

CHRIS BELLOWS
NUSQUAM

Nusquam
by Chris Bellows

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Chapter One

"Is Kelly coming?"

"Yes Sir."

"Good. Hate to think of what these lovely tits would look like if the weights hang too long. I assume they're uncomfortable. You want more? Another pound or two?"

"Please no sir. She'll be coming late."

The man stands over the kneeling woman, hands gently cradling her head, his now tranquil tone

in contrast to the sharp commands and lustful grunts of moments before. He is satiated and quiescent. In opening a girl, anal sex can be laborious, but the ecstatic release, when combined with the raw exchange of power, like no other form of carnal pleasure.

"Clean me!" his tone returning to authority as his hips press forward to present a firm but rapidly softening phallus. "And don't eat strawberries or whatever fruit before I take you. The seeds can irritate."

"It was kiwi, sir," the girl craning her neck, humbly taking the offered appendage.

"Well... whatever... you'd think you'd be more attentive back there. You know you're going to clean whatever my pecker encounters. Most girls keep it neat. But you seem to enjoy the sloppiness. It degrades... and adds to your sick thrill... doesn't it?"

Mouth filled with cock, the girl carefully nods her response, swishing her tongue then swallowing the remnants of anal coupling. Her humbleness brings a paternal smile, the sadist knowing of the needs... and so graciously accommodating.

There comes silence as the man revels, oral servitude augmenting his power. Then, penis deemed presentable, he steps back, the flaccidness exiting with a plop, turns and reaches for his clothes.

"Ask Kelly about Nusquam. It may be best for you. Some day you're going to run into a guy who cares little... some

amateur who does not know of limits... or enjoys too much taking a girl past them. Hate to see you hurt... truly hurt... or permanently marked... against your will."

In smugness, the man dresses, his enjoyment now more subtle in surveying the well tethered nakedness he has spent the afternoon tormenting.

"Out of town next week," the man informs in stepping behind the kneeling form.

He pauses, admiring the rosebud opening, traces of milky white male essence oozing past the worn and reddened sphincter.

Then the left hand reaches down. As the fingers splay open the outer labia, there comes a sense of accomplishment in feeling the warmth of the buttocks... a degree of intense heat remaining. In encountering wetness, he smiles the right hand easily slipping inward his offering. Too easily. The girl moans in need. The sopping vagina evidences her excitement... her unfulfilled concupiscence. He often wonders... is it the pain... the humiliation... the sense of complete capitulation? What brings such unsatiated lust? Her submission is thorough... and though denied the ultimate gratification of orgasm, she finds enjoyment.

"Kelly has her own key?" patting a well welted right cheek.

"Yes sir," the girl grimaces.

"Good. I'll lock the door behind me," reaching forth to motion the weights dangling from the left nipple.

The grimace turns to low moans of slow suffering. Well restrained, she cannot still the pendulums, forced to submit to ponderous trinkets.

"Nusquam," he reminds, flicking the light switch, leaving the girl to suffer in darkness.

Chapter Two

"Caned, butt fucked and the nipple torture continues. You had a long afternoon. Really Pattie, don't you think you're getting a little too deep into this?"

There comes a welcomed click. The room brightens to bring cheer. The suffering will end.

"I... I... it's something I need, Miss Kelly." the voice quaking.

The woman of calm demeanor steps into the chamber, a spare bedroom turned dungeon. She pauses surveying a scene she has so often encountered... yet one which would shock the unwary of the vanilla world.

The apartment's sole resident, Miss Pattie LaMange kneels naked, wrists and neck encumbered in heavy wooden stocks. Welts on well rounded globes are readily counted, six perfectly parallel stripes on each hillock, evenly spaced... the sadist pridefully sending his message of exactitude.

There glistens traces of male essence, the leisurely flow exiting to coat the inner thighs. And there is to be noted the ongoing breast torment... mouse traps clamped about right nipple and left, weights hanging below to proclaim the mastery of the sadist long after his departure.

"Please Miss Kelly... my tits."

The plea brings a smile... and little haste. Kelly knows... the body of the masochist suffers... yet the psyche so much covets.

"We'll take care of you... all of you," sliding a low stool before the forcibly lowered head.

Kelly sits. Pattie cranes her neck to look upward, the sight of the white uniform welcomed and comforting. The nurse is pretty... raven hair, her mid thirties age offering experience with a remaining aura of youthfulness. Her presence brings a wane smile, knowing the long ordeal will end... and another is to begin.

Hands reach to the left breast, the tender flesh purple, circulation too long impeded. The fingers work, loosening

the sprung bar of metal... so slim yet so imposing.

"Take a deep breath," Kelly's words matronly.

Yes, the toil of the sadist survives his departure. For as the trap and connecting weights are removed, the rush of circulation brings renewed pangs of pain, the cerebral cortex awakened anew. Pattie LaMange cries out. The smile of Nurse Kelly broadens.

"Shush, you've brought this on yourself. And within, you know you enjoy the rush."

She does, Pattie shamed, chagrined to realize Nurse Kelly understands so well.

"You're late Miss Kelly," the words labored in enduring the intense agony.

"Not sure how you would know, kneeling in the stocks for so many hours... but yes. One of my girly boys needed a fanny spanking before I gave him a bath and put him to bed."

"You spank?" Pattie unaware of such aspects of her services.

"When needed. There are so many roles to be fulfilled, so much discipline required. I try. Another deep breath," the fingers gently working to free the right trap.

The scene repeats... the returning circulation to again bring a crashing wave of suffering.

"Will you bathe me?" the tone meek.

"Easier to groom you just like this. You're nicely immobile... and I have access to all I require."

Weights tossed aside, Kelly steps to the adjoining bathroom, shaking her head as she crosses and surveys the chamber. Pattie LaMange is sick... suffering from a mental/emotional addiction. Thousands upon thousands of dollars have been spent equipping the sizable spare bedroom. There is no imaginable form of torment that cannot be offered by the many devices and implements of pain. Limbs to be twisted, squeezed, restrained in unending immobility... flesh to be clamped, pinched, excoriated...

openings oral, vaginal and anal to be stuffed... penetrated with objects of every shape and size.

In addition there is the bizarre furniture, the humiliation of submitting to a visiting sadist enhanced by an array of bondage apparatuses. Yes, Pattie will be made to lie, sit, squat, stand, hang in a variety of poses, the gear intricate and expensive.

In the bathroom Nurse Kelly under the sink reaches for a porcelain bowl. She then fills a basin with warm water, fragrant suds to bring olfactory delight, tossing in a soft chamois cloth.

"Do you think your father had any inkling of how you would be spending your inheritance?" Nurse Kelly calls out, swirling the chamois to bring a froth of white to the warm wetness. "I can't imagine how much you've spent on all this... not to mention the cost of my visits."

Grasping a straight edged razor, Kelly returns stepping to the rear of the kneeling naked form. The buttocks, though welted in red, are delightfully shaped, the smooth layers of subcutaneous fat bringing both envy and thoughts of wastefulness in how she chooses to offer her charms. And the dangling breasts have returned to shapeliness as well, perfect hemispheres of young plumped flesh.

"There's plenty. I can afford it," Pattie's tone out of place in somewhat lecturing.

The porcelain bowl is placed between well parted knees, Kelly well aware of the need after many hours in bondage. It is then that Kelly notes the sphincter, the pink rose bud worn and chafed to the point of crimson. The sight brings a cringe and a question.

"You've been specially prepared here," her observation coming as she begins tenderly soaping the welted flesh of the buttocks. "Tooth brush... sand paper?"

"Steel wool, Miss Kelly. I... I... well he wanted to assure I offered myself without attaining pleasure."

"Of course. It's a power thing with men."

Kelly's attention focuses on the vaginal opening, noting that a spindled sheet of green partially protrudes past inner labia engorged in arousal. For Pattie, submission thrills, to either gender.

"What's this?" the fingers of the right hand working to retrieve the deeply implanted cylinder of green.

She pulls... slowly... gently... knowing of the extreme sensitivity.

"Your visitor left you a little something," unscrolling the tight roll. "A portrait of Ulysses S. Grant. How thoughtful," Nurse Kelly mocks. "You've been caned, fucked and breast tortured for a fifty dollar bill. And it's soaking wet, hinting at how much you enjoyed. Tsk, tsk."

The greenback is laid to the tiled floor then pushed forth to where the recipient can see.

"I'd like my head shaved as well," Pattie more politely requests.

"You can pee now," the fingers of the right hand returning to splay open the labia. "And you'll need to let the bill dry," Nurse Kelly's tone rebuking the apparent sultriness. "Did you say shave your head? You've been spending thousands for laser hair removal... now your head too? What about work? You're going to have lots to explain to your customers and colleagues."

"I quit... Friday. I want to be immersed. Can you visit daily?"

"My goodness girl, you *are* addicted. So Daddy left you enough so that you can do that? Give up your job for fifty dollars per day? That doesn't cover an hour of my time... much less go far to pay the upkeep on this place."

The excretions curtail, the bowl brimming. Nurse Kelly resumes the sponge bath, smiling in hearing the soft sigh of glee as warm soapiness soothes the many welts.

"No skin broken. You'll be fine in a day or two... buttocks ready for more. This guy was good... I assume it was a guy judging from the spindled insertion in your cunny. The men

think it's funny... and degrading of course. Your new boyfriend didn't cross with one stroke, by the way. A nice crisp caning. I'm sure extraordinarily painful... but no permanent marks. You are developing a good circle of... aficionados."

"Not really a boyfriend. He's married... to a wife not into the scene. He knows you... knows of you."

"Most do. My own circle seems to grow and grow. Been offering aftercare for many years."

"And a good skill set... and knowing hands," Pattie La Mange compliments, sighing again as the chamois soaks up the heat of the ravished flesh. "David encouraged that I ask you about Nusquam," Pattie prompts. "Says it may be best for me."

In alarm, the hand stops.

"So it was David you entertained this afternoon. I should have recognized his work. Very firm, very thorough. Loves to feel a girl squirm in pain with every thrust of that huge pecker of his. But he should not have mentioned Nusquam. It's not something I can talk about."

Nurse Kelly completes the bath in silence then arises, taking the filled bowl to the bathroom.

"Scissors... for your head... and an enema bag.... expunge all that seed he left in you. And no more about Nusquam. Not tonight. I am obligated to remain silent about that... will need approval to even mention the word again."

"An enema! Please... not too much."

"I'll decide that. Large and slow... I think the deepness and sense of capitulation will excite you... taking a nice high colonic while I shave your head. You're going to look ridiculous bald, Pattie. But I suppose that's what you want. You can explain that complete defoliation abets your nakedness and is good for you... makes you feel most vulnerable... that's best for a girl of your ilk."

Chapter Three

Pattie La Mange marvels in admiration as the hands work. Strap after strap, magnetic locks clicking, the knowing nurse is most expert and alacritous in binding a patient... her client... in the Segufix restraint system. Institutional in design... the high cost indicative of the quality and precise engineering... when bound, the so termed patient cannot only put aside thoughts of escape, but finds herself completely immobile as well. Pattie paid thousands, even ordering the expensive head restraint part of the system.

Yes, in visiting the manufacturer's website she found herself drooling in lust, imaging herself placed in such thorough restraint for hour after hour. With money no object, she purchased with gleeful expectation.

Nurse Kelly also marvels... at the naked girl's fine shapeliness... with her enthusiasm... with the intensity of her desire to finally manifest what is certainly a lifetime of latent desire. The Segufix system is not a toy, not like many of the cheap bondage paraphernalia fabricated mainly for show... more articles for amusement than for true captivity. No, it's real, and with years of experience, Nurse Kelly knows how to make it feel real... very real.

"I'll leave the key hanging on the doorknob where it can't be overlooked," Nurse Kelly informs as she tests the many thick nylon straps.

Satisfied, she moves to a night table. There awaits the coup de grace for what will be an unimaginably long evening... insertions... inflatable. To be slipped in place at Pattie LaMange's demented request.

"The gag first Pattie. I want you silent. There will be no going back... no protests... no pleas for leniency. I will decide how much you'll take."

Despite the strictness of the many thick straps, she notes that the girl quivers. And the reaction always brings wonder. She has seen it so often in girls of Pattie's ilk. Is it fear? Is it in joyous anticipation? Though the quests are unanswered,

she consoles herself. For she realizes Pattie knows not the answer as well. Kelly is very much aware that they never fully understand themselves... understand their own needs, the girls... and boys... of Pattie's paraphilia. And such delightfully adds to their own frustration.

Yes, the firm words nurture the strange craving of the masochist, Pattie knowing to open her mouth as the cruel inflatable gag is pushed past her lips and pressed inward until Nurse Kelly hears the sound of a slight gag. She smiles then squeezes the puffolator to inflate, assuring the insertion is not to be expelled. Next she moves to place a stanchion overhead, a two liter water bag hanging above. She connects a tube to the gag, turns a valve and watches with care and amusement as liquid flows to the gag. At the tip thrust deeply into the throat, it secretes... slowly but constantly... forcing Pattie to swallow... and swallow... and swallow.

Satisfied that it will be many hours before the seemingly unending drip permits sleep, there comes next the anal insertion, to slide easily past a well cleansed and lubricated rectum, and a vaginal insertion, the tip specially designed to abrade the anterior fornix.

Kelly wonders which slips within with more ease, for the sphincter is coated with KY jelly, and the love pouch of a concupiscent Pattie continues to ooze, evidencing her joy in ceding control.

It is then that Nurse Kelly entertains herself, alternatively squeezing the two puffolators, right hand then left, to further inflate, watching Pattie squirm in discomfort... and squirm to no avail against the amazingly tight and effective Segufix straps.

Satisfied again, there comes a sense of accomplishment, so affably offering the masochist a long night of slow torment. For when the water bag finally empties and permits slumber, a full bladder will then obviate rest with equal effectiveness. And wetting the bed to relieve herself

will be quite the challenge with the well inflated anal and vagina insertions bulging to impede the urethral passage.

Finished with her long evening of tendence, Nurse Kelly pauses to observe, assuring both safety and discomfort, smiling in listening to Pattie moan futile protests through her well stuffed mouth.

She listens. Then to amplify her power and Pattie's loss, she reaches down and offers the vaginal insertion one more squeeze, assuring that the wickedly shaped tip indeed abrades the fornix and that deep within, as deep as a girl ever feels, she can sense the thoroughness of another's governance.

"I assume you have arrangements for someone to release you in the morning. But with pain sluts like you, Pattie, you probably arranged for an afternoon visit... to suffer through most of the day."

Pattie attempts to move her head. The constricting head restraint encumbers the simplest of communication and Nurse Kelly laughs, interpreting the fruitless gesture as concurrence.

Chapter Four

The drive home offers moments for reflection. Kelly Devers smiles inwardly with thoughts of masturbating the tormented Pattie LaMange. Having finally bathed her nakedness, removed her cranial hair, palpated her entire body in search of any follicles which escaped the extensive and expensive laser removal, she finally offered mercy ending the enema with a gush, foul water and male semen surging to the tiled flooring, to be sprayed away to a waiting drain. Then, in an act of clemency, Kelly offered the expertise of her hands and fingers, culminating with a vibrator to the girl's love button. When Kelly sensed pending climax she mischievously withdrew... perhaps cruelly withdrew... laughing as Pattie squirmed, clenching her thighs in desperation. Finally the girl was able to finish herself, bringing a climax not full... the frustration of the ruined orgasm apparent. Pattie, being one of those few girls who ejaculates, ultimately squirted, her essence spurting to join the remnants of the expelled bodily fluids.

It was only then that the exhausted client... physically, mentally and emotionally spent... was released from the stocks.

Collared and leashed, Kelly's eidetic mind pictures her hand leading the girl crawling to the kitchen, supervising as she was fed some foul concoction indecorously slathered into a large dog bowl.

Ah, such stultifying degradation, Kelly mulls... but such welcomed degradation.

Her thoughts move to the brief reference to Nusquam. Remaining under contract, Kelly still receives a limited monthly stipend from the curious organization, ostensibly for consulting. Yet in the many months since she departed, there has been no consultation. She has become convinced that the funds are to ensure her continuing silence, a very short but significant contract paragraph emphasizing confidentiality... and that violating such not only ends the

arrangement but gives rise to the return of all paid emoluments as well.

Thus her reluctance to elaborate and her brief response to Pattie's query. Nusquam is truly not something she can talk about.

Still, David's succinct advice is to be given consideration. Would Nusquam indeed be good for the heiress Patricia LaMange?

The girl subjects herself to the whim of sadists. And she truly enjoys... the thrill of submission not to be denied with her love nest dripping in lust. And she is to spend her nights well bound, not only restrained but held absolutely motionless by the many Segufix straps drawn and locked to implausible tightness.

And to think such can be reversed... so simply reversed... with the clever magnetic device... for Pattie always in sight... and always out of reach. Ah such mental frustration to enhance the physical!

Whom will release her... and when? And then what evil antics will be undertaken... no doubt more narcotic for the addiction of masochism.

Perhaps David has a point. Not all are considerate. Not all are expert in bondage and corporal punishment and the subtle yet mandatory safety requirements and responsibilities which come with the role. Who visits the bedroom turned dungeon of Patricia LaMange? And where does the young but ardent masochist find them... contact them? Complete strangers? There is sure to be a mishap. Would a sojourn to Nusquam divert pending harm? With Pattie's fervor, her dive into the abyss of sadomasochism will surely give rise to haplessness... probably worse.

Kelly has the phone number, the Director of Nusquam. Should she call? Recommend the wealthy heiress as a Nusquam prospect? In order to discuss the Nusquam protocol, describe to Pattie LaMange the details of the bizarre and exotic facility, inform her, perhaps more aptly

phrased as convincing her of the merits, she will need to be relieved of the confidentiality clause in her contract.

The subject matter will need to be carefully broached, concerns that the clause has already been violated not to arise. But then again she has not. It was David that planted the seed.

Kelly has the little used number in her cell phone. Within moments the car's blue tooth connection rings the administrative office of Nusquam. Though well into the evening, Kelly knows of the quirky hours, members and guests to be served 24/7.

"How may I be of service?" the humble but suggestive salutation always bringing a smile.

"Kelly Devers for the Director."

"Good evening, Miss Devers, I've so much missed you. I will put you right through."

The soft high pitched voice brings not recognition. It seems impolite not recalling a name, perhaps Kelly's silent reaction considered somewhat aloof. But there were so many... so many to be cared for and nursed.

Before Kelly can strain with a reply, a ring indicates she has been immediately transferred.

"Kelly, long time no speak. Enjoying your retirement?"

At age thirty-five, Kelly knows the Director jibes, remaining somewhat offended by her resignation. And the perceived offense amplified when an offer of more money failed to change her mind.

"I've been building my practice, Director. Aftercare for dilettantes... those who occasionally place a toe into the hot water of D/s."

"Many burned digits, I'm sure Kelly. And with your experience with branded flesh, I'm sure your expertise with burns is well appreciated. What prompts your call?"

"I have a client who... well... has immersed more than a toe. She's dived in... and I am concerned. Quit her job and

offers herself daily. And possibly not overly discerning to whom."

"Goodness. Seems reckless. You've talked to her about Nusquam?"

Kelly immediately sniffs a trap, the Director clumsily attempting to gain an unwitting confession... a violation of her consulting agreement.

"I have not. The girl brought it up. Told her I could not talk about it."

"And how is it she is aware of us?"

"David Lapierre. He offers her a weekly caning... and more," Kelly's sense of etiquette obviating disclosure concerning the condition of the Pattie LaMange's ravished rectum.

"Yes, David will keep you busy, Kelly. He has his peccadillos, doesn't he?" the Director rejoins with a snort. "But he should not be disclosing anything about our little enclave. He'll have his membership suspended."

"Nothing more than the name... the girl new nothing more than that I would be a potential source of information... which I have not been."

"Good. We need to protect our privacy. I'll speak to David on his next visit. Remind him of our congregational vows."

"Of course, Director. But... well... the girl may in fact be a prospect. She's young... well shaped... generous breasts... buttocks that indeed invite correcting rattan... and rather pretty... until I shaved her head this evening. You know how much the degradation seems to thrill them... complete hairlessness."

"Yes, of course. And you would agree with my initial reaction?... reckless?"

"Yes, I am concerned. David handles her well, taking the girl to her limits and not beyond. A perfect caning this afternoon. Evenly spaced... not a stroke crossing... no broken skin... and yet I imagine excruciating... and oddly welcomed. But there are others... that I do not know...

unaware of their ultimate intentions. And what's worse the girl is equally unaware... naive. She seeks in... in... well... in curious desperation."

"And you say she quit her job? How is it she can support this... this praxis?"

"A recent inheritance. Apparently large enough to both support herself and indulge deeply. Transformed a second bedroom into part dungeon part medical clinic. When it comes to tormenting the flesh, there's not much lacking in terms of devices, supplies and equipment. To my knowledge she has not been made to ride her horse. But she has installed one... a plank most scabrous inviting the soft pink of her neglected cunny."

"Ahh... the horse. Slow, cruel and fascinating that she finds appeal. Well... send me measurements... and photos. You know the mandated poses. If she's found to be adequate, and I'm sure she will be, you can offer the girl an overview of Nusquam. And make sure you make her aware of the protocol... that our novitiates succumb... totally... and from the real world disappear... never to return."

"Of course, Director. I can have measurements and photos for you tomorrow. The girl has engaged me to visit daily."

"I see. Well, if she can so often afford your fine care it must be an impressive inheritance, Kelly. That will mean quite the commission for you. Twenty percent... your retirement nest will be even more tidy. Do remind the girl... if she chooses to walk our path... she will leave all funds... all assets behind. There are no free riders here at Nusquam."

"Yes, I will make her aware. Was that Robert answering your phone?" Kelly finally pairing a name with the soft high pitched voice. "His voice has changed."

"I have denied him his hormones. I want him feminized. I think he serves better."

"Yes, I suppose some do."

As Kelly turns off the highway, the phone clicks, the Director abrupt as always. She considers. In thinking of the heiress Patricia LaMange and Nusquam, Kelly recalls her years of service there. Is she doing the right thing? Servitude at Nusquam begins as voluntary, but then?

For Kelly Devers it was a high paying job, offering her expertise and many years of medical experience to ensure the health and relative well being of the many masochists. Those who make the one time irreversible and irrevocable decision to offer themselves for the joy and pleasure of the sadist members of the secretive... highly secretive... organization.

Yes, it was just a job, Kelly Devers constantly convinces herself whenever reminiscing, recalling the many shackled, branded, pierced and chronically excoriated and whipped naked forms. Yet, deep within, beneath her facade of professional caregiver, she enjoyed as well. Within months of departing, Kelly found herself deviating from her intension of establishing a vanilla visiting nurse service, instead once again tending to the many Patty LaManges... those wounded by their own demented psyches.

Well, as the Director urged, Kelly will be very forthright in describing servitude at Nusquam. That there is no turning back, no changing of the minds for those selected to serve. She envisions Douglas, apparently anointed as the Administrator's personal servant, and smiles in once again hearing the metallic pings as left gonad then right plunked into the waiting surgical basin.

'All gone', Kelly pleasantly sang, mother to helpless toddler, as she sutured closed his plundered scrotal sac. Curious how respectful he has always been to her... considering. And he truly has missed her... both her and his testicles.

Yes, there is no going back in becoming a Nusquam plaything.

Chapter Five

Kelly parks in the expensive Upper Eastside garage, checks her medical bag to ensure there is a measuring tape then grasps her digital camera. The swanky apartment of Patricia LaMange is across the street and she scurries, always finding herself a little behind schedule, the demands for her care and service endless.

The doorman wordlessly offers entry with a nod. He no longer inquires about Miss LaMange's health. Still he is perplexed, his wealthy tenant receiving a variety of visitors daily and is herself rarely seen. But a monthly envelope stuffed with cash has ameliorated his curiosity. Kelly knows, she has twice delivered such at the behest of her well bound client, helplessly staring at her bedroom ceiling, the Segufix head restraint system obviating the slightest motion.

As the elevator whisks to the 30th floor penthouse, Kelly reaches for her key, wondering what she will encounter. Her daily visit... soothing clamped tender flesh, tending to wounds, massaging limbs long held in bondage, bathing as one would an infant... always begins with a surprise. To what torments has Pattie been forced to endure?.. forced by her own sick libido.

Yes the girl orgasms with noted gusto after submitting to the whims of a visiting sadist.

Kelly slips in the key and turns, the door yielding. She is greeted with the sound of a moan, low and long, emanating from the spare bedroom turned dungeon. She smiles, knowing that Pattie has once again indulged, her addiction demanding she regularly capitulate.

To the bedroom door, Kelly twists the doorknob and pushes, the hallway light illuminating the pitch blackness within, the room's large picture window long ago boarded over.

As Kelly flips the light switch, there come a more earnest moan.

“Oh, Pattie, whatever have you been up to? Self bondage?”

Kelly first smiles with the sight then steps forth with concern. The afternoon visitor of masochist Pattie LaMange left her perched on the wicked horse, the leg muscles... thighs and calves... shaking convulsively, straining to protect the tender pink flesh of her mons from the most scabrous plank she is forced to straddle. A spreader bar, left ankle to right, forces apart her feet, clenched thighs not to offer relief.

Arms pulled behind, her tethered wrists are held high, mandating that the girl bend forward at the waist. She is gagged. Judging from the desperate attempts to swallow, Kelly has no doubt a penis gag is inserted deeply into her throat. And heightening the slow dull agony of exhaustion are teathed alligator nipple clamps with slim chains dangling beneath.

Pattie's mammary glands, in being of size, always seem to attract attention. And Kelly quickly realizes that to the chains have been added weights... someone entertaining themselves by slowly and methodically adding to the breasts' burden, no doubt taunting as the tender flesh endured ounce after ounce of added metal.

“Well, well, Pattie. You've had a long afternoon,” Kelly first sarcastically teases.

Then, as she puts aside her medical bag, Kelly realizes how dangerous is the game playing out.

What if she had failed to make this appointment? Car trouble... traffic... sudden illness... there are any number of things that could have happened that would leave Pattie in unending pain and potential long term damage to where a girl needs not to be damaged.

“Let's get you off your toes first.”

Kelly is all too familiar with the mechanics of the horse. The upturned plank is connected to the wall by a hinge, its height easily raised or lowered, and held in place by an

adjustable cord. The tending sadist thus selects in what mode and manner a girl will suffer, the higher the board the more the gruff edge abrades the tender cunt flesh and the more a girl must struggle on toes to protect herself from pain and harm.

Thus it is a simply matter to loosen the cord and in turn lower the board, bringing instant relief to muscles too long strained.

Kelly smiles in hearing the sigh as the girl's bare feet find the floor, relieving legs about to succumb. Then she very carefully, one by one, removes the many metal disks from the dangling chains, each one slight but collectively bringing unbearable suffering.

Burden relieved, Kelly returns to her medical bag, a tube of special cream to extinguish nipples afire. She intentionally leaves in place the stifling penis gag, the expected cry of agony to be suppressed.

"Take a deep breath," she forewarns, pinching open the left alligator clamp.

There comes a rush of air, followed by an attempt to scream, the gag veiling any vocal clamor which would alert the neighbors.

Though the suffering intense, Kelly knows the girl's addiction brings the bizarre joy of masochism, for her nose detects the fragrance of a quim sopping with juices of lust. As her fingers apply soothing cream, suffused with lidocaine, she glances down to the lowered edge of the tormenting plank. It is wet, the viscous vaginal fluid evidencing that the girl's ordeal has not been entirely objectionable.

"My, my Pattie, you have really enjoyed your afternoon. But perhaps it's been too long an afternoon."

The right nipple clamp follows, another attempted scream, more lidocaine applied.

"I'll want you to crawl for me... to the bathroom. A nice hot bath and then I'll also want some photos and take some

measurements. If you're a good girl for me I will masturbate you before binding you for the evening."

With her words, Kelly's right hand lowers, her finger tips diddling a chafed yet well exposed mons, the spreader bar dictating a pose of both humiliation and vulnerability.

Is that a smile Kelly detects?

Chapter Six

Once again Kelly ruminates during the drive home. Pattie LaMange was quite obedient, as expected, despite her apprehension about being photographed completely nude and made to pose most explicitly for the camera. For the Director, the spread shots will be telling, Pattie's inner labia nearly crimson with the rush of sexual delight brought by such forced exhibitionism, her vagina glistening with feminine juices.

What is it that so thrills the likes of Pattie LaMange... thoughts of Kelly's masturbating fingers? Exposing herself and her most intimate anatomy through the camera lens to unknown eyes? Being weighed and measured as would a piece of beef?

Then Kelly's thoughts divert to the danger. Another hour or two on the horse and Pattie's exhausted legs would surely have succumbed to the excruciating agony of having her most delicate feminine parts pressed by her full weight against the unyielding and gruff plank of the horse. Without timely relief, damage would follow, resulting perhaps in a lifetime of having to utilize catheters to pee.

There is also the peril of orthostatic syncope which, if not countered, can lead to death. If Pattie's long ordeal resulted in fainting, not uncommon when the body is long held upright, her circulation system would ultimately shut down if not relieved.

The visiting sadist, real name unknown to Pattie, was sloppy in that regard. No doubt she will not be returning and knew such when she began her afternoon of amusing torment.

Where does her demented client find them? And on this occasion submitting to a woman!

Yes, Kelly becomes convinced that, putting aside her sizable commission, Nusquam will be best for Pattie LaMange. No subjugant was ever in mortal danger or seriously injured there during her tenure at the discrete

enclave. Conversely, she recalls the first rate medical facility, the many hours of nursing care offered, the exacting diet... tasteless yet balanced... the nutrition levels measured with scientific precision to compensate for the demanded exertion, desired shapeliness, and role to be fulfilled by the subjugant.

Pattie will live out her days in masochistic bliss... owning nothing... being nothing... real name known to no one... a non entity in the vanilla world... having no obligations other than to serve... obediently serve. She will be bathed, groomed, fed, exercised, shaped, have not a care... and be masturbated... perhaps masturbated. There are those that are held in endless chastity when such is deemed best. But with Pattie's ability to squirt, she will certainly be put on display from time to time... her cunny made to perform as a source of obscene entertainment.

Yes, Kelly wonders indeed what will be the role of heiress Patricia Lamande... what function she will fulfill. Well shaped, alluring before submitting to baldness, she will certainly gain attraction... but from whom?

If she is fortunate she will appeal to a male member... young and virile. The sadism and resulting torment will be notable, but ultimately it is sex that is desired and such culminates any escapades. But being under the tutelage of the women! That can be daunting... sex being secondary to what Kelly can only term as revenge... unending revenge for being sweet... youthful... attractive... naively innocent.

As Kelly guides the car to her driveway, she plans a late evening. Some dozen photos are to be uploaded and emailed, many measurements... wrists, biceps, neck, waist, thighs at the knees, ankles, even the depth of her vaginal sheath... to be transmitted.

And the breasts... yes the mammoth cup size will surely gain attention.

Kelly is confident... she will be given the nod... permission to discuss Nusquam... and urge heiress Patricia LaMange to

offer herself as a candidate.

Chapter Seven

Kelly grasps her medical bag, steps from the car then pauses, turning her head to stare at the thick packet of paperwork on the passenger seat. Should she bring the Fedex delivery with her?

The Director forwarded the many legal docs overnight, the photos and data on Patricia LaMange receiving an enthusiastic response. Would it be premature to present the legal paperwork concurrent with her explanation and overview of Nusquam?

Kelly steps back, opens the car door and retrieves the envelope. It cannot hurt to have it ready. Pattie may find herself equally enthusiastic.

The paperwork joins the medical bag and Kelly locks the car and proceeds to the posh apartment building of Patricia LaMange, mentally planning her words and explanations and also speculating in what form, what condition she will find her client. Who has tormented her on this afternoon... fed her addiction.

Past the doorman, into the elevator, Pattie's neighbors have come to assume the girl is ill, disabled, not able to leave the apartment, requiring daily a visit from a tending nurse. If they only knew the details of her aftercare... or more shocking... the deviant antics undertaken in Pattie's expensively equipped chamber of pain and degradation.

The doorlock yields and Kelly wonders how many keys to Pattie's swanky abode are in circulation. It seems half the New York D/s community has access... has visited... has tormented.

Entering, the vast penthouse is silent... no moans... to pleas for attention in response to the rattle of the lock and latching of the door.

No afternoon play?

To the dungeon, Kelly pushes open the door. There is more silence as a hand reaches to the light switch. The

room alights and Kelly encounters a sight which would shock the neophyte.

The motionless naked and hairless form of Pattie LaMange hangs upright inches above the floor in suspension, wrists restrained behind her back, the spreader bar obscenely forcing apart enticingly proportioned thighs to expose the girl's sex. Kelly is relieved in noting the well endowed chest heaves, the girl is breathing. The suspension gear was purchased at great cost, a transformed parachute harness, safe and ironically comfortable. Yet Kelly realizes that indeed her prognostication of orthostatic syncope has overtaken the voluptuous form... and perhaps mercifully. For protruding from all parts pink... nipples, labia, and she must assume clitoral hood... are dozens of needles.

An extinguished Sterno can on a nearby table evidences that the excruciating agony was augmented with searing heat... which ironically also serves to cauterize and suppress bleeding... and inhibit infection.

All the extreme sensitive feminine anatomical parts of heiress Patricia LaMange have been porcupined... in D/s parlance.

"Oh Pattie," Kelly softly admonishes, knowing the girl cannot hear, "you've had a long, long afternoon," noting the broken capsules of ammonia next to the depleted Sterno.

Now many times did Pattie faint, only to be revived for the next searing hot needle?

Kelly needs to act. Too long hanging in an upright position will foster a cascade of life threatening reactions... various biological systems will one by one shut down. Once again Pattie has offered herself to the dangerous whims of an amateur. Subordinates held in such precarious forms of restraint require supervision.

What to do?

Lowering the unconscious form may bring damage, too many needles, too much chance of further penetration in toppling to the floor, the dozens of pricks currently

superficial, intended only to bring intense pain until cooled. Thus Kelly needs a mobile Pattie LaMange, able to support herself... briefly... when the harness is lowered and removed.

To the kitchen... a towel... some ice... Pattie will need to be revived, the deluge of endorphins spurred by her ordeal countered... the strange but welcomed nirvana of the vanquished masochist to end.

Chapter Eight

Kelly decides the most practical position for the required aftercare, the removal of many piercing needles, is to return Pattie to the stocks. Having released the harness's taut chain, lowering the semi conscious form, toes to the floor... carefully... she worked quickly to embrace the smooth softness of her torso and guided gently as the knees buckled and the tiling beckoned. Leashed... always making her client sense her control... Kelly awaited until the girl's head cleared. Then with soft, but firm commands, jiggling the leash in encouragement, Kelly led the girl to the nearby stocks. Spreader bar remaining in place, the short trip was awkward and required time, the threat of many needles precluding haste.

"You've endangered yourself again, Pattie. You came across another dilettante... and judging by the lipstick on the cigarette butts... another woman."

Pattie nods ever so slightly, the heavy wood of the stocks encumbering her neck.

"I did not know about the needles... she never told me. Said she had something I would enjoy."

"And you did... didn't you? Despite the intensity of the pain, deep within your cunny creamed didn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I suppose it did."

"Well if you had been left to hang much longer, it would have been the last time you felt those twinges... felt anything at all," Kelly lectures, her tone that of a stern mother. "The needles are barbed, Pattie. You encountered special wickedness today. Impossible to just pull out. I'm going to have to push them all through... one at a time."

Kelly sits on the low stool where days ago she shaved Pattie's head. Her right hand reaches forth, carefully palming the underside of the left breast, dangling low and pendulously. With the size outlandishly large for a girl of Pattie's stature, the protruding needles almost graze the tiled floor.

"Stay still... as much as possible. Any squirming and the needles in your pussy lips may do more damage. I'll get to those next. How many times did you faint? She used many ammonia capsules to assure you felt every hot thrust... so slight... the skin so easily jabbed... but so painful."

"I don't know. She was here... well... forever."

"She worked slowly. She took her time... pure evil in enjoying herself. For her there was no point in rushing... lots of needles...lots of soft tender spots," Kelly notes in slowly pushing through the first of dozens of shards.

"You asked me about Nusquam," dropping the first needle into a waiting dish. "If you'd like to learn more, I have been given some latitude."

Pattie squeals. With the flow of endorphins depleted, the pain of removal is not felt as a catalyst for sexual thrill.

"Yes, whatever it is, David suggested it may be for the best."

"I am tending to agree with him, at this point," a second needle pinging the dish.

"Nusquam is a place... a special place for people of your ilk... with your paraphilia. Do you know Latin?

"No Ma'am."

"Well the word would translate to 'nowhere', 'nothing', 'in no place'. And in a way it is. Few know of it... fewer know precisely where it is."

"Where is it?"

"If I knew, I would not tell you. But for the likes of you Pattie, it would be considered sanctuary. You'd be safe... from yourself... from those who dispense pain and torment so recklessly."

"You've been there?"

"Worked in the facility for many years... tending to masochistic souls like you."

"But how is it you don't know where it is?"

"It's a warm climate. That I know. Probably somewhere in the jungles of a South American country. The pilots who fly

in and out are sworn to secrecy... and are well rewarded for their discretion and silence... as I have been.”

“You would serve there... naked at all times... perhaps in some form of restraint. How, in what manner, would be determined by your evaluation. And you would serve for life. There would be no going back, Pattie. Subjugant’s do not leave Nusquam... not ever.”

“Sounds eery.”

Kelly smiles, pausing in thought as another needle exits pink tender flesh.

“It may... but I know girls like you... and boys... and I’m willing to wager you’re moistening right now, the thought of being immersed in this sick perversion, forced servitude, used orally and anally at another’s whim, excites... I have no doubt.”

Kelly decides to complete the nipples in silence. She will talk more about Nusquam as she works Pattie’s labia. Having proximity to the girl’s cunt, will be telling, a barometer of the girl’s lust... her demented thoughts not to be belied.

Chapter Nine

Kelly Devers sits on a stool next to a large tub filled with fragrant suds, the soft sore flesh of her client immersed in soothing warmth. She soaps the girl's head, the aftercare mandating glabrousness. A straight edged razor begins to glide, assuring the girl's unsightly baldness is shiny smooth.

"Your cunny became a wellspring, Pattie, despite all the pain and trauma. Very telling."

It was. As Kelly removed the rows of needles agonizingly thrust through her labia, she verbally took Pattie through life at Nusquam... life for those selected to serve. It seems the envisioned existence reeled through Pattie's mind like a graphic porn movie. Feminine essence oozed down her thighs.

"Must I give up everything?"

"Yes. That's the rule. You will have nothing... own nothing... have no means of every returning. It's permanent, Pattie. In completing the paperwork you will list all assets, all bank accounts, all brokerage accounts. You will sign powers of attorney granting the Nusquam Director full authority over all you own. You will be judged incompetent by mental health officials and not contest their findings, to be institutionalized, legally becoming a ward of Nusquam.

"It will require a few days... legal docs to be filed... court approvals completed. And then there will come a knock on your door and a Nusquam extraction team will end life as you know it. Everything here will be removed and sold. Forensic specialists will scrub the floors and walls. There will be no fingerprints, no DNA, nothing left of the wealthy Patricia LaMange.

"If for some reason someone were to report your disappearance to missing persons, the authorities will have no place to even begin to trace you. It will be as if Patricia LaMange never existed... instead becoming a number... a Nusquam subjugant living nowhere... to serve out her life in pain, degradation and unending humiliation."

Despite the warmth of the sudsy water, Kelly feels the girl shiver... in fear?.. in excited expectation? The reaction brings a smile.

And Kelly feels somewhat giddy herself. Though a client will be forever lost, this evening a 20 percent commission has been earned.

Chapter Ten

Kelly makes one last check of the Segufix straps, assuring inordinate tightness. She has bedded Pattie LaMange and knows that girls of her ilk feel best with thoroughness, the sense of capitulation and surrender complete. Sure enough, an arm and then a leg flexes in an attempt to move, the girl testing. Neither limb stirs more than a centimeter, Kelly marveling at the Teutonic efficiency of the restraint system.

"A little reward for you, Pattie. Your cunny is too sore for much else."

Having had her inner labia porcupined, a searing hot needle thrust through the thin pink flesh at quarter inch intervals, making the girl's portal appear to be zippered, Kelly's normally ecstatic masturbation will instead bring pain. Thus the knowing nurse gently splays the outer labia to open the girl's sex. Kelly smiles in noting the wetness. Merely being bound brings arousal. Then she carefully slides in a sizeable vibrator, avoiding the many wounds as best she can.

"The batteries will eventual die sometime in the night, but you'll not know when. So just enjoy... the pleasure... and the unknown."

Kelly dials to a setting she knows will bring unending titillation... the device to randomly turn itself on and off... then presses. The cylinder hums, Pattie futilely lurching with the initial pangs of delight.

"Ah... ah... no please don't leave me like this."

With the plea, Kelly knows she as deftly placed the insertion, avoiding the clitoris such that the pleasure seems distant and faint, yet the tip no doubt greeting the cervix. She smiles in self satisfaction then wedges a rolled towel between the well spread thighs, assuring the penetrating faux phallus cannot be ejected and serving to absorb vaginal juices which are sure to flow abundantly and well into the night.

"I'm going to have your locks changed, Pattie. Now that you're the property of Nusquam there will be no more frolicking with strangers. Goodness knows, half the city has access to you... and your naked flesh."

Kelly pauses to observe, her client somewhat squirming, the vibrator humming steadily. When it shuts off, Pattie moans in disappointment. When within moments it resumes its devilish tantalizing hum, Kelly is satisfied that heiress Patricia LaMange will suffer, the ultimate climactic orgasm so close yet so far. She turns off the light and closes the door.

It has been a long evening. Extracting the many needles, bathing and soothing pierced and inflamed flesh, artfully describing the masochistic joys of existence at Nusquam has all been burdensome. Into the elevator she finds her cell phone. The Director will be pleased.

The soft high pitched voice answers upon the first ring. Kelly, knowing now that it is Douglas, tactfully decides on brief banter.

"Your voice is getting higher and higher Douglas. You sound like little girl."

"Yes, Ma'am. It's... it's... well... the Director took away my hormone pills."

"Yes, and you seem so meek. It's probably best for you, don't you think? Without your little balls, dousing your system with artificial drugs counters what is best for you. What did happen to your little tidbits, Douglas?"

There comes a pause. Kelly smiles, well aware of the girly boy's reaction... there is reluctance... there is remorse... and there is awed respect... for the woman with the resolve to so dramatically alter a life.

"You... you... snipped them. They're gone."

"And is that best for you, Douglas? Aren't you more eager to serve now?"

"I suppose so."

Kelly smiles as the reply comes with the sound of a suppressed snuffle. Douglas now so easily emotes. She finds it cute.

"I'll put you through the Director," Douglas's reluctance to further discuss obviously mounting.

"Progress Kelly?" the Director's firm voice booming.

"Mission accomplished. I have signed papers, copies of bank statements, brokerage accounts, all you need to begin the process. She's yours. I am on my way to the hanger at Teterboro. It will be on the next flight out."

"Excellent. I'll have the legal team working within days. Meanwhile, do try to keep the girl chaste. It's best they arrive here... wanting."

"I will. She's easily restrained. Bought a complete Segufix system. Too much money... too warped in desire."

"That will change," the Director offering a rare chuckle.

"Her latest visitor took her into danger again. Porcupined her nipples and labia... heated needles... and left her passed out hanging in suspension. I'm not sure how close she was to being terminal. And it was a woman... again. There was an equally endangering encounter last week... with a woman."

"Do you think that is her gender preference?"

"Not sure. I think it's more desperation... she will submit to anyone wicked and threatening... who will take her to the edge."

"I see. Well we'll assure she's in constant discomfort... and happy here."

"What role will the girl play?" Kelly's curiosity insatiable. "She's too short and soft to be stabled."

"I agree. I reviewed her photos and measurements closely. We'll put her through the evaluations. If no member finds interest, I'll find a role for her here in my office."

The response perks Kelly's mind. The Director is discerning... firm... strict... and cruel. As young Douglas will certainly attest.

The phone abruptly clicks as Kelly pictures the neutered assistant. In her mind's eye he's in pigtails, make up with nails highly polished.

The vision brings a sigh. It's for the best, she murmurs to herself with a shrug.

Chapter Eleven

Kelly slips her new key into the lock of the penthouse. She expects to spend another evening of drudgery, changing Pattie's diaper, snapping on a leash and leading about her crawling nakedness for brief moments of exercise. It's been a week since delivering the many legal documents, and keeping Patricia LaMange chaste and in thorough restraint a boring chore.

But on this visit, the door swings freely, thumping the wall with a hollow thud which echoes. When Pattie turns on the light, she is surprised... then realizes she should not be.

The apartment is more than empty, it has been stripped... no furniture... no carpeting... no curtains... and the walls newly painted a dull white. Moving to the bedroom turned dungeon Kelly finds equivalent emptiness, Pattie's vast collection of bizarre BDSM equipment removed.

The sight of sanitized floors, walls, doors and ceiling is augmented by the smell. Chlorine.

The extraction team has been thorough, Kelly willing to wager that even the drain pipes have been cleansed, nothing of Patricia LaMange and her DNA to be left behind.

Moving to the bedroom where she expected to find her client strapped motionless and wallowing in her soiled diaper Kelly instead finds centered on the floor a white enveloped, sealed and neatly addressed to her, the team no doubt aware that she visits daily.

She opens, the sight of a cashier's check most welcomed. There is also a note...

Kelly,

Your commission. I prorated the sale price of the penthouse at \$3,500,000. If we receive more I will forward the difference. By the time you are reading this the girl will be immersed here at Nusquam... perhaps being caned... perhaps sucking off a member as she endures fellatio training. Her discomfort and servitude will be assured... in

safety. She can look forward to many years of torment before ending her stay being worked in the pump house.

Do come and visit us sometime. As you know the plane leaves Teterboro every Friday afternoon.

Regards,

Director

The check brings a broad smile. It is seven figures. Perhaps indeed Kelly can now retire. Perhaps she will become a Nusquam member. She can now afford the annual fee.

The reference to the pump house also brings a smile. She conveniently neglected to describe that aspect of Nusquam life in enticing her client into volunteering for existence there and signing away her life. The horrid facility really is no longer a pumping facility, the large heavy capstans long ago converted to generate electricity... generated by the toil and sweat of those subjugants no longer deemed alluring or otherwise useful.

They are declawed, defanged and desexed then relegated to a long later life of heavy unending labor.

Even Kelly, so calloused to human misery, shudders with thoughts of the subjugants in heavy shackles endlessly pushing in circles, the heat of the tropics bringing constant streams of perspiration and rarely requited thirst.

Well, she consoles herself, that's years away for the youthful Patricia Lamange.

Chapter Twelve

The once wealthy and well educated Patricia LaMange awakens. Confused, her consciousness slowly clears, cognition returns.

Her last memory was lying in bondage, the Segufix straps tight, bringing the strange sense of comfort in which she has come to revel. There come sounds, person or persons entering her apartment.

Miss Kelly returning so soon? It seems she just finished teasing her in near masturbation... ultimate orgasm denied Not likely. There are many other possibilities. She has issued many keys. But the locks have been changed.

Then the bedroom door opens, but with the only illumination remaining from the hall, her visitors to remain indistinguishable in the semi darkness. There comes a woman's voice.

"This is going to be one of the easiest to wrap. She's already snugly bound."

The comment brings laughter, throaty male laughter. The intricate restraint system offers no ability to lift her head to view. Then something is tossed over her face... cloth... cool, moist and smelling of chemicals. And that's it. Whatever the drug, a journey to dreamland beckoned... and it has seemed to be an unending trip.

Pattie finds she still cannot move. Normally this brings comforting thrill, bondage tight and controlling. But not now. She is not at her home, not under the caring auspices of Nurse Kelly... so strict... so firm... so matronly... and so safe. When she attempts to lift a leg, there comes the sound of crinkling plastic. Similar sound when an arm finds unyielding restriction. She begins to panic. In the darkness the unknown frightens.

There comes a voice, close by, as if someone is whispering in her ear. Then she realizes earpieces have been inserted.

“Welcome, 128. Welcome to Nusquam. Your new home... your last home.”

The voice is deep, somewhat whispering, the gender indistinguishable.

There comes light, narrow, the beam limited. Pattie, in lying supine, looks straight upwards, head remaining immobile. She looks into a mirror on the ceiling directly above. There is a reflection... and it shocks. Is that she? Could it really be?

It is a face and head. Bald now with eyebrows removed to bring eeriness. But worse, prominently imprinted on the forehead... her forehead? Are the numerals... 1... 2... 8. Such are large... and in black. If a tattoo, never to be removed without significant scarring. More likely never to be removed!

Pattie emotes. Tears form. The reality of her voluntary new existence dawns. It is no longer voluntary. How can she ever again present herself in public?

“What is your name?” the voice returning.

“Patricia LaMange.”

With her reply there comes an instant jolt... painful... where a girl feels much... and prefers tenderness. Something has been inserted, a dildo... deep and thick... and it delivers a shock well into her viscera.

“What is your name?”

As the voice repeats, the spotlight highlighting her forehead blinks, the numerals 128 seeming to be even more prominently displayed. She stares into the mirror. She notes plastic about what little of her body she can see. She recalls the woman intruder’s brief comment before succumbing... ‘one of the easiest to wrap’. Like a leftover morsel of food, Pattie begins to realize her immobility is no longer due to the Segufix straps, but instead that she is encased in plastic, her moist skin stifling and irritated by her own perspiration.

The dildo delivers a modest shock, returning her attention to the voice.

"Pattie... Pattie LaMange."

The shock repeats, stronger. Pattie... being mentally transformed to subjugant 128... cries out then sobs.

"I don't want to be a number!"

But she realizes... it is too late.

Finally there is light... full room light. Patricia LaMange... number 128... attempts to surveil her surroundings. Peripherally she notes the room is austere. Cinderblock. She confirms that she is indeed wrapped, her entire body encased, mummified in clear plastic, only her head exposed.

A woman enters. Dressed in white. Could it be Nurse Kelly... to her rescue!

It is not. The woman is dour, business like, not pretty like Nurse Kelly, but her looks not objectionable. Number 128 realizes she hears little, the ear pieces muffling the sounds of the woman's entry. She approaches with a tray, smiling wickedly. The plight of number 128 seems to amuse.

The woman presses a button. Sound hisses. As her lips move, Kelly hears the woman's transmitted voice.

"Some water, number 128. Salted... it will keep you thirsty and on edge... but will functionally restore the sweat you're exuding. And some ointment... for that nice black tattoo. Make sure it cures... that the ink sets well into your epidermis."

The nurse places the tray on a table unseen above the head of subjugant 128. A tube is thrust into the mouth of the naked enshrouded form and gruffly pushed to the back of the throat. There comes a gag reaction, number 128 resisting. The nurse picks up a remote control and presses, her finger bringing instant pain. Yes, there comes another shock, that which number 128 learned to avoid in repeating her new appellation dozens and dozens of times when the voice prompted.

“Take it. Swallow. You’ll learn that everything you ingest here will be forced into you. And there will be things worse than a feeding tube,” the nurse cackling with her admonition.

Number 128 has no choice. With more gagging, the tube slips inward. A flow begins. The nurse then brusquely begins coating the slightly swollen blackened flesh of her forehead.

It stings. But worse is the emotional pain, knowing that the ointment will serve to augment the permanency of her prominent delineation.

“At one time I felt sorry for sluts like you. Being marked... branded... pierced... modified at the whim of others. But there are those who need to serve... to be put in their place and constantly reminded of the superiority of others. Deep within, you’ll find the strange happiness the likes of your desire. And if you don’t, it won’t matter. Your happiness is inconsequential. You will be worked and used for the pleasure of others... whether it titillates your sick psyche or not.”

Intubated, number 128 cannot reply. And in being immobilized cannot resist as the hand retreats from the forehead, lowers and gruffly pushes past the forced open lips to grasp the girl’s tongue.

She pulls. Number 128 grunts in protest as the fingers pinch at thin tuft of flesh on the underside.

“Snipping the frenulum comes first. Then this will become your most prominent sex organ. You’ll have a lively tongue... and be well trained to use it. And you’ll be made eager to use it,” the words coming with another annoying cackle.

The nurse turns to silence, patiently watching the liter of salted water drain into the stomach of number 128. When she abruptly pulls the tube, droplets spill into 128’s mouth. Salty indeed, the liquid serves to aggravate the girl’s thirst. When 128 licks her lips in desperate need the nurse smiles.

“A few more days of adjustment and you’ll be eager to serve. Be obedient, listen attentively to the voice, and do

not relieve yourself until told. You're well wrapped, you'll only soil yourself and won't be the first subjugant to wallow in your own excretions."

A hand reaches, thumb and finger finding the right nipple, pinching with zeal.

"Nice tits. I'm sure you've enjoyed them since puberty. Now others will... and you won't."

Tray in hand, the woman exits. The lights extinguish. Number 128 is returned to immobile darkness.

Chapter Thirteen

Subjugant number 128 lies and lies and lies. The voice seems to know in the darkness when sleep overtakes. Whenever slumber beckons the bright narrow beam alights, the mirror glows, the large black numerals reflect and the low voice no longer whispers but instead booms into the ear pieces, awakening.

“What is your name?”

128 obediently reads back...1... 2... 8... and does so quickly and with fervor. For she has learned it is only then that the light darkens and the horrid sight of her transformed forehead disappears.

Yet it will return again and again when her subconscious glides into dreamland.

The salted water begins to add to her unending misery. It is only sensing the discomfort of her full bladder which breaks the monotony. She has need, and in the seclusion, the urge to urinate overtakes her thoughts.

Oddly she wishes the irritating nurse would return... perhaps once again pinch her nipples in diversion from the endless nothingness.

Bladder needs overwhelming, 128 slowly presses, contracting the muscles of her belly. Her thighs encased together tightly, it requires effort. She feels a trickle then cries out, the electrical vaginal insertion seems to know, aware of her efforts. It zings with even more voltage.

She knows to stop. The insertion quiets, the pain subsides.

Once again 128 manages to doze. The light startles, the voice booms. Her reply comes earnestly... 1...2...8... this time followed by a plea.

“I need to pee!”

“Who needs to pee?”

“1... 2... 8. Please I must go.”

“You will reference yourself with your number... not the pronoun ‘I’. And you will not urinate until commanded. At

Nusquam nothing is done without a command and permission.”

“May I...” the girl quickly correcting herself, “may 128 empty then sleep? Please?”

“In time. That is for others to decide.”

Chapter Fourteen

Perhaps 128 should be grateful for the denial. For what little she was able to excrete, held within the confines of the constricting layers of plastic wrapping, now irritates the skin. She needs to scratch... she needs to move... she needs the exhilarating feeling of cooling air on skin long confined.

Then the voice returns, soft but remaining deep, the gender remaining indistinguishable.

"Why is 128 here?"

The girl has no reply. After a moment of silence the cruel electrified dildo shocks.

"Why is 128 here?"

Attention riveted, further pain to be avoided, subjugant 128 equivocates.

"I... er... 128 is... well I... er 128 has needs that... well...I'm... I'm.... 128 has special needs."

The strained attempt earns a jolt. Despite the darkness it seems the chamber alights, the voltage intense.

"The needs of 128 are of no consequence. 128 is here to serve and please... in any manner demanded."

Subjugant 128 finds herself nodding in concurrence. The notion implanted, she reflects on her life since her father's inheritance cleared probate. Profligacy... monetary and sexual profligacy. Everything she has done, every dollar tossed away, has been to satiate her deviant lust. Even hiring the well experienced Nurse Kelly to assure her sick fantasies play out 24/7.

And now, there are no fantasies. Instead there is nothing, her money, her home... her very life... signed away.

She is a number. Tattooed, the permanency not to be denied. And what was it the horrid nurse suggested... her reference to being marked... branded... pierced... modified at the whim of others?

128 swishes her tongue, sensing where earlier before the nurse pinched. 'Snipping the frenulum comes first,' she advised. 128 shudders in fear. There comes the frightening

realization that in being bound, enshrouded to both restrain and bring slow mounting discomfort, they can do anything... and forever.

It dawns... the sessions of D/s don't end at Nusquam. There are no sessions... just a life of servitude and pleasure... for others.

"You may urinate. Prepare to empty yourself quickly and thoroughly at my command," the voice ending thoughts of her stultifying yet dreary new existence.

128 contracts her stomach muscles in preparedness, knowing the task will be impaired by forcibly clenched thighs and the sizable vaginal insertion. She finds the pause distressing, expecting permission more readily. Then she realizes... she's being programmed... both mind and body to be altered... discipline instilled.

"Empty," finally comes the simple but most welcomed command.

128 presses, a warm flow... odorous, irritating... surely to enhance the burning itchiness of her sweaty skin... floods the interior of the encapsulating plastic. There comes relief... there comes dread. How long will she be left to wallow in her own juices?

Chapter Fifteen

The door opens. Light comes by way of a narrow beam. Whomever enters is unknown, not to be viewed. A dark thick cloth blinds, covering the eyes, grazing the sore flesh of 128's tattooed forehead.

Gloved hands work open her mouth. Fingers pinch closed her nostrils. The ear pieces click. A hiss is followed by a voice... male.

"Open. Some surgery for you... minor for now."

128 opens... in obedient compliance... but also to breathe. Metal is forced into her mouth, wedging between her teeth. She knows, having purchased a molt gag during one of her long and expensive kinky shopping sprees. Used as a D/s toy in her apartment dungeon, the reality frightens as the device is adjusted to part further her lips, mouth to be opened distressingly wide.

What is to be done? What is happening?

Once again her tongue is pinched, pulled outward, the tip seeming to painfully touch her nose

"This will help you suck cocks... among other things. Another oral slut for the members of Nusquam, ha, ha, ha."

With the gruff laughter, 128 feels a sharp instance of pain... under her tongue... an incision. Just as the nurse prognosticated, her mouth is to be altered, her oral appendage to be transformed. As she next feels the pin pricks of tiny sutures, there is nothing she can do but lie and cede her oral cavity to... to... whom?

"I do dental work to make a living. But here I alter little cocksuckers gratis... so they can best be trained... and I can enjoy the benefits of my skills. You'll soon be tasting me... and thanking me for the opportunity to serve."

With that, suturing complete, 128 feels the gloved fingers plummet. Into the depth of her throat, the tips diddle and knead, seemingly in amusement as she gags... and gags... and gags.

“Ha, ha, ha. You’ll soon be taking the biggest and longest, gliding in and out, feeling hot spunk spurt into your gullet. They all learn to relish it... as will you.”

Coughing, spittle splattering, the fingers finally retreat, leaving 128 struggling to calm the desperate reactions of her invaded throat. There is more distress as the flashlight extinguishes, the blinding dark cloth is removed yet the molt gag remains in place.

Will she be left to choke on her own saliva?

Chapter Sixteen

Molt gag remaining, 128 learns to swallow with circumspection, her own juices bringing the sensation of drowning. It aggravates, adding to the displeasure of the deluge of burning urine. But the voice comes not, and 128 for now is relieved of the gut wrenching shocks of discipline.

In the dark nothingness, the tender care of Nurse Kelly comes to mind. She needs to be bathed. She pines for the purifying whisks of her straight razor. And to be masturbated! The hands and fingers found to be sublime!

The aftercare was worth all the pain and suffering. She would gladly ride the horse again, submit to the many searing hot needles, endure another caning just to be under the knowing woman's soothing ministrations.

'I need to go back,' come silent words of remorse. '128 needs to go back,' she corrects her own thoughts. But to what? There is nothing to which to return... no home, no money, no job. And in avoiding poverty, there would be need for employment... and that would mandate she be presentable. How does she explain the numerals 1...2...8? Large and black where all are to see and question.

She puts aside further musings... she must put aside further musings. Desire... her desires... are now moot. She will drink what and when commanded... eat what and when commanded... urinate when commanded... defecate when commanded... sleep when commanded. She can only speculate on other demands... the dental work no doubt auguring fellatio.

The monotony finally breaks with the opening of the door. The room illuminates. A woman enters. The ear pieces hiss. 128 hears a voice... a woman's voice. It is mature, yet timid, faltering. And when the woman finally steps into view, 128 is surprised.

"45 is present, 128. Here for training," a lisping voice greets.

A hum and grunt must serve to greet as the molt gag obviates any verbal offering. Then 128 stares.

45 appears to be in her forties, though in her bald nakedness age is difficult to determine. There is a stainless steel neck collar with matching bands of steel circling the wrists, ankles, thighs above the knees, biceps at the elbows. The woman is completely defoliated, mons, head and eyebrows. And in replicating 128's bizarre look, the numerals 4 and 5 adorn her forehead... large and black.

In the woman's right hand is a squeezable plastic bottle. In the left a huge dildo, appearing soft and flexible, its color matching the bottle.

"Your fellatio training is to begin. Having sucked off more stiffness than any other, 45 trains, the pump house avoided... for now," the woman's enunciation strained.

As the naked form steps proximate, 128 notes the woman uses not pronouns, just as the voice has been so firmly been instructing. No 'I'... no 'me'. The woman is a number... as is 128.

"128 will need to control the gag reflex first. Deep throating is mandatory here. Choking considered to be insulting. Water is to be taken, there is to be a pause, the liquid not to be swallowed until the command is given."

The bottle is positioned, directed at the yawning mouth of 128. Squeezed, there comes a slight but forceful squirt. The woman teasingly directs it about the inside of the mouth, tantalizing, deliberately attempting to trigger what is prohibited... swallowing, possibly choking. For 128 the drowning sensation returns as her mouth fills. She also tastes saltiness and realizes... thirst quenching pure fresh water may always be denied. It is Nusquam.

In watching 128 struggle, the woman smiles. 128 is shocked to see that she is toothless, her fellatio training undoubtedly harsh... and thorough.

The woman withdraws, putting aside the bottle, wickedly delaying the command to swallow. After a moment... too

long... comes the welcomed word.

“Swallow.”

Simultaneous with the command, the woman reaches and grasps the altered and sore tongue. 128 sputters, salt water ingesting but also spilling.

“Tsk, tsk. Sloppiness is forbidden here, 128. 128 will need to practice. But first a few inches of Fred, the training dildo. 128 and Fred are going to become close friends over the ensuing days. 128 will come to take great comfort as he slides in and out, in and out, deeper and deeper. Some of the girls imagine him tickling their tummies...”

Chapter Seventeen

Initial fellatio training completed, the molt gag has been removed. 128 lies sensing relative nirvana, despite the bondage and dark loneliness. Her full bladder and itchy encapsulated nakedness seem to be inconveniences compared to the recent ordeals. She is cautiously cheered that such have ended.

But a new concern brings rumination. In completing the training session, 128's so termed new friend Fred repeatedly pressed to the back of her throat... and seemingly beyond... 45 turned to exit, revealing her bare buttocks. The flesh of her right cheek, at one time most shapely no doubt, is adorned with the letter 'N'... large, the keloided skin a hideous crimson which brought noted prominence. The woman has been branded, 128 quickly realized in horror... like an animal... like something owned... like a slave.

Hideously tattooed, will 128 be branded as well? The many steel bands readily announced the woman's subjugant status, demanded bondage no doubt instant and thorough. To be marked as well... painfully and permanently!

The ear pieces interrupt her thoughts.

"Why is 128 here?"

"128 is here to serve and please," the words coming by rote, 128 now prepared to reply the instant the ear pieces hiss.

"45 reports you have a strong aptitude for fellatio, 128. That 128 is going to be a good cock sucker."

"Thank you. I... 128 tries to please," 128 catching herself.

"128 will do more than try. A reward for progress. 128 may urinate... upon command."

"Thank you. Thank you."

The words are followed a long pause... and disbelief... that the well educated, once wealthy Princess would thank a superior for being permitted to soil her herself. Though the excretions from the previous release have yet to fully dry,

leaving her mummified form soaking in odorous irritating filth, her needs overwhelm. She will urinate and be grateful.

Thus 128 prepares, pressing her stomach muscles, the vaginal insertion inhibiting normal flow. When permission finally comes... '128 may empty'... the delay seemingly interminable, she is ready. Quickly she senses the wet warmth which ironically comforts... initially... and finally lifts the burden of constant bladder pressure.

"128 performs well. Obedience is demanded at Nusquam. Your nurse will visit... in time... and offer care."

"Thank you. May 128 drink... water? Fresh water?"

"128 will drink what is demanded. Do not inquire again."

With the admonishment, 128 feels a slight electrical tingling within her vagina... a warning. She will indeed not inquire again.

Chapter Eighteen

Once again the ear pieces announce pending activity. The room alights. Cheer returns... relative cheer. Then 128 catches her reflection in the ceiling mirror... the large black numerals of her tattoo. It disheartens.

"A bath... and some exercise."

It is the nurse, her words stern yet bringing the heart to leap.

Freedom!

As the nurse steps forth, 128 hears a woof and the clatter of claws on concrete. A dog accompanies the nurse, and judging from the timbre of the bark, it is of size.

"I trust you like dogs, 128. Our canine friends are trained to ensure your obedience. Very friendly if you're obeisant to them. They are very much aware of who is to be under their command and who in turn commands them. So follow the rules."

With the words of advice, the deeply set ears pieces are pried away. Next a curved knife, razor sharp, slips under the layers of plastic wrapping at the neck. 128 shudders in fear, but the nurse proves to be exacting as her hand glides downward, between the hillocks of her breasts, to her belly, mons and the narrow crevice formed by tightly encased thighs and legs. The woman has before peeled away the confining wrapping of a helpless subjugant.

The room air brings an instantaneous chill, the skin wet with perspiration and urine. The stench overwhelms as the plastic is pulled aside, the nurse barking a command as she steps away.

"Stay!" the sharp word master to dog.

She returns. In her hand is a leash, quickly clipped to a steel collar about the exposed neck of 128. For the first time, she realizes she has been banded just as 45, her fellatio trainer.

128 lifts her arm, staring in horror at shiny steel bands about her right wrist and bicep at the elbow.

“When?..”

“Silence,” the nurse commands. “Subjugants are banded upon arrival. Easier while under sedation. To the floor. Crawl for me.”

Obedience ingrained, 128 follows the nurse’s tugs. Atrophied muscles awkwardly propelling, she slides from the table finding that it is of thick molded polymer, curved to conform to her supine nakedness. 128 more readily senses the vaginal insert. In fully stuffing her love channel, it feels mammoth and will certainly impede motion. Then her attention turns to the smell. Though it disgusts, she basks in the relative liberty, straining in feeling the curious dildo while shuffling about, responding to the taut leash tensioning her collar.

She notes the canine companion. It is huge, most likely a Mastiff, the largest breed on Earth. The dog gazes at her intently, seeming prepared to lunge at the slightest undesired motion.

128’s visual examination ends as she is led to a corner. On the wall there is a hose with spray nozzle. The nurse ties off the leash and grasps the hose, turning a valve.

“I won’t wrap you again until tomorrow. You’re to be displayed this evening, with the other new arrivals. Get you cleaned up and presentable.”

Water flows, initial coolness changing to frigid cold. 128 sputters, the shock emptying her lungs. As goose bumps form, nipples the size of silver dollars crinkling to nickels, the reaction brings a wry smile to the nurse.

“You’re all so eager for a cleansing... then you find objection. Spread! Knees parted. Press your numbers to the floor. Present your cunt to me. And to Brutus. He likes naked girls. Quite the randy hound.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” 128 sucking air, the reply strained as thighs part and her head lowers.

Such cruelty! Though the spray moderates, the nurse directs to the well exposed mons of 128. The chill brings a

lurch, tensioning the leash in a futile attempt to avoid. The flow hits the exposed end of the vaginal insertion, sending bizarre oscillations well into her viscera.

“Ha, ha. You’ll soon be pining for the spray hose. When worked in the tropical sun, you’ll be begging for cold water.”

The spray ends.

“Some rules,” the words coming as the nurse prepares a bucket of soapy water. “You are to be compliant to the wishes of the members at all times. As you’re well aware, they are libertines... sadistic libertines. They enjoy the naked humbleness of the subjugants. Thus you are to present yourself bending and spreading to show your cunt... at the first sight of a member. Some will inspect, some will ignore. But it’s the rule, to expose yourself at their whim.

“You are never ever to touch yourself. The many well trained hounds are ubiquitous and will know... they will sniff where a girl most reveals her naughtiness. And the penalty for stinky fingers is quick and painful. Lord knows how many bites we’ve had to treat over the years.

“You’ll be used anally and orally. We’ll be opening you somewhat over the ensuing days. Keep you tight there but supple at the same time. Torn rectums make a girl unusable. The sutures require days to heal.

“Initially you will be leashed and under the control of a trainer or member at all times. Later, once indoctrinated, that may not be necessary. But unleashing is earned... a privilege, not a right. You have no rights. You are owned. This is Nusquam.”

The narrative ends as 128 feels the soothing wet warmth of a soapy chamois cloth slather at her shoulder blades. As the hand grazes down her spine to her buttocks, the tender knowing touch brings reminiscences of Nurse Kelly... pretty Nurse Kelly... caring Nurse Kelly. She who arranged what is essentially the kidnapping and incarceration of the needy masochist Miss Patricia LaMange... relegated to being a number... and for the sadist... a pile of savored flesh.

Chapter Nineteen

128's joy is short lived. The nurse ends the cleansing, untying the leash.

"Squat," she commands, Brutus moving to threateningly sit nearby.

128 obeys, shuddering in fear as Brutus bares his fangs. Head rising, torso straightening, legs moving to position her feet, she squats.

"128, spread for me. Always spread," the nurse reminds, free hand moving to a pocket.

128 feels a zing within her quim, the vaginal insertion coming to life. She instantly slides apart her feet as the nurse moves behind her and bends.

"Cough," the command coming as 128 senses a hand jostling the free end of the vaginal insertion.

128 utters a dry cough, the pubo coccygeus momentarily relaxing. The nurse pulls quite firmly, quickly slipping out the mammoth obelisk. 128 sighs in relief as the nurse holds before 128's inquisitive eyes the glistening object, slick and wet with feminine essence.

The device is of black rubber, oddly shaped... yet wickedly shaped. 128 realizes it has been crafted to not only deeply penetrate but numerous bumps and ridges make extraction nearly impossible, not to be expelled without the firm tugs of assisting fingers. Yes, at the penetrating end the insertion bulges, somewhat 'Y' shaped, the huge double tip nestling into the fornix right and left, deep within cradling her cervix. Numerous smooth metal plates no doubt deliver the electrical shocks she has endured. And a short dangling wire at the free end serves as an antenna. As 128 has found, she can be punished remotely. A simple press of a finger to bring debilitating agony.

"You can't imagine what these training dildos cost, 128. Months in development. The shape, the proper voltage, the electronics... plus wiring the entire compound to assure the female subjugants can be properly jolted and disciplined.

Lots of time and effort to remind our masochists of their place.”

Fingers twist, the bottom yielding to free a column of batteries. Such are disposed of, a nearby shelf offering a fresh supply.

“Don’t feel relieved. We’ll have you stuffed again later. It’s now time to put you on display. Stand. Hands to your head. Walk behind me and to my right. Heel for me, like the little doggie you’d like to be.”

The nurse pulls from the wall a thick length of plastic and turns, offering the leash a harsh tug as she strolls to the exit door. 128 knows to follow, Brutus the Mastiff in turn following her.

“We use the sjambok here. We go through so many we need something cheap for correction. Quite painful yet it rarely breaks the skin. That’s important. Infection is rife in the tropics. Plus open welts can be rather unsightly, don’t you think?”

With that, the nurse pauses, turns and delivers a crisp stroke to 128’s right buttock. She lurches and howls, the pain unexpected, instant, and convincing.

“Yes, you’re going to be a good girl for me, 128. Very obedient, very respectful.”

The leash hand lowers, fingers gesturing. 128 remembers to spread her feet, invitingly. The hand reaches, fingers splaying the hairless vaginal lips, slipping inward with ease.

“You howl in pain, but your cunt tells me you enjoy, 128. You’re going to cherish your long stay at Nusquam. We know exactly what you need.”

Remaining wet, the quick cold rinse returning her nipples to pencil points, 128 is led into the bright sunlight, the glare bringing a sheen to her naked hairless flesh. Outdoors, fully exposed, leashed and under the auspices of a dog, oddly she feels satiation. The secretive world of Nusquam is finally to be revealed.

Chapter Twenty

Is it within reason to pine for the quiet darkness of being wrapped?

Such thoughts broil as 128 stands on toes, wrist bands summarily clipped to a long horizontal pipe high above. Restrained spread, as seems to be the demanded pose at Nusquam, her right ankle band is secured to the left ankle of a girl of color. Her left is secured to the right ankle of a... well... 128 is not certain. The forehead bears the numerals 1...2...6... followed by the letter 'C'. The naked form appears effeminate, but a diminutive strip of flesh flops about between parted thighs... and if there were testicles such have apparently been excised. Thoughts of such calloused alteration at first gave rise to concern. But as the stress slowly takes its toll, standing motionless in the searing hot tropical sun, hour after hour, thoughts of 128's own well being pervade.

The nurse restrained her, leaving Brutus in charge. Her final advisement was to remain still, fighting the restraints to be futile, and reminding that relieving oneself without permission a violation... infractions to be policed by the imposing canine.

Diverting the unending suffering... attempting to divert the unending suffering... 128 turns her head right to surveil her compatriot. The girl is tall. Her dark skin is hairless including head and eyebrows. 128 cringes in noting that she bares no tattoo, instead the keloided flesh of the forehead reveals the numerals 127. She has been branded, the black ink of 128's delineation otherwise not discernible on her coal blackness.

As opposed to 128's somewhat zoftig form, the girl is muscular, most likely an athlete... former athlete... with thin layers of epidermis highlighting thighs and calves of power. The buttocks are attractively rolled, ready to unfurl and forcefully propel. Contrasting 128's voluptuous form are the

breasts... shapely yet limited... body fat long ago burned away by what 128 imagines to be exhausting workouts.

"How long have you..."

128's question is truncated as a docile Brutus snaps to attention. A deep loud woof interrupts, the hound bounding to closely position himself before 128's spread thighs. She feels his hot breath on the tender pink of her nether lips. Initially welcomed, yet the snarl frightens, her vulnerability unbounded.

Message received, 128 returns to silence, peering down at the massive head, tongue dangling, saliva drooling, the panting breath bringing a frisson of delight despite the apprehension.

Subordinating herself to a dog! Degrading, but there is no doubt that Brutus is in charge. There even comes a reward when, apparently satisfied with 128's silent compliance, Brutus offers her mons a quick lick, bringing evanescent delight... demented delight... before the beast saunters off to return to his guard post.

Thus the day wears and wears. Is this all there is to Nusquam?

Boredom, a filling bladder and the slow suffering bring the need for diversion. 128 looks about to survey her surroundings. There are low cinder block buildings, many and unpretentious. In the distant horizon the low rolling hills are verdant, the surroundings indeed a tropical jungle. There come the sounds of fauna, unrecognizable. Birds exotic. Insects serenading in unison. When strange hoots, howls and wails are heard in the distance, 128 becomes oddly grateful for the protective presence of Brutus, the huge canine no doubt able to fend wild beasts of size and ferocity.

Peering at what appears to be a lighting pole, 128 notes a high mounted camera, its lens directed. Someone, somewhere is observing, the three naked struggling forms, restrained motionless in the hot sun, serving to entertain.

Chapter Twenty-One

128's agitation grows. She needs to empty herself and without the vaginal insertion such should be facile. Yet there is no one to offer permission and Brutus is sure to enforce the rules. Plus there is the monitoring overhead camera and the threat of the sjambok, the nurse's quick and effortless demonstration stroke most painful.

She attempts to squeeze together her thighs, holding the contents of her bladder within. As she tugs, drawing in right foot and left, 127 responds, in turn pulling her left foot. 128 finds herself losing the duel, the well muscled left leg easily drawing inward to add aggravation to 128's awkward and revealing pose. She finds herself further spreading.

This cannot last. She must pee!

Alas, there come the sounds of activity. A door opens and closes somewhere behind. There are voices. Finally into view comes a woman... tall, blonde, potentially ravishing but for masculine hair styling detracting from natural feminine allure. In her right hand is sjambok. In her left a leash leading to a steel neck band. Following is the collared, naked hairless form of a girl, forehead tattooed in black, numerals 5... 4, her many steel bands evidencing her position of subservience.

"Some new arrivals 54. Exciting is it not!"

128 assesses. The woman wears the attire of an equestrienne, white satin blouse, beige jodhpurs and black leather riding boots. The girl is of age, perhaps more woman than girl. Hands to her head, she obediently responds to tugs on the controlling leash, alacritously heeling in perfect cadence with the casually strolling woman. She is well trained. In moving about, 128 notes the cruel brand. Just as with 45, a large letter 'N' adorns her right buttock, the coloring a distinctive deep red.

"Awaiting branding. And such a motley group. This one is no doubt destined for the stables."

The comment comes as the woman stands eye to eye with 127. She snickers, her look of Scadenfreude remaining as her right arm extends to offer the sjambok. Her leashed companion knows to take the implement in her mouth.

The free right hand reaches forth. 127 squirms in her bonds.... resistance... fear? It matters not, the woman's touch is not to be avoided.

"You're well shaped for physical exertion, 127. We can offer that here in abundance. Too tall for a gymnast. Basketball? You may speak."

"Track, Ma'am. 200 meters. I.... er... 127 set a conference record."

The words come as the woman's fingers brazenly pinch a perky left nipple, roll about then squeeze to bring a grimace of pain.

"Well, there's the stables for 127. And 127 will be run more than 200 meters here. The pony cart... girls like 127 pull for miles. Come to enjoy laboring for the amusement of others. Also savor a bit of the sjambok. Girls like you come to crave it, relish it. You won't be feeling much else."

The fingers release, the hand gliding down to apprise rippled abdominal muscles, then moving to the well exposed mons. Fingers splay open the feminine portal, sliding within. 127 shudders... in distress?

The woman smiles, 127's quim affirming what she knows.

"You're excited. Aroused to be presented to me stripped naked, branded and spread?"

The hand retreats, the woman holding up her fingers, wet and glistening in the hot sun.

"No need to answer. Your cunt speaks for you. 127 is going to have a long grueling stay here at Nusquam. I may just work you a little myself. But I prefer working the male. I have a stallion. Well trained yet not too docile. Still there lacks the challenge of breaking in a new steed."

The woman retrieves the sjambok, steps back and delivers a crisp and exacting stroke to the left buttock. 127

screams in agony, the woman laughing with the strident reaction.

“Ha, ha... it’s unfortunate I need to restrain myself. Can’t have that right cheek welted. The branding iron awaits.”

The woman returns the sjambok to an obedient mouth and steps to confront 128.

“Well, well, a dumpling. Nice and soft. Lots of flesh. My imagination hears the thwacks of a cane on buttocks eager to be heated. Is that true 128? You look like the type of girl that would bend in eagerness. And such tits. More bovine than human.”

Free hand and leash hand extend to palpate left nipple and right. The touch is tender and knowing. The pinks nubs instantly crinkle seemingly inviting more manipulation. With the many weeks of denial... Nurse Kelly long ago refraining from bringing 128 to complete orgasm... the many chaste days and nights enshrouded in plastic... 128 sighs with the delightful touch. She wants more, disappointed when the fingers withdraw.

“Yes, 128 would express marvelously. We’d have you letting down copiously, the goat milking machines are amazingly effective. Have you begging to be milked... by hand... slow, gentle. There are subjugants here at Nusquam who can have a girl performing for us... lactate dribbling at the sound of their voice,” the words offered in a soothing and sultry tone.

The free hand lowers finding the outer labia of the hairless portal, once again splaying with deft, fingers entering a vagina sopping with feminine essence.

“You’re even wetter than 127. So eager to serve. So eager to perform for me. So nicely curved, 128. You must have been attractive before being shaved and tattooed. And you will brand well... have you looking like the cow you’re so eager to emulate,” the leash hand reaching behind to smooth over the soft well rounded right buttock.

"54, after she's branded and trained I want you to show 128 around. Show her how you groom and ready Richard for his daily run. She'll fluff him nicely, I'm sure. Richard's becoming too accustomed to you. And you're nearing another step in status. The pump house beckons."

The girl nods, her face sullen in reaction to the commands.

"Thank you, Ma'am," 128 finding her voice. "May I pee?"

There comes a grin, turning wicked.

"Yes. But you'll not soil the ground here. We have certain ...ah... rituals. 54," snapping her fingers and pointing.

The leash hand offers slack. A glum 54 steps to 128's front, lowering to her knees, her mouth proximate to the moist portal.

"Go ahead. You'll return the favor for 54 when you're better trained."

128 is horrified, the woman ready to accept her excretions, the lips are pressed to her labia, positioning perfectly to take her flow. Though 128 finds the deed repulsive, she can no longer hold back as the girl's tongue extends... her lips sucking to encourage.

"You'll note that a drop won't escape. We tend to be very exacting here at Nusquam," the words coming as 128 finds she must release. And indeed the flow is neither to be seen nor heard... only the gulps of 54's throat.

"Now let's have a look at Nusquam's newest castrate," 54 licking clean the moist quim as the woman steps to the left. "Sutures feel a little tight down there, 126? The nurses can be a little mischievous... wanting you to be very much aware of your alteration."

128's eyes follow the woman as she moves. A hand lowers drawing forth an empty scrotal sac. As suspected the male... former male... has been cruelly neutered, tears indicating he is yet to acclimate to his transformation.

Chapter Twenty-Two

"The branding becomes you, 128. You look even more like a kept animal," fingers gently smoothing over the keloided flesh of the right cheek.

"Thank you Ma'am," the voice timid and respectful.

Having been branded, training deemed complete, 128 has indeed learned she is kept, the trainers, nurses and members of Nusquam strict and demanding.

"I had wagered that you'd urinate. You cost me some dollars."

"I'm sorry Ma'am."

Augmenting the intense pain of being marked as chattel with a searing hot iron was the humiliation of being tethered before a sizable gathering of Nusquam's members, observing with sadistic delight. Members are given to wager whether the subjugant will vomit, faint or as with the woman's bet, involuntarily urinate.

128 tossed her lunch, a waiting bucket assuring such would not be lost... to later be served again.

Adding to the ordeal, 128 grievously learned that the letter 'N' does not result from a single marking but instead from three... two parallel brands with a third applied between at a slant to depict the desired letter. Thus brandings at Nusquam are ritually long and involved... indeed bringing violent somatic reactions.

"Well, you've sucked enough cocks for a while," the examining hand withdrawing. "The male members do enjoy sampling the skills of the new arrivals. I'm told you can take some of the biggest quite deeply. So I'm sure auditioning to become my stable groom be will a welcomed change."

"Yes Ma'am, thank you for the opportunity."

The woman turns. Member and subjugant resume walking the soft dirt path leading to the stables. 128 dutifully keeps her hands to the back of her head. One of the many Mastiffs, 128 has come to learn there are dozens patrolling the many acres, ambles behind. When the woman

speaks, 128 listens attentively, the sjambok in her right hand at the ready to assure her words are heeded. She peers at the woman with envy. Though her age is approximate to her own, the woman's comportment is so authoritative... regal... having the savior faire Ms. Patricia LaMange... Nusquam subjugant number 128... never developed yet always admired.

Complementing her envy, is the woman's handsomeness. Given little time and attention, the golden blonde locks offered a less angular hair style, the looks of the commanding woman would be as stunning as her demeanor.

"My name is Penny by the way... Penny Osborne... Miss Penny to you. As a trial, you'll be learning to care for my steed, Richard Martindale... otherwise known as Balls Martindale."

The appellation brings 128 to smile... a reaction to be quickly and humbly suppressed.

"And yes, my stallion does have a large set... many subdued swats of a spatula serving to bring irreversible swelling... but the moniker originated from his notorious but short career on Wall Street. Balls was known for both his gutsy trading and reckless philandering. And as his administrative assistant I had to sit at his side and watch him... until he fucked up. Then I turned things. It was for the best. Deep within his complex personality, ultimately he wanted to lose... a self destruct element. I knew that from day one, but I had to let him jump off a cliff time and again, Balls putting great faith in me as his parachute, pulling his ass out of bad trades... and sordid relationships in cheating on his wife."

Listening intently, 128 notes a stanchion, a smooth horizontal plank, waist high, supported by vertical poles, left and right. Numerous snap hooks at the ready, Penny Osborne notes her interest.

“Sodomy frames... and for more lengthy applications of the sjambok. Tummy on the rail, head held low, buttocks high, a subjugant can be restrained in seconds... and face fucked... butt fucked... or whipped.”

128 trembles with the thought, bringing laughter.

“Yes, the members here enjoy spontaneity. You’ll encounter frames everywhere.”

The strolling duo reach one of the many unassuming cinder block structures of the Nusquam compound. The door opens to a startling scene, rows right and left of stalls, ostensibly for livestock... but at Nusquam none are four legged.

“One of the many diversions here at Nusquam... working naked, well restrained subjugants. Something empowering about whipping a human steed into exhaustion on a hot sunny day in the tropics.”

Miss Penny turns to silence, slowing her pace as the duo step down the center aisle, permitting 128 to take in the bizarre scenario.

To her left is 127, her coal black flesh seemingly even darker, no doubt having been run and sunned often. A large steel ring has been cruelly inserted into her nose, its gauge convincing, the cartilage of the septum pierced well into her nostrils. Attached by way of a small padlock is a chain leading to a ring embedded into the thick wood forming the stall. Though it is her only binding, 128 quickly realizes that in sensing the constant weight of the nostril ring and chain, 127 is well aware she is kept, no other *raison d’être* then to await a member for bridling and a long run.

In seeing Miss Penny, 127 knows to step forth, turn, spread and bend, presenting her mons for inspection. This brings a wicked smile. An examining hand lowers, and as 128 has learned, the woman can splay and enter a girl’s vagina in a single effortless gesture.

Sure enough, two fingers glide inward and diddle, bringing 127 to both grunt and smile, repressed in guilty

shyness.

"127 has been well trained. And no longer champs at her bit in resistance... isn't that right 127? You've come to enjoy being run... some swift strokes of the sjambok bringing a good lather."

"Yes, Ma'am," the words surprisingly subdued for a girl of 127's size and strength.

"Yes, and you enjoy having your cunny fingered as well. Life at Nusquam. Girl's like you so much revel in it... run, fed, groomed and bedded. Everything provided, not a care in the world..."

As Miss Penny continues her brusque manipulation, 128 notes that the letter 'N' has been similarly branded into the right cheek... poor 127, ceding again to the unrelenting irons of the blacksmith.

"I just may run you myself sometime, 127. I prefer stallions, but you're strong enough... would no doubt enjoy the controlling hands of a woman... and for well more than 200 meters."

"Yes, thank you, Ma'am," the words coming as Miss Penny succinctly withdraws, apparently sensing a pending orgasm.

Miss Penny turns, continuing to the end of the long passageway. In passing each stall the occupant steps forth, similarly chained by a formidable nose ring. The fillies turn, spread and bend, offering salacious views of their sex. 128 is shocked when there is encountered a male... more aptly termed a gelding. He presents his empty sac, the demanded greeting for the genderless.

"The grooms have kept you nicely stretched, 96," Miss Penny's hand lowering again, this time palming a mass of floppy pink flesh.

Yes, with the tattooed letter 'C' following the numerals '9' and '6', 128 knows the tethered creature is devoid of male tidbits. Yet the sac hangs most prominently... and has

been pierced, rings dangling below. Also notable is the penis... small... shriveled... to a woman, carnally useless.

"The geldings are belled here when run" Miss Penny anticipating 128's question in turning up the flesh to better show the rings. "Keeps them mindful of their altered status... humble... and obedient. Isn't that right 96? Little need for the sjambok on our docile geldings."

"Yes Ma'am."

"Yes, putting the geldings in harness is quick and easy. But their stamina is limited. The hormones... lacking hormones... do make a difference, ha, ha, ha. "

Ending the journey, Miss Penny leads to the last stall on the left.

"And here is my stallion... subjugant 88... formerly known as Balls Martindale."

Chapter Twenty-Three

Miss Penny stands in silence, letting 128 take in the benumbing scene.

A massive naked male stands, nose ringed as with the other steeds, yet with the attached chain secured to a ring high above. Hairless, forehead tattooed with the numerals 88, his neck, thighs and ankles are banded in steel. With arms apparently tethered behind his back, 128 presumes his wrists and biceps are similarly banded.

Standing nearby is 54, naked as always, bucket of sudsy water in hand. 128 soon finds her wandering eyes glued. 88, aka Balls Martindale, indeed has balls. Beneath a penis encased in a tube of matching steel, two massive globes strain the thin pink flesh of the scrotal sac. Both gonads are ringed, making the organs appear to be even more prominent. The sight is both comical and shocking.

"Good afternoon, 88, 54 taking care of you?" Miss Penny finally greets.

"Beesh," the reply vehement and barely discernible.

Miss Penny laughs evilly.

"I assume that's bitch. And you're right, I am indeed a bitch," Miss Penny stepping to the right wall.

128 notes there hangs equine gear... bit, bridle, straps, harnesses. But there is also a kitchen implement... a simple spatula.

"Such nastiness. Can't let a day go by without your special treatment now... can we.?"

Miss Penny grasps the spatula and approaches.

"Naw," the enunciation of the word 'no'strained, 128 concludes the steed has no teeth.

54 puts down the bucket and without command, bends. For the first time 128 notes that in addition to the bands of steel, 88 has been pierced, heavily gauged rings thrust through at the Achilles tendon. Though 54 is diminutive compared to the size of 88, when she hooks her finger through the left ring, lifts and pulls to turn, 88 emits a

plaintive cry, pivoting and allowing his leg to rise and his thighs to instantly part.

"The slightest tension on the Achilles tendon brings cramping, pain... and quick compliance. Isn't it curious how a 110 pound girl can control him?" Miss Penny stepping forth, spatula in hand.

54's casual tug aligns 88's backside. 128 notes that the right buttock is branded with the obligatory letter 'N'. In addition, the left cheek is tattooed with his appellation... 'balls'... in thick black ink.

Miss Penny's left hand grasps the tethered wrists, secured together as suspected. She lifts, forcing the steed to bend at the waist, tensioning the nose chain.

"Still belligerent after two years. Must be the testosterone injections," Miss Penny conjectures.

Bent over and spread, between parted thighs the huge plums swing heavily... and invitingly. Miss Penny begins the daily torment, her right arm swinging gracefully to bring forth the sound of a mild splat... and a howl of pain.

"Since I spank his balls every day, they remain tender. Doesn't take much to bring correcting pain. And the testes will swell nicely, challenging the rings. Given a few hours to recover, the glands will somewhat shrink... but not entirely. I'm growing them. It's like watering your garden every day... and I'm growing... what would you say 88... plums?... apples?... grapefruit? Ha, ha, ha."

With her wicked snicker, Miss Penny swings again... and again... and again. Mentally, 128 compares the punishment to a crisp caning and finds the strokes to be easy and moderate. Yet in listening to the resulting lisped cries and pleases for mercy, the results seem even more effective.

Chapter Twenty-Four

"Miss Penny wants him kept standing. That why he's chained high," 54 explains. "Part of his daily torment. After many hours, whether he's run in harness or not, there comes exhaustion... and begging. Miss Penny enjoys it when he begs."

54 lectures as she stands on a low stool swabbing the naked flesh of 88. Miss Penny departed, the testicle spanking tiring, a mint julep deemed more inviting at the end of a hot afternoon. She has left 54 to explain the role of a groom. Thus she cleanses. In the nearby aisle, a Mastiff attentively sits upright, guarding... perhaps more aptly described as supervising... the naked, tattooed and branded Nusquam trio.

"As you can see, he's been defanged, so that despite his feistiness you need not be overly cautious about biting. As Miss Penny explained, since there are daily testosterone injections, keeping him quite randy... and virile... he can be combative. Still, as opposed to the geldings, he pulls well when subjected to the sjambok. The neutered male is more easily controlled but performance can be lacking."

Hands working from top to bottom, the soapy chamois smooths caringly, 88 serene and silent in recovering from his ordeal.

128 cannot help staring at the swelled testicles, now mightily straining the scrotal sac and challenging the rings. If the likes of Miss Penny can so torment a huge virile male, to what limits will she be tormented... if any?

"Go ahead and play if you'd like. He can't object," 54 noting the stare. "And by all means examine his penis. You'll need to understand how he's kept chaste since you'll be fluffing him for Miss Penny."

54 steps from the stool, having cleansed from head to waist.

"In addition to being tubed, there's a Prince's Wand insertion... capped. He pees only with permission."

The right index finger of 54 lowers, slips under the steel penis tube and daintily lifts.

"This is where you will stimulate him... very carefully. He is never ever to be brought to ejaculation."

128 sees that the underside of the tube does not completely cover the penis shaft. There is a small open patch exposing less than a square inch of penile flesh... limited but oh so significant. 128 has learned this in her fellatio training. Purportedly it is where the male obtains 80% of his sexual stimulus.

"Miss Penny wants him to perform erect. She insists that, at least initially, his penis tube be upstanding when harnessed and run. The circumference has been graciously measured to allow that. Room to stiffen and swell... but otherwise rendered useless for attempted masturbation and certainly sex. And with the deluge of testosterone, he will stand well for you."

As she speaks, 54's index finger swirls about, ever so slightly grazing the skin of the open patch. 88 grunts. 128 watches as the steel encasement seems to spasm and lurch, 88 glaring lustfully at her sizable mammary glands.

"He likes your tits, 128. This part of your chores should be easy for you."

Amazed, 128 watches as the tube of steel slowly but quite steadily angles upwards.

"Miss Penny says he was quite the stud before being rendered to Nusquam. And in a way he still studs... but not under his own auspices. His sperm is extracted monthly. Used for to keep the girls in the milking parlor lactating."

"Milking parlor?" 128's voice tremulous in inquiring.

"The members... there's no end to the deviant forms of entertainment here. There are those of us that let down for them... secreting... some on a simple verbal command... some on a goat milking machine... some by hand. But they let down. It's demeaning, being milked at another's behest, but it's... well... tranquil. No forced exercise... no sjambok...

just lots of lactate inducing food and... well... nothing. A very sedentary existence."

"Have you been milked?"

"No, my breasts. Deemed useful but inadequate for milking. But you... well, whatever happens happens. They'll find a role for you and it will... suit you. You'll come to revel in it... otherwise there's the pump house."

"Miss Penny mentioned that to you... nearing another step in status."

"We are all to serve there at some point. It's unavoidable except for..." a 54 glum faltering on her choice of words.

"Escape?"

"On no, the hounds will track you... within hours if not minutes. I saw one subjugant dragged back by her ankles... and then she was summarily prepared and relegated to the pump house. There's no where to go... miles and miles of insect infested jungle.

"No, it's death, 128. Those in the pump house wish for it... and eventually it comes for them."

"And you're going there? To the pump house?" 128 shuddering in response.

"After I am prepared," 54 nods, sniffing in remorse. "I've served so long..."

Returning to the stool, 54 steps up, tears evidencing the harshness of the pump house, releasing the nostril chain of 88 from its high hook.

"Thank you, 54. Thank you," the strained words coming as an exhausted steed 88 sinks to his knees.

"Offer him your tits, 128. It's within the rules."

As 128 steps forth, she turns her head noting the ears of the observing Mastiff straighten, his attention riveted.

"Just make sure your cunny is not touched. That's for the members."

88 extends a tongue... long, wet its pink length fluttering obscenely. In hearing a growl of warning, 128 steps no closer but instead leans, her massive glands dangling

invitingly, her hairless mons distant from oral assault. Incredibly, the tongue further extends to lick and flutter again, finding right nipple then left. Long held chaste, 128 finds the warm slippery wetness thrills, the tongue of the human equine trained for pleasure.

54 moves to the rear, more cleansing. In ever so gently laving the inflamed scrotal sac, the sensitivity piqued, 88 howls in agony, hot breath on 128's nipples serving to further excite.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Humble, obedient, in constant nakedness, fellatio to be offered upon demand... 128 adapts. Yet there is one aspect of existence at Nusquam which frustrates... and acceptance to which seems impossible. That being communally bedded with a cadre of other subjugants every evening.

During the day, 128 is permitted a degree of freedom... if moving about under the exacting auspices of the huge Mastiffs can be so described. Yes the hounds are trained... well. For 128 soon learns after many warning barks and nips, that she is to prance on toes with hands on head, well away from any mischief with her long denied quim. Touching is forbidden, her mons or that of a fellow subjugant. The canines prove to be diligent.

Still there are chores in the stable to be fulfilled, blow jobs many, at night 128 finds herself well tethered. Thus she sits upright, arms raised, neck collar and wrist bands secured to a long horizontal pipe above, ankle bands clipped to floor hooks. Her legs are well parted, forcing her to spread and reveal the pink of her cunny. But most distressing, she sits on a low stool, her anus impaled by a moderate butt plug, its girth intended, as the nurse suggested, to further open her but not detract from the tightness revered by sodomites.

Though the nights are long and she is well watered for bed, urination is not permitted, a guarding Mastiff at the ready to enforce the rules. Sleep, recuperative sleep, seems rare and limited, 128 would describe such more as passing out through exhaustion than true slumber.

She notes many of her compatriots to her right and left, neck collar and wrists likewise secured to the long pipe above, sleep well despite the stress position, the double digit numerals of their tattooed foreheads suggesting seniority... many years of enduring the slow torment.

How long before she acclimates?

Speech, attempts to communicate with the many subjugants, is met with warning growls. 128 wonders if in being held completely motionless, the guarding Mastiff would really bite, her vulnerability replete, helpless to move in self defense.

On occasion, seemingly when sleep finally overcomes, a member will grasp her ears to awaken. In the darkened chamber, 128 knows to immediately open her mouth and accept a semi firm appendage, swish, suck and take inward hungrily... oddly thrilled to feel it further stiffen in her mouth. Gag reflex long repressed, she has been trained to peer up into the eyes of her superior, her look beseeching... for more... deeper... reverently taking the hard cock... ready to consume the offering of thick spunk... and savor... and thank.

'Thank you for letting me suck your cock sir,' the humble expression of gratitude coming by rote.

A satiating blow job typically earns her a pat on the head... Master to dog. On occasion her oral efforts will merit the thrill of a diddling finger on nipples brought to hyper sensitive by way of strict chastity.

Sitting spread, feminine hygiene denied, after many weeks 128 can smell herself. With her many concupiscent responses, her masochism offering constant arousal in being so licentiously used, the secretion of vaginal juices embarrassingly announces herself... her warped psyche... her paraphilia.

Such draws much attention from the male Mastiffs as well, all intact, all seeming to look at her covetously, on occasion their huge organs stiffening when their nostrils flare and a long draw of air takes in the fragrance of a cunny in neglect.

'Would they fuck me?' 128 cannot help asking herself. And ironically, the thought brings more moisture, more flow, and more attraction... deep snorts inhaling her scent, the olfactory nerves stimulating further canine lust.

There are those subjugants who are assigned to the kennel. How do they serve? She dares not ask, the response may result in a horrifying visit rather than a verbal reply.

Chapter Twenty-Six

"Miss Penny wants you figged. 54 showed me how to do it."

"Please don't do that," the enunciation mangled, the words slurred through a toothless mouth.

128 smiles wanly. Though she finds odd exhilaration in being empowered, she dares not show it. Fully trained as a groom, she tends to 88, once known as Balls Martindale. As always he stands, nose ring forcibly chained high to the wood of his stall.

"I must. Miss Penny says you run best... and it's less tiring than using the sjambok on your bare buttocks."

Quivering hands reach forth and palm the massive gonads, the scrotal sac straining to hold such within.

"Will these ever stop growing?" 128 emboldened by her limited authority.

She glances at the hanging spatula and senses a momentary thrill. What if she were to likewise offer a testicle spanking? It requires such little effort to bring amazing agony. Would 88 report her misconduct? Would Miss Penny care?

It's tempting. Perhaps another time. The equestrienne Penny Osborne will soon arrive for a long hot late morning jaunt.

"How is it you've been rendered to Nusquam. Miss Penny says you were successful... though... ah... self destructive."

"I was set up. The beesh... she arranged everything... planned everything... plotted everything. Ruined my career... my financial state... my marriage. I was left with nothing... and threatened with lawsuits and possible jail time. This was my only alternative. Life serving her... the beesh."

128 steps up on a stool, reaches and releases the nose chain.

"Down," the command out of character and somewhat strained.

88 knows to kneel then lower at the waist to bow, wrists remaining tethered behind his back.

"Seems like a lot of effort... just to be able to harness and run you."

"Revenge... nothing more than revenge. I... I... well I used to... you know... get some side action. Every guy does it. It's Wall Street. And having hired Penny Osborne, trained her, even arranged to have her manage a small book as a bit of a reward and bit of an experiment, why shouldn't a guy be given... well some quid pro quo. So one slow afternoon, I called her into my office and demanded a quick blow job. She didn't seem like the type to object... and I thought I'd give her a chance to express her gratitude."

Listening intently, 128 begins placing the huge form into harness. The human equines come to feel comfortable in tight bondage, 54 lectured, developing a sense of pride and accomplishment in being made to perform... put on display naked... and for Miss Penny Osborne... firmly erect.

"She told me she had inside information on a hot stock. And had done a lot of research to confirm. Reported earnings would be well short of expectations. There would be an air pocket in the price. An immediate drop. I believed her, shorting a high flying tech stock. Stupid move number one. Yes, Balls Martindale went against the trend. Stupid move number two, I didn't bother checking the float. More than half the outstanding stock was held by the company founders, unlikely to sell... if they could. The beesh didn't bother telling me that. So I couldn't find enough shares to borrow to sell, and there came stupid move number three. I sold naked, thinking I could quickly reverse the trades before delivery. It's against SEC regulations, but the big traders do it more often than most know."

"That's all?" 128 encircling the waist of 88 with a thick leather belt.

"It was a set up. The earnings report was robust. The stock went into a break out. I was not only short millions of

shares but illicitly short, no way to deliver... except to immediately buy at a much higher price. Ruinous to me... ruinous to the firm's investors... career over... especially with the SEC likely to ban me from the industry if not demand jail time."

"Spread for me," 128 not able to resist more handling of Miss Penny's grapefruit.

Hands reach down, cupping left testicle and right, the sense of control bringing momentary giddiness. Then as trained, 128 reaches for a short elastic cord, clipping the right testicle ring, stretching downward and clipping the opposing end to the right thigh band. 88 grimaces with the tautness, the elasticity challenged.

"So you came here... to Nusquam?" hands working to similarly restrain the left testicle ring.

"Oh no. In the turmoil, failed attempts at negotiating an out, phone calls demanding delivery as the stock rose and rose, my loyal administrative assistant visited my office, smirking in hearing me make promises she knew I could not keep. 'The SEC's been calling,' she announced with a look of vengeance. 'And I understand there's a general partners meeting being held. Something about the firm having to renege on certain deliveries.' And she laughed... outrageously."

128 notes the straining scrotum, pulls left cord and right to assure tension then moves to retrieve bit and bridle. 88 grimaces again, but accustomed to his curious restraint, continues his monologue.

"'I sucked you off once, Balls,' her voice sinister, her use of my sobriquet knowingly out of line. 'And now I'm going to fuck you. I not only got the inside information wrong... I knew it was wrong. I also leaked your position to all the traders you've screwed over the years... some of whom you fired and/or fucked their wives. They went heavily long on the stock. Seems you not only owe lots of shares but owe to

folks not overly eager to settle for less than 100 cents on the dollar,' her laughter wicked.

"Well, I was stunned. Retribution for a simple little office dalliance, a blow job, demanded and received all the time on the Street. I sat seething as the beesh lit a cigarette, knowing I hated smoking.

"“ Been talking to wife too. She's lovely. You know she goes both ways, Balls. She hasn't been sitting home alone while you're at the strip club... not of late. Yes, I've been fucking your wife... and now I'm fucking you. But I may be able to help.'"

"What was I to say? Career and marriage in a free fall. SEC asking questions. Future employment doubtful. Loyal administrative assistant... knowing all the holes, all the weak spots, all the questionable trades... and now plotting against me. I cracked. I asked for her help. She outlined her conditions. Really only one... Nusquam."

Bridle buckled in place, 128 puts the story to an end, slipping into the toothless mouth a cruel snaffle bit, her fingers working to assure the long, nimble tongue is properly pinched, the attached toggles abrading the tender mouth and enhancing Equestrienne Penny Osborne's total control.

Reins come next, 128 again sensing empowerment as the bald head instantly reacts to the slightest motion of her hand. Then she knows to fluff. She needs the steel encased penis standing, Miss Penny pridefully showing off her priapic steed with every run. 128 thus bends, pressing her mammoth soft breasts to the face, knowing that the tongue will seek but the bit will frustratingly deny. There comes a low lustful moan of ultimate pleasure withheld. Then 128's right arm lifts, bringing the steed to kneel upright. The angle of the entubed penis begins to change, rising. A hand lowers, 128 knowing that a simple index finger will twirl about and have the chaste human equine standing as desired .

“Nice and hard for me, 88. You do want to please Miss Penny.”

Ah, such a pleasant shift in roles, 128 glancing to where a plug of ginger awaits.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

128 finds herself in awe whenever in the presence of Nusquam member Miss Penny Osborne. Bald, banded, branded and tattooed 128 feels lowly in her nakedness, peering at the tall, handsome blonde as she blithely strolls the aisle of the stables. Short hair athletically combed, riding attire neatly pressed, sjambok at the ready, she casually tosses a biscuit to one of the many Mastiffs, smiling in receiving a respectful 'woof' in response.

In nearing the stall of her steed... 88... she smiles anew in seeing the steel encased penis standing obeisantly, the huge testicles ringed and strapped low to the thigh bands.

128 holds the reins, knowing after so much time in harness 88 senses comfort in being tightly controlled. The lengths of leather slip through the ends of the snaffle bit, right and left and terminate at the deeply set nose ring. Thus the slightest jostle brings intense anguish to both tongue and nose, the myriad of nerve endings sending a message demanding compliance... instant and thorough.

And so 88 docilely stands in wait. Silenced by the cruel bit, there are no vindictive words to be offered she who has mastered him... the notorious stock trader Balls Martindale.

"Oh you are a handsome steed, 88," Miss Penny playfully coos, knowing that, within the psyche, the vanquished male seethes, his loathing smoldering. "And standing so nicely. Have you figged him?"

"No Miss Penny. I thought it best to wait."

"Very considerate. I do so much enjoy the initial reaction. I'm told the ginger juice is felt as one would feel a lit match," the words coming as Miss Penny takes the offered reins.

128 knows to go to the tray where a carefully carved plug of ginger awaits. Though the juice has the effect of a searing hot iron when applied to sensitive pink flesh, it's actually harmless. And the body never builds resistance to it... no scar tissue or other desensitizing. Thus the flesh can be

subjected to the searing juice time after time with equivalent response.

Right hand grasping the plug, the fingers of the left splay the buttocks. Gliding the plug up and down to moisten the crevice, 128 assesses then slides the plug past the sphincter, the purse string muscle seeming to swallow hungrily.

Miss Penny smiles, in noting the initial reaction... a grimace... a snort of air... the cheeks clinching in distress. And she also knows to grip the reins with force, 88's need to move about, to futilely somehow quench the fire, intractable.

"Yes, you're eager to run for me, aren't you 88? And you're going to sense my control with every step, your testicle cords nice and tight, tugging at those nice big balls... ha, ha, ha."

Cruelly, Miss Penny waits, letting the pain pervade.

"Perhaps you'd like to come with me 128. We'll take a chariot. And the extra burden will offer 88 a nice long workout. It's sunny and will soon be stifling hot. If you have not before seen a steed worked into a lather, air rushing past bit and bridle, lurching under the strokes of the sjambok, I think you'll be greatly entertained."

Chapter Twent- Eight

To the paddock area, 128 notes it is indeed a hot and sunny morning as she attaches the prongs of a weighty chariot to the thick waist belt of steed 88.

Nearby she spies the amazingly athletic physique of 127... the rippling abdominal muscles, furled buttocks, thighs of black iron. She is tethered to a light pony cart, a male member standing nearby, sjambok at the ready, enthused with his power... the prospect of putting the former track star through a brisk and challenging workout.

"Water him well," the command returning her attention. "And a little more fluffing won't hurt," Miss Penny's directives to bring further delay, knowing her human canine is most eager to run for her.

128 obediently squeezes a plastic water bottle, the contents known to be the salted water which brings constant thirst. In doing so, she draws 88's face and head to her massive breasts then lowers her free hand to once again diddle the tiny but oh so significant patch of penile skin not covered in steel. 88 stirs... as does his penis, Miss Penny insisting that her steed show respect with a full hard on.

"Plug his ears. I want him in silence this morning, concentrating on reacting to the reins."

128 slips the offered plugs into the ear holes then steps to the chariot, oddly finding herself eager for a jaunt through the verdant jungles of the Nusquam compound. It feels good, not being bound and plugged as she is through the long nights. And though the sjambok menaces it is not she threatened.

The left hand tugs at the reins. 88 knows to turn. The right arm rises and delivers a notably crisp stroke of the sjambok to the right buttock. The chariot lurches and rolls... with gusto. The figging indeed makes a steed eager to be run, 128 tells herself. It is only in exuding sweat that the juices can be countered. And somehow the steeds learn that swiftly.

Thus swings of the sjambok are spared. Is 128 disappointed? She asks herself.

"He tugs at his balls with every step. Irony, is it not 128, forcing the male to not only torment himself but alter as well. He'll not only have massive balls but they'll soon be hanging past his knees... ha, ha, ha."

The chariot is brought to a steady pace. Rivulets of sweat roll, Miss Penny entertains herself with modest but correcting strokes of the sjambok, reveling in her power and control.

"I imagine you feel a degree of sympathy, but actually this protocol is best for males like Balls Martindale... 88. As stated, the self destruct element of his psyche and the status somehow achieved on Wall Street made him dangerous... to himself... to his wife... to the firm and its investors... potentially the entire market. No one resisted my plans when I set him up. And I take care of his wife. So he's not missed."

So it is true. Miss Penny Osborne... lesbian... bisexual? 128 feels emboldened, having heard much of 88's downfall while being tacked.

"It's very gracious of you to do that, Miss Penny," 128 prompts.

"Ha, ha, ha. She's a randy slut... if Balls only knew. Yes, when in New York she spends weekends at my coop. Naked and in chains, I'll take her anally with my Feeldoe. Then sometime Sunday night, masturbate her with a vibrator... maybe have her come for me... maybe not... then send her home with a little cash. She needs the money and appreciates the stay... somewhat. Living in a tiny rundown apartment in a seedy area of the Bronx is a little traumatic for her after Balls here lost the mansion."

"He told me you set him up," 128 brazenly offers.

"I did indeed. He doesn't know the full story. That I conspired with all the competing traders he'd screwed over the years... screwed along with their wives. Being impulsive

and impertinent, I knew he'd fail to follow up on the misinformation I gave him. No, he jumped in and sold and sold and sold. More shares than he could ever borrow... the dumb bastard. Meanwhile, to protect the firm... protect my job... I conversely purchased options... the right to buy the very same stock at a built in price. He was the one who gave me a small book to run... a mere million or two... and I used the funds judiciously... more than covering his exposure.

"When set... I leaked his precarious trading position and the sharks had a feast. It's termed a short squeeze. He couldn't cover... and I made sure the SEC knew it... and the managing partners. And that they also knew I saved the firm from financial ruin with my options. So I now have the esteemed title once held by Balls Martindale... and I also have him... and his wife... ha, ha, ha."

An enthused Miss Penny lashes out, exuberant in once again celebrating her victory with a nasty stroke of the sjambok.

"Yes, overall the firm made net money on the trades, despite the ineptitude and lacking ethics of Balls Martindale. And though my own ethics may be questioned, profits speak on Wall Street... loudly... louder than anything," the lecture coming with another vicious stroke of the sjambok.

The narrow path, seemingly chiseled through the dense jungle, brings the chariot to a clearing. Miss Penny tugs at the reins, a heavily perspiring human steed grateful for a respite. 128 notes a picnic table and alongside one of the many waist high stanchions... for sodomy.

"Girls like you don't thrill with the power. It's not within your psychological make up. But I assure you it's addictive... as addictive as ceding it in your case. Hood him and turn him over the sodomy stanchion," Miss Penny handing over the reins. "If you have not before seen a man being fucked... begging a woman for mercy... I think you'll be amused. His

wife takes it so much better...” a smiling Miss Penny holding up a previously unseen double dildo.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

"Lick it clean for me," Miss Penny commands, handing 128 a well worn cylinder of blue latex.

The words end the distraction, 128 marveling at the shapely thighs and buttocks of the tall blonde. Even her mons, chicly trimmed, labia perfectly symmetrical, is glamorous. Though 128 finds envy she must turn her attention. The curiously shaped Feeldo is repulsive, odorous, still warm from the friction of 88's sphincter. Yet there is obedience... to serve and please... the role of subjugant 128 pounded into electronic ear pieces hour after hour, night after night. Thus she licks, observing as from under 88's hood Miss Penny pries away the deafening ear plugs.

"I'm not sure I know who I enjoy sodomizing more... you or your whore wife. She's not as tight, but so much better works her cheeks to maximize my pleasure. She's orally proficient as well, Balls. Both cunts and cocks... licking like a slut... and she has so much learned to enjoy."

The well worn steed futilely stirs in his tight bounds, images of his wife orally serving disturbing... and he no doubt imagines with reluctant zeal. Miss Penny laughs at his reaction, turning her attention to 128 as the subjugant begins laving her tongue over the wet bulbous female end of the Feeldo.

"Yes, since Mrs. Martindale finds herself impoverished due to the imprudent impulses of her husband... rogue trader Balls Martindale... during the week I have the little whore sucking cocks for money. The cover is that of an office cleaning woman. Yes she'll come to your office ostensibly to clean... but strip naked... work in the nude and on her knees. I will have to get some photographs for you 88. I arranged for her to clean the offices of all your former trading rivals. You can appreciate the sense of revenge in being fellated by the wife of the man who cuckolded them."

With her words a hand reaches to the testicles straps, offering a playful tug. Her efforts bring a lurch, resulting in a

wicked smile. Then the hand glides to the steel encased penis, diddling evanescently the small exposed patch of penile flesh, highlighting the frustration both mental and physical. The steel tube twitches, the penis within stiffening anew, so responsive to a woman's brief touch.

"She earns ten dollars for every blow job, 88. So you can only imagine how hard she must work to support herself, ha, ha, ha."

The hand retracts and reaches for the beige jodhpurs, removed and discarded for the slow and agonizing sodomy of 88's backside. 128 is disappointed to see her dress, her body attracts.

"Actually Mrs. Martindale does more than suck off the traders. For extra dollars she'll put on a show. I am told kneeling on all fours atop a conference room table is a typical scenario. Head down, tits dangling, thighs well spread... she's quite the exhibitionist. For 20 dollars she'll piss in an ash tray for a group of garish horny guys. And some demented bastard had her defecating for a bunch testosterone infused traders. Sick... but that's Wall Street. And it's why I am fattening her. Too shapely... just a little too much lustful pride. 40 or 50 pounds should end that... wouldn't you agree 88? Shape your wife like a toad... maybe a hog would be more apt. That would end those shenanigans. Thereafter she'll just suck and lick... cocks and cunts."

Having dressed, Miss Penny whisks away the hood, returning the sight of her steed.

"Offer him some of your essence 128. He's no doubt thirsty, and I suspect your quim needs some attention. You can fully open yourself. He's well trained."

The right hand works to gruffly slip aside the snaffle bit. 88 gasps in pain, wincing as the index finger of the left hand hooks the nostril ring and lifts, presenting tongue and lips as 128 knows to obediently step forth. She indeed is in need of emptying herself... and concupiscent, the demonstration of

feminine power, though expended on a male, found to be strangely arousing.

Though shy, 128 knows to position and open her bladder, the Miss Penny's sjambok ready to counter disobedience.

"You should know 88, that as your wife's pimp, I get a healthy cut of what the traders truly pay for her debaucherous exhibitions and leisurely blow jobs. I've been putting the money aside and in time I'll have enough to arrange for her a new life at Nusquam. I like the irony of having her work so hard... humiliating herself to earn placement in unending bondage and humiliation... and I think she'll enjoy it here. Not much of a life left for her... thanks to your brazen stupidity. Perhaps for her it will be the milking parlor. You'd like that wouldn't you?.. seeing your wife being milked... letting down for the quirky members into the lactation scene."

Chapter Thirty

Having departed to return to New York, in the absence of Miss Penny Osborne 128 finds her grooming chores to be greatly diminished.

After being freed of her stressful nightly bondage she daily reports to the stables, there to feed 88. Thereafter she walks him. Ankles hobbled, wrists as always tethered behind his back, a leash clipped to his testicle rings, she leads to the paddock area, 88 shuffling rapidly to keep up. Many laps about, a Mastiff also saunters, observing, knowing to growl in warning if there is any equine resistance or misconduct, and just as importantly if there comes intimate touching, whether it be stimulating 88 to excess or 128 copping a feel of her own excited love nest.

Yes, 128 senses odd satisfaction in being so empowered. Leading a male about by his balls... massive balls... stretched scrotal sac seeming unending... is new to her... and curiously exciting. Her masochistic psyche senses 88's shame, his embarrassment in being so directed... and this brings dichotomous arousal. She also notes the status of his penis... her nakedness, his constant chastity, bringing an amusing priapic reaction. Yes, she walks him about stiff, the steed's reaction ingrained, his condition amusing passing members... male and female.

Ah, such frustration. And he has yet to be broken, defiance remaining, terming the woman plotting his downfall a 'beesh'. And the ongoing belligerence seems to enthuse Miss Penny even more... her vengeance for having to perform orally not to end.

Moderate exercise and 88 is returned to his stall, hosed down and tenderly scrubbed. With the nose chain hooked high, the remainder of the day 88 idly stands... and stands... and stands... no doubt wishing for the end of the boredom and slowly building ceaseless stress... yet there is the irony that this will come only with the return of the woman who

has mastered him. Then she will again run him, figged and in harness.

For 128 the remainder of the day is spent freely, if being closely supervised by massive canines can be so described. And for her there comes a different level of stress as in randomly encountering Nusquam members. Deviant... dominating... and sadistic... there is a countless variety of antics demanded.

Most prevalent is to serve as a receptacle, male members rarely utilizing any facility other than a human toilet. And there are the sodomy stanchions... innumerable... ubiquitous... and well worn, the horizontal planks evidencing frequent use as the tummies of well tethered subjugants, struggling under the discomfort of oral or anal sodomy, friction to rub smooth the hard wooden surface.

So 128 is cautious, when necessary obediently serving to please, fearing quick corrective strokes of the wicked sjambok. But she also seeks to avoid, with equal caution eluding encounters with members as best she can.

Still, a day rarely ends without fellatio... deep, brusque, the taste of thick sperm only countered by offerings of salted water which serve to enhance her constant thirst.

Four days after Miss Jenny's return to the caverns of Wall Street, daily chores completed, 128 departs 88's stall, tiptoeing past the coal black nakedness of 127, noting her prominent buttocks are well welted after an early morning run. The human equine seems even more muscular, a high protein special diet and constant exercise augmenting an incredibly athletic physique. 128 marvels. As Nurse Kelly explained many months ago, the level of care for the subjugants of Nusquam is boundless, 127 sure to serve... be run to exhaustion in harness... for years to come.

128 nods in greeting. 127 knows to remain obediently silent, her return gesture causing to ring a small bell hooked to her nose piercing, the sound, the constant feel no doubt

highlighting her sense of being owned and under total control.

128 moves onward to peek from the stable door, as always seeking to minimize encounters with members demanding some form of degrading servitude. Seeing a couple strolling in the distance, backs toward her, she concludes a dash to the low cinder block building where she is fed, bathed and bedded can be stealthily achieved.

She exits. Feet prancing in haste, she visually examines the couple, holding hands. The woman is Caucasian, dressed in a flowing silk sarong of white, its sheerness giving way to the light breezes of the tropics and bringing comfort. The man is of bronze. He is tall, naked, and muscular. The dearth of steel bands, his left buttock devoid of a keloided letter 'N', suggest he is not a subjugant. Still, there seems to be an exchange of power... she fully clothed.... he naked... and the feminine hand seems to subtly guide.

Having to move in their direction, the dormitory building beckons. She nears, the couple's steps casual. On toes, 128 moves concentrating on quiet, postulating she can enter the dorm unseen and surrender herself to a tending nurse for a supervised toilet visit and possible bath.

Alas, Rex, one of the many Mastiffs, intercedes. Resting at the dormitory door, he barks in greeting, alerting the clothed woman, naked male. Mere yards from her destination, heads turn. The woman also seems to bark.

"Stop."

Though the voice sonorous, 128 understands the word to be a command. The woman no doubt a member, 128 to serve and please, she obeys, knowing to place her hands atop her head and await more directives.

The duo turns to face her. The woman wiggles her finger, come hither. 128 knows to change her route. Her gambit failing, the relative tranquility of the dorm denied, she indeed comes hither.

Chapter Thirty-One

As 128 nears, there comes familiarity. The woman is stunningly gorgeous, well coifed raven hair, the shifting sarong hinting at perfect form. 128 has before seen her... not at Nusquam. Movies... television... she is no doubt as famous as she is beautiful. Bald, branded and tattooed 128's sense of inferiority pervades as does her envy. Then a name is recalled. It is Hollywood actress Florence Gale, her amazing talent exceeding her looks.

In standing proximate, for many moments 128 gawks in timid silence. Then she finally glances at the actress's naked companion. African America, even features projecting a rugged handsomeness, his front side is as impressively shaped and muscled as his back. But more impressive is a long, thick male appendage. Jutting forth from a shaven hairless pubes, it heavily swings between powerful thighs, the uncircumcised tip just about grazing his knee caps. The woman smiles in noting 128's roving eyes.

"You must by now have had enough cock here at Nusquam, 128. How long have you been here?"

"I don't know Ma'am. Months I suppose."

"And your role here? With breasts like these I would think you'd be in the milking parlor," the woman's free hand brazenly reaching forth to tweak right nipple then left.

The tantalizing touch brings a frisson of delight, the half dollar sized nipples crinkling in humble response.

"See what the forced chastity does for them, Shannon. Such sensitivity. Her pups, as big as they are, seem to sit up and beg for attention."

128 feels a chill. Despite the heat of the tropics, goose bumps form, her sense of submission and being put on display initiating the curious loop of the masochist... humiliation leading to arousal leading to more humiliation.

"Not the milking parlor, Ma'am. I'm assigned for now to the stables, grooming for Miss Penny... and her steed 88."

“Yes, grooming and fluffing him quite nicely I am sure. Some of the girls like their steeds to be erect when working them, Shannon. It’s quite entertaining for women of a certain ilk. Tried my hand at it a while ago. Just have little aptitude for the sjambok. It’s laborious stroking naked buttocks to get a reluctant steed into a lather... and that’s the only way to enjoy them... work ‘em hard, run ‘em fast.”

The woman releases the huge brown hand. The man knows to fold his arms behind his back and part his feet, the enormous manhood swinging even more freely. It is a pose intended to both expose and tantalize.

“I’m Florence Gale. You may have recognized me.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“And this is my stud, Shannon. Also known as the Cannon. Shannon the Cannon. And I am sure by now that your straying eyes have apprised you of the source of his appellation...”

A shy nod... his manhood a cannon indeed.

“Is Penny working her steed now?”

“No Ma’am. She returned to New York. Back in a couple of weeks.”

“Good. Then you have some time. Can you cook... serve?”

“Somewhat. I have not been formally trained.”

“That will do. We eat simply and Shannon likes large tits. And you no doubt are a good fluffer, your otherwise hideous looks aside. I don’t do oral, at least giving, and that seems to be the best catalyst for Shannon... and his cannon. I’m going to have you assigned to my cabin... until Miss Penny returns. We’ll find a subjugant to take care of her steed in the meanwhile.”

Chapter Thirty-Two

Servitude arranged, 128 reports to the unassuming cinder block building, marked number 7. She is grateful to be relieved of nightly stays in the dorm, communally being fed, bathed and bedded, if sleeping upright on a low stool... anus impaled... can be so described. Yet she is apprehensive.

What will be expected of her? If Miss Florence Gale cares not to use the sjambok, what is it she does? Why is she a member of Nusquam?

In referencing the milking parlor, there is no doubt the ravishing woman has visited.... a facility to date unseen by 128. Is that her thing... the lactation scene?... so termed by Miss Penny.

128 knocks on a heavy wooden door. It opens and she is greeted by Shannon. And her roving eyes again rove, for the cannon appears prepared to fire. The largest penis 128 has seen stands straight upwards, thickly engorged, the purple tip unsheathed, glistening and pressing his stomach well above his navel.

"Come in 128," the voice deep and masculine.

The muscled form steps to the side and 128 enters, glancing to see abundant moisture about his lips and chin. Decorum suggests she divert her inquisitive look, noting that the interior of building 7 is surprisingly well decorated. There is tasteful furniture, the comfort inviting. In seeing Miss Florence Gale, 128 politely focuses, truncating her examination. The incredible beauty rests somewhat supine, slumped in a large lounge chair with a well iced drink in hand. A bent right leg is draped over one arm. Sans undergarments, a short, flimsy diaphanous silk skirt barely veils her mons.

She smiles sheepishly, drawing down her leg to assume a more ladylike pose.

"Welcome 128 to my jungle abode. It's unpretentious... unglamorous. But that's why I'm here, leaving those things

behind in Hollywood.”

Once again a crooked finger beckons. 128 tiptoes forth, hands on head, the desired humbleness a protocol for moving about in the presence of a Nusquam member. She pauses, standing before the gifted woman of talent and beauty. Even in such a casual setting her presence radiates, bringing a glow to the room.

“You may lick my feet.”

128 instantly falls to her knees and bows, the words known to be a command. She also knows to widely part her knees, her labia yawning, feeling the room air within her sex, sensing Shannon offering a lustful visual examination.

“I have certain... well... proclivities... as you can imagine with every member of Nusquam. Being a public figure, I cannot even shop or eat in a restaurant without gaining notice. So you can imagine the tabloid stories and photos if my modest peccadillos were to be engaged in public.”

With her words, Shannon the Cannon strolls to her right side, parting his feet, hands again slipping behind his back. Erection slightly wavering, a blemishless hand extends, palming and lifting the low freely hanging testicles. The gesture reminds of an owner petting her cat.

“I like cock. Lots of cock. Big black cock. There are not too many places in the world where I can engage in my... preferences,” the hand rising, two fingers extending to gently smooth up and down the underside of an erection rapidly renewing.

“Shannon is a stud... a professional gigolo. Renowned... expensive... and obedient to a woman’s desires. Isn’t that right Shannon?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“6,000 dollars per day, 128. I like to think of it as 500 dollars per inch,” the comment coming with a light effeminate laugh. “But I can afford it. I earn well. My acting remains in demand and I have the talent to fill many roles beyond that of mere air headed glamour girl.”

As 128 licks, extending her altered and trained tongue, by rote she looks up, adhering to the protocol of humbly looking into the eyes of those she pleases. Miss Florence's fingers graze so teasingly, bringing the self controlled Shannon to slightly shudder with the distant joy.

"Yes, curious, is it not? I can have any man in the world. Yet I choose to pay."

The fingers move upwards to the penis tip, circling where 128 has learned to tantalize the steel encased penis of steed 88. Shannon moans but he moves not.

"I want it how I want it. I'll pay and play... under my auspices... my rules. I want it hard, hot and deep. And I want it under me. Your role, 128, besides preparing a meal or two, will be to keep Shannon... and his cannon... presentable for me. That means shaving, grooming and fluffing. There are times when I just like to look without toying. And I want him presentable... that means stiff... a tummy thumper."

With that, the two fingers move to the top of the amazing stiffness then slowly pull to press downwards. Shannon grimaces but despite the awkward and uncomfortable angle he moves not, protests not. When Miss Florence snatches away her hand to release, the erection snaps upwards, thumping the taut stomach muscles like a slamming trap door. A giggle erupts, a little girl playing with a favorite doll.

"And you'll have clean up duties as well, of course. I've found that girls like you enjoy the taste of sperm. If not, you'll come to savor his seed. There will certainly be enough of it."

Chapter Thirty-Three

128 kneels on all fours. She has been caged. The enclosure low, she cannot stand and with wrist and ankle bands secured to the bars, such is assured. A short chain clipping to her neck collar to the bars below also assures she must keep her head down. And with space limited, her back is arched, mandating her buttocks be perched high, her branding prominent.

"I've always been intrigued with the permanency of Nusquam's indoctrination," Miss Florence muses, her right hand slipping through the bars, fingers smoothing over the engorged flesh of the bright red letter 'N'. "I suppose it's possible to shuck your steel bands, grow back your hair. But the tattooed number on your forehead, and the branding... highlighted by the dye introduced to your open wounds... make it impossible to leave this place behind... mentally... emotionally. You'll always be thinking... aware of Nusquam and the masochistic joys of serving here... no matter where in the world you find yourself."

The words bring remorseful introspection. It is true. Though escape is most likely impossible, to what life and existence would 128 flee? She is penniless, homely... and forever marked as the property of others. Will she ever fully adapt? Accept her indenture?

128 hears the rattle of ice, Miss Florence standing behind enjoying a cool drink, no doubt gazing at the supine form of Shannon the Cannon, lying on a narrow padded platform. Before being summarily caged, 128 licked his scrotum, sucking with tender aggression. She then engulfed as much of his mammoth erection as possible, a swirling tongue bringing the rock hard stiffness Miss Florence demands. Deemed appropriately fluffed, a snap of fingers and a gesturing hand sent her to the cage.

Now both women admire, a tranquil bullstud Shannon awaiting patiently, subordinating himself, his penis and his talents for a daily \$6,000. He is well disciplined, 128 thinks

to herself. Most men she has known bring themselves to climax under their own auspices. Not this docile professional. The cannon is ready to fire, but it will do so at the behest of the ravishing and talented Miss Florence Gale... and no one else.

There comes the clink of glassware as Miss Florence places her empty drink on the top of the cage. She finally steps forth, bringing herself into the vision of 128. The sight brings a gasp of air, her nakedness sublime. As opposed to 128, the woman is proportioned to perfection, nothing oversized... as with the breasts of the caged subjugant... and certainly nothing undersized, feminine curves abounding. A trimmed mons attracts, bright pink inner labia peeking past plump fleshiness to invite. A clitoral hood welcomes attention, a pearl of delight resting beneath. Is 128 salivating?

Miss Florence strides, no evidence of eagerness, casually straddling the platform and Shannon beneath, appearing to be mounting a horse. It is a well practiced move, graceful, almost ballet like... classical but for the nudity and the twelve standing inches of black cock awaiting her.

She kneels between the parted bronze thighs of firm muscle. A left hand reaches down, palming testicles the size of peaches. Such are moist, the remnants of 128's oral efforts remaining. As a thumb glides about, sensing a woman's power over the vaunted male organs, two fingers of the right hand smooth up and down a shaft of granite. There comes a girlish giggle, a smile from Shannon the Cannon. He offers himself, not moving in response. He knows to acquiesce.

Once again the fingers move to the penis tip and slowly draw downward. Shannon grunts yet otherwise stirs not. In releasing, there comes another thump, the erection snapping back to greet the flesh of a perfectly flat abdomen.

Miss Florence smiles, a ready cannon excelling in her test.

“I’ll tell you when,” Miss Florence admonishes, a finger tapping the nose to underscore her reminder.

And with that, she shuffles forth and parts her thighs, feet slipping to the sides right and left, 128 amazed as a hand aligns the giant erection and she lowers herself, exhaling quietly yet forcefully with the exhilaration of smooth firm penetration. Incredibly, the love nest of Hollywood’s most beauteous and renowned actress hungrily swallows without effort, the long thick black shaft slowly but steadily disappearing from view.

Contrasting unsurpassed looks and sophistication, the raven hair flings about, firm breasts roll, the hips rock, her body bucks. In riding her bullstud, the woman becomes a wanton whore. Yet, just as with the subjugants of the jungle enclave, knowledge of her predilection is never to escape Nusquam.

Chapter Thirt- Four

Kelly Devers smiles inwardly, observing intently as the shaking hand of Mike 'Muskrat' Mansfield grasps his beer glass. A layer of suds understandably sloshes over the side well before his lips can partake. He ignores the sloppiness, quaffs heavily and gulps to clear his throat.

"So Wendy says I should come to this bar. Meet someone with an idea," the quivering voice belying the man's relative youth.

"I understand you'd like to go to an out of the way place. Where a guy can... not be found," Kelly's soft words not to be overheard.

"Yes, I have problem," the reply coming with the turn of the head, cautiously surveying the bar for undesired listeners.

Kelly nods her head... pleasantly. Though never to fully divulge the daunting life facing the subjugants of Nusquam, she needs to inveigle. The largess obtained with the rendering of heiress Patricia LaMange has offered a new life... and incentive. She has found that the freedom to pick and choose masochistic clients for her singular after care specialty is relaxing. And that money offers many alternatives to working.

Thus she has decided to focus more on commissions, the Director of Nusquam both appreciative of those desiring to live out a life in servitude and generous with those who find and recruit.

"Sunny and warm... I hope," Muskrat Mike prompting for more information

Kelly nods again, her look becoming more serious.

"It won't be a vacation, Muskrat. But it is an alternative to what you're facing. I read in the papers it's many years."

The man nods, brow knitting with the subject matter.

"When I pled guilty, my lawyer Wendy Valence and the prosecutor had a deal. The judge countered it. Said I was too much of a career criminal for a mere two year sentence

in minimum security. So he gave me the maximum sentence... fifteen years... and in maximum security. Federal time isn't too bad. But fifteen is a long, long time. And in maximum there's the... you know... the thing that guys do when they're too long away from their ladies."

Homophobia, just as Kelly has been made aware. She knows to play it, that Wendy so informed.

"Long time to have to watch yourself in the showers," Kelly smiles in agreement.

"Any of that at this place?"

"Yes, but it's more or less consensual. And for you I think they'll find quiet lodgings. You may even get some pussy, Mike. Possibly a lot."

The crass words bring a sly smile, Mike the Muskrat for the first time seeming relaxed.

"I would hope. Wendy said it will cost me... everything I've got. That's a lot of money, Kelly. I'd like to think I'll be... you know... safe... and ah... made happy."

"Oh, you'll be well cared for, I assure you."

"How will this happen? What can you tell me?"

Kelly reaches to her bag for a tape measure, sensing a deal is to be struck.

"Not much to tell. Just give me a spare key to your apartment and leave everything in plain sight. An extraction team will quietly enter. Don't resist... don't fight... they're all martial arts trained so if for some reason you change your mind, it will be futile for you. They'll prepare you for the flight and you'll awaken in your new home."

"Never to be found? The Marshals are good."

"Never to be found," Kelly assures, suppressing the urge to add... 'and never to escape'.

"Comfortingly. There are things to do there? Don't want to be bored."

"You'll have some tasks to perform. It's a communal life. Everyone is obliged to help in some manner."

"Though Wendy's firm took a bucket load, there's enough to live on for years. But what if it runs out?"

"Yes I can imagine it's substantial, Muskrat. With your long career of fraud, deception, stock manipulation, Ponzi schemes... it must have added up. But once you're tucked away, there's no need to worry about funds. It's a onetime payment. Thereafter, all you need will be provided."

Muskrat Mansfield smiles... with a disgusting sense of pride, envisioning a retirement so unjustly earned.

"Yeah. For every charged crime, there were a dozen they didn't know about. It all piled up over the years, the dough. Not like I could keep it in the bank."

"Cash?"

"Some. But mainly gold bars. Bullion. Compact, easily hidden, not traceable. But it has become little heavy over the years."

'Bless Wendy,' Kelly thinks but cannot say. Otherwise known as Wendy the Whip, ostensibly for her slashing court room style, as a member of Nusquam her sobriquet is more appropriately applied, an unrelenting sadist. She slipped Kelly the word. Her client is due to surrender himself for a long prison sentence... and his homophobia has brought cold feet. For obvious reasons Wendy cares not to know the details of this meeting, not to know of the alternative Muskrat Mike has decided upon. All that happened was a brief text message... not even from Wendy's phone... suggesting Kelly should meet someone... a prospect for 'a trip south' was the coded phrase.

"Just need some simple measurements," Kelly cautiously peering about from the dark booth of the seedy bar.

"What for?"

"Ah... for things to wear. Once you disappear it's not like you'll be able to shop."

"Yeah. Makes sense,"

The con artist... so easily conned, Kelly thinks to herself as she begins measuring... wrists... biceps... neck... feigning

to pick a napkin from the floor for a quick ankle and thigh measurement.

Should she tell him? She is so tempted to join the extraction team and detail the drudgery of life at Nusquam as the sociopathic embezzler and thief is restrained... wrapped and boxed for a flight from Teterboro.

Yes, with no sexual proclivities, no masochistic drive... lacking the insatiable urge to submit to the power of a superior, it will be straight to the pump house for Mike Muskrat Mansfield... no member finding joy in tormenting. But not before being defanged... declawed... and degloved.

At least he'll keep his balls, Kelly mentally shrugs. Castration, the fate of most of the male subjugants, is deemed counter to obtaining a long day of physically exhausting labor, pulling with vigor to rotate the huge heavy capstans which turn the generators. Electricity is so ironically offered for the visiting members... generated by the sweat of slave labor.

The pump house, so named because the original apparatus worked the pumps to clear water from the ancient silver mine below, has been converted. No more mules plodding in endless circles. It is now human toil... the final role to be fulfilled by subjugants no longer found desirable for sexual servitude.

Unfortunately, there are never enough naked shackled bodies. Thus the recruitment of the likes of Muskrat Mike, a miscreant the world will not miss... but for the U.S. Marshals service.

'I'd like to personally deglove him,' Kelly's mind distracting. Having read of his crimes, his victims the old, the feeble, those least able to afford dealing with the unctuous and unsavory Mike Muskrat Mansfield, she relishes the overdue comeuppance.

Federal time is too soft for the likes of Mike Mansfield.

Jotting down her last measurement, Kelly recalls the forlorn looks of males newly deprived of their overly

sensitive penile flesh. Attempting to masturbate, their stroking hands fruitless... realizing for the first time that pleasure is of the past... there comes such a wondrous sense of capitulation... to a woman's surgical hand... to face a life of sweat, suffering and the pain of the sjambok should a capstan slow.

"So that's it?" an incredulous Muskrat inquires, sliding a spare apartment key across a stained bar table.

"To your new life," Kelly counters with a toast,` joining the miscreant in a cheap glass of suds.

Chapter Thirty-Five

"I think girls like you not only enjoy the degradation, but the sense of ceding control brings a thrill... does it not?"

It does, 128 long having acquiesced to the strange paraphilia of masochism. But she cannot reply. She lies supine, tongue swirling, lips glued to the magnificent steamy moist mons of noted movie actress Florence Gale.

Cabin 7 is equipped to enthrall libertines such as Miss Florence, for she sits on a curiously crafted chair, seat open so that the Nusquam subjugant lying below can perform oral servitude. Though not one to offer the correcting pain of the sjambok, Miss Florence does demand that the hierarchy of Nusquam be respected, 128 finding her wrist bands secured to rings embedded left and right at the base of the chair, her ankle bands clipped to a spreader bar, forcing her to obscenely display her sex as she labors.

Having ridden her bull stud, squeezing and twisting nipples and pectorals in the height of ecstasy, finally commanding the Cannon to fire, Miss Florence had Shannon impressively ejaculate to her verbal cue. She now mandates that 128 cleanse. Thus the oral servant licks... tasting to find that the spendings are not only copious... but understandably deep as well... the hips and thighs thrusting to draw the huge thick phallus well within as Miss Florence offered a climactic shriek and paroxysmal squeeze of both her gripping hands and clenching buttocks.

There came an interlude of afterglow after which 128 was released from her cage, drawn to the chair and restrained.

"Shannon, let's take a walk, shall we? 128 has not before seen the milking parlor, and I have this thing about having my girl let down for me. It's decadently exciting."

With her words, 128's tongue encounters more thick drooling essence, the flow forcing her to put aside her disgust and ingest.

"Yes Miss Florence," an obsequious Shannon agrees, his \$6,000 per diem emolument well earned.

Within moments, 128 senses the hot vaginal passage has been purged of sperm. Miss Florence silently concurs for she abruptly stands. Sight restored, 128 realizes that the bronzed bull stud has been quite proximate, observing her hairless cunny with masculine glee. Strangely she blushes. Well spread, she exhibits all and Miss Florence notes the level of male interest.

"Sit yourself down, Shannon... while I dress," she politely invites.

128 is chagrined when the muscled form also utilizes the special chair, lowering to sit, scrotum and massive testicles draping over her face.

"No coming, Shannon. That's for me. She only gets seconds."

"Yes Ma'am."

Shannon leans forward, hands lowering, fingers finding the nipples. Such instantly crinkle, the touch knowing, tender, yet controlling.

"Always liked getting a salad toss... especially from sick little white girls," Shannon shuffling to present his anus. "So you can taste a little more of me."

128, all too familiar with the vernacular, feels the fingers tighten on chaste sensitive nubs. Compliance demanded, she licks, the odor repulsive.

"Yes, this is a special place, 128. Girls like you need Nusquam. A life of servitude," the deep resonate voice soothing to counter the sense of disgust. "That feels real good. A well trained tongue. And I'm sure for you it brings both revulsion yet satiates a need... for degradation... just like Miss Florence says. Maybe the Cannon can return the favor. He'll find your sphincter to be tight... but he'll enter you... go nice and slow... open you... offer that feeling of capitulation you so much enjoy. I'll take you deep. You'll feel the Cannon in your tummy."

The words bring a brisance... would 128 submit to that?.. could she submit to that? the Cannon the largest she has

seen.

The thought brings apprehension and fear... but also intrigues. She curses herself... curses her need. She could be forced to submit to anal sodomy... or would it really be forced?

Chapter Thirty-Six

"You'll feel better. And the lube is for your protection."

Florence Gale's proclamations come as she clips a leash to the steel neck collar of 128. Wrist bands and elbow bands secured closely together behind her back, forcing her to thrust forward her sizable breasts, thigh bands connected with a short hobbling chain, 128 is shamed to have to agree. The sense of ownership and control indeed brings strange comfort.

But the lube contrasts. Shannon the Cannon was relegated the duty of meticulously coating 128's gluteal cleft, fingers recreating in penetrating her anus to assure globs of the gelatinous gel were pressed well within. To announce to all that her backside has been prepared for penetration, the slick lubricant was smeared about her buttocks, seeming to welcome sodomy from any passing Nusquam member. Thus, whereas the bondage and controlling leash bring the agreeable sense of power exchange... she giving... the preparation and indecorous gleaming cheeks bring dread... so many sodomy stanchions seeming to beckon.

"No torn rectums at Nusquam," Miss Florence reiterates. "On toes please."

She tugs. 128 finds she must daintily prance to follow and in lifting high the leash, it's up on toes as desired, Master and dog departing Cabin 7.

Shannon follows, and as 128 feels the squishiness of abundant lubrication between her cheeks she must wonder whether he will act on his threat, the sodomy stanchions many.

"I have a girl who I must milk from time to time. Since I had her rendered to Nusquam, it's a prerogative I cannot pass up. Cost me a small fortune to arrange her stay here. But revenge has its merits for a woman of my ilk... and I tend to revel in it. Besides the craving for big black cock, there is another of deep secret which the Hollywood tabloids

must never uncover... this wrathful need to stifle competition and slake vengeance on those who challenge my career."

Miss Florence speaks as she leads, a firm hand communicating her authority with occasional quick tugs. Shannon follows, 128 having no doubt her gleaming buttocks a target of the Cannon.

It's a typical hot and sunny day in the tropics and with the need to prance, hobbling chain mandating many short and seemingly dainty steps, 128 feels her pores open. Sweat exudes. Meanwhile she envies the stylish cool and flowing sarong, the beautiful woman enjoying a casual stroll. With an occasional wind the hem flips to reveal Miss Florence wears nothing beneath, the garment practical in terms of quickly and easily engaging in her so termed peccadillo... the need for Shannon and his Cannon... big black cock.

Tiptoeing past a third sodomy stanchion, 128's concern begins to dissipate. Miss Florence seems focused... a direct journey to the milking parlor. Within minutes, another unassuming structure is reached, nothing at Nusquam pretentious. In entering 128's eyes widen, the scene decadently perverse.

The interior of the simple cinder block building appears to be a laboratory, walls of white, floor tiled, wet and smelling of strong detergent. A Mastiff momentarily distracts in greeting, flaring nostrils immediately examining 128's cunny for evidence of unauthorized masturbation. His hot breath excites, 128's labia long neglected.

Satisfied there has been no mischief, the hound withdraws allowing 128 to focus. Four female subjugants hang in suspension, naked, tattooed, bands of steels declaring their servitude, bald heads with the branded red letter 'N' prominently proclaiming ownership on the right buttock of the girl nearest the entryway.

Each hangs face down from cables, most of their weight supported by a broad nylon strap at the hips and lower abdomen. Arms and legs folded behind, the wrist and ankle bands are secured high to slim cables to hold in a hog tie. Another cable attached to the back of the neck collar positions the face and head at waist level. A spreader bar, thigh band to thigh band, holds open the feminine portals, the ease of access daunting. A sizable tag dangles from each right ear. There is machinery. There is tubing, including feeding tubes cruelly thrust into the nostrils. 128 quickly understands the purpose of the bondage and equipment, for dangling obscenely, on one girl nearly to the floor, are massive mammary glands and bizarrely elongated nipples. Milking parlor indeed.

“Good afternoon, Judy,” Miss Florence greets in a stentorian stage voice, leading to the third dangling form. “Or I suppose I should say 98,” her tone turning to mock in referencing the large black numerals on the tattooed forehead.

The leash hand draws 128 to the woman’s front, allowing close observation. 98 at one time was pretty, 128 concludes. And though there are unsightly rolls of fat about the stomach, thighs and upturned calves, probably shapely as well.

“Fuck you!” comes a terse response, the words barely discernible in being encumbered by the feeding tube.

“My, my 98. Such an attitude. You detest my presence but you’re already letting down for me. You’re now trained to react to the sound of my voice... how sweet... how gratifying. You may curse my visit but your glands crave my attention. They’re always seeking a hand milking. From the woman you so much despise.”

Indeed, 128 looks to see a rivulet of lactate streaming down a right nipple of many inches.

“The girls are machine milked regularly,” Miss Florence explains. “The process is thorough, consistent and with the

constant deluge of prolactin, lactose and other special nutrients, their daily yield grows and grows. But the suctioning can be harsh, teat cups tight on nipples quite sensitive. Thus the yearning for a slow soothing hand milking. It's much preferred... and much denied. For her, it is only I who offers... much to 98's chagrin."

A hand reaches forth. Thumb and forefinger squeeze the right nipple at the base then slowly draw downward to the tip, bringing forth a burst of beige liquid which splashes to the tile below. With the finger work comes another utterance, the word 'bitch'. Miss Florence laughs wickedly.

"Before rendered to Nusquam, Miss Judy Dupont was a talented and aspiring actress... and a very pretty girl with a disarming smile. We found ourselves constantly crossing paths in auditioning for roles. There was one I knew was perfect for me... and to my dismay she landed it. Seems she sucked the producer's cock, no doubt smiling with charm, and well enough to be deemed a potential starlet. Unfortunately she disappeared from Hollywood before the first shooting. The director assumed she got cold feet and I got a call back. No cock sucking for me. I merely have talent. The role jump started what has become a very lucrative career.

"The Nusquam fee was well worth the price. A life time of servitude for one of Hollywood's most promising talents. Monetarily, it was a stretch at the time. Used the entire paycheck from my first film."

The left hand pinches the cheek of a well tethered 98, helplessly hanging in obvious fury and frustration.

"You'll not be snatching any more roles from me, Judy... unless there's a part for a fat, tattooed branded girl who can lactate on demand, ha, ha, ha. You going to smile for me? Ha, ha, ha.""

One of Nusquam's many tending white uniformed nurses appears from a small office.

“Good afternoon Miss Gale. She’s not been milked today, as you requested. Would you like a basin?”

“Oh yes. 98 so much enjoys providing for me... don’t you? Such a fertile cow.”

The nurse moves to an opposing wall, gathering from a hook a stainless vessel of surprising size.

“Shannon, why not offer Miss Judy a taste of the Cannon,” gesturing for her bronzed bull stud to step forth. “She so much enjoys sucking... and she’s been defanged,” Miss Florence points out to 128. “Standard procedure. She remains a little too feisty and biting is always a concern,” an index finger pressing past defenseless lips to thrust into the mouth of the human cow.

“And now your smile disarms even more, Judy,” Miss Florence peeling back the lips to exhibit the edentulous pink of 98’s mouth.

Miss Florence mockingly taps the girl’s nose, highlighting her helplessness.

“Before we return to California I’ll leave behind a sample of Shannon’s seed. You’re probably due to be inseminated again in a few weeks. Have to keep these tits ready to let down for me,” Miss Florence withdrawing her hand as Shannon steps forth to offer his mammoth uncircumsized organ.

“I have her impregnated regularly. Keeps her humble,” a gloating Miss Florence announces. “How many has it been now, 98? Three... four? It will be many more by the time you’re relegated to the pump house. Only then will you begin to shed all these rolls of fat,” the left hand reaching to cruelly grasp and tug at a thick layer of flesh.

Ah the look of Schadenfreude, 128 notes. Miss Florence indeed enjoys her vengeance.

“Sucking cock and being milked. It’s the perfect role for you. And you don’t have to act. Such a sense of gratification it must offer you...”

The steel basin is placed on the floor. The nurse steps to a set of wall switches. With a press of her finger the cables clipped to 98's ankle bands slowly rise. With another press the cable securing her neck collar lowers, placing the prostrate plumped form almost upside down, the huge breasts and elongated nipples dangling more prominently.

128 becomes intrigued as Miss Florence hands the nurse her leash and moves to stand behind, the mammary glands now leaking profusely in anticipation of a hand milking. She positions a nearby stool and sits. Shannon grasps the bald head at the ears. The Cannon stiffens and thrusts forth past perfectly positioned lips. Miss Florence begins to deftly milk the cow-like udders, lactate spewing notably and pinging the basin below.

She has before milked... and despite the many occasions her glee diminishes not.

"Oh you so much enjoy producing for me Judy. And I like draining you. You hate me but find the need to give overwhelms. It's all you have left in life... it's now your only role."

Right, left, right, left, the fingers squeeze then drawn, squeeze then draw, slowly, tenderly, methodically. The spurts splash the basin with vigor. It steadily fills, the flow rate impressive. 98 moans. Despite the vehemence her reaction to the ecstasy of offering her essence cannot to be suppressed. The hate is apparent, but her need... to be emptied, the gentle draws and squeezes so welcomed... counters her loathing. She has been conquered... and her breasts capitulate despite the desire to battle.

"You see how nicely this calms them, 128? No more nasty words. The feisty aspiring actress Judy Dupont just dangles in her bonds, her energy depleting. I'm slowly draining her. She succumbs, a nice slow hand milking rare and very much appreciated."

Indeed, 128 notes looks of envy on the remaining herd of human cows. She also notes there hang unused cables

supporting empty broad straps of nylon. She shudders, the restraints seeming to beckon.

Chapter Thirty-Seven

128 sits thighs parted, impaled, wrists held high. Did she sleep?

Miss Florence Gale, having returned to Hollywood after a long weekend of riding both Shannon the Cannon and the cunnilingus chair, has released 128 from her temporary term of servitude. Thus during the day she is assigned again to the stables, grooming steed 88, spanking his balls, assuring that he is well exercised, his penis prepared to stand and amuse Miss Penny Osborne on her next visit. Nights, she is communally bound to be bathed, fed and bedded.

128 hears the chamber of bound subjugants begin to stir. There comes the growing illumination of sunrise, another day at Nusquam to begin.

Bladder filled, 128 knows she must withhold and wait her turn, a tending nurse to eventually grant permission, offering a collection vessel between her forcibly parted thighs and the humiliating assistance of a hand, splaying her labia to assure the morning deed is neatly performed.

Though being bedded communally for many months, 128 still cannot acclimate herself to sleeping sitting upright. Eventually her head slumps and there come brief naps.

Augmenting the slow and constant aggravation is the anal insertion. Just when her sphincter adapts, 128 finds her chair accommodating the next largest size. She began the nightly anal stretching with a modest black cylinder of rubber designated as a 'No. 1'. Last night she found herself spreading and lowering to impale herself on a sizable 'No. 6'.

How many sizes? She dreads thinking about numbers like 15...20... 25. How far will they stretch her?

Ah, a white uniform appears. A subjugant to her left is offered a bowl. The nurse stoops, a hand lowers, meaty labia no doubt parted. There comes a pause... always a pause... discipline to be instilled even during the most basic

of human functions. Finally comes the command... 'urinate for me'... and the hissing of a night's excretions.

The sound fosters greater need, 128 suppressing the verbal plea... 'hurry'! Such will mean she will be last.

The nurse empties, returns and finally approaches. She smiles... wickedly, so much enjoying her power as a bowl is aligned beneath her low stool.

"You're to report to the milking parlor before going to the stables 128," a deft right hand lowering to assure the urethral opening is unimpaired. "Nurse Traite took an interest in you and the Director agrees you should be evaluated."

There comes the evil pause. 128 is expecting such. But expecting not is the free left hand. It moves to 128's right breast, palming, freely smoothing about then brazenly jiggling in assessment. Wrists and ankles secured, 128 must helplessly endure the humiliation.

And yet, the woman's controlling touch feels so good!

"And with these tits, why wouldn't she? Ha, ha, ha."

The milking parlor! A stunned 128 remains silent, the message daunting. She recalls the intense degradation endured by 98... Miss Judy Dupont... her acting career truncated by the vengeful Florence Gale... now serving as a branded, tattooed human cow.

"Rex will accompany you," the nurse nodding to one of the huge Mastiff's.

Finally comes the command... the three welcomed words... and 128 opens obediently and presses forcefully. Delay brings a second command... 'stop'. And therefore with her need is great, there is haste.

"They'll find an appropriate function for you here, 128. This is Nusquam. We know girls like you... what deep within makes you happy. And if we fail... there's always the pump house. Everyone performs to their best there... they have no choice."

Bathed like a child and spoon fed the bland but highly nutritious Nusquam mush, the tending nurse prepares 128 for her journey to the milking parlor and Nurse Traite. Wrist and elbow bands clipped together behind her back, the tightness presses back her shoulders. 128 senses her breasts thrusting forward to fill the room. Then, once again her anus is well lubricated, the nurse deeming the unguent protection. Next, for the first time since being wrapped and mentally programmed, 128 finds herself placed in a garment... a special garment.

"It's a cunny harness," the nurse succinctly explain in buckling a nylon belt about her waist.

Dangling below are vertical cords to support thinner straps of nylon which are similarly buckled about her upper thighs. It is then that 128 discovers the horror of the cunny harness. For the nurse begins toying with her labia, right lip first, kneading and tugging. Initially, in being held chaste, the manipulation feels good, but when satisfied the sensitive pink is appropriately stretched and engorged, a clamp closes over to encapsulate.

"It's for the best. Rex can keep you under strict control without having to bite. You'll want to avoid that. They're a very strong breed... large teeth."

The left lip is also kneaded, stretched out and clamped. Following that her clitoral hood is clamped as well. 128 then watches in distress as cords are connected to the clamps, pulled upwards and threaded through an eyelet at the front of the waist belt. When the nurse gently tugs, 128 gasps in agony as the clamps tighten. Though the nurse's hand action is ever so slight, the pain is jarring.

"So you be a good girl and make sure you humbly respond to Rex... that the leash is always slack."

The nurse reaches for a leash, calling out to the large hound.

"Do not fret, 128. The dogs here are well trained. You be obedient and you'll not feel a thing. But failing to carefully

follow will be painful for you, understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Her tone expresses both surprise and capitulation, forced to subordinate herself to a dog. She will indeed need to heed Rex, the slightest tension on the leash squeezing the clamps of the cunny harness to bring quick and intense suffering.

"Ah, one last item. A little challenge for you... and to keep those nice breasts well presented."

With that, the thigh bands are again connected by a hobbling chain. 128's steps will be many, short and rapid, her rippling and rolling mammary glands sure to impress.

"Milking parlor, Rex," the nurse commands, the nurse clipping the leash to his collar.

With a deep formidable 'woof', Rex acknowledges, and as if aware of the threatening cunny harness, very gently turns to the door. 128, forgetting about the hobbling chain and unaccustomed to being under such direct canine control, stumbles forth, the clamps instantly tightening to bring a howl of pain.

"Oh 128, do try to keep up. You're otherwise going to have a very painful journey," the nurse's hand slapping her branded right cheek.

Chapter Thirty-Eight

Tethered to a dog... and led about at the end of a leash!

Despite the discomfort, the leash gently jostling to ever so slightly squeeze the cunny clamps, 128 feels the strange joy of the masochist... the intense humiliation giving rise to arousal. Despite the tropical temperature, she peers downward to see her thrusting nipples crinkle to pencil points, announcing her lustful reaction to her embarrassment.

Members stroll by as Rex leads. They smile knowingly, 128's breasts flopping with her many short steps, her arousal not to be denied.

A nurse stops the duo, giving Rex a friendly pat.

"Good morning, 128. Enjoying your stroll?" the query coming with a mocking snicker.

The hand moves towards 128's mons. The trained subjugant knows to present herself, always receptive to inspection, her cunny lips held open by the clamps, surely inviting examining fingers.

Two fingers glide inward and playfully diddle.

"No need to answer. Your cunt speaks for you... such a naughty girl, tsk tsk tsk."

128 blushes. The Nusquam members and staff know so well... fully aware of the quirkiness.

The fingers withdraw, the nurse holding up her wet digits, glistening in the sunlight. She smiles.

"Yes, you're enjoying. Where is Rex taking you?"

"To the milking parlor Ma'am. To see Nurse Traite."

"Yes, indeed," the hand moving to palm left breast then right, the thumb teasingly grazing over the hardened nipple. "I'm sure you'll be letting down for her... turn these into udders... stretched and ready for the teat cups. Girls like you enjoy that. Is that right?"

"I don't know Ma'am."

"Well, do be obedient. The Mastiffs tolerate no mischief."

"Yes, Ma'am."

The nurse strolls off. After a pause, Rex saunters onward, 128 knowing to quickly shuffle as best as her hobbling chain permits. Sensing her breasts bouncing with each labored step, the brief words of the nurse give rise to thought. Is the milking parlor where she will serve out her term of servitude? The tranquility of the facility so oddly contrasts the stables... and the unending stressful bondage of the communal dorm.

Yes, the human cows appeared contented, she realizes smiling to herself. Yet, if that is all there is... will such contentment suit her?

Rex advances his pace. The clamps send controlling messages, squeezing her cunny lips and clitoral hood. 128 gasps in pain, obediently responding as best she can. And she also feels familiar twinges. She feels herself moistening. Pain has always brought odd excitement. But tethered to a dog, led about naked, hobbled and bound? Why does this bring arousal?

The milking parlor is in sight. The journey close to an end. But then comes a command.

"Rex... stop!"

It is a male voice... an authoritative male voice emanating from behind. The well trained canine immediately comes to a halt. 128 catches her breath, the many short but rapid steps physically grueling. In the tropical heat, she sweats, rivulets streaming. But is it only perspiration wetting her inner thighs?

As 128 turns seeking the source of the command, she spies a man and a woman. Approaching with sjamboks in hand, both are members, always at the ready to discipline a subjugant... though ready to entertain themselves may be a more apropos explanation for conveying the thick and stiff lengths of rawhide covered polymer.

"Ah, it's 128," the woman exclaims, noting the large black tattooed numerals. "I've read her file. Fascinating, the

level of self deprecation. Perfect for a life of servitude at Nusquam."

The tone is haughty, her accent free diction notable, the woman no doubt well to do and well educated. Reddish brown hair short, nicely groomed, her tall trimmed form, suggesting athleticism, is attired in a loose white blouse and jodhpurs. The knee high boots intimate that she is an equestrienne strolling to the stables.

The man is plain, not short, his height equaling his woman companion. Mustache, finely cut hair,. though casually dressed the nattiness projects an aura of wealth.

"128... I don't think I've taken her," the tone one of nonchalance.

"You haven't dear. Least I have not put that in your record book."

Stepping to confront 128, the woman grasps the leash, tensioning 128's end to bring instant suffering. She knows of the cunny harness, the dire effect of the slightest pull. When 128 stifles a shriek of pain, the woman laughs.

"Yes 128, you squeal but you're happy. My nose suggests you're enjoying your walk... leashed to a dog."

128 blushes. With normal feminine hygiene long denied, the feminine fragrance of her arousal is strong. Indeed, it is more than sweat which exudes.

"This one has nice tits, John. I'll be sure to note that for you in your record book."

The man nods, his eyes assessing, examining 128's nakedness as one would apprise a prize show animal.

"How long have you served at Nusquam? Speak!" the tone sharp and commanding.

"A few months, sir. I don't know exactly," 128 losing all sense of time with the sensory deprivation and brain washing.

"So you're being opened. What size anal plug?.. the number?"

"Number 6 last night sir."

“6... that’s perfect. You’ll be easily penetrated but tight. Gladys,” the man turning to his companion, “care to watch... or are you eager to take your ride?”

“Oh, I’d like to toy with her leash while you fanny fuck her. The pain and degradation would make her quite happy... would it not 128?” the leash hand jostling to bring more anguish.

“I... I... don’t know Ma’am.”

“Well... we’ll see,” the woman releasing the leash from Rex’s collar. “There’s a sodomy stanchion right over there,” nodding to one of the ubiquitous threatening wooden frames.

Chapter Thirty-Nine

"So this is how you choose to visit me... whipped and fanny fucked?"

Nurse Traite inquires, her soothing voice bringing comparative calm, noting 128 remains quaking from her ordeal. Bent over, tummy to the smooth horizontal plank of a sodomy stanchion, 128's hobbling chain was released and her ankles quickly and easily clipped to the bottom of the supporting posts, spreading her most openly. Member Gladys took great glee in controlling the end of her leash, tugging to squeeze the clamps... labia and clitoral hood... assuring quick and humble compliance. Meanwhile member John, pleased to find 128's anus well lubricated, applied the sjambok, bringing forth howls of agony. Two strokes, right cheek and left.

'I like a nice warm bottom when butt fucking,' he insouciantly declared.

128 heard the buzz of a zipper opened in haste. Then member Gladys stepped forward, hands lowering to palm her breasts. She squeezed, smiling with her power.

'Clever, the design of the cunny harness. You can be taken anally while remaining restrained with your tender pink parts pinched and under control.'

Fingers splayed open her cheeks, the tip a stiff appendage smoothed up and down her crevice, deftly assessing her opening before plunging. There came some pain, more discomfort, but also a sense of surrender as the firm shaft glided inward. John proved to be of modest size, an attribute for which 128 was tempted to offer thanks.

Perhaps the nightly stretching of her sphincter is to be accepted, 128 found herself thinking.

'John is attracted to plump bottom. You should feel privileged to be considered for anal sodomy. He prefers to penetrate the castrates. They succumb so plaintively,' Gladys flippantly explained.

Breasts fondled, John's organ plunging and plunging, as 128 felt her quim moistening with excitement she could not help thinking of her concupiscent reaction... her Nusquam existence... the suffering... the humiliation... the sense of being owned and totally under control of... of what?.. of whom?.. of everyone, she realizes.

She is made to offer her rectum for the pleasure of a man she knows not... and under the tutelage of the irritating woman Gladys, watching with mocking laughter. Is this something she desires? Her mind says no, but her subconscious, and the twinges of her clamped yet moist cunny speaks otherwise.

Yes she wets, feeling the woman's hands, the tightness of the cunny harness, the frictioning of her rosebud opening.

'I say, 128. you need to squeeze with each withdrawal and press your little butt hole open when I thrust," John instructed. "The castrates seem to learn that quickly. It will be less stressful for you and maximize my pleasure. So concentrate... follow my rhythm and you'll become quite the anal slut. And that's what girl's like you enjoy. That's why you're here.'

"You're drooling semen," Nurse Traite's observation ending 128's traumatic reverie.

"I... I... was kept in bondage... had no opportunity to clean myself," 128's humble reply that of a squeaking mouse.

"And the man who took you?" Nurse Traite releasing the leash from Rex's collar with a pat to the head and an encouraging 'good boy'. "I'm sure he's not walking about exhibiting evidence of your coupling."

128 lowers her head in shame, the nurse's words bringing images of member John's wet and soiled penis. She was made to cleanse, sucking with odd eagerness. It brought disgust... more self loathing... and more masochistic thrill.

"I licked him clean," 128 sheepishly blurts.

“Of course you did. And without a moment of thought. That’s why masochists like you are at Nusquam. We know what is best... how to accommodate your needs.”

128 finds herself nodding in agreement as Nurse Traite steps to her front, lowers her hands, her fingers quickly and easily gliding past her forced open lips and into her vagina. Her touch brings a thrill, the woman knowing of the somatic response to not only the degradation of anal sodomy... but having to admit to it... having to acknowledge her strange joy.

“You are here to be evaluated for the milking parlor. You’ve already had a taste for my protocol observing 98 being milked. Perhaps you’d like to be assigned here... assuming these can be suitable candidates,” her hands rising to palm mammary glands of ample size. “Your nipples... large... the milk ducts no doubt many. But the shape... that will need to change.”

The hands return to 128’s cunny. She is heartened to feel the clamps loosened then removed... and grateful for the relative tenderness.

“Now let’s evaluate shall we? And you can watch me milk 79. She’s been letting down for me for years, at one time my best producer. But her breasts are nearing the end of usefulness, production waning. She’s to be assigned to the pump house soon.”

The thigh and waist straps are unbuckled the cunny harness falling to the floor with 128’s sigh of relief.

“So, I’ve read your file, know of your proclivities, my former colleague Kelly Devers very explicit in terms of your needs. But I’ll need to weigh and measure, your body having changed over the past months,” a hand pinching the right buttock in assessing.

Nurse Traite notes the welt of the sjambok.

“You’ll not be disciplined in that manner here 128, you may be pleased to know that. We’ll need you to be tranquil,

calm, complacent, eager to let down and express. The sjambok is not used here..”

Is 128 happy to learn that?

She ponders as she is led to an examination table, instructed to mount and kneel on all fours. A very explicit and intimate medical examination begins, no part of her anatomy escaping the palpating hands and fingers of the knowing nurse.

“Kelly reported that you have an affinity for nipple torture... weighted clamps, mouse traps, hot needles. I hope no milk ducts have been impaired. If so I’ll need to turn up the milking machine to clear them out. There’s discomfort in that, but it’s quite palliative. I’ll also need to inspect your vaginal walls. We impregnate here. Most reliable way to induce lactation. And judging from your broad hips, you’ll reproduce like a sow... ha, ha, ha.”

Chapter Forty

Preparing for a night's slumber, 128 is guided by a nurse as she lowers herself onto her low stool and attached impaling anal plug. She notes 'No. 7' emblazoned at the base and realizes her anus will be accommodating a larger size. When the nurse places her hands about the hips, Nurse Traite's comment is brought to mind... 'reproducing like a sow'.

128 is disconcerted. There was no mention of being bred like a farm animal when Nurse Kelly offered an overview of Nusquam. Instead her words suggested she would be safe... tormented but her demented psyche curiously pampered.

There comes an irrepressible moan as the anal plug is slowly driven home under her lowering weight. The nurse smiles, checks to assure her wrist bands are secured in place high above then clips her ankle bands right and left to leave 128 well spread... sensing the vulnerability which seems to be mandated for subjugants at Nusquam.

A kind... teasing?... hand reaches forth and tweaks a nipple.

"Sleep well."

Her words mock. For 128 never truly sleeps. Bound sitting upright, her nights are spent more hallucinating. So when her colleagues are similarly tethered and the lights extinguish, knowing another sleepless night approaches, 128 recalls the event of the day... placed in the daunting cunny harness... leashed to a dog... breasts toyed with while brusquely sodomized... undergoing the humiliating thorough physical examination... and observing another milking... the well utilized breasts of 79 forcibly sucked dry by a goat milking machine.

It is ironic that the latter event most sticks in her mind. For that, should her organs be deemed acceptable, may be where it is decided she will serve at Nusquam. After watching 79 squirm, 128 surmising that within minutes the exhilaration of letting down transformed to a sense of

having life suckled away... akin to bleeding to death... the discomfort became evident. The woman's plaintive cries went unheeded. The machine pumped and pumped and pumped. It is no wonder hand milkings are coveted.

128 mulls for how many years subjugant 79 has been milked... twice per day. In her bald nakedness, age is difficult to determine. But as Nurse Traite explained, the tagged right ears of the human cows demark much information, menstrual cycle and number of offspring brought to term included.

128 counted ten notches down one side of the tag. Impregnated ten times! A minimum of ten years lactating at the behest of Nusquam members!

But then come thoughts of the relative merits of life as a lactating beast. No sjambok... no anal penetration... no forced labor... limited Mastiff supervision. In being constantly fed through a tube... deluged with hormones and high lactose nutrition... there is tranquility... an eery tranquility... as always the rule of silence enforced. Yet will subordinating her glands to the harsh suction of a relentless machine mollify her deviant desires? No pain... no suffering... no fellatio... no anal penetration.

What if she is found acceptable and declines the role? Can a subjugant of Nusquam refuse the milking parlor? Refuse anything?

Thoughts of doom linger. Still there come recollections of Nurse Traite's expert hand. In prompting a strong expression of lactate... 'jump starting the flow' as the nurse quipped... a vibrator was applied to the clitoris of 79. 128 was amazed when the milk ducts instantly opened and despite the age of the well worn glands, beige essence immediately drooled to the nipple tips of the inverted naked form.

'Works every time. So eager for attention.'

Cruelly, the vibrator clicked off and the extraordinarily long nipples where encased in teat cups, the long interval of pumping to begin.

'There are smaller teat cups,' 128 found herself commenting in curiosity.

'Labia and clitoris... for girls who perform for me. A reward for special occasions.'

Ah, perhaps the milking parlor is not pure hell, 128's thoughts vacillating.

Chapter Forty-One

"Your first visit as a member. Have a good flight?"

"The cabin gets a little claustrophobic when the windows are covered."

"Security, Kelly. You know my concerns," the Director reminds. "And it's only for the last hour of the flight."

For the final leg of the long journey from Teterboro, mostly over ocean, the cabin windows are closed when land approaches. Not even visiting members have the slightest semblance of knowledge concerning Nusquam's location. But for the hot breezes and exotic greenery, for all Kelly Devers knows the flight could have been circular, returning her to some airstrip in a desolate area of America.

"Muskrat Mansfield arrive okay?" Kelly sipping her coffee.

"Being worked in the pump house," the Director nodding. "You should visit him. Apparently he feels betrayed."

Kelly laughs, smiling fiendishly. Betrayed indeed.

"You should know that after a long career as a con artist, the Muskrat was conned. About one fourth of his gold bars were fakes.... gold plated lead."

"Do I owe you a rebate on my commission?"

"No. We took it into account before we sent your check. Just thought it ironic."

"Well, I'll get the name of his gold dealer. Perhaps another candidate for the pump house."

"Yes, more irony in that," the Director offering a rare laugh. "I'll have them chained together."

"Who is that hanging for you? He's nicely erect," Kelly turning her head, gazing with another sip.

The naked form of a tall muscular male idly hangs upright from the office ceiling by taut vertical cables. Hairless, forehead tattooed with the numerals 156, probably branded, right buttock beyond her line of sight, his penis stands firmly. On occasion there comes the sound of a strained grunt.

“Another mob rendition. I don’t like doing business with them, but it’s a quick and easy pay off, and none of the miscreants are ever missed, no questions from the authorities. This one ran up some gambling debts... I suppose lots of gambling debts since he’s here and now unlikely to pay. So the boys make an example of him... those who may consider reneging think twice in learning of his fate. Which reminds me...” the Director retrieving a cell phone. “They want photos... to be shown to those who have not yet paid. A provocative warning.”

The Director swivels, snaps then smiles.

“Such wondrously slow suffering. Some enjoy hanging potted plants. I have my own office decorations.”

“Any anesthesia when you had him spiked?”

“The mob boys specified ‘no’. Wanted to send a message.”

Kelly marvels at the relative stillness. Despite the aggravation of having long thin spikes thrust vertically through the pectoral muscles of the chest and gluteus maximus muscles of the buttocks... cables attached to suspend the nude male some six inches above the office floor... the mob’s miscreant moves not. Curious how quickly they learn that, Kelly thinks to herself. Despite the anguish, struggling against the horrific bonds only brings mind boggling muscle reaction... severe cramping. Thus those spiked and hung just idly dangle in suspension... and dangle and dangle... awaiting the mercy of a nearby foot stool.

Augmenting the mental torment... the hands, feet and limbs are free to move about... not tethered. Thus if the suspended form so chooses, he can kick and flail... to no avail other than to turn the otherwise slow barely tolerable torture into instant excruciating pain.

The spikes of stainless steel are in the shape of an inverted ‘T’, not to pull away despite supporting the entire body weight. With eyelets welded to the top and cables attached, such are threaded up and under the steel neck

collar to offer balance, the form not to topple. And then there is the somatic reaction, the so termed dead man's dance, tension in the spinal column spurring the male propensity to harden... erection most prominently displayed for the amusement of the Director, Kelly Devers and the form's former creditors... his mob friends... soon to receive a texted photo.

"I always found the protocol to be... so wickedly appealing... the buttocks and male breasts remaining nicely presented for the sjambok. How long?" Kelly inquires placing her coffee cup on the Director's desk to arise.

"He'll take two to three hours per day before he faints."

"No, I mean for how long will he be your potted plant?" Kelly stepping to stand before the impressively helpless male nakedness.

"Oh. I suppose I'll tire of him in a few weeks. Then I'll have him worked in the pump house."

"Good morning 156. You're nicely erect for me," Kelly soothingly teases, a knowing hand extending to palm the hanging testicles.

There comes a menacing growl. An arm moves in an attempt to strike. The clenched fist harmlessly drops as the motion, though slight, quickly begins the cascade of agonizing muscle cramps. Feet kick... arms thrash, bringing more spasms. Hurting himself, the growl quickly transforms to pitiful grunts of pain as the dangling form strains to calm itself.

Though near, Kelly smiles, fearlessly standing her ground, the attempted blow futile and amusing.

"Feisty. I'd like to have time with him before he's relegated to the pump house. He's to be neutered or labor intact?"

"The girls can work him harder, get more production, if he's intact."

"Then I'll deglove him for you. It's been a while and altering permanently always brings a thrill. Can he speak?"

“No. I had his vocal cords sutured. I want to watch him suffer... not listen to him beg.”

Chapter Forty-Two

"You got a little hard last night, Robert. I'm going to suggest that the Director increase your estrogen."

Kelly Devers lounges, sitting upright, back resting on the plush pillows of the sizable double bed of cabin 10, the light covering sheets strewn aside, pushed away in the throes of lusty copulation... if taking a boy anally can be so termed.

An effeminate Robert approaches, the words bringing gloom. Handing Miss Kelly morning coffee, he meekly protests.

"Please don't do that Miss Kelly."

The plea brings a smile. Basking in the exhilaration of sodomizing a boy she castrated, the sense of power enthuses.

"Even a partial erection can bring vestiges of male pride, Robert. You know that's not best for you. You need complete transformation, your psyche as well. And I think you enjoyed the penetration as much as me. Ceding to a woman somewhat excites a girly boy like you. And your prostate needed attention. You oozed like a fountain. Before going to the office, wash both the Feeldoe and the sheets."

Her words are a command. He nods, looking with admiration into the face of she who snipped, his envy for her determination and resolve apparent.

The subjugant Robert, granted status akin to a prison trusty, has been absolved of most of Nusquam's drudgery. Thus he has privileges... freedom of movement when not serving as the Director's assistant most appreciated.

Coffee cup in one hand, Kelly reaches to her right, fingers tweaking the puffy left nipple of the feminized castrate. Robert has the breasts of a pubescent girl, testosterone depleted, estrogen working to trigger male production of prolactin.

"You're cute, Robert. Nice and plump."

The hand moves upwards, fingers hooking the steel neck collar. She pulls drawing the nakedness onto the bed, her

strength easily overpowering he who is given to succumb.

"Let's see if that tongue work of yours has improved," guiding the bald head between thighs and upturned knees.

Robert knows his place... his duty. Noted for fellating the office guests of the Director, he deems performing cunnilingus on the woman who mastered him to be an honored privilege.

Kelly's afterglow transcends to more lustiness as the gentle tongue and lips lick and lave.

"I'm curious about Patricia Lamange, Robert. Are you aware of her status?"

The hairless cranium bobs, silently acknowledging, lips glued to her engorging labia. Kelly rebukes herself for distracting, the oral servitude amazingly proficient. She thus puts aside more questions, soaking up both the physical joy and the emotional gratification. Her quick orchidectomy has resulted in magical transformation, a male... former male... whose life role is now to serve... women of authority considered omnipotent... and she who plucked away his maleness deemed a Goddess.

The first orgasm comes, thighs squeezing in climactic ecstasy. Robert knows to lie immobile, awaiting the command for more or to retreat. Quim well frictioned by the Feeldoe double dildo, Kelly decides on moderation. She taps at Robert's tattooed forehead, signaling withdrawal.

"Has her evaluation been completed?" resuming her query.

"No Ma'am. She's number 128... tattooed, branded, sensory deprivation and brainwashing successfully completed. She's being face fucked and sodomized often of course. Otherwise been working the stables as a groom for Miss Penny Osborne. But that's not to last. Miss Penny has arranged for a permanent replacement groom, the wife of her steed. She was rendered here two weeks ago, now completing her sensory deprivation and brain washing. So a few days ago Nurse Traite had 128 at the milking parlor."

Kelly nods. The vast mammary glands of heiress Patricia Lamange always objects of sadistic delight, she envisions the ample breast meat encapsulated, squeezed and sucked by the teat cups of Nurse Traite. She'll dress and visit the girl, her status as a Nusquam member to be enjoyed.

"Prepare the shower, Robert. You will bathe me."

The command brings a squeal of delight as Robert scrambles from the bed. Kelly notes the well rounded fattened buttocks, the branded letter 'N' forever delineating Robert's status.

'It's a shame they only have one set of balls to surrender,' Kelly humorously thinks to herself. 'The subservient male alters so wondrously.'

Chapter Forty-Three

Kelly Devers dresses. No longer required is the white uniform denoting her former profession, her years of Nusquam employment behind her. Instead, frolicking amongst libertines, her attire can better address the tropical heat and humidity of the jungle enclave... plus be practical. A strapless halter of diaphanous white silk offers coolness yet highlights breasts of enticing proportion, nipples invitingly silhouetted. A short pleated cotton skirt, sans undergarments, yields to the occasional refreshing breeze. And will yield as well to the obeisant head and face of an oral subjugant.

Robert calls out his good bye, the voice pleasingly soft and high pitched, an exacting day serving the Director of Nusquam to begin.

Kelly in turn bids adieu, reflecting on the morning shower. Yes, Robert bathed her with glee, his adoration apparent. And Kelly requited the favor, soapy fingers returning to where years ago she callously... but professionally... incised the scrotum, snipped nerves, vessels and vas deferens and plundered. Ah those pings... greyish pink plums dropping to steel surgical dish... the sound so slight yet so significant.

'What happened here Robert? Something's missing,' she could not avert chiding, his look of glumness bringing to her a girlish giggle.

She also worked his penis, decimated with the deluge of feminine hormones, not able to stifle offending laughter as the organ struggled to firm. Her touch... deft, known to bring joy to the intact male... brought frustration, ultimate masculine pleasure forever denied.

Newly rich, newly empowered, Kelly assesses in a mirror, her raven hair simply groomed, limited make up not detracting from handsomeness, smooth blemishless skin gleaming with sun tan oil. Pleased, she steps from cabin 10... to the stables. On this visit there will be no need for a medical kit, no twisted ankle to bandage, no excoriated

flesh in need of ointment, no rectums to be sutured... torn asunder in torrid anal penetration. .

It is Nusquam... and now it is to be enjoyed.

Kelly Devers strolls with swagger. Taking a boy anally offers such a sense of power... control... authority. Though tropical birds squawk and sing in the high corona of the jungle forest, she... instead hears in her mind the effeminate squeals of castrate Robert as she plunged, hips thrusting to friction the tight little sphincter. As a Nusquam trusty, he's not subjected to the whimsy of the sodomite members. Anal penetration rare, Kelly had to work him open. And work she did, her end of the well designed Feeldoe bringing wave after wave of carnal delight.

Entering the long stable structure, stalls familiar but stocked with tattooed foreheads unknown, she slows to survey. Naked, well muscled forms... in equine parlance fillies, geldings, a rare stallion... are tethered in stalls, patiently awaiting a morning run, their masochistic souls no doubt pining for the sting of the sjambok, the feel of taut reins, the

pinch of a directing snaffle bit. At the end she spies Miss Patricia Lamange, now Nusquam subjugant number 128, the letter 'N' of her branded right buttock seeming to hail attention, her cheeks swaying invitingly as she cleanses a tall stallion. But for knowing her Nusquam number, the girl is barely recognized, the baldness eerily unbecoming.

Stepping past an attentive Mastiff, Kelly Devers greets her former client.

"Good morning, Pattie."

Visit unexpected, a stunned 128 pauses, turning to confirm the source of the greeting.

"Miss Kelly! I..."

"I know... it's unexpected. But I'm now a member. A little vacation long overdue."

Kelly enters the stall, her attention immediately diverted to steed 88, the enlarged testicles not to be ignored.

“Goodness. Stallions are few here. And these!”

Conduct otherwise considered rude and abrasive, at Nusquam members rule. Thus her hands lower and after many years of medical training, handling testicles large and small, Kelly inquisitively palms the outsized gonads, the objects of Penny Osborne’s scorn.

“Miss Penny. She considers them fruit. Enjoys having them grow for her,” 128 offers in explanation.

“And no doubt to be one day picked,” Kelly adds with a laugh. “So Penny works him and his balls,” Kelly glancing at the spatula hanging in wait.

Kelly squeezes. Though gentle, 88 lurches, the daily ball spanking bringing heightened sensitivity. She smiles, her fingers moving to the penis tube.

“Intact but permanently chastised. Must be quite randy.”

“Yes Ma’am. Miss Penny runs him stiff. Likes displaying his erection.”

“I imagine it amuses. Over your months here, I’m sure you’ve encountered many forms and levels of mastery. It’s what Nusquam is about... satiating needs.”

“Yes Ma’am. It’s time for his exercise,” 128 moving to retrieve a leash.

Kelly watches the naked subjugant clip a leash to the testicle rings, smiling as a finger ever so gently brushes the underside of the steel encased penis, diddling the small exposed portion of penile flesh. As the cylinder rises, Kelly smiles.

Ah, the frustration, Kelly ponders, noting that 88 lustfully stares at the enormous breasts. When 128 pushes in place a stool, stepping up to release the nostril chain, she presses her mammoth glands against his chest. Penis now upturned, a warm thigh also grazes the open patch of skin. The touch brings a brisance of delight, 88 thrusting forth his hips to frottage. An observing Mastiff warns. A deep woof, rarely heard, instantly terminates conduct deemed forbidden.

128 steps down, firmly gripping the testicle leash.

“I walk him many miles. Miss Penny insists he be conditioned.”

“Of course. I’ll join you.”

Chapter Forty-Four

"I understand you spent some time with Nurse Traite in the milking parlor... being evaluated."

"Yes Miss Kelly."

Member and subjugant converse as 128 circles the paddock area of the stable facility, a leashed steed 88 plodding behind. Spanked balls always sore to the touch, he attentively responds to the directing hand of his groom, tension to be minimized, obedience assured.

"You have enormous breasts, Pattie... er... 128. You'd be a good producer... let down well. The members would enjoy having your glands perform for them. Of course your nipples would need to be conditioned... lengthened. But all skin stretches. In time they'll become long enough for a slow soothing hand milking."

Udders! 128 finds the notion unsettling. Images of human cow 79 come to mind... the sound of the goat milking machine... the rhythmical whooshing... the low moans evidencing initial joy... transforming to futile begging as the glands became irritated with the constant sucking.... the clear teat cups first filling with the extraordinarily long nipple flesh... pink turning to red... then coated with sprays of beige lactate... cycle after cycle after cycle... the suckling unrelenting... the reservoir tank slowly but steadily filling.

"You did not tell me about that... when describing Nusquam," 128 timidly offers.

"Becoming a subjugant at Nusquam means acquiescing. There are many aspects of serving here that are not meaningful to divulge. You're here to capitulate and serve... in any manner...at the pleasure of the members. The milking parlor is a source of amusement. And you're here to amuse... to be exhibited... naked, hairless, tattooed, branded."

128 senses moisture. The words bring twinges. Why?

"Then I'm to be bred. Inseminated."

"It assures you will properly express. And enhance your desire to nurture... to give... to offer all."

"It's... it's... serene. I'm not sure I can do it. The thought of being suckled... and suckled... then lying in nothingness.... waiting to be suckled again. It's... well... there's... there's no..."

"No pain. No trauma. Your masochism not properly assuaged?" Kelly completing the thought. "You'll not be corporally punished in the milking parlor. And that disappoints. You would not adequately produce... let down. So you prefer the sjambok... too much enjoy the feel of your tummy pressing against a sodomy frame? Having your sphincter opened. Your throat used as a vagina?"

"It... it excites. I do not understand it... but it so much thrills."

"No girl of your ilk ever does... understand. It's why you're here... to protect from your own self destruction. Remember being stranded riding the horse? Being strung up in full suspension and porcupined. Hot needles... dozens... thrusting through every inch of pink flesh? I can't say it won't happen here... everything is at the whim of a member. But here you'll not be abandoned! Instead your survival will be assured... not be endangered... so you can serve more... many years. In the milking parlor you'll be well cared for, your diet rich with fat and lactose. You'll be suckled and suckled... but not to death. You'll produce for us until you're ready for the pump house. And there you'll labor until... well... the end. Well supervised and productive. That's Nusquam.

"Your role as groom will soon be ending, 128. I am told Penny Osborne has other plans... something more depraved," Kelly not wanting to divulge that 88 is to be led about by the avenging hand of his wife.

"If your tits are deemed suitable and you refuse the milking parlor, it's the pump house, there to be declawed, defanged and desexed. Or perhaps a short stint in the

kennel first. That would change your mind... but then it would be too late. Once a subjugant cedes to a Mastiff, the members tend to lose interest.”

128 shudders. She had not before realized that there can be a fate worse than the milking parlor. Would she indeed find herself forced to please the many canines? She pictures herself belly down on a sodomy stanchion, huge paws pressed to her shoulders... the feel of slimy canine drool... the odor of fetid breath... fur tantalizing her buttocks... ah that initial thrust... so degrading... the observing Nusquam members so deviantly entertained.

“I... 128... needs to feel the power of a superior, Miss Kelly. To yield. There’s a sense of... of... security and comfort in that... even if the power is manifested in being tormented. If pain pleases my Master, than pain 128 will bear. I... 128 misses you. Being masturbated... being bathed... you bind... tightly... securely... comfortably.”

“And safely. It was my job. Now you have a job. And you will fulfill it... in some manner. No subjugant leaves Nusquam. Not ever. You’ll serve here at the whim and behest of the members... until the end.”

88 yelps, the leash hand of 128 tightening in reaction to the ominous words.

“Perhaps I will walk you to the pump house. Yes, I like the idea of leashing you. Have you been put in a cunny harness?”

Chapter Forty-Five

"Regularly fed, no rent, lots of cocks to suck. You'll learn to better enjoy anal sodomy. And each and every day you can be with your husband," Penny Osborne sarcastically apprizes new arrival 167 of the advantages of being a Nusquam subjugant.

After more than a year of having the woman in forced prostitution... forced by her impoverishment... Penny has taken pity, arranging for Mrs. Balls Martindale to likewise be rendered to the secretive tropical enclave. It costs money, but as the woman's pimp, she saved steadily the many sordidly earned stipends, desiring that the funds for Mrs Martindale's lifetime stay at Nusquam be earned by her... while naked... on her knees... mouth stuffed with cock after cock... gagging with spurt after spurt of sperm.

Ah, those testosterone laden office parties... how much Penny wished she could have attended. Better, have Balls Martindale watch as his naked wife performed kneeling on the conference table... urinating... or worse... on command. Wall Street has such deviates!

"You'll sleep with me when I visit. Otherwise be strung up in the dorm. It's demeaning... but so appropriate for you."

Penny reaches to wipe away a tear, the woman lachrymal. Then the fingers tap the large black numerals tattooed on the forehead. The permanency brings a smile.

"Save your tears. You're to be branded tomorrow."

"Where is my husband?"

"Stabled. Did I not tell you? I work him to exhaustion... whipped, sodomized. And I spank his balls. That will be one of your tasks when I'm not here. Every day, moderate but incredibly painful swats of a spatula. After all, he is 'Balls Martindale'," Penny explains with a boisterous laugh.

The tears dissipate. Penny is amused to see the notion strikes interest. Mrs. Martindale needs to slake revenge.

"The bastard really fucked up. I used to live in a mansion, had a Maserati. And they took it. Lost it all. Living in the

south Bronx sucks. I had to lock myself into a ghetto apartment every night. I got raped twice. Finally learned to just get on my knees and suck to avoid the threats and the violence.”

Penny nods, stifling more laughter, realizing that the woman has performed more fellatio than thought. Ironically she feels cheated out of her pimping fee.

Dare Penny Osborne volunteer who the catalyst, the source, was for the barrage of financial liens and legal actions? No, it's best the woman exact her vengeance elsewhere, blaming steed 88. It will be a delicious reconciliation. Ah the spatula awaits.

“Come. I'm going to show you the sodomy stanchions... and how they're used. Because of your husband's screw ups, you'll be bending and spreading a lot here at Nusquam. So when the nurses begin to open you, understand it is for your benefit. Not all the phalli here at Nusquam are as modest as what I have been using on you.”

Chapter Forty-Six

"Leashed by your cunny. It thrills, doesn't it Pattie? You're already getting wet."

128 cannot deny her concupiscence, for the words come as Miss Kelly gently kneads the engorging pink of her right labia, slipping in place a clamp. Before working the left labia, a finger teasingly dives inward, the vaginal moisture of arousal apparent.

Left labia, clitoral hood clamped, Miss Kelly stands, turning her charge to assure that behind the back the wrist and elbow bands are secured as tightly as possible, forcing forth the mammoth breasts which so libidiously attract.

"And look at these nipples," a hand reaching about the torso to smooth over nubs crinkling to darts.

"The cunny harness... so embarrassing, so degrading, yet indeed so oddly pleasing for you," turning the naked subjugant again.

Once again a short hobbling chain connects the thigh bands, 128 aware that her breasts will not only be well displayed but bounce about wantonly.

"Remember, the pump house is a necessarily cruel facility. The enclave needs electricity and though there are solar panels, the members take great comfort in knowing they're cooled by air conditioning which is mainly powered by human sweat... the toil of naked, branded, tattooed and well chastised subjugants."

With that, Kelly Devers, reveling in her membership status, clips a leash to the cords leading to the clamps. A slight tug brings a grimace... and instant capitulation to her controlling hand. She smiles.

"Your role as a groom brought a degree of authority, 128. A naked well tethered male... to be directed, exercised and tormented. Will you miss it? I understand Mrs. Balls Martindale has taken well to utilizing the spatula."

"I... I... don't know Miss Kelly, er... 128 does not know," correcting herself.

Kelly steps to the door of cabin 10, 128 following diligently, learning well under the auspices of Rex the hound. Slack, endeavor at all times for slack.

"As we've discussed, the location of Nusquam is known to a very few. What is known is that the facility is an abandoned silver mine, the ore having been depleted many years ago. Thus the simple buildings and relative seclusion. But for the discovery of precious metals, these acres would have remained jungle."

Kelly raises her leash hand, not satisfied with the gait of her charge. The clamps tighten to bring pain... labia and clitoral hood tensioned... and riveting the attention of she bearing the harness.

"On toes, 128. I want you walking most obeisantly."

How is the command to be ignored?

"The pump house is so termed because of the equipment used to drain the deep mine shafts of water... huge, heavy capstans turned by mules. Such have now been rigged to generate electricity and are turned by subjugants... those deemed no longer worthy of pleasing... or who otherwise refuse to please."

Kelly stops. 128 knows to instantly still her shuffling feet.

"It's their last tour of servitude, 128. The pump house subjugants turn and turn until they can no longer... or in many cases choose to end their servitude. At their behest... the last decision they will ever freely make... they can move onward... to the crocodile pit. And what the crocodiles don't consume of them, the piranhas do."

Turning to resume the journey, Kelly smiles in seeing 128 shudder in fear.

"No one knows how many steel bands can be found at the bottom of the pit. Probably hundreds. But there is no way to determine exactly. It's all that remain of the many who have ended a lifetime of servitude at Nusquam. Steel bands and crocodile poop."

Kelly turns silent, letting 128 mull the wickedness... the gloom... the depression of existence serving in the pump house. Finally in arriving at a sprawling building, well segregated from the dorm, stable, milking parlor and collection of cabins, Kelly again pauses.

"You're going to observe the most callously wicked women in the world, 128. The supervisors of the pump house were all born and raised in an African county where slavery is not only prevalent, but considered a normal way of life. Owning another human being is de rigueur for these women... and owning and working Caucasians considered a welcomed status symbol... a desired status symbol. So ironically, despite the rigors of living in a remote jungle, they are easily recruited to work here. Food for thought, no?"

"As you surveil, keep the milking parlor in mind, 128. The tranquility there may become more tolerable."

Kelly pushes a thick wooden door, playfully jostling the leash, assuring 128 follows as she steps inward.

"Welcome to Nusquam's inferno."

Chapter Forty-Seven

Torment... physical... mental... emotional... and unending. The vast chamber exudes suffering as 128 indeed surveils.

The thick door opens to a balcony. Many feet below there is a dirt floor, clay pounded to the firmness of concrete by bare human feet.

The capstans, enormous, number four. Each has six prongs, many feet in length attached to a center axle emanating vertically from the ceiling, the generation equipment on the floor above. Secured to each prong are naked subjugants... male... female. They plod, walking in circles... two rotating clockwise, two counterclockwise. Draped over the horizontal poles, hands and wrists pulled behind, are the arms, elbows bent, the prongs held at the backs. The subjugants slowly pull... and pull and pull... the wrist bands chained together at the belly to make each naked form one with the machinery.

Visually the scene disturbs. But there also comes the smell... sweat, urine, excrement. In the heat and humidity of the tropics, the chamber reeks. Then there is the noise... thuds, leather shrouded sjamboks on human flesh, resulting in yelps and pitiful cries. Women of color, 128 is surprised to note the bevy of sizable supervisors are naked from the waist down, freely dispense encouraging swats to the buttocks. The cries, shrieks and grunts do not stop... just as the capstans do not stop. Such turn and turn as the bare feet scratch the firm surface and the sjamboks thwack away.

"Be sure to note the physical alterations, 128," Kelly lectures in guiding to a descending stairway. "When rendered to the pump house, the subjugants are defanged and declawed.... finger and toe nails removed... teeth filed to uselessness. Fingers and thumbs are sutured together, making the hands useless as well. Thus in addition to being constantly tethered, they are defenseless as well, no biting... no scratching... nothing to be held as a weapon."

128 feels the clamps of the cunny harness as she pauses in horrifying awe... a giant woman lashing at the buttocks of a naked male, struggling to respond with required vigor. Kelly jostles the leash, obedience demanded. 128 meekly resumes stepping downward.

"Though appearing decrepit, the prongs have sensors which detect the level of effort. As you can see, those who slack, failing to apply force, are dealt with promptly... and painfully."

Reaching the floor, 128 spies rows of subjugants lying prostrate on the dirt. They are secured to prongs, also held at the back, elbows positioned atop.

"They're resting. After much experimentation, we've found that four hour shifts maximize both the human output... and the level of torment. No one ever gets a full night's rest in the pump house. All are worked... four hours in labor... four hours to eat and sleep."

Proximity offers 128 better inspection as threesome after threesome pass by, heads down, some with eyes closed. There are castrates, with her months of indoctrination and servitude at Nusquam, 128 no longer appalled by missing testicles. Yet there comes unexpected horror in noting both women and men are devoid of nipples, the pink nubs excised. The penises of the intact males are oddly shaped. The flesh about the female genitalia also appears abnormal.

"The women are desexed for servitude in the pump house... the labia and clitoris surgically removed as well as the nipples. The males who have not been castrated are degloved, sensitive penile skin removed. Not only is sexual pleasure denied here in the pump house... there is no hope for ever again achieving sexual pleasure. The subjugants here only experience pain, 128... unending forced exertion and pain."

A giantess approaches, sjambok in hand. 128 cannot help noting her genitalia. As opposed the naked female subjugants, the woman's inner labia protrude, dangling well

down the thighs, the fleshiness flopping about with every step.

"Good afternoon Miss Kelly. You're back."

As the woman greets she calmly applies a vicious stroke of the sjambok to a passing subjugant. As the recipient howls and stumbles, 128 sees the numerals 45 at the forehead, her fellatio trainer finally remanded to the pump house.

"Here to inspect your snipping?" the woman laughs, the teeth strikingly white in contrast to skin the color of midnight.

"Good afternoon, Mondiva. Just a visit. No longer on the medical staff. I've joined Nusquam as a member and am showing prospect 128 the drudgery of the pump house."

"Welcome 128," a free hand extending.

Well trussed, breasts thrusting forward, 128 cannot resist the touch. Thumb and forefinger, graze about then pinch the right nipple, squeezing to bring instant breathtaking agony. The woman smiles with the reaction, aloof to 128's discomfort.

"You come and have Mondiva work you here. We like white girls... owned, naked and tattooed. Mondiva will have your brand lit up, the red glowing. Work you hard... set those plump buttocks on fire, ha ha, ha."

The woman, fortyish, seems pleasant, appreciating her authority... the dispensation of pain and suffering. The fact that she so much enjoys, frightens. Mercy not an attribute.

The black hand rises, fingers slipping under 128's steel neck collar. She pulls downward, the strength inordinate for a woman. Kelly knows to offer slack on the leash as 128's knees buckle, forced to kneel.

Now proximate, the extraordinary labial flesh is within inches. Then the well muscled woman shuffles even closer.

"And you'll thank me with your tongue and lips. White girls learn to enjoy chocolate flesh here in the pump house."

Look at Mondiva's cunny. So much attention here... but every week there's just a little more to suck on, ha, ha, ha."

"Taste the woman, 128. Be polite," Kelly commands. "It's pump house etiquette."

The sjambok hand threatens. 128 knows obedience, trained in oral servitude, so much time spent under the cunnilingus chair of Miss Florence Gale. She extends her tongue and licks.

"No girl. Take it in... the left lip first. Press your mouth to my mons and swish with your tongue."

With the words, the sjambok threateningly grazes her back. Then comes a loud thwack as a nearby supervisor applies an encouraging stroke to the buttocks of a passing castrate. The cruelty shocks. 128 engulfs. No further commands required.

"Yes, you like my taste. And when it's your turn to serve here, you'll have lots of it. My girls and boys like to drink from me. And they're always so thirsty..."

Chapter Forty-Eight

"I'm not sure I can do that, Miss Kelly."

"You mean, 128 is not sure." Kelly corrects, offering a tug on the cunny harness to remind.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Rather fickle of you, 128. Reservation about the milking parlor... and now concerns over the pump house. The Director will be very interested in learning this."

Kelly decides 128 needs to be reminded of her place... her status. Exiting the pump house she takes long quick strides. Her charge must shuffle rapidly, feet moving with vigor. Still the clamps of the cunny harness tighten, bringing yelps of pain.

"Let's see if the Director is busy. I am due to return to New York and it's nearing time for your review and evaluation."

To the administration building, the center of Nusquam's power indistinguishable in the plainness of the cinder block. Kelly strolls into the reception area. There feminized castrate Robert greets, the soft high pitched voice evidencing his physical alteration.

"Good afternoon, Miss Kelly."

"Good afternoon Robert. Is the Director available?"

Robert wordlessly presses the intercom, announcing Kelly's presence and desire to meet.

"128 is here with her."

"Send them in," the raspy voice succinctly granting an audience.

A firm tug on the leash, once again Robert impressed with the woman's stern resolve, brings a yelp and instant compliant footwork as Kelly heads to the inner office door. Upon entrance 128 becomes transfixed, despite the many months of quirky Nusquam antics. The capacious office is more dungeon than place of business.

First her eyes rivet upon the dangling nakedness of 156. Tall, muscular, erection pointing to the ceiling, the extreme

level of authority frightens. He is suspended by cables secured to muscles and flesh, the slow agony unimaginable. Limbs remaining perfectly still, there comes a low moan, relieving 128 of the notion that a dead body has been strung up like cattle for slaughter.

She forces her eyes shift about. She recognizes many devices, implements hanging on the walls, her own bedroom turned dungeon offering many of the same. Then, as a husky voice offers words of welcome, her eyes move to the desk. The form behind is human... but of what gender?

"Good afternoon, Director. I've been showing 128 some of the facilities she has not before seen."

"Thoughtful of you, Kelly. I've been reading the reports and evaluations on her. Though there is indication she has a penchant for a good crisp bare bottom caning, she's not built to pull in harness. Nurse Traite suggests she will lactate well, assuming the milk ducts were not damaged when she had her nipples porcupined."

128 feels shame... they know so much... everything about her sordid life of masochistic debauchery. She is inclined to protest... it was not her desire to endure such nipple torture. Yet her humility demands obedient silence.

Her mind returns to the gender... the voice offering no clue. Perhaps female, but the timbre suggests male. The form wears a jump suit, color plain, not effeminately frilly, the fabric light and breezy for the tropical heat. Arms bare from the elbows down, there are tattoos... masculine... the emblem of the United States Marine Corp. on a well developed forearm. Unstylish black eyeglass frames, lenses thick, veil any hint of femininity.

What does the hanging naked male suggest as to the Director's own propensity? A gay male... a gang banger in the parlance of those desiring to conquer male flesh. Or a bull dyke lesbian, contemptuous of virility, reveling in controlling helpless tumescence?

"128 prefers not to serve in the milking parlor," Kelly proclaims. "Too tranquil."

"Ha," the Director sardonic. "Tits like that and she doesn't want to let down for us. Well the evaluations would so suggest. Too deep into pain, the humiliation of merely hanging in suspension awaiting the next milking just not enough fuel for that masochistic furnace. She's young for the pump house... though I'm sure the supervisors would be enthralled."

The Director stands and approaches. Even a better view of his /her body does not affirm gender, 128 notes. Hands reach forth, palming the massive mammary glands then diddling the nipples between thumb and forefinger. Wrist and elbow binds clipped tightly behind, 128's breasts thrust forth invitingly. The touch brings a thrill, held in chastity too long.

"She was introduced to the pump house Director... there reservations concerning servitude there as well."

"Tsk, tsk, girl. Rather choosy for a girl of your ilk. We can have you kenneled... but that obviates any oral or anal use by the members. A shame to deny them the joy of repeatedly penetrating you. The reports indicate your fellatio is more than adequate... and improving."

"Thank you Director," 128 so humble with her response.

"And having advanced to a number 7 anal plug, you should be quite comfortable tummy down on a sodomy frame. Seems months of indoctrination will go to waste."

"I'm on tomorrow morning's flight to Teterboro, Director..." Kelly reminds.

"Leave her fate to me. Meanwhile, my hanging plant is drooping... needs attention," the Director's gaze diverting to the silently suffering 156.

Indeed, all eyes look to see the erection is softening, the hours of slow torment countering the body's tumescent reaction.

“Take him deep. But don’t bring him to climax,” the Director’s pointing hand a defacto command for 128’s oral skills.

Chapter Forty-Nine

"So how are things at the Department of Justice?" Kelly queries, placing two large mugs of brew on the barroom table.

"Busy... challenging. How's retirement?"

"Not really retired. Just focusing on other... ah... things."

"You're missed, Kelly. Chrissy boy so much enjoyed your touch."

Kelly nods. She in turn misses the likes of Chrissy boy, house boy/maid for Linda Rankin... college roommate, lifelong friend, now Deputy U. S. Marshal.

"I'm sure you're capable of bathing him, Linda. Any woman of authority brings quirky delight with the likes of Chrissy."

"Yes, but it's difficult... the head space thing. One moment you're caning him... then entering him with a double dildo... then you have to calm and toss the little cunt lapper into a hot bath and wash like a doting mother. Tough to switch mind sets... the adrenaline thing."

Kelly smiles. She once again envisions Linda Rankin, at some six feet in height and 180 pounds of well configured feminine muscle, thrusting away, her little neutered houseboy, naked and on all fours, yelping in protest.... but secretly enjoying the deep anal penetration... happy that the crisp caning is over.

After leaving Nusquam's employment, Kelly built her aftercare practice initially offering her service to her old roommate. It expanded rapidly from there.

"Yes I can imagine. You always get so physically provoked when taking a boy. But I'm retired from that. My last enema... my last prostate milking... if that's why you asked to meet."

"No, Kelly. Chrissy will survive. Found a doctor's office in the Village that is... well... the staff understands the dynamics of the relationship... attentive to his needs... the emotional roller coaster of me having him castrated. His

adoration of me... his need for direction and guidance... his fear of me... as I'm sure you're well aware."

Kelly nods and sips, thinking of Robert and the long tender nights in Nusquam's cabin 10. Such untoward devotion to she who snipped...

"I guess I should disclose this meeting is more business than social. But informal... just between us."

"Here too protect, defend and enforce the American justice system," Kelly recalling the mission statement when Linda first studied for the department. "Guess you're always on duty."

Linda politely smiles, in turn sips her brew then clears her throat suggesting her prospective words are in earnest.

"You may have read in the papers... Michael Mansfield. A clever but nasty con artist, arrested a little over a year ago. Copped a plea, got a healthy, well deserved sentence... but failed to turn himself into Metropolitan Correctional Center."

"Sounds familiar," Kelly feigning limited knowledge. "Read something about it in the paper."

"Well, I'm assigned to track him down. Working on it for three months now. The rascal managed an amazingly efficient disappearing act. It's as if he never existed."

Though concerned, Kelly represses a smile. Those rendered to Nusquam in a way indeed do not exist. But there is the question... why the informal meeting over a beer?

"But I still pursue. We never give up on fugitives. There's always something... some clue overlooked. But this has been difficult. Mansfield did not leave the city utilizing any form of public transportation... you know we have clandestine ways of tracking that. He didn't own a car... nor did he buy or rent one. No credit card charges since the day after he disappeared. And if he's living on cash, that's hard to do for extended periods. A lot of green paper to carry."

Kelly nods, hoping to show indifference, but instead having thoughts of admiration for Nusquam's extraction

team... stumping even the U.S. Marshal's Service.

"Any way, it's standard operating procedure to work backwards on cases like this... from the day of disappearance... build a time line... where Mansfield had been...with whom he met... with whom he spoke. We also interview a lot of people. One theory is that an irate victim wasted him... that some fifteen years in Federal maximum was viewed as too lenient. He took a lot of people... damaged a lot of lives."

"Makes sense," Kelly hoping that trail is open... diverting from the real circumstances.

"Yes, you would think. But the bastard specialized on conniving the old, frail and infirm. Not too many blue haired grannies packing roscoes and dumping bodies in the East River. But that aside, think about it. If someone wasted Michael Mansfield, where is the body... and why go to such lengths to hide it?"

"Yes I see."

"Michael Mansfield had help... powerful help. Well organized, well funded. Who or what organization would come to his aid? He pulled his cons alone. No mob influence ever came to light. And aiding and abetting flight can result in more years than Mansfield got.

"So here we are..." deputy marshal Linda Rankin pausing to look to the bartender.

The wizened man in stained vest nods then quickly looks away when Kelly follows the gaze of Linda Rankin. He guiltily diverts his eyes.

"We traced Michael Mansfield to this bar, Kelly. He had a drink here some four days before he was to report to Metropolitan House. He was with a woman... at this table... she looked like you. The bartender... he's old but remembers good looking women. And he just nodded in remembering you."

"So you think I had something to do with Muskrat's disappearance?"

“How is it you’re aware of his nickname?”

Chapter Fifty

"I know you've memorized the tail number, Linda. Part of your job. But you'll find that the letters 'LX' designate the plane as being registered in Luxembourg. And I'm sure the U.S. Marshals Service is aware of the secrecy laws, tedious regulations, mass of paperwork and the layers of bureaucracy in obtaining information from that clandestine place. You'll be learning enough about Nusquam without having to dig too deeply. So don't frustrate yourself."

Investigative mind always at work, before boarding at Teterboro, Linda Rankin did in fact note the tail number of the impressive Gulfstream jet. Yes, it is indeed her job.

"How long is the flight?"

"Probably six to seven hours. The pilots vary the route... vary the speed. The exact distance is not to be determined by timing our journey. As stated, it's Nusquam... few know of its location. It's simply a place to be enjoyed... by the members and guests. And do try to stick to our agreement, Linda. No follow up investigation."

Having misspoken, referring to the con artist Michael Mansfield by his rarely used sobriquet, 'Muskrat', having been identified by the rat fink bartender, Kelly ended her ruse, admitting to her long time friend of her complicity on the fugitive's disappearance.

'His homophobia took hold,' Kelly explained to Linda of the disappearance. 'The prosecutors used it, offering a light sentence in a safe place... in turn for a confession. The judge overturned the deal. In Mike Mansfield's mind, he had no choice. It was coming to me or fifteen years of cautiously bending for soap in the shower.'

Kelly told her friend what she could, suggesting justice was served... and is continuing to be served. A skeptical Linda Rankin insisted on proof. With a phone call to the Director, a long weekend visit to Nusquam has been arranged, ostensibly on Marshal Service business. But Kelly Devers knows there will be enjoyment. Linda Rankin, after

all, is one of us, she reminds herself... such notion being emphasized with the Director.

Before Linda can reassure her friend of limited follow up, her attention is diverted. A stewardess steps from the galley, tray of mimosas in hand. Linda smiles in surprise. The pretty young girl has been stripped naked for the flight. Though reprieved of the Nusquam tattoo, her many steel bands... wrists, biceps, thighs and ankles... her matching steel neck collar... announce her status as servant.

Slinking behind on the cabin floor, clipped to her right ankle, is long thin chain. A second chain hobbles, strung from left thigh band to right, forcing short delicate steps. As the girl nears, Linda notes the elbow bands are loosely tethered behind the back, restricting much arm motion and serving to remind of her status.

"She'll some day serve as a subjugant at Nusquam. But for now she needs to be able function in the real world," Kelly explains. "You can play with her if you'd like."

The tray is carefully lowered, Linda takes an offered mimosa and responds to the invitation by slipping her free hand behind to the girl's buttocks, playfully pinching a large tuft of smooth soft flesh. The girl smiles, her submission to another's touch notable.

"So this is Mansfield's new world? For a guy it would seem pleasurable. Not much to inspire contrition."

"I think you will find that Muskrat Mike is being appropriately handled. Just hope that his homophobia persists. Useful in making sure his many misdeeds are adequately addressed," Kelly selecting a mimosa and twirling her finger in a gesture for the girl to turn.

Right ankle secured, legs constricted, the girl carefully pirouettes, exposing the cruel branded letter 'N' on her right cheek. Linda, at first aghast, smiles anew, realizing that the keloided flesh, emblazoned with permanent red dye, denotes ownership, the girl never to deny her status.

"How long did you work at this place?" Linda's curiosity piqued.

"Five years. Learned a lot. Picked up some medical skills not normally used in the vanilla world. And the atmosphere is... term it comforting for people of certain tastes."

"And no one leaves?"

"Not the subjugants. Initially welcomed, the protocol is found acceptable by those of a... well self degrading ilk. Once indoctrinated, there's no going back. It's a lifetime of servitude. Michael Mansfield is an exception... a bit if a subterfuge in obtaining his initial concurrence. And there are others forced into servitude. But none that the world will ever miss."

"And this girl?"

"A runaway, working the streets of New York... and starving. When we learned of her penchant for offering cheap blow jobs, her self deprecation made her a Nusquam candidate."

"So she's orally proficient?"

"Absolutely... fellatio... cunnilingus... a lively tongue. Perfecting it is part of the Nusquam indoctrination. On these long flights, she keeps the pilots happy... and visiting members of course."

Emboldened by references to Nusquam's indoctrination and the girl's skills, Linda gives the command to turn again facing her. A free hand moves to the inner thighs. A quick evanescent brush of her fingers brings a moan of joy, suggesting acceptance of an otherwise brazen grope. Then Linda's fingers move higher, kneading the outer labia.

"Trimmed and not an iota of stubble. Waxed nicely."

"Laser removal. Permanent... her entire body. When relegated to regular servitude at the enclave, her head will be shaved as well. The Nusquam subjugants are made glabrous. You'll learn that no funds are spared in conditioning them for servitude. The best medical care, grooming... even the food... though lacking taste... is highly

nutritious. The subjugants live long healthy lives of torment... physical and emotional. It is best for them. Judy here just wouldn't feel comfortable without her bindings... chained and hobbled... isn't that right Judy?"

"Yes Ma'am."

Linda notes that the tray quivers, her touch fomenting an apparent lustful reaction.

"She's randy. Wet and getting wetter," the fingers becoming more brazen in slipping within the pink folds of the girl's sex.

Linda smiles as the thighs part in welcome, straining the short hobbling chain. Yes randiness, the girl is in need.

"Strict chastity... though a girl will occasionally be publically masturbated for amusement. There are specially trained guard dogs roaming the compound. Unauthorized touching is dealt with harshly. I had to learn to treat dog bites."

The co pilot exits the cockpit, signaling Kelly to close the windows, the jet nearing land. He smiles in seeing the plight of flight attendant Judy... naked, bound and being fingered.

"Sorry, Kelly, you know the rules."

Kelly nods and lowers the shades.

"This is a boring segment of the flight... windows closed until landing. Judy will keep you amused, particularly if you have not before fisted a girl. She both squeals and squirts."

Chapter Fifty-One

Kelly notes that her old friend Linda Rankin acclimates quickly.

Having suggested that no one other than herself and the Director are aware of her law enforcement background, also reminding her that Nusquam is well outside the jurisdiction of United States law, the duo stroll the grounds of the enclave, Linda mentally free of her obligation... to protect, defend and enforce the American justice system. Though hot, the weather is to be enjoyed. Also to be enjoyed, the libertine antics of members and subjugants.

Very much aware of Linda's secretive home life... her houseboy... a neutered male kept naked... caned and fanny fucked with a double dildo... Kelly's intuition proves to be correct. That stepping from her role as a deputy U.S. Marshal, the aura of Nusquam would prove entertaining... if not outright enticing.

Departing cabin 10 after changing to lighter clothing, the strolling friends come across one of the many sodomy stanchions, its smooth horizontal surface evidencing much wear. As Linda pauses to peer in curiosity, Kelly explains.

"The subjugants... male, female, castrated... know to bend and spread with the snap of the fingers," Kelly explains. "You noted the many steel bands on the flight attendant. Well the ankles are secured here and here at the base of the posts and the wrists and or elbows attached together behind the back. Ideally positioned for the humiliation and discomfort of anal penetration... though many of the subjugants come to enjoy. Vaginally, the female subjugants are untouched... kept chaste."

"No chastity belt?"

"Correct. The hounds are trained and are everywhere. They can smell arousal from yards away... and their reaction is fierce. If you're naked and wearing steel bands... do not touch yourself or the privates of another subjugant. The

protocol relieves the members, nurses and trainers of much burden."

Resuming their journey to the pump house, there approaches a cart conveyed by one of Nusquam's many human equines. It is Penny Osborne, reins in her left hand sjambok in her right. Harnessed, enormous testicles prominently strapped to his thigh bands, is Balls Martindale, sweat coated nakedness gleaming in the tropical sun.

The imposing blonde tugs on the reins bringing the cart to a halt. Kelly notes the heavy breathing, the steed well worked in equatorial heat, buttocks aflame with encouraging strokes of the sjambok.

"Kelly, you're back... and out of uniform."

As Kelly returns the greeting Linda stares, the large black numerals 88 denoting ownership... a human totally under the directing hand of a woman of governance. With the glowing look on Linda's face, Kelly understands her friend is becoming more and more enthralled.

"No longer here as a nurse, Penny. I've joined. A short visit, showing my friend Linda about the facility."

With the exchange, Linda steps forth, finding attraction with the steel encased penis. She is emboldened, the steed so well tethered and totally under feminine control.

"May I?" her hand lowering with the polite quest.

"Of course. I prefer to run him erect, but the firmness wanes with the exertion," Penny explains.

The hand palpates, smoothing over ringed testicles the size of apples then palming the steel tube and lifting for closer examination. Comprehending the virility... such muscular brawn... Linda smiles. For it is totally under a woman's authority. The sense of empowerment enraptures.

"When I see something like this, I have second thoughts about having Chrissy boy neutered. You've run him hard. He performs well for you."

With her words, Linda's finger finds the small patch of penile flesh exposed for frottaging. Her finger slowly circles.

88 fidgets in sensing the evanescent touch. The organ begins to engorge and Linda giggles like a school playing with a kitten.

“He’s quite priapic.”

“Kept totally chaste with daily testosterone injections. It offers women like us quite a thrill, wouldn’t you agree?” Penny informs with feigned haughtiness.

Linda nods as the steel tube rises to point skyward. She instinctively knows to retract her finger. Mission accomplished.

“If you’re staying for a few days, the day after tomorrow he’ll be ready for another jaunt. If you have not before whipped the bare buttocks of a well worked pony boy, you’ll find it to be quite addictive,” Penny offers.

“Back to Teterboro tomorrow evening. Just a short stay,” Kelly explains.

Linda steps to the side, appearing disappointed as, with a stroke of the sjambok and a throaty ‘haw’, Penny Osborne resumes her afternoon ride.

“I’d like to do that, Kelly. But you know I have to keep my penchant under wraps.”

“No need to worry here, Linda. This is Nusquam. You’d be surprised with the status of some of the members. Penny runs a sizable hedge fund. There are members in politics... high level politics. Executives, judges, celebrities. Plan to spend more time here. A girl tends to leave a lot of stress behind while stressing a subjugant. It can be quite cathartic.”

Chapter Fifty-Two

"Keep in mind that the subjugants are mostly masochists. They are tormented here... it's their desire... a narcotic they both hate and crave. We accommodate, keeping them well bound when mobility is not required for servitude. Chaste always. Well fed, medical care unmatched. They live long healthy lives in constant pain... humiliation... degradation. We satiate their need."

Kelly lectures as the duo approach the pump house door.

"It is best for them. There are exceptions. Miscreants, sociopaths deserving of special treatment. Michael Mansfield is one."

With that, Kelly pulls open the pump house door, leading her friend Deputy United States Marshal Linda Rankin to the balcony overlooking the inferno of the Nusquam pump house... the subjugants' final place of servitude. Linda is both amazed and concerned, the many large, muscular women of color stroking away... the rhythmical thwacks of the sjambok on buttocks well exposed.

Again, the scene not only impresses but the sounds and smells as well.

Just as with 128, Kelly verbally takes Linda through the pump house protocol. She notes that within moments the look of concern dissipates. Instead there comes a smile, a look of Schadenfreude. The forced labor... unending in the stifling heat of the windowless chamber... feeds her proclivity... oddly soothes.

After minutes of observation, Kelly leads to the stairs. As they descend Mondiva spies the visitors and moves to greet them.

"Good afternoon Kelly. Back again. You enjoy the pump house now that you don't need to bandage and offer care."

Linda looks in awe, the woman brazenly exposing her sex, the long labial lips flopping about with each step.

"We're interested in number 147, Mondiva."

“Oh yes. The Director gave orders... special treatment for that one. Lots of cock sucking for him. And when we bend and spread him, he gets very frisky. I keep telling him to relax and take it... that the more he fights the more the boys enjoy fucking him. But he still resists. And the more he insults our gay members, the more they come back to fuck him. He not sleep much... either worked on a capstan or tummy down and spread, having his asshole stretched and his throat stuffed... ha, ha, ha.”

Mondiva gestures as she speaks, leading to an adjoining room.

“He’s already had his morning fucking. Resting with a well worn rectum and a butt full of sperm. We’ll put him back to work in an hour.”

Stepping through a door, Linda notes a set of sodomy frames, six... lined up like the hurdles of a track and field event. One is occupied. Linda barely recognizes the naked hairless form from file photos and mug shots. The large, black the tattooed numerals 147 distract. Ankle bands secured to the base of the posts, elbow and wrist bands holding the arms tightly behind his back, the body trembles, the ordeal of being sodomized apparently recent.

“Michael Mansfield?” Deputy Marshal Linda Rankin inquires with her official stentorian voice.

“I am 147, here to serve and please,” 147 having undergone weeks of brainwashing.

“It’s his indoctrination,” Kelly explains.

Linda steps more proximate, noting indeed that a wad of thick spunk rolls down the inner thighs. She also notes the hands and fingers... nails missing... declawed in Nusquam parlance. Plus the fingers are sutured together... the thumbs grotesquely attached almost to the top of his hands.

“I’ll need fingerprints,” Linda proclaims, taking a small kit from her pocket. “If it really is Michael Mansfield in captivity here, I must file a report with the Marshal’s Service. Sorry, it’s my duty.”

The term 'Marshal' brings Muskrat Mike into reality, the delirium of his trauma quickly fading.

"I'll serve my time... please... take me into custody... I'll surrender to you," the tone so pitiful.

Linda smiles with the plea. Put under the penis and sjambok, the con artist prefers 15 years of hard labor to life in the pump house. It is ironically amusing.

As Linda works, obtaining prints as best she can, Kelly steps to the rear. The buttocks, welted with frequent strokes of the sjambok, have been greased, the gluteal crevice gleaming with unguent. She reaches. Medical training, years of service at Nusquam, she handles the male genitals as one would inspect fruit at the produce market.

"He's not been degloved, Mondiva. A new regimen?"

"He's scheduled. New personnel in the infirmary. Seems they're a little behind."

"Or they don't know how. Well Muskrat, your organs are intact. Seems you're fortunate... for now."

"You conned me, you bitch," Mansfield's grit reviving. "Gave up my life's savings for this..."

"Savings yes. But the savings of others... stolen from the old and unwitting. You deserve a life of sucking cock... and that's what you'll have."

Despite the trauma, the many weeks of chastity and denial, Kelly's relatively soothing touch brings male reaction. Michael Mansfield slowly but steadily hardens. Kelly decides to amuse, her left hand pulling back on the firming cylinder of flesh as the right thumb rubs the super sensitive underside, circling methodically, encouraging a hard on as the organ fights the awkward angle. She is very much aware the that cumbersome bending, despite the joy of her manipulation, brings discomfort.

"Ah, you'd so much like to come for me, wouldn't you Muskrat. But you won't... not unless I want you to."

Linda completes her task. Kelly abruptly releases the turgid penis and reaches lower, swiping the inner thigh with

her index finger to gather a dollop of male essence. Stepping to the front she smears on the upper lip of the hardened thief and embezzler.

“You’ll learn to enjoy the taste of sperm here, Muskrat. You’ll be partaking a lot. And while ingesting, think of all the widows you conned out of their life savings.”

Chapter Fifty-Three

"I've researched that federal pensions for law enforcement personnel can be lucrative... and earned in as little as 25 years, Ms. Rankin. You've put in a few years. Earning full pension... is that your goal?" the raspy, genderless voice of the Director inquires.

"I have fifteen years in... need ten more... and yes it makes sense to stick it out."

Obligatory introduction and greetings fulfilled, Kelly Devers and Linda Rankin sit in the office of the Nusquam Director. The words are exchanged as the Director notes that newcomer Linda is distracted, gawking to her right where from ceiling cables there hangs the Director's latest potted plant.

"Power has always intrigued... enticed. And our subjugants are always so willing to cede it. Oddly they are intrigued as well... though conversely."

"You've had her spiked, Director," the inflection of Kelly's voice an inquiry.

"Yes. Felt it's for the best... until a decision is made. The breast spikes won't impede her ability to lactate, should the milking parlor ultimately be found acceptable."

With the words of explanation the trio pause to gaze, conversation diverted by the demonstration of power indeed. The naked hairless form of 128 now hangs, 156 having been relegated to life in the pump house. Deeply implanted shards of stainless steel have cruelly been thrust vertically through the mammary glands, penetrating the pectoral muscles. Cables secured to eyelets at the top feed under the girl's neck collar then above to ceiling hooks. Similar spikes penetrate the flesh of rounded meaty buttocks, thrust through the gluteus maximus muscles. Cables secured to eyelets likewise are fed under the neck collar and lead to ceiling hooks.

Thus 128 hangs in complete suspension by her own flesh, some six inches above the office floor, silent in her slow

interminable suffering. Just as with 156, she has quickly learned that movement... the slightest motion... begins a cascade of agonizing muscle cramps. She is the Director's newest potted plant, and for Linda Rankin the silent exchange of power is eerie, despite her own paraphilia.

"128 had reservations about how we want her to serve here at Nusquam," the Director explains to a horrified yet amused Linda Rankin. "It seems that serving in the milking parlor, lactating upon demand, is too sedentary for her. The girl needs pain... needs to feel the power of a superior... needs to yield... capitulate by yielding to another's sadism. And yet the pump house was found to be... too imposing. So she'll hang for me a few hours per day. And you'll note that the manner in which we spike here at Nusquam cleverly leaves the breasts and buttocks perfectly presented for the sjambok... and other instruments of pain and correction. Would not want to deny a girl a brisk flogging. That wouldn't do..."

"The breasts are amazing," Linda finally finding her voice. "She should let down abundantly."

"Oh, she will... when the time comes. We're very good at it. A diet rich in lactose, injections of prolactin, she'll be inseminated, suckled twice per day. Within weeks she'll be expressing at the sound of her superior's voice... and be grateful to be milked. They develop a fascinating need to nurture. But there can't be the pain and suffering she craves. It will diminish her flow."

The Director arises to better survey her hanging plant.

"They'll masturbate you for insemination, 128. Wouldn't that be nice? Kelly reports that you're a squirter. The members enjoy that. So give some thought to the milking parlor... to be publically masturbated, spraying for the delight of others, then inseminated. It's one of the favorite Nusquam rituals... draws quite a crowd."

The Director's left hand smooths over a hairless quim. The fingers of the right tweak left nipple then right.

"I know you need pain, but the humiliation may suffice. So degrading for you..."

The Director returns to her desk, attention reverting to Deputy Marshal Linda Rankin.

"As Kelly has made you aware... and I'm sure you agree having toured our enclave... Nusquam and our members desire anonymity... complete anonymity. Having the U. S. Marshals Service inquiring about one of our subjugants is... inconvenient. Yet you have a duty to perform. And I think there is one thing upon which we can agree... for the public good, the likes of Michael Mansfield... AKA Muskrat Mike... should be incarcerated... punished."

Linda Rankin nods.

"So let's compromise," the Director continues. "When you near retirement... ten years hence... we'll surrender Mansfield to your custody. It's unusual for us, most subjugants live a long life of torment here, never again to face the boring travail of the vanilla world.. But it can be arranged. You'll be awarded for apprehending a long sought fugitive, enjoy a well deserved retirement and all ends well."

"How is it we can be assured Mansfield won't talk about Nusquam? Even Federal inmates can garner an audience," Kelly postulates.

"When it is time, we'll move him from the pump house for a couple months of sensory deprivation... dark silence... fed through a tube. Thereafter he won't have the cognitive ability to remember his own name much less the details of his servitude here. Is that agreeable to you, Ms. Rankin? To put the search for the culprit aside."

There comes a pause. Deputy Marshal Linda Rankin arises, her turn to better assess the naked helpless hanging nakedness. She approaches. A hand extends, smoothing over plumped flesh, envisioning the enormous glands being forced to let down... the productivity no doubt impressive.

"I can report that Michael Mansfield is incarcerated in a foreign country. The search for him will be put on hold. Save

the Marshals Service time and effort.”

“Excellent.”

“But the fingerprints... such may not be determinative. I’m not sure I got a conclusive set. Without proof that I know of his location, the Service may not suspend the hunt.”

“A DNA sample, Linda? Some penis flesh should be more than enough. I’ll deglove him for you before we leave.”

The Deputy Marshal smiles wickedly.

“Yes, we have his DNA on file for comparison. That should do. But I’d like to visit from time to time. As a guest, to assure Mansfield is indeed incarcerated. And when it is time, I’d to milk this one. The thought fascinates.”

“Agreed. Visit whenever. The plane leaves Teterboro every Friday afternoon.”

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed.

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Many other stories of varying length are available at

http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/chris_bellows

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The Party Boy
The Predator

About the Author

Chris Bellows, a nom de plume, is single and on the north side of middle age. He lives an astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write some ten or more years ago when he found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into 'mush'. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of 'Lady Constance', he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the present day. Most of Chris's work can be found on Pink Flamingo new site www.eroticbooknetwork.com.

Other offerings maybe found at www.lulu.com.

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s..., has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to 'work outside the box'.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including 'first person female'. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting Dominance with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more

suitably conform his writings to their envisioned 'box' of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably..., readers with an interest in D/s who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Chris enjoys reading and responding to readers comments.

Visit his blog, <http://chrisbellows.blogspot.com>. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.

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