

ship of remorse
chris bellows



Ship of Remorse
by Chris Bellows

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Part One

Chapter One

I remember the advertisement word for word.

Expecting? No where to turn? Thinking of terminating your pregnancy? Have a free consultation with Dr. Helga. The noted European Ob/Gyn is visiting New York from October 8 through 15. Pier 66 at West 26th Street.

In hindsight, it *was* a vague ad. Nowhere did it mention the actual aborting of a child. But I was 18 years old and desperate. And referring to the doctor by her first name seemed soothing to this scared and lonely girl. I knew that in most European countries abortions did not have the stigma nor stir up the controversy that such procedures did in the U.S. Thus, my conclusion concerning the result of a consultation with Dr. Helga was not unreasonable.

So I visited.

I had left my small town in Iowa some three months before. I was not certain I was pregnant when planning my escape, but suspected it during the trip when my period was late. Initially, I attributed the delay to the stress of the journey. Sneaking out of my parent's house before dawn and catching a bus to Chicago with the eerie glow of the morning sun lighting the cloud covered sky, was a strain. My stepfather had been known to strike me with little cause. In deserting the farm and Mom, he would seemingly have much more justification to strike again. Therefore, I was apprehensive.

From Chicago I took Amtrak to New York. The train was cheap, did not overly prolong my travels, and offered freedom of movement as opposed to a bus.

In New York I found a rundown residence hotel and work at a swanky 'men's club'. Actually a polite moniker for an upscale topless bar, I worked there as a waitress with the promise that I could eventually dance. Since being an ecdysiast was where the money was, I was eager to display for the horny wealthy patrons my overly ripe, nubile breasts,

and pick like grapes the generous offerings of dollar bills from the vines of drunken, libidinous males.

In applying for the job, I auditioned for the manager. Stripped to panties and naked from the waist up, I pranced about the malodorous office of the fat, balding, middle-aged pervert, biting my lip and hoping for his approval. It was decadently exciting for a farm girl from Iowa and I found his diabolical smile to be oddly pleasing.

After many minutes, probably more time than necessary to make a decision, he suggested the waitressing job as a first step.

"We'll see how you do. Nice tits, but for a while you need to watch the regular girls move. You know, learn how to jiggle a little and keep the customers happy. You been on the farm too long."

So I waitressed for three months greatly anticipating an opportunity to audition again. And then I once again stripped down, this time completely and danced for the boss.

"Better stay away from the milk shakes, little lady," he advised with a puff of a cheap cigar, again after a long survey. "They're moving better, but..."

He finished his point by leaning forward and pinching the flesh thickening about my waist.

Since I was eating the simple meals of a pauper, I knew diet was not the cause of his concern. I still had not menstruated, and when his lecherous fingers moved upwards and pinched protruding pinkness, my left nipple gave up a small amount of liquid, which he thankfully seemed not to notice. It was then that I could only conclude my growing waistline was due to a factor other than food.

I spotted Dr. Helga's ad in the Village Voice on the following day.

As most girls who find themselves in trouble, I cursed the odds and set of events that coerced me to take a cab to Pier 66. Yes, the late night romp in my stepfather's barn months

before really was my first time... of going all the way that is. Condoms aren't readily available when the nearest drug store is 8 miles away. But I thought I was in control and could get the boy to withdraw at the last minute. Instead, in his ecstasy, he thrust even harder, and although the explosion of hot sperm deep in my vagina felt good, it brought concern.

It was stupid. I didn't even like him. A farm boy who let his penis do his thinking, I thought it would be fun, having for years watched all the farm animals mating...

As the cab pulled up to the dock, I remember expecting to see Humphrey Bogart in a trench coat, waiting to save the cute but spreading ass of this woeful farm girl. Young and so often called pretty, I thought I could make it in the big leagues. Instead I found I couldn't get up to bat and I was optimistically seeking someone to step in, yell 'time out' and take control. A cool, gray October day on the New York waterfront, the scene had Hollywood potential.

Only Bogie didn't appear. There was no one there, not a soul, just this huge ship, old but amazingly imposing. Having seen pictures and movies featuring cruise ships I knew they were big, but the perception of size is lost until you stand next to one and realize how much light it blocks out. It seemed to make the gray day even darker, but the perceived gloom may have resulted from a degree of pending depression on my part, perhaps a foreboding vision.

A gangway led from the dock to a squarish opening in the vast hull. Above this hatchway door was a temporary sign printed with forgettable words of welcome to Dr. Helga's floating clinic. A nurse, apparently hearing my footsteps on the wooden dock, poked her head out the open door at the top of the ramp. She beckoned me with a smile. She appeared warm and friendly but I still hesitated half way up the gangway. There I paused to look straight up and I could see imprinted in scripted lettering on the white hull near the bow 'The Scarlet Letter'.

A curious name for a European ship, I recall thinking. The Hawthorne novel was an American classic, which I always thought was deemed puritanical and thus mostly unread in Europe.

The thought was lost when the nurse beckoned again.

"You must be Alexi," the blond nurse stated with pleasant authority, more or less prompting me to renew embarking.

The advertisement had listed a phone number, which I had called earlier in the day. In a strange way, it felt nice to be expected, like being wanted. After all, I was pregnant, alone, and living in a city which takes as much as, if not more than, it gives, and with a growing belly I had little to offer and would be needing much.

Since the day was October 15, I wanted to make sure Dr. Helga had time to see me and the woman who answered the phone graciously suggested the ship was not leaving until late that evening.

An interesting concept, I thought at the time. A ship sailing from port to port to help unmarried girls such as me 'confront their pregnant status'. Yes, that was how the woman on the phone described Dr. Helga's mission and the purpose of her sailing clinic, and I remember thinking the phrase to be an interesting euphemism for abortion.

What I knew about the expected procedure was very little. When I asked how much and how long I would have to take off from work, the woman on the telephone seemed to stifle a sardonic chortle.

"Dr. Helga's clinic is free. How much time will be required of you cannot be determined until you are thoroughly examined."

Well, when the women said 'free', the decision was made. The little savings I had earmarked for Dr. Helga's fees I could instead use for food until I was once again able to strip for the club manager, shake my growing breasts and convince him it would be best that I perform for dollar laden horny men rather than slinging food and drink.

With my condition my young globes had grown but their impressive size was camouflaged by my equally expanding waistline. Dropping the child would instantly slim me and serve to highlight my abundant mammary glands, a feature of which I was most proud and for which I was sure to be noticed by the fat, the bald and the perverted.

Maybe that fateful romp was worth enduring after all...

Chapter Two

“Remove all your clothing, please. Place everything in this box. When I come back I expect to see you sitting in the chair facing the desk, back straight, thighs spread, hands behind your head. Be a good girl for us.”

The removal of clothing should have been easier for a girl desiring to work as a topless dancer. But the way the nurse spoke concerned me. She had an authoritative demeanor, pleasant but firm, leaving no question as to who was in charge. And I was to sit with my legs open...?

The large blond woman arose to leave the examination room. The froufrou of her starched white uniform punctuated the heavy thuds made by her drab rubber soled shoes. Her blond hair was pulled straight back in a bun and was mostly covered by her cap. Everything she wore, including her dour look, disguised the fact that this mature, well-built woman was handsome. Was it deliberate? Since becoming a teenager, my feminine side told me to make every effort to look pretty. To attract boys, even those with uncontrollable phalli. To draw attention. To gather compliments like a numismatologist collects coins. And this nurse seemed to make every effort to appear otherwise.

Large, brightly lit, the room was sizable but austere. A table with obligatory stirrups and adjoining white metal cabinets evidenced its use for medical purposes. The Steelcase desk with manila folders neatly piled in the front left corner reminded me of the office of my high school guidance counselor.

My age and my vulnerable condition mandated immediate compliance despite my reservations. I was stepping out of my shoes before the nurse shut the door behind her.

I remember laughing at myself. Twice I had danced about, once completely naked, for the club manager, somehow summoning the pluck to let the lecher gaze at this shy farm girl's shapely body.

‘Do it for the dough,’ I kept telling myself as he sat behind his desk wearing a confident smirk. The motivation of staving pending starvation does wonders for the development of courage, I concluded. For me it was like jumping from a burning building. Somehow, despite the thought of a long fall, the spirit chooses to avoid flame and smoke and instead endure the possibility of broken limb.

And so in the manager’s office, I had jumped. And once again on this peculiar ship with the commanding nurse, I took a leap, humbly tossing all I wore into the flimsy cardboard box.

When finished, I straddled the straight-backed, wooden chair, thrusting my knees awkwardly off the front corners. As I placed my hands behind my head, I felt the cool air of the room wafting about my genitalia. My nipples responded to the temperature and turned to pencil points. The demanded position caused my outer labia to spread obscenely. And worse, as I dutifully held myself open with my spine rigid as a post, I detected my own feminine fragrance. For some reason I was aroused.

The wait seemed interminable. Being stripped naked and required to sit in such an awkward manner added to the discomfort of the pause. Then I glanced up and saw an opaque plastic dome in the middle of the ceiling. Infrequent shopping trips to New York’s department stores told me the dome covered a video surveillance camera, such devices being labeled by law in public areas.

And then my reaction became even more curious. I felt the building moisture between my thighs turn to absolute wetness with rivulets beginning to flow to my inner labia. I tightened my pelvic muscles but knew that it was a matter of time before the viscous fluid flowed down my upper thighs and a small gooey puddle would begin to form in the middle of the chair seat.

With my increasing consternation, my thoughts turned from the video camera and the possibility of being filmed to

forestalling the potential of embarrassing myself. A box of tissues sat on a nearby cabinet. I quickly arose, snagged the offered Kleenex and returned to my seat. There, I wiped away much of the evidence of my arousal. With my movement a new source of concern arose. The room filled with the fragrance of my femininity and before I could confront that hurdle and dispose of the extremely damp tissue, the door opened.

Two nurses entered. The dour one just looked at me, picked up the box with my clothing and left. The second nurse introduced herself.

"Good afternoon, Alexi. I am Nurse Stolgren. We prefer that our girls remain obedient and follow the rules."

She extended her hand. I had no choice but deliver the wet tissue, after which I resumed sitting as instructed. Nurse Stolgren put the tissue in her pocket and sat behind the desk facing me.

"I handle the psychological evaluations here. With the tissue and my odoriferous surroundings, some of my questions have already been answered."

She paused and stared straight at me with an impressive air of authority and superiority. There I sat, naked, the nipples of my swollen breasts seeming to stare back, my vagina dripping, and my overwhelming scent exposing a proclivity I didn't know I had.

Nurse Stolgren was also blond with a white uniform disguising a well-shaped form. The hair bun, seemingly the standard hair style among nurses, projected a sternness which was offset by beautiful blue eyes and a practiced smile, obviously intended to put nude, spread and aroused patients at ease.

It did not. And her reference to the evidence of my excitement served to stimulate more juices.

"We don't take in every girl who says she's pregnant. But the receptionist said you worked at a strip club. Tell me

about it. Please remain in the required position while you speak.”

So. She was establishing her authority. Easy to do with the nude and pregnant teenager. But I suppose the clinic occasionally came across the more belligerent type from time to time. The expecting girl who thinks the world owes her.

I spoke as directed. She interjected with an occasional question and eventually the interlocution glided to my childhood. My father’s early death. Mom’s remarrying the evil stepfather. My shyness with boys. The romp in the barn.

‘June, you say, Alexi? And there has been no other interaction with males?’

I nodded and found it a strange way to ask about sex. Nurse Stolgren wrote on her pad and the questioning progressed to my ‘escape’ from the farm and employment at the club.

“So, Alexi. You enjoy parading about without benefit of clothing.”

Her phraseology was again curious. I was about to object and state that I needed the money. That it was the highest paying job that an unskilled teen could find. But then I remembered the two auditions in the manager’s office. The strange enjoyment. How flushed I became. The moist panties after the first try. My eagerness to strip again, despite my inner belief that the fat, the bald and the perverted would always find some reason to deny my request. Deny, that is, only after an unwarranted interval of pirouetting, shaking and, worst of all, bending in his private office.

And so I meekly nodded. Yes, I guess I was some kind of exhibitionist. Farm girls from Iowa don’t have many opportunities to uncover such propensities. After all, Mom was an inappropriate observer, stepfather would hit me, and the cows could have cared less. So the desire to exhibit my

young charms was something 'uncovered' rather late in life, at least I thought so at the time.

Nurse Stolgren wrote again on the pad.

The interview continued for another thirty minutes. Nurse Stolgren came to learn just about everything there was to know about my young life. That Mom knew I was in New York but had no street address or phone number for me. That stepfather was abusive to me and therefore I didn't want him to know where I was. That I had told the fat, the bald, and the perverted I would need some time off. That what little I owned was in the cheap, run down west side hotel.

In divulging the last piece of information, Nurse Stolgren raised her finger for me to pause, wrote hurriedly then tore off the bottom portion of the page. Her hand moved under the desk and she spoke.

"You'll need to sign some papers."

I reached forward, took the offered pen and signed. Had I read the papers and not liked what I saw, could I really have changed my mind? That was my reasoning at the time.

"Now, keep your hands on the back of your head and move to the examination table please, Alexi. Dr. Helga will see you soon. Be obedient."

She wrote some more then placed her notes and the signed papers in a manila folder. As I stepped to the table the door opened and a young nurse entered. Nurse Stolgren handed her the torn off sheet.

"Get this to Carl, immediately."

She turned to me.

"I want you on the examining table. Feet in the stirrups, Alexi. Spread nice and wide for me."

I complied and was chagrined to hear a whirring noise from the plastic dome on the ceiling. Obviously the camera was mounted on a motor. Its only reason for moving could be to better focus on me.

Nurse Stolgren noted my observation and my discomfort and smiled. As she departed she retrieved the tissue from her pocket, waved it before me with an irritating look of smugness then held it to her nose as she stepped through the doorway.

Chapter Three

As I lay there and glared at the plastic dome, I realized how perfectly positioned it was to capture the activity on the examining table and how humiliatingly open I was to the lens.

Still, the treatment was free, I told myself. And there were few alternatives available to me no matter how bizarre the antics were to become.

The young nurse returned carrying a tray. A basin of warm water and a razor evidenced her intentions. She wordlessly lathered my pubes and deftly began to scrape away the short curly hair I had so carefully trimmed in anticipation of my dancing career.

The young nurse worked diligently and it wasn't until she moved from my left side to my right that I realized during the entire procedure she positioned herself so as not to block the camera's view of my moist, pink vaginal opening.

Before I could comment or protest, she smoothed the fingers of her right hand most sensuously over my bald mound then briefly inserted her middle finger. I moaned. At first embarrassed by the unintentional response, I became flustered realizing that her caress was deliberately less than professional.

"You like to show yourself, yes?" she inquired in accented English. "You're wet."

But she turned away, pompously neither expecting me nor giving me an opportunity to reply. This young vixen, not much older than me, was dismissing me. Treating me like an object. A pile of flesh to be groomed and toyed with at her whim.

She removed the tray, took the time to tightly secure my ankles into the stirrups, then pushed the supports as widely out to the sides as my feet would tolerate and locked them in place. Her final action was to slowly smear a skin cream over the slightly reddened area exposed to the razor. When finished she looked up to the plastic dome, obviously

ensuring that I was properly exposed to the hidden camera and diddled my depilated outer labia, pulling apart the large lips to momentarily expose my clitoris to the intrusive dome. Then she laughed, picked up the tray and left.

With the action of the pretty young nurse's soft fingers and the effect of the room air even more pronounced, I once again felt my juices flow as the sensation of the cooling air interacted with the cream and highlighted my nakedness. I was flushed with embarrassment. But I had said nothing! And I was indeed wet.

With the silence of the empty room, the whirring noise emanating from the ceiling dome became more noticeable. I imagined a telescopic lens moving to hone in on my newly shaven mound. Appearing as a newly plucked chicken, it had a curious attraction and even I found myself looking down at the shining skin and the obscene gash, which allowed my lips to blossom forth for the benefit of the camera.

Now a puddle of my essence would indeed form, I thought. And with my feet secured there was no way to obtain another tissue.

The waits between procedures seemed very long. The dock was empty, as written, and I had not seen any other expecting girls when the reception nurse walked me through the ship and showed me to the examination room. Since there seemed to be little activity I wondered what took so long. Where was the doctor?

Finally, the door opened. Stepping over the high threshold of the watertight door and simultaneously ducking under the top of the frame was the largest woman I had ever seen.

Dr. Helga was blond as were all the staff, at least six foot tall and with a massive frame. Her hair was straight, simply cut, and hung evenly to her shoulders with bangs crossing her forehead just above her eyes. One's first impression was to assume she was fat, but with closer observation it was

apparent that the broad shoulders and powerful hips were a source of deceit, making the expanse of her white smock to appear to cover obesity. It did not. As she continued toward me, the brevity and efficiency of her steps evidenced not corpulence but power and purpose. A professional smile appeared but could be interpreted as one of either care or condescension. I assumed the latter.

The saucy young nurse followed her into the room and silently stood at a nearby cabinet.

"Good afternoon, Alexi. I am told you have been enjoying your brief visit."

Her slightly accented English was readily understandable and much better than the young nurse. But her words were both annoying and embarrassing, obviously referring to the telltale tissue.

"You'll keep your hands behind your head for me like a good girl, yes? And we like our girls to be quiet, so you'll only speak if I have a question."

She stepped toward the young nurse who dutifully handed her gloves. She snapped them on forcing the latex to make the expected squeaking noises. Then her examination of me began. It was the most debasing experience of my young life and I could not help thinking much of it was for the benefit of the camera. I wordlessly lay there recalling a television documentary I had once seen. It suggested before abortions were legalized, many were performed quickly and dangerously in cheap hotels where the most useful implement was a wire coat hanger. A strange vision came where I wished for such a scene. Where no one knew my name, or cared, and where the job was done quickly. Over. Finished. And life resumed.

Finishing with my eyes, nose, mouth, throat, etc. Dr. Helga lowered her hands to my breasts.

"Very nice, Alexi. Beautifully shaped and firm. They are plumped lately, yes?"

I nodded as she toyed with my right breast. I had never been examined in such a way by a doctor. I once had a boy play in a similar fashion, during an afternoon after school when I was sixteen...

She pinched the nipple, firmly squeezing and ignoring my muffled squeal. Slightly cloudy liquid at first dripped out and when she moved her fingers and increased the pressure, it streamed down to my stomach.

"Colostrum, my dear. Very good. It's one of the early stages of lactation. The advent normally does not occur so early in a first time pregnancy, but you're a very healthy girl."

She performed the same vigorous squeeze on my left breast with the same result. Then, leaving the two trails glistening in the room lights she stepped back. I peered downward and could not help but think of the view from the camera. When I looked up, incredibly, Dr. Helga was licking the essence from her gloves!

She noticed my shock and smiled.

"You'll get used to our affectations over time."

Before I could think she stepped between my well spread thighs and began the pelvic examination. She was gruff and initially cursory with much of her handiwork, then she slipped two fingers of her right hand between my bald lips and of course had to comment.

"You're absolutely dripping, little girl. I won't need to lubricate a thing!"

I was not sure whether her statement or the accompanying sardonic laugh was more disconcerting.

She continued exploring, making comments about my vaginal walls and the healthy condition of all my feminine parts. But then I felt her left hand above my mons and looked down to see her thumb and forefinger positioned over the clitoral hood. Then there was a new sensation of cool air as she spread me further open there. My little bud popped into view and she laughed again. There was nothing

left to be shown. Nothing she didn't toy with or expose to the camera. Despite the sensations I felt caused by her penetrating fingers, the feel of my flowing juices was even more apparent. I was gushing and she noticed.

"Yes, my dear. I think you'll like your stay here."

She twisted her right hand the thumb of which began to touch my exposed clitoris. Another finger penetrated my vagina. She began to work all her fingers most vigorously, pressing firmly and gyrating her thumb. I was being masturbated!

In a well lit room. By this huge handsome blond women. Before the saucy irritating young nurse. Spread obscenely open. Exposed to a video camera. I began to moan. I fought the building pleasure and desperately I tried to close my thighs. Then I felt her fingers hook upwards within my vagina and knowingly massage that magic spot. I climaxed.

Yes, and as usual, I vocally celebrated my orgasm with cries of ecstasy. It did feel good. Despite the humiliation and being forced to give a demonstration of my feminine pleasure for the enjoyment of the young nurse and for the benefit of the camera, I was satiated.

"Good girl."

I turned my head and closed my eyes. The climactic release made me instantly bashful. I could not look at the doctor and nurse.

I heard things being moved about and Dr. Helga talking, but otherwise I was in a different world. And then the room began to vibrate and I detected motion, however slight.

The ship was moving!

"Take the usual measurements, Inga. Then give her a bath and a thorough enema. I'm going to have this little strumpet for dinner."

Chapter Four

After Dr. Helga left, Inga, the annoying young nurse, turned to me and smiled evilly. I imagined if spiders could smile, flies would be so greeted upon becoming entrapped in the web.

"We have a special room for cleansing," she announced with combined pride and joy in her thick Scandinavian accent. "Eventually you will learn to like it there."

By inference, I had to assume that initially I would not. The ominous manner in which Dr. Helga ordered my bath and enema gave me a hint. But I was more concerned with the movement of the ship than my near term perils with Miss Sponge Bath. And then there was the reference to dinner...

I finally asked about the engine noise and movement, ignoring the mandated silence.

"Tsk. Tsk. You didn't read your papers? We're headed down the east coast, then for South America. A long, slow voyage while you and the others bring the babies to term. All will be taken care of. We're very good with this sort of thing. But you will remain quiet. Those are the rules."

With her reminder, she had released my feet and was standing by the door waiting. I arose from the examination table. It was obvious that wherever I was going, I was going without clothing.

In retrospect, I believe as I stepped out into the hallway I was in a state of shock. I was being kidnapped!

My mind raced as we proceeded down the hall. Naked, I needed a reminder to keep my hands atop my head. There were too many thoughts converging. My clothes were gone. And even if I had the temerity to bound away without covering, where would I go? Assuming I could make it to the deck or an open hatch, would I really jump? Swim naked in New York harbor in the middle of October? Pregnant!

Nurse Inga seemed to read my thoughts.

"I should mention that one of our agents, Carl, has visited your hotel room. You've been checked out. Your bill has been paid and all your things are in storage. Dr. Helga thinks of everything. When we're through with you, all will be returned... without charge for storage."

Apparently I was supposed to feel grateful. I didn't. Scared. Embarrassed. Bewildered. But not grateful.

The hallway was understandably narrow, space aboard a ship being a premium. Thus, I walked behind Nurse Inga. Over her shoulder, approaching from the opposite direction was a man! Dressed in a grimy red shirt and worn jeans, he was otherwise virile and most handsome. I paused. There must be some place to duck and hide, I asked myself. I did not want to be seen completely naked and being led about like a pet.

Nurse Inga turned back and looked at me as I hesitated.

"You'll have to get used to sharing space with the crew, Alexi. The professional staff is female. But we do need experienced sailors to manage the ship. It's rather large and many duties require much more muscle than a woman cares to use."

As she spoke, Nurse Inga stopped and stepped against the wall to allow the sailor to pass. I did likewise, but when I moved my hands to cover myself received a warning glare from my caretaker. I slowly moved my hands back, completely exposing my breasts as the handsome, rugged looking man turned his broad shoulders to the side to provide room as he walked by.

"Another new one, Inga?"

There was a degree of knowing mirth in the tone of his voice, and when he was directly abeam, he paused, reached down with both hands and palmed my breasts.

"Dr. Helga always finds the best. She is amazing."

I expected Nurse Inga to protest. To protect me and my nudity. To admonish the gruff sailor for his impertinence.

Instead she said nothing and seemed amused by my reaction as the sailor laughingly moved onwards.

"You'll learn here that the crew members are sacrosanct. You will obey them just as you'll obey the professional staff. In time I think you'll soon find their touch to be pleasurable. But you'll discover that for yourself."

We resumed walking. At one point on the wall we came across a glass case. Inside, instead of fire equipment or medical supplies was a cane and a short riding crop. There could be no doubt as to what emergencies the implements were meant to address.

Another few steps and we found ourselves adjacent another watertight door. Just as Nurse Inga reached for the large metal handle it opened from the inside. There stood the large dour nurse who had taken my clothing.

"Just finishing, Inga. Got an eight-monther who needed a nice high colonic. She'll be better behaved now."

The large woman laughed. It was a diabolical laugh. Expressing a degree of enjoyment, which frightened me.

"Come dear. Back to the stall."

The nurse stepped aside and this astonishingly rotund pregnant girl came through the doorway. With her plump belly she gingerly stepped over the high threshold. She was naked like me only resting on top of her shoulders was a large block of plastic which not only encased her neck but also served to immobilize her hands well out to the sides and somewhat behind her shoulders. This position forced her arms back and thrust forward the most amazing set of mammary glands I had ever seen. Nipples the size of silver dollars, it was evident from the erythematic appearance that someone or something had been abrading the soft sensitive flesh. The front of her head was shaved. Some hair in the rear of the head remained unseen but apparently draped down her back.

The girl appeared slightly older than me and did not acknowledge my presence. Instead she obediently kept her

face turned to the dour nurse seeming to seek direction and looking at her uniformed guardian with newly found admiration. Whether it was feigned, I could not know.

The large nurse followed her into the hall and turned away in the opposite direction. The girl followed, waddling under the weight of her expansive belly. I noted a number of odd things that I would soon come to better understand.

On the girl's right naked buttock was a large number '11'. It appeared to be a tattoo, later I learned it was indelible ink.

The section of hair, which escaped the razor, was drawn back into a hollow wooden cylinder where it was securely entwined.

But what was most distressing was the plastic bag filled with fluid, which hung from the back of her plastic yoke. A tube ran from the bottom, down her spine and disappeared into her anus.

I watched in awe as the duo departed.

"From the fifth month onward, Dr. Helga likes to ensure all the girls obtain proper nutrition. Intra rectally, Alice is receiving a wonderfully formulated combination of protein, calcium, vitamins and hormones. Her resulting prolactin level is incredible. One of our best producers, although occasionally a little cantankerous."

I dared not speak and ask for clarification. There were too many questions and based on what Nurse Inga told me. I would have much time to learn the answers.

We stepped through the open door into a large washroom.

It appeared to be the ship's laundry room at one point and I supposed years before, when the vessel was used for luxury cruises, the daily requirements for the washing of towels and linens was vast. Now, for what other purpose it was used I would soon find out.

I was given a hint at my late afternoon ordeal when Nurse Inga led me to long and low trough and directed me

to straddle it. As I did so, I looked up to see a plastic dome on the ceiling identical to that in the examination room.

The young nurse then disappeared into an adjoining room for a moment. When she returned the lower portion of her white cloth uniform had been discarded. In its place was a simple apron of white latex, which in the rear failed to completely cover her buttocks. Overtime, I came to learn this rather revealing garment was the standard uniform worn by the nurses when 'working a girl'.

"I'll need a urine sample and I'm sure your bladder needs to be emptied. Squat. Keep your hands on your head. I'll get a beaker."

So, in the middle of the large room, Dr. Helga's patients were expected to do their business. And under the close supervision of a nurse and under the lens of an invasive camera!

I bent at the knees and began to push with the muscles of my abdomen. This was going to be difficult, I remembered thinking. Particularly with the perky young nurse closely observing. And then she stooped next to me, parted my labia with her left hand and held a beaker under me with her right. And she thought she was assisting...

Chapter Five

So. Dr. Helga was having me for dinner.

I sat on a dining table in a rather large room. Before Dr. Helga entered I was blindfolded and told to remain motionless. My feet and calves dangled over the edge and my ankles were secured under the table in a manner, which forced apart my legs. When a waitress came along, I felt a plate placed between my thighs. The edge brushed against my outer labia. It was cold. My body eventually warmed it.

Nurse Inga had spent the remainder of the afternoon in the washroom carefully measuring and recording various parts of my anatomy. I soon learned one reason was to fit me into the odd plastic yoke similar to that I had seen on the girl with Nurse Sourpuss.

It was surprisingly comfortable, designed to snugly fit about my neck and lock closed. The main function was to hold my hands well out to the sides. With my elbows bent downwards, my hands were held upwards at the ends of the yoke. This was accomplished by simply encircling the knuckles of each thumb with a thin but strong strip of plastic (I had seen similar strips used in place of handcuffs) and attaching such to the yoke.

Thus, no longer did I need to be reminded to keep my hands on my head. I could not move them at all.

The yoke was cleverly designed so that the position of my hands could be adjusted. Nurse Inga initially demonstrated this feature by pushing the two ends of the yoke back. This forced back my arms and hands and served two purposes. One was that my breasts were thrust forward in a most obscene manner, a sight that seemed to amuse Nurse Inga to no end. The other was that, as my arms moved back, various ligaments and muscles stretched, slowly increasing the level of discomfort to the point of absolute torment.

Nurse Inga had locked the yoke in a most extreme position, set well back she allowed the anguish to slowly

build. As tears formed, she admonished.

“Bad girls have been known to wear the yoke like that for many hours. Of course the body adapts, but then we can move the yoke further back.”

The message was received. The price to be paid for disobedience could be very slow and prolonged pain.

As I sat in darkness, the sound of much activity around me returned my thoughts to my situation on the table. The room was being prepared to serve dinner and with my nakedness I was again most embarrassed. Occasionally someone caressed one of my nipples and I heard soft laughter amongst the voices.

“She’s a beauty this new one,” one female voice plainly enunciated, evidently standing before me as a set of fingers stroked my left breast.

Curiously, Nurse Inga’s large and deep enemas served to relax me, a result that I would not have believed during the long ordeal. My thoughts diverted to the late afternoon escapades with Nurse Inga.

After finally emptying my bladder and giving up the requisite urine sample, Nurse Inga weighed me then had me sit while she exhaustively measured every part of my body. She then disappeared in a storage room and returned with the yoke. After ensuring that it fit snugly about my neck without impairing my breathing she removed it and led me to a horizontal bar. Above it dangled numerous tubes, nozzles and hoses. There was no question as to the purpose. After she adjusted the bar to the height of my waist she just pointed and I knew to bend over it.

“Dr. Helga likes her girls with nice clean backsides. You may as well get used to this. It is the first of many.”

My ankles and were strapped to the sides as were my wrists. With my buttocks pointing straight up and my face just about on the floor, Nurse Inga inserted a rather stout nozzle, inflated it, and unceremoniously turned on a valve.

“Nice and slow for you, Alexi. At least for the first one. It’s best to relax and take it, for one way or the other you’re to be cleansed, completely.”

Over the ensuing months I was to learn that Nurse Inga was most correct. Dr. Helga’s enemas were obligatory and the professional staff was relentless in dispensing them. I let the broad bar hold my weight as I felt my lower belly slowly fill.

Meanwhile Nurse Inga retrieved a pair of scissors. Within minutes the front of my head was devoid of hair just as that of the extremely pregnant girl. When finished she took the time to also shave that portion of my scalp.

Young but knowledgeable hands paused to reach down and prod my belly. The pressure felt immense. Nurse Inga detected the same.

“Time to expel. Just let it all go. The floor is well drained.”

She removed the nozzle. I did not need to be told twice. My bowels exploded. I closed my eyes in shame.

The release took several minutes. The young virago coaxed me to push everything out then inserted another nozzle. This time she devilishly inflated it further, turned a valve and momentarily disappeared.

She returned carrying a tray of paraphernalia I could not see for she remained at my side as my bowels again began to fill.

She swabbed my right buttock with a moist cloth. Then I felt her apply a liquid. Next I heard the sounds of a bottle being opened.

“You’re getting your number. It’s a nice big ‘3’. That means you’re expecting in March and will be stalled with the other girls in the same stage of pregnancy. Right now there are only two others. But we’ll be stopping in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah and Miami so you’re bound to have more company. Norfolk is always surprising. Lots of sailors you know. They keep us

very busy. You would think Dr. Helga had them on commission.”

Nurse Inga pleasantly explained as I felt her painting my flesh. Little did I realize the full significance of my ‘number’.

“It’s indelible ink applied after I swabbed on a special chemical to open up your pores. Some day it will come off, but only after utilizing the right solvent, which we won’t use until we’re through with you.”

Effectively I was being branded like a head of cattle. With the frequent use of the term ‘stall’ perhaps that analogy was appropriate.

Nurse Inga stepped away with what I imagined to be a brush and jars. When she returned, she slowed the flow of water giving her artwork an opportunity to dry before the next evacuation. She placed a chair in front of me and sat. In her hand was a wooden cone identical to the one I spied intertwined in the hair of the number eleven woman. She spoke as I felt her gather my hair and insert it into the hollow cylinder of wood.

“You don’t and probably never will like me. That is not part of my role. But there will be times when you’ll beg for my attention and most times you shall have it, although afterwards you may later curse yourself for asking.”

Her fingers worked my strands of remaining hair.

“There are not many mirrors here on the ship so you’ll probably rarely see yourself. But you’re not here to look pretty. Therefore you’ll learn that this little addition to your hair style can be quite useful despite its dramatic appearance.”

With that she grasped the cylinder and pulled. With my hair firmly attached to it, my head moved accordingly. Nurse Inga chuckled with self-satisfaction as she moved her hand about directing my head like that of a puppet.

“Looks no longer matter. You’re here to please Dr. Helga and bear a child... maybe more than one.”

More than one? These words shocked me and riveted my attention despite the hand of this young harridan pulling my head about and despite my overly filled intestines.

My thoughts returned to my present predicament on the table as I heard voices. One was that of Dr. Helga but there were male voices! I tugged my feet against my bonds. As with the scruffy sailor in the hallway, I did not want my shame and humiliation observed by a man, crew member or not. And here I sat spread open and blindfolded.

"Oh, she is sweet," a mature male voice commented. And I felt fingers on my right nipple. A soft caress and then a firm squeeze.

A laughing Dr. Helga replied.

"That's for me. You know I insist on the privilege."

The fingers withdrew.

"Besides, she's only in her fourth month. Since it's her first child, initially there won't be much flow."

I heard chairs move and felt a large pair of hands, one on each thigh.

"Relax, Alexi. Enjoy. You're here to entertain. Stripped and spread open. Isn't that what you want?" Dr. Helga's voice inquired. "Isn't that how you like to appear, showing off your young body... being watched... looked at... examined?"

I detected Nurse Stolgren and her psychological handiwork. My mind said 'no' to the posed questions. My dripping vagina replied otherwise. A finger easily slid past my gooey vaginal lips and without effort entered my prized feminine portal.

"Yes, I think I've found the answers."

Dr. Helga laughed. I heard many other voices join her, both male and female.

Chapter Six

Over the next hour I received a most debasing lesson on what Dr. Helga meant with her statement 'having this strumpet for dinner'.

Stripped of all clothing, hands secured to my yoke, legs and thighs well separated and restrained I sat while Dr. Helga took all I had to offer. I was like a fertile tree, covered with overly ripe fruit from which Dr. Helga calmly and deliberately plucked whatever she desired. 'Luscious', 'sweet', 'succulent' were her descriptive words. And frustratingly, the more humiliated I felt the more my juices flowed. Yes, flowed only to be gathered up for Dr. Helga's curious appetite. For about my exposed and sensitive inner labia I felt a continuous dabbing. A soft, spongy material was gathering up the streaming evidence of my arousal only to be followed by the quiet sounds of chewing and swallowing.

A male voice made a reference to 'feminine fondue' and indeed the soft substance caressing my lips and occasionally inserted into my vagina felt like small pieces of bread. Was this what Dr. Helga meant in having me for dinner?

After a time, I felt Dr. Helga's hand once again on my mons and her fingers spread to push open my clitoral hood. A tickling sensation followed. I wriggled in my bonds and released a reactive sigh with the intense pleasure.

"Yes, little girl. A little feather will keep you flowing. Give it all to Dr. Helga now. You're here to serve and to please."

I assumed the feather worked. I felt more bread, heard more quiet chews, more laughter emanated from the dinner guests.

After an eternity, Dr. Helga either ran out of bread or my love pouch went dry. For I heard the sounds of dishes clanking and what I would describe as the sounds of a normal dinner being served.

There ensued much conversation. And although my thoughts were running wild picturing Dr. Helga gleefully partaking in my sordid but tasty fruit, I learned much about the operation of the ship and the true motivations behind Dr. Helga's offer of assistance to wayward girls.

This incredibly perverted woman was indeed a noted Ob/Gyn. But she never performed abortions. Her goal was to provide an environment where certain 'qualified' girls could bring their offspring to term. Qualified being young, troubled, in need of guidance, and without close relatives or friends who would interfere with the good doctor's endeavors. She was an unabashed lesbian! She reveled in the problems which young girls encountered with males and in graciously extending her skilled hand in ostensibly assisting them. Only there was a high price to be paid... complete and utter sexual servitude. But unlike that which one would find in bedrooms or other places of 'vanilla' intercourse.

No. Dr. Helga had a ship whose paying guests included the notorious libertines of the world. Mostly female, some male, all wealthy and willing to pay handsomely to cruise the world and watch while the Janus-faced Dr. Helga opened her hand in feigned sympathy then closed it in a grip of sexual servitude.

My mind drifted to back to the Iowa farm I had found to be so boring. And the times when the boredom was punctuated by abject fear as my stepfather hit me, or threatened to hit me, or worse threatened mom. Then it sped forward to the fat, the bald, and the perverted and how I had summoned the courage to strip and dance in his office. How, after my second try and his advice to avoid ice cream, he had arisen from his desk and deliberately let me see that his zipper was open.

"Sometimes our dancers have to learn more than just dancing," the fat, the bald and the perverted coyly suggested.

But at the time, my thoughts were occupied by the stream of effluent that he had unwittingly squeezed from my nipple and the shocking conclusion I was forced to confront. Thus the relevance of his statement, as juxtaposed against my desire to dance and make a lot of money, was lost.

I reflected, should my mental summation have been that each step of my journey had taken me lower into a bottomless abyss? What lay ahead? Would anything in my life ever be under my control?

Before I could answer my own questions, I felt the familiar strong feminine fingers on my left nipple. A squeeze, a pull, another squeeze, a firm pull.

"Ah yes. Here it comes. For you new guests, you'll be seeing plenty of this aboard. Alexi here is just beginning to lactate. We'll put her on our special feeding program in a couple of weeks and within two months she'll be a fine producer.

"But meanwhile there is no finer time than capturing that moment when a young teenaged girl first produces for her superiors."

"Yes, isn't that so Alexi? So eager to please and display yourself."

I felt rivulets running down my stomach only to be sopped up again.

"A little icing for my cake. How nice of you to offer, Alexi."

The guests laughed. Dr. Helga's hand worked relentlessly and I felt more liquid. Then she worked my right nipple with equal results. Slowly, firmly, methodically. She was an expert. And after each squeeze and subsequent pull, I felt droplets and the sensation of sponge-like cake, meticulously absorbing from my flesh the wetness so deftly extracted without my acquiescence.

"There's nothing like a good firm hand milking to begin a girl's flow. We have wonderful machines, designed to be most tactile, but the human touch is important in

establishing response to control. In a few weeks she'll relish lactating for us. You'll see her pine for the subtle pinch and draw of one of our experienced nurses. Once we start the hormones flowing, there will be no end to her lusty need to have these marvelously firm nipples squeezed as a vintner would harvest and squeeze ripe grapes. The process is most entertaining."

Many guests murmured words of agreement. I silently sat and indeed helplessly provided the entertainment. I never realized how or how much my young nipples had to give. But according to the overheard conversation I would find out.

And so... Dr. Helga indeed had me for dinner.

Chapter Seven

After that fateful afternoon and evening, my life began an endless routine. Not quite a stuck phonograph record, for there were a few memorable instances outside the daily schedule, such as when a new girl joined the '3 stall', the moniker for the area where I was kept.

A stall was just a series of posts in a large room. There a girl was restrained by simply attaching each end of her yoke to parallel vertical posts. Curious clear plastic tubing emanated from each post and ended in a conical shaped device with a suction cup attached. There could be no doubt as to their function as they dangled ominously proximate to our nipples.

At night we were secured low, forcing us to kneel on what was thankfully a padded floor. During the day, when not being exercised, bathed, examined, or subjected to some bizarre amusement, we stood.

Talking was prohibited, and many a girl found herself undergoing a trip to the washroom after commencing verbal communication, thinking no staff member was within earshot. Thus, it did not take long for me to conclude that not only were we being observed by way of one of the ubiquitous cameras, but highly sensitive microphones also served to monitor our actions.

The monotony was somewhat broken by Nurse Inga keeping us informed of the ship's progress by way of casual small talk as she administered enemas or soaped our growing bodies in the huge communal basin in the washroom.

Mona, Sharon and I initially occupied the stalls in our section. Nine were unoccupied and remained so as no one joined us during the week in Philadelphia. Nor during the week in Baltimore. But as Nurse Inga predicted, a pretty brunette named Nancy was ushered into our stall area during our stay in Norfolk.

She was rather obstreperous. A street girl who Nurse Inga took particular amusement in breaking, for the first week Nancy's yoke always seemed to be bent well back. Constant tears evidenced her anguish and when we took our communal ablutions, Nancy's time bent over the enema bar seemed inordinately long.

Finally on one morning after some ten days, Nurse Inga strolled into our section and headed directly to where Nancy knelt. It took time to learn to sleep in a such a position, but with Nancy's yoke severely contorting her shoulders I was surprised she slept at all.

Well, apparently my observation concerning her lack of somnolence was accurate. For as Nurse Inga began to push Nancy's arms even further back in compliance with the program of daily increased torment, she broke down and cried. In gross violation of the rules, Nancy uncontrollably uttered some pitiful pleas between convulsive sobs and gasps for air. I could not hear all of the exchange but Nurse Inga seemed pleased and I found it most curious that the young nurse lifted her apron then stepped forward and stood over the kneeling Nancy. She was quite close and Nancy's cries became muffled.

"Now that's a good girl, Nancy. I think that tongue of yours should greet me just this way every morning. We'll get to know each other better and the ligaments in your arms will be much more relaxed."

After that morning, a broken Nancy humbly serviced Nurse Inga at the beginning of each day. I began to learn the utility of the wooden cylinder encasing the strange ponytail we were permitted. It was a handle and Nurse Inga used it each morning to direct Nancy's head and the resulting oral efforts as the subjugated girl dutifully licked and licked. The ceremony put a strain on our bladders, for no one could relieve themselves, Nancy included, until Nurse Inga was satiated. It became quite the symbol of Nurse Inga's authority and control, having us all watch her

being pleased while we knelt in fear of soiling the padding. But overall, Nancy's oral ministrations resulted in a relaxed and festive nurse tending to our needs.

Yes, all our excretions were closely monitored. Every night at an appointed hour as I knelt with thighs separated by a rubber form beneath me, I awoke to the feel of young feminine hands parting my labia and the sound of whispered words, encouraging me to once again fill a proffered beaker. No matter how often the act is performed, doing so at the behest of a nurse no older than myself was disconcerting. One never becomes accustomed to it, and I often supposed that if a girl did, the diabolical Dr. Helga would devise some other form of simple daily debasement.

Each morning after Nurse Inga closely monitored our urinary functions, she would go from girl to girl and connect a tethering chain from the front of one yoke to the back of the next. When finished she would release us from the posts, hook a leash to the lead girl and take us to the dreaded exercise room.

No matter the condition of a girl's belly, she was exercised every day under the close supervision of a trainer, most of whom were horrible termagants who in any other lifetime would be prison guards or, I concluded after one morning of particularly vigorous work, perhaps executioners.

The treadmill work was endless and exhausting. But ironically, no one looked forward to the end for then it was time for stretching. Not only were the contorted positions painful, but the level of humiliation was unsurpassed.

"Let's see lots of pink, girls. We like pink here."

With that command, we of the '3 stall', lying on comfortable mats, would simultaneously raise our legs and spread, revealing all a girl had to offer.

"Now hold, girls. Nice firm tummies. Hold. Hold. Breathe and count one... breath and count two... breath and count three... breath and count four... breath and count five... and down.

“Rest.

“Now up and spread again...”

Thus the morning passed with the only thoughts occupying my mind being absolute obedience to the huge trainer, and wonderment as to what set of eyeballs were observing at the receiving end of the video camera above me.

After exercise, we were again tethered and led to the washroom. Thorough and high enemas, shaves, inspections, measurements and finally what Nurse Inga termed ‘bath time’ followed.

As written, the washroom had a tub the size of a small swimming pool filled with wonderfully warmed water and scented soap. Here we were permitted to frolic and although yoked, I found myself initiating homoerotic contact, brushing my thighs and buttocks against Mona or Sharon and with Nancy, we liked to rub our nipples together. Since there was no sexual contact, the frottaging served to take an edge off our frustrations. So despite the ever-present plastic dome situated directly over the tub, we played. And although my pregnant status diminished my hormone level and therefore for my drive, the austere conditions, with my hands restrained, served to cause my needs to accumulate.

Nurse Inga would kindly stand and watch for a while, then one by one, after we had excited ourselves to what must have been very entertaining levels of arousal, she would call us to the edge where she waited with a razor and large, soft soapy sponge. There we would stand in thigh high water, wet, aroused and covered with suds while the devilish nurse shaved our pubes then slowly smoothed the sensuous sponge over every nook and cranny, obviously ensuring that the camera caught all.

With the exercise, thoroughly cleansing enema, and the wonderful warm bath, we became marvelously relaxed. Then it was back to the stall.

About once per week during the first month, Dr. Helga would come through the stall. She was enthralled with our growing breasts, and whereas the initial contact with her, particularly when she 'had me for dinner', was horrifying, I indeed learned to desire her touch. She was most adroit with her brief inspection technique, best described as a breast massage. And due to the fact we could not touch ourselves, her hands became most welcomed.

The ship spent a week in Wilmington, a week in Charleston, and a week in Savannah with no one joining our stall. But in Miami a beautiful Hispanic girl was led in and placed in the posts opposite me. Maria had jet-black hair and brown eyes so dark there appeared to be no pupils. Since she was in her fifth month, as we all were, her tummy was rounded. But her breasts still projected nicely and Nurse Inga made sure her yoke setting highlighted their size and firmness.

When Maria knelt in the posts, I became mesmerized by her low hanging mammary glands, the nipples of which almost touched the floor. Dr. Helga became equally impressed.

"Maria, you're a meal and a half," I remember her complimenting the gorgeous girl, evidently after Maria was likewise 'had for dinner'.

And my proximity allowed me to watch the doctor ply her skills. I could detect the fragrance of Maria's arousal after every one of Dr. Helga's visits. The thoughts of her soft moans lulled me to sleep on many nights.

Chapter Eight

After the stop in Miami, our routines changed. For exercises Nurse Inga led us to an outdoor deck, set at a low level in what appeared to be the middle of the ship. There was no view of the ocean, four high walls surrounded the entire area, which was covered with soft mats. Though somewhat aged, a sizable swimming pool evidenced the luxuriousness of the ship in its prime years.

We were apparently cruising the Caribbean; for the weather was wonderfully warm and most days there was not a cloud to be seen. Frolicking about naked and outdoors made the girls initially very shy, particularly when various 'guests' watched from a deck overhead.

Yes, during the first outdoor routine the trainer found herself wielding a cane and meting out a number of crisp strokes to the round and growing buttocks of Nancy and Mona. After listening to their anguished cries, we quickly learned to ignore the motley collection of faces peering at us over the railing above.

But moving about naked with hands and arms restrained is something to which one really does not become accustomed.

In place of treadmill work our yokes were attached to couplings around the edge of the pool and the stern trainer made us kick our legs in the water, endlessly. Afterwards came the leg spreads, and with it the abject humiliation of looking up to see a crowded railing. Though only some 30 to 40 feet away, at least a half dozen pairs of binoculars were being focused as the trainer barked her orders concerning the display of pink. And display we did.

About two weeks after leaving Miami, Dr. Helga entered our stall after we spent a long morning on the exercise deck and a pleasant hour or so in the washroom. Normally it was feeding time and Nurse Inga would be moving from girl to girl, spoon-feeding the specially formulated gruel into hungry helpless mouths.

But instead, a stanchion was wheeled in with five clear plastic bags filled with clear but brownish liquid hanging from an eye level bar.

“Feeding time ladies. We have a very nutritious meal. But you won’t be able to taste it.”

Remembrances from that first day of the number eleven girl, tucked away in another stall and not seen, came to mind. Yes, it was November and as noted, beginning in the fifth month, Dr. Helga’s girls were fed intra-rectally.

One by one Dr. Helga and Nurse Inga mechanically lubricated each anus, inserted a nozzle, and inflated it in order to begin the flow of the brownish substance into our backsides.

As I felt the odd but somewhat pleasurable sensation of Dr. Helga’s finger smearing my rectum with lubricant, she spoke to Nurse Inga.

“Spent the morning in the number eleven stall, Inga. Another girl dropped a child. That leaves only one more due in November. And it makes eighteen adoptions available for our stop in Guiana.”

Nurse Inga smiled.

“The bonus pool should be sizable this year. Will the fees be the same, Doctor?”

“Higher, the agency has increased their prices. It seems the adoption market is tight. Interesting to think we’ve got fifty thousand dollars right here in this room.”

Dr. Helga laughed with her observation. I felt the nozzle, then heard and felt it being inflated.

“Eat well, Alexi,” Dr. Helga laughed at her comment and stepped to my front.

I ruminated on her overhead comments.

So the pregnant girls were a source of income. With the ship equipped with 12 stalls, one for each calendar month, dozens of babies were brought to term and offered for adoption. And for fees! The notion explained how Dr. Helga could afford to offer free care and services to so many girls.

And then there were all the guests. How much would a wealthy woman with peculiar sexual proclivities pay to observe young, lactating girls being totally controlled and subjected to complete degradation?

I felt the coolness of the room temperature liquid begin to flow into my colon as Dr. Helga began her massage. She had amazingly skilled hands, firmly kneading the meaty portion of my expanding globes and slowly working downwards toward the nipples.

"Yes, my dear. I think you're going to be quite the producer. We've gotten to know mammary glands very well over the years. These are growing nicely."

Nurse Inga stood to her side watching with an evil smile. When Dr. Helga's fingers reached my nipples she gave my right a firm pinch. White liquid squirted to the floor for the first time. Both laughed in surprise.

"Goodness, Alexi, you're lactating already. Oh, when the hormones kick in, your prolactin level is going to be sky high.

"Well, no sense in wasting good breast milk."

The Doctor and Nurse left the room. I was strangely disappointed. Her hands felt good and expelling the milk, cloudier than the colostrum extracted weeks before, provided a curious feeling of satiation.

For the ensuing months, we were fed intra rectally. Maria's breasts became enormous and Nurse Inga had to secure her higher on the posts lest her nipples brush the padded flooring. Each day Dr. Helga come through the stall and performed her wonderful massage, each time bringing us to just the beginning of lactation. It was frustratingly pleasurable and I came to look forward to the brief afternoon encounter.

Meanwhile, my empty stomach constantly ached for food. I did not experience the weakness one normally feels from lack of solids, since the brownish liquid provided incredible sustenance, but still one's system expects food.

The crewmembers seemed to understand this need among the girls being fed intra rectally. For on many occasions as we were being led to the exercise deck or to the washroom, a passing crewmember would smile at Nurse Inga and stop to converse. Then he would wave about a package of candy, which after weeks of tasting nothing, was the equivalent of offering an exotic French dessert.

“Who’d like to spread for me?”

Yes, the randy young sailor offered a piece of candy for a quick display of our genitalia and Nancy was the first girl to part her feet and bend over. The sailor laughed on that first occasion and with one hand inserted the proffered candy into her mouth while the other was found exploring the well shaven labia.

After Nancy’s initial acquiescence, it became reflexive for us to bend and spread when the young, virile sailor held up his bag of sweets. Nurse Inga seemed most amused watching the girls humiliate themselves for a piece of candy. But it did taste good, and the sugar served to quiet my growling stomach for an hour or so.

Within a few weeks I came to look for the well-muscled, blond and blue-eyed crewman and it became a contest amongst the girls as to who could best attract his attention, bending and spreading to obscene extremes. And I wanted to strip to make lots of money, I thought to myself with great irony. Here I was willing to do more for just a piece of candy.

On one afternoon, I was caught talking to Maria. She was incredibly plump, as were all the girls, and she was whimpering. My words of comfort were apparently heard by the powerful microphones, for within minutes I found myself being led to the washroom for a cold-water punishment enema.

Once again the sailor crossed our path, only this time I was alone with Nurse Inga. He smiled and dangled the bag of candy. Nurse Inga stopped pulling on the leash and I

knew to immediately bend and spread. Since there was no time schedule to be followed I suppose Nurse Inga decided to just let the amazingly handsome crewman to have his way. For as he placed the candy in my mouth, the fingers of his other hand entered my vagina.

It was shocking how easily his fingers slipped in.

“You’re dilating, little lady.”

He laughed with his observation and I remember thinking... did he have to be so good-looking and so knowledgeable? He proceeded to play with my quim like a musical instrument and within a moment, I joined his concert with a song of ecstasy. It had been many weeks since I was touched there, longer by a male. Thus, I moaned and became angry with myself, knowing that it brought a wicked smile to the lips of the young sailor. But his fingers felt so good.

“She’s quite a vixen, Inga. Due in two months and randy as a rabbit. She’d like to swallow my whole hand. I can feel her squeezing my fingers.”

Both laughed and I let out another sigh of ecstasy.

The sailor withdrew, very much entertained for the price of a piece of candy.

Our journey to the washroom continued. There the cold water enema served to douse my arousal and was amazingly uncomfortable.

I vowed to remain silent thereafter.

Chapter Nine

Our eighth month approached. Dr. Helga began to include in her daily examination an inspection of our vulvas. As she did so she announced to Nurse Inga the slow increase in dilation, which was duly recorded.

Also included were Kegel exercises with the added twist that we had to perform them while the fingers of her gloved hand felt the contractions and counted out the cadence.

“Good strong pelvic platforms, girls. Squeeze again. Give me another set of 20.”

Then came Lamaze instruction. On the outdoor deck, naked in the warm tropical sun, our exercise period turned to instruction in the basics of childbirth.

And finally, after a brief over night stay at a desolate port in Guiana, the ninth month came for 3 stall. One by one, each of us experienced contractions and labor pains. Then a trip to the delivery room. Then recovery.

Dr. Helga’s fortune was increasing. But little did I realize to what extent me and the other girls had contributed and would continue to do so.

Within a day after leaving the recovery room I returned to the stall and was secured to the posts. Girls with newborns received a one week reprieve from the exercise period. But instead the of combined drudgery and fear of having a horrid trainer standing over me with a cane, Dr. Helga visited.

“Well Alexi, you look most nubile today. A nice flat tummy and full, rounded breasts. We start off our lactation program with a firm hand milking. Tomorrow you’ll have the machine. We have quite the market for breast milk and I’m sure you won’t disappoint me.”

Dr. Helga began her usual breast massage. Only this time a large stainless steel bowl was placed under my low hanging breasts. And as her fingers worked to my nipples, an explosion of milk hit the bottom of the bowl with a notable metallic sound.

It was most humiliating and I closed my eyes. But Dr. Helga worked and despite my shame her fingers felt good. Somehow she knew my throbbing glands begged for her attention and over 30 minutes time they gave all they had to give.

“So the baby you didn’t want will find a home. You’re well taken care of, both food and shelter. Nurse Stolgren says your psychological profile fits into our program very nicely. For what more could a girl ask?”

She posed her question as her busy fingers continuously pulled and squeezed.

The bowl was close to full as my flow slowly diminished. The pleasure was turning to a feeling of irritation. Her fingers were quite firm and the tugs were vigorous. The sensation of calm pleasure turned to moderate torment. I squirmed, futilely attempting to release my nipples from the experienced hands.

She laughed.

“Yes, my dear, I know it’s uncomfortable. But we need to maximize the discharge. You’re going to be very surprised at your level of production and the strong desire you’ll develop to lactate for me... and my guests of course. We know girls here.”

With another half dozen strong tugs, I was dry.

“Yes, that’s very good for the first time. But you’ll do better.”

She left the bowl sitting in front of me and stepped to my rear. For the next half hour I was again forced to perform Kegel exercises for the amusement of her inserted fingers despite my soreness.

Thereafter, she left. With the other girls being exercised, I was alone for the first time since I arrived on the ship five months before. Alone except for the overhead camera and the presumed microphones, that is.

I reflected on my situation and Dr. Helga’s words. Perhaps it was wrong to plan or hope for an abortion. Maybe I was

better off being cared for and knowing that my child had a home. But at what price?

A young nurse came in and carefully removed the bowl. Later when the other girls returned, the nozzle of the nutrition bag was inserted. Despite having brought the child to term, we were still being fed intra rectally. And Maria's breasts seemed to still be growing!

For the month after delivery, we were lactated each morning and late each afternoon. If not hand milked, the tubes dangling from each post were used and the cups on the ends seemed to perfectly encase my nipples. Maria's cups were larger than mine and I concluded such were custom fitted, thus the reason for the extensive amount of time measuring my anatomy on day one.

Nurse Inga was quick in attaching the devilish soft circles of rubber, and since an unseen machine provided the suction for the tubes, the cups instantly adhered to the supple flesh of our nipples.

Nurse Inga also knew how to best begin a girl's flow, gently caressing each breast with one hand and inserting two or three gloved fingers into our vaginal passage with the other. It was amazingly effective and she laughed as she proceeded down the row of posts and watched as the actions of her hands caused the clear plastic tubes to turn white with the flow of breast milk.

Where the milk went was an open question. Evidently, it flowed into the post and presumably down into more extensive tubes or pipes within the flooring of the stall. But wherever it went, I was sure it was being carefully accumulated for the benefit of Dr. Helga's pocketbook, judging from the way the breast milk from a hand milking was so carefully collected and handled.

After a month of recovery, sometime in April we all returned to the outdoor deck for morning exercise. With our more shapely figures came not only the assorted faces

peering down at us over the railing, but also the sight of camera lenses and the sounds of numerous clicks.

Yes, our daily show was being recorded and on occasion a sardonic male laugh could be heard and the more chirping laughter of females.

With our flatter stomachs, new exercises, including very revealing bend and stretch movements became mandatory. And when Maria's amazing mammary glands touched the deck while she bent forward at the waist, I could sense the wonderment and awe expressed by way of the increased decibel level of the noise above.

But it was 'pink' that was demanded and the trainers made sure the observers got their share. For sometimes, as a girl bent at the waist, a trainer would stand to the rear and pull apart the well separated buttocks even further, pausing as numerous clicks recorded the glistening inner labia and the perhaps the peeking vermilion tip of a clitoris as the girl underwent the utmost level of humiliation.

Such exposure seemed to be my destiny, for more than any other girl; the trainers positioned me in the most revealing of poses, demanding that I hold while clicks and laughter followed.

I often thought about the alternative. But there really was none. My conclusion was to endure and wait until the ship once again docked in some east coast city and my posts in 3 stall would be needed for a newly expecting girl.

Little did I know my role was just beginning.

Sometime in late April, Nurse Inga skipped our morning milking. Instead she just slowly feathered our nipples, then caressed each breast until the drops of white liquid evidenced the beginning of a flow.

When she finished this tantalizing action, she paused to look at the five of us, panting and expectantly waiting for our throbbing breasts to be fully milked. They were not.

Instead, with her smile of wickedness, she led us to the exercise deck. There, during various movements and forced

positions some of the girls involuntarily gave up breast milk.

Maria was flowing like a leaking water pail. The cameras above clicked rapidly.

After ablutions, Nurse Inga took us back to the stall and attached us to the posts in a kneeling position. Normally, in mid afternoon we were hitched standing so we knew something different was going to happen.

Then Dr. Helga entered with our nutrition bags and we found our backsides being lubricated with the inflatable nozzles forcefully holding in place the feeding tube.

I reflected on how my perspective had changed over the months. The once unpleasant sensation of having my sphincter stretched had become a feeling of warmth and comfort, knowing that after my once tight anus was filled, the nourishing liquid would commence to flow and fill my intestines. Whatever was in the concoction, it seemed to both soothe and slowly renew my energy. And within an hour, I knew that I would feel a strangely satisfying tingling in my nipples. Perhaps it was psychosomatic, Dr. Helga having on many occasions explained that hormones in the formula increased the prolactin levels. Or perhaps there was indeed a catalyst that promoted lactation.

It did not matter. The girls of 3 stall would all appear eager to feel the firm fingers of a skilled milker and thus, by the time the last drops siphoned down the tube, would display child like anticipation in wanting their throbbing breasts to be massaged.

With filled colon, my mammary glands would begin to feel like balloons that had been over inflated and ready to explode. I readily understood how Maria's had begun giving up fluid when the trainer forced her to perform the unusual exercises. Mine felt close to doing the same.

Dr. Helga spoke as her hands smeared lubricant between Maria's shapely cheeks.

"Get some rest girls. Tonight you'll be entertaining my guests and their demands can be tiring."

Once again the ten nipples of 3 stall were manipulated to a point just short of full lactation. Then Nurse Inga and the doctor left. With the comforting liquid filling me, I slept.

Chapter Ten

I awoke to the sound of clapping. My eyes focused to see Dr. Helga in the middle of the stall area crisply smacking her hands together. The other girls, also sleeping, stirred and turned their yoked heads toward our benefactor standing with another woman.

I felt fingers spreading my labia. I knew Nurse Inga or one of the others was behind me with beaker in hand. I reactively pushed against my bladder.

"Girls, this is Ms. Adams. She is the ship's social director and ensures that my guests are properly entertained. Over the next few months, you'll be seeing quite a bit of her. She is to have your respect and to be obeyed."

Dr. Helga stepped to the side of the stall. Ms. Adams gave her a nod of thanks and all eyes turned to this mature but shapely woman in white blouse, black silk slacks and knee high leather boots.

"Good evening, girls. I have read all your files and reviewed many videotapes. So I feel I already know you. As Dr. Helga indicated, my name is Ms. Adams and I'm here to ensure not only the comfort but also the amusement of our passengers. Our *paying* passengers that is."

She smiled with the irony of her distinction.

"You may have noticed some of our guests observing you during your exercise period and I must compliment you all for providing such wonderful displays of your charms..."

"Well this evening you'll have an opportunity to meet them and display even more.

"The satisfaction of our guests is absolutely paramount aboard 'The Scarlet Letter' and therefore there is no activity, short of causing *permanent* harm or damage, and I emphasize the word permanent, in which you will fail to engage in order to please them. Your refusal to comply with the request of a guest will be met with a harsh introduction to the cane, if you have not already had one, and then, you *will* comply.

“So my suggestion is to be obedient... spare yourself the caning.”

I was filling the beaker as Ms. Adams spoke. The sound of her ominous words combined with the feel of the nurse's soft fingers about my frustrated genitalia overwhelmed my senses. I felt goose bumps form. Strangely, I could not determine whether the reaction was from thoughts of the cane, or visions of being forced to perform some exotic ritual, naked and bound in my yoke, for some unknown lecher.

I recalled the laughter I so often heard from the overhead deck as I laid on the exercise mat. My legs would be thrust skyward, toes pointed as required and the trainer commanding that we 'spread 'em and hold 'em'. The warmth of the tropical sun, in shining on sensitive parts, which I myself had only touched and never fully seen, provided a most peculiar sensation. It was as if someone had me under a microscope and all the world was free to watch and examine. And with all the voices and clicks of the cameras, perhaps all the world was or would be viewing glossy full color photos of my most intimate anatomy.

The goose bumps led to a shudder, realizing that this most perverse collection of people would be permitted even more access to my bound and naked body.

“You'll be joining girls from 1 stall and 2 stall. As usual there will be no talking permitted. In the privacy of a guest's cabin, you may speak... but only in response to a question or command!

“Nurse Katrina, the cocktail lounge when you're ready. Have the yokes adjusted for proper display.”

I looked over to see an unfamiliar nurse holding a beaker under Sharon. She nodded. Dr. Helga left. Ms. Adams paused in front of Maria and grasped with her left hand the wooden cylinder hanging from the back of her head. She lifted and pulled back, cruelly forcing Maria to look up.

“Very, pretty. Tits the size of milk jugs.”

The fingers of Ms. Adams' right hand pinched Maria's cheeks until she cried out. Ms. Adams slapped her, hard.

"Silence!"

The crisp sound startled the other girls and the loud firm voice delivered her message of authority. She was a woman with whom we were not to trifle.

With the last girl relieving herself, Nurse Katrina stood and approached me. Unlike Nurse Inga, she was tall and powerfully built.

"Just relax cowgirl," she advised me in a low, soothing, German accented voice, "you will feel a little discomfort but you'll get used to it."

She released my left thumb, gave my arm a brisk massage then forcefully drew it up behind my back. The left side of the yoke was swung over my shoulder and my thumb was reattached. She did the same with my right, and I found myself restrained with my arms pulled backwards, elbows bent, and my hands secured upwards almost at the level of my shoulders.

The nurse was correct. It was most uncomfortable and it felt as if my swollen breasts protruded outwards serving to attract attention like the headlights of a car.

She released the yoke from the posts, sliding it up until I was standing. There she re-secured it and moved to a swarthy Maria, her Hispanic genes causing her flesh to change to a very attractive deep tan due to the daily outdoor exercise.

"Well, a very nice brown cowgirl. Did you every watch movies as a little girl? All the cowboys riding horses and herding cattle. Well I call you cowgirl because you're herded and milked like a cow."

Nurse Katrina laughed with her comparison as she deftly reached down and fingered Maria's vulva, producing an instant sigh and quiver from the long neglected genitalia.

"So warm and wet. We like girls that way."

Nurse Katrina licked Maria's juices from her fingers, repositioned her arms in the yoke then moved onward.

Within a few minutes all the 'cowgirls' of 3 stall stood and ten pink nipples thrust into the aisle separating the dozen pairs of posts. None of us had been milked since the prior evening and I'm sure every breast ached and throbbed as much as mine. I thought about Nurse Inga's words and indeed, were she present, I would beg to have her soft firm fingers methodically draw down the body of my meaty glands then gently pinch my nipples. The sight of the spurting milk being forcibly extracted at first horrifies the psyche. The level of control afforded the young nurse in insouciantly stroking and squeezing combined with the sound of the bizarre rhythm of droplets hitting the steel pail was intense. Yet strangely over time, I found the slow deliberate repeated manipulation served to soothe and placate the feminine need to be suckled.

I pondered whether the emotions felt could be compared to that of being ravished, with ostensible feelings of anger and rage not completely overcoming the deep sexual pleasure of having a hot, stiff penis frictioning the most sensitive of feminine organs.

"Well cowgirls," the nurse commented with a smug look of satisfaction, "we certainly do like to show off don't we?"

She laughed at her observation while moving from girl to girl. With obvious delight she caressed each mammary gland, ever so slightly titillating the overly ripe melons. When she reached Maria, she palmed her right breast with one hand, then carefully stretched it straight out with the other. It was incredibly long and large and, though her touch was light, gave up milk, the evidence of such lactation dribbling to her navel.

The nurse dabbed at the excretion and again licked her fingers. With a smile, she retrieved the tethering chains hanging on the nearby wall. Also hooked there were large bells, evidently awaiting our journey to the lounge.

Nurse Katrina retrieved both. As she tethered one yoke to another she also attached a bell to the front of each girl's yoke. Mine clanged with the slightest of movements.

"I think you're all ready for the lounge. Do not 'moo'," she mockingly suggested with her final taunting words.

Chapter Eleven

For the first time, we girls of 3 stall were led up flights of stairs to the various decks perched atop the vast hull of the ship. The tropical sun was just beginning to set and being able to look out windows for the first time in months was comforting. As written, the exercise deck was set low, like a bullring surrounded by walls and curious observers. Therefore the sun radiated from above but left us with no view of the ocean.

Now we were on levels of the ship well above the exercise deck and the size of the vessel seemed dwarfed by the incredible expanse of blue ocean reflecting the setting sun.

Being stripped naked and led about on a leash in a public area was still disconcerting, even after the months of subjugation. The constant clanging of the bells served to remind me of my status. I felt myself becoming wet between my thighs and my nipples, somewhat chafed and elongated by twice daily milkings, crinkled. The yoke pulling back my arms forced my chest outwards and the well-used pink protuberances resembled pointers, parading before me and indicating for all to see the intended direction of my perambulation.

Nurse Katrina led us into a room that appeared to be the ship's main dining hall. It occupied the entire width of the vessel, with windows on each side, and its length was impressive. The scene within was shockingly decadent with similarly naked and yoked girls bearing the numerals '1' and '2' on their right buttocks. They were engaged in sordid activities with fully dressed passengers, though some were attired to facilitate intimate contact.

"Welcome to the main lounge, girls."

Nurse Katrina began removing the tethering chains and I stood motionless and in awe while surveying the room.

In each corner was a trainer, standing with well-muscled arms akimbo. Their powerful hands wielded long, thin canes,

causing to cringe anyone who had ever been on the receiving end of such a painful implement of behavior modification.

Many of the 1 stall and 2 stall girls knelt on tables. The somewhat soiled tablecloths indicated that earlier in the evening, meals had been served. But now, naked and spread, a collection of girls knelt, their breasts hanging like large grape fruit, while numerous guests inspected, fondled, pinched and poked.

Then a matronly woman came through a swinging door from the galley carrying a pile of stainless steel bowls. I had no doubt as to their purpose, having so often seen my own breasts spurt white essence, first coating the shining bottom, then slowly filling the basin as soft but firm fingers worked.

Ms. Adams stepped to the middle of the room.

"You have fifteen minutes to choose, ladies and gentlemen. As you can see, the girls from 3 stall are also ready for your selection and enjoyment."

As the last tether was removed a loud murmur arose as the group collectively noticed our arrival. As scared as I was, I was mentally conflicted by the aching of my breasts. The twice daily milkings had become a strange source of comfort with either Dr. Helga or Nurse Inga coaxing me to perform at my best. Physically, with the intra-rectal feedings compelling my prolactin to the ultimate level, I was the equivalent of an Olympic athlete, trained, fed and exercised for one purpose... to perform... to respond on demand to the caress, draw and pinch of a nipple with a formidable stream of breast milk.

But more importantly, mentally I wanted to perform!

Yes, I had indeed come to lust for the wonderful touch of the skilled milker and feel the dull ache slowly subside and turn to a most satisfying pleasure. I came to find that within seconds of the first firm squeeze and draw, my vagina moistened and a curious endorphin was released. I

questioned whether somehow the natural desire to nurture the child I never saw had been replaced by the desire to provide Dr. Helga with the breast milk she seemed to so much enjoy extracting.

So I performed rather than nurtured. And as I watched the bowls distributed to the various tables and placed under pairs of suspended nipples, I realized that tonight I would likely learn to perform for others. That my offering, so happily given to Dr. Helga or Nurse Inga, would now be offered to all aboard 'The Scarlet Letter'.

My thoughts were diverted as two young girls approached. They were diminutive, almost identical in height and weight and initially I thought they were twins. But when they stopped in front of me, I realized that the impression was caused by their attire. Both wore what appeared to be togas of simple white cotton, and though their hair was styled identically, jaw-length with bangs, their pleasant but dissimilar facial features told me they were not related.

"Good evening, Alexi. We've enjoyed watching your tapes."

The girl was smiling politely. As she spoke I noticed the top of her head was barely over the level of my yoke.

I flushed with embarrassment. As written, I knew of the video cameras, but having the subject matter broached as I stood with my naked breasts thrusting forth, inviting both examination and touch, was overwhelming.

"Spread for the ladies, Alexi, they'll want to inspect you."

Nurse Katrina pinched my buttock. I obeyed. My bell clanged with my reaction.

For the next minute, one pair of small hands worked between my thighs, parting my labia and inserting two then three fingers. The other pair caressed my aching breasts, carefully avoiding any action, which would cause my nipples to leak.

Meanwhile, Ms. Adams spoke again in the middle of the room.

"Those wishing to enter tonight's contest, make sure you have a bowl and someone is timing your efforts. As always, there are prizes for speed and overall quantity."

A contest! My head began to spin thinking of all the girls being simultaneously milked. Meanwhile the small hands were moving both inside me and out.

"She's amazingly wet," commented the girl exploring my love nest.

"And the full breasts are at just the right height," countered the other palming my glands.

They turned to each other, smiled then looked at Nurse Katrina.

"Charge our account," they instructed in unison as each girl reached up and took one end of my yoke.

"No contest for us. Maybe next week. We're taking her to our room."

The notion that I could be purchased like a department store item was disconcerting. But as I was led from the lounge, I looked back to see an older gentleman examining Maria. The gleam in his eye and his wicked smile made me feel ironically grateful for being taken away by the two small girls, for Maria was bending well over at the waist and I could see that all her charms were exposed to the gaze of the old lecher whose wrinkled hands were parting her cheeks. When her breasts fully unfolded and her nipples began brushing the soft carpet, he laughed evilly.

Chapter Twelve

Being led about the ship by the two small girls did indeed make me feel somewhat like a bovine. I did not 'moo' but the rhythmical clanging with each of my steps, my full breasts and my mandated silence caused me to ruminate uncontrollably.

The feelings of arousal caused by the exhibition of my nudity and of being controlled by the two girls mixed with the dull ache of my mammary glands and the slow growing pain of having my arms so cruelly restrained. But then I realized the torment seemed to increase my arousal!

As we proceeded through the ship, one girl reached down and placed her palm on top of my mons. Using that area to steady her hand, her fingers draped downward and diddled away at my labia and clitoral hood. Step after step her fingers worked and the sensation was most peculiar—walking naked and restrained while being masturbated. Twice I had to stop as a wave of pleasure momentarily prevented my legs from moving. The girls laughed.

"Her nipples are like arrows," commented one.

"She's beginning to drip down her thigh," replied the other with the busy hand.

We finally reached their stateroom and entered. It was large and it appeared that the partitioning walls separating two or three rooms of the ship, when it was used for normal pleasure cruises, had been removed to provide for one very large play room. Two huge beds were found inside, both with steel posters, items of furniture seemingly incongruous to an ocean going vessel. One wall was covered with implements of restraint and correction. I shuddered at all the whips and crops, but could not envision the diminutive girls using such.

"On the bed, Alexi."

They spoke to each other and I learned that their names were Dottie and Lottie. I could not distinguish which was which.

One girl gratefully released my thumbs from the yoke and pushed me to lie on my back. The other then picked up a foot and encircled my ankle with a comfortable fur lined cuff.

"We like girls," commented one. "You may or may not. It doesn't matter."

My thumbs found themselves attached to the bedposts. This stretched out my arms and separated my hands well apart over my head. The cramping ceased and initially the relief felt good. The utility of the cylinder encasing my hair was demonstrated. It was used to immobilize my head by securing it to a cord strung from post to post.

With the second ankle cuffed, my feet were spread and attached to the bottom posts at a point well above the mattress. The girl was very particular in making sure my feet and thus my calves were suspended off the bed.

When finished I found myself lying supine with my thighs off the bed at a perpendicular angle, my knees bent and my calves held in the air parallel to the bed. My nose detected the extreme level of my arousal. I felt drops of love juice dribble past my labia and down my perineum.

"Let's test," one girl gushed with what seemed to be unwarranted enthusiasm.

She crawled up onto the bed and while kneeling straddled my left thigh. She then lowered her head and licked my left nipple. I moaned. She in turn squeezed my thigh between her two, pushed back and frottaged her toga-covered genitalia against me. The annoying bell tolled about my neck.

"Her chest is perfectly positioned," she exclaimed, obviously noting that my longer torso permitted her to kneel over me with her face at breast level.

"But the bell has to go."

It was easily detached. Then she scrambled from the bed and the two girls retreated to dresser drawers. After a moment of fumbling about, they returned to me. In each

pair of hands was a rubber implement with a strap attached. Judging from the placement of various nubs and with each having a substantial phallus protruding, the devices were designed solely to pleasure the female organs, both vaginally and clitorally.

"If Daddy ever knew how I was spending all his oil money..." mused one girl.

The two giggled uncontrollably as they encircled each of my thighs with a strap. Soon I was looking down to see two hideous dildos staring back at me from the middle of my thighs.

"Shall we let her watch?"

"Just for a while. I'll get the blind fold."

With that the togas were simultaneously tossed to the floor and the two vixens stood as naked as me. Their slim bodies were boyish. Small breasts were topped with excited cherry-like nipples. Perky buttocks and minimal pubic hair, trimmed well away from the vaginal opening, accentuated their youthful appearance, though I judged both to be older than me.

They crawled onto the large bed from right and left. Each seized one of my breasts. With the slightest of squeezes a geyser of milk shot straight into the air from my right nipple. Both laughed and their heads instantly bowed in a polite contest to lick the nectar from where it landed near my navel. Their tongues felt wonderfully hot. I felt more of my juices released from my love pouch. I was embarrassed by my reaction particularly when the girl on the left noticed.

"You see, Alexi. Lactating aboard 'The Scarlet Letter' isn't all bad," she commented as she again straddled my thigh.

Her hands moved down, grasped the rubber phallus and with a catch of her breath she quickly impaled herself. The other girl turned and kissed her, seeming to gain pleasure from her pleasure. Then she in turn straddled my right thigh and likewise guided the second rubber protuberance into her love nest. She sighed.

“You’re in for quite an evening, Alexi.”

By repeatedly pushing their hips back against my thighs, both girls began to slowly pump, obviously seeking to lubricate the phalli with the moisture of their own arousal.

Since each of my thighs was squeezed by theirs, their hot naked flesh pressing against mine felt wonderful. I was reminded of the brief moments in the washroom when Nurse Inga let us rub against each other. Only as opposed to frolicking about in the large communal washtub, with Dottie and Lottie my genitalia were left completely untouched. I felt myself pulling against the cords securing my thumbs. I desperately needed to finger myself. But instead I could only observe the looks of satiation, listen to the grunts of pleasure, and smell the arousal of Dottie and Lottie mix with the aroma of mine.

After numerous small orgasms, both heads lowered to my breasts. A slow lick. A slight suckle. I felt my nest turn to a river and I began to quiver.

“Time for the blindfold.”

The girl on my right quickly placed it over my eyes and tied it around my head. In darkness, I could only feel, listen and sniff the overpowering fragrance of feminine arousal. But in an odd form of compensation for being deprived of vision, both girls hungrily attacked my nipples. They sucked strongly while pumping rapidly and firmly on the thigh mounted dildos. The dull ache in my breasts transformed to the pleasure I had come to crave. My senses were overwhelmed. The endorphins began to flow. The sucking sensation of the two child like vixens surpassed anything I had felt in the stall. They were extracting the essence from my breasts faster and with more pleasure than Dr. Helga, Nurse Inga or the dreaded machine.

I climaxed for the first time in months. One girl laughingly exclaimed that I had ejaculated on her foot and indeed I felt a strange release followed by a wetness about my vulva that I had never before experienced.

And my pudendum had not been touched!

A post coitus-like glow served to place me in an amazingly relaxed mode. Yet the two girls continued to suckle and I felt both the proud and satisfying sensations of nurturing with the contrasting feeling of my strength slowly ebbing. Their hot tongues and lips worked without respite, drawing from my plump, over filled glands the milk, which Dr. Helga and Nurse Inga had so meticulously sought to develop.

Again, I compared my conflicting emotions to those of an imagined rape... the rage and anger of having something so precious being taken from me against my will versus the absolute peak of feminine ecstasy, giving and nurturing with the glands so innate to the female body and so well readied by Dr. Helga's extensive lactation program.

Despite the diversion provided by the sounds of frequent grunts and cries of pleasure from the lesbian lovers, I laid on the bed, restrained... thus forced to lay back and feel them bring themselves to climax utilizing my thighs and slowly drawing the energy and essence from my body. And I was so oddly gratified to have it taken from me...

I believe I slept. I may have passed out.

Chapter Thirteen

I awoke. Faint light, glowing through a small, well-curtained porthole, hinted at an early hour.

Dottie and Lottie had moved to the other bed and were sleeping completely naked. Each of their faces was firmly ensconced into the others pudendum.

I was glad to see that they had lowered my legs before retiring. But I was still restrained spread eagled on the bed. The very molecules of the room air seemed to painfully collide with my overly sensitive nipples. They stung, the two insatiable lovers having sucked for hours and long after my breasts gave up their last drop of sustenance. My stomach growled, a sound and feeling to which I had become quite accustomed. I needed to urinate. But more, my neglected sex needed the attention of my fingers. I so much desired to pinch, knead and caress my labia and diddle my clitoris as I so often did as a young teenager.

After a while the need to empty my bladder began to exceed my need to toy with my sex. My quandary as to whether to break silence and awake the lesbian lovers by pleading for release turned to panic. It became apparent that the two were not going to awake before my urges forced me to soil the sheets, thus mandating that I lie in my own excretions.

And the thoughts of the subsequent punishment further panicked me. I had avoided many of the strokes of the cane so casually meted out to the other girls of 3 stall, but I had received enough to know that such was to be avoided with vigor.

What punishment was worse? That for breaking silence or that for urinating on a guest's bed.

Finally, with my consternation peaking, there was a soft knock on the door. Nurse Inga entered wearing her professional smile. She placed her finger to her lips to shush me. Within a minute, I was released from the bed, thumbs

reattached to the yoke, and was stepping into the hallway. There Nurse Inga hooked on the annoying bell.

"You're full," she commented with a knowing smile as her fingers pressed against my lower abdomen.

"And sore," she added as the same fingers moved up and toyed with my right nipple while she watched my reaction.

I gasped with the irritation of having the abraded nipple touched, even so lightly.

"Sometimes they like to nibble. Dottie and Lottie can be insatiable."

Nurse Inga reached into her pocket and produced a small jar of ointment. She gently smeared a whitish cream on my nipples. It felt cool but alleviated the sting.

"Farmers use it on cows' udders after extensive milking," she explained. "It promotes the repair of the skin cells."

We began our descent back into the bowels of the ship. With full bladder, I felt like I was hopping along, squeezing the very muscles, which the Kegel exercises had sought to strengthen. My moistened nipples were cooled by the air. Once again they turned to pencil points. I walked closely behind Nurse Inga, ironically hoping to soon be permitted to squat while she held open my lips with beaker in hand.

After traversing two flights, Nurse Inga led me down a hallway toward another stairway, which I knew to further descend into the hull. A door opened in front of us. Exiting his sleeping quarters and evidently on his way to breakfast was that most handsome blond sailor, the dispenser of candy and with it abject humiliation.

He looked past Nurse Inga to me. His eyes quickly shifted to my extremely reddened nipples. He seemed to realize that I had spent the night 'entertaining guests' as Ms. Adams would phrase my activities.

"Good morning Inga. I suppose it's a little early to be offering candy."

She smiled back, warmly. There was a twinkle in her eye. Perhaps he had been told to await the sound of my bell. I

always suspected that all the seemingly chance encounters, in which the broad shouldered, flat stomached, bulging crouched sailor kept meeting the girls of 3 stall at a variety of different times and places, with candy in hand, was a setup. That somehow Nurse Inga arranged for the meetings, the intent being to spice up an otherwise dreary day of massaging, milking, washing, and dispensing enemas.

“Not now Josef. Alexi has to use the facilities. The poor girl has been restrained all night without relief.”

Josef feigned great concern watching me cross my legs and fidget as we paused. I could not keep the bell from making very light noises as my acute need made me tremble.

“I thought protocol mandated that you present yourself to the crew, Alexi. Instead you seem to be hiding your charms, naughty girl.

“Well if you want to spare yourself a caning and relieve your bladder, you may as well use my cabin. Nurse Inga can chaperone. Isn’t that correct Nurse Inga?”

I became more convinced of a setup as Nurse Inga nodded and thanked him on my behalf. We entered the open door.

Just as with the stateroom of Dottie and Lottie, it appeared that Josef’s large cabin had been expanded by removing the adjoining wall of one or two other cabins. It occurred to me that with the abundant size of the ship comfort for not only the guests but also the crew was more important than conserving space. Thus a cruise ship with an original capacity of some 1,000 passengers and crew had been converted to a vessel accommodating up to 144 ‘cowgirls’ and what appeared to be 200 to 300 passengers and crew.

With the luxury of space, it was no wonder that we seemed to endlessly cruise the warm climates without word of a destination. All on board, except for the ‘cowgirls’ of course, were happy just to engage in the perverse and

sordid activities without need or desire to ever dock. Except, that is, to acquire new girls or off-load offspring.

My thoughts clouded as Josef went into his small 'head', as the bathroom was termed aboard ship, and returned with a old fashioned chamber pot.

Why would I ever think I would once again be permitted to use a normal toilet?

He placed it in the middle of the floor and I assumed the well-ingrained position of squatting over it to await Nurse Inga's assisting fingers.

"No, no pet. On your knees. I will help."

As I complied, Josef stood before me and guided my yoke. Since my thumbs were secured out to the sides, I could not rest on all fours. Instead, Josef held up my yoke as I found myself on my knees and bent forward at the waist. My face was pushed into the denim-covered zipper of his jeans. I could feel his growing manhood. Nurse Inga stood to the side. Her pleasant professional smile had turned to one of evil. Where was her assisting hand? My bladder was bursting.

Then Josef's right foot cleverly moved forward and pushed the chamber pot back toward my ankles. It was no longer in a position to collect my excretions.

I had definitely been setup.

"Good girls get a reward. If you show me what a good girl you are I will let you use my pot. I like to have it taken nice and deep..."

Josef's left hand moved to the cylinder on the back of my head. His right pulled open his zipper. A mammoth circumcised phallus popped out. He pushed my face into it utilizing my handle. The proximity was such that the heat seemed to burn my nose and lips. He had done this before.

Strange how one's mind runs to unusual thoughts in times of stress. Mine questioned Nurse Inga's motives in participating in this conspiracy. Josef would be fellated. Quickly, neatly, obediently. I had no other option.

But what did this pretty young Scandinavian nurse have to gain? Judging from the manner in which she tenderly washed and milked me and all the other 'cowgirls', and her morning interludes with Nancy, I assumed she was a daughter of Sappho, receiving some deviant pleasure in controlling naked girls. Why deal with this unctuous male?

Before I took Josef's turgid penis, I glanced her way as best as his firm grip allowed. She stood with a smug smile, arms folded across her chest, appearing as if a great curiosity was about to be satisfied.

Then Josef shook his hand, my head with it, returning my attention to the matter at hand. When I turned my eyes and refocused, I understood the curiosity and reason for Nurse Inga's intense observation. Josef's penis had grown even more. It was huge and stood straight up well past his belt buckle. There seemed no way I would ever get it into my mouth much less 'take it deep'.

I would be proven wrong. And Nurse Inga would find herself most amused while her curiosity was satisfied.

Chapter Fourteen

After that introduction to the antics of the main lounge, our schedule fell into a new regimen. The twice-daily milkings ceased. Instead, our lacteal needs were allowed to accumulate then satisfied by way of a visit with Ms. Adams and her guests.

On most occasions I was simply placed kneeling on a table to become a guest's entry into the milking contest. It was humiliating, debasing, stressful but satisfying in having sometimes up to two day's accumulation of milk firmly extracted and collected in the stainless steel bowls.

I never won. A girl from 2 stall could fill the bowl with amazing speed if her milker applied the correct technique. And on the rare times that Maria was not selected for special duty, as I had been with Dottie and Lottie, she always took the prize for quantity, requiring two bowls and nearly filling the second before the huge spurts began to subside to dribbles.

Older women seemed to have the best technique for extraction. The male guests seemed to squeeze too tightly too early in the process. And there was also something about performing for a male that made the flow different, at least in my case. Perhaps the hormones diverted to other parts of the anatomy when a handsome male caressed my nipples or diddled my clitoris in what seemed to be standard procedure for readying the mammary glands.

And young females just didn't have the learned touch. When Dottie and Lottie cared to enter the contest they always did so as a team, each taking a breast. When they selected me one evening, I concluded their lips and tongue were a much more suitably tactile for extracting essence from my nipples than their hands and fingers.

The physical change in being so often forcibly lactated for the deviant group was slow but steady. Since many guests did not have the soft fingers and did not apply the same gentle but firm squeezes as Dr. Helga and Nurse Inga, my

nipples were being elongated with each squeeze and draw. After a few weeks, when aroused the pink darts arose some two inches from the body of my breasts. This feature intrigued the males, many of whom took great delight in feathering or applying cold objects in order to watch the buds erect like small penises. And their odd shape served to attract more milkers. Over the ensuing weeks every guest wanted to feel the soft pink tissue and watch my torrent of milk splash into the collecting bowl. And Ms. Adams ensured that every guest got their chance.

So despite the different skill levels of the guests, I learned that the only way my glands would be relieved of the abundant nectar was in the lounge. Thus, the humiliating trips with bell clanging throughout the ship became an event to which I looked forward with appreciation.

But there was always the possibility of being selected for a private session as I had been with Dottie and Lottie on that introductory evening.

Some private sessions were less memorable than others. I returned to Dottie and Lottie's cabin twice more, for example, and their method for enjoying the fruits of my feminine anatomy did not waver from the first visit.

But there was a session with an odd couple whom I judged to be in their thirties, that age when the sexual urges remain strong but the need for variety in gratification rises noticeably.

A very handsome couple, they took me back to their cabin, which once again was large. Special apparatus was waiting. It appeared to be a trapeze bar hanging from poles well secured to both floor and ceiling.

The couple had obviously spent much time together for they wordlessly led and positioned me for the evening of entertainment.

First the woman had me stand in the middle of the room while she diligently worked to encase my entire body in a

clear plastic wrap such as that used to preserve food. She was most meticulous and spent the time to ensure the seams of the various layers overlapped and formed a seal.

The sensation was very odd. I had not worn any clothing in months, thus nothing had touched my skin except the controlling hands of Dr. Helga, nurses and guests and the corrective end of a cane.

But the clear plastic left me exposed and my hairless pudendum became a particularly curious sight when the moist pink of my labia pressed against the smooth, clear surface of the wrapping.

As the woman worked her way up, she was careful to seal my breasts, flattening my protruding nipples within the plastic entombment. She laughed at the result but continued in her efforts.

Meanwhile husband was setting up various restraint paraphernalia and when the woman was finished, making certain the plastic was well sealed around my neck under the yoke, she retreated and undressed giving control to husband.

As always when exhibited to the lounge guests, all us cowgirls had our thumbs secured behind us, presenting our breasts in a most obscene manner. And so it was in the couple's cabin. Peripherally, in the lower field my vision could detect nothing but nipples and breasts, Dr. Helga's lactation program, nutrition, and well-timed milkings having caused my breasts to swell enormously.

So when encased in plastic, the pressure of the wrapping actually caused my flow to begin. The husband appeared ecstatic when he noticed the clear plastic begin to cloud with spots of milk about my nipples. But he continued working, clipping a cable onto the left end of my yoke then the right. Afterwards, he knelt and attached large firm ankle cuffs to which another pair of cables was attached.

I looked to see the woman, trim and obviously the benefactor of much exercise, donning a latex suit. It was

black. It was shiny. It was thin. And its one piece covered her entire body, ankles to neck. Getting into it was an amazing undertaking. It appeared the inside was lubricated.

My wonderment over the latex suit was distracted as I felt the cables tighten. I turned my head as best I could to see the husband cranking a winch.

“Hold steady. You’ll find you’ll be quite comfortable.”

He proved to be right. My yoke, attached to cables, remained at normal level while my feet began to first move back, then rise off the carpet. Within a minute I was suspended in air, completely wrapped but for my face and head. My bell clanged.

“Yes, very nice.”

The husband moved about, unhooking the trapeze bar, drawing it under my hips then reattaching it. He adjusted various cables, spreading my feet well apart then lowering the yoke so that my waist and legs were suspended above my head and breasts.

The woman, having finally slid her hands into the arms of the suit approached.

“Lovely. She presents her glands very well.”

Both hands palmed my covered breasts and began to knead. It felt good. My experience to date told me she was of the age to know how to properly milk a girl. First massaging the body of the mammary gland to enhance the circulation, I knew that next would come some vaginal stimulation, then a brief caress of the clitoris and I’d be begging to lactate for her.

I could hear the husband removing his clothing and again the corner of my eye caught his hands and arms laying a sheet on the floor beneath me. It was more latex. Just plain black, and shiny.

I moaned as the woman worked just the main part of my breasts. They ached. I needed to be relieved of two days of build up. I wanted to produce for her... to display myself and show what my feminine glands could do. I deliberately

shook my head and neck, making the bell clang and sending a signal as best I could that I wanted more.

Finally I felt the fingers of the husband working my labia. The sensation of being stroked through the thin plastic was decadently different. My juices flowed but were captured within my wrapping.

He inserted a finger, pushing the plastic into my vagina. Then another finger and another. The woman slowly moved her own fingers down toward my nipples. They were leaking. I detected more cloudiness under the wrapping.

Then the milking began in earnest. Husband located my clitoris. The woman began the firm squeezes and the draws of pinched fingers down the nipple to the end, where an eruption of milk met the plastic and stayed trapped within. She alternated breasts, emulating the milking of a cow, left hand then right... left hand then right.

My flow began to fill the well-sealed wrapping. It bulged, the woman laughed. The husband fingered. He was good. He found all the buttons and timed the push of such with the woman's strokes. My bell fell into the same rhythm. I felt the warmth of my own milk covering my torso. It was a most sordid feeling, bathing in my own essence.

After a time, it appeared that the plastic wrapping was going to give way. The weight of the milk caused it to bulge and in places it hung well away from my body. The look on the face of the woman was that of pure pleasure, her fingers were controlling me, bringing me strange satisfaction, slowly harvesting my body of its most prized substance. She became flushed.

"Now! I have to have it!"

She stopped milking me and laid on the black latex sheet under me. Husband interrupted my slow masturbation and I felt his hands near my torso. With a small metallic object he poked holes into my wrapping. The accumulated breast milk at first dripped out to a low point on my body, then gathered to steadily begin to pour down onto the woman. She

became ecstatic. First extending her tongue and letting it splash into her mouth then rolling about and letting it cover her latex suit.

The fingers of her right hand moved to her crouch area and slipped into a concealed slit in the latex suit. There was no doubt as to their objective. Her left hand collected more essence and rubbed it about. She closed her eyes. Her right hand, fingers gone from sight, became quite busy. She moaned.

The sight of the black latex being coated with the white of my glands provided a most perverse contrast. The husband moved back between my suspended legs. I expected to feel his wonderful fingers resume their exploration and manipulation, but instead the metal object worked between my buttocks.

"You'll do well to squeeze those luscious cheeks for me, my little cow. Daddy's going to give you some of his juices in return."

'Daddy's' turgid penis began knocking on my rear portal. I had no choice but to let it enter. I was grateful for the remnants of lubricant from the afternoon rectal feeding.

A thin stream of my breast milk continuously dripped onto the masturbating woman as husband entered me. Since I was suspended he merely stood in place and pushed and pulled on the trapeze about my hips to friction his huge erection. My bell rang. My sphincter, stretched by the daily insertion of the inflatable feeding nozzle, took the circumference, but it was tight.

Meanwhile as I swung forward and back, my milk flew to different areas. The woman climaxed but then extended her tongue, trying to catch the rivulets as they flew about and landed all over her and the latex sheet.

My mind raced trying to fully comprehend the most decadent scene unfolding. I closed my eyes. I was an object. A machine that they turned on and from which extracted pleasure. My half masturbated vulva was desperate for

attention. My breasts needed more stroking, even with the abundance of liquid covering the woman and the sheet. I had more to give. My over stuffed backside felt the hot, stiff phallus sliding in and out.

The pair of male hands reached under me and stroked than squeezed my breasts and nipples. They were harsh and although I felt more flow it was not pleasant.

“Squeeze, cow!”

With all that was happening, I had neglected to properly service the husband’s penis. I began to time his strokes with Kegel-like squeezes of my sphincter. More milk flowed then I finally heard his shout of ecstasy and squeezed strongly. I felt his hot sperm explode where I had so often felt the slow flow of the cooler brown nourishing liquid. I also felt great wetness within the area of my wrapped vulva.

When the husband, still impaling my rear portal, poked open the wrapping there, clear juices streamed down to the latex mat below. It was obvious I had once again ejaculated, but into the confines of the wrapping.

Chapter Fifteen

Within a month of the new regimen, the girls of 1 stall no longer appeared in the lounge. Instead some nine girls from 4 stall joined us. Unbeknownst to me, months before they had joined the ship in Norfolk and Charleston where a large presence of sailors seemed to indeed keep Dr. Helga well supplied with prospective 'cowgirls'.

Meanwhile I had become accustomed to the visits to the lounge and of being publicly milked. But what I could not become accustomed to were the special duties and fulfilling the most unusual requests of the guests.

No girl could ever be prepared for such.

One very eccentric woman, gray haired and in her fifties, took great delight in having me bend over a waist high bar while she stuffed my backside with shiny metal eggs. She took her time doing so, firmly pushing with her right hand while her left worked one nipple then the other.

I was amazed at the number of the strange objects she was able to insert, for she was most deliberate, noting for me that the more she milked me the more relaxed my sphincter became and the more eggs I took.

When finished with my anal opening, I felt absolutely stuffed. The last egg could not be fully inserted and I felt it peeking out my anus.

But then she slipped two more eggs into my vulva.

"Hold them for me," she politely commanded. "We'll visit some friends."

The woman then proceeded to walk me about the ship. Fortunately, with the weeks of vaginal exercise, I was able to hold the slippery eggs, though with my movement, they served to arouse me terribly.

As we proceeded through the halls, she looked back to observe my reaction. Walking while holding the oblong spheres made me move like a duck, and I had to stop on occasion when very pleasant twinges interrupted my pace.

The night's lounge entertainment had ended by then and many guests were back in their cabins, happy to have a quick diversion before retiring.

Their smiles and mocking laughter have forever been etched in my memory as the woman suggested with each visit that I 'lay an egg'. And I did. But holding the vaginal eggs while expelling the ones in my backside took incredible concentration. Throughout the evening, time after time I squatted over a dish or bowl and pushed out an egg at each stop, hoping that the woman had counted the number. For the last two were most difficult and I pondered whether there were any left. They were finally expelled after many amusing minutes of pushing. For the last one, I found the Lamaze training to be particularly useful. The sound of the metal hitting the bowl was satisfying after displaying for the deviant guests the use of muscles I didn't think any one would ever see.

That evening ended back in the woman's cabin. Finally permitted to push out the vaginal eggs as she held her hand patiently under the egress to my love nest, I nearly climaxed as the smooth, slippery objects opened my inner lips to escape.

She slept that night with my head between her thighs. It was nice to be released from the yoke, but her oral demands were endless, waking every hour or so to demand my attention.

On another evening of special duty, the same woman, evidently finding some attraction with my breasts among the dozens of others, or perhaps enjoying the prior night of endless cunnilingus, again selected me for special duty.

This time she led me to her cabin where I was greeted by a trapeze device similar to that used by the couple. It did not take much effort to have this naked girl, thumbs restrained behind her back, hung from the trapeze bar upside down. Yes, the comfortably padded bar was lowered to the floor and placed under my bent knees. With my

ankles secured up to the back of the yoke, the woman turned the winch and raised the trapeze bar until I was completely suspended with my head just off the carpet. My huge swollen breasts hung before my chin and nose. She laughed.

“So much time spent milking the breasts. Did you know they can milk themselves?”

I was not expected to answer and did not. She pulled up a chair, sat and reached down to my left breast, pulling upwards. I could not see everything she did, but felt her circling the elongated nipple from the very base with a very thin cord. She wound her way toward the end leaving the very tip exposed. It slowly engorged and turned bright red. She did the same with the right.

“Dr. Helga will be happier if we collect the milk, won’t she now.”

The standard stainless steel bowl was pushed on the floor under me.

“Now, let’s get you started, shall we?”

Her knowing hands reached up. Just at the height of her shoulders as she sat in the chair was my love nest, well exposed, hairless and with labia well spread by the trapeze bar which separated my knees.

I knew what was coming. She inserted two fingers and began. What I didn’t expect was to see, within a minute; my breasts begin to give up their essence. Her diddling fingers sent the message to get ready to lactate. The pressure of the thin thread, tightly encircling all but the tip of the nipple, apparently provided the needed pressure to cause the flow. I began dripping into the bowl.

“Yes, very nice Alexi. There are girls who can produce more, but few so eager to show off as you are.”

She diddled a little longer, brushed my clitoris with the tip of a finger then stood and removed the chair.

It was bizarre. I continued to drip into the bowl while she stepped back and poured herself a glass of wine.

The woman then opened the door to the cabin. Knowing that anyone passing by in the hall was free to view me, hanging upside down and lactating without manipulation into the collecting bowl, caused great embarrassment and concern. And the very thought seemed to increase the rate of my flow!

The milk slowly oozed to the tips of my nipples then steadily dripped to the bowl. The milking was slower than the machine and certainly slower than Dr. Helga or Nurse Inga but there was an incomparable level of diabolism in having a pair of thin threads and Earth's gravity rob me of my precious fluid. So simple. So cunning. So evil.

In time, guests exiting the lounge stopped in to view the woman's handiwork. The reactions varied from curiosity to outright laughter. One woman giggled endlessly and could not resist standing before me, caressing my moist labia and ever so lightly toying with my clitoris. After which she marveled at my increased flow of milk. I also felt myself begin to flow from my vulva. Essentially, my vagina was also being milked! The rivulets formed a stream, which slowly ebbed down my flesh to my stomach.

Mercifully, the woman finally curtailed the entertainment.

"Can't have her hanging upside down for too long," she commented.

As she unraveled the threads, my nipples began to spurt under her touch. She laughingly directed the milk into the bowl.

After being released from the trapeze she gave me a standard hand milking. It drained me of the remaining fluid and felt very good. I again spent the night with my head between her thighs.

Each morning after a night of special duty, Nurse Inga walked me back to the stall.

After the third encounter with Josef, I came to expect the 'chance' meeting.

Nurse Inga definitely had an odd level of enjoyment in watching a girl fellate a virile young male. Or perhaps she liked providing Josef with a source of pleasure, as long as it was not her lips wrapped around the imposing shaft.

So when Nurse Inga led me down the hallway of Josef's cabin, and I saw his door ajar, I knew another aperture would be put to use. Yes, the pretense of 'meeting' Josef on his way to breakfast had been put aside. I learned to merely step into his room, kneel and wait until he chose to open his zipper.

Happily for me there was the relief offered by the chamber pot as compensation. And feeling Nurse Inga's hands toy with my labia as Josef pulled and pushed the handle on the back of my head added a degree of pleasure, however perverse, to an otherwise demeaning task.

Over many morning stops, Josef patiently taught me the art of fellatio, and he did indeed like to have it 'taken deep'. This entailed opening up my gullet and overcoming the 'gag reflex' which naturally occurs when an object, particularly as large and firm as Josef's penis, is thrust past the back of the throat.

On the first visit, I gagged and heard the sound of Nurse Inga laughing. And there was also the sound of my annoying bell, mandated to be worn by lactating girls when outside the stall. Josef's pushes and pulls on my handle caused quite the cacophony and I often wondered if the occupants of nearby cabins could hear me fellating the most handsome sailor.

Well, a girl has to do what a girl has to do, and many times as Josef rammed his stiff member to the very depths of my throat, I deliberately let my thoughts meander. The fat, the bald and the perverted at the men's club came to mind once... how he had opened his zipper in a subtle offer of a high paying promotion to that of dancer in exchange for oral sex... how my pride caused me to ignore the hint thus relegating me to the waitressing job... and ironically, how I

was servicing this young male for nothing more than a piece of candy, when he chose to offer it.

Yes, the chronic pangs of hunger were still present and Josef knew it. After each explosion of hot semen seemed to have been injected directly into my stomach, he took great delight in mockingly inquiring...

“Do you still feel hungry now?”

And most disturbing, my silent answer was ‘no’.

The rush of thick sperm, voluminously produced by the virile sailor in his sexual prime, served to temporarily quell the hunger. So after every climax I learned to carefully scoop the last drops from his urethra and gently tongue the head and shaft searching for any overlooked hunger-staving remnants. When finished, my tongue and lips thoroughly cleansed his softening penis and every drop of his sperm was fully sucked into my craving stomach.

The notion of so willingly taking everything the young sailor had to offer frightened me. Receiving sustenance, if it could be so termed, in such a sordid manner would have been deemed most offensive at one time in my life. But the pangs indeed subsided and my oral attentiveness and the dexterity of my tongue enthralled Nurse Inga.

“Well, Alexi. Perhaps we should put you on a special feeding program. You seem to have quite the appetite for the male essence.”

She laughed uproariously with the suggestion and I flushed with shame. But I had come to welcome the temporary relief from the hunger.

The encounters with Josef always ended with Nurse Inga parting my labia with her fingers as I humbly knelt over his pot. Then I would patiently look up to await the sailor’s nod, for it was only with his permission that I was finally permitted to open my bladder and use his basin.

Chapter Sixteen

In a few weeks the girls from 2 stall also stopped visiting the lounge. In their place a new set of girls from 5 stall joined us in the deviant antics. All young, voluptuous, and all lactating like dairy cows.

One evening while being aggressively milked, a particularly clumsy but fervent woman talked to me as my fluid squirted into the waiting bowl.

"Well, Alexi you'll soon be having more fun. Its June you know. March is nine months off for the girls of 3 stall and I'm going to enjoy watching Dr. Helga part those juicy lips of yours and do her thing. I just may purchase a video of that!"

She made her comment with such zeal that I pondered over the remark as she laughed. Being isolated in the stall, none of us girls had any sense of time, much less of the day, week or month. But if it was in fact June, my fateful afternoon romp in stepfather's barn was a year before. That made me briefly think of the Iowa farm country, which I didn't miss much except for Mom. I did miss New York and the excitement, and I reminisced somewhat over the swanky club. Watching the men get excited over the naked girls was quite a sight for a farm girl from the Midwest, and I longed for them to be excited over me. I was certain that given another opportunity to 'interview', the fat, the bad and the perverted was sure to hire me as a dancer. Especially since Josef had imbued me with the requisite 'skill' needed to pass his 'interview'.

Yes, soon it would be autumn and 'The Scarlet Letter' would return to the northeast U.S. and begin its journey down the coast. I wish I had read the papers I had signed. Surely it would be most logical to release me when the ship reached New York. Nurse Inga had stated that all my things would be returned to me.

But then, as I recalled her words, she never said when!

With my sudden panicked thoughts, I found I was not paying attention. Ms. Fervor's fingers had found the bottom

of my abundant reservoir yet she kept squeezing and tugging my nipples. My feelings of detached arousal turned to irritation and brought me back to the libidinous escapades of the ship's lounge. I winced in pain, hoping the woman would understand I had no more to give. I looked over to see Maria's breasts still producing even as the first bowl filled to the brim. So like most of the guests my milker was eager to win the evening's contest and kept pinching. I knew Maria's fine breasts consistently produced more than any other 'cowgirl'. But there was nothing more I could do than to stoically remain silent and accept the irritation with a grimace. Hopefully Nurse Inga would later notice my reddened nipples and apply her cow ointment, I thought.

The next morning, as we waited to one by one fill the beaker for Nurse Inga, I thought more about the information Ms. Fervor had casually shared as her talentless fingers endeavored to maximize the flow of my breast milk. A few weeks earlier I had menstruated for the first time since dropping the child. And Nurse Inga had taken great care to record the date in small numbers on my left buttock. The ink used was again indelible, but nowhere near as permanent as the larger numeral '3' on my right buttock, for the writing had already begun to fade with daily visits to the communal tub.

After exercise, Dr. Helga visited the washroom while we frolicked and rubbed against each other like pubescent puppies. She watched with a smile then turned to Nurse Inga.

"Send me the girl nearest ovulation, first. Then the others in order of the dates "

She departed and Nurse Inga went from girl to girl (or should I write hip to hip) to determine whom amongst us had experienced their period two weeks before.

It was Maria and when Nurse Inga took her out of the room, leaving us to ourselves, we rubbed thighs against mons veneris like animals in heat. None of us gave a

moment's thought as to Maria's fate. Until that is when Nurse Inga returned and next took me. I was wet and frustrated when she pulled me from the tub. Mona and I were quim to quim and frottaging like never before. It was then that I wondered what was interrupting our short daily recreation period.

Well, it was back to the examination room. I had thankfully not been there in months and Dr. Helga waited with Nurse Katrina in full medical garb.

With all the time spent aboard ship, I wordlessly went to the table, sat and spread my legs. Nurse Katrina smiled with my act of subjugation, yet chose to secure my ankles into the stirrups. A thorough pelvic exam followed. Fully exposed, the camera whirled away as usual. Dr. Helga spoke in medical terms. Nurse Katrina took notes.

My mind wandered to a point. Then certain snippets of Dr. Helga's diction caught my attention.

"The wombs of these girls are remarkable. But... that's youth. Schedule this one for three days after Maria. Mix the semen. You know I like surprises. The DNA tests will tell us if we later need to know the progenitor."

Semen! Progenitor!

I was again led back to the stall in a quandary. For the next few days the normal routine continued. But then one afternoon after exercise, Maria was taken away. She returned a few hours later, crying and was subsequently excused from lounge duty for that evening. These were the times when I found the mandated silence to be so frustrating. After all that we 'cowgirls' had been through, what could make Maria cry? She was treated with great care. She was not only the best milker among the group, but no girl from 1, 2, 4 or 5, stall had yet to produce better than she did.

What had upset her so? We could not ask, and if we did so we could not expect an answer.

Days later, I was taken from the exercise room. By the end of that afternoon I fully understood Maria's remorse.

Dr. Helga inseminated me! Just as days before she had Maria!

The method for filling my vagina with semen was a strange combination of clinical sterility and bordello sordidness.

Nurse Inga led me up flights stairs to a large room near the main lounge. The floor was tiled in white with the walls painted the same color. Dozens of extremely bright lights made all the white seem whiter.

There was no ruse concerning cameras as in most of the other rooms frequented by us 'cowgirls'. This room had cameras mounted in plain sight, high in each of the corners with two others in the middle of the ceiling.

In three of the walls the austere expanse of whiteness was interrupted by large picture windows. Below were steel cabinets, also painted white. The fourth wall was draped with medical paraphernalia.

In the center of the room was an operating table. The numerous cranks, handles, dials evidenced the purpose of the design, which was to enable the operator to place the subservient, nude female body in any desired position and secure it there.

I was scared. Naked. Restrained in my yoke. My bell clanged, reminding me of my lowly status as Nurse Inga walked me about. As we passed the table I noticed another camera imbedded into the floor covered by a strong clear plate of Lucite.

Nurse Inga led me to a far corner. There she turned a valve and a shower nozzle spurted water. She quickly hosed me, soaped me, then rinsed and gently toweled my freshly cleansed flesh.

Next she led me to the table. Nurse Inga placed me prostrate on the flat surface. Each end of my yoke was clipped to waiting brackets on the edges of table. My ankles

were cuffed and secured left and right to the edges at the bottom. Nurse Inga turned one of the cranks. I felt my legs separate as the bottom portion of the table parted. After a minute my labia opened and I felt the cool room air in my most intimate place. She continued turning until my legs were incredibly split and I was obscenely presented. I thought about the camera in the floor below and imagined it to be filming my not only wide-open vaginal passage but the very opening of my womb!

Another crank was turned. The table tilted with my head moving downward and my well-parted feet moving higher. Finally, a latch was pulled. A door within the table surface under my breasts fell away. My swollen, milk-laden glands fell with it to hang freely. My elongated nipples almost touched the cold tile floor.

I was given an enema. Warm, deep and thorough I had become accustomed to the daily procedure, but not before all the cameras. After expelling the contents, my rectum was carefully lubricated. This was not part of the daily procedure. Her gloved fingers probed deeply with globs of slippery goo.

Faces began to appear at the windows to the right and left. I recognized the guests from the many evenings of lounge entertainment. I could only imagine how many were assembled before the window behind me. I shuddered being so completely exposed under the bright lights and having the pretty young nurse work about my well displayed genitalia.

"I'll need to have you empty your bladder, Alexi. Be a good girl for me."

Did I have a choice?

Nurse Inga held a beaker under me. I complied with her request and watched the cheery reaction on the faces to my left.

The next few minutes were spent douching me then carefully shaving what must have been mere stubs of what

little pubic hair had began to grow since the prior day's shave.

When she finished she dabbed away with a towel removing all lather and excess moisture.

Then she wordlessly left, leaving me bound and exposed to the gaze of the many lecherous guests.

Chapter Seventeen

What was going to happen? My thoughts ran wildly as I just laid and waited.

My breasts ached as they did more often than not. The hormone filled daily rectal feedings kept the glands amazingly active. It may have been psychosomatic but I imagined the tingling sensation I constantly felt was the various cells in my nipples producing at a rapid rate. I needed to lactate and pined for Nurse Inga's wonderful touch. It had been many weeks since the twice-daily milkings had stopped. The sole manner in which I was relieved of the building milk was by way of the lounge, where most guest's fingers were harsh and unskilled.

Perhaps Dr. Helga would give me thorough milking! Yes, maybe that was the purpose of all the preparations, one large extremely slow and sensational milking for the benefit of all the guests. Finally teach them how it should be done.

Dr. Helga entered. With her was Nurse Katrina and I was shocked to see Josef and another young handsome crewmember, both wearing the white tent-like sheets of hospital patients. I was most humiliated being spread so open for them. They smiled evilly.

"Good afternoon, Alexi. As you may or may not know it is June, which makes March nine months away for the girls in 3 stall. And you're ovulating. So it's time to be inseminated.

"Since the preparations are rather elaborate and I hate to have to try again, I have over the years developed a technique which is close to 100% effective

"Your role is to just relax. And I think you'll be pleased with the results. Just think, you'll be back to eating food again."

I panicked. Inseminated! Another child! I struggled against my bonds. Josef and Helmut laughed.

As tempting as the offer of food was, I would have preferred not to participate. But I was strapped to the table, naked and spread. She could do with me as she pleased.

“Josef and Helmut will assist. We’ve learned a little trick from animal breeders. Hormone flow and desire are important elements to the process.”

Yes. I knew that from the days of my youth watching the farmers impregnate the various animals. Even when a cow was to be artificially inseminated, a stud bull was corralled nearby to put the female in heat. Well, it appeared that I had two stud bulls for my insemination.

My eyes began to tear with the thought of once again waddling about the ship with my belly proceeding me. Of bearing another child. Of not being able to return to New York and having another opportunity to dance.

Meanwhile Nurse Katrina inserted a thermometer into my vagina. While she held it there she smoothed her fingers down my inner labia then caressed my clitoris. I sighed spontaneously but was chagrined to realize that I was spread open to the point that my little bud peeked out of its hood so conveniently.

99.5 degrees Doctor,” the nurse dutifully reported as she continued her manipulation.

“Excellent. You are indeed ovulating, Alexi. Relax and enjoy. What will happen will happen.”

With Dr. Helga’s words the procedure began. Nurse Katrina more vigorously stroked my pink parts. I felt a little valve open deep inside. My juices began to flow.

With a nod from the Doctor, Josef and Helmut removed the hospital gowns. Underneath they were naked and my eyes immediately moved to their semi-erect male members. I knew Josef to be huge. I was not prepared for the sight Helmut’s phallus. It was slightly longer than Josef’s, but it must have been a full half-inch thicker.

“I understand you have an affinity for fellatio, Alexi. No reason to deny you the pleasure during your most important task aboard ‘The Scarlet Letter’.”

Dr. Helga’s tone was mocking as I watched Josef approach. I hated myself for instinctively opening my

mouth. I could hear the faint cheers of the guests standing behind the thick glass.

“Josef says you enjoy being fed this way. Bon appétit! Mount her Helmut!”

Helmut moved to my left and placed his left foot into a small leather strap hanging from the side of the table. Meanwhile Josef grabbed my handle and inserted his semi hard penis in my mouth. The people. The cameras. The humiliation.

He paused while the massive organ grew in my mouth. I knew to prevent choking that I needed to open my gullet and let it extend deep beyond the back of my throat. When he felt it fully harden, he began. Essentially he was fornicating my face, thrusting slowly with his hips.

Meanwhile I felt Helmut straddling my waist, evidently placing his right foot into a similar strap on the right side of the table.

“Helmut loves to use the backsides of young ladies, Alexi. A rather stout penis but somehow he always manages full penetration. If you develop a liking, Helmut can oblige you any time.”

With Dr. Helga’s sarcastic explanation, the hot, rock hard tip of Helmut’s fat erection began knocking on my well-lubricated anus. When he placed his hands on my yoke to steady himself. I pictured him riding me like a horse, with my buttocks serving as a saddle he pushed his massive manhood straight downward into my defenseless portal.

I’m sure it was a most acrobatic maneuver, but Helmut was trained and well practiced. Since I continued to feel Nurse Katrina’s fingers, I realized the contorted method for performing anal penetration was intended to provide her and Dr. Helga with complete access to my vaginal opening while he plugged away.

The hot cylinder of flesh slid inside me. It was tight and uncomfortable, but over the months I had so many objects inserted that I took it. All of it.

It had been many weeks since I was permitted to achieve a climax. Daily life aboard the ship so often brought me close, only to have a true orgasm denied. And now with two muscular well-built males penetrating me, and Nurse Katrina's skilled fingers tantalizing my overly sensitive genitalia. I felt I would faint from the onrush of sensuousness.

Dr. Helga made a point of standing next to Josef as his penis thrust in and out and I fought not to gag. My saliva dripped uncontrollably and she graciously dabbed some of it from my chin while she narrated, graphically describing Helmut's deep penetrating thrusts into my sphincter.

"Yes, very nice Alexi. You're full of penis, do you realize that? And when I give the word you will also be full of their semen. All your apertures will be stuffed full of the potent male essence. Thought provoking, no? Feel rather subjugated?"

Dr. Helga laughed with her observation. I certainly knew I was stuffed full. My mouth and anus were being frictioned and seemed to be close to catching fire. Josef and Helmut pumped vigorously.

Katrina reported that I was dripping. She next inserted two fingers and further reported a degree of vacillation.

"Wonderful. In addition to understanding pregnancy and childbirth, Alexi, we also have a very good understanding of the female organ and orgasm. There are any number of ways to be inseminated. For my girls I like to make it as memorable as possible. I also like to entertain my guests, as you know. Plus, you would not believe the price I can command for the tapes we're making. My biggest sellers.

"When your vaginal walls begin to vacillate, that's the beginning of the road toward orgasm. When that occurs contractions cause any semen to be sucked up to better enter the cervix. So I want you to have a nice powerful orgasm. Josef and Helmut will help. Think of how they're using you. You're just one large, hot vagina to be

penetrated. You're open. Every aperture. Your mouth. Your rectum. And your labia. Oh, I almost forgot this."

She held up a rubber phallus, black with a white sticky fluid dripping from a faux urethral opening at the end.

"My own little invention. A hollow dildo. But it's not a toy to be played with. It's full of semen for you, close to half a pint. When Nurse Katrina says you're ready, I insert it. Stroke you a few times and squeeze. Works every time. It's rather a lot of sperm, but as I said I don't like to do things twice.

"Some girls fight it, trying not to orgasm. But in time you'll succumb. Every girl does eventually. But feel free to resist. Your struggles provide for a most entertaining display for my guests. Watching a nubile girl being thoroughly fornicated both anally and orally is the highlight of the cruise. And when its time, like it or not you'll be awash in sperm. Everywhere."

Dr. Helga curtailed her verbal torment, Nurse Katrina evidently signaling that she had felt the expected reaction of my genitalia.

Yes, I tried to fight off the orgasm. But being filled with large stiff penises, and with Nurse Katrina's trained fingers working within my love pot, I really didn't stand a chance.

"Feather the clitoris. Get ready boys."

I felt the smooth, lubricated dildo enter. Yes, a feather began working my little bud. After a minute or two Dr. Helga counted.

"One... two... three."

For the first time after dozens of sessions of fellatio, Josef pulled back until the bulbous head of his member was no longer deep within my throat. Instead, it filled my mouth. He paused and looked down at me with a mocking smile then with a laugh pulled his male trigger to release an explosion of thick hot semen into my orifice.

At the same time Helmut pulled his trigger. Liquid heat filled my back passage.

“Good boys.”

A laughing Dr. Helga gave the dildo a slight squeeze. I felt it spurt. The feather again worked my clitoris. I nearly fainted from an overwhelming wave of pleasure. My mouth was full of Josef’s male essence. He remained pressing against my face with his hips, keeping his softening manhood in my mouth.

Then I felt her squeeze again... and again, and a fourth time. She staged the release of inseminating juices to coincide with certain orgasmic contractions.

“Be a good girl and swallow for Josef. He’s worked so hard for you.”

When he pinched my nose I could no longer breathe with his penis and semen blocking my mouth. As the room began to darken, I indeed swallowed. It reminded me of my mother forcing me to eat a raw egg as a sick child.

I’m not sure how long I was unconscious. When I again became cognizant of the room lights and all that was around me, I felt Nurse Katrina’s fingers working about my labia. Josef was still standing in front of me. He pointed to his semi erect organ. My training told me he wanted it licked clean. I humbly extended my tongue.

Then Helmut dismounted and I had to extend him the same courtesy. I was grateful for the enema. I licked him clean as he milked me as a lark, evidently a rare privilege afforded to the crew, which he enjoyed immensely.

The table was then tilted. My feet and legs rose. My head approached the floor.

“Nurse Katrina has clamped shut your vaginal opening. I also like to use gravity to ensure that the sperm gets a good opportunity to enter your cervix. You’ll be returned to the stall in an hour or so.

“Meanwhile, enjoy the feeling. You’re full of sperm and have been well rutted.”

Yes. I felt as if I was floating in male juices.

They left and I slept, naked and spread in the well-lit windowed room. I had a strangely pleasant dream. One in which Nurse Inga bathed me in a tub filled with thick, sticky substance then used it to lubricate her hands and fist me to orgasm.

Chapter Eighteen

Over the next few days Mona and then Nancy were also led out of the exercise room. It would not have done any good to warn them. There was nothing that could prepare a girl for such trauma.

Within weeks we girls of 3 stall were no longer required to attend the festivities in the lounge. Dr. Helga informed me that she had successfully impregnated me and I also heard her announce the same to Maria, Mona, and Nancy. Apparently the collected urine samples were indeed tested. But I had already suspected such was the case when my period was late.

Sharon evidently was not inseminated. I was shocked to hear Dr. Helga inform her that policy prohibited any girl from bringing more than three babies to term! With the enforced silence I had no way of knowing that Sharon had been on the ship that long.

"We'll be returning to Boston in a couple of months, Sharon. Meanwhile I'm sure your breasts will keep producing for us."

Dr. Helga reached out and gave her right nipple a quick but efficient pinch with her suggestion, demonstrating her control and causing a spray of milk to wet her shoes. She laughingly licked her fingers and mocked...

"I'm sure you'll want to use contraceptives after leaving us. Or perhaps limit your sexual practices to oral stimulation."

We were returned to the machine for most milkings. It was harsh and I believe not only caused more elongation of my nipples but faster than even the most aggressive and clumsy of the lounge guests. But on occasion, Nurse Inga would give one of the girls a nice hand milking, as a sort of morale boost. I looked forward to her touch as always and hoped she would select me.

Our rectal feeding was curtailed, our diet returning to the highly nutritious mush that Nurse Inga took great delight in

spoon-feeding us.

During the ensuing two months outdoor exercise became more rare. When we were led to the deck I noticed that the angle of the sun was changing and the air was cooler. It was apparent the ship was headed north. But I noticed that Maria was receiving special treatment. The trainers left her outdoors in the sun for inordinately long periods and as a result her already brown skin began to turn to a deep bronze.

She was returned to the washroom late, therefore shortening her playtime. I missed rubbing nipple to nipple with her.

One morning, the tedium was suspended. I awoke earlier than normal and realized the ship's engines had stopped. Nurse Katrina came in and took out Sharon. We had apparently arrived in Boston. We never saw her again.

Within days a girl named Linda joined 3 stall. She was petite and expecting of course. She didn't listen well and I came to cringe watching the cane being applied to her cute backside.

Two days later came Susan, a redhead. She eventually was trained to orally service Nurse Inga, Nancy's tongue having been deemed tiresome.

Observing the reaction of new girls while we 'regulars' were milked was somewhat amusing. There was always an indescribable look of denial as Nurse Inga went down the line and attached the suction cups. As the clear tubes turned white, extracting and collecting our precious fluids for the benefit of Dr. Helga, their eyes bulged, despite our looks of satiation. But then after they had their introduction to Dr. Helga's affectations, becoming feminine fondue, their looks changed to bewilderment. We knew, of course, that in time their mammary glands would throb and ache as much as ours. And if the gifted fingers of Nurse Inga or Dr. Helga were not offered, then the machine would have to become

an acceptable replacement to the daily goal of ridding our bodies of the liquid abundance.

Although they had not begun to lactate, it was nice to have fresh flesh to frottage against in the washroom. Both Linda and Susan were initially very shy. But over time, with the enforced abstinence, their hormone levels rose to that of ours. Thus they joined in and frolicked with us like sexually curious children, particularly after Nurse Inga gave their clean-shaven vulvas a rather sensuous swabbing with a warm, wet and soft washcloth. It was then that they realized there would be no further form of relief, masturbatory or otherwise, other than to press nipple to nipple, or quim to thigh with the cowgirls of 3 stall.

I didn't count the days, but after some two weeks the ship again vibrated with the low hum of the engines. My geography suggested the next sizable port on the east coast was New York. The thought caused me to yearn for release. But even if Dr. Helga did bid me adieu, I would be back in New York in the same condition in which I had left it one year earlier, broke and pregnant.

Since I knew the daily routine so well, my existence became most boring. The tedium was daunting and only broken by observing Linda or Susan endure some of the procedures for the first time.

Then something very unusual happened. A visitor came through our stall. A male visitor!

"Oh goodness, they're just as I imagined. So docile and so nubile. Can I touch one?"

The man was in his forties and sashayed through the middle of the stall with Dr. Helga. His mannerisms were most effeminate. Yellow slacks, green shirt and a flowery ascot about his neck further evidenced a high degree of femininity. His head rapidly turned right and left attempting to take in the sight of half dozen lactating (or near lactating) naked girls before the view was snatched away like a Christmas present being prepared for wrapping.

I felt like an animal in a zoo.

"Of course you may touch, Marvin. If speech was permitted they would beg for the caress of your fingers, particularly about the nipples. For any liberties you take, we'll include the standard charge in your employer's bill. We'll even teach you to milk them, for a fee."

"Ohhh," was Marvin's reply, his hyperactive mind was already focusing on something else, for his right hand reached to an object hanging around his neck. It was a viewfinder. He trained it on Maria.

"That must be the special color we requested. Very nice, Doctor. A nice rich brown."

We were all kneeling. Nurse Inga had been through the stall with beakers in hand emptying our bladders. We expected the next procedure was to be leashed for the trip to the exercise room.

Instead this strange 'Marvin' paraded through and stepped in front of Maria. He noticed the hollow cylinder entrapping the remnants of her hair. Then he circled the well-tanned naked 'cowgirl' staring downward, as if inspecting something for intended purchase.

"Ghastly thing. I can only imagine its purpose," he exclaimed referring to the wooden cylinder in her hair.

He held up his viewfinder, framing Maria's face and yoke.

"I assume this plastic thing around her neck can be removed temporarily, but the half head of hair and the thing in it is a problem."

"It's a yoke, Marvin. Yes it can be removed. But we can't grow hair by tomorrow," replied a calm and amused Dr. Helga.

"Pull the wooden thing straight back for me."

Dr. Helga obliged and Marvin stepped back and again looked through the finder.

"Well, how about if we shave her head? There's no hair anywhere else and the body paint will be more uniform."

“That we can do,” replied the Doctor. “The handle won’t be needed for much until she drops the next child.”

“Excellent. Can they really lactate?”

Marvin finally summoned the courage to take up Dr. Helga on her offer and satisfy his curiosity. He bent over to Maria’s right nipple, almost hanging to the floor. He squeezed and her milk gushed out forming a sizable puddle near Marvin’s shoe. He jumped back and then laughed at his own reaction.

“Guess you never spent much time on a farm Marvin. Maria here is the best producer in 3 stall. We’ve got one better in 8 stall, but she’s a little plump and just gave birth so she’s not right for your video.

“But none of these girls have been milked in two days. So, the answer is yes, they’ll all produce for you and your camera, and kiss your feet in gratitude for the privilege of performing for you.”

Yes, I was to find out that Marvin made low grade movies and he was contracted to produce a short video for some wealthy Arab with a penchant for young lactating girls. But the proclivity was more involved than that and I would regretfully find that out.

“Well, I’ll need another. A girl with contrast.”

He walked down the row of poles with the kneeling girls humbly and silently staring up with the discomfort of the male presence. The atmosphere was similar to that of a ladies spa at a posh hotel being invaded by a man. Except for Linda and Susan, we were accustomed to being displayed in the lounge, but the stall had become a type of sanctuary.

“This one. Very nice light skin. Very expressive breasts, seeming to beg for attention.”

He had stopped in front of me, pointing. Then he smiled, reached down and squeezed my left nipple. Unlike Maria who tended to spurt downward, I sprayed and Marvin found

his shoes and the cuffs of his gaily-colored slacks moistened with my milk.

“Fascinating...

“I’ll need their heads shaved for a final screen test. But they should fill the role.”

Spoken like Cecil B. DeMille, the casting call ended.

Chapter Nineteen

With trepidation, I knelt on all fours on the insemination table. Some guests had gathered about the windows to watch. I judged it to be late morning and it appeared some were drinking coffee. A third day had begun without a milking. My breasts ached.

It felt great, however, to have my yoke removed, especially for an extended period of time. It did not feel great to have my head shaved by a strange young woman who could only be described as the avant-garde of Greenwich Village. Her clothing was gaudy and the number of piercings about her nose, lips and ears were countless.

The table had been lowered so that my face was at the level of her shoulders and I had to remain perfectly still while she worked with an annoying smirk of self-confidence. It communicated the notion, 'I may seem peculiar but you're the one kneeling naked with your head and body shaven'.

I suppose at one time I would have found having my head shaved to be most traumatic. But having been in Dr. Helga's care for over a year, I knew my body was no longer mine to control.

However, when the woman giggled as she lathered my eyebrows, my heart sunk. I could not imagine the eerie sight I would become without the thin strips of hair. I had spent much time plucking and preening them as a blossoming young teenager, but within a matter of seconds she pushed up the skin on my forehead to distance the area from my eyes then skillfully scraped my brow clean. She had apparently done the procedure before. For what purpose I could not know.

When finished, she smoothed a warm damp cloth over my entire body and gratuitously commented on the goose bumps she caused.

"Very nice clear skin. And so receptive to touch..."

She moved to my front, palmed my large hanging breasts and moved them about, staring into my face with a

questioning look, which seemed to suggest 'how did you let this happen to yourself?' When a spray of milk resulted from a slight pinch of the nipple she giggled.

"Your nipples look like the udders of a cow. I won't have much to do there."

Finished with her inspection, she retrieved what appeared to be a pencil from a large suitcase on a nearby table. She returned and began drawing circular patterns on my skin with a felt tip pen. She worked methodically and diligently and in having me move about, drew everywhere... my shoulders, back, stomach, arms and legs. She even drew on my head, with a sweeping stroke of her hand traversing diagonally across my forehead down to where my eyebrows had been then extending back toward my ear. After some 45 minutes she asked me to stand.

"Turn for me... walk... kneel... crawl for me... good girl."

It was debasing, being ordered about like a puppy by this Bohemian artist, not much older than me. She watched me move with an exacting eye. I became distracted by the smiling guests behind the glass. Had I been wearing clothing, I would appear to be modeling for the crowd of lecherous faces.

She directed me back to the table.

"You have a habit of parting your thighs when you move," she commented.

With my mandated silence I could not explain that one of the ship's rules for 'cowgirls' was that feminine charms be well displayed.

"Spread."

I parted my knees and felt the pen work as she added lines right up to my perineum, rear opening and the area where my labia parted. Then she had me lay on my back and spread again. The crowd of guests was getting quite a show as she added lines around my mons and well-exposed lips.

Again I was directed to stand and move about.

Walking, kneeling, crawling, she seemed satisfied with her handiwork. Directing me onto the table she returned her suitcase. After a pause she approached with an artist's paintbrush and a jar of black liquid. She smiled.

"It will not be permanent."

Working much more quickly, she painted in the large circles and ovals she had drawn, creating large black spots over every part of my anatomy. It was humiliating. This 'cowgirl' was being painted to look very much like a cow!

I began to hear some of the guests making 'mooing' sounds from behind the glass. Tears began to form. I closed my eyes and torpidly remained kneeling while the irritating woman plied her craft.

Minutes later, as she was finishing, Maria was led into the room. Her breasts looked larger than ever. The three days of neglect was the longest period I could remember without fingers or suction cups draining our glands of the accumulated milk. As I felt my breasts throb, I thought that I would indeed kiss Marvin's or anyone else's feet for the relief I craved.

I stood to the side while Maria was shaved and her flesh similarly patterned by the woman's pen wielding clever hand. She had learned from my body and worked quickly, covering all the pertinent areas, and leaving the nipples and labia untouched. With little pause Maria's circles were filled in with white paint, contrasting most curiously with her dark brown skin. When finished, her bright pink nipples were glaringly highlighted and her labia obscenely peeked out between her spread thighs.

It was a bizarre sight, a hairless white on brown human cow. Half of Maria's face was covered with white paint. I could only imagine what I looked like in black on white. I would find out... but not for many months.

Dr. Helga entered. Nurse Katrina followed her with a tray. She approached me with a smile.

“Well, Alexi. Very becoming and photogenic... hands on head.”

I complied as Dr. Helga picked up an instrument from the tray presented by Nurse Katrina.

“Close your eyes and hold still.”

I felt her left hand grasp the bridge of my nose. Before I could protest, I felt the metal instrument about my septum, heard a loud click and felt sudden unbearable pain.

After she stepped away, I could see the glint of brass and felt something hanging from my nose. The Doctor had inserted a large ring through my septum!

“It will heal very easily. It’s a well-designed device. With one pull of the trigger it pierces, inserts the ring and seals it closed. Not sure you’ll ever get used to the ring though. But not to worry, we’ll remove it... some day.”

Maria had watched the procedure. She resisted and had to be strapped down to the table before the Doctor pierced her nose.

Miss Greenwich Village touched up my paint while the device was re-sprung and used to pierce Maria. Afterwards, as the woman also retouched her paint, Marvin entered. He gushed.

“Given the proper budget, I’d film an entire heard of these cowgirls for the Prince. What a great touch with the rings.”

He raised his viewfinder and scanned my half black body. It was the only covering I had been afforded in almost a year, but strangely I felt even more naked, painted and put on display at the whim of some wealthy Arab. And the ring dangled heavily from its most sensitive place.

He lowered the viewfinder.

“The pink appears pale. Can it be highlighted? The Prince will want it to show on the video...”

Dr. Helga smiled ominously at Nurse Katrina.

“Easily done, Marvin. But you may not want to watch. We’ll bring in your cows in a few minutes with their pink

parts quite presentable. Meanwhile, you may wish to ensure that Inga is properly costumed.”

Marvin nodded. With a look of perplexity he retreated. Nurse Katrina moved to a cabinet.

“Try not to spill too much, Katrina.

“You may have to touch them up a bit,” the Doctor added to the body paint artist.

“There may be some tears.”

Nurse Katrina began with Maria. Since she was already strapped to the table, with a quick release of a latch and a turn of a crank, the section under her breasts fell away and the section securing her legs parted. Since her mammary glands hung nearly to the floor a button was pushed and the table rose.

“Tie them off tightly, Katrina. Three or four minutes shouldn’t hurt”

Nurse Katrina tied off Maria’s nipples with short, stretches of elastic resembling rubber bands. When done, she pinched and pulled on each one. Amazingly, no milk appeared.

“Crisp and firm, Katrina. They need a good shade of red for the camera lens.”

The huge nurse stepped back and pulled a strip of flat, hard rubber from her pocket. She extended her arm out to the side and viciously swung with the motion of a tennis stroke. With the sound of a light splat, the tip of the device glanced off Maria’s right nipple. She screamed. The nurse swung again, hitting the left. Another scream. Then another swing to the right.

Dr. Helga’s face broke into a most diabolical smile. The faces about the windows were focused intently. I wondered if the numerous cameras were recording the event.

After a dozen swings, Nurse Katrina moved to the bottom of the table. There, with legs widely separated Maria’s feminine charms were obscenely presented, outer labia spread, inner labia glistening in the bright lights, her clitoris

peeking back under a hood forced to reveal its hidden jewel. Utilizing an underhand motion, Nurse Katrina resumed slapping. The strokes were more moderate, but the resulting sound from Maria was the same.

When finished, Maria's nipples and genitalia were the color of crimson. Miss Greenwich Village dabbed away her tears and touched up her paint. Dr. Helga turned to me.

"Up on the table Alexi. You'll also need to have some color added."

As humiliating as the past year had been aboard the strange ship, I could not possibly be prepared for what followed.

Maria and I were filmed, extensively, thoroughly, in color, under bright lights and before the ubiquitous collection of Dr. Helga's guests. They laughed and cheered as Marvin and his crew made an erotic movie of us two lactating females, painted to appear as cows and led about by a rope threaded through our pierced and ringed septum's. Nurse Inga milked us in a demonstrable fashion, deliberately appearing to be working the udders of a cow rather than the sensitive pink nipples of young girls. Marvin commented afterward that the Prince would be most pleased with the results.

Yes, I was eventually released from the ship. In time and at Dr. Helga's whim, not mine. But I end this part with the filming because it punctuated my memory of the years aboard 'The Scarlet Letter' and I found the ensuing year to be repetitive and unworthy of recording with pen and paper... though as for that the perverted and licentious guests came and went as we sailed from port to port, and occasionally a new arrival would use my naked, servile and lactating body in some newly degrading manner, though not entirely remarkable.

And so, after another tour of the Caribbean, and a second pregnancy, the ship returned to New York and I found myself

freed to once again attempt a normal life... a pursuit which became equally frustrating and humiliating.

But that's another story...

Part Two

Chapter Twenty

Recording the events of the past few years has a therapeutic effect. The pages of my journal fill rapidly and what was initially remembered as intolerable humiliation aboard 'The Scarlet Letter', slowly turn to more mellow recollections. But the clock indicates it is time for Mr. Fatipton's evening feeding, thus I drop my pen. Ms. Powers does not tolerate tardiness.

I remove my robe and move to the bathroom. A full-length mirror reflects my entire naked image. It's something with which one can never become accustomed. My breasts are huge with nipples that resemble small penises as they react by erecting in the cool room air. I remain shaven. What little hair that grew back after I left the ship, Ms. Powers insisted be removed.

"Strict antisepticism when interacting with Mr. Fatipton," she cautioned me more than once.

Thus, hair with its potential for filth is considered a health risk. But gratefully my eyebrows were allowed to grow in, otherwise I am without hair, between my thighs, under my arms, atop my head. The weekly electrolysis appointments are wearing and expensive. But with Mr. Fatipton's wealth, money is no object.

The sound of my clitoral piercing breaks the silence as I reach for my apron. Ms. Powers decided that my little bud was too well hidden and most painfully she had it pierced to hold back the covering hood. Playfully, she thought a tiny bell would be a nice addition and sure enough, Mr. Fatipton always smiles as its ring announces my arrival.

The rubber apron hangs on the back of the bathroom door alongside my feeding harness. I tie the apron about my waist, careful not to touch my pudendum. Ms. Powers will definitely be checking my hands at some point. The special powder dusted about my labia will glow eerily under a black light, thus any trace found on my hands will result in harsh punishment.

The feeding harness requires some manipulation in order to don it properly. It resembles a brassiere, except the cups are of thin, stretchable translucent latex and the straps are much stronger, designed to pull back my shoulders and thrust forward my breasts. A small hole in each cup is where my large, elongated nipples are to be presented. Pulling the pink darts through the openings is a chore, and many times my flow will begin just from lightly pinching and forcing the oddly shaped areolas into full view.

With the base of my nipples tightly encased in latex and the clitoral piercing gently caressing my bud, I begin my journey to Mr. Fatipton's bedroom. The walk is relatively long. Mr. Fatipton's mansion is vast and my room within the servant's quarters is on the fourth floor and well to the rear of the massive structure. Occasional twinges of pleasure cause my step to falter.

As my naked feet pad down the deeply carpeted hallway, I pass the room of Randy, Mr. Fatipton's profligate son. I can hear through the closed door the sound of Ms. Power's voice and the sound of slaps.

He has apparently once again displeased the powerful trustee of Mr. Fatipton's huge estate, and I picture the tall and amazingly powerful black woman cuffing the twenty year old son, right cheek and then left, as she lectures him. Ms. Powers is a defacto governess. Though Randy is approaching his majority, he will attain it penniless, having to either rely on Ms. Powers and the assets under her control for support, or find some level of 'dreaded' employment until age 25, at which time the wealth of the estate passes to him.

Thus, Randy must accept the blows of Ms. Powers' controlling hand, comforting himself I'm sure with thoughts of the revenge he will slake when it is his turn to head the Fatipton Empire, said to be in the billions.

But Randy is not aware of an often overlooked provision in the trust agreement. That is, if there is located another

direct descendant of Mr. Fatipton, the trust remains under the control of Ms. Powers until that descendant attains age twenty-five. The provision was added as a protective clause. After a lifetime of debauchery, there was the concern among Mr. Fatipton's advisors that an illegitimate son or daughter would come forth after his death and, in being neglected in the estate documents, have the ability to cause the estate structure with its huge sums and intricate planning to be torn asunder. The provision stalls that scenario, leaving the control with Ms. Powers until legal planning can be reformulated.

Ms. Maxine Powers is very much aware of the provision. Educated as an attorney, trained by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, I have learned over my months of employment that no detail escapes her attention. She is most intelligent, disciplined and devoted to Mr. Fatipton. But in dealing with Randy, she has no compunction in meting out what is due him after he returns to the mansion from a forbidden evening of indulging in controlled substances and high risk sexual interaction with persons of questionable gender.

My journey continues, within minutes reaching the decorative carved wooden door of the Master of the house. I knock lightly and enter. With the sound of my tiny bell, Mr. Fatipton stirs from a light nap. For a man nearly 90 years of age, his hearing is remarkable.

"Is it dinner time, already?"

His baritone voice squeaks and cracks with age. But in listening to his occasional reminiscences, it is amazing that he is still of this Earth. Taking great risk in business at an early age, some time in his late thirties he placed himself in early retirement and attempted to spend every dollar he earned on rich food, expensive wine, and beautiful women. The food and wine served to aggravate his rare genetic stomach condition. One of the women, finally bringing him to the alter in his late sixties, left him with Randy. She died

in a skiing accident. And the money never left him. It continued to amass faster than he could spend it, his crew of proficient executives growing the various interests at an alarming rate.

I close the door and slowly approach his bed. He lies supine with his head propped up by a large pillow. I know he likes to watch me walk, naked but for the apron loosely hanging over my shaven vulva and the translucent feeding harness which hides very little. My clitoral bell rings, bringing a smile to the wrinkled face of one of the wealthiest men in the world. His eyes follow every bounce of my abundant breasts. Although the feeding harness is tight it is heavily burdened by the sheer weight of my mammary glands. Even in his ninth decade, the life of lechery has ingrained him with an inextinguishable appreciation of the young, the naked and the submissive female. My nipples harden with the anticipation.

Mr. John Bares Fatipton can only be nourished with human breast milk. His delicate stomach rejects almost all other forms of sustenance. Yes, the life sustaining liquid can be purchased and imbibed through a nipples bottle or straw, but when one's net worth is measured utilizing ten digits, one has the luxury of hiring the likes of me. Young, shapely and, thanks to Dr. Helga's program, lactating like a dairy cow.

When I reach the side of his bed I humbly await instructions. He prefers to vary the positions by which he savors me. He pauses in thought. I look down to see my right nipple giving up milk. Just being in his presence causes my glands to begin to produce. That combined with the titillating walk through the house with my breasts bouncing, my nipples pressured by the latex feeding harness and the tiny bell vibrating to remind me that my clitoris has been woefully neglected. All of which arouses me and assists in bringing forth the most sensuous of reactions from the lactating female... the insatiable need to be suckled

He laughs seeing the dribble.

"I often wonder if you need me more than I need you."

He is somewhat correct in his observation. After the two years on the ship, a breast pump just doesn't relieve the aching and throbbing. Psychologically, having my essence extracted by hand or mouth is the only way the need seems to be satisfied.

"Straddle me. Hands on the bed frame."

I know the position all too well. I crawl unto the bed and kneel over his hips. One knee lies on his right side, one on his left. I feel my labia open and my little bell rings freely. I lean over and grasp the top of the bed frame. He slides further down under the covers allowing my huge breasts to hang over his face. His head sinks into the overstuffed pillow. I slowly lower my torso. His lips catch the stiffened, long and pink right nipple and the premature dribble is licked away. Then he draws the entire length of the two-inch appendage into his mouth.

The long slow feeding begins. Initially his tongue and lips feel cold, but the friction of his strong efforts to suck warm both his mouth and my nipple. I feel the throb begin to dissipate as my flow begins in earnest. The sensation turns to a wonderful glow. I feel my vagina moisten. The fragrance of my undouched sex begins to waft throughout the room. The Master of the house is not too busy to notice the aroma. He forces back a smile, my odoriferous genitalia evidently reminding him of younger and what must have been most libidinous days. It is by Ms. Powers orders that I am so 'naturally' presented, as the French would suggest.

"Mr. Fatipton's eyesight is failing. He may require your scent in order to acknowledge your presence," she suggested with her characteristic educated laugh.

As the Master recalls his robust youth, my mind also wanders as my nourishing essence is drawn away in a process that on some evenings may last for an hour...

Chapter Twenty-one

During the autumn of the second year aboard 'The Scarlet Letter', about the same schedule was followed, sailing down the east coast and stopping at numerous ports. Dr. Helga's program was growing rapidly. 3 stall had 2 more girls upon leaving Miami for the slow cruise about the Caribbean. Thus eight girls awaited for all the 'buns in the oven' to bake.

The procedures were identical. My second child arrived on schedule after which me and the other girls of 3 stall became erotic fodder for the debaucherous cannons of the guests.

Then my fortune turned. With the prolific results of the previous year's tour of the east coast, Dr. Helga estimated that 3 stall would become overcrowded with the next trip. Not wishing to pass up opportunities for more 'feminine fondue', that bizarre ritual of sitting naked and blindfolded while Dr. Helga partook in the essences of expecting teenagers, a decision was made not to inseminate me again.

Therefore, when the ship reached New York, I was to be released!

When New York finally arrived I anxiously sat through a most memorable parting interview. Once again sitting naked before Nurse Stolgren, she asked many questions, apparently attempting to elucidate any propensity on my part to report the ship's practices to the authorities.

After an hour her hand moved under the desk and a minute later a young nurse entered with the flimsy cardboard box taken away two years earlier by Nurse Katrina. In it were my clothes.

"If you'd care to sign this release, there is an envelope you can have. Inside are 10 savings bonds totaling \$10,000. There is also the address of a hotel with a room prepaid for a month. Most girls have found that to be sufficient time and money to find employment."

The release contained various statements to which I was to swear under oath... that I received proper care, that I was not mistreated and that my offspring were willingly given up for adoption, among other falsehoods.

After I paused for a moment's thought, Nurse Stolgren added,

"Or we can arrange for a quick visit to the insemination table before releasing you..."

The money was more than enough to tide me over until the fat, the bald and the perverted took me back at the men's club. (Yes, I was that confident my newly acquired skills would not be over looked).

And my heart jumped when I thought about once again lying spread open on that table while Dr. Helga injected whatever she wished into my womb.

I signed.

Nurse Stolgren picked up the papers and departed. I dressed and was left to find my way out. The clothing felt very strange after two years of nakedness. But I did not meditate about it. I found the egress as quickly as I could and went down the gang plank before the possibility of mistake or oversight found me being taken back to the stall or worse... to the insemination table.

When I reached the bottom of the plank and looked up, the unctuous words of welcome were again hung on the sign over the hatch door. I found it most ironic that any girl would ever read them and willingly step aboard. But that was no longer my problem.

An identically gray New York October day greeted me. Humphrey Bogart was again missing from the dock. I found enough money in my pocket book to ensure I could afford a cab. I went to my bank where my tiny checking account remained overlooked and inactive. I made sure it was open, deposited one of the bonds and cashed a check.

Money and freedom... and with clothing.

The hotel was a short walk. The clerk, a wizened man in his fifties, knew me by name and looked familiar. As I rode the elevator to my room it dawned on me that his features were quite similar to a guest on 'The Scarlet Letter'. I could picture his face peering down at me two years earlier during my first outdoor exercise period. As a trainer barked orders on the exercise deck to 'lift 'em and spread 'em', he had smiled most lasciviously. I shuddered with the notion that someone who had been permitted to so closely observe and examine my privates was so proximate to me in my newly acquired world of freedom. The thought ended when I opened the door to my room. What few possessions I had before my ordeal were there, still packed in boxes after their removal from my seedy residence hotel two years before. This 'Carl' character, however unsavory in his ability to illegally enter hotel rooms and remove all traces of a person's life, was most fastidious in his packing. Everything was returned.

The next morning I called the men's club and made an appointment for that very afternoon to see the manager concerning employment. My name didn't seem to ring a bell, which was disappointing.

I then took a walk, enjoying my freedom, and stopped in a drug store to buy a breast pump. Yes, I was still lactating profusely. Dr. Helga insisted that I received the same treatment as the other cowgirls right up to the last day. Thus, I was overflowing with hormones and had been milked up to the very morning of my release.

My breasts ached.

When I returned to my hotel, the wizened clerk was on duty. He called to me that there was a phone message. As I took it from his wrinkled hands, the bag spilled open and the box, imprinted with the words 'breast pump', fell unto his side of the reception desk. He leaned over and picked it up with a most knowing smile.

“Many of Dr. Helga’s former patients spend time here. Our room service can accommodate your needs.”

Accompanying the shocking words was a look which told me he had indeed observed my naked, opened body and more than likely watched while someone at some time slowly drew my breast milk from my distorted nipples.

I took the package from him, expressing my displeasure with a look of rage. He just laughed.

“We’ll be expecting your call, Miss Alexi. We’ve found Dr. Helga’s girls all need assistance at some point.”

I hurried to the elevator both embarrassed and angry. I should move, I thought. Get to another hotel. But as I later sat in my room and considered, hotels rooms in New York were difficult to find and expensive. The prepaid thirty days was worth at least \$3,000. Why should I unnecessarily dip into my stipend so soon? I calmed down, convincing myself that I was now in control of my body, and I would decide who touched me and when.

Though my breasts throbbed for attention I was too focused on the upcoming interview. The phone message was to request my presence one hour earlier than originally arranged. I napped and found when I awoke that I had little time to relieve the buildup of fluid before making the appointment.

It was a mistake.

I dressed quickly and simply, knowing that whatever garments I chose, I would not be wearing them for long. A cute hat covered my baldness. (Nurse Inga had shaved me right up to the last day). I rushed through the lobby, ignoring the clerk. The cab ride in mid-afternoon was quick. I arrived on time.

The fat, the bald and the perverted was fatter and balder than before, directing me to proceed straight to his basement office.

“I remember you little lady. Your Uncle Carl told me that the leave of absence would be longer than expected.”

So, the mysterious Carl had covered all the bases. No one at the club was looking for me over the past two years, though I doubt if they would have spent the time even without Carl's input.

We entered his office after walking through the large administrative area where I used to pick up my paycheck. He shut the door. The office smelled the same, though after my sojourn on the ship, my nose was much more sensitive to the fragrance of the female genitalia. It was strong. Another girl had evidently been recently 'interviewed'.

"Would you like to waitress again or apply to be a dancer?"

As usual, he got right down to business.

I also got down to business and began removing my clothing.

Mr. Fatipton pushes my right nipple out of his mouth, interrupting my thoughts. I twist my torso, positioning my left nipple over his lips. Tonight he is hungry, sucking in the second pink dart with surprising gusto. It feels good. I feel my vaginal moisture begin to drip down my thigh. My right nipple is well worn, but the constant dull ache is gone.

As trained, I remain motionless, letting him slowly drain me. I feel the covers move and peer down to see the bony right hand of the octogenarian slip out. I know what is coming. By instinct the old reprobate cannot help himself. The cool fingers find the inside of my left thigh and slide up under my rubber apron. I do not object or move to stop him. It is one of my duties and despite the coldness; I will open myself completely to his whims. I remind myself of the high level of compensation for complying versus the painful wrath of Ms. Powers for resisting.

As two fingers glide into my love nest, I calm myself with memories. My mind returns to the office interview...

Chapter Twenty-two

I casually tossed my garments onto a nearby chair. The manager was smiling, sitting behind his desk, quietly enjoying the show. When my nipples popped into view his smile turned to a stare. Then I removed the cute hat, baring my hairless head. I had not even grown much of a stubble.

“Whoa. Stop right there, little lady. The circus left town months ago.”

I explained that I had been traveling and had not had time to purchase a wig.

“You going to buy one for those tits too?”

Sitting on a large swiveling desk chair, he motioned me toward him. As I approached, he patted his knees, indicating I was to sit on his lap.

I thought I was mentally prepared after two years of abject humiliation aboard ‘The Scarlet Letter’. But most of the interaction there had been with women. The fat, the bald, and the perverted was a most repugnant male. I just wasn’t fully expecting the combination of bad odor, brash talk, and distasteful appearance. To make matters worse, my nipples crinkled in reaction to the excitement, apparently anticipating some form of interaction, despite my reluctance. The manager noticed and was amused. He took the sight of my erecting pink darts as a prelude for lust.

“Well, well. Nicely shaved below. Now that helps. Spread ‘em and have a seat.”

With his choice of phraseology, I could not help but recall the commands of the ship’s trainers as I laid on the exercise mat, parting my thighs in compliance and looking up to see so many deviant yet smiling faces glaring at my privates, exposed so well in the Caribbean sun.

I summoned the courage to sit, convincing myself that unless I found work, within thirty days my stipend of savings bonds would begin to erode, quickly.

“Not so shy any more. Good. I won’t ask what you been doing but your attitude has improved. That’s also good. We

can always use girls who do what they're told. You know, many customers come here to get away from nagging wives. Don't need girls who play hard to get games or just say 'no'."

I had placed my hands on my head. I hated myself for the move, ingrained after months of Dr. Helga's input, but it impressed the manager and since my huge breasts were practically pushed into his face as a result, he took it as an invitation, which he readily accepted.

As his left hand reached to my right nipple, his right slipped between my thighs. The degradation I had expected and mentally planned for began. I told myself to remain silent and to please him no matter what and to think about all the dollar bills that would be tossed my way working the club's runway or better, the private room for table dances.

Two fingers slipped inside me. I decided to demonstrate some of my newly found talent. I latched onto the digits with my well-developed pelvic muscles pulling them in and at the same time massaging them with a rolling contraction. I had the strange woman with the metal eggs to thank for learning that trick. The manager was ecstatic, chortling as he wriggled his fingers in response.

"Like some kind of Tijuana act," he smugly announced

He continued working his fingers. I felt my wetness begin. He rolled my right nipple between thumb and forefinger.

It was then that I regretted not having the time to use the breast pump. I sprayed him with milk.

"Whoa. If you're pregnant you're not going to be here long."

I explained my condition, the second child having been born six months before. I did not explain Dr. Helga's extensive hormone and lactation program. Who'd ever believe it?

"Ok. So you obviously need to feed the kid."

I didn't bother informing him of the adoption. I really needed the job.

"Yeah, we got a place for good girls who need some quick dough. The question is, are you a good girl?"

I was prepared to answer. I retreated from his lap and went to my knees. He looked down with a smile and separated his thighs. Over time Josef had added several refinements to the many mornings of fellatio. And one I demonstrated by placing my hands behind my back, craning my neck forward and using my tongue and lips to locate his zipper. My well-trained and dexterous tongue found it and flipped up the tab, allowing my teeth to grasp the small strip of plastic. With a quick movement of my head I unzipped it then snuggled my face inward.

"You been working the wrong side of the tracks," he suggested with a laugh. "But we kinda like that here. I think I got just the spot for you."

His words inspired me and I worked toward his penis, which was not hard to find under the boxer shorts. It, in turn, was doing its best to find my lips, its semi erect shaft poking upwards.

I drew in the head. He was nowhere near the size of Josef. Therefore physically the nasty deed was easy. Emotionally, since I had been preparing for it for almost two years, I was able to put aside my disgust. Thus, I proceeded with as much relish as I could summon. Since the fat, the bald and the perverted probably had some sycophantic girl sucking between his thighs weekly, if not daily, I knew my fellatio had to make an impression.

It did. I took him slowly and deeply, prolonging the pleasure until I thought he would faint. Then I let him pump a bit and climax into the depths of my gullet. He came like a pubescent schoolboy.

After holding still and letting his penis soften, I carefully licked him clean, sucking in the very last drop of semen

from the tip of his urethra and making sure he noted that I swallowed everything.

"You're like a little vacuum cleaner," he suggested with a smile. "Keep the head shaved. It adds a nice twist."

I was pleased that he was pleased. I began to count all those imaginary dollars. He began scribbling on a pad. I remained kneeling, demonstrating my complete subjugation.

"Take this over to Ernie at our west side operation. 42nd street near 10th Avenue. You may have to audition a little, if you know what I mean. But he needs good girls who have their scruples under control.

"I think he'll like the look," he added, brushing his hand across my baldhead.

My heart sunk when I heard the address. This could not be a swanky men's club. There was nothing even close to being swanky at that location, one of the seediest areas of Manhattan.

"Don't look so sad. You can come back and apply again anytime."

He laughed at his own cruel joke. Reflectively, I asked myself if at any point he ever gave me serious consideration for the dancer's job. This time he did not even offer the waitressing position.

He got up and left. I dressed. When I stepped out of his office into the larger room filled with filing cabinets and papers, a middle aged woman, evidently a bookkeeper or clerk, was tittering.

"You want me to schedule another appointment for next week?"

With her sarcastic question she broke into an outrageous laugh. I sullenly continued toward the stairs. As I reached the top and stepped into the empty main dance room I heard her call out from below.

"If it makes you feel better, he said you were one of the best," her laugh got even louder. I exited the club into the

cold of the New York autumn. I headed west toward 10th Avenue.

Mr. Fatipton's fingers are warmed by my hot vagina. The exploration of my most intimate passage seems to spur his suckling. It also increases my flow. I know this from two years of having Dr. Helga collect my precious fluid like a dairy farmer. The lactation process is both explicitly and inexplicably linked to arousal. Thus I let him work me, enjoying the sensation of having my neglected genitalia fingered, even if by the aged and gnarled digits of an eighty-year-old man.

After ten more minutes he pushes away the left nipple. He is well nourished, yet I have more to offer. I know that within minutes my remaining juices will cause that breast to throb and I will humbly beg Ms. Powers for assistance. But meanwhile, my duties continue. He slides out his fingers. I can always hear the slight plopping sound as my extremely wet vaginal opening seeks to hold in the manipulating appendages.

Though frustrated in being half masturbated, I shuffle lower, straddling his calves.

"May I suck your penis, sir?"

Ms. Powers' instructions have been very specific... that at each feeding I humbly beseech the Master of the house with the utmost of courtesy and respect. I use as subservient a tone of voice as possible. For me, it is a privilege to be of oral service.

He nods with a distant look of joy. It is apparent that the warm, moist and lively tongue of the obsequious young female brings pleasant memories.

I pull down the bed covers. His only garment is a nightgown, which I gently push up to his waist exposing what at one time was a magnificent organ. Without pause, I submissively lower my head and take into my mouth the withered phallus of the supine billionaire. His left hand pats my baldhead, as if rewarding the behavior of a beloved

puppy whose training is at last found to be acceptable. Meanwhile I can hear Mr. Fatipton sniffing the fingers of his right hand, fragrantly coated with my juices.

The 'hunt' is still in the dog.

By rote, my tongue dances... licking, rotating, gyrating. I feel my Master's member twitch.

I will suck him until he falls asleep. There will be no respite for me until he does so. Ms. Powers insists and she awaits my signal.

My mind returns to that befuddled walk along 42nd street, clutching what I believed to be my last hope for employment, the scribbled note to 'Ernie' from the fat, the bald and the perverted.

Chapter Twenty-three

The 'west side operation' was not as seedy as I expected. It was worse.

Garish neon signs flashed, indicating the availability of 'girls'... 'naked and moving' suggested another. In faded red, the words 'non-stop action' were painted on a board hastily nailed over an old, more permanent sign. I felt dirty just standing and reading all the suggestive advertising.

It was a peep show.

The 'interview' with Ernie went as expected. He was amused when I stripped without request as he read the note from the fat, the bald and the perverted. He likewise squeezed a nipple but did so while standing to my side. He did not appear surprised by the resulting stream of breast milk, which shot across the room. The fat, the bald, and the perverted had evidently called ahead to apprise him of my condition.

Before I could demonstrate my zipper trick, he had his penis out and was pushing me downwards.

"All fours. I like to talk without being interrupted so I give my girls something to keep their tongues busy while they listen."

Ernie had an interesting methodology for attaining oral gratification. It was best described as fornicating my face, aggressively and with no regard for my comfort.

He began by intentionally stepping on my hands. Not painfully, but firmly enough so that I could not lift or move my arms. Then he grasped my ears and directed my mouth toward his stiffening penis.

It was gruff and bold. Had I not been an accomplished fellatrix, I would be gagging uncontrollably as he rocked his hips and tugged on my ears and head, thrusting his sizable stiff phallus in and out.

Quickly achieving full erection, thrusting rhythmically and deeply, he spoke.

"Yeah, you are good."

“Here’s the deal. Every day you arrive, you strip, you enter a booth. When the bright lights turn on that means one or possibly up to four customers are watching you. They’re going to have requests. The more requests, the more money they pay. You won’t be able to see them; they look through holes in the booth. We’ve had other lactating girls. A couple of regulars will want to see some flow. Doesn’t have to be a lot. Give the nipples a little squeeze. They’ll love it. Mostly you’ll just masturbate for them. That’s probably the most common thing. That and some nice spread shots, front and back. Some of the girls keep their backsides lubed up. The shining oil gets ‘em thinking, you know.

“You’ll keep yourself shaved. Everywhere. It’s an attraction. You’ll find that even normal looking guys have proclivities that are different. We want them to come here for that. So do what they demand no matter how different.

“No hair. Got it. And do what you can to keep that milk going.”

Ernie stopped talking and began fornicating my face in earnest. He pulled roughly and exploded quite strongly. He seemed impressed when I didn’t gag.

“Yeah, you been around. If you need some extra dough, I can get you some bachelor party action. We know who we can trust. It’s best that you keep that backside opened. Know what I mean?

“And we’ll talk every now and then. You know, I like to make sure my girls are happy and the girls feel the same about me.”

So, in addition to my duties in the booth, return visits to his grimy office on all fours and with tongue and lips ready would be mandatory.

Ernie was zipping himself when he was called away.

“Start tomorrow. 11:00 a.m. You’ll be surprised with the number of ‘gentlemen’ who stop in during their lunch hour.”

He firmly pinched my left nipple causing a small geyser of milk to arch across the room. He snickered as he walked out. I dressed and returned to my hotel.

Mr. Fatipton sleeps soundly. He is satiated by my nourishing milk and the firm sucking of tongue and lips on his once proud manhood.

I slowly arise, being careful not to disturb the slumbering Master. I twice push the button on his bedside table. It is the signal for Ms. Powers. Within a minute she opens the bedroom door without knocking. She has been waiting nearby.

The tall handsome woman walks with purpose, not in a masculine way, but far from effeminate. A woman in her mid thirties, her physical condition is superb. Lengthy workouts in the mansion's gymnasium are in evidence. She wears a black pants suit so tight that it appears to be a leotard.

"Do you think we can get any tonight?" she asks softly.

I nod. It is an interesting phenomenon of the male anatomy that with age tumescence often manifests itself most firmly during somnolence. As I resume straddling the Master's calves I look down to see his penis remains comparatively stiff. I bend and take it in my mouth. My sleeping Master stirs in his sleep, my efforts bringing a peaceful look of pleasure.

Ms. Powers strolls to the bathroom. A cabinet opens and closes. She returns with a modified breast pump.

"I never would have thought of such a device, Alexi. You have such a devious mind."

Yes. It was my idea to merely change the shape of the suction cup to one that would fit closely over the tip of Mr. Fatipton's somewhat emaciated penis. Then with the proper coaxing, sperm could be extracted. Slowly and methodically Ms. Powers and I can suck male essence from the Master's loins. We have been doing so for months. The collection, kept in a basement refrigerator, has been growing. Randy may soon have a half brother!

I suck. Ms. Powers reaches down and massages the perineum. If Mr. Fatipton could only know how much he is enjoying himself.

I feel the organs begin to boil. I have felt the male climax so often, I can time it precisely. Holding the pump in my right hand, I pull away my mouth and instantaneously substitute the pump's suction cup for my lips. Sure enough as Ms. Powers continues her massage and I squeeze the bulb, sperm slowly flows into the collection vessel. We smile.

My next child will be mine to keep and will be born a billionaire. There is fairness in life after all, I think to myself.

We remain silent. It is paramount that we not wake our sperm donor, thus I let my mind wander and memories of my brief employment at the peep show return.

Yes I humbly squatted in the booth. It was better than the stall aboard Dr. Helga's ship. I was free to move my limbs. But keeping my knees apart to afford the best 'sample' to a potential customer was tiring. A small video camera in each booth projected the images of all the girls onto a collection of television screens. A customer could thus chose which booth he wished to observe based on the grainy TV images. To attract the most customers, the girls were encouraged to squat as obsequiously as possible and in the most sordid of poses, indicating a willingness to comply with the most decadent of requests.

I made sure my shaven and oiled vulva shined directly at the camera. On my first day I received much attention, my wet lips seeming to invite busy masturbating fingers. Ernie was correct; I was commanded over and over again to play with myself before the various pairs of peep holes. After the years of forced abstinence, it felt strangely good.

Performing for the groups was simple, mainly college boys collectively gathering their courage to sit and satisfy some masturbatory male fantasy.

It was the more mature, single voices I quickly learned to dread. These were the true perverts, demanding poses and

acts no wife or girl friend would ever consider, should they even have the nerve to ask.

Yes, spread shots were common. Masturbation, as written. But for one customer, Ernie slid a bowl into the booth. I found myself squatting over it and emptying my bladder before a pair of dark evil eyes peering through holes not more than a foot away.

For another man, his voice sounding quite old, I massaged and pinched my nipples to send streams of breast milk shooting across the small four foot by four foot booth. His breathing became heavy. Although rules ostensibly forbid the customers from playing with themselves, it was really just a pretense to collect more money. For an extra twenty dollars they did whatever they wanted. The old man was wheezing heavily when I heard a final, stifled cry of ecstasy.

The constant sound of quarters being slid into slots then rolling down to a collection box was most memorable. Every time I heard a pair of quarters fall, I knew that I had to continue what I was doing for another twenty seconds. The special requests were paid for and arranged beforehand, of course. But to keep the eyeholes open, quarters were still mandated and no matter the customer or the terms of his prearranged show, the coins had to keep rolling.

Then the long day of unspeakable humiliation finally ended. I reported to the area outside of Ernie's office stark naked. There was no place for modesty and besides, customer's were not permitted in the vicinity. My clothes hung on a simple hook with my valuables locked away in a small locker.

"Nice touch with the bowl," an approaching Ernie commented. "Big tip there. Not many girls can do that the first time."

There was no point in describing how for two years I did almost the same thing on Dr. Helga's floating clinic, with the

added feature of a pair of pretty female hands touching my most intimate parts.

“Well here’s your take. The house’s cut against new girls is high. We put some aside and bonus it to you if you’re still here after six months. Don’t like training girls just so they can go to the competition.”

I almost laughed with the notion of the seedy, filthy establishment having competition. There certainly couldn’t be anything else comparable, even in a city the size of New York.

But the bag Ernie handed me curtailed all thoughts of humor. I was being paid in quarters. My face gave away my disappointment. The two-year dream of having dollars tossed at my naked dancing body burst. It was a dose of cold water I’d never forget, being handed a bag of coins after spending the day completely degrading myself for latent perverts.

Ernie quickly turned away.

“Get here a little early tomorrow,” he called over his shoulder. “I’d like to see you do that bowl thing on top of my desk.”

Chapter Twenty-four

The slow flow of semen into the collection vessel turns clear. This indicates that the pump has come to extract pre-ejaculatory fluid from the prostate gland. It is harmless but if we continue to extract it, it will just be more difficult to collect potent sperm on the next attempt. I pull away the pump. Ms. Powers nods in agreement. Mr. Fatipton will have pleasant dreams and tomorrow morning will suckle my breasts with renewed vigor.

I right his garments and pull up the sheet. We tiptoe out the door.

“Did he finish you?”

I shake my head.

“Report to my room in fifteen minutes. Remove all your attire. I have Randy in suspension again and have to check on him.”

She turns and with envy I watch her rounded, firm buttocks stroll away. The layers of well-developed muscle ripple with each step. In contrast, my naked white body, with my high fat, high lactose diet combined with my daily hormone injection, resembles that of the Pillsbury doughboy, especially with my shaven head. Only this doughboy is adorned with a pair of obscene, pink and stretched nipples. Thus I find looking at Ms. Powers’ fine physique to be frustrating. Still, I believe some find me to be pretty. And Mr. Fatipton seems to enjoy my company.

I start toward my room. I cannot but help picturing myself as waddling after observing the athletic movements of Ms. Powers.

In the upper hallway I pass James, the head butler. I nod with a shy smile, acknowledging his prominent status within the household. With my reddened, well used nipples protruding before me, forced to the shape of pencil points by the feeding harness, and the sound of my little bell tingling from my most intimate location, I find myself

uncomfortably walking about before the males of the household.

But rules are rules and I am comforted knowing that within minutes, Ms. Powers will be sensuously milking me of my remaining fluid. As two more male servants exit their rooms for a night out, I force myself to think of other things besides my nakedness and my ringing pierced clitoris. My employment at the peep show comes to mind.

The evening of the first day I arrived back at my hotel room. It was early evening. The 'action' in the booths falls off at that hour as office guys 'working late' eventually leave and go home to their wives. The more experienced girls are assigned the late shift, there being fewer customers, but those that remained were the high paying, most libidinous of males with the most bizarre requests.

I piled up my quarters. \$25.75. I tried to imagine paying my sizable hotel bill in the following month with the large accumulation of coins such an obligation would require, or paying any other significant obligation, for that matter.

My breasts ached and I assembled my pump. What little milk I had sprayed about in the booth left my glands in more need than if I had not touched them at all. I stripped, laid on the bed and pumped. My flow began, but I had a depressing feeling of emptiness. There was no satisfaction. I thought about the wizened clerk and his prognosticating words. I hated doing it but I called room service. When I gave my name, a male voice replied with a snicker before I could ask for the clerk.

"Maurice will be there in a minute, Alexi. He says you should remove your clothes," he added with outright laughter.

How obnoxious. And he had the temerity to use my first name!

I hung up. Angry with myself. My weakness. The day of thorough humiliation, for \$25.75.

But my needs were more than a cheap plastic breast pump could satisfy. Yes, the clerk was correct concerning assistance, somehow seeming to know me more than I knew myself.

My glands required human touch. My psyche required the strange thrill of embarrassment... the degradation of being used with wizened fingers awkwardly squeezing then drawing down the length of my nipples.

That evening, Maurice had me kneel on a small rug while leaning over the edge of the hotel room bathtub. Out of habit, I spread for him and after both his hands simultaneously worked both right breast and left, his left hand slipped back and masturbated me as his right alternated from nipple to nipple.

It was most humiliating. Kneeling with hands on head, watching his hand squeeze and draw and my white essence squirt into the tub then down the drain. But I needed it, craving his touch and the strange desire to kneel naked while he extracted my various bodily juices. His laughter and unabashed enjoyment were both irritating and arousing.

The milk collected in the center of the tub and steadily streamed to the drain. When he detected a diminishing of the flow he deftly found my 'G' spot, hooked his fingers then firmly rubbed my vaginal wall. He was expert. He had me climax like I had never done before.

'Maurice' laughed mockingly.

"Call anytime, Alexi," he suggested with a wicked smirk.

He left me on the bathroom floor, demonstrably sniffing his fingers on the way out. The small area rug was soaked. The old man's experienced hand had made me ejaculate. I pondered whether it was the events of the day that had spurred such a need and reaction.

When I arrived the next morning at 10th Avenue, Ernie had the bowl sitting atop his desk.

"I won't let you fall," he suggested as his hand patted the newspaper-covered surface.

“Up.”

I put the parsimony of the prior day's pay out of my mind and stepped first onto his chair and then onto the desk. I squatted over the bowl, remaining on my toes with my thighs widely parted, hands on head. Ernie nicely helped. Standing directly to my front he placed his hands on my knees and pushed them further apart. I felt my outer lips separate allowing the room air to cool my inner labia.

“Be a good girl for me, Alexi.”

I was good. The bowl slowly filled.

It was an interesting way to begin a day of degradation, filling Ernie's bowl while the other girls, arriving to prepare for work, stopped and watched with smiles.

That second day I earned \$31.25.

I arrive back in my room and remove apron and feeding harness. I rinse both then exit for Ms. Powers' room. Now I have no covering at all, and with my feet sinking into the lush carpeting and the ringing of my little bell no longer muffled by the rubber apron, I feel even more self conscious walking about naked among fully clothed servants.

Thankfully Ms. Powers' room is two floors below mine, thus in utilizing the back stairs I only encounter one worker, an off duty gardener walking up who stares as my breasts bounce with each step downwards.

The door to Ms. Powers' room is ajar. I enter. I know where she wants me and how, kneeling on the low coffee table in the lounge area of her apartment.

As I position myself she enters. Punctual as always, she smiles with the display of my eagerness.

“Randy's been bad again and getting harder to control. He's counting the days until his twenty-fifth birthday when he thinks he will gain the advantage. But meanwhile, his disobedience costs him dearly. I just added some scrotal weights.”

Laughing, she steps into her small kitchen and returns with a pot.

"Wait until he meets his little baby brother.

"The left again?"

I nod. She knows Master Fatipton always starts with my right nipple and prefers to drain it rather than alternating. I place my hands on the back of my head fully displaying both my huge glands and eagerness. She places the pot on the table beneath me. She reaches out and gives both my nipples a brief pinch. The milk hits the pot with a hollow metallic sound. The spray from the left is particularly strong.

"I need to get comfortable."

She teasingly moves to her bedroom, looking back with an enticing smile. She knows that to start the flow then walk away leaves me throbbing for more.

"The doctor says Mr. Fatipton has little time left," she calls from her bedroom. "Less and less of your nourishment is being digested. I'm going to miss the old gent. But I think we've got enough sperm to impregnate you at least twice. And with your history of fertility that should be enough."

She steps from the bedroom wearing her halter and short skirt. I know that under the flimsy pleats she is naked. I will soon be begging for permission to explore beneath.

She pours herself a glass of wine and returns.

"Where else could I work where I get to play with my own little white girl. Nice and plump and full of milk."

She playfully squeezes with her free hand then draws down much more firmly. A spray erupts, coating the sides of the pot then running to the bottom.

"I think you're flowing better than ever, cowgirl."

She puts down her glass and works with vigor. I feel my vaginal wetness also begin to flow. I move my hips. Ms. Powers smiles with the sound of my bell. She knows I am desperately trying to bring myself to orgasm, having the motion of the small bell titillate my clitoris.

"Your little bell reminds me that I have a gift for you. But I'll have to make sure you've been a good girl first."

Yes, my little bell. Very easy for her to refer to it as such. But the trauma associated with the adornment can never be forgotten. It was in my second week at the Fatipton mansion when Ms. Powers decided I needed something to remind me of my place.

"You're a bit haughty, Alexi. I've arranged for a decoration which will serve to remind you of your stature."

The next day, Arthur drove me to the doctor's office for the first of many monthly gynecological exams, a procedure with which no girl is ever comfortable.

Well, while lying with thighs parted and with ankles secured in the obligatory stirrups, my labia were not only spread open with the standard speculum, but an odd device was also utilized to pull my back and up on my clitoral hood. I had never before experienced the sensation of such coolness and exposure there. It felt as if my clitoris was standing like a small penis before the macho doctor and irritatingly pleasant nurse.

They exchanged the most embarrassing comments, speaking as if I was not present, comparing my little bud to a variety of obscene objects. Then I heard a click and felt an enormous sharp pain.

It was that quick. Like being shot. My clitoris was pierced and a little ring permanently thrust through the opening and then welded closed. I did not have time to protest, not that it would have done any good.

The nurse made gratuitous comments about how adorably submissive it made me appear and when she attached the little bell took the time to explain that both it and the piercing ring were pure gold.

"Every girl likes to wear jewelry," she cheerily suggested. "And it nicely keeps the hood out of the way."

But her laugh was diabolical, causing me to wonder whether she would willingly submit her own pudendum to such intrusion. I gathered she just enjoyed watching it done to others.

Ms. Powers continues milking then wrings the last drops from my left nipple. Next she gives my right a few strokes, ensuring that Mr. Fatipton has indeed suckled it dry.

She takes away the pot and returns with the battery-operated black light. Shining it on my hands, there are some remnants of Mr. Fatipton's sperm but no traces of the special iridescent powder she has dusted about my labia every morning after having me bathed.

"Good girl, Alexi. You know how I want you. Completely chaste."

She puts down the black light and lifts the front of her skirt. Her nicely trimmed pudendum flashes into view, rich brown with that wonderful pink slit topped by a hood begging for the attention of my lips.

"A little taste?"

Chapter Twenty-five

Ms. Powers is insatiable. How she remains standing while my tongue laps away, I will never understand. The short skirt lays atop my hairless head as I work her labia then part her lips and thrust my tongue in and out. I can hear small sighs of pleasure and feel her thighs move apart. Thus I know my tongue has affect. But otherwise she just stands and lets me work. My bell rings, adding a chimed cadence to my endeavors. My fingers need to play. My own organ needs attention. But it is forbidden.

I let my mind turn to other thoughts. My trained tongue and lips will not surrender until she gives the command to stop. But I need to divert my attention from my own very wet vagina.

At the end of my second week at the peep show, the demands became repetitive. I thought of myself as a veteran and if asked, felt that I could very accurately predict the day's requests. I remember reflecting on how seemingly mundane the daily hours of debauchery had become.

Then a strange thing happened. Yes, even stranger than being asked to relieve myself in a bowl. It was mid afternoon when I heard quarters drop. The bright lights illuminated and a single pair of eyeholes opened. The hour indicated to me that some dipsomaniac had probably panhandled some money but not enough for a bottle and was thus seeking a quick glimpse in place of cheap wine. In response to the sound and light, I quickly smiled and spread further, as trained.

"A customer is a customer," Ernie always chirped and accordingly I flashed as much pink as I could.

But then I heard the voice.

"Lie on your back, assume the knee-chest position and spread your labia please."

The words were precisely spoken in an accented monotone. And compared to other demands to which I had

responded, were not entirely outside of the cosmology under which the Tenth Avenue establishment operated.

What was strange was the gender of the speaker. It was a woman and the accent was Asian. She was most stern and authoritative.

“Wider please. Wider. Good. Now on your knees. Display your breasts for me. Yes, and now the nipples. Squeeze. Firmer.”

Crisply spoken and of course with the commands to squeeze I sprayed. But my feminine observer did not skip a beat in reaction.

“Squeeze again. Good. Now on your tummy. Yes bend your legs back for me. Now spread your buttocks for me.”

I never thought I could again feel humiliation, but I did. Over the course of a dozen quarters, this unseen female with her eyes no more than a foot away had me show everything I owned.

I blushed and did not fully understand why. I had been doing the same for anonymous male voices. What was different?

As the voice insisted that my cheeks be further parted I instantly complied. The commands were spoken mechanically and my response was equally robotic. There was nothing erotic or sexy about what was happening. The woman was examining me as one would inspect fruit or vegetables before purchase.

The timer digested its last quarter and as the lights dimmed and the eyeholes snapped shut, I found myself shaking despite responding to requests that were well within the daily routine. What was happening to me?

Left again in the semi darkness it occurred to me that the stern domineering tone stimulated within me a curious reaction to authority. I was flushed, embarrassed yet physically aroused.

Hours later my shift ended. I reported to Ernie’s office to obtain my bag of quarters. As I approached I again heard

the Asian voice this time emanating from the office.

"The girl in booth 6. With her baldness and ability to lactate there is a uniqueness that should make a suitable spectacle."

I humbly knocked on the open door to announce my presence. Ernie was sitting at his desk. The woman was ensconced in a chair with her back to me. She was dressed in black

Ernie looked up and with a wiggle of his index finger signaled me to enter.

"Come in Alexi. I believe you have met Madam Chang."

I tip toed into the office still shamed by my reaction to the woman's commands. But for retrieving my pay and clothing, I usually avoided Ernie's lair at all times, not wishing to perform any more obscene acts for the gruff manager... or the other girls for that matter.

The mysterious woman turned in her chair to once again inspect me. Her dark, expressionless eyes fixated on me but she spoke to Ernie as if I was not there.

"Has she done any other parties, Ernie. She is unmarked."

"Stand here, Alexi. Hands on head, be a good girl."

Ernie pointed to a spot on the floor in front of his desk and adjacent to the stern visitor. I stepped forward and obediently folded my hands atop my head. With the motion of my arms my breasts rose and I felt my nipples begin to harden.

"This is her second week, Madam Chang. She hasn't done any parties and I understand she could use a pay day."

A small, feminine hand reached out, pinched my right buttock then smoothed around my hip to find my pudendum. I separated my feet. The response to her exploring fingers was ingrained after two years aboard the ship. I opened for her and cursed myself for consenting to such subjugation. She smiled, but it was not a pleasant smile. It was one of diabolism.

I felt a finger insert itself between my meaty outer lips.

"She's wet... and she's well trained."

I glanced down at her. She was a beautiful woman in her thirties and her cosmetics... eyeliner, mascara, rouge, had been meticulously applied. Her raven hair was drawn back in a tight bun. Her black pullover dress was sleeveless and tightly hugged her trim body. It left her shoulders partially bare but rose in front to encase her neck in a collar resembling that of a clergyman.

"Eyes forward, Alexi."

Ernie's command was brusque and I immediately diverted my eyes as Madam Chang's fingers probed deeply. I remember finding it odd that such a professionally groomed woman had such a modest manicure. Her nails were not only trimmed but those on her exploring right hand were planed to practically nothing. Her fingers were as smooth as glass.

"Has she been whipped?"

Her question stunned me but I remained silent since it was directed at Ernie.

"Not that I know of. Since she's lactating I would suppose not recently since she's been carrying a child."

I moaned as Madam Chang's fingers found the most sensuous of places and diddled deftly. I heard a soft feminine laugh. Her hand withdrew leaving me in a frustrated state of partial masturbation.

"The usual, Ernie. I'm sure you'll convince her that it is in her best interests to comply. Have her shave before arriving."

The small hand withdrew an envelope from a compact purse then slid it across the desk to the waiting grubby eager hands of my boss.

"Yes, Madam."

Ernie sounded surprisingly sycophantic with his meek reply. The Asian woman stood. She was shorter than me but her posture was perfect and projected not only a physical

strength but an intellectual fortitude as well. She glared at me then wordlessly departed.

For some reason I remained standing with my hands neatly folded on my fuzzy cranium. Ernie opened the envelope, quickly removed some greenbacks and stuffed them in his pocket.

"Remember I mentioned bachelor parties, Alexi. Well Madam Chang runs parties. Not necessarily for prospective grooms but for visiting businessmen. Guys who are in town from other places. You know, away from their wives and girlfriends. She does what we kind of do here, only more privately and more upscale if you know what I mean."

It could not possibly be on a lower scale, I felt like interjecting. But I bit my tongue. I had learned that the amount of my daily take of quarters was quite subjective. At the end of one particular day during which I expressed a degree of sarcasm, the bag contained only \$15.00. I got the message.

"Madam wants you at the Hilton tomorrow night at 8:00 p.m. You heard her about shaving. The going rate is \$50 and you'll probably be there for two hours or so. Plus, the party guys will probably throw some dough your way. They all got expense accounts..."

My heart leapt at the \$50 number. And for only a couple of hours! At that point my daily take at the peep show, after a full eight hours or so of degrading exhibition, averaged \$30.

When Ernie slid the envelope back toward me I grabbed it with the zest of a child handed a gaily-wrapped gift. I was excited and almost forgot about my daily bag of quarters. I for sure forgot about Madam's question concerning whipping.

"I think it's time for your collar and belt."

Ms. Powers' suggestion brings me back from my reverie.

Yes, as always she is correct. I am too aroused and without the proper restraint will find myself being

disobedient.

She steps back and the front of her skirt slides off my smooth shiny head. It is my duty to retrieve the leather implements from the nearby buffet. Ms. Powers disappears into her bedroom as I buckle the collar around my neck and do likewise with the waist belt. She returns with a small jewelry box and a smile.

"That little gift I mentioned. I had you measured during your last gynecological examination. They should be perfect.

"Spread your feet."

She places the box down as I comply. The waist belt has many attachments two of which are wrist cuffs at the right and left hips. She quickly straps in my wrists. The cuffs are comfortable but tight. Then she opens the box and kneels.

"Goodness, Alexi, You are fragrant. No wonder Bobby says the dogs yelp when you're nearby."

I flush with her comment. Yes, I can smell the aroma of my excited sex. As written, Ms. Powers insists I go natural. In a recent visit to the doctor, his attempt to disguise the reaction to my odor during the referenced examination was most humiliating. And Bobby, the dog trainer, finds it to be most amusing to watch the large male dogs savor my aroma. I am powerless to stop the antics as they bark and energetically push their noses into my nest. Ms. Powers' was not explicit concerning my status with regard to the dogs. Judging from the care and relative level of freedom the canines are afforded it is most likely that their status is above that of mine.

"Hold still."

I look down to see two sizable gold balls, connected with a length of elastic cord.

"Custom made for you, Alexi. A little gift from the Fatipton Estate"

She spreads my labia and inserts the larger of the balls. With my wetness, it slides in all too easily. The second

follows as her long fingers work the first well into my vagina. Then I feel my muscles contract, sucking the perfectly sized sphere right up to my cervix. The elastic cord causes the second smaller ball to dangle at the very opening of my vulva, tantalizing my sensitive inner labia.

“Perfect. The doctor said your strong pelvic muscles would hold it in place.

“Walk a little.”

The sensation is indescribable. My muscles involuntarily contract against the deeply inserted ball as if squeezing the head of a penis. The second ball dangles just inside the entrance to my vagina but when I move about the elastic cord seems to stretch and it pops in and out, as if someone is fingering me. I tug my arms against the firm wrist cuffs. My vulva desperately needs attention. Ms. Powers laughs with the futile attempts to free my hands for play.

“No. No, Alexi. You know that’s not permitted. We need you aroused for lactation.

“But you can spend the night with me. First let’s take a little walk. It looks like you’re really enjoying your new jewelry.”

Yes I am... too much.

Ms. Powers finds my leash in the buffet. She clips it to the front of my collar and leads me out the door.

Chapter Twenty-six

As Ms. Powers and I enter the hallway my mind wanders to that frightful night in the New York hotel.

I knocked on the door of room 827 as instructed on the typewritten note in the envelope. I expected to be greeted by Madam Chang or a bunch of horny businessmen. Instead a middle-aged woman opened the door and as I peered down at the note to assure I had the proper room she bid me to enter.

“Quickly please. You’re expected upstairs in an hour.”

I stepped in and was alarmed to see her wearing a white uniform. I could not help recalling my two years of servitude aboard The Scarlet Letter where the starched white-clothed women were the source of much torment.

“Strip. You’re to be showered and cleansed.”

The matronly woman stood over me as I removed and folded my clothing. She pointed to a chair as a likely receptacle. When I returned she silently motioned with her hand and I dutifully followed her signals, lifting my arms and assuming a most humble stance of spread feet and hands clasped together at the back of my neck.

She approached and gruffly rubbed her hands all over me as if frisking me for a weapon. Her fingers found my genitalia and briefly kneaded my pudendum.

“You’re well shaved. Good. You’d be surprised how many girls don’t follow instructions. Into the bathroom. Get on all fours.”

The bathroom was filled with equipment. Miss Starched White had assembled quite a bit of medical stuff. I began to become concerned about my easy \$50. Particularly when she snapped on latex gloves and lubricated my anus.

“Just a quart to start. Warm and soapy. We’ll need you nice and clean. Two or three fills should have you running clear.”

I suppose my experiences aboard the ship had programmed my reaction. I calmly knelt while the harridan

filled my bowels not once but three times, the whole while blathering about her past life as a punishment nurse at a girls reformatory school.

“Now those were fun times,” she chortled as she gave the command to expel the final the rinse. “Catering to hairless little slits. I had them squirming every time.”

I had grown tired of walking about the hotel room naked and full of the slushy liquid. I ran to the bathroom with her words permitting release.

A shower followed. The woman soaped me like I was a child, ensuring that every crevice was clean. With my internal cleansing, the large sudsy sponge felt good and I became tremendously relaxed.

Then Madam Chang entered. It was time to be inspected and another pair of feminine hands explored every inch of my flesh.

“I want her well oiled, inside and out. Start her flow. These guys are good payers and with a proper display the evening will be very lucrative. Bring her in leashed. You know the routine.”

Madam Chang left. It was interesting that she wore the same garment or an identical one to that worn the day before in Ernie’s office.

Miss Starched White turned to me and smiled. I felt like a staked goat, standing naked and completely vulnerable.

Spread about on the bed was an assortment of items. A large bottle of baby oil was produced. Her gloved hands smeared my entire body. She was quick and brusque and within minutes I was indeed oiled. For my vagina and rectum a tube of KY jelly appeared and the substance was liberally applied to both passages.

Miss Starched White completed her task by grasping a breast in each hand and not only soothing lubricant over the sizable surface but also as suggested, pinching my nipples and beginning my flow.

I immediately sprayed my essence of course and the large, dour woman stepped back and laughed.

"Yes, you're certainly going to get some attention tonight."

She led me to a mirror for no other reason than to humiliate me. My white skin shined back at me. I was indeed quite the sight with milk dripping from nipples highlighted by breasts, which seemed to glow in reflecting light.

Among the paraphernalia lying on the bed were strips of cloth. I soon found myself with my arms pulled behind my back with my right wrist tied to my left elbow and my left wrist tied to my right.

"Oriental in technique. Madam's clients will be most appreciative."

A leather neck collar with leash finished the simple bondage. At that point I earnestly questioned the ease with which I would earn the \$50.

"I'm afraid you'll need to be blindfolded for the walk. The hotel is very sensitive about who is aware of the location of Madam Chang's entertainment room. Very hush, hush... as you'll see."

Another strip of cloth was tied around my head covering my eyes. I felt tension on the leash.

"Come."

The woman was very gentle in pulling and guiding me about on the leash. Perhaps she had some degree of compassion, perhaps her experience told her that blindfolded and subjugated girls naturally complied with tugs and commands.

The door to the room opened and we exited. With my lubrication, not only between my cheeks but within every crevice, walking furnished a strangely erotic sensation. But my heart raced knowing that we were in the hotel corridor and waiting for the elevator seemed like an eternity.

What if guests were encountered?

We stepped in and the elevator went up. At least it felt like it went up. Then it stopped and although the doors opened the leash did not signal me to move.

People entered! With me standing, naked, bound and leashed!

"Halloween party," Ms. Starched White quickly improvised.

I heard the giggling of a young female and within seconds, gratefully the elevator stopped again. We stepped out. In following the leash I knew my guide was ahead of me. So when I felt the furtive pinch of fingers on my slippery buttocks I realized someone was taking advantage. Did 'Miss Giggles' have a male companion?

Down another hallway we opened a door without knocking. Muffled voices, clinking glasses and the smell of tobacco told me the room was large and quite occupied. When I heard the door shut the cloth was removed from my eyes.

My sight adjusted quickly. The room was dark and numerous Asian men, all dressed in business attire were milling about. Serving in various capacities were Asian women. Young, diminutive and naked some were carrying trays of drinks, some food and one was on her knees being addressed by a rather demanding looking middle aged gentleman. Jewelry glinted from between the thighs of the girls. What little natural hair they had there had been shorn.

My ears detected no English. I believe the entourage was from Japan.

My leash was removed and Miss Starched White retreated. It was evident that the preferred state for women was nudity and the dour, uniformed termagant did not fit into the scene.

I, however, drew much attention. Madam Chang's demand that I be well oiled was devious, for the coating highlighted my nakedness and drew attraction. The walls and ceiling were painted in black and the carpet was a deep

red. Therefore the room was very dark except where spotlights, which seemed to be randomly hung from above, served to illuminate that which was placed directly below.

Thus I was positioned beneath one and felt as if I was standing on a stage. The room slowly became silent as more and more of the businessmen looked my way. My breasts were enormous compared to the slight Asian girls. And in my hairless shaven condition with my arms bound behind me and my nipples erect and ready to lactate I'm sure I looked like one large set of mammary glands.

Since I was given no instructions I did not move. But eventually the men approached. They examined me and were free with their hands. One finally pinched a nipple and when I soaked him with milk there was a rush of Japanese spoken and much laughter.

One of the naked waitresses appeared with a tray of towels, for every hand that touched me came away with the residue of mineral oil. For several minutes I was the showcase of what I presumed to be cocktail hour. Even the girls were amused.

Finally Madam Chang entered. I was surprised to see the reverence with which the misogynous Japanese men welcomed her. She was treated like a Queen but I detected some communication difficulties and her greeting to each was brief. Japanese was not her native tongue.

It became my turn to be greeted. When the emotionless woman approached I felt weak at the knees. Bound and collared, I was hers to do with as she pleased.

She stood to my side, pinched both nipples and sent to streams of breast milk arching across the room. The voices buzzed with amazement. She spoke softly.

"It will be an easy night for you. You just lie where I place you and let things happen. I do all the work."

She hooked a finger through a ring in my collar, turned and stepped toward a peculiar table with posts at two

corners, pointing toward the ceiling and holding aloft a crossbar.

“Interesting, is it not, how much the Japanese disdain femininity yet respect a woman with a whip? Except for me, every girl here is naked and you should consider yourself fortunate. Your little cohorts have been zipped closed. A few piercings and a locking chain keeps them chaste and eager to serve.”

So, the glint in the pubes area was not from decorative jewelry. It was no wonder the girls seemed so subservient.

I soon found myself prostrate on the table with my ankles secured and forcing apart my legs. I thought about my exposure. I know my oiled labia were peaking out below my buttocks and between my thighs. Then I learned of the utility of the stanchion over my head.

“Nose clamps. The Japanese love them. It will help you show off your breasts for them.”

Two strange hooks dangled at the end of an elastic cord held by the sturdy

horizontal bar over my head. The bar was in turn held in place by the vertical posts to the my right and left.

Madam Chang cruelly inserted a rubber coated hook into each nostril then lifted and tightened the cord forcing up my head and making me bend at the small of my back. My breasts hung freely and a soft feminine hand smoothed over my backside.

“It so nicely presents the buttocks, don’t you think. Two nicely rounded globes shining in the light and begging for attention.

“They requested the cane by the way. But not to worry, Ernie will overlook the welts. He even tells me that some peeps like to look at the marks.”

The night’s entertainment began. Madam Chang proved to be even more relentless than she appeared. My caning was strictly business for her. And the more I howled, screamed and begged, the more enjoyment I seemed to

have provided. A semi circle of a half dozen or more Japanese men formed in front of me, some just standing and watching. Others sat in chairs while receiving fellatio from kneeling, naked serving girls.

Though my arms and legs were immobilized and the nostril hooks made me keep my head very steady, my upper torso was free to spasmodically twist and thrash about as each well-placed stroke of the evil cane caused an insufferable burning sensation. And my oiled skin caused a frighteningly sharp crack, somewhat like the sound of a gunshot. The first blow made the room go silent and during the ordeal I did not hear even the clink of a glass. Only the swish, the crack, and my entreaties for mercy that followed each stroke.

Sometime at about the fourth or fifth blow, the centrifugal force of my earnest twistings caused my nipples to give up milk. This brought sounds of astonishment followed by laughter as my white essence was strewn about like a prizefighter's perspiration. This seemed to be the goal of Madam Chang's fervent efforts... to have my own spasmodic movements force milk from my breasts. I was reminded of Maria during the more exhaustive exercise periods aboard *The Scarlet Letter*.

Swish after swish, no one counted the strokes. Therefore I did not know what culminated the session. I doubt if it was compassion. More than likely Madam Chang could not locate unblemished flesh and as an accomplished flagellatrix knew that further caning would cause permanent marks.

It just ended. And a very obeisant serving girl appeared with a wet towel to sponge away the milk, which I had given up with such anguish. I remained secured to the table. With my head up and face forced forward I had no choice but to watch as two of Madam Chang's clients were fellated to climax just a few feet before me. The girls were charmingly obedient and took the time to right the recipients clothing and dutifully close all zippers.

My buttocks felt intensely heated. My nipples continued to drip. Madam Chang noticed and moved to stand in front of me. She pinched my nipples and began to milk me.

“Think about what you feel between your thighs. Your breasts give away your true feelings.”

She did not completely drain me and instead left me strapped down for further display. Others approached and tried their hand at extracting milk. As I laid helplessly subjected to such humiliation, I realized Madam was correct. I was aroused.

Chapter Twenty-seven

As written, I have never become acclimated to moving about naked among the fully clothed serving staff. Now with collar and leash and hands bound, Ms. Powers seems to take great care to select the various hallways where our little parade is certain to be seen. Some of the male servants are returning from an evening at the local restaurant in town. Alcohol has emboldened their normally reserved glances. Two off duty guards stop and stare while Ms. Powers takes particular time to slow our walk and wish them a good evening.

Though somewhat embarrassed, overall I am happy at the Fatipton Estate. I recall our first meeting and her initial offer of employment.

It was during my third week of employment at the peep show that I spotted the advertisement. The mounting quarters from my daily pay were not mounting fast enough and I was searching the want ads for other work or perhaps a second job.

Wet-nurse needed. High pay. Plus room and board. Idyllic country setting. Must be single. Leave a message with Ms. Powers at...

Well, the words certainly got my attention. But my past experience with unusual advertisements gave me reason for caution.

Though wary, I called the number and left a message. Perhaps it was a good thing that I openly described my desperate circumstances on the answering tape, for I was called for an interview within two days.

It took place in the office of a mid town doctor where I changed into a hospital gown and was professionally examined, both me *and* my breasts. A sample of milk was drawn. I was then directed into an office and introduced to the amazing Ms. Powers. She sat behind a desk in a well-cut business suit. When she stood to shake my hand I looked up

into the handsome face of a black woman of six feet. Her firm grip evidenced her strength.

“Please remove your gown and sit, Alexi.”

If she was testing my shyness, I passed, tossing aside the gown and sitting before her without a stitch. On the written application, I had given vague answers concerning the exact nature of my current employment. When she spotted my well-used nipples, her questions became very specific and direct. Within minutes she understood I had been working at the peep show.

“There is not much point in lying or being evasive, Alexi. I worked as an interrogator for the FBI.”

So I told my story, avoiding details about ‘The Scarlet Letter’ unless she asked. But she seemed more interested in my aptitude and was enthralled by my hairless body.

After some thirty minutes a nurse entered and handed Ms. Powers a sheet of paper. Ms. Powers nodded and smiled.

“Well, Alexi. Someone’s been taking good care of you. The consistency of your milk is just what we’re seeking.”

She made me a very lucrative offer.

It was then, while I considered, that Ms. Powers described herself, Mr. Fatipton and her responsibilities with the Fatipton Estate.

The whole setup was more than I could ever imagine. My vast paycheck could essentially be banked. Room and board came with the job.

“And,” Ms. Powers added, “what little clothing a girl in your position will need will be provided.”

Interesting to think back concerning that facet. The one thing I had difficulty with was clothing. I had very little that was presentable and that fit. The peep show’s daily bag of coins just didn’t allow for exotic tastes in attire.

I agreed to the terms. I had one week of free room remaining from Dr. Helga. And I did not want to take the chance of taking time to consider then subsequently

learning that the next girl examined could provide better sustenance than me.

“Fine. I will pick you up tomorrow at 10:00 a.m. Check out of the hotel. Be ready with everything you wish to bring. The limousine is large and I think you’ll find that Mr. Fatipton’s mansion can accommodate your possessions. Be ready to lactate.”

The next morning a stretched Mercedes pulled up with the uniformed driver asking for me. The wizened clerk looked aghast, envious of the wealth evidenced by the size and deep shine on the car but also concerned about my departure.

Yes, I had over the weeks stooped to request the services of Maurice on several occasions. As written, the brief periods of lactating in the booth were both dissatisfying and harmful for the long term care of my glands. And utilizing the breast pump was depressing. Thus many times I sought refuge by way of Maurice’s aged but experienced fingers, despite the extreme subjugation of kneeling for him... naked and spread.

It did not take him long to realize his toy would not be returning.

‘Better book another cruise,’ I felt like saying. But I remained silent and assured myself that all the hotel charges were in fact covered through Dr. Helga’s floating clinic.

After loading the car with my worldly goods, I had the ride of my life.

Not having spent much time outside of the city, I was not familiar with the countryside. Whenever I glanced out the window the road signs indicated ‘north’ and Ms. Powers confirmed that the Fatipton mansion was situated atop an impressive mountain at the base of the Catskills.

“Seclusion yet with proximity to New York City,” Ms. Powers summed up the advantages of the location.

She talked more about her role and Mr. Fatipton's worthless son Randy. She also took me through the hierarchy at the well-staffed mansion.

"You're on the bottom. When not tending to Mr. Fatipton you'll report to me but

also be respectful to the staff, right down to the boy who walks and feeds the dogs. Understood?"

I nodded.

Her unctuous tone of voice was changing as the limousine got further from the city and closer to our destination.

"You're to address me as 'Ms. Powers' or 'ma'am'. There is also the matter of the dress code. In view of the nature of your duties I'm not sure you need any."

She paused, looking out to see the mileposts whizzing past.

"And we may as well start now. Put your clothing in that plastic bag."

She turned her head back to me with a diabolical smile.

"As I explained, Alexi. I've been trained as an interrogator. Do you really think your need for submission doesn't stand out and shout at the skilled listener?"

"And car seats are reserved for ranking staff. There's plenty of room for you here."

The rear of the stretched vehicle had some four feet between the two sets of facing seats. She was pointing to the floor in front of her.

I stripped as I had so often done in the past, placing my garments into the bag. Within a minute I knelt before Ms. Powers completely naked.

"Lick my boots. I like the idea of having them cleaned by a young white girl. I think that will become one of your duties. And maybe in front of the staff. Yes, that's how I'll introduce you to everyone at the mansion. Naked, kneeling and licking my boots."

She never did, of course. But I know she noticed the goose bumps caused by the excitement of the very thought. And I believe that was the purpose for her comments.

I licked. Up and down. Ms. Powers watched with a smug smile then picked up the intercom receiver.

"Pull over at the next rest stop, Arthur. I have to dispose of some trash."

The car slowed. The window opened. Without exiting, Ms. Powers tossed the plastic bag containing my clothing into a garbage bin.

"Remove the clothing from the trunk, Arthur. Alexi won't be needing any."

Chapter Twenty-eight

Being walked like a pet causes a strange reaction. Traces of my arousal begin to flow down my inner thighs and as we pass one obnoxious, newly hired guard he sniffs noticeably, making it known that he detects my strong fragrance.

"Alexi is trying on her new jewelry," Ms. Powers explains. "Most of it you can't see. Bend for the gentleman, Alexi."

I obey and she looks downward and nods to where part of the second ball peeks out between my reddened, excited lips. The male eyes follow then glance to Ms. Powers with an understanding smile.

We move onwards.

"I have to release Randy. Then it will be time for bed."

Our journey has taken us far from the servant's quarters where Randy has been assigned a small room. After encountering more of the staff, including two teenaged girls from the laundry room who titter uncontrollably, we find our way back toward Randy's fourth floor room.

Although he is the son of the incredibly wealthy Master of the house, Ms. Powers has assigned him a room the size of a large closet. It symbolizes the power and trust with which Mr. Fatipton has entrusted her and the judicious manner in which she chooses to exercise it. No employee of the Estate questions her authority knowing that she can so treat the Master's son with impunity.

She opens his door without knocking and leads me into the darkened room. Slipping my leash onto a hook she turns on a light.

There hangs Randy comfortably confined in Ms. Powers' punishment harness. His under-developed body is naked, hands held behind his back, legs drawn up and secured to the belt encircling his waist. He is hooded, covering any looks of anguish. But his small penis is engorged and pointing toward the ceiling. Dangling between his knees are sizable weights, attached to his scrotum by way of clamps.

“Good evening, Randy. I’m going to let you down, would you like that?”

He nods as best he can.

“Yes, I’m going to have you spend the night in the harness. You may get some sleep. Or you may find the floor rather hard. It does not matter.”

She releases a rope tied to a wall fixture. Her powerful arms slowly lower the smaller male until his knees touch the floor. Ms. Powers towers above the prospective heir. When standing he is more than half a foot shorter than Ms. Powers. And his young life of profligacy has left him with little muscle structure. When the two stand side by side it is a comical juxtaposition... tall, puissant, imposing female versus the short, weak, and stooped male.

“I see you enjoyed the weights.”

Ms. Powers is pushing her foot against his erect penis as she speaks.

“Tomorrow you will tell me what you think about as you helplessly hang in my harness. Yes, you can talk between licks to my boots. I’m sure you’d like to share your fantasies. Thoughts of getting that backside reamed by some big stud? Hm? Or sucking on a nice sized uncircumcised penis?”

She laughs.

“Arthur tells me where you like to be driven. Yes, I know about your little trips to New York. I understand you’re quite the hit at the gay clubs. Randy Randy, is that what they call you? Randy Randy with lots of money for sex and drugs.”

Ms. Powers lifts her foot then steps downward, pressing Randy’s erection into the carpet. She shifts her weight to slowly add pressure. Randy cries out.

“Yes, you protest. But if I was a big leather clad stud you’d be begging for more. Begging to be allowed to lick his shaft.”

She lifts her foot and applies a firm kick to Randy’s testicles. He lurches with pain and yelps. When he settles, the toe of Ms. Powers’ booted foot carefully maneuvers the

small scrotal sac so that it lies on the carpet. Just as she pressured his erection, she begins to push downward with her toe.

“Such important organs.. yet so vulnerable. Hard to believe that the future of the Fatipton dynasty is contained herein. Small, pusillanimous, withered from disuse... rather pathetic, Randy.

“Tomorrow you’ll tell me everything. I’ll know when you’re lying so don’t think about anything but the truth. I’ll want to know names and places Randy, particularly where you get all that white powder you so generously spread around.”

She kicks again then turns out the light.

“Have a nice night,” she sarcastically coos as she releases my leash and firmly tugs.

She leads me out and shuts the door. The small room is windowless and Ms. Powers selected it for Randy after surveying the three dozen or so bedrooms at the mansion. She picked what was originally intended to be a laundry closet.

I marvel at the power and determination she displays. Her plan had better succeed, I think to myself, for in less than five years, when the estate is passed on, Ms. Powers will face the wrath of a very wealthy and enraged Randy.

It is late. Ms. Powers knows I need rest in order to properly lactate for Mr. Fatipton. Returning to Ms. Powers’ apartment, she removes the leash and points to her bedroom. I know the position to be assumed, lying on my side to await her.

I think about tomorrow when one of the many maids will take me to the fourth floor washroom. There she will shower me and shave what little of my hair has escaped the weekly electrolysis appointments. When finished, Ms. Powers will be summoned. She will callously inject me with hormones then inspect the expensive but highly effective iridescent powder. It is tantalizingly smoothed over my pudendum by the maid

with a very soft and tickling brush. And I find it ironic that the application of the powder, intended to inhibit my masturbation, arouses me to the point of insatiable need. It is only the thought of Ms. Powers' discipline that holds back my eager fingers.

On occasion one of the more mischievous maids toys with me while awaiting Ms. Powers' arrival. Her fingers never undergo the black light so she can work my labia with impunity, then laugh when I have to face Ms. Powers in a most excited state.

When she arrives, the black light is turned onto the area surrounding my love nest. The glowing powder will easily be transferred to any fingers touching there so Ms. Powers must assure herself that it is thoroughly applied and the entrance to my pleasure hole will most definitely leave evidence of any penetrating digit or implement.

When I return to my room, I must be careful with what comes near my vulva, for Ms. Powers takes great joy in examining various objects and fixtures, black light in hand, to make sure I have not utilized them to friction myself. In my more aroused states I often fantasize about the smooth brass doorknob and how pleasurable it would be to bend and stuff the wonderfully shaped object between my lips. But I fear Ms. Powers shining her light there, and know that the punishment would be severe if it were to glow back.

Ms. Powers steps from her dressing room. She is naked except for a special leather belt. I stare at her finely developed body. She is marvelously proportioned with curves where a woman wants curves yet with evidence of strength, such as rippled abdominal muscles, not found on the average female anatomy.

In her hand is a vibrator. Her sexual needs are insatiable, and I know my sleep will be interrupted throughout the night with the sound of buzzing and a kick of her foot, the signal to resume licking.

Two straps hang from the rear of her belt. She reaches down and attaches them to my neck collar. She then lies on the bed facing away from me and pushes her fine buttocks toward me. As the crease between the rounded, muscled cheeks approaches my mouth, she pulls up the straps, shortening the distance between my face and her backside. When satisfied that my nose is firmly entrapped between her cheeks she buckles the straps. I will so spend the night, licking the rear bud of the potent Trustee of the Fatipton Estate. With the first application of my tongue she flips on her vibrator.

"I always wanted a nice white girl servicing my sphincter. You'll lick until I sleep. And I don't want to hear your bell."

With my wrists still bound to my waist belt, and my head firmly secured with nose and lips between the rounded rear hillocks, I will spend the night. The balls within me seem to move with my breathing. I want to gyrate my hips, but if the bell sounds, I will be chastised. I divert my thoughts. I indeed lick, concentrating on her pleasure and not mine.

The mechanics of servicing my benefactor are simple. Thus while my tongue flutters away, I once again recall that traumatic evening with Madam Chang in a New York hotel.

"You've been such a good girl. I think you've earned a reward."

Madam Chang released me from the horrid table. My back was quite stiff, having had to maintain an arched position to relieve the tension from the hooks in my nostrils. She recognized the discomfort.

"Come over here. I think this will help."

I was led by my collar across the room. There firmly attached to the floor by two poles was a brass bar resting horizontally at a level slightly above my waist.

"Left foot on the bar then bend for me."

I complied but became concerned as once again the men and the naked servants began to gather. The pose left my

shaven and lubricated pudendum most exposed and my labia separated. I felt the room air on my clitoris.

"Yes. Very nice. My guests enjoy viewing a girl's charms."

Madam Chang positioned herself behind me. Her left hand came around my torso and cupped my left breast then began to knead the soft body of the gland.

"You need to be drained."

Yes, I did, and was grateful for the knowledgeable touch. But the fingers of her right hand begin diddling my genitalia and once again a perfectly smooth digit found its way between my well parted outer labia. With all the KY jelly, it easily slipped into my vagina.

"Your buttocks are quite warm. The caning seems to have been appreciated. Just relax and show the nice gentlemen how good girls are rewarded. Bad girls find their other passage opened."

Two fingers slipped in as Madam Chang busily milked me. Then three. Then four. Her hands were small and smooth. I began to understand the reason for her modest manicure.

She moved slightly in order to switch breasts. Milk was pouring to the carpet and in the silence the drops could be heard despite the softness of the material where they landed.

The switch proved to be a diversion, for as she attacked my right breast, her right thumb folded under and I felt incredible tightness in my vagina despite the lubrication. Pangs of pleasure were overriding the slight discomfort. My own wetness flowed adding to the water-soluble jelly. My vagina turned to a river. Madam Chang softly laughed.

She was fisting me and my Japanese audience watched raptly. She enjoyed the power, her hand penetrating to the very depths of my most intimate anatomy.

"There are women who find they cannot go back to the penis after a good fisting. Do you want to know how deep I am? Can you feel this?"

She clenched her hand and twisted. I moaned in both pleasure and pain. My lecherous viewers saw her wrist slowly rotate and laughed with the knowledge of what was happening... what I was feeling.

Two zippers were lowered. And talented Asian tongues began to once again apply their oral skills with my oiled, naked and thoroughly penetrated body utilized as a catalyst for lust.

Then she begin to thrust in and out. Slowly at first. Then faster. I began to scream in ecstasy. Her left hand left my breasts. I felt a pinch at my well-exposed outer labia.

"Can you squirt for the nice gentlemen? You've been generous with your milk. Let's see what else you can offer them."

I felt fingers move up toward my navel. The right hand twisted and thrust firmly and deeply. The searching fingers of her left hand found my lonely and exposed clitoris. She pinched between thumb and forefinger. Had I not been aroused the pressure would have caused intolerable pain. But in my excited state it was pure pleasure. I felt liquid hit the rug near my right foot. She was making me climax. I was having an orgasm before a dozen strangers. I closed my eyes in shame. But it felt so good.

Madam Chang indeed had me squirt for her Japanese guests. I ejaculated on cue at her whim like a fountain she could turn on at will. My ignominious display met with much laughter and approval. I had never before felt such ecstasy.

The hand slipped out and I fell exhausted to the floor. Someone carried me back to room 827 where I awoke.

When I finally arose, implanted in my stretched and still wet vagina I found a small clear plastic cylinder. Inside someone had taken humor in folding a fifty-dollar bill.

Chapter Twenty-nine

The doctor's prognostication concerning Mr. Fatipton's health unfortunately began to become evident. Over the next few weeks he became weaker and weaker and I was only able to coax two more sperm samples of any reasonable size.

His suckling was also sporadic, beginning a session with strong satisfying draws only to falter as his strength quickly dissipated. Thankfully, Ms. Powers would give me a firm and thorough hand milking every evening, which was essential if a proper level of lactation was to be maintained.

Meanwhile, during his more conscious times, Mr. Fatipton took great delight in toying with the golden sphere peeking out between my flushed and reddened labia. Yes, Ms. Powers insisted that the balls remain in place, which made urination difficult. For any other girl it would be a simple matter to push the lower ball aside and do business, but I was not permitted to touch myself there. So, I had to request the assistance of one of the domestic help. It very much reminded me of the procedures aboard 'The Scarlet Letter' only Nurse Inga's duty was fulfilled by one of the Estate's precocious maids.

Then the end arrived. I had just straddled Mr. Fatipton's hips. His cracking voice, more feeble than ever, requested that I lift the little rubber apron. I did and with a smile and an odd gaze, Mr. Fatipton stared, visually examining my shaven pudendum while my tiny bell freely rang and my gold ball glinted in the room light. Then he closed his eyes seeming to fall asleep.

He did not awake.

The funeral was private. I did not attend, remaining in my room for many days. My only contact was with the various maids who brought in my meals and bathed me every morning. Oddly, the rule of chastity was still enforced with my labia carefully powdered each morning. I could not fully understand this requirement to remain in a constant,

frustrating state of arousal since there was no one for whom I needed to lactate. But since Ms. Powers was quite busy, there was no one to whom I could appeal.

At first I was supplied with a breast pump. It was most dissatisfying to use but relieving my glands was paramount in order to inhibit the buildup of fluid and the resulting throb and ache.

Then on the fourth day after Mr. Fatipton's demise, the mischievous maid with the busy fingers entered my room. Her name was Angela and wore a smile I found to be more diabolical than normal.

"Special orders from Ms. Powers. She has suggested you need to wear this."

She carried a tray. Next to a plate of food was the leather waist belt I had so often worn while tending to Ms. Powers' carnal demands.

"She also suggests that she has been busy with the attorneys and will return in a few days. Meanwhile, I am to attend to your needs."

The thought caused much concern. This was the girl, at least two years younger than me, who took such delight in applying the iridescent powder then surreptitiously fingering me to the very precipice of an orgasm. And now she would be in charge of my care.

I could not help thinking that with Mr. Fatipton's demise, the next step of our plan was to be executed. My previous pregnancies were not gratifying, the offspring having been brought to term aboard the peculiar ship. Therefore I was looking forward to carrying and bearing a child at the Fatipton mansion. It was such a wonderful facility, in beautiful countryside and with very attentive staff. And my child would be born wealthy, receiving all that the Fatipton billions could offer! Ms. Powers would continue as Trustee of the Estate well beyond Randy's twenty-fifth year. And as the mother of Mr. Fatipton's child, I would live royally, of course.

But instead of being impregnated, I was placed under the care of this vixen Angela and her curious fingers while Ms. Powers was busy with other matters.

My thoughts were distracted as the girl wrapped the belt around my waist.

“Wrists please. Then you will have your shot and some lunch.”

My daily hormone injection followed. Whatever the substance was, it caused abundant levels of prolactin. With Mr. Fatipton gone, I did not understand the need for it.

Without use of my hands, it was necessary for the girl to begin spooning soup into my mouth. I sat helpless on the side of my bed. When some dribbled onto my left breast she frustratingly left it to stream down the body of my mammary gland until it reached my overly sensitive nipple. I wriggled and the girl laughed, watching my areola crinkle and turn to the two-inch point that so much resembled a pinky finger.

In returning the spoon to the bowl, she playfully flicked it against my right nipple and it likewise turned to a pink dart.

“Will they keep getting longer?”

It was an appropriate question. My nipples were indeed continuing to grow. I had often wondered if there was a limit but was horrified to read somewhere that skin could probably stretch indefinitely, particularly with young flesh. With the girl’s question, I could not help thinking of a cow’s udders.

She spooned more. The process reminded me of the many feedings of mush I had to endure from Nurse Inga. Thankfully, a sandwich was next, which the girl held as I bit, chewed and swallowed in minutes.

“Lie back please.”

Did I have a choice?

Supine on my bed, the girl took delight in separating my labia as my clitoral bell rang in greeting. I felt the gold ball poke out, then as she pushed apart my thighs, my pelvic

muscles contracted and I felt a twinge of pleasure as the ball was sucked back into my vagina.

She giggled.

“Can you do that again?”

I refused to become the object of entertainment for the young strumpet. But she had other ideas. Her deft thumb and forefinger slid between my lips, grasped the sphere and pulled it out, the elastic cord easily giving way to her efforts. She examined and twisted it continuously, stressing the elasticity like a windup toy. With hands bound, I helplessly watched, feeling my pelvic muscles involuntarily tighten, holding in place the larger ball inserted deeply in my vagina. Then with a devilish look she extracted from her pocket the small brush normally used to apply the iridescent powder. She used it to tickle my pierced clitoris, glancing up to see in reaction the uncontrollable looks of pleasure on my face. She continued to twist with one hand while tantalizing my clitoris with the other.

I moaned. The moisture in my sex turned to a river. She commented on the abundant flow and played on, knowing the havoc she was causing in the pleasure center of my brain.

After a few minutes, sensing that an orgasm was imminent, she just stopped, withdrawing both hands and leaving my clitoris in an incredibly stiff and excited state. The cord began to unwind, simultaneously allowing the golden ball to be drawn back into my vagina while it slowly turned and frictioned my most sensitive lips.

I gasped and pulled against the wrist cuffs. I needed to masturbate... to finish what she had begun, to bring myself to the forbidden climax.

It was not to happen. The girl merely walked out, sniffing the air and commenting on the intense feminine aroma caused by my ripe and excited sex. As she shut the door, she laughed.

My eyes followed her and spied the smooth brass knob as it turned and the door latched. It looked more inviting than ever. Durst I try? I spent the afternoon wondering what it would feel like to back against the closed door, bend and thrust my opened thighs against what seemed to be, in my extreme frustration, not only a lustily shaped object, but the only thing available for relief. I held out as long as I could. But, as dusk began to loom, instead of waning, my concupiscence seemed to increase. With hands immobile, I struggled to pull myself off the bed and approach the door. There I turned, bent over and stepped back. When I felt the cold metal against my outer labia I spread my legs. The knob was just a little high, forcing me to my toes. I paused letting my extreme body heat warm the cold metal. When warmed I lowered my buttocks and felt the wonderful penetration of the wide, smooth and hard surface. I frottaged feverishly, first rubbing up and down by bending and straightening my knees then thrusting back, forcing the broad knob to split my outer labia and penetrate as far as possible. My little bell serenaded my efforts. My breasts, nipples pointing, swung heavily then fell into a rhythm with the thrusts of my hips.

I felt my climax approach, then heard activity in the hallway. I quickly slid from the doorknob. The room smelled of my odor even more. I feared that the destination for whomever was present was my room, and if so, the nature of my prohibited activity would easily be detected.

I scampered toward the bathroom, hoping to forestall detection. In my state of arousal the sensation of my bell gyrating my clitoris, my ripe breasts bouncing and my naked feet cantering through the deep carpet felt amazingly sensual. As I crossed the threshold my hallway door, never locked under Ms. Powers' rules, swung open. I turned in terror.

It was Angela, carrying a tray with a milking bowl. I was more distressed to see with her was one of the young

gardeners. When Angela saw my flushed skin and excited nipples, she smiled, fully cognizant of my masturbatory attempt. The young gardener sniffed the air and also smiled with the realization of what had been occurring.

“I told you it would be fun, Julio.”

Chapter Thirty

Angela has me kneeling on a low table. She has been charged with the duty of attending to my needs, one of which is to relieve my breasts of the flow, well developed over the years through special diet and hormones. Since Ms. Powers has mandated that I wear the waist belt with wrists secured, I cannot use the breast pump. Thus Angela will milk me.

The irritating strumpet has brought one of the gardeners, probably even younger than her, to observe. I can only imagine what licentious interaction will occur after the virile youth watches my breasts being slowly massaged and my nipples spraying milk into the waiting bowl.

I curse myself for being so lactogenic. In frottaging against the doorknob, the resulting arousal has caused my glands to be standing at the ready. Without the morning feeding which I normally provide to Mr. Fatipton, I am replete with milk. Julio, having pulled up a nearby chair is sitting very close. He is about to get the show of his life.

Angela stands to my side, allowing Julio an unimpeded view of my breasts.

"I'll start with the left," she succinctly suggests.

Her fingers are clumsy and untrained. But my glands are full. As she squeezes and draws downward, my nipple seems to explode. Julio pushes back in surprise, then laughs. My eyes detect a bulge in his slacks.

Yes, observing a completely naked, hairless and bound Caucasian girl being relieved of her essence must be quite the erotic thrill for the young Hispanic male. Angela pauses then squeezes and draws again. The result is the same, a notable splash in the bowl.

It appears that a long evening is planned. With her deliberation, she seems determined to maximize Julio's viewing pleasure, but judging from the bulge, he will soon need attention.

With the humiliation of being forcibly milked before the young male, I flush. I cannot help myself. Though degrading, having my nipples tended to, even so awkwardly, is gratifying. And having brought myself so close to climaxing on the smooth brass doorknob, my already wet vagina begins to flood. I involuntarily begin gyrating my hips, causing my little bell to ring and my gold ball to jiggle against my inner labia.

Yes, I am quite the sight for the young Julio. He watches in fascination, then begins to laugh, quickly becoming comfortable.

Before emptying my left, Angela switches to my right. Her inexperience shows. My left breast contains much milk and throbs even more with the need for attention.

But the right nipple erupts with force, causing milk to splash heavily into the partially filled bowl and resulting in spillage, which drips to Julio's shoes. He looks down. Angela squeezes twice more. Julio is too aroused to continue watching. The youth's tumefied organ takes control of his actions, causing him to grab Angela by her free hand. She looks at him, stops milking and laughs. Wordlessly, he pulls her toward him and kisses her, pressing his swollen member against her thigh. She feels it and casually titters. But it is a poor attempt to disguise her own arousal. She breaks away, steps to my bed, picks up my pillow and removes the case. Upon returning she pulls it over my head, blinding me.

I hear the sound of zippers and the rustle of clothing.

For the next thirty minutes I remain kneeling in a state of frustration, half milked, half masturbated while I listen to the two teenagers copulate on my bed, presumably gazing at my bound and naked form to spur their ecstasy. I long for the firm fingers of Ms. Powers. My glands throb more than ever. I find myself moving in rhythm with the lustful thrusts of the lovers, sounding my bell and rotating my hips in futile attempts to bring a clitoral orgasm. My gold ball works my labia, caressing the inner lips and adding to my frustration.

Amazingly, I can feel my milk continue to slowly stream downwards to the tips of my nipples. If I remain still I can hear small droplets drip to the bowl. Otherwise, I imagine, with my desperate movements to achieve gratification, that my essence is thrown about the room by my flopping breasts, wetting both carpet and furniture.

Sounds of ultimate satisfaction come. The sighs and heavy breathing stop. Then I feel fingers on both nipples. Strong and rough, they are not Angela's. The unknowledgeable never seem to apply slow continuous pressure and let the milk release itself as does the experienced milker. But my breasts need relief and I hear the sounds of a reasonable amount of flow. I hear the soft laughter of the young male and the voice of the vixen.

"Go ahead, Julio. Ms. Powers is away. You may do as you please."

The fingers again leave my glands. The bottom of the pillowcase is rolled up. The hands clench my head and guide it forward.

I have been in the presence of too many males not to know what is coming. I open my mouth in anticipation. Julio's appendage is wet and smells of the female organ.

"You suck. I milk," the accented male voice suggests.

Julio seems to understand my acute need. I comply. As unskilled as they are, I need to feel the pressure of his fingers. His hands leave my head. The pillowcase drapes down and the folds gather where my lips have wrapped about the well-sized, moist and flaccid shaft. I once again feel the gruff but welcomed fingers on my nipples. I indeed suck. The two lovers do not realize my own skill level. My tongue swirls while I pull in the quickly growing organ until the tip knocks at the opening to my throat. For a teen, Julio is a big boy, but in controlling my gag reflex, as my training has so intensively ingrained, his erection slides to the very depths of my throat. He pauses, seemingly shocked with the ease by which I have taken the entire length of his shaft,

then resumes, his pure pleasure overriding the absent feeling of machismo normally experienced in making the fellatrix gag.

In reward for my oral efforts, his clumsy fingers squeeze. I hear strong spurts of my milk splash into the bowl. Briefly, we indeed reach an unspoken quid pro quo... I suck... he milks.

Unfortunately, the young male, despite his recent climax, too quickly approaches orgasm. I am stymied by my own well-practiced fellatio. Achieving full erection, Julio's desire is restored. He withdraws and I hear the lovers move again to my bed. I once again am left to my own to listen to the sounds of giggling and passionate lovemaking.

It is only the dinner hour that inhibits a third go round. Julio professing the need to eat as the young lovers again recover from a second cacophonous pair of orgasms.

I can hear him dress inches from where I remain blindfolded and kneeling on the table. In finishing, a hand reaches out and one last squeeze of my right nipple produces a sizable spurt and the subsequent sound of spatter in the bowl.

"She fun," Julio exclaims in broken English as his footsteps move toward the door.

I hear the tray being removed and the sound of giggling voices as the hallway door opens and closes.

I am left alone with the pillowcase over my head, breasts throbbing, my vagina in desperate need of attention.

What seems like hours later, Angela returns. She removes the pillowcase and feeds me.

"Ms. Powers called and gave me instructions. I told her of the strong fragrance in your room and she concluded the same thing I did. Your complete chastity is mandatory. Therefore you're to remain in the waist belt and not to be milked until she returns. She also suggested you wear this."

Angela held up my neck collar and leash.

"We'll check on you during the night."

With hands secured, there can be no resistance while she buckles the collar around my neck. The leash is clipped to the bedpost. The brass doorknob, my last refuge for gratification, is beyond reach.

Angela's last task is to remove the blanket and top sheet from my bed. I am to rest without covering.

My adrenaline subsides and I eventually sleep. Sometime in the middle of the night a maid enters, unclips my leash and leads me into the bathroom. In place of the toilet she directs me to squat in the bathtub. There she reaches between my thighs, parts my lips and pulls aside my golden ball, clearing my passage for relief. The young girl titters as my flow begins, impressed with her own control.

Hours later, Angela enters. It is close to dawn and I find it odd that she has arisen just to visit me. But then the ubiquitous brush emerges from her pocket. She holds it up and I cringe with the thoughts of the insufferable pleasure it brings.

"Ms. Powers' orders," she laconically explains, as she pushes apart my thighs.

For the next twenty minutes the pretty vixen gently caresses first my labia, then satisfied that they have been adequately flushed, slowly glides the soft bristles up to my clitoris. She comments on my wetness. Her last act is to once again twist the golden ball, winding the elastic cord so that it slowly rotates. She leaves but long after the sound of her footsteps fade, I feel within my pouch the effect of her mischief.

I eventually sleep. Within what seems like minutes the door opens. It is Angela with food. The sun indicates that it is just past dawn. I am fed and given my hormone shot. This time her pocket carries a feather.

"Spread for me... yes that's a good girl."

Being commanded about by such a young girl is angering. But I am helpless to resist, thus I part my thighs to once again display myself to the precocious strumpet. Again

my most sensitive female charms are sensually stroked. This time with my arousal, my nipples awaken and without touch begin to drip. They are sadly neglected and in need of milking.

Angela smiles, purses her lips and softly blows right and left on the crinkled darts. They harden more in reaction, the contraction magically causes more flow. It's as if the glands are no longer mine but hers to do with as she desires.

"Ms. Powers will be pleased."

Chapter Thirty-one

The routine continues for the next few days. My breasts not only ache but leak constantly. Angela takes great delight in feathering my clitoris, which causes the flow to begin in earnest. But I am not milked, only feathered. At one point she exclaims that my clitoral bell will wear itself out and thereafter I find myself in ankle cuffs, lying spread open with feet secured to the bed posters.

As a result, I can no longer move enough to arouse myself. It is only by way of Angela's hand, which seems to present itself every two or three hours, that my vaginal passage is turned into a river and my breasts turned to leaky faucets.

Finally, after several days, an eternity in which I was fed like a baby and had many embarrassing episodes of having a bedpan slid under my buttocks, Ms. Powers returns.

She noiselessly enters my room, sashaying to my bedside and displaying an aplomb that I envy.

"Good morning, Alexi. You're flowing rather nicely."

Yes, I am leaking again. Cloudy white liquid is streaming down my neglected breasts to my stomach. She reaches out and pinches, emphasizing her observation by sending a geyser into the air.

"Do you know why you're being punished?"

I have a good clue, but feign innocence and shake my head.

From her pocket comes the black light. She flips it on and extends her arm back toward the door without moving her eyes from me. The doorknob glows eerily, still covered with the iridescent powder as a result of frottaging my quim days before.

"While the cat's away the mouse will play I suppose. But I also obtained this during my visit to New York."

She holds up a videotape.

"It seems a disgruntled clerk from the hotel you stayed at wanted me to see this. Said I'd find it very interesting. He

was correct. After I viewed it I called and instructed Angela to cease all milking and feather you every three hours until I returned. You and I should watch this together.”

It must have been the wizened old man Maurice from whom I sought refuge by having him milk me into the hotel room bathtub. He did appear irritated by my unannounced departure months before.

“Late this afternoon after I work out we’ll go to my room and we’ll watch.”

Ms. Powers leaves. I am disappointed that she chose not to milk me. I am also perplexed by the video. I lie supine and unable to move. The throb in my overfilled breasts seems to correlate with my heartbeat. Feeling the steady, dull pain makes the day go very slowly.

Hours later I find myself in the Estate’s gymnasium. It is huge, designed to be utilized by the entire staff, therefore it has much equipment and takes up the basement of the entire east wing.

But Ms. Powers prefers to exercise alone. Therefore the staff is forbidden access during her daily rigorous workouts and but for the noise of her pumping the machinery, an observer would conclude the vast area to be unoccupied.

I am granted the privilege of watching the ebony goddess pump large weights for an astounding number of repetitions. She attacks what for anyone else would be stubborn masses of metal and works until the iron seems to surrender. Then quickly moves to the next exercise and energetically begins again. Within 10 minutes her perspiration causes her dark skin to gleam under the bright lights and the display of her power becomes mesmerizing.

Her attire leaves a memorable impression for she wears practically nothing. Arriving at the gym in a silk robe, she discards it to reveal almost completely an incredible physique. She requires the utility of a firm sports bra to keep her breasts from bouncing uncontrollably. Other than that, she is naked from her sternum to her toes. Her waist is

minimal but curves outward to form buttocks which capture the eye, particularly when moving, and legs that seem to be able to lift entire machines, not just the weights attached thereto.

But it is only her arms, which appear less than potently feminine. They are those of a construction worker. Sculpted but rugged, the only hint of femininity being the smooth relatively hairless flesh that covers the powerful muscles beneath.

She notices my intent and envious stare. She smiles knowing that it is by her hand that my physique is the opposite of hers... pearl white... and Rubenesque... with layers of soft but firm fat. As written, my reflection reminds me of the Pillsbury doughboy, but in place of soft moist flour, I am full of breast milk. It belongs not to me but to whomever cares to take the time to extract it. I am just a large vessel, bathed and fed for the purpose of storing the nourishing liquid then giving it up for the amusement of others.

Watching Ms. Powers' beautiful body arouses me. As I kneel with wrists still secured and thighs spread, I find my hips rotating and like it or not my clitoral bell gives away my thoughts. It has been many days since I've been afforded the pleasure of servicing her. My frolicking imagination places my face between her muscled thighs where I lick and suck while her strong arms tug at my hairless head in a symbolic attempt to pull my face within her portal and have my tongue caress the very depths of her vagina.

By the time she finishes, I can feel my juices running to the floor and smell my strong fragrance. Ms. Powers arises from the bench press where hundreds of pounds have been thrust toward the ceiling while I peek between her naked thighs. She approaches with the well-trimmed patch of pubic hair at the level of my eyes. Sweat is pouring down her torso, gathering there then streaming toward the floor.

"I seem to have forgotten my towel," she remarks as she places my smooth, hairless head between her open hands.

I need no further invitation. As she pushes downward I simultaneously bow with tongue extended. I am granted the privilege of licking her entire wet and overheated body.

I savor her flesh. It has been too long since I last tasted her. And the thought occurs that perhaps, just perhaps, if my tongue pleases, my breasts will be soothingly pumped of the painful engorging liquid.

Long steady laps cover her right calve. I quickly move to her left. Then to her thighs. She patiently stands arms akimbo, on occasion reaching down and utilizing an earlobe like a handle to guide my lips to a particularly sensuous area.

At last I reach her nest. She parts her feet. My tongue dives in and I suck her plump firm outer labia.

My tongue moves onward to her bud. Before I can lick and nibble the sensitive pearl she pushes away my head.

"You know where I like little white girls to visit."

Yes I do. She turns and presents her magnificent buttocks. I lick and find my way between muscled hillocks. I think of the number of evenings I have spent permitted to explore there without end.

I am so grateful she has returned.

As my tongue enters her forbidden crinkled opening, she speaks.

"I've changed my plans somewhat. After watching the videotape, I think I can make you happier with a different course of action. There are too many things about your past that you withheld from me. Your evasiveness will cost you dearly."

My tongue and lips momentarily freeze in shock, then hungrily resume.

Her concern must be with my experiences aboard 'The Scarlet Letter', I conclude. I have no other past except the

brief time working at the peep show, of which Ms. Powers is very much aware.

"I'm going to have your electrolysis appointments expedited. I'm having the woman come here every day until every follicle is removed. I've been very tolerant in allowing the eyebrows. But you have not been appreciative of my leniency."

The strange image projected by my shaven eyebrows while aboard 'The Scarlet Letter' comes to mind. I shudder with the memory. I humbly continue to lick, but a sadness slowly overcomes me. I have somehow upset the Mistress of the house, my new defacto Lord and Master, and there appears a price to be paid.

"My robe."

With my tongue having been deemed to cover all pertinent areas, my task is completed. I crawl to retrieve her robe, clench it within my teeth and return. She clips on my leash. I am led back to her apartment.

"There will be other changes, Alexi. Tomorrow you have a doctor's appointment. I decided on some alterations, small but meaningful.

"I am also attempting to contact a certain artist. I've been impressed with her work but don't know her name. Finding her will require time and money. I have both."

Chapter Thirty-two

I am granted the privilege of watching Ms. Powers shower, and again find myself mesmerized by the combination of muscles and feminine curves on her six-foot frame. Donning a soft cotton robe, she tugs on my leash and we proceed to her living room .

There, Ms. Powers guides me to the carpet before her large television. I sit on the floor with my back propped against the front of her lounge chair, legs stretched straight out in front of me. My wrists remain cuffed in my waist belt. Without command, I know to spread my feet. My golden ball first peeks out then is slowly drawn up inside me. The ominous videotape is inserted. A button is pushed. She returns and sits with her legs straddling my shoulders.

Filling the screen is the radiant face of Nurse Inga. Her blond hair is braided and as the lens zooms out, the camera finds her wearing a costume resembling a German milkmaid. My mind races with the recognition and the recollection of the event. It is the video made for the wealthy Arab Prince!

“Interesting, is it not Alexi? The quality of the cinematography is rather good for a kinky video.”

It is indeed. So, Marvin’s work is better than average, I think to myself. The Prince’s money appears to have been well spent.

As Nurse Inga frolics on the screen and the camera focuses on her stainless steel pail and rubber apron, my mind wanders back to that most humiliating role I was forced to fulfill.

After watching Nurse Katrina add ‘color’ to Maria’s nipples and labia it was my turn. The rubber slapper was specifically designed to induce pain without causing damage to the flesh. It had the useful side effect of causing the area of application to become flushed with increased circulation and, as Marvin discovered, to thus present a deep shade of red for the benefit of the camera.

I howled like a wild animal. But Nurse Katrina was relentless. I learned ironically that with the slapper the recipient may suffer even more than from the application of the whip, cane or riding crop. With those instruments of correction the flagellatrix must be careful not to inflict permanent injury. With the slapper, there are no limits except the endurance of the dispenser's arm.

When finished, it felt as though my nipples and genitalia were on fire. And the bright red certainly made the areas appear as such.

But Marvin was pleased.

"Wonderful," he exclaimed as he looked into his viewfinder.

"Take them to the set before the color fades."

Nurse Katrina knotted a coarse rope through my newly inserted nose ring. She did the same with Maria and we were led out of the insemination room and toward the lounge, where I had spent so many evenings performing for the benefit of the guests.

Stepping into the large room was like entering a Hollywood movie set. Marvin and his crew had built what appeared to be the interior of a barn, complete with watering troughs and hayloft.

Bright lights were strung everywhere. Three large cameras were set to capture any activity within the 'barn' from various angles. Out of view, were dozens of Dr. Helga's guests, priapic males along with the equally concupiscent females, eagerly awaiting the director's call of 'action'.

After a brief run through, Marvin called for a full rehearsal. Then the room became even brighter as more and more lamps were illuminated.

Nurse Inga, appearing innocent and almost prepubescent in her cute white ruffled blouse, suspenders and short skirt took in hand the coarse ropes. She gave her wrist a quick flick. The resulting tension on the rope was excruciating. Dr. Helga's device had pierced my septum where so many

nerves seem to congregate and Nurse Inga's simple message needed no repetition. Follow her leading tugs or feel the consequence of incredible pain.

And so when Marvin finally did call out 'action' Maria and I found ourselves being led about the set like barnyard animals. And I can assure the reader that this barnyard animal was most docile and eager to relieve as much tension as possible from the heavy rope knotted to my large brass nose ring.

"The body make-up is very well done."

Ms. Powers' observation brings me back to the present. Yes, Maria and I look like cows. Her bronzed skin is randomly covered with large white spots. I in turn am painted with black spots, one of which covers the left side of my forehead and sweeps downward over my missing eyebrow. The woman had even taken the time to paint my left eyelid and ear.

I had not before seen myself. I sit in shame. At one point I close my eyes, too humiliated to watch, whereupon Ms. Powers objects.

"You look like such a nice cow, Alexi. I think you should watch."

She reaches down and painfully pinches my right nipple to emphasize her point, sending a jet of milk toward my feet. I resume watching.

Nurse Inga, dressed as a Teutonic farm girl, leads us about. Our crimson nipples are uncanny and draws the rapt gaze of the viewer. With arms pulled back and thumbs connected to more decorative wooden yokes, our mammary glands appear to be enormous. As I recall neither of us had been milked for days before filming and the screen shows Maria's breasts bouncing rhythmically with each of her steps, seeming to be begging for attention.

Two stanchions, similar to the poles in 3 stall, had been erected. After a time the screen shows Nurse Inga leading us to them, pulling downward until we kneel and then

untying the ropes. As Nurse Inga attaches our yokes to the stanchions, one camera zooms in on my face to show a close up of my nose ring. Its gauge is heavy, about half the thickness of a pencil, and is three inches in diameter, hanging almost to my chin.

The camera zooms back then the scene shifts as spliced into the video is a different angle. This is from the rear and obscenely displays our buttocks. A command is heard from Nurse Inga. I spread my knees in response to show to the camera my sphincter and more prominently my labia, reddened for the benefit of the viewer by Nurse Katrina's rubber slapper.

"You must tell me how your genitalia came to be so nicely colored," comments Ms. Powers. "Such wonderful contrast, the bright red lips against the black and white."

She is most correct. The Prince certainly got his money's worth. For into the scene come two hands to further separate my cheeks. My clitoris peeks out as a result. Ms. Powers laughs.

"I am told by the hotel clerk that this video is quite rare and expensive and I can see why. Girls rarely allow themselves to be so exhibited."

I become flushed as I watch the same hands caress my labia and toy until a notable degree of moisture forms. The close up is extreme. In response to watching, I rock my hips recalling the strangely enjoyable sensation of being half masturbated under the bright lights, before the guests and with cameras rolling.

The angle returns to the front view. Nurse Inga places the stainless steel pail under Maria. Amazingly, her nipples, slapped repeated just minutes before, begin to harden. It is a Pavlov-like response to the pail and Nurse Inga's proximity. Maria's glands react to the mere prospect of being milked. Days of liquid await the dexterous fingers of the costumed farm girl. I can hear the guests of Dr. Helga laughing in the background as the nipples erect to the size of small penises.

But Nurse Inga just stands and playfully twists Maria's ear.

"Would you like to give some milk?" her accented voice suggests to Maria, the script calling for simple and easily translated dialog.

Incredibly, the lens moves in to see Maria's untouched breasts begin to lactate. Again the unseen audience laughs, this time with Nurse Inga joining them.

After another pause the recognizable soft but firm hands I grew to covet move into view. They grasp Maria's nipples, hanging down toward the bucket, like cow's udders. With the first delicate squeeze and draw an impressive squirt of white splashes to the bottom of the bucket.

"Quite a girl, that one. You had some interesting friends, Alexi."

Ms. Powers chuckles with her understatement. I nod in agreement. I had seen Maria milked so many times I had forgotten about the abundance of her flow.

Nurse Inga's hands begin to work up and down. With each motion a spurt is sent into the pail. Very light sighs can be heard from Maria. The relief is most soothing and on occasion the camera view changes to the rear to display Maria's widely spread thighs and the evidence of her excitement streaming down her thighs.

I envision the Prince viewing the video with some subservient and naked young female fellating him to ecstasy. Marvin's cinematography is of high quality. Maria appears to be ever so much like a human cow, without doubt piquing the Prince's odd proclivity.

After many minutes, Nurse Inga pushes the half full bucket under my mammary glands. They are already dripping. In listening to Maria's essence being extracted my nipples likewise respond in a Pavlov-like manner.

Nurse Inga begins to milk me. The camera zooms in on my face.

“This is what concerns me, Alexi. Look at your face. The expression of complete gratification as the farm girl humiliates you before the camera. You’re naked and painted to look like an animal, yet you are enjoying it.”

As with Maria, a rear spread shot flashes to the screen. I am even wetter then my cohort cowgirl, my arousal having had more time to develop while Maria’s essence emptied into the bucket.

“You did not tell me about such experiences. I did not realize your need for submission and abject humiliation was so strong. I could have been much more accommodating over the past few months...

“But it is not too late. I have reconsidered my plans for you. The imagination can be fascinatingly unlimited and in manifesting fantasies the Fatipton Estate won’t run out of money, I assure you.”

We continue to watch the antics in silence.

Nurse Inga’s hands fall into a continuous rhythm, which the accomplished milker knows is important in maximizing the ultimate quantity of extraction. Since my nipples have stretched remarkably and Nurse Inga’s hands are small, she can grip them with her fists and manipulate her fingers to provide the initial squeeze and downward pressure. The tips of my nipples peek out the bottom of her hands and are aimed at the pail. Thus, an ongoing rippling of her closed fingers causes a cadence of splashes to be heard and camera close ups show the spurts gushing into the half filled bucket. Occasionally she pulls downward, enhancing the circulation to my glands. I realize now that she is an extraordinarily accomplished milker of young females and Marvin has done well in exhibiting her skills.

My flow rate was never as large as Maria’s, but I could amuse Dr. Helga’s guests for lengthy sessions, particularly with someone as skilled as Nurse Inga. And so the video becomes notably repetitive as Nurse Inga works my breasts

and my comparatively lesser flow does not seem to diminish.

I imagine the Prince to be most impressed and wonder indeed if the time required to drain my essence could be compared to that required of a cow.

Finally, the spurts lessen and Nurse Inga slows the rhythm accordingly. Aboard 'The Scarlet Letter', the 'cowgirls' were most professionally milked, with great care taken to ensure that the breasts were completely drained. This promoted even more flow and as I watch Nurse Inga work I accordingly give up my very last drop. I wish the maids at the Fatipton Estate were so attentive.

The camera moves back as Nurse Inga releases our yokes, retrieves the ropes and threads them through our nose rings. Carrying the milk pail in one hand and pulling the two ropes with the other, the camera follows her as she leaves the set. Cheering guests can be heard in the background.

Ms. Powers turns off the video. She is wearing a smile but there is devious thought behind it.

"On the table please, Alexi."

Chapter Thirty-three

It has been so long since I have been adequately drained. My heart leaps with her command to kneel as I have so often done when her fingers work to relieve me of my milk.

When Ms. Powers disappears into her kitchen and returns with the milking bowl, I know the dull ache will at last subside. I lean forward in eager anticipation, allowing my enormous glands to hang. They appear to be large water filled balloons with my pink nipples resembling the extended filling neck. It feels as if they will explode and on some lonely evenings I have fantasized about having them pricked by a pin and watching milk gush like oil from a well.

"That farm girl had interesting technique," Ms. Powers observes. "And I never realized how aroused you become in merely showing yourself."

Ms. Powers encircles my left nipple in her right hand, thumb and forefinger near the body of my mammary gland. She closes her grip. It feels wonderful, warm and firm.

"But my hands are larger than hers."

It is true. However long my nipples have become, the tip reaches only to the forefinger of Ms. Powers' closed fist. Therefore any attempt to emulate Nurse Inga's method would result in the milk spurting within Ms. Powers' hand and not into the waiting bowl below.

"We'll have to change that."

Ms. Powers begins to milk me utilizing her thumb and index finger. But her tone of voice hints at her eagerness to utilize my nipples like cow's udders, just as Nurse Inga did on the video.

"Tomorrow Arthur will drive you to the doctor's office. As I said, I want certain alterations made. I found that nose ring to be most becoming. It portrays your stature here at the Estate very nicely. And I'm going to have the doctor do a little stitch and tuck on your vocal cords. Nothing permanent, but since you don't need to talk here we can be more accommodating."

She pauses. The sound of a particularly large stream of milk bursting into the bottom of the bowl interrupts her. After all, it has been awhile...

"And it appears that you enjoy your balls. The doctor is going to arrange a more permanent configuration. You may have some difficulty walking about, but you really won't need to go anywhere."

More squeezes. More spurts. I have never given up so much so fast.

"When you return in the afternoon the woman will be here for your electrolysis. It's all going to go, Alexi. Permanently. If you leave us, you can always return to that peep show. You'll be quite the attraction."

The phone rings. Ms. Powers steps away to answer. The exasperation of pausing is indescribable and a small stream continues to drip to the bowl as Ms. Powers talks.

She returns.

"That was easier than I thought. It seems the director of your video left his office address imprinted on the final frames of your milking extravaganza. My agents contacted him and he very nicely gave us the phone number of the make-up artist. I was very impressed with her work"

Thankfully the conversation ends. Ms. Powers concentrates on draining me. My hips begin to work. My little bell sounds and my balls work to provide much needed vaginal stimulation. I do not climax, of course. But Ms. Powers keeps me on the edge for an hour. I nearly fill the bowl twice. My vaginal juices flow down my thighs to the table.

With the last of her manipulations, little milk flows. The immense change in hormone levels causes a glow, which I can only describe as a stupor. My nipples are worn to a frightening abraded pinkness, but I barely feel the irritation. When Ms. Powers guides me from the table I realize my knees are wet. I have been kneeling in a puddle caused by my own arousal.

I am privileged to spend the night with tongue endeavoring to service Ms. Powers' backside. She is very meticulous in tightening the straps on her waist harness and though my nose and lips are forced deeply into her rear crevice, my air supply is sufficient. I lick with much gratitude.

The next morning Angela leads me on leash back to my room. There I am released from my waist belt and collar, bathed and once again powdered about my labia.

An interesting garment is supplied. It is a simple sheet with a hole in the middle for my head. Angela drapes it over me. With my head poking through the hole, the sheet rests on my shoulders but barely reaches my waist, just covering the top of my buttocks and mons. My breasts cause a huge pair of silhouettes under my chin. I cannot see my toes.

But it is nice to have not only some covering but also have my hands free. For the first time in many days I can walk without concern of losing my balance.

Angela supervises my walk to the mansion's garage. There Arthur awaits with an unctuous smile holding open the rear door of the long black limousine. But as I get closer, his expression changes to a glower in viewing my partially exposed pudendum. With my tiny clitoral bell performing its function of titillating me it also calls attention to my privates.

I enter and sit, eagerly preparing to view the scenery of the mountainous countryside. On previous trips to the doctor's office, Ms. Powers was with me and I was occupied licking her boots for most of the ride, thus viewing very little.

The engine starts. The garage door opens. We exit. It is amazing to realize that with the car moving at moderate speed it requires five minutes or more to exit the Estate. The Fatipton land holding is vast and I fully realize its enormity when the stone pillars and tall iron gates finally flash by the window.

We enter the main road. The car accelerates. I sit back and relax as best I can. Ms. Powers has insouciantly described the procedures to be performed, and although I recall the pain of the Dr. Helga's nose ring with trepidation, I convince myself all will be simply and easily done.

Then the car slows and turns. There are no buildings. The road narrows and a wooden sign reads 'Hiking Trail' with an appropriate arrow. We stop. The door opens. Arthur enters the rear passenger area. His unctuous smile has changed to one of evil. His hand moves to his zipper.

"I don't think you'll tell anyone, Miss. And I understand you're rather experienced."

Did I have a choice? I instinctively moved to the floor and knelt. Julio had obviously spread the word.

We arrive at the doctor's. The clever Arthur had planned for his dalliance in the woods and though he used me well for some twenty minutes we arrive on time. With just a moderate degree of haste, I am led to the receptionist. My hands pull down on the hem of the sheet in a futile attempt at modesty. Fortunately the only person in the reception area is a young male, evidently awaiting his wife.

The receiving nurse looks up to see my brief attire and stifles a giggle.

"I think we can take you right to the examining room."

I am grateful but soon find myself with sheet removed and being restrained to a table. Recollections of Dr. Helga's insemination room come to mind and with them consternation. When the nurse lifts my left ankle to place it in a stirrup, I begin to panic. When the right is also secured, the object of my concern comes into view.

With legs parted, Arthur's semen begins to ooze from my sphincter. The nurse notices and this time she laughs loudly.

"You've been quite the naughty girl."

Yes, I tried to fellate Arthur, taking him deep in my throat, sucking and simultaneously swishing and lapping away with my tongue. But after several minutes he pulled back.

"I've seen Bobby's dogs take such great interest in your charms," he calmly explained.

With that he rolled up my sheet, knelt behind me and penetrated my rear portal like a canine. He was rather large and though I had been penetrated there by so much and so often, I had trouble accommodating him. It was painful but my expressions of discomfort seemed to spur him to double his efforts. Eventually, he climaxed strongly and deeply, and the evidence of his sodomy dribbles into view, humbling me before the unfamiliar nurse.

The nurse retrieves a tissue and begins to professionally dab from about my anus the remnants of Arthur's lust.

"We have many girls like you visit us," was her simple comment, spoken with a disapproving sarcasm.

She gives me a very piquant liquid to drink. By the time the doctor enters, I am conscious but my mind keeps wandering off in barely controllable daydreams.

"Atropine," the doctor explains. "Some of the procedures will be uncomfortable."

The details become blurred. My balls are slipped out and the doctor's instruments seem to work deep within my cervix. Then I feel the instruments being withdrawn and something slipped back within.

Then my mouth is forced open and held by a special device as what seemed to be conically shaped instruments slide down my throat. The doctor works there for many minutes. I feel some pain.

Then it is time for my ring. Surprisingly, the hole created by Dr. Helga's device had not completely healed. Reopening it is uncomfortable but much less painful than the original effort months before.

I see a bright flash as the enormous ring is welded closed. My feet are released. The doctor leaves. The nurse helps me off the table.

"How do you feel?"

I speak but no words come out. Instead there is gibberish.

"Do you wish to talk?"

The nurse becomes annoying with her attempts to entice me to speak. After more tries and more gibberish, she laughs.

"Very good. The doctor has sutured your vocal cords. Ms. Powers' orders. You'll find that your throat will feel a little sore. Trying to talk will irritate it but won't do any permanent damage.

"Walk for me, be careful."

I step off the table to the sound of a moderate clang and the most amazing feeling within my vagina. I look down to see a sizable bell dangling between my thighs. It is two to three inches wide, about the same in length and hangs from an elastic cord similar to that which held my golden ball. The outside surface of the bronze colored bell is studded with spikes.

"I've never seen one of those before. I have seen discipline implements hung in order to keep a girls thighs parted, but never combined with something that rings."

She laughs.

"It's attached to a new set of Ben Wa balls. The cord has been sutured very high on your vaginal wall so don't try to pull it out."

Yes, as the bell moves about and rings with my movements I can feel it moving the ball near my vaginal opening. The larger ball deep within me also moves. This was not so prominent with the original set.

"You may wish to rest for a while. The atropine will dissipate in an hour or so. Then the feel of Ms. Powers' new toys will be even more prevalent."

Chapter Thirty-four

As the limousine again passes through the pillars, the last effects of the mild sedative dissipate. In the bottom of my peripheral vision is my new nose ring. When I look down, the hideous bronze bell rests on the leather seat between my well-parted thighs.

The sharp studs attached to its outer surface force me to sit with legs spread and my outer labia pleasantly rubbing against the soft warm seat cover.

The difficulty in walking out of the doctor's office to the car was mitigated by the effect of the atropine. But as it wears off and the car makes very slight movements, the weight of the bell tugs on the elastic cord and gyrates my balls, sending pangs of pleasure throughout my genitalia.

As we approach the immense house I spy a truck loaded with lumber. The sounds of saws and hammers penetrate the car frame as Arthur pushes a button to open the garage door.

The Mercedes is expertly guided into the garage. There stands Ms. Powers. When Arthur opens the rear door he moves to the side. I peer out to see the Mistress of the Estate twisting a rope in her hands.

"Come, Alexi. Don't be shy."

She snaps her fingers twice and smiles. She knows the sensations caused by any motion of the new jewelry and bell are nearly impossible to withstand. I reach down with my right hand and carefully grasp the bell so as not to prick myself. The studs are that sharp. Holding it I then step out. Controlling the motion of the hanging implement helps.

I begin to speak, forgetting about the surgery. With the sound of the imperceptible utterances, Ms. Powers laughs and pulls off the flimsy sheet. I stand before her naked as she threads the rope through the large nose ring.

"Release the bell, Alexi. You don't really want to face a caning so soon after your doctor's visit."

I comply. As it swings downward and clangs the studs force me to spread further. With the sensation of the initial swing my knees almost give out with the sudden feeling of ecstasy. Ms. Powers is amused.

"The new upper ball has been set adjacent to your 'G' spot. The lower one will still friction your inner labia. It's designed so that as the bell moves and rings you'll become one pleasantly aroused cowgirl."

A slight tug on the rope and I feel a familiar acute pain that I have not experienced in months. The ring pressures an amazing number of sensitive nerve endings in my nose and nostrils. I lurch to follow Ms. Powers despite the clanging of the large bell and the incredible pleasure it causes.

"You'll find your cortex overwhelmed Pain and pleasure with each step.. Walk with me. Minimize the pain"

I do indeed. Trying as best I can to ignore the deep sensations within my vagina in order to keep the controlling rope slack.

"The lumber and the sounds of carpentry are for your new home. It will be ready in a few days. Time now for some electrolysis."

As I waddle behind Ms. Powers, walking with feet well apart, freeing the heavy bell to swing with each step, we enter one of the lower bedrooms. It has been quickly converted to what appears to be a salon. But there is no comfortable chair, just a plain table. Two women are awaiting me. One I recognize as the woman who I've been visiting for weekly treatments. The other, much younger and pretty, I learn is her daughter.

Ms. Powers ties the end of my rope somewhere under the table and leaves. The remainder of the day I spend kneeling on the flat surface as the two women work with nasty electrical instruments. When the mother works my eyebrows, I begin to cry, recalling the alien look such removal causes. The daughter just laughs and continues to

sporadically do so throughout the afternoon. She comments to her mother about my scent, which is most noticeable when forced to remain spread for so long. On occasion she pushes my new bell, careful not to prick her finger on the studs. She is amused by my resulting moans of pleasure and the stronger wafts of feminine arousal.

Later I am led to my room. Dinner is served by a maid and is comprised of high fat foods with what appears to be a large milkshake. It is the first evening of my new diet. Ms. Powers henceforth will mandate only milk, various cheeses and plenty of ice cream.

I reflect on how carefully my diet was balanced and monitored aboard 'The Scarlet Letter' and how much exercise Dr. Helga demanded of us cowgirls. Now at the Fatipton Estate I am offered all the dairy products I want with the maid closely supervising to ensure the complete consumption of the large milkshake. And as for exercise, during my few months of tenure I was barely permitted to walk and would appear to be doing even less with the horrid bell in place.

The maid places me back into my waist belt with wrists cuffed. Mercifully, the bell is removed while sleeping, therefore I am permitted some degree of latitude in positioning myself on my bed.

I find myself undergoing two more afternoons of electrolysis which otherwise punctuate mornings and evenings of inactivity. I am not granted the relief of a milking. Then on a third afternoon, the woman very carefully inspects every inch of my exposed flesh. When finished she pronounces me hairless and so informs Ms. Powers with the recommendation she return for monthly maintenance visits.

"There's always some stubborn follicle that will pop up somewhere," she sums up with a very pleased Ms. Powers.

On the following day I am again brought to the makeshift salon. Though Ms. Powers had suggested she was to be

contacted, I am still surprised to encounter Ms. Greenwich Village, the avant-garde artist who painted me for the video.

I guess one never can be accustomed to being led about by a nose ring, naked and with bells ringing (yes my clitoral bell continues to tintinnabulate along with the other). For when she looked at me and laughed, I flushed with shame.

"Yes, I remember her. The ship. I do a lot of kinky stuff but *her* I remember. Miss Elsie the cow. Some show she put on with that other girl. I even asked Marvin for a copy of the tape. I usually don't bother. I'm not into most of the scenes. I normally just throw on some body paint and move onwards."

"But you are a *tattoo* artist? I was specific concerning my request."

Ms. Powers' FBI training as an interrogator surfaces. With her emphasis of the word 'tattoo' my ears perk.

"Oh. Yes. That's really how I got started. Some movie directors saw my work and for certain productions wanted the actors to wear the same look. But no actor is going to let himself be permanently marked. So for movies and the stage, I paint."

"Well this will need to be permanent. Call it an affectation. Alexi will not object."

Permanent!

In my shocked reaction the gibberish begins to flow from my mouth. But Ms. Powers is most correct. I in fact will not object. I cannot speak!

"Can you replicate the patterns on the video or something similar? I have a copy for you to view."

A discussion ensues. The artist suggests outlining the black areas with a marker first. If not satisfactory, the tape can then be reviewed. Ms. Powers agrees.

"Black is almost impossible to remove, Ms. Powers. Even the laser has difficulty breaking down that color."

A smiling Ms. Powers nods.

"She'll be taken care of here. If not, she can always obtain movie roles."

Both laugh with the suggestion. The artist opens her case. Ms. Powers departs. For the next hour Miss Avant Garde once again uses my naked hairless body like a canvass. This time she knows to draw within my thighs, my dangling bell mandating that my legs be constantly parted. When finished she steps back to look from afar, then has me lie supine.

"A nice split for me Alexi."

She carefully holds the spiked bell and draws an outline around my meaty outer labia. My balls jump with her initial grasp and she laughs when I blush.

"Goodness, Alexi. You're wet and your aroma is strong."

Yes, it is. But there is nothing that can be done.

She releases the bell. I feel the same pleasurable movement as she again steps back to survey her work. After some touch up she leaves, apparently to summon Ms. Powers. They return together.

"The larger elliptical shapes will be filled in with black. For this one around the pudendum I have a very alluring bright red. I remember Marvin wanted that area highlighted. I can do it permanently."

Ms. Powers nods.

"An excellent suggestion. Do it. Take your time. Cost is no object. And we have plenty of room for you to stay here."

Chapter Thirty-five

The next morning after my cleansing and injection I am again taken to the salon for more tattooing. I remain un milked.

Ms. Powers stops in to watch. Apparently observing my anguish as the tattoo needles of Miss Greenwich Village penetrate every imaginable area of my flesh is a source of recreation.

“Many things have been addressed since Mr. Fatipton’s death, Alexi.”

She sits before me, casually sipping coffee while I endure the hell a of hundred bee stings.

“Most importantly I had to deal with that reprobate Randy. I have long realized that the potential for a grandchild could throw quite the wrench into my planning. Though Randy’s sexual preferences do not make such an occurrence likely, I like to cover all the bases. So I did something which I was planning to do eventually.

A pause for another sip.

Al gave orders to Arthur that the next time he picked up a comatose Randy after a drug crazed night in a New York City club, he should alert the flight crew and drive him directly to the airport.

“As you can imagine the Fatipton fleet of aircraft is comprised of the fastest and longest range private jets available. So I had the flight crew on alert and three days ago before Randy awoke from his latest stupor he found himself in Mexico. Cash adds quite a bit of flexibility to the ethics of the medical profession there. It was surprisingly easy to find a doctor for Randy’s alteration.

“The flight crew was most cooperative in the endeavor. As you may have ascertained, Randy has not entirely ingratiated himself to the staff over the years. And I understand the flight attendants were most entertained, making sure that our newly feminized family member was

very comfortable on the return flight. They had him wearing a set of pink silk jammies.”

The powerful Trustee laughs with the vision of Randy tucked away in the cabin of a jet curled up in effeminate night wear with the female crew feigning concern for his lost masculinity.

“So I think you’ll find that he will approach you with more respect. You may be the Fatipton cow, but he’s now the Fatipton steer.”

Ms. Powers chortles with her wry comparison.

“He seems to be dealing with it rather well. I did have his prostate gland left intact. He likes to receive an internal massage from by some gay stud in the City, if you get the picture. But I think he’ll soon find himself enjoying bending and spreading for me. I’m still experimenting with various strap ons. But since he is addicted to anal pleasure, it’s a simple matter to train him to receive it differently.”

I wince, interrupting Ms. Powers’ narration. The buzzing needle is working a sensitive area of my inner thigh.

My antagonist artist steps away for more ink. Ms. Powers moves directly to my front.

“Last night I had one of the maids strip down Randy and give him a good cleansing... inside and out. You’d be surprised how shy he has suddenly become for someone who has spent so much time in New York sex clubs. Amazing what a pair of simple snips will do for a boy’s modesty...

“Well, I used a nicely sized eight-incher on him. Not very long but it was stout with special bumps designed to best manipulate the male anatomy. Despite his protests I opened him up and pumped away. His scrotal sac is mostly healed and bringing him to an erection, knowing that over time each stand will become smaller and smaller, imbues a woman with indescribable power. After a few dozen thrusts, he actually ejaculated. And I had great pleasure reminding him that it was probably his last.”

Ms. Powers gathers up the leash to my nose ring then gently pulls upwards, forcing me to look into her forceful but smiling face.

"You may also enjoy the penetration Alexi," she ominously declares.

The artist returns and Ms. Powers releases the leash. She pauses, analyzing my reaction. I bow my head in thought. My inner response to Arthur's anal assault was rather curious, I reflect. Despite the discomfort and the humiliation, something deep within me caused to open the floodgates of my vagina. My genitalia were not touched yet the pleasure was most palpable. And though also untouched, my breasts oozed, forcing Arthur to afterwards retreat to a nearby car wash while the doctor operated in order to make the interior of the limousine presentable.

"You give it some thought, Alexi. There will be no vaginal penetration for you at the Fatipton Estate. In that respect you will live a life of complete chastity."

Ms. Powers playfully taps my pierced and newly sensitized nose as she leaves with her empty coffee cup. There is a reason she told me the story of Randy's fate and her message is received. As powerful as she was before Mr. Fatipton's death, she is now omnipotent.

I cannot help but turn my head and watch as she walks to the door. She wears a tight sleeveless pullover dress, which ends at mid thigh. The thin fabric outlines her amazing buttocks... hillocks serving to store impressively potent muscling. The sight causes my mind to wander and I picture myself kneeling, thighs spread, after a young maid has spent an afternoon cleaning out my backside and degradingly coating my sphincter with a thick layer of lubricant. I wait with apprehension wondering how large on object Ms. Powers will choose.

I daydream that at last the door opens and my benefactress approaches wearing black leather halter, dildo harness and nothing more. She smiles, stands before me

and introduces a hideous phallus of prodigious size. Knowing fingers slip it under the crouch piece. She rubs my baldhead then disappears from sight behind me. I soon feel the bulbous head introducing itself and with a slow, steady and overwhelming thrust it becomes buried in my back passage. My bells ring, perhaps in reaction to her powerful motion, perhaps in celebration of long needed attention. She pumps and I also envision, as she penetrates with sang-froid, her large hands encircling my torso to find my ripened mammary glands. As I have come to understand over the past few days, my milking now awaits the fancy of the Mistress of the house. No longer can I expect daily or twice daily relief. All future lactation is for the amusement of Ms. Powers and I realize that if my breasts are to be drained, providing the hormonal release that I crave, I will need to inveigle, wheedle, coax and cajole.

So offering my backside for the pleasure of Ms. Powers will have its advantages. I shudder with the thought that the moment I savor most, when her strong black fingers squeeze, pull my elongated nipples, and force my essence to freely flow for her amusement, will come only with the discomfort and humiliation of anal penetration.

Yes, I will submit to the phallus Ms. Powers. But I find it difficult to stifle a growing concern over my planned impregnation. Mr. Fatipton died weeks before and Ms. Powers has made no mention of plans for insemination.

But alas, I had recently spent a morning at the doctor's office. Perhaps it was done while under the effects of the Atropine.

Yes, that's why I will not be afforded vaginal penetration. Since Ms. Powers has already had me impregnated, for procreation any further penetration is superfluous. As for sexual climax... well that's not for me to have.

Chapter Thirty-six

Over the ensuing days, each morning I am fed, injected with hormones, carefully sponge bathed to assure the artist's lines remain then led to the salon. There Miss Greenwich Village continues to slowly work her tattoo needles over major portions of my body. Neither Ms. Powers nor any maids massage my nipples.

While I long for relief, the artist indeed takes her time. She is very much amused on the third day when my breasts begin to give up milk with a constant ooze, either dripping to the table if I am kneeling or collecting and then dribbling down the body of my mammary gland when lying supine.

The girl seems to prefer me kneeling with my nose ring loosely tied under the table. The flow of breast milk is easily countered with a very absorbent towel covering the surface. And she seems to enjoy listening to my bells which ring quite freely as I am forced to pose with thighs well spread.

The pain of the needles is somewhat mild compared to the electrolysis. But on the fourth day, Miss Avant-garde announces with verve that she will work in red. My larger bell is unhooked and the border of flesh very close to my outer labia begins to experience her handiwork. She works in rows and the discomfort of her needle grows as each one is begun on the outer perimeter then completed by pricking a portion of flesh at the very edge of the sensitive outer labia.

On one row I spasm with the pain.

"Hold still, Alexi," she admonishes. "Or the needle may inadvertently leave its mark where you'll most regret it."

With the thought of the humming device touching my clitoris or inner lips, very much aroused by the ever-present dangling ball, I endeavor to hold myself perfectly still.

At about that time the sounds of carpentry cease. I calm myself envisioning Ms. Powers giving me a long sensual hand milking in my 'new home' as she phrased it. But then the girl finishes working between my thighs and begins to

apply her craft to my head. Since I am bald with little hope of having my hair return, it is very simple for her to begin to blacken the left side where one of her penciled loops encircles my left ear and eye.

The cognition of the permanency of the procedure begins to settle in as her hand slowly moves across my forehead. Tears form and drip to the same towel that captures the essence from my nipples. The persistent hand keeps working but most cruelly, the skilled artist offers sardonic consolation.

“So sad, Alexi. Well just think. You’ll never have to wear make up again. And maybe we’ll surprise Ms. Powers with a nice bright red nose. Wouldn’t you like that? I can have it match your snatch.”

It is easy to remain stoical. I cannot speak. But the tears flow and the moisture prevents the girl from completing the left side of my face as planned. Instead she works the left side of my head, ear included.

Late that afternoon Ms. Powers again visits. She appears ecstatic with the progress and while I kneel circles the table as if viewing a piece of sculpture.

“The crimson is wonderful. It so very nicely highlights her charms and draws attention to her bells.”

They discuss the completion.

“Just an hour of work left. Maybe a little more. But I’ll need to do her face while she’s not tearing up.”

Ms. Powers nods as she releases the rope from under the table.

“She’ll be ready for tomorrow. When you’re finished Arthur will drive you back to the city.

“Come Alexi. I have something to show you.”

As always, to relieve tension on my nose, I follow the rope with alacrity, waddling while bells ring and balls caress. I am happy to be with Ms. Powers and away from the tattoo needles. Being proximate to the beautiful Mistress of the mansion while my balls knead my vaginal walls has the

expected effect. I feel my wetness and hope I will soon be relieved of the dull ache in my breasts.

I am led toward the kitchen in the rear of the house. The help are quite amused as we pass through.

Then we step out the back door into the gloom of a mid autumn evening. It is cool and my nipples harden in response. Ms. Powers looks back and smiles at the pink points. But I am focused on the new wooden structure, which we are approaching. The many Fatipton dollars have been put to use building a scaled down barn. A larger building of similar design would go unnoticed in Iowa or Wisconsin. With its proximity to the beautiful Tudor mansion in the Catskills, it's incongruous.

"Your new home, Alexi. The milking machine has not yet arrived but otherwise it's ready for the Fatipton cowgirl."

I am both shocked yet strangely gratified that the busy Mistress would take such time and effort for something to accommodate me... but a milking machine!

Ms. Powers pushes on a large wooden door. It slides to the side. A switch is flipped. The interior of the new structure illuminates under dozens of extremely bright halogen lights. We step inside.

The interior is a odd combination of barn and amphitheater. To the left are three curved rows each with six comfortable leather folding seats resembling those in a movie theater. They are permanently set into flooring, which is stepped upward from the low front row to the high rear row backed against the wall.

But the seats do not face a stage or movie screen. They are arranged for the occupant to view a carefully crafted contraption set near the right wall.

Propped up against the front row is a large mirror facing the device. It has been temporarily positioned and appears to be out of place.

"Let's try this for size."

Ms. Powers leads me toward the two vertical wooden poles running from the floor to a beam high above. My bare feet patter on a rubber surface. It is somewhat soft, giving slightly under my weight. She guides me so that I stand near the parallel poles, resting about two feet apart.

"Bend a little. Head between the poles."

When I do so, she turns the right pole. Its base on the floor is offset. In turning, the right pole moves closer until it gently presses against my neck. She twists a little more until I move and feel the left pole pressing against the left side of my neck. Her foot presses a lever. The pole becomes secure and no longer moves. My neck and therefore my head are entrapped!

"Perfect."

"The design allows for some movement. Your wrists will be secured of course. Sometimes behind your back when you're being hand milked for display. Sometimes to the poles. The tubes for the milking machine will be threaded through the piping in the floor."

She looks down and my eyes follow. Just as in '3 stall', where I spent so much time aboard Dr. Helga's ship, it appears that my milk, when extracted by machine, will simply flow into tubing and disappear under the floor.

Over the shoulder of the imposing Ms. Powers I spy cameras attached to the walls in each corner. As opposed to various fixtures aboard 'The Scarlet Letter', no attempt has been made to conceal their presence. A large movable camera rests on a tripod to her right. Marvin's videotape has obviously stimulated a degree of interest in recording my subjugation.

Ms. Powers reaches out and toys with my left then my right nipple.

"These will need to be worked. Tomorrow, after you've been properly colored, I have special little implements. I think you'll enjoy them."

Ms. Powers releases the rope from my nose ring and steps away. She moves and sits in a front row seat beside the mirror.

"Yes, the seats afford a wonderful view. Try kneeling, Alexi. There's a floor drain that's designed to accommodate your needs."

With my neck entrapped, I kneel, sliding my head downward as I fold my legs. The rubber floor gives under the pressure of my knees. It is comfortable which oddly causes me consternation. It is evident that the flooring has been constructed to allow for the occupant of the contraption to spend long periods with head entrapped. And yes, the floor drain is perfectly positioned to accept all my excretions.

I shudder. The device and flooring have been designed for long-term bondage.

Then I see my reflection. It is the first time I have seen myself since the artist began her efforts. With the large nose ring and huge ovals of black covering numerous areas of my body, I appear alien to myself. The left side of my head is black, including my ear. Near my left eye, the artist's unfinished work appears similar to a building under construction, the smooth black ending in scraggly lines like jagged uncompleted brick work.

The top of my right breast has been blackened, the affect of which is to highlight the pink of my nipple below.

My weight is upsetting. The diet of milkshakes, cheese and ice cream is evident. Except for pregnancy, I am more rotund than I have ever been. My tummy, thighs and upper arms all have a curvature I have never seen on myself.

"Move forward and rise to your knees. The red appears marvelous."

I do and in struggling to tilt my head up to see the mirror, find that Ms. Powers is correct. My pudendum has been tattooed a clownish shade of crimson, framing my clitoral bell and drawing attention to the larger spiked bell dangling

beneath. I am permanently tattooed to very much resemble a cow. Tears form and again drip down my cheeks.

“Tsk. Tsk. Remember how much you enjoyed performing on the video tape, Alexi. From now on you’re going to perform for *me*.”

Chapter Thirty-seven

I awake grateful to have slept in my room on a soft bed. There may not be many more evenings of such comfort.

Angela enters for morning feeding and ablutions. Afterwards she gives me a pill, attaches my bell, threads the rope through my nose ring and leads me to the salon and Miss Greenwich Village.

I have not been milked in days. I crave the touch of firm fingers. However, as I am walked the dull ache begins to subside. I hear my bells but the pleasure of the moving balls and the titillation of my clitoris dissipates. The carpet begins to float. I stumble.

"Just a few more feet, Alexi. The pill will calm you for the last of your art work."

I have been drugged.

The artist laughs at my efforts to walk. When I reach her table I am grateful to have a place to lie down. I can only present myself supine. To finish my face that is all that is required. I hear the buzz of the tattoo needle. I believe I sleep.

I awake in my new home. I do not know how I was moved but the insides of thighs are sore. The bell has abraded the skin thus I assume I have been carried with the bell loose to both ring and cause irritation.

I am lying prostrate on the rubber-coated floor. There is definitely some type of foam layering beneath, for it is surprisingly comfortable. My wrists are cuffed behind my back. I feel the slight pressure of the vertical poles against both sides of my neck.

Within a few minutes my head clears. I carefully pull my legs under me, slide my neck upwards, then kneel. The mirror remains propped up against the front row seat some ten feet to my front. I lift my head. I am greeted by the strange reflection of a hairless black and white beast. Miss Avant-garde finished her work. Not only is the left side of my forehead and face blackened but she has indeed colored my

nose. At the nostrils it is the same bright red as my labia and causes my huge nose ring to appear even larger. The color cleverly fades to a pink at the bridge between my eyes.

I cry.

When the effects of the drug fully wear off, I rock my hips. My bells ring and the waves of pleasure from my balls and my clitoral piercing bring some consolation. With my arousal comes the need to be milked and the ache returns along with the slight involuntary flow. My essence drips to the floor and mixes with my tears.

Then I realize my tongue is sore. I open my mouth and look up into the mirror. Another jolt. A tongue of hideous purple reflects back. It has also been tattooed.

The outrageous coloring makes my tongue appear very long and I cannot help but stick it out and move it about. The red and pink nose and the many large black spots serve to frame the wet, trained and versatile appendage. Looking at it is shocking.

"It was my idea, but I never expected she could find the right shade."

Ms. Powers!

She has been standing near the door.

"I hope you like the work. I paid the woman handsomely."

She approaches. I turn my head as best I can. She carries a milking stool and a small bag. She is wearing her halter and short pleated skirt. My shock turns to a strange but pleasant anticipation.

"One more procedure, Alexi. It will be temporary.

"Rise up please."

I remain on my knees but straighten at the waist. The reflection of my red pudendum flashes in the mirror. It confounds me to realize how much it calls attention to my intimate female anatomy.

Ms. Powers places the stool in front of me and sits down, gratefully blocking my reflected image. My breasts are at

the level of her hands.

"I had these specially made. Very strong elastic rubber tubes. From what I have read, I can stretch those nice nipples about one millimeter per week. It will take time, but time we have."

Ms. Powers produces what appears to be a set of tongs and pointed tweezers. She slides a very small rubber tube over the prongs. Two inches long and about the thickness of a pencil she pulls open the rubber wrapped prongs to demonstrate the flexibility.

She works deftly and encases my left nipple with into the tube. I wince when the tweezers are inserted into the length of rubber, pinch, and then pull the very tip to ensure that it is exposed.

"How does that feel? Like someone pulling on your nipple?"

I peer down to see my nipple surrounded by a two-inch rubber tube. A droplet of milk forms on the nipple tip. The tube is most tight. It indeed feels as though a set of firm fingers are squeezing and pulling. I obediently nod in response to her question.

"Each week I'll change to longer tubes. As I said, the skin can be stretched."

Ms. Powers prepares to do my right breast.

I wince again as my right nipple is pinched by the tweezers and pulled into an identical rubber tube.

"Randy is going to have a sibling in eight months or so."

I smile in happiness. Yes, I have been impregnated! But my look of cheer gives away my thoughts, which Ms. Powers is quick to correct.

"No not you, Alexi. After viewing the video and fully understanding your needs, I instead had myself inseminated with Mr. Fatipton's sperm. It will be the talk of the New York social scene, a Fatipton of mixed ethnicity, but billions speak louder than conventional social norms.

Had I hair, it would be standing from the shock of her announcement. I am stunned with disappointment.

“Don’t be so surprised, Alexi. Instead of bearing a child, you’re free to be subjugated, displayed, humiliated and milked at will... *My* will.

“Isn’t that what you truly enjoy most... what you crave... what most makes your glands open and your vagina moisten with arousal?”

With her effusive observation, she removes her hands. Both nipples stand at attention like tiny penises wearing condoms, except the tips are free to lactate, which due to my state of neglect and the pressure of the tight rubber tubes, they do.

But I don’t want my essence to flow! I am frustrated with my body, which so subserviently reacts to her supposition by in fact performing as she has so astutely suggested.

Pavlov again comes to mind as with the very implication of lactating, my Mistress can cause the flow to begin. I am overwhelmed with the notion that nothing, not even my glands, is mine to control.

“Goodness Alexi. I guess you’re over due. Well I have some friends visiting this evening. Perhaps I’ll milk you for them.”

Ms. Powers disappears and returns with a stainless steel pail.

“Meanwhile, try to leak into the bucket. I am told my child is going to be a male. That means there is a twenty-five percent chance he will suffer the same stomach affliction as Mr. Fatipton. Your breast milk will be collected as a precaution. He may be needing it for many years.”

My stomach turns with the realization that, not only will I *not* mother a billionaire but, in addition, I may spend the remainder of my procreative years lactating for Ms. Powers’ wealthy son. I am already envious of a child that is not yet born.

“I hope you find the flooring comfortable. You’ll be spending most of your time here. Matter of fact, I can’t think of any reason why should ever have to move. And with your new diet, you’ll probably have less and less desire to do so. Soon your entire body will to have the consistency of your breasts. Soft, warm flesh, quite malleable, deliciously tactile.”

My mind races in panic. I envision my body slowly plumping on the horridly high fat diet, my nipples stretching, whiling away the hours kneeling with my head and neck encased between the poles. The time is punctuated by the maid Angela, insouciantly jabbing my buttocks with my morning hormone injection and then taking delight in hosing me down and swathing my cherubic torso with a soapy cloth, mocking my bovine patterned coloring and my rapidly expanding girth. The highlight of my long day is a firm hand milking, unless of course Ms. Powers mandates that the dreaded milking machine be used.

Ms. Powers reaches into the small bag. She pulls out a tag and what appears to be a small stapler.

Al enjoyed watching that milkmaid work you on the video, Alexi. I want those precious nipples of yours long enough so that I too can milk them like cow’s udders. You’ll be the hit of my parties.

“One last addition... your name.”

The five inch long white plastic tag is imprinted with black letters spelling ‘Alexi’. Ms. Powers reaches to my blackened left ear. I hear a loud snap and a dull pain. She steps to the side. In the mirror is the Fatipton Estate’s new cow. My white nametag hangs from a staple callously and cruelly penetrating my ear. It is prominently framed by my recently blackened skin. My milk drips slowly but steadily. My crimson ringed nose and belled genitalia call attention to the ultimate in submission and humiliation. I cannot help but wriggle my hips. My bells ring for Ms. Powers. She smiles. My face gives away the indescribable wave of

pleasure as the larger upper ball caresses my 'G' spot, my tiny bell diddles my clitoris and the lower ball kneads my inner lips. In arousing myself, I feel my lacteal glands open, further promoting the flow from my encased nipples.

I curse myself. Not just for my complete subjugation... but for my enjoyment of it.

But while my mind ruminates... my breasts drip into the bucket... slowly... steadily. Ms. Powers wordlessly steps back. She observes with a look of Schadenfreude. After many minutes the bottom of the bucket is more than coated with whiteness. She removes her short skirt to reveal a dildo harness beneath. Then she approaches, retrieving from the bag a black rubber phallus and dangling it before my face.

"If you'd care to use that nice purple tongue your new friend needs lubrication.

"Henceforth, your only hand milkings will be while I open up that spreading backside of yours. Otherwise it will be either the machine or you can simply do without."

My bells ring as my thighs spread in preparation. I need to feel her touch.

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