time to take a journey, John boy," she will suggest as her pleasure reaches a crescendo.

The controlling hand rises to cover my mouth. The thumb and forefinger pinch. And indeed Miss Tumbla induces another journey, never permitting me to experience the thrill of climax, the forced ejaculation to come after I swoon.

Part Four – The End

Curious the leisurely timing of events in a world devoid of electronics and instant communication. As I pump on the dock, feet laboring to filter incalculable gallons of sea water, a boat appears on the horizon. I have seen little other than nature's blue and green since Miss Harper's yacht departed many months ago. It has been possibly a year since, with life dwindling to thorough bondage, forced labor, ignominious waterings, the sucking off of every island fisherman upon the slightest whim... and gratefully, Miss Tumbla's dildo opening me, reveling in feeling as her hands take control and I offer everything for her pleasure.

As I watch the boat's silhouette slowly enlarge, it dawns on me that the appearance of outside civilization will bring change. But of what boding?

Wanted in so many countries, by so many evildoers, my tattooed face is sure to spur the curiosity of even the most unwitting tourists. Word of an oddly marked Caucasian living in seclusion will spread. I should be hiding in the thick vegetation, avoiding contact with all. But in being strapped to the devilish machine, I instead must lie and pump, my thoughts bringing panic as my legs move to assure my arms and shoulders do not rise to a position of agony.

I cannot think of any circumstance in which visitors can improve my plight. Yet, unless Miss Tumbla returns for one of her many inspections, ones where the front of her skirt lifts to offer pungent liquid refreshment, the boat will soon navigate the coral reefs and dock within feet of where my naked form exerts.

I call out, in violation of the rules... speaking without first being spoken to... my desperation rising. My apprehension increases as the camouflaged markings suggest the boat is of military derivation. But there is no one to hear me.

Miss Tumbla is not within range and I find my feet pausing and wriggling about to attempt escape rather than assuring relief for my arms. Accordingly, my cuffed wrists rise to add physical torment to the trepidation of the approaching craft. Thus I have no choice but to resume pumping. Whoever, whatever visits, they will be greeted by the shocking sight of modern slavery... naked, well bound, colorfully marked in whimsy, forced to endlessly labor.

A gun turret on the bow portends either security or aggression depending on the boat's home port. I note that identifying markings have been painted over to deny ascertaining the vessel's source. It slows in nearing the dock. As the hum of the engines lowers to an idle, the port side ever so gently nudges the dock, suggesting a pilot with an advanced level of seamanship.

I hear commands shouted in an unknown language. A woman steps to the bow. Her left hand steadies herself on the gun turret, her right moves to a hip mounted pistol in a stance of calm authority. She peers down at me and her reaction brings consternation. She is neither surprised nor horrified by the circumstances of my forced labor. Instead she laughs, her reaction one of relief. It is evident that she sees what she expects to see.

Though I must continue to pump, I slow and gaze upwards as best I can. The woman is of Asian descent, compact with brown fatigues covering what I must assume to be an athletic form. Black hair, almond eyes, her tan hinting that she is native to a region warmer than China.

A crew member jumps to the dock, then another. As I watch lines securing the boat, I note there is no common ethnicity amongst my visitors. The Asian woman turns and shouts a command, then she too leaps from the bow. Yes, athletic indeed, she lands with the aplomb of a gymnast, bringing a tinge of envy from a man constantly bearing a hundred or more pounds of iron.

The woman seems to inherently know I am secured to the desalinization device, not showing the slightest concern that I will rise and bolt. Thus she ambles towards me, her look of Schadenfreude suggesting she is either glad to find me, or glad to see a man so thoroughly bound and made to labor. Probably both.

“Good afternoon, Mr. John W. Davies,” her English without detectable accent. “I’ve been looking for you. And you’ll be alarmed to learn how easy it has been to find you.”

Her left hand reaches to my dangling nose leash, grasps and most cruelly lifts. I cry out with the sudden intense pain and lift my head in instant compliance. Her action causes me to pause in pumping and my wrists rise to increase the suffering, bringing tears to run down my cheeks. She laughs, seemingly impressed that such a simple deed can stir such painful commotion.

In her right hand she holds a photograph. Imprinted on the back, facing me, are boldly written letters spelling my name. Below are the letters ‘Ile du Mal’ and below that a series of numbers I know to be GPS coordinates.

“Not tears of joy in being rescued, I trust,” she mockingly offers as she compares my face to the photo.

Then she turns her hand to show me the photo.

“Care to deny my identification?”

I am shocked to see it is one of the progressive photos snapped by Mademoiselle du Pont as I endured the ordeal of her artistry. I have been betrayed! Orange nose, streaks of yellow and green, it was presumably snapped just before she tattooed my penis.

Despite the diversion, I must resume pumping else my shoulders dislocate. Gratefully the woman releases my leash and steps back to watch me pump, quickly ascertaining my plight, my forced labor bringing a smile.

“Quite the clever contraption, Mr. Davies. Laboring in the hot sun with no opportunity for respite. It appears that the strappado becomes more intense as you linger. Excellent.”

I am alarmed when she uses the term strappado, apparently familiar with the age old torture.

She steps to my left side. A hand brazenly reaches between my moving thighs and grasps my male package. I feel her gruffly pulling back and up on my penis, bringing the purple length into the bright sunlight.

“Yes. This would tend to confirm it. Tattooed a rather hideous purple. We have our man,” she announces to a crew of burly fatigued dressed sailors.

Having spent many years in the arms business, I know that the motley collection of ethnic backgrounds suggests a band of mercenaries.

“And he’s getting hard for me. Just as our intelligence suggested.”

I am most chagrined to agree with the woman’s assessment. Despite the fear, her controlling touch brings the reaction I have come to ostensibly loathe. Yet it also brings odd comfort, displaying myself for a governing female. And with her curiosity focused, the hand continues to play until I am fully erect, despite the continued pumping.

“You may be proud to stiffen and show off for me like this, Mr. Davies. But soon I will be even prouder to show it. I’m going to have this as a souvenir. Haven’t got one purple penis in my collection,” she wickedly snorts.

Her words come as a thud to an overwhelmed cerebellum. Then the woman utters commands in the unknown language and the lines are cast with the crew returning to the boat. The engines reverse, the pilot steers to point the bow to sea and the woman toys with my left ear as she stands over me to watch her cohorts slowly depart.

“They’ll anchor out to sea and assure we’re left alone. With what I need to accomplish, the fewer the witnesses the better... my loyal crew included.”

“My name is Maya Cruze, Mr. Davies. You see the Glock on my right hip. Not only am I an expert shot both right handed and left handed, but I have a fair amount of martial arts training. And I am also

being modest in describing my skills.”

She speaks calmly yet with authority as her hands reach and unhook my wrist chain to relieve me of the painful strappado. Her merciful action permits me to rest my feet and legs, ceasing the long morning chore.

“Thank you, ma’am, thank you,” I offer with sincerity.

With all the commotion, it has been difficult to concentrate on maintaining a tolerable level of tension on my arms, my feet pausing to bring unwanted duress.

The strap remains in place to hold my stomach against the low platform and my ankle shackles also remain secured to the pedals. Thus I cannot stand to move.

“So do not attempt anything rash. Our intelligence suggests you’ve become one obedient boy. Stay that way and save yourself some aggravation.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Are there any weapons on the island? Guns?”

“None that I have seen.”

“People?”

“A couple dozen fishermen and their families. And my nurse, Miss Tumbla.”

“Where is she?”

“I am here.”

The words startle both my interrogator and me. Maya Cruze slips the Glock from its holster with the alacrity of a gunslinger. In one smooth motion she turns and aims as I hear a click releasing the safety.

“There is no need for that,” Miss Tumbla coolly offers. “I am unarmed.”

“My name is Tumbla. This is my charge.”

The dark, mammoth form of Miss Tumbla steps into view, Maya Cruze training her Glock on her every movement.

I see the Asian antagonist begin to relax, comfortable that there will be no aggression. The Glock lowers.

“You keep him well bound... and tormented.”

“It is best for him. Though he does not fully understand it, he would not be happy any other way.”

“My name is Maya Cruze. I am here for him.”

“I am aware that he is a wanted man. But he’ll not offer resistance. He’s been mentally neutered. Holster your weapon. We’ll talk. John boy needs to be watered.”

Maya Cruze steps back as Miss Tumbla approaches me, leaving enough space to obviate any surprise moves. The woman is sly and cautious, conducting herself with purpose, obviously having encountered many scenes of confrontation.

Meanwhile Miss Tumbla’s left hand gathers up my nose leash. With wrists no longer held high above, my face facilely follows her directing tugs as her right hand raises the front hem of her skirt.

“Water is scarce here,” she explains as my mouth and lips are aligned with her urethral opening.

Peripherally, I see Maya Cruz smile in noting how I am to be watered.

“He’s been well subjugated,” she notes.

“Mentally, physically, emotionally broken. Transformed and molded like a lump of clay. He only desires to please now.”

Miss Tumbla parts her feet and opens herself. I imbibe. The women talk.

“The boss will be happy to learn his circumstances. That his duplicitous life has not led to luxury.”

“The boss?” Miss Tumbla inquires.

“My employer. I’ve been hired to find John W. Davies. To be blunt, I am an assassin. And since I shy from witnesses your presence has saved his life... for now.”

“Is there a name for your employer?”

“It does not matter. An arms supplier. A dictator. Perhaps a terrorist group. There is no end to the list of interests that seek assurance that John W. Davies will never testify. And there is revenge to be had. The manner of his demise is to be most ignominious. A death which will send a message.”

Miss Tumbla finishes ‘watering’ me. I know to humbly lick away all remnants then offer proper thanks, my tongue slipping inward to part her labia and bring joy.

“He offers cunnilingus... most obsequiously. I will be sure to include that in my report. The boss will be amused.”

I feel a hand tenderly pat my head, acknowledging my oral efforts. There come the oscillations I so energetically seek. But before the offering of climactic essence the hand releases the leash and Miss Tumbla steps away. This is not the time for orgasm.

“Send a message? And how would that message read?”

My assassin reaches into the pocket of her fatigues, again bringing the photos into the light.

“We know of a certain identifying... shall we say characteristic. Besides the facial tattoos.”

She holds up the close up photo of my purple penis.

“I am to bring this back with me. It will require a quick but most consequential slice. I will then not only reap a substantial reward, I will have another trophy. Death by way of penectomy has become a signature of mine.”

The words bring goose bumps. I shiver in fear. Two commanding women discuss my precious appendage as if it is a token. Miss Tumbla notes my reaction, anserine flesh in the heat of the tropics. A massive hand smooths over my shoulders to offer comfort.

“I am a nurse. A man will indeed bleed to death from such savage surgery.”

“That is why I am termed an assassin. I offer my clients a slow and most humiliating death for the male prey. It amuses me that the final moments of life are spent in remorse over a vaunted strip of flesh. Whenever there is a corpse found missing its joystick, it is recognized that the victim is one of mine. I bring a most fitting death for the vanquished male. Revenge and thus satisfaction guaranteed.”

“Is there time for discussion? You have nothing to fear here. John boy is not only physically well bound, but now has the aggression level of a playful puppy. The island fishermen are unarmed and peaceful. And I certainly have no motive for altercation.”

The assassin nods. I am shocked to hear such compromising words from the woman who protects me.

“The boat will return when signaled. I am in command,” Maya Cruze acknowledges in showing a small short wave radio.

“Good. We shall talk.”

The large, familiar black hand reaches down to cover my mouth. The thumb and forefinger pinch close my nostrils. I hear my assassin chuckle in both amusement and admiration of the demonstration of feminine power. Maya Cruze observes intently as without a gesture of resistance I permit Miss Tumbla to induce unconsciousness. I can do little but obediently lie in my bonds as the smothering hand brings darkness at midday. The gloating smirk of my antagonist is my last vision.

I do not recall returning to the stone and concrete of my prison cell. I suspect my brawny nurse carried me. Perhaps with the assistance of the equally muscular Maya Cruze.

Whatever the case, I sit on the floor with my wrist chain drawn up well behind me and attached to a ring embedded high in the wall. My hobbling ankle chain has been removed. In its place my ankle shackles are secured right and left to chains which also connect to the wall and have been tightened to force me to rest in an uncomfortable split. The controlling women walk about. There is mutual respect. There is conversation. The subject matter is my cowered well bound form.

“He get’s quite stiff... considering,” Maya Cruze remarks.

“It’s harmless. The last vestige of male pride. With his psyche so extensively altered, it’s more of a humble offering of subjugation than a gesture of virility. He can do nothing with it,” Miss Tumbla explains.

Yes, despite the turmoil, the trepidation of my assassin’s visit, my neglected libido brings tumescence. Forcibly bent over at the waist, I peer down to see the length of standing purple flesh just inches from my face. The fact that Miss Tumbla has removed her skirt, a standard state of dishabille when not in the presence of the islanders, aids in my stiffness. Her uncovered physique, large yet well formed, stirs lustful thoughts. Displays of feminine power have become catalysts for respectful priapism.

Maya Cruze approaches, her wicked smile broadening in thought. She stands between my outstretched feet. Her left hand clenches my nose leash and pulls upwards, forcing my gaze from my erection.

“You may admire it now, Mr. John W. Davies. But I will soon be admiring it more.”

Her booted foot rises. The toe greets the desensitized tip then slowly presses downward. It is not a position... it is not a angle ... which the male appendage finds comfortable. I squirm against my bonds but can do little. My pleading voice whimpers as she forces the shaft to the floor. There she shifts more of her weight to pinion the purple hardness against the coarseness of concrete.

My groans turn to yelps. Meanwhile her arms reach forth to bring comfort to my strained neck and shoulder muscles. Her hands, much smaller than Miss Tumbla’s, knead with vigor and force bringing a dichotomy of sensations as the boot grinds.

“Just a little demonstration, Mr. Davies. I’ll not do too much damage my own property. But understand who is in control.”

“Please, ma’am, no more,” my voice quavering.

Her booted foot mercifully withdraws. My penis snaps back to once again point to the ceiling. Its continued stiffness brings a wicked laugh as my tormentress steps back to better survey my reaction.

“Yes, he’s been well indoctrinated to feminine authority,” Maya Cruze noting that pain, female governance and humiliation all bring forth the respectful tribute of erection.

“Will you miss it, Tumbla?”

“I use his tongue. There has been no penile penetration permitted for nearly two years. Urinating will become a little sloppy. But I’ll return him to diapers until he learns to properly squat. Otherwise I have no use for it. No point in leaving any symbol of male pride. All else has been quashed.”

“It’s a fair deal. A bit of a ruse. But in the end all will be happy... as long as he remains in your care and does not appear to testify. And I like the never ending mental torment. The hormones produced by those testicles will continue to bring lustful desire, yet there will be no ultimate gratification, as the normal male covets. The ancient Chinese so punished their enemies. Removing the penis is much more effective psychological torment than simple castration.”

Miss Tumbla approaches to stand between my legs just as had Maya Cruze.

“He will stay here and serve. Where else would he want to go? He still needs to be milked. Still needs to please others..”

Her hands cradle my head and draw my face to her mons. Despite the horrifying words, the musty feminine fragrance brings a frisson of lust. My heart leaps in gladness as my lips greet her labia. I lick then delve, my piercing energetically plunging inward to knead vaginal walls.

“This is his only joy... bringing forth mine. Yes, I will milk him from time to time... when he’s unconscious. Otherwise male pleasure, ejaculatory climax, has long been denied and will forever be denied. It’s a very little sacrifice to make... considering the circumstances.”

Though thoughts of the sacrifice bring fear, I know to continue my oral servitude.

“I’ll want him to watch while I cut, Tumbla. I too much enjoy the look on their faces as a woman takes their maleness.”

“Agreed.”

“Must it end this way? I would rather you have it, Miss Tumbla.”

My protector smiles most matronly.

“Oh, John boy. The satisfaction of revenge is demanded. And you so much enjoy offering to the superior female. Why not your penis? When gone, no one will suspect you survived the cruel affectation of the infamous Maya Cruze. All will think you’re dead. As a hired assassin she will proclaim your demise and who will challenge her? You’ll live your life of servitude without concern. The search for John W. Davies will end.”

“But you are here to protect me.”

“I have and I will. You will not die and you’ll once again sacrifice for a woman, just as your proclivity mandates. Maya will have another trophy. You will once again make a superior woman happy. It is ingrained in your psyche, John boy.”

We converse as I lie on the changing board. Knees to chest, anus well lubricated, I feel the bulbous tip of the double dildo graze my perineum to tantalize building the expectation of the initial forceful plunge. I am erect in both gazing at Miss Tumbla’s powerful charms and anticipating the strange joy of prostate manipulation. Fluid already flows with just the thought of her penetration.

I return to silence, pondering her words. A dark left hand encircles my balls and gently closes. Her grip brings comfort. Her right hand grasps my penis. It stands in both tribute and expectation. There comes the thrust of her hips, a tug on my scrotum and the large rubber cylinder steadily impales.

It feels good. As I work my sphincter to accommodate, I know I am imparting pleasure on my superior. With the subsequent withdrawal, I know to tighten my sphincter to bring tension to the feminine end and further joy to her vagina.

“He takes a fucking like an eager whore,” Ms. Cruze declares in watching with amusement.

Miss Tumbla nods in agreement as she plunges again, her muscles rippling marvelously in performing such well practiced sodomy.

“Will you let me ejaculate? Without calming me. Just this last time? Please Miss Tumbla.”

The smile of faint pleasure broadens to outright delight. Massive thighs clench to again plunge the dildo deeply inward. My governess leans over me. On this special evening she has removed her bodice, performing the sodomy of the strap on dildo completely naked, in deference to my final deed as an intact male. Her massive form mesmerizes. Large breasts, enticingly firm with well developed pectoral muscles beneath, remain stationary despite the motion of her thrusts.

“Never.”

Ms. Maya Cruze cackles wickedly, observing Miss Tumbla’s handling of the male with enthused curiosity. As she stares at the large black hand controlling my penis, I note an eerie look of eagerness.

Epilogue – Maya Cruse

Breaking the trust of ones employer is not an easy thing for me to do. Nor in my business is it advisable. So many times I am requested to assure that the corpus delicti never be found, my remuneration paid on tangential evidence of demise. Without such trust I would not be engaged... could not work.

So when I signal for the boat to return, I make a show of proudly displaying the purple appendage of one John W. Davies, notorious arms dealer turned fink.

The band of cutthroats I have hired offers a lusty cheer. I smile and accept their congratulations fully aware that not one of the swarthy rapsclions would hesitate to betray me if they for a moment believed the ultimate deed was not actually performed.

Thus I am placing much faith in Tumbla and her insatiable need to govern the hapless male, specifically the canary John boy. Faith that she will forever keep him enslaved... well worked and well bound. I believe my faith in her is well placed.

The boat navigates past the coral reefs and out to the Caribbean. Within hours we'll be in Martinique where a charter plane will return me and my prize to civilization. Comparisons will be made to the photos and word of the agonizing and humiliating revenge slaked upon John W. Davies will bring second thoughts to those contemplating deceit.

As a result, large sums of cash will be dispensed... to me... to my crew... and to the woman who determined the ultimate fate of John W. Davies... Ms. Antoinette Du Pont. She provided all that was needed to locate my prey... right down to the GPS coordinates of his location.

Her own duplicity amuses. First permanently marking the male in such a humiliating fashion, photographing every embarrassing step of the process. Then forcing him to imbibe her excretions. Then unmasking his place of refuge to precipitate his ultimate execution. Grandmother du Pont obviously instilled quite the level of disdain for the male.

With the tropical sun, a can of cold beer is suitable refreshment and becomes a simple celebratory libation. So as I settle for the journey, I pop it open and find a comfortable place to enjoy the deep blue and lush vegetation of occasional passing islands. I also enjoy viewing my well iced prize soon to be jarred in formaldehyde and added to my collection. The trophies come in handy when prospective employers visit me for possible engagement. The male clients amusingly shiver and squirm. The female clients smile in haughty thought. And I invariably become hired and empowered to expand my collection, traveling the world to bring vengeance to the nefarious.

The penectomy of John W Davies was executed without mishap. He begged most delectably but could not otherwise resist, his many pounds of shackles holding him immobile on the changing board. Tumbla, a rather experienced nurse, had him catheterized with needed medical paraphernalia standing at the ready. For me her preparations provided an opportunity to slice with deliberation, my free hand as always implanted at the cerebral cortex, delighted to sense the intensity of pain signals as the male nervous system becomes overwhelmed in distress.

Whereas normally I just hack with abandon and leave my victim trussed to slowly die, Tumbla had me cut about the catheter with deliberate care. Assuredly painful, a more surgical procedure was needed to accomplish the intended goals... a penis for me... a live but thoroughly subjugated and loyal pet for Tumbla... and the local islanders of course.

'He'll now have new found adoration for the male appendage of other's,' Tumbla prognosticated as she sutured the stub.

As he blubbered, I pridefully held up my prize, taunting in laughter as Tumbla tenderly dabbed away his tears. Whereas I normally exit the crime scene with alacrity, Tumbla's offered compromise gave rise to a more leisurely conclusion, one in which I could exchange thoughts with my victim regarding his ignominious emasculation.

‘You still have your tongue,’ I laughingly offered in consolation. ‘And your intact testicles will continue to bring desire... though you may not know what to do about it.’

For some reason, John W. Davies was not eager to talk. The canary became silent.

Epilogue – Miss Tumbla

It required weeks to get the altered John boy out of diapers. Though he healed in days, training him to control his bladder was time consuming.

‘Part your knees and squat,’ I admonished time and time again, my fingers pressing against his perineum to forestall premature excretions.

As I positioned the stub to ensure neatness, tears would fill his eyes in some lugubrious form of mourning over a lost strip of silly flesh. In feeling so little where sensation once meant so much, I suppose there is male remorse, however comical. Yet, he prefers my assistance in urinating, seeming to attain odd comfort, I guess a form of gratification, in having a female govern such a basic function.

‘It’s gone. Just another trophy for Maya Cruze,’ I callously declare whenever handling the stub and sensing lament.

I lengthened his hobbling chain, offering greater stride and increased ability to part his feet. Not overly merciful on my part. The heavy links added some ten pounds to what he must constantly drag about in the tropical heat. But now he can further spread his knees and I can better find and hold the stubby remainder of his penis so he does not wet himself.

So the life of my pet, now much less precarious with his presumed demise, resumes in enduring incessant bondage, offering exquisite cunnilingus in appreciation of his waterings, and generously fellating the island fishermen who provide for his diet.

And the pumping? Maya proved to be correct concerning the altered male with intact testicles. As the hormone level builds, his eagerness for demanding exercise grows. Needing to rid his system of what is normally released through sexual climax, he pumps and pumps with vigor futilely attempting to modify only what my controlling hand and fingers can bring into balance.

Yes, I continue to weekly sodomize him, the double dildo offering great pleasure for me, but denying any form of ejaculation, if sperm oozing from his stub can be so termed. When his system prepares for climactic release, I merely calm him when I sense pending discharge, now just an unimpressive slow flow of male essence. One hand brings unconsciousness the another kneads the perineum, making the ejaculatory muscles meekly expunge in delirium what he would prefer to spurt in crass male ecstasy.

The level of control, thoroughly governing the most basic male desire, brings the thrill of power and so much heightens my own climax... something in which John boy has been psychologically molded to take delight.

And Miss Harper? Never again to be seen. Before sailing to Ile du Mal, a Virgin Island bank account was opened for me, funds transferred for my eventual retirement. Thus no further contact is expected and I am sure she is luxuriating in some posh resort surrounded by the likes of Eric, Geraldo, Alessandro and Methusa... well endowed males eager to subordinate their male pride for a woman’s pleasure. I am sure word of John boy’s rumored death by penectomy reached her ears and the recurring thought brings heightened orgasms as she daily rides one of her stallions.

For me, John boy is all I need. His complete subjugation and transformed psyche brings unending concupiscence. My desire to offer the governance he covets will never end.

And Mademoiselle Antoinette du Pont? Maya Cruse hinted that her reward for the information leading to the ‘assassination’ John W. Davies was vast. A clever woman, suggesting a place where the world’s most wanted man could hide, only so her bank account would benefit from his subsequent betrayal.

Grandmother du Pont would be so proud.

Chris Bellows appreciates comments, criticisms and feedback. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.

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About the Author

Chris Bellows, a nom de plume, is single and on the north side of middle age. He lives an astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write some fifteen or more years ago when he

found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into 'mush'. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of Lady Constance, he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the recent release of Feminizing the Belligerent Male, book number twenty-seven.

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s, has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to 'work outside the box'. Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including 'first person female'. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting Dominance with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more suitably conform his writings to their envisioned 'box' of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably: readers with an interest in sexual power exchange who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Other works by Chris Bellows available from Lulu.com: Billie and Mary and Pony Girl Zesty, with human pony themes; and The Glass Oubliette, a story of female submission.