

Of Male Chastity

by Chris Bellows

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

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Millicent Hayward

Over the years, I have found that keeping the male beast deprived of sexual satisfaction... lets term it physical sexual satisfaction... can give rise to a form of satisfaction of its own... for me, that is.

My name is Millicent Hayward, my mother had a thing for old fashioned names, and my husband of some ten years is Harold Hayward. We dated vanilla... married vanilla... lived vanilla for the first few years of our marriage. And then came Harold's big day... his last as... let's call it fully functioning... yes, his last day as a fully functioning male... April 5, 2001.

He was in the mood... I wasn't. Instead I was in *that* mood. And the intervals of being in *that* mood had been becoming longer and longer. At first when I was in *that* mood, I would berate myself and feel a little sorry for Harold. But then I began to analyze... if we planned not to have children, and that was agreed to upon our betrothal, why should I continually have to lie in the prosaic missionary position and press my ankles to the ceiling?... and do so at his whim? Why was it always about him? His needs?

When in *that* mood, I would think up excuses but even Harold knew that the menstrual cycle does not come that often and last that long. So I would just enunciate a clear and firm 'No' and move elsewhere in the house... cooking, cleaning, doing laundry, feigning indifference.

But it was feigned, for as Harold pouted, my own circumspection led to ongoing analysis, giving the situation deep thought. You see, though I never admitted it, nor even discussed it with pimply teenaged girl friends in my youth, I did need... well, let's call it attention... but never really liked being penetrated. Deep within, I guess that I knew I was different. But I never brought the thought to the front of my mind until I had ensnared Harold in marriage. Thereafter there developed years of understanding the male needs... his needs... but not fully understanding mine. And this formulated a sense of frustration on one hand but also empowerment... he needed my warm and wet tightness more than I needed to lie beneath his sweaty pudgy form obsequiously searching with my spread legs for the best angle to receive his manhood.

I could do without... he couldn't.

I read where some leader in the women's rights movement referred to most copulation as masturbating in the vagina. And that stuck in my mind during the infrequent times I consented... as I stared at the ceiling with disdain, Harold was indeed masturbating in me! And it became embarrassing.

Yes, the sense of embarrassment grew. I was never comfortable and would let my mind wander as Harold frantically pumped away. During one carnal Saturday matinee, I recalled visits to the zoo as a child, watching the various mammals mate. The female always appeared so indifferent to the male's zealous lust... her being mounted appearing to be such an act of condescension... afterwards nonchalantly stepping away while the male collapsed in exhaustion. But I did note amongst the beasts an activity more participative... the constant foreplay... the female scent seeming to drive the males into sexual frenzy resulting in frantic tongues.

And there was the tasting. I many times recalled, as a pubescent girl, feeling a curious tremor between my thighs in watching an evidently randy lion thoroughly lick the genitalia of his prospective mate. As I lay beneath Harold, awaiting his masturbatory offering, I often thought that though procreation demanded the lion eventually consummate the coupling, the lioness seemed much more sanguine receiving broad applications of a rather assiduous tongue than the gruff

penetration that followed.

And so it finally dawned on me. In the years of adolescent dating and adult sexual exploration, the most explosive orgasms I ever had were while receiving oral gratification! And Harold was so bad at it and offered it so rarely!

So I finally just learned to say 'no'. No more. Why should my needs be so subordinate to his? Enough of lying on my back while he pokes and prods away, futilely attempting to develop friction within an organ designed to accommodate a baby's head... and with that pusillanimous pecker!

Yes, April 5, 2001. My 30th birthday. He thought it would be a great gift, to pound away and once again let me watch as he masturbated within me. I thought differently.

And so the story begins...

"Happy Birthday," Harold slobbers, configuring his lips in offering some juvenile wet kiss, his arms extending as if to embrace a polar bear.

I know what he anticipates. In typical male delusional thinking, he expects that the best birthday present I can have is a quick kiss and a roll in bed. Since I've been in *that* mood for many days, he's hoping that I will lighten up on my birthday and let him drag me into the bedroom. It's early on a Friday night. He thinks that I will tire during sex and therefore he will escape the expensive dinner he always promises.

Well, as stated, there's been a lot of contemplation in reaching age thirty. Many interludes of lying staring at the ceiling while that inadequate male appendage plunges away in forays of self satisfaction.

"No!" I reply to his unspoken offer.

I enjoy being succinct. It empowers. And the pout resulting from my expression of denial can be amusing, as he has learned that no is no and that even on my birthday, I can abstain.

"No nookie?" he inquires in lugubriously accentuating my refusal.

"It's *my* birthday... not yours," I sternly remind.

"Well... it's been awhile... I just thought..."

"You thought wrong. Besides, I've just done my hair."

Yes, the monthly cycle thing has been strained as an excuse. So I switch to the hair... planning that pretext to serve for a few days of reprieve... whereupon nails, then mascara, then make-up will have to suffice until, indeed, the monthly curse arrives.

But I am tiring of the games. So tired that I bought myself a birthday present knowing that Harold's contemplated 'gift' pleases him more than me.

"Dinner?" he squeaks.

Well, at least he's trying. He plans to ply me with wine then resume his mission... the never ending male pursuit of getting off the rocks. Well when I'm in *that* mood, I also need to get off. But hiding in the bathroom with the shower running to disguise the sound of energetic batteries vibrating a girl's best friend has become both boring and demeaning.

"Thought you'd like an hors d'oeuvre. I can sit without messing up my hair," I imply in suggesting a form of sustenance that can stave both appetites.

Now I smile coyly, contriving that look, which in our younger days, served as a precursor to sex. Only I cannot mess up my hair... yet I can sit... therefore...

Harold has always been the horse that not only needs to be led to water but also have his snout immersed up to the ears. So I plunk my butt onto the edge of this straight-backed kitchen chair and draw my feet to the side and then back. The motion both parts my knees and causes my loose skirt to hike well up my thighs.

Harold smiles devilishly. He gets it!

"Right here in the kitchen?" he gushes.

I pull my hands and forearms to the back of the chair in a casual motion to stretch and then

yawn. The position arches the small of my back and thrusts forth my breasts. Mammaries of which I am quite proud press forward against a tightened bodice and the skirt rides further up my thighs to flash just a hint of pink. Harold gawks. I am pantyless.

‘Drink you dumb beast,’ I think to myself.

“It’s not like we have little children running about, Harold. No one will see. We don’t even have a dog for goodness sake!”

I finally bring forward my hands and lift the hem of my skirt figuratively immersing the equine’s head. In being sans undergarments, Harold finally figures out what his gift will be. He falls to his knees, little realizing it is only the beginning.

I slide forward so that my crevice abuts the front edge of the chair. A randy Harold... yes I know how long it has been... crawls forth to worship at my long neglected temple... neglected orally that is to say.

“As I said... just a little hors d’oeuvre.”

I am shaven but undouched. I know the scent attracts. I think the taste will both thrill and fulfill. In my plan, Harold’s appetizer will become a feast over time. With time comes training... with training comes obedience... with obedience comes gratification... mine.

Harold’s oral efforts are attentive but gruff. He unfortunately offers his tongue and lips like he tries to hump... assaulting more than idolizing. Still, since my own efforts have been limited... by design... his warm wetness feels good. There are definitely possibilities, I think to myself.

I grasp his head and guide, assuring that my outer labia are well laved and the circulation stimulated before encouraging deeper efforts. And I must discourage tongue work on my rapidly stiffening bud. In typical male fashion, he wants to go right for the treasure. That will have to wait.

“See Harold. My hair doesn’t get messed up and afterwards we can go right to dinner,” I justify in tossing off a mild orgasm.

Meanwhile he squirms a bit below the waist. Hmm. Could it be that Harold is becoming hard? It’s difficult to determine with specificity but I surmise that even his small penis is feeling the confines of his undershorts as it stiffens in response to the overwhelming effect of my fine pink charms... the sight, smell, taste and feel of steamy hot feminine flesh.

Despite the many years, he has had little practice. Harold still needs instruction as to best perform cunnilingus. Why don’t they teach this in sex education classes? You’d think he was trying to devour a cactus the way he attacks... as if my moist softness will bite back.

Well, he does manage to sop up the abundant flow of juices, obviating any need to change my skirt before going to dinner. So I let him feast, managing on occasion to pry open my eyes to watch his hands. I know he’s dying to get himself off and that as a male, he has no compunction about playing with himself right in front of me.

Yes, he reaches to his zipper, once again preferencing his pleasure over mine. That won’t do. The new paradigm has begun.

Though I have the physical capacity to toss off a couple more thigh clenchers, when Harold goes for his crotch, I abruptly push away his face and stand.

“Time for my dinner,” I firmly announce, smoothing down my skirt, strongly suggesting the appetizer is finished.

He groans, fully expecting some degree of reciprocity. Does he really think my lips would ever touch that useless thing of his?

I just step away, pick up a special little package on the way to the door and exit to the car. This one last time I can trust Harold to follow and not instead wack off in the bathroom. After all, he gallantly expects to ‘please’ me with a quick hump for my birthday and therefore will ‘save’ himself for later. He’s wrong about latter, but it’s just as well that he keep himself in heat until I explain the new paradigm.

We drive to the restaurant and I must confess that at least Harold has good taste in food. Dinner is exquisite. The wine superb. The attentive waiter even noting that we, as a couple, prefer to talk without disruption, our sotto voce murmurings hinting at intimacy.

“Wondering what’s in the package?” I inquire as the waiter departs with our dessert order.

“You’ve bought yourself something to wear for your birthday. Jewelry, I suspect. But the box is larger than for a ring. It must be a necklace.”

I smile coyly. The same smile that I use to precipitate sex... back when I was not so often in *that* mood..

“Kinky underwear?” Harold revises his guess.

“Well... it can be worn... and it can be described as kinky... and it is for my birthday. So you are very close.”

I retrieve the little box. Though the restaurant is crowded, the nearby table is open, for now. So I must proceed quickly.

“But it’s really for you as much as for me.”

Harold just looks at the black box of flimsy yet decorative cardboard.

“Go ahead, Harold. Open it. But don’t wave it about too much.”

His curiosity has him pulling open the top as I speak. As he peeks within, his look changes from wonderment to perplexity. Despite my warning, he lifts the plastic from its concealment.

“Something for you to wear while I’m in those terrible moods,” I explain.

Harold holds the assembled pieces of plastic under the candlelight. The fact that it is shaped in the silhouette of the male package quells further questions as to its function.

“You’ll wear it and we can better coordinate our needs.”

It’s a fabrication of, course. The new paradigm completely ignores his needs. This is all about me! What I want. There will be no more masturbating in my vagina... there will be no more masturbating, period! But first I have to get him into the thing...

“What’s it called?”

“It’s a CB2000. And as you can see, there’s a little key that keeps it locked in place. That’s for me. The rest is for you.”

The waiter approaches with dessert. Harold plunks the device back into the box. An elderly couple is led to the adjoining table. No further inspection is possible... but the message is received.

“How long?” is his simple question.

“Bought it yesterday.”

“No. How long will the moods last?”

I smile inwardly. This is simpler than I thought. The discussion is not whether he will wear it... but instead for how long. Well... when about to offer a dissatisfactory reply... quibble instead. This I have long postulated.

“Days. Maybe a week. But there are always alternatives. You seemed to enjoy the interlude in the kitchen.”

It becomes Harold’s turn to stifle a smile. Yes, he enjoyed indeed.

“So that suggests you’re in that particular mood... when you’re in the kitchen wearing no underwear.”

“That can be the signal... or a signal. But being in the mood means you’ll have lots of what you got. And I can flash you more if you’d like Harold. I don’t need to be shy with you.”

Of course not, silly boy. Once you’re locked up, I may walk about the house completely naked and listen to you groan with the frustration of lust. At thirty years of age I’ve kept trim. No excess fat and all the curves remain.

“And I’ll stay nicely bald for you. Matter of fact, in that capacity you can help.”

Yes, such delicious torment. Harold can labor to primp and preen my mons... that to which he

will no longer have access... with his pecker that is.

The bill is paid. The car ride home is initially silent. I let Harold ruminate. That is best. I realize what I am demanding... to control the most basic element of the male existence. But I humorously think of the benefits. When I am in *that* mood, Harold is known to take excessively long showers, running up the gas bill. Since I know what part of the anatomy he 'cleans' so fervently, I suspect such will stop. With his joystick encased in plastic, shower time will shorten, saving a few shekels in energy.

"Not all women enjoy being penetrated, Harold. Besides, it's demeaning. You respect me too much for that," I resume the discussion as the car approaches the driveway, knowing that he expects to finalize his birthday 'gift'.

But I remain in *that* mood... and I suspect I will for the duration of our marriage.

"It looks uncomfortable, Millie."

"Well you're probably best being shaved down there. That way hairs won't entrap and the area will clean quicker. And of course there will be more thorough cleansings once a week. The CB2000 came with a special cleaning kit."

"Cleaning kit?"

Now I have him intrigued. For weeks I have been online reading of male chastity and I'm convinced it is best for Harold... and for me. That tongue is close to usefulness. And in letting his hormones percolate for a while... like maybe a few months... he'll become more attentive concerning my stimulation and arousal. His will only bring frustration and discomfort.

Yes, missing from the box are clever inserts that will further inhibit tumescence. Harold is going to become one chaste beast. Just thinking of using his locked up penis will bring pain. Inside the cock cage can be placed pointed inserts that will only impinge and aggravate his member when it swells. Thus he will learn quickly to bring himself under control. Otherwise, the slightest erection will impinge.

In my mind I hear my forthcoming words of advice... 'stay flaccid Harold and avoid pain. Harden and feel the relentless pricks of the "points of intrigue" as the tiny implements are known.

Since Harold's curiosity has focused on the cleaning kit, I maintain that aspect as center to the conversation. It's really a simple set of nylon wrist cuffs and connecting chain that is to be adorned while free of the CB2000. Harold will either agree to wear such or remain locked up. Since all males are trainable, with proper reward and punishment of course, it's just a matter of getting used to the new paradigm... that my libido is sacrosanct and his is... well his is no longer to be addressed.

It will be quashed!

I lead Harold into the bathroom where the 'cleaning kit' is stowed. It takes little cajoling to have him close his eyes and extend his hands. After all, it's my birthday and he wants to please. When he feels me encircling his wrists he smiles thinking he's going to be the recipient of kinky sex. In his mind this is what I have been having him save his load for... to ensure there will be a pinnacle of desire when I decide to permit penetration.

But all penetration has ended... Harold just doesn't know it yet.

I guide his arms behind his back and clip together the cuffs. Then as I work to release his belt buckle, I can safely take him further into the process.

He'll be naively compliant. He expects sex.

"Slip off your shoes, Harold," I coo in my most alluring voice.

The dumb beast obeys. I open his zipper and pull down his pants, followed by his underwear. That penis which I've so often had to endure is partially swollen, anticipating some form of caress.

"He really doesn't think I'm going to give him a blow job," I humorously think to myself.

Well things move smoothly and quickly now that I have him cuffed. Shears do away with most of the pubic hair. Shaving lotion and a sharp razor dispense the rest. Hubby becomes as bald as a

new born down there. It's a comical look... humbly comical. His denuded genitals appear even smaller.

"Come," I firmly but pleasantly command, cradling his hairless balls.

He steps out of his pants, crumpled about his ankles. I tug and he follows me like a punished puppy on a leash... a testicle leash. The CB2000 has been left on the kitchen counter and awaits its new wearer. Also, in my pocketbook are the points of intrigue.

"Something I forgot to mention, Harold. You'll be squatting to pee. The cock cage makes standing at the urinal a little sloppy."

I slip the large ring around the base of Harold's scrotum. It's the controlling feature and must be made quite snug and secure in encircling both the penis and balls. Then to the post where the cock cage locks, I slide into place the nastiest set of points. Harold gawks. The points ever so slightly abrade the top of the penis shaft.

"Just a little added feature to ensure your thoughts are properly aligned with mine," I explain as I guide his firming penis into the cock cage.

"No arousing thoughts. You're going to have to learn self control."

I click closed the small padlock which can forever hold in place the chastity device... if I so choose. The key is elsewhere... hidden where he will never find it. Harold's life of denial begins... April 5, 2001.

As a demonstration of my new found control my right hand slips under his partially expose scrotal sac and kneads the perineum. Harold remains a bit horny after the late matinee of cunnilingus and I feel the twitch of the male anatomy that signifies the spawning of an erection.

"Going to become a big boy for me?" I again coo in my sexy, alluring voice, slipping my left hand into his shirt where I tweak his nipples while continuing to work the perineum.

Within moments, the points begin their unrelenting task...to permanently assure that hubby Harold's days of thinking like a virile male have ended. Henceforth he will only enjoy an erection when I permit. And then, I suspect I will enjoy it more than him.

"Arf," he deliciously groans.

I mercifully withdraw my hands. Harold's forthcoming existence will be challenging enough without physical stimulation.

I release his wrist cuffs and resume sitting on the straight back chair. This will be where every day begins, I decide. Toast, coffee and cunnilingus.

"Now Harold, just a little more birthday gift as I explain your new life..."



I arrive home after a late day shopping spree to find the 'cleaning kit' resting on the kitchen counter. It's Friday and husband Harold has rushed home, knowing that weekends offer respite... of a sort. I smile in seeing the unwritten message. Harold's hormonal imbalance has brought tumescence, which in turn has brought pain. His swollen penis has once again greeted the unrelenting points of intrigue and he's probably had a rough day controlling himself.

That's a good thing. He'll be most attentive in attempting to earn a reprieve.

I stow the groceries and Harold saunters into the kitchen like the family dog expecting to be fed.

"Clothing?" I simply inquire.

He dashes away as I finish. Then I slip down my panties and step away. Since I remain undouched, feminine hygiene has become the responsibility of Harold's tongue and lips, the frilly garment reeks of my scent.

"Had a good day?" I pleasantly inquire as Harold reappears.

He is naked, knowing that the complete absence of clothing humbles... and I want him humble.

"It's the girls in the office. I think they know about it."

"It's being the CB2000, I surmise."

"How so?"

I don't really care if the girls know. But I do want to elicit from Harold a description of the unwavering frustration he encounters each and every day. It is deliciously arousing for me... knowing that his peaked hormone balance no longer serves as a means to self pleasure... but instead has become a source of daily anguish.

"Well, they tease. Short skirts... tight sweaters. They wanted me to join them for drinks after work."

These are situations where the CB2000 can be a girl's best investment. Where normally a woman would have reservations, even protest a husband's wandering eye, I can encourage it. Such behavior will only lead to more frustration, which leads to more obedience.

"Well you should have gone with them. Dinner can always wait. I enjoy watching you cook for me, but it's Friday night. Could always eat late, sleep in..."

I know he'd rather be home with me. That's the new paradigm... servile companionship... attention to my needs... and if appropriate, just a little favor in return for Harold... maybe. That's why he's so eager. For him, release from the CB2000 is as anticipated as a starving dog hungrily salivates at supper time.

"I was thinking that it needs to be released... just for a little while," he so obsequiously adds, giving credence to my thoughts.

This time 'it' is his penis. With the many weeks of chastity, Harold references his phallus as if it is no longer part of his anatomy... no longer belonging to him. And his thinking is most on point. I hold the key. I control 'it'.

"You know that's for me to decide. The weekly chores were OK, Harold. But there's always that missing something, that little extra special thing that would suggest you're enjoying your new role. And it's rather presumptuous to put out your cleaning kit."

I dangle my panties in front of him. He gulps.

"Down," I command with my evil smile.

He kneels and I press the odoriferous garment to his nose, assuring that the crotch, remaining a little moist from the exertion of shopping, abuts his nose. With my free hand, I pat his head as would an owner offering affection to a loyal family pet.

He inhales... reluctantly yet with subdued enthusiasm. One can judge the resigned thinking. Though he knows my scent will bring painful stimulation, he also must breathe.

The exercise helps with his self control... and also further ingrains one of his principle duties... to orally serve... to savor my feminine scent and taste.

"Prepare some wine and cheese for me... some grapes for yourself. Make sure they're warm."

I detect just a little engorgement within the cock cage, judging from his squirming. That's a good thing. Weeks ago, his lack of control would have him writhing as the points bit with abandon.

Having established a proper atmosphere, I depart. Harold will dutifully obey and I need to change. Something a little more provocative, something akin to the tight sweaters and short skirts he's had to endure all day. Harold has developed newfound admiration for the female body. He no longer thinks of it as something to conquer but instead as something to adore... visually and orally.

The interlude for quick change gives pause for thought. Suppose the young girls in the office were indeed made aware of Harold's penile confinement? Since I have the key, there certainly wouldn't be any hijinks. Any office dalliances would simply replicate the role for which I've been training Harold... to serve most obsequiously... to please with tongue and lips.

I put aside the thought and returned wearing the shortest and flimsiest skirt I have. Really more

for modest covering should there be an unexpected visit from a neighbor than anything else. And a simple tube top makes my breasts quite accessible... the nipples jutting into thin spandex will be found most inviting.

The wine is opened... one glass. Chunks of Parmesan fill one plate... grapes another. I sit on the straight backed chair knees parted, skirt raised. This is where each day begins in oral servitude for Harold and multiple orgasms for me.

“Now, let’s earn that release you so earnestly covet,” I encourage as I slip one grape after another into my quim.

Harold has placed the ripe juicy fruit in the microwave and the warm smooth spheres feel exquisite going in... and will feel even more divine in being extracted. Harold’s tongue will have to delve most deeply...



Harold and I work for the same firm. I am assistant director of personnel. Harold supervises production in one of the many plants. So though our paychecks have the same payor, we don’t interact during the day. And I have made it a point that few know of the relationship. Though not in violation of company policy, I do not believe that general knowledge of our betrothal can be advantageous.

But then I came to the attention of one of the high ranking executives, majority owner really. It was initially a rather embarrassing encounter yet one that proved fruitful, a human foible turning to affable camaraderie. And my relationship to Harold came to attention...

“Something you’d like for dessert?”

The tall muscular black man pauses at my table. Rarely does Douglas P. MacClellan, *Mr.* Douglas P. MacClellan, partake in the company cafeteria. I smile most demurely. He has cleverly postulated his question so that I precisely understand the reference, but others listening in do not. You see, Mr. MacClellan caught me staring at his crotch for his entire journey across the large dining area. While I was gawking at the huge bulge in the front of his trousers, he was looking at me... and I stupidly did not notice.

Well, he has me. One of the most powerful executives in the firm has caught me peeking. I make light of it. What else can I do?

“At home, we don’t have dessert. Guess that’s why I’m always thinking about it,” I coyly respond in continuing the verbal subterfuge.

He smiles and nods. It is a devilish smile.

“You’re in personnel? Mary something...”

“Millicent, Millie Hayward.”

He nods again as I gape like a pubescent school girl. He is quite an imposing man. Dark, even features. Dapper hair style. Quite trim. Rumored to have played football for Yale before attending some other Ivy League graduate school.

“Well, nice to see you, Ms. Hayward. But do try dessert at some time. You can handle it, I’m sure.”

Others would think he’s referring to the effect of calories on my rather finely toned figure. From the devilish smile, I know otherwise.

As stated, penetration has never been my thing in a sexual encounter. That’s why I finally locked Harold up. It is curious that I found myself staring at the same male organ that at home I’ve chosen to keep mostly hidden and encapsulated. Then later, I find the afternoon becomes challenging, trying to concentrate while continuing to envision just what that zipper of Douglas P. MacClellan’s withholds from view. He must be rather well endowed...

Nearing the end of the day, I cheat, my curiosity overcoming. Though I have ready access to all company personnel files, it is considered indecorous to just rifle and read. Still, I find the cascade of thoughts spurred by my encounter to be irresistible. I want to know more and open the file drawer marked 'M'. There I review and learn that Douglas P. MacClellan is married, but there is paperwork to transfer half of his pension to his wife!

A divorce is either in process or has been recently consummated. One does not relinquish assets of such magnitude due to mere separation. And that explains the flirtatious exchange in the company cafeteria. He's horny.

I am tucking the file away when my phone rings. Though about to leave for the day, it is the regimen of Personnel to respond during business hours. If we don't adhere to the parameters of the work day then who will?

"Personnel, Ms. Hayward."

"I have no dessert, but there is a secret bar behind the cabinet over my credenza where there are fine bottles of wine. This may be a violation of company policy."

It is the stentorian voice of Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan and I flush, thinking that somehow he is aware of my foray into his file.

"The personnel department may need to inspect. It should be off limits during business hours," I regain my composure in cleverly gathering his hint.

"It's almost five. If there's a violation occurring, someone from Personnel should be aware."

I know to agree. After all, it is Douglas P. MacClellan.

I retrieve the small bottle of perfume from my desk drawer and dab away. That bulge again comes to mind, eroding any reservation about fraternizing on company property. Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan *is* the company.

The elevator takes me to the top floor of the building. Alone in his office, I turn on the charm. He turns off the deceptive verbiage.

"So nothing like what you spotted in the cafeteria is available at home?" he renews the discussion while pouring a fine Italian red.

"Not in such sizable portions and not served as most would suspect," I counter.

"You're bold, Ms. Hayward. I like boldness in women."

"And you're well endowed. I'm not sure I like that in men," I boldly retort.

"My wife liked it. But didn't like sharing. I'm not as discriminating as most men."

He hands me the glass of wine. The bouquet attracts and he inhales, sips and then clinks my glass. I gaze at his handsome face, analyzing his remarks. Just how does the powerful Douglas P. MacClellan manifest his indiscriminate dalliances?

I join him in sipping. Away from the crowd of fellow employees, it is now my chance to put aside what would be perceived as insubordination. Now I can smile devilishly. He's made the initial advances, I can choose how to react. With Harold arriving home to cook dinner and humbly wait to provide assiduous oral pleasure, I cannot lose in playing out the hand. One way or the other my lust will be quenched... here or at home.

So... the woman that Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan considers to be bold again acts boldly.

"Just how well endowed, Mr. MacClellan? And just who benefits if not your wife?"

He strolls to sit in his large swivel chair. Though I know he has locked his office door he is cautious, sliding down his zipper such that his desk would block the view of an unexpected visitor.

"You smell good. Does anything look as good?"

I can take the hint. He needs a catalyst. As with most males, he's eidetic.

I unbutton my blouse as the penis of Douglas P. MacClellan exits his trousers. It is mammoth. It is the color of chocolate. It is uncut. And I am amazed at the size of the bulbous tip when he skins back the frenum.

Meanwhile I turn down my blouse, pulling it off my shoulders to hang at my elbows. Then I slip out my breasts and simultaneously glide a hand under my skirt. My many months of frustrating Harold have taught me to tantalize more than just visually. Two fingers gather a sampling of my feminine essence. The scent is strong, my sheath cleansed only by Harold's fervent tongue.

I step forward, standing beside the desk as the eyes of Douglas P. MacClellan bulge in viewing the display of my charms.

"Just how big can that get?" I coo in the sexy alluring voice normally reserved for Harold's degradation.

My powerful employer strokes. I am always amazed at how acclimated the male beast is in so casually commencing such a sordid undertaking. Still I smile and extend my moist fingers.

"Something to augment the bouquet of the wine," I suggest with libidinous wickedness.

I lean and coat his upper lip. He inhales. With a grateful smile he continues to stroke. I am tempted to retrieve a ruler from his desk drawer. Douglas P. MacClellan is the most well endowed male I have ever encountered. I feel like a fisherman with a prize catch. How should I reel it in?

"Haven't gotten out much of late. The wife... the ex wife... turned loose a posse of detectives," he bashfully explains as the rigid manhood finally appears to cease growing. "But it's done with... many dollars later."

So Douglas P. MacClellan is indeed divorced.

I lean back and watch, careful not to exhibit any concern. There is a control factor in having a man masturbate for you... a strange but welcome acclamation in knowing that it is your charms that stimulate. So I roll my shoulders to jiggle my mammaries and feel the room air waft about my crinkling nipples. There is an unspoken exchange of power in having the powerful stroke himself. Such a demeaning and humbling response to viewing feminine anatomical features, I think to myself. Those glands that adorn half the world's population are treated like a find of rare treasure. The irony and the fervent hand both amuse. Then this lady of boldness becomes more bold. After all, it's not like I can be fired.

"That's quite the grip, Mr.. MacClellan," I mockingly declare. "Stop for a moment and put your hands to the side."

Yes, it is bold. But I believe this will become a lasting relationship and the ground rules must be established.

I right myself and move closer. He instinctively parts his feet, inviting me to move adjacent the front edge of his chair. I do and bend at the waist, my left hand cupping his meaty testicles.

"My goodness, Mr. MacClellan you have indeed not been out, as you put it. I suspect these little rocks haven't gotten off in quite some time."

The sardonic wit is accepted. The plums of Douglas P. MacClellan are twice the size of Harold's, approaching the circumference of peaches. Then when I reach for the incredible erection with my right hand, I am amazed to find that I cannot wrap it entirely about the girth of the shaft.

Still I am able to gently stroke... teasing strokes... replicating those applied by an apprehensive teen in first encountering the angry male phallus.

"You have great power, Mr. MacClellan, with your position here at the company. But it is evident you don't get enough attention."

He moans with my pleasing touch and nods in agreement.

"Meanwhile I get all the attention I need... but could use more power."

"You indicated you didn't get enough at home... remember dessert..." he interjects.

"Not this... not what you term dessert... but what I term appetizers. I get all the appetizers I want from poor hubby Harold."

As I slowly and tantalizingly stroke, demanding that he keep his hands at his side, I inform that Harold works for the company. I also provide a verbal snapshot of the manner in which my

husband is forced to provide pleasure. How Harold has come to feast on that which adorns the upper lip of Mr. Douglas P. MacClellen.

“Nothing else?”

I shake my head with a mocking pout.

“No. Poor little Harold’s pecker remains untouched.”

“He must beat himself off like a school boy,” Douglas P. MacClellen surmises.

I just giggle. It’s an evil giggle. I do not explain the CB2000.

“Anoint me with power and you’ll have more of this. Plus I think Harold can amuse... if I understand your proclivity in being ‘not as discriminating as most men’.”

He nods. I can feel the circulation pulsing through the rock hard firmness of his towering erection. I must measure at some point, I make a note to myself. But this evening I must focus on this budding arrangement.

“Want to come for me like a good boy?” I coo in my sexy alluring voice.

I have held him at bay for an impressive interval while describing Harold’s oral servitude. The man certainly has staying power. Yet he’s ripe. So I lean closer until my exposed breasts are within reach of his tongue and lips. He takes the bait and begins to lick. But not wishing to give away all my charms on my first visit I stroke fervently with my right hand with my left sliding under his balls to knead his perineum.

He comes explosively, of course, impressively splattering sperm all over his shirt... even wetting his chin and my breasts. I continue to milk him dry, assuring he’s quite depleted as he slumps in his chair.

An image flashes into my mind. Yes, it’s the zoo lion after copulating with his mate. I just step away, dab his essence from my mammaries with a tissue and right my brassiere and blouse.

“Remember, Mr. MacClellen. More power for me, more ‘attention’ for you.”

I must stifle a laugh as I flip the door lock to leave. The exhausted lion will remain for quite some time recuperating in his office. He’s done for the night. And me? I’m going home to where Harold awaits... chaste, naked and eager to please.



It’s the weekend and Harold is excited, particularly when I instruct him to close the blinds. He dashes about the house, completely naked, in his eagerness ignoring possible exposure to passing neighbors.

“Now get the cleaning kit,” I pleasantly suggest, Harold knowing it’s a command.

To keep the male properly chaste, there must never be touching of the penis, at least not with deliberation or in any seductive manner.

If that neglected organ does need to be handled for some reason, it’s to be done clinically, just as one would examine or handle a hand, arm or leg.

Ignoring all sexual aspects, depriving the overly sensitive strip of flesh of all sensual attention, drives home the sense of futility in thinking that some day the little pecker will once again be permitted to spout that disgusting male essence. Harold is kept chaste... it will be a lifelong condition.

Thus, removing the cock cage becomes an event of great anticipation. Over the months, Harold has learned to enjoy the moments of freedom as much as he formerly enjoyed ejaculating.

He eagerly presents his wrists. I cuff and he immediately draws his hands behind his back, knowing that until well secured, the CB 2000 stays in place. I clip the cuffs together.

“I’ll let you parade about a bit while the dishwasher cycles. After that I’ll want you exercised and then it’ll be shaving time.”

After checking the wrists, I know that he won't be able to touch himself. So the tiny lock springs open with the twist of the key and the cage easily slides away. I remove the points of intrigue and Harold sighs in relief. Then I prod his balls and tug at the large controlling ring encircling both the scrotal sac and base of the penis. Now he giggles like a child as the ring is removed and the forcibly imprisoned male appendage rises in a humble salute to its owner... me. "Very nice, Harold," I sarcastically compliment in a voice reserved for small children. "Your little penis appreciates its freedom."

I smack his buttocks.

"Off you go... no frottaging!"

The CB2000 can be cycled in the dishwasher. I head to the kitchen, load the detergent and adjust the setting for a short wash. Then it's time for my amusement. Ridiculing and teasing Harold is almost as much fun as feeling him work my labia and clitoris with his tongue and lips. The extreme hormonal imbalance has him thinking like a pubescent boy, and it's enjoyable watching him frolic with his unwavering erection. Plus, I indeed must assure that he does not frottage... rubbing himself against something. The satin drapes in the dining room are known to be a target.

I return to the living room to find him jumping up and down. I have learned over the months that this provides some ephemeral satisfaction in feeling his erection bob about, sensing its firmness... that something remains attached there. I laugh seeing how easily the chaste male can amuse himself and I just stand and watch. He's quite frisky and I keep thinking that if he were a breeding horse, I'd be seeking an appropriate mare for him.

And the forced innocence gives rise to an inner sense of satisfaction. Having Harold locked up, I know that his devotion and loyalty are absolute. He lives for oral service.

After several minutes enjoying the show, I decide its time for the next step. A treadmill will keep Harold exercised and serve to reset the hormonal balance just a tad. So I step forward and cup his balls to lead him into the spare bedroom. There a collar and lead awaits. I will secure him by his neck to the machine, forcing him to exert as I dally about the house.

It is curious that he remains erect for the entire ordeal, proudly showing himself off to his keyholder.

Later I will shave his pubes and we'll shower together. With wrists remaining cuffed his efforts to rub himself against my feminine softness amuse as much as watching him frolic about with a hard on.

Ice is typically required to return Harold to the cock cage. His neglected organ does not waver, almost defying gravity. While awaiting numbness and detumescence, he usually whimpers and pleads.

"It's for the best, Harold. You're so much more attentive to me when locked away."

Later, the cunnilingus will not end... after all it's Saturday and I require my own needs to be fulfilled. No point in letting Harold have *all* the fun.



Monday morning, after toast, coffee and cunnilingus, I arrive at my office to find that an internal envelope rests on my desk. Within is a very formal note announcing both the retirement of my boss and my promotion to Director of Personnel!

Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan is certainly in earnest concerning the 'attention' he needs.

Also inside the envelope is a personal note of congratulations from my new high ranking conspirator and the 'suggestion' that another late afternoon meeting is in order.

Yes, in last week's tryst I knew from the look of satiated exhaustion that my long controlling hand job had thrilled. Such a randy boy! The divorce must have been long and drawn out. Despite

all the community property rules, it still does not benefit one to sexually skulk about while matters are before a judge. The self imposed chastity of Douglas P. MacClellan must have been lengthy.

And adding to his arousal, I am sure, is the mystique of being blonde. Though I sun myself regularly, my Scandinavian ancestry will always cause my skin to remain alabaster. Images of my white hand running up and down the lengthy dark shaft of Douglas P. MacClellan come to mind. The contrast was striking. His penis seemed to darken even more as surging circulation heightened by advancing stimulation turned the chocolatey brown to first a reddishness and then quite purple as my coaxing words brought it to climax.

Such fun.

Well, I spend the day plotting and organizing myself as Director of Personnel. The first task is to find a new plant manager. I'm shifting Harold to a new position. Though not yet deciding on his new duties, I have decided he should be closer to me during the day. So I draft a job description for his replacement and make arrangements to have it circulated.

Next I type a memo to payroll, more than doubling my salary and cutting Harold's to the minimum wage. The net economic effect to the company is just about zero but shifting the income to me empowers. Then I become wicked. I fabricate various notes describing husband Harold's bizarre behavior, all untrue, and forge signatures from numerous company officials. As his personnel file thickens, Harold becomes more and more unemployable. Just where and how I want him. He'll never obtain a credible reference should he seek to escape my clutches with a job elsewhere.

With all my devious exploits, combined with regular company business, the day goes quickly. The time for the proposed tryst arrives and the end of my first day as Director. I feel good. I close up, being sure to take a certain manila folder with me in visiting Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan.

The elevator takes me to the top floor where the executives have fashioned quite the enclave. It is lush, as would be expected of a company with our size and profitability. When I enter the suite of my sexual conspirator, his secretary, preparing to leave, just motions me through to his office.

Douglas P. MacClellan is concluding a phone call. He gestures to the credenza and I know to open the cabinet above and push a hidden switch. A false wall slides away to reveal his collection of fine wines. He hangs up.

"Select for yourself. It's part of a very valuable collection which escaped the wife's divorce attorneys," he explains, laughing with the glee of revenge. "Though they got just about everything else."

I do not know wines and pick something red and moderately old. Douglas P. MacClellan rises and moves to the office door as I arrange two glasses.

"I assume everything's progressing in Personnel."

He assures that his secretary has departed, then locks the door. I note that a slide bolt has been recently added. No one can enter and interrupt and the huge brown hand latches the door with finality.

"Everything's under control. I have some papers for you to sign. I've given myself a handsome raise. You won't mind approving it because there's a second memo demoting my husband."

He smiles, displaying fine and even white teeth. He moves and takes the selected bottle.

"Curious how you choose to manifest your new power. Hubby raise your ire?"

"Just part of my long range plan. And I appreciate the power. It will mean more attention for you... that's the deal."

He smiles in agreement, subtly motions about his chest and nods to my cleavage. He signals for the removal of garments. Yes, he very much enjoyed the show last week and desires an encore. That he shall have.

"Concerned with surprise visitors?" I inquire as he pours and I unbutton.

He knows I am referring to the sturdy slide bolt newly installed.

“The cleaning crew. They’re accustomed to having the run of the place after hours and sometimes don’t even knock. Found that out sleeping on the office couch during the initial separation. You know if you run up bills at a local hotel those detectives will report to the wife and divorce counsel. It’s assumed that all conduct is suspect when going through a nasty divorce. Tough to prove you didn’t do something... that you were alone. So I took to staying here a couple of nights per week.”

I decide to reward the man who has so nicely arranged for my promotion. I completely remove my blouse and brasserie, noting that the temperature in the office of the scheming Mr. MacClellan is a toasty warm. He has moved up the thermostat in anticipation of my visit. Still I feel my nipples crinkle to pencil points. I am proud that my boobies still are able to defy gravity despite achieving my thirties.

He pours himself a finger of rich burgundy, sniffs, tastes and nods approval. Then he pours into the second glass and tops his own. I accept the offering and smile when he once again clinks his glass against mine. In doing so, he gawks at my breasts. Normally such a stare is annoying but coming from the boss, it’s a compliment, and one that will be fruitful.

Now it becomes my turn to gesture... and I do so in crooking my finger about his belt buckle.

“Little Doug must have had a very confining day.”

To refer to the enormous manhood as ‘little’ cutely injects humor into our soiree. And since I am a woman of power, I *will not* be the only one exposed.

“Yes, little Doug needs to be free,” my priapic host agrees in extending the humor.

Since Douglas P. MacClellan is a guy, and all guys are hounds, he interrupts his imbibing and unbuckles without delay.

“Shoes and socks,” I note in a voice firmer than just making a suggestion.

He complies and I feel a rush in having such a large, powerful and handsome man do my bidding. As he disrobes, I get to watch and sip fine wine. Life is good, particularly when little Doug becomes fully exposed. When flaccid it dangles well past mid thigh, a presentation that Harold cannot achieve.

“You stained your shirt with our last get together,” I remind.

May as well have him completely naked. With the slide bolt holding back the entire world, why not?

He smiles, sips, and puts down his glass. I detect a little motion in that long strip of brown flesh. Despite draining him well last week, the weekend events must not have included ‘getting any’, in the male parlance. He’s horny again.

The boss unbuttons his shirt and I graciously take it to fold and pile with his other garments. Douglas P. MacClellan is now completely naked. And I must pause to observe.

“Very nice. Still work out?”

He smiles and nods as I visually examine. Douglas P. MacClellan is ‘ripped’ in the nomenclature of the athletic world. Though everything is in proportion, the proportions are huge... arms, thighs, calves, pectorals that resemble those on Greek statues. And of course there is the long, long penis that flops about with eye catching motion. No girl can resist gaping.

“I like that better when it stands,” I suggest in bringing the meeting to order, in the parliamentary sense.

Since Douglas P. MacClellan enjoys boldness, I become bold. I lean and gently reach to the organ that captures my attention.

“Come,” I command in a voice both suave and assertive.

Using his penis as a leash I draw my partner in lust to his desk. There I sit in the chair and put aside my glass.

“No hands now. You know how much I like to handle... and I think you do too.”

I take his glass and put it on the desk next to mine. My black Adonis stands before me without a stitch, smiling as I display the boldness he enjoys. He transfixes on my exposed breasts as I palm the weighty balls and begin to caress the excessively long shaft. His smile broadens and he starts to reach.

“No, no,” I rebuke and withdraw entirely. “This is mine for the moment. My turn to play. Hands on head, be a good boy.”

Should I be surprised when the influential Douglas P. MacClellan complies like a school boy, obsequiously raising his arms to permit unfettered access to his male package.

My hands return and I resume working the now semi engorged organ. I also work the scrotal sac, slowly moving below to the perineum. As I knead he continues staring at my breasts, the male always seeming to crave visual stimulation along with sensual touch.

“Come little Doug, grow nice and big for me,” I encourage in a girlish voice directed at the incredible length.

Yes, I am a woman of power and there is no better sexual power than to bring a man to arousal in such a controlling manner. Douglas P. MacClellan humbly stands and earns his reward for my promotion. He expects a lot... and he will get it, eventually. But there are games I like to play, and he will become a willing participant... more than willing.

Should I be amazed when his stiffness rises well past his navel... standing straight to the ceiling, the foreskin pulled back to reveal a purplish brown tip the size of a door knob?

“The Mrs. must have been quite the woman, taking all this,” I note, not able to resist bringing the subject of his separation into the discourse.

“She didn’t take enough,” my squirming boss reveals. “Quite the bitch when it came to sharing her charms.”

“Tsk. Tsk. Poor little Doug has been so neglected,” I exclaim with a mocking pout.

Meanwhile I begin slow teasing strokes. Long and tantalizing, I once again find that my hand cannot encircle the entire shaft when fully engorged. But I know that a well placed thumb on the underside of the tip will serve to heighten the pleasure. It’s ironic that no matter the size, the ultimate male erogenous zone always comes down to such an abbreviated area. All else is for foreplay and teasing.

“So it came to divorce. You must have sought other outlets and she objected,” I prompt in trying to better understand the man and his motives. And what better way than to cross examine while he’s in the throes of ecstasy... and ecstasy that I govern.

He moans as my thumb begins to press and rub where the male feels the most. He is receiving my message. I want information. He wants pleasure. We can exchange.

“She objected to the form of outlet more than the fact that there was an outlet,” my groaning victim of rapture reveals.

“What form of outlet?”

This question brings silence. It also brings calm as I withdraw my hands and cease all caressing. Again he is receiving my message. I want to know...

“Enough... for now.”

I hand him his wine glass. I want him to move about in a state of complete erection. It’s fun to watch. And meanwhile he will learn to comply... to be forthcoming in response to my questions... in response to me.

I rise from the chair. On the low table near the couch is a cloth covered tray. Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan has had our soiree catered. How thoughtful! He notes my observing look.

“Had the cafeteria prepare some snacks. Told them there was a late meeting.”

I remove the covering cloth and find a sizable pile of shrimp and crabmeat accompanied by raw clams and oysters. Quite the snack.

“All we’re missing is a serving girl,” I remark in sampling the fresh seafood.

Douglas P. MacClellan approaches and I enjoy observing the massive erect penis swing about with each step. He is a proud man. But I also take pride in knowing it stands for me... brought to stiffness by my controlling hand.

“Or a serving boy,” he counters with pleasant wickedness.

“A boy? Is that the source of your indiscriminate tastes? As you suggested... not being as discriminating as most men?”

He stifles a grin... a guilty grin. Yes, as I suspected, the sexual escapades of Douglas P. MacClellan are quite licentious. What did he say... a posse of detectives? I offer a shrimp to my aroused partner while I contemplate.

The ex wife would not have gotten everything in a normal divorce proceeding... not in this community property state. Douglas P. MacClellan has been the victim of extortion... extracted by his own spouse, now ex-spouse. In documenting grounds for divorce, the detectives uncovered grounds for blackmail. Douglas P. MacClellan has been quite the naughty boy, apparently swinging from both sides of the plate, as the gay community would suggest. And I am peering at the source for such naughtiness and what swings about with noted prominence.

“So, Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan is polyamorous,” I announce, carefully enunciating each word.

I reach down and diddle the rock hard penis tip. During these sultry interludes, I want him standing for me. When the massive shaft waggles in response to my teasing touch, I am greatly amused.

He becomes shy in discussing his exploits, the sheepish grin continues as he remains silent and reaches to touch himself.

“No. No. Little Doug only gets attention from me while we’re together,” I firmly instruct, gaining more authority and control with my discovery. I grasp his balls and walk him to where I left the manila folder.

“Sign away, *Mr. MacClellan*,” derisively emphasizing the ‘Mr.’. “A raise for me, a demotion for husband Harold. Doesn’t cost the company a cent. And I’ll find productive work for Harold.”

He signs without hesitation. Why would he quibble? But then I decide that this naughty boy should not be further rewarded. I dress, donning bra and blouse. He’ll remain naked. And more decisions arise as I further ponder the situation...

I can extort also. But Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan, now to be called Dougie, will find my form of extortion to be much more palatable, and economically sustainable, than that extracted by the ex-wife.

He pours more wine and then we return to the food. I note that despite covering myself, he remains rather stiff, though an occasional caress is needed to keep it ‘up’ to my standards.

“Enough for me,” I proclaim with authority after a modest second helping. “Harold has dinner waiting.”

Dougie appears disappointed, but there is no reason. I know there must be quid pro quo.

“Stand at the edge of the desk, back to me,” I command, my verbal governance expanding with discovery.

“You like bold, *Dougie*, then bold you shall have.”

It is the first time I use the diminutive of his name... the first time I use his first name. Yet he complies. In divulging his proclivities, he has further empowered me.

“Hands where I like them.”

The brown mitts rise and fold on the back of his head. I reach under my skirt and gather a sampling of that fragrance which serves to excite. Then I rise and join him, standing to his right side.

“Hope there’s no important paperwork,” I declare in referencing his desk top.

My moist fingers reach up to anoint his upper lip with my fragrance. Then my left hand slips

below well muscled buttocks and between his thighs. I am amused to see him part his feet to provide me with better access. My right hand reaches around and once again grasps the enormous erection. I resume stroking as the left kneads the perineum. He groans in ecstasy.

“Don’t come without permission, Dougie...”



I arrive home where my naked husband is fervently preparing dinner. He remains locked up, of course. I have decided his chastity will become permanent. Release from the CB2000, when I decide, has become his only source of physical self pleasure in permitting his pusillanimous pecker to rise in celebration of temporary freedom. I still have not decided which is more amusing... observing the childlike enthusiasm as he watches himself engorge for me... or reveling in his dejection as I ice him down and return him to lifelong encapsulation and chastity.

I sit. He serves. Household chores have become instinctive for him.

“I got promoted, Harold. Along with a significant raise in salary. I’m now the breadwinner.”

“Wonderful, Millie. It must have been a large increase.”

“It was. And by agreement your paycheck has been diminished... substantially.”

“How’s that?”

“You’ve been demoted. I’m going to have your position filled by a woman. Enough of this old boy’s club at the company. You’ll work at headquarters and report to me. I have some special work in mind for you.”

“But I can make more money elsewhere,” he stubbornly interjects.

“Don’t think anyone would hire you. It’s a fait accompli, Harold. Just ride with it. I want to show you off to the girls in the office... my wonderful compliant husband... always eager to please.”

Yes, eager because the hormones are figuratively oozing from his ears at this point. He’ll do anything just to earn a reprieve from the points of intrigue. Which reminds me...

“How are those new points working, Harold?”

“Very painful.”

“That’s good. Shows first that you had naughty thoughts and second that the new longer points provide adequate punishment. You’re going to have to learn to control your thoughts...”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

I no longer permit him to sit and eat with me. He’ll later eat whatever I leave on my plate. So he stands, awaiting orders for another helping or to pour more drink. And I cannot resist extending my hand and gently caressing the exposed scrotal sac and balls that are so awkwardly presented in jutting forth between the cock cage and the large control ring. He closes his eyes in deep concentration, telling his system not to react to my gentleness. Arousal is painful. That’s what chastity has become for hubby Harold, a constant battle to remain mentally neutered. Sensual thoughts of self pleasure bring the agony of the points. So he resists having those. His sensual thoughts instead are about serving and pleasing me... as such should be.

After dinner we watch some television. Harold lies on the floor licking my feet while I decide how the evening will conclude. Bringing the powerful Douglas P. MacClellan to a massive explosion was gratifying for me. An amazing collection of sperm splattered over the entire surface of his desk all the way to the opposing side. Such emblematic governance, demanding that he hold back until I decide to bring him off at my whim. Two fingers into his anus and just a modicum of pressure on that distinctively male gland enhanced the eruption.

Dougie enjoyed. Dougie was glad to have promoted me and just may make me chairwoman of the board of directors by the time I’m through.

“Bed time,” I succinctly announce. My own thoughts stimulate. I need Harold’s tongue.

Hubby prepares for bed, turning off lights, adjusting the thermostat while I disrobe. In a nightly ritual, Harold will orally bring me to orgasm after orgasm until I doze off in a delirium. After which he will humbly slide to the floor and sleep on the carpet like a pet dog. He cannot sleep next to me, my warm naked flesh feels good... too good... making restful slumber impossible as the points constantly obviate attempts at erection.

But if I awake before the alarm, I know Harold will on demand return to my warmth and grapple with tumescence while renewing his oral efforts. That is all he has left in terms of pleasure... only to offer with a well trained tongue... never to receive.



“Because that’s the way I want you to look, that’s why!”

Harold can be such a belligerent baby sometimes.

He’s lying naked and cuffed in his cleaning kit. Sometimes when freed of the CB2000 he becomes emboldened, actually having the temerity to question one of my decisions or pronouncements!

“I want you pierced. No questions. Otherwise, we’ll go back to longer points and less free time.”

He’s lying on the bathroom floor with thighs widely parted. I am graciously shaving his pubes area after a soothing testicle massage. Wearing the chastity device 24/7 can abrade the skin. Therefore every Saturday Harold receives skin care, a slow application of glycerin lotion massaged into his scrotal flesh with tantalizing deliberation. I never ever touch the penis, of course. That’s off limits for both of us. It just hardens and stands with Harold staring at it with an odd look of detachment.

For me, controlling the chaste male in such a forthright manner excites. And though I am taking him to the jewelry store for piercing, he may have a little work first... oral work... in getting me off. Despite a long night of cunnilingus, I am aroused by my governance.

“Here it comes. Hold still.”

On the floor nearby is the bucket of ice I always have ready when he’s released. In being kept chaste for many, many weeks it is the only way I can get Harold’s little pecker back into the cock cage. Whereas normally I let him prance around a bit, amusing me and letting him celebrate my kindness, we have chores.

Despite the many applications of numbing coldness, he lurches every time I press a handful of cubes against his perineum. The effect is to numb the ejaculatory muscles and seminal ducts. After which I move to his balls and the less sensitive base of the penis... never, never the overly sensitive penis tip. Touch there is forbidden. That’s where the male derives his pleasure and that’s something denied to Harold.

I smile and watch as Harold knows to calmly lie while he deflates. He’s forlorn. He’s dejected, but he knows that my control is for the best.

“If you want, I’ll invite Julie over tomorrow and you can show her your new jewelry. I’ll even unlock you if you want.”

Julie is our recently divorced neighbor. After ten years, she parted company with husband Fred with the last two years being quite traumatic. They fought like cats and dogs and her resulting disdain for the male gender is noteworthy. When I told her how I control Harold, she giggled like a girl. It was nice to see her amused and I promised to one day have Harold put on a show for her.

Meanwhile the ice deflates Harold’s little hard-on to the size of a shriveled worm. I replace the large ring, slip a nasty set of points onto the locking post and then press the little pecker into the cock cage. With a click, Harold is returned to forced chastity.

I stand and part my robe at the waist then step to straddle the supine Harold. Beneath the flowing folds of silk I am naked and he looks up into my feminine charms, where he has orally served ad infinitum since April 5, 2001.

"Just a quickie," I pleasantly suggest.

Remaining cuffed he struggles to sit up. I lean and grasp his ears to both assist and align his face with my mons.

Harold knows that though it's a quickie, to always lathe the vulva before pressing inward with that tongue which, I do believe, lengthens with every oral endeavor. And the dear boy complies. I moan a bit, feeling him gather in the juices that have seeped while I shaved and massaged. He is one attentive pussy licker, I think to myself. Despite being put off by the day's planned events, he is tender and most punctilious in systematically taking all he can locate... every drop of essence.

I toss off three or four mild orgasms then release his ears and step away.

"Good boy," I compliment.

Then I leave to hide the key to the CB2000 and return to unlock his cleaning cuffs.

"Get dressed. Be ready to go in ten minutes," I command.

I slip on jeans and a sweatshirt and depart to warm up the car. Harold no longer drives. I surrendered his driver's license with a note, again fabricated, that he has a medical condition that inhibits driving. So he'll have a chore getting his privileges back, should he choose to defy me. And in so doing his reliance on me is augmented. He either walks or drives with me.

Yes, in having him demoted and transferred to corporate headquarters, he no longer has to car pool. He must depend on me.

Harold saunters from the house well within the ten minutes. He remains forlorn. It's late Saturday morning, prime shopping time, and the jewelry store should be quite full... as intended.

"I think you'll look good," I offer in a soothing yet directing tone of voice.

He whimpers, knowing that he is falling further into the abyss of complete feminine dominance.

We arrive and as planned, the store is amass with women appraising and selecting beautiful glimmering trinkets. There are some men, but in the minority. Behind the main counter is my new acquaintance, Jacqueline, a French woman who I found the day before to be quite helpful in viewing various jewelry configurations. She agreed with my choice but stated that ultimately the bearer's anatomy would dictate.

So, in the middle of the store Harold sits while Jackie examines his ears. Harold is going to wear earrings for me. And yes, despite his protests, in both ears.

"Yes, Millie, the cartilage here is sufficient," the woman explains in pleasantly accented English.

She gruffly tugs at Harold's right ear as if he is a recalcitrant school boy.

She's not examining the earlobe, but instead the thicker and more cartilaginous segment beside and above the ear hole.

"Two piercings, here and here, and a third one below in the ear lobe. The design you have selected will hold nicely. It will take great force before tearing."

With that, Nancy holds up the crude black implements I have chosen. Hideous really, they appear as two wrought iron handles, some two or more inches from top to bottom. Heavy and curved like the letter 'C', the top portion has two sizable prongs designed to penetrate the ear just where Nancy was tugging. The bottom has a smaller single prong designed to penetrate the earlobe.

"Quite gothic, Millie. No woman would wear these... but on the male? They appear to be small shackles... like a slave would wear. No?"

I nod and smile. Jackie is very close to reading my thoughts.

"And you can do it here, right in the store, Jackie?"

"Oh, oui Madam. But if I understand your intention, after healing it will be best to visit a

welder. With just a little spark, the earrings can be made almost permanent. Only to be removed with... how do you say it... a torch.”

She grins when she sees me smiling wickedly.

“I don’t want them,” Harold brazenly protests.

I just laugh. If I were Harold I would not want to be seen wearing them either. To any woman, the crude implements would immediately indicate that the bearer is a well subjugated oral servant, a trained lapper of pussy. You see, each little handle, when flipped forward, can easily be held by two fingers, possibly three, thus subjecting the bearer’s head to direction... complete control.

And what would a male viewer think? In donning the heavy iron handles, what impression would Harold make on cohorts of the same gender? Well... I really don’t care. That will be for him to explain.

“Pierce him,” I give the command.

Jackie retrieves her tools. A tearful Harold must sit before the crowd of onlookers as he is made to look the way I want. But as suggested, it’s not the look that is important to me, it’s the functionality.

It is curious that there is so little bleeding and such limited sensitivity where we have chosen to penetrate. Jackie pokes with alacrity and I have fun listening to her console Harold as if she was working on a frightened teenaged girl.

The procedure only requires a few minutes, but for Harold I am sure it felt like an eternity. When finished, Jackie dabs away the tiniest drops of blood, cradles Harold’s head from behind and announces ‘voila’, directing his tearing eyes to look at me.

I smile mockingly and step closer.

“Oh Harold, such useful little baubles.”

I reach out with both hands and indeed slip three fingers into each newly installed trinket. The numerous women shopping the store all stop to turn and look as I use Harold’s new handles to direct his head, first turning to the right and left and then motioning it up and down. He must follow my directing hands. My ardent tugs leave no doubt amongst the many women as to the intended function of the heavy ugly implements. I will be grasping with fervor on many an evening while Harold’s tongue plunges deeply.

“Give it at least a week to heal completely, then visit the welder,” Jackie advises with finality.

I lead away a tearful Harold. We have another stop to make. Now that he is properly adorned for cunnilingus, I’m taking him to the barber for a head shaving. Hair there is no longer needed to direct his oral incursions of my mons.

“We can do more... the privates, if you’d like,” Jackie calls out for all to hear.

Many of the women giggle upon hearing the offer. It *is* an enticing thought.



It’s Sunday afternoon and Harold just stares at himself in the mirror. I don’t let him watch football games any more and he is not interested in the drippy romance movie in which I find myself engrossed. So he just looks, naked but for CB2000 and ear handles, his baldness coming as quite the shock.

“You’ll keep it shiny bald too, Harold. No stubble. Don’t want my thighs chafed,” I add in snorting a chortle.

The doorbell rings. The movie is concluding. But, I don’t want to miss the ending.

“Harold, answer the door.”

“Like this?” he calls out in meek protest.

“You’ll greet any way I want you,” I sternly reply.

He's aghast, but I have everything under control. I happen to know it's Julie from next door. She has not seen Harold in the buff before, wearing his little chastity device. But there is a first time for everything. Besides, in her state of agitation with the entire male population, she can use consolation. Seeing Harold under complete feminine control should assuage her anger.

"Go now. And be polite."

Harold has too many times faced lengthened points of intrigue as punishment for naughty behavior. And he knows that Saturday morning respites, the gentle kneading of the scrotal sac with soothing glycerin, can easily be withheld, despite the fact that he feels such is absolutely necessary.

So in a delicious state of bashfulness, he moves from the full length bedroom mirror, thinking that it's a delivery and he can hide half himself behind the front door while signing for a package.

"Hi Harry," I hear Julie's shrill voice.

She's the only one to use the diminutive of Harold's Christian name, which irritates him to no end.

"Baked some of Millie's favorite cookies."

I don't have to look to know that Harold is trying to take the offering without fully opening the door. I have given Julie instructions... just enter despite his woeful protestations.

"Oh. Didn't mean to catch you in the act. You and Millie having a little..."

She abruptly stops. The scene is staged and Julie verbally expresses feigned surprise. I softly laugh. I know she is gawking at the CB2000 adorning Harold's otherwise naked body.

"Well, I guess you're not going at it with that thing covering your dick."

Julie is always refreshingly direct and I know her words serve to greatly add to Harold's humiliation. I call down to fuel the situation, otherwise Harold will be trying to invite her out.

"Take the cookies, Harold. Serve Julie some wine. I'll be down in a minute."

She's staying. It's prearranged. But I do want to see the end of the movie.

"Nice butt, Harry," I hear Julie proclaim as I picture him scampering about in following my orders. "The new haircut's a gas. What's with the ear piercings?"

The movie ends. I retrieve the key to Harold's chastity device and leisurely stroll downstairs. Julie sits in the living room visually inspecting the curious scene of my newly bald husband donning medieval iron shackles in his ears. He stands with the wine bottle, ready to pour again with the slightest gesture. But it's the entrapping plastic that really has her eye. And I can read her thoughts.

"Go ahead and give it a tug, Julie. It's well designed."

Julie is in her early forties and has long lost any semblance of girlish shyness. Daily scuffling with ex husband Fred has left her jaded concerning the male beast. She is no longer one to 'take any shit'... her own crass words. And thus my invitation is quite welcome. She doesn't hesitate to waggle her finger in a most commanding way, signaling Harold to step closer. As she sits in a large comfortable living room chair, Julie is at eye level with the CB2000. She reaches with her left hand to cup the oddly entrapped scrotum, trapped between the large ring and the cock cage. Her right hand grasps the padlock and brusquely pulls. Harold gasps in pain. I know her hand action jostles the points of intrigue nestled within.

Julie laughs with Harold's expression of discomfort, ignores and then again pulls, but with force.

"He's well locked up," she notes as the craftily designed device fails to yield. Meanwhile the points impinge to produce even greater pain and Harold yelps.

"Wish I had put Fred into one of these. Of course I'd then have to confront the inevitable demands upon release."

"Oh, it's not that bad, Julie. I'll show you. Harold, go get your cleaning kit."

Amazing what controlling the male libido will do for the psyche. He jumps like a trained dog retrieving the morning paper. Though he spent some time out of the CB2000 just yesterday, respites

are always welcome. Still, with Julie present I detect some degree of reluctance as his pace slows.

“Now, Harold. We can go to longer points... the steel ones...”

With this threat, he resumes his task with renewed energy. The every day points of intrigue are of plastic and provide uncomfortable pain when a naughty boy stiffens. The steel set is comprised of a half dozen needle like points dispensing defacto torture. Harold has only had to bear them once to learn that my control is to be complete and his obedience is to be unwavering.

“Cleaning kit?” Julie inquires as we hear the thump of bare feet in the second floor bathroom.

“A whimsical term for a set of cuffs Harold must wear when released for cleansing. There’s no touching... ever... not by me... not by him. The resulting sense of detachment is quite amusing. You can tell by certain looks, read his thoughts, that over time he senses that his penis no longer belongs to him. It’s the bending of the male libido. It can entertain...”

Julie nods. As a no nonsense woman she grasps the implications... control the penis... control the male.

“Why any release?” I am pleased to hear her ask, suggesting that any quarter is too indulgent.

“It’s the skin. And hygiene. I just plop the CB2000 in the dishwasher once per week while Harold celebrates his brief freedom and I shave him. A little lotion helps. What he does not realize is that the care ultimately means I can keep him chaste even longer... locked up forever... precluding the development of skin rash means longer periods without release.”

Julie beams with the thought... permanent chastity.

When Harold returns he is already donning the cuffs and turns so I can clip them together behind his back. Julie stands beside me as Harold turns again to face me and I withdraw the key from the pocket of my robe.

“Here we go big boy,” I proclaim as if placing a young child on a carnival ride.

Harold begins to blush even before I fully remove the large ring. There is a curious dichotomy of joyous anticipation and bashfulness. He has not before had to display himself naked before another woman and now he must relinquish his only covering. With the many weeks of total neglect his penis twitches and then begins its inevitable rise. Julie stares and begins to giggle. I bend at the waist, purse my lips and blow on the overly sensitive tip. The firming appendage comically waggles in response to the ephemeral pleasure and Julie laughs outright..

“It’s like a trained pet,” she notes.

“Yes, except it only works one way. A second blow won’t bring it down. That requires effort.”

Harold struggles against his cuffs. Despite all the time in chastity, the male reaction is ingrained. He must try to touch himself. The futility brings laughter from both Julie and me.

“See Julie. Release is not a burden. I remain in control. That erection is just for show... to amuse.”

She nods in thought.

“So tell me about the pierced ears.”

I explain to Julie about the utility of what I call ‘cunnilingus handles’ as Harold’s penis reaches full erection and points towards the ceiling. She nods, reaches with both hands and slips two fingers through each iron implement. The trinkets are configured to normally press against the skull behind Harold’s ears. But when pulled, as Julie knows to do, the rounded metal folds outwards, bending the ears towards the front. With the slightest tension the head must follow the direction of the controlling fingers, and Julie amuses herself, just as I did in the jewelry store, by moving about Harold’s bald head.

“Yes, very thoughtful.”

“Harold’s new connubial duty... ardent oral pleasure... but only mine of course,” I explain with a coy smile. “He gets nothing...”

“Of course,” Julie agrees with a chuckle. “And I see you keep the cranium quite smooth.”

“Not a follicle to be felt,” I proudly declare, having spent over an hour applying powerful foul smelling hair removal cream.

“But what about all the goo, Millie. Rather unsightly. As a nurse I’d say his prostate gland is a little over active.”

I look to see that Julie is peering at Harold’s purple penis tip. A stream of viscous fluid has oozed and flows down the length of the shaft.

“Yes, from what I have read it’s an unwanted by product of long term chastity. The gland just keeps producing pre ejaculatory fluid... as if it will ever function again.”

Julie pauses in thought.

“Well, it’s probably not best for his health. For proper denial, you want him to be ready and able to climax at all times... just want to physically deny it under your auspices. That gland, the prostate, probably needs attention from time to time. I think I can lend a hand there...”



I’m working away at my desk, pleased with the new position. Decisions to make, power to wield, a woman of my ilk couldn’t be happier.

I think about Sunday afternoon... Julie’s visit. After observing Harold prance about naked and erect, his blushing skin turned to an amazing crimson with embarrassment, I finally decided to end the rare interval of freedom. I let Julie apply the ice that brought about flaccidity. And it took longer than usual, her unfamiliar hand seeming to bring arousal as much as the ice brought detumescence.

But overall, it was a good visit.... cathartic for Julie after enduring the annoying antics of ex-husband Fred. She enjoyed being empowered, turning the tables on the wretched male beast, though the only thing the female population suffered through Harold was an inadequate penis. The lock on the CB2000 seemed to click shut with satisfying finality for her.

I’m reading another note from my conspirator in lust, Douglas P. MacClellan, when there comes a humble tap on my office door.

“Enter.”

The door slowly swings open and a cart rolls in laden with towels, rags and other cleaning apparatus. Following it through the door is the bald head of husband Harold, the new janitor, and his neatly costumed form. I picked out a nice pink uniform for him.

“Cleaning, Ms. Hayward,” he most obsequiously suggests, obediently using my surname as demanded.

I just nod and continue reading of Douglas P. MacClellan’s latest suggested tryst.

‘Need to see you concerning an urgent matter’, the note reads. Though in code, in my mind its tone beseeches. Evidently it has been another dull weekend of denial for him.

Why can’t a big handsome man like that get laid more often? I note to myself recalling the dozens of orgasms Harold’s tongue delivered from Friday night to Monday morning toast, coffee and cunnilingus. I’m certainly getting enough.

Then I recall the confession of his indiscriminating preferences.

Perhaps he isn’t so indiscriminating...

Harold saunters about my spacious office dusting and cleaning. When he approaches my desk to empty the garbage I grasp his crotch and give the CB2000 beneath a pleasant squeeze and pull. Just a little reminder of under whose governance he now works at company headquarters.

“Remind me to show you your personnel file sometime, Harold. It’s rife with peccadilloes. You’re quite naughty, according to records I’ve had assembled.”

I grin wickedly. He’ll never work anywhere else with the assembled allegations of drinking, sex discrimination, age discrimination, false expense reports, deceit, etc... just about every transgression

that I could think of an employee being charged without the intervention of the police.

“Have you cleaned the executive floor yet?”

“No, Ms. Hayward.”

“Good. Save it for the end of the day. Mr. MacClellan’s office will be last. Understand?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

I resume work and Harold finishes his dull and repetitive duties. The mundane custodial work juxtaposes nicely with his former role as plant manager. Under my tutelage, he’s gone from managing hundreds to managing the trash... so deliciously demeaning.

Later, again nearing the end of the work day, I ride the elevator to the top floor. I carry some papers making the journey appear to be an official visit. Once again an amusingly prim and proper secretary motions me through to the capacious inner sanctum of Douglas P. MacClellan... now known to me as Dougie... and little Doug, of course.

He’s on the phone and motions for me to expose the wondrous breasts that have served as a catalyst for prior libertine encounters. I smile and return my own hand signals suggesting that he open his zipper. I’m turning the tables, one step at a time. And though I won’t demand a pile of assets, as did Dougie’s ex-wife, I’ll extract my own reward.

So instead of removing any garments, or exposing anything for that matter, I move to the credenza and flip the switch for the hidden bar. Once again, a nice red will do and I stab at an appropriate selection and remove two glasses. Dougie motions towards the door, suggesting that I am to ensure that his secretary has left. Apparently she is not aware of the brazen violations of the company’s ‘no alcohol’ policy. I smile quite smugly in imagining ‘Miss Prissy’ learning of our post meridiem sexual antics.

I assuage, stepping to the door, quietly slipping it open a crack, noting that the woman of concern has left and the coat rack is empty. I turn back, smile, nod to indicate her departure and then once again give the signal to unzip. The tone of the phone conversation is most formal, obviously a very important matter. And that’s precisely why I want Dougie exposed. It’s a step, just one of many, which assists in manifesting my control. I also open the wine and pour, another subtle indication of the changing theme of our post work day soirees. I’m in charge.

I turn and approach his desk where he sits leaning back, his feet propped on his desk. He has complied, his zipper open and when he spies my look of rebuke his free hand rummages within and little Doug pops into view. Long, brown the foreskin forming a point that I know will soon transform to an amazingly purple knob of unparalleled proportions. I like viewing it. He again signals me to expose myself and I just casually shake my head and smile, handing him his glass of red. Then I playfully reach and untie his shoes. I then nod. He knows to slip them from his feet. I lean forward and loosen his belt buckle then extend my hand upwards to unbutton his shirt. The remainder he can do right handed, continuing to grasp the phone in his left.

By now he gets the message. I remain clothed, he strips. And I must stifle laughter with the contrasting scene... an important business negotiation by phone, a very intimate encounter in person.

To spur things along, I condescend a little by lifting the hem of my skirt to mid thigh. It’s an accommodation and one that Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan will soon learn to do without. Still the modest show of feminine flesh brings alacrity. The socks are peeled away, he squirms in lowering his slacks, his torso twists in relieving himself of his shirt. I assist, gathering the freed garments, folding and piling.

The powerful Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan soon sits entirely naked, his firm stentorian voice humorously contrasting his physical vulnerability.

I arise, spot a file drawer, open it and find enough room for not only every garment but his sizable shoes as well. When the key comes into view, lying neglected in the bottom of a drawer

normally unused, I cannot help but utilizing it. The powerful Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan will become even more vulnerable. I find his suit jacket hanging on the back of his office door, toss it into the drawer and lock it all away. Then, as a concerned Dougie watches intently, I step from his office and hide the key in the cushions of the sofa in his reception area. When I return, the stentorian voice does not waver, but his look evidences his distress. I just smile wickedly and return to sitting on the side of his desk. When I curl my right hand and began a stroking motion, he knows what I want. I want him stiff and standing. Whatever deal is transpiring, it will be concluded while Douglas P. MacClellan accommodates my concupiscent need to see a man salute my charms.

He strokes. I sip. What a pleasant cocktail hour.



Sometimes I can be so cruel.

I sit in the kitchen, blinds closed, naked from the waist down. Harold wears only his CB2000 and I have him crawling about. If I'm to expose myself, I want to assure that Harold's point of view is completely subservient. Therefore when allowing him to gaze at my charms, it is from an angle of obeisance... from below.

He's fighting tumescence wonderfully. I detect just the slightest wincing as he pines for my feminine flesh, mentally struggling to put aside his needs and concentrate on mine... pleasing me. He's on all fours on the opposite side of the room watching me with incredibly built up desire, staring at my shaven mons and abundant moist pink. I do think he salivates...

"So what did you think of the boss?"

Earlier, Harold arrived at the office door of Douglas P. MacClellan just as I commanded, planning to clean his office last. Of course Mr. MacClellan was preoccupied, sitting naked at his desk with this enormous hard on.

"If you're self conscious about Harold being here I can have him strip too, Dougie," I suggested in cloaking my mocking thoughts.

I didn't wait for an answer. Instead I just had Harold remove his pink uniform and clean the office wearing nothing but his CB2000. Douglas P. MacClellan was both amused and confused, but not overly put off by Harold's presence... a clue about his indiscriminating tastes.

"He's enormous," my cunning linguist replies from his position on all fours.

"You noticed," I sardonically respond. "I seem to be able to bring that out in a man and enjoy doing it... except for you Harold. You're to be kept under more thorough control. No more ejaculations for you."

He whines like a dog in need of food, except his sustenance will not be nourishing.

"And all that spunk. Quite the load, was it not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you had to clean it up. Part of your new job. A little neater than the messy toilets. Did you find it distasteful? Cleaning up the sperm of a fully functioning man?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And yet you did it. You watched me masturbate Dougie and then obediently cleaned up. That was being a good boy. And good boys get a reward."

I snap my fingers and point to where his eyes are transfixed. He needs no further encouragement to instantly crawl. I further part my knees to accept his offerings. I also reach to the newly installed cunnilingus handles, inserting my fingers and pulling. His ears yield to the simple tension and as I tug his face slides up my thighs until I feel his breath greet my vulva.

"Nice and slow, clean up boy."

The tongue extends and he begins the slow circular motion that will commence a lengthy

evening of oral servitude. In a moment, with just the simplest of tugs on his handles, he will thrust inward with that long specially trained tongue. Later, soothing lips will suck in my hardened bud while feasting on an unending flow of juices.

“And what about touching Dougie’s penis, Harold. You were very tender in cleaning that. You seemed to be excited in touching something which has been so long denied to you...”

And so as Harold endures the physical degradation of humble oral service, I continue to work the psychological side, praising the subtle homoerotic action between superior and subjugant.

Douglas P. MacClellan looked down with such manly pride as husband Harold knelt and tenderly cleansed his spent penis with a damp cloth. In being circumcised, Harold seemed to secretly thrill in toying with the vast foreskin of little Doug. The smegma was dabbed away as if tending to a child.



“No. I said I am going shopping. Julie has your key. She’ll do the cleansing this week.”

“But I can’t run around the neighborhood naked!” Harold beseeches in protest.

“It’s not around the neighborhood. It’s next door. Julie is expecting you in your birthday suit. If you knock on her door clothed, she will not answer. So if you want your respite, the scrotal massage you so much enjoy, you’re going to have to obey.”

It’s Saturday morning. Julie has graciously volunteered to oversee Harold’s weekly release, apparently intrigued by Sunday’s show. And I have tired of the interval, however brief, where I labor and Harold lies back in cuffs and enjoys.

“Be sure to be wearing your cleaning kit,” I remind him as I gather my purse and car keys.

So I just leave. Harold can get dressed, disobey my command and walk somewhere else if he likes. But he really does need to get out of the abrading plastic device that so relentlessly holds him in chastity.

Out of curiosity, I back out of the driveway then circle the block. Upon returning I catch a glimpse of my naked husband dashing across the side lawn to knock on Julie’s side door. She’s expecting him, but lets him mentally suffer in panic, wearing nothing other than cuffs and CB2000, for several moments before permitting entry.

Harold will have a long morning.

I continue on to the mall. There I shop and relish the time not supervising and being in charge. Dominance is heady stuff, yet I need a respite too. There are things to do, clothing to be procured. After all, there’s plenty of closet space. I tossed out most of Harold’s clothing. Two sets of pink cleaning uniforms remain, and a very modest vanilla wardrobe in the event I take him to dinner or have to attend some vanilla function.

Plus, there’s hair to be coifed, a pedicure and manicure to be had... I now have a large income to spend. I enjoy the morning.

Hours later I return. Harold is amiss, evidently remaining at Julie’s. The phone rings.

“Hi, Millie. I still have Harry. He’s enjoying himself so much that I’ve just let him linger a while.”

Julie’s voice is perky yet mischievous, obviously enthused over being in charge of an obedient naked male. Revenge is the sweetest fruit, I recall some noted writer commenting. And I am sure that through Harold, in Julie’s mind, she’s extracting revenge on the entire male gender, ex husband Fred included.

“Stop over. Just walk in, we’re in the basement.”

I do, casually retracing Harold’s dashing steps across the side yard to Julie’s side door. I open and step down the stairway leading to the basement. There is hubby Harold and it certainly appears

he is enjoying himself.

I cannot help but pause and visually examine. Harold stands on the very tips of his toes, wrists cuffed behind his back. There is a high stiff neck collar holding him upright with two taut chains, right and left, leading to a beam above. The collar's interior circumference is well padded to facilitate breathing, yet it is quite formidable in bearing much weight, that which Harold's dancing toes do not, can not support. His CB2000 is gone. His only covering is a very brief strand of leather, a thin waist belt, from which two attached cords run to the sides of his pubes area, right and left around a hairless, gleaming scrotum, and disappear below, presumably splitting his gluteal cleft.

Harold is incredibly erect and is thrusting back and forth with his hips, as much as the simple bonds permit. Fluid streams from his urethral opening in an abundance I have not before seen. Julie sits in a nearby chair reading a fashion magazine with a pile more beside her.

"All cleaned and shaved. And he really does like to have his scrotal sac massaged," Julie notes with enthusiasm.

Harold closes his eyes in the deep humiliation of having two fully clothed woman both inspect his helpless and naked form and discuss his travails. But I detect there is subtle enjoyment at some level which seems to further embarrass.

"I've never seen him flow like that, Julie. Is he alright?"

"Just a little self induced prostate manipulation," Julie explains. "The waist belt and cords hold in place a special anal plug which is designed to knead that neglected gland. The tension on the spinal cord from the high neck collar brings added stimulation. The resulting pleasure is faint but apparent. He's been humping thin air like that for hours."

I laugh and Julie joins me. Harold is indeed attempting to copulate with the room air and the motion apparently increases the flow of prostatic fluid, which Julie, as an experienced nurse, knows is best rid.

We continue to observe in silence then my wonderfully authoritative neighbor stands. In a timed ritual she dabs the fluid from Harold's rock hard stiffness, careful not to touch any of the overly sensitive zones, then squeezes a plastic bottle to direct water into his mouth. Harold swallows.

"Keeping the bladder full promotes his erection, maintaining a nice hardness for me. You certainly enjoy showing off for me, don't you Harold, considering your penis is so small?"

Harold replies by renewing his attempts to hump thin air, as Julie so aptly described the actions of hips, legs and feet. The little penis stabs away in delicious frustration.

Again we laugh, and I am sanguine in knowing Harold has been in good hands.



"Will I ever climax again?"

Whenever he assists with Sunday ablutions, Harold always feels he can step out of his role, speaking bluntly. And I permit it, but only to a certain extent.

I lie on the bed naked, my thighs widely parted while Harold, also naked, grooms my mons, shaving and assuring that it is made most receptive for his tongue and lips. He not only serves there orally, but also humbly shaves and cleanses... usually every Sunday.

"No Harold, your days as a fully functioning male are over. Your penis is so small it's not worth the effort to allow penetration. And without that, what's the point of permitting ejaculation? It's a privilege for well endowed men with penises that can amuse and entertain... like Dougie. And besides, keeping you mentally stimulated, precluding masturbation, makes you attentive to my needs... just the way I want you."

I smile smugly with the topic. He asks often, needing to be reminded once or twice per month

of his role... his place in the world of governing women, obedient men.

"I'm going to keep you locked up forever. You'll have to develop a vicarious enjoyment of male ejaculation. Like you did on Monday with the boss and little Doug. Nicely sized, you must agree. And so potent. He explodes like a cannon. You were enthralled to see it, weren't you?"

I again remind Harold of the late afternoon antics in the office of Douglas P. MacClellan. I do believe watching me govern my chaste husband added a degree of arousal to the slow, controlling hand job I administered to Dougie. And making Harold watch created a palpable level of envy. His eyes bugged as he gaped at me teasing and tantalizing. He begged for my touch. And as for me, fully clothed and having two naked males romping about, the encounter was like taking a narcotic. Delicious control of the male, and at two levels, both greatly stimulating.

"Think you can learn to enjoy such escapades, Harold? Mentally climax in observing a real man physically climax? I noticed that you squirmed quite a bit in watching those long, slow strokes. I know you miss your ability to touch yourself and I think you were fighting the points. Naughty thoughts come in seeing Dougie in ecstasy? Watching him perform for me in a manner denied to you?"

He does not have to reply. I know the answer. His penis began to engorge as if my hand was stroking him and not Dougie. And he paid the price, the points of intrigue functioning admirably in extracting revenge for disobedient tumescence.

Harold becomes pensive with my unanswered questions. He finishes shaving and tenderly rinses away all elements of lotion with a wet towel warmed to perfection. He treats my love sheath as if it is his, somehow sensing the joy of the exquisite soothing dampness. This brings a degree of engorgement within his cock cage and of course suffering, as intended. He grimaces and shifts about.

"You're very good in caring for a woman's pouch, Harold. Something you would never find the time to learn when fully functioning, when you were free to harden ... before I locked you up. Then your only goal with women was getting your rocks off and slinking away to watch television. Now with complete chastity you're attentive. So why should I allow climactic relief? You were born for this role. Small penis, large untapped reservoir of tenderhearted care... a woman's perfect body servant."

Harold remains pensive. He dips the damp cloth back into the basin of water, renews its warmth and then begins to sponge my entire nakedness. I smile and bask in soothing comfort. It's all part of a lazy Sunday ritual... Harold's attention to my needs yet trying to induce me into allowing one last ejaculatory explosion. It won't happen. But meanwhile, I relish the resulting efforts to curry favor.

Having softly laved my front side I roll over and move each foot to the edge of the mattress, right and left, to spread my thighs. There is another crevice that I occasionally like to have cleaned, caressed and fondled. Harold knows to part my cheeks and begin without a word of instruction. After all, it's a quiet Sunday. In what better way can a woman wile away the hours than to have a truckling oral servant lap away at that most forbidden aperture. The most pleasant deed, for me that is, assures that Harold will cleanse there most dutifully before applying tongue and lips...



"Personnel, Ms. Hayward speaking."

It's my direct line and I know it's probably Douglas P. MacClellan. The number is not given out.

"Penelope Teasdale, Ms. Hayward. I am Executive Assistant to Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan."

Such pomp! It's not Dougie but Miss Prim and Proper, she who guards Dougie's office like a

pit bull.

“Yes, Miss Teasdale.”

“Mr. MacClellan requires some custodial work in his office and cannot think of the gentleman’s name... the bald gentleman with the strange earrings... who cleans.”

I smile. During the entire sordid escapade last Monday, I know I mentioned Harold’s name but not that he was my husband. So Mr. MacClellan needs him in his office. Interesting...

“Those earrings are cunnilingus handles, Miss Teasdale. Installed to facilitate oral pleasure.”

I am wicked in attempting to shock the dour woman of some fifty years. My didactic words bring silence on the other end. I continue.

“The handles help in positioning the face and mouth and also to control the breathing...”

I pause, imagining the reaction of the woman sitting in opulence on the top floor, trying to maintain some somber level of decorum.

“You know when being gamahuched how annoying those unexpected interludes can be ... big breaths of air just when you want more tongue,” I explain, using the Victorian term for oral sex. “So with the handles one just has to slip two or three fingers into the loops, pull and hold...”

I am stifling laughter. Anyone else would be reprimanded for referencing such licentious behavior during office hours and on a company phone line. But I suspect I am impervious. Understanding the penchants of Douglas P. MacClellan and his affinity for slow controlling hand jobs makes me somewhat bullet proof.

“All well and good, Ms. Hayward. But what is the gentleman’s name?”

I must give credit, Miss Prim and Proper remains prim and proper.

“Harold... Harold Hayward.”

“Oh. Any relation?”

“My husband. Formerly managed the Depford plant. But I had him demoted and transferred here where I can better govern him.”

“I see. He is in need of governance?”

Her inquiry is expressed in a most curious manner... a ‘been there... seen that... done that’ intonation... really expressed as more of a statement than a question. And despite my lascivious references to oral sex, she remains unflappable.

“Very much so,” I inform, then address the question at hand. “It’s mid morning. He’s probably mopping the cafeteria floor.”

“Thank you. I will track him down and keep your observations in mind whenever he’s serving on the executive floor.”

I hang up noting her use of the term ‘serving’ and wondering about her remark concerning my observations... on which subject matter?... the brusque talk of cunnilingus handles... or the need for governance.



At lunch time, I summon husband Harold to my office. There is a small task to be fulfilled and it must be done during business hours.

“Come. We need to take a ride.”

We stroll to my car. Harold wears his ostentatious pink coveralls, his head gleams and his cunnilingus handles cause his ears to somewhat flop about.

The ride is short, to the industrial side of town. A turn onto a bumpy road near the railroad tracks brings us to a welding establishment.

Harold’s handles need permanency.

The proprietor is a wizened, bearded man who, if not approaching retirement, should give

serious consideration to a more tidy trade. He is covered in filth.

"These little baubles require a bit of spot welding to be permanently attached," I declare in explaining my visit.

Tired eyes focus on the iron trinkets as the man steps closer. The bright pink coveralls already have made an impression. In better seeing the medieval lengths of metal, he smiles.

"Looks like a couple of handles."

The curved metal pieces rest behind the ear when not pulled, with three prongs penetrating outward, as stated. Two pass through the cartilage, one at the top and one just behind the ear hole. The third passes through the ear lobe.

The welder brusquely grabs and Harold's right ear becomes subject matter for close examination.

"I can attach a little piece on the outer part of the ear, welding these top two prongs together. This one, through the ear lobe, I can spot a little bead so the prong can't be pulled back through the opening.

"But it'll be quite permanent. Welds don't fall apart, like glue or scotch tape. You'd have to file if there's a change in mind... doubt if you could torch it without burning off the ear."

Delicious words for me. I detect Harold gulping.

"Do it."

The years of experience become apparent as two small but precise shards of wrought iron are shaped and fashioned to connect the upper prongs. Less than an inch in length, the welder grinds and buffs. Harold sits, trembling in anticipation.

"Ok, I'm going to coat the ear in protective gel to absorb some of the heat. Got some asbestos padding to shield his head from sparks. Just takes an instant."

A small grounding cable is attached to the right ear piece. Harold must sit bent at the waist, placing his head on a grimy table. Filthy asbestos padding covers most of his head and face. Using pliers, the welder holds the short iron piece against the prongs. With the sounds of two cracks, the small bar is welded in place. With a third crack, a spot of molten metal is adhered to the third prong. The welder steps back and rapidly sprays water as hubby Harold gasps in pain. The instant heat is instantly cooled. The welder is quick and agile in his trade.

"Not too bad. Welded in more sensitive places..."

The pads are removed. He extends his arm and twists Harold's head, presenting the left ear. The pads are replaced. The undertaking is mechanical. Curious that he does not speak to Harold, treating him like an object, a piece of equipment to be repaired.

The procedure repeats, right down to Harold again yelping with the brief, intense heat followed by the spray of water that relieves.

Harold rights himself and I cannot help but to step forward to reach out and insert two fingers into the now permanent loops. Harold's ears fold forward when I pull and his glabrous head follows the simplest motions of my controlling hands.

"Yep... just like handles," the welder notes with a wry smile.

I join in smiling and nod, but my curiosity is piqued.

"You've welded in more sensitive places than about the head..." I prod in responding to his remark.

"Yep. Woman had her husband... or mate... or servant... whatever. Brought him in, stripped him down and he had some metal thing circling his organs down below. A big ring that could be opened placed around the genitals and then be locked closed. But she wanted it welded forever closed. Pretty tough piece of stainless steel... heavy as the dickens. Took a special rod to weld. Expensive. But don't need much of it. Just a little weld where the ends met and closed... then for good measure a little spot bead at the hinge to freeze it in case the weld broke. That ring won't ever

come off.”

I smile. It is both a smug and evil smile.

I pay. The man’s fee is modest.

During the car ride back to the office, Harold cries. Reality is setting in, the permanency of the hideous cunnilingus handles becoming apparent. Soon he will also realize that the barrage of depilating lotion, now applied twice per week, will also bring permanent baldness.

When we reach the office parking lot, I lean and look more closely at the handiwork. A small bar of black metal crosses the upper portion of the ear, connecting the two upper prongs. The spot weld on the lower prong has left a lump of molten metal, now cooled of course, but which now serves to obviate slipping the penetrating prong out of the hole in the ear lobe.

“You look most subservient, Harold,” I find myself complimenting.

Yes, though quick and simple, the welding has made Harold’s ear restraints even more prominent with more black metal showing on the outer portion of the ears. Women of dominance will immediately understand the purpose of the gothic jewelry, vanilla woman will gaze in wonderment, and men will sneer in derision. But all, given a modicum of thought, will never doubt the functionality.



I have found that servile men need rituals. Submission is really a cry for organization and discipline, to have someone step in and assist in making sense of it all.

On that late Monday afternoon when I locked Dougie’s clothing into a file drawer, there was a not a word of protest. I felt like a domineering mother cleaning the room of a recalcitrant child, picking up and arranging dirty clothing. Eventually I returned the garments, of course. And though leaving with the file drawer unlocked, I kept the key.

So when Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan calls for another Monday soiree, I announce a new protocol.

“I want you naked when I arrive, Dougie... no shoes... no socks... no underwear. Put everything in that file drawer. And greet me nice and hard. I like you that way, penis standing like a totem pole.”

Stern? Just a little too aggressive? One never knows how far to push unless one tries. And besides, it is a totem pole indeed, and knowing that it will be standing in deference to me is comforting.

Rather than 5:00 p.m., I make it 5:15 so Miss Prim and Proper will not be an impediment to stripping. The reflective pause in declaring the delayed time of meeting suggests that once again Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan is eager to see me. You’d think the extra fifteen minutes was an eternity.

The remainder of the afternoon drags on with real work. Such drudgery. But finally, the appointed time arrives and I head for the elevator, faux paperwork in hand. When I reach the top floor, most offices are quiet, yet there is conversation emanating from the executive suite of Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan. It is a female voice and the dull even tone suggests that Miss Penelope Teasdale has not departed as planned.

I stroll into the reception area where the gray haired fifty year old reigns. There she sits at her vast secretarial desk but her chair is turned and she peers downward. I spy soiled running shoes and the leggings of bright pink coveralls. It is husband Harold kneeling behind Miss Teasdale’s desk!

The dour woman turns her head and smiles... a first for everything. Then the top of Harold’s bald pops into view.

“Your husband is graciously helping me with my shoes,” she casually explains. “And I like the modifications to his cunnilingus handles.”

A well manicured left hand reaches out to the right ear and three fingers gracefully slip into Harold's newly welded jewelry. Miss Teasdale jostles her hand and Harold's head comically jostles in response.

"There's a divine message in such permanency. Even when removed, Harold will forever bear the marks of his restraints."

I smile. Perhaps my evaluation of Miss Penelope Teasdale has been misguided... or at the very least incomplete.

"All clean? Well thank you, Harold."

While maintaining a grip on the ear restraint, an equally well manicured right hand lowers and slips inside the chest buttons of Harold's pink cleaning uniform. I happen to know that beneath the heavy denim, Harold is naked... no undergarments. It seems that Miss Teasdale is aware of my demanded mode of dress, for I see a smile appear on the face of he who was sobbing in my car at lunchtime. The well groomed fingers evidently find a little pink nub and pleasantly caress, bringing joy to the long denied.

Miss Teasdale continues to firmly grip the ear and knead what I presume is an overly sensitive nipple. She is pleasant, her movements and controlling hands seemingly quite natural, like a mother paying required attention to a toddler.

"Yes, such an obedient boy."

Harold sighs with the comparative pleasure. In being long denied, the slightest feminine touch is exquisite. He is saddened when the hands withdraw. Miss Teasdale arises and steps to the coat rack for her hat, gloves and purse. Her choice of apparel is that of a dowager but I am coming to the conclusion that it is more diversion than bad fashion. For I look down to see that her patent leather shoes not only shine in immaculateness, but also bear the remnants of moisture.

Hubby Harold has been licking clean the shoes of Miss Prim and Proper!

"Well, another day, Harold. Do be quite attentive with Mr. MacClellan's office... nice and clean for me."

"He has quite the tongue. It is strong and eager to please."

She pats the bald head of my still kneeling husband and smilingly departs. She handles Harold as an expert trainer would handle a truculent but repentant hound. Quite confident and somehow aware that ephemeral caresses of nipples made overly sensitive by way of hormone imbalance are most welcome. I must wonder if she has an inkling of the nature of our late afternoon meetings.

"Good night..." she calls from the elevator bank.

"Come, Harold," I command in hearing the elevator arrive and depart.

I push open the door to the inner sanctum of Douglas P. MacClellan. I smile as I see my huge chocolate toy stand up from behind his desk. His penis points straight to the ceiling, as I instructed. He appears flustered. There has been apprehension in hearing conversation, I suppose trembling in expectation of an unwanted visitor. It is delicious to see such physical puissance cower. He also did not anticipate Ms. Teasdale's delayed departure and stripped and stroked thinking I'd be the only interloper at 5:15.

"Well Dougie, I see little Doug is happy to see me..."



Once again there unfolds a scene of unsurpassed feminine power.

"Come in, Harold," I invite my pink clad husband.

I gather Dougie's clothes, toss such in the file draw and press the lock.

"You won't need the uniform," I proclaim, knowing that having Harold strip has become as facile as snapping my fingers.

Then I open the secret bar and select an old and expensive Cabernet. In knowing that Dougie takes pride in his collection, one of the few assets furtively snuck past the ex-wife's lawyers and detectives, I take great pleasure in assuring that it will still go to titillate the pallet of a controlling female... me.

"Pour one glass, Harold. Dougie won't be drinking."

Harold slips out of his pink coveralls, really a process of unbuttoning some six clownish sized buttons in the front, pushing back the segment covering the torso, and stepping out of the leggings. It takes less then thirty seconds to have Harold equally as naked as Dougie, except for the plastic that seals away his penis.

"Well isn't this the contrast. Virility and forced chastity."

Both appear rather sheepish in being absolutely bare as the day they were born while I am fully clothed.

"Ever see anything that big, Harold? Other than during last week's visit."

Harold chooses not to reply, instead popping the cork on the costly wine and pouring the obligatory sample. I taste, nod approval and point to the floor.

"Stay on all fours while little Doug stands like that, Harold. Show some homage. Not all penises are as small and useless as yours."

Harold's hands hit the carpet and I glide to where my potent toy stands. I sip, holding the glass with my left hand while my right cradles the meaty balls.

"Come, Harold. You must be curious about these. So enormous. So powerful."

They are. Compared to Harold's tiny sac and testicles, Dougie's appear three times as large.

Harold knows to crawl. It's in the voice that commands... firm... even... without pause. He knows I govern.

"Get a real close look Harold. Why not discover what they taste like."

My hand glides under the mighty scrotum and cups to best present. It appears I am serving a handful of candy, but instead of sweets, balls the size of peaches extend well over the edge of my comparatively small hand.

"I'd rather not, Millie."

"Oh Harold. It's the boss. That's not polite. You're here to clean... everything."

I look to see that though remaining apprehensive, Dougie is smiling with the unabashed degradation of husband Harold. And he places his hands on the back of his head as he has learned to do whenever I handle him.

"Come, come. You've never had trouble exploring with that tongue before. Let's do it in simple steps, for I think this is one of the more important duties of your new job."

I lecture, as if talking to a young boy, augmenting the libidinous scene with controlling words.

"Now... close your eyes. Yes, very good. Now extend that tongue..."

The amazingly long and wet pink appendage thrusts forth. The many months of cunnilingus have both strengthened and lengthened what appears to belong to a bovine. Whenever I want to amuse myself I can now have Harold extend his tongue and lick a good portion of his nose.

With the magnitude of Dougie's fleshy sac, it requires very little effort to pull a little and introduce the mass of thin brown skin to the waiting tongue.

"Hold still," I command Harold.

And with that, Dougie slyly takes a little step forward in order to facilitate the oral caress. There is certainly no homophobia on his part. And Harold obediently kneels, tongue remaining extended while my right hand moves to present every available square inch of ball sac to the offered wet warmth.

I smile wickedly as I introduce poor husband Harold to a new role, catering to the indiscriminating sexual tastes of Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan. Within a minute, the entire ball sac is

coated in warm wetness offered by my obeisant husband.

“Now that isn’t so bad, is it Harold? Mr. MacClellan is quite pleased... and you do want to please him. And just think, this is as close as you’re ever going to get to a fully functioning penis. Little Doug here can put on quite the show when properly handled.”

The eyes remain closed. Harold’s naked flesh turns crimson with the humiliation. It’s exquisite.

“Now. Let’s put aside all those phobias and lick like a good boy.”

I put down my wine glass. My left hand slips to the rear, between the thighs just below Dougie’s cleft, to find the perineum. My right hand moves higher to where the mammoth shaft of Douglas P. MacClellan stands pining for my touch.

“Now stop all this nonsense and open those eyes,” I rebuke, Harold knowing to obey.

Yes, such feminine power. Forcing my chaste husband to not only observe, but lend a helping tongue as I slowly masturbate my chocolate toy.

For Dougie to remain standing on two feet for the entire ordeal impresses. The waves of ecstasy slowly deplete the strength since I don’t offer such divine pleasure quickly. Instead I time my efforts and let Harold’s tongue work and work, extending the ultimate climax further than Dougie could possibly imagine.

Then I feel the leg muscles tremble and begin to waver. It’s time.

The left hand presses and kneads in the magical area under the balls. The right thumb swirls about the overly sensitive frenum and the right fingers squeeze then stroke with abandon. Little Doug explodes like a geyser and I mischievously guide as much spunk as I can to the top of Harold’s bald head... which is like directing a fire hose. Still the final two spurts more meekly exit the urethral opening and serve to squarely anoint Harold’s cranium with thick whitish goo.

I must laugh with the joy.

“Now it’s time to clean, Harold. Every drop. Do not offend the man in refusing.”

There’s a more practical reason for the post ejaculatory oral care. There is no way that Harold could take an erect little Doug into his mouth. He’s that huge. Thus his oral homage must be paid while little Doug is flaccid.



The following morning I reflect on the evening’s debauchery.

Harold and I left, leaving the attire of Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan locked in the file drawer. So as not to appear preferencing one naked male over the other in my dominion, I made Harold depart naked, holding his folded pink uniform to his front to cover his CB2000 as we strolled past the ground floor security guard.

“It’s wet,” I succinctly referenced the gaudy garment in explaining to the gawking guard.

Overall, no harm done. Ultimately the security department reports to me.

At home, I sat and had Harold feast on my quim like no other evening. His tongue and lips seemed to dance endlessly in attempting satiation. Wave upon wave of thigh clenching orgasms had me grasping the chair for balance. I was most aroused in orchestrating the lascivious scene and introducing husband Harold to homoerotic subservience.

Later, nearing midnight, I took pity on Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan, called his private line, and told him where I hid the key to his file drawer and garments. He was thus able to dress and go home, but not before learning that my attentive offering of pleasure comes with the price of servility.

Nearing noon, my phone rings. It is the dull and even voice of Miss Prim and Proper, the woman who for me, after witnessing her unctuous governance over Harold, has become quite the puzzlement.

“Good morning, Ms. Hayward. I was wondering if you’d like to partake in some luncheon.”

Here it comes, I think to myself. Normally at the noon hour I grab a sandwich... she partakes in luncheon. Sounds like a bore. But there is the open query... just who is this woman who had husband Harold licking clean her shoes? And she was so composed in her brazen fondling of Harold’s nipples...

“Of course, Miss Teasdale... the cafeteria at 12:30?”

“Oh, I think we can do better. How about a quiet tete a tete at Nero’s?”

It’s a great restaurant, but pricey and I normally keep the noon meal simple.

“I’m buying,” she offers, apparently reading my mind.

“Yes. Well of course, Miss Teasdale. 12:30 at Nero’s.”

Though in the corporate hierarchy I have rank, it never pays to rankle she who has constant and direct access to the powerful. In addition to being the personal secretary of Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan, Miss Penelope Teasdale is also the administrative secretary to the board of directors. With her duty of arranging and organizing board meetings, she is on a first name basis with every director.

So... we will ‘partake in luncheon’... and have a ‘quiet tete a tete’.

Miss Penelope Teasdale

Being mature has its advantages. Growing old sucks.

Still, at age 45 I have drive, just not as strong. And though the vividness of fantasies has somewhat stilled, there remain colorful thoughts of power... feminine power over the hapless male.

This Millicent Hayward spurs lusty thoughts... her oral servant Harold brings concupiscence. Somehow I have kept my fingers away from those 'cunnilingus' handles, respecting the decorum of the executive floor. But I spotted below that hideous pink uniform the outline of an unyielding device surrounding his groin. The subservient demeanor is noteworthy. The puppy dog look suggests a need for attention... and I know too well where the male wants attention.

Harold Hayward is in forced chastity, and his handling brings back memories. Such memories are warm... and come to the point of boiling... as the reveries cascade.

Well-educated at Bryn Mawr, I never dated much during college. Instead I studied earnestly, abstaining from the weekend antics of most classmates, learning language instead... I speak four. I told myself knowledge was more important than a quick roll in the hay after being plied with drinks by some sexually precocious adolescent male..., which seemed to be the usual college modus operandi.

I abstained from such conduct, promising myself that the time for socializing would come later.

Then it came time to graduate... summa cum laude, of course. And then it came time to face reality... a job. And then I obtained my first lesson in economics... the market for employment wasn't... there were no offers... there were no openings.

Except... this rather brash woman kept contacting me about a 'teaching' position in a far off boarding school. I did not want to teach... had never expressed any interest. One of my classmates recommended me, I am sure. There was an initial letter... and later a brief interview.

I bombed... or so I thought.

My academic prowess spoke for itself. It was the social side of the exchange where I thought their interest in me had waned.

"Have you dated much during your matriculation at Bryn Mawr?"

"No ma'am."

"A boyfriend?"

"No ma'am."

"Someone back home in Grosse Pointe? Someone you see during academic break?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you like boys?"

And there came this stupid pause. Not intentional. But the questioning had me somewhat flustered. I expected to be ostentatiously flaunting four years of acquired learning... perhaps conversing in French... German... a quick change to Spanish to demonstrate advanced linguistic skills and verbal alacrity.

But instead my dating habits... or lack thereof... became the underpinning for the bulk of the interview.

“Sort of,” I finally blurted with a definite lack of phonetic confidence.

It was not a convincing reply. I became more flustered in seeing the woman jot down notes.

The subject matter thankfully changed, but I could tell that the remainder of the interview was fluff. I had flunked, so I thought, and I was stunned. Girls who graduate summa cum laude are not accustomed to failure.

Yet there came in the mail a thick follow-up envelope. In the cover letter, I remember the section that was most relevant. If interest continued on my part, I was to take a test. I had not flunked. They pursued.

Also included were attractive brochures on the school, which obviously had been designed for the parents of prospective students. As I perused, I came across noteworthy elements.

First, the school was in a beautiful idyllic setting in a most secluded area of the northern Adirondacks of New York. Every photo appeared to be from a vacation brochure, not a boarding school.

Second, the boys pictured were really not boys at all, but instead older teens who apparently, according to the descriptions, were not accepted into college after high school graduation and needed ‘remedial’ schooling.

Third, photos of teachers and staff depicted women, young women... not a male in the bunch. I assumed this segment of the presentation was geared toward the prospective student over and above the parents. What hormone-laden teen could resist fantasizing about an environment rife with young females?

Fourth, the narrative stressed the discipline offered along with advanced academics. Applications from youths who had troublesome backgrounds were not to be discouraged.

Fifth, the school was incredibly expensive. In completing a thorough reading of the material, after the scenic pictures seized my attention, I quickly concluded that the Femmetouffant School for Empowerment was for the sons of extremely rich parents whose conduct or academic record made college acceptance unattainable.

With all those dollars, why have ‘Bad Mouth Johnny’ hanging around the house making trouble? That seemed to be the message conveyed. The Femmetouffant School for Empowerment awaits with doors open... along with the cashier’s window.

The French sounding name I assumed was indigenous to the geographic area, which was near French Canada. Not a precisely translatable French word, to me with my academic knowledge of the language, it suggested ‘femme’... ‘woman’, and ‘etouffant’... meaning ‘sultry’... but could also mean ‘stifling’. Whatever, the name meant little... at the time.

So, with few other job offers, actually none, I volunteered to take the test. It was not a test of knowledge, but instead, judging from the questions, more one of aptitude and psychological outlook... would I rather drive or be a passenger?... teach or learn?... read or write?... ski or watch a program on skiing... on and on.

Apparently I passed. At age twenty two, I was offered a position as instructor at the exclusive and most secluded Femmetouffant School for Empowerment. And the starting salary was astonishing considering that room and board was covered.

I accepted and my astonishment was just to begin...



“Welcome to Femmetouffant School for Empowerment,” this very overbearing woman of size proclaims with stentorian zeal.

Her picture was certainly not in the brochures. Though handsome with even features, the short hair and square jaw portray a woman of authority and purpose, not one with whom a priapic male in his late teens would envision socializing. And in nearing six foot in height, she does not appear overly huggable.

"Tomorrow the class of 1984 will begin to arrive. We always commence the otherwise stern and demanding academic rigors with rather gentle *niceness*," she accentuates the term with a sneer.

"But I assure you ladies, that is only while the parents unload junior's belongings and bid adieu. Typically there's a parent with concern and apprehension... the mother... and we don't want to alarm. But rest assured, all concern will dissipate during the trip home when realization sets in that we at Femmetouffant have been handed the 'hot potato'... the brash brat who squandered his adolescence... leaving *mommy and daddy* with few choices... and us with the task of rehabilitation. Here at Femmetouffant, we offer a respite to parents who have had years of challenge. The relief will be welcomed and will be without interruption. I'm sure you new ladies have noticed there are no phones here... none available to our charges anyway. So *mommy and daddy* will not even receive a remorseful phone call. We inherit all responsibility for transforming recalcitrant brats into docile obedient males and though difficult, it's a responsibility we relish."

Ms. Emily Von Tottenburg, headmistress, speaks as if commanding troops about to undertake a formidable assignment. I note that the newbie instructors such as myself seem to absorb the words with a degree of disbelief... a sort of 'how bad could it be?' reaction... versus the demure knowing smiles of the women with more experience.

"Drugs ladies... there are reasons that junior's performance is not up to snuff... masturbation too... perverted sexual fantasy... we'll also encounter alcohol... if not vigilant. And here at Femmetouffant School for Empowerment, we are always vigilant. All these wicked diversions will be eliminated and denied."

"With our entitled school, parents think we're empowering junior... a misconception which will conveniently remain uncorrected. In fact... here's the ironic secret... it is *we* who are and will continue to be empowered."

It is fascinating. And the 'Femmetouffant' appellation? Women of sultriness? Or women who stifle? The answer will come...

"All parents must leave by 5:00 p.m. It's clearly spelled out and notices have been sent... more than once. The dogs will be released at 5:30. The strip searches begin at 6:00 p.m. The nurses at the infirmary will begin measurements at 6:30.

"One last point. There will be resistance. Our singular method of indoctrination will come as a shock to most of our boys. The rigors of learning will disgruntle. Please stress that it's a long walk out of here. The village is four miles. The mountain air is cold. They'll soon catch on as to why we deprive them of covering. The desire to escape will be suppressed. None have ever made it to civilization before the dogs track them down. This will quickly become obvious, but it's best that no one tries. The discipline theater awaits, you may explain that too."

The foreboding declamation ends. Yet I have many questions. As I was new, I decide to remain silent. All will be answered in time.

I casually tour the facility. It appears more like a camping site than a school. Many buildings grouped reasonably close together. Barren dorms. A class room building. Dining hall. Infirmary. All are presentable but not pretentious... and just as one would expect in the mountains of northern New York... all is surrounded by thick stands of pine trees.

My quarters and those of the other instructors are quite comfortable.

And then, tucked well away from the main buildings are the kennels. I count sixteen pens and lounging in each one is a Doberman pinscher. While ostensibly appearing quite docile, I was later to find such appearance was a subterfuge. These were not pets.

Limousines arrive the next day combined with a show of automobiles that would enthuse a collector. All expensive, all foreign, all filled with rich parents and bratty sons.

I introduce myself with smiles and spread goodwill... *niceness*. I note that Ms. Emily Von Tottentburg does not circulate. The deceptive aura portrayed in the school brochures is not to be tainted by a woman whose demeanor resembles that of a prison guard. It is the task of we bubbling young instructors to greet and imbue comfort.

'Young Johnny will find it quite enjoyable here,' is the standard line of communication... basically expressing the propaganda that the parents want to hear. Despite the truculence, the problems, the aggravation endured, no parent would feel good in dumping 'Johnny Bad Mouth' where he is unlikely to be happy.

At five o'clock, there begins the procession which will empty the encampment of the myriad of vehicles. The parents are emotional. The bad boys are not, each appearing to be relieved of a burden. One can tell why the educational process has been truncated. The brats are silently thinking that a party is about to begin! That after a summer of parental lectures, the 'academic' process, which has in the past been the lynchpin for festive consumption of alcohol and drugs rather than the accumulation of wisdom, will resume. More frolicking! So they think.

Well boys... meet Ms. Emily Von Tottentburg... and her bevy of Dobermans!

With the dust cloud from the last car settling amongst the thick pines of the tree-lined road, the first bark can be heard as the pens are opened and, as I was later to learn, never again to be closed.

The highly trained Dobermans had the run of the school. The boys, well, it was they who were in defacto pens. It was amusing as each fractious lad learned of his status. The instructors controlled. The dogs controlled. The boys obeyed.

"Welcome to Femmetouffant, boys," Ms. Emily steps forth and begins in her loudest voice.

All eyes move to the imposing woman of authority. She has avoided the visiting parents because she wears jackboots and wields a three foot length of rattan. There can be no question as to its purpose. But some may offer the benefit of the doubt in believing that the instrument of correction is for the dogs... we are soon to learn it is not.

As she gathers attention, the Dobermans circle the group, which remains lounging about on the sizable lawn area surrounded by the half dozen buildings. The dogs begin to nudge the outliers towards the main gathering, growling with any hint of resistance. Soon the group of some fifty boys is pressed together to better hear the words of the headmistress.

"My name is Ms. Emily Von Tottentburg. I am the headmistress here. I am in charge and to be obeyed. You will also obey and follow the instructions of your handlers. And you will find that it is also best to comply with anything demanded by our Dobermans. They are highly trained, know where you're supposed to be and where not, can be brutally vicious, and, in general, ignore the entreaties of the male gender. That's one reason, among many, that all your handlers are female. The dogs only respond to the female voice."

"We have certain protocols here which you may find objectionable, but we have found to be quite effective in handling groups of troublesome youths. You are here because you need to change your life. You will do that and we will help."

"Now, although you've all packed rather conscientiously, we'll save you the burden of unpacking. Everything you need we will provide. Leave everything right here on the lawn. It will be returned to you upon your departure. Uniforms will be provided, when earned. Therefore the clothing you are wearing is not needed. Remove it all. Now!"

There come murmurs in the crowd. If the boys have properly heard, the Headmistress has just ordered them to strip... outdoors, before all the young female instructors, now termed handlers.

It is early September. There is warmth. There is sunshine. But there is hesitation and sheepish smiles. Ms. Emily demonstrates her authority. She selects the biggest boy of the lot, approaches, and

with a nasty Doberman within easy pouncing range, reaches out and tears away his shirt. When a hand is raised in protest, a swift stroke of the cane finds the boy's left thigh. There follows an understandable cry of anguish and another defensive move of the boy's hand. The Doberman growls most viciously. The hand stills.

"Strip!"

The demonstration impresses. The muscular lad removes the torn shirt. Fifty pair of hands begin untying shoe laces, releasing belt buckles, unbuttoning shirts. For a girl of twenty two with limited social intercourse with the male gender, it is quite the sight to behold. Soon fifty penises and one hundred balls are swinging about in the sunshine and fresh air of the Adirondacks. It is quite the sight indeed. And the Dobermans saunter amongst the crowd. It almost seems that they know how to enhance a boy's sense of vulnerability. In complete nakedness, the male package could quite quickly disappear within powerful jaws and teeth sharpened to spikes of steel. In feeling the breath of a dangerous beast on overly sensitive organs of pleasure, I detect many shudders of fear.

I look at my watch and marvel. It is 6:00 p.m., precisely on schedule.

"A good beginning, boys. Now hands on head. I'm sure you spent the morning playing with that useless tool in front of you. And I'm sure you enjoyed it. But that was the last time. Here at Femmetouffant, we control everything... every aspect of your life... your penis included. So bow your head, look down and say au revoir. Next time your hands and penis meet will be during the car ride home after graduation."

I am impressed when fifty pairs of hands rise in unison. I am also impressed when six of the experienced instructors, now deemed handlers under Ms. Emily's protocol, don latex gloves.

"If anyone has contraband, give it up now. You've read the rules. No drugs. No alcohol. We've found in the past that certain bad boys anticipate a search of their belongings by tucking things away where they think we won't look. Well, we've learned to search in very intimate places. Altogether now, spread your feet, bend and hold. This will take a few minutes and requires discipline... but that's why you're here.

The level of embarrassment heightens. Boys of eighteen and nineteen are not accustomed to appearing nude before women... and certainly not authoritative women. There's not an inch of skin that isn't a blushing pink as the six gloved handlers begin a cavity search.

And I begin to learn about the male anatomy. Incredibly, as I observe in both rapture and astonishment, I note that some boys begin to stiffen. And I note that the gloved women seem to take delight, searching with more deliberation those who find odd arousal in being displayed nude and made to bend and spread.

"Look at this one," I hear one handler smugly suggest to a cohort.

A sardonic laugh follows, the boy's penis pointing straight to the cloudless blue sky as they make him straighten at the waist to more fully display the ignominious response to feminine authority.

"What do you think you're going to do with that?" the handler mockingly inquires as she flicks the sensitive tip with her fingers.

Ah, such memories. Yet it is lunchtime and I have an appointment to meet this most interesting woman, newly promoted as Director of Personnel. So I put aside my thoughts and head for Nero's Restaurant.

I have often wondered whether Ms. Emily's goal was indeed to search for contraband in that dramatic... traumatic... opening scene for the class of 1984. In retrospect, it was quite the take down, quickly indoctrinating all fifty lads concerning who was in control and how such control was to be manifested. Their next stop was the infirmary where the humiliation heightened.

Nero's is a cozy restaurant with Continental cuisine and, even on the brightest, sunniest days, with dark and quiet booths where few patrons trod during the noon hour.

So when I arrive first, I request a table in the rear with most of the activity and customers lunching in the front.

With an afternoon of light duty expected, I take the liberty of ordering a bottle of Chianti. Certainly the Director of Personnel will forgo the no alcohol policy while off company grounds.

Ms. Millicent Hayward enters within minutes. I cannot help admiring her as she strolls with feminine confidence to our table. Quite attractive, early to mid thirties, nicely shaped, she moves with an air of authority that is mostly denied younger women. I was fortunate with my early experience at Femmetouffant, the intense level of governance imbuing power at an early age. For most women the power comes with time and at the price of unfortunate distress.

"Nice of you to join me, Ms. Hayward."

"Millie, please, Miss Teasdale."

"Oh, Penny is just fine."

She sits. She smiles. She is most pleasant. Fervent and consistent oral service will do that for a woman, particularly when provided upon demand. Never a doubt as to the derivation of the next orgasm... when, where, how. Such brings a certain refreshing disposition, as if one has just stepped from a relaxing warm shower...

"I most presumptuously ordered a bottle of Chianti. Hope you'll join me. I've got little scheduled for the afternoon. Once the monthly Board reports go out, a burden is lifted from my schedule."

"Of course. I have nothing which can't be finished up tomorrow."

A waiter arrives to open and pour the wine. Small talk ensues. The weather, sales at various shops, harmless company gossip. Then, as the alcohol relaxes, I guide the conversation to family matters. I disclose the obvious, that I am unmarried and happily choose to remain so.

"Never found any one like Harold," I prevaricate but then correct.

"At least no one I'd consider in marriage," referencing in my mind the Femmetouffant years, where we molded dozens of 'Harolds'.

"He is quite the find."

Millicent Hayward just smiles, in the midst of her second glass of wine. Time to engage.

"When you explained the cunnilingus handles, I assumed that his tongue work was accomplished. And I was correct. He was certainly diligent in cleansing my shoes. The tongue is long and strong."

I politely smile, speaking matter of factly... in no way suggesting that licking the shoes of a superior female is licentious.

"Yes, Penny, I suppose the many hours develop stamina and length where women most prefer such."

Millicent Hayward... Millie... giggles with her observation. The wine is working.

"But more impressing was the attitude. Harold has quite the propensity to be of service. He enjoyed. Hope you didn't mind the little reward I offered."

"Toying with his nipples? Not at all. I have since removed a couple of buttons from the front of his uniform to provide easier access."

"Very thoughtful of you. Harold will be happy. I've only found the male glands to be so sensitive with men who... well men who are denied certain activities..."

I leave the thought hanging. Millie picks up the prompt.

"You mean men who cannot masturbate?"

"Yes. Seems the hormone levels affect the nipples, makes them more sensitive."

Millie laughs. I am cheered that the conversation progresses as planned.

“Well you may consider Harold to be one of those. He does not touch himself. Makes his oral service much more... let’s say attentive.”

Yes, now we’re immersed in the subject matter I desire.

“So Harold is kept chaste?”

“One hundred percent. On my birthday, months ago, I bought myself a present that Harold wears. It’s locked in place. I have one key. No key for Harold, of course. Gave my neighbor one. She has taken to helping me with his hygiene. That task became too condescending after a while.”

“So he does get released?”

“Not in the way he’d like. Climactic release is over for Harold. It’s permanent chastity for him. But the device needs cleaning. He needs to be shaved down there. The skin around the device needs a respite. About once per week does the trick. Leave him with my neighbor who’s a nurse and, after she developed a certain disdain for the male gender, will ensure there’s no touching of the intimate variety.

“Nothing as warm, smooth and comforting as human flesh, whether it’s his hand or a woman’s, has touched his penis since my birthday on April 5.”

“That was five months ago!”

Millie laughs and sips more wine.

“I’m not counting the days. But I think Harold is...”

We both laugh with the envisioned plight of the frustrated male. Then the discourse suspends when our entrees arrive. I let the thoughts settle until the waiter departs.

“Interesting choice of uniform for him. And you had him demoted...”

“Male pride intercedes with his main role. The janitor’s position, the hideous uniform, the bald look, the permanent ear trinkets, all bring a humbleness which adds a particular zeal to his aptitude for oral service. Denying pleasure means mine is that much more meaningful for him. Mine and others...”

I smile. More memories of Femmetouffant percolate.

“It may be prudent to have a key in the office. Say if you’re away on business...”

I am not emphatic in my suggestion. I just propose it for thought.

“Medical emergencies...”

Millie pauses. I know the licking of my shoes and the tweaking of the nipples has her excogitating. I know she’s mentally reviewing my deportment, my stern demeanor. Her neighbor has apparent disdain for that which she keeps entrapped. She is deciding whether I too have that domineering savoir-faire which would foster anointment with a key.

“It would not have to be used only in a medical emergency...” “ she replies after much thought.

Another sip of Chianti serves to cloak a most wicked grin.

We exchange thoughts on details and come to facile agreement. I’ve been anointed.



The productive luncheon at Nero’s brings more reveries. During the drive from the restaurant there come pleasant memories induced by the comfort of good food and the radiating warmth of wine. And of course the most cheering of the pleasant are from many years ago when I became an enthralled protégé of Ms. Emily Von Tottenburg.

“Just a tap of the cane to either the buttocks or the feet will get a boys attention,” I remember one of her forthright lectures. “You may correct with abandon, the dogs will ensure ultimate compliance,” speaking as she more than ‘tapped’ the naked flesh of one belligerent charge.

A howl of pain erupted and the wonderful and well trained canines did indeed enforce

acquiescence. No 'student' at Femmetouffant dared raise a hand in resistance, no matter the level of discipline meted.

But the story is best narrated chronologically.

As described, performing cavity searches on totally naked young males provides quite the curious reactions. I watched many become erect and for some reason their stiffness became difficult to quell. Thus they were marched without regard to their standing phalli to the infirmary, hands remaining on head.

There, two nurses lined the boys up for a more standard medical examine, insisting unabashedly that urine samples be provided under close supervision. I still recall the expanse of blushing pink skin and goose bumps of deep embarrassment as the collection of 'Johnny Bad Mouths' met with the ultimate comeuppance... thorough and strict female supervision.

At every station, during every procedure, an intimidating Doberman stood nearby seemingly with eager anticipation of some transgression. None proved troublesome. Mere growls brought obedience.

The newbie instructors, newly termed 'handlers' by the reigning Ms. Emily Von Tottentburg, were encouraged to observe all and be inquisitive. I struck up a conversation with a rather bold nurse, young but most authoritative.

"Now's the time to pick out a good boy. Winters get cold up here in the mountains. You'll appreciate servile comfort... and so will the boy in time," she casually informed.

She speaks as she measures with great care about the groin area of a rather handsome lad.

"Need a number eight ring. Medium cock cage."

A teenaged girl, working for the day and apparently destined for nursing school, selects a shiny steel ring from a cabinet and a matching steel apparatus which indeed could house a penis.

The nurse works the boy's penis through the ring then pokes and prods to also slip through one testicle and then the other. The frightened naked boy, lying on a table, grimaces with the discomfort of the tightness. Then two bolts are dipped in glue and screwed through threaded holes in the circumference. The ends press against the scrotal sac making removal of the ring painfully impossible. Pliers are used to snap off the heads of the bolts. The nurse works rapidly, obviously having many times ringed the genitals of the young virile male.

"Rather formidable. The glue dries most firmly. Upon graduation a special tool will be used to remove the bolts. But meanwhile, junior here won't be able to slide off the ring."

The so termed 'cock cage' is slipped over the penis and similar break off bolts are dipped in glue and used to connect it to other threaded holes in the ring. When finished, the nurse gives the device a knowing pull, quite the tug. It brings both a grimace of pain and the realization that it is permanent... to only be removed by the knowing hand that installed it and with specialized tools kept well guarded.

"This one's nice and docile. I may want him for myself," the nurse notes.

The nurse points to the floor. The chastised boy arises and a firm feminine hand swats the naked buttocks, sending him to the dorm. I note that every motion is under the watchful eye of the well trained canine. There are others stationed about the hallways and the lawn area where Ms. Emily offered her resolute greetings. The boy will not think to dally.

"Next."

While another 'student' is led to the table the nurse expands.

"By design, the dorms get rather chilly. The staff quarters are kept warm and comfy. By mid October the boys will be clamoring to offer themselves for individualized tutoring. Don't be shy about it. You'll enjoy having something nice and warm under the covers... especially something as harmless as a puppy... as these boys will become."

Yes, quite the eye opening experience, watching women of purpose inducing forced chastity on

a sizable group of hormone laden boys. I watched for the remainder of the evening as boy after boy was first measured, had his genitals ringed, caged and then permanently bolted into chastity.

As the last boy is directed from the infirmary, I step from the building and note that Ms. Emily prominently stands at the center of the lawn where hours before the class of 1984 had assembled. Her left hand is propped on her hip in a stance of authority and confidence. As each naked charge exits the infirmary, she directs them to the dorm.

“Run!” she brusquely commands.

And each boy immediately obeys. For two Dobermans await he who saunters and I am to learn that at Femmetouffant School for Empowerment no student ever walks. From that initial day forth, naked feet always ran when outdoors and humbly pranced when indoors.

In Ms. Emily’s right hand remains the three foot length of rattan. She is not alone, for at her feet, the tip of the cane busily taps the naked buttocks of the large, muscular boy whose ripped shirt served as the catalyst for the shedding of clothing. As Ms. Emily utters soft commands to the kneeling form, a newly humbled tongue licks her jackboots. Each boy exiting the infirmary must view the meaningful and direct orientation to their new school... the physically strongest has been selected and made to tend in a most servile fashion... licking the boots of she who is most definitely in charge. The message is received.

I also see that a large van has been loaded with the many suitcases and bundles which had just hours before been caringly unloaded from the trunks of the hoard of luxury cars. As the truck rumbles off, it occurs that all items of affiliation... family pictures, mementos, personal effects of varying comfort... have been confiscated and are not to be seen again until graduation. Such draconian indoctrination, cutting off all connection with family and the outside world, I think to myself. Yet the thought brings a comforting smile.

There will be total reliance... the boys have not a stitch of clothing or an iota of possessions... and not the means to procure anything.

Yes... I feel empowered indeed at the Femmetouffant School for Empowerment.

Arriving at the office parking lot rouses me from my memories. I wave to the security guard and guide the car into its appointed place. It’s past mid afternoon and there are some items of business to attend.



The executive floor of the corporation hums with activity early in the morning, the dozen or so officers and administrative assistants arrive early and are well into the work day by 9:00 a.m.

Therefore by 5:00 p.m. the floor has quieted with most leaving after fulfilling a ten to eleven hour day. It is then that Harold Hayward arrives to clean. And since I am newly anointed, I decide to begin my new role immediately. But first I stroll about and assure that those of rank have departed. If a secretary or two remain.... well that would add a layer of stress which would ruffle Harold and delight me.

The floor is clear, so when Harold arrives pushing his cleaning cart, I can begin the new paradigm. Plus I am curious to inspect the device that has so nicely served to keep him in chastity.

More memories from Femmetouffant reel as I find some mindless task to occupy my time...

One would normally think that controlling an unruly group of eighteen to nineteen year old boys such as those assembled in the Adirondacks would be challenging, particularly since the group is comprised of those whose questionable deportment brought rejection from every college sought for further education.

Well I learned quickly that squelching all defiance of authority and doing so in both a timely and dramatic fashion was paramount.

The discipline theater was used frequently in the first few days, with pitiful cries for mercy heard throughout the encampment. Another message was received by all, for not only were the yelps and pleadings heard, but the recipient had to display the welts of his well caned naked buttocks for all to see. Thereafter, just the sight of Ms. Emily's cane brought trembling compliance.

Designed indeed as a small amphitheater, the so termed 'discipline theater' was not only for he to be disciplined but for those made to watch, and even more for those made to listen. Strapped to a low bench, thighs spread, buttocks high, head low, Ms Emily's canings were slow, methodical and exacting. As autumn brought the chill, I humorously thought to myself that the radiant heat from the splat of Ms. Emily's rattan was probably the main source of warmth for some. And during a good long caning, it was curious to note how many had difficulty with the chastity device. For some, the pain brought penile tumescence, which of course was curtailed by the restraining cage of bolted steel. Still it was amusing and watching the canings and the abbreviated attempts to become erect became a favorite recreation. The beseeching sounds resonated wonderfully and the observing collection of boys learned well from the travails of those selected to yield to Ms. Emily's hand.

Such discipline also fostered an amazing atmosphere of learning. Classroom lessons went smoothly. I had the rapt attention of all. And as the weather turned, nakedness brought pleadings for covering... a garment that had to be earned.

Yes, the special warming chest piece was just not handed out indiscriminately, academic achievement was required before any attire could be donned. And by mid October the boys jumped at opportunities to earn and wear the peculiar piece.

As I reflect, I can only describe the attire as an elaborate bra without cups. Thickly lined, the garment covered the shoulders, arms to the elbows, and upper back and torso, its lower hem ending inches above the navel. But there were gaping holes about the mammary glands that left the nipples open for both reward and punishment.

Yes, I learned that as the weeks of forced chastity progressed those normally less sensitive nubs became more and more like a woman's as hormone levels burgeoned. Thus, it was not long before a well read passage of French earned a fondling caress of the nipple as reward and a mangled narration in German brought a firm pinch and twist.

With legs, buttocks and belly left uncovered the ferocious Dobermans had plenty of flesh to threaten. With a dog always nearby and at the ready, not a hand was ever raised in attempting defense of my painful assaults on those divinely exposed pink nubs. I learned I could mete discipline with abandon. With some boys who I just didn't like, their linguistic skills were never quite up to par, I'd pinch and twist away, learning to relish their entreaties. Sometimes, as a lark, I'd relegate them to the discipline theater to endure Ms. Emily's rattan bearing hand. Hearing them beg and scream became stimulating.

Yes, I was empowered at the Femmetouffant School for Empowerment.

The dorms, as noted, were quite barren, with each room resembling a stall more than an area for human rest and comfort. Initially there was nothing other than a wooden platform bed in the tiny six foot by eight foot enclosures. A thin mattress had to be earned... as well as a blanket, which through a series of deeply set grommets and connecting chains, was locked to the base of the plain wooden platform. There would be no dashes through the pine forest with a purloined blanket for warmth. No covering for escape. The blanket, when earned, was well secured and could not be removed without tearing it to shreds.

And likewise, as the thermometer steadily dropped, there came my own needs for... well I suppose it was warmth... but a different form of warmth.

At age twenty two, supervising naked teens brought forth my own desires. Stints in the discipline theater, watching Ms. Emily apply stroke after stroke to a boy who at my whim I had submitted to punishment, brought a certain vacillation within my loins. There also come moisture,

as I discovered when later disrobing after an evening of gratifying entertainment.

And the young nurse's comment came to mind about tutoring. For the boys, there was the cold barren dormitory cubicle versus the potential of extracurricular activities in my warm and cozy room. No question that a merciful offer from me would be accepted. All I had to do was choose.

Ah, the elevator chimes and the doors slide open to reveal Harold the janitor humbly pushing his cart of rags and towels. My thoughts have placed me in just the right frame of mind.



"It's alright, Harold. No need for shyness."

Sometimes I think the extreme chastity affects the brain waves. Harold's humility has brought him to the point of thinking like a child. Thus I must gently cajole as I unbutton the few remaining buttons on his bright pink uniform. As stated, Millie snipped away three of the six, so stripping Harold is quick. My fingers flick... one, two, three... and I push back the garment at the shoulders to reveal his chest. I pause to fondle and bring the nipples to points. They are deliciously sentient and my learned touch brings stirring.

"Now, I want you totally naked. Henceforth that is how you'll clean the executive floor. Totally in the buff. I like naked men. It stimulates. And I also like a man nicely erect."

It's a ploy of course. I know Harold is well locked up. He steps from his shoes as I toy and then silently peels away the uniform, letting it fall to his waist. I pull it down to his feet.

"Step out like a good boy," using the voice of mother to child.

He complies of course, the many months of feminine dominion have acclimated him to obey all. So I take the uniform, fold it and stuff it in my desk drawer.

"You can have that back later," I declare in a voice of firm compassion.

"But what is this?"

I feign surprise in looking down at the CB2000 that nicely encapsulates his penis. Nothing like that available at Femmetouffant. Only custom made steel. Still it is obvious that the plastic device is effective and designed to be surreptitiously worn beneath clothing. It's cute how his balls are prominently displayed between the cock cage and the large ring.

"Looks like you're not going to become erect for me. Does Millie keep you locked up, Harold? Bet you'd like to be released."

"Yes, ma'am," the humble naked male beast finally utters, stumbling for the words.

"Well not tonight. Tonight you'll clean. Be a busy boy for me. Later you're going to lick my shoes. I like having a man lick my shoes. You'd like that wouldn't you, Harold? Serving... with your tongue."

My words serve to drive home his thorough capitulation to the female gender. He blushes and nods. I give his buttocks a pat to send him on his rounds. I sit at my desk and watch, his servility bringing back more fond memories... of Femmetouffant...

Yes, choosing. Someone with whom to exchange... warmth for humble service.

With fifty naked boys prancing about the school it was difficult to select. In having kept my social interaction with the male gender to a minimum during college, I was really not sure of upon what attributes a girl should decide, particularly when the goal was nothing more than pleasure. It was quite the crass undertaking, for though good looks somewhat mattered, all other facets of compatibility were secondary to the boy whose tongue and lips could quench the fire of many days of smoldering arousal.

Well, a solution was suggested while watching my new friend the nurse perform physical exams... a most humiliating procedure which every boy endured on a weekly basis.

The relentless nurse was given to teasing unmercifully, knowing all too well where manipulation

brought stimulation which the confines of the cock cage painfully truncated. So, while we talked, she had this boy named Robert kneeling on all fours on a waist high examination table, his sense of nakedness enhanced by insisting that he keep his knees well parted and his head down. The resulting position obscenely presented his anus, perineum and balls partially entrapped by his cock cage and steel ring. While her left hand held a thermometer in his rectum, her right graciously kneaded his perineum and that portion of the scrotal sac she could access. Through the aura of palpable embarrassment one could detect Robert's faint level of joy.

"First, though penile size obviously does not matter, physical size does. You want a boy who can easily fit under the covers. Not someone who's going to hog the blanket. And you'll want a very alacritous tongue. I like to think of it as one which dances... yes one that is strong but moves about with grace, particularly if you enjoy clitoral stimulation as much as I do."

"Robert, stick out your tongue for Miss Penelope."

He obeyed of course, having seen too many cohorts strapped down in the discipline theater.

"Examine... pull... toy... envision that length of pink moist flesh serving where it will do a girl the most good," my nurse friend encouraged with a giggle.

Yes, it was obscene, the method of selection, but practical and effective. So there came another off duty recreation, watching the nurses bring the boys to near tears with humiliation. And for me it became part of a search process. As each boy had his temperature taken or humbly knelt while endeavoring to fill a flask with a urine sample, I was there to examine the tongue, even sometimes grasping between thumb and forefinger and using it as a leash, directing the head up, down, right and left to determine the proper combination of strength, dexterity, if such a word can be used to describe the tongue, and servility... in my mind the willingness to accede to a girl's desires.

Well, I would guess that boy number ten or so finally passed muster. Some extremely wealthy kid from an upper crust town in Connecticut, a boy by the name of Steven. He was short in stature. His file was replete with incidences of skipping school, alcohol abuse, even caught robbing money from younger kids to buy marijuana. As I held the tip of his tongue a full four inches beyond his lips, I made the offer.

"Tonight you'll come to my room to visit. Please me and you'll sleep in a nice warm bed. Displease and I'll have you strapped to Ms. Emily's discipline bench. Report after dinner."

I smiled wickedly. When I noted that Steven shuddered, I laughed.

For any boy to leave the dormitory and enter the comparatively lush quarters of the governing staff, there was required the supervision of the dogs.

So as I positioned myself near the entranceway, I spotted Steven depart the dormitory. Having the boys run rather than walk about the small campus produced the comical sight of rolling naked buttocks and the metal cock cage flopping about. Its weight served to constantly highlight the boy's simple but most effective form of feminine restraint. Controlling the libido at that age can be psychologically devastating. A mental shock, a catharsis, which these boys needed and which was driven home by the reminder of the weighty device entrapping the genitals and tensioning his penis and balls with every prancing step.

A Doberman quickly picked up Steven's scent and his movement and before reaching the halfway point of crossing the lawn, provided a barking escort. This of course alerted the other dogs and I had to acknowledge for the foursome of well trained canines that Steven was under my tutelage. Otherwise, with a few warning nips to his exposed buttocks and thighs, he would be guided back to the dorm. The amazingly prescient hounds understood. As long as Steven was governed by a woman, they retreated.

Once ensconced in the living quarters, I was impressed with Steven's genuine smile in reacting to the comfort and with the servility shown in being provided warmth. I removed his warming chest piece, which was earned a few weeks before through good behavior and suitable academic

achievement, and thus kept him entirely naked for his visit in my room.

Yes, such halcyon days. Steven learned to serve me well. And his pitiful grimaces, uttered as his entrapped penis reacted to the display of my charms, was most heartening for this budding girl of power. The metal cock cage, the vicious Dobermans, Ms. Emily's nasty cane, the threat of the discipline theater all brought the meekest of service and the most satisfying of pleasure. Steven was most servile.

Though over the course of the academic year I tried others, Steven became my favorite, assiduously applying a constantly strengthening tongue to the nether region of my choice. He was most vigilant.

The sound of Harold vacuuming suggests he has completed most of his tasks. As he works his way out of the office of Mr. MacClellan I turn in my desk chair and extend my legs. When the carpet is deemed suitably cleaned, he falls to his knees knowing that my shoes need the service of his tongue. It is then that I reach out and thrust my fingers through the black iron of his cunnilingus handles. Such brazen and bizarre jewelry to force a man to don, I think to myself, yet how thrilling. As I tug and guide his head to my shoes I once again feel stirring in my loins and know that moisture has formed.

"I want them spotless," I command in presenting my right toe.

Ms. Millicent Hayward

A fascinating luncheon with Miss Penelope Teasdale!

Certainly not the dour, frumpy spinster I imagined.

Returning to the office, I decide to snoop. As stated, rummaging through personnel files is considered poor decorum. But Miss Teasdale intrigues. So I slip out her folder and read.

I note the blue chip education, master's degree included.. Certainly more skills than required for a secretary, though her title is 'Executive Administrative Assistant'. Unmarried, as disclosed. But then I note the salary. Miss Penelope Teasdale makes as much as the Executive Vice President! Pretty lofty compensation... no matter how many languages are spoken.

I am further intrigued. I rifle onward, inspecting each document with the persnickety acumen of an undercover operative. Beneficiaries can be revealing. The group life insurance form suggests that a 'Steven W. Peterson' will be the recipient of a handsome sum upon the demise of Miss Teasdale. Since the benefit is calculated as twice the annual salary, Mr. Peterson will be financially well cared for, receiving an amount that is not to be trivially awarded. As opposed to filling out the myriad of employment forms with aloofness, one normally gives regard to a sum approaching a half million dollars. The relationship with this 'Steven W. Peterson' must be of significance, but in remaining unwed, it cannot be filial.

Then I note the beneficiary's address. It is the same as Miss Teasdale's! Quite curious. I return the file and resolve to investigate the mystery. Can this woman with such disdain for the male gender really have a consort?

At five o'clock I put aside my thoughts and leave the office. With Harold not driving, I have to do the shopping. He can clean the executive floor under the tutelage of Miss Teasdale and I will return later to pick him up.

Food is on my list. Harold enjoys his grapes as do I. Julie next door requests some ginger root. The need for depilation solution never ends. But first I must stop at the house, locate the hidden key to Harold's CB2000 and get it duplicated for the company's Executive Administrative Assistant.

The arrangement with Miss Teasdale will serve to expand Harold's subservience. Having him report to more than one domineering woman is good for the psyche. Whatever remains of his male pride will be quashed. Julie, Miss Teasdale and I will provide the constant supervision, which will result in complete capitulation to the superior female. And who knows, other women in the office may have promising propensities. There may be many shoes to be licked...

Miss Penelope Teasdale

Millie Hayward calls on her cell phone just as Harold finishes my right shoe... for the third time.
“Finished shopping. If you’re done with Harold, I’m in the parking lot.”

“I’ll send him down.”

I hang up, turn and slip my fingers through his cunnilingus handles lifting Harold’s face from its humbling task.

“Enough for today Harold,” I pleasantly command in prodding him to stand.

“Come, follow me. Take your work boots.”

I grab his pink uniform and my naked oral servant follows me to the elevator bank. I press the call button and when elevator number three arrives I toss his uniform into the car and push the button for the third floor. After it departs I patiently wait for another elevator and toss in one of Harold’s boots. This I direct to the second floor. Then a third elevator arrives and in goes the second boot to the fourth floor.

When a fourth elevator arrives I step in and bid adieu.

“I’ll tell Millie you’re going to be awhile,” I suggest with a wicked smile.

The day of toil ends. It’s later than I normally stay at the office, but the time has been well spent. And imagining Harold pressing elevator buttons and desperately trying to bring himself together with his boots and uniform ends the day with amusing thoughts.

Down the elevator, to the parking lot I inform a waiting Millie that Harold will be delayed. She hands me a small key and a package.

“Wrist cuffs. If released he’ll need to wear them.”

I nod with delight. It’s been many years since departing Femmetouffant and I have since encountered few women who think like me.

Watching Harold’s fervent tongue licking away renews my memories. Yes, the heady sense of erotic power has brought dampness where I so often enjoyed having a forcibly chaste male offer his absorbent tongue and lips. On those cold nights in the Adirondacks I had Steven under my covers and a girl’s needs were fulfilled.

Winter in the mountains of Northern New York can be beautiful but boring. For exercise and entertainment, we’d have the boys run in the snow, the well trained Dobermans nipping away to guide the bevy of naked boys along miles of secluded paths. The regimen kept all in shape and grateful to be afforded warmth upon return. Yes, all to be provided came from the domineering female, the boys having nothing. Something as simple as warmth was totally under our control. And with such control, there came such impressive levels of obeisance... impressive considering that the past fractious conduct of each lad was well documented.

Mommy and Daddy were going to be quite pleased when a well mannered, well schooled and most obsequious son was returned to them in the spring.

But I kept asking myself how the likes of Ms. Emily and her harsh dominion could continue to

operate year after year without a graduating student disclosing the unorthodox epistemology or worse... report the cruelty to the authorities... spill the beans.

I was to learn. For as the spring thaw approached, there was talk amongst the more experienced handlers which suggested weekend visits would begin. From whom?

"It's soon going to be camera time. I'm going to enjoy watching a couple of these boys get well squeezed. Might take my own photos, just for fun," one experienced handler declared.

In being new, I once again declined to ask for clarification, knowing that in time all would be revealed to my inquisitive mind.

I think it was a Sunday in late April when a van arrived, the snow finally receding and providing better road access to the less intrepid traveler. A large man stepped out. He was in his late twenties and his colorful and rather effeminate dress suggested he was gay. Ms. Emily greeted him with enthusiasm and they hugged. I was surprised to see her grasp his groin area as they released from their mutual embrace.

"Hope it's as large and photogenic as always, Joe."

The man just smiled and nodded with confidence.

"The discipline theater?" he half stated, half inquired.

"It's all ready for you. Just set up your camera and I'll send the first group in for the nurses to prepare."

Joe was the only adult male I had seen at Femmetouffant since the parents departed in September. It seemed to be an unwritten rule that all deliveries came by way of women who, I surmised, were of similar ilk to Ms. Emily. For female postal workers, female delivery drivers and even she driving the sanitation truck never blinked an eye at the uncovered buttocks and locked genitals of the boys who were constantly displayed outdoors moving from building to building even in the snow. Some paused, amused in seeing the eager feet propel naked bodies seeking shelter.

Well, since it was standard procedure for the discipline theater to be open for all to observe, curiosity soon had me sitting in the amphitheater watching this Joe character set up very professional looking camera equipment. The discipline bench, where I had watched so many wonderfully relentless canings over the months, became a movie set. Special lighting, a very stable tripod, an expensive camera were positioned where the head and face of the condemned rested in ignominy while Ms. Emily plied her craft.

The nurses were present with a cloth covered tray. Both seemed giddy with anticipation as Joe checked his wiring and tested his equipment. Then there came commotion behind me as three Dobermans herded some half dozen boys into the discipline theater.

"Strip completely, please," one nurse commanded, the cool mountain air continuing to make the odd chest garment a desired covering.

The boys were strangely apprehensive but obeyed. In the past, visits to the discipline theater always meant someone would be enduring a most traumatic punishment. But on this occasion Ms. Emily was not ominously positioned next to the abhorrent bench cane in hand, as with the usual sessions. Rather, the presence of the nurses suggested the extreme humiliation of an examination would be endured rather than pain.

And who was the large handsome gay guy?

"You first. On the bench. Now!"

My young nurse friend seemed to pick at random. A growling Doberman overrode all reluctance. The boy pranced to the bench with delightful obedience.

"Head down buttocks up. You know the position."

All too well. The shape of the wooden bench assisted in the preferred presentation for caning, the buttocks kept high and well parted. The boy was strapped down... arms, thighs, calves and lower back. But on this visit, it was not the buttocks but the balls that received the attention of the

supervising women.

“Name?”

“Edward Dawson, ma’am.”

As he replied one nurse recorded with pen and paper while the younger nurse cupped his balls, trapped but somewhat dangling between the cock cage and the steel ring encircling his penis and scrotum.

“Well Edward Dawson, you appear to require a number three clamp,” the nurse noted in signaling her partner. “For you we have a wonderful, well designed German engineered device. We’re going to very, very slowly squeeze your testicles between finely crafted plates of specially shaped steel. You’re going to feel a level of pain you never imagined possible. And it will happen because with just a simple twist, just a little motion of my finger, I can ever so slightly tighten... whenever I wish.”

As the nurse spoke the described device was placed over the well exposed gonads. The boy yelped. The nurses laughed.

“Oh, Edward we have not yet even begun.”

Meanwhile I noted that Joe removed his pants and underwear, revealing beneath that which Ms. Emily so playfully gripped during their embrace. Joe was absolutely enormous. And he was partially erect. It was more than apparent that the sight of the naked well restrained boy aroused our gay visitor.

“Now Edward, we’re going to take some pictures for our archives. You’re going to fellate this nice gentlemen, the camera is going to click away and while you suck we’ll refrain from tightening our finely milled clamp... otherwise...”

There came a heart rendering scream as the young nurse demonstrated the wicked leverage that the engineered device afforded. She barely had to move a finger to bring incredible pressure... and pain.

“Ah, Edward. My message is received. Suck with glee. Smile for the camera and you’ll avoid indescribable agony.”

Joe moved into camera range and I noted that the setting was such that the nurses and the encouraging ball clamp were not within the frame of the photo. Just Edward’s face and the mammoth genitals of Joe.

Edward Dawson was going to fellate this enormous penis, lurid pictures would memorialize the act and neither Joe nor the nurses would be shown. Edward would perform an anonymous and seemingly voluntary blow job. The camera lens would show no straps and no portion of the restraining bench. And most mentally burdensome... the young nurse insisted he smile and pose as if performing a welcomed deed! Such deviousness!

Unequivocal blackmail... evil and absolute extortion!

“Smile for the camera and open wide Edward...”

The massive penis was standing by the time Joe stepped forward and presented his prideful organ to the waiting lips of the well trussed boy. Yet a carefully cropped photo would not show the bindings, would never reveal evidence of the extreme coercion. For good measure, the nurse twisted ever so slightly to assure that Edward would orally accommodate. And of course he did. His forced smile ended as his mouth opened with noted disgust. There came a series of flashes and the sound of clicks. I turned to see that a smug Ms. Emily watched from the back row of the amphitheater. For her, the emotional repulsion expressed in the boy’s sucking and licking seemed as satisfying as her brisk applications of the cane.

While Edward smiled and sucked, smiled and sucked, spurred by both feminine words of encouragement and the simple finger controlling the clamp, two handlers stepped forth with their own cameras. They filmed the entire scene from a more revealing angle, delighting in zooming in on

the clamped balls, amused to see the once recalcitrant Edward have his little nuts squeezed in agony... watching the ultimate in male humiliation. The theater seemed to fill with the sounds of girlish giggling as other handlers joined in observing the performance.

Over the ensuing weeks, Joe made five Sunday visits. In groups of ten, every boy fellated and was photographed. Joe proved to have admirable control in that he would not spend until the last boy in each group engulfed and sucked. And then, as if on cue, he'd ejaculate most strongly and deeply. The nurses always laughed with the sounds of choking and Joe's moans of intense gratification.

Later I would learn that Joe was a star performer, director and producer in gay pornographic movies. For his weekly visits, he was handsomely paid. And my question concerning post graduate revelations was answered. The photographic evidence of humiliating homoerotic behavior and conduct was well catalogued and archived. No boy would ever say a word concerning the details of his 'education' at Femmetouffant School for Empowerment. The result of such an unveiling would be a most embarrassing disclosure of his own unseemly conduct.

It was incredibly ironic to realize that in nearly ten months, an entire academic year, the only male to climax at Femmetouffant School for Empowerment was not a student and resulted from homoerotic intercourse with no pleasure afforded the many libidinous charges. No student ever ejaculated. Ms. Emily's environment of utter denial was thorough.

I was to later learn that Ms. Emily euphemistically referred to the collection of photographs as 'graduation pictures'. Having assembled the photos into a catalogue, each boy was counseled and given an opportunity to see evidence of his cock sucking... a series of colorful close-ups... a smiling face welcoming a large erect penis, an open mouth seeming to beckon with enthusiasm, lips embracing a mammoth purple tip. Ms. Emily delighted in showing them.

There was not a hint that the homoerotic conduct was coerced by the slowly induced duress of an unrelenting feminine finger and the cold steel of German craftsmanship.

"So just remember your graduation pictures whenever someone asks about your schooling here," Ms. Emily would forthrightly lecture. "I'm sure you want us to keep the photos right here. It'll just be between you and the school."

The point was driven home. Facing the extortion of the lurid photos, the antics and methods of instruction and correction used at Femmetouffant would stay at Femmetouffant.

By the middle of May, all amusing activities in the discipline theater ended. Though no formal announcement was made, Ms. Emily knew that no boy could be turned back over to his parents bearing the welts of a good crisp caning. And by then, after nine months of 'schooling', we had an incredibly docile group... amusingly horny with the advanced hormones levels quite evident... but obedient to a woman's command. At that point, those who still required discipline reported to the infirmary where the diabolical nurses devised punishments that left less physical evidence of the rigors of Femmetouffant. Massive enemas always corrected the small infractions... enemas combined with long, slow bladder irrigations countered any of the more serious infractions. And of course there were no marks to be shown yet the torment was suitable for the correction of behavior. Missing was the drama and collective lesson learned by the observing students.

In mid June, just as I had months before watched the fifty odd penises being caged, I also observed as on a warm Sunday morning the naked group eagerly lined up on the lawn where orientation had begun. One by one, as the van returned with stored clothing and belongings, the boys humbly entered the infirmary and the talented nursing duo used special tools to drill out the broken off bolts. The months of restraint ended with the cage of steel sliding away. The nurse trainee was present to clean and store the many expensive devices. The Dobermans were all on special alert that morning, for every penis comically stood in celebration of its long sought freedom and hands were eager to resume past habits.

None were permitted to touch themselves. Instead, all exited the infirmary, the displays of erections providing quite the scene, and meekly dressed on the lawn, preparing for the arrival of their parents.

The reaction of the returning throng of guardians was one of amazement. Humble, polite, boys with renewed respect for the feminine gender, greeted their arriving parents. There were many slacks tented at the groin area that the boys sheepishly tried to hide. And I could only imagine the antics in the back seat of the car on the ride home. But overall the parents were appreciative.

And I am proud to recall that through our fine efforts at Femmetouffant School for Empowerment, the application of every one of our 'scholars' had been accepted at an institution of higher learning.

I had quite the experience in the seclusion of the Adirondacks. I learned. I enjoyed. And I discovered things about myself... and the type of relationship with the male gender that suited me best. I also learned the benefits of keeping the male libido well controlled.

For me, males were needed, but not in the manner as most women desired. Instead males amused, like a frisky pet, with the constant craving for climactic relief. Their services were required, but in my mind more as one would require a toothbrush. Otherwise, I could do without.



The escapades at work, supervising a naked and forcibly chaste Harold as he diligently cleaned the executive floor, again spur memories. In arriving home, a large colonial in the most prestigious section of town, I pour a glass of Chardonnay and read in the comfort of my eloquently accoutered study. In finishing the evening paper, the thoughts do not fade and I remain somewhat concupiscent. Thus I reach for a familiar drawer to renew lascivious yet comforting memories.

A photo album, slim but meaningful, its leather cover well worn, slides from the drawer with ease. I flip open and sip. The pictures always bring a wry smile.

Ms. Emily Von Tottenburg was kind enough to present me with a little going away present when I decided to move on from the Femmetouffant School for Empowerment.

"Something by which you'll always remember us while attending graduate school," she pleasantly suggested at the time.

When I first opened it, I was pleased to see a copy of a group photo of the staff and the wonderful canines that made discipline at Femmetouffant so easy to instill. Such empowerment indeed. Charming, I think in viewing that initial photo.

But then my fingers flip to the next page, and there the thoughts of 'charming' turn to wickedness. Recollections of control, dominance and complete male capitulation bring an evil smile.

"We're sorry to lose you, Pennie. You scored the highest in the aptitude test of any girl hired," I recall Ms. Emily noting as I gaze in rapture.

I was presented with a duplicate set of the 'graduation pictures' of Steven... he who learned to so diligently lick me to ecstasy night after cold night.

Yes, as I review the lurid and most telling photos, a more elaborate set than that snapped of most of the boys, I recall the circumstances...

As the young nurse had suggested, in order to select an orally subservient companion for those long winter nights, I observed the degrading medical examinations. Well, when this Steven was placed on all fours on the examination table, I was attracted. Short in stature, quite humble, I noted that the sizable metal probe inserted into his anus, ostensibly to determine body temperature, brought a degree of joy that he tried to disguise. Since his tongue was of more interest to me at the time I did not think much about his reaction of stimulation. But as the young nurse probed there, the imparting of such humiliation quite intentional, his arousal became more apparent. His

entrapped penis actually swelled within the confines of its cage, bringing forth a grimace and heightening the humiliation.

I put away the thought for many months, concentrating on training him in the fine art of cunnilingus... assuring that the young tongue developed stamina and length.

Yet when it came Steven's turn to lie on the discipline theater's specially designed bench and fellate Joe for the benefit of the camera, I put in a personal request. Such a naughty thought, but by May of the academic year I was quite entrenched in the power afforded me as a girl approaching age twenty three.

"You know Joe, Steven here has other charms he can offer a man of your proclivities."

Such a sinister seed to plant. Yes, after the fellatio pictures were completed, all present in the discipline theater were afforded a different show. The nurses accommodated of course, never hesitating to augment the incredible level of humility. So a tube of lubricant appeared from somewhere and Steven had the privilege of not only imparting oral pleasure, but also enduring the splitting of his virgin backside with Joe's most impressive and unwavering erection.

"Oh, he is a tight one," Joe gushed, working to ram home his full ten inches.

Cameras clicked. Steven shrieked like a girl at first, then strangely calmed himself and took the entire length. The girls all laughed and once again the discipline theater served its purpose, for there were seven or eight boys awaiting their graduation pics who were forced to observe.

Nothing like anal sodomy to extinguish any remaining male pride. And the silence from Steven's cohorts was quite entertaining. No one was sure exactly what level of pain or pleasure Steven attained. But his limited protests were noteworthy as was an occasional sigh that was open to interpretation.

And so, here in my lap is the departing gift from Ms. Emily. So touching, she gathered copies of all the photos taken of not only Steven's act of fellatio, but also the long deep anal penetration that found his compatriots transfixed. And such telling photography.

So I sip my Chardonnay and reminisce.

There's something empowering about watching a man being fucked, I think to myself. The hubris of the male usually mentally reserves that privilege for himself. It's not the male aperture that is to be penetrated is the obnoxious thinking.

Well, the dozen snapshots of Joe's mighty phallus forcing open poor Steven's once puckered tightness provides a satisfying sense of revenge. In viewing the photos, Joe's many exploits in filming gay pornographic movies becomes quite apparent. The look on his face is one of earnestness. And the look on Steven's face... quite telling...

There comes a quiet knock on the solid oak door of my study, interrupting my thoughts.

"Come in."

The door is pushed open with gentle care, not making the slightest squeak. I do not like squeaks, such suggest malfunction, a lack of attention to detail.

"Some more wine, Miss Pennie?"

Steven, my servant, has attentively noted the opened bottle in the kitchen. I nod and gesture with my glass. He enters with the bottle wrapped in a starched white napkin. Ironically, it is the only strip of cloth he bears. As always, Steven is completely naked. I keep him that way. There is not a stitch of men's clothing in the house.

I extend my left hand, holding the wine glass. When he steps nearby, I reach out and palm the massive scrotum that has so long held his underutilized testicles. Though I know such does not really serve as a reservoir for semen, the sight of such plumpness always prompts these thoughts.

"How do you feel?" I inquire feigning concern.

If I was, in fact, concerned I would end his chastity. But I like randy males. They serve with such fervor.

“It’s frustrating, as always. I’d like to ejaculate.”

“Of course you would, you’re a male. Always desiring to spew seed. But you won’t. Because I don’t want you to... I am in control.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

He finishes pouring.

“Stay,” I command and he obediently remains standing at attention.

Sometimes I like to inspect... yes, inspect my property.

I sip while my right hand moves to the penis tip. There resides the secret of my pleasure and Steven’s ultimate deprivation. In place of a fleshy bulb there is instead a special knob of polished stainless steel that ‘poor’ Steven has born for many years. It envelops the entire tip of his penis and is shaped to pleasure my vagina, during those rare occasions when I desire vaginal sex. I selected the shape after much experimentation. In making the implement, the outer surface can be milled and manufactured in a variety of shapes. One just has to determine what best pleases.

There is a hole and connecting tube intersecting the interior of the metal knob. It penetrates the urethra for some two inches to permit urination. But it is the inside surface of the knob which evidences the genius of the demented inventor. This interior surface of metal, which was slipped over the penis tip by a rather wicked surgeon, was scored, milled with dozens of rows of small grooves. And the metal inside is comprised of a special alloy which the human body accepts, such as that used in artificial knees and hips. So, in a deliciously painful procedure, I had Steven’s penis tip excoriated and sanded to open the super sensitive skin. I painfully had it turned to open wounds resembling raw meat. Then the metal knob was slipped over the wounded flesh with the tube slipping into his urethra as noted. In healing, with Steven’s wrists cuffed to the bed to preclude removal, the skin actually grew into the cleverly designed grooves milled into the interior of the knob.

Within two days, Steven acquired a permanent steel penis tip. Steven and the knob of polished steel became one.

Excellent for me, quite desensitizing for Steven. The metal covers the ending two inches of penile flesh. Located there are all the male erogenous nerve endings which require stimulation for normal sex and climax. And such had been greatly desensitized by the initial operation, the application of rough sandpaper quite extensive. He howled during the entire procedure.

And to ensure Steven’s unorthodox yet effective chastity is complete, I take him for botox injections every six months. Yes, his ejaculatory muscles are inoperative, the wicked doctor, she’s one of us, introduces the muscle paralyzing drug into the perineum near the prostate. Thus the tiny muscles there cannot contract to empty the seminal ducts. This means there can be no joy of ejaculation. Still, the erectile chambers in the penis shaft work marvelously, probably better than in a fully functioning male. So Steven can become incredibly hard, and unlike the normal male he will stay that way until he can mentally bring his arousal under control. Which with me pouring on more stimulation, is frustratingly difficult.

So my denied oral servant Steven has in effect become a living dildo... he can become quite stiff but never climax.

The result of such unusual long term denial can be a little sloppy. Prostatic fluid oozes constantly. But I have a method for handling that.

“Do you miss the pleasure of orgasm, Steven?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“But you don’t miss mine. I have lots. All I want. Does that please you?”

“Yes, Miss Pennie. But perhaps just once. An orgasm. Delay a botox shot and I’ll masturbate for you. I’ll perform for you.”

Yes, he can stroke himself. There is faint sensitivity remaining. But the botox precludes

explosive ejaculation and the resulting pleasure.

I laugh and nod, pretending to actually be considering such an outrageous request. Then I disappoint, the forlorn look provides amusement.

“No.”

My voice is stern. His look dejected. I continue to toy, feeling Steven begin to engorge. I think I will bring him to full erection. It’s quite easy. And quite entertaining. He shakes with anticipation when I do so. Despite all the years of my control, his reproductive system believes it will be releasing all that hormonal build up in some ecstatic eruption. It won’t of course. Climax denied! But awakening his sensory system augments his frustration so much.

You see, that is the advantage of my cruelly clever form of chastity. Steven can become divinely erect, but it is useless to him. It only pleases me. It is no longer his ‘joystick’. It’s mine.

“Do you need a visit from our special friend?” my words enunciated with taunting smoothness.

Steven closes his eyes, blushing as his penis comes to its full but useless stand... useless to him.

“I suppose. It’s been few days.”

“Almost a week, Steven. You know it helps. And you know I enjoy it.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Make the call. Suggest tomorrow night. Meanwhile, my shoes don’t need your attention, but I have something that’s been awaiting your tongue all day.”



If there is one thing I have learned during my adult life of controlling the male beast, it is to constantly demonstrate and exercise your governance. Change the atmosphere, settings, environment regularly. The expected imbues comfort and that is not desired. Discomfort is best.

So in knowing I cannot stay late at the office and supervise Harold, I strike up a conversation with one of the newer, younger secretaries on the executive floor. In having interviewed and recommended her for the position months before, there is a certain familial bond. And in experiencing the aptitude test for the Femmetouffant School many years before, I knew to ask questions designed to divulge certain penchants. Thus I know the girl, Marie, is either one of us, desiring to become one of us, or at the very least would find interest in becoming one of us.

I will therefore engage her interest and change the setting for Harold’s evening visit to the executive floor. He’ll be challenged. Marie is not only fresh out of school, but absolutely stunning.

“It’s really simple, Marie. You’ll find him to be quite docile and agreeable. His spouse is the Director of Personnel so all’s well with regard to company policy. So just have him remove his pink uniform and keep it locked in a desk drawer until everything is cleaned to your liking. These are the executive offices, so be demanding. You’ll be finding that there are males who require such strict feminine supervision. Harold is one of many. So it’s good experience for you.”

She has such a joyous look of anticipation on her face... wish I could stay to see Harold’s reaction. Marie’s good looks will have that neglected pecker of his fighting the cock cage like a trapped pit bull.

But alas, I must leave. Steven’s special friend is visiting and I don’t want to miss anything at home.

The boring drive home in congested traffic brings more memories. And of course with a woman of my ilk such are somewhat libidinous.

Though enjoying my year at Femmetouffant, I had hoarded enough cash for graduate school. As stated, Ms. Emily paid well and there was not much on which to spend money in the middle of the desolate pine forests of the Adirondacks. Saving was easy.

So tuition funds were amassed and I was off to attain a Master of Arts degree from Dartmouth.

The daily interaction would be missed, that I realized. A girl with supreme control over some fifty naked boys develops certain expectations and needs. Once I made my selection in the infirmary, there was not a night at Femmetouffant when Steven's tongue was not deeply exploring, 'dancing' as the young nurse so aptly described assiduous oral service.

But with my newly developed skill set, I was confident about finding equitable comfort in graduate school. I had already discussed my capabilities and the possibility of part time tutoring work with the admissions staff... though obviously not divulging the full extent of my ability to 'grasp the attention' of the most unruly student. They suggested posting an advertisement and agreed to let me do so on the campus bulletin board.

Well, how surprised was I when there came my first request. A phone call. A familiar voice humbly beseeching me for lessons. A need for improvement in linguistics... French.

It was Steven.

In the hurly burly of the final days at Femmetouffant, I knew that my oral servant had been accepted at Northeastern University but I had forgotten he was on the waiting list for Dartmouth. Obviously, over the course of the summer, he was accepted.

"More *linguistic* tutoring, Steven?" I whimsically emphasize in finally recognizing the voice.

"Yes, ma'am," his tone a combination of servility and hopeful expectation.

"Have you missed me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you masturbate over the summer, with your penis finally freed?"

"Yes, but only when I thought about you," he bashfully suggests.

How charming... my assertiveness being a catalyst for male masturbatory fantasy.

"Well I missed you too, Steven. But if I'm going to tutor you, the rules will have to be the same. It's best for a boy like you."

And he not only agreed, we thereafter co-habited and saved on the cost of his room.

I arrive at home. Steven has the outdoor lights blazing in deference to our expected guest. When I enter, my charming life long companion is wearing high heels and a tiny apron. It's an affectation that our guest finds amusing.

"Good evening, Miss Pennie."

I nod and smile.

"You have the place spotless, Steven. Very good."

He's not only spent the day cleaning but also invaded my jewelry and make up drawer... with permission, of course. I have no affinity for feminization, but one must accommodate.

"And you look very pretty."

Yes, Steven has outdone himself. He blushes with my compliment. It is strange how he purports to dislike rouge, lipstick, earrings and the like, but certainly applies such with distinction when demanded.

"Thank you. Some wine Miss Pennie?"

"Just a small glass before our guest arrives."

Steven turns towards the kitchen. His uncovered buttocks ripple enticingly when moving about in heels and I detect some glistening about his gluteal cleft. I know he has spent the afternoon in preparation, just part of which is a thorough colonic cleansing followed by abundant lubrication. Despite all the years he remains tight where the sodomite most appreciates tightness.

I sit with the evening paper. Steven presents me with a glass of Chablis. Half way into my aperitif the doorbell rings. Though in heels, Steven comically prances just as he was trained so many years ago at Femmetouffant. I embrace tradition.

"Good evening Mr. Douglas," the humble voice of my charge greets.

"How pretty you look tonight Steven... and just for me."

I smile with the exchange. The booming voice is that of my boss, Douglas P. MacClellan, libertine extraordinaire. For whom else would I have Steven dress so effeminately? He's the man paying the bills, my exorbitant salary based on more than just my skills as Executive Assistant. Yes, much of my large income goes to assure that Steven's lips and backside are always at the ready for the well endowed boss.

The huge and athletic Douglas P. MacClellan enters the living room bows and kisses my hand. Away from the office, the rules change. I am in charge. Yet I know the boss must be pleased. Therefore I will use my supervisory role to assure he achieves gratification.

"Good evening, Doug. So nice of you to drop by to see us."

Steven enters carrying a tray and presents 'Doug' with his own glass of wine. In the office, it's 'Mr. MacClellan'. During exploits in my home it's Doug.

While we click glasses in a silent toast, Steven falls to his knees and deftly opens Doug's zipper. The smiling lecher reaches down and tenderly toys with Steven's left ear while manicured fingers carefully grasp then pull into view the incredible manhood that cannot ever be fully satiated.

"He's quite well lubricated for you Doug. I suspect Steven wants to be taken quite deeply."

As Steven begins foreplay, lapping away at the stiffening chocolate brown shaft, I note that the tiny apron begins to rise. I reach out and pull at the knotted string holding it in place. It falls to the floor to reveal Steven's complete nakedness. His penis stands in arousal, the polished metal tip pressing against his belly.

Curious what forced chastity will do for the psyche. Steven so much pines for penetration..., which he shall have because I insist. I like to watch. And what I like is paramount.

Steven continues to lick and suck while his hands work to remove Doug's shoes, unbuckle his belt, and lower both slacks and underwear. His moves are smooth, deliberate but not leisurely. As I sip and watch, Doug disrobes, momentarily stepping from his lover's oral embrace to slip from his shirt.

I must admire both his size and his sculpted muscular development. Despite the years of debauchery, Douglas P. MacClellan has maintained the physique of an accomplished athlete. I smile smugly in having two completely naked males performing. In my mind, though Doug is the sexual aggressor, the two perform for me... a sordid show of male virility... under my governance.

Life is good.

"Take him as deep as you can, Steven. Open that gullet and give it another try."

I have fun encouraging the homoerotic antics. Doug is huge and Steven has yet to deep throat him completely. It is a physical impossibility but amusing to observe the attempts. And sure enough, as the mammoth shaft slowly slides past Steven's lips, there comes a muffled choking sound as the gag reflex denies full penetration. I laugh with the futile undertaking. Doug smiles, his hands on Steven's head encouraging fellatio with a controlling gyrating motion.

"Well, practice makes perfect. Maybe next time."

With the continuing retching sounds, Doug mercifully pushes back Steven's head... about three inches short of full penetration. Somewhat disappointing. But Doug really prefers the way of the Greeks when sodomizing my oral servant. Fellatio is just foreplay.

I find myself taking another sip when Steven's head pulls away entirely and Doug's enormous wet erection plops into the room light. He stands proudly smiling, like a priapic warrior about to slay his kneeling foe with a penis the size of a sword.

"He's very good with that tongue, Miss Teasdale. You cannot see how it swirls about and laves the most sensitive places. But the little cock tease knows how it feels."

"Oh, I can very well imagine, Doug. Steven likes to use his tongue, don't you Steven. Just a little oral slave... always seeking to please. Isn't that right Steven?"

Steven must nod. Part of the process of complete degradation of the male is to assure that the

mental side, the psyche, correlates and fully comprehends the humbling physical act. Otherwise there is the possibility of mental justification... the thought that the humiliating performance is being forced, which in a way it is, but in a way it is not.

No one is forcing Steven to enjoy it. Yet his standing penis suggests he does.

Doug continues to pose proudly showing himself to me for a moment, also sipping his wine. His sexual tastes and preferences are strong. He swings from both sides of the plate, with an 'all star' batting average, in baseball parlance. I am sure his next sexual conquest will be some charming young woman he will wine and dine and take in the prosaic missionary position.

But tonight, it's the effeminately presented Steven... naked but for heels and make up, if that can be considered as covering.

Doug places his empty wine glass on a nearby coffee table, snaps his fingers and points. My well trained oral slave obediently turns on his knees to present himself, lowers his forehead to the floor and reaches back with both hands to part his cheeks in humble welcome. Such obeisance.

I suppress a laugh. Doug just stands and admires. Hopefully he's thinking that his time and effort have been well invested. I have all the qualifications for the position I hold with the company and fulfill my responsibilities well. But by design, a good portion of my enormous salary is to assure that Doug, the boss, gets what he wants when he wants it. It would be too obvious to put Steven on the payroll. And besides, he wouldn't have a thing to wear for the office Christmas parties...

"Spread," comes a simple command from Doug.

Steven awkwardly works to further part his knees. He also arches his back in an alluring invitation no sodomite can resist, presenting his well lubricated rectum for immediate penetration.

Tidiness suggests that I aid in the anal assault. After all, it's my living room rug. So I saunter to the kitchen and retrieve a bowl and towel. When I return, Doug's lust has mandated that he proceed. He kneels between Steven's high heeled feet. The bulbous engorged penis tip, a curious purplish brown, glides up and down the gluteal cleft, toying with Steven's fortitude.

Doug likes to penetrate quickly and deeply, always bringing forth a comical squeal from the vanquished. But first he must raise the anticipation... the apprehension.

Meanwhile I place the towel and a bowl on the rug right under that metal tip penis of Steven. I know he will ooze. There is fluid forming already.

Doug leans forth, entwines his powerful arms around Steven's arms and shoulders in a common wrestling hold. There comes a sudden lurch with his hips and the forceful lunge results in the expected squeal. Instant, painful and thorough anal penetration. That's how Doug likes it. It's not an act of affection... it is an act of power. Our huge warrior vanquishes, splitting Steven's cheeks in an instantaneous thrust, which imbues both pleasure and pain... the pleasure only for Doug.

"Oh, you are a tight one my little pet," Doug enthusiastically declares.

Now the fun begins and I feel twinges within my loins. I am sanguine in knowing that Steven will take care of me later. We'll bathe together, hot soapy water both cleansing and soothing his well abraded sphincter. Then that tongue will be put to work again. But for now I just watch, smiling and sipping as my powerful sodomite withdraws, thrusts, withdraws, thrusts and pumps away.

Steven is being royally fucked, and I recall that photo session years before at Femmetouffant when his little secret peccadillo was first unveiled. There returns to his face that perplexing look of joy, concern and discomfort. I sit transfixed.

Then Steven begins to moan. I lean to look and the opening in his metal penis tip oozes not the clearness of prostatic fluid but a thick milky white goo. Doug's massive penis kneads Steven's prostate and is milking him of his build up of sperm, something that he cannot rid himself of because of my botox injections.

It is comforting to know that the deep reaming is therapeutic for my little oral slut, massaging and kneading that neglected male gland which, in making the ejaculatory muscles inoperable, I have

made extraneous.

With many plunges, Doug begins to perspire, his long consistent thrusts draining the energy. A respite is needed and in an amazing display of strength he stands, bringing Steven completely off the floor, holding him in a head lock and continuing to impale him on his rock hard stiffness. The high heeled feet kick in the air, the motion unintentionally adding to Doug's pleasure.

I giggle with the presentation. My little Steven, his own erection wagging about, groans in having to accept the deepest penetration possible.

Doug steps towards me, dangling Steven like a puppet. I reach out and toy with that which I have kept chaste for nearly a lifetime.

"You're going to learn what it feels like to ejaculate, Steven. It's what you want."

Yes, so ironic. I taunt, stroking his shaft, which inures the faintest of pleasure and then reach further between his thighs to cradle Doug's massive balls. Steven is disappointed with my fingers moving elsewhere, but that's what it's all about with the chaste male... dejection... disappointment... frustration.

I ignore my charge and begin massaging the testicles of the boss. With his penis fully penetrating, having fucked for many minutes, I know it will require very little catalyst for the ultimate in climax.

"Want to come for me like a good boy?" I tease, pressing my finger against Doug's perineum.

And he does. And I feel so empowered with my fingers sensing the surge of sperm rushing through his urethra to fill Steven's rear passage. Doug bucks to add to his pleasure, dangling Steven like a doll as I feel another surge and another. He erupts divinely.

Finally, having spent fully, Doug releases his arms and Steven, equally exhausted, slips to the floor.

"So now you know what it feels like to ejaculate, Steven," I cannot help taunting with the irony. "All that hot semen spewed so far up that cute butt of yours..."

I sip wine as Doug finds a chair and both my naked amusing males momentarily rest. Yet Steven's task has not ended.

"Clean the gentleman, Steven. His penis is coated with slime."

He will... with his tongue. Steven will gather every remnant. That is how I have trained him.

Ms. Millicent Hayward

“What’s the matter, Harold?”

I am driving Harold home after a long day. With shopping completed, I picked him up at the office at nearly 7:00 p.m. A long day of minimum wage effort for poor hubby.

“I want to be released,” comes his succinct reply.

“Well of course you do. That’s why there’s a lock on your CB2000 and you don’t have a key. What you want no longer matters. If the decision was yours, you’d unlock yourself and masturbate, leaving me untended. Such selfishness! Well, that’s not how it works... not any more. Remember, my pleasure comes first. Yours... well yours is really no longer of concern.”

Such typical male dribble... the never ending thoughts, plots and plans to spew seed.

“But you must be accustomed to your condition by now, Harold. It’s Wednesday. Julie will give you a nice cleansing and shaving on Saturday. It’s only three more days.”

“But she won’t let me come.”

I must laugh with his aphoristic reply.

“Of course not. That’s why she’ll have you bound so tightly, so you can’t play with yourself. Those are the rules. Get used to them.”

My firm voice and my rebuke bring renewed silence. When we arrive home I will have him service me. He hasn’t had his grapes in a while, and those warm spheres sliding past my wet labia add a delicious level of sensuousness to an orally stimulating encounter.

Still, the mentally down trodden male needs some outlet. The brazen but futile suggestion of release after many months of strict chastity must have been spurred by something. He knows it won’t happen.... ever. So, why bother broaching the subject? Guess I’ll let him download.

“Tell me what brought this subject up,” I demand more than suggest.

“It’s working the executive floor. Miss Teasdale was not there to supervise. So she had one of the secretaries watch me. A girl by the name of Marie.”

“A young woman, Harold,” I correct for political correctness. “Very thoughtful of Miss Teasdale. She wants to ensure a good cleaning job. You need proper supervision.”

“I can clean just as well wearing my uniform,” comes Harold’s dejected observation.

I laugh. So Miss Teasdale appointed a suitable replacement for her exacting governance. She is not to be underestimated, I think, to myself. I must have details.

“You *do* want to talk about it, Harold. I can tell. What happened?”

“I came up the elevator at a little after 5:00 p.m. and this beautiful girl... ah, young woman... was waiting for me. Just started a few weeks ago. Right out of secretarial school where she was number one in her class, least that’s what she said.”

“Oh yes, Marie. I know her. A very, very attractive girl. Young, charming, highly skilled.”

And apparently quite assertive I think to myself. How *does* Miss Teasdale do it?

“Well she wanted my uniform. Said I would clean with more enthusiasm while naked.”

Harold pauses. I just smile to myself, understanding his feeling of despondency. Marie has probably not yet attained her twentieth birthday. And Harold had to strip in front of her. His obeisance to the female is well ingrained.

"And what did she think of your chastity device, Harold? She's probably not before encountered a male kept under strict feminine governance."

"She was intrigued. Had me sit on a desk with my legs apart so she could inspect it better."

"It must have been quite humiliating for you."

"Yes, ma'am. I blushed."

"That your only reaction?"

"Well, as you said, she is very attractive."

I laugh. I know the reaction of the forcibly chaste male. His penis begins to think for itself, belying the many, many weeks of stifling denial, defying his ability to keep it from greeting the nasty spikes in the cock cage.

"So Harold, your penis challenged the points once more. You probably squirmed and begged for the key, further embarrassing yourself before the young woman. When will you learn? There is no point in stimulating yourself. I control your penis. You must control your thoughts."

Yes, this Miss Teasdale is quite the authoritarian. Clever how she could know of the girl's propensity for governance and coolly provide a manner for manifesting it. The reflection brings thoughts of the incredible compensation she draws. There is only one person that could authorize and defend such lofty pay in annual salary reviews and that is Douglas P. MacClellan.

Well, if a skilled executive assistant can attain such remuneration then certainly the Director of Personnel, and one who nicely assures that office escapades are both timely and gratifying, should be worth nearly the same. With Douglas P. MacClellan, I must reconsider our exchange... power for attention. After all, power can be like a nuclear reaction, spreading with unbridled force.

We arrive home. Harold strips and begins to prepare dinner.

"Warm up some grapes," I command.

I retire to the bedroom and put on a cashmere sweater and short skirt. No undergarments. The ultra soft fabric of the sweater soothes my nipples. The pleating of the skirt provides easy access. I return to the kitchen, sit and call Julie. As I speak I spread my thighs and slip a handful of warmed grapes where Harold's well trained tongue will fervently seek juicy sweetness.

It's been weeks since I personally unlocked Harold, deciding that such a condescending act erodes my authority. So though I have a key for possible emergency, it has been under Julie's tutelage that Harold's penis has seen permitted to experience daylight.

As my neighbor answers, Harold crawls to my chair, humbly flips the hem of my skirt and begins his nightly oral task.

"Hello Julie. Harold's concentration has been diverted. I suggest he'll need a lesson on Saturday."

We exchange ideas. Julie has just the procedure for Harold's straying mind.



Miss Teasdale calls mid morning on Friday.

"Nero's, 12:30?" she succinctly suggests.

It's Friday. A nice long lunch with a couple of glasses of wine is proposed. I do not hesitate in accepting and some two hours later find myself in Nero's parking lot.

I enter. Miss Teasdale sits at the same secluded table in the back. I smile, wave and join her.

"Called your husband Harold just before I left the office, Millie. Told him to bring some ice from the commissary this evening. Seems his chastity has placed Marie in quite an inquisitive state."

She's going to stay late with him. I have an appointment. Told her where I keep his key but to be sure he's well cuffed before release. Should be quite the challenge for your husband... the deep humiliation."

I nod and join in Miss Teasdale's mirth.

"He'll be quite embarrassed, but also grateful. He normally has to wait until Saturday."

I order some wine and send the waiter on his way.

"Marie will know not to play, I assume. Harold's penis tip is never touched, not even during cleaning. I demand thorough denial."

Miss Teasdale sips her wine and nods.

"Spent a good part of the morning lecturing on the male genitals and libido. Marie understands that for many males it is best to have feminine control over crass behavior such as ejaculation. Explained the most sensitive areas of the frenulum and the corona. She's quite the student in terms of learning the need for proper handling of the male."

The waiter brings my wine, the intervention bringing a pause in our conversation. The interlude gives me a moment to collect my thoughts. The subject matter allows me to segue into Miss Teasdale's background. Her knowledge of the male anatomy impresses.

"If I may ask, Penny, you certainly seem to have experience with the chaste male. Our first lunch conversation was most enlightening. But we never got into your experience. How does one acquire so much knowledge?"

Penny smiles. It is a warm reflective smile. My question has stirred memories. Pleasant memories. The wine helps loosen the tongue and such will assist in my goal... better understanding this curious woman who commands the compensation of a high ranking executive.

"Well, since you're one of us, Millie, I will tell a story rarely heard. And I trust you'll keep it within our little circle.

"Before attaining my master's degree, I taught. One would normally envision such an endeavor to be staid and somewhat puerile, depending on the age of the students. But where I taught was a special school administered by this no nonsense woman who was adept with a cane and had a penchant for finding and hiring instructors with... well with a certain trait which fostered education... education of the young male..."

"You mean the woman needed a cane to walk?" I interject.

Penny smiles coyly.

"Oh no, my dear. She never used the cane for perambulating..."

And so over a lunch and several glasses of wine, I learn the most fascinating and stimulating background of the prim and proper Miss Penelope Teasdale and of the wonderful institution... the Femmetouffant School for Empowerment.



It's Saturday morning. Whereas I normally use the time for shopping with a relaxing respite at the beauty parlor while Julie handles Harold, I instead decide to join her in her basement. After all, it is retribution time for Harold... for letting his mind stray in Marie's presence.

Julie has Harold well trussed, wrists cuffed together behind his back, tight but comfortable neck collar chained to a beam above. He has once again pranced naked, dashing to Julie's side door where he humbly knocked for entrance. I followed later, traversing the stairs to see Harold's inadequate penis celebrating its freedom by saluting and pointing to the ceiling. Prostatic fluid begins to dribble forth like a leaky faucet. He bucks his hips in attempting to copulate with the room air.

But there is no Julie. I hear footsteps above then creaks on the stairs. Julie descends to the basement with a tray piled with towels, a basin of hot water and a tube of depilation cream.

“Morning, Millie. I just tossed the CB2000 into the dish washer and am going to depilate. Then afterwards thought I’d give Harold a nice relaxing sponge bath.”

Well, I think to myself, that’s certainly rather condescending considering Julie’s recent sentiment with regard to the male gender.

The tray is placed on a nearby table. I notice than that in addition to items needed for a sponge bath there is also a plate containing an odd looking vegetable.

“What’s that, Julie?”

“Ginger root. You don’t recognize it because I had to carve it for proper shaping. Resemble anything?”

In a gloved hand, Julie holds up the moist and fragrant stem of ginger and I smile. She has cut the fibrous length such that it does indeed resemble a butt plug.

“A nice bulbous tip with a tapered shaft. Harry won’t be pushing this out... though he’ll try his best.”

I put aside my thoughts for intended discussion. This, I need to observe. So I settle into a nearby chair and watch my nurse neighbor begin the delightful process of both assuaging Harold’s needs and tormenting.

She steps to his rear and with the gloved left hand parts his cheeks. The right reaches for the ginger root and slowly presses it into the gluteal cleft. Her hand moves up and down, slowly coating the tender pink flesh with the juice of the freshly cut ginger. When deemed adequately lubricated she begins to press. She is gentle but forceful and relentlessly pushes until, with a moan from Harold, the ginger root plug slides past the purse string muscle into the anus.

“Good boy, Harry. Now if you’d like to dance for us feel free. Maybe a little jig,” Julie taunts.

Meanwhile the gloved right hand, wet with ginger root juice, toys with the right nipple then left, leaving there a second coating of the fragrant juice.

“Spicy but harmless. It will create a burning sensation that is just past tolerable,” Julie explains. “Just a little diversion from the regular plug. You will be fascinated with the results, Millie.”

I am already, for I notice a growing look of concern on Harold’s face, as if he just swallowed some foul substance. Then his hips begin to buck most exaggeratedly and his feet do indeed kick about as if attempting to dance.

Meanwhile Julie calmly returns to the tray and opens the tube of depilation cream, smearing both gloves. We talk as she applies the malodorous substance to Harold’s head and groin.

“I’ve been conversing and exchanging thoughts with this most interesting woman at work. Quite capable, well educated, runs the executive suite more or less. And she’s one of us.”

Julie finishes applying the cream, looks at her watch and removes the latex gloves.

“One of us?” she inquires, eliciting further explanation.

“Concerning the male gender. She also has a key for Harold. Ostensibly for office emergencies, but really for entertainment.”

“Oh, yes, one of us,” Julie acknowledges.

“Well, the big boss requires certain attention... and I thought you may have some ideas...”

While awaiting the full five minutes for the depilation cream to wreak havoc on Harold’s already surrendering hair follicles, Julie and I exchange thoughts. As we speak, we both smile with Harold’s antics. It must feel like every sentient area of his body is on fire with both the ginger root and the depilation cream working to bring conflagration to nipples, anus, scrotum and cranium. Still we talk and I find that her nursing background can be quite the tool in controlling the male beast. Miss Teasdale’s tale of the white uniformed duo at the Femmetouffant School comes to mind.

Julie looks at her watch as a preliminary plan develops and we put aside our discussion.

“Five minutes. It’s time,” she abruptly announces.

Julie prepares a towel, dipping it into the steaming basin of water. The potent depilation cream

is removed. Harold must be grateful to be relieved of both the smell and the sensation.

“See how nicely effective a simple spice can be. The full effect of the ginger root takes 10 to 15 minutes. You’ll learn to control your thoughts better, now won’t you Harry. Ginger root is very cheap...”

Julie points to Harold’s penis tip and runs her finger along the slimy shaft. While being punished for his lusty thoughts concerning Marie, he is essentially milking himself of much excess fluid, copulating in earnest with the room air, bucking his hips and writhing with the slow burning agony of the ginger. His motions are much more animated than with the simple butt plug.

“Please, no more Miss Julie,” Harold beseeches.

“Nothing more to be done. You just have to ride out the torment, Harry. Once applied there’s no way of terminating the effect.”

More towels are dipped in the basin and Julie graciously begins a soothing sponge bath. But for Harold’s tortured anus and nipples, it would appear that an attentive mother is cleansing a helpless child. As she works, Harold continues writhing, twisting his torso as if something was attached to his chest that needs to be loosened.

“Yes, the nipples will burn also. Nature’s perfect skin irritant. Fiery pain, just past tolerable, but with no long term effects. It is said the British used the substance in horse racing. Figging it’s termed. Placed in the same anatomical region, ginger was found to make the horse better perform.

“Are you going to perform for us, Harry?”

Julie mocks as Harold’s feet move about more and more frantically.

“And it is said to have an aphrodisiacal effect. Have you ever seen him so stiff?”

Julie presses down the penis shaft and quickly releases it to let the inadequate length snap up and thump against his lower belly. I nod but smile with the irony of her question. With Harold’s little pecker how does one know the difference?

“So where do you want it done?” Julie inquires in renewing our discussion.

“You can do it anywhere? It’s that quick? That easy?”

“Well it is for me. It’s the male who will find difficulty with the process.”

We both laugh with the thought. Julie can be delightfully aloof to male torment.

“I’ll have to speak to our co conspirator. But first there’s a French woman at the jewelry store with whom I need to consult...”

Miss Penelope Teasdale

Thinking about our luncheon and our devious plan brings goose bumps, a refreshing sense of superiority which, despite my daily governance of Steven, stirs renewed stimulation and excitement.

Millie is concerned about her level of compensation and should be. I suspected those late afternoon meetings with Douglas P. MacClellan were outside of normal business, knowing the priapic polyamorous boss as well as I do. She has been nicely offering the attention he needs... extended controlling hand jobs... and more. Therefore Millie has a point... just because Douglas P. MacClellan has the title of boss, why should we as his superiors be paid less, much less in Millie's case, and let him run about so freely? Especially since we have our other charges so well governed.

If our goal is to control the male urges, we should endeavor to control all.

But, how to get from here to there. Douglas P. MacClellan remains in charge and a majority stockholder of the company, though ex-wife Mrs. MacClellan certainly went to the mats and won heartily in the divorce proceedings. As Doug's personal assistant, I opened the mailed envelope which began the full retreat in terms of property settlement. Those detectives were thorough, the photos most lurid. Upon reviewing the contents of the envelope, Douglas P. MacClellan completely capitulated and the Mrs. got everything she wanted. He did not even show the photographic evidence to his lawyers, informing them instead to concede without a word of explanation. Unfortunately for us and our scheme, all photos and negatives were destroyed after Doug signed the papers and Mrs. MacClellan departed on a private jet for the Caribbean.... never to extort again. After all, she left very few liquid assets to further squeeze from her sexually gallivanting husband.

Well, since I have a nice photo album of Steven in his younger days, which has served to make him unemployable and relegated him to both maid and sex slave, perhaps the album should be updated. Only this time, Steven's partner in sodomy will have more revealed to the camera than his turgid erection.

The escapades between Steven and Douglas P. MacClellan are always at my house, and I control the timing and circumstances. Thus it is very simple to track down Joe, the old acquaintance of Ms. Emily Von Tottenburg, and have him set up some hidden equipment. Though age has slowed his sexual conquests since those days at Femmetouffant, a paying gig is always welcome... especially one filled with deceit and intrigue. And as a gratuity, I'll have Steven suck him off for old time's sake.

So by Thursday of the week after our Nero's luncheon, my living room has been converted into a secret recording studio. With Steven's little steel penis tip secreting prostatic fluid I know it is time. I therefore command that he make the phone call, scheduling another tryst of sodomy with Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan.

Steven, being the ongoing victim of extortion, delights in the plan. Though he more or less submits to me willingly, I have used the photo album many times to assure that his behavior is exemplary, threatening disclosure whenever wayward thoughts of employment and other plans of

disloyalty are conjured. So he welcomes the deception. Bringing another male into my web of extortion brings a degree of comfort. And Steven has also become accustomed to performing for me... something he will now once again do before a camera.

And I will have another controlling album, to be shared with Millie, in assuring that my own circumstances remain stable under the auspices of my priapic boss.



“Such vivid photos. Your friend is quite the artist,” Millie exclaims.

“You should see the video. Better than any gay porn available. We could sell the tape for thousands.”

We have returned to Nero’s for more planning, with Millie and I laughing like cackling hens. Since the Femmetouffant days, my friend Joe has added high definition video to his repertoire of capabilities. Yes, extortionary evidence can now be accumulated with sound, motion and the most exquisite detail. In watching the incredibly hard ten inches of Douglas P. MacClellan forcefully plunge between little Steven’s soft effeminate cheeks, one wonders how that tight little backside could take it.

But I know how... week after week of sodomy.

And the sound! Steven played up to the hidden microphone. Protesting very coquettishly during the entire exploit. In reviewing the tape it almost appears and sounds as if Douglas P. MacClellan is performing rape!

I, of course, observed the entire encounter, out of camera lens but quite nearby. I was not going to be denied my joy of watching two of the male gender debase themselves. Steven later licked me to orgasm after orgasm with the fervor demonstrated during one of those cold nights in the Adirondacks so many years before. The duplicity inspired him.

“Your move is next, Millie. It is time for an anonymous package to arrive in Personnel. You find that it contains material of extreme importance. To be discussed only with Douglas P. MacClellan...” I think out loud in setting the stage for the next step.

I smile wickedly in setting up the next phase of ensnaring the boss in our plot. He is not to know that Millie and I are working together... not until it is too late.

“I have the paperwork drafted, Penny. I have already signed. If you’ll sign, it will be ready and Mr. MacClellan’s signature will formalize the establishment of the trust.”

“My neighbor Julie says the procedure can be done right in the office, Penny. Though painful, it is simple and can be quick. As we know from Harold’s cleaning escapades, rarely is there a person of significance remaining on the executive floor after 5:00 p.m. Julie works with noted callousness so there will be noise, but with no one to hear, it will not be detrimental.”

Millie joins me in smilingly evilly. She holds up the jewelry which Douglas P. MacClellan will wear for us.

“Jackie at the jewelry store personally worked on it for me. She and Julie conspired to assure the proper shape and that it can easily be removed and then returned to its place. Though ancient in concept, it will be effective.”

A simple strand of gold wire, I could fabricate a similar object by unraveling a sizable paper clip. But it is at the ends where Jackie’s deft hand endeavored with delicate detail. In being bent in the form of a circle, the ends of the simple strand have been drilled with tiny elliptical holes similar to those seen in sewing needles. Each end has three such holes in a series. When shaped into a circle with the ends bent at right angles to the circumference, a thin cord can be threaded through opposing elliptical holes to hold the loop closed. Only in our envisioned usage, the loop will not be held closed with a slim cord or string, but instead with a thin yet very durable length of vinyl which

will be connected to a tiny plastic padlock. When the strand of vinyl is inserted into the lock and pressed closed, the tiny lock will only be removed by cutting the thin strand of vinyl.

Cheap, readily available, the clever devices were designed as seals, inhibiting the rifling of items such as luggage during transport. Each is imprinted with a distinct six digit number. Therefore if tampered with and broken, the numbering precludes the perpetrator from replacing the lock.

Millie looks about to assure there are no onlookers and demonstrates. She holds the gold wire in her left hand. At the bottom of the loop, some one and one half inches in diameter, the ends bend and are pressed together to align the three pairs of elliptical holes.

"Tight, tighter, tightest," she indicates with a wicked grin in pointing to each set of holes and suggesting that the circumference of the loop can be adjusted.

A numbered plastic padlock is produced with the attached strand of vinyl. The end has the tiniest of clasps. Still Millie adroitly threads the strand through a pair of the aligned holes and presses the strand into the lock. With the sound of an almost indiscernible click, the loop is locked closed. I reach out and tug at the lock, amazed that it is indeed tamper proof. Once snapped in place the strand will not exit the padlock.

"It has to be snipped to remove and open the loop. But in doing so, there is evidence of tampering and since the numbered lock can not be replaced with a lock of the same number, there is no remedy, no way to cloak evidence of tampering. The cost of these clever things is five cents. I have already purchased 200. I splurged with a ten dollar bill."

Millie smiles. I laugh.

"That might be more than a lifetime supply," I note with evil glee.

"We don't have to use them all, it only requires one," Millie retorts also laughing.

Yes, the wine is having its effect. Our merriment would ostensibly appear innocent, but the male beast would consider it cruel were the subject matter revealed.

I sip more wine and slide the thick envelope to Millie. In it is a pile of glossy photographs and a precious video tape, ready to be mailed to the office to the attention of Millicent Hayward, Director of Personnel. Millie, in turn, pushes a plastic bag my way. It contains dozens of the tiny padlocks.

We clink glasses to toast our cabal. I broach a thought.

"You know Millie, Marie has done an admirable job in supervising Harold during his evening duties. She loves applying the ice to get him back into the CB2000."

Millie smiles, reaches into her purse and hands over a pile of loose locks.

"Well, you suggested she was one of us. Give her these. And remind her to circulate the new six digit number whenever the lock is replaced. I suggest simple faxes be sent... the date and the six digits. We will be the only ones to know the significance."

I nod and feel a need for Steven's sedulous tongue. I only wish the mail would deliver faster.

Mrs. Millicent Hayward

On Monday, the office mail arrives with the thick padded envelop I mailed to myself. It is ominous, as intended, with block lettering and no return address. I open it and feign shock... a bit of dress rehearsal.

It is now my turn to call Douglas P. MacClellan and set up an appointment... no... to demand an appointment.

Penny answers. There is no need to exchange words. She knows what the call is about, putting me straight through. Douglas P. MacClellan picks up the phone, his firm stentorian voice giving no hint as to his extensive libertine dalliances. One can only imagine how he spent the weekend.

My tone of voice suggests urgency.

"A matter of grave concern, Mr. MacClellan. We need to talk at your earliest convenience."

Though I control the scene during our post meridiem exploits, Douglas P. MacClellan assumes the role of boss and executive in charge at all other times. I very much suspect that will change. If he thinks the trauma of divorce was cathartic, wait until he begins to endure under our plan.

"Come up at 5:00 p.m.," he responds.

It is the hour of our many trysts. So, he thinks my request will involve another slow controlling hand job, another opportunity to plunge into the pit of sordid lust. I hang up the phone and smile with a burgeoning degree of confidence. Working with Miss Penelope Teasdale, a woman of power, can be empowering.

The work day continues without incident. Paperwork and phone calls, a quick lunch in the company cafeteria, the time passes and 5:00 p.m. arrives.

The elevator whisks me to the executive floor. Miss Penelope Teasdale spies the thick envelope in my hand and smiles. With her is the beautiful and charming Marie. The young girl holds up one of the plastic locks and smiles. I note that it is no longer an innocent girlish smile but one of assurance. She also finds our wicked cartel of feminine dominion to be empowering.

"Think it is best that I not be present," Penny proclaims. "He'll know immediately where the photos originated. It's best that his initial rage percolate then cool to a simmer. After which our boy will begin to realize his plight. But I must know how it goes."

"Nero's at 6:30? A quick drink and then I will return for Harold," I suggest in addressing her anticipation.

"Marie and I will be waiting," Penny responds with noted giddiness.

Penny and our alluring cohort depart. I boldly push open the office door of Douglas P. MacClellan without knocking. After all, he likes boldness.

"Someone's been taking naughty pictures," I proclaim, shutting and latching the thick office door utilizing the slide bolt.

As Douglas P. MacClellan stands, I toss the opened envelope onto his desk. It lands with a thud as I note the lusty look on his face. He really is expecting to 'get his rocks off' in the crass male

parlance.

His look changes to concern as he presses at the corners and dumps the contents on his desk. Large, full color, glossy photos spew forth along with the video tape. He gawks. Penny's boy Steven, though I am not to know his name, kneels in high heeled nakedness and rather becoming makeup with the huge form of a very muscular Douglas P. MacClellan standing over him with his chocolate brown ten inches pointing skyward. The camera angle displays evidence of Steven's gender. The viewer cannot doubt that the encounter is homoerotic.

"It's the first of an entire series. You're quite the Greek aficionado, Dougie. Isn't that what they call it?"

I pause as the massive hands quickly shift through the pile. He is speechless with shock.

"I have not looked at the tape. Not sure that anything more needs to be communicated. Might be interesting to listen to it though. I would think your boy toy would squeal quite convincingly, judging from that photo of the initial penetration. You took him quite deeply."

My words are delivered with irritating smoothness. Had the photos been of a vanilla encounter, we'd both be laughing. Under the circumstances, it is only I. For Dougie, it is anger and disbelief.

Douglas P. MacClellan recognizes the scene immediately and does very well in disguising his cognizance. He permits himself to appear perplexed, sending the message that he does not fully understand the origin of the blackmail. I know he realizes that his trusted Executive Administrative Assistant has betrayed him. It is her living room. It is her naked maid servant receiving the many virile thrusts of those turgid ten inches.

"Quite the tongue on that one. Must have taken years to develop such length," I comment as the bottom photos are reviewed.

Steven, in what appears to be the obligatory task of the sodomite, licks clean the softening manhood after what must have been an explosive climax.

"I'm not sure you were intended to look at these, Dougie. The envelope was addressed to me... Director of Personnel. Someone's engaging in hardball. You *are* the majority shareholder, so the intent cannot be to have you fired. But think what effect these photos would have in the hands of important customers? I believe that large government contract has a moral turpitude clause, does it not?"

For the first time, the supremely confident Douglas P. MacClellan displays a degree of alarm. He gulps.

"There was also a note to me," I prevaricate. "I kept that in my office."

"What did it say?" a quivering face inquires.

"Offered a phone number. Suggested there were ways to assure copies of these photos and the video tape would not be disseminated."

There is no note, of course. No need to go through the trouble of writing and disguising such.

Douglas P. MacClellan mulls. He knows that Penelope Teasdale is most likely behind the matter. Yet he cannot be sure and since he has endeavored so rigorously to compartmentalize his exploits, he cannot come clean and tell me that he has the sex drive of a satyr... that night after night if it is not a hand job from me its sodomy with Steven or vanilla intercourse with some blonde trollop or whatever the flavor of the week which fancies him.

"I'll call the number, Dougie. Just need to discuss what we can offer. Lot's of jobs on the line. A multi million dollar revenue stream, a bank line of credit to nurture, your minority shareholders to protect."

My words bring both panic and deep thought. Having just had his liquid assets drained by the aggressive Mrs. Douglas P. MacClellan, Dougie envisions his world collapsing. Ownership in the corporation and the potential cash flow connected thereto is all he has left. It's a blow. I soften my tone.

“Why not strip down for me while you’re considering,” I suggest in my enticing voice.

When I step to the credenza, Dougie knows I am going to select an expensive wine and imbibe. He also knows such to be a precursor to the deviant antics which lead, in our post meridiem meetings, to gratification.

Unruly males can always find occasion to attend to the penis. That’s why women like us are needed, I think to myself. That’s why there’s an entire school in the Adirondacks which forces the male to divert his attention.

I open and pour. In turning back to Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan, I smile. He is naked and semi erect.

He really does have potential.

“So what do we offer, Dougie?” I coo in a most alluring voice, cupping my hands to cradle that enormous ball sac.



“Can you believe in the midst of our induced crisis, an aroused Dougie submitted to me. He stripped, I played and then had him climax all over his desk.”

We’re at the bar at Nero’s. It is quiet on a Monday night. I speak sotto voce and summarize my meeting for Marie and Penny. Giggling commences. Marie is especially joyed with the plight of Douglas P. MacClellan. The description of the slow teasing hand job, Dougie with hands on head begging to be brought to climax, thrills our young cohort.

It’s amusing, but we must get down to business.

“So we reviewed what I am authorized to offer the blackmailer. He knows it is most likely you, Penny. But, as you have suggested, does not want me to know it’s you. Quite adamant about keeping all his nasty deeds compartmentalized.”

That’s when Marie steps into the conspiracy.

“You know he propositioned me,” she informs in an even, matter-of-fact tone.

Both Penny and I are surprised, but not shocked. If I am properly reading Penny’s mind, it’s the timing more than the deed. Marie has only been employed for a few weeks.

“You see, ladies. That’s why control is required. Marie’s been with us only briefly. His attempts at dalliances have broadened,” Penny notes.

Yes, Marie’s declaration seals our resolve.

“Well, I’ll report to him tomorrow that the blackmailer’s voice was quite familiar and demanded things with such specificity that she must have inside knowledge concerning the corporation. He’ll concede quickly. We’ll soon have Douglas P. MacClellan exactly where we want him.

“He has already authorized me to offer anything demanded.”

Three glasses rise and clink together in a toast to our cabal.

“Is the bank account opened, Millie?” Penny inquires.

I nod.

“Opened but just needs some signatures for authorized activity. It will be on the list of demands.”



On Wednesday, I again rendezvous with Douglas P. MacClellan. Curious that he and Miss Penelope Teasdale have for two days worked side by side without broaching the matter of the blackmail. Perhaps he believes it is the meek and orally proficient Steven who so brazenly sent the envelope. He cannot take a chance in assuming it is or is not Penny.

My call in the late afternoon was taken. Another 5:00 p.m. meeting has been arranged. I have a stack of documents ready which will memorialize his complete capitulation. Once he concedes, I do not want to provide time for reconsideration.

The elevator takes me to the executive floor. Penny waves me towards the office door with a thumbs up. She also arises to gather purse, gloves and coat. She is not to be present. There will be no one to whom to appeal, she doubts Dougie will even read the details of the docs.

“How bad?” our prospective toy tersely inquires the moment that I enter.

I place the pile of paperwork on a nearby table.

“Everything, Dougie. All you have. I’ve read through the documents. You are to relinquish complete control.”

“Of the corporation?”

“Of everything. You have no choice. If you do not capitulate you’ll lose it all any way.”

Douglas P. MacClellan is enough of a businessman to know I am correct. Losing the bank line of credit alone will be disastrous... but the government contract? That would be Armageddon. He’s imaging those pictures placed on a conference table before a meeting of the bank’s loan committee or on the desk of the government purchasing agent.

“To whom did you speak?”

“I do not know. It was a woman’s voice, disguised. It was apparent that it was someone you know. The papers arrived this morning. I have reviewed them all.”

He becomes despondent. With the pressure, his thinking becomes cloudy. Yet there appears to be a degree of comfort in confirming that the blackmailer is a woman. He now knows it is the able Penelope Teasdale who is applying the squeeze. That seems to make his decision easier.

“Shall we begin to sign? The woman was quite demanding.”

He nods.

“First, a voting trust to be established. The trustee will vote your shares, effectively controlling the corporation.”

I am amazed when he signs without reading. Penny prognosticated such documentary sloppiness. Once realizing it is his trusted Executive Administrative Assistant behind the plot, he caves.

“A new bank account for your paycheck. It appears to be a joint account.”

I deliberately neglect to go into detail. I must admit it is a rather clever aspect of our extortion. Penny and I will write checks against the automatic deposits which the payroll department will make in the form of Dougie’s paycheck. Conveniently, Dougie will not have any way of withdrawing funds. No check book. No ATM card. Instead he is going to be on an allowance... a very meager allowance... determined by us.

Again he signs without reading.

“Pay change authorization.”

Yes, it is my pay. With his signature, I will begin to earn as much as Penny. He does not look at the name. He assumes, I am sure, that it is more pay for Penny.

“A confession as to your sordid deeds. There will be no changing of the mind, Dougie. This will obviously be archived and held in the event of resistance.”

It is a rather extensive manuscript, addressed ‘To whom it may concern’, detailing the libertine escapades of one Douglas P. MacClellan. Penny spent the weekend drafting the fifty odd pages. It reads like a pornographic novel. I had Harold licking me to orgasm after orgasm in reading it last night.

“And, I am told you are to remain in the office tomorrow night to receive visitors. It was not a suggestion, Dougie.”

I smile. Though it is intended to be a smile of encouragement, I am sure the wickedness filtered

through. It is evilly satisfying to watch the male receive his comeuppance, especially at my hand. Dougie will be meeting Julie. It will be an encounter he will not forget.

Nurse Julie Danforth – Neighbor

I always liked rituals... and history. So when my neighbor Millie described the frolicking of her boss, a very powerful man, I thought of how women in the past have handled such concerns.

The ancient Greeks and Romans controlled the male libido through infibulation, which for those cultures involved piercing the foreskin of the penis and inserting a clasp. This made erection painfully impossible as during the process of tumescence the swelling penis tip could not escape the confines of its fleshy protective lair.

I always imagined it to be a crude and clumsy procedure during times of antiquity but with the Romans the alternative was castration. Thus I am sure the slave chosen to have a metal clasp adorning his foreskin considered himself fortunate, for those selected few were typically kept chaste in order to best perform for their owners.

In my discussion with Millie, she described her joy in masturbating the boss, making him beg for eventual ejaculatory relief. When she mentioned he was uncircumcised, the visions of a Roman wife removing the infibulating clasp of a long denied slave came to mind... watching his neglected penis rise to provide amusement and satisfaction while her Senator husband orated.

We talked. I described the process. We agreed that with modern materials and methods infibulation could not only be performed but made much more secure than a simple metal clasp. Millie immediately thought of her jeweler friend Jackie.... her joy in fabricating Harry's cunnilingus handles and her mention of more intimate piercings. So we decided on a basic design and sure enough, the ingenious woman crafted a simple but beautiful length of golden wire which, though appearing insignificant, would be of the utmost significance to this Douglas P. MacClellan.

Thoughts of locking up that large but wayward organ aroused Millie and in observing her excitement such made me giddy. Philandering husband Fred should have been so constrained. After deciding on a course of action, the anticipation became unbearable.

Well, my day finally came. Millie called and suggested that the trap had been sprung and the big game successfully snared.

"Can you be at my office tomorrow night?" came the brief phone call.

I gushed. I prepared my medical bag and made sure my old white nurse's uniform was clean and crisply starched, a nice white cap completed the ensemble. Here I am on the way, driving to Millie's office in just some minor traffic before the evening's rush.

The security guard greets me at the gate and I am pleased to learn I am expected. An elevator takes me to the top floor, an opulent suite of offices for the large and successful enterprise once controlled by this Douglas P. MacClellan. Millie told me about the arrangement. To think she and her cohort are now ultimately in charge is such a delicious thought.

A young secretary greets me.

"I'm Marie. You must be Julie."

The white uniform serves to announce not only my presence but also my purpose.

“We’re gathered in Mr. MacClellan’s office,” she informs, leading the way.

She was young and beautiful, yet with obvious acumen and a charming manner, what husband Fred would describe as a cocktease. He’d say it with a look of contempt on his face but then proposition her behind my back. That was Fred. I am still avenging.

Marie leads me into an enormous office, magnificently accoutered. There Millie greets me and introduces me to her cohort in denial, the gray haired Penelope Teasdale. There is wine. A small conference table is arrayed with fruit and cheeses. It appears to be a celebratory cocktail reception... except for the handsome, well muscled gentleman of color sitting behind a sprawling walnut desk. His chest is bare... displaying sculpted pectorals seen on ads for exercise equipment.

“Doug, this is Nurse Julie. She’s here for the procedure. Don’t be shy. Come out from behind that desk “

I am both amused and amazed. Amused when the man reluctantly but obediently stands. Amazed to see that the girls have him completely naked and to see a penis which I have only had described to me. It is huge. And it is firming. The presence of three, now four, fully clothed women stimulates.

Douglas P. MacClellan is a proud man. Yet I must suppress laughter in knowing that my job is to change that.

I nod and politely smile.

“We’re going to need ice,” I somberly declare, adhering to my role of medical professional making a call.

“Some wine?” Millie inquires.

“Perhaps later. Mr. MacClellan, I am sure, will prefer an alert mind and a steady hand.”

There is laughter. My patient meekly smiles but appears forlorn. He has done battle and lost, though I doubt that Penelope Teasdale and Millie would describe his entrapment as a battle... more like an inconsequential skirmish.

“Do you understand what I am here to do?” I sternly cross examine.

“Ur, yes ma’am,” comes a humble, sheepish reply.

I nod and allow an evil smile to form

“Good. We’re gathered to change your life, Mr. MacClellan. Men of your position need to modify certain behavior. I think you’ll find Miss Teasdale and Ms. Hayward quite capable of that, once you’re properly adorned.”

The lecture is superfluous. But it so nicely draws out the apprehension.

“I am going to pierce your foreskin. And I can see why it is necessary.”

I point, raising the level of humiliation. Yes, little Doug, as Millie whimsically refers to the impressive organ, is continuing its engorgement.

“Let’s see. I’ll want you over here. Just lie supine on that coffee table.”

I open my well stuffed medical bag and withdraw a white sheet. This is business, on my part. I will party later. I drape it over the table, transforming it to a small operating table.

“Where’s the jewelry?”

“It’s been boiling in that coffee pot for an hour,” Penelope replies.

I look to see that practicality has indeed caused a small Plexiglas pot to be converted to a makeshift autoclave. Steam wafts. Water bubbles. The thin gold implement rests sterilized in the bottom of the pot.

“Excellent.”

“Marie will help with the ice, Julie. Penny and I are into our second glass of wine.”

Oh, that is an exquisite thought. Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan, libertine extraordinaire, can gaze at the gorgeous young Marie while I pierce that hyperactive pecker. Such comeuppance.

“She’s been icing Harold over the past week or two.”

Good, I think to myself. Nothing like experience in handling the priapic male.

“Lie down.”

My command is pleasant but firm... having learned from dealing with unruly children that an authoritative air is best. As my ‘patient’ reluctantly strolls across the carpet, I marvel. He is quite the specimen. Yet he is about to be caged, like a zoo animal, only his confinement will be much more mentally burdensome than physical.

“Ice him, Marie. Complete flaccidity. But not too numb. We don’t want to deny ourselves some entertainment.”

I unpack. Needles. An alcohol lamp. Gauze. Astringent lotion. There’s really not a lot required. Mostly resolve. Mine. To penetrate the most sensitive male flesh without mercy. For many it would be difficult. For me? I will just think of Fred.

Meanwhile I again must stifle a giggle as Marie gathers ice from the platter of fruit and cheese. When she callously applies the freezing cubes to my patient’s genitals, he gasps with the surge of cold.

“Oh, Dougie,” Millie blurts.

Penelope steps from the office and returns. She delivers nylon wrist cuffs. Strong, comfortable, I have an identical set for Harold’s cleansings. It takes just a moment to encircle right wrist and left. A short strap connects the two under the table which is low. My patient’s legs extend over the end, feet resting on the carpet. The massive scrotal sac drapes over the edge.

“Thighs wide apart. More... more... yes very nice. A man like you should enjoy showing off.”

While positioning, Marie continues to apply ice. My patient gasps. The penis shrivels. I will need as much loose foreskin as I can gather.

“Can you ladies help with the legs?” I inquire. “There will be three piercings. I suspect there will be a degree of lurching during the second and third.”

Yes, I can imagine the male summoning the mental fortitude to accept the first. But the pain will be most sharp and intolerable. I doubt that Douglas P. MacClellan will remain becalmed for the second and third.

I light the alcohol lamp. The flame swirls about, low and relatively cool compared to other flammable substances. I just need some heat to assure sterileness and to cauterize the openings I am about to make.

“Three piercings, Mr. MacClellan. If you picture your round penis tip as a clock, I am going to open the foreskin at the noon position, eight o’clock and four o’clock. Then we’re going to insert your new jewelry and when locked, you’ll be infibulated. The foreskin will not retract with attempts at erection. At first it will be uncomfortable but over time you will develop discipline, which is our intent, and you’ll find it is best to maintain flaccidity. Of course a nice woman may choose to unlock you from time to time. But that will be at her caprice.”

Yes, more apprehension... driving home the exchange of power which is about to take place.

The coffee pot is moved nearby and allowed to cool as both Millie and Penelope straddle a thigh. Marie, having completed her icing, positions herself at the head of the table. Douglas P. MacClellan can gaze at youthful pulchritude while I work to assure that that is all he will henceforth be able to do.... look and covet.

“Ok. Three little pricks. Then the needles stay in place and cool. Then I remove and insert this finally crafted gold strip through the openings. Simple. Quick... but painful,” I am so nasty in mentally tormenting.

My gloved left hand gruffly pinches the loose foreskin and pulls downward. Though cold, the skin yields as I toy. I find an appropriate tuft at the twelve o’clock position and jab with noted insouciance. For me it’s only a pinch of flesh, for Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan it is all the male holds dear, that which introduces the incredible sensitive penis tip to the awaiting respondent. It is the

stage curtain which parts to reveal the revered luminous Broadway act. Well, this is the end of the show.

He howls. I feel a twinge in my loins. I could have applied ice until numb, but that's not why we're gathered. Complete numbness deprives of catharsis. It is best that he remember this evening. Best that he quiver in fear thinking of my unrelenting hand as it so callously penetrates.

"Such a tiny opening. Such a big lungful of air," I chide in a mocking tone.

The needle is left spearing the foreskin perpendicular to the shaft. It both enters and exits, the two holes about a half inch apart.

Meanwhile a second needle heats as the first remains penetrating the most well endowed male I have encountered.

"And all those tears. Don't worry, Dougie, Marie will take care of you."

I use the diminutive of his name to enhance the sarcasm. Marie dabs away the moisture. Meanwhile I find a tuft at the four o'clock position, align and jab with needle number two. Another pitiful howl. Oh, this is fun. Where is Fred?

Marie murmurs words of comfort and dabs again. We have a wounded child. But is it the male pride or the male organ that sustains the most injury?

"One more. Be a brave boy for me," I coo in my voice reserved for inoculating frightened children.

Yes, the eight o'clock position yields. The flesh is defenseless against my assault. I only wish I could continue. There lies beneath my handiwork an entire bag of sentient male flesh which is deserving of my attention. I have many needles and much alcohol. But I must resist.

"There now, all done," my mocking tone continues as I look to see Penny and Millie smiling with glee.

I twist the cooling needles to assure clear piercings... three identical pairs of openings in the foreskin surrounding the penis tip beneath. As the slight numbness of Marie's ice completely dissipates, the skewered penis becomes more sensitive. For the first time in his life Douglas P. MacClellan experiences feminine control where the male normally flaunts crass indiscretion.

With long forceps I retrieve the well crafted strip of gold from the coffee pot. Mercifully I let it cool, then coat it with antiseptic astringent. It also serves to lubricate.

"Ok, my big brave boy. Time for you to feel the ultimate in feminine control," I announce in a triumphant tone.

I remove the needles and thread the golden strip into the openings. In then out... in then out... in then out, I weave starting at the four o'clock pair of openings. My three cohorts watch carefully, knowing that henceforth it will be removed and replaced only at their prerogative. So I slowly proceed so that each can follow the procedure. Through the two openings at four o'clock, up to the noon position, through then around and down to eight o'clock and again through. I push one end of the golden strand. When finished, the unused end remains below where the threaded end greets it. I bend the two ends of the firm but malleable metal strip and press together so that the three pairs of holes are aligned and an inch or so of the parallel strips drapes below the penis. Millie hands me one of the inexpensive yet effective plastic locks. I thread the tiny vinyl strip through the pair of holes at the bottom, graciously leaving the infibulating implement in its loosest position. As I press the hooked end of the vinyl strip into the padlock I can feel the most imperceptible little snap as the penis of Douglas P. MacClellan is brought under permanent and unyielding feminine control. The lock's six digit number, though small, is prominently displayed.

"There now, all done," I coo in mocking voice, continuing to apply mental torment.

"Keep it nice and clean for the next forty eight hours," I instruct.

"It looks like he has a bag tie around his penis tip," our youthful Marie interjects.

The observation brings laughter and Millie and Penny step away for more wine leaving my

patient's legs free but his wrists cuffed under the table.

"Let's let him rest then test it," I suggest in stepping away for a glass of wine for myself.

Yes, the evening's entertainment has just begun.

Mrs. Millicent Hayward

“A toast, ladies,” I propose to the gathering of chastising women.

“To a world of feminine dominion.”

Even Marie joins us in a glass of rare port while poor Dougie lies wounded on the coffee table. Adding to his discomfort is watching us imbibe his valuable wines. I have not yet told him I will be adding a lock to his stash, keys only held by Penny and me. What he so fervently hid from his ex-wife and her army of lawyers and detectives is now ours.

How long before we can test out his new jewelry?” I inquire of our white uniformed infibulator.

“Whenever,” Julie replies. “The physical trauma of the needles is really superficial. It’s the mental trauma that has him dazed. A dominant woman has just brought under control that which he has spent a lifetime freely flaunting. He’ll be quite depressed over the next few days.”

I stroll to where Dougie lies naked, his penis tip adorned with his new ‘bag tie’ as Marie has whimsically described the new addition.

“Well Dougie, it may appear to be a bag tie but I assure you it’s pure gold.”

I extend a single finger, playfully flip the lock and with it the inch or so of parallel golden strands which dangles down perpendicular to his penis. I should not be surprised when his organ twitches. Julie has pierced the most sensitive of male flesh. Despite the trauma, my dainty effort translates to ephemeral pleasure.

“Now for the rules, Dougie. You see this number? 100001? Well it’s the only plastic lock bearing that number. Remove it and it cannot be replaced. Remove it and your world caves. We control everything. To others any changes we make will be imperceptible, but to you such will be cathartic. You’ll remain the titular head of the company, but in all relevant meetings, either Miss Teasdale or I will be present to quietly monitor and supervise if necessary. Perhaps Marie also. Henceforth, all long term policy is decided by us. The former Mrs. Douglas P. MacClellan may want to sit on the Board of Directors, for example. That may be our first change.”

The proposal brings enthusiastic laughter from my cohorts.

“Your sexual exploits have ended. We’ll decide when, where and how this next explodes,” I declare, giving the penis tip another flick with my fingers to highlight my authority.

“We now control your income. Money for living comes from us. You will not be afforded enough cash to hire even the cheapest trollop, so put those thoughts away... forever.

“Saturdays you’ll report to Julie’s basement... Ms. Julie’s basement... for cleansing. Smegma will build under your entrapped foreskin. In being infibulated, it can only be removed by someone authorized to release your jewelry. Others may watch. Those ten inches have always enjoyed putting on a show.”

“You’ll still visit with Miss Teasdale and Steven from time to time at her discretion. But I believe you’ll find the interaction to be a little different... and frustrating. Having the male ejaculate is not one of our fondest forms of entertainment, Dougie.”

“Here in the office, we’ll still meet. Having a good glass of wine is refreshing after a long day’s work. And having you stand for us will add to the enjoyment. But that’s all that will happen. We will cuff you, release the infibulating wire, watch you become stiff with desire you have not before imagined... and then... when we tire of the performance... we will have the beautiful Marie ice you down and return you to thorough chastity.”

“It won’t be all bad, Dougie. I’ll have Harold lick your balls on occasion. Perhaps Miss Teasdale will have Steven do the same. We understand your polyamorous affinities and will accommodate... just enough to bring your frustration to a pinnacle.”

I speak in a firm declarative voice. As I bring mental havoc with my dire descriptions of a drastically changed life, I note that little Doug continues to twitch. The shaft engorges and I am amused to see that our locking strand of gold is being tested. That huge door knob of a penis tip is tumefying and trying to escape the confines of the pierced foreskin. Douglas P. MacClellan grimaces. The thin strand holds.

Oh, this is a delicious moment. The reality of our new paradigm sets in already.

“Step over this way and look, ladies, Little Doug is trying to send us a message.”

Nurse Julie

“Good morning, Mr. MacClellan.”

“Good morning, ma’am.”

“Thank you for coming so early. I will see Harold later, so it’s good of you to arrive on time.”

My tone is smooth and professional, speaking as if the well toned executive is indeed visiting a medical practitioner. Since I so much enjoy rituals I have once again decided to wear my nurse’s uniform. Sparkling white, crisply starched, it nicely contrasts with the chocolate brown skin of my ‘patient’. Soon there will be more brown to contrast the white.

I note that my ‘patient’ is jumpy and anxious. Yes, it is common for the newly chaste male to not respond well to the hormonal buildup. Chastity can be depressing. His thoughts run rampant. In constantly thinking about gratification, there seems to be a curious level of anticipation in visiting with me, like a child about to unwrap a present. Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan knows that the tip of ‘little Doug’, once free to maraud with impunity, will finally see daylight.

“Some rules before we begin, to be followed with every visit...”

“The side door will be unlocked. You may enter and descend the stairs directly to the basement. My ex-husband, as you can see, spent time and effort to spruce things up here, one of the few productive uses of his time.”

“All clothing is to be removed. While here, you are to be naked... at all times. I want your shoes placed here under this chair, garments neatly folded and placed on the seat. You’ll find a neck collar and wrist cuffs waiting on the table. Put them on and adjust the Velcro straps so such are tight but comfortable. Same with the neck collar. Make sure it does not impede your breathing.”

“You will then move to step on this small platform under the chains. Face the stairway, hands behind your back. Then you will wait... quietly... obediently. I will join you and we’ll begin.”

Though my voice is without emotion, I feel the giddiness of empowerment. So I step back and pause to allow a degree of inner calm to return. Meanwhile, the humble giant disrobes. It has been three days since I pierced his foreskin. Though sensitive, the openings should be healed with the thin golden wire nicely keeping the penis tip entrapped within the prepuce. As this Douglas P. MacClellan dons his wrists cuffs, I once again inspect the form of a black Adonis, as Millie referred to him. He is wonderfully conditioned with muscles rippling with every motion. And yet he is under my complete control...

The nylon cuffs encircle each wrist. I must show him how to put on the collar. It is deliberately high, pressing against the chin and making the head almost immobile within layers of foam padding.

“Ok, up on the platform.”

With my firm but pleasant command, I smack his buttocks, something I have learned in governing potentially fractious adolescents. In so brusquely touching his newly naked skin, it establishes authority and brings cognition to his complete vulnerability. And he is about to become more vulnerable.

The platform is only some three inches high but is quite functional. For when I clip together his wrists behind his back, then attach the overhead chains to eyelets right and left on his neck collar, sliding away the platform leaves my patient standing on just the very tips of his toes. The position and forced posture imbues a delicious sense of helplessness. Plus, in the male anatomy, tension on the spinal cord greatly enhances tumescence. Yes, those ten flaccid inches will begin to swell and the infibulating wire will be tested.

“Ready? No sudden moves. Just let your toes quietly find the carpet.”

I slowly slide away the platform, leaving it tantalizingly just beyond reach. He grimaces with discomfort. As his penis swells, his own anatomical reaction brings self torment. I must suppress a smile.

I step back and watch in amusement. I have been told that for Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan to remain chaste for three days is most challenging. And the way his penis tip is fighting to show itself to me certainly suggests it enjoys freedom. Mercy would have me snip the lock and slide away the wire. Yet, I must first add a layer of mental torment to the physical.

“Any problems with the openings in your foreskin?” I inquire in my sternly professional tone.

“No, ma’am,” my dangling toy responds with difficulty, the high collar resting against his chin which presses closed his jaws.

“Good. What about erections? Have you tried... well has your penis tried to become hard?”

“Yes, ma’am. Many times.”

“And?”

“Well, it hurts,” he struggles to enunciate each word.

“It’s supposed to hurt, Mr. MacClellan. That’s good for you. It teaches you control. Something with which you’ve had difficulty. You’re only going to become fully erect when we decide to allow it. To that you’re going to have to become accustomed.”

I lecture as mother to child, plainly discussing ‘Dogie’s’ priapism. Penny and Millie have suggested that over the past two days there is new found productivity in the executive office. The boss now concentrates on other than his penis. And while I speak with deliberation, little Doug fights the infibulating strand, wreaking havoc with the abundant array of nerve endings there. Yes the high neck collar always does the trick in spurring erection, not to mention the humiliation of helplessly dangling stripped naked before a fully clothed woman.

“Well let’s see if this little guy would like to say hello, shall we?”

My well secured patient attempts to nod with new found enthusiasm. So I snip the lock, noting that the number, 100001, is just as expected... the same lock I closed on Wednesday.

My adept fingers then reverse the infibulating procedure, slipping the thin gold out of the pair of openings at the eight o’clock position, then noon, then four o’clock. I pull it away and step back. Now a smile is impossible to completely repress. The huge penis tip thrusts past the foreskin, enjoying freedom for the first time in days. Meanwhile the shaft stiffens and swells. The largest penis I have ever tended begins its stand. It salutes with a curious degree of pride and humility with the purplish brown tip gleaming in the room light.

“You just relax for a little while. I have to gather some things.”

I really do not want to leave. The display of well bound virility is stimulating. But awaiting upstairs is a tray loaded with that which I’ll need for Mr. MacClellan’s examination.

Returning to the kitchen, all is ready except a basin of hot water. That just takes a moment to fill and I return to my basement examination chamber. I am amused to see ‘little Doug’ standing straight to the ceiling, the abundant smegma joined by a steady flow of prostatic fluid.

Oh, the travails of the forcibly chaste male! The glands just do not cooperate with the controlling female. The prostate maintains its readiness, the testes produce a steady flow of hormones, the ejaculatory ducts and muscles are prepared to explode... and yet there is nothing.

Superior females now control the process of ejaculation, yet word has not gotten to the relevant organs.

“First a good shaving. Then an examination and a cleansing.”

I lather the entire pubes. I probably should have denuded him of pubic hair before, but the executive office was not a convenient forum.

I always enjoy the male reaction when a devastatingly sharp straight razor glides about that which is held to be so precious. Mr. MacClellan actually quivers... like a frightened kitten. As I stretch out his lengthy ball sac and the thin, tender skin greets cold hard steel, he lurches. Yes, the hands which so callously pierced his most sensitive male anatomy return. He's afraid and he should be. And I gush with zeal... to tremble is to convey respect.

An experienced hand soon has all those curls floating in the basin. I soothe with a warm damp cloth, removing excess lather. His genitals appear exposed, much more available for torment. We both sense the heightened vulnerability.

I next palpate the testicles, first fondling, then caressing. I avoid touching the penis, of course, and as a result he moans in both pleasure and want. My touch feels good but he needs it elsewhere. Then my fingers firm, squeezing and amusing myself by popping the spheres, grasping between thumb and forefinger until they comically slip out with force, like a wet bar of soap, and slide elsewhere within the enormous scrotal sac. His moans change to groans of agony and I smile with my sense of power.

“Testicles in good shape,” I declare in my professional voice.

Next I inspect and examine his entire body. With my tender yet authoritative touch, he begins the bucking motion which I observe each Saturday with Harold. Little Doug also attempts to copulate with nothing, the large muscular hips thrusting forth so that the erect penis greets not the warm, moist skin of some trollop or lowly sodomite, but instead the dissatisfying coolness of room air.

I softly laugh, not discouraging the futility but instead letting Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan know that his efforts amuse. He's performing for me, like a trained pet. That notion is important to impart.

“Well, since it's only been three days, I'm not going to drain the prostate. But we'll certainly need to cleanse that unused penis tip.”

I can sense his relief. In typical male fashion, he thinks I am going to apply some soft soothing cloth to his overly sensitive erogenous zone, that which, when properly frictioned, spurs ejaculatory climax. Well, he's going to find out differently.

“Ok, try to hold still for me like a good boy now, Mr. MacClellan.”

And with that, I retrieve from the tray a pad of steel wool. I stifle a laugh in noting that his peripheral vision follows my hand and his look becomes one of curiosity. When my left hand grasps the penis shaft and cruelly bends it down to an angle perpendicular to his body, his questioning look changes to that of terror. He spies the steel wool.

“We're going to clean up all this goo, apply a little salt fat to comfort the raw skin and then lock you back up.”

Yes, cruel indeed. Whereas he expects any womanly touch there to imbue pleasure, I quickly disavow him of any such hope. Yes, in forcefully angling the shaft downward, I obviate any premature ejaculation. And as my right hand scrubs and chafes the soft, moist and incredibly sensitive flesh of the penis tip, expectations of sexual delectation turn to gasps of pain and agony.

I am so wicked! And to think I get paid for this... a handsome sum from that newly opened joint bank account controlled by Millie and Penny.

“Oh come now, Mr. MacClellan, I'm only going to remove the thinnest layer of skin. It will help you face your new life of chastity. It's unlikely you'll want to stroke yourself after I am

through.”

I laugh... actually cackle. Oh yes, in rubbing and rubbing, Mr. MacClellan’s torment is just beginning. He’ll squirm within his bonds. He’ll plead. The pain will be intense, yet I will take my time and finish. Yet that’s only the beginning.

For afterwards I shall apply salt fat. And it will burn and irritate for many hours. With the infibulation wire locked in place, he will have no manner of seeking relief. He’ll just have to ride out the intense anguish.

For the first time in this profligate’s life, his penis will be a source of aggravation instead of joy.

Oh, if only Fred could be so helplessly trussed before me...

Miss Penelope Teasdale

Keeping two males in thorough chastity can be burdensome... with Steven, not so much as he knows to cook and clean while I am not present, the absence of clothing serving as a deterrent to any thoughts of digression from his role. But with the newly infibulated Douglas P. MacClellan, the duties seem unending.

The man just does not know what to do with himself if he is not either indulging in pleasure or embarking in elaborate plans to do so.

So I must oversee.

In stepping into the role of close supervision, I find that running a corporation of our size requires much effort. I am chagrined to find that, with all of Dougie's gallivanting, many chores of importance have gone untended. It appears that our triumvirate stepped into the breach of mismanagement just in time.

To assure that we not only catch up on our managerial endeavors but also remain current, our new paradigm includes Douglas P. MacClellan working with his door open. In any meeting which requires a closed door, I attend... or Millie. I also have locked his executive bathroom. No time to be wasted there. Visits require permission and to share the load I have bestowed Marie with the bathroom key. Thus, our once powerful executive must humbly request the beautiful young junior employee for consent in fulfilling the most basic of nature's duties.

Marie has learned to step into her role quite effectively. It always seems she is too busy to immediately respond to urgent pleas and when she does, she accompanies our anxious executive and observes closely.

"It's amazing how such a simple strand of gold can so effectively encumber something so large," Marie has commented more than once.

As suggested, Marie has also been anointed with the primary responsibility for cutting away the numbered lock and later replacing it when what we term 'recreation time' has ended. Whereas Julie initially utilized the loosest holes in locking together the two ends of the infibulating gold wire, the vixen Marie has taken to using the two holes most proximate to the foreskin. This forces the penis tip well back into the prepuce, leaving a most modest opening from which to urinate. We have found that such is also the most mentally challenging for our newly chastised 'boss'. It seems when so entrapped, the slightest degree of engorgement brings discomfort. And with Marie's voluptuous form, youthful good looks and charm, such seems to happen regularly in her presence.

To impart discipline, Marie has taken to adding an ignoble form of assistance during those bathroom visits, casually holding and directing the long flaccid length of sensitive brown skin while Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan strains to control himself. One can only imagine his thoughts, the great libertine actually having his proud organ held by a beautiful girl, only that's all that happens. She merely holds it!

It is on Tuesday evenings which we usually designate as 'recreation time' for the poor denied

profligate. We all gather in Mr. MacClellan's office, crack open a bottle of expensive wine and chat. For those pleasant assemblies, we have Dougie strip down. One can be amazed with the eagerness demonstrated in donning cuffs, for Dougie knows that Marie will not snip away the lock and slide the golden strand from its piercings until potentially naughty hands are well secured behind his back. And then the show becomes truly recreational. Watching the freed ten inches rise in celebration can be quite empowering. Typically we'll have Harold with us to serve... remaining encased in his CB2000 though equally naked. And the three of us supervising women relish the wine, some hors d'oeuvres, and an empowering show of feminine dominion over two forcibly chaste and naked males.

Millie delights in having Harold go down, kneeling to slowly lick the immense scrotum of Dougie, explaining that had his penis size even come close to that of little Doug, he too would be freed to entertain. But with his limited size, there is nothing to show off. The humiliation is palpable. And our Doug, having so often enjoyed swinging from both sides of the plate, oddly relishes the oral attention, though it never ever comes to climax.

That we do not allow!



It's the holidays. Weeks ago during one of our Tuesday recreation times, our triumvirate of chastity decided to have a little party. Furtively keeping the male beast frustrated is comforting, but after a time one enjoys the notion of putting the subservient and hormone laden subjugant on display.

Still, discretion is required. Not all of us relish the dominion of the female over the male. So the idea of having a catered affair at Nero's was cast aside as we prefer to keep the male naked during times of amusement.

And with Steven unable to travel, he's best thought of as a house pet, the decision has been made to gather at my house. Large, well furnished and accoutered, Steven keeps my home spotless. He has also become a proficient cook.

So on a Saturday evening we gather... Millie, Marie and I. Harold joins and of course our newly humble executive receives an invitation he can't refuse. After all, everything he owns, everything he earns, now emanates from the benevolence of we superior females. Also invited is Julie, she who keeps the entrapped executive pecker cleaned of constantly building smegma, and Jackie the jeweler, whose prowess in working gold has resulted in the ultimate in feminine control over the male.

"How does Doug like his new apartment," Millie inquires.

I smile. The bachelor pad of Douglas P. MacClellan was just a little too ostentatious for us. Since he's not going to get laid, why spend the money for the penthouse abode in the ritzy part of town? I instead located a third floor studio in a run down house. The neighborhood is safe but depressingly worn. Doug has a bed, old coffee pot and a broken down television. We don't provide him with enough spending money for much more. And of course we cancelled all his credit cards.

And we splurged a little by adding an internal security system. Tamper proof video cameras linked to a website provide 24/7 monitoring. Douglas P. MacClellan cannot even use his own little bathroom at home without one of us choosing to observe. Though his infibulation provides thorough chastity, we still verify his activities.

Controlling every aspect of the male's life is delicious. And Doug is now eager to work!

I suggest to Millie that our chastised 'boss' is slowly acclimating to his ascetic existence.

"Some stuffed mushrooms, Miss Penny?"

It is my cutely made up Steven offering a tray of appetizers. I have him wearing his little maid's apron, which cloaks nothing of course, and nothing else, except jewelry. With all the women present

he stands erect, the polished steel knob covering his penis tip pressing against the apron to form a tent evidencing stimulation. The humiliation still arouses even after the many years. And serving me pleases. To think it all gelled in observing his reaction to the humiliating medical examinations at Femmetouffant so many years ago. Yes, the examinations revealed more than just physical well being.

“Yes, thank you Steven.”

I partake. He curtsies and turns to Millie and offers.

“Thank you, Steven,” my partner in denial offers as if speaking to a child.

“I wish Harold had attended such a school,” Millie dreamily observes.

We both look to see her naked husband kneeling before Marie. She has removed her shoes and is permitting Harold to lick her bare feet. Yes, it will be quite the gathering.

“Should we unlock Harold?” I inquire of Millie.

She shrugs, signaling a ‘why bother’ reply.

“If he firms within the CB2000, he’ll just have to gut it out. Julie put the longest, sharpest points in the cock cage this morning. He’ll pay the price for attempts at erection.”

We both smile and sip Champagne. The doorbell rings and Steven scampers to answer. It is Jackie.

“Oh how cute. What a darling little maid!” Jackie exclaims in her French accent. “And such pretty jewelry!”

She actually has Steven blushing as he again curtsies.

The handsome lady enters, not at all put off by the greeting of the feminized mostly naked form of Steven and the sight of Harold’s oral servitude. Marie has her dainty fingers thrust through the cunnilingus handles and is amusing herself in controlling Harold’s glabrous head.

“Oh, I must try them out. You had them welded, Ms. Hayward, no?”

“It’s Millie, and yes. The handles are as permanent as any adornment can be.”

An enthralled Jackie joins Marie and Harold to watch. Steven prances to retrieve the tray of Champagne glasses on the dining room able.

“Oh, such a tongue on this one!” Jackie notes as the well stretched and exercised tongue of Harold extends well beyond expectation.

Yes, in being French, it appears that Harold’s offering enthuses. Jackie sits opposite, accepts an offered glass of Champagne and observes as young Marie’s hands guide tongue and lips.

“But what is this? This is sufficient to assure his interest in serving with the tongue?”

With her questions, a well manicured and bejeweled hand lowers to reach between Harold’s spread thighs, his parted knees serving to display the large plastic ring, entrapped scrotum and cock cage of the CB2000. Harold winces as she pulls back to better display the device which keeps him in constant chastity. She tugs without circumspection, ignoring Harold’s reaction of pain. The points are working.

Yes, Jackie is one of us!

“It’s a CB2000, Jackie. Harold is kept in chastity, helping him concentrate on oral service. Released for cleaning once per week... other times for amusement.”

“But it is plastic. A good start. But would not something more rigid imbue the force of a woman?”

There ensues a lively and informing discussion of keeping the male chaste. I tell of the steel devices which so effectively kept dozens of conniving, randy males in denial for an entire academic year. I do not relate my entire experience, but the basics of the Femmetouffant School for Empowerment fascinate the French lady as much as Steven and Harold’s naked submission.

“I like the name of the school. Can you perhaps draw for me the device used?”

I nod.

“I will show you. Come here Steven.”

My charge obediently prances to stand where I point. I raise the frilly apron and Jackie chortles with the sight of the polished knob which has for so long served to deprive Steven of all normal erogenous feeling.

“Hold the hem,” I instruct as I palm the cute well shaven scrotum.

“Similar to the CB2000, the scrotal sac and penis are encircled with a steel ring.”

My index finger moves accordingly, smoothing the tip where Steven has been so neglected over the many years. My touch brings an effeminate whimper of joy and goose bumps. Ah, chastity...

“The ring has holes in the circumference permitting bolts to be inserted and threaded inward, pressing against the base of the scrotum and making removal, slipping the ring off, impossible. There are also preset holes where a steel cock cage can be bolted... the shape can vary... the goal being to deny access, of course. And I would think inserts within the cage can add a degree of authority for she who desires to punish. Some degree of erection can be allowed...or none... the choice is up to the controlling woman.”

Jackie nods, her craftsmanship apparent as the look on her face suggests she is envisioning what I describe.

“But steel. Why steel?”

“I guess other metals could be used.”

“And why the inserting bolts? Properly measured and designed, the ring could be attached with permanence... bent... how do you say it?... crimped... to make removal impossible.”

“Well, Jackie, keep in mind the students returned home upon graduation. It was unlikely that the unsuspecting parents of the boys would appreciate that the new found docility and attention to academics resulted from forced chastity... that respect and obedience were imparted in such... shall we say... an unorthodox manner.”

We all laugh, an enlightened Jackie nods in agreement.

“Ah, I see. But with this one, surely there is no need? No need for this little thing to ever be released. He serves so well with his tongue,” Jackie speaks as she leans to closely peer within the cock cage.

Harold grimaces with her gruff handling. His tiny pecker is swollen and presses against the internal points. Still it is diminutive, unremarkable and thus unlikely to please. A woman knows these things. Jackie clucks her tongue, deeming Harold's penis to be superfluous.

Yes, without stereotyping, a woman of France should be able to distinguish accomplished and ardent oral service from the casual futile attempts of the dilettante. She sees that Harold is orally proficient and that his penis is ineffective. So in terms of forced chastity, to what other conclusion can a woman come? And I look to see that the comments have Millie deep in thought.

The doorbell rings again and Steven scampers. I know it to be Julie escorting our Dougie. As with Harold, Millie arranged to have Doug's driver's license revoked. In mandating the use of the company chauffeur, we can easily monitor Doug's movements. But at our holiday soiree, it is best that he be transported by one of us. It will be a long evening and those who are not one of us would be apoplectic with the antics perceived to be debauchurous.

“Well... how pretty!”

It is the smooth professional voice of Julie Danforth, as expected. I look to see Steven blushing anew as he politely curtsies and steps aside to permit entry. Into the foyer steps the nicely dressed middle aged woman, having forgone her uniform for a stunning cocktail dress.

Pleasantries are exchanged but quickly change to polite laughter as Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan follows through the door. He is most sheepish, yet smiles and nods. It is best that the chauffeur was given the night off, for despite the cold weather the boss arrives without a stitch of clothing. He hurriedly closes the door behind him. We marvel at Julie and must wonder during what part of the

30 minute car ride did she have Dougie strip to the buff.

"Wanted to make sure he didn't wander off," Julie replies to our amused looks of curiosity.

I note that adorning each of Dougie's wrists is a nylon wrist cuff, the Velcro straps firmly encircling and affording immobility with a simple command and the quick clip of a double 'D' clamp.

Well that completes our assemblage. Five woman of governance, three naked males, but for Steven's apron, and much Champagne.

Jackie immediately becomes transfixed with Dougie's infibulated and bejeweled pecker, not before having seen the end result of her handiwork. The flow of alcohol emboldens and the outgoing Frenchwoman releases Harold's CB2000 to step to the towering naked form of dark flesh.

"You are quite the specimen... but you are well controlled, no?" she derisively proclaims.

The Champagne glass shifts to the left hand. Her right lowers to palm the entrapped penis tip and raise it for better viewing. Our Dougie is deliciously bashful, standing naked before this unknown brazen woman.

The small padlock and golden wire threaded through the pierced foreskin comes into better view as Jackie lifts, her hand remaining open and flat.

"100009," she reads the numbers on the small plastic lock. "So this is what keeps you chaste? Assures that you are a good boy... a strand of gold and a tiny piece of plastic?"

She laughs with her questions and sips. I detect movement in the long brown flaccid shaft. Little Doug wishes to harden and salute the crowd of women! How accommodating.

"Yes, Jackie, but it is not only that little lock... it's facing the loss of control of everything he owns," I suggest in stepping into the conversation. "Should he appear without it... or with the incorrect number... we put him out on the street. As modest as his rent is, we can assure he will not even afford that."

The declaration of feminine authority stirs laughter and Dougie sullenly bows his head. Yet it is not only the explanation of control that brings the embarrassed reaction. With his penis resting in the warm smooth palm of Jackie, her tender touch, however transitory, brings arousal. And I detect a devilish look on Jackie's face as she drains her glass.

She knows of the odd reaction to feminine dominion! Yet she continues to stand exchanging thoughts with us as her warmth stimulates. Then I note that her thumb curls over the top of the foreskin and begins to diddle while she jostles her hand. She is teasing... and she is good, talking and seemingly distracted, as if shaking hands with a new acquaintance. But she wickedly fondles.

Finally she returns her attention to Dougie who patiently stands with his swelling penis lying on the pedestal of Jackie's upturned palm.

"This wants to stand for me, does it not? It is quite the manhood, Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan. You would like to show off for me, yes? Yet for you, wearing my little strand of gold is best. A man should only be permitted hardness for a reason... and that reason is to please others... not himself."

There are murmurs of agreement from my guests. And I join in nodding my head.

Dougie begins to grimace as he pays the price for his own tumescence. The unseen tip engorges within the prepuce to greet the constraints of the nasty thin gold wire. In being unutilized, it is even more sensitive than usual, notwithstanding Julie's Saturday morning cleansings. And so a painful cycle begins... painful for Dougie... amusing for us. The agony of entrapment suggests a return to flaccidity, yet Jackie's touch and provocative words encourage stiffness. We watch in silence as Jackie establishes control. With nothing more than the extended palm of her hand and caresses of her thumb she will soon have the once powerful Douglas P. MacClellan begging.

She is an alluring woman. Not in the manner of the beautiful Marie, who looks on, taking mental notes as if in a classroom, but with a sultriness which can entangle the male beast. With the likes of Jackie, the subordinate knows he is facing danger but cannot resist. There is temptation and

there results a dilemma... to submit to the charms or resist... even knowing that submission will bring anguish and humiliation. It has been my experience that most submit.

"So Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan, would you like to please? Your penis is suggesting yes... yet you are silent. Perhaps you would enjoy putting on a good stand."

It is only the color of Dougie's dark brown flesh that cloaks his blushing embarrassment. He stammers, faltering to find words. Even for a libertine of his experience, to appear naked and partially aroused before five fully clad women mentally overwhelms.

"Yes, ma'am," he finally blurts.

"Yes what?" Jackie firmly retorts.

"I would like to please... by standing for you," the words meekly stumble from the tongue.

There is collective giggling.

"Ah, yes. They are all the same... so proud... yet deep within so eager to humbly please," Jackie notes.

Julie steps behind Dougie. In an ingrained maneuver of obeisance he draws his hands behind his back. As suggested, with the sound of a quick click, the wrists cuffs are connected, just as is done every Saturday morning in Julie's basement examination chamber.

"So it is now that you are permitted to stand. I am beginning to understand. You must first be under control before your penis is allowed to harden completely. How demeaning for you."

Jackie demonstrates her jeweler's prowess. Her index finger slips into the loop formed by the vinyl strand attached to the padlock. Somehow she levers it and twists. There follows a snap, breaking the vinyl strip.

"Voila!" Jackie comically exclaims, slipping away lock number 100009 and holding it up for all to see.

There follows the drama of momentary silence as the same deft fingers reverse the infibulating procedure, sliding away the golden strand.

"And now you may stand."

Jackie steps back and, despite holding the empty Champagne glass, extends her two hands, palms up, presenting the enormous penis of Douglas P. MacClellan as would a magician in unveiling the obligatory hidden rabbit from a top hat. As if on cue, the brown shaft quivers, the pink and purplish tip thrusts from its hiding place and little Doug puts on a show, steadily rising until the gooey tip practically abrades the abdomen. In deference to the party, Julie forewent the morning cleansing and subsequent steel wool abrasion. As a result, our Dougie's penis is quite ripe.

Thus the performance impresses and entertains... as intended.

"You would like to remain like that for us," Jackie commands more than suggests. "For the party..."

Millie stops giggling long enough to join in the dialogue.

"Harold, you'll help Mr. MacClellan, won't you? He so much enjoys showing off... and has so much to show. You know what to do if he begins to become flaccid."

Again, it is a command not a suggestion.

And so our soiree begins with a wondrously auspicious display of well controlled male virility. In the presence of five frolicking women of authority, our Douglas P. MacClellan will remain quite firm for most of the evening. Still Millie has Harold kneel before the towering mass of masculinity and slowly lick his scrotum from time to time. It is an amusing, yet humble, gesture of homage to he whose penis size has the ability to please rather than bring laughter.

"See, Harold. If you had something of such magnificent size, I wouldn't keep you locked up. You're just too small to even bother twisting open the lock... other than for cleaning."

Steven serves throughout, continually bringing heavy hors d'oeuvres. On one trip from the kitchen he prances completely naked and thereafter remained so. I am not sure who ripped away his

apron, but Champagne heightens feminine temerity and there is much flowing. As the pent up lust simmers then boils, my maid servant is made to go without an iota of covering, delightfully increasing the level of humiliation and his own hardness.

Jackie seems to relish toying with his steel tipped penis, commenting on its unusual shape. I feel obligated to explain.

"It is shaped for me, Mademoiselle. I tested many different devices before selecting. It is not often I enjoy penetration, but when the time comes this hits the right spots. And as you have probably ascertained, Steven is kept in a rather unusual form of chastity. He cannot ejaculate, he has very little sensitivity remaining in his penis, yet the erectile chambers perform admirably."

As I become rather didactic, Steven stands before me offering a platter of succulent rack of lamb... broiled to perfection. I find myself gesturing with the remains after savoring the meat. The bone becomes a pointer as I lecture about the male reproductive system, flicking Steven's underutilized testicles, then lifting the scrotum to exhibit the area where twice per year I have Steven injected with botox.

"So he ejaculates no more?" the tone of Jackie's voice both inquisitive and complimentary.

"Correct. No ability to climax and therefore no pleasure. In this household, it is only mine that is of significance."

Steven obediently stands before us as we exchange thoughts. He becomes somewhat forlorn, which can happen with the permanently chaste male. I know he still recalls those days of his youth, before Femmetouffant, when his pleasure was paramount and he uselessly spewed his seed in furtive masturbation, committing the sin of Onan. And then, after an adolescence of idleness, limited athleticism and questionable academic achievements his parents sent him to Femmetouffant in a desperate effort to change his life... which I did.

I smile in pride. Then I wriggle my index finger. A sheepish Steven knows what I want. He smiles demurely, like a bashful little girl, then extends his tongue. Over the years it has become long and strong. The wet pink slips well past his lips, rises and licks the entire lower portion of his nose.

"Etonnant!" my guest exclaims, using the French word to express her astonishment.

I join in the smiles.

"Many, many years of constant modification. Not only altering behavior, but physical transformation as well. Steven can eat an orange with just the smallest slit in the skin. It's part of his training, gathering the pulp with his tongue and sucking it in with his lips."

I detect a quiver of delight as the assertive French woman imagines the forceful oral action along with the notable stamina such an endeavor entails.

"And the breathing must be tempered as well. No annoying gasps for air while a woman absorbs her pleasure."

Oh, yes, as intended, I have her dripping. Fortunately she is in a household where such a condition can receive the required attention. With little Doug standing at attention for all to see, effectively rutting my cadre of guests, and the Champagne flowing freely, the party mellows.

"Is there a ladies room, madam?" Jackie calms herself to query.

There is a small lavatory just off the hallway leading to my kitchen. Yet I know that will not do.

"Upstairs. Why doesn't Steven show you the way?"

It is my way of giving subtle consent. After all, it is a party and I want my guests to be pleased.

"There is a bidet which Steven will show you how to operate."

My oral servant really is quite attentive concerning the female anatomy... as Jackie will very soon learn.

As the two depart to the stairway, I turn to see that Julie is feeding the virile and erect Dougie while Millie converses with young Marie.

"Laving the feet imparts a symbolic message of your authority, Marie, but you really should

consider the full scope of Harold's talents," Millie lectures.

I find myself smiling in agreement. It is one thing to demonstrate decorum and self control in the executive office, but another to be so reserved at a party.

"Let me show you."

Millie sits on the couch next to Marie, hiking her skirt then snapping her fingers. Harold immediately shuffles to kneel before her as Millie's hands adjust the hem of her loose skirt.

"First rule is to lose the undergarments," Millie crassly suggests with Champagne induced candidness. "Always be ready to accept the tongue."

She parts her knees and rids herself of her Champagne glass. As Harold knows to instinctively move between her separated feet and lower his head, feminine fingers entwine in the cunnilingus handles. Marie smiles as she sees Harold's neck and back muscles become limp, relaxing in a rote response to a woman's unspoken quest to take control... to seek pleasure.

"You see how instilled he has become, Marie. He knows this is as close to climatic relief as he will get... bringing forth mine."

The comment brings laughter, Julie included as she leaves the dining room to better observe. I am amused to see she tugs Dougie, using his enormous scrotal sac as an impromptu leash.

Millie lifts her skirt, grasps the large iron handles and guides Harold's face to where it will do a woman the most good. It is a well practiced move and as she shifts on the couch to better present her quim, the folds of cloth drape over the top of Harold's bowed head.

"There. Though Harold is most orally adept at this point, I still like to hold on. And it provides him with a degree of comfort. Governing hands can inspire a man of Harold's ilk. The most subtle motions of my fingers can send messages of rebuke... a firm yank, or reward... a tender caress. In his state of constant denial, the overflowing hormones will cause a most sensuous response. Every nerve ending is alive and waiting attention. I can awaken him lustfully just with the tip of my finger smoothing over his hairless head."

As Millie talks, Harold's head rhythmically moves between her thighs and under the covering of her loose skirt. Marie arises to stand between Harold's feet, leans and palms the entrapped male package... cock cage, genital ring and partially exposed scrotum. Whereas the normal male would find such an advance to be erotic, for he locked away it is painfully frustrating. Our young minx begins to massage the perineum, learning over the many nights of applying ice that the oft overlooked erogenous zone can trigger that in which the male normally takes pride but the chastised male vainly concentrates on avoiding.

"Oh, he's going to be battling the points tonight," Julie declares as Harold cannot suppress a moan of anguish and Millie begins to writhe with the ecstasy of expert tongue and lips.

Meanwhile I look to see that Julie observes, sipping a glass of Champagne next to our bronzed Adonis who stands with penis as hard as ever. Yes, our libertine 'boss' finds the scene stimulating. Life under our control is not pure drudgery, we do try to provide a modicum of joy, I think to myself.

Yet, he watches covetously and I smile in seeing the steady flow of prostatic fluid oozing down the long brown shaft. The libidinous scene has his organs primed for copulation. But gone are the days when I'd have him opening up Steven's backside, listening to girlish squeals of pain/pleasure from my oral servant and masculine grunts of lust from the homophilic man in charge. His ejaculatory relief is now ours to control, and when, if ever, it is attained it will be to entertain us... not to bestow joy on him.

"He *will* need to be milked at some point, Julie. Use it lose it," I comment in nodding at the lonely pecker, wet and pointing to the ceiling.

I know that he has even been denied *that* modicum of care. Though speaking to a woman who knows better than me, who massages Harold's unutilized prostate every week, I broach the subject.

Keeping a male in strict chastity is akin to incarcerating a prisoner, daily care becomes the responsibility of the jailer. And if we wish to have Dougie stand for us regularly, than prostate health must be considered. After all, the organ is now ours!

Julie smiles in agreement.

“Perhaps New Years eve. We can have him explode like the fireworks.”

Julie smiles wickedly with her suggestion. I know Millie no longer has interest in offering the long slow hand jobs used to entice from him her promotion and salary increase. Though entertaining, there is no longer the need to condescend. So, whatever could Julie have in mind?

The thought is cast aside as Millie’s thighs spasmodically clench about Harold’s head in a paroxysmal orgasm. She sits back, all muscles going limp, and smiles divinely as Marie steps back. Our young minx has placed Harold in agony but not diverted his attention from the task at hand.

“Oh, he’s quite engorged. His penis is pressing against all those sharp points,” Marie notes in peering closely at Harold entrapped penis.

Her observation brings laughter. Such wonderful irony, the domineering female achieving ecstasy while the male labors and suffers.

Millie pushes away Harold’s head and stands. His nose and chin are coated with her essence and he dutifully extends his extraordinarily long tongue and licks himself clean.

“Give him a moment to rest, Marie and then seat yourself.”

Our pretty cohort smiles with delight, reaches under her skirt and slides down her panties. We three women of dominance look at her questioningly. None of us bother with undergarments when in the presence of the orally proficient male. Marie innocently returns our looks of admonishment.

“It’s a cold night,” she shrugs.

Jackie the Jeweler

This Steven is quite the surprise. I knew of Harold, having fashioned his handles and pierced his ears. And of course I crafted the infibulating golden strand for Douglas P. MacClellan. But I was unaware that Ms. Hayward's acquaintance Penny was also a woman of authority. And in meeting this most effeminate naked male, how could an offer of his assistance be refused?

I take his hand like a small boy as he leads me down a long second floor hallway. In offering to have Steven 'show me the way', Penny has, in coded words, granted latitude in dealing with her maid servant.

I have before met such subservient males, but not so modified for a woman's pleasure, more as objects to be ridiculed and whipped. So I find this naked and bejeweled form to be curious and I not only need to investigate, the festive scene of naked, kept and forcibly chaste males has stirred lust.

It becomes apparent that our destination is at the end of the hall. Yet I first need to detour. In passing one open bedroom door I note that it is the master bedroom. But a second door suggests a nicely decorated guest room.

"In here first, mon chiot," wondering if this wonderfully subjugated toy knows the French word for puppy.

"You enjoy yourself? Serving a woman... without a stitch of covering?"

Yes, I know the psyche of those who so fervently seek to serve. My words will enhance the humiliation of parading about naked before a household of controlling women... and fulfilling such a demeaning role.

I stroll to the bed and sit. Steven is short and as I pull him between my knees, his face is not far above mine. His nipples are at eye level and I reach out and tweak. He giggles like a little girl, the pink aureoles are most sensitive. I smile with his reaction then smooth my hands down his strangely effeminate flesh to cup his testicles.

"You are smooth and hairless... like a young girl, no?"

"Miss Penny wants me this way. She bathes me in special soap," comes the embarrassed reply.

"So she wants you to be more like a girl... or you want to be more like a girl?"

Yes, whatever the bathing procedure, Steven is a true hermaphrodite. Other than his steel tipped penis and hairless scrotum, he has the body of a pubescent girl, with nipples seeming to be about to blossom. And with my provocative question he cutely blushes. The coquettish reaction suggests he does not often interact with others. Then I note that goose bumps form and his nipples crinkle to the cutest points. Despite the many years of completely naked servitude, the sentient touch of a strange woman oddly thrills.

"But you are cold... you need warming."

He does not, and I have deliberately misconstrued his anserine flesh. But his vulnerability obviates disagreement. He just smiles... and for me such is an invitation.

"You lie here, be a good little girl. I will warm you," my tone being that of parent to child.

I pull up my loose skirt and pat the tops of my bare thighs. In being so wonderfully obeisant, I doubt he has recently experienced that which I am about to dispense. Yet I understand the psyche... the attention of a governing woman is always welcome. He spends his entire day waiting for his benefactress to return home and pay heed... even though it is to humbly return her attention with the services of his tongue.

This Steven is starved for attention.

So there is little trepidation when he positions himself across my lap. He knows to lie face down bottom up... and it is a cute bottom indeed. Round, smooth, pink with his blushing response to my authority... and hairless. Mademoiselle Penny has had him debilitated. There is not a hint of body hair.

"I am going to spank. You have not been naughty so I will not spank hard. But my message will be received... just a sample of that dispensed for disobedience."

My voice is pleasant but firm. He knows who is in charge and will dutifully accept whatever I demand. But building the anticipation brings both a shudder from his effeminate form and thrill to mine. As he lies, I note that he moves his feet and wriggles about, parting his buttocks to present in the classic pose demanded by any flagellatrix and expose to my view that equally pink and hairless mass of flesh... the scrotum. When I feel his steel tipped penis drape between my thighs, I cannot ignore the invitation. My left hand reaches beneath and I fondle. Such a wonderfully shaped organ... useless to him yet so nicely shaped to please the superior female.

"Just a half dozen *mon chiot*."

My right hand rises and falls with velocity. It generates a delicious splat, a lurch, and a most pitiful little whimper from the little feminized maid.

"Oh, that was not hard at all... be a brave little girl."

My hand repeats. Three more crisp, moderately firm strokes. He whimpers more, yet my left hand feels the reaction of the confirmed masochist... he who finds odd joy in pain. Though somewhat stiff with my presence, the action of my right hand has him further harden.

Meanwhile my own concupiscence heightens. The naked squirming hermaphrodite tantalizes in rubbing his smooth warm flesh against mine. And the penis tip brings more lustful yearnings.

I pause in feeling moisture turn to wetness. Meanwhile Steven thrusts with his hips, futilely trying to frottage his stiff penis between my thighs. I further separate my knees to discourage and impart frustration. It is my pleasure that will predominate.

With two more brisk applications of hand to buttocks, I find that it is time. Though I detect tears, I know that deep within there is the vicarious joy of one born to please. For Steven there will be more such joy.

"On the bed. Face up."

I assist in positioning the naked form, pushing and prodding until he lies supine with the steel pecker pointing to the ceiling. Nowhere near as large as that so ignominiously displayed in the living room by Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan, still its shape fosters delusions of endless vaginal oscillations.

"Stay."

I straddle his naked form, reach beneath my skirt to splay my outer labia with my left hand and guide the standing phallus with the right. Though normally metal would be chilled by the room air, Steven's circulation has warmed that marvelously shaped bulb adorning his penis tip. The divine implement enters my love sheath and there comes the overwhelming thrill of feminine pleasure as I relax my thighs to slowly lower and impale myself on a male instrument altered and designed solely for the amusement and satisfaction of the female.

Yes, for the party, Mademoiselle Penny suggested that undergarments were optional. As I slowly begin to pump... up, down, up, down... my thighs muscles contracting to raise and lower my hips, there comes the friction which brings warmth and orgasmic joy and I am grateful for her

advice.

There is the physical pleasure of controlling a penis rendered useless to its owner and the psychological joy of dominance. My naked chiot just looks up at his fully clothed superior with a look of want... possibly envy. As Mademoiselle Penny described his alteration, there is still felt some faint degree of delectation, but that is all Steven will ever know.

His role is to please. And in knowing that he cannot ejaculate, I can ride until there are no more climaxes to be had.... by me. He will have none.

On Steven's face is this look of both exasperation and distant satisfaction... exasperation in not being able to ejaculate and join me in ecstasy... satisfaction in that he is pleasing the superior female.

As the first wave of a mild orgasm rocks my cortex, I reach down and tweak the nipples. Mon chiot spasms. A firmer pinch brings a delightful lurch, his abrupt movement bringing forth deep and sudden penetration... and of course more joy. I smile and laugh with the servile reaction... his response to my tormenting fingers brings forth the motion I most desire.

I may just pinch and twist until those little pink nubs turn to raw meat.

Ms. Millicent Hayward

My sullen husband sits humbly wrapped in the front seat of the car. With the December coldness I have permitted him a blanket, otherwise he has nothing. There is no point in dressing him and then having him strip when I arrive home.

Jackie's remarks, Penny's description of the Femetouffant chastity devices, have me thinking. Of late, I rarely bother releasing Harold's CB2000. Neighbor Julie does so for hygienics and I suppose her amusement. Marie formerly offered relief but her fun in the office is now with Dougie, that enormous phallus providing much more entertainment.

So perhaps Jackie has a point. Surely there is no longer need for Harold to be released. Though his small penis brings laughter, it is only his tongue and lips which are needed for a woman's satisfaction.

"I'm going to dispense with the CB2000, Harold," I announce in a pleasant but authoritative voice.

"That would be very nice, Miss Millie. The points in the cock cage can be unmerciful."

I nod and smile, sanguine that my special additions are effective.

"Did you enjoy the party?"

There comes no answer. Harold's homophobia will never be completely conquered... which is a good thing. I want him cringing whenever I make him service another male. After all, it is not about his comfort, it's about my enjoyment.

Yes, with the Champagne bringing girlish giddiness, we had both Steven and Harold slowly lick away at the massive scrotal sac of Douglas P. MacClellan. The result was frustration for Dougie in being denied the full pleasure of warm wet tongues, disgust for Harold, a degree of relief for Steven in not having to bear the deep anal penetration to which no male can be come accustomed, and five highly entertained women of governance.

And of course, throughout the evening we all received the benefit of either Harold or Steven's advanced training. I found Steven's oral efforts to be quite refined. Such motivates me to have Harold attain such an accomplished level. And that means persistent chastity with the intended results... to mentally substitute thoughts of achieving the limited yet explosive ejaculation of the male gratification for instead bringing forth those of the superior female... continuous and multiple orgasms.

As Penny suggested, Steven has most likely completely forgotten what the intense feeling of male climax is like. He knows he is missing something, but since the reminiscence is foggy, he instead just humbly services his superior and vicariously enjoys her pleasure instead.

Harold is close to such a mind set, his denial has lasted months, but not yet there. Only time will bring the desired mental transformation.

We arrive home and I resolve to call Jackie. Her cunnilingus handles are quite the implements and she enjoyed the endeavor in crafting such unusual items. We'll see what she can develop for

Harold's penis.

Nurse Julie Danforth - Neighbor

Such an interesting gathering... to meet so many women who think like me. The oral attention was much appreciated. Gazing at Dougie's huge erection while having Harold lap away provided quite the sense of empowerment...

The remarks concerning prostatic health return to mind as I drive an infibulated Dougie back to the seedy area of town where he now resides. He did not ejaculate of course, that's not what we allow, nor did Steven, which is not possible with his Botox injections, and nor of course did Harold, who was never even released from the CB2000.

Curious how the subject of male climax never even arose other than to discuss prostate health... and how maintaining such would solely be so that erections can be attained on demand and the frustration of our collective denial heightened.

Still, with three forcibly chaste males, perhaps it is time to make an investment. Since the penis of Douglas P. MacClellan is ours to control, we must take care of it. We certainly would not want to impart impotence. That would deny us all the fun of observing his priapic salutes. And besides, as New Year's Eve approaches, what better way to start the year than to provide exceptional diversion to ring in the new year.

I will make some phone calls... contacts within the medical community who, in an unwritten conspiracy, will abet the sexual penchants of its members. If the general public ever fully realized why so many chose a profession which provides unfettered access to the human form...

I pull up in front of the dilapidated old house which now serves as home to the once powerful now financially neutered Douglas P. MacClellan. He is receiving his just rewards, I think to myself. He must have made Mrs. MacClellan quite miserable in his philandering... especially with his lack of gender preference.

"Good night, Dougie."

"What about my clothes, ma'am."

Yes, a small point. I have his attire locked in the trunk.

"Get out and I'll pop the trunk open."

The night air is still but bitingly cold and will hasten his efforts. Otherwise since it's late there is no need to be overly concerned with spying neighbors. Yet a huge naked man of color would make for quite the police report should anyone glance out their window. Especially with that little plastic lock dangling from his penis tip...

The temperature encourages alacrity. I release the trunk as indicated, but mischievously take my foot off the brake. The car inches forward and Dougie shouts in surprise. It is not a loud shout. He does not wish to draw the attention of sleeping neighbors. Still as the car slowly rolls he lifts the trunk and struggles to gather all his garments with the car still moving. Seeing that he has all, I press on the car horn and step on the gas to cause the tires to screech. The noise will have Dougie frantically trying to dress before curious neighbors peer out to determine the source of the commotion.

In the rear view mirror I see him scamper naked into some bushes where he will dress, hopefully unseen.

Yes, it is a wicked thing to do... but the Champagne was abundant.

Ms. Millicent Hayward

It's Christmas Eve. I am driving once again to the jewelry store where Jackie awaits. It has been ten days since our soiree at Penny's and she has crafted a device. I must marvel with Jackie's celerity.

"Oh Jackie, expense is no longer an issue. And I am sure we can adapt anything you fabricate to assure Harold's continued denial," I told her in a phone conversation the day after Penny's soiree.

"Then it will be of a very special alloy. Heavy, quite strong and will not irritate the skin."

And with that, I gave Jackie the measurements which an exacting Julie recorded for me. My French friend apparently began working with fervor. For in just over a week, Jackie called and suggested that I have Harold stop in for a fitting.

As I pull into the parking lot I reach over and caress Harold's left thigh. It is a gentle touch and the normal male would consider it quite sensuous. But with Harold's little penis encased in a plastic cage filled with nasty steel points, my touch is deemed the first step on a road to torment. He must struggle to remain flaccid.

"Your lucky day, Harold. A little Christmas present. And your penis will be free... for a while."

"Why can't it be free more? Like with Mr. MacClellan?"

"You're asking again? Because Dougie's penis is worth looking at and yours is not, that's why. His stands big and tall, and women such as me enjoy that... to totally control something so potent. Yours isn't worth the effort. And soon you won't bother asking any more. Jackie's quite clever and I am sure what she has developed will work just fine."

The conversation is one we've had many times. Does he think that tiny pecker will grow and be rewarded with freedom?

We stroll to the store. Harold receives inquisitive glances in his bright pink uniform. Then come the stares at his shiny bald head and the outlandish cunnilingus handles adorning his ears. On occasion I reach out, insert two fingers and tug, demonstrating to women of more earnest curiosity the practical function of the unusual trinkets. Many smile wickedly, instantly understanding the level of feminine control and its libidinous uses.

Jackie greets us in the store. Apparently word of our visit has been conveyed amongst her staff, for three young clerks seem to linger about, giggling like little girls.

"Normally I pierce right here in the main part of the store, but it is a little busy. In the back please," Jackie suggests in her accented English.

A reprieve for Harold, for within seconds Jackie releases the three buttons of his one piece uniform and it falls to his ankles, leaving him naked. Yet it is not an entire reprieve, for the clerks, in silent collusion, join us in the back room.

"Step out and leave the uniform there, Harold, and sit up on the table like a good boy."

Jackie is pleasant but firm and a blushing Harold obeys, as he has been so ingrained over the months. The young clerks resume giggling as they survey Harold's hairless form. His CB2000 brings stares and the girls begin whispering to each other. It's a charming scene of subtle feminine power.

“Lie back. Spread your legs and drape your feet over the sides. Same with your arms. I am going to cuff both your wrists and ankles.”

As Jackie bends to cuff as suggested, she nods to me. I have brought the little used key to the CB2000 and by arrangement I smugly hold it up before Harold. Just knowing his penis will be freed excites. Other than Julie’s cleansings, not even Marie bothers to let the tiny organ show itself.

As I step forward to unlock, Jackie interjects.

“No, no. Jennifer, you will help Madam Millie with the lowly task.”

Yes, to heighten the ignominy, a young Jennifer takes the key to assist in the procedure.

“You will enjoy more in watching, Madam. You are here to be entertained, no?”

Yes. I like that better.

The girl instinctively knows to release the small padlock and pull. The cock cage with all those sharp points slides away. The tiny appendage instantly begins to quiver, rising in celebration.

“No, no Harold. You are not here for that.”

A prepared, Jackie signals one of the other girls as the cuffing is completed and this Jennifer pokes at Harold’s hairless scrotum to remove the large ring encircling both penis and balls. Though mesmerized by what I am sure is a rare close up of male tumescence, the second girl steps forward with a bowl of ice.

“Put it where I said, Nicole. Do not be shy. He is obedient and well secured. And he will appreciate being numbed, I assure you.”

A tiny effeminate right hand demurely removes an ice cube. The left gingerly grasps the stiffening penis. Harold emits a muffled cry as the freezing lump is applied to that which I have had encapsulated for many months. We collectively laugh.

“It is best for you, Harold. And no one wishes to see such a petite penis in an embarrassingly limited stand.”

Jackie turns away and I watch as she works at a small bench to prepare piercing needles. She is calm, cool, having thrust shards of steel through every imaginable part of the human anatomy. Yet one can detect a certain cloaked enthusiasm and I must wonder how many women have brought straying husbands to this back room chamber of comeuppance. How many have received her attention... been both punished for indiscretions and brought under feminine control...

“It will be quick,” she soothingly declares.

There comes the snap of rubber gloves and she signals Nicole to withdraw. It is quick indeed for when Jackie turns, she grasps Harold’s little thing in her left hand, momentarily aligns the tip and urethral opening then spears the tiny, partially numbed organ with a heated needle held in her right.

There follows an instantaneous howl as the callous woman pushes the needle into the urethral opening and out the bottom where male sensitivity is maximized.

“Oh Harold, a simple Prince Albert piercing. So many are proud to have it,” Jackie admonishes.

She twists as the hot needle cools, assuring a good opening.

“This will help Madam Millie control you. There is no point in having erections, Harold. For a male of your size such things are useless.”

Her cruel observation brings more tittering amongst the bevy of young clerks as Nicole steps forth with more ice.

“Just two more openings. And where you will feel less douleur... less pain.”

The three inch shard remains penetrating Harold’s penis tip as ice is applied to the pubes area. After several moments, Nicole again withdraws and Jackie bends to examine the depilated flesh over the pubis bone to the right and left of the scrotum. She nods to herself approvingly and returns to where the first needle was prepared.

I note that Jackie works with the deliberation of an executioner. With Harold well secured, he is nothing more than a pin cushion, a collection of flesh and nerves which Jackie may insouciantly use

to poke and prod with her thin, hot and tormenting lengths of steel.

Meanwhile Nicole's young hands apply ice. She smiles. It is a wry smile and I know that in time the vixen will become one of us. I can already imagine her binding a naive and naked boyfriend in a seemingly harmless form of foreplay. I also picture her convincing him of a need to be pierced in a manner she desires...

Again there comes the choreographed maneuver where Nicole steps away, Jackie turns, jabs and another calloused opening is made. This time the left hand pinches a tuft of skin to the left of the scrotum where she examined moments before. A searing hot needle is thrust through about an inch of thick skin. As the needle cools, I note it is tangent to the nearby rounded scrotal sac, the shard penetrating vertically and pointing down toward the table top.

There is another howl of anguish of course, this time meeker and tinged with helplessness. Jackie just smiles, twists to assure a good clean opening, then returns to the small bench leaving the needle in place.

"You need to speak with your welder. The device is of a special alloy, as we discussed. I am sure he will know how, but there may be time needed to acquire the proper welding rods."

As Jackie speaks, she turns back holding a third heated needle. Her motion is mechanical and without hesitation. It only takes a moment for this three inch heated length to penetrate the flesh on the opposite side of the scrotum, paralleling the second. She again slowly twists as Harold grimaces in pain.

"There. All done. We will let things set for a time."

Jackie looks with pride at my skewered oral servant. Then she retrieves what will forever change Harold's life. She holds it up for my examination.

"Nickel cobalt steel. Readily accepted by the human body. Extremely strong. Very difficult to cut... even with special tools."

She holds what appears to be a horseshoe but of much narrower gauge. When she hands it to me, I am impressed with the weight. It brings a smile.

"The two ends will be inserted through these piercings," she instructs in pointing to the parallel needles to the right and left of the scrotal sec. "Then a large and powerful set of pliers will be needed to bend the prongs together. With a little 'zip' a weld will permanently hold together the prongs to encircle the penis and scrotum. It is to this that the new cock cage will be welded."

Yes, I can picture placing this horseshoe over the top of the pubes area and then sliding the prongs, right side and left, through the new openings. Effectively it replaces the plastic ring of the CB2000. In place of bolts to hold it in place, such as those used at Femmetouffant, Jackie has provided pierced openings. To the right and left of Harold's balls, the circular nickel cobalt will be imbedded under Harold's skin. In penetrating many layers of flesh, I cannot imagine the shaped metal being torn away. Harold and his new chastity device will be one.

After several moments, Jackie removes the needle penetrating the penis tip and inserts a temporary stud. She does the same with the needles penetrating the groin area but replaces them with studs of a much heavier gauge... the same thickness as the nickel cobalt.

I find Jackie to be amazingly prescient, piercing where there is no interference with the CB2000. It is easily slipped back into place.

"Give the openings a week to heal, then visit the welder. He will need to insert the open metal ring, squeeze it closed then weld. Then the new cock cage can be welded into place."

"The new cage?"

"Oh, Madam, I forgot the most important piece. It is made only for Harold's little penis, based on the measurements you gave me."

Jackie returns to her work bench and proudly holds up that which will forever keep husband Harold both chaste and eager to orally please. It is of gray metal, the same nickel cobalt as the open

ring. It is a mesh of fine woven wires, permitting some light to shine through. It is shaped in the silhouette of the penis and scrotum. When Jackie turns it to show me the interior, even I cringe in mental anguish. In weaving the hundreds of wires into shape, the ends are all bent and point to the interior of the cage. Harold's penis and balls will rest within a bed of hundreds of needle sharp points.

"It will be most snug, as intended," Jackie lectures. "The slightest swelling will be bring pain. Poor Harold will need much mental discipline. Only the flaccid can wear such a device."

I note that there is a small opening for the penis tip, obviously to permit urination. Jackie comments on my observation.

"Yes, that is where the Prince Albert ring will hold the little penis in place. The open ring will be inserted into the urethra, exit the underside, be pushed through this little opening in the cock cage and then crimped and welded closed. Harold will never again see his penis... except through the mesh. He will never again hold it... much less play like a naughty boy. And he will never again feel it harden. The many sharp points will prevent that. Any firmness will bring pain."

The three girls titter in listening to the pronouncement of Harold's permanent chastity. My husband shudders with the notion of finality. I feel wetness in my loins thinking of a servant who will have no other purpose in life other than to please... and with his only remaining functioning sex organ... his tongue.

"The metal will clean quite easily. There will be no adverse reaction of the skin. If Harold's penis remains flaccid like a good little boy, the nickel cobalt will not harm. People with artificial knees and hips live very long lives with such an alloy residing much deeper than just little piercings of the flesh."

I find myself reaching out and tugging at one of the studs which Jackie inserted, this one into the opening to the left of the scrotal sac. She has penetrated many layers of epidermis, the stud seeming to draw away a huge mass of flesh as I pull.

"A surgeon could provide attachment right into the pelvic bone," Jackie notes. "Something like an eyebolt implanted in to the pelvic bone. Made of the same metal, the body will not only accept it but bone growth will make it part of his skeletal frame."

Such a wondrously stimulating thought.



Time seems to go quickly during the holidays. Within days, Harold's piercings are set, the openings ready to accept Jackie's fabrications of the nickel cobalt alloy. So once again we take a quick ride to the industrial side of town. Over the railroad tracks, past a junk yard and along a trash strewn road where no one seems to care about the size and depths of growing potholes. Rusty metal buildings line both sides and within a mile we come to the one owned by the curmudgeon who summarily committed Harold's ears to a lifetime of feminine governance.

I spoke with the welder a week before, and as Jackie postulated, welding rods for nickel cobalt are special order and expensive. But in placing my husband in permanent chastity, never again to hold his pecker much less freely play with it, no expense is to be spared.

My wizened, bearded friend steps from a dilapidated building and greets us. In seeing Harold in his pink uniform, ears burdened with the heavy trinkets of control, he smiles.

"Cleared away some room. Still going to be a little dirty. Welding ain't surgery."

'Little dirty' is quite the understatement. For when we enter the building, it seems the cold weather obviates the flow of fresh air. The welder's hut smells of kerosene and is miserably drafty... the industrial heater requiring venting, which ironically requires more heat.

I reach to Harold and my practiced fingers unbutton the strained three buttons which are the

only barrier between him and nudity. When I pull the garment open at the chest and push it back over his shoulders, the looseness causes it to drop to the floor. The welder appears unflustered seeing a man so readily stripped of both clothing and dignity. He just points to a sizable heavy metal table. I am to learn the odd furniture serves to ground that which lies upon it.

“Have him sit and spread his legs nice and wide,” he aloofly suggests.

I note that he does not talk to Harold, treating him as a deaf mute... perhaps more like a pet dog. Yet Harold knows to obey. I just point and he hoists himself onto the grime covered surface.

“Please don’t do this, Miss Millie,” he beseeches once more.

Whereas I am usually intolerant of such whining, I remain calm and insouciant. As long as he is compliant, his words are meaningless. As a matter of fact, they serve to empower more than elicit sympathy.

“We’ve talked about it long enough, Harold.”

I step forward to unlock the CB2000 for the last time. Henceforth, Harold will be free of the plastic ring, cock cage and the specially designed points. In its place will be the heavy, impenetrable metal mesh of Ms. Jacqueline DuVal. As I slide away the cage, a task I have not personally performed in many, many weeks, I feel twinges in my loins. There comes into view his newly pierced penis, the temporary stud assuring a good clean opening for a Prince Albert ring. When I push about the pusillanimous testicles to remove the ring, a flow of wetness evidences that something within finds this empowering event to be wondrously stimulating.

The welder looks on, smiles when Harold’s freed penis begins to celebrate its freedom, and then shakes his head.

“That’s it?” he sardonically questions in noting the diminutive size. “Doesn’t seem worth the effort.”

“He makes up for it with his tongue,” I retort like the proud mother of a homely child.

As I speak, I also remove the temporary posts which have served to hold open the piercings to the left and right of the scrotum. Then I open my purse and retrieve the simple but thoughtfully designed metal implement which will forever relieve Harold of ever again thinking like a normal male. The welder takes the ‘U’ shaped implement and studies it. He is perplexed.

“You have it upside down. The prongs slip downward through the pierced openings. Then you squeeze them together and weld so it permanently encircles both the root of the penis and his balls.”

Gnarled fingers right the instrument and my wizened friend nods. He hands it back to me.

“Got just the tool,” he notes. “Have him lie back.”

An apprehensive Harold reluctantly obeys as I take the horseshoe-like length and rest it on his lower belly. Jackie’s craftsmanship quickly becomes evident as I slide it downward and find that the two prongs perfectly align with her pierced openings. With the simplest effort, both pass through the piercings and exit beneath, pointing towards the metal table top. Though the gauge is not large, the alloy is heavy. Harold will forever know something surrounds his penis and testicles. And the mesh cage is yet to be added!

“Looks like its going to be quite snug,” the welder’s trained eye determines.

He holds up what can only be described as normal set of pliers but in place of where a single hand would grip and squeeze are two long handles, some eighteen inches, which will provide incredible leverage.

“Tell him to hold still, otherwise he’ll lose what needs to be sealed away.”

We both ignore Harold’s little erection as I hold the ‘U’ shaped metal and the pliers grip the two prongs. Despite the leverage, I note that the sturdy metal still requires quite the effort to bend. Still, within moments, the ‘U’ is transformed to more of a circle. It would appear to me that a weld is superfluous. I cannot imagine how the procedure can be reversed without harming Harold’s little balls.

The pliers are put aside and the welder prepares his rods.

"He seems quite frisky," he comments as he flips the switch to the welding machine, Harold's little pecker still standing.

The noise of the power generator precludes a reply. I move to the top of the table where the head of my trembling Harold lies on the filthy surface. I slip my fingers through his cunnilingus handles. My hold provides both comfort and a degree of precaution. His head is immobilized. He will lie back and meekly allow his penis to be permanently enshrouded, never again to rise in anticipation of gratification.

The welder dons his masked helmet and within seconds there follows a loud crack as the two prongs are welded together to form a continuous loop, through the opening in the flesh to the right, under the base of the scrotum, through the flesh to the left and then over the top of the penis. This simple implement will form the base to which the clever mesh cage will forever be attached.

The deed done, I release Harold's handles and return to my purse. I remove the finely woven collection of metal strands which will serve as the coup de grace. I cannot imagine how Jackie wove together all the thin but amazingly strong strands. The combined tensile strength is impressive. It can only be compared to the cumbersome chain mail worn by the jousting knights of the middle ages. Yet it is finer and to design the implement such that the hundreds of sharp ends of every strand turn inward, assuring that the bearer will feel each and every prickly point, is ingenious.

When I hold up the cage, the silhouette of the male package brings a smile from the welder. Its function immediately becomes apparent.

"Someone spent some time on that," he comments, having worked every day of his life cutting, bending and shaping metal.

"So you can imagine where it goes. It's to be welded in place. Never to be removed. You're looking at my husband's last erection."

The man nods, not divulging a hint of sympathy as I hand him another of Jackie's finely crafted implements, a large open ring of nickel cobalt which will be inserted in the Prince Albert piercing and welded in place.

"There's just a little trickiness in getting it properly in place. But we only have to do it once. May I?"

My question relates to a tool lying nearby which resembles a kitchen spatula, only in being covered in dirt and oil I would not want it near food. It is obviously used to handle objects too hot to hold in the fingers.

"We'll need some cooperation from Harold's little pecker."

With that I pick up the instrument and use it to swack the organ in question. Harold yelps like wounded animal as I cruelly apply a quick but firm swat to his pierced penis tip. The pain brings instant flaccidity and I cannot help thinking that it is a suitable ending to the last erection he will ever experience. The thought brings a smile as I knot a slim cord to the temporary stud which has held open his Prince Albert piercing. Then I thread the cord through the mesh cage and out the small opening which will allow Harold to relieve himself.

"As I said... time consuming... but only has to be done once."

My left hand pulls the cord taut and Harold's flaccid penis comically rises in the air like a puppet on a string. Then my right hand glides the mesh covering down the string. I note that Harold props up his head to watch. It will be the last unimpeded view of his genitals.

"A little discomfort, Harold," I forewarn as the mesh approaches the limited mass of sensitive pink flesh which comprises the male reproduction organs of my husband.

And indeed, Harold gasps with pain as the mesh greets his penis and his little balls nest themselves within the hundreds of tiny points. I pull a little to assure the penis tip is aligned and the temporary stud with the cord attached is properly positioned. The shape of the mesh narrows where

the penis is to reside. Jackie's cruel design will allow for absolutely no tumescence within this new cock cage. Julie measured precisely. Jackie responded accordingly.

"The ring please."

The welder hands me what I consider the icing on the cake of Jackie's configuration. I remove both the cord and the stud and quickly slip the open heavy permanent nickel cobalt ring into Harold's urethra, out the underside of the penis tip and through a well designed hole in the mesh.

"We'll need those pliers to crimp closed the ring and then it is to be permanently welded. Spot welds are also required in as many places as possible around the circumference of the where the mesh meets the encircling loop."

The welder takes up the pliers and with the same formidable squeeze the two ends of the open ring are brought together to close the Prince Albert ring. He then lowers his mask to cloak his evil grin. He knows even better than me that once attached, the wicked contraption will never be removed other than through surgery... not without tearing away many layers of flesh... or endangering that which is sealed within the mesh.

I step away and again move to hold Harold's cunnilingus handles. The power generator roars. The dank room brightens with the spark of manmade lightning. Gruff yet well trained hands deftly apply the tip of the welding rod to numerous places where the mesh cock and ball cage greets the loop held in place by Harold's pierced flesh. My lips turn upwards in a smile of smugness. I will never again have to face the chore of attempting to gratify such insignificant maleness... never again have to yield, feigning pleasure in lying in capitulation while the tiny organ masturbates within me... never again have to subordinate my joy to his.

As the welding rod sparks to close the Prince Albert ring, making it impossible to draw back the tiny penis from its hellish lair of sharp points, I am most sanguine in knowing that the new paradigm is permanent. From this day forth, Harold's only source of pleasure will be in earnestly laboring to attain mine.



Sleeping with Harold can be quite amusing. Depending on my mood, at times I will just recline and peacefully rest knowing that Harold will have to fight that odd male affliction, nocturnal penile tumescence. Yes, at the strangest hours he will awake in pain as that useless appendage ignores its severe chamber of needle-like points and attempts to harden. Sometimes he'll lie awake half the night fighting his subconscious desire to achieve an erection.

Other times I will lie supine and have Harold munch away between my thighs, his appetite for feminine essence seeming to grow each and every day. I never count the orgasms but most times slumber overtakes well into the dozens.

And then there are times when I am in a mischievous mood. And that's when poor Harold suffers the most...

"Just relax and concentrate on staying nice and soft."

The words belie my actions, for Harold and I sleep together completely naked. I have taken a liking to the feel of his glabrous warmth, Julie's continuing depilation having killed just about every hair follicle. So we snuggle close together, pressing my soft warmth against his. The exterior of Jackie's wicked device is quite smooth. And in being warmed by Harold's body, I hardly know it's there. Yet knowing that the mesh cock and ball cage allows for absolutely no engorgement, I work to bring the swelling which will spur agony. It is so wicked of me...

"Just a little attention to those nipples. They seem to become more perky every week."

The forewarning, of course, is so that he in fact cannot concentrate on flaccidity. My words bring focus to his permanent state of denial and the fact that a voluptuous woman, lying in the nude,

is going to suckle on those useless male nubs.

Just my words alone begin the process. So by the time I lower my head and engulf right areola and then left, tenderly caressing with just the tip of my tongue, Harold's libido is already set aflame and the ineluctable cock cage begins its function.

As stated, Julie measured poor Harold's penis and balls with the precision of a German engineer. And Jackie then worked with fervor to assure that the interior of the mesh cage exactly conformed to Harold's flaccid phallus. Thus, when a coaxing hand slips between his thighs and past the mesh covered scrotum, the process has already begun. Kneading the perineum turns the trickle of male desire into a flood. The combination of pleasure and pain begins to overwhelm as I awaken the prostate gland, always seeking to spew seed, but so pitifully neglected.

"Please stop, Miss Millie," Harold will plead as my fingers work the curious erogenous zone and my tongue and lips bring the nipples to crinkly points.

And I just giggle like the mischievous little girl that I am, and play until I tire of his entreaties.

It's during those times that Harold prefers to orally serve. Yes, he has trained himself mentally to perform the marvelous deed without arousing himself. It is mechanical, yet gratification is arduously provided. I often think that if every woman knew the advantages of forced chastity, there would not be a freed penis on the planet.

Nurse Julie Danforth – Neighbor

It's an expensive little gadget, but when I explained to Millie and Penny that it would give rise to wondrous New Year's eve entertainment, money became no object. It seems the bank account shared with Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan is burgeoned with cash.

So, the folks at the Institute for Artificial Insemination, many are old friends from nursing school, were most obliging in my quest, particularly when making a donation other than sperm. The check was sizable. Plus, when I explained the ultimate use for the fascinating little device, many were amused. And some of the girls, those who think like us, were envious of the plan.

Though they at the Institute use similar probes almost daily, the patient is always sedated. I'm going to put it to use on the fully conscious male beast.

Electro-ejaculation is common in the breeding of mammals. The male of every species can be made to involuntarily give up sperm. It's just a matter of the designing the properly sized probe and determining the voltage required to make the ejaculatory muscles contract without causing undue damage to other tissue. Early in my career, in exchanging thoughts with a nurse cohort who worked at a clinic, she described the procedure in which she was considered highly skilled.

"It's really just a very expensive hand job," she whimsically suggested. "But because of the discomfort, the patient is under general anesthesia. Otherwise, I stroke to arouse the penis, knead the perineum to stimulate the prostate, and when all is deemed ready, prepare to collect the discharge of semen when the electrical charge is applied."

"So men who cannot ejaculate normally can be made to give up sperm for artificial insemination. What's the effectiveness?" I inquired.

"100%. You would not believe the quantity harvested and the force of the ejaculation. The patient is quite thoroughly drained. And because of the expense of the anesthesia and the equipment, we deplete every drop, usually applying a minimum of two and most times three jolts. In observing the body's physical reaction, one can understand the need for sedation. Though harmless, the spasmodic lurching is incredible. I imagine the procedure could be rather painful for the conscious patient."

The conversation was never forgotten. So in discussing prostate health, the need to stimulate the gland in order to maintain its capability, what better method of preserving its function could there be than to number one; have it manipulated under our control... number two; deny all pleasure in so doing... and inversely... number three; impart pain.

"It's all in the voltage, Julie. More juice gets more juice," my friend humorously proclaimed in concluding the enlightening conversation.

Tomorrow is New Years Eve. So it is with joyful anticipation that I unwrap the package from the Institute. An electrical control box, much wiring and then my fingers find amongst the packing Styrofoam the probe which is anally introduced to the donating male. It is really a high tech dildo, I determine smiling. Smooth and shiny stainless steel, I warm to a fantasy... I see myself penetrating

the backside of my philandering ex husband Fred and applying a jolt or two. Well... perhaps more.

Alas, I must curtail the pleasant thoughts and prepare. The party is in my basement and there is much to do.

Ms. Millicent Hayward

“How’s your attitude? Improving I trust.”

Harold can be somewhat belligerent at times. The hormone imbalance as a result of permanent chastity brings forth emotional fits which need to be confronted. And a woman of my ilk is given to do so without hesitation, complication or mercy.

With Harold’s Prince Albert piercing, the ring attached to the tip of his otherwise encapsulated penis which juts forth just beyond the mesh of the cock cage, behavior modification for his childish tempestuous mood swings is made quite simple. I have installed in the kitchen the ‘penis punishment post’. It is really nothing more than a vertical two by four running from floor to ceiling in one corner of the kitchen with series of eye hooks embedded from top to bottom. Punishment is as simple as clipping one end of a light chain to Harold’s Prince Albert ring and connecting the other end to the eye hook of my choosing. A very naughty boy will have his penis hooked very high on the post, forcing the miscreant to stand up on his toes. Less disruptive behavior earns a lower hook. And at times, when I want the punishment to seem interminable, I will hook low and close permitting my charge to kneel. When hooked low, I will also add similar chains to his cunnilingus handles. These I will attach to eye hooks above. Thus his head will be immobilized, forcing him to face the corner. And the more moderate level of discomfort means he can be so restrained for inordinately long periods.

The choice in bindings is mine. And I have learned to be intolerant of all resistance to my governance.

With wrists cuffed behind his back, Harold is helpless to free himself. And tension on the penis chain results in the most amazing agony, the hundreds of points inside the mesh cock and ball constraint abrade horribly. So he humbly stands, or kneels, holding himself completely motionless, awaiting the mercy of the simple release of the chain.

I am gratified to report that many times correcting his behavior can be as effortless as dangling the short chain in front of him and enunciating three words...

“The punishment post?”

Still, this morning, Harold found himself somewhat reluctant in providing the oral service I demand. He paused! Something about my cycle which slowed his normally alacritous tongue. So he stands awaiting mercy, which will only come at my whim. I have chained him high and tight, making him stand on a telephone book before clipping the chain to an eye hook about a foot above his waist. In sliding away the phone book, Harold finds himself well up on his toes with much time to contemplate his transgression and question his own behavior.

“I’m sorry, Miss Millie,” Harold tearfully offers within just moments.

“It’s not within your purview to decide when you will service me. You know that I like a good oral cleansing when it’s that time of the month.”

“Yes, ma’am. But perhaps just a little slack on the chain. It’s quite painful... the penis cage.”

“It’s suppose to be, that’s why I clipped you there. To induce pain... which gives rise to thought... which, I trust will give rise to compliance. Otherwise you will stay there. It’s probably the only thing your penis is useful for... to apply suffering. It’s too small for all else.”

Miss Penelope Teasdale

It's New Year's Eve. Millie's neighbor friend has graciously suggested a small party at her house. I have heard of her efforts in caring for Harold and am eager to see how her finished basement has been converted to a facility for tending to the chastised male.

Steven is excited as a child at Christmas. He has not been permitted outside the house in months. To me, he's like a house cat... just no reason to allow such freedom. And besides, as stated, it has been many years since he has been afforded covering. He has no clothing.

When I call out that I am ready to leave, Steven prances down the stairs into the living room. I smile with both pride and amusement. In going out, Steven has applied make up to the point that he resembles a cheap hooker. There is not an inch of his face not coated with rouge, mascara, or some form of covering. His eyebrows are plucked and baubles dangle from his ears. Since I have not trimmed his hair in ages, he has styled it most effeminately, parting it in the middle and combing it straight down over the tops of his ears.

And he returns my smile with a bashful grin.

"Very pretty, Steven. You want to show off for Mr. MacClellan, don't you? For you, this is like a date."

I laugh with the thought, juxtaposing a romantic interlude versus the deep anal sodomy which has so often been the pinnacle of Steven and Dougie's previous trysts.

"Well, we no longer allow Mr. MacClellan to climax. So don't think you're going to be penetrated. That's no more. We'll have Miss Julie take care of that prostate gland."

That's the real reason for Steven's acceptance of the past humiliating encounters with our Dougie. He finds the discomfort of having his anus stretched to be secondary to that odd joy which the chastised male obtains in having the prostate gland manipulated.

"But I have a treat for you..."

I reach into the closet and remove a long fur coat. It's fake but just as soft and smooth as mink or sable. When Steven spies it, he giggles in anticipation. He has not felt the comfort of any clothing for years, much less the sensuousness of faux animal fur.

"Just for tonight."

I wrap my little male ingénue in the huge white coat, placing it over his shoulders like a shawl without utilizing the arms. He begins to purr like a kitten. As with all other clothing which may attract Steven, I have had the coat locked away to assure he is not tempted by it. So he has never seen the long and moderately expensive garment before.

"Now you look even prettier."

Steven blushes, the cutest sounds seeming to gurgle from his throat as he holds the coat at the neckline and dashes to the mirror in the dining room. He pirouettes in showing himself as would a fashion model and his smile broadens. The garment is too big for him, the bottom hem almost touching the floor. Yet when the coat flashes open, I note that he is stiffening. Just the feel of

something soft can bring tumescence to my long chaste oral servant. When he pulls the coat closed, it tents where his polished metal penis tip thrusts forth and presses at the front.

I must laugh.

“It’s a good thing you’re otherwise too small for the coat, Steven. Your penis needs lots of room. It’s showing off for me.”

I take his hand.

“Come.”

Into the car, with my pretty naked hermaphrodite in the front seat beside me, we’re off to Julie’s house. Though it is mere minutes away, I find myself gazing down to see Steven’s continued stiffness seeming to prod at the folds. The thought that it stiffens for no other purpose than to amuse me is comforting.

In arriving, the headlights of the car catch Millie and her naked charge, Harold, crossing the yard to Julie’s side door. Our timing is perfect. Though the journey is short, in the extreme cold of late December, Harold is eager to return to warmth. He runs to the door. We exit the car and join them in descending into Julie’s nicely furnished basement. It’s a paneled in dark walnut and there roars a fire in a hearth of notable size. A table is spread with food and as we all exchange greetings, Julie calls out and traverses the stairs with a tray of glasses and an assortment of wine.

“Marie is on her way,” she announces. “Just picked up our guest of honor.”

We all know she refers to Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan, former unabashed libertine, now our obedient and subordinate toy.

“Don’t think Dougie would miss this little gathering,” I humorously suggest.

Yes, we promised Dougie a New Year’s surprise and he has guessed that it will be a long suppressed ejaculation. And he is correct, except he is unaware of the details of Julie’s plans.

“What a beautiful coat... and how pretty you look tonight, Steven.”

Millie’s words foster once again the surge of girlish emotions as the compliment is returned with a coy smile. I grasp the long white coat at the neck and pull. Since the garment hangs only from the shoulders, I whisk it away so that Steven joins Harold in utter nudity. My little pet blushes wondrously in being exposed to three fully dressed women. We’re attired for an evening on the town. Our males wear nothing and Steven has maintained an erection, useless for all but amusement, since leaving the house. It is quite the greeting for Julie and Millie.

“How nice of you, Steven. You know how much we enjoy frustrated males. You’re quite frisky tonight, showing off like that.”

“Have you seen Harold’s new edition, Steven? Miss Millie has his little penis permanently locked away and he can’t display himself like you can. Go look.”

As our trio of dominance sips wine, Steven steps to Harold, kneels and indeed inspects the wire mesh of Harold’s customized cock cage. I detect a little shudder as Steven notes the welded metal and the deep piercings which serve to forever hold in place the encircling loop and the Prince Albert ring. That he has quickly determined the permanent nature of the configuration becomes evident. There comes a look of both pity and ridicule. I know his thoughts... Steven may never again ejaculate, but at least he can stiffen. He feels fortunate... and most curiously... he projects an odd sense of relative superiority.

“See how lucky you are, Steven. Poor Harold will never again see his penis and balls, except through the punishing wire mesh. At least you can become stiff... and you so much enjoy showing off for women...”

Steven nods and it appears that his erection waggles in celebration of my more merciful form of chastity.

The side door at the top of the stairs opens and in steps a radiant Marie. In evening clothes she is even more ravishing than her attractive business dress. In her right hand is a slim cord leading out

the door. She gives it a gentle tug, turns her head and smiles.

“Come. The sooner you join the party, the sooner we’ll remove the lock.”

As Marie steps down, through the doorway lumbers the huge frame of Douglas P. MacClellan. Marie has him naked, evidently having removed his clothes in the car. I note that the slim cord leads to the lock which encloses the infibulating wire threaded through Dougie’s pierced foreskin.

The thin vinyl strand cannot accept much stress. But in leading a man about by his most sensitive erogenous area it requires only the slightest tension to command his attention. I note that Dougie gingerly follows her every motion in order to avoid any correcting pulls. The sight of such a powerful mass of muscle being led by the relatively small and effeminate Marie brings laughter as the stairs are very carefully navigated.

“Good evening, Marie. Glad you could make the gathering, Dougie... and little Doug,” Millie greets with sardonic wit.

Julie tosses nylon wrist cuffs to our controlling cohort. We’re all eager for the enormous Douglas P. MacClellan to put on a good stand. And judging from the partial swelling of the penis shaft, it appears little Doug is also anticipating freedom. I detect a grimace or two as the overly sensitive penis tip fights the entrapping wire in trying to escape its fleshy refuge. Therefore Dougie presents his wrists without delay. The look on his face is both one of ignominy and relief as the cuffs are secured and he immediately draws his arms behind his back. Once again, Julie has forgone his weekly release and cleansing. Thus, he is most eager to have the wire removed and to be allowed to stiffen. The nimble fingers of Millie easily secure together the two cuffs.

“Harold, why don’t you remove Dougie’s lock and infibulating wire. Since you can no longer touch your own useless penis, you may as well have a good look at one which can provide a woman with some degree of amusement.”

Oh, how wickedly ironic, I think to myself. How doubly humiliating. Though the bisexual history of Douglas P. MacClellan suggests his homophobia is limited compared to Harold’s, he prefers to be in command during his libertine male trysts. So for him to stand while male fingers toy about his manhood is disconcerting.

And as for Harold, well I know his feelings. Basically a philogynist with an inadequate phallus, he abhors the role in which he so often finds himself, pleasing all with tongue and lips... and I mean all.

Harold meekly kneels and pays homage to little Doug. Millie hands him a pair of small scissors and the tenderness by which he performs the most demeaning task is noteworthy. Though I know he’s appalled, he palms the giant organ in his left hand and snips the small vinyl strand which serves to transform the sexually potent into a servile eunuch. Douglas P. MacClellan arises every day in frustrated uncertainty, wondering whether a superior female, perhaps Marie... perhaps Millie... perhaps me... will condescend and let him tumefy.

So here he is stripped naked and being tended by a male kept in equally abject chastity. And despite the intense humiliation, he is eager... pining to have that captured glans penis swell and grow to the ceiling. And our little foursome of feminine dominion is eager as well.

Our kneeling Harold deftly removes the plastic lock, parts the ends of the golden wire and then begins reversing the infibulating procedure... turning the simple strand to pull it through the piercing at the eight o’clock position then noon then four o’clock. Little Doug begins to further engorge... possibly from the sensation of unknown fingers toying where little attention has been paid... more likely the anticipation of the performance which will be demanded.

“Stay Harold,” Millie commands as she takes the simple but incredibly effective length of gold.

We four just watch in amusement, Steven and Harold more in awe, as the purplish brown tip thrusts from its fleshy sheath and steadily swells, the shaft stiffening. With little Doug’s amazing size the process of tumescence seems greatly enhanced. With the many weeks of forced chastity there is

no pause, no delay of circumspection, despite performing before four fully clothed women. There is an odd coalition of pride and embarrassment. Though there is a sheepish look on the face of our once powerful boss, his penis stands without compunction... finally rising with the doorknob-like tip pressing against his belly.

“Lick him, Harold. The balls and the penis shaft. Do not touch the tip.”

Millie has described the penis punishment post which serves to instill complete obedience. I know of the hundreds of needle points enshrouding Harold’s genitals. It is no wonder that he complies without hesitation. A long and strong tongue begins the humble task. I detect a whimper of joy from our bronzed priapic toy. It has been so long since we’ve permitted ejaculation... and his senses suggest he is so close...

“I think our turgid party favor will be better displayed over here,” Julie suggests.

She stands under a beam where I note two strong eyehooks have been secured about four feet apart. In her hands she holds a neck collar. It appears both formidable and comfortable in being lined with foam cushioning. Velcro strips keep it adhered to the neck. There are rings which facilitate restraint.

Harold curtails his servile oral caresses as Julie wriggles her finger for Dougie to approach. Experienced hands quickly encircle his neck. Two strong chains are removed from a drawer. For the first time I observe how both Harold and Dougie receive the weekly attention of our dominant nurse friend. She hooks the chains to the beam and Dougie knows to position himself between the two. When a small platform is pushed to his front, he humbly steps up as Julie attaches the two chains to the rings, one left, one right, on the neck collar.

“This is how Dougie gets shaved and cleansed each week. You’ll note all that smegma which builds within the prepuce of the infibulated male. It is best removed, though little Doug abhors the process,” Julie ending her short lecture with an evil cackle.

Yes, there is abundant slime which makes the mammoth penis tip glisten under the bright lights. And I have heard of the brutally painful process, the slow application of steel wool, which removes the goo but also serves to temporarily cool Dougie’s libido. I cannot imagine the intense suffering, particularly when salt fat is applied and a penis, returned to flaccidity with a crisp slap, is reintroduced to its confining lair.

“Ready to hang for us?”

The question goes unanswered as Julie slides away the small platform and the two chains go taut. Dougie is forced to his toes and incredibly the amazing penis seems to further stiffen. I have read of the phenomenon of engorged phalli amongst those executed by hanging. It’s a curious anatomical reaction which a knowing Julie turns to great entertainment.

“There. Now Harold... Steven... one of your chores tonight will be to assure that our party favor remains stiff. I suspect the occasional application of the tongue will suffice... I think you both know where best to dedicate your efforts.”

Yes, it is the male gender which best knows where and how to service the male gender. Little Doug will not be permitted to waver from his task of entertaining.

With the display of feminine power, I sense that my cohorts in dominion are as concupiscent as me. And what better way of satiating such lascivious needs than to put to work the well trained oral servants. As always, we’re all without undergarments. And there is wine, much finger food, comfortable chairs and two servile males whose entire existence is to orally serve.

So as the year comes to an end, the party begins. Office decorum has discouraged me from before sampling Harold’s long tongue and arduous lips. And the cunnilingus handles are such cleverly useful additions...

Nurse Julie Danforth

Midnight approaches as we share food, drink and a pair of tongues trained to preserve cunnilingual bliss. Fred the ex never condescended in such a manner. He was the typical slam, bam type of guy, getting his rocks off and the television on almost simultaneously.

Good riddance.

Having somehow endured three rounds of multiple orgasms, two from Steven, one by way of Harold, it comes time to arrange my New Year's surprise. So I struggle to rise from the low, laid back chair selected for allowing proximity to my mons, right my skirt, and begin to set up the equipment... that was received days ago from the Institute.

"We have a New Year's Eve gift for you, Dougie," I announce in preparing wires and the stainless steel probe.

Dougie's neck collar inhibits his ability to watch. Yet his apprehension has his eyes rolling from side to side to see what I am doing. When so restrained on Saturday mornings, the sessions end with the agonizing application of steel wool. He knows I am without mercy and I detect trembling.

Meanwhile the girls watch, Marie partaking in Steven's oral tendance, Penny in Harold's while Millie takes a respite and assures that all glasses are filled.

"An anal probe which can deliver between 20 and 40 volts," I explain to my curious audience as I apply lubricant then don latex gloves.

A wire connects the cylinder of steel to the control box. Another wire connects the control box to a nearby electrical outlet. A third serves to connect the power box to a remote trigger. It's the ability to discharge a jolt of electricity from a distance that adds a certain level of delight to the design of the otherwise clinical equipment. I have had dreams of lounging in that low chair, trigger in hand and forcing a painful climax from my slam bam ex husband Fred... while benefiting from unending cunnilingus of course. Yes, just a simple the press of a finger and a governing woman can painfully extract what the male constantly seeks to spew in ecstasy. And as I have learned, more than one ejaculation can be forced from the normally anesthetized sperm donor. With Fred, I'd endeavor to drain him with jolt after jolt.

I put aside my fantasy and step behind our suspended priapic puppet. I part his cheeks and apply lubricant to that rosebud aperture, that which on others our libertine toy formerly sought to split and penetrate with relish.

"Just a little something to help with that underutilized prostate, Dougie."

The smooth steel cylinder slides inward without effort. I step away, careful to avoid the wire leading to the control box. Though midnight is many minutes away, I need to have Dougie mentally prepared. The culmination of this merry evening will be his to enact.

"You've probably felt quite fidgety with those hormones being out of balance, Dougie. Such unending denial... so much teasing... and it must seem interminable by now. Look at that elongated ball sac of yours, Dougie. Burdened with that nasty essence which every male seeks to spurt. It's natural to want to rid yourself of it. With ejaculation, there's not only the initial climactic ecstasy, but

the soothing calmness after resetting the hormonal balance. That glowing sensation after a good fuck. It's been so long, but I am sure you still remember."

Dougie tries to nod, my high neck collar making head movement impossible.

"Yes, you do remember. In the past you've been rather indiscriminate as to where you leave your seed. We've ended that. No more pleasure for you... it's now for us. As you can see tonight, we now enjoy your erection more than you do. But we also know at some point it must be permitted to function... otherwise it will cease to entertain."

Another attempt to nod.

"So, we're offering an opportunity. Inserted into your anus is a special electric probe. It can deliver a precise charge to your prostate gland and ejaculatory muscles thus spurring an ejaculation. But you will not feel the normal ecstatic pleasure. Instead there will be intense agony. Yet you'll be rid of the build up. You'll feel calmer afterwards. The hormones will be brought back into balance. But most importantly, we will all so much enjoy seeing that mammoth organ explode in bringing in the new year."

I pause to allow contemplation. I note that my compatriots in orgiastic oral sport are fascinated.

"So, this is how it is going to work. We all know how much the male beast enjoys masturbation. Well tonight we're going to allow you to get your rocks off."

I step to the rear and place in the cuffed hands the remote control trigger, aligning Dougie's right thumb with the button.

"You can feel that button, Dougie. Press it and 40 volts will surge through the probe. It's the maximum. You will feel pain that you've never before experienced. You will ejaculate as you never have before. And you won't sense an iota of pleasure. Just agony. Yet you know you need to do it. Nature has been constantly telling you to rid yourself of all that seed. And I think you like showing off for us. Yes you do, don't you? What better way to show us what a virile man you are?"

As he cogitates, the look on Dougie's face becomes priceless. Such a dilemma. To finally be permitted to ejaculate... yet not to feel the pleasure... only intense gut wrenching pain. Oh, I do wish it was Fred hanging so helplessly and being confronted with such mental anguish.

The minutes tick by and Dougie comically kicks his feet and thrusts forward his hips. Just as with Harold, he attempts to copulate with thin air, his own motion providing just a modicum of pleasure when the tension on the neck collar shifts about. I know he feels oh so close to ejaculating, yet he cannot pull his own trigger... but there is his right thumb... and the button.

Meanwhile, I note that a muffled shriek of joy suggests that young Marie has once again squeezed off an orgasm, Steven's tongue seeming to endlessly dance about where a woman most enjoys attention. She pushes away his head and Millie sits down and snaps her fingers. Steven humbly crawls to her as Millie lifts her skirt and points.

When Penny gasps in her own moment of climax, I know that Harold has offered her an exquisite alternative to Steven's fine oral efforts.

"Why not crawl over here and help Dougie make a decision, Harold."

If there is one nice thing about our environment of forced chastity and feminine dominion, the authority and governance of a controlling female has become sacrosanct. I, too, point and my finger strongly recommends that the elongated scrotum to which I referred needs attention.

"You must be quite envious Harold. Look at the size and incredible stiffness of the superior male. See how much he enjoys showing off... and how much we enjoy gazing at captivated virility. Pay homage. Help keep him nice and erect for us. But no climax allowed..."

He complies of course. Dougie grunts with the heightened pleasure as Harold's long tongue laps away most teasingly. I note that the new year is just two minutes away and if the timing is to be satisfactory, Dougie must be ready to press with his thumb and bring about a jolting forced orgasm.

"Why not bring yourself off at midnight, Dougie? Such a joyful way to bring in the new year..."

finally ridding yourself of that annoying build up of spunk. When you hear all the celebration, you can join in the festivities.”

I think he nods. But he may be once again trying to bring himself off with more lurching to create tension on the neck collar and chain. After all, Harold’s oral efforts are not to be ignored. And Millie’s chaste pet knows all the areas where oral tendance will tease but not bring ultimate gratification.

Penny arises from her stupor of orgiastic joy and assures that all glasses are filled. Then there comes the sounds of horns and fireworks as the new year rolls in and neighbors celebrate.

“Happy New Year!” we collectively offer each other, no one diverting their attention from the sight of Dougie’s huge erection.

And then comes that for which we have gathered. Dougie gives up his long pent up supply of semen. What a display! There was no noticeable motion of his thumb, the trigger requiring just the slightest push, but there comes a vocal burst which completely empties the lungs of our well restrained plaything. His entire body contracts in one massive lurch which spasmodically brings his feet well off the floor to momentarily place the weight of his entire body on the neck collar. This seems to increase the intensity of the contraction of the ejaculatory muscles. Yet most impressively, a wad of thick white roars from the penis tip and shoots into the air like a geyser. It arcs feet, not inches, and then falls below to splash on the naked flesh of Harold’s back.

I know in conversing years ago with my nurse friend at the Institute that the male typically has more to give up after an initial ejaculation. She suggested that there were always two electrical charges, possible three, needed to drain the male.

“Give us more, Dougie. Press again. You’ll feel better afterwards.”

But alas, the initial charge was too much... the pain too intense. He cannot summon the fortitude to complete the forced draining of his organs... but I can!

I reach and take the trigger, noting that his stiffness has not wavered. The huge phallus stands just as impressively.

“You don’t want to disappoint us now, do you Dougie?” I taunt.

I can sense the awe of my cohorts. We’ve turned our plaything into a human fire hose.

“Ok. Just a couple more times. You’ll be rid of all that build up. Think of how well you’ll sleep tonight. So relaxed... not thinking about being denied an orgasm... hormones back in balance.”

I think he pleads for mercy, but the neck collar inhibits speech and his breath has not yet fully returned.

So with that, ignoring his attempts at entreaty, I think of ex husband Fred and my thumb thus presses without compunction. There follows cry after cry, each jolt forcing the air from the lungs and a sampling of semen from the penis. I wait a minute between each application, allowing breath to be restored. And then I press. So simple. So wondrously symbolic... to finally permit what the male seeks the most... only to do so at our whim... and without bestowing any ecstasy... only insufferable pain.

Yes, a very proud, yet newly humbled, Douglas P. MacClellan gives up four streaking jets of white goo before a fifth jolt suggests there is no more to be had. I am tempted to keep applying the shocks... but remind myself that, after all, it is not really Fred.

Such an entertaining way to bring in the New Year! Milking the male of all he has..

The whitish goo on Harold’s back is captured on feminine fingers and we make Harold feast on that which his own pusillanimous pecker will never again spew. He has such a surprising appetite...

Epilogue Ms. Millicent Hayward

It's been many years since April 5, 2001 and Harold remains in his state of permanent forced chastity. As my French friend Jackie noted, the nickel cobalt mesh cock and ball cage never endangers the skin yet provides horrid torment with the slightest degree of tumescence. Penny graciously suggested that funds were available for a more permanent configuration and during a long weekend at a Mexican clinic, Harold's pubes area was surgically opened and two smalls posts comprised of the same alloy were installed by screwing them right into the pubic bone at just about the points where Jackie pierced him. As a result, the encircling loop around his penis and scrotum, to which the mesh cage is welded, is no longer attached by way of pierced skin, but instead is welded to posts which exit the body to the right and left of the scrotal sac. In being surgically implanted, they have effectively grown right into one of the body's largest and strongest bones.

And I had Jackie fabricate a slightly different cage. This one fits even tighter, forcing Harold's tiny manhood into the narrowest of mesh tubes. And most comically Jackie designed it to hold the penis in a curved and upright position, thus mimicking the hard on which Harold dare not achieve. It is quite amusing to observe the faux erection for it causes a bulge in his only covering, his bright pink custodial uniform.

The Mexican clinic performs all types of modifications which are prohibited in the United States. The attending doctor suggested that an orchiectomy would provide more assurance concerning the state of chastity I demand. But I prefer having Harold remain theoretically fully functioning yet divinely frustrated in being unable to perform as a man due to my controlling hand. One cannot bestow the torment of denial on a eunuch.

I have found the penis punishment post to be so simple and effective that similar boards, eye hooks attached, have been installed in many places including my office and that of Douglas P. MacClellan. Yes, the boss's infibulating wire can be snared and hooked to the post just as easily as Harold's Prince Albert ring. So any fractious behavior can be quickly corrected with Marie usually supervising our pleading miscreant boss without relent.

We've packed the board of directors of the company to ensure our control. Yes, Penny, Julie, Marie and I have been elected, or rather elected ourselves. The members of the 'old boys club' of former directors have resigned or retired. Thus our grip on both Douglas P. MacClellan and the company seems to become stronger daily. Though he continues as the CEO, it is really a sinecure position with we women of authority instituting policy and making the major decisions.

Just recently we were able to locate Mrs. Douglas P. MacClellan, living a life of luxury on the sizable sum she extorted from ex husband Dougie. She accepted our offer to join us, and looks forward to quarterly trips on a private jet to attend our Board meetings. We thus have a Board comprised entirely of governing females... women who think like us... and the meetings are most entertaining, our Dougie conducting himself sans clothing, wrists secured and sporting that mammoth erection we all so much enjoy observing in his state of abject chastity.

Electro-ejaculation concludes each quarterly meeting. And ironically it is Mrs. Douglas P. MacClellan who most enjoys pressing the trigger which results in the agonizing eruptions of her ex husband's sperm. Yes, the prostate health of the boss is important to us. Such forced utilization of the organs assures continued priapism when freed of the infibulating wire.

In being Director of Personnel, I make the final decision on hiring. Therefore over time the culture of the organization is changing to that of a gynecocracy. All women employed are of a certain authoritative propensity and all males are... well let me use the term malleable. Perhaps not completely as subordinate as Harold and Penny's Steven, but with an aptitude for feminine direction.

For example, two recently interviewed young males, Mike and Pat, were found to be as polyamorous as Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan... and quite compliant. It took very little to convince them that it was company policy for our new nurse, Ms. Julie Danforth, to perform complete physicals, intimate photos included, before a hiring decision could be made. Well Julie passed on the full body nude photos of two young, reasonably hung and uncircumcised candidates with the notation that the rectal exams revealed evidence of anal penetration. A decision was made on the spot, with Penny and Marie concurring. As a result, those late afternoon meetings in Dougie's office, with Pat and Mike serving equally nude, are now more entertaining than ever.

As stated, our joint bank account with the 'boss' continues to grow, adding a comforting degree of financial stability to our cabal of dominance. I decided to install a swimming pool for the warmer months, paid for by Mr. Douglas P. MacClellan, and with the installation of a high fence, we now have summer get-togethers where all attire is optional for my female guests... none permitted for the males.

So here I lie basking in the sun, enjoying the luxury of the boss's hard earned dollars. I have Harold cruelly connected to an outdoor penis punishment post. Yet I ensure that the bright July sun does not directly radiate his metal mesh cock and ball cage. That level of torment I save for special occasions. The radiance of the sun heats the points within the mesh with delicious deliberation, adding a fiery magnitude of anguish to Harold's continuing subjugation.

With the total seclusion, my bathing attire has been discarded and the sun's rays warm my thirty-five year old body, the shapeliness of which I maintain with the fervor of a professional dancer. With sunglasses as my only covering, Harold thinks I am asleep. Actually I am watching him in his slow, excruciating and exhausting punishment... both physical and mental. Slight tension on the Prince Albert ring provides the physical, gazing at me, feminine nakedness which he will never again cherish and savor as a would a normal man, provides the mental.

Yes, as he awaits release, he covets. He likes looking at my breasts and I have afforded him quite the view as he kneels on the seat cushion I mercifully bestowed before clipping his wrists together behind his back and connecting the slim chain first to the penis ring and then to the post. I only provided for slack of some two inches, therefore he is practically immobile with the slightest of movements tensioning the hellish mesh of his penis cage.

"Good Morning, Miss Millie," a young male voice calls out, exiting the backdoor.

How nice. Our recent hire Pat has stopped in for a swim and a little sun.

"Hello Pat," I respond, stirring from my supine position on a lounge chair.

I sit up and smile, seeing that, as required, he has shucked all clothing in the kitchen. He strolls across the deck as naked as me, drawing my rapt gaze. Some twenty two years old with a body chiseled from marble, I can picture him as the young stud muffin of local gay clubs... when his inclination for male tendance arises. Otherwise, he can be quite the toy for a woman of my ilk. He comes when I beckon and unlike Harold, can satisfy with rhythmic and solid yet not overbearing vaginal penetration. After all, its not on every occasion that Harold's tongue suffices. A woman can enjoy a little spice from time to time.

My smile turns to a licentious grin as I wriggle my finger to demand proximity. As fun as it is to ogle Pat's well muscled form, remaining almost hairless in adolescence, his presence also heightens Harold's mental torment... which in turn heightens my enjoyment.

Yes, that nicely sized uncut penis flops about atop a prominent scrotal sac encasing two cute testicles. In the pubic region, we insist that Mike and Pat stay well trimmed for better display and the bright cloudless day seems to serve as would a spotlight on a stage.

"Come here, big boy," I coo in a sultry voice.

Pat stands adjacent to my chair, knowing not to block Harold's view. Hubby remains kneeling some twenty feet away. Out of range for touch, but certainly not for observing.

"Does this need a little attention?" my intonation is that of mother to a neglected child as my left hand palms those wonderful balls and the thumb and forefinger of my right hand gently pinches the prepuce to skin back the fleshy sheath.

Into daylight flashes the moist pink penis tip, its size offering perfect friction within that which a woman most likes to have frictioned. In being young and virile the process of tumescence instantly begins and my cortex rejoins, triggering my own expected concupiscent response. I moisten between my thighs.

"Harold, Pat needs just a little assistance."

The bisexual nature of our leisurely Saturdays serves to bring the likes of both Pat and Mike to pinnacles of priapism while thrilling me and psychologically torturing Harold. With my words a stiffening Pat smiles and turns to approach Harold, helplessly kneeling with wrists cuffed behind his back.

"Don't over do it. You're here for me," I forewarn.

It's at these times that Harold's cunnilingus handles find a dual purpose. Pat tenderly entwines two fingers into each of the hideous black trinkets and tenderly pulls Harold's head until his lips meet the object of attention. Whereas Harold could never begin to take the mammoth organ of Douglas P. MacClellan, Pat's size is quite engulfable. The sound of a slight gag brings a smile as Pat carefully but firmly thrusts his firming penis into Harold's mouth. Meanwhile I add encouraging words to deepen the ignominy, suggesting that my oral servant is there to please all and that Pat so much appreciates Harold's improving ability to deep throat. Harold's neck muscles go limp, an ingrained reaction over the many years of cunnilingus, allowing the controlling woman to seek her pleasure, but also subordinating all movement to the male holder of his handles as well.

Thus Pat's nicely sized pecker inflates, grows and slowly but steadily inches down Harold's throat without his lips parting the base. I find myself giggling with the gurgling sounds. Such turn to moans when Pat remains standing perfectly still but begins to push away then pull to commence a copulating motion with Harold's head. In, out, in, out, I can only imagine the intensity of both the pleasure and the humiliation. Pat really enjoys a good blow job... and knowing that Harold's homophobia is only exceeded by his deeply instilled obedience provides gleeful enjoyment for me.

Yet, I have my own needs. Pat can't have all the fun. I call out.

"Some attention here," my authoritative voice directs.

Pat reluctantly pushes one last time. His erect wet and purple penis pops into the daylight. He turns and approaches. My heart leaps at the sight of the perfectly sized and shaped erection... sizable but not gargantuan. I lie back, spread and point.

Yes, in broad day light, on a cloudless July day, I will have my boy toy satisfy a lust which matures from time to time.

As Pat kneels between my feet, I look to see an exquisite look of desire and frustration on Harold's face. As I take and guide the erect penis, moistened and brought to its peak by my chastised husband, I turn my head and once again explain, as I find myself doing almost every Saturday...

“Harold, you’re not the only one to envy a nice sized penis. If you were this large, I’d have you right here doing the same.”

Pat lowers himself as my knees rise to provide an angle for perfect penetration. From the penis punishment post I hear a whine of dejection and ignore the plaintive wail as I sense the thrill of Pat’s stiffness entering me and a long afternoon of copulation begins.

He fucks divinely, concentrating on my pleasure and ardently laboring to satisfy. Within minutes the first wave of many orgasms begins to roll from my cortex to the soles of my feet. I turn my face to Harold just as there explodes within the thigh clenching joy experienced only with hot penetration. This initiates a wry smile which transforms to a wicked expression of ecstasy as Harold’s look of helpless solitude intensifies the pleasure. When Pat senses the vacillations within my love pouch, my virile lover also turns his head and smiles to show Harold his own level of delight. It is the satiated grin of the conqueror reveling over the vanquished. There follows a throaty laugh as there comes another gleeful thrust, the turgid manhood ramming with mounting force to mock he who I have deemed will never copulate again.

We turn our heads back, smile at each other and giggle. With my expression of consent and eagerness, Pat concentrates, arches his back and plunges to the depths of my vagina, seemingly attempting to enter my womb. His efforts will not waver until I signal exhaustion. Only then will he conclude with a final deep thrust and an explosion of seed. He is mine to control.

Such a divine way to spend a leisurely Saturday.

Later, Pat will grin more as Harold orally cleanses his spent and flaccid organ. Only then will there be release from the penis punishment post. And I’ll have my stud toy watch while my cuckolded husband laps every ounce of his spending from my quim.

This evening, Mike is due for dinner. It is then that Harold will experience penetration of his own, though I doubt he will enjoy it as much as I do.

Chris Bellows at chris_bellows@hotmail.com welcomes comments, criticisms and suggestions.

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